

EVENTS OF 1850

General Events of 1851

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



Following the death of [Jesus Christ](#) there was a period of readjustment that lasted for approximately one million years.

-[Kurt Vonnegut](#), THE SIRENS OF TITAN

1851

January							February							March						
Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
			1	2	3	4							1							1
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
26	27	28	29	30	31		23	24	25	26	27	28		23	24	25	26	27	28	29
														30	31					
April							May							June						
Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
		1	2	3	4	5					1	2	3	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
27	28	29	30				25	26	27	28	29	30	31	29	30					

EVENTS OF 1852



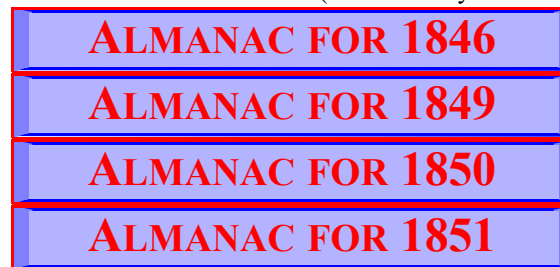
1851

1851

July							August							September						
Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
		1	2	3	4	5						1	2		1	2	3	4	5	6
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
27	28	29	30	31			24	25	26	27	28	29	30	28	29	30				
							31													
October							November							December						
Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
			1	2	3	4							1		1	2	3	4	5	6
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
26	27	28	29	30	31		23	24	25	26	27	28	29	28	29	30	31			
							30													

- Read [Henry Thoreau's Journal for January-April 1851 \(æf. 33\)](#)
- Read [Henry Thoreau's Journal for May 1851 \(æf. 33\)](#)
- Read [Henry Thoreau's Journal for June 1851 \(æf. 33\)](#)
- Read [Henry Thoreau's Journal for July 1851 \(æf. 33-34\)](#)
- Read [Henry Thoreau's Journal for August 1851 \(æf. 34\)](#)
- Read [Henry Thoreau's Journal for September 1851 \(æf. 34\)](#)
- Read [Henry Thoreau's Journal for September/October 1851 \(æf. 34\)](#)
- Read [Henry Thoreau's Journal for November 1851 \(æf. 34\)](#)
- Read [Henry Thoreau's Journal for December 1851 \(æf. 34\)](#)

[1851: Henry Thoreau](#) had in his personal library the 1846, 1849, 1850, and 1851 issues of AMERICAN ALMANAC AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE (Boston: Grey & Bowen).




[1851](#) At about this point [Henry Thoreau](#) copied from [Prince Alexander Philipp Maximilian zu Wied-Neuwied](#)'s MAXIMILIAN PRINCE OF WIED'S TRAVELS IN THE INTERIOR OF NORTH AMERICA, DURING THE YEARS 1832-1834 (London: Achermann & Company, 1843-1844) into his Indian Notebook #4.






1851

1851

 **1851:** THE APHORISMS OF THE MÍMÁNSÁ PHILOSOPHY BY [JAIMINI](#). WITH EXTRACTS FROM THE COMMENTARIES. IN SANSKRIT AND ENGLISH (Printed for the use of the Benares College, by order of Govt., N.W.P. ([Allahabad](#): Printed at the Presbyterian Mission Press. Rev. Jos. Warren, *Supt.*).¹

APHORISMS OF MÍMÁNSÁ

This volume would be in the personal library of [Henry Thoreau](#).

 **1851:** The 2d part of [John Wells Foster](#)'s survey findings authorized for publication by the federal Congress, REPORT ON THE GEOLOGY AND TOPOGRAPHY OF A PORTION OF THE LAKE SUPERIOR LAND DISTRICT IN THE STATE OF MICHIGAN: PART TWO, THE IRON REGION.

LAKE SUPERIOR REPORT, II

At the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Cincinnati, Professor [Louis Agassiz](#) would rise from his seat to pronounce this to be “one of the grandest generalizations ever made in American geology.”

THE SCIENCE OF 1851

A copy of this report by Foster would be discovered in the personal library of [Henry Thoreau](#).

[Arnold Henri Guyot](#)'s THE EARTH AND MAN: LECTURES ON COMPARATIVE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY, IN ITS RELATION TO THE HISTORY OF MANKIND. TRANS. [C.C. FELTON](#), 3RD ED., REV. (Boston: Gould & Lincoln).²

THE EARTH AND MAN, 1849

THE EARTH AND MAN, 1853

This would be in the library of [Waldo Emerson](#) and would be referred to by [Thoreau](#) in [CAPE COD](#).

CAPE COD: I have been surprised to discover from a steamer the shallowness of Massachusetts Bay itself. Off Billingsgate Point I could have touched the bottom with a pole, and I plainly saw it variously shaded with sea-weed, at five or six miles from the shore. This is “The Shoal-ground of the Cape,” it is true, but elsewhere the Bay is not much deeper than a country pond. We are told that the deepest water in the English Channel between Shakespeare’s Cliff and Cape Grinez, in France, is one hundred and eighty feet; and Guyot says that “the Baltic Sea has a depth of only one hundred and twenty feet between the coasts of Germany and those of Sweden,” and “the Adriatic between Venice and Trieste has a depth of only one hundred and thirty feet.” A pond in my native town, only half a mile long, is more than one hundred feet deep.

PEOPLE OF
CAPE COD



ARNOLD HENRI GUYOT

In addition [Thoreau](#) quoted from this volume at several points in his “Canadian Notebook.”

1. Translated by [James Robert Ballantyne](#).
2. Unfortunately, it will be the 1st Edition, published in 1849, and the 7th Edition, published in 1853, rather than this 3d Edition, published in 1851, which I must display for your electronic access here — Google Books hasn’t yet made this 3d Edition, as accessed by Thoreau and Emerson, available.

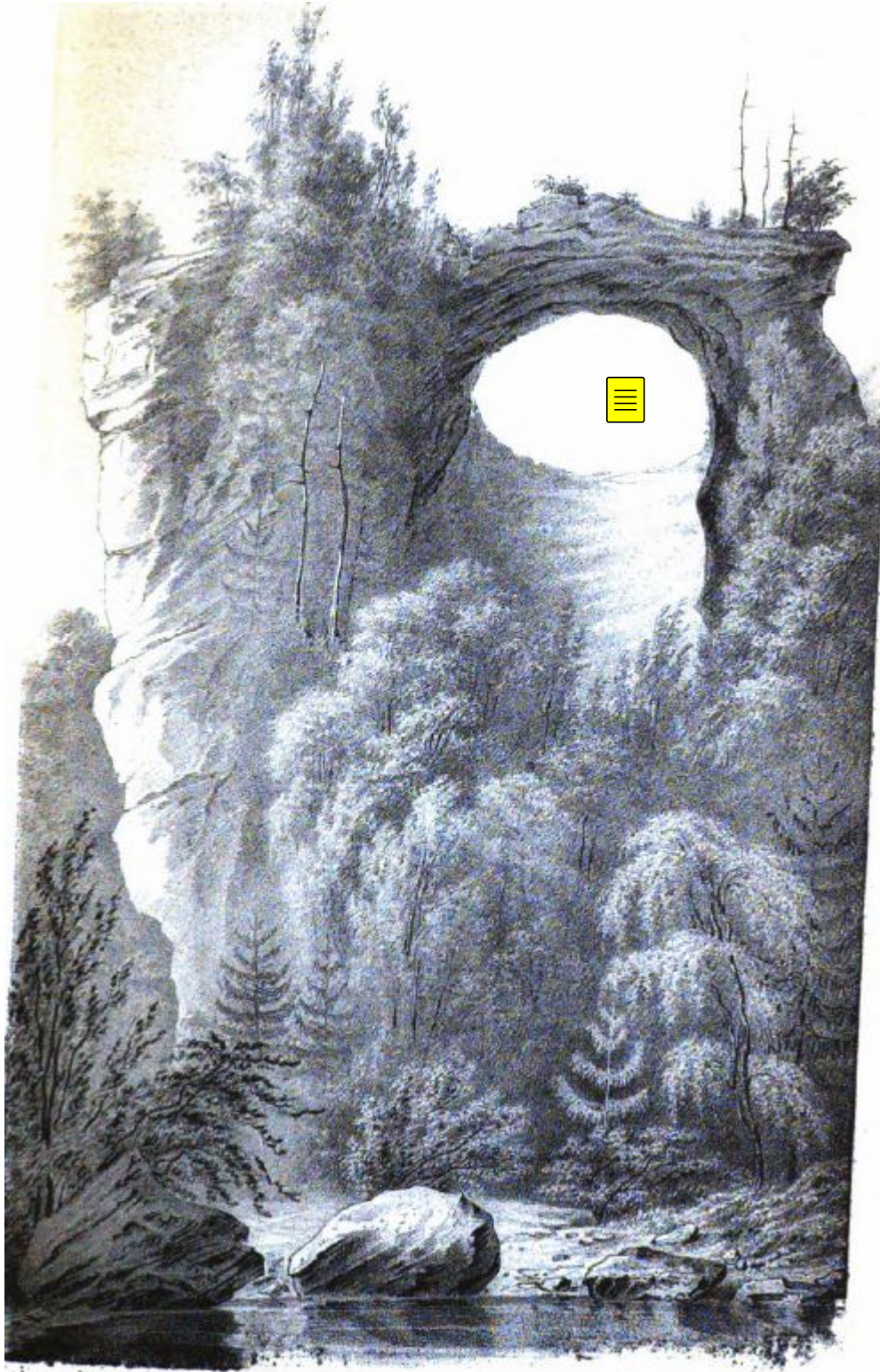
HDT

WHAT?

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Admission Lith. 875 Broadway, N.Y.

➡ **1851:** [Isaac C. D'Israeli](#)'s and [Rufus Wilmot Griswold](#)'s CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE, AND THE LITERARY CHARACTER ILLUSTRATED. BY L.C. D'ISRAELI, ESQ. D.C.L. F.S.A. WITH CURIOSITIES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE, BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD. COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME (New-York: Leavitt & Company). This volume would be discovered in the personal library of [Henry Thoreau](#).



CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE

➡ **1851:** Lest anyone be tempted to suppose that [Henry Thoreau](#) did not have sources for an understanding of the history of the term "[Waldenses](#)" which he deploys in his book [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#), bear in mind that in this year in Philadelphia, Lindsay and Blakiston published a book by Mrs. Tamar Davis titled A GENERAL HISTORY OF THE SABBATARIAN CHURCHES: EMBRACING ACCOUNTS OF THE ARMENIAN, EAST INDIAN, AND ABYSSINIAN EPISCOPACIES IN ASIA AND AFRICA, THE WALDENSES, SEMI-JUDAISERS, AND SABBATARIAN ANABAPTISTS OF EUROPE, WITH THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST DENOMINATION IN THE UNITED STATES (and in a few more years the Presbyterian Board of Publication in Philadelphia would publish a book by Alexander W. Mitchell titled THE WALDENSES: SKETCHES OF THE EVANGELICAL CHRISTIANS OF THE VALLEYS OF PIEDMONT / WITH ILLUSTRATIONS ON WOOD, DRAWN BY DOEPLER AND BEAULIEU; AND ENGRAVED BY LOUDERBACK, ORR, AND ROBERTS).

SABBATARIAN CHURCHES
THE WALDENSES

 [1851: Dr. Walter Channing's NEW AND OLD.](#)



Since a copy of this would be discovered in [Henry Thoreau's](#) personal library, and since it is difficult to imagine Henry himself ever investing hard-earned coin in such a piece of drek, we need to suppose that this volume likely had been presented to him by the author's son, the "Concord PO8" [William Ellery Channing 2d.](#) As an example indicating why I am terming this volume drek, I have included below one poem from the volume selected entirely at random. (I would challenge you to produce from the volume an effort less unworthy than this one — they all have the imprint of the same cookie-cutter. The reason why the son in Concord would prove himself to be such a lousy poet is that "the chip doesn't fall far from the stump.")

NEW AND OLD

[To Jenny Lind.](#)

I never saw thee, never heard thee speak,
As I have not the best of earlier days;
Nor may I till the latest morning break,
If it be mine to meet its dawning rays.

Yet still I know thee, as I do the best,
Whose holy step has sanctified the earth :
Thank Heaven, by thee and them the world is blest,
And joy and love through both have daily birth.

Thy power is all thy own, — the wealth of heart ;
Thy own creation, boundless as its source:
Thou owest little to the rule of art,
Thy music native as the birds' discourse.

Diffusive is thy gift, thy soul's own birth;
It reaches me through unknown thousands blest;
'Tis music circling wide the listening earth,
Wooing the broken heart to happy rest.

I listen to these voices of the soul,
The echoed melodies from thee which sprung;
I think to others thou wouldst give the whole,
As nature freely gives, — thy wealth of song.

I reverence those who in thy wondrous voice
Have found for worship and for love a theme;
With such with cheerful heart I here rejoice,
And join with them in honor of thy name.

And yet doth come another strain to me,
Which from thyself in living measure springs :
It is thy soul's and life's deep harmony,
Which o'er thy word its mighty magic flings.

How reverend and how holy human art,


When sanctified by that which is of heaven,
Of the divine which dwells within the heart !
The product sure of inspiration given.

Here art thou from thy home, how far away!
Yet not forgetting it, and loving mine ;
As if it were a common debt to pay, —
Two distant nations in one blessing join.

'Twas fabled, in the reverend days of old,
That music could the stones to measure move:
A nobler story by our history's told,
Now music moves whole continents to love.

The thought has come from thy blest mission here,
If men would of their all a part forego,
Like thee with loving heart dry up the tear,
What large deduction then from human woe !

I love to linger with the thoughts which rise
Out of thy grateful visit to our home ;
I bid thee welcome to its varied skies,
And blessing ask on all thy years to come.

 **1851:** Publication of [Ephraim George Squier](#)'s THE SERPENT SYMBOL, AND THE WORSHIP OF THE RECIPROCAL PRINCIPLES OF NATURE IN AMERICA (New-York: G.P. Putnam). [Henry Thoreau](#) borrowed this from [Bronson Alcott](#) as soon as it was published and made extracts in his Indian Notebook #4.³

EPHRAIM GEORGE SQUIER



3. The original notebooks are held by the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, as manuscripts #596 through #606. There are photocopies, made by Robert F. Sayre in the 1930s, in four boxes at the University of Iowa Libraries, accession number MsC 795. More recently, Bradley P. Dean, PhD and Paul Maher, Jr. have attempted to work over these materials.



1851

1851



[1851: Thomas Carlyle](#), in his LIFE OF JOHN STERLING, referred not only to “ecclesiastical chimeras” but also to vacant philosophical “air-castles.” (How common, in that period, was this expression, which would make an appearance in [Henry Thoreau](#)’s [WALDEN](#)?)



[WALDEN](#): I learned this, at least, by my experiment; that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

[Carlyle](#) chose, as his next project, a biography of Frederick the Great of Prussia.



[1851](#): Isaac Smith Homans’s, [Alexander Bryan Johnson](#)’s, James William Gilbert’s, John Barnard Byles’s, and John Ramsay McCulloch’s THE BANKER’S COMMON-PLACE BOOK (Phillips, Sampson & Company).

(In this publication, the contribution of “[A.B. Johnson, Esq.](#), President of the Ontario Branch Bank, Utica,” to wit “A Treatise on Banking, the Duties of a Banker, and his Personal Requisites therefor,” was foregrounded, and provided the basis for the various other contributions by the various other contributors.)

[Henry Rowe Schoolcraft](#) dedicated his THIRTY YEARS WITH THE INDIAN TRIBES, 1812-1842 to his friend [Alexander Bryan Johnson](#). In this year, also, Schoolcraft and the US Army artist Captain [Seth Eastman](#) began issuing, in 6 volumes, their HISTORICAL AND STATISTICAL INFORMATION RESPECTING ... THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UNITED STATES. (The series would be completed in 1857.)

THE INDIAN TRIBES, I, 1851

([Henry Thoreau](#) would be checking out this volume from the library of the Boston Society of Natural History on July 26, 1852.)


In about this year [Thoreau](#) would be copying into his Indian Notebook #4 from [Schoolcraft](#)’s *ONEÓTA, OR CHARACTERISTICS OF THE RED RACE OF AMERICA FROM ORIGINAL NOTES AND MANUSCRIPTS*.

THE RED RACE




1851

1851

 **1851:** Publication, at Albany, [New York](#), by the firm of Weed, Parsons & Co. and by Charles Van Benthuisen, during the previous year and this year, of a 4-volume set entitled THE DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. ARRANGED UNDER DIRECTION OF THE HON. CHRISTOPHER MORGAN, SECRETARY OF STATE ... BY E.B. O'CALLAGHAN ... FOUR VOLUMES; PLATES (SOME FOLDED). A set of this would wind up on the shelves of [Henry Thoreau](#)'s library, and then, with the signature of Henry D. Thoreau on each front free endpaper, in the Concord Town Library, and then, as of 1873, at the [Concord Free Public Library](#).

CONCORD FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY

 **1851:** ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY: OR, YEAR-BOOK OF FACTS IN SCIENCE AND ART FOR 1851, EXHIBITING THE MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN MECHANICS, USEFUL ARTS, NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.... (Boston: Gould and Lincoln).

YEAR-BOOK OF FACTS 1851

[Henry Thoreau](#) would copy from this into his Canadian Notebook begun shortly after his return from his trip to Canada, and into his Indian Notebook #8.

 **1851:** [Professor Sir William Jackson Hooker](#)'s *VICTORIA REGIA*.

[Gregor Mendel](#) began a 2-year program of study at the University of Vienna. He would take a variety of courses and study with, or attend the lectures of, among others, Professor of Plant Physiology Franz Unger whose *BOTANISCHE BRIEFE* would in 1852 argue for the evolution of (i.e. non-fixity) of species, Andreas von Ettinghausen, whose course on experimental method and physical apparatus likely drew on his 1826 writings on combinatorial analysis and 1842 writings on the organization of experiments, and Christian Johann Doppler, a well-regarded lecturer on experimental physics.

[Wilhelm Friedrich Benedikt Hofmeister](#) described [alternation of generations](#) in higher plants (*VERGLEICHENDE UNTERSUCHUNGEN DER KEIMUNG, ENTFALTUNG UND FRUCHTBILDUNG HÖHERER KRYPTOGAMEN (MOOSE, FARN, EQUISETACEEN, RHIZOCARPEEN UND LYCOPODIACEEN) UND DER SAMENBILDUNG DER CONIFEREN*).

A 100-acre wheat field remained the largest any one man could farm.

Over the following 4 years [Charles Darwin](#) would be issuing 4 volumes of monographs on cirripedes (marine invertebrates including barnacles). His thorough research would be recognized with the issuance of a Royal Medal.

[Henry Thoreau](#) read in Zoölogy and in [Botany](#):

- [William Bartram](#) and [John Bartram](#)

JOHN BARTRAM'S BOOK

WM. BARTRAM'S BOOK

- [Peter Kalm](#), a disciple of [Carolus Linnaeus](#)

- the [Baron Cuvier](#), teacher of [Louis Agassiz](#)



ANIMAL KINGDOM, I
ANIMAL KINGDOM, II
ANIMAL KINGDOM, III
ANIMAL KINGDOM, IV

- Loudon, apostle of the Linnaean “artificial” system of [botanical](#) classification
- Dietrich Johann Heinrich Stöver, the biographer of [Carolus Linnaeus](#)
- Pultenay, a Linnaean
- [Carolus Linnaeus](#) (in February 1852)
- [Alphonse Louis Pierre Pyramus de Candolle](#), apostle of the Linnaean “artificial” system of [botanical](#) classification (later)
- [Louis Agassiz](#) and [Augustus A. Gould](#)’s revised edition of their 1848 PRINCIPLES OF ZOÖLOGY: TOUCHING THE STRUCTURE, DEVELOPMENT, DISTRIBUTION AND NATURAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE RACES OF ANIMALS, LIVING AND EXTINCT; WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS. FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES. PT. I. COMPARATIVE PHYSIOLOGY

AGASSIZ & GOULD 1851

CAPE COD: The Greeks would not have called the ocean ἀτρυγέτος, or unfruitful, though it does not produce wheat, if they had viewed it by the light of modern science, for naturalists now assert that “the sea, and not the land, is the principal seat of life,”—though not of vegetable life. Darwin affirms that “our most thickly inhabited forests appear almost as deserts when we come to compare them with the corresponding regions of the ocean.” Agassiz and Gould tell us that “the sea teems with animals of all classes, far beyond the extreme limit of flowering plants”; but they add, that “experiments of dredging in very deep water have also taught us that the abyss of the ocean is nearly a desert”; —“so that modern investigations,” to quote the words of Desor, “merely go to confirm the great idea which was vaguely anticipated by the ancient poets and philosophers, that the Ocean is the origin of all things.” Yet marine animals and plants hold a lower rank in the scale of being than land animals and plants. “There is no instance known,” says Desor, “of an animal becoming aquatic in its perfect state, after having lived in its lower stage on dry land,” but as in the case of the tadpole, “the progress invariably points towards the dry land.” In short, the dry land itself came through and out of the water on its way to the heavens, for, “in going back through the geological ages, we come to an epoch when, according to all appearances, the dry land did not exist, and when the surface of our globe was entirely covered with water.” We looked on the sea, then, once more, not as ἀτρυγέτος,, or unfruitful, but as it has been more truly called, the “laboratory of continents.”


PEOPLE OF
CAPE COD

PIERRE JEAN ÉDOUARD DESOR
 AGASSIZ & GOULD
 CHARLES DARWIN

 **1851:** [Henry Mayhew](#)'s [LONDON LABOUR AND THE LONDON POOR](#) ([Henry Thoreau](#) would study this in 1853, as below).



May 28 [1853]. [Mayhew](#), in his "[London Labour and London Poor](#)," treating of the costermongers, or those who get their living in the streets of London, speaks of "the muscular irritability begotten by continued wandering," making one "unable to rest for any time in one place." Mentions the instance of a girl who had been accustomed to sell sprats in the streets, who having been taken into a gentleman's house out of charity, "the pressure of shoes was intolerable to her." "But no sooner did she hear from her friends, that sprats were again in the market, than as if there were some magical influence in the fish, she at once requested to be freed from the confinement, and permitted to return to her old calling." I am perhaps equally accustomed to a roaming field-life, experience a good deal of that muscular irritability, and have a good many friends who let me know when sprats are in the market.

 **1851:** E.B. O'Callaghan's THE DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK was published in Albany, including some material in Volume IV, on pages 31-32, dating to the year 1650, which [Henry Thoreau](#) would be able to use in description of the 1st white homes of Concord. From the Economy chapter of [WALDEN](#):



[WALDEN](#): Old Johnson, in his "Wonder-Working Providence," speaking of the first settlers of this town, with whom he was contemporary, tells us that "they burrow themselves in the earth for their first shelter under some hillside, and, casting the soil aloft upon timber, they make a smoky fire against the earth, at the highest side." They did not "provide them houses," says he, "till the earth, by the Lord's blessing, brought forth bread to feed them," and the first year's crop was so light that "they were forced to cut their bread very thin for a long season." The secretary of the Province of New Netherland, writing in Dutch, in 1650, for the information of those who wished to take up land there, states more particularly, that "those in New Netherland, and especially in New England, who have no means to build farm houses at first according to their wishes, dig a square pit in the ground, cellar fashion, six or seven feet deep, as long and as broad as they think proper, case the earth inside with wood all round the wall, and line the wood with the bark of trees or something else to prevent the caving in of the earth; floor this cellar with plank, and wainscot it overhead for a ceiling, raise a roof of spars clear up, and cover the spars with bark or green sods, so that they can live dry and warm in these houses with their entire families for two, three, and four years, it being understood that partitions are run through those cellars which are adapted to the size of the family. The wealthy and principal men in New England, in the beginning of the colonies, commenced their first dwelling houses in this fashion for two reasons; firstly, in order not to waste time in building, and not to want food the next season; secondly, in order not to discourage poor laboring people whom they brought over in numbers from Fatherland. In the course of three or four years, when the country became adapted to agriculture, they built themselves handsome houses, spending on them several thousands."

PEOPLE OF WALDEN



1851

1851

EMERSON'S SHANTY
TIMELINE OF WALDEN

 [1851: Thomas De Quincey](#) "Lord Carlisle on Pope," his last essay for Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

His CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, AND *SUSPIRIA DE PROFUNDIS*: BEING A SEQUEL TO THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER and LITERARY REMINISCENCES were reissued in Boston by the firm of Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. (There would be a copy of this American edition in [Bronson Alcott](#)'s home library, and a copy in the Concord Town Library, but in all likelihood [Henry Thoreau](#) had already years earlier made himself familiar with this material, out of an English edition.)

CONFESSIONS, SUSPIRA...
LITERARY REMINISCENCES I
LITERARY REMINISCENCES II

At the Concord Town Library, [Thoreau](#) would copy from "Coleridge's Conversations" and "Education of Genius" into his 2d Commonplace Book.

1851

1851

➡ 1851: The Irving Trust bank was founded in New-York City and named in honor of crowd-pleasing author Washington Irving, whose portrait would appear on its notes:



Publication of ALHAMBRA, ASTORIA; OR ANECDOTES OF AN ENTERPRISE BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, and ILLUSTRATIONS OF WASHINGTON IRVING’S DOLPH HEYLIGER. At age 68 Irving, old, well-published, and full of honors, found himself making a wish, that⁴



nature would restore to the poor negroes their tails.

RACISM


Publication of Theodore Irving’s THE CONQUEST OF FLORIDA, BY HERNANDO DE SOTO (New York: G.P. Putnam). In about 1854, Henry Thoreau would make notes in his Indian Notebook #8 from this translation of El Inca Garcilaso de la Vega’s 1605 LA FLORIDA DEL INCA.

THE CONQUEST OF FLORIDA

4. It’s just so nice when people who have themselves been fortunate are still able to remember the needs of others!

1851

1851

 **1851:** Nathan Henry Barrett, son of a [Concord](#) farmer, Francis Charles Browne, son of a [Concord](#) merchant, and William Watson Goodwin, son of a [Concord](#) minister, graduated from [Harvard College](#). Goodwin would become a professor of Greek.⁵

NEW “HARVARD MEN”

The town of [Concord](#) constructed its present town offices on the square alongside the courthouse (the new building was done in brick in the Italianate style). In 1849, a fire had destroyed the Middlesex County Courthouse on the lot just to the northwest of the present Town House site (22 Monument Square). When that County Courthouse had been rebuilt, the town of Concord found to its surprise that although since 1721 they had been being allowed to hold their annual Town Meeting in the County building’s large courtroom, that tradition was not considered by the County to extend to its new structure. Funds for a larger [Concord Town House](#), one that could house the annual Town Meeting, were therefore allocated in 1850, and the town purchased from John Shepard Keyes for \$1,200 the property on which his law office stood. The older, smaller Concord Town House had been disposed of by auction as superfluous, the high bidder being Keyes (he relocated the structure to what is now 15 Monument Street). John M. Cheney chaired a building committee that retained Boston architect Richard Bond. The plans called for a downstairs devoted to a schoolroom for the high school and another for the intermediate school and for an upstairs floor for town offices, a safe for town records, and a room for Concord’s 1st public library (known as the Town Library). This structure would cost \$30,000. The town school preparing local students for college was therefore relocated in this year from the [Town School](#) building across the square.

COURTHOUSE




TOWN HOUSE


The Town Library upstairs at the [Concord Town House](#) would prove so popular that in 1860 its space would be expanded into part of the intermediate school room downstairs, with the high school room divided for the use of both classes. The high school would be moved to its own building in the early 1860s, whereupon the downstairs would be used for the armory and a dance hall that could be hired by private parties. In 1879/1880 the Town House would be expanded by adding to its rear. This new space would provide rooms subsidiary to the large open hall upstairs, such “water and other closets” so that for the 1st time the visitors and employees and officials would not need to go to a privy outside, plus a room described as being for the use of “females on social occasions.” In 1888 the armory would be moved into its own building on Walden Street, and the Town House would come to house the Police Department, the water, sewer, and electric light offices, and offices for the Town Clerk and Assessors.

As [Henry Thoreau](#) would report, in “Reading”:

5. LL.D. 1891; Ph. D. Göttingen 1855; Ph.D. (Hon.) Göttingen 1905; LL.D. Amherst 1881, Cambr. 1883, Columbia 1887, Edinb. 1890, Univ. Chicago 1901, Yale 1901; D.C.L. Oxford 1890; Eliot Prof. Greek Literature 1860-1901; Eliot Prof., Emeritus 1901-1912; Overseer 1903-1909; Director Am.S. Class. Studies at Athens 1882-1883; Pres. Am. Acad.; Memb. Am. Philos. Soc., Mass. Hist. Soc.; Hon. Memb. Acad. Sci. (Athens); Kt. Ord. Redeemer (Greece).



1851

1851

[following screen]

WALDEN: We boast that we belong to the nineteenth century and are making the most rapid strides of any nation. But consider how little this village does for its own culture. I do not wish to flatter my townsmen, nor to be flattered by them, for that will not advance either of us. We need to be provoked, - goaded like oxen, as we are, into a trot. We have a comparatively decent system of common schools, schools for infants only; but excepting the half-starved Lyceum in the winter, and latterly the puny beginning of a library suggested by the state, no school for ourselves. We spend more on almost any article of bodily aliment or ailment than on our mental aliment. It is time that we had uncommon schools, that we did not leave off our education when we begin to be men and women. It is time that villages were universities, and their elder inhabitants the fellows of universities, with leisure - if they are indeed so well off-to pursue liberal studies the rest of their lives. Shall the world be confined to one Paris or one Oxford forever? Cannot students be boarded here and get a liberal education under the skies of Concord? Can we not hire some Abélard to lecture to us? Alas! what with foddering the cattle and tending the store, we are kept from school too long, and our education is sadly neglected. In this country, the village should in some respects take the place of the nobleman of Europe. It should be the patron of the fine arts. It is rich enough. It wants only the magnanimity and refinement. It can spend money enough on such things as farmers and traders value, but it is thought Utopian to propose spending money for things which more intelligent men know to be of far more worth. This town has spent seventeen thousand dollars on a town-house, thank fortune or politics, but probably it will not spend so much on living wit, the true meat to put into that shell, in a hundred years. The one hundred and twenty-five dollars annually subscribed for a Lyceum in the winter is better spent than any other equal sum raised in the town. If we live in the nineteenth century, why should we not enjoy the advantages which the nineteenth century offers? Why should our life be in any respect provincial? If we will read newspapers, why not skip the gossip of Boston and take the best newspaper in the world at once? -not be sucking the pap of "neutral family" papers, or browsing "Olive-Branches" here in New England. Let the reports of all the learned societies come to us, and we will see if they know any thing. Why should we leave it to Harper & Brothers and Redding & Co. to select our reading? As the nobleman of cultivated taste surrounds himself with whatever conduces to his culture, -genius -learning -wit -books -paintings -statuary -music -philosophical instruments, and the like; so let the village do, -not stop short at a pedagogue, a parson, a sexton, a parish library, and three selectmen, because our pilgrim forefathers got through a cold winter once on a bleak rock with these. To act collectively is according to the spirit of our institutions; and I am confident that, as our circumstances are more flourishing, our means are greater than the nobleman's. New England can hire all the wise men in the world to come and teach her, and board them round the while, and not be provincial at all. That is the uncommon school we want. Instead of noblemen, let us have noble villages of men. If it is necessary, omit one bridge over the river, go round a little there, and throw one arch at least over the darker gulf of ignorance which surrounds us.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

PETER ABÉLARD



1851

1851



1851: Henry Thoreau observed while on *Manamoyik* ([Cape Cod](#)) that the fish for which it had been named was stacked dry on the docks as if it were cordwood:

Salt fish were stacked on the wharves, looking like corded wood, maple and yellow birch with the bark left on. I mistook them for this at first, and such in one sense they were, —fuel to maintain our vital fires —an eastern wood which grew on the Grand Banks.

One wonders what Thoreau would have jotted down had he heard someone singing a 19th-Century sailer shanty about the “Cape Cod Girls”:

O Cape Cod girls don't have no combs!
Haul away, haul away!
They comb their hair with a codfish bone,
And we're bound away for Australia!

Now heave 'er up, my bully, bully boys!
Haul away, haul away!
Heave 'er up and don't you make a noise,
For we're bound away for Australia!

Now Cape Cod kids don't have no sleds
Haul away, haul away!
They slide down hill on a codfish head!
And we're bound away for Australia!

Now heave 'er up, my bully, bully boys!
Haul away, haul away!
Heave 'er up and don't you make a noise,
For we're bound away for Australia!

Cape Cod cats don't have no tails,
Haul away, haul away!
They lost them all in a northeast gale,
And we're bound away for Australia!

Now heave 'er up, my bully, bully boys!
Haul away, haul away!
Heave 'er up and don't you make a noise,
For we're bound away for Australia!

Cape Cod girls don't wear no frills,
Haul away, haul away!
They're plain and skinny as a codfish gill,
And we're bound away for Australia!

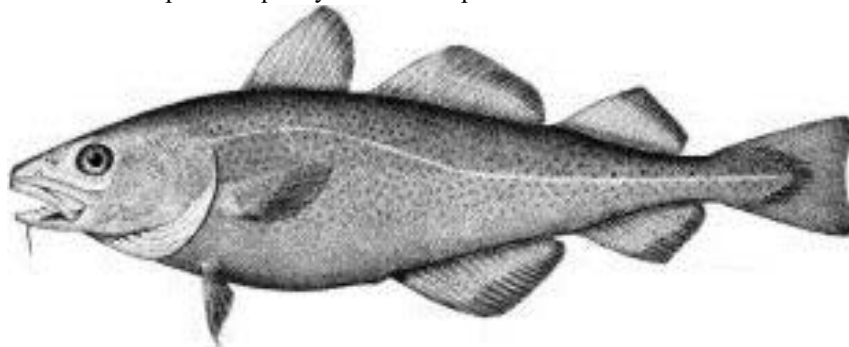
Now heave 'er up, my bully, bully boys!
Haul away, haul away!
Heave 'er up and don't you make a noise,
For we're bound away for Australia!

The abolition of slavery in 1834 in the British West Indies such as on the island of [Jamaica](#), in 1848 in the French Antilles, and in 1849 in the Dutch Antilles, had not resolved the Caribbean market's need for cheap low-quality salt [cod](#) for the feeding of black people as they labored in the sun on the [sugar cane](#), which is why in 1851, while [Thoreau](#) was visiting [Provincetown](#) at the tip of [Cape Cod](#), he still saw disgusting practices in

the codfish salting yard:

EARLY the next morning I walked into a fish-house near our hotel, where three or four men were engaged in trundling out the pickled fish on barrows, and spreading them to dry. They told me that a vessel had lately come in from the Banks with forty-four thousand codfish. Timothy Dwight says that, just before he arrived at Provincetown, "a schooner came in from the Great Bank with fifty-six thousand fish, about one thousand five hundred quintals, taken in a single voyage; the main deck being, on her return, eight inches under water in calm weather." The cod in this fish-house, just out of the pickle, lay packed several feet deep, and three or four men stood on them in cowhide boots, pitching them on to the barrows with an instrument which had a single iron point. One young man, who chewed tobacco, spat on the fish repeatedly. Well, sir, thought I, when that older man sees you he will speak to you. But presently I saw the older man do the same thing. It reminded me of the figs of Smyrna.

There is a good reason why these laborers were treating these split fish carcasses with such contempt. The primary use of such salt fish was still in the feeding of the black workers on the sugar plantations of the Caribbean despite the fact that these black workers were no longer being referred to as slaves. Therefore the tobacco juice which these workers were spitting onto the drying fish, and the fact that these workers were damaging their own product by gaffing it around with those single-point processing poles, truly did not matter at all. One may well wonder whether Thoreau ought have been aware of the reason why such a low-grade industrial indifference to product quality was able to persist.



Since, in 1755, Dr. Samuel Johnson had defined a cod as "any case or husk in which seeds are lodged" on the basis of the Middle English etymology in which a cod is a sack or pouch, Thoreau hypothesized that the codfish might have received its name on account of the female containing such a large quantity of eggs:

CAPE COD: I suppose that the word Cape is from the French *cap*; which is from the Latin *caput*, a head; which is, perhaps, from the verb *capere*, to take, -that being the part by which we take hold of a thing:-Take Time by the forelock. It is also the safest part to take a serpent by. And as for Cod, that was derived directly from that "great store of codfish" which Captain Bartholomew Gosnold caught there in 1602; which fish appears to have been so called from the Saxon word *codde*, "a case in which seeds are lodged," either from the form of the fish, or the quantity of spawn it contains; whence also, perhaps, *codling* ("*pomum coctile*") and coddle, -to cook green like peas. (V. Dic.)

COD



An old rhyme goes:

The codfish lays a thousand eggs
The homely hen lays one.
The codfish never cackles
To tell you what she's done.
And so we scorn the codfish
While the humble hen we prize
Which only goes to show you
That it pays to advertise.

Well, this old rhyme may not date to Thoreau's era, but we note that the inventor of the microscope, Leeuwenhoek, had counted the eggs in a single female [cod](#) of a middling size and had numbered them at 9,384,000. [Alexandre Dumas](#) would write in 1873 in *LE GRANDE DICTIONNAIRE DE CUISINE* that "it has been calculated that if no accident prevented the hatching of the eggs and each egg reached maturity, it would take only three years to fill the sea so that you could walk across the Atlantic dryshod on the backs of cod."


While [Thoreau](#) was on [Cape Cod](#), he heard rumors of cows eating [cod](#) heads:

CAPE COD: It is rumored that in the fall the cows here are sometimes fed cod's-head! The godlike part of the cod, which, like the human head, is curiously and wonderfully made, forsooth has but little less brain in it, -coming to such an end! To be craunched by cows! I felt my own skull crack with sympathy. What if the heads of men were to be cut off to feed the cows of a superior order of beings who inhabit the islands in the ether? Away goes your fine brain, the house of thought and instinct, to swell the cud of a ruminant animal! -However, an inhabitant assured me that they did not make a practice of feeding cows on cod-heads; the cows merely would eat them sometimes.

Actually, cows weren't being fed the cod heads, which were a local delicacy pretty much reserved for the humans unless they were spoiled remnants, although [Herman Melville](#), in [MOBY-DICK; OR, THE WHALE](#), did describe seeing a cow that had been parsing a pile of such remnants and offal and was wandering around in fishhead slippers:

[MOBY-DICK](#): Fishiest of all fishy places was the Try Pots, which well deserved its name; for the pots there were always boiling chowders. Chowder for breakfast, and chowder for dinner, and chowder for supper, till you began to look for fish-bones coming through your clothes. The area before the house was paved with clam-shells. Mrs. Hussey wore a polished necklace of codfish vertebra; and Hosea Hussey had his account books bound in superior old shark-skin. There was a fishy flavor to the milk, too, which I could not at all account for, till one morning happening to take a stroll along the beach among some fishermen's boats, I saw Hosea's brindled cow feeding on fish remnants, and marching along the sand with each foot in a cod's decapitated head, looking very slip-shod, I assure ye.

One split the [cod](#) heads and floured them before frying, and then crunched them bones and all. The heads for this recipe had the eyes and lips removed, and the fish's air sacs were often included.

 [1851](#): In this year [Emily Dickinson](#) turned 21. She wrote her brother [Austin Dickinson](#), who was teaching at the Endicott School in Boston's North End:

*I like to get such **facts** to set down in my **journal**, also anything else that's **startling** which you may chance to know – I don't think deaths or murders can ever come amiss in a young woman's journal.*


In this year [Henry Thoreau](#) turned 26. He surveyed the lots adjacent to the site on which Concord was building a new courthouse, which was the location at which his father had worked in the "Yellow Store." He also laid out the new courthouse's cellar and, according to Adams and Ross, became a Romantic.



In 1993, Thoreau's journal for this year would be separately published by Penguin:



There was a break in the singing family, between [Jesse Hutchinson](#), [Judson Hutchinson](#), and [Asa Hutchinson](#). Various members of the family would form singing groups of their own. [John W. Hutchinson](#) would be the last of the brothers to form a regular singing company of his own and much of his energy would be put into singing on behalf of temperance.

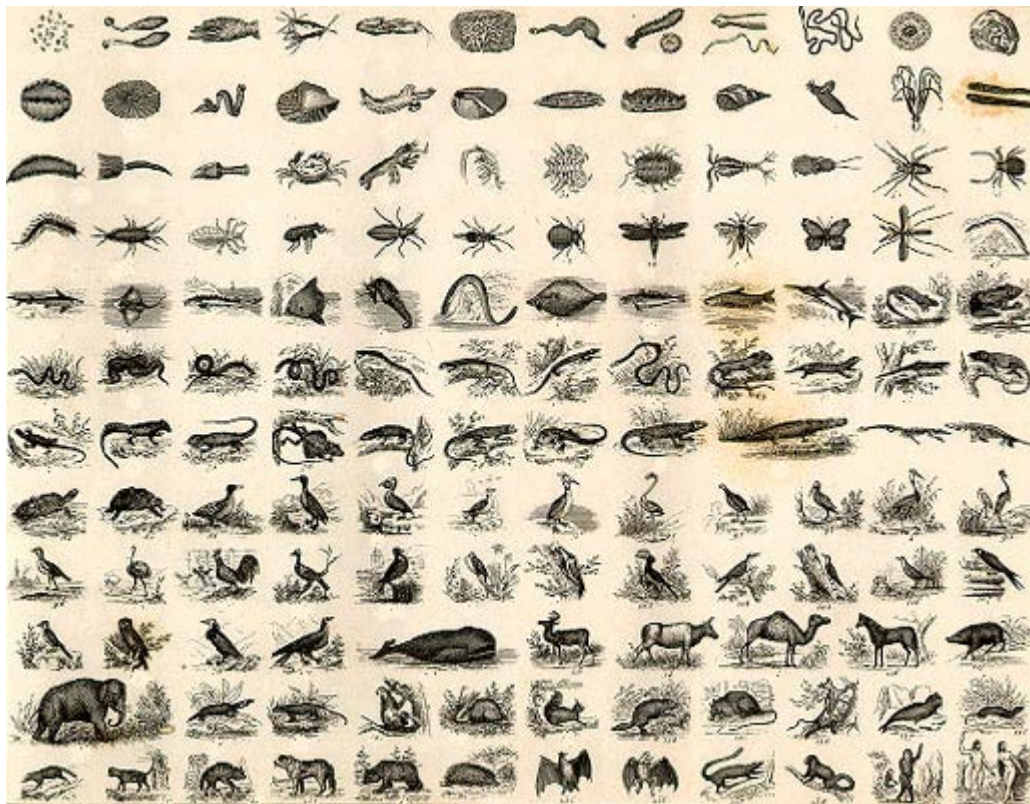
 **1851:** [Lewis Henry Morgan](#)'s LEAGUE OF THE *HO-DE-NO-SAU-NEE*, OR *IROQUOIS*. [Henry Thoreau](#) would take extensive notes while reading this book.

[Captain Charles Wilkes](#)'s NARRATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES EXPLORING EXPEDITION DURING THE YEARS 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842 of his polar expedition, which had been prepared in 1845 in Philadelphia in 6 quarto volumes and 5 octavo volumes, was at this point reprinted in an abridged edition by a publisher in New-York.



At some point during this year the at-loose-ends Unitarian Reverend [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#) delivered a Sunday evening lecture entitled "Merchants."

J.G. Heck's ICONOGRAPHIC ENCYCLOPEDIA:



- ➡ **1851:** [Griffith Thomas](#)'s Union Club was built at 20th Street and Fifth Avenue in [New-York](#).
- ➡ **1851:** Freemasons contributed to the establishment of a Theosophical Society, one that would popularize [Buddhism](#) in Europe.
- ➡ **1851:** Production of the 3d Model Dragoon Revolver began at [Samuel Colt](#)'s Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Company. The company would manufacture 10,000 from this year through 1860. Some of these 3d Model Dragoons had frame cuts for detachable shoulder stocks, horizontal-loading lever latches, and folding leaf sights. All these 3d Model Dragoons had a round trigger guard. Government records indicate that one order was for 8,390 such devices.
- ➡ **1851:** [Dr. Harriet Kezia Hunt](#) of Boston began to pay her taxes under protest.
- ➡ **1851:** [George Templeton Strong](#), a vestryman at the prominent Episcopal Trinity Church on Wall Street, witnessed some orphaned, abandoned, abused, runaway girls in the street and noted in his diary that he had found them even more unlovely than a gang of blackguard boys: "thief written in their cunning eyes and whore on their depraved faces." –Poor guy, he must have really been tempted to victimize these kiddies himself, and it must have taken every ounce of moral courage in his body to force himself to turn away from them in their misery! –He was really a man of high principle, for instance he would find himself so opposed to dying in war that he would be willing to pay a "big 'Dutch' boy of about twenty" the magnificent sum of \$1,100 to volunteer to go to serve among the Union soldiers in the Civil War on his draft number!
- ➡ **1851:** At the age of 31, [Florence Nightingale](#) went to work as a nurse in training at the Kaiserworth Hospital in Germany.

In Germany, Maria Weigel was nearly stoned to death by the outraged youth of Colmar for her indecent behavior in attempting to ice-skate. Rules were being created in these United States of America to govern male interaction with females on the ice. In Headland, Alabama a law was enacted to prohibit male ice skaters from "turning and looking at a woman that way" (one wonders how thin was the ice they might have had in Alabama). The penalty for the 2d offense of this nature was to be the wearing of horse blinders for 24 hours. In Newburgh, New York, no married woman was to skate on the Sabbath unless "properly looked after" by her mate — which meant he needed to be following her within 20 paces with his loaded musket on his left shoulder. In La Follette, Tennessee there was a law specifying that no man could "place his arm around a woman" at a dance or [skating](#) rink "without good and lawful reason" (there were lots of good reasons but precious few of them were lawful).

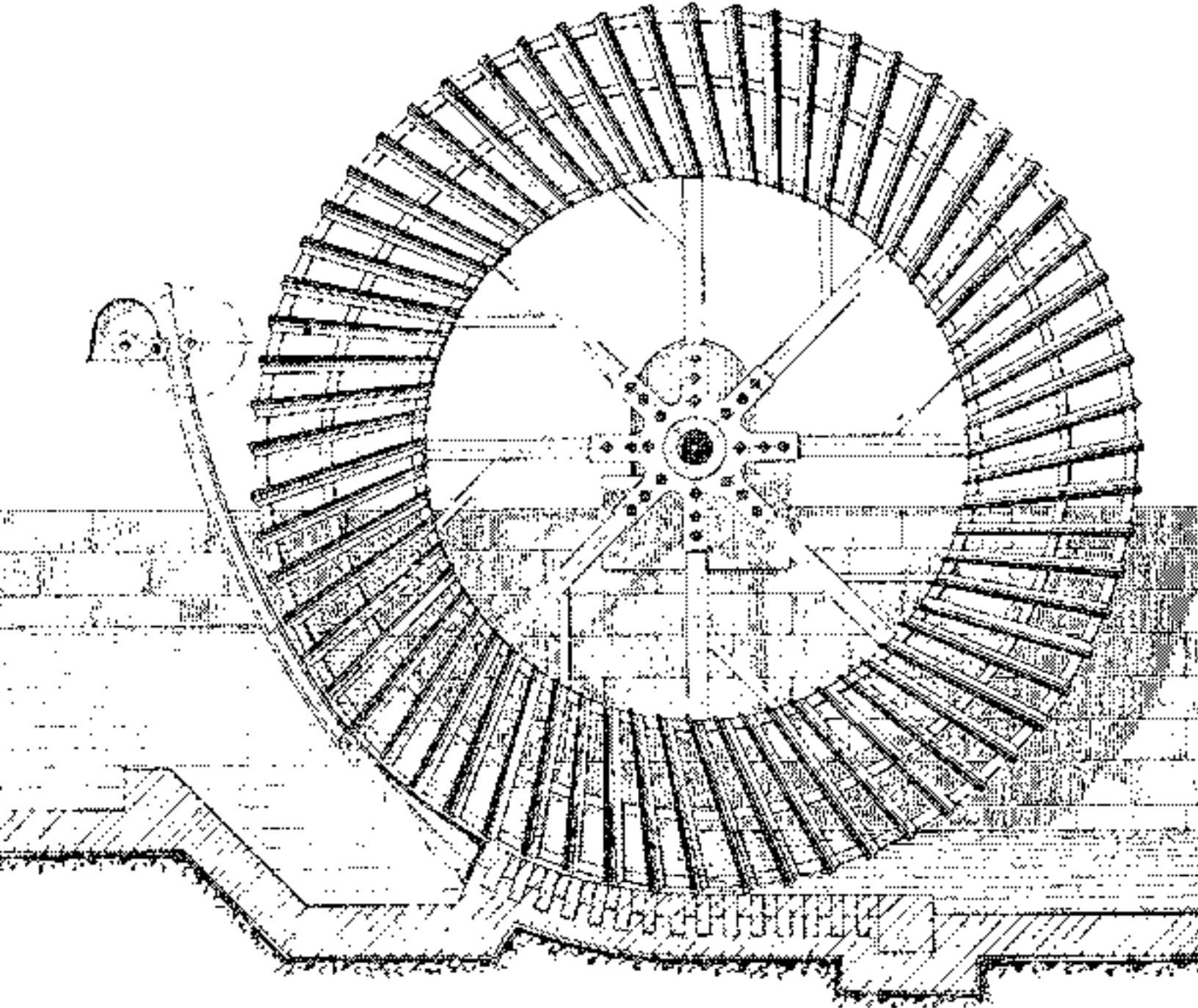
THE AGE OF REASON WAS A PIPE DREAM, OR AT BEST A PROJECT. ACTUALLY, HUMANS HAVE ALMOST NO CLUE WHAT THEY ARE DOING, WHILE CREDITING THEIR OWN LIES ABOUT WHY THEY ARE DOING IT.

1851

1851



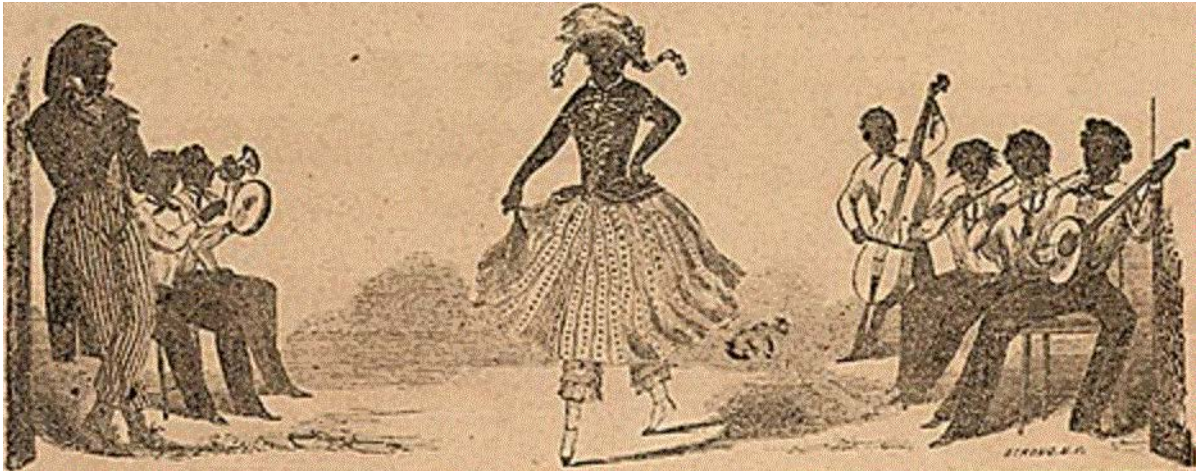
1851: The 1st implementation of the new [vertical waterwheel](#) by [Alphonse Eléonor Sagebin](#), one which had the blades inclined counter-intuitively backward, was done at a flour mill in Rouquerolles, France, and it raised the power efficiency radically, to 85%. (Later wheels using this new principle would attain up to 93% efficiency. — Maybe airplanes will fly backward faster than forward but we just haven't tried this yet?):



1851

1851

➡ **1851:** [Henry Wood](#), brother of future [New-York](#) mayor Fernando Wood, created “Wood’s Minstrels” at 444 Broadway (the group would play the city for the following 15 years, after 444 Broadway burning down relocating to 472 Broadway, and then relocating again to the new Marble Palace at 561-563 Broadway, until ceasing as an institution in about 1866). The performers in this group “represented the characteristics peculiar to the Plantation Darkies of the South.



THE MINSTREL SHOW

➡ **1851:** The Brooklyn, [New-York Navy Yard Dry Dock Number One](#), the US Navy’s 1st, was completed.

➡ **1851:** In [New York](#)’s St. Lawrence County, along a 17-mile stretch of the Racket River, over the following decade 10 sawmills would be erected.

➡ **1851:** Numerous footsteps of extinct reptilian animals had been observed in Permian sandstone at the Corncockle Muir Quarry of Annandale, which was quite near to Jardine Hall. During this year, publication of [Sir William Jardine](#)’s ICHTHYOLOGY OF ANNANDALE.

SCOTLAND

➡ **1851:** By the time of the Great Exhibition, Aldreds, Bernards, and Farlows had 3-strip fishing rods for sale, but it is not clear whether any of these rods had split bamboo butt sections. Other suppliers, including Blacker, were quick to market 3-strip rods, but such a rod had not yet caught on with anglers.

BAMBOO FISHING RODS

➡ **1851:** The [Reverend William Silsbee](#) began to teach at a private school in Cincinnati, Ohio.

➡ **1851:** [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) was apprenticed to a wagon-maker in Mount Morris, Illinois. Completing his apprenticeship, he took journeymen jobs in Chicago, at Peoria, and at Tremont, Illinois.

➡ **1851:** George Stewart, Sr. and Elizabeth Dubuc Stewart, with 3-year-old [George Stewart, Jr.](#), relocated from [New-York](#) to London in Upper [Canada](#) where the husband was to manage a fur and leather business for the wife’s father Pascal Dubuc.

HDT

WHAT?

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 **1851:** Coffee grown on the Bamboo Hedge Estate at Sandy Bay on [St. Helena](#) won a premier award at the Great Exhibition in the [Crystal Palace](#).

ST. HELENA THE HISTORIC

Joseph Lockwood’s GUIDE TO [ST. HELENA](#), DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL, WITH A VISIT TO LONGWOOD, AND NAPOLEON’S TOMB (St. Helena: Printed and published by Geo. Gibb).


GUIDE TO ST. HELENA

(You will note that this author makes no mention of any [giant tortoises](#) being used as lawn ornaments.)



Aug 28, 1856: ...One Turtle knows several Napoleans—...

[Transcript]

 **1851:** After working as a printer in Kalamazoo and Detroit, where he had authored antislavery articles under the pseudonym “Berwick,” 19-year-old [James Redpath](#) got hired as a reporter for the New-York [Tribune](#).

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

SPIRITUALISM

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT

 **1851:** [Edward J. Fitzgerald](#)’s EUPHRANOR.



1851: The Erie Railroad, by this point under the control of Daniel Drew, became the 1st rail line connecting the Great Lakes with [New-York](#) and began to compete with the [Erie Canal](#) as a transportation route.

HISTORY OF RR

In [New York](#), the Rochester, Auburn, and Syracuse Railroad received a charter for a line along the [Erie Canal](#).

Stock was offered to the public for a Genesee Valley Railway (but sales were slow).

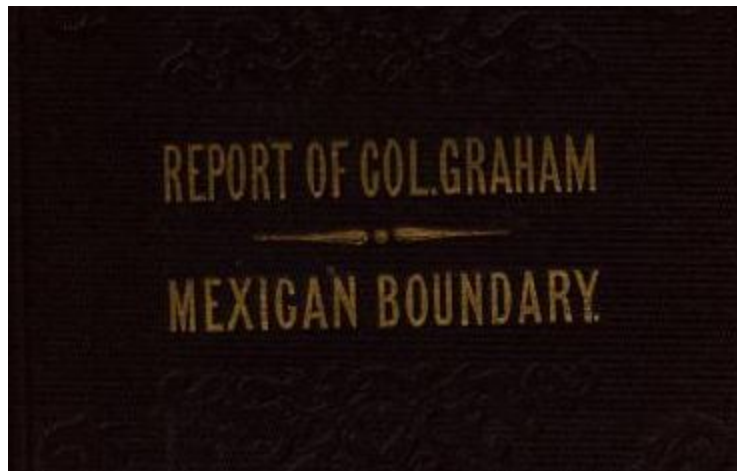
The West Troy Weighlock of the [Erie Canal](#) was completed.

The [New York State](#) policy of requiring railroads to pay the equivalent of [Erie Canal](#) tolls was abandoned.

In upstate [New York](#), the steamboat *Madison* was put into service as an aid to the steamboat *Oneida* on Oneida Lake. These vessels would tug barges and canal boats from the mouth of Fish Creek, east of Oneida Lake, down the Oneida River and the Oswego River to Three Rivers Point, a 35 mile trip, at a charge of \$10 for the haul. The barges would be towed in relays. This would cut 2 whole days off the trip from New-York City to Oswego by way of Syracuse and the Erie Canal. The steamboat *Oswego* (longest survivor of the fleet) on her 1st trip down the river would encounter an unexpected obstacle below the Oak Orchard Lock — the Schroepfel Bridge had no draw-gate. Captain Calvin Yeoman took his *Madison* back upriver but left 2 hands behind to cut through the offending bridge. However, farmers showed up with pitchforks and horsewhips and drove off his ax men. When the steamer returned 3 days later with a new tow of barges, his crew chopped through the bridge and proceeded around Horseshoe Island to Three Rivers Point. On their return trip the following day, however, they discovered that the farmers had repaired the span. Captain Yeoman rigged a battering ram to the bow of his *Madison* and pounded away until the center section of the span gave way. A draw-bridge would be the eventual. (The short life of this Oneida Lake and River Steamboat Company would come to an end with the widening and deepening of the [Erie Canal](#).)



1851: Brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel [James Duncan Graham](#) of the US Army’s Corps of Topographical Engineers was making himself useful as Principal Astronomer and “Head of the Scientific Corps,” on the part of the United States, for the joint demarcation of the Boundary between the United States and [Mexico](#), under the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in the final resolution of boundary issues resulting from the War with Mexico.



[Thomas Mayne Reid, Jr.](#)’s THE SCALP HUNTERS; OR, ROMANTIC ADVENTURES IN NORTHERN [MEXICO](#). The author, implementing a folk maxim “when they’re big enough they’re old enough,” began to groom his London publisher’s teenybopper daughter Elizabeth Hyde:

Captain Mayne Reid had now met his fate; not in the dark-eyed [Mexican](#) señorita, but a fair little English girl, a child scarce thirteen years of age. Her name was Elizabeth Hyde, the only





daughter of George William Hyde, a lineal descendant of the first Earl of Clarendon.

In his novel of "The Child Wife," he describes his first meeting this young girl: "In less than ten minutes after, he was in love with a child! There are those who will deem this an improbability. Nevertheless it was true; for we are recording an actual experience." Later on he says to his friend Roseveltdt: "That child has impressed me with a feeling I never had before. Her strange look has done it. I feel as if she had sounded the bottom of my soul! It may be fate, destiny, but as I live, Roseveltdt, I have a presentiment she will yet be my wife!"

The courtship was in itself a romance. Elizabeth Hyde was living in London with Mrs Hyde, the widow of her Uncle Clarendon, who brought her up after her mother's death. At Mrs Hyde's house Captain Reid was one evening a guest. Afterwards he told his wife, "I fell in love with you that evening at first sight." The next morning her aunt said, "Captain Mayne Reid has quite fallen in love with you." Elizabeth answered, "You can tell him I have not fallen in love with him." A short time afterwards to the question of some one who had not seen the "lion," "What is Captain Reid like?" she replied, "Oh, he is a middle-aged gentleman." This was repeated to Captain Reid, and he afterwards allowed that his vanity was much wounded at the time. A few weeks passed and the "middle-aged gentleman" was quite forgotten. Other matters occupied Elizabeth Hyde's thoughts. One day she was alone in the drawing-room making a doll's outfit. Captain Reid entered the room, but she did not recognise him. He looked surprised, and said, "Do you not remember me?" As he had a very foreign appearance, she exclaimed, "Oh, yes, you are Monsieur—" Then he mentioned his name. He asked how old she was, and, on hearing, said, "You are getting old enough to have a lover, and you must have me."

The "middle-aged gentleman" did not, however, come up to her standard. Her uncle was her ideal.

After this Captain Reid made long and frequent visits to the aunt's house, but saw the niece very little. With her, indeed, he found so little favour that she intentionally avoided his society. Mrs Hyde began to believe herself the attraction, as Mayne Reid spent hours in her society. All is fair in love and war.

**BETWEEN ANY TWO MOMENTS ARE AN INFINITE NUMBER OF MOMENTS,
AND BETWEEN THESE OTHER MOMENTS LIKEWISE AN INFINITE
NUMBER, THERE BEING NO ATOMIC MOMENT JUST AS THERE IS NO
ATOMIC POINT ALONG A LINE. MOMENTS ARE THEREFORE FIGMENTS.
THE PRESENT MOMENT IS A MOMENT AND AS SUCH IS A FIGMENT, A
FLIGHT OF THE IMAGINATION TO WHICH NOTHING REAL CORRESPONDS.
SINCE PAST MOMENTS HAVE PASSED OUT OF EXISTENCE AND FUTURE
MOMENTS HAVE YET TO ARRIVE, WE NOTE THAT THE PRESENT MOMENT
IS ALL THAT EVER EXISTS — AND YET THE PRESENT MOMENT BEING A**




1851


1851

MOMENT IS A FIGMENT TO WHICH NOTHING IN REALITY CORRESPONDS.

 **1851:** The [Reverend Dr. Johann Ludwig Krapf](#) returned to his travels/travaills in Africa.

[Liberia College](#) was authorized by the national government in Monrovia, [Liberia](#) (it would not open its doors until 1862).

 **1851:** [George Payne Rainsford James](#) took a house at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where he would later purchase land and made some effort at farming.


 **1851:** Upon the establishment of a Government School of Mines, [Robert Hunt](#) became the Professor of Mechanical Science. Publication of his HUNT'S HAND-BOOK TO THE OFFICIAL CATALOGUES OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION: AN EXPLANATORY GUIDE TO THE NATURAL PRODUCTIONS AND MANUFACTURES OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS (London: Spicer Brothers, and W. Clowes & Sons, Contractors to the Royal Commission, 29, New Bridge Street Blackfriars, and at Hyde Park) and his ELEMENTARY PHYSICS, AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY [*WITH 217 WOOD-ENGRAVINGS.*] (London: Reeve and Benham, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden).

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



1851

1851

 **1851: Walter Savage Landor** expressed the need for Church reform in a pamphlet *POPERY, BRITISH AND FOREIGN* (London: Chapman and Hall), and with *LETTERS TO CARDINAL WISEMAN*. He published various other articles in *The Examiner*, *Fraser's Magazine*, etc. When he learned that Sophia Jane Swift had died, he wrote in tribute to her memory:

Sophia! whom I seldom call'd by name,
And trembled when I wrote it; O my friend
Severed so long from me! one morn I dreamt
That we were walking hand in hand thro' paths
Slippery with sunshine: after many years
Had flown away, and seas and realms been crost,
And much (alas how much!) by both endured
We joined our hands together and told our tale.
And now thy hand hath slipt away from mine,
And the cold marble cramps it; I dream one,
Dost thou dream too? and are our dreams the same?

 **1851: Caroline Lee Hentz's** *RENA, OR, THE SNOW BIRD*.

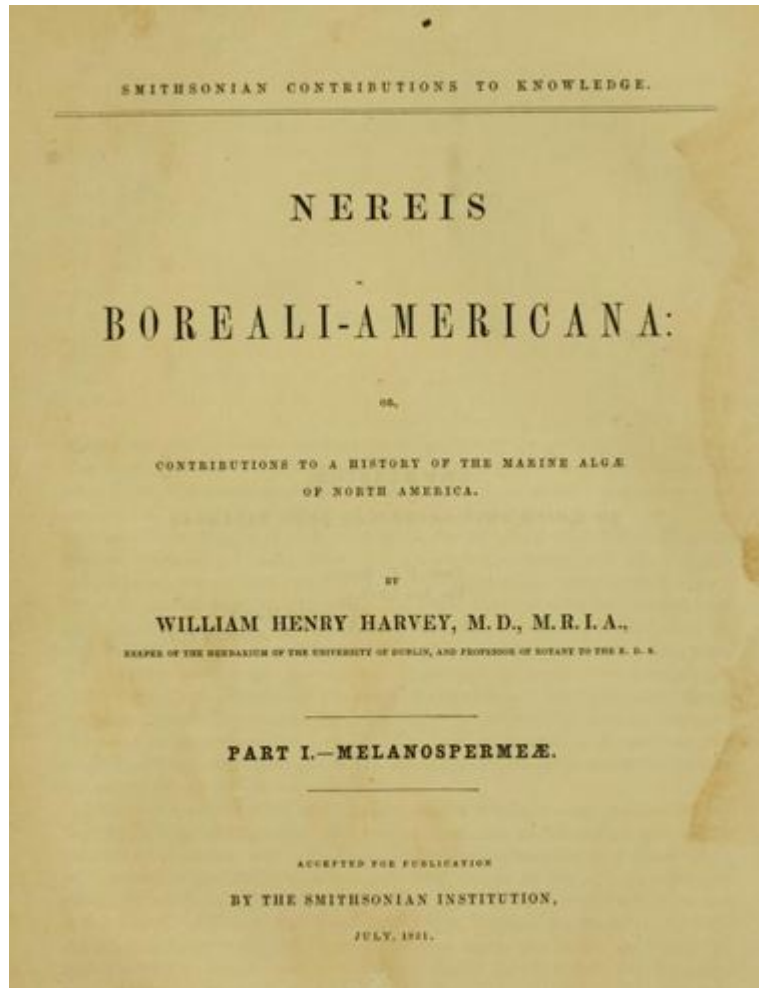
 **1851: Heinrich Heine's** *ROMANZERO* and *DER DOCTOR FAUST*.

1851

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→ 1851: Professor [Louis Agassiz](#) went to [Charleston](#) to teach at the Medical College of South Carolina and scarf up on some of that good living enabled by race slavery and establish a seaside laboratory on Sullivan's Island to study the flora and fauna of the Atlantic Ocean.

[William Henry Harvey](#)'s *NEREIS BOREALI-AMERICANA: OR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE HISTORY OF THE MARINE ALGAE OF NORTH AMERICA. PART I.—MELANOSPERMEÆ* (Smithsonian Institution).



MELANOSPERMEÆ

PAINTING

→ 1851: [Frederic Edwin Church](#)'s "New England Scenery" and his "Beacon Off Mt. Desert."

Mt. Desert Island

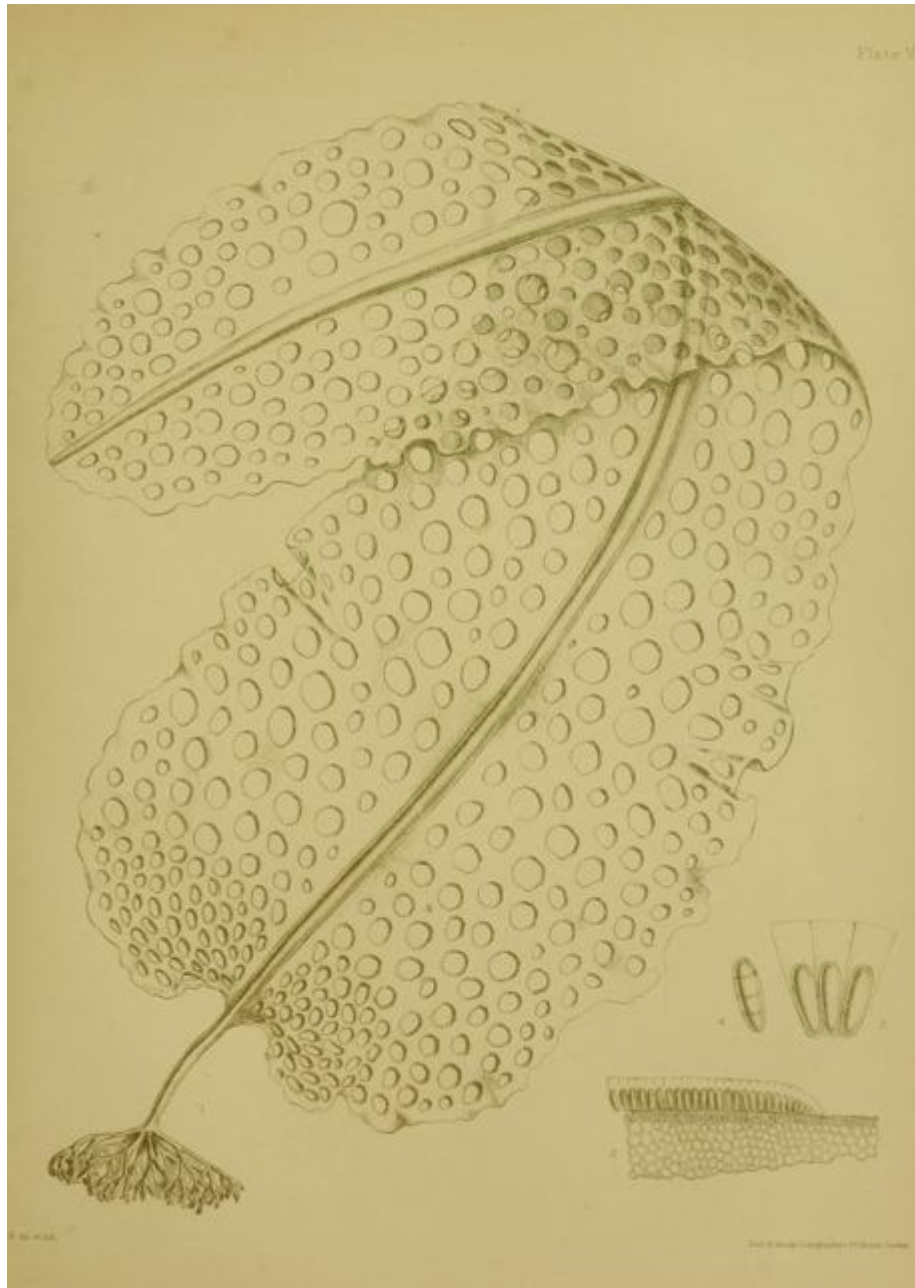
HDT

WHAT?

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 [1851: Salma Hale](#)'s 1825/1826 article and pamphlet ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF [KEENE](#), FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT, IN 1734, TO THE YEAR 1790 (69 pages) was refreshed as ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF [KEENE](#), FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT, IN 1734, TO THE YEAR 1790; WITH CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS, AND A CONTINUATION, FROM 1790 TO 1815 (Keene, [New Hampshire](#): Printed by J.W. Prentiss and Company; 120 pages).




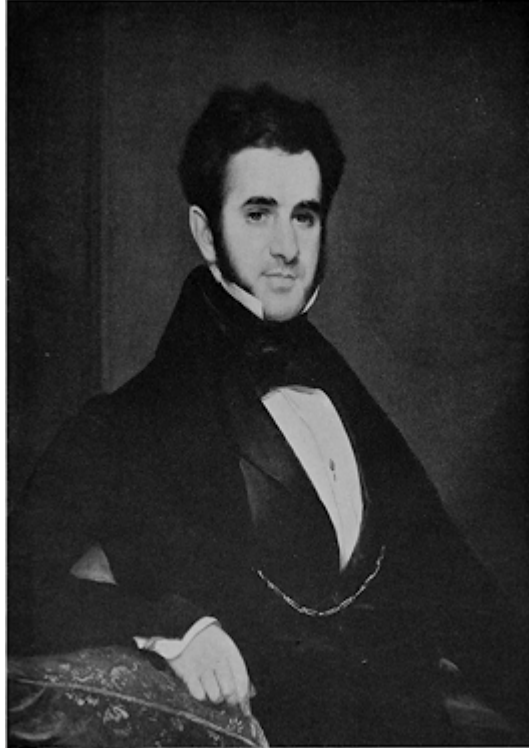
THE TOWN OF KEENE NH

[John Frederick Kensett](#)'s "Mount Washington from the Valley of Conway" was made into a widely available engraving by James Smillie. He and [Benjamin Champney](#) in North Conway, [New Hampshire](#) produced engravings that helped popularize the White Mountain region.

1851

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 **1851:** From this year into 1855, publication of the various volumes of Dr. Amos Binney (1803-1847)'s THE TERRESTRIAL AIR-BREATHING MOLLUSKS OF THE UNITED STATES AND ADJACENT TERRITORIES OF NORTH AMERICA, as edited and completed subsequent to his demise by friend and colleague [Augustus A. Gould](#).



Dr. Gould also presented:

- “On the Relation of Shells from the East and West Coast of America,” Proceedings of the [Boston Society of Natural History](#), iv, pp. 27,-28, 1851.
- “On the Formation of Rounded Masses of Fish Scales in the Shale at Hillsborough, N.B.,” Proceedings of the [Boston Society of Natural History](#), iv, p. 66.
- “Descriptions of California Shells collected by Maj. William Rich and Lieut. Thomas P. Green,” Proceedings of the [Boston Society of Natural History](#), iv, pp. 87-93 (*OTIA CONCHOLOGICA*, pp. 210-215, 1862).
- “On the Natural Productions of the Surface as illustrating the Character of Particular Geological Formations,” Proceedings of the [Boston Society of Natural History](#), iv, pp. 100-101.

1851

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➡ 1851: [Fredrika Bremer](#)'s *HEMMEN I DEN NYA VÄRLDEN* (which would soon be translated as *THE HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD: IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA*, VOL. I-III by [Mary Howitt](#)), in which she described her 1849/1850 visits with [Waldo Emerson](#), [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#), and [Henry Wadsworth Longfellow](#). She had encountered corn on the cob in the USA, finding it entirely unladylike. (Perhaps it was for her sensitivities overly suggestive of fellatio? –or piggishness? –or savagery?) Ladies, in that era, were expected to cut the kernels off the cob with their knife and then lift them off their plate with a fork (if provided only with a 2-tined fork, it was of course perfectly acceptable for a lady to forward kernels of corn, and peas, into her mouth by lining them up upon the flat of her knife).



➡ 1851: [Joseph Liouville](#) provided decimal examples of the transcendental numbers he had discovered in 1844 (transcendentals are numbers that are not the solution to any algebraic equation, such as for instance π , the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter). Since the value of such a transcendental number can only be approximated in such a decimal example, this word “transcendental” would provide an excellent name with which to denominate a philosophical movement, “transcendentalism,” which would insist that the value of an individual human being can at best be roughly estimated — but cannot ever definitively be established. “For the essence of transcending is this very attitude, the attitude of ever seeking to penetrate beyond whatever had previously been established to be the verity.”

TRANSCENDENTALISM

(However, [Waldo Emerson](#) has asserted that Transcendentalism derived its name from the philosophy of [Herr Professor Immanuel Kant](#) — something we do not know the Sage of Concord ever studied or grasped.)




The bumper sticker of [Transcendentalism](#), had the 'cenders thought of it (bumpers not yet being invented), ought to have been “The horizon will move whenever we do.”





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 [1851: Roualeyn George Gordon-Cumming](#)'s trophies were placed on exhibit at the Great Exhibition in the [Crystal Palace](#), and he delivered a lecture (the collection would afterward go on tour as "The South Africa Museum").


At the Great Exhibition, Arthur Leared presented a model of a double stethoscope, fashioned of gutta-percha.


In Galveston, Texas, Gail Borden invented evaporated milk — at the Great Exhibition in England he had won a medal for meat biscuit, and it was on his return home to Galveston, Texas, because the cows aboard his ship had become too sick to provide milk for infants, that he got the idea that milk might be condensed through evaporation.

[Hermann Ludwig Ferdinand von Helmholtz](#) developed an ophthalmoscope.

 [1851: Pope Pius IX](#) had determined in 1850 to restore a regular Roman Catholic hierarchy in England, Anglicanism to the contrary notwithstanding. Prime Minister Gladstone termed the Pope's announcement "vaunting and boastful" and offered that it would "destroy the bonds of accord and good will which ought to unite all." Archdeacon Manning abandoned the Church of England for a berth in the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Ashley wrote in his diary "Lord, purge the Church of those men who while their hearts are in the Vatican, still eat the bread of the Establishment and undermine her." Charlotte Brontë said of the arrival of Cardinal Wiseman that it did not merely make the sun stand still, but made it go back 6 centuries. The Parliament created an [Ecclesiastical Titles Act 1851](#) that on penalty of imprisonment and fines forbade any Catholic bishop to use any episcopal title "of any city, town or place, or of any territory or district (under any designation or description whatsoever), in the United Kingdom" — although this would not ever be enforced.

 [1851](#): The [Reverend George Gilfillan](#)'s "Preface to Book of British Poesy."

 [1851: Louis A. Surette](#) became Senior Warden at the Corinthian Lodge of the [Masons](#) of [Concord](#), Massachusetts.

 [1851](#): Abel Jones sold his interest in the sawmill at "Mill Corner" in South [Acton](#) to [Winthrop E. Faulkner](#), who evidently then enlarged or rebuilt the facility. In the late 19th Century it would be operated by Aaron Marshall Jones, "one of the best mechanics in this town and was an excellent sawyer," and in the early 19th Century by Charles M. Kimball. The 2d-story space would be rented out to various other manufacturers, one of them Aaron Hayward. In 1860 Brooks & Knight and S. M. Stedson (products not specified) would occupy the space, and in 1865 Warren Miles. In 1932 the building would be taken apart and rebuilt as the house that stands at 274 School Street.

➡ 1851: Philip Henry Gosse's A NATURALIST'S SOJOURN IN JAMAICA,



CHILABOTHRUS INORNATUS ♂, N.S.

DACTYLOA EDWARDSII, ♂, N.S.

NAT. SOJOURN — JAMAICA

his NATURAL HISTORY. FISHES,

NAT. HISTORY — FISHES

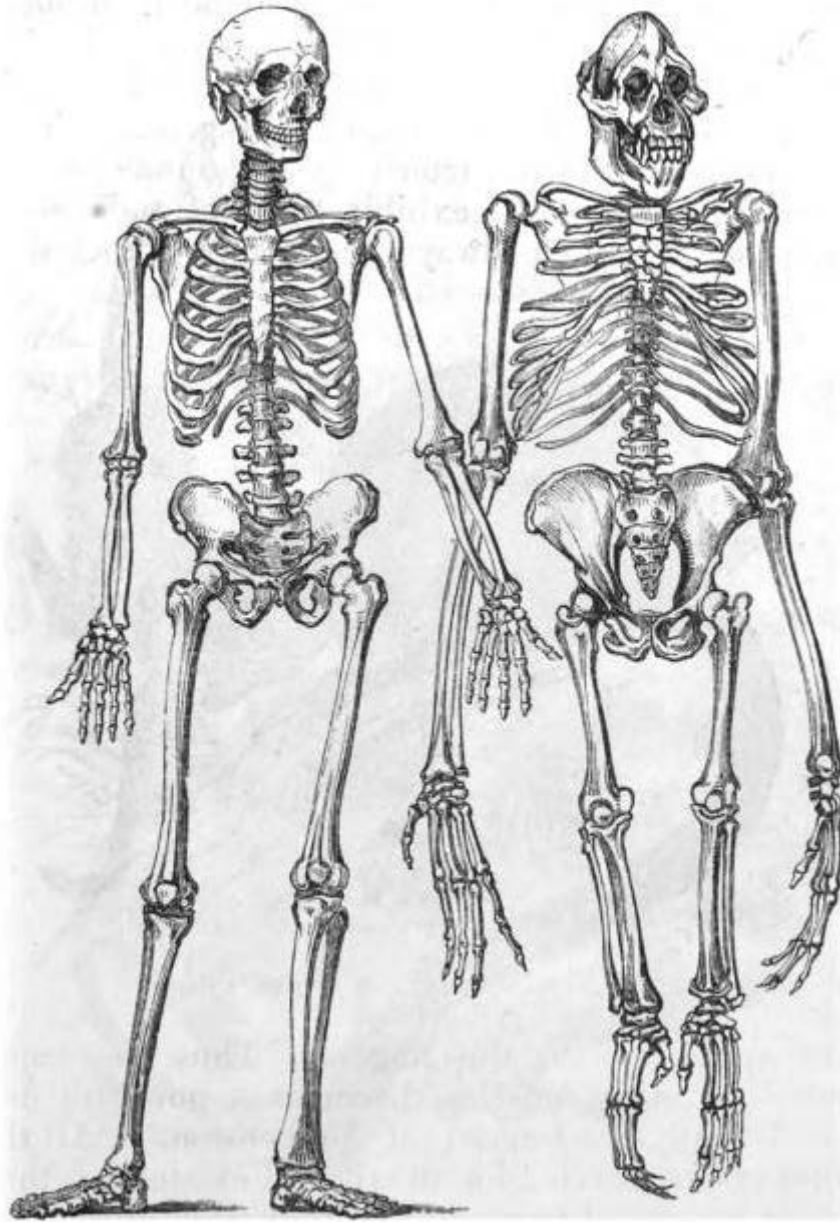
his THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS, FROM THE CHRISTIAN ERA TO THE DAWN OF THE REFORMATION,



HISTORY OF THE JEWS

and his A TEXT-BOOK OF ZOOLOGY FOR SCHOOLS.

TEXT-BOOK OF ZOOLOGY



SKELETON OF MAN AND ORANG.

1851

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➡ [1851: Henry William Herbert](#)'s historical monograph THE CAPTAINS OF THE OLD WORLD; AS COMPARED WITH THE GREAT MODERN STRATEGISTS.

➡ [1851: Theodore Sedgwick Fay](#)'s poetical romance ULRIC; OR, THE VOICES: A TALE (New York).

➡ [1851: Caleb G. Forshey](#) became entangled in our nation's most shortsighted attempt to subdue nature through engineering, the [levee](#) system that was to constrain the Mississippi River in such manner as to force it to scour out for itself a deeper channel. The attitude was, if you put the great river in a strait jacket it will in its effort to escape dig itself into a hole (this attitude would have considerable political support, since it maximized the rich lands along the river that would be available for productive slave plantations). He had no grasp of the fact that constraining such a flow in such a manner would simply raise and accelerate the flood-crest of each inundation as it progressed downstream, radically multiplying the harm (there's plenty of blame to be shared around among a large group of very smart people; the shortsightedness of this agenda would not be clear to all until the events of the day of April 15, 1927, the most destructive river flood in the history of the United States).



READ ALL ABOUT IT


We should also bear in mind that this plan amounted to a plan to use the white man's mastery over black slave labor to constrain the power of river water. There weren't any white men doing any heavy lifting here, in the construction of these humongous river levies. In effect, the white man's plot was to employ human slavery to effectuate river slavery. —Within their frame of reference, how could they perceive that there might be anything wrongheaded about such an agenda? No, to a control freak everything is about control, so all this must have seemed perfectly logical to the people involved at the time — even today, after all this water under the bridge, there are those who still just don't get it.⁶

6. Was it King Kanute who whipped the waves to force them to obey him?


In this year Henry Thoreau read about the evaluation of the Mississippi River by [Forshey](#) in abstract in THE ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY: OR, YEAR-BOOK OF FACTS IN SCIENCE AND ART. EXHIBITING THE MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN MECHANICS, ASTRONOMY, MINERALOGY, USEFUL ARTS, METEOROLOGY, GEOLOGY, NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, ZOÖLOGY, GEOGRAPHY, CHEMISTRY, BOTANY, ANTIQUITIES, TOGETHER WITH A LIST OF RECENT SCIENTIFIC PUBLICATIONS; A CLASSIFIED LIST OF PATENTS; OBITUARIES OF EMINENT SCIENTIFIC MEN; AN INDEX OF IMPORTANT PAPERS IN SCIENTIFIC JOURNALS, REPORTS, ETC. EDITED BY DAVID A. WELLS, A.M., OF THE LAWRENCE SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE, AND GEORGE BLISS, JR. (Boston: Gould and Lincoln, 59 Washington Street). 1851.

1851 ANNUAL OF DISCOVERY

(Thoreau’s notes on this reading are to be found in his Canadian Notebook for 1850-1856.)

 **1851:** The Aquia Creek sandstone used in the construction of the US Capitol building had deteriorated noticeably and new facing had become appropriate. The marble blocks selected were from a quarry near Lee, Massachusetts. As a member of a commission to examine and report upon the compression strength of these stones, [Thomas Ewbank](#) suggested that pads of woolen cloth, if placed beneath them rather than the customary sheets of lead, would effectively double their load-bearing capacity.



 **1851:** [Scottish](#) Highland troops serving in South Africa become the 1st European soldiers to wear khaki uniforms.

To describe the treasures of the preliterate past, [Scottish](#) historian [Sir Daniel Wilson](#) coined, in [THE ARCHAEOLOGY AND PREHISTORIC ANNALS OF SCOTLAND](#), the useful conceit “prehistory.”



➡ 1851: [The Times](#) of [London](#)'s annual summary:

THE TIMES

READ ABOUT THE YEAR

In [London](#), Marble Arch relocated to Hyde Park.

In [London](#), James Wyld's Great Globe opened in Leicester Square.

In [London](#), Museum of Practical Geology opened in Jermyn Street.

In [London](#), Victoria Street opened.

In [London](#), the Free Cancer Hospital (later "Royal Marsden Hospital") opened in Cannon Row, Westminster.

➡ 1851: [Alexander "Ksistuki Pokah" \(Beaver Child\) Culbertson](#) was appointed as interpreter and special agent of the US federal government in making treaties with Indian tribes. From this point forward he would be referred to as "[Major Culbertson](#)."

➡ 1851: [George Copway](#) began a weekly gazette in New-York, [Copway's American Indian](#), that would survive but 3 months. Also during this year, his [RUNNING SKETCHES OF MEN AND PLACES, IN ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, BELGIUM, AND SCOTLAND](#).



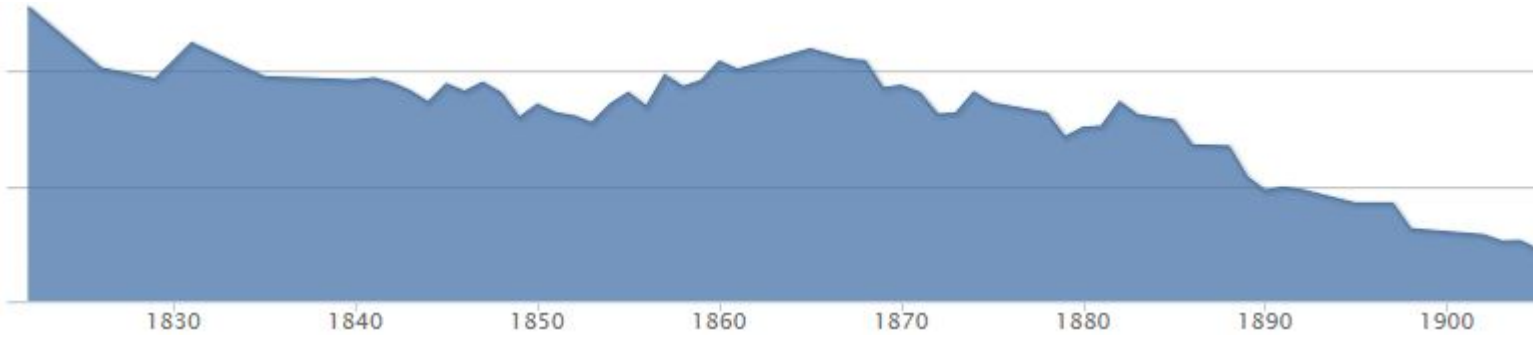
CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT

1851

1851

➡ **1851:** The popularity of the aged [Vicar John William Cunningham](#) of St Mary's at Harrow on the Hill, London, England, author of numerous hymns such as "As the sweet flower that scents the morn," "Dear is the hallowed morn to me," "From Calvary a cry was heard," and "How cheering the thought, that the spirits in bliss," was demonstrated by three successive Sunday worship services, at which there appeared congregations of 1,500, 750, and 750 worshipers.

The popularity of this Reverend's hymns would persist for many decades:



➡ **1851:** [Samuel Bailey](#)'s THE THEORY OF REASONING.

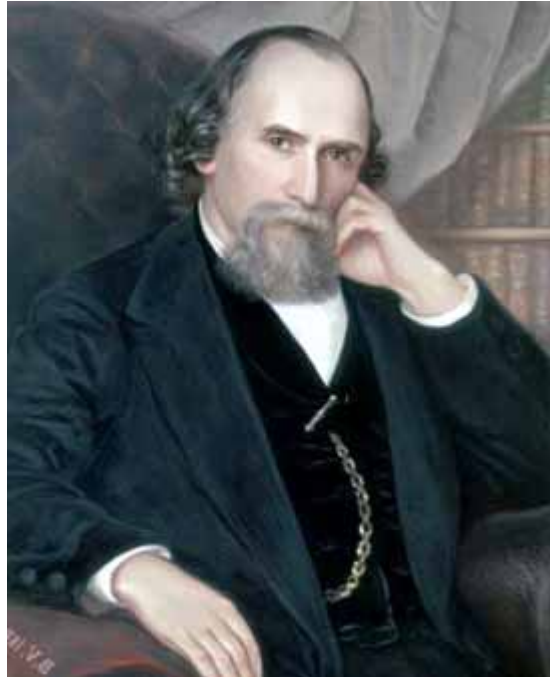
➡ **1851:** [Alphonse Louis Pierre Pyramus de Candolle](#) was elected to the French Academy of Sciences.

1851

1851

➡ 1851: [Elihu Burritt](#)'s ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LAW OF KINDNESS, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ([Worcester](#), Massachusetts: Published by the League of Universal Brotherhood). He attended a peace congress held on July 22-24 in Exeter Hall, [London](#).⁷

[Henri-Frédéric Amiel](#) was also visiting [London](#).



➡ 1851: Initially, [Henry Thomas Buckle](#) had supposed that his work in history would be cast as a history of the Middle Ages. By this point, however, it was clear that what he was embarked upon was more general than that, a history of human civilization.



7. [Elihu Burritt](#)'s A CONGRESS OF NATIONS. ADDRESSES AT THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONGRESSES AT BRUSSELS (1848), PARIS (1849), AND FRANKFORT (1850) (Boston: Directors of the Old South Work, 1904).

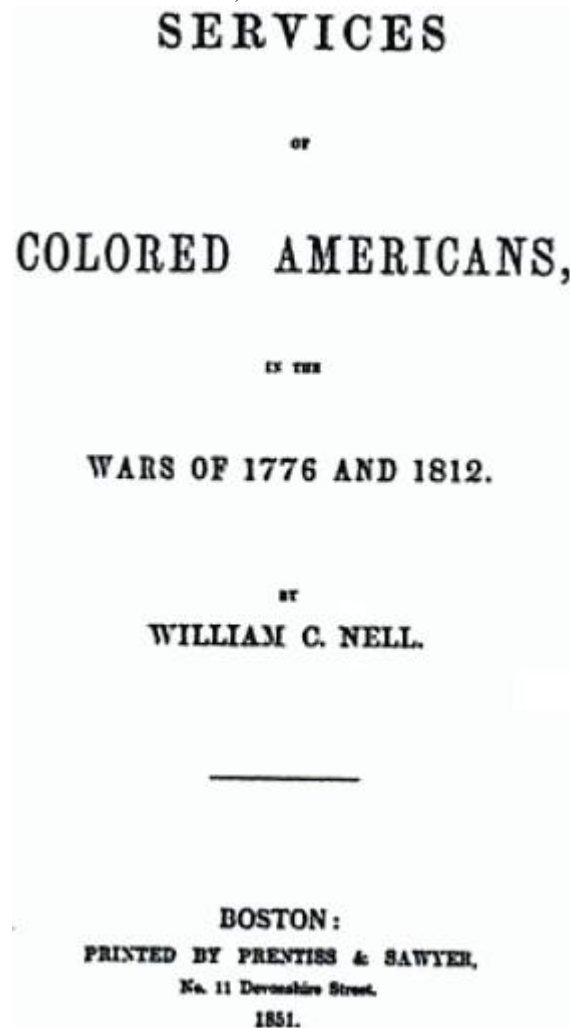
1851

1851

➡ 1851: [Francis Trevelyan Buckland](#) became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons. His mistress Hannah Papps presented him with a son. Although the child would die, despite a radical difference in class the couple would marry in 1863.




➡ 1851: [William Cooper Nell](#)'s SERVICES OF COLORED AMERICANS, IN WARS OF 1776 & 1812 (24pp., Boston: Prentiss & Sawyer, No. 11 Devonshire Street).







1851

1851

 **1851:** [Augustus Sabin Chase](#) became an assistant cashier at the Waterbury National Bank of Waterbury, Connecticut.

 **1851:** The Reverend [John Lauris Blake](#)'s GEOGRAPHY FOR CHILDREN, GEOLOGICAL VIEW OF THE WORLD, HIGH SCHOOL READER, HISTORICAL READER, HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, JUVENILE COMPANION AND FIRESIDE READER, LECTURES ON RHETORIC, and LESSONS IN MODERN FARMING.


 **1851:** SKETCHES OF **BOSTON** PAST AND PRESENT, AND OF SOME FEW PLACES IN ITS VICINITY. / "HONOR TO THE PAST, GRATITUDE FOR THE PRESENT, AND FIDELITY TO THE FUTURE." / *WITH ONE [SIC] HUNDRED [SIC] & TWENTY ENGRAVINGS.* (**Boston:** Phillips, Sampson, and Company. Crosby and Nichols. 1851.)

SKETCHES OF BOSTON

Progress was a topic of abiding interest. A. Forbes and J.W. Greene republished the 1846 pamphlet summarizing the munificence and beneficence of the men in the commonwealth who were worth at least \$50,000 (each) as a book titled THE RICH MEN OF MASSACHUSETTS.


Amount of property owned	\$244,780,000
Number who began poor, or nearly so	705
Number of rich Merchants (and Various Traders)	463
Number ascertained to be more or less Benevolent	375
Number who rec'd all, or the greater part, by inheritance or marriage	282
Number worth quarter of a million dollars	147
Number of rich Farmers	90
Number of rich Lawyers (including Judges)	75
Number of rich Old Bachelors	68
Number of rich Manufacturers (Cotton, Woolen, &c.)	53
Number of rich Shoemakers (and Dealers)	50
Number of rich Brokers (including some speculators)	46
Number worth half a million dollars	45
Number of rich Physicians	31
Number worth over one million dollars	18
Number of rich Carpenters (and Ship-Builders)	15
Number of rich Distillers	14


Number of rich Butchers (and Provision-Dealers)	13
Number of rich Clergymen	12
Number of rich Publishers	11
Number of rich Tailors (and Clothes-Dealers)	10
Number worth three fourths of a million dollars	10
Number of rich Masons	9
Number worth just one million dollars	8
Number of rich Editors	4

 1851: At the age of about 15, Welborn Beeson began a diary.



Under Oregon's new Land Donation Act women became for the 1st time eligible as recipients.

 1851: Jane Webb Loudon's THE LADIES COUNTRY COMPANION.

 1851: Major English common areas were destroyed by enclosure, that is, through their transformation into productive acreage held in private hands by the landed aristocracy:

Improvements and Removals:

1777	Enfield Chase
------	---------------

Improvements and Removals:

1815	Exmoor Forest
1817	Windsor Forest
1851	Hainault Forest

 **1851:** The San Jose, [California](#) Mercury was founded.




An importation of [California](#) grapes to Europe introduced white mildew (*oidium*), which eventually was treated with flowers of sulphur. The subsequent introduction of California rootstocks as a possible cure brought phylloxera, a much more problematic root aphid which can devastate entire acreages.

BOTANIZING


Hugh Low discovered the giant pitcher plant, *Nepenthes rajah*, on Mount Kinabalu in Borneo. (F.W. Burbidge would later introduce this astounding plant to reluctant cultivation.)


PLANTS

 **1851:** [Fyodor Mikhaylovich Dostoevski](#) was at Omsk in western Siberia serving the 2d year of a 4-year sentence to penal labor.



Completion of the St. Peterburg/Moscow Railway.

 **1851:** [Mary Howitt](#)'s THE HEIR OF WAST-WAYLAN.


 [1851: Lydia Howard Huntley Sigourney's LETTERS TO MY PUPILS and her OLIVE LEAVES.](#)



WOMEN HANGED IN ENGLAND DURING 1851

Date	Name	Age	Place of execution	Crime
25/03	Sarah Chesham	42	Chelmsford	Murder
10/05	Catherine Connelly	70 ^a	Cork	Murder
19/08	Mary Cage	40	Ipswich	Murder of husband

a. This set an age record, of sorts.

 [1851:](#) It seems to be during this timeframe that the Reverend [Adin Ballou](#) authored the following material in opposition to capital punishment, referring regretfully to the recent [hangings](#) of [Washington Goode](#), Daniel H. Pierson,⁸ and [John White Webster](#):

Capital Punishment: Reasons For Immediate Abolition

What is Capital Punishment?

It is the infliction of Death on a human being who has been convicted of murder or some other crime, and who is a helpless prisoner in the hands of the public authorities. It is commonly executed by hanging, beheading, shooting, &c.; in our country almost always by hanging.

Who Inflict the Death Penalty?

All the people in the State or Nation who do not unequivocally protest against it. This is emphatically true in our Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Reader, whether voter or non-voter, male or female, adult or youth, thou art either for

8. In 1848 they had hanged Pierson, a white imbecile of Boston, after he killed his wife and children.



Capital Punishment or against it. Thou art not a neutral in the case. When one of thy fellow creatures is put to death on the gallows by public authority, with thy approbation or with thy consent, consider the deed as thine own. Nay, if thou lettest it be done without thy solemn protest against it, the deed is virtually thine own. Wince not at this. Know thy responsibility before God in this matter. Unless thou hast cleared the skirts of thy garments by some public, unequivocal and uncompromising testimony against Capital Punishment, thou art the man or the woman who inflicts it. Thou and thy fellows took the life of [Washington Goode](#), Daniel H. Pierson, and [John W. Webster](#). Say not "the Sheriff did it - the Governor ordered it - the Court decreed it - the law requires it." All true: but in whose name and by whose authority does the Sheriff, the Governor, the Court, the law hang a man? Who made the law, the Court, the Governor and the Sheriff? Answer: the people - the sovereign people. They do all these things. Who are the people? Answer: the voters, together with all who help to form that public opinion which governs voters, legislators and rulers. Whatever public opinion unequivocally demands should be done, is done. Voters, legislators and rulers see that it is done. They see that hanging is done. Why? Because public opinion demands it. And who form public opinion? All men, women and children who think and speak. Public opinion is nothing but the confluence of private opinions; like a mighty river made up of many small streams, rivulets or springs. Reader, remember that thou art one of these streams, rivulets or springs. Thy opinion is for or against Capital Punishment. So if not against it, thou art for it. If for it, thy private opinion is a part of that great river of public opinion which says to voters, legislators and rulers, "Keep on hanging murderers." Therefore thou art one of the executioners of Capital Punishment, acting through thy agents. The deed is really thine. If it be glorious, then glory on. But if it be abhorrent and abominable, hold back thy hand from thy guilty brother's life. Protest against the custom, the law, the public opinion. Let thy testimony be unequivocal, uncompromising and incessant against it, till the death penalty be utterly abolished.

Capital Punishment is Anti-Christian

Noah, Moses, and the ancients generally sanctioned it; but Christ prohibits it. The Old Testament, he knew, contained many sayings which authorized the taking of blood for blood, "life for life, eye for eye," &c. But he took care that the New Testament should record all imperative testimony against thus resisting evil with evil. Referring directly to that whole class of Old Testament sayings which sanction the taking of "life for life," our Lord says: "But I say unto you that ye resist not evil" - that is, by inflicting evil on the evil-doer, as you have heretofore done under the authority of these Noachic and Mosaic sayings. Away with all hatred and vindictiveness. Oppose evil only with good - only by doing what is best both for the injurious and the injured parties. "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you," &c. that ye may be the children of your father in heaven, who always acts on this divine principle toward the unthankful and evil. On the same ground he enjoined the duty of always cherishing the spirit of forgiveness. "When ye pray, say ... Forgive us our debts as



we forgive our debtors." "For if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Is it forgiving an offender to take blood for blood, life for life, eye for eye? Is this forgiving as we would have God forgive us? Wilt thou hang thy son's murderer by the neck till he be "dead, dead, dead," and then pray God to forgive thine offences as thou hast his! And after this wilt thou still presume to call Jesus Christ thy Lord, and thyself a Christian! Of all such Christ demandeth, "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" As Jesus taught, so taught his apostles. Hear Paul: "Recompense to no man evil for evil"; "avenge not yourselves"; "be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." "See that none render evil for evil unto any man." So Peter, John and all the apostles. Hanging the evil doer is recompensing "evil for evil." It is man avenging himself by "rendering evil for evil." It is a vain attempt to overcome evil with evil. Therefore it is utterly anti-Christian. Christ never gave countenance to Capital Punishment, or to the taking of human life for any cause. He exemplified what he taught. He was once called on to adjudge a woman to death for adultery, according to the law of Moses. Did he sanction Capital Punishment? No; but he required those who would have stoned the criminal to death, to be sure first that they themselves were without sin. They felt the rebuke and fled. The woman still remained to receive death, if at all, from his sinless hands. But forbearing to harm her, guilty though she was, he said, "Go and sin no more." Jesus was no patron either of crime or of Capital Punishment. When James and John would have called fire down from heaven upon the unaccommodating Samaritans, "even as Elias did," he turned and rebuked them, saying, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." So then Christians, following out their Lord's mission in his divine spirit, are not to destroy men's lives, but to save them - even though Noah, Moses and Elias be officiously quoted to the contrary. When will this genuine Christianity come to be understood and exemplified throughout nominal Christendom? In that day will Capital Punishment, as well as War, be denounced and renounced as utterly anti-Christian. Reader, do not attempt to parry the force of the foregoing demonstration by any special pleading. Do not say, as some have, "Christ had no reference to public judicial proceedings; capital punishment, &c., when he gave forth those strong prohibitory precepts against resisting evil with evil; he only referred to petty revenge between individuals in common life," &c. This is groundless assumption, and contrary to the obvious meaning of Christ's language. "Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye," &c. Where? By whom? See Gen. 9:6, Ex. 21:22-25, Lev. 24:17-20, Deut. 19:16-21. Examine those passages, and thou wilt see that "life for life, eye for eye," &c. were to be taken by public judicial authority. Can we, then, suppose Christ did not forbid legal and judicial resistance of evil with evil, but merely ordinary individual retaliations? No; he forbade all those sayings had authorized; that is, both individual and governmental takings of "life for life, eye for eye," &c. This is too plain to be caviled upon. Neither let the reader say, as some have, Christ did not refer to those sayings of Noah, Moses, &c. but only to certain glosses on them made by some of the Jewish Rabbis. Show us any rabbinical



glosses stronger than the original Scripture sayings in the Pentateuch. There are none. It is sheer assumption to plead all such abatement of Christ's obvious meaning. Nor let anyone rise up and say, as some have said, "You make Christ to condemn Moses, and the New Testament to destroy the Old. Thus you pervert the Word of God." Strange notion! Is not Christ superior to Moses, and the New Testament to the Old? Who doubts this? The Jew may, but not the Christian. He who places Jesus Christ below Moses, or no higher than Moses, or the New Testament below the Old, or no higher than the Old, is anti-Christian, whatever else he may be. This is a settled point. But it does not follow that Christ condemns Moses, or that the New Testament destroys the Old. The less and the greater may mutually corroborate each other. Moses wrote of the Christ, and commanded that when he came, the people should hear him "in all things." Therefore said Jesus to the Jews, "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me; for he wrote of me." Moses was a faithful servant, but Christ is the Son of God. He who respects Moses as a servant, will surely respect Christ as the Son of God. And he who, under pretence of reverencing Moses, takes "life for life," regardless of Christ's solemn injunction to "resist not evil with evil," insults both of them. He tramples under foot his acknowledged Lord, and impudently says to Moses, "I will not obey thy command, to hear Christ in all things. I will hear him in nothing that differs from thy old law of "life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth." That law suits my own instincts exactly, and I will not allow it to be superseded, even by Jesus Christ!" Would Moses feel honored by such an adherent? No; he would rebuke the self-willed zealot, and say, "No man honors me who does not honor the Son of God more." If the patriarchs and prophets of the Old Testament, who all predicted a more glorious dispensation of divine truth and righteousness to come, could be summoned to give judgment, they would unanimously concur with Paul in his testimony: "If that which was done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious." Instead of subordinating the New Testament to the Old, or lowering down its sublime law, of resisting evil only with good, to the ancient maxims, they would exalt Jesus Christ and his precepts above all, as the true light and life of men. Alas! that anyone should so poorly appreciate either the Old or the New Testament, as to imagine that he can truly honor the former without implicitly obeying the latter as God's revised statutes. The former had a glory which was designed to be superseded by the superior glory of the latter, even as the moon and the stars of night fade away in the radiance of the sun. Does the sun destroy the moon and stars, because he outshines them? No more does the New Testament destroy the Old by superseding its imperfect institutions with diviner ones. The position is impregnable. Capital Punishment, however sanctioned by Noah, Moses and the ancients, is anti-Christian. It ought therefore to be immediately abolished in all professedly Christian States. He who upholds it fights against Jesus Christ.

Capital Punishment is Unnecessary

There is no excuse for hanging a murderer, on the ground that he is outraging the public peace, and endangering the lives of his fellow-creatures. He is a helpless prisoner; completely in the power of the government, and there he can be kept in safe custody - in a custody which will prevent his injuring others,



or being injured by others. What more does the public good require? What more does his own good require? What more does any reasonable, humane, upright man desire? Who is it that clamors for his life - that cries out to have this powerless, pinioned man thrust into eternity from a gallows? O spirit of vindictive cruelty, we know thee all through the dark ages! Thou art thyself a murderer from the beginning. Be thou exorcised from all well-meaning souls. Thou hast often transformed thyself into an angel of light, and seated thyself in the high places of Christianity; but thou shalt be cast down into the pit, whence thou camest. Thou deprecatest and revengest murder, but art forever predisposing mankind to commit it. We know thee; "Get thee behind us, Satan." Capital Punishment is not necessary in order to prevent the criminal's escaping his due recompense. God has not left rewards and punishments to the uncertainty and imperfection of human government. He himself will render to every man according to his deeds. No sinner can escape the divine judgment. No murderer can by any possibility evade a just retribution. He may all mere human punishments, but none of the divine. Who but an atheist doubts this great truth? Then let no man say, "The murderer must be hung, or he will go unpunished." Not so. His going unpunished is an impossibility. Keep him, then, unharmed, where he can harm no one, and let him be made better if possible. Leave him to be punished by the only authority that is competent to do it without error. Why not? Avenger of blood, thou art dismissed. Thy mission is fulfilled. To whom will the putting to death of the criminal do any good? It will preserve no one's life, that could not just as surely be preserved by the judicious confinement of the convict. It will not help God's administration of justice. It will not restore the murdered person to life. It will give no comfort to the murdered one's surviving friends, unless they are deprived enough to find comfort in retaliation. It will do the murderer himself no good. If he be unprepared to die, it will precipitate him into the spirit world against all the dictates of religion; and if he have become a penitent - a regenerate man, forgiven of God - man ought to be both ashamed and afraid to be less merciful. It will do the righteous, the well-disposed and tender-hearted, no good. They are grieved and disgusted by such State tragedies. It will do the wicked, the depraved, the hard-hearted, no good. They love such spectacles, crowd eagerly around them, display all the hateful traits of devils incarnate, and go away ripe for violence and bloodshed. Hence our State authorities will not allow them free access to the place of execution, giving tickets of admission only to a few select witnesses, or respectable amateurs of this kind of tragedy. This is proof positive, if proof were wanting, that the hanging of murderers works no good to the wicked. If it did, the more they should see of it the better. Away with a punishment which is as unnecessary as it is anti-Christian.

This Punishment is Irreparable

Man can take away life; but he cannot restore it. Many have been put to death for crimes which seemed to have been conclusively proved against them, who were afterwards ascertained beyond doubt, to be innocent. Then their judges and executioners would have given worlds for the power to reverse the fatal sentence - to repair the dreadful error. But there was no remedy - no



reparation. What presumption is it in ignorant, fallible mortals, themselves daily beggars for Divine mercy, to crush the life out of their guilty fellows; to thrust them from the land of the living into the unknown world of spirits! It is the prerogative of the Most High to kill; for He knoweth when and how to take life, and is able, moreover, to restore it at pleasure. Not so man. In his pride and rashness he kills, and there his power ends. He may stare at the ruin he has wrought; he may deplore it; but he cannot repair it. Alas! for the accusers, the jurors, the judges, the executioners, and their abettors, who presume to quench the flame of human life. The guilt of their victims is no justification of their presumption. Vengeance belongeth unto God alone, who ever judgeth righteously, and can do no wrong. Let man content himself with imposing uninjurious restraint on the outrageous and dangerous. Then if he err in judgment, or in methods of treatment, he can correct his errors, repair his incidental wrongs, and prove himself to be, what he ever ought to be the overcomer of evil with good. Read the following extracts, and see how liable human tribunals are to put to death the innocent.

A few years ago, a poor German came to New York and took lodgings, where he was allowed to do his cooking in the same room with the family. The husband and wife lived in a perpetual quarrel. One day, the German came into the kitchen, with a clasp-knife and a pan of potatoes, and began to pare them for his dinner. The quarrelsome couple were in a more violent altercation than usual, but he sat with his back towards them, and, being ignorant of their language, felt in no danger of being involved in their disputes. But the woman, with a sudden and unexpected movement, snatched the knife from his hand, and plunged it into her husband's heart. She had sufficient presence of mind to rush into the street, and scream murder. The poor foreigner, in the meanwhile, seeing the wounded man reel, sprang forward to catch him in his arms, and drew out the knife. People from the street crowded in, and found him with the dying man in his arms, the knife in his hand, and blood upon his clothes. The wicked woman swore, in the most positive terms, that he had been fighting with her husband, and had stabbed him with a knife he always carried. The unfortunate German knew too little English to understand her accusation, or to tell his own story. He was dragged off to prison, and the true state of the case was made known through an interpreter; but it was not believed. Circumstantial evidence was exceedingly strong against the accused, and the real criminal swore that she saw him commit the murder. He was executed, notwithstanding the most persevering efforts of his lawyer, John Anthon, Esq., whose convictions of the man's innocence were so painfully strong, that, from that day to this, he has refused to have, any connection with a capital case. Some years after this tragic event, the woman died, and on her deathbed confessed her agency in the diabolical transaction; but her poor victim could receive no benefit from this tardy repentance. Society had wantonly thrown away its power to atone for the grievous wrong.



- Mrs. Child


A young lady, belonging to a genteel and very proud family in Missouri, was beloved by a young man named Burton; but, unfortunately, her affections were fixed on another, less worthy. He left her with a tarnished reputation. She was by nature energetic and high-spirited; her family were proud, and she lived in the midst of a society which considered revenge a virtue, and named it honor. Misled by this false popular sentiment, and her own excited feelings, she resolved to repay her lover's treachery with death. But she kept her secret so well that no one suspected her purpose, though she purchased pistols, and practiced with them daily. Mr. Burton gave evidence of his strong attachment by renewing his attentions when the world looked most coldly on her. His generous kindness won her bleeding heart, but the softening influence of love did not lead her to forego the dreadful purpose she had formed. She watched for a favorable opportunity, and shot her betrayer when no one was near to witness the horrible deed. Some little incident excited the suspicion of Burton, and he induced her to confess to him the whole transaction. It was obvious enough that suspicion would naturally fasten upon him, the well-known lover of her who had been so deeply injured. He was arrested; but succeeded in persuading her that he was in no danger. Circumstantial evidence was fearfully against him, and he soon saw that his chance was doubtful; but with affectionate magnanimity he concealed this from her. He was convicted and condemned. A short time before the execution, he endeavored to cut his throat; but his life was saved for the cruel purpose of taking it away according to the cold-blooded barbarism of the law. Pale and wounded, he was hoisted to the gallows, before the gaze of a Christian community. The guilty cause of all this was almost frantic when she found that he had thus sacrificed himself to save her. She immediately published the whole history of her wrongs and her revenge. Her keen sense of wounded honor was in accordance with public sentiment; her wrongs excited indignation and compassion, and the knowledge that an innocent and magnanimous man had been so brutally treated, excited a general revulsion of popular feeling. No one wished for another victim, and she was left unpunished, save by the dreadful records of her memory.


- Mrs. Child


Hold! all ye vindictives that would take "life for life." It is impious, cold-hearted presumption in man to do this awful deed! It is anti-Christian, unnecessary, irreparable, abhorrent! We challenge a refutation of these reasons for abolishing the death penalty. They are unanswerable. Let the abomination cease.

THE FALLACY OF MOMENTISM: THIS STARRY UNIVERSE DOES NOT

CONSIST OF A SEQUENCE OF MOMENTS. THAT IS A FIGMENT, ONE WE HAVE RECOURSE TO IN ORDER TO PRIVILEGE TIME OVER CHANGE, A PRIVILEGING THAT MAKES CHANGE SEEM UNREAL, DERIVATIVE, A MERE APPEARANCE. IN FACT IT IS CHANGE AND ONLY CHANGE WHICH WE EXPERIENCE AS REALITY, TIME BEING BY WAY OF RADICAL CONTRAST UNEXPERIENCED — A MERE INTELLECTUAL CONSTRUCT. THERE EXISTS NO SUCH THING AS A MOMENT. NO “INSTANT” HAS EVER FOR AN INSTANT EXISTED.

 **1851:** The Reverend [Adin Ballou](#) and Lucy Ballou’s daughter Abbie Ballou got married with a Practical Christian minister (later a Unitarian), William S. Heywood (who would in a much later timeframe be escorting his father-in-law’s autobiography through the presses).

 **1851:** There had been objections to the intrusion on personal privacy occasioned by the activities of the agents of [Lewis Tappan](#)’s Mercantile Agency and other such credit-verification firms (agents such as for instance the attorney [Abraham Lincoln](#) in [Illinois](#), who during the 1840s and 1850s was earning spot money by forwarding local gossip as to creditworthiness to the headquarters in [New-York](#)). [Hunt’s Merchants’s Magazine](#) charged in this year that, not to put too fine a point on it, any businessman who objected to such an invasion of privacy must be disingenuously attempting to get away with something unethical and unbusinesslike: “The man who objects to such investigation gives, in doing so, *prima facie* evidence that the result would be unfavorable to himself.”

 **1851:** The [Chicago](#) vicinity’s 1st university, Northwestern, was founded.

TAPPAN FAMILY

➡ 1851: On the island of [Jamaica](#) in this year, there began an epidemic of the [cholera](#).



There was [cholera](#) in Coles County, [Illinois](#), on the Great Plains, and in Missouri.

➡ 1851: [Christopher A. Greene](#) founded the Mt. Ida School, a military academy, in [Dorchester](#), Massachusetts.

➡ 1851: During this year [Alfred Russel Wallace](#) was traveling farther up the Rio Negro/Uaupés River in South America than had been reached by any previous white man, and was plotting a dependable map of the river's course.

➡ 1851: James Murdock's THE NEW TESTAMENT; OR, THE BOOK OF THE HOLY GOSPEL OF OUR LORD AND OUR GOD, JESUS THE MESSIAH. A LITERAL TRANSLATION FROM THE SYRIAC PESHITO VERSION... (New York: Stanford and Swords).

HISTORY OF THE BIBLE


➡ 1851: The Reverend [Frederic Henry Hedge](#) transcribed [Johann Wolfgang von Goethe](#)'s "Song of the Three Archangels, Raphael" from *FAUST*, as "The Sun Is Still Forever Sounding."

The [Reverend William Rounseville Alger](#)'s HISTORY OF THE CROSS OF CHRIST was printed in Cambridge by the firm of J. Munroe.

HISTORY OF THE CROSS

1851


1851


 **1851:** In [Rochester, New York](#), a 6,230 pound bell was cast, to be hung in the 2d County Courthouse.

[Jenny Lind](#) visited the city of [Rochester, New York](#). She stayed at the Eagle Hotel, the premier hotel in town furnished with the best trappings brought up by canal from New-York City. When a crowd gathered in the street during her 2-day engagement, she came out onto the hotel balcony. When she sang at the Corinthian Hall, people paid for standing room in the arcade outside. There is now a “very superior” wax figure of her in the Rochester Museum. While at this hotel she also provided a private performance for 4 visiting Indian Chiefs.

[Waldo Emerson](#), visiting that city during this year, and was given a tour of the University of [Rochester](#).

[Rochester, New York](#)'s 20 mills were producing 5,885 barrels of flour a day, 561,818 barrels annually. The Whitney Mills alone was producing 300 barrels a day.

 **1851:** John Warner Barber's and Elizabeth Gertrude Warner's HISTORICAL, POETICAL AND PICTORIAL AMERICAN SCENES; PRINCIPALLY MORAL AND RELIGIOUS; BEING A SELECTION OF INTERESTING INCIDENTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY; TO WHICH IS ADDED A HISTORICAL SKETCH, OF EACH OF THE UNITED STATES was published in New Haven, Connecticut by J.H. Bradley.⁹

 **1851:** [THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE](#); WITH OBSERVATIONS ON VARIOUS PARTS OF NATURE; AND THE NATURALIST'S CALENDAR. BY THE LATE REV. [GILBERT WHITE](#) ... WITH ADDITIONS AND SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES BY SIR WILLIAM JARDIN ... ED.,... London, H.G. Bohn.¹⁰

The initial volume of what would become a 5-volume set published at London by Van Voorst, ILLUSTRATIONS OF NEW SPECIES OF EXOTIC BUTTERFLIES, SELECTED CHIEFLY FROM THE COLLECTIONS OF W. WILSON SAUNDERS AND [WILLIAM C. HEWITSON](#) (3 more volumes would appear between 1862 and 1871, and a final volume in 1878).


9. This is the source of the image of [Anthony Benezet](#) instructing children of color:



10. The Reverend White's NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE is only the 4th most reprinted book in the English language.

1851

1851

 **1851:** Eugene Ring got back from the gold fields of California to New-York, to settle in a suburb called Morrisania which would subsequently be incorporated into the city, and find work as a bookkeeper. He would work at this for several years before, in the 1860s, himself entering the banking business.

By agreement with the white businessmen of various towns in California, James Pierson Beckwourth created a wagon route through the Sierra Nevada pass he had discovered, through Plumas, Butte and Yuba counties, to be known as the Beckwourth Trail. This began near Pyramid Lake and the Truckee Meadows to the east and followed a ridge between two forks of Feather River down to Marysville. His route was not only about 150 miles shorter than the route across the Donner summit, but also had fewer steep grades and dangerous elevations.¹¹ On the Google map below, “B” is the Beckwourth Pass and “E” is Marysville:



However, there had been a couple of large fires at Marysville, impacting the merchants, and since they did not regard Beckwourth as a white man anyway, they felt no obligation to honor their promises to him — so he would be unable to secure payment for his accomplishment. Beckwourth would begin ranching in the Sierra, and his ranch, trading post, and hotel in Sierra Valley would become the basis for the nothing town of

11. State Route 70 now crosses the Sierras along the Feather River route east of Portola, California at an elevation of 5,221 feet, making it one of the lowest crossings of the Sierra Nevadas. This was the route that the Western Pacific Railroad track would follow (a track now owned by Union Pacific).

Beckwourth, [California](#).

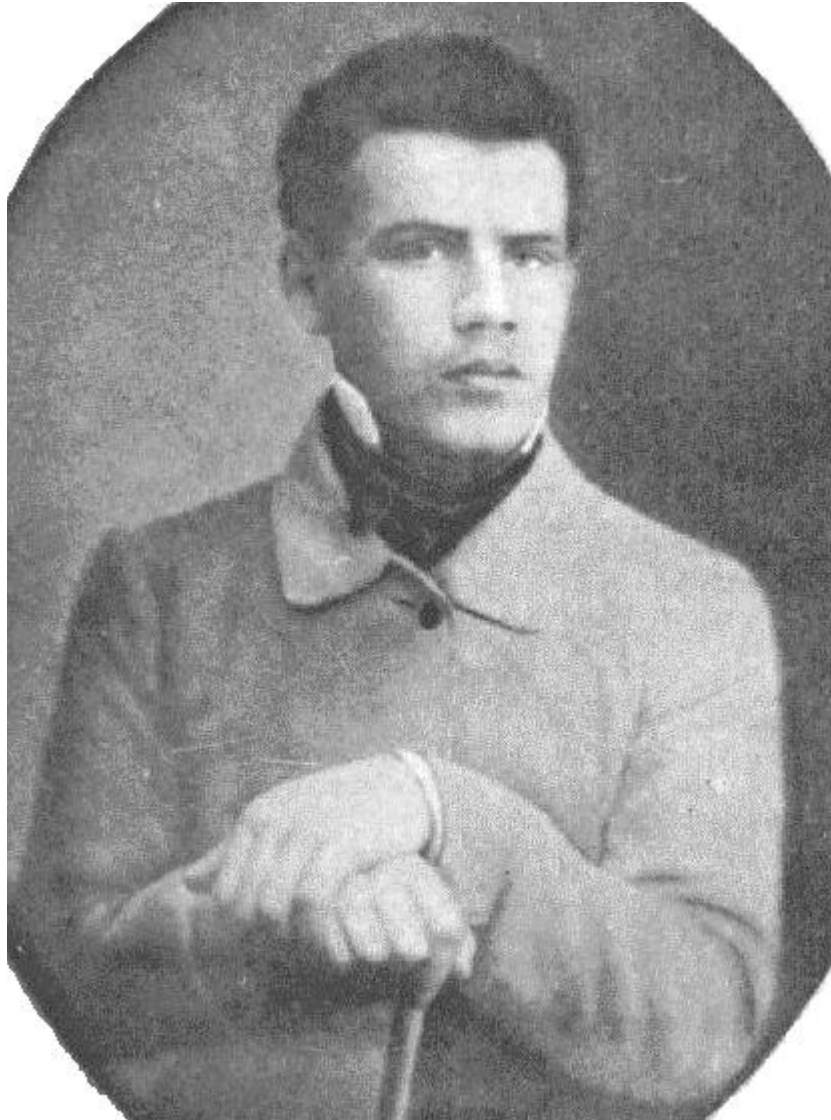


Governor Peter Burnett said he was expecting “a war of extermination,” that would continue “between the races until the Indian race becomes extinct,” and Senator John Weller would confirm that “the interest of the white man demands their extinction.” According to Benjamin Madley, the UCLA author of AN AMERICAN GENOCIDE: THE UNITED STATES AND THE [CALIFORNIA](#) INDIAN CATASTROPHE, 1846-1873, [California](#) spent a large sum (the equivalent of \$45,000,000 today) on 24 state militia expeditions that murdered not fewer than 1,340 natives, while the US Army was killing or sponsoring the killing of not fewer than an additional 1,680, and vigilantes were murdering not fewer than an additional 6,460 (the federal Congress would reimburse [California](#) for most of the expenses of this genocide).

1851

1851

 [1851: Lev Nikolævich Tolstòy:](#)



Following the death of [Jesus Christ](#) there was a period of readjustment that lasted for approximately one million years.

-[Kurt Vonnegut](#), THE SIRENS OF TITAN



1851: One of the names being used for the dreaded [yellow fever](#) was the Emerson term “[black vomit](#),” so-called because of this period’s Negrophobia racism, suggested to that sort of mind because it was causing its victims to vomit black blood:



MOBY-DICK: Give me something for a cane – there, that shivered lance will do. Muster the men. Surely I have not seen him yet. By heaven it cannot be! – missing? – quick! call them all.”

The old man’s hinted thought was true. Upon mustering the company, the Parsee was not there.

“The Parsee!” cried Stubb – “he must have been caught in – ”

“The black vomit wrench thee! – run all of ye above, aloft, cabin, fore-castle – find him – not gone – not gone!”

But quickly they returned to him with the tidings that the Parsee was nowhere to be found.

“Aye, Sir,” said Stubb – “caught among the tangles of your line – I thought I saw him dragging under.”



1851: The 379-mile [Wabash and Erie Canal](#) connecting Defiance, Ohio to Evansville, Indiana became the longest main line canal in the USA. John L. Soule wrote, in the Terre Haute [Express](#), “Go west, young man, go west” ([Horace Greeley](#) would be going purple in the face denying that it had been him who had created such a remark).¹²

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](#).

12. [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?



1851

1851

THE CRYSTAL PALACE

(A LECTURE BY HORACE GREELEY)

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



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



there, and only needed time to perfect its huge proportions, and stand forth the acknowledged wonder of the world. The first of May, 1851, was a happy day for London. Her skies had relaxed something of their habitual sullenness to usher in the pageant whereby the Sovereign of the Realm, surrounded by her chief councilors and grandees, was to inaugurate the first grand Exhibition of All Nations' Industry. The rain, which, had dripped or pattered almost or quite daily for weeks, held up the evening before, and promised not to return for this whole May-day – a promise which was only broken by a slight shower at noon, too late to mar the interest or pleasure of the festival. At an early morning hour, a strong current of human life set westward from the city proper toward Hyde Park, and long before the doors of the House of Glass were opened, they, were surrounded by eager groups, though no admission was purchasable save at the cost of a season ticket – over fifteen dollars. Even thus, some thirty thousand enjoyed and swelled the indoor pageant; while perhaps ten times as many gazed from the parks and streets at the meager procession out-doors which escorted the Queen from her palace of St. James to the airier, richer palace of the working millions, the hall of vastest prophecy. There arrived a robed and jeweled procession of Princes and Embassadors – of noble Ladies and noble Workers – the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Paxton – the Master of the Buckhounds, Groom of the Stole, Gentleman Usher of Sword and State, Gold Stick in Waiting, Silver Stick in Waiting, and other such antediluvian absurdities – attended Her Majesty, along with the Foreign-Commissioners, Architects of the edifice, her older children, and some other living verities, on her slow and measured progress from side to side and end to end of the mighty convocation. This strange mingling of the real with the shadowy, the apposite with the obsolete, gave additional piquancy and zest to the spectacle. Had the courtly symbols of an outworn, out-grown feudal age appeared by themselves, we might have taken them for some fanciful creation of a mind diseased by reading [Froissart](#) and Walter Scott, and watched to see them exhale like ghosts at cock-crowing; but here they are so mixed up and blended with undeniable entities; with the solid and practical Prince Albert; with our own portly and palpable Embassador; with that world-known Celestial who accompanies and illustrates the Chinese Junk, himself first of matter-of-fact conservatives – a walking, human Junk – that we cannot refuse to credit its total verity, in spite of the glaring anachronisms. Then there was a prosy though proper Address read by Prince Albert as head of the Royal Commission to his Royal consort as head of the kingdom, telling her how the Exhibition was first started, and how it had moved onward till now – rather superfluous, it must be confessed, since they had doubtless talked the matter all over between them a dozen times when much more at their ease, and in a far more satisfactory manner; but Queens must endure and take part in some dreary absurdities as well as other people. This speech was through in time, and was very briefly and fittingly responded to. I trust the prayer which the Archbishop of Canterbury sent up in behalf of us all was as graciously received. There was some music, rather out of place and lost in the vastness of space to all but the few immediately under the transept, and some other performances; but all in perfect order, in due and punctual season, and without a betrayal of awkwardness or conscious incongruity. Between two



and three o'clock, the pageant was at an end, – the Royal cortege departed, and the Exhibition formally opened. Let me now try to give some general notion of its character, by glancing at the more obvious details, so far as I, at this distance of time and space, may be able to recall them. There are doors on all sides, one or more devoted exclusively to the reception of articles for exhibition; one for Jurors in attendance on the Fair; others for the Police, the Royal visitors, &c.; while the main entrances for paying visitors are upon the south side, into the transept. But we will enter one of the three or four doors at the east end, and find ourselves at once in the excessive space devoted to contributions from the United States, and which thence seems sparsely filled. Before us are large collections of Lake Superior Native Copper, as it was torn from the rock, in pieces from the size of a bean up to one slab of more than a ton, though still but a wart beside some masses which have been wrenched from the earth's bosom, cut into manageable pieces of two to three tons, and thus dispatched to the smelting furnace and a market. New Jersey Zinc, from the ore to the powder, the paint, the solid metal, is creditably represented; and there are specimens of Adirondack Iron and Steel from Northern New-York which attract and reward attention. Passing these and various cabinets or solitary specimens of the Minerals of Maryland and other States, we are confronted by abundant bales of Cotton, barrels of Wheat and of Flour, cakes of Rice, &c.; while various clusters of ears of our yellow and white Indian Corn remind the English of one valued staple which our climate abundantly vouchsafes and theirs habitually denies. The 'Bay State' Shawls of Lawrence, the Axes of Maine, the Flint Glass of Brooklyn, the Daguerreotypes of New-York and Philadelphia, (whose excellence was acknowledged from the first by nearly every critic) next salute us; and near them are the specimens of various Yankee Locks, and in their midst the invincible Hobbs, a small, young, shrewd, quiet-seeming Yankee, but evidently distinguished for penetration, who would have made fewer enemies in England had he proved less potent a master of his calling. And now we are at the Grand Aisle, across which is the U.S. Commissioner's office, with that much ridiculed 'pasteboard eagle' displayed along its front, and certainly looking as if its appetite would overtax any ordinary powers of digestion. In front of the office are Yankee Stoves, Safes, Light Wagons, and Carriages, Plows and other agricultural implements, including the since famous 'Virginia Reaper,' which was for months a butt of British journalistic waggery, having been described by one Reporter as 'a cross between an Astley's chariot, a flying machine, and a treadmill.' They spoke of it far more respectfully after it had been set to work, with memorable results; and it must in fairness be confessed that beauty is not its best point, and that, while nothing is more effective in a grain-field, many things would be more comely in a drawing-room. But let us return to the main aisle, and, starting at its eastern end, proceed westward. A model Railroad Bridge of wood and iron fills a very large space at the outset, and is not deemed by British critics a brilliant specimen of Yankee invention. (One of them, however, at length candidly confessed that its capacity of endurance and of resistance must be very great, or the weight of ridicule heaped upon it must inevitably have broken it down long before.) Upon it is a handsome show of India Rubber fabrics by Goodyear; while



beyond it, toward the west, in a chosen locality in the center of the aisle, stands 'the Greek Slave' of Powers, one of the sweetest and most popular achievements of the modern chisel, here constantly surrounded by a swarm of admirers; yet I think it not the best of Powers's works - I am half inclined to say, not among his best. He has several stronger heads, possessing far more character, in his studio at Florence; and yet I am glad this statue was in the Exhibition, for it enabled the critics of the London press to say some really smart things about Greek and American slaves, and the Slave as a representative and masterpiece of American artistic achievement, which that heavy metropolis could not well have spared. Let us not grudge them a grin, even at our expense; for mirth promotes digestion, and the hit in this instance is certainly a fair one. 'The Dying Indian,' just beside the Slave: by a younger and less famous American artist, is a work of power and merit, though the delineation of agony and approaching death can hardly be rendered pleasing. Is it not remarkable that a chained and chattelized woman, and a wounded, dying Indian, should be the subjects chosen by American sculptors for their two works whereby we shall be most widely known in connection with this Exhibition? - But we cross the imaginary line which here separates the United States from the nations of Continental Europe, and look westward. How magnificent the prospect! Far above is the sober sky of canvas-covered glass, through which the abundant light falls gently and mellowly. Spacious and richly decorated galleries, some sixty feet apart, overhang all the ground floor but the grand aisle, and are themselves the depositories of many of the richest and most tempting fabrics and lighter wares exhibited. The aisle itself, farther than the eye can reach, is studded with works of art; statues in marble, in bronze, in plaster, in zinc; here a gigantic Amazon on horseback, there a raging lion, a classic group, or a pair of magnificent bronze vases enriched with exquisite representations of scenes from the master-singers of antiquity. Busts, Casts, Medallions, and smaller Bronzes abound; with elegant Clocks, Chandeliers, Cabinets, &c.; for each nation whose department we pass has arranged its most enticing products in front, so that they shall be seen from the grand aisle, putting its homelier though in some cases intrinsically more valuable productions in the back-ground. Russia's superb tables and slabs of richest Malachite stand just far enough out of the aisle within her allotted space to draw thither the wandering gazer to view her imperial structures of gilded Porcelain, colored Glass and other barbaric marvels. Austria has brought hither and put in order a Suite of rooms sumptuously furnished and ornamented according to her highest ideal of taste and luxury. France displays in the foreground her admirable Bronzes, Porcelain, Musical Instruments, &c.; and so Northern Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and other European states, each 'put its best foot foremost,' in a sense hardly metaphorical. Behind these dainty and rare fabrics are ranged others less difficult of achievement - costly Silks and Laces; then Woolens and Muslins; and behind these you often stumble on coils of Rope or Wire; bars of Steel or pigs of Iron; Saws, Files, and Hammers; Stoves, Grates and Furnaces; Bedsteads, Chairs and Lanterns - these, as you pass laterally from the dazzling glories of the center aisle, between the well-filled sub-compartments devoted to fabrics of taste and adornment, will greet you before you



reach the outer walls. For the Crystal Palace has its homelier aspects, like any other, and it but follows the general usage in keeping them as much in the back-ground as possible. But we pass on down the Grand Aisle, to the Transept or cross, where both the height and width of the building are considerably increased, in order, it would seem, to save two stately and beautiful trees, (elms,) which here stand in apposition some two hundred feet apart. The Transept embraces and covers both, leaving each ample room to grow and flourish; while, half-way between them, in the exact center of the Palace, a spacious and copious Fountain, wholly of glass, throws its sparkling torrent high into the air, whence it descends from crystal cup to cup, each considerably wider than that next above it, until it reaches the lowest and largest, near the ground, thence gliding away unseen. There are few finer effects in the Exhibition than this of the Crystal Fountain, which utterly shames the Koh-i-Noor, or 'Mountain of Light,' said to be the largest diamond in the world, and computed worth several millions of dollars, which, obviously over-guarded against robbery, rests in its gilded cage beside the Fountain. No child, looking from one to the other, ever suspected, until told it, that the Diamond was deemed worth more than the Fountain. Here are displayed full-length portraits of Queen Victoria and her husband, — the latter once handsome, now gross-featured and rather heavy, but still a man of fair appearance, good sense and varied information. The Queen, never beautiful, has sacrificed her youthful freshness to the cares of maternity and the exactions of late hours and luxurious living, so that at thirty-two she looks plain and old, — not in this portrait, but in her living self. But uncommon energy, activity, shrewdness, with an earnest desire to please her people and promote their welfare, still remain to her, and have rendered her the most popular British Sovereign of the Guelphic family. The Transept is the heart of the Exhibition, to which all currents converge, from which all expeditions, whether of criticism or discovery, take their departure. Here abound Marble Statues, gigantic Brazen Gates and other works of Art; while around it are located the fabrics of Turkey and of China, of Australia and of British America, which are as interesting and instructive in their rudeness and clumsiness as others in their grace and perfection. You could hardly realize without seeing them what wretched contrivances for Candlesticks, Culinary Utensils, Locks and Keys, &c. &c., are still slowly, toilsomely fabricated in Turkey, in Barbary, and in other half-civilized countries. A decent knowledge of the Useful Arts is yet confined to a few nations, and is imperfectly diffused even in these. And here, too, is sad [Italy](#), not allowed to compete in her own name, but sending feeble and timid contributions as 'Sardinia,' 'Tuscany,' 'Rome,' &c., nothing being allowed to come from Naples. The Roman States, in the heart of ancient Civilization, with Three Millions of People yet, fill half a page of the Catalogue, or about one-seventeenth of the space required by the more distant United States; while the beautiful Statuary of the School of Milan, including the Veiled Vestal, one of the most original and admirable works in the Exhibition, is set down to the credit of Austria! There is a debtor as well as creditor side to that Austro-Italian account, and settlement cannot be refused for ever. Great Britain and her Colonies engross the entire Western half of the Exhibition, and fill it



creditably. In the Fine Arts, properly so called, she has probably less than a fourth of what is contributed; but in Iron and its multiform products she has far more than all the World beside. In Steam Engines and Force-Pumps, Looms and Anvils, Ores and Castings, Buttons, Steel Pens, &c., all the rest combined could not compare with her. I doubt if the world ever before saw so complete and instructive a collection of Ores and Minerals as are here brought together, or that Geology was ever studied under auspices more favorable than this collection would afford. Nearly every metal known to man may here be seen, first as ore, and then in every stage up to that of perfect adaptation to our various human needs. So in the department of Machinery. I think no collection so varied and complete of Looms, Presses, Mills, Pumps, Engines, &c., &c., was ever before grouped under one roof. The immense Manufacturing capacity and aptitude of Great Britain are here abundantly represented. From the unequalled Shawls of Cashmere to the fabrics woven of reeds or bark by Australian savages; from the Coal of Pictou to the Spices of Ceylon; almost every thing which mankind have agreed to value and consecrate as property, is collected in the western half of the Crystal Palace, under the folds of the meteor flag, and displayed as specimens of the products of Queen Victoria's spacious Realm. Here Manchester unrolls her serviceable fabrics and Birmingham displays her cheap and varied wares; here Sheffield, Glasgow, Belfast, and other centers of a vast manufacturing activity, solicit your attention to whatever is most showy or most substantial among their multiform productions. Gilded Fire-places of silver-shining steel, or snowy, speckless marble; vessels of Iron, of Clay, or of Tin; Robes and Couches, Cannon and Bibles, Grindstones and Pianos, by turns arrest the gaze in a bewildering medley, which yet is not quite confusion; for most of the articles are roughly classified, and the vast area is divided into an infinity of apartments, or 'courts,' closed at the sides, which are covered with cards of their proper wares, as is often the end farthest from the center aisle, and sometimes a good part of the front also. Behind each court is an open passage-way, walled in by displays usually of homely wares and fabrics, mainly of iron, or brass, and behind these again are other courts, more open and irregular than the former, devoted to Castings, Metals, Ores, and the ruder forms of mineral wealth, occasionally giving place to the Refreshment Saloons wherewith the Palace is abundantly provided - to Committee Rooms, Jury Rooms, and other incidents of the Exhibition. And, thus environed, we move on, westward, 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, stragglng 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,¹³ 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

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



flows on unchecked, undiminished, though the particular drops we gazed on a minute ago have passed from our view for ever. Still, mainly from the south, a steady stream of new comers, fifty to a hundred per minute, is pouring in to join the eager throng, but scarcely suffice to swell it. The machinery-room, the galleries, the side-passages, the refreshment saloons, absorb as fast as the in-flowing current can supply; until, about three o'clock, the tide turns, and the departures thence exceed the arrivals. At length the hour of six strikes, and the edifice is quietly, noiselessly vacated and closed. But this vast tide of life, which ebbs and flows beneath our gaze as we stand in the gallery, near as we may to the Crystal Fount, is not a mere aggregation of human beings. London, herself a mimic world, has sent hither not merely her thousands but her tens. Among that moving mass you may recognize her ablest and her wisest denizens - her De la Beche, her Murchison, her Brewster, and others honorably distinguished in the arduous paths of Science. Here, too, are her Cobden, her Sturge, her Russell, and others eminent in council and in legislative halls. Of the Peers who make her their winter residence, the names of Canning, Granville, Wharncliffe, Argyle, De Mauley and others are honorably connected with the Exhibition, to which they give their time as Jurors; and they are among its almost daily visitors, mainly distinguished by their quiet bearing and simple, unpretending manners. And here, too, may be often seen the age-enfeebled frame of her veteran Wellington, the victor in so many hard-fought fields and the final vanquisher of the greatest of modern warriors. Though his eye is dim and his step no longer firm, the conqueror of Hindostan, the Liberator of the Peninsula, the victor of Waterloo, still emphatically the 'Duke,' is among the most absorbed and constant visitors of the great Exhibition, carefully scanning the more interesting objects in detail, and gazing by the hour on achievements so different from those of Assaye, Salamanca and the Chateau of Hougomont. Do those dull ears, though deafened by twenty years' familiarity with the roar of artillery, catch some prophetic premonition of the New Age dawning upon mankind, wherein Carnage and Devastation shall no more secure the world's proudest honors, while Invention and Production sink into unmarked graves? Sees that dim eye, rekindled for a moment by the neighborhood of death, the approach of that glorious era wherein 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, 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 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 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 unburdened with families, can save at least one hundred dollars each in the space of two years if they will; and by wisely and legally combining this in a capital of \$100,000, investing it judiciously in Land, Machinery and Buildings, under the direction of their ablest and most responsible members, they may be morally certain henceforth of constant employment for each, under circumstances which will ensure them the utmost efficiency and the full reward of their labor. To Woman, whose work is still more depressed and still more meagerly rewarded, the means of securing emancipation and just recompense are substantially the same. The workers, in every department of industry, may secure and own the Machinery best calculated to give efficiency, to their labor, if they will but unitedly, persistently try. Through the scientific Association of Labor and Capital, three-fourths of them may within five years accomplish this, while by heedlessness and isolated competition they are sure to miss it, and see their condition grow gradually worse and worse. Labor working against Machinery is inevitably doomed, as the present condition of the hand-loom weavers all over the globe sufficiently attests; Labor working for Machinery, in which it has no interest, can obtain in the average but a scanty, precarious and diminishing 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 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




1851

1851

lips. Prepare for a reckoning in which perfidy shall no more avail you Grim Autocrat of the icy North; the coming summer has work in store for your relentless legions, not alone this time on the Danube, but on the Rhine, the Oder, the Vistula, as well. – Tear down, then, this fragile structure of glass and lath! too slight to breast the rugged shocks of the whirlwind year before us. Ere we meet again as workers to test the fineness of our rival fabrics, the strength of our metals, the draft of our plows, we must vindicate by the mailed hail our right as men to speak, and think, and be. Before us lowers the last decisive struggle of the Millions of Europe for Justice, Opportunity and Freedom; let not its iron hail appall, its crimson torrents revolt us; for the Bow of Promise gleams through its lurid cloud, and the dove of Peace shall soon be seen hovering over the assuaging waters, fit harbinger of a new and more auspicious era for Freedom and enduring Concord – for Industry and Man!

1851

1851

 **1851:** Still another [Second Coming](#) of Jesus Christ according to the Second Adventists (Kyle, Richard. THE LAST DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN. Grand Rapids MI: Baker Books, 1998, page 91).



MILLENNIALISM

1851

1851

➡ **1851:** The Republic: A Monthly Magazine of American Literature, Politics & Art, Volumes 1-2 offered that a young lady named [Debby Jarvis](#) had, some 3 generations of human life earlier but perhaps still within living memory, originated what has since become the famous “The British are coming! The British are coming!” assertion. It would appear, then, that a 1874 retelling by Nathaniel Shatswell Dodge, [STORIES OF A GRANDFATHER ABOUT AMERICAN HISTORY](#) which would have it that the famed [Paul Revere](#) went from house to house saying “The regulars are coming,” and “Noise! you will have noise enough before long; the British are coming,” and that [Dr. Samuel Prescott](#) of Concord called out “The British are coming! The British are coming!” was following the usual trajectory for “improving” such stories by merely substituting familiar names, and male names, for some unfamiliar and unimportant female one. Examples abound, demonstrating the usualness of such a story-telling trajectory — famous names are said to constitute a “sticky surface,” upon which in the course of time story-fluff more or less automatically coagulates — and can you not recollect any incident in which, in your business conference experience, a piece of sage advice propounded by a female employee was then attributed to or claimed by some male employee?

➡ **1851:** The Westminster Review published John Stuart Mill’s article, “On the Enfranchisement of Women” (Mill would later acknowledge that the piece had been the work of his companion, Harriet Hardy Taylor).

Myrtilla Minder opened the 1st school to train black women as teachers, in [Washington DC](#).

[Dr. Joseph Leidy](#) succeeded in transferring a human cancer into a frog. He studied fungal infections in cicadas and crickets. Observing termites coursing along their passages between stones, he noted “I have often wondered as to be what might be the exact nature of their food.”

Although, for the 1st year of its existence, the faculty of the new Female Medical College of Pennsylvania at 227 Arch Street in [Philadelphia](#) had been all male, at this point Hannah Longshore, who had been tutored in medicine before her enrollment, was selected as a demonstrator in anatomy and listed as a faculty member.

FEMINISM

➡ **1851:** It would appear that during this period [Father Thomas](#) (who had been at [Brook Farm](#) under the name [Isaac Hecker](#)) became confessor for [Mrs. Sophia Dana Ripley](#).



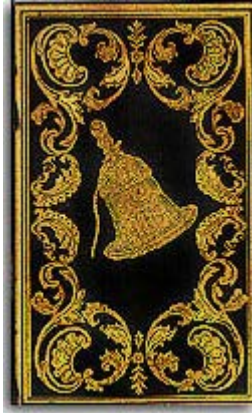
➡ **1851:** [Harriet Martineau](#)’s LETTERS ON THE LAWS OF MAN’S NATURE AND DEVELOPMENT, a complete repudiation of religious belief, ended her relationship with her brother James Martineau, a Unitarian leader. In Harper’s, her “Sketches from Life.”

1851

1851




1851: In Boston, the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar again had out for sale a printing entitled THE LIBERTY BELL, as a fund-raising effort of the “Friends of Freedom,” despite having neglected to put out an issue of this during the previous year:



- Hempstead, Martha. “Liberty Bells”
- Furness, William H. “Let your Light Shine”
- Barland, Katherine. “Love and Liberty”
- Dall, Caroline W. Healy. “Pictures of Southern Life, for the Drawing Rooms of American Women”
- Longfellow, Samuel. “The Word”
- [Harriet Martineau](#). “Anomalies of the Age”
- Morley, John. “The Two Eagles”
- Bowditch, William Ingersoll “Infidelity and Treason”
- May, Samuel J. “The Root of Slavery”
- [Ralph Waldo Emerson](#). “Translations from the Persian of Hafiz [The Phoenix; Faith; The Poet; To Himself]”
- Chapman, Maria Weston. “The Spirit of the Abolitionists”
- Nute, Ephraim Jr. “The Leaven of Liberty”
- Phillips, Wendell. “Mrs. Eliza Garnaut”
- Parker, Theodore. “The Last Poet”
- Stone, Thomas T. “The Second Reformation”
- Belloc, Madame. “Le Fils d’un Planteur”
- ——. “The Planter’s Son”
- Parker, Theodore. “A Sonnet for the Times”
- Whipple, Charles K. “Our Southern Brethren”
- [Ralph Waldo Emerson](#). “Translation from the Persian of Nisami”
- Jackson, Edmund. “Servile Insurrections”
- Richardson, James Jr. “The Changes”
- Quincy, Edmund. “Ratcliffe Gordon: A Sketch from Memory”
- Souvestre, Emile. “Legitimite de L’esclavage”
- ---. “Is Slavery Legitimate?”
- Buckingham, Edgar. “Settled!”
- Parker, Theodore. “The Sultan’s fair Daughter and the Masters of the Flowers”
- Johnson, Samuel. “The Prestige of Slavery”
- Weston, Caroline. “Stanzas: To ———, With a Bracelet Composed of Crystals and Stones from the Bernese Alps”
- Souvestre, Madame. “Influence de L’esclavage sur les Maitres”
- ---. “Influence of Slavery on Masters”
- [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#). “To a Young Convert”
- Browne, John W. “The Higher Law”
- May, Samuel Jr. “The Gospel of Freedom: When Shall It Be Preached?”
- Armstrong, George. “A Glance over the Field”

- [David Lee Child](#). “National Hymn”
- [William Lloyd Garrison](#). “The Great Apostate”
- Lowell, James Russell. “Yussouf”




 **1851:** Rowland Hussey Macy (1822-1919) got started in retail with a dry goods store in downtown [Haverhill](#). Macy's store was on Merrimack Street and his policy was "His goods are bought for cash, and will be sold for the same, at a small advance." Macy's 1st parade would not march down a thoroughfare in New-York, but would be held on the main drag in Haverhill on July 4, 1854. It would be too hot that day and only about a hundred people would view his celebration. In 1858 Macy would sell his store and, with the financial backing of Caleb Dustin Hunking of Haverhill, relocate the retail business to easier pickings in [New-York](#).

Commodore John C. Stevens, founder of the New York Yacht Club, won the race in the schooner *America* which brought the Americas Cup to [New-York](#).

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 **1851:** Upon pronouncing that she was ready to resume her travels, [Ida Pfeiffer](#) began to receive numerous invitations from Europeans in various locations, plus offers of transportation by publicity-seeking railroad and steamship firms. She would sail from London to Cape Town, and around the Cape of Good Hope to Singapore to Borneo, where she spent six months in the rain forest visiting among Dyak known to still practice ritual headhunting: “I shuddered, but I could not help asking myself whether, after all, we Europeans are not really just as bad or worse than these despised savages? Is not every page of our history filled with horrid deeds of treachery and murder?” She would comment that “I should like to have passed a longer time among the free Dyaks, as I found them, without exception, honest, good-natured, and modest in their behavior. I should be inclined to place them, in these respects, above any of the races I have ever known.” She then went on to Sumatra in the Dutch East Indies, where she visited Batak cannibals who had never before allowed a European into their territory. She then sailed via [San Francisco](#) to tour the Andes Mountains of South America.



When [Margaret Helen Begbie Croly](#) expired, and this is something I am entirely unable to explain, she was in Bangalore, [India](#).

In [San Francisco, California](#):

The arrivals by sea at [San Francisco](#) were not so numerous in 1851 as during the preceding year. The tide of immigration was slackening, only to roll in its much greater numbers the following season. During 1851, upwards of 27,000 persons arrived by sea. Of these rather more than one-half came by steamers from the ports on or near the Isthmus. The ordinary population of the city was increasing, though more slowly than before. At the close of this year the total number probably exceeded thirty thousand. Females were very few in proportion to the whole number of inhabitants, although they were beginning to increase more rapidly. A very large proportion of the female population continued to be of loose character. The Chinese now began to arrive in considerable bands, and occasionally a few of their females. Great numbers of French and Germans, of both sexes, as well as other foreigners, made their appearance. The immigrants generally were of the mining and agricultural classes, although



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a fair number of them ultimately settled in [San Francisco](#). An extensive immigration continued among the various districts and towns of the country, and the population of all was constantly changing. Fewer fortunate miners now paid visits to the city for the sake of mere recreation, since the rising towns of the interior, particularly Sacramento and Stockton, the capitals of the northern and southern mines respectively, offered all the attractions of dissipation closer at hand. Yet in one way or another, at least one half of the entire population of the State passed through, or visited [San Francisco](#). The ocean steamers carried away more people from the port than they brought. There was the usual large land immigration into the State, and, on the whole, the general population of the country was considerably increased. In [San Francisco](#) material improvements were taking place. At Clark's Point, on the northern extremity of the city, huge precipitous rocks were quarried and removed, and the solid hill deeply excavated, whereby much new and valuable space was gained for building operations. New streets were graded, planked and built upon, and new and finer houses every where erected. In the southern districts, the "steam-paddy" had been set to work, and was rapidly cutting away the numerous sand hills that lay between the plaza and "Happy Valley." The rubbish was conveyed by temporary rails along the streets, and emptied into the bay at those parts where already roads were laid out and houses built on piles. Sansome and Battery, with the intersecting streets to a considerable distance, were gradually filled up, and firm foundations given for the substantial brick and stone houses that were beginning to be erected there. The town continued to move eastward, and new streets were formed upon piles farther out into the bay, across which the piers and wharves were shooting like the first slender lines of ice before the sheet of water hardens into a solid mass. Closer and thicker the lines ran, as house after house was reared on innumerable piles, while the steam-paddy and railway wagons, and horse-carts without number, were incessantly bearing hills of sand piecemeal to fill up the hollows, and drive the sea far away from the original beach. Where once ships of a thousand tons floated there now rose great tenements of brick and mortar securely founded in the solid earth. Portions of the loose sand were insensibly washed off by the tides from the first places where it was deposited, and the bay was slowly becoming shallower to a considerable distance from shore. As the wharves were pushed farther out, the shipping found less convenient anchorage, and were exposed to occasional strong tides and gales. The character of the port was perhaps changing somewhat for the worse, although the necessities of the town so far urgently required an extension across the bay. The fires of 1850 and 1851, while they destroyed much valuable property, led in the end to a very superior kind of building, and may thus be said to have done some permanent good. They have stamped a wonderfully grand character upon the architecture of the place. What at first were called and believed to be fire-proof houses were becoming numerous, when successive conflagrations came and removed them all. Other houses were built of a still more substantial kind, and these were destroyed by fire in turn. At last, some buildings were erected that surely were proof against the most intense heat and flame; and upon their models all the later structures of pretension have been formed. While in certain respects these



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buildings assume the proportions and grandeur of palaces, in others they appear heavy and gloomy like the veriest prisons. The walls are enormously thick, and the windows deeply sunk in them, showing often at first sight only narrow, dark cavities. When the ponderous wrought iron shutters and doors are closed on the outside the resemblance to a jail is complete. It is believed that no fire from without can seriously affect such buildings, although they may be subject to internal conflagration. While improved houses were rising in the centre and business portion of the town, superior buildings of frame were replacing in the outskirts and suburbs the old habitations, or such as were destroyed by fire. The new plank road to the mission had opened up a large and valuable tract of building ground, and neat and substantial wooden houses were being erected along the whole way. In the vicinity of the town, wherever a tiny fertilizing stream of water ran among the sand hills, at the mission and the presidio, numerous flower and kitchen gardens and small farms were laid out, which yielded large supplies of the more necessary or prized vegetables. In 1849, the announcement of a real cabbage at dinner would have set half the population frantic with strangely stirred appetites; now, the many cultivated spots named, daily furnished numerous loaded carts of all kinds of fresh vegetables to the city markets. Potatoes were no longer a rarity; turnips could be had for money-and at a moderate price, too. The markets made pleasant morning sights. Besides a profusion of vegetables and fruits, they were largely supplied with noble fish and game of all descriptions from the ocean, the bay and the interior. Salmon of huge dimensions, and vast quantities of like delicious fish, whole cart loads of geese, ducks, quails, and other wild fowl, innumerable quarters of bear, elk, antelope, deer, and smaller game, loaded the stalls of the dealers. Mutton was perhaps not so plentiful, but excellent beef was in abundance. Times had changed with [San Francisco](#). The hardships and semi-starvation of 1849 were forgotten in these ample supplies of exquisite food. The epicure might traverse the globe, and have no finer living than what this city yielded; the glutton would here find both eye and palate satiated. But two years had sufficed to this astonishing change. The fires that cleared the ground and rendered necessary new building operations, and the improved style of house structures, gave constant employment to every body who could and would work. Wages therefore continued high, and the poorest of the laboring classes were enjoying the incomes of merchants and professional men of other countries. The general improvements in the aspect of the town and social character of the people, noticed in the review of 1850, were still going on. New "Expresses" were hurrying to all points, stage coaches, mails and noble steamers communicated with the most distant quarters. Additional manufactories and stores, additional newspapers, theatres, public institutions, benevolent, useful and agreeable associations, were being constantly established. Schools and churches were springing up on all sides. A certain class largely patronized the last, though it must be admitted that very many, particularly foreigners, never entered them. The old life and bustle continued, though matters were now systematized, and offered less show and confusion. In 1849, [San Francisco](#) was like a great ant-hill, when its busy creatures happen to be disturbed, and



when all were visible, hurrying to and fro, out and in, backwards and forwards, apparently in the most admirable confusion and and forwards, apparently in the most admirable confusion and cross purposes, as if every one were engaged in some life and death struggle. In 1851, the city was like the same ant-hill when the cause of fright had been removed and order restored. The old tenants were still as busy as ever, but there was method now in their actions. Some were closely engaged in the interior -the cells or houses of the place-and made no show. Outside lines of other eager workers ran here and there, without jostling or confusion, all filled with the thought of what they had to do, and doing it well and quickly. There was no sauntering, no idleness, no dreaming. All was practical and real; all energy, perseverance and success. In business and in pleasure, the San Franciscans were fast folk; none were faster in the world. Their rents, interest on money, doings and profits, were all calculated monthly. A month with them was considered equal to a year with other people. In the former short time, men did such deeds, and saw, felt, thought, suffered and enjoyed, as much as would have lasted over a twelvemonth in other lands. But then these were really men-giants rather, the very choice of the cleverest, most adventurous and hard-working people of America and Europe. [California](#) was a hot-bed that brought humanity to a rapid, monstrous maturity, like the mammoth vegetables for which it is so celebrated. The city was settling fast into the condition in which it now is. The characteristics of a Spanish or Mexican town had nearly all disappeared. The barbarous magnificence of an old Californian rider was now seldom seen. The jingling, gaudy trappings of the horse, the clumsy stirrups and leathern aprons, the constant lasso and the reckless rider, had given place to the plain, useful harness of the American and his more moderate, though still dashing riding. Superb carriages now thronged the streets, and handsome omnibuses regularly plied between the plaza and the mission. People now, instead of being "every thing by turns and nothing long," more steadily confined themselves to one proper business. The old stores, where so recently all things "from a needle to an anchor" could be obtained, were nearly extinct; and separate classes of retail shops and wholesale warehouses were now the order of business. Gold dust as a currency had long given place to coin. Two years before, the buyer would carelessly tumble out a heap of "dust" in payment, while the seller would have his weights and scales ready for it as a matter of course. A little lump less or more to the quantity was of no consequence to either party. All that loose, stylish kind of thing was now changed. Coin was plentiful, and its fair worth was generally looked for. People found it somewhat more difficult to accumulate wealth, and were less foolishly lavish of their means, although they still always spent them most extravagantly. Specimens of nearly all the coinage of the civilized world were in constant circulation. Approximate values were bestowed upon the pieces, and if any thing like the mark, they readily passed current. The English shilling, the American quarter-dollar, the French franc, the Mexican double-real were all of the same value; so likewise were the English crown, the French five-franc piece, and the American or Mexican dollar. It did not matter although some were twenty-five per cent. more worth than others. Four single francs were quite as good as the English five-shilling piece. The smaller



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silver coins of whatever denomination and of every country were all alike bits, and passed for the same value. As for copper money, it was, of course, never seen. A bit was the lowest denomination of money, and very little of any thing would it buy. Besides the coins mentioned, there were Indian rupees, Dutch and German florins and guilders, the many coinages of South America, and in fact every known piece of money that circulated in Europe, and in many other parts of the world. The deficiency in the American proper coinage was thus amply made up, especially so far silver money was concerned. In gold there was a less variety of foreign coin, although many European pieces of that metal were in circulation. The fifty dollar gold pieces called "slugs," and the twenty and ten dollar pieces, issued by the United States Assay Office, in [San Francisco](#), served all the purposes of a regular standard coinage. Before, and shortly after the establishment of the assay office, large quantities of gold currency were supplied by about a dozen different private parties; but as these coinages were generally of less intrinsic worth, in purity and weight of metal, than their nominal value, they soon fell into disrepute and were gradually withdrawn from circulation. Some of them were very neatly executed, and stray specimens may still be occasionally found by the curious. Formerly, that is, only two years before, the San Franciscans were careless in personal appearance, and rude in manners. Now, they dressed richly and extravagantly, and assumed the polished airs of gentlemen. A striking change was observable every where, and in every thing. The houses were growing magnificent, and their tenants fashionable. Perhaps this fashion was not quite d la mode de Paris, but rather sui generis. Balls and convivial parties of the most brilliant character were constantly taking place. The great number of flaunting women of pleasure, particularly the French, mightily encouraged this universal holiday, and gave ease, taste, and sprightly elegance to the manners of the town. There is perhaps no place in the world where money is so little regarded as in [San Francisco](#). A man spends there like a prince, as he gains like one. The "almighty dollar" to him appears of less worth than a shilling does to people in England or in our Eastern States. At these balls, and at all public and private entertainments, immense sums were squandered. Trade might be dull, bad, ruinous-rents might rise or fall, and people be really insolvent-still they spent money on all sides. Business losses generally fell on distant correspondents, and the half-burned and supposed bankrupt and ruined city showed still the same brilliant bustle; and its inhabitants still pursued the same expensive round of amusements. Gold must come from the placers, and [San Francisco](#) never could in a certain sense be poor. The riches of the Californian mines on the one side, and the luxuries and conveniences of all countries in the world on the other, met in [San Francisco](#). It would be hard indeed for its hot-blooded and venturous population if they did not make the treasures within their grasp minister to every enjoyment that youth and sanguine constitutions could crave. Ever since the first great immigration many of the inhabitants carried some weapon of defense secretly about them. During the disturbed times in the early part of 1851, when nobody was safe from the assaults of desperadoes even in the public street or in his own dwelling, the practice of wearing deadly weapons became still more common.



These were often used though not so much against the robber and assassin, as upon the old friend and acquaintance, or the stranger, when drink and scandal, time and circumstance had converted them into supposed enemies. The number of duels, and especially of sudden personal affrays, was fearfully great. The general population of [San Francisco](#)-with shame it must be confessed, in those days, as is still the case to a considerable extent-drunk largely of intoxicating liquors. A great many tiptoed at times, and quite as many swore lustily. They are an adventurous people, and their enjoyments are all of an exciting kind. They are bold and reckless from the style of the place and the nature both of business and amusement. New-comers fall naturally into the same character. It may therefore be imagined that personal rencontres frequently occur among such a population. In 1851 these were constantly happening. One man perhaps called another a "liar," and straightway revolvers were produced on both sides. Repeated shots were hastily fired, with sometimes as much damage to the by-standers as to the half-drunken quarrelers themselves. Some scenes of a most savage and atrocious description, ending occasionally in death, took place between parties who were reputed to be of the first class of citizens. Among the lower American orders, and in all classes of foreigners, down to the vilest "greasers," the same violent spirit of personal revenge and deadly outrage was common. On the slightest occasion, at a look or touch, an oath, a single word of offence, the bowie-knife leaped from its sheath, and the loaded revolver from the breast pocket or the secret case, and death or severe wounds quickly closed the scene. The spectators often shared in the same wild feelings, and did not always seek to interfere. The law was powerless to prevent such personal conflicts. Men thought as little of their blood and lives as of their money, and to gratify high swelling passion would madly waste them all alike. One considerable cause of personal disputes and bloodshed was the uncertainty of legal titles to property, which encouraged squatterism. Owing to recent conflicting decisions by the courts of law it almost appeared that the only, or the best title to real estate was actual possession. A great many people made a practice of settling down upon any vacant lot they fancied, and perhaps in the course of a night would fence it in and erect some small house on the ground. When daylight and the proprietor came, the intruder defied ejection. To seek redress from the tribunals whose judgments had led to these encroachments was only ridiculous; so the parties generally fought it out among themselves, with the aid of friends and long purses to hire help, until both suffered considerably in the battle. The effect of these conflicting legal decisions on the titles to real estate had otherwise a very prejudicial effect. They hindered the immediate and permanent improvement of property, since no man would expend large sums in that way when his title to the ground was in jeopardy. Lenders, already alarmed at the foolish proposals of usury bills in the Legislature, became shy in advancing money on the security of many properties; the value of real estate fell considerably; in some instances no price whatever could be obtained where the title was disputed; and all was painful doubt on the subject. In 1850, real estate in the city was assessed at the value of \$16,849,024; while, in 1851, it was only \$10,518,273; and this was notwithstanding the vast improvements



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that had taken place in the interval. In the end, certain acts passed by the State, which confirmed sales of the beach and water lots by the city and sanctioned its title to those lots still unsold, and also later and more satisfactory decisions of the Supreme Court in the matter of titles, helped to re-establish confidence on the subject, and secure the old owner in his property against the mere squatter. The commerce and imports of [San Francisco](#) were very great during 1851-too great indeed for a profitable trade. The fall in the prices of nearly all kinds of merchandise which lasted over a great part of 1850, continued during the following year. Matters were perhaps not quite so bad as when, in the spring of 1850, chests of tobacco were used to pave the streets or make a solid foundation for houses, and when nearly every article of merchandise went a-begging for a buyer, and not finding one was cast aside to rot, or used to fill up mud-holes; but still, in 1851, most kinds of goods were a dead loss to the owner. In the palmy days of '48 and '49, all were purchasers, at any price: now every body sought to sell, at no matter what sacrifice. In '49 a dollar was paid for a pill, and the same sum for an egg; a hundred dollars for a pair of boots, and twice that sum for a decent suit of clothes; a single rough brick cost a dime, and a plank some twenty feet long was cheap at ten dollars. At one period of that wondrous year, common iron tacks of the smallest size, sold for their weight in gold; and for a long period were in request at from five to ten dollars an ounce. But in '51, bales of valuable goods were sometimes not worth their storage. There happened to be no plaster walls in '49, and small tacks -of which there was only a very meagre quantity in the country,-were in extreme demand for fastening the usual muslin coverings to the wooden partitions of houses. Hence the apparently extravagant sum that was given. Every thing that was useful and really needed in those earlier days commanded the most astonishing prices. The supply was limited and the demand great, while money was suddenly plentiful. But in 1851, the stock of all kinds of goods was greatly over-proportioned to the natural demand of the place. The population of the city and country generally, although numbering only about a quarter of a million persons, yet being nearly all in the prime of life, rich and careless, and with large appetites, consumed and wasted the goods and provisions that would have satisfied an ordinary population of perhaps a million of people. Still the imports into [San Francisco](#) were far ahead of the most extravagant demands and consumption of the ravenous, wasteful people of [California](#). For any article actually required, and of which there might be but a scanty stock in the market, noble rates were still given; but as the supply of most goods was immense, prices fell accordingly. The auctioneers, whose business and importance daily increased, rattled away shiploads of merchandise at often nominal prices. Extravagance and waste did their best, but they could not destroy every thing. Enormous losses were sustained during 1850, and especially in 1851, by foreign shippers. The commercial people in [San Francisco](#) generally acted as agents on commission for others, and did not often import as merchants on their own account. The losses therefore on merchandise did not so very much affect individual citizens, while to the general public it was a positive gain to have an unlimited supply of goods at low prices. In the ordinary recreations of the city a change was gradually taking place. The



gambling-saloons, though still very many, were becoming fewer, while billiard-rooms and drinking-bars or saloons for refreshment and conversation, were increasing in number, in size and handsome style. There is no place in the world with so many billiard-tables in it in proportion to the population, as [San Francisco](#); and but few places, if any, with more drinking-houses. In such quarters, in 1851, a large proportion of the inhabitants usually spent their evenings. Other crowds nightly filled the large and beautiful theatres that were now erected. Balls, masquerades and concerts, gambling-saloons, visits to frail women, -who always have been very numerous and gay in [San Francisco](#), -and an occasional lecture, filled up the measure of evening amusement. Gayety and personal dissipation were then, as they are now, characteristic features of the city. Nor were these things confined to the upper and richer classes. Labor was paid so highly that all orders of the people had money at command to squander in amusements. During the day, and particularly on Sundays, the "swells" of both the highest and the lowest rank, cantered to the presidio or the mission, or scampered among the sand-hills behind the town, or crossed the bay in the small steamers to Contra Costa, or formed pic-nic excursions to the fort, or the outer telegraph hill, or on the sea-shore, or somewhere among the lonely and picturesque valleys among the hills. [San Francisco](#) was certainly a great city; and its people had great notions; their deeds of business and amusement were all great in their way. The large admixture of foreign races, particularly the lighthearted, theatre-loving French, the musical Germans, and the laughter-loving, idle, dancing Hispano-Americans, tended to give a pleasant, gay aspect to the city. The grave national character of United States men was converted into levity and cheerfulness by the example and sympathy of their merry neighbors. It may be said, at the same time, that the foreign population were generally an orderly, obedient and useful class of the community. The Chinese might here perhaps form an exception. They are an exclusive race, and mingle but little save with their own people. They were now beginning to arrive in considerable numbers, bringing with them a number of their women, who are among the filthiest and most abandoned of their sex. They, as well as most of the foreign races, generally dwelt together in particular localities, which gave these quarters a distinctive appearance from the rest of the town. The Chinese and the free negroes, of whom there was now a goodly sprinkling, were "the hewers of wood and the drawers of water" of the place; and performed washing and women's business, and such menial offices as American white males would scorn to do for any remuneration. The "greasers," too, who are verily "of the earth, earthy," helped the "celestials" and the black fellows, or infernals, in their dirty work. In various parts of this book, we have dwelt so fully on the state of crime and public morals during 1851, that it is unnecessary to say much more on the subject in this general chapter. The extraordinary action of the Vigilance Committee, proved most salutary to the best interests of the community. After a few hangings, which were signalized by scenes of the most terrible and impressive nature, the social state of the city was much improved; and people could venture to appear at dark in the streets, or to dwell alone in poorly defended houses, without dread of the assassin, the burglar, or the incendiary. Crime was now




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principally confined to petty thefts, for which the "chain-gang" was an excellent punishment; while cases of bloodshed,-and they were frightfully many,-arose chiefly from the rampant, unregulated passions of the people, who thought and called themselves, as they were reckoned by others, respectable men and good citizens. The financial affairs of the city, which had long been in a very confused and ruinous state, were, towards the close of 1851, much simplified and improved. The general improvidence and corruption of a long series of municipal authorities, from the day when the American flag was first hoisted on the plaza, had squandered or jobbed away many of the most valuable portions of the real estate belonging to the corporation. But the funding of the floating debt, and perhaps the increasing purity, or dread of being found out, on the part of recent officials, with other causes, tended gradually to raise the credit of the city. The next great blow which fell upon the municipal funds was the noted matter of the "Peter Smith" sales, which shall be duly chronicled among the events of 1852.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

 **1851:** In this year the Supreme Court of the State of Georgia ruled that although “the killing of a negro” could not be considered a felony, if the murder victim in question had been during his or her life a piece of property, then of course such an act wasn’t an all-right-never-mind, because it would constitute **an actionable deprivation of property rights:**

If from the beginning of the 18th Century in Anglo-America the term “negro” meant slave, except when explicitly modified by the word “free,” so under English law the term “hibernicus,” Latin for “Irishman,” was the legal term for “unfree.” If African-Americans were obliged to guard closely any document they might have attesting their freedom, so in Ireland, at the beginning of the 14th Century, letters patent, attesting to a person’s Englishness, were cherished by those who might fall under suspicion of trying to “pass.” If under Anglo-American slavery “the rape of a female slave was not a crime, but a mere trespass on the master’s property,” so in 1278 two Anglo-Normans brought into court and charged with raping Margaret O’Rorke were found not guilty because “the said Margaret is an Irishwoman.” If a law enacted in Virginia in 1723 provided that “manslaughter of a slave is not punishable,” so under Anglo-Norman law it sufficed for acquittal to show that the victim in a killing was Irish. Anglo-Norman priests granted absolution on the grounds that it was “no more sin to kill an Irishman than a dog or any other brute.” If the Georgia Supreme Court ruled in 1851 that “the killing of a negro” was not a felony, but upheld an award of damages to the owner of an African-American bond-laborer murdered by another “white” man, so an English court freed Robert Walsh, an Anglo-Norman charged with killing John Mac Gilmore, because the victim was “a mere Irishman and not of free blood,” it being stipulated that “when the master of the said John shall ask damages for the slaying, he [Walsh] will be ready to answer him as the law may require.” If in 1884 the United States Supreme Court, citing much precedent authority, including the Dred Scott decision, declared that Indians were legally like immigrants, and therefore not citizens except by process of individual naturalization, so for more than four centuries, until 1613, the Irish were regarded by English law as foreigners in their own land. If the testimony of even free African-Americans was inadmissible, so in Anglo-Norman Ireland native Irish of the free classes were deprived of legal defense against English abuse because they were not “admitted to English law,” and hence had no rights that an Englishman was bound to respect.”



 **1851:** Richard Francis Burton’s SINDH, AND THE RACES THAT INHABIT THE VALLEY OF THE INDUS, a pioneering work in ethnology — a science that hadn’t yet been invented.



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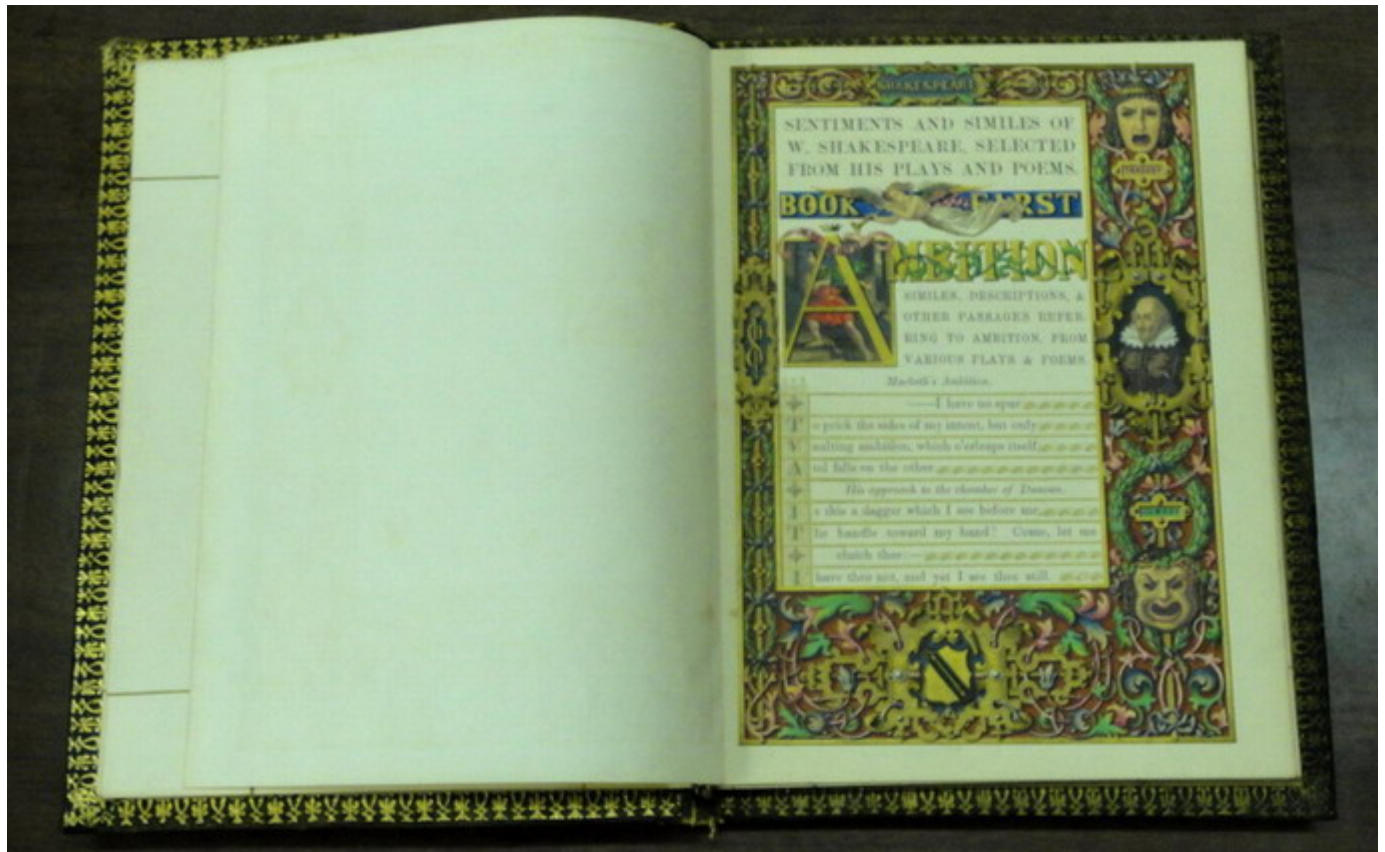
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➡ 1851: Guess what, there was a sexual double standard — and it wasn't even the 20th Century yet! Up to this point in time, the statistic is that legislative divorces were being granted to just under 70% of (white) American husbands who had charged their (white) wives with having committed adultery with a black man but to only 55% of (white) American wives who had charged their (white) husbands with the keeping of a black mistress.

YOU HAVE TO ACCEPT EITHER THE REALITY OF TIME OVER THAT OF CHANGE, OR CHANGE OVER TIME — IT'S PARMENIDES, OR HERACLITUS. I HAVE GONE WITH HERACLITUS.

➡ 1851: This was the 1st year of a tuberculosis outbreak in Britain, where over the course of 5 years (1851-1855) some 250,000 would die.

William Dikes provided the firm of Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans with illustrations for Henry Noel Humphreys's SENTIMENTS AND SIMILES OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. A CLASSIFIED SELECTION OF SIMILES, DEFINITIONS, DESCRIPTIONS, AND OTHER REMARKABLE PASSAGES IN THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF SHAKESPEARE.



He displayed specimens of oil color printing from raised surfaces at the Great Exhibition in London’s [Crystal Palace](#). He relocated his offices in London, to 5 Old Fish Street.

Nathan Marsh of Cincinnati began to market a type of double stethoscope, made of india rubber, although his model really didn’t work all that well.



“The advent of the stethoscope made it possible to unify [tuberculosis](#).”

– [Doctor Jacalyn Duffin](#)



“NARRATIVE HISTORY” AMOUNTS TO FABULATION,
THE REAL STUFF BEING MERE CHRONOLOGY



1851: A Catskill farmer, Mark Carr, brought two ox-sleds of evergreen trees into New-York and managed to vend them all.

The Reverend Heinrich Christian Schwan, a recent immigrant from Hanover, Germany to Cleveland, Ohio (by way of Brazil in South America), set up a lighted and decorated [Christmas](#) tree in his Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church. When someone denounced this as heathen idolatry he took it down (in the Christmas season of 1852 his church would be able to erect a similar display without serious objection).

Escapism was obviously going to do well. The books of escapist reading were going to just fly off the bookstore shelves. Therefore [Susan B. Warner](#) published a 1st fiction entitled THE WIDE WIDE WORLD, using the *nom de plume* “Elizabeth Wetherell” so as not to interfere with her *haute* social standing. This American novel would be exceeded in popularity during its time only by [Harriet Beecher Stowe](#)’s [UNCLE TOM’S CABIN; OR, LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY](#), which was being issued concurrently. The following commentary is from [Louisa May Alcott](#)’s [LITTLE WOMEN](#), OR, MEG, JO, BETH AND AMY, issued in [1868](#):

Jo spent the morning on the river with Laurie and the afternoon reading and crying over THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD, up in the apple tree.

THE ALCOTT FAMILY

In this novel, we may well note, a copy of “Parson” [Mason Locke Weems](#)’s LIFE AND MEMORABLE ACTIONS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON is given as a [Christmas](#) present.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

1851

1851

➡ 1851: In France during this decade [Pierre-Joseph Proudhon](#) would be being constantly being harassed by the authorities. In this year he was writing THE GENERAL IDEA OF THE REVOLUTION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, elucidating his agrarian socialist theories.



➡ 1851: The wealthy Massachusetts sculptor [Horatio Greenough](#) finally returned to his nation, to die, from his artists' colony in [Rome, Italy](#).

➡ 1851: Squire [Samuel Hoar](#) represented [Harvard College](#) before the Massachusetts Legislature, and was credited by President James Walker with having "saved it."

When the [Reverend Professor Francis Bowen](#) resigned as professor of history at [Harvard](#), [Richard Hildreth](#) applied for that post (his attacks on the "Cambridge party" probably had rendered this a hopeless pursuit; Harvard simply has never ever functioned, and presumably will never ever function, in any mode other than that of self-congratulation).

Late in this year, [William Elliott](#)'s son [William Elliott, Jr.](#) left [Harvard](#).

[Alfred Winslow Hosmer](#) was born in [Concord](#) to Nathan S. [Hosmer](#) and Sophia [Hosmer](#). He would have a younger brother Herbert W. [Hosmer](#).

At this point [Horace Rice Hosmer](#) gave up on the Democratic Party: "I voted for freedom every time until Hayes made me tired."

[James Kendall Hosmer](#) matriculated at [Harvard](#).

NEW "HARVARD MEN"

1851

1851

➡ 1851: Professor [Francis Parkman](#)'s HISTORY OF THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC.



➡ 1851: [Arthur Schopenhauer](#)'s PARERGA UND PARALIPOMENA.



Is that Schopenhauer as a refrigerator magnet?

➡ 1851: The [Reverend Samuel Joseph May](#) needed to take in one of the Alcott daughters, [Abby May "May" Alcott](#), and in addition sent \$125.⁰⁰ to his sister [Mrs. Abigail \(May\) "Abba" Alcott](#) — to keep a roof over the head of that [Alcott family](#).



1851

1851

- ➡ **1851:** A commercial Lake Erie fishing industry began out of Dunkirk, [New York](#) as [Irish](#) immigrant James Malony equipped a rowboat with gill nets and fashioned his own nets and rigging. Afterward the Johnson brothers would arrive from Fort Erie, Canada with a 26-foot sailing skiff and, again, homemade nets — they would rely on flat stones to weigh down their nets. At its peak this local protein gathering would employ more than 200.
- ➡ **1851:** In [New York](#)'s St. Lawrence County, along a 17-mile stretch of the Racket River, over the following decade 10 sawmills would be erected.
- ➡ **1851:** In [Batavia, New York](#), the Bank of the Genesee was reorganized as a national bank.
- ➡ **1851:** The brick Tioga County jail, containing 8 double cells, brick jailor's house, and brick barn, were erected at the center of the village of Owego, [New York](#) at a cost of about \$6,000. The jail, all of brick, were built in 1851, at a cost of about \$6,000.
- ➡ **1851:** [Giuseppe Mazzini](#) founded [Friends of Italy](#).
- ➡ **1851:** [Dr. Thaddeus William Harris](#) wrote 3 articles on squashes and pumpkins for the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, 1851-1852. He also prepared an unpublished extensive manuscript on cucumbers, "the natural order Cucurbitaceae."



1851

1851



1851: The sect known as “the Christians” (sometimes, “the Christian Connexion”) differed greatly from the Unitarians, in that they advocated conversion through Great Awakening-style revivals and emotionally charged prayer meetings. For much of their history this group had been hostile to the idea of allowing a ministerial education for their leaders. Opening their own institution of higher learning, to be known as [Antioch College](#) and to be located in Yellow Springs, [Ohio](#), was for them a big step into the unknown. One of the driving forces behind the new Christian college was an ambitious carpenter known as “the master-builder from Massachusetts,” Alpheus Marshall Merrifield. His considerable wealth, and his dedication to the sectarian cause, propelled him to the leadership of the college movement. As a major player at the convention in Marion, New York at which Antioch had been conceived, Merrifield had promised a donation of \$1,000 and been made the college’s first treasurer. He would receive the commission to design and build the main structures:



Alpheus Marshall Merrifield would have himself a great time as the pledges would seem to be pouring in like an unending torrent. Aren’t pledges the same as cash in the bank? The man refused to waste any of the money by hiring an accountant — God would provide. In the end, there being no particular records, the college wouldn’t even be able to figure out for sure, just how much money it owed.

[Horace Mann, Sr.](#) in becoming the first president of this new institution of learning, had obtained a prior agreement that a new house would be erected for him and his family and that he would be allowed to appoint Calvin and Rebecca Pennell to the faculty. He had been generally assured that the college was to be “determinedly nonsectarian,” but the more conservative members of the faculty would soon begin to suspect him of the thought crime of scheming to take their college Unitarian. Finances would be tricky, and Mann would manage to save his ass by succeeding in arranging a badly needed cash transfusion courtesy of the Reverend Henry Whitney Bellows, then of the First Unitarian Church of New York, and Dr. Rufus Phineas Stebbins. Evidently the conservatives and the doctrinaires, since he was meeting the payroll with the help of

his Unitarian contacts, were willing to ease up on him for awhile.

In [Oberlin, Ohio](#), the 1st Union School House, a two-story, graded school, was erected on Professor Street (the original schoolhouse, purchased by Elizure Leonard, would be moved to 73 South Main Street). The [Reverend Charles Grandison Finney](#), professor of theology, would serve as [Oberlin College](#)'s president until 1866.

[Sallie Holley](#) graduated from [Oberlin College](#). While in college she had met Caroline Putnam, who would be her lifelong companion. She would become a traveling lecturer for the American Anti-Slavery Society:

“How much happier and richer my life has been than I ever expected it would be.”



At that time an experiment had begun at Yellow Springs which interested me deeply – coeducation of young men and women. The sect called “Christians” had built a college there, naming it “Antioch,” but their enterprise having failed, the building was purchased by the Unitarians and the institution placed under the Hon. Horace Mann.... Early in 1858 I visited Yellow Springs, stopping at its one inn, in which the only other guest was a beautiful woman, and one of rare intellectual power. She was the only one left of “Memnona,”¹⁴ a community which had built the house converted to an inn.... Next morning (Sunday) I heard an eloquent discourse by President Mann in the college chapel, and excellent music from a well-trained choir of students. Horace Mann was radical in politics and a rationalist in religion, his friend and prophet being Emerson. The Puritan survived in his ethics and was evoked by the proximity of “Memnona,” founded by the once famous Dr. T.L. Nichols. Although the community had dissolved, probably because of Horace Mann’s denunciations, he was still excited on the subject.... The fear then was that there would be too much courtship, and rash marriages....



14. When [Mann](#) termed Memnona “the superfetation of diabolism upon polygamy,” we are left to wonder what animosity he was struggling to express.

1851

1851

➡ 1851: This was the approximate year of freedom for Sophia, 4th child of [Sojourner Truth](#), whom she had carried with her as a baby when she had voted with her feet at the end of 1826. (A process of mandatory indenture had been utilized in New York State to effectively extend the condition of servitude of young slaves, after they had on the 4th of July 1827 received their formal [manumission](#) papers.)

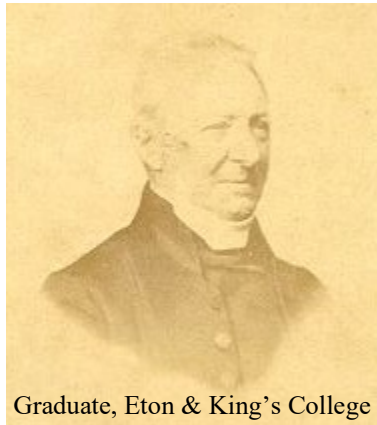
Those of us who take an interest in this sort of thing will be fascinated by a document dating to this year:



It is the Certificate of Freedom of one Harriet Bolling of Petersburg, Virginia, a 42-year-old woman of mixed descent who had in 1842 been [manumitted](#) by James Bolling. Although freeborn blacks could stay in Virginia, emancipated slaves were being required by law to leave the state. Notwithstanding, the court issued this certificate to allow Bolling specifically “to remain in this Commonwealth and reside in Petersburg.” –That was pretty damn white of him! –She must have been pretty white! –Was she, perhaps, Mr. Bolling’s daughter?

➡ 1851: It has been related that in London, when in this year [Archbishop of Canterbury John Bird Sumner](#) had an opportunity to meet the [Reverend Josiah Henson](#), a polite piece of conversation ensued: “From which university did you graduate?”

The Reverend Henson is reported to have responded politely, but not putting too fine a point on it, “The U. of Adversity.”



Graduate, Eton & King’s College



Graduate, University of Adversity

(Is this merely one of those just-so stories, that are so excellent that someone absolutely had to invent it? The Reverend Henson did indeed tour England being admired as the model for the character “Uncle Tom,” but strangely enough, in the two biographies that have been written about this Archbishop of Canterbury, both leave unmentioned the privilege of the good Archbishop having being able to schmooze with the original “Uncle Tom”!)



"It is simply crazy that there should ever have come into being a world with such a sin in it, in which a man is set apart because of his color – the superficial fact about a human being. Who could **want** such a world? For an American fighting for his love of country, that the last hope of earth should from its beginning have swallowed slavery, is an irony so withering, a justice so intimate in its rebuke of pride, as to measure only with God."

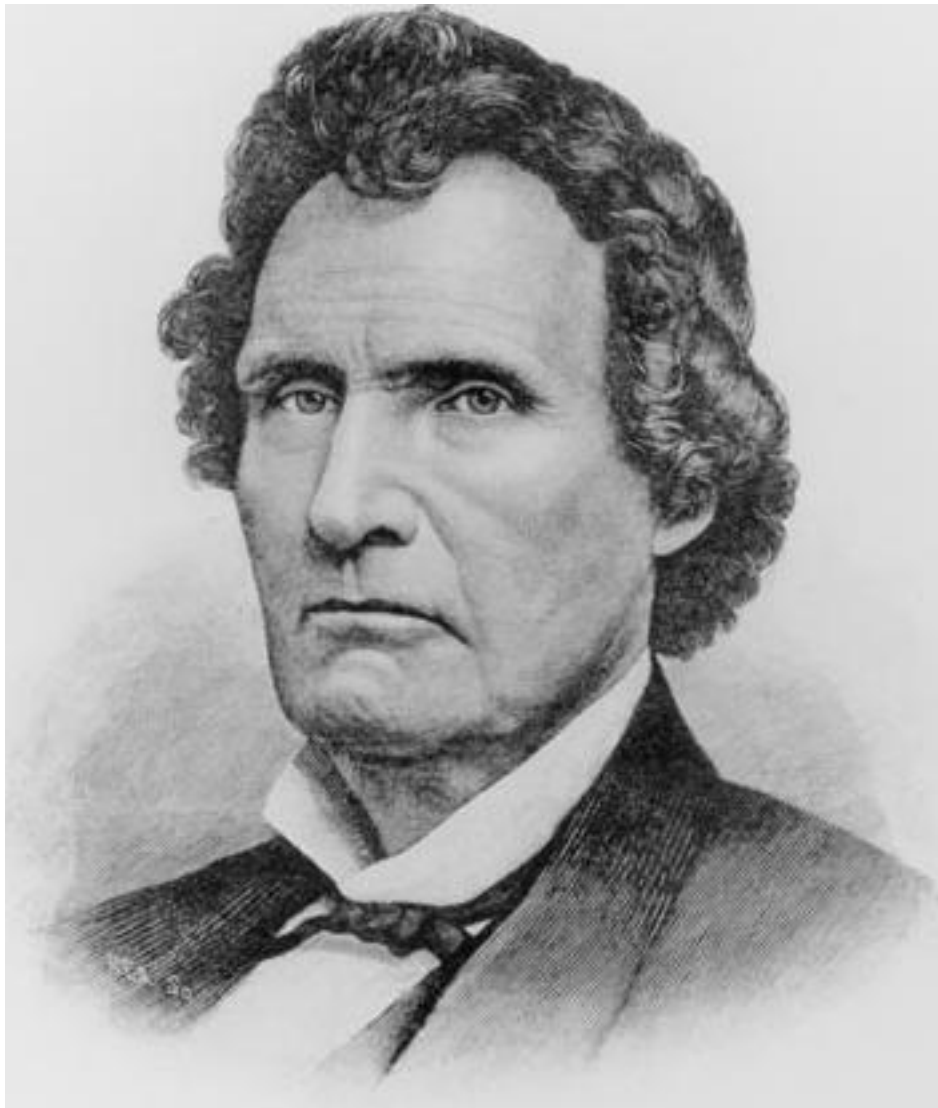


– Stanley Cavell, MUST WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY?
1976, page 141

1851

1851

➡ 1851: [Benjamin Wade](#), who had joined the Republican Party, was elected to the US Senate and would ally with other anti-slavery activists such as [Thaddeus Stevens](#) and [Charles Sumner](#). Over the next few years he



would be playing an active role in the campaign against the Fugitive Slave Act and the Kansas-Nebraska Act.




➡ 1851: Editor Richard K. Crallé began to put out THE WORKS OF [JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN](#) in 6 volumes (series completed 1856, reissued 1968).


1851


1851

HISTORY OF RR

 **1851:** As a remote consequence of the **Irish** ecological disaster, the “**Potato Famine**,” labor was cheap in Altoona, Pennsylvania. Rather than build a railroad trestle an experiment in massive construction was therefore undertaken. An enormous earthen berm would be constructed up the side of a mountain above the town, a switchback curve of packed earth to be known as “the horseshoe,” one that would make expensive materials for this trestle structure unnecessary. By using earth, the entire cost could be the cheaper labor cost. This earthwork would be 2,000 feet long and would enable a locomotive-pulled train to ascend 122 feet in altitude. Choo-choo. Some 450 immigrants from County Cork were recruited on promises of \$0.²⁵ per day of labor.¹⁵ At one point conditions in the labor camp were causing such an uproar among contending factions of the Irish that the local militia was called upon, to hustle 33 “prisoners” away.

HISTORY OF RR

 **1851:** The opening of the New York/Hudson River RR link between **New-York** harbor and Albany spelled the doom of the Hoosac Tunnel project of the Fitchburg RR — although Boston’s investors would not become adequately aware of that fact for another decade of pouring money into a very difficult hole in the ground.

 **1851:** The 1st stationhouse constructed for the Baltimore & Ohio RR –which had been the original one in America– was at this point replaced by a new station.¹⁶


HISTORY OF RR

15. That’s moving dirt cheap, to coin a phrase, taking into consideration that one might expect to earn \$0.⁷⁵ to \$1.⁰⁰ a day in Concord during this period for labor such as shoveling manure and erecting fences. However, when the transcontinental railroad project would get to the point of building the grade up out of Omaha, Nebraska after the Civil War, it would be found to be possible to induce native American women, who had fewer alternatives even than Irish men (!), to carry baskets of dirt from place to place for a mere \$0.¹⁵ per day of labor.

16. The parking lot of the B&O company museum that was opened in 1952 is over the site of this original station and it is this replacement station built in 1851 which now serves as that exhibit’s entrance hall.

1851

1851

 **1851:** Nathan Henry Barrett, son of a [Concord](#) farmer, Francis Charles Browne, son of a [Concord](#) merchant, and William Watson Goodwin, son of a [Concord](#) minister, graduated from [Harvard College](#). Goodwin would become a professor of Greek.¹⁷

NEW “HARVARD MEN”

The town of [Concord](#) constructed its present town offices on the square alongside the courthouse (the new building was done in brick in the Italianate style). In 1849, a fire had destroyed the Middlesex County Courthouse on the lot just to the northwest of the present Town House site (22 Monument Square). When that County Courthouse had been rebuilt, the town of Concord found to its surprise that although since 1721 they had been being allowed to hold their annual Town Meeting in the County building’s large courtroom, that tradition was not considered by the County to extend to its new structure. Funds for a larger [Concord Town House](#), one that could house the annual Town Meeting, were therefore allocated in 1850, and the town purchased from John Shepard Keyes for \$1,200 the property on which his law office stood. The older, smaller Concord Town House had been disposed of by auction as superfluous, the high bidder being Keyes (he relocated the structure to what is now 15 Monument Street). John M. Cheney chaired a building committee that retained Boston architect Richard Bond. The plans called for a downstairs devoted to a schoolroom for the high school and another for the intermediate school and for an upstairs floor for town offices, a safe for town records, and a room for Concord’s 1st public library (known as the Town Library). This structure would cost \$30,000. The town school preparing local students for college was therefore relocated in this year from the [Town School](#) building across the square.

COURTHOUSE




TOWN HOUSE


The Town Library upstairs at the [Concord Town House](#) would prove so popular that in 1860 its space would be expanded into part of the intermediate school room downstairs, with the high school room divided for the use of both classes. The high school would be moved to its own building in the early 1860s, whereupon the downstairs would be used for the armory and a dance hall that could be hired by private parties. In 1879/1880 the Town House would be expanded by adding to its rear. This new space would provide rooms subsidiary to the large open hall upstairs, such “water and other closets” so that for the 1st time the visitors and employees and officials would not need to go to a privy outside, plus a room described as being for the use of “females on social occasions.” In 1888 the armory would be moved into its own building on Walden Street, and the Town House would come to house the Police Department, the water, sewer, and electric light offices, and offices for the Town Clerk and Assessors.

As [Henry Thoreau](#) would report, in “Reading”:

17. LL.D. 1891; Ph. D. Göttingen 1855; Ph.D. (Hon.) Göttingen 1905; LL.D. Amherst 1881, Cambr. 1883, Columbia 1887, Edinb. 1890, Univ. Chicago 1901, Yale 1901; D.C.L. Oxford 1890; Eliot Prof. Greek Literature 1860-1901; Eliot Prof., Emeritus 1901-1912; Overseer 1903-1909; Director Am.S. Class. Studies at Athens 1882-1883; Pres. Am. Acad.; Memb. Am. Philos. Soc., Mass. Hist. Soc.; Hon. Memb. Acad. Sci. (Athens); Kt. Ord. Redeemer (Greece).



[following screen]

WALDEN: We boast that we belong to the nineteenth century and are making the most rapid strides of any nation. But consider how little this village does for its own culture. I do not wish to flatter my townsmen, nor to be flattered by them, for that will not advance either of us. We need to be provoked, - goaded like oxen, as we are, into a trot. We have a comparatively decent system of common schools, schools for infants only; but excepting the half-starved Lyceum in the winter, and latterly the puny beginning of a library suggested by the state, no school for ourselves. We spend more on almost any article of bodily aliment or ailment than on our mental aliment. It is time that we had uncommon schools, that we did not leave off our education when we begin to be men and women. It is time that villages were universities, and their elder inhabitants the fellows of universities, with leisure - if they are indeed so well off-to pursue liberal studies the rest of their lives. Shall the world be confined to one Paris or one Oxford forever? Cannot students be boarded here and get a liberal education under the skies of Concord? Can we not hire some Abélard to lecture to us? Alas! what with foddering the cattle and tending the store, we are kept from school too long, and our education is sadly neglected. In this country, the village should in some respects take the place of the nobleman of Europe. It should be the patron of the fine arts. It is rich enough. It wants only the magnanimity and refinement. It can spend money enough on such things as farmers and traders value, but it is thought Utopian to propose spending money for things which more intelligent men know to be of far more worth. This town has spent seventeen thousand dollars on a town-house, thank fortune or politics, but probably it will not spend so much on living wit, the true meat to put into that shell, in a hundred years. The one hundred and twenty-five dollars annually subscribed for a Lyceum in the winter is better spent than any other equal sum raised in the town. If we live in the nineteenth century, why should we not enjoy the advantages which the nineteenth century offers? Why should our life be in any respect provincial? If we will read newspapers, why not skip the gossip of Boston and take the best newspaper in the world at once? -not be sucking the pap of "neutral family" papers, or browsing "Olive-Branches" here in New England. Let the reports of all the learned societies come to us, and we will see if they know any thing. Why should we leave it to Harper & Brothers and Redding & Co. to select our reading? As the nobleman of cultivated taste surrounds himself with whatever conduces to his culture, -genius -learning -wit -books -paintings -statuary -music - philosophical instruments, and the like; so let the village do, -not stop short at a pedagogue, a parson, a sexton, a parish library, and three selectmen, because our pilgrim forefathers got through a cold winter once on a bleak rock with these. To act collectively is according to the spirit of our institutions; and I am confident that, as our circumstances are more flourishing, our means are greater than the nobleman's. New England can hire all the wise men in the world to come and teach her, and board them round the while, and not be provincial at all. That is the uncommon school we want. Instead of noblemen, let us have noble villages of men. If it is necessary, omit one bridge over the river, go round a little there, and throw one arch at least over the darker gulf of ignorance which surrounds us.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

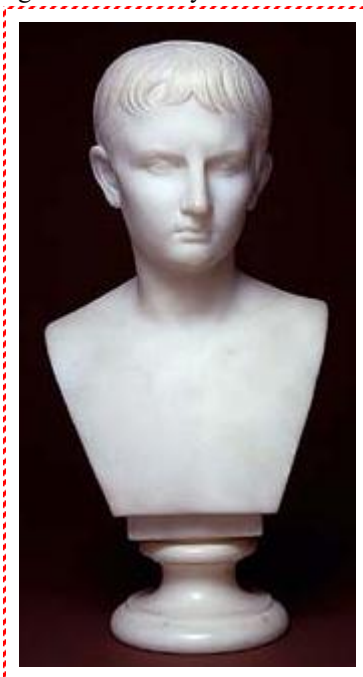
PETER ABÉLARD

1851

1851

➡ **1851:** The Merino woolens mill in [Providence, Rhode Island](#) that had burned in 1841 would be being rebuilt from this year into 1853, by the Franklin Manufacturing Company. Instead of the woolen goods that had been being produced, the new mill would produce cotton goods. (In the 1890s nearly 300 workers in this mill would be making shoelaces and similar items for the greater glory of the Joslin Braiding Company, and then in 1930 the Lincoln Lace and Braid Company would take over the mill buildings — that would at some point be abandoned, and in 1994 would be torched by vandals.)

➡ **1851:** During this decade the Chaces would move to Valley Falls, where [Elizabeth Buffum Chace](#) would be giving birth to 5 more children to replace the 5 she had to this point lost to illness —bearing her last infant indeed at the ripe age of 46— while keeping the anti-slavery crusade alive.



➡ **1851:** The Roman [Catholic](#) Sisters of Mercy established St. Aloysius Home in their convent on Claverick Street in [Providence, Rhode Island](#) near the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul. (By 1862 this orphanage —the oldest continuous social welfare agency in the diocese— would be occupying a better building, on Prairie Avenue.)

At the [Yearly Meeting School](#) on top of the hill, a barn had burned down and was replaced with one built of stone. Board and tuition stood at \$72 per year per young scholar, plus a surcharge for the occasional non-[Quaker](#) pupil. The school staff and the scholars began a practice of walking down the hill to the Providence meetinghouse at the corner of North Main Street and Meeting Street, for worship both at a Sunday afternoon worship and at a Midweek worship (presumably, non-Quaker scholars would have been exempted from this).

1851

1851

➡ 1851: In [Rhode Island](#), Philip Allen was in charge. The General Assembly offered a blueprint for reform by promulgating a report by Thomas Hazard on the status and treatment of the poor and insane. It became possible to commit patients to the [Butler Hospital](#) for the Insane in [Providence](#) against their will. (It should be born in mind that this hospital was never guilty of the more coercive restraints. It was able to maintain a patient population of 100-150 while using restraints only once — on an inmate who could not be dissuaded from trying to open a self-inflicted wound.)

ASYLUM

➡ 1851: The [USS Constitution](#) would be laid up in [New-York](#) harbor “in ordinary and repair” until March 1853, when it would be sent out as the flagship of the African Squadron.



➡ 1851: [John Ruskin](#)'s PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

From 1851 through 1853: [John Ruskin](#)'s THE STONES OF VENICE.

➡ 1851: Sir [George Back](#) served on the Admiralty's Arctic committee, which met to investigate the conduct of Horatio Austin and William Penny on their respective expeditions.

Joseph Despard Pemberton was appointed Surveyor for the Colony of Vancouver Island.

CARTOGRAPHY

In this year and the next there would be no fewer than 6 expeditions involving 15 ships, commanded by "as noble a band of officers as ever volunteered for a service of peril," looking for the frozen Franklin. Often these ships would be within hailing distance of one another as they negotiated the northern passage of the "middle ice" in Baffin Bay, while on their race for the summer opening of the Wellington Channel. Joseph René Bellot set off to honor [Lady Jane Franklin](#)'s desire to find the frozen asset of her husband, [Sir John Franklin](#), in the sunk cost of his expedition:

Poor Woman! If you could have read my heart you would have seen how much the somewhat egotistical desire of making an extraordinary voyage has been succeeded in me by a real ardour and genuine passion for the end we aim at. "I must supply your mother's place"; you said, as you inquired into the details of my equipment. Well then, I will be for you a son, and have the inexhaustible devoutness of a son who is in search of his father; and what human strength can do, I will do.



Bellot would drown in Wellington Channel.

"Is Franklin the only man who is lost, that his wife should be so earnest to find him? Does Mr. Grinnell know where he himself is?"

— [Henry Thoreau](#)

1851

1851


Stephen Pearce was commissioned by Colonel John Barrow, to paint a painting that is now in the National Portrait Gallery in London, entitled “The Arctic Council Discussing the Plan of Search for Sir John Franklin.” An engraving of this painting would be published in 1853, and a photograph would also be made of this painting, reduced to microscopic size. This microphotograph would be made by an optician/microscope maker/inventor, John Benjamin Dancer of Manchester, England. The figures depicted in the painting and the engraving, and on Dancer’s microscopic photographic slide image shown below, include Captain Bird, Sir Charles Ross, [Sir John Richardson](#), and Colonel John Barrow, a Secretary at the Admiralty:



THE FROZEN NORTH

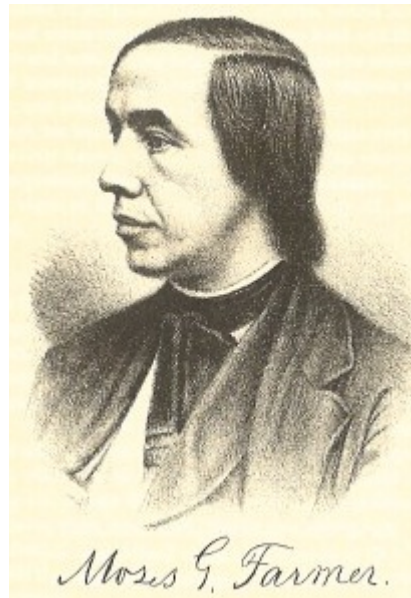
1851

1851

 [1851: Telegraph](#) lines were in this year being extended across the Mississippi River.

A cultural crossover point was being approached: according to the superintendent of a [telegraph](#) line that had been installed between [Wall Street](#) and [Boston](#), “The telegraph is used by commercial men to almost as great an extent as the mail.”

[William Francis Channing](#) presented a “Communication respecting a system of fire alarms” to the [Boston](#) City Council. The city government appropriated funds for the construction of a fire alarm system based upon the scheme he had devised in conjunction with a self-effacing [telegraph](#) engineer of Salem, Moses Gerrish Farmer.¹⁸



18. In 1859 at 11 Pearl Street in Salem, Massachusetts, the parlor of Moses Gerrish Farmer would be the 1st domestic living space in the world to be illuminated by means of incandescent lightbulbs in which the platinum filaments were powered by [electricity](#) (this inventor was singularly unsuited for the world of business, it being decidedly against his religion to seek any personal benefit from God-given talents such as inventiveness and creativity — but singularly well suited to be a working partner for a person such as Channing who stood ever ready to receive personal profit from anything whatever).

1851

1851

The 3d example from the left below is the actual [telegraph](#)-line insulator that was submitted by [Charles Goodyear](#) to the US patent office in this year, as manufactured by the Condam Company (the other examples have been collected from various telegraph lines strung across the American landscape):



➡ **1851:** The term “scientist” had 1st appeared in 1840. In this year the term “science fiction” was coined, more or less, by the sometimes poet [William Wilson](#), in Chapter 10 of A LITTLE EARNEST BOOK UPON A GREAT OLD SUBJECT; WITH THE STORY OF THE POET-LOVER: “Science-Fiction, in which the revealed truths of Science may be given interwoven with a pleasing story which may itself be poetical and true.” (Mr. Wilson’s “great old subject” was poetry. He was one of the very few confidants to whom [Robert Chambers](#) had confessed the authorship of the anonymous 1844 VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION.)

➡ **1851:** [Friend Edward Hicks](#)’s posthumous MEMOIRS contained a declaration in this year in regard to painting that may surprise you; the dead artist/minister expressed what was a very typical attitude of the Quakers of that period in general toward the fine arts in general: “If the Christian world was in the real spirit of Christ, I do not believe there would be such a thing as a fine painter in Christendom. It appears clearly to me to be one of those trifling, insignificant arts, which has never been of any substantial advantage to mankind. But as the inseparable companion of voluptuousness and pride, it has presaged the downfall of empires and kingdoms; and in my view stands now enrolled among the premonitory symptoms of the rapid decline of the American Republic.”¹⁹

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

Although Wilson Armistead had diddly-squat new information (and virtually zero old information, if truth be told), in Volume VI of his supposedly authoritative [SELECT MISCELLANIES, CHIEFLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE HISTORY, CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES AND SUFFERINGS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS; WITH ACCORDANT SENTIMENTS OF EMINENT AND PIOUS INDIVIDUALS OF OTHER DENOMINATIONS, INCLUDING MANY REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, AND A VARIETY OF INFORMATION PARTICULARLY INTERESTING TO FRIENDS](#), he was unable to refrain from introducing yet a further “improvement” on the [fake news](#) “[Fierce Feathers](#)” fantasy of Easton monthly meeting — because, that’s what such people do!

QUAKER FAKELORE

19. MEMOIRS, as quoted in Carolyn Weekley’s THE KINGDOMS OF EDWARD HICKS (Williamsburg VA: Colonial Williamsburg/ Abrams, 1999), page 30




המוסיף על הצריך גורם לחיסרון - סנהדרין כט, א

- Babylonian TALMUD (Talmud Bavli)
created in the 3d to 6th Centuries CE
in what is now Iraq warns (Sanhedrin 29)
"adding to the truth subtracts from it."



1851

1851

 1851: [Frank Blackwell Mayer](#) made two preliminary sketches of Mary Nancy “Goddess” Eastman.²⁰



A son was born to *Wamdetanka* “Big Eagle” at his village *Kaposia* “Not Encumbered By Much Baggage” across the Mississippi River from what would become St. Paul²¹ in what would become [Minnesota](#).²² This boy, *Taoyateduta* “Our Red Nation”²³ would become the 5th in the [Little Crow](#) dynasty that had begun with *Wamdetanka*’s father *Chatanwakoowamani* “He Walks After a Hawk.” The Dakota politician and negotiator would become known to whites by the title of the dynasty, “Little Crow.”



Kaposia was sketched by [Frank Blackwell Mayer](#) in 1851

20. *Wakantankanwin* would die after childbirth at about age 28, in 1858.

21. But was at that time known as *Iminjaska* “White Rocks” because of the 80-foot high bluffs of white sandstone along the curve of the river, and would become known temporarily to the intrusives as “Pigs Eye” because of the facial deformity of one Pierre Parrant, a whiskey trader.

22. But was identified at various times as part of the Louisiana Territory, part of the [Kansas Territory](#), part of the Iowa territory, part of the Oregon Territory, part of the Wisconsin Territory, etc., depending on who had what axe to grind.

23. He would later assume the title of his headman father, “Little Crow.”

1851

1851



1851

1851

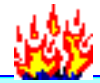


1851: In this year in Boston, Dr. William P. Channing and Moses Gerrish were installing the 1st electric fire alarm. Such an alarm wouldn't have helped, at Public School #26 in Greenwich Village on [Manhattan Island](#), as there wasn't a fire there but instead a fire panic. The problem was that the exit doors opened inward. The panicked children piled up inside these doors, and 40 suffocated. (This is why, now, all exit doors must open out.)



FIRE

At the [Library of Congress](#), in this year, a fire destroyed thousands of volumes including 2/3ds of the books the Congress had purchased from needy ex-president [Thomas Jefferson](#) in 1814. The Congress would have to appropriate \$100,000 for the purchase of new books and the creation of a fireproof room at the Library. Too bad about that Library of Congress in [Washington DC](#), huh?
-It should have been in Boston, under the care of our Dr. Channing!



FIRE

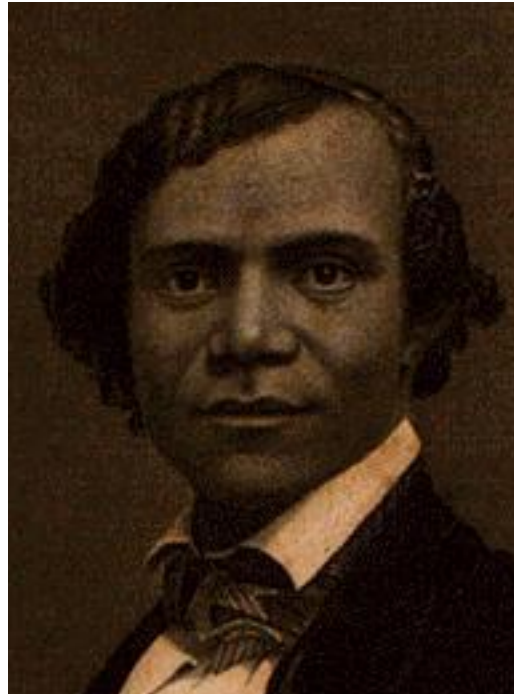


1851: [Thomas Chandler Haliburton](#)'s THE ENGLISH IN AMERICA, and his RULE AND MISRULE IN ENGLISH AMERICA.

Despite what seems a total lack of preparatory coursework in chemistry, [Henry Youle Hind](#) joined Trinity College's medical faculty as Professor of Chemistry.

A North American Convention was held at the St. Lawrence Hall in [Toronto](#), with anti-slavery leaders from across the U.S. and [Canada](#) West in attendance, to discuss emigration and other issues. An Anti-Slavery Society of [Canada](#), interracial, was founded in [Toronto](#) (subsequently, branches would be formed in other areas of Ontario as well). Upon passage of the Fugitive Slave Act, [Henry Bibb](#) had fled with his 2d wife, [Mary Miles Bibb](#), to near Windsor, Ontario (a town then called "Sandwich" in what was then termed "[Canada](#) West") were creating a Refugees' Home Colony for escaped slaves, while they were publishing a newspaper, [The Voice of](#)

the Fugitive.



VOICE OF THE FUGITIVE.

HENRY BIBB,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WINDSOR, C. W., MAY 6, 1852.

[Harriet Tubman](#) moved to [St. Catharines, Canada](#) West. This would become the center for her anti-slavery activities for the following 7 years.

[Mary Ann Shadd](#) at this point had been teaching in New-York, and she attended a meeting with her father in [Toronto](#) to discuss black immigration to [Canada](#). She and her brother Isaac Shadd decided to emigrate with [Henry Bibb](#), disregarding the fact that the Bibbs were the diametric opposite of determined “integrationists” like herself — they were determined “separatists.”

Christian Olbey has pointed out in “Unfolded Hands: Class Suicide and the Insurgent Intellectual Praxis of Mary Ann Shadd” ([Canadian Review of American Studies](#) — Issue 30:2, 2000) that Canada’s profession of hospitality toward fleeing US blacks was more a phenomenon of self-congratulation than of any real hospitality. Although during the early decades of the 19th Century, Canada did advertise itself as welcoming fugitives from US slavery (in fact, Lieutenant Governor Sir John Colborne responded to a prospective group of fugitives seeking refuge from the imposition of the draconian “black codes” in Cincinnati in this manner: “Tell the Republicans on your side of the line that we do not know men by their color... If you come to us, you will be entitled to all of the privileges of the rest of his majesty’s subjects”), this had more to do with the perceived need of white Canadians to construct for themselves a national identity than with “any lasting concern for the plight of human beings trapped under the threat of enslavement, or any actual desire to receive a substantial fugitive emigration. As the threat enacted in the Fugitive Slave Law made Black life in the northern states much more dangerous, the growing numbers and increasing visibility of fugitives began to strain the self-congratulatory ‘hospitality’ of Canadians, and foregrounded the antagonism between the ideal of Black freedom and the reality of Black presence.” At this point, in a letter printed in the [Toronto Colonist](#)

1851

1851

newspaper, a fear was expressed that the blacks were “coming rather too fast for the good of the Province. People may talk about the horrors of slavery as much as they choose; but fugitive slaves are by no means a desirable class of immigrants for Canada, especially when they come in large numbers.”

[Mary Ann Shadd](#) was, therefore, in moving to [Canada](#), positioning herself between a whole bunch of Canadian whites who were not exactly eager for her presence and a few influential Canadian blacks to whom her politics were anathema. There was going to be trouble, big trouble.




However, that was the future and this was the present. In this year the shipbuilding location known as [Chatham](#), where these events would transpire, was incorporating as a village.

1851

1851




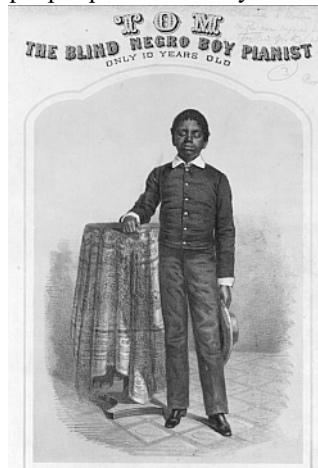
 **1851:** The machinery for the cotton mills of [Holyoke](#) was beginning to be manufactured.

The hut atop 960-foot Mount Holyoke was replaced by a hotel that offered telescopic views, reachable by a tramway.


1851

1851

 **1851:** The Wiggins family of **slaves** (including the 2-year-old **Thomas Greene Wiggins** who would achieve fame as **“Blind Tom”**) was purchased at auction by “Colonel” (or “General”) James Neill Bethune, a veteran of the Mexican War, a practicing attorney at law, and a newspaper editor at the Columbus **Times** — who would over his lifetime be able to profit most handsomely from the income Thomas would unexpectedly be able to generate in a long series of piano concerts and demeaning stage performances.²⁴ This piece of human property, this black pianist and mimic billed as “Blind Tom,” would be offered to the general public as an idiot. As the most popular American pianist of the second half of the 19th Century by far, the “idiot” would gross an incredible hundred thousand dollars a year, which in our era would be the equivalent of better than a million and a half per year — but these vast sums of money would never be for his own pocket but only for the pockets of the white people who were in charge of his existence. Then, when he would die after a stroke at the age of 59 after having in indignation having begun to refuse to give performances, his body would be disposed of and of course forgotten in an unmarked pauper plot in Brooklyn.



THOMAS GREENE WIGGINS

 **1851:** **Jenny Lind**, upon a visit to Paradise Pond in **Northampton**, is supposed to have commented, according to Frances Cavanah’s *JENNY LIND’S AMERICA* (Chilton Book Company, 1969), that “I think that Paradise Pond is well named. But ... I’d call all of it Paradise. The Paradise of America.”²⁵ When an inquiry was made about this attribution, in 1988, Ellise Feeley of the Reference Department of the local public (Forbes) library commented matter-of-factly “If Jenny didn’t say it she should have.”



24. This Bethune also would happen to be the publisher, at the **Cornerstone**, who would first suggest the possibility of the South’s secession from the American union.
 25. Jenny was in town to sing at the old First Church.

→ **1851:** In [New Bedford](#), Friend [Sarah Rotch Arnold](#) donated a home she had inherited to the Port Society for use as a mariners' home (this edifice still stands as such on Johnny Cake Hill next to the Seamens Bethel and across from the Whaling Museum).



→ **1851:** [William Lloyd Still](#) was elected chairman of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society in Philadelphia. He would hold the position for ten years.

→ **1851:** A visitor to the [North American Phalanx](#) of Red Bank, [New Jersey](#) was surprised to meet there not only an ex-resident of the [Hopedale](#) community but also an ex-Shaker.


Communal and Utopian Startups

Period	Startups
1841-1845	47
1846-1850	13
1851-1855	14

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

1851

1851

 **1851:** In [China](#), the process of selecting an official group of concubines for the new emperor Hsien Feng was well under way. Various eligible pubescents from Manchu clans had been sponsored by their families for this honor. The nominees had been most carefully screened for appropriateness, virginity, politeness, cultivation, etc. Even though this was the 1st year of mourning for the old emperor Tao Kuang, the maidens who had made the short list, some 20 or 30 of them, were summoned to the Forbidden City and presented to Hsien Feng's stepmother. She would be spending this year, winnowing the group down to those girls whose company she especially enjoyed. Among this group would be a 16-year-old from the Yehenara clan, whom for convenience we can refer to now as the Lady Yehenara although eventually she would be known to those of us who are Westerners as "Suzy," or [Tz'u-hsi](#). 慈禧



The Growth of the White Community in Shanghai



1844	50
1846	134
1848	159
1849	175
1850	210
1851	265
1854	250
1860	569
1865	5,129 (due to foreign troops fighting the <u>Taipings</u>)

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT



1851

1851



1851: Charles Pickering's THE RACES OF MAN was republished in London. On page 394 of this tome he had reported on the domestic cats of Zanzibar:




WALDEN: It is not worth the while to go round the world to count the cats in Zanzibar. Yet do this even till you can do better, and you may perhaps find some "Symmes' Hole" by which to get at the inside at last. England and France, Spain and Portugal, Gold Coast and Slave Coast, all front on this private sea; but no bark from them has ventured out of sight of land, though it is without doubt the direct way to India. If you would learn to speak all tongues and conform to the customs of all nations, if you would travel farther than all travellers, be naturalized in all climes, and cause the Sphinx to dash her head against a stone, even obey the precept of the old philosopher, and Explore thyself. Herein are demanded the eye and the nerve. Only the defeated and deserters go to the wars, cowards that run away and enlist. Start now on that farthest western way, which does not pause at the Mississippi or the Pacific, nor conduct toward a worn-out China or Japan, but leads on direct a tangent to this sphere, summer and winter, day and night, sun down, moon down, and at last earth down too.

CAT

SYMMES HOLE

"THE OLD PHILOSOPHER"

 [1851](#): The Washington Monument, as of this year:



(After the [US Civil War](#), when construction would resume, they would discover that all the granite of that color was gone from the quarry, and they would need to continue the monument skyward using stone of a slightly different hue. Ever afterward, when photographers would take pictures of the monument, they would try to have the branch of a cherry tree extend across its midsection, in order to obscure the line between the 1st sort of stone and the 2d sort.)

THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT



1851

1851

➡ 1851: John Manjiro sailed from California to the Sandwich Isles and then from Hawaii on across the Pacific Ocean, first to Okinawa and then to Nagasaki. He was of course arrested and interrogated, since Japan had had an official isolation policy for several centuries, but rather than beheading him the Shogunate would release him, and allow him to spend 3 nights in the home of his mother.



JOHN MANJIRO

The Shogunate kept a careful record of his interrogation, which would in 1918 be presented to the town of Fairhaven, Massachusetts by the Japanese ambassador to the US. The interrogation record included some artwork which evidently was by Manjiro himself.

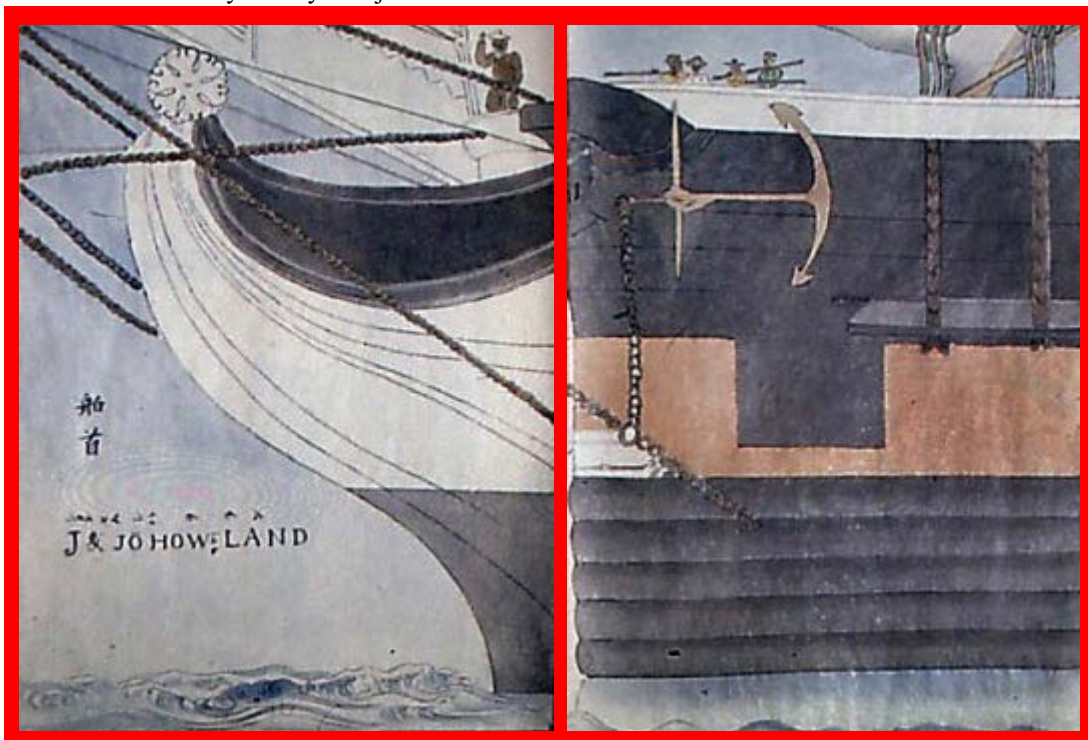


Table of Altitudes



Yoda	2' 0 "
Lavinia Warren	2' 8 "
Tom Thumb, Jr.	3' 4 "
Lucy (Australopithecus Afarensis)	3' 8 "
Hervé Villechaize ("Fantasy Island")	3' 11"
Charles Proteus Steinmetz	4' 0 "
Mary Moody Emerson per FBS (1)	4' 3 "
Alexander Pope	4' 6 "
Benjamin Lay	4' 7 "
Dr. Ruth Westheimer	4' 7 "
Gary Coleman ("Arnold Jackson")	4' 8 "
Edith Piaf	4' 8 "
Queen Victoria with osteoporosis	4' 8 "
Linda Hunt	4' 9 "
Queen Victoria as adult	4' 10 "
Mother Teresa	4' 10 "
Margaret Mitchell	4' 10 "
length of newer military musket	4' 10"
Charlotte Brontë	4' 10-11"
Tammy Faye Bakker	4' 11"
Soviet gymnast Olga Korbut	4' 11"
jockey Willie Shoemaker	4' 11"
Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec	4' 11"
Joan of Arc	4' 11"
Bonnie Parker of "Bonnie & Clyde"	4' 11"
Harriet Beecher Stowe	4' 11"
Laura Ingalls Wilder	4' 11"
a rather tall adult Pygmy male	4' 11"
Gloria Swanson	4' 11"1/2
Clara Barton	5' 0 "
Isambard Kingdom Brunel	5' 0 "
Andrew Carnegie	5' 0 "
Thomas de Quincey	5' 0 "
Dorothy Wordsworth	5' 0 "
Stephen A. Douglas	5' 0 "
Danny DeVito	5' 0 "
Immanuel Kant	5' 0 "
William Wilberforce	5' 0 "
Dollie Parton	5' 0 "
Mae West	5' 0 "
Pia Zadora	5' 0 "

1851

1851

October 1851: Emanuel Gottlieb Leutze's painting "Washington Crossing the Delaware," with in its very center, with full frontal exposure, the sword that would be captured by Captain John Brown in Virginia in 1859, went on display in New-York, where some 50,000 people viewed it.²⁶



AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Leutze had painted this subject in 1850 but then the painting had been damaged during a fire in his studio. Subsequently this original would be restored and it would wind up in a museum in Germany where it would be destroyed during a bombing raid by the Allies in World War II (but a 2d version is at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York).



← George Washington's sword (in the above Leutze painting).

1851: At just about this point in her life Louisa May Alcott would have been attaining her full adult height of 5 feet 6 inches (rather tall for a woman as indicated on the following screen).

[next screen]

26. In the famous Leutze painting, General Washington is depicted as standing up in a rowboat. This is imaginative, and was chosen by the painter over depicting Washington on horseback (the army ferried over the river not in rowboats, but in entirely unpicturesque high-sided barges). You will note a black soldier rowing the boat. The actual black person on the scene would have been Washington's manservant (slave) who traveled with him, but the myth that has developed is that this is a depiction of an African who had been an African prince and his parents had sent him to America to go to college. This was an actual person who actually was in that army, but it is not known that he was ever close to Washington. Of course, immediately that his ship had anchored in an American port, this actual person had been clapped into chains and sold as a slave. Over the course of the revolution he would regain his freedom but he would never return to Africa with his hard-won education in our School of Hard Knocks.

Table of Altitudes



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Dorothy Wordsworth	5' 0 "
Stephen A. Douglas	5' 0 "
Danny DeVito	5' 0 "
Immanuel Kant	5' 0 "
William Wilberforce	5' 0 "
Dollie Parton	5' 0 "
Mae West	5' 0 "



Pia Zadora	5' 0 "
Deng Xiaoping	5' 0 "
Dred Scott	5' 0 " (±)
Captain William Bligh of HMS <i>Bounty</i>	5' 0 " (±)
Harriet Tubman	5' 0 " (±)
Mary Moody Emerson per FBS (2)	5' 0 " (±)
John Brown of Providence, Rhode Island	5' 0 " (+)
John Keats	5' 3/4 "
Debbie Reynolds (Carrie Fisher's mother)	5' 1 "
Princess Leia (Carrie Fisher)	5' 1 "
Her Royal Highness The Princess Margaret	5' 1 "
Bette Midler	5' 1 "
Dudley Moore	5' 2 "
Paul Simon (of Simon & Garfunkel)	5' 2 "
Honoré de Balzac	5' 2 "
Sally Field	5' 2 "
Jemmy Button	5' 2 "
Margaret Mead	5' 2 "
R. Buckminster "Bucky" Fuller	5' 2 "
Yuri Gagarin the astronaut	5' 2 "
William Walker	5' 2 "
Horatio Alger, Jr.	5' 2 "
length of older military musket	5' 2 "
the artist formerly known as Prince	5' 2 1/2 "
typical female of Thoreau's period	5' 2 1/2 "
Francis of Assisi	5' 3 "
Voltaire	5' 3 "
Mohandas Gandhi	5' 3 "
Kahlil Gibran	5' 3 "
Friend Daniel Ricketson	5' 3 "
The Reverend Gilbert White	5' 3 "
Soviet First Secretary Nikita Khrushchev	5' 3 "
Sammy Davis, Jr.	5' 3 "
William Laws Calley, Jr.	5' 3 "
Truman Capote	5' 3 "
Kim Jong Il (North Korea)	5' 3 "
Stephen A. "Little Giant" Douglas	5' 4 "
Francisco Franco	5' 4 "
President James Madison	5' 4 "
Iosef Vissarionovich Dzugashvili "Stalin"	5' 4 "
Alan Ladd	5' 4 "
Pablo Picasso	5' 4 "



Truman Capote	5' 4"
Queen Elizabeth	5' 4"
Ludwig van Beethoven	5' 4"
Typical Homo Erectus	5' 4"
typical Neanderthal adult male	5' 4 ¹ / ₂ "
Alan Ladd	5' 4 ¹ / ₂ "
comte de Buffon	5' 5" (-)
Captain Nathaniel Gordon	5' 5"
Charles Manson	5' 5"
Audie Murphy	5' 5"
Harry Houdini	5' 5"
Hung Hsiu-ch'üan 洪秀全	5' 5"
Marilyn Monroe	5' 5 ¹ / ₂ "
T.E. Lawrence "of Arabia"	5' 5 ¹ / ₂ "
average runaway male American slave	5' 5-6"
Charles Dickens	5' 6?"
President Benjamin Harrison	5' 6"
President Martin Van Buren	5' 6"
James Smithson	5' 6"
Louisa May Alcott	5' 6"
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe	5' 6 ¹ / ₂ "
Napoleon Bonaparte	5' 6 ¹ / ₂ "
Emily Brontë	5' 6-7"
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	5' ?"
average height, seaman of 1812	5' 6.85"
Oliver Reed Smoot, Jr.	5' 7"
minimum height, British soldier	5' 7"
President John Adams	5' 7"
President John Quincy Adams	5' 7"
President William McKinley	5' 7"
"Charley" Parkhurst (a female)	5' 7"
President. General Ulysses S. Grant	5' 7"
Dr. Sigmund Freud	5' 7"
Henry Thoreau	5' 7"
the average male of Thoreau's period	5' 7 ¹ / ₂ "
Edgar Allan Poe	5' 8"
President Ulysses S. Grant	5' 8"
President William H. Harrison	5' 8"
President James Polk	5' 8"
President Zachary Taylor	5' 8"
average height, soldier of 1812	5' 8.35"
President Rutherford B. Hayes	5' 8 ¹ / ₂ "





1851

1851

President Millard Fillmore	5' 9"
President Harry S Truman	5' 9"
President Jimmy Carter	5' 9 ¹ / ₂ "
Herman Melville	5' 9 ³ / ₄ "
Calvin Coolidge	5' 10"
Andrew Johnson	5' 10"
Theodore Roosevelt	5' 10"
Thomas Paine	5' 10"
Franklin Pierce	5' 10"
Abby May Alcott	5' 10"
Reverend Henry C. Wright	5' 10"
Nathaniel Hawthorne	5' 10 ¹ / ₂ "
Louis "Deerfoot" Bennett	5' 10 ¹ / ₂ "
Friend John Greenleaf Whittier	5' 10 ¹ / ₂ "
President Dwight David "Ike" Eisenhower	5' 10 ¹ / ₂ "
Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots	5' 11"
Sojourner Truth	5' 11"
President Stephen Grover Cleveland	5' 11"
President Herbert Hoover	5' 11"
President Woodrow Wilson	5' 11"
President Jefferson Davis	5' 11"
President Richard Milhous Nixon	5' 11 ¹ / ₂ "
Robert Voorhis the hermit of Rhode Island	< 6'
Frederick Douglass	6' (-)
Anthony Burns	6' 0"
Waldo Emerson	6' 0"
Joseph Smith, Jr.	6' 0"
David Walker	6' 0"
Sarah F. Wakefield	6' 0"
Thomas Wentworth Higginson	6' 0"
President James Buchanan	6' 0"
President Gerald R. Ford	6' 0"
President James Garfield	6' 0"
President Warren Harding	6' 0"
President John F. Kennedy	6' 0"
President James Monroe	6' 0"
President William H. Taft	6' 0"
President John Tyler	6' 0"
Captain John Brown	6' 0 (+)"
President Andrew Jackson	6' 1"
Alfred Russel Wallace	6' 1"
President Ronald Reagan	6' 1"



1851


1851

Venture Smith	6' 1 1/2"
John Camel Heenan	6' 2"
Crispus Attucks	6' 2"
Franz Liszt	6' 2"
President Chester A. Arthur	6' 2"
President George Bush, Senior	6' 2"
President Franklin D. Roosevelt	6' 2"
President George Washington	6' 2"
Gabriel Prosser	6' 2"
Dangerfield Newby	6' 2"
Charles Augustus Lindbergh	6' 2"
President Bill Clinton	6' 2 1/2"
President Thomas Jefferson	6' 2 1/2"
President Lyndon B. Johnson	6' 3"
Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.	6' 3"
Richard "King Dick" Seaver	6' 3 1/4"
President Abraham Lincoln	6' 4"
Marion Morrison (AKA John Wayne)	6' 4"
Elisha Reynolds Potter, Senior	6' 4"
Thomas Cholmondeley	6' 4" (?)
William Buckley	6' 4-7"
Franklin Benjamin Sanborn	6' 5"
King William III "King Gorilla" of Netherlands	6' 5"
Peter the Great of Russia	6' 7"
William "Dwarf Billy" Burley	6' 7"
Giovanni Battista Belzoni	6' 7"
Thomas Jefferson (the statue)	7' 6"
Jefferson Davis (the statue)	7' 7"
Martin Van Buren Bates	7' 11 1/2"
M. Bihin, a Belgian exhibited in Boston in 1840	8'
Anna Haining Swan	8' 1"



1851

1851

 **1851:** William Hazlett's translation of Father **Évariste Régis Huc**'s 1850 work in French, SOUVENIRS D'UN VOYAGE DANS LA TARTARIE, LE THIBET ET LA CHINE PENDANT LES ANNÉES 1844, 1845, ET 1846, appeared in English as HUC AND GABET: TRAVELS IN TARTARY, THIBET AND CHINA, 1844-1846.

CHINA




THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT



1851


1851

 **1851:** Although Hugh Mackay had opened a Daguerreotype studio in [China](#) in 1846, the earliest surviving photographic exposure we have to this point been able to collect happens to be a salted paper print from a calotype negative of the Five-Story Pagoda in Canton, made in this year. That image has degraded and doesn't now look like much — but here for your delight is the Zhen Hai Lou 5-story pagoda of Canton originally created in 1380 by Zhu Liangzu as rendered in a medium quite a bit more permanent, on a period porcelain platter:



THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT



 **1851:** The average per capita US consumption of [coffee](#), which had been 1¹/₄ pounds in 1821, had risen at this point to 6¹/₄ pounds — primarily as a result of the national crusade against [drunkenness](#).



1851

1851




1851: The firm of [Thomas Cook](#) offered many British “tour-ists” the opportunity of economically visiting London to view the exhibits of progress at the [Crystal Palace](#).



Cook has made travel easy and a pleasure.

THE GRAND TOUR

The ancestry of our present-day picture windows is closely linked to the development of window glass itself. London’s [Crystal Palace](#) –the quintessential glass structure of the Industrial Revolution– not only enclosed a world’s fair in glass, but also exhibited the largest sheet of plate glass created to that point. Until the 1920s, plate glass used for oversized [glass windows](#) would be produced entirely by the casting method. Workers would pour molten glass onto cast-iron tables from large regenerative pots, then roll, anneal, grind, and polish the slab into a finished sheet. The process was slow and labor-intensive, so plate glass was expensive. Not surprisingly, it would see very limited residential use during the 19th Century. According to Warren Scoville’s REVOLUTION IN GLASS MAKING, only “Some of the wealthiest people in Boston had begun to use polished plate glass instead of sheet glass in their front windows before 1850.” By 1870, plate glass sheets as large as 84"x60" would become possible, but the domestic output would be less than one percent. The American production of plate glass would rise steadily to 82 percent by 1890. In 1897 the Marsh Plate Glass Company of Floreffe, Pennsylvania would develop a continuous oven (lehr) for annealing plate glass, reducing the carefully controlled cooling time from three days to three hours. Stylistically, oversized windows known as “cottage” or “front” windows would grow in popularity during the 1890s. Such cottage or front windows invariably featured a transom above them, and including this transom were rarely larger than 48"x68". Cultural changes in the early 20th century, as well as innovations such as central heating, would lead to flowing, open floor plans and ever-larger home windows. The horizontal emphasis of Prairie School architecture, championed by Frank Lloyd Wright, would create a need for wide windows rather than tall ones. While Wright used decorative ribbon windows or art glass in most of his Prairie School houses, more vernacular and eclectic versions incorporated oversized windows of plate glass. To meet this market, sash-and-blind companies could simply place their cottage windows on their sides in the window frames. The transom became a casement or double-hung sash paired with a mate for natural ventilation. These new oversized windows, mimicking commercial “[Chicago](#)” windows, would for a period be known as “landscape” sash. The center sash would still rarely be larger than 48" square, but the overall window assembly would come to have a predominately horizontal axis, spanning 8' or more. Thanks to Henry Ford, by 1922 engineers had developed a semi-continuous method of rolling plate glass for automobile windshields that was soon adopted by Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. and Libby-Owens-Ford Glass Co. As a result, the price of plate glass would plummet in comparison to the price of standard window glass, and though it remained the costlier material, more affordable plate glass contributed to the growing popularity of picture windows. By the 1930s, plate glass 127"x286" could be produced up to 1 1/4" thick. American Window Glass Co. of Pittsburgh offered a plate glass alternative for oversized windows dubbed “Crystal Sheet,” a special 39-ounce-per-square-foot) glass 3/16" in thickness. Nevertheless, picture windows were usually glazed with 1/4", 5/16", or 3/8" plate glass, while larger windows required thicker glass for stability. Chicago’s Century of Progress International Exposition of 1933 would unveil George Fred Keck’s ultra-modern House of Tomorrow and Crystal House emphasizing the use of glass throughout the home. The term “picture window” would be coined a few years later. A solar-home innovator, George Fred Keck would introduce thermal pane windows in 1935, but thermal pane picture windows would not be commonly found on all classes of residential work until the 1960s.

 **1851:** The world’s 1st prefab structure was being set in place, by Joseph Paxton, in the Hyde Park district of London, and was being termed “the Crystal Palace.”²⁷

Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, never a friend of “the people,” who, in the early days of Owenite socialism had been terrified, and had contemplated repressive measures,



The people are rotten to the Core.... They will plunder, destroy and annihilate all Property in the Country.

convinced himself at this time that visiting this new “Great Exhibition of Art and Industry” prefabricated structure would bring millions of common folk into the capitol city on a pretext, where upon a signal these commoners could begin a general insurrection against their government:



I am also well informed that at this very time there is a deep laid plot going on in London to overturn the institutions of this country. Upon this subject I have been in communication with the Home office and the police....

One wonders what the fearless duke would have done, had we warned him that the new under-ocean electric cable was intended to suck all the vitality out of English mattresses!

There was a great exhibition of the works of industry of all nations in this palace of crystal. Alexander Catlin Twining’s MANUFACTURE OF ICE BY MECHANICAL MEANS ON A COMMERCIAL SCALE (BY STEAM AND WATER POWER) was just being published. In this palace of crystal, Thomas Masters was churning ice for the benefit of the Queen, and others.

COOLNESS

The peculiar thing about this palace of crystal, the world’s 1st prefab structure, was that its modular construction of bolted ironwork inset with precut panes of glass was such as to reveal rather than conceal the materials and processes of its construction. Revealing rather than concealing was a shocking thing in the architecture of those times but would enable the structure later to be disassembled and re-erected in Sydenham south of London, where it would serve as a museum and concert hall until its destruction by fire in 1936. The structure was not exclusively of iron and glass as has been supposed, for the longer arches of the roof needed to be fashioned of laminated wood. Expendable formations of British soldiers were being marched through the galleries to make sure the novel structure would not fall apart under the vibrations generated by the expected mobs of higher-caste gawkers. It was such an untested design that it was trapping far too much light and heat. Inside, some of the exhibits were having to be placed inside tents, others under canopies.

27. An accurate descriptor would have been “Prefabricated Palace,” but that doesn’t have as much of a Magic Kingdom ring to it. Paxton would become a “Sir.”

HDT

WHAT?

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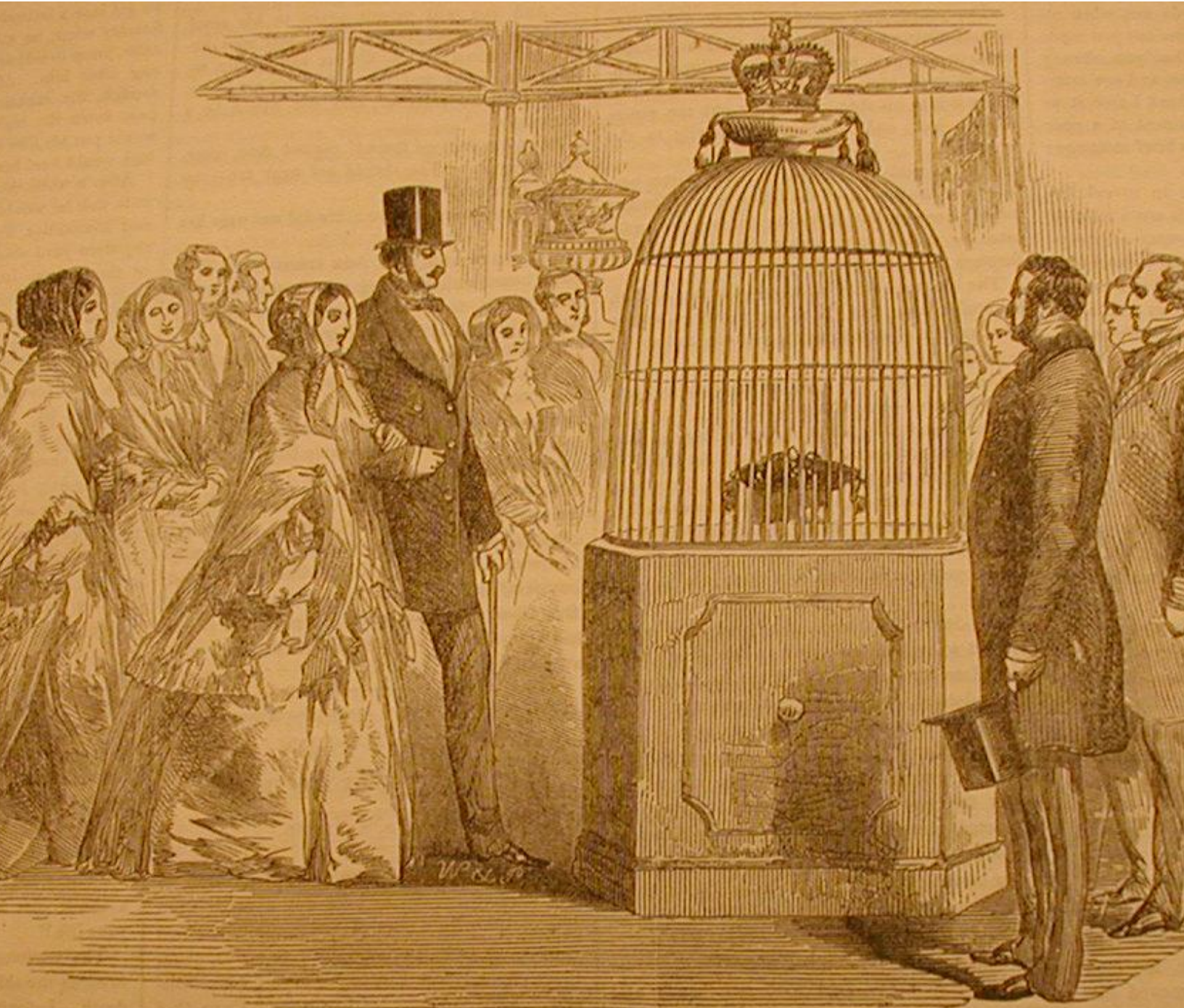
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Valued at over \$700,000, the Mountain of Light “Kohinoor” diamond was displayed at the [Crystal Palace](#) Exposition in London.



After all the work [sic] which has been made about this celebrated diamond, our readers will be rather surprised to hear that many people find a difficulty in bringing themselves to believe, from its external appearance, that it is anything but a piece of common glass. Amid all the adventures that have befallen it, there is perhaps none more odd than its genuineness should now be doubted. Yet so it is, that the “Mountain of Light” has been shockingly ill-used in the cutting, and that when



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placed in the open light of day, without any arrangements to draw forth its brilliancy, it does not sparkle and gleam like other jewels of the kind. To obviate this disadvantage, and demonstrate to the world that the Koh-i-noor is a veritable diamond, it has been surrounded by a canopy or tent, the interior of which is lighted with gas, to develop its beauties as a gem of the purest water.

So many were disappointed that this thing looked exactly like a hunk of glass, that [Queen Victoria](#) would order that M. Coster of Amsterdam recut it from its original [Indian](#) style, transforming it into the modified table shape known as the “brilliant.”



[WALDEN](#): White Pond and Walden are great crystals on the surface of the earth, Lakes of Light. If they were permanently congealed, and small enough to be clutched, they would, perchance, be carried off by slaves, like precious stones, to adorn the heads of emperors; but being liquid, and ample, and secured to us and our successors forever, we disregard them, and run after the diamond of Kohinoor. They are too pure to have a market value; they contain no muck. How much more beautiful than our lives, how much more transparent than our characters, are they! We never learned meanness of them. How much fairer than the pool before the farmer's door, in which his ducks swim! Hither the clean wild ducks come. Nature has no human inhabitant who appreciates her. The birds with their plumage and their notes are in harmony with the flowers, but what youth or maiden conspires with the wild luxuriant beauty of Nature? She flourishes most alone, far from the towns where they reside. Talk of heaven! ye disgrace earth.

The [Duke of Wellington](#) himself first pressed the stone against the grinding wheel. This would of necessity reduce the stone from 186 to 108.93 carats. The grinding, which took place in London and was powered by a steam engine, required a crew of four in addition to the supervisor, and 37 days of labor at 12 hours per day. The wheel, at about 2,000 rpm, would generate so much heat that the solder in which the stone was embedded would melt, and at one point the oil in the wheel's surface would catch fire. The firm would receive £8,000 for its work.²⁸

The [stereoscope](#) (stereo Daguerreotype) developed by [Sir Charles Wheatstone](#) in the early 1830s and constructed for him by the optician R. Murray in 1832 had been presented on June 21st, 1848 to the Royal College of London, but it was exhibited to the general public for the 1st time at the Crystal Palace, and of course everyone noticed when it was much admired there by [Queen Victoria](#).

PHOTOGRAPHY

 [1851](#): George William Curtis's NILE NOTES OF A HOWADIJI was published by Harper of New-York.

ISLAM


There appeared a full English translation of [Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca](#)'s *RELACIÓN*, by Buckingham Smith.

 [1851](#): The fog cannon at Boston Light on [Little Brewster Island](#) was replaced, initially by a bell and later by various foghorns.



BOSTON HARBOR

The American Lighthouse Service had been popularly considered to be only slightly less corrupt than the Office of Indian Affairs, but in this year there was a congressional investigation which would in the following year bring about a reformed Lighthouse Board.

 [1851](#): Machinery was imported that would halve the price of manufacture of horseshoe-shaped drainage tiles. By 1864 there would be enough such tile laid in ditches under the meadows of upstate [New York](#), to encircle the earth.

SWAMP

28. This "brilliant" cut, a modification of the table cut, had been determined by Vincenzo Peruzzi to generate more refraction and reflection of light than either the original table cut or the cut known as the rose (for instance, the Grand Mogul of 208 carats). A brilliant has 32 facets above its girdle (its greatest diameter) and 24 below, with a flat plane on top called the "table," and a smaller table below called the "culet." The proportions generally used are "From the table to the girdle one-third, and from the girdle to the culet two-thirds of the total thickness; the diameter of the table four-ninths of that of the girdle; the culet one-fifth of the table."

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➡ 1851: Wendell Phillips, who was noticeably reluctant and uncomfortable when it came to sharing quarters with black abolitionists while on lecture tours, knew very well that the abolitionist struggle, for white abolitionists, had nothing whatever to do with a desire to improve the conditions of life available to black Americans. At this point he gave his game away by declaring to his white friends:



“My friends, if we never freed a slave, we have at least freed ourselves in the effort to emancipate our brother man.”²⁹

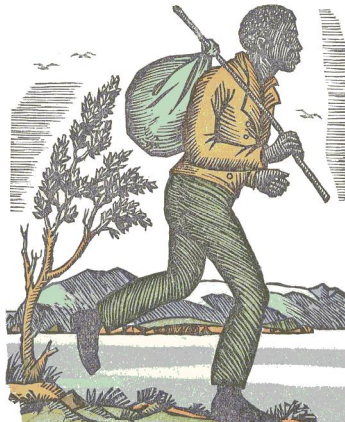
RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

Obviously, the name of Wendell’s game would be Set-The-White-Man-Free-From-Being-His-Brother’s-Keeper. (Let the names of our favorite games be accurately descriptive! :-)

It is to be noted that this was the game that was being played in Virginia as well during this year, for there was a new law being put in effect which would oblige free blacks to leave that State of grace within a year — or be reduced again to slavery. The local version of Set-The-White-Man-Free-From-Being-His-Brother’s-Keeper, being played down south, was Go-Be-Free-Somewhere-Else, and the local version being played up north was At-Least-We-Tried-And-Are-Now-Therefore-Among-The-Righteous — but these slightly differing versions amount to very much the same sort of stupid racist bag of tricks of What-Is-Of-The-Last-Importance-Is-The-White-Man’s-Righteousness.

RACISM

Surprise surprise! It was a white man’s game in which the person of color was but a pawn.³⁰



Here the executive committee of the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Society position themselves around [Robert Purvis](#) during this year. I **don't** mean to suggest that **all** of these folks would have **totally** agreed with Phillips or with his white-man's-game of Set-The-White-Man-Free-From-Being-His-Brother's-Keeper. I only mean to insist that that was in fact

29. Has it become clear to you, in view of the above, why, when in 1842 the surviving 35 of the black [privateers](#) of the *Amistad* mutiny had been sent back to Africa aboard the bark *Gentleman*, they had been sent home as mere charity wards with nobody ever thinking to return to them their prize schooner *La Amistad* admittedly worth \$70,000 — which they had won fair and square with their blood, sweat, and tears? For sure, had it been 35 surviving free white [privateers](#), they would not have been denied this booty which belonged to them, but because they were instead free blacks, it never even **occurred** to any of the white players in this legal drama to give them their prize schooner back! One of the open issues of this drama, therefore, is: what happened to the [La Amistad](#)? **Where did this valuable piece of property go? Which white men were allowed to profit from it?** Our history books are, of course, silent. This is a question which, due to the ingrained nature of our race prejudice, it has never occurred to us to pose:



“In those parts of the Union in which the negroes are no longer slaves, they have in no wise drawn nearer to the whites. On the contrary, the prejudice of the race appears to be stronger in the States which have abolished slavery ... and nowhere is it so intolerant as in those States where servitude has never been known.”



— [Alexis de Tocqueville](#)



the **predominant**, most **influential** white attitude:



During this year was published in Philadelphia PA by the firm of Campbell & Powers John Campbell's **NEGRO-MANIA: BEING AN EXAMINATION OF THE FALSELY ASSUMED EQUALITY OF THE VARIOUS RACES OF MEN; DEMONSTRATED BY THE INVESTIGATIONS OF CHAMPOLLION, WILKINSON AND OTHERS, TOGETHER WITH A CONCLUDING CHAPTER, PRESENTING A COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE NEGROES IN THE WEST INDIES BEFORE AND SINCE EMANCIPATION.**

EMANCIPATION
JAMES WILKINSON

Surprise surprise! Black people are inferior to white people.²

In this year also appeared [Dr. Samuel A. Cartwright](#)'s **REPORT ON THE DISEASES AND PECULIARITIES OF THE NEGRO RACE** (*DeBow's Review* XI), in which he declared the seeking of freedom by people of color to be a medical condition, an illness, an ailment to which he assigned the New Greek designation "**drapetomania**." (To prevent such an ailment from manifesting itself the slavemaster must avoid making himself too familiar with his or her slaves, never in any manner allowing them to consider themselves as equals with their white masters. Upon the detection symptoms of this medical condition, such as the slave's becoming sulky and dissatisfied without cause, the curative treatment should include "whipping the devil out of them."³¹

30. Maybe you don't agree.

31. [To be perfectly frank here: I have yet to establish that any sensible person at the time took Dr. Cartwright seriously, so the possibility remains open, at least in my own mind) that he was merely some sort of running dog whom only a modern historian reconstructing this in retrospect would ever tendentiously take seriously. What do you think?]

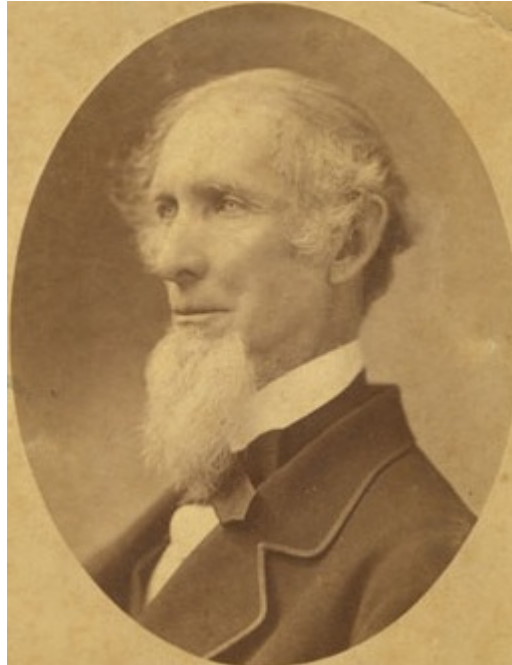
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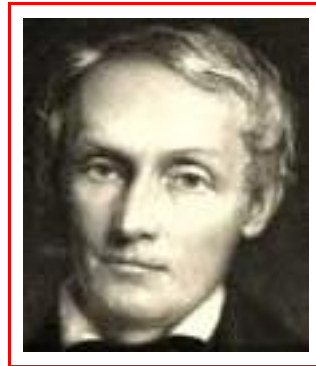
(Other Southern physicians would suggest that the removal of both big toes might be adequate to render running impossible.)

The first complete gorilla skeleton reached England. Previously, all that had been seen by Europeans had been a few skulls. Clearly, gorilla people were also inferior to white people.

Publication of [Dr. Josiah Clark Nott](#)'s AN ESSAY ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MANKIND, VIEWED IN CONNECTION WITH NEGRO [SLAVERY](#) DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOUTHERN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION, 14 DECEMBER, 1850.³²




[Professor Samuel George Morton](#)'s ADDITIONAL OBSERVATION ON HYBRIDITY.



32. The attitude of the Southern Rights Association seems to have been that black slaves had no Southern rights. The attitude of Dr. Nott seems to have been that one sufficient reason for the appropriateness of such a political fact had been revealed by the science of biology — according to the advice of the most prominent of the learned white practitioners in that field.

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 **1851: Richard Josiah Hinton** came from England to America, and took up residence in New-York City. There he would learn the printer's trade and then become a newspaper reporter for several different newspapers in New-York and Boston.

James Newton Gloucester was born to [Elizabeth A. Parkhill Gloucester](#) and [the Reverend James Newton Gloucester](#) (he would die during 1930).


HISTORY OF RR

A revolution in railroad construction was accomplished, the Bollman Bridge at [Harpers Ferry](#) — an all-metal truss that should have been capable of supporting more than one ton of self-manumitting slaves per linear foot.






Harpers Ferry VA from Captain John Brown's overlook in Maryland

JOHN BROWN
BRIDGE DESIGN

 **1851:** The Reverend [Richard Chenevix Trench](#)'s series of 5 lectures, "Language as an Instrument of Knowledge," delivered at Winchester from February 1845 into 1846, became a book ON THE STUDY OF WORDS.³³ He proposed that even when one considers words singly, they contain "boundless stores of moral and historic truth, and no less of passion and imagination laid up." This singular study, by the person who more than any other inspired the initiation of the Oxford English Dictionary project, would go into 20 editions.³⁴

A language will often be wiser, not merely than the vulgar, but even than the wisest of those who speak it. Being like amber in its efficacy to circulate the electric spirit of truth, it is also like amber in embalming and preserving the relics of ancient truth.... Sometimes it locks up truths, which were once well known, but which, in the course of ages, have passed out of sight and have been forgotten.

 **1851:** A group of vacationers including the landscape painter [Frederic Edwin Church](#) and the Lee, Massachusetts paper manufacturer [Cyrus West Field](#)³⁵ traveled by train to Virginia and [Kentucky](#) and took a steamboat up the Mississippi River. In St. Paul, Minnesota, the group boarded another steamboat to go on up the [Minnesota River](#) and go watch the "Indian treaty" be "negotiated," as planned in Washington DC, with the Dakotas, that would replace the red man with the white man on the central plains. The painter Church having gone on to [Niagara Falls](#) to prepare for his 1857 work on that monstrous subject, Field wrote him and alleged that the primitives at Traverse des Sioux had been terrified by the steamboat.

 **1851:** [Concord](#)'s "Social Library" gave its books to a Town Library to be located in the new Town House (but see 1873 ).

33. Refer to Gordon Boudreau's "Thoreau and Richard C. Trench" in *ESQ* 20 of 1974, pages 117-24. Gregory Downing has written on James Joyce's possible use of Trench's popular books on language in *Joyce Studies Annual*, 1998, pages 37-68.


34. The current editor of the volume is A.L. Mayhew.

35. The Reuters news wire service was beginning in London, and the first underwater cable was being laid under the English Channel. Field would become the primary venture capitalist behind the transatlantic cable which would follow after this channel cable.



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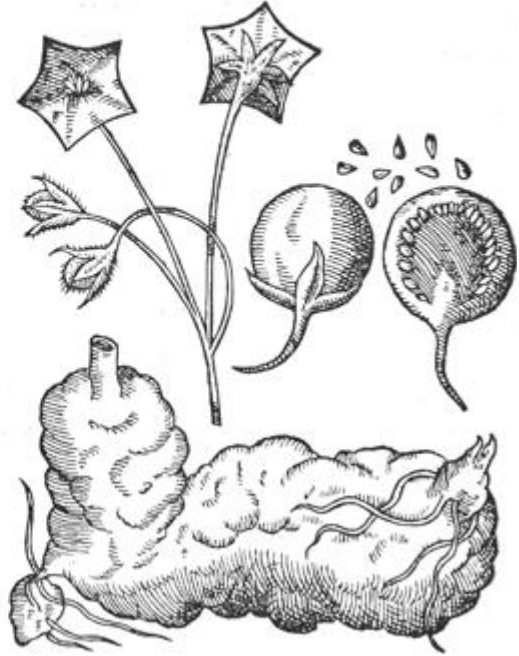
 **1851:** In **Boston**, Bernard McGiniskin was hired as a policeman, then fired, then re-hired, and then re-fired.³⁶

As an after-impact of the great **potato** famine, there was widespread blindness in **Ireland**. The population of the island had fallen from 8,175,124 as of 1841 to 6,552,385 (whereas without the **Irish Potato Famine** and the accompanying epidemic and emigration the population of that island could have been expected at this point to have been something greater than 9,000,000).

Population Trends

	England / Wales	Ireland
1821	12,000,000	6,800,000
1831	13,900,000	7,770,000
1841	15,920,000	8,180,000
1845	about 16,700,000	about 8,300,000 (blight, then famine, fever, and emigration)
1851	17,930,000	6,550,000
1861	20,070,000	5,800,000
1871	31,629,299	5,410,000
1881	35,026,108	5,170,000

36. He was the initial **Irishman**, you see, on the force. This was just scandalous — it was like supposing one could fit a fox into a uniform and entrust to it the safety of one's chickens. Bostonians [*sic*, this means white non-Irish males] talked about it, in their barber shops they were saying it was as cunning as hiring a nigger boy [*sic*, these are 19th-Century white American men talking to 19th-Century white American men] to tend a garden full of watermelons. What is going to come of all this insane **liberalism**?



Accurate estimates of this sort of thing are of course rather hard to come by, but order-of-magnitude it is now being estimated that like a million people had starved to death. Reviewing these figures, however, the Census Commissioners of the time pronounced them “on the whole, satisfactory,” pointing out that lower population levels meant “the general advancement of the country.” The relatives who had emigrated to the USA were evidently unable to take such a sanguinary attitude, as they were providing continuously increasing assistance for the people they had left behind:

Low Estimates for Total Remittances to Ireland

Year	Pounds
1848	£460,000
1849	£540,000
1850	£957,000
1851	£990,000

Because of the fact that:

It is useless to disguise the truth that any great improvement in the social system of Ireland must be founded upon an extensive change in the present state of agrarian occupation, and that this change necessarily implies a long, continued and systematic ejection of small holders and of squatting cottiers.

the trend among the “improving” absentee landlords of the island had become to hire gangs of thugs who would evict small tenants and tear the roofs from their cottages to make certain they could not come back:

Families Evicted

Year	Families
1847	6,026
1848	9,657
1849	16,686
1850	19,949
1851	13,197



What precisely was it, which had produced such a tragedy, or, such a travesty, as this famine and epidemic? Is an event of this magnitude to be understood as having been purely and simply an ecological disaster, a Malthusian inevitability, or must this be considered as having been primarily a piece of political opportunism, a Newt Gingrichian malignancy on the body politic, an opportunity to kick an entire people while they were down? Christine Kinealy has offered a refined analysis³⁷ involving some mixture of these possibilities:

37. Kinealy, Christine. THIS GREAT CALAMITY: THE IRISH FAMINE 1845-52. Dublin: Gill & Macmillan, 1994



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The onset of the Famine was unexpected although partial crop failures and food shortages were not unusual. In 1845, therefore, the [potato](#) blight, regardless of the lack of understanding of either its origins or an antidote, was not regarded with undue alarm. Although approximately 50 per cent of the main subsistence crop failed in 1845-6, the consequence of the resultant shortages was not [famine](#), nor did emigration or mortality increase substantially. The role played by the government, local landlords, clerics, and various relief officials was significant in achieving this outcome. The second, more widespread, blight of 1846 marked the real beginning of the Famine. Ominously, the impact of the shortages was apparent in the period immediately following the harvest. Inevitably also, the people undergoing a second year of shortages were far less resilient than they had been twelve months earlier. The government responded to this potentially more serious situation by reducing its involvement in the import of food into the country and by making relief more difficult to obtain. The distress that followed the 1847 harvest was caused by a small crop and economic dislocation rather than the widespread appearance of blight. The government again changed its relief policy in an attempt to force local resources to support the starving poor within their district. The government professed a belief that this policy was necessary to ensure that a burden which it chose to regard as essentially local should not be forced upon the national finances. This policy underpinned the actions of the government for the remainder of the Famine. The relief of [famine](#) was regarded essentially as a local responsibility rather than a national one, let alone an imperial obligation. The special relationship between the constituent parts of the United Kingdom forged by the Act of Union appeared not to extend to periods of shortage and famine.

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If the blight is judged to be an unforeseen ecological disaster, beyond the control of man, which struck [Ireland](#) at a particularly vulnerable time, it was especially important that the intervention of man (as represented by [Irish](#) merchants, landlords, and the policy makers within the British government among others) should compensate for the failings of nature. It was the failure of these key groups to meet the challenge and implement effective action which transformed the blight into a [famine](#).

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The contribution of outside charitable bodies was mostly confined to the early years of the Famine. By 1847, most of these sources had dried up or, as in the case of the [Quakers](#), they had decided to use their remaining funds to concentrate on long-term improvements rather than immediate relief. Significantly, the Quakers' men on the ground who toured the west of [Ireland](#) in the winter of 1846-7 were critical both of absentee landlords and of the policies pursued by the British government alike.

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For landlords also, who were able to ride the storm of diminished rentals and heavy taxation, the Famine ultimately brought both social and financial benefits. As Lord George Hill, a "reforming" landlord who had attempted without success to



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consolidate his estates prior to 1845, admitted:

The [Irish](#) people have profited much by the Famine, the lesson was severe; but so rooted were they in old prejudices and old ways, that no teacher could have induced them to make the changes which this Visitation of Divine Providence has brought about, both in their habits of life and in their mode of agriculture.

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In conclusion, therefore, the response of the British government to the Famine was inadequate in terms of humanitarian criteria and, increasingly after 1847, systematically and deliberately so. The localised shortages that followed the blight of 1845 were adequately dealt with but, as the shortages became more widespread, the government retrenched. With the short-lived exception of the soup kitchens, access to relief –or even more importantly, access to food– became more restricted. That the response illustrated a view of [Ireland](#) and its people as distant and marginal is hard to deny. What, perhaps, is more surprising is that a group of officials and their non-elected advisors were able to dominate government policy to such a great extent. This relatively small group of people, taking advantage of a passive establishment, and public opinion which was opposed to further financial aid for Ireland, were able to manipulate a theory of free enterprise, thus allowing a massive social injustice to be perpetrated within a part of the United Kingdom. There was no shortage of resources to avoid the tragedy of a [famine](#). Within Ireland itself, there were substantial resources of food which, had the political will existed, could have been diverted, even as a short-term measure, to supply a starving people. Instead, the government pursued the objective of economic, social, and agrarian reform as a long-term aim, although the price paid for this ultimately elusive goal was privation, disease, emigration, mortality and an enduring legacy of disenchantment.

End of this quoting. What I am wondering is whether anyone can offer insight into the Quaker disengagement cited by the author as having taken place in 1848. Was that a case of what nowadays we term “burnout”? In particular, where Friends spoke of their prior effort as having been equivalent to “giving the criminal a long day,” what was the significance of the deployment of such an idiom? Were the Friends at that point, in despair, becoming political “Newt Gingrichians”? What was it precisely, in that period, to “give the criminal a long day”?



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1851: At the end of the journal entries for this year, [Waldo Emerson](#) listed his recent readings in Oriental materials: “Vedas; Firdusi; Saadi; Ammar.”

[Emerson](#) lectured in [Rochester](#), Buffalo, and Syracuse, New York, then had several engagements in Massachusetts, then delivered “England” in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, followed by the “Conduct of Life” series of lectures that would go together into his last book, [CONDUCT OF LIFE](#). Invited to a 2d convention in [Worcester](#) for woman’s rights, again he declined. However, Emerson was not a misogynist of the 1st water — for contrast, here is what 1st-water [misogyny](#) looked like *circa* 1851:



In men in general, the sexual desire is inherent and spontaneous and belongs to the condition of puberty. In the other sex the desire is dormant, or nonexistent till excited; always till excited by undue familiarities.... Women, whose position and education have protected them from exciting causes, constantly pass through life without being cognizant of the promptings of the senses.

— Anonymous, PROSTITUTION

In [Frederick Douglass’ Paper](#) for October 30, 1851, some boilerplate PC comments would be made in regard to this Woman’s Rights convention in [Worcester](#):


Absorbed as we are in these perilous times, with the great work of unchaining the American bondman, and assisting the hapless and hunted fugitive in his flight from his merciless pursuers to a place of safety, we have little time to consider the inequalities, wrongs and hardships endured by woman. Our silence, however, must not be set down either to indifference or to a want of independence. In our eyes, the rights of woman and the rights of man are identical— We ask no rights, we advocate no rights for ourselves, which we would not ask and advocate for woman. Whatever may be said as to a division of duties and avocations, the rights of man and the rights of woman are one and inseparable, and stand upon the same indestructible basis. If, for the well-being and happiness of man, it is necessary that he should hold property, have a voice in making the laws which he is expected to obey, be stimulatd [sic] by his participation in government to cultivate his mental faculties, with a view to an honorable fulfillment of his social obligations, precisely the same may be said of woman.

We advocate woman’s rights, not because she is an angel, but because she is a woman, having the same wants, and being exposed to the same evils as man.

Whatever is necessary to protect him, is necessary to protect her. Holding these views, and being profoundly desirous that they should universally prevail, we rejoice at every indication of progress in their dissemination.

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1851

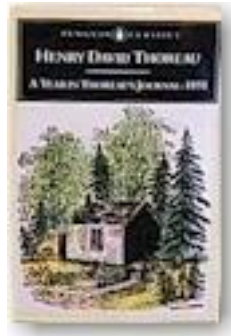
 **1851:** In this year [Emily Dickinson](#) turned 21. She wrote her brother [Austin Dickinson](#), who was teaching at the Endicott School in Boston's North End:

*I like to get such **facts** to set down in my **journal**, also anything else that's **startling** which you may chance to know – I don't think deaths or murders can ever come amiss in a young woman's journal.*

In this year [Henry Thoreau](#) turned 26. He surveyed the lots adjacent to the site on which Concord was building a new courthouse, which was the location at which his father had worked in the "Yellow Store." He also laid out the new courthouse's cellar and, according to Adams and Ross, became a Romantic.



In 1993, Thoreau's journal for this year would be separately published by Penguin:



There was a break in the singing family, between [Jesse Hutchinson](#), [Judson Hutchinson](#), and [Asa Hutchinson](#). Various members of the family would form singing groups of their own. [John W. Hutchinson](#) would be the last of the brothers to form a regular singing company of his own and much of his energy would be put into singing on behalf of temperance.



1851: Samuel G. Arnold added steam power to the [Brooklyn Eagle](#)'s press, the first such engine in this [Brooklyn](#) printing office.

[Walt Whitman](#) began to work irregularly for other newspapers, and began [LEAVES OF GRASS](#).

"Specimen Days"

STARTING NEWSPAPERS

I next went to the "Aurora" daily in New York city – a sort of free lance. Also wrote regularly for the "Tattler," an evening paper. With these and a little outside work I was occupied off and on, until I went to edit the "Brooklyn Eagle," where for two years I had one of the pleasantest sits of my life – a good owner, good pay, and easy work and hours. The troubles in the Democratic party broke forth about those times (1848-'49) and I split off with the radicals, which led to rows with the boss and "the party," and I lost my place.


"Specimen Days"

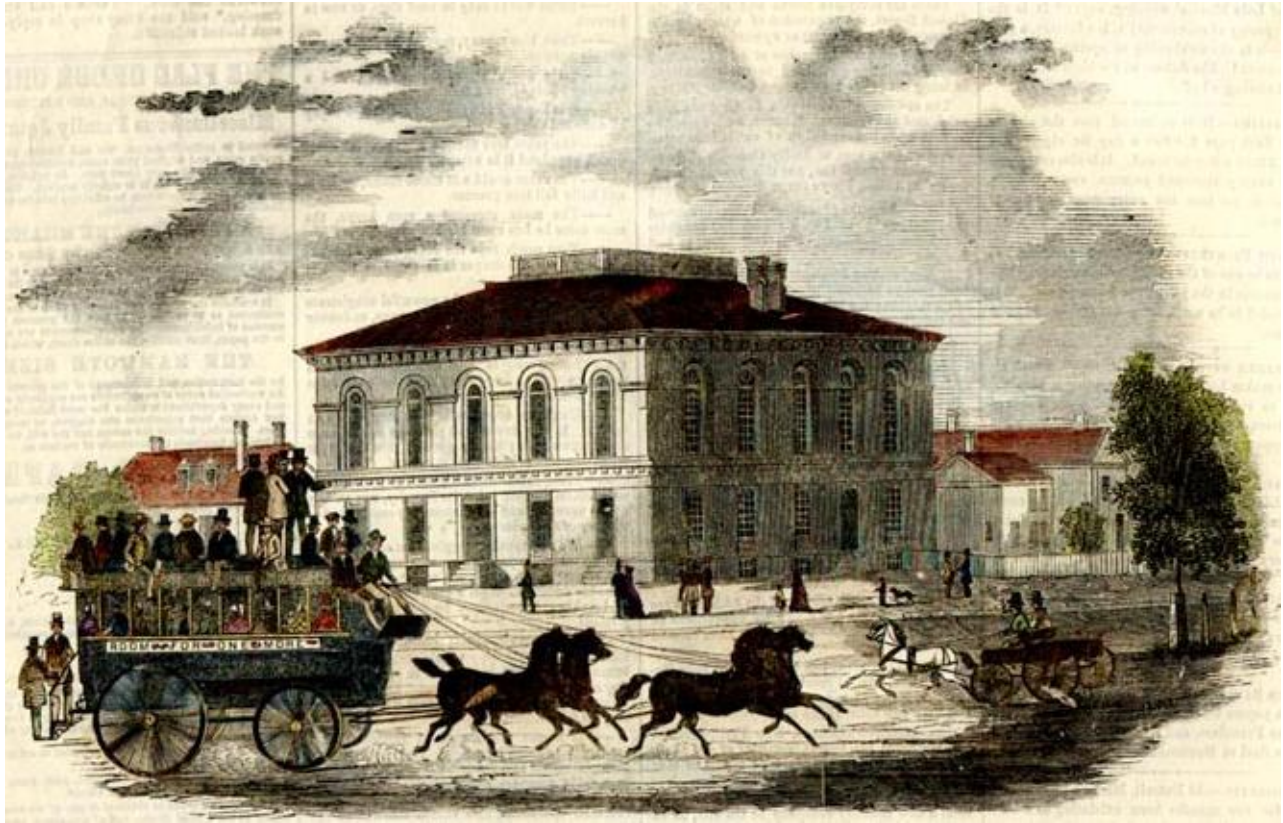
THROUGH EIGHT YEARS

In 1848, '49, I was occupied as editor of the "daily Eagle" newspaper, in Brooklyn. The latter year went off on a leisurely journey and working expedition (my brother Jeff with me) through all the middle States, and down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Lived awhile in [New Orleans](#), and work'd there on the editorial staff of "daily Crescent" newspaper. After a time plodded back northward, up the Mississippi, and around to, and by way of the great lakes, Michigan, Huron, and Erie, to [Niagara Falls](#) and lower Canada, finally returning through central New York and down the Hudson; traveling altogether probably 8000 miles this trip, to and fro. '51, '53, occupied in house-building in Brooklyn. (For a little of the first part of that time in printing a daily and weekly paper, "the Freeman.") '55, lost my dear father this year by death. Commenced putting [LEAVES OF GRASS](#) to press for good, at the job printing office of my friends, the brothers Rome, in Brooklyn, after many MS. doings and undoings – (I had great trouble in leaving out the stock "poetical" touches, but succeeded at last.) I am now (1856-'7) passing through my 37th year.


1851

1851


 **1851:** The Harvard Branch Railroad's horse-omnibus service on rails through Cambridge was criticized in the Cambridge Chronicle as inadequate.



HORSEPOWER


 **1851:** [John Greenleaf Whittier](#)'s SONGS OF LABOR AND OTHER POEMS.



 **1851:** [POEMS BY THE LATE THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES AUTHOR OF DEATH'S JEST-BOOK, OR THE FOOL'S TRAGEDY WITH A MEMOIR](#), memoir by Kelsall (London: William Pickering).

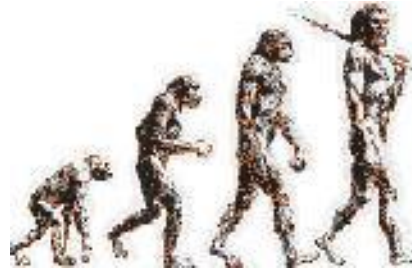
1851

1851

 **1851:** In England, the forces of establishmentarianism explanationism exerted their sway, in the guise of [Herbert Spencer](#)'s SOCIAL STATICS: THE CONDITIONS ESSENTIAL TO HUMAN HAPPINESS SPECIFIED, AND THE FIRST OF THEM DEVELOPED. The message was that all we have to do to correct social injustice is wait for things to work themselves out, time being on our side.³⁸ It was this book which originated the theory which has come down to us misnamed as Social Darwinism, an attitude or approach to life which would much more precisely be denominated Social Spencerism, or Social Dubyaism, or Social Trumpism.



(It was this Spencer, in fact, not [Charles Darwin](#), who urged the deployment of the term “evolution,” Darwin preferring the more neutral “descent with modification.” Darwin favored “descent with modification” because it did not suggest progress; Spencer favored “evolution” because it did suggest progress:



It was Spencer, not Darwin, who coined the phrase “survival of the fittest.” It was Spencer, not Darwin, who was a foe of free education for all. If that wasn't enough, Spencer was also the enemy of the postal service. If that wasn't being individualistic enough, he was also the enemy of all regulation of city housing conditions. If that wasn't hostile and brutal enough, he was also the enemy of all construction of city public sanitary

38. The non-[Hicksite](#), Orthodox, Evangelical Quaker meeting in Philadelphia (which is to say, the apartheiders, the segregationists) evidently read this book, for just prior to the [US Civil War](#) these good white people would attempt to give profound moral advice based upon it to America's enslaved black people: wait, obey, time is on your side.





systems and sewerage. The people who cannot provide such things for themselves, as far as he was concerned, ought to simply be allowed to die off and get the hell out of his face. To have any pity for the unfortunate would be to create “greater misery” for “future generations,” something only a pussy would be guilty of. The pitiers among us are “sigh-wise and groan-foolish.” All this would cause [Darwin](#) to sigh.)

PROTO-NAZISM

Blind to the fact that under the natural order of things society is constantly excreting its unhealthy, imbecile, slow, vacillating, faithless members, these unthinking, though well-meaning, men advocate an interference which not only stops the purifying process, but even increases the vitiation – absolutely encouraging the multiplication of the reckless and incompetent by offering them an unfailing provision.

...

All evil results from the non-adaptation of constitution to conditions. This is true of everything that lives....

Equally true is it that evil perpetually tends to disappear. In virtue of an essential principle of life, this non-adaptation of an organism to its conditions is ever being rectified; and modification of one or both, continues until the adaptation is complete. Whatever possesses vitality, from the elementary cell up to man himself, inclusive, obeys this law. We see it illustrated in the acclimatization of plants, in the altered habits of domesticated animals, in the varying characteristics of our own race....

Keeping in mind then the two facts, that all evil results from the non-adaptation of constitution to conditions; and that where this non-adaptation exists it is continually being diminished by the changing of constitution to suit conditions, we shall be prepared for comprehending the present position of the human race....

Concerning the present position of the human race, we must therefore say, that man needed one moral constitution to fit him for his original state; that he needs another to fit him for his present state; and that he has been, is, and will long continue to be, in process of adaptation. By the term civilization we signify the adaptation that has already taken place. The changes that constitute progress are the successive steps of the transition. And the belief in human perfectibility, merely amounts to the belief, that in virtue of this process, man will eventually become completely suited to his mode of life....

Progress, therefore, is not an accident, but a necessity. Instead of civilization being artificial, it is a part of nature; all of a piece with the development of the embryo or the unfolding of a flower. The modifications mankind have undergone, and are still undergoing, result from a law underlying the whole organic creation; and provided the human race continues, and the constitution of things remains the same, those modifications must end in completeness....

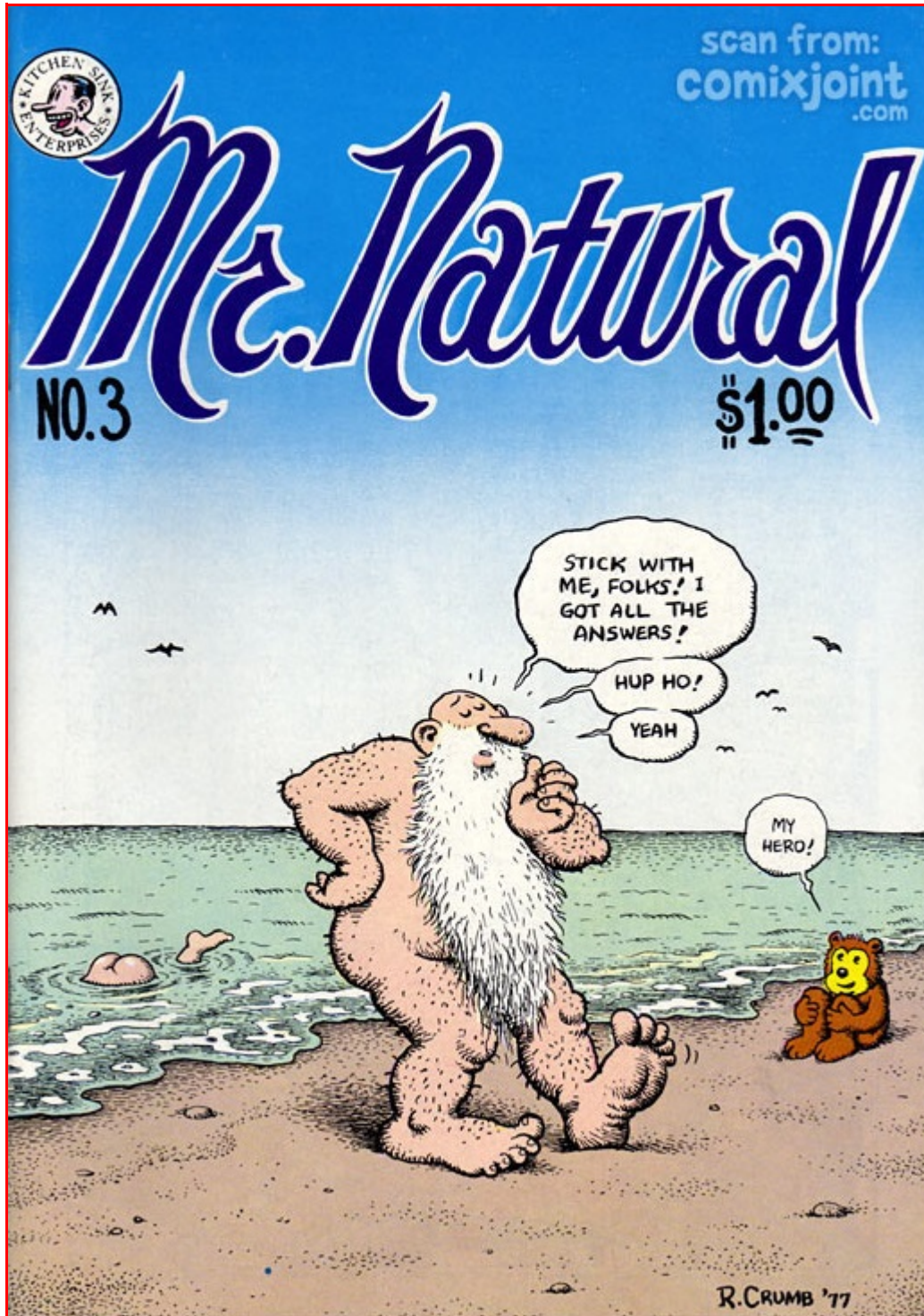
One true inheritor of this line of thought:



“I cannot see why man should not be just as cruel as nature.”

– [Adolf “Mr. Natural” Hitler](#)







1851

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(Well then again, I have to confess that just as Darwin was not a Social Darwinist, so also Spencer was not exactly a Social Spencerist, or Social Dubyaist, or Social Trumpist. For instance when he made his triumphal tour of America in 1882 and was the guest of honor of a plutocratic banquet at Delmonico's in New York on November 9th, everyone there praised him for his Whiggism and triumphalism — and then he stood up, guest of honor that he was, and informed the assembled biggies that he had no respect whatever for their work ethic. They should rest on their assets and try to have more fun, he advised. What's the point in taking money away from other folks if you aren't enjoying yourself?)

“I'm just asking.”

THE AGE OF REASON WAS A PIPE DREAM, OR AT BEST A PROJECT. ACTUALLY, HUMANS HAVE ALMOST NO CLUE WHAT THEY ARE DOING, WHILE CREDITING THEIR OWN LIES ABOUT WHY THEY ARE DOING IT.

JANUARY 1851

➡ January-March 1851: During the period from January into March [Henry Thoreau](#) would be writing a number of journal passages on “the wild” which he would cycle into his lecture “Wild/Walking” which he would deliver for the first time on April 23d, to the Concord, Massachusetts Lyceum, that would expand into two lectures “The Wild” and “Walking”³⁹ and would become his most-delivered material and would eventually find publication in 1863 in EXCURSIONS as the recombined essay “[WALKING](#)”:

I wish to speak a word for Nature, for absolute freedom and wildness, as contrasted with a freedom and culture merely civil.



ROSS/ADAMS COMMENTARY

TIMELINE OF ESSAYS
ECOLOGY

[QUESTION: Is this the point at which he authored the following, of relevance to his understanding of time and eternity?]

Above all, we cannot afford not to live in the present. He is blessed over all mortals who loses no moment of the passing life in remembering the past. Unless our philosophy hears the cock crow in every barn-yard within our horizon, it is belated. That sound commonly reminds us that we are growing rusty and antique in our employments and habits of thought. His philosophy comes down to a more recent time than ours. There is something suggested by it that is a newer testament, — the gospel according to this moment. He has not fallen astern; he has got up early and kept up early, and to be where he is to be in season, in the foremost rank of time. It is an expression of the health and soundness of Nature, a brag for all the world, — healthiness as of a spring burst forth, a new fountain of the Muses, to celebrate this last instant of time. Where he lives no fugitive slave laws are passed. Who has not betrayed his master many times since last he heard that note? The merit of this bird’s strain is in its freedom from all plaintiveness. The singer can easily move us to tears or to laughter, but where is he who can excite in us a pure morning joy? When, in doleful dumps, breaking the awful stillness of our wooden sidewalk on a Sunday, or, perchance, a watcher in the house of mourning, I hear a cockerel crow far or near, I think to myself, “there is one of us well, at any rate,” — and with a sudden gush return to my senses.



TIME AND ETERNITY

WHAT I’M WRITING IS TRUE BUT NEVER MIND

39. The poet [W.H. Auden](#) has in 1962 brought forward a snippet from this lecture “Walking” as:

THE VIKING BOOK OF APHORISMS, A PERSONAL SELECTION BY W.H. AUDEN...


Pg	Topic	Aphorism Selected by Auden out of Thoreau
51	Human Virtues	It is a great art to saunter.



1851

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YOU CAN ALWAYS LIE TO YOURSELF


 January 1851: Sometime during this month of January, Henry Thoreau made an entry in his journal that he was later to copy into his early lecture "WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT" as:

[Paragraph 39] As for the comparative demand which men make on life—it is an important difference between two—that the one is satisfied with a level success—that his marks can all be hit by point-blank shots—but the other, however low and unsuccessful his life may be, constantly elevates his aim, though at a very slight angle to the horizon. I would much rather be the last man, though as the Orientals say—"Greatness doth not approach him who is forever looking down; and all those who are looking high are growing poor."

**BRAD DEAN'S
COMMENTARY**

INDIA

The "Orientals" who were saying this to Thoreau—"Greatness doth not approach him who is forever looking down; and all those who are looking high are growing poor."—were the ones he was reading of in Charles Wilkins's translation of THE *HEETOPADES OF VEESHNOO-SARMA*, IN A SERIES OF CONNECTED FABLES, INTERSPERSED WITH MORAL, PRUDENTIAL, AND POLITICAL MAXIMS, in Fable 1 of Chapter 2, "The story of the bull, the two jackals, and the lion."⁴⁰

 January 1851: Italian revolutionary Francesco Carpanetto's ship *S. Giorgio* sailed from Genoa, bound for Lima, Peru on a speculative voyage. Carpanetto would stop at the harbor of New-York to talk to Giuseppe Garibaldi.

In San Francisco, California:

San Francisco has been startled "from its propriety" by news from the celebrated "Gold Bluffs;" and during the greater part of this month has dreamed unutterable things of black sand, and gray sand, and cargoes of gold. A band of pioneers and prospectors had recently proceeded in the Chesapeake steamer northwards to the Klamath River, near which, on the sea shore, they fancied they had found the richest and most extraordinary gold field that had ever been known. The sands of the sea, for a broad space several miles in length, beneath cliffs some hundred feet high, appeared to be literally composed in one half, at least, of the pure metal. Millions of diggers for ages to come could not exhaust that grand deposit. Already a few miners had collected about the spot; but these were so amazed and lost in the midst of the surrounding treasure that they knew not what to do. Like the ass with its superabundance of hay, they could not resolve to begin any thing. No man could well carry more than seventy-five or a hundred pounds weight upon his back for any great distance, and with that quantity of pure gold it was ridiculous, so it was, to be content, when numberless

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"Stack of the Artist of Kouroo" Project

40. See THOREAU'S LITERARY NOTEBOOK IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, ed. Kenneth Walter Cameron (Hartford CT: Transcendental Books, 1964), page 10.



tons lay about. So these men-there were just nineteen of them- (the tellers of the story were very particular in some facts), - had resolved to wait till the spring, when they would freight and fill a ship with the wealth which they were then jealously watching over. Let us not be misunderstood, or supposed altogether jesting. A brilliant reporter for the Alta California says - "The gold is mixed with the black sand in proportions of from ten cents to ten dollars the pound. At times, when the surf is high, the gold is not easily discovered, but in the spring of the year, after a succession of calms, the entire beach is covered with bright and yellow gold. Mr. Collins, the secretary of the Pacific Mining Company, measured a patch of gold and sand, and estimates it will yield to each member of the company the snug little sum of \$43,000,000 [say, forty-three millions of dollars!] and the estimate is formed upon a calculation that the sand holds out to be one tenth as rich as observation warrants them in supposing." No digging even was required, since one had only to stoop a little and raise as much as he wished of the stuff-half gold, half sand, from the surface of the beach. Back the adventurers hastened to San Francisco, where they had long been impatiently expected; and the glorious news ran like wild-fire among the people. General John Wilson and Mr. John A. Collins, both of whom had been among the number of discoverers, frankly testified to the truth of these wonderful statements. The beach, they said, for a great distance, was literally strewn with pure gold. It was found in the greatest quantity in a certain kind of "black sand," although the "gray sand," which was rather more abundant, contained likewise a large proportion of the same black-colored stuff with its special share of gold. "Mr. Collins," says the poetic reporter, "saw a man [one of the nineteen, no doubt,] who had accumulated fifty thousand pounds, or fifty thousand tons-he did not recollect which-of the richest kind of black sand." Such intelligence astounded the community. In a few days eight vessels were announced as about to sail for this extraordinary region. The magic phrase "GOLD BLUFFS!" "GOLD BLUFFS!" every where startled the most apathetic, and roused him as with a galvanic shock. "GOLD BLUFFS!" filled the columns of newspapers among the shipping advertisements; they covered, on huge posters, the blank walls of houses at the corners of the streets; they were in every man's mouth. A company was formed called the "Pacific Mining Company," the shares of which instantly rose to a handsome premium. There seemed no doubt of their incalculable gains, since they showed numerous samples of the wondrous "black sand," where the golden particles lay and shone mildly, as stars in the milky way, innumerable. The company had already, by the greatest good fortune, secured a considerable number of miners' claims, embracing indeed the entire beach beneath the "Bluffs," so that all was clear for immediate operations. We have seen the intelligent secretary's calculations on the subject. No wonder people raved, and either invested a few thousand dollars in shares of this company, or sold or forsook their all, and made sail for the Gold Bluffs. The ancient excitement of Mississippi and South Sea schemes was a bagatelle in comparison with that which now stirred San Francisco, used though it had been to all manner of rumors of placers, and gigantic "pockets" of gold. The skepticism of envious "unprogressive" people was happily ridiculed, and the press compared the ocean to a mighty cradle



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that had been rocking and washing up gold from the bottom of the sea for unknown ages, and had chanced to throw it in tons and shiploads beneath the hitherto undiscovered Gold Bluffs. It was truly great news for [San Francisco](#). The first damper to the hot blast that raged through the town, and from whence it spread and fired up distant countries, -until the arrival of the next mail,-was intelligence from the earliest miners, that they found it very difficult to separate first the black sand from the gray, and next the gold itself from the black sand, the particles of the precious metal being so remarkably fine. A little later, it was found that the innumerable " patches" of black sand began most unaccountably to disappear. Heavy seas came and swept them right away; and though it was hoped that heavier seas might soon bring them back again, the people got tired of waiting for that event, and hastily fled from the place, ashamed of their own hopes and credulity, and cursing the cruel wags that had exhibited in [San Francisco](#) sealed phials of dingy sand largely mixed with brass filings. But we cannot pursue this pleasantry farther. Much serious loss was suffered by the Gold Bluffs piece of business. The unfortunate "Pacific Mining Company" had bought the Chesapeake at a cost for boat and repairs of twenty thousand dollars, had run her up the coast several trips at the loss of as many thousands more, and afterwards, when she had been injured in a storm, were glad to sell her for about two thousand dollars. If, however, the shareholders, or any single adventurer lost much money-why, they had at one time the most brilliant hopes imaginable of immense riches; and these were surely some compensation. For what, after all, is life without hope? There was considerable gold at the Bluffs, but it turned out in the end to cost more trouble to gather than it was worth. Hence the place was abandoned, except by a few still hopeful individuals, after a few months' trial. Since the whole affair formed a very striking, though latterly a ridiculous event in the progress of [San Francisco](#), we could not refuse it a place in these "Annals."

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

 January [1851](#): This month's issue of [Harper's New Monthly Magazine](#).

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

 January [1851](#): In the [International Magazine](#), Volume 2, No. 2:

We find in the London papers accounts of a Copying Electric Telegraph, invented by a Mr. Bakewell, who had given lectures upon it at the Russell Institution. Its object is the transmission of the *handwriting* of correspondents. Its advantages are, freedom from error, as the messages transmitted are fac-similes of the originals: authentication of the communications by the transmission of copies of the handwriting; increased rapidity, to such an extent that a single wire may be as effective as ten with the needle telegraph, and consequent economy in the construction of telegraphic lines of communication. The secrecy of correspondence would also be maintained in a greater degree by the copying telegraph, as it would afford peculiar facility for transmitting messages in

cipher, and the telegraph clerks, instead of being compelled by their duties to read all the messages transmitted, might be forbidden from perusing any portion but the address. As an additional means of secrecy, the messages may be transmitted invisibly, by moistening the paper with diluted muriatic acid alone, the writing being rendered legible by a solution of prussiate of potass [sic].

FAX



January 1851: A waiter called [Shadrach \(Frederick Jenkins\)](#) at a popular [Boston](#) coffeehouse, the Cornhill Coffee-house, was kidnapped under the new federal Fugitive Slave Law. His kidnapers, aka “United States Marshals,” were holding him in the Boston jailhouse, in order to bring him before an unindicted co-conspirator, aka “Federal Commissioner.” Shadrach, of course, as a kidnap victim, would not be permitted to testify on his own behalf or have access to council, or have a trial by jury of his white peers in downtown Boston, although we suppose he should have been more grateful than he in fact was, that his kidnapers merely kept him in chains rather than binding and gagging him, or drugging him. In all probability his lot would have been to be sent south to slavery, because that could happen solely on the word of one white man who would testify to this unindicted co-conspirator that Shadrach was a piece of someone’s property, that had **escaped**. However, as it came down, black Bostonians defied Christ’s injunction not to resist evil, and marched into the courthouse, and kidnapped Shadrach right back. Some nonviolence adherents, such as [Abby Kelley Foster](#), would never become reconciled to these direct tactics, preferring to

throw my body in the way of the kidnapers and risk my life if need be.

ROSS/ADAMS COMMENTARY

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

There was a massacre of foreigners, including Americans, at Jaffa, Turkey. The US Mediterranean Squadron would be ordered to make a demonstration along the Turkish (Levant) coast.

US MILITARY INTERVENTIONS

THE AGE OF REASON WAS A PIPE DREAM, OR AT BEST A PROJECT. ACTUALLY, HUMANS HAVE ALMOST NO CLUE WHAT THEY ARE DOING, WHILE CREDITING THEIR OWN LIES ABOUT WHY THEY ARE DOING IT.



January 1851: The family of [Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson](#) moved from 8 Howard Place to 1 Inverleith Terrace in [Edinburgh](#).





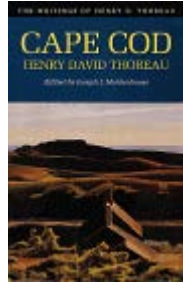
1851

1851

Read  [Henry Thoreau's Journal for January-April 1851 \(æf. 33\)](#)



January 1, Wednesday, [1851](#): [Henry Thoreau](#) lectured on [Cape Cod](#) for the Bigelow Mechanic Institute at Clinton, Massachusetts and toured the Lancaster gingham mill.



"The arts teach us a thousand lessons."

Leopold III replaced Leopold II as Prince of Lippe.

[Washington Hunt](#) took office as governor of [New York](#).

A letter from [Daniel Grant \(1818-1892\)](#), at Marysville in the gold fields of [California](#), to his spouse [Mrs. Caroline Burr Grant \(1820-1892\)](#) back home in Newark, New Jersey:

My Dear Dear Wife

If we were differantly situated I might wish you a happy new year, & of course I do, but in our present condition, if you have any enjoyments, they are lessened, by our being so far from one another, yet may you have a happy year, & pleasant times in your far off home.

I do not look for enjoyment while I remain in this Country, but I must stay sometime yet. This year I may wish may be more happy than last, but I see no reason why it will. If I can get some gold & start for home I shall then be a happy man, for a time I know. Marcus has been more lucky than I have since he came I suppose, he had a last accounts. I had a letter from him 10 days since, but it had been a whole month coming, he had then done very well, & wished me to come to him I could not then leave, but shall start tomorrow, he & another young man are together, some distance from my neighbors, & I don't feel quite easy about them. If I find them doing well shall stay with them but if they are doing nothing we shall probably leave that place, & seek employment elsewhere.

I have found no place to suit for a farm nor shall I be able in this section. Cows & milk are falling in value, I have not bought any.

Wm. Elder passed through this place on his way home about a month since I saw Wm. Graves as I was walking through the streets, he recognized me & hailed me & told me that Elder had started for home, in a small boat to go down the river. I went to the landing & found the boat had not yet started, saw him got some news from home, & I learned that John Howel was at or near Weaverville, & had made by trading 30 or \$40000,00 G.C. Cone had gone home with about \$1500, Elliott & Woodworth were in the mines & had a good claim. He gave me to understand that he had made by trading about \$8000,00 but Graves said he had not made \$1000,00 Graves said that he himself had made nothing, but I think he had, two or



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three hundred dollars, he is keeping a small ranch about 20 miles from here, says he is going home in the spring.

I have been reading some of your old letters presume you can judge better than I can tell you how they make me feel. You inquire if I suffer with headache? I was never so free from it as since I have been here.

Whenever I have paid for a newspapers it has been with others, but never have bought but two or three.

It does me good to think you enjoy many comforts, you say that last winter you did not suffer with cold feet in bed, how bad it is that next winter must come, before [you] I can know but what you do this winter.

I sent to S[acramento] City for letters but got but one, from Joel to Marcus containing but little news. He stated that his success in get[t]ing letters to me was so poor, that he should not be very particular. Now I presume you do not wonder that I was careless when I did not know as I could get a letter to you. I believe that we receive the letters that contain no news, but none that [do] are filled, I wish I could be situated so as to at least hear from home.

This letter to M. [Marcus Grant] was mailed Sep. 9.

The weather is very dry for the wet season, there has been but five rainy days & then but little water fell. I have been told that the Indians prophesy a dry winter, & thus far the prediction is true.

You will find enclosed a draft for a little money, made payable to the order of brother John, one half is for you, & one half for John I sent it to you, because I do not know whether he is yet in N.H. [New Hampshire] & if not, it might be more likely to get lost. You will notice that this is number first. I shall send in a month number second, I think to Joel at Avon [Connecticut] if he is not there it would not be likely to be lost as at N.H. No. third I shall keep till I hear whether you have received no. first or no. second. I want you to use your part of the money as you please but pay sister Mary what I owe her if you can, the rest use yourself. I hope to be able to send more soon, but you know that it is hope alone that sustains me so don[']t be disappointed. I am pretty certain that nothing but ill health will prevent my getting something this [winter] year. I should like to hear something about our affairs in Wis[consin] but if you should write ever so much I might not get it. Mr. Hubbard did not take the land in Waukesha only till next spring, if you can make any arrangements for a longer time perhaps you had better. I fear I have said more about home in this letter than I ought. You must not think but what I am happy I have a good many comforts Much love to all health good Your aff[ectionate] husband

D. Grant

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The *Pai shang-ti hui* or Christian “Association of the Worshipers of God” was founded among the group known as *Hakka* or “guest settlers,” by [Hung Hsiu Ch'üan](#) 洪秀全 and his executive organizer [Feng Yün-shan](#) 馮雲山. There would soon be a dust-up between this *Han* grouping which was migrating out of Central [China](#) into Kwantung and Kwangsi provinces and the primary inhabitants of South China.



This dust-up would be similar in many respects to the conflict between Protestants and Catholics in Ireland later in the 19th Century, except that it would be happening between the [Taiping](#) or [Chinese Christian](#) Longhairs and Confucian [Buddhist](#) Chinese.

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The great [Chinese Civil War](#) between South China and North China was beginning and would become the longest and bloodiest such civil war of which we have any record — our own long and bloody civil war of 1861-1865 not excepted. Some 25,000,000 Chinese would be slaughtered and the destruction of the [Chinese Christian](#) culture in South China would be so thorough that now we “here in Christendom”

- a.) are generally not aware that such a Chinese Christian community ever existed, or
- b.) presume that because the people involved were Chinese (Christians are normatively, of course, as we are all perfectly well aware, decent white people!), simply could not have been of the “actual” or “real” Christian faith as we know it and love it “here in Christendom.”

Instead of referring to them as [Christians](#) we adopt untranslated their term for Jesus’s “Kingdom of God,” their ideal condition of being, *Tai-p’ing T’ien-kuo* or “Heavenly Kingdom of Great Peace,” 太平天國 and designate them merely as “the [Taipings](#).” They were millennialist fundamentalists who, like primitive Christians in the Mediterranean area, practiced communalism —and this made them disrespectful of the general Chinese cultural tradition— but they were also ethnically Han and vigorously opposed to such foreigners as the Manchu emperor in Beijing.

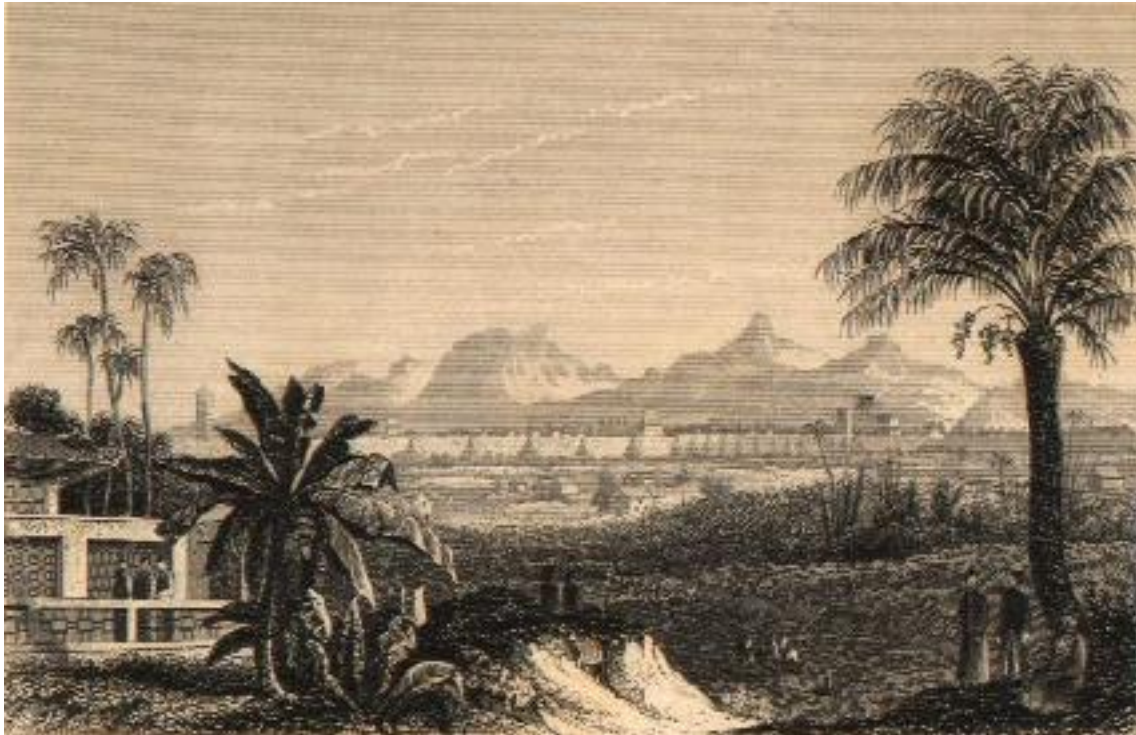


MILLENNIALISM

The Buddhist and Confucian forces of Beijing would use the motto “Honor the Emperor by Resisting Barbarians” (*Zun Wang Rang Yi* 尊王攘夷).⁴¹

41. The motto that would be used against Christians during the Boxer rebellion of the early 20th Century would be similar, “Revive the Qing and Destroy the Foreigners” (*Fu Qing Mie Yang* 扶清灭洋).

This chap who was considering himself the younger brother of [Jesus Christ](#) had 30 concubines and wives but was not the only person being designated to rule over the Chinese, in this critical year of 1851. In North China, the young lady who would for half a century rule over the Central Kingdom from one suite of the Forbidden City in Beijing was being selected as 1 imperial concubine of a total of 11, effective as soon as the new emperor Hsien Feng had completed his obligatory period of sexless mourning for his father Tao Kuan. As an economy measure due to the financial straits of the Central Kingdom, the new emperor was to have but 1 empress rather than the traditional complete set of 3, but 2 consorts of the 2d class rather than the traditional complete set of 9, and but 11 concubines such as this particular young lady rather than the traditional complete set of 81.



With the outbreak of Hung Hsiu-ch'üan's T'ai-p'ing Rebellion in Kwangtung Province, the Chinese self-defense society known as the Old Cows would begin teaching its members special breathing techniques designed to render practitioners impervious to gunfire. This trick found adherents for several reasons. 1st, the T'ai-p'ing Rebellion had millenarian overtones, and millenarians everywhere have always sponsored magical explanations. (The name T'ai-p'ing is a shortened version of T'ai-p'ing T'ien-kuo, or "Heavenly Kingdom of Great Peace," and described a utopian philosophy that combined eschatological Buddhism with Christianity and Confucianism.) 2d, the firearms the Chinese used were among the worst in the world and, even when carefully loaded, misfired about half the time. 3d, Chinese soldiers rarely concentrated on their marksmanship, so Chinese shooters frequently missed even when their firearms did work. Finally, few mid-19th Century bullets had the power to consistently penetrate the heavily padded clothes that peasants wore, and almost none had the power needed to penetrate the mail armor that rich men wore. In 1890, Chinese mail armor would sell for around US \$250, and would commonly be worn by tong leaders and their bodyguards. The ubiquity of mail armor is another reason why traditional Chinese martial arts emphasized punches to the head and kicks to the legs rather than strikes to the body. So, the idea of bullet-resistance presumably sounded somewhat more plausible then than now, especially among those with little previous exposure to firearms.



1851

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Lecture⁴²

DATE	PLACE	TOPIC
December 6, Friday, 1850, at 7:30PM	Newburyport MA; Market Hall	"An Excursion to Cape Cod"
January 1, Wednesday, 1851	Clinton MA; Clinton Hall	"An Excursion to Cape Cod"
January 15, Wednesday, 1851, at 7:30PM	Portland ME; Temple Street Chapel	"An Excursion to Cape Cod"

42. From [Bradley P. Dean](#) and [Ronald Wesley Hoag](#)'s [THOREAU'S LECTURES BEFORE WALDEN: AN ANNOTATED CALENDAR](#).

**Narrative of Event:**

According to an announcement in the November 9th, 1850 Clinton Saturday Courant, the Bigelow Mechanic Institute's winter lecture series would include a dozen Wednesday evening lectures "on Miscellaneous Subjects, and of a general interest." Admission to the entire Clinton Hall series would cost \$1 for gentlemen and \$0.⁷⁵ for ladies, with single lecture tickets priced at 12½ cents. Among the 9 lecturers already committed were Waldo Emerson, Horace Greeley, and the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher (Henry Thoreau was not mentioned).

On Wednesday, November 13th, Emerson gave the opening lecture of his series on "Wealth," followed 6 days later, on November 19th, by Greeley with a lecture on "Self-Culture"⁴³ (both these lectures bear directly on Thoreau). The day after Emerson lectured, Franklin Forbes of the Bigelow Mechanic Institute's Committee on Lectures mailed an invitation to Thoreau asking if he would deliver his "Cape Cod" lecture on some Wednesday evening during January 1851. We can presume Emerson had recommended both Thoreau and his lecture just as he had, almost a year earlier, in South Danvers. As for Greeley, the report of his lecture in the Saturday Courant of November 23d stated that "he commended the course pursued by one who left the haunts of men, scorned the advantages of schools and colleges, and with a few books took up his residence in the wilderness and there pursued the work of education, and with success"⁴⁴ (that would of course have been a reference to Thoreau).

On November 14th, 1850, Franklin Forbes wrote Thoreau: "As one of the Committee on Lectures of the Bigelow Mechanic Institute of this town, I wish to ascertain if you will deliver your lecture on 'Cap[e] Cod' before the Institute on either Wednesday Evening of the month of January — An early answer will much oblige," adding "If you prefer any other lecture of yours to the above mentioned, please name a day on which you can deliver it." Thoreau's early answer was penned the following day: "I shall be happy to lecture before your Institution this winter, but it will be most convenient for me to do so on the 11th of December. If, however, I am confined to the month of January I will choose the first day of it. Will you please inform me as soon as convenient whether I can come any earlier." Subsequent correspondence has not been recovered, but the date was eventually fixed as January 1st, 1851, upon which Thoreau delivered the 5th lecture of the course.

The same night Thoreau lectured, he was given a tour of the gingham mill by the mill's agent, Forbes — presumably the same person who had invited him to speak. Obviously intrigued by the machinery and cotton-processing operations, the next day Henry recorded a long, detailed description in his journal. His journal entry also includes the following snippet of railroad lore, no doubt also picked up on his journey: "The direction in which a rail-road runs, though intersecting another at right angles, may cause that one will be blocked up with snow & the other be comparatively open — even for great distances, depending on the direction of prevailing winds and valleys — There are the Fitchburg & Nashua & Worcester."

Advertisements, Reviews, and Responses:

On December 21st, 1850, the Clinton Saturday Courant reviewed the latest lecture before the Bigelow Mechanic Institute, noting particularly that Professor E.S. Snell's talk on "Architecture," despite its abundant "instruction and pleasure," "was not so well attended as it should have been." The brief item then announced that "The next Lecture will take place one week from next Wednesday, and be given by Mr. **Thoreaux**, the type of Mr. Greeley's isolated education."

In its January 4th, 1851 review of Thoreau's lecture, the Saturday Courant commented dismissively, "The lecture on Wednesday evening last by Mr. THOREAU, was one of those intellectual efforts which serve to wile away an hour very pleasantly, but which leave little or nothing impressed upon the memory of real value. The subject was 'Cape Cod.' A description of a walk upon the sea shore, with reflections upon shipwrecks and their effects upon the inhabitants in a certain case, with anecdotes, and a few historical



43. Clinton Saturday Courant, November 23, 1850.

44. For an extract of Greeley's "Self Culture" lecture, an extract which contains the passages about Thoreau's experiment at Walden Pond, refer to THE ROSE OF SHARON: A RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR, FOR MDCCCCLVII, ed. Mrs. Caroline M. Sawyer (Boston: Abel Tompkins and Sanborn, Carter, and Bazin, 1857), pages 65-73.

reminiscences, made up the burthen of his story.” The item also announced: “The next lecture will be given by THOMAS DREW, Esq., assistant editor of the Spy. Subject, the ‘Influence of the Mechanic Arts upon Civilization.’” The January 11th Saturday Courant compounded the slight by comparing Thoreau’s lecture unfavorably to the one delivered by Drew: “The lecture before the B.M. Institute last Wednesday evening, by Thomas Drew, Esq., is considered by many as about the best lecture of the course thus far delivered, — totally obscuring the fine-spun theories of Emerson and placing ‘Cape Cod’ amongst those ‘trifles, light as air,’ which serve to amuse, but not instruct, the listener....”

Finally, a week later, on January 18th, the Saturday Courant commented that “The Lecture last Wednesday evening [by the Reverend Mr. Brooks on “Holy Week, at Rome”] was more fully attended than the two or three previous ones.” Apparently, Thoreau’s lightly regarded lecture had not drawn many auditors.

Description of Topic:
See lecture 27 above.

[TIMELINE OF CAPE COD](#)



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 1ST]



January 2, Thursday, 1851: Professor George Boole wrote to Professor William Thomson (later Lord Kelvin) in regard to a project he had under contemplation, that would extend his 1847 work THE MATHEMATICAL ANALYSIS OF LOGIC and result in 1854 in his AN INVESTIGATION OF THE LAWS OF THOUGHT ON WHICH ARE FOUNDED THE MATHEMATICAL THEORIES OF LOGIC AND PROBABILITIES, and in an assimilation of logic to the calculational methods of algebra, known today as “Boolean algebra”:

I am now about to set seriously to work upon preparing for the press an account of my theory of Logic and Probabilities which in its present state I look upon as the most valuable if not the only valuable contribution that I have made or am likely to make to Science and the thing by which I would desire if at all to be remembered hereafter....

Although the variables in this sort of algebra are normally represented as “0” and “1” they are not numbers but instead symbols here representing a binary, “True” versus its opposite or negation “False.”



Jan. 2. Saw at Clinton last night a room at the Gingham mills which covers 17/8 acres & contains 578 looms not to speak of spindles both throttle & mule— The rooms all together cover 3 acres. They were using between 3 & 400 horse-power —and kept an engine of 200 horse power with a wheel 23 feet in diameter & a hand ready to supply deficiencies which have not often occurred. Some portion of the machinery—I think it was where the cotton was broken up lightened up & mixed before being matted together —revolved 1800 times in a minute. I first saw the pattern room where patterns are made by a hand loom. There were two styles of warps ready for the woof or filling. The operator must count the threads of the woof —which in the mill is done by the machinery. It was the ancient art of weaving the Shuttle flying back & forth, putting in the filling. As long as the warp is the same it is but one “style” so called. The cotton should possess a long staple & be clean & free from seed.— The sea-island cotton has a long staple and is valuable for thread. Many bales are thoroughly mixed to make the goods of one quality— The cotton is then torn to pieces & thoroughly lightened up by cylinders armed with hooks & by fans. Then spread a certain weight on a square yard —& matted together & torn up & matted

together again two or 3 times over.

Then the matted cotton fed to a cylindrical card—a very thin web of it which is gathered into a copper



trough making six (the six card machines) flat rope-like bands which are united in to one at the railway head & drawn And this operation of uniting & drawing or stretching goes on from one machine to another until the thread is spun. which is then dyed—(calico is printed after being woven) having been wound off on to reels & so made into skeins—dyed & dried by steam Then by machinery wound on to spools for the warp & the woof—from a great many spools the warp is drawn off over cylinders and different colored threads properly mixed & arranged. Then the ends of the warp are drawn through the harness of the loom by hand. The operator knows the succession of red blue green &c threads having the numbers given her and draws them through the harness accordingly keeping count. Then the woof is put in or it is *woven*!!

Then the inequalities or nubs are picked off by girls— If *they* discover any imperfection they tag it and if necessary the wages of the weaver are reduced. Now, I think, it is passed over a red hot iron cylinder & the fuz singed off— Then washed with wheels with cold water. Then the water forced out by centrifugal force within horizontal wheels. Then it is starched— The ends stitched together by machinery. Then stretched smooth, dried, & ironed by machinery. Then measured folded & packed. This the agent Forbes says is the best Gingham mill in this country—the goods are better than the imported— The English have even stolen their name Lancaster mills calling theirs “Lancasterian” The machinery is some of it peculiar—part of the throttle spindls? for instance.

The Coach lace mill—only place in this country where it is made by machinery—made of thread of different materials—as cotton—worsted—linnen—as well as colors—the raised figure produced by needles inserted woof fashion. Well worth examining further. Also pantaloon stuffs made in same mill—& dyed after being woven—the woollen not taking the same dye with the cotton—hence a slight particolored appearance. These goods are sheared i.e. a part of the nap taken off—making them smoother— Pressed between paste boards.

The Brussels carpets made at the Carpet Factory said to be the best in the world. Made like coach lace only wider.

Erastus (?) Bigelow inventor of what is new in the above machinery. & with his brother & another owner of the carpet factory.

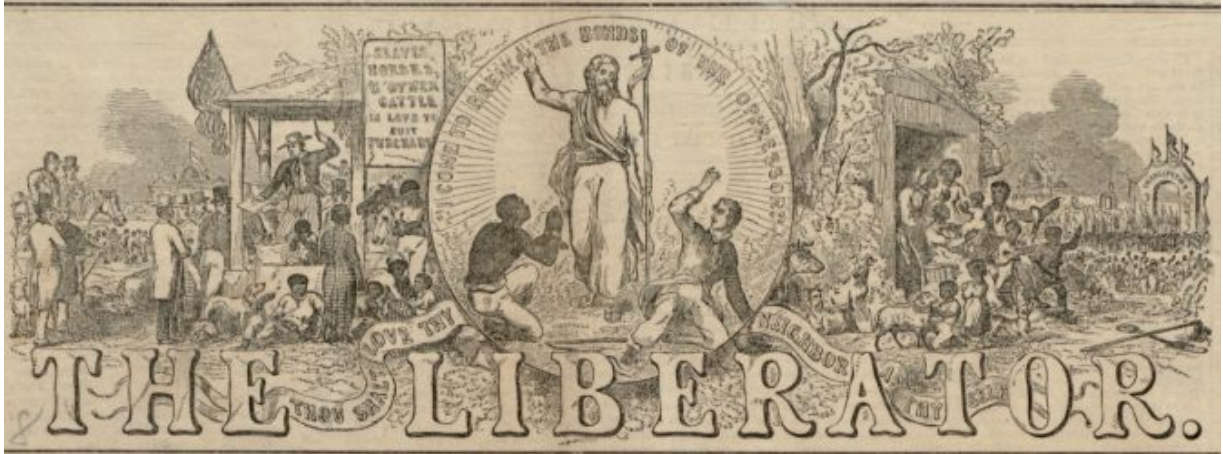
I am struck by the fact that no work has been shirked when a piece of cloth is produced, every thread has been counted in the finest web—it has not been matted together—the operator has succeeded only by patience perseverance and fidelity.

The direction in which a rail-road runs, though intersecting another at right angles, may cause that one will be blocked up with snow & the other be comparatively open—even for great distances, depending on the direction of prevailing winds & valleys— There are the Fitchburg & Nashua & Worcester.

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➡ January 3, Friday, 1851: [William Lloyd Garrison](#) again altered the masthead of [The Liberator](#). The drawings were made by Hammatt Billings and engraved by Alonzo Hartwell. A slave auction is depicted to the left, at the center The Liberator appears, and an emancipated family to the right is gesturing toward a parade of marchers passing through a gate of emancipation.



Jesus the Liberator listens to the pleas of a kneeling slave and casts aside a white slavemaster, declaring “I come to break the bonds of the oppressor.” The emancipated black family is surrounded by animals and nearby are a plow and shovel. A bird cage the door of which is open hangs at the corner of their abode.





[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 3D]



January 4, Saturday, 1851: The Saturday Courant of Clinton, Massachusetts reported on page 2 that “The lecture ... by Mr. THOREAU, was one of those intellectual efforts which serve to while away an hour very pleasantly, but which leave little or nothing impressed upon the memory of real value. The subject was ‘Cape Cod.’ A description of a walk upon the sea shore, with reflections upon shipwrecks and their effects upon the inhabitants in a certain case, with anecdotes, and a few historical references, made up the burden of his story.”



Jan. 4. The longest silence is the most pertinent question most pertinently put. Emphatically silent. The most important questions –whose answers –concern us more than any –are never put in any other way.

It is difficult for two strangers mutually well disposed so truly to bear themselves toward each other that a feeling of falseness & hollowness shall not soon spring up between them. The least anxiety to behave truly vitiates the relation.

I think of those to whom I am at the moment truly related –with a joy never expressed & never to be expressed, before I fall asleep (at night), though I am hardly on speaking terms with them these years. When I think of it, I am truly related to them.



January 5, Sunday, 1851: An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Oliver:

... Mr Pools said the thermometer was 14 below zero

Bronson Alcott attended an Emerson lecture, the 3d in the “Conduct of Life” series, on the subject of “Wealth,” and joked afterward that it might have been more profitable to have heard Henry Thoreau on the subject of “Poverty.” Meanwhile Henry was musing in his journal on how exceedingly different his attitudes were from the attitudes of his fellows:

WALDEN: The greater part of what my neighbors call good I believe in my soul to be bad, and if I repent of any thing, it is very likely to be my good behavior. What demon possessed me that I behaved so well? You may say the wisest thing you can old man, –you who have lived seventy years, not without honor of a kind, –I hear an irresistible voice which invites me away from all that. One generation abandons the enterprises of another like stranded vessels.



January 5: The catkins of the alders are now frozen stiff!!
Almost all that my neighbors call good, I believe in my soul to be bad. If I repent of anything it is of my good behavior. What demon possessed me that I behaved so well.
You may say the wisest thing you can –old man –you who have lived seventy years not without honor of a kind – I hear an irresistible voice, the voice of my destiny which invites me away from



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all that.

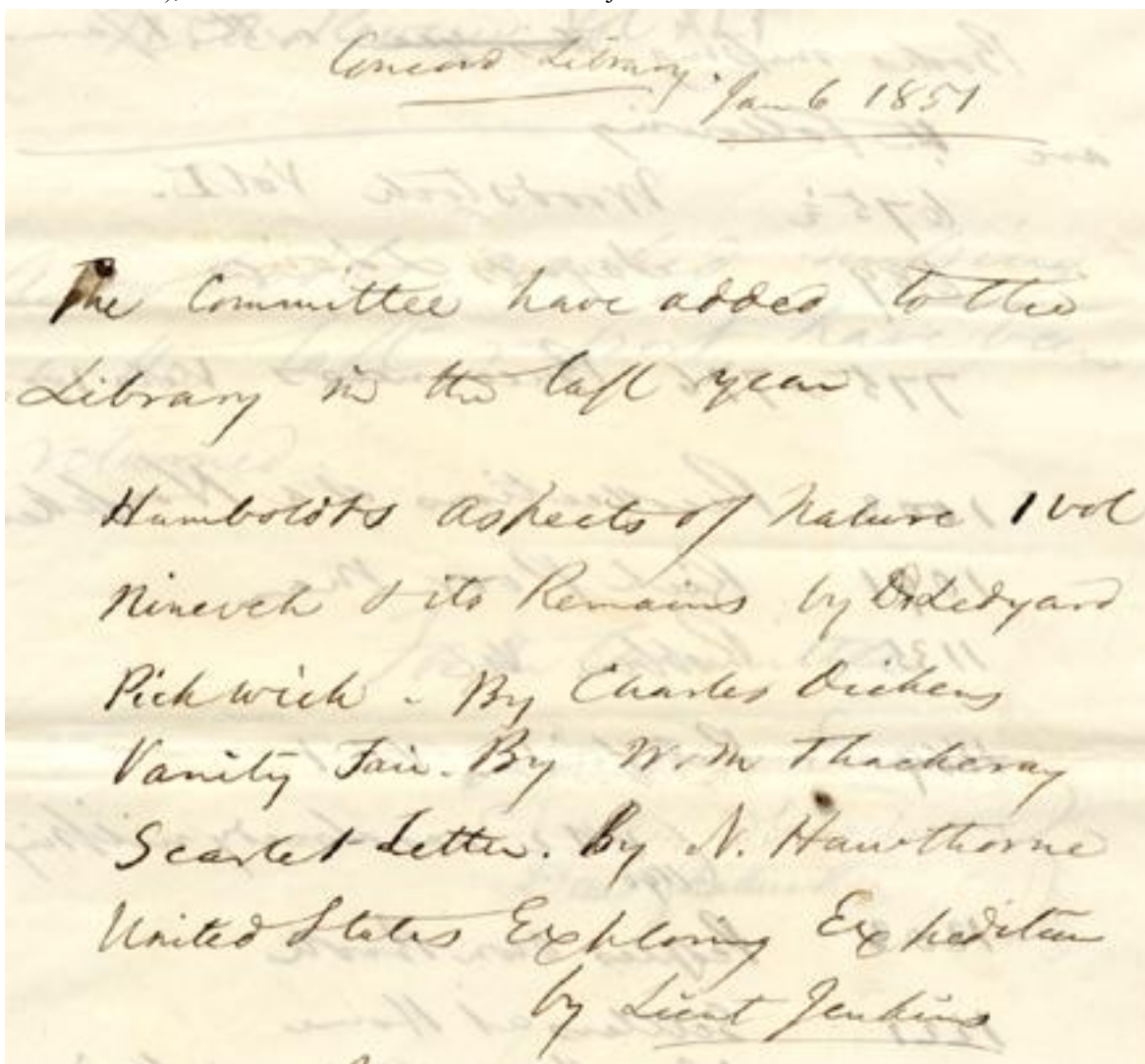


January 6, Monday, 1851: An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Oliver:

... we kild a yoke of oxen today I had of Charles Gurney the off
one weighd 1475 and the other 1330

A surviving record of the [Concord Social Library](http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Fin Aids/ConcordSocialLibrary.htm) in Emerson's handwriting <<http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Fin Aids/ConcordSocialLibrary.htm>> reminds us that we should be careful to allow, that there were more literary and historical resources available in Concord than would be presumed from a mere catalog of Emerson's library, of Thoreau's library, and of the list of Thoreau withdrawals from [Harvard Library](#). Among the books added over the course of the previous year had been [Alexander von Humboldt](#)'s ASPECTS OF NATURE IN DIFFERENT LANDS AND DIFFERENT CLIMATES, WITH SCIENTIFIC ELUCIDATIONS (presumably this would have been the translation of the 3rd German edition, much enlarged, of *ANSICHTEN DER NATUR*, by Mrs. Sabine, that had been republished in Philadelphia in 1850 by Lea and Blanchard), Layard's NINEVEH AND ITS REMAINS / WITH AN ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO THE CHALDEAN CHRISTIANS OF KURDISTAN, AND THE YEZIDIS, OR DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS; AND AN INQUIRY INTO THE MANNERS AND ARTS OF THE ANCIENT ASSYRIANS [Nineveh was the ancient capital of Assyria, on the River Tigris opposite the present-day city of Mosul in Northern Iraq, that had flourished in the 8th and 7th Centuries BCE and then been destroyed in 612 or 627 BCE by the Medes and Babylonians, and Sir Austen Henry Layard

(1817-1894) was the excavator of its ruins], [Charles Dickens](#)'s PICKWICK PAPERS, [William Makepeace Thackeray](#)'s VANITY FAIR, [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)'s SCARLET LETTER, Lieutenant Jenkins's UNITED STATES EXPLORING EXPEDITION (one of the later volumes in the elaborate series of reports on the elaborate South Seas exploring expedition of [Charles Wilkes](#), generally titled REPORTS OF THE US EXPLORING EXPEDITION OF 1838-1842), and a selection of British and American journals:



[John Stacy](#), [Concord](#) bookseller and stationer, had been the librarian of the Concord Social Library, which had been established in 1821 to house the collection of the earlier Charitable Library Society, and the library materials had been being maintained in his bookstore on the Milldam. The records and holdings of the Concord Social Library were in this year being transferred to the Concord Town Library — and in 1873 would be passed on to the [Concord Free Public Library](#).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 6TH]



January 7, Tuesday, 1851: An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Evalina:

Mr Ames [her husband, Oliver Sr's son, Oakes of Union Pacific fame and notoriety] went to Boston to get some grindstones. ... Ann commenced making fire in the furnace.

[Henry Thoreau](#) measured Daniel Shattuck's new house, evaluating it for plastering and finding that the wall surface would amount to 970 square yards, quoted (including lathing) at the rate of a shilling per square yard.



Jan. 7. The snow is sixteen inches deep at least but is a mild & genial afternoon—as if it were the beginning of a January thaw. Take away the snow and it would not be winter but like many days in the fall. The birds acknowledge the difference in the air—the jays are more noisy & the chickadees are oftener heard.

Many herbs are not crushed by the snow.

I do not remember to have seen fleas except when the weather was mild & the snow damp.

I must live above all in the present—

{Seven-eighths page missing}

on a rail may be, in the midst of the affairs of nature & of God— He had not fallen astern—he had got up early Where he was it was always seasonable to

{Seven-eighths page missing}

woodchoppers than to read books of natural history. What they know is very slow to get into books. Science does not embody all that men know—only what is for men of science. The Woodman tells me how he caught trout in a box trap—how he made his troughs for maple sap of pine logs—and the spouts of sumack or white ash which have a large pith.

The knowledge of an unlearned man is living & luxuriant like a forest—but covered with mosses & lichens and for the most part inaccessible & going to waste—the knowledge of the man of science is like timber collected in yards for public works which stub supports a green sprout here & there—but even this is liable to dry rot.

I felt my spirits rise when I had got off the road into the open fields & the sky had a new appearance. I stepped along more buoyantly. There was a warm sunset over the wooded valleys—a yellowish tinge on the pines Reddish dun colored clouds like dusky flames stood over it And then streaks of blue sky were seen here & there— The life the joy that is in blue sky after a storm— There is no account of the blue sky in history. Before I walked in the ruts of travel—now I adventured.⁴⁵ This evening a fog comes up from the south.

If I have any conversation with a scamp in my walk my afternoon is wont to be spoiled.

The squirrels & apparently the rabbits have got all the frozen apples in the hollow behind Miles'. The rabbits appear to have devoured what the squirrels dropped & left I see the tracks of both leading from the woods on all sides to the apple trees.



January 8, Wednesday, 1851: In the basement of his Paris home, [Jean-Bernard-Léon Foucault](#) used a pendulum to demonstrate by the steady clockwise veering of the swing-plane of the bob that the Earth was slowly rotating on its axis in an anticlockwise manner. Soon he would set up an enormous pendulum in the Panthéon in Paris in order to demonstrate to the general public how the planet Earth was turning majestically beneath their feet.

An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Evalina:

made some cambric cuffs and collars and styarched & ironed some Worked on them most of the day. Jane ironed the colored and coarse cloths



January 8: The smilax green briar berries still hang on like small grapes—



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The thorn of this vine is very perfect like a straight dagger
The light of the setting sun falling on the snow banks today made them glow almost yellow
The hills seen from Fair Haven Pond make a wholly new landscape Covered with snow & yellowish green or brown pines & shrub oaks they look higher & more massive. Their white mantle relates them to the clouds in the horizon & to the sky. Perchance what is light colored looks loftier than what is dark.
You might say of a very old & withered man or woman that they hang on like a shrub-oak leaf almost to a second spring. There was still a little life in the heel of the leaf-stalk



45. [William M. White](#)'s version of the journal entry is:


*I felt my spirits rise when I had got off the road
Into the open fields,
And the sky had a new appearance.
I stepped along more buoyantly.*

*There was a warm sunset over the wooded valleys,
A yellowish tinge on the pines.
Reddish dun-colored clouds
Like dusky flames
Stood over it.*

*And then streaks of blue sky were seen here and there.
The life, the joy, that is in blue sky after a storm!
There is no account of the blue sky in history.
Before I walked in the ruts of travel;
Now I adventured.*

1851

1851

 January 9, Thursday, 1851: The dedication of a 100-foot monument to [Sir John Barrow](#), paid for by public subscription. It had been constructed of limestone quarried from nearby Birkrigg Common and resembles the Eddystone Lighthouse that had been erected in 1759 by John Smeaton.



An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Evalina:

Mr Ames ague in his face and had to come home from the office very early. Has been troubled with it several days.

Also, an entry made by Oliver:

... in the afternoon it was misty and it covered the track with ice.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 9TH]

 January 10, Friday, 1851: [Richard Wagner](#) completed [OPER UND DRAMA \(OPERA AND DRAMA\)](#).



January 10: The snow shows how much of the *mts* in the horizon are covered with forest— I can also see plainer as I stand on a hill what proportion of the township is in forest.



Got some excellent frozen thawed apples off of Anurnsnack— Soft & luscious as a custard — and free from worms & rot Saw a partridge [] budding —but they did not appear to have pecked the apples

There was a remarkable sunset a mother of pearl sky seen over the Price farm Some small clouds as well as the edges of large ones most brilliantly painted with mother of pearl tints through & through. I never saw the like before. Who can foretel the sunset —what it will be?

The near and bare hills covered with snow look like mountains —but the *mts* in the horizon do not look higher than hills.

I frequently see a hole in the snow where a partridge has squatted the mark or form of her tail very distinct.

The chivalric & heroic spirit which once belonged to the chevalier or rider only seems now to reside in the walker— To represent the chivalric spirit we have no longer a knight —but a walker errant—

I speak not of Pedestrianism, or of walking a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours—

The Adam who daily takes a turn in his garden

methinks I would not accept of the gift of life If I were required to spend as large a portion of it sitting bent up or with my legs crossed as the shoemakers and tailors do. As well be tied head & heels together & cast into the sea— Making acquaintance with my extremities

I have met with but one or two persons in the course of my life who understood the art taking walks daily —not exercise —the legs or body merely —nor barely to recruit the spirits but positively to exercise both body & spirit —& to succeed to the highest & worthiest ends by the abandonment of all specifics ends.— who had a genius, so to speak, for sauntering— — And this word saunter by the way is happily derived “from idle people who roved about the country [in the middle ages] and asked charity under pretence of going à la sainte terre,” to the holy land —till perchance the children exclaimed There goes a sainte terror a holy lander— They who never go to the holy land in their walks as they pretend, are indeed mere idlers & vagabonds—

{*Two leaves missing*}

than usually jealous of my freedom I feel that my connexions with & obligations to society are at present very slight & transient. Those slight labors which afford me a livelihood & by which I am serviceable to my contemporaries are as yet a pleasure to me and I am not often reminded that they are a necessity. So far I am successful —and only he is successful in his business who makes that pursuit which affords him the highest pleasure sustain him. But I foresee that if my wants should be much increased the labor required to supply them would become a drudgery— If I should sell both my forenoons & afternoons to society neglecting my peculiar calling there would be nothing left worth living for. I trust that I shall never thus sell my birth-right for a mess of pottage

[F. Andrew Michaux](#) says that “the species of large trees are much more numerous in North America than in Europe: in the U S there are more than 140 species that exceed 30 feet in height — ; in France there are but 30 that attain this size, of which 18 enter into the composition of the forests, & seven only are employed in building.”

The perfect resemblance of the Chestnut Beech & hornbeams in Europe & the U S rendered a separate figure unnecessary.

He says the white oak “is the only oak on which a few of the dried leaves persist till the circulation is renewed in the spring.”

Had often heard his father say that “the fruit of the common European walnut, in its natural state, is harder than that of the American species just mentioned [the Pacanenut Hickory] and inferior to it in size & quality.”

The arts teach us a thousand lessons. Not a yard of cloth can be woven without the most thorough fidelity in the weaver. The ship must be made *absolutely* tight before it is launched.

It is an important difference between two characters that the one is satisfied with a happy but level success but, the other as constantly elevates his aim. Though my life is low, if my spirit looks upward habitually at an elevated angle —it is, as it were redeemed— When the desire to be better than we are is really sincere we are instantly elevated, and so far better already

I lose my friends of course as much by my own ill treatment & ill valuing of them (prophaning of them cheapening of them) as by their cheapening of themselves —till at last when I am prepared to them justice I am permitted to deal only with the memories of themselves —their ideals still surviving



in me –no longer with their actual selves–
 We exclude ourselves– As the child said of the stream in which he bathed head or foot V Confucius
 It is something to know when you are addressed by divinity and not by a common traveller.
 I went down cellar just now to get an armful of wood –and passing the brick piers with my wood &
 candle –I heard methought a common place suggestion –but when as it were by accident –I
 reverently attended to the hint –I found that it was the voice of a God who had followed me down
 cellar to speak to me.
 How many communications may we not lose through inattention?
 I would fain keep a journal which should contain those thoughts & impressions which I am most
 liable to forget that I have had Which would have, in one sense the greatest remoteness –in another
 the greatest nearness, to me.
 'Tis healthy to be sick sometimes,⁴⁶

I do not know but the reason why I love some Latin verses more than whole English poems –is
 simply in the elegant terseness & conciseness of the language –an advantage which the individual
 appears to have shared with his nation.
 When we can no longer ramble in the fields of Nature, we ramble in the fields of thought & literature.
 The old become readers– Our heads retain their strength when our legs have become weak.
 English literature from the days of the minstrels to the Lake Poets **Chaucer** & Spencer & Shakspeare
 & Milton included breathes no quite fresh & in this sense wild strain It is an essentially tame &
 civilized literature reflecting Greece and Rome. Her wilderness is a greenwood her wild man a
 Robinhood. There is plenty of genial love of nature in her poets but
 Her chronicles inform us when her wild animals, but not when the wild man in her became extinct
 There was need of America
 I cannot think of any poetry which adequately expresses this yearning for the wild. the *wilde*.
 Ovid says

Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem,
 Occulitque caput, quod adhuc latet.–
 Nilus terrified fled to the extremity of the globe,
 And hid his head, which is still concealed –

And we moderns must repeat –quod adhuc latet.

Phaeton's Epitaph

Hic situs est Phaëton, currûs auriga paterni;
 Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.

His sister Lampetie –

subitâ radice retenta est.

All the sisters were changed to trees while They were in vain beseeching Their mother not to break
 their branches
 cortex in verba novissima venit.

His brother Cyncus lamenting the death of Phaeton –killed by Joves lightning –& the metamorphosis
 of his sisters –was changed into a Swan –

Nec se caeloque, Iovique

46. The poet **W.H. Auden** has in 1962 brought forward a snippet from this day's entry as:

**THE VIKING BOOK OF APHORISMS, A PERSONAL SELECTION
 BY W.H. AUDEN...**

Pg	Topic	Aphorism Selected by Auden out of Thoreau
212	The Professions	'Tis healthy to be sick sometimes.



1851

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Credit, ut injustè missi memor ignis ab illo.

Reason why the swan does not fly –

Nor trusts himself to the heavens

Nor to Jove, as if remembering the fire unjustly sent by him

i.e. against Phaeton.

precibusque minas regaliter addit.

II-397

Jove –

royally adds threats to prayers.

Callisto –

Miles erat Phoebes

i.e. a huntress

– – (neque enim coelestia tingi
Ora decet lachrymis) II-621
For it is not becoming that the faces
of the celestials be tinged with tears

Volat illud, et incandescit eundo;

Et quos non habuit, sub nubibus invenit, ignes.

II-728

That flies & grows hot with going,

And fires which it had not finds under the clouds.

The old world with its vast deserts –& its arid & elevated steppes & table lands contrasted with the new world with its humid & fertile valleys & savannahs & prairies –& its boundless primitive forests– Is like the exhausted Ind corn lands contrasted with the peat meadows, America requires some of the sand of the old world to be carted onto her rich but as yet unassimilated meadows

I went some months ago to see a panorama of the Rhine It was like a dream of the Middle ages– I floated down its historic stream in something more than imagination under bridges built by the Romans and repaired by later heroes past cities & castles whose very names were music to me made my ears tingle –& each of which was the subject of a legend. There seemed to come up from its waters & its vine-clad hills & vallys a hushed music as of crusaders departing for the Holy Land–

There were Ehrenbreitstein & Rolandseck & Coblentz which I knew only in history. I floated along through the moonlight of history under the spell of enchantment It was as if I remembered a glorious dream as if I had been transported to a heroic age & breathed an atmosphere of chivalry Those times appeared far more poetic & heroic than these

Soon after I went to see the panorama of the Mississippi and as I fitly worked my way upward in the light of today –& saw the steamboats wooding up –& looked up the Ohio & the Missouri & saw its unpeopled cliffs –& counted the rising cities [The fresh ruins of Nauvoo, the bright brick towns. Davenport?] –& saw the Indians removing west across the stream & heard the legends of Dubuque & of Wenona's Cliff –still thinking more of the future than of the past or present –I saw that this was a Rhine stream of a dif kind that the foundations

{*One leaf missing*}

all this West –which our thoughts traverse so often & so freely. We have never doubted that their prosperity was our prosperity– It is the home of the younger-sons As among the Scandinavians the

CORN HILLS



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younger sons took to the seas for their inheritance and became the Vikings or Kings of the Bays & colonized Ice land & Greenland & probably discovered the continent of America

[Guyot](#) says –“the Baltic Sea has a depth of only 120 feet between the coasts of Germany and those of Sweden;” (page 82).

“The Adriatic, between Venice & Trieste, has a depth of only 130 feet.”

“Between France & England, the greatest depth does not exceed 300 feet;”

He says

The most extensive forest “the most gigantic wilderness” on the earth is in the basin of the Amazon & extends almost unbroken more than 1500 miles

South America the kingdom of palms no where a greater no’ of species “This is a sign of the preponderating development of leaves over every other part of the vegetable growth; of that expansion of foliage, of that leafiness, peculiar to warm & moist climates. America has no plants with slender shrunken leaves, like those of Africa and New Holland. The Ericas, or heather, so common, so varied, so characteristic of the flora of the Cape of Good Hope, is a form unknown to the New World. There is nothing resembling those *Metrosideri* of Africa, those dry Myrtles (*Eucalyptus*) and willow-leaved acacias, whose flowers shine with the liveliest colors, but their narrow foliage, turned edgewise to the vertical sun, casts no shadow.”

my own

The white man derives his nourishment from the earth from the roots & grains The potatoe & wheat & corn & rice & sugar –which often grow in fertile & pestilential river bottoms fatal to the life of the cultivator The Indian has but a slender hold on the earth– He derives his nourishment in great part but indirectly from her through the animals he hunts

–“compared with the Old World, the New World is the humid side of our planet, the *oceanic*, *Vegetative* world, the passive element awaiting the excitement of a livelier impulse from without.”

[\[Guyot\]](#)

{*One leaf missing*}

“For the American, this task is to work the virgin soil,”–

“Agriculture here already assumes proportions unknown everywhere else.” [\[Guyot\]](#)



1851

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January 10, Friday-12, Sunday, 1851: [Waldo Emerson](#) was in Springfield, [Illinois](#), lecturing during these 3 succeeding evenings on “The Anglo-Saxon,” on “Power,” and on “Culture.” Years later, [Abraham Lincoln](#) would remember he attended one of these 3 lectures — but would be quite unable to recall which particular topic was being covered on that evening.

[THE LIST OF LECTURES](#)

On the 10th, [Henry Thoreau](#) made an entry in his journal he would later copy into his early lecture [“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT”](#) He would combine it with an entry made on March 13, 1853 to form:

[Paragraph 38] Perhaps I am more than usually jealous with respect to my freedom. I feel that my connection with and obligation to society are still very slight and transient. Those slight labors which afford me a livelihood, and by which it is allowed that I am to some extent serviceable to my contemporaries, are as yet commonly a pleasure to me, and I am not often reminded that they are a necessity. So far I am successful; and he only is successful in his business who makes that pursuit which affords him the purest and highest pleasure, also afford his body a maintenance. But I foresee that if my wants should be much increased, the labor required to supply them would become a drudgery. If I should sell both my forenoons and afternoons to society, as most appear to do, I am sure that for me there would be nothing left worth living for. I trust that I shall never thus sell my birth-right for a mess of pottage. [[GENESIS 25:32-34](#)] “What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” [[MARK 8:36](#)]¹ The great art of life is how to turn the surplus life of the soul into life for the body. The poet, for instance, must sustain his body by his poetry. All enterprises must be self-supporting in this sense—must pay for themselves. You must get your living by loving. But as it is said of the merchants that ninety-seven in a hundred fail²—so the life of men generally, tried by this standard, is a failure—and bankruptcy may be surely prophesied. To inherit property is not to be born but to be still-born rather. To be supported by the charity of friends or a government pension—provided you continue to breathe—is to go into the almshouse. On Sundays the poor debtor goes to church to take an account of stock and finds, of course, that his outgoes have been greater than his income.¹¹²³ In the Catholic church, especially, they go into chancery—make a clean confession—give up all—and think to start again. Thus men will lie on their backs talking about the fall of man and never make an effort to get up.

**BRAD DEAN'S
COMMENTARY**

1. Bradley P. Dean emended “What shall it profit &c,” completing the verse and putting it in quotes.
2. Thoreau refers to WALDEN pages 32-33. He had used the figure “ninety-nine in a hundred” in the journal source. J. Lyndon Shanley has noted this also in the WALDEN manuscripts in THE MAKING OF *WALDEN* (Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1957, page 35).

An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Oliver:

... there is considerable water on the ground. The day was pritty warm and took the snow of so much that it spoilt the slaying




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Also, an entry by Evalina:

This is Mr Ames birthday ... 47 years.

 January 11, Saturday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) had been at the Bigelow Mechanic Institute in Clinton, Massachusetts on January 1st lecturing on his excursion to [Cape Cod](#), and on this day the Clinton Saturday Courant reported:

The lecture before the B.M. Institute last Wednesday evening, by Thomas Drew, Esq., is considered by many as abou[t] the best lecture of the course thus far delivered, - totally obscuring the fine-spun theories of [Emerson](#) and placing "[Cape Cod](#)" amongst those "trifles, light as air," which serve to amuse, but not instruct, the listener.

As part of the [Mariposa War](#), Mariposa County Sheriff James Burney led local militia in an indecisive clash with [California](#) native tribes on a mountainside near present-day Oakhurst, California.

WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE

A letter from the father to his daughter [Caroline Burr Grant \(1820-1892\)](#) in Newburyport, Massachusetts, having to do with her brothers in the [California](#) gold fields:

Care of Wm. Hill [William Hill] Esq.
Flemington N.J.
Newburyport [Massachusetts] Jan 11th 1851
Dear Daughter. We received your communications this morning was glad to hear from you and my dear absent Children. Joel and John had informed us, that letters had been received with comforting intel[l]igence. It was like cold water to a thirsty soul, my mind had become exceedingly anxious about D. [Daniel Grant] & M [Marcus Grant], and in looking at my contemplated visit, I felt that I must leave home with a heavy heart. But monday P.M[.] a letter was handed in containing information that gave me great relief. We are here at Newburyport [Massachusetts] in good health I have for a long time wanted to write to you [to you] but my body and mind have be[e]n taxed to the utmost. My health has been good I have had but very little suffering. Abby has been uniformly well and happy. She has not complained of being unwell at all. She often speaks of you and her little brother in most affectionate manner. She will say I suppose they think they have not stayed long enough, but I think they have, I hope when they do come [I hope] they will stay five months and two years. One time some one gave her two walnuts I said to her grandma will crack them for you. Oh no I will keep them for Ma and little Eddy, so with many little things she will [say?] I will keep them for Ma and my little brother. When we first talked or when we first began to plan our business we thought of shutting up our house, and I proposed to Mrs Orville Pinney to take her into her family and she and her adopted daughter appeared very much pleased with the plan. Since that your Aunt N. and her daughters concluded they would come & keep our house, and they rather wished that Abby would stay them. So I them as they both wanted her they must divide the time. She might go and stay with Mrs[.] Pinney a while and then she might come and stay with her Aunt. She appears pleased with her prospect. Mrs[.] Pinney came after her and carried her home hours before I left



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home. I do not feel free from anxiety respecting her although I feel confident, that she will be taken just as good care of as she would if I was with her yet if she should be sick or any accident should befall her, I should wish to be with her, but I hope & [hope] I commit her to his care, who only can protect her. You speak of [her] your return. I hope it will be so that you can leave your sister in time to spend weeks with us before it will be necessary for you to commence your summer's work. I want [have] you to have a good long visit with your only sister, and do not wish to hasten your return, but I very much want a visit too before summer work comes on. I do not think of any news but what you will hear from the other sources except I had a letter from Susan [Susan Boyd Grant] she sent much love to you and expressed a pleasure in my having Abbie with me for company. She also stated that one of their neighbors were at Mr Barton's a little time previous, but did not see Elizabeth [Elizabeth Grant Burton] she was near being confined so that in some measure accounts for not writing us in so long a time. I intended writing to her soon when you left, but I have not done it but hope to while here. Give Edward many kisses for grandma may the Lord bless you and keep you is the prayer of your affectionate Mother E G [Elizabeth Grant]

My dear Neice[Niece],

I thank you for your note, received today. Will you dwell on the character of the only living & true God, seek daily to learn more & more of what he is, by studying his word, observing his providences, & receiving his spirit. Think what the Redeemer has done to save our race, & receive his testimony respecting what he desires to do for you. Believe what he says to you, as you would have your children believe what you say to them. In true love, y'rs [Zilpah Polly Grant Banister]

Give my love to Mary [Mary Burr Hill] and her husband hope she will be blessed John was at home a few days left the last day of Dec may God's blessings attend you my dear child
E G [Elizabeth Grant]

(“An Excursion to Cape Cod“)

Neujahrslied op.144 for chorus and orchestra by [Robert Schumann](#) to words of Rückert was performed for the first time, in Düsseldorf.

In [Kwangsi](#), Christian [Hung Hsiu Ch'üan](#) 洪秀全 declared himself king of the Heavenly Kingdom of Great Peace, thus beginning the [Taiping Rebellion](#) and the bloodiest civil war that has ever been fought — ever fought anywhere anytime on the surface of this planet.

“The little brother of Jesus told me to kill you.”

Our Perennial Quest to Do Harm So Good Will Come



English Civil War	1640-1649
Secession from Britain	1776-1783
Chinese Civil War	1850-1864
Secession from the Union	1862-1865



“To be active, well, happy, implies rare courage. To be ready to fight in a [duel](#) or a [battle](#) implies desperation, or that you hold your life cheap.”



– [Henry Thoreau](#)



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 12, Sunday, [1851](#): [Abraham Lincoln](#)'s father Thomas Lincoln lay dying but the son was refusing to visit (nor would he even make himself available for his father's funeral).



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 13, Monday, [1851](#): An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Oliver:

... we kild a yoke of oxen today that I had of Thomas Ames, one weighd 1280 and the other 1140.

Also, an entry by Evalina:

father killed another yoke of oxen today and we have a quarter the tripe. Boiled that we had last week today.

The [Sacramento, California](#) [Transcript](#) reported:

THE GOLD BLUFF. – Since the arrival of the steamer *Chesapeake* from the vicinity of Port Trinidad, stories have been promulgated relative to a far off "Gold Bluff" (so called) which have raised an intense excitement in San Francisco. We are sorry to say this excitement has in a certain degree reached other parts of the State, and yesterday showed itself to a considerable extent in our city. There is one unfortunate peculiarity about the present population of California. It is as a general thing energetic and full of hope. A large majority desire to make a speedy fortune and return in a few weeks to the fascinations of home. Many are



young either in years or experience, and the general mind is combustible, taking fire at the first extravagant tale. As one views California from a calm height, he sees too often a sad panorama in which the Will-with-the-wisp game is played upon a grand scale, and ruined hopes and despair stand full in the foreground. Such is human nature that this is, perhaps, for the present, unavoidable; but we trust that we shall soon see a different state of things in California. Money will unquestionably be made out of this Gold Bluff excitement before it shall have subsided. It includes the admirable "opportunity;" and there are those, keen enough to reap the advantage. But how many will they be who, investing their little all, will in the end taste the dusty apple of disappointment, none can tell. Several of the papers below have been caught away in the general whirlwind, and this only makes the matter worse. We must confess the statements which we have seen and heard are not of a nature to convince us entirely that a sufficient quantity of gold can be gathered at Gold Bluff to warrant the mad excitement unfortunately abroad; and we fear that the upshot of the matter will be disastrous disappointment to hundreds. We trust that our sensible readers will consider well before they take any rash step. It would be far better for our quiet miners upon the Forks of the American, the Yuba, &c., to remain upon their claims, than to spend their time, their efforts, and their money, in seeking this new and far off Dorado. If these stories are true, it is very strange that the "Chesapeake" has been sold when crowds would have flocked to the "inexhaustible mines," and she might have quickly made thrice the price she brought. It is very strange that so many "shares" and "interests" are in the market for sale. Why don't these people go quietly to work and make the money themselves? It is unaccountable to us that Edwin A. Rowe, constable of Trinidad, who swears before L.B. Gilky, Justice of the Peace, that he "has seen enough in one plat of black sand, containing enough of gold to yield three to ten dollars per pound, to load a ship," does not quietly resign the very lucrative office of constable of Trinidad and proceed to the spot at once where his fortune is at his feet. We do not mean to say that his statement is untrue, but we don't understand these things. How exceedingly remarkable that the placer is so fickle. We are told that to-day one will go upon the beach, and it has attired itself in its richest and spangled dress, while to-morrow nothing of the kind can be found. It seems that withal the case is one of "now you see it, and now you don't." We warn our excited friends of the fact, that there is not the slightest necessity for haste in this matter. We trust that we shall hear but little more of this excitement to-day. If the stories are true - if these mines are so extensive, so inexhaustible, there is ample time for those of us who actually need a million or two, to take a fair start when there shall be no risk of our having our "labor for our pains," and returning heavily laden in the style of our Gold Lake friends whilom.

GOV. BURNETT'S RESIGNATION. - The resignation of Gov. Burnett was received and accepted by the legislature on Friday inst. Both Houses met in convention, when the Hon. John McDougall was waited on by a joint committee and informed that both Houses were in session, and ready to have him sworn into office as Governor of the State of California. In a few moments he made his appearance, and the oath of office was administered to him



by his Hon. Judge Lyons of the Supreme Court. Gov. McDougall expressed distrust of his ability to discharge the duties of his highly responsible office—but pledged that what ability he possessed should be directed to promote the welfare of the Commonwealth.

The following is the resignation of Gov. Burnet:

Gentlemen of the Senate and Assembly: Circumstances entirely unexpected and unforeseen by me, and over which I have no control, render it indispensable that I should devote all my time and attention to my private affairs. I therefore tender to both Houses of the Legislature my resignation as Governor of the State. I leave the high office to which I was called by the voluntary voice of my countrymen, with but one only regret, that my feeble abilities have allowed me to accomplish so little for the State. In the humble sphere of a private citizen I shall still cherish for her that ardent attachment she so justly merits. Within her serene and sunny limits I expect to spend the remainder of my days, many or few; and should an unfortunate crisis ever arise, when such a sacrifice might be available and necessary for her safety, my limited fortune and force, and my life shall be at her disposal.

PETER H. BURNETT. San Jose, January 8th, 1851.

THE K STREET COMMITTEE. — The attention of the citizens of K Street is directed to the advertisement of the Council Committee in another column. It might be advisable for the city to undertake the planking, if a legal instrument was drawn up and signed, in which the citizens of the street pledged themselves to pay for the work on its completion. The subject is one of great importance, and should receive the consideration of all interested. While it might not be proper for the city to undertake the planking of one street to the exclusion of another, there can certainly be no objection by any one in the assumption of the responsibility by the city authorities, if they have as collateral security the pledges of citizens to pay the work, not in words, but by their names appended to a legal instrument. It has been stated, heretofore, that the money might have been raised if there had been confidence that the work would have been completed.

A CASE OF SHOOTING. — Henry Brown was shot on Saturday evening, at the Ringgold House, on 3d street, by a man named George McDonald. We are informed that McDonall had a difficulty with "Captain Bill," a former keeper of the prison brig, and that he drew a pistol and was about to shoot him, when some one struck his arm and the ball passed upward through the ceiling. McDonald was in the act of firing; again, we understand, when Brown stepped up and took hold, turning him round, at which time the pistol was fired, but whether intentionally or accidentally, we cannot learn, and Brown fell, wounded so dangerously as almost to preclude any hope of his recovery. We have been told that Brown considers the shot as accidental, McDonald and himself having been on good terms. It is stated that McDonald had an old grudge against Capt. Bill, for alleged ill-treatment whilst on board the prison brig.

A BAD JUDGE OF LIQUOR. — We saw "one of the hombres" in company which was decidedly unpleasant to him —police officers— yesterday evening, being tucked up for having stolen a cask of wine and other matters along J Street, somewhere above Fifth.



It was owing altogether to his being no judge of liquor, for after having stolen the wine, he took it to an auction-house and wanted to sell a cask of ale. Having tapped the article, and found that it was wine, the suspicions of the auctioneer were aroused, and the luckless chap was seized and handed over to the police, who are at least sometimes on hand, notwithstanding the Times thinks they are so grossly neglectful of their duty.

REMOVAL OF BUSINESS. — French-monte dealers and thimble-riggers have had a veto put on their performances "down town," but we find that these games are in full vogue beyond Sixth Street.

SNOW ON THE SIERRA NEVADA. — The city denizen will have opened up to him a sight well worthy of a short walk by repairing to the eastern part of the city. The Sierra is entirely covered with snow, and the sunshine upon the lofty peaks adds an additional charm to the scene.

FOR GOLD BLUFF. — The fast sailing bark *Oregon* will sail from this port, during the week, for the newly discovered Gold Bluff. The *Oregon* is a new vessel, has superior accommodations, and is commanded by Capt. Davis, well known as a thorough seaman. The vessel will have quick dispatch, taking steam to San Francisco. Those wishing to visit "Gold Bluff" should engage passage at once. Price of passage \$50.

PROMENADING. — Yesterday evening seemed to be devoted almost exclusively to promenading; and small parties of ladies and gentlemen were to be met at almost every corner. The evening was pleasant, and the ground in good condition, if we may except a few of the public crossings.

ANOTHER CASE OF LYNCHING. — Judge Lynch is usurping the place not only of our county judges, but also of those of the District Court. He is the popular court for the time being, and he cares little for public opinion after his vengeance has been satisfied. Every few days we hear of some of the cases from his court. The following being the latest. It appears that a man, named Starkey, who has a rancho on the Macosumne and on Dry Creek, was charged with stealing stock and driving it off to one of these places. A number of persons who had suffered severely by his depredations, determined upon taking the law into their own hands, and accordingly seized and took him to Hick's Rancho, another point, we believe, on the Macosumne. Here they arraigned him, but he resolutely denied the thefts, and persisted in asserting his innocence. This not being satisfactory, they strung him up to a limb, where he was held a moment and then lowered, when he was called on to confess. Starkey was firm and determined, denying all participation in the crime. The assemblage told him they would hang him unless he confessed, but he was immovable. He was again suspended and then lowered, and the same procedure was gone through until the fifth time, when, either from fear or a consciousness of guilt, he made a full confession. The court re-assembled, when their verdict was read, giving him two desperate choices, either to be hung at once, or to have his head shaved, branded on the cheek and receive one hundred and fifty lashes. He chose the latter sentence, and was immediately tied up and received one hundred and twenty-five — the balance being remitted, we believe. Such acts are terrible, and it is to be regretted that our courts of justice in failing to give satisfaction have produced such a

state of things.



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 14, Tuesday, 1851: An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Oliver:

... I went to Bridgewater and carried Sarah

Also, an entry by Evalina:

Lewis Carr died last night

Juan Bravo Murillo replaced Ramón María Narváez Campos, duque de Valencia as Prime Minister of Spain.

Alerted to the continuing racial conflict in California between white skins and red skins, in late 1850 our federal government had sent three United States Indian Commissioners to San Francisco to evaluate the situation and recommend a corrective. The commissioners, considering that the California government was being excessively belligerent in its handling of Indian affairs, urged Governor John McDougal to resolve this problem. (On the 18th, early in the morning, a group of approximately 100 white men would form assault lines and attack a sleeping village of approximately 500 Chowchilla, Chookchancie, Nootchu, Honahchee, Potoencie, Kahwah, and Yosemite tribespeople, killing 24 and using embers from their campfires to set the shelters on fire. None of the white men were injured. When the fires spread to the forest, in the smoke the surviving red skins managed to sneak away.)

WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE

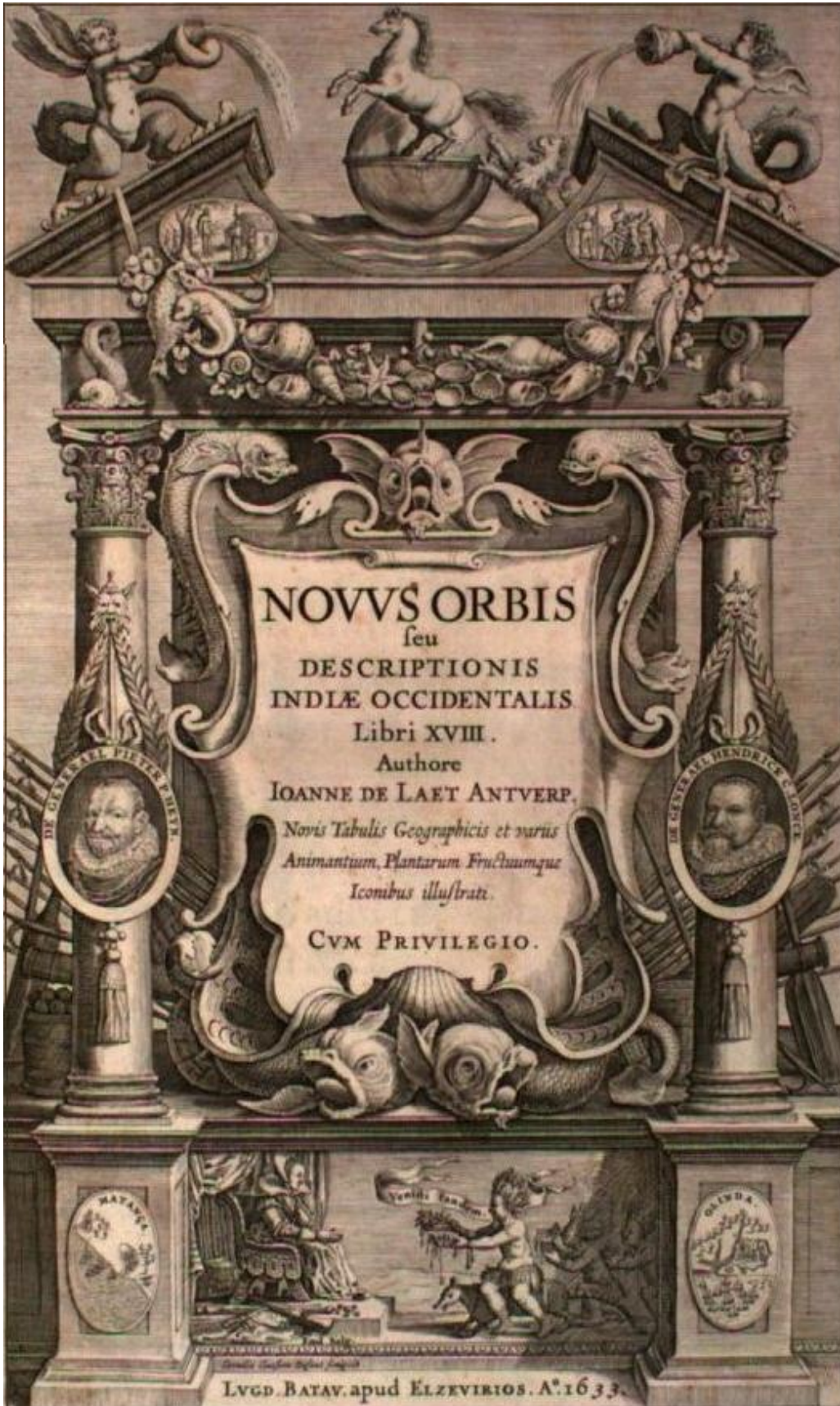
Sophia Peabody Hawthorne confided to her journal that "I am always so dazzled and bewildered with the richness, the depth, the ... jewels of beauty in his [Nathaniel Hawthorne's] productions that I am always looking forward to a second reading where I can ponder and muse and fully take in the miraculous wealth of thoughts."

Henry Thoreau checked out, from Harvard Library, Johannes de Laet's NOVUS ORBIS SEU DESCRIPTIONIS INDIAE OCCIDENTALIS (Lugd. Batav. apud Elzevirios, 1633, see following screen).



NOVUS ORBIS

Novus Orbis



He also checked out the 1st of the three volumes of [François André Michaux](#)'s *THE NORTH AMERICAN SYLVA, OR A DESCRIPTION OF THE FOREST TREES, OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND NOVA SCOTIA...*, 1817-18-19 (Philadelphia: J. Dobson, 1842).



From this he would extrapolate information on firewood to use in his chapter “House-Warming”:



WALDEN: It is remarkable what a value is still put upon wood even in this age and in this new country, a value more permanent and universal than that of gold. After all our discoveries and inventions no man will go by a pile of wood. It is as precious to us as it was to our Saxon and Norman ancestors. If they made their bows of it, we make our gun-stocks of it. Michaux, more than thirty years ago, says that the price of wood for fuel in New York and Philadelphia "nearly equals, and sometimes exceeds, that of the best wood in Paris, though this immense capital annually requires more than three hundred thousand cords, and is surrounded to the distance of three hundred miles by cultivated plains." In this town the price of wood rises almost steadily, and the only question is, how much higher it is to be this year than it was the last. Mechanics and tradesmen who come in person to the forest on no other errand, are sure to attend the wood auction, and even pay a high price for the privilege of gleaning after the wood-chopper. It is now many years that men have resorted to the forest for fuel and the materials of the arts; the New Englander and the New Hollander, the Parisian and the Celt, the farmer and Robinhood, Goody Blake and Harry Gill, in most parts of the world the prince and the peasant, the scholar and the savage, equally require still a few sticks from the forest to warm them and cook their food. Neither could I do without them.

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

FRANÇOIS ANDRÉ MICHAUX



Thoreau also checked out John Josselyn's *NEW-ENGLANDS RARITIES DISCOVERED: IN BIRDS, BEASTS, FISHES, SERPENTS, AND PLANTS OF THAT COUNTRY...* (1672).

New-Englands Rarities.

The Figure of the Walnut.



Walnut; the Nuts differ much from ours in *Europe*, they being smooth, much like a Nutmeg in shape, and not much bigger; some three cornered, all of them but thinly replenished with Kernels.

PEOPLE OF A WEEK

NEW-ENGLAND'S RARITIES

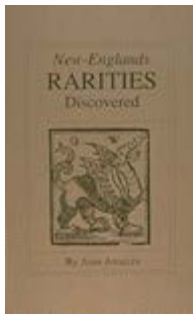
A WEEK: Old Josselyn in his "New England's Rarities," published in 1672, mentions the Perch or River Partridge.

JOHN JOSSELYN

A WEEK: The Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus*, the swiftest, wariest, and most ravenous of fishes, which Josselyn calls the Fresh-Water or River Wolf, is very common in the shallow and weedy lagoons along the sides of the stream. It is a solemn, stately, ruminant fish, lurking under the shadow of a pad at noon, with still, circumspect, voracious eye, motionless as a jewel set in water, or moving slowly along to take up its position, darting from time to time at such unlucky fish or frog or insect as comes within its range, and swallowing it at a gulp. I have caught one which had swallowed a brother pickerel half as large as itself, with the tail still visible in its mouth, while the head was already digested in its stomach.

PEOPLE OF A WEEK

JOHN JOSSELYN



New-Englands
RARITIES
 Discovered:
 IN
Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Serpents,
 and *Plants* of that Country.
 Together with
 The *Physical and Chyrurgical* REMEDIES
 wherewith the *Natives* constantly use to
 Cure their DISTEMPERS, WOUNDS,
 and SORES.
 ALSO
 A perfect Description of an *Indian SQUA*,
 in all her Bravery, with a POEM not
 improperly conferr'd upon her.
 LASTLY
 A CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE
 of the most remarkable Passages in that
 Country amongst the ENGLISH.
 Illustrated with CUTS.
 By JOHN JOSSELYN, Gent.
 London, Printed for G. Widdowes at the
 Green Dragon in St. Pauls Church-yard, 1673.

JOHN JOSSELYN'S
 CHRONOLOGY



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND



1851

1851

FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 15, Wednesday, [1851](#): An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Evalina:

went to the Carr's to put the robe on the corpse

Also, an entry by Oliver:

... Lewis Carr was buried today I bought a yoke of cattle today of Seth Littlefield for \$85.00 five years old. They were small ones.

Mariano Arista Luna replaced José Joaquín Antonio Florencio de Herrera y Ricardos as President of [Mexico](#).

Two houses collapsed under construction in [Manhattan](#) on account of inferior building materials, killing or wounding something like a couple of dozen people — whereupon the contractor simply disappeared.

A “Christian Female College,” known today as the Columbia College of Missouri, received its charter from the Missouri General Assembly.

In reaction to the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, [John Brown](#) organized 44 people of [Springfield, Massachusetts](#) to resist the federal bounty hunters as the “United States League of Gileadites” (for whom 17 names are no longer of record, and the following list which includes 3 or possibly 4 women):

- Joseph Addams
- John Brown
- William Burns
- Samuel Chandler
- B.C. Dowling
- Jane Fowler
- A.C. Gazam
- William Gordon
- Eliza Green
- William Green
- Henry Hector
- G.W. Holmes
- J.N. Howard
- Ann Johnson
- Henry Johnson
- Reverdy Johnson
- H.J. Jones
- William H. Montague
- Charles Odell
- Henry Robinson
- Charles Rollins
- John Smith
- John Strong
- Cyrus Thomas
- L. Wallace
- Scipio Webb



- Jane Wicks

The oath they swore was to “Stand by one another and by your friends while a drop of blood remains; and be hanged if you must, but tell no tales out of school.”

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

The Daily Alta California of [San Francisco](#) reported on “Our Indian Difficulties”:

Our Indian Difficulties.

It is to be hoped that the temperate and reasonable address of the Indian Agents, which we published yesterday, may have weight with the public, and induce that forbearance and moderation which the importance of the matter demands. Not only do we hope that the miners and people generally will pause and let reason and justice guide their conduct toward the ignorant starving savages, but that our legislators and all those who hold public and high trust will use their influence to prevent the effusion of blood. It is not for the benefit of our State, viewed even in a pecuniary light, to annihilate these poor creatures. But there are reasons infinitely beyond all estimate of dollars and cents, all prospects of profitable business or possessions, which should guide our councils and conduct. There is a question of justice, of humanity, of right, of religion. They are the original possessors of the soil. Here are all the associations of their lives. Here are their traditions. The trees which we cut down are the volumes of their unwritten histories. The mountain-tops are their temples; the running streams which we turn aside for gold have been the store-houses of their food, their fisheries by us destroyed and their supplies thus cut off. The wild game which gave them food we have driven from the valleys, the very graves of their sires have been dug down for the glittering gold which lay beneath. The reckless of our people have not stopped at these inevitable results. They have abused and outraged the confidence and friendship of the trusting Indians, robbed and murdered them without compunction, and, in short, perpetrated all those outrages against humanity, and decency, and justice, which have entailed upon the American public nearly every war which has turned red with Indian blood the green vallies from the Pequod and Narragansett nations, all the way through the continent, which we have taken from them, to the sand-bordered homes of the Yumas and the oaten hills of the Clear Lake tribes.

Is it not time to pause and inquire if might is right in this matter? We may make war upon them and annihilate them. But is that the best policy? Is it humane? Is it politic? It is Christian? We answer it is not. The Indian has his vices; it is to be regretted that the white man has many – ay, greater by far than these poor untaught children of nature. And is it known, too, that they have lived on the most friendly terms with us until oppression has broken all the bonus between the races?

We have driven them to the wall. We have pushed them from the valleys where their arrows procured their meat, from the rivers where they caught their fish, we have destroyed their oak orchards; we have cut down or burned their wheat which was the seed of the wild grass; have slaughtered the men and debauched the women. And now the atonement is to be, utter destruction! Can God look down upon such cruelty, and blest the people guilty



of the outrage? We therefore call once more for moderation in council and moderation in action. Our agents are already upon the mission. Let all good citizens give a helping hand. Let us avoid if within the bounds of possibility, an Indian war. Such a calamity would not alone be one to the Indian. It will cost the lives of many valuable citizens. And should it end with the total destruction of the Indian tribes, it would be at a cost of treasure and blood horrible to contemplate, for when there could be no adequate return, and would be a result over which the philanthropist, the Christian, and every true hearted man would mourn as the last great sin of national injustice, violence and oppression.

ADAMS & Co. - This enterprising firm will despatch a special messenger, Mr. Moulton, for the United States this afternoon by the *New Orleans*, and will transmit all letters and packages under his charge. They will be received up to the latest moment.

THE MAILS. - The mails for the Atlantic States and Europe will close at the Post-office this afternoon at half-past one o'clock. A mail bag will remain open at this office and at the Merchants' Exchange until seven o'clock this evening.

THE MAIL STEAMER. - In consequence of the accident to the steamer *Northerner*, by coming in contact with the *Tennessee*, the steamer *Unicorn* will take her place, and leave this afternoon, with the mails and passengers for Panama.

THE *CONSTITUTION*. - By an advertisement it will be perceived that this fine steamer will run as a regular packet between San Francisco and San Diego, touching at all the intermediate ports.

THE EXPRESSES. - Adams and Gregory receive small parcels up to three o'clock this afternoon. Special messengers will be dispatched by the steamer *New Orleans*.

SAILING OF THE *NEW ORLEANS*. - It will be perceived by a notice in another column that this fine steamer will not sail till eight o'clock this evening.

MR. MEREDITH AND THE STEAMSHIP COMPANY. - It is with feelings of regret that we hear of Mr. Meredith's disconnection with the above trained Company. He has been connected with it, we believe, in capacity of agent, and for the latter portion of the time is principal agent, ever since its organization upon this coast. During that time he has performed his duties in a most acceptable manner. So much so, indeed, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, in the community in which he is so well known, and with the members of which he has come in so frequent contact, in the transaction of much business, to find an individual who is his enemy.

This is, of itself, no ordinary praise. Daring this time his duties have frequently placed him in positions of great difficulty and delicacy. On the one side, bound to guard and foster the interests of the Company which he represented, and on the other to satisfy the public, many members of which are ever difficult to please, he has nevertheless so shaped his course that he has gained the love and respect, and we may add, the gratitude of the community. We know of none who will not regret his withdrawal from the service of this Pioneer line.

In the older States of our Union, where trade and commerce have been long settled down into well defined channels, and the

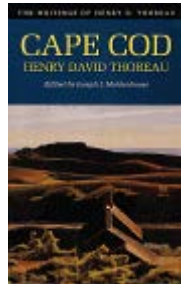
methods and rules of business are so uniform and regular that it is scarcely possible for either the traveling community or the public carriers and their agents to commit an error, it may not seem any very great compliment to say that an agent of a mail or steamboat line has conducted his department in a manner above reproach.

But it is not so here. The experiment was a new one. The company have been a kind of drawbridge between the east and California, against which every passenger has felt himself at perfect liberty to rail and complain whenever he thought himself at all aggravated. And when it is recollected of what incongruous materials our immigration and emigration has been composed, how indefinite and wild were their expectations, or how bitter their disappointments, it is not wonderful if there may have been complaints, but it is wonderful that there have been so few. And the fact that so few general satisfaction with the P.M.S. Company exists, is at once creditable to the company, and especially to those who have, with judgment and fidelity, courtesy and integrity, represented its interests, and at the same time forgot not what was due to the comfort and convenience of the community.

Without flattery it may be said that to Mr. Meredith in no small degree is due the meed of praise for very responsible duties most honestly, efficiently, and graciously performed. And although we hear his successor as agent for the company highly praised, it may be said without reflecting upon any one, that it will take a long time for any one to attain the same enviable place in public estimation which has been awarded on all sides to Gilmer Meredith.



[Henry Thoreau](#) lectured on [Cape Cod](#) at the Temple Street Chapel in Portland, Maine:





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Lecture⁴⁷

DATE	PLACE	TOPIC
January 1, Wednesday, 1851	Clinton MA; Clinton Hall	"An Excursion to Cape Cod"
January 15, Wednesday, 1851, at 7:30PM	Portland, Maine; Temple Street Chapel	"An Excursion to Cape Cod"
January 22, Wednesday, 1851	Medford, Massachusetts	"Economy"

47. From [Bradley P. Dean](#) and [Ronald Wesley Hoag](#)'s [THOREAU'S LECTURES BEFORE WALDEN: AN ANNOTATED CALENDAR](#).



1851

1851

Narrative of Event:

On 18 October 1850, Josiah Pierce, Jr., one of 3 Portland Lyceum committee members, sent an invitation to [Henry Thoreau](#) asking him to lecture during the coming season and reminding him of the success of his last lecture there in March of 1849 (see lecture 20 above):

In behalf of its Managing Committee, I have the honor of inviting you to lecture before the "Portland Lyceum" on some Wednesday evening during the next winter. Your former animated and interesting discourse is fresh in the memory of its members, and they are very anxious to have their minds again invigorated, enlivened and instructed by you. If you consent to our request, will you be pleased to designate the time of the winter when you would prefer to come here?

The Managers have been used to offer gentlemen who come here to lecture from a distance equivalent to your own, only the sum of twenty-five dollars, not under the name of pecuniary compensation for the lectures but for traveling expenses –

An early and favorable reply will much oblige us.

Thoreau's reply, whether early or not, did not get him listed in the course of 12 lectures announced in the Portland [Eastern Argus](#) on November 11th, but he nonetheless did present the course's 8th lecture on Wednesday, January 15th, 1851, at 7:30PM in the Temple Street Chapel, the doors to which were opened at 6:30PM. Other lecturers for the season included [Horace Greeley](#), the Reverend William Ware ("author of Zenobia"), and [Richard Henry Dana, Sr.](#) Tickets for the course cost \$1. In his diary for the day, William Willis pronounced the weather "moderate," continuing a trend of several days.⁴⁸

Advertisements, Reviews, and Responses:

Advertisements for the course's eighth lecture, with "HENRY D. THOREAU, Esq., of Concord" named to present the unspecified address, appeared in two Portland papers, the [Daily Advertiser](#) and the [Eastern Argus](#), on January 14th and 15th.

What is probably the best-written and most insightful review of any Thoreau lecture appeared in the Portland [Transcript: An Independent Family Journal of Literature, News &c](#) on Saturday, January 25th, 1851. Written by one of the paper's editors, Erastus E. Gould or Edward H. Elwell, the lengthy article accurately interprets Thoreau's ideas, comments favorably on the fitness of his manner and delivery, identifies the kind of imaginative auditor necessary to appreciate and understand him, and surveys both positive and negative responses from the actual audience he faced on this occasion. All this, along with a summary of the lecture so precise that it suggests the editor had a look at Thoreau's manuscript, makes the review worth quoting at

48. MS Diary of William Willis, entry of 15 January 1851, MeP.



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length, omitting only its unremarked summary [below, and continued on the following screen].

Mr. Thoreau's Lecture.

The performance of this gentleman, before the Lyceum, was unique. All who heard him lecture here two years ago were doubtless prepared for something eccentric and original, and we are quite sure they were not disappointed! His subject might be termed A Ramble upon Cape Cod, — along its wreck strewn shores — across its desert sands, and among its amphibious inhabitants. All the minute peculiarities of these, were presented in the light of a peculiarly quaint and humorous fancy. Mr. Thoreau is a most acute observer, and he has a singularly graphic style of describing what he has seen. He is an observer of nature, animate and inanimate, but he sees everything from a peculiar point of view, all is bathed in the light of a strong imagination. He takes all things by the angles and sets them before you in the most quaint phrase. He reaches out into the immensity of nature, and startles you by bringing dissimilarities together in which for the first time you perceive resemblances. Again he bewilders you in the mists of transcendentalism, delights you with brilliant imagery, shocks you by his apparent irreverence, and sets you in a roar by his sallies of wit, which springs from ambush upon you. He lies in wait for you, and dodges around about, ever and anon thrusting grotesque images before you. You cannot anticipate him. He is the most erratic of travelers. One moment he is in the clouds, and the next eating hen clams by the sea shore, or whittling kelp, that he "may become better acquainted with it." You have scarce ceased to smile at his last pun, before you are overwhelmed by a great thought or what, by the manner of its clothing, is cleverly made to appear such!



All this, you feel, is not the result of effort. It is the natural out-pouring of the man. He could not speak otherwise if he would. His style is a part of himself, as much as his voice, manner, and the peculiar look which prepares you for something quaint, and adds its effect far more than words. And it is for this reason that we are now attempting to describe the man instead of reporting his lecture. His voice and manner, which are more than half of what he says, we cannot transfer to paper. He must be heard to be enjoyed. In short he is an original, who follows no beaten path, but has struck out one for himself, full of winding bouts and odd corners; perplexing labyrinths, and commanding prospects; now running over mountain summits, lost in the clouds, and anon descending into quiet vales of beauty, meandering in the deep recesses of nature, and leading – nowhither! To men with imagination enough to enjoy an occasional ramble through the domains of thought, wit and fancy, for the ramble's sake, he is a delightful companion, but to your slow plodder, who clings to the beaten track as his only salvation, he is incomprehensible – an ignis fatuus, luring honest men into forbidden paths.

This was well illustrated by the remarks of the audience at the close of the lecture. We were amused at the various comments made. One worthy man, who has more of the practical than the imaginative in his composition, was demanding with a smile forced from him by the tickling fancies of the lecturer, that the committee should "pay him for the time lost in listening to such trash!" A fair philosopher of sixteen thought he possessed "a vein of satire, but spoke of the clergy with too much levity." A sober young man declared it the "greatest piece of nonsense he ever listened to," while another thought it trivial, and even prophane! But then, again, there were others who were infinitely amused with his quaint humor, delighted with his graphic descriptions, and his far-reaching flights of imagination. To them it was "a rich treat." – Then there were those, as there always are, who were ready to quarrel with the lecture because it did not square with their pre-conceived standard of what a lyceum lecture should be. It was very well as almost anything else than a lecture! "If they had come to listen to a story, they would have been delighted," but as it was given to them as a lecture, they could not enjoy it! We would advise all such, to rid their minds of rigid rules, and be prepared to receive whatever comes, judging it by what it is, rather than by what it is **not**.

For ourselves, we were content to receive it for what it was – a most original, quaint, humorous, lifelike and entertaining description of Cape Cod and its inhabitants, and we care not whether it comes under the denomination of lecture, sketch, travels, or fish story! Nor do we think it without instruction. We shall certainly never think of Cape Cod without recalling images of rocky shores, and their ghastly dead, its desert beaches, its masculine women, and its veteran wreckers. Cape Cod is no longer blank on our mental map. Its natural features and its inhabitants are pictured there, and we have added so much to our knowledge of "men and things."

Here the reviewer commences a full, five-paragraph summary of “a few points that in a measure shall justify what we have said.” At one point in the summary, he reports, “The lecturer threw in a little Greek here, because, as he said, **it sounded so much like the ocean!**” The review concludes with a final tribute to Thoreau’s merit as a public presenter of this lecture:

The merry and well preserved old man they met there, his “good for nothing critter” of a wife, with whom he had lived 64 years, her aged daughter, the boy, and the fool; the old man’s rambling and unceasing talk, the scene at the breakfast table, recalling the laughable one between Johnson and Boswell at the inn; the story of the clam, and the scraps of information thrown scatteringly in, – all these were worth the telling could we give them in the tone and manner of the lecturer. But as we cannot, we pause.

There are two other known newspaper responses to this lecture. Two days after the lecture, on 17 January, the [Eastern Argus](#) included in a compilation of fragmentary items the following terse caution, obviously aimed at Thoreau and probably referring to one of the anecdotes about [John Young Newcomb](#), the [Wellfleet oysterman](#): “Lecturers at Lyceums, when they repeat an anecdote, never should quote the profanity contained in it. Such language is in bad taste. We hope this hint will have **thorough** thought.” And almost fifteen years later, on 8 April 1865, the Portland [Transcript](#) included this mention in a highly favorable review of [CAPE COD](#) the book: “We remember hearing the outlines of it delivered by the author as a lecture in this city, at least fifteen years ago. Subsequently he revisited the [Cape](#) and retouched his picture until it reached its present perfection.”



In his 1905 book PERSONS AND PLACES Joel Benton offered this 2d-hand, mixed evaluation of Thoreau as lecturer, obviously based in part on the January 1851 lecture:

A friend of mine, who heard him lecture in Portland before he wrote “Walden,” or was much known beyond Concord, said his general appearance and manner were droll. He was far from being eloquent or popular as a speaker, but nothing could be more interesting to a thoughtful man than his lectures. In this early lecture Thoreau remarked, among other things: “I like the Greek language, because it sounds like the ocean.”

Also 2d-hand was the opinion noted in the diary of William Willis on January 15th, 1851 (MeP). Willis, who had recorded his attendance at Thoreau’s previous Portland lecture in his diary (see lecture 20 above), wrote in his diary on the evening of Thoreau’s delivery, “Lyceum lecture by Henry Thoreau of Concord Mass. did not attend. Said to have been a very poor lecture.”

Description of Topic:

See lecture 27 above.

[TIMELINE OF CAPE COD](#)



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]

1851

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January 16, Thursday, 1851: The Reverend Franklin G. Sherrill, 1st pastor of the Congregational Church of Ripon, wrote to the Home Mission Society shortly after his arrival at Ceresco characterizing the church there as a “sham”: “But it is more particularly the religious life of Ceresco that I wish to notice. At the settlement of the place members of more than a dozen families belonged to evangelical churches. Hence at first, religious services were held with tolerable regularity upon the Sabbath, a S. school was organized and a weekly prayer-meeting held. Before long religion began to decline, the prayer meeting and S. school were gradually abandoned, the Sabbath services became more and more infrequent and finally almost ceased. Soon the church members, and even the minister who had preached to them were seen in the ball-room and kindred places, and at least all belief in the truth was given up, and in its place were adopted various phases of infidelity. The Bible was and still is rejected and laughed at as an obsolete book by many who in its place embrace the “Revelations” of Davis the clairvoyant. At last these infidels as if in derision met to organize a church. The question arose, what shall it be called? One connected with the association and who did not exactly understand the object of the meeting, proposed “The Church of Christ”; but this name was soon dismissed. “No, no,” said they, “this name will not suit.” They decided in favor of “The Church of Humanity.” This sham church existed about six weeks. A Fourierite S. school established at the same time and in which no Bible was to be admitted, died also at the close of the same period. Surrounded by such influences as these, you will readily believe that there was little opportunity for the existence, much less the growth of piety....”



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 17, Friday, 1851: An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Evalina:

I spent last night at Mr Orr’s ... I did not purchase as much as usual when I go to Boston Mr Orr is at Plymouth building some kind of factory.

[Abraham Lincoln](#)’s father Thomas Lincoln died. The rising son would decline to attend this funeral. (There is no published work of Lincoln in which he is reported to have had anything favorable to say about his father or, for that matter, anything favorable to say about his birth mother Nancy Hanks Lincoln. Such remarks as he would be willing to put on the record would be quite critical — such as that this couple had done “absolutely nothing” to incite in their offspring any “ambition for education.”)



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 18, Saturday, 1851: The news being reported in Norfolk, England was that “A few days since the steeple of Drayton church fell to the ground with a tremendous crash, the lead which covered the falling mass being completely buried in the *débris*.”

An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Evalina:

I was very busy this morning as usual after being in Boston We tried out the suet, salted the quarter of beef, & boiled the tripe. Jane has been busy all day but I have not done much.

Also, an entry by Oliver:

this was a fair day but pritty cold the mud was all froze up
wind north west - I went to Bridgewater



**[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND
FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]**



January 19, Sunday, 1851: [David Starr Jordan](#) was born in Gainesville, New York to Hiram Jordan and Huldah Lake Hawley Jordan, and would grow up on a farm in upstate New York. The infant was not at this time awarded the middle name "Starr" and he would later explain that he had assumed this name due to his mother's devotion to the lyceum lectures of the Unitarian [Reverend Thomas Starr King](#).

King said that a popular lyceum lecture was made of five parts of sense and five of nonsense. "There are only five men in America," said he, "who know how to mix them - and I think I am one of the five." Other people thought so too, and did not detect the nonsense. His carefully wrought lectures are worth anybody's study today. He is the author of another lyceum chestnut. Some one asked him what his honorarium was for each lecture. "F.A.M.E.," said he - "Fifty And My Expenses."



On this evening [Sir John Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A.](#), Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, preached a sermon for young men on "God and Mammon" in St. John's District Church, St. Pancras, London. The proof text of his sermon was *MATTHEW 6:24*. This would be printed in the course of the year by the firm of John W. Parker in London as "[REASONS FOR CO-OPERATION: A LECTURE, delivered at the Office for Promoting Working Men's Associations, 76, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, on Wednesday, December 11th, 1850. To which is added, GOD AND MAMMON: A Sermon to Young Men, Preached in St. John's District Church, St. Pancras, On Sunday Evening, January 19th, 1851, by F.D. Maurice, M.A. Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn.](#)"



**[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND
FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]**



January 20, Monday, 1851: *Die vornehmen Dilettanten, oder Die Opernprobe*, a komische Oper by Albert Lortzing to his own words after Poisson (tr. Jünger), was performed for the 1st time, in the Stadttheater, Frankfurt-am-Main.

On this day there was an assembly of English Protestants in the assembly rooms of [Norwich, England](#) under the presidency of Mr. Samuel Bignold, which adopted the sending of petitions to [Queen Victoria](#) and to [Archbishop of Canterbury John Bird Sumner](#) against the aggression of [Pope Pius IX](#) and condemning the "[Tractarian](#)" movement within the Church of England.

A prolonged magisterial inquiry began at Reepham in England into some disturbances at Lenwade that were arising out of a schism among the Wesleyan Methodists. Two parish constables, Samuel Fairman and John Elliott, were fined for refusing to perform their duty when requested by the Reverend C. Povah. At Aylsham Petty sessions on February 4th, 4 persons would be charged with disturbing the Wesleyan Methodist



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congregation at Cawston on January 19th. One of these defendants, Elizabeth Southgate, would be ordered by the Court on March 13th to pay a penalty of £40, while the other 2 would be discharged on their own recognizances, all 3 being committed for trial at the following Quarterly Sessions. A singular case arising from this same Wesleyan schism would come before Vice-Chancellor Lord Cranworth on May 7th. The relators and plaintiffs would be the Reverend William Worker and the Reverend George Badcock, the defendants being the trustees of deeds dated 1814 and 1837 that had declared the trusts of the Wesleyan Methodist chapel at Holt subject to the trusts of a 1784 deed executed by the [Reverend John Wesley](#) by which the Wesleyan Methodist body had been organized. The funds for building the chapel had been advanced in 1814 by Mr. Hardy, who, in 1821, had received from the trustees a mortgage of the chapel to secure his advances (which amounted to about £700). In 1833 the debt had been reduced to £350. The congregation having increased, they had decided in 1837 that they would build a new chapel, and a site had been purchased and conveyed to the trustees upon the trusts of an 1832 deed to another chapel, known to the Wesleyan Methodist congregation as the “model deed,” to which all subsequent deeds were intended to be conformable. By the trusts then declared, such persons only were to be permitted to preach as should be duly approved by a conservative Wesleyan Methodist body called “the Conference.” Mr. Hardy assisted in advancing money to build the new chapel, and received as security a mortgage on the chapel. When the schism occurred it was alleged that the majority of the trustees of the chapels mortgaged were among the schismatics, who had come to term themselves “Wesleyan Reformers,” and that they had all formed a scheme of wresting the chapels from the preachers appointed by the conservative Conference, which was under the control of the older body of Wesleyan Methodists (the non-Reformers). The defendant united with the character of mortgagee those of acting trustee and treasurer of the two chapels, and it was alleged that he was using his powers as mortgagee, and had publicly recommended others to do the same — most of the Wesleyan chapels being mortgaged — for the purpose of carrying the general scheme into effect, and thus preventing the old body of Wesleyan Methodists (the non-Reformers) from continuing to worship God at their chapels. Mr. Hardy accordingly advertized the chapels for sale, and actually sold the old chapel, which was then in possession of the Reformers for their preachers. Similar proceedings by ejectment were resorted to by a person named Hill, to whom Mr. Hardy had transferred his 2d mortgage, for the recovery of the new chapel, and led to the filing of this information, which disputed the propriety of the transactions. His lordship was of opinion that Mr. Hardy, as mortgagee, had a right to assert a title adverse to the trust, and to transfer his mortgage to Hill. It might be proper to appoint new trustees to the place of those who had ceased to have any sympathy with the religious body from which they had seceded, but there was no ground for immediate governmental legal interference. The motion would eventually be refused, and there would be no order as to court costs.



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 21, Tuesday, [1851](#): Gustav Albert Lortzing died of a stroke in Berlin at the age of 49.

[Giacomo Meyerbeer](#) was elected a member of the Philharmonic Society of St. Petersburg.

The [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#) reported again on “Our Indian Relations”:

Our Indian Relations.

The bickerings between the Indians and white*, winch at best. with an ordinary degree of tact and ability, tempered with justice, might have been silenced, and subsequent difficulties been avoided, have at length reached a point when very effective measures must be pursued or the districts bordering upon the range of mountain tribes be, if not depopulated, at least most ruinously checked in their progress. There is no doubt that the



mountain tribes have at length assumed a hostile position, and are in sufficient numbers to keep at bay any weak parties of our people who may march against them. Being thoroughly acquainted with the mountain passes, they possess great advantages over most of the whites who are disposed to take part in the foray against them. Hunger and desperation are not likely to make them very tractable, and we, therefore, anticipate much trouble ere the present warlike demonstrations shall be quieted.

The settlement of the whites in the plains and vallies has necessarily driven the game from the old grounds whence the Indians derived their supplies. Of course they attribute their threatened starvation to the presence of the whites, and reasoning as they have ever reasoned since our ancestors came into their country, they very naturally have come to the conclusion that if they could exterminate the whites the old condition of things would return. And that they can do so they fully believe. Meanwhile thefts and robberies have been committed by them and retaliations have followed. They have stolen horses and mules for food, the latter being considered by them most excellent. Thus things have been progressing until the attack upon and plundering of Savage's store and the murder of three of the four persons who were present. Since then, Savage having not met with success in his call upon the Governor for power to enlist volunteers, raised what men he could and gave battle, killing some thirty of the Indians. We have conversed with Judge Marvin, recently elected Superintendent of Public Instruction, and from him have learned many important particulars.

He represents the Indians as numbering probably seven thousand, with hostile determinations, spread through the mountains between the waters of the Tuolumne and the head waters of the San Joaquin. They have intercommunications through the mountain passes, by which they will probably be able to concentrate the greater part of their force upon whatever point may be attacked by the Americans. Judge Marvin's opinion is that the Indians must be pretty severely drubbed before they will so far respect our power as to keep any treaties they may agree to, if such can be entered into with them. One thing is very evident; there must be immediate action. Our Commissioners must be active, or a long, bloody and costly war is inevitable. While we hesitate or lose time, the golden moment for pacification may forever be lost. Even since this article was commenced, news has arrived of another battle, the particulars of which the reader will find in another place.

There can be no doubt that the Indian tribes of the mountains have been under-estimated by writers and others. The gentleman above referred to says that he considers them as brave as the Mohawks or any other of the eastern tribes. It is truly lamentable that the U.S. government did not one year ago send out Commissioners to treat with them, authorised to purchase extinguishment of their titles to the land and agree upon annual subsidies sufficient to compensate them for the relinquishment of their lands, fisheries. &c. Had this been done, the Commissioners, by a judicious distribution of presents and punctual payment of all things promised, would undoubtedly have found little difficulty in placing the relations between the two races upon such a basis as would have been for the advantage of both. It looks now very doubtful whether the gentlemen of the



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commission will be able to secure peace before a severe lesson shall have been taught these belligerent tribes. One of them was to leave last evening for Sonoma, to make a requisition for an escort of troops. They wish to try peaceable measures if they be practicable. It might be the wisest course to forward all the available force of the U.S. troops in the region of the difficulties, not so near as to prevent the appearance of peaceable intentions and measures on the part of the commission, which might prevent success, nor yet so far removed as to cause the loss of much time and advantageous opportunities in case the sword and rifle alone have to become the agents of peace. We believe the commission fully competent with the aid of gentlemen well acquainted with the Indian character, who are ready to co-operate, to settle the whole matter if it be possible without the last appeal. But if that be done it must be done quickly. The Saxon blood is up, and when it is so, like the rolling Mississippi, no slight levee will stay it within its channels.



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 22, Wednesday, 1851: An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Evalina:

Oliver, (either her brother-in-law, or her nephew) poor fellow, was here almost crying with the chillbains.

Also, an entry by Oliver:

... I kild a yoke of oxen today that I had of Simon Carpenter of Charton one weighd 1218 and the other 1275

The US Senate, suspecting that American vessels were taking part in the slave trade, decided to take a closer look at some things that were going on in ports in Brazil.

"The following resolution, submitted by Mr. Clay the 20th instant, came up for consideration: -

"Resolved, That the Committee on Commerce be instructed to inquire into the expediency of making more effectual provision by law to prevent the employment of American vessels and American seamen in the African slave trade, and especially as to the expediency of granting sea letters or other evidence of national character to American vessels clearing out of the ports of the empire of Brazil for the western coast of Africa." Agreed to. CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 31st Congress, 2d session, pages 304-9; SENATE JOURNAL, 31st Congress, 2d session, pages 95, 102-3.

INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE

[Jonathan Fay Barrett](#), who in this year became a member of Concord’s exclusive “Social Circle” club, delivered [CONCORD: A POEM, DELIVERED BEFORE THE LYCEUM, CONCORD, MASS., JANUARY 22, 1851 AND PUBLISHED BY REQUEST](#) (Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields):

Speak, Squaw Sachem,
 Confirm the story told by Jehojaken —
 Of that fair compact, which in cloudy smoke,
 Was signed and sealed beneath Old Jethro’s oak.⁴⁹

Lecture⁵⁰

DATE	PLACE	TOPIC
January 15, Wednesday, 1851, at 7:30PM	Portland ME; Temple Street Chapel	“An Excursion to Cape Cod”
January 22, Wednesday, 1851	Medford MA	“Economy”
April 1851 (?)	Bedford MA (?)	(?)

49. Jethro’s Oak presumably stood near the house of the Reverend Peter Bulkeley, where there is now a stone with a bronze tablet, about a hundred feet along on the Lowell Road.

50. From [Bradley P. Dean](#) and [Ronald Wesley Hoag](#)’s [THOREAU’S LECTURES BEFORE WALDEN: AN ANNOTATED CALENDAR](#).



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Narrative of Event:

All that is known of this lecture delivery is that on his way to [Medford](#), [Henry Thoreau](#) stopped in Boston to visit [Bronson Alcott](#), whose diary entry for January 22, 1851 is of interest.⁵¹

Thoreau passed this morning and dined with me. He was on his way to read a paper at Medford this evening – his “Life in the Woods at Walden”; and as refreshing a piece as the Lyceum will get from any lecturer going at present in New England – a whole forest, with forester and all, imported into the citizen’s and villager’s brain. A sylvan man accomplished in the virtues of an aboriginal civility, and quite superior to the urbanities of cities, Thoreau is himself a wood, and its inhabitants. There is more in him of sod and shade and sky lights, of the genuine mold and moistures of the green grey earth, than in any person I know. Self dependent and sagacious as any denizen of the elements, he has the key to every animal’s brain, every flower and shrub; and were an Indian to flower forth, and reveal the secrets hidden in the wilds of his cranium, it would not be more surprising than the speech of this Sylvanus.

He belongs to the Homeric age, and is older than fields and gardens; as virile and talented as Homer’s heroes, and the elements. He seems alone, of all the men I have known, to be a native New Englander, – as much so as the oak, or granite ledge; and I would rather send him to London or Vienna or Berlin, as a specimen of American genius spontaneous and unmixed, than anyone else. I shall have occasion to use him presently in these portraits. We must grind him into paint to help brown and invigorate Channing’s profile, when we come to it. Here is coloring for half a dozen Socialisms. It stands out in layers and clots, like carbuncles, to give force and homeliness to the otherwise feminine lineaments. This man is the independent of independents – is, indeed, the sole signer of the Declaration, and a Revolution in himself – a more than ‘76 – having got beyond the signing to the doing it out fully. Concord jail could not keep him safely: Justice Hoar paid his tax, too; and was glad to forget it thereafter, till now, his citizenship, and omit his existence, as a resident, in the poll list. Lately he has taken to surveying as well as authorship, and makes the compass pay for his book on “The Concord and Merrimac[k] Rivers,” which the public is slow to take off his hands. I went with him to his publishers, Monroe and Co., and learned that only about two hundred of an edition of a thousand copies were sold. But author and book can well afford to wait.

Advertisements, Reviews, and Responses:

None known.

Description of Topic:

See [“Economy”](#). We assume that this is the only time Thoreau delivered one of his “Walden; or, Life in the Woods” in [Medford](#) and that he would therefore have delivered “Economy,” the first of the three lectures, the other two being more-or-less contextually dependent upon the first.

[TIMELINE OF WALDEN](#)



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND


51. [Bronson Alcott](#), JOURNALS, pages 238-39.



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FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]

 January 23, Thursday, 1851: The relationship between [Bronson Alcott](#) and the young lady [Ednah Dow Littlehale](#) –who must at this point have been rather at loose ends because her father had died at about the time her beloved teacher [Margaret Fuller](#) had been drowned– was really beginning to warm up:

Perhaps I find a deeper satisfaction in the Genius and personal qualities of this young woman, than in any one I am privileged to meet just now. A clear-minded noble person and of broader comprehensions than I meet with often; friendly, too, and steadfast, a woman for service and with solid substance.

A famous decision trick, used when the outcome doesn't really matter, is to merely flip a coin (legend is that while this coin is in the air everyone realizes which option they prefer — but that would be mere legend). On this day the flip of a penny, now known as the “Portland Penny,” was used to determine whether a new city in the Oregon Territory was going to be named in honor of Boston, Massachusetts, or alternatively named in honor of Portland, Maine. It is only because of the outcome of this famous flip that there would be no such place as Boston, Oregon.

An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Evalina:

boys all went to Canton to an assembly ... very pleasant

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

I returned from Stockton on Monday last. The rane Seaced on that day and Since we have had dry weather. Tod & Co Express arived on Thursday Evening No letters Yet. Preaching to day by Capt Atwood a very few out to day



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



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January 24, Friday, 1851: After many problems with censors and many revisions, Giuseppe Verdi's opera "Rigoletto" received the approval of the Venetian Director General of Public Order.

Gaspare Luigi Pacifico Spontini died at Maiolati of a heart ailment, at the age of 76. His mortal remains would be buried in the Church of Santo Stefano in Maiolati, later to be transferred to the Church of San Giovanni as had been the composer's wish.

The mortal remains of Albert Lortzing were laid to rest in Berlin. Among those paying respects was Giacomo Meyerbeer.

An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Evalina:

... sent for Abby to go to Augustus. Mr Torrey called to say that she could not go and made a long call and was as plausible and good as ever.

Another entry by Evalina:

thrd ... I went to Boston



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 25, Saturday, 1851: An entry in the journal of 72-year-old Oliver Ames and 42-year-old mother of 4 Evalina Ames, made by Evalina:

have been sweeping and dusting the house, doing a little of everything and not much of anything. Have got the chambers in pretty good order for once in my life. Have mended Mr Ames's coat and vest. Took the time when he was from home because he has but one suit beside his go-to-meeting, poor man! This we have been mending and have no time to read ... commenced reading David Copperfield.

An anonymous article appeared in the Portland, Maine Transcript:

Mr. Thoreau's Lecture

The performance of this gentleman, before the Lyceum, was unique. All who heard him lecture here two years ago were doubtless prepared for something eccentric and original, and we are quite sure they were not disappointed! His subject might be termed A Ramble upon Cape Cod, -along its wreck strewn shores -across its desert sands, and among its amphibious inhabitants. All the minute peculiarities of these, were presented in the light of a peculiarly quaint and humorous fancy. Mr. Thoreau is a most acute observer, and he has a singularly graphic style of describing what he has seen. He is an observer of nature, animate and inanimate, but he sees everything from a peculiar point of view, all is bathed in the light of a strong imagination. He takes



all things by the angles, and sets them before you in the most quaint phrase. He reaches out into the immensity of nature, and startles you by bringing dissimilarities together in which for the first time you perceive resemblances. Again he bewilders you in the mists of [transcendentalism](#), delights you with brilliant imagery, shocks you by his apparent irreverence, and sets you in a roar by his sallies of wit, which springs from ambush upon you. He lies in wait for you, and dodges around about, ever and anon thrusting grotesque images before you. You cannot anticipate him. He is the most erratic of travelers. One moment he is in the clouds, and the next eating hen clams by the sea shore, or whittling kelp, that he "may become better acquainted with it." You have scarce ceased to smile at his last pun, before you are overwhelmed by a great thought or what, by the manner of its clothing, is cleverly made to appear such!

All this, you feel, is not the result of effort. It is the natural outpouring of the man. He could not speak otherwise if he would. His style is a part of himself, as much as his voice, manner, and the peculiar look which prepares you for something quaint, and adds its effect far more than words. And it is for this reason that we are now attempting to describe the man instead of reporting his lecture. His voice and manner, which are more than half of what he says, we cannot transfer to paper. He must be heard to be enjoyed. In short he is an original, who follows no beaten path, but has struck out one for himself, full of winding bouts and odd corners; perplexing labyrinths, and commanding prospects; now running over mountain summits, lost in the clouds, and anon descending into quiet vales of beauty, meandering in the deep recesses of nature, and leading—nowhither! To men with imagination enough to enjoy an occasional ramble through the domains of thought, wit and fancy, for the ramble's sake, he is a delightful companion, but to your slow plodder, who clings to the beaten track as his only salvation, he is incomprehensible—an ignis fatuus, luring honest men into forbidden paths.

This was well illustrated by the remarks of the audience at the close of the lecture. We were amused at the various comments made. One worthy man, who has more of the practical than the imaginative in his composition, was demanding with a smile forced from him by the tickling fancies of the lecturer, that the committee should "pay him for the time lost in listening to such trash!" A fair philosopher of sixteen thought he possessed "a vein of satire, but spoke of the clergy with too much levity." A sober young man declared it the "greatest piece of nonsense he ever listened to," while another thought it trivial, and even profane! But then, again, there were others who were infinitely amused with his quaint humor, delighted with his graphic descriptions, and his far-reaching flights of imagination. To them it was "a rich treat."—Then there were those, as there always are, who were ready to

quarrel with the lecture because it did not square with their pre-conceived standard of what a lyceum lecture should be. It was very well as almost anything else than a lecture! "If they had come to listen to a story, they would have been delighted," but as it was given to them as a lecture, they could not enjoy it! We would advise all such, to rid their minds of rigid rules, and be prepared to receive whatever comes, judging it by what it is, rather than by what it is not.



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 26, Sunday, 1851: Per the college diary of George Nicholas Thompson at Greensboro College in Leasburg, North Carolina, someone had drawn caricatures of faculty members on the campus belfry as a prank:

I arose this morning and went to prayers, When I came out I was directed to look at the belfry, to which all eyes were turned— I could not see until I had gone nearer than the chapel door, what excited the gaze, admiration with some, and jolity with all — When I had gone near enough to see plainly and to distinguish the pictures I was equally pleased — for the first thing [I] saw was a large bull painted on the side of the belfry — to represent Mr James Phillips over the bulls head were drawn a bowl (of hot) punch! glass & Jug representing Old Mike, who, it was said, when he caught whiskey in a student's room always took it, to the Elaboratory and made punch to drink himself — As you went round, to the left on the belfry was — a pair of the most knock kneed legs any one ever saw — These were the legs of Bunk — and on a little farther was a man, who strutted largely — apearantly of small capital — but who wished to be reputed more than he really was painted — to represent Old Wheat — in the Campus. On farther was a skull with bones under it, with the motto "Kill & eat" This is said, to represent the life and character of ole Bull, during the ten years which he never speaks of — Under the skull & Bones there is an anchor drawn, with letters at each corner — Next on the row was a Jack ass, made very large, above it being "x + y" — this is to denote old Fatty — and next you come to is, "Pay your \$1.00 for vaccination" but on the door was written "Dr Dave Barum will vaccinate for half price" — This was to cut Old Mike who has been advising every boy to be vaccinated, saying the "price was only one dollar" — After looking over all these curiosities & talking about who could have been so rude as to put them there — I returned to my room and went to breakfast after having dressed, Came back and talked with Jeff — and soon several boys came into my room and sat until it was church time, We went to church and heard a tolerable interesting sermon from Old Mike, I went down to dinner, The stage had not arrived when I had eaten so I did not wait for it — I returned to College and read over my Bible lesson — and talked with Murchison, Worth, Jeff, & Dandy Laurence until recitation — Went to recitation was not taken up — but if he continues to take up in rotation I will come either first or second next time — Aftr prayers and supper I went up by the P. Office thinking perhaps I would get a letter



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but I can but imagine my surprise & pleasure on reaching the office to find in my box three letters - One was from Brock Holden, & one from John Wilkerson - and the other from my dear niece Virginia Wiley of Miss^{Pi} which last had been directed to me at Leasburg - Father & Mother had read it - and had it forwarded to me at C. Hill - I read the letters with much pleasure - John Spoke of his visit to Miss Mary Holden on Monday last at Milton - I was glad he went to see her. I think the little difficulty which existed is now blotted out and they both love each other more affectionately than ever, for they both are my frinds and, I love them as such - John promised to tell me more of his visit when he writes again - I intended answering one of the letters to night, but have been what I called bored, until now, and now one or two bores are in my room talking hard as they can I will go to bed soon as I finish this It is now nearly eleven or past ten-



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]

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 January 27, Monday, 1851: In Lenox, Massachusetts, Nathaniel Hawthorne dated the preface to his THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES.

[Henry Thoreau](#) checked out, from [Harvard Library](#), the Reverend [Alexander Young](#)'s CHRONICLES OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS OF THE COLONY OF PLYMOUTH, FROM 1602 TO 1625. NOW FIRST COLLECTED FROM ORIGINAL RECORDS AND CONTEMPORANEOUS PRINTED DOCUMENTS, AND ILLUSTRATED WITH NOTES, presumably in the 2d edition (Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown, 1841). (Where Thoreau would use this material without mention in [WALDEN](#), and refer in [CAPE COD](#) to Young's "Chronicles," it is more likely that he would be referring to this CHRONICLES OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS OF THE COLONY OF PLYMOUTH, FROM 1602 TO 1625 than to the Reverend Young's CHRONICLES OF THE FIRST PLANTERS OF . . . MASSACHUSETTS BAY.)





WALDEN: This further experience also I gained. I said to myself, I will not plant beans and corn with so much industry another summer, but such seeds, if the seed is not lost, as sincerity, truth, simplicity, faith, innocence, and the like, and see if they will not grow in this soil, even with less toil and manurance, and sustain me, for surely it has not been exhausted for these crops. Alas! I said this to myself; but now another summer is gone, and another, and another, and I am obliged to say to you, Reader, that the seeds which I planted, if indeed they were the seeds of those virtues, were wormeaten or had lost their vitality, and so did not come up. Commonly men will only be brave as their fathers were brave, or timid. This generation is very sure to plant corn and beans each new year precisely as the Indians did centuries ago and taught the first settlers to do, as if there were a fate in it. I saw an old man the other day, to my astonishment, making the holes with a hoe for the seventieth time at least, and not for himself to lie down in! But why should not the New Englander try new adventures, and not lay so much stress on his grain, his potato and grass crop, and his orchards? -raise other crops than these? Why concern ourselves so much about our beans for seed, and not be concerned at all about a new generation of men? We should really be fed and cheered if when we met a man we were sure to see that some of the qualities which I have named, which we all prize more than those other productions, but which are for the most part broadcast and floating in the air, had taken root and grown in him. Here comes such a subtile and ineffable quality, for instance, as truth or justice, though the slightest amount or new variety of it, along the road. Our ambassadors should be instructed to send home such seeds as these, and Congress help to distribute them over all the land. We should never stand upon ceremony with sincerity.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

ALEXANDER YOUNG

THE BEANFIELD

SQUANTO



CAPE COD: Many an early voyager was unexpectedly caught by this hook, and found himself embayed. On successive maps, Cape Cod appears sprinkled over with French, Dutch, and English names, as it made part of New France, New Holland, and New England. On one map Provincetown Harbor is called "Fuic (bownet?) Bay," Barnstable Bay "Staten Bay," and the sea north of it "Mare del Noort," or the North Sea. On another, the extremity of the Cape is called "Staten Hoeck," or the States Hook. On another, by Young, this has Noord Zee, Staten hoeck or Hit hoeck, but the copy at Cambridge has no date; the whole Cape is called "Niew Hollant" (after Hudson); and on another still, the shore between Race Point and Wood End appears to be called "Bevechier." In Champlain's admirable Map of New France, including the oldest recognizable map of what is now the New England coast with which I am acquainted, Cape Cod is called C. Blan (i.e. Cape White), from the color of its sands, and Massachusetts Bay is Baye Blanche. It was visited by De Monts and Champlain in 1605, and the next year was further explored by Poitricourt and Champlain. The latter has given a particular account of these explorations in his "Voyages," together with separate charts and soundings of two of its harbors, - Malle Barre, the Bad Bar (Nauset Harbor?), a name now applied to what the French called Cap Baturier, - and Port Fortune, apparently Chatham Harbor. Both these names are copied on the map of "Novi Belgii," in Ogilby's America. He also describes minutely the manners and customs of the savages, and represents by a plate the savages surprising the French and killing five or six of them. The French afterward killed some of the natives, and wished, by way of revenge, to carry off some and make them grind in their hand-mill at Port Royal.

PEOPLE OF CAPE COD

CHAMPLAIN


HENRY HUDSON
POITRINCOURT
ALEXANDER YOUNG



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]

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 January 27, Monday, 1851: As early as 1848 [John James Audubon](#) had begun to manifested signs of senility or possibly dementia, what is now termed “Alzheimer’s disease” or as it was expressed then, his “noble mind in ruins.” At age 66, with his family fortunes diminishing around him, despite stroke and senility and diminished eyesight, he ventured out from his family home in northern Manhattan, [New-York](#) to shoot at sitting ducks on a pond of his Minnie’s Land estate near the Hudson River (it would turn out to be too much for him):



March 12, 1853. The death-bed scenes and observations even of the best and wisest afford but a sorry picture of our humanity.
 — [Henry Thoreau](#)



1851	John James Audubon	shooting at sitting ducks on his estate, at age 66 despite stroke and senility	<i>“You go down that side of Long Pond and I’ll go down this side and we’ll get the ducks!”</i>
1852	Daniel Webster	his attendant was tardy in administering some brandy	<i>I still live.</i>
1853	Joaquin Murieta	he was being chased and shot at	<i>“No tire mass. Yo soy muerto.”</i>
1857	Auguste Comte	he had been making himself the pope of a religion of science, “Positivism”	<i>“What an irreparable loss!”</i>
1859	John Brown	request	<i>“I am ready at any time — do not keep me waiting.”</i>
1862	Henry David Thoreau	he was editing manuscript	<i>“moose ... Indian”</i>
1864	General John Sedgwick	Battle of Spotsylvania	<i>“They couldn't hit an elephant at this distance.”</i>
1865	Abraham Lincoln	on stage, an actor ad-libbed a reference to the presence of the President	The President laughed
<i>... other famous last words ...</i>			




[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



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 January 28, Tuesday, [1851](#): The [Union Institute Academy](#) in Randolph County, [North Carolina](#) was re-chartered by the Legislature of [North Carolina](#) as [Normal College](#), and its graduates were licensed to teach in the public schools of the state.

In Illinois, the founding of Northwestern University.



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]

 January 29, Wednesday, [1851](#): [William John Broderip](#) was elected treasurer of Gray's Inn (he would also become responsible for that institution's library).

David Mapes and a group of Ripon townspeople founded a college on top of their hill, Brockway College. (As of 1864 the name would be changed to Ripon College.)

On or about this day, [Herman Melville](#) wrote [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#):

That side-blow thro' Mrs Hawthorne will not do. I am not to be charmed out of my promised pleasure by any of that lady's syrenisms. You, Sir, I hold accountable, & the visit (in all its original integrity) must be made. — What! spend the day, only with us? — A Greenlander might as well talk of spending the day with a friend, when the day is only half an inch long. As I said before, my best travelling chariot on runners, will be at your door, & provision made not only for the accomodation of all your family, but also for any quantity of baggage. Fear not that you will cause the slightest trouble to us. Your bed is already made, & the wood marked for your fire. But a moment ago, I looked into the eyes of two fowls, whose tail feathers have been notched, as destined victims for the table. I keep the word "Welcome" all the time in my mouth, so as to be ready on the instant when you cross the threshold. (By the way the old Romans you know had a Salve carved in their thresholds) Another thing, Mr Hawthorne — Do not think you are coming to any prim nonsensical house — that is nonsensical in the ordinary way. You must be much bored with punctilios. You may do what you please — say or say not what you please. And if you feel any inclination for that sort of thing — you may spend the period of your visit in bed, if you like — every hour of your visit. Mark — There is some excellent Montado Sherry awaiting you & some most potent port. We will have mulled wine with wisdom, & buttered toast with story-telling & crack jokes & bottles from morning till night. Come — no nonsense. If you dont — I will send Constables after you. On Wednesday then — weather & sleighing permitting I will be down for you about eleven o'clock A.M. By the way — should Mrs Hawthorne for any reason conclude that she, for one, can not stay overnight with us — then you must — & the children, if you please.
H. Melville



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND



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FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



January 29, Wednesday, 1851: Walter Colton died in Philadelphia (the body would be placed in Laurel Hill Cemetery).

Death of Walter Colton. It is our painful duty this morning to record the death of the Rev. Walter Colton, of the United States Navy, who expired at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon at his residence in this city. Mr Colton was in 1841 and 42, connected with the old North American as its principal editor; and we have therefore to lament the loss of one having claims upon us as a predecessor, as well as those stronger claims which attach to us in common with all his acquaintances and friends. He was a man of much talent and great worth, which he exhibited in various stations, private and public.

His professional career as a chaplin in the navy endeared him an opportunity of usefulness which he was careful to improve. Called by an exigency of war from his peaceful position to the responsible post of alcalde or chief civil magistrate of Monterey in California, he displayed administrative abilities of a high order, and performed his several functions of Judge and Governor with energy, fidelity and tact, which won for him the regard of a conquered people and deserved the approbation of his country. His late volume on California, describing in a genial spirit his residence, labors and travels in the land of gold – and his "Ship and Shore," and other literary publications, all evidence of talent and a peculiar gay and blithesome humor, with a certain satirical turn, will long give him an additional claim upon the public recollection.

It was during his administration of affairs at Monterey that the discovery of gold in the Sacramento valley was first made; and considering the vast importance which this discovery has since assumed, it may not be uninteresting to state that the honor of first making it publicly known in the States, whether by accident or otherwise, belongs to him. It was first announced in a letter written by him, and bearing his initials, which appeared in his journal; and a letter printed in a New York paper making the same announcement the next day, we believe, was also from his pen. That however, was his fortune. The higher honor belongs to him of having been a faithful officer, a good citizen, a kind hearted man, and a devoted, unostentatious Christian.



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



1851

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January 30, Thursday, [1851](#): An editorial “Our Indian Relations” in the [Sacramento Transcript](#) proposed that fortifications be constructed along the eastern frontier of [California](#).



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]

1851

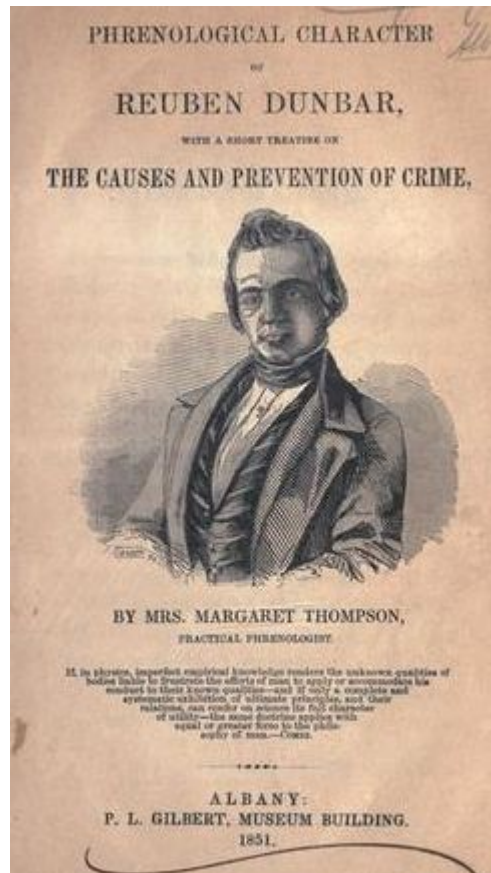
1851

➡ January 31, Friday, 1851: The San Francisco Orphan's Asylum, 1st in California, was founded.

In upstate New York, Reuben A. Dunbar was hanged.



Samuel H. Hammond had been the prosecutor at his murder trial, and had obtained the conviction on the basis of evidence that was largely circumstantial. Dunbar, age 20, had killed his relatives Stephen V. Lester, age 8, and David L. Lester, age 10, in the town of Westerlo on the night of September 28, 1850. The bodies, found in the woods, had been interred at the Wickham Farm Burying Ground, Dunbar Hollow, Dormansville, New York. After conviction Dunbar had explained that since an uncle had died and he was newly married with a baby expected shortly, he had been after their inheritance.



REUBEN A. DUNBAR



1851

1851



"I look upon [Phrenology](#) as the guide of Philosophy, and the handmaid of Christianity; whoever disseminates true Phrenology, is a public benefactor."

— [Horace Mann, Sr.](#)



THE MOST FOUL AND UNPARALLELED MURDER IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME LIFE AND CONFESSION OF REUBEN A. DUNBAR, CONVICTED AND EXECUTED FOR THE MURDER OF STEPHEN V. AND DAVID L. LESTER (AGED 8 AND 10 YEARS,) IN WESTERLY, ALBANY COUNTY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1850. (Published by John D. Parsons. Weed, Parsons & Co., Printers). The pamphlet included illustrations of the murders.

[Hammond, S.H.](#) THE CLOSING ARGUMENT IN THE CASE OF THE PEOPLE VS. REUBEN DUNBAR, MURDER; TRIED AT THE LATE NOVEMBER TERM OF THE COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER FOR ALBANY COUNTY (Albany: J. Munsell).



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]

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WHAT?

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THE MOST FOUL AND UNPARALLELED MURDER
IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME.

LIFE AND CONFESSION
OF
REUBEN A. DUNBAR,
CONVICTED AND EXECUTED



FOR THE
MURDER

OF
STEPHEN V. AND DAVID L. LESTER,

(Aged 8 and 10 Years.)

IN WESTERLO, ALBANY COUNTY.

September 28, 1850.

Second Edition.


PUBLISHED BY JOHN D. PARSONS.

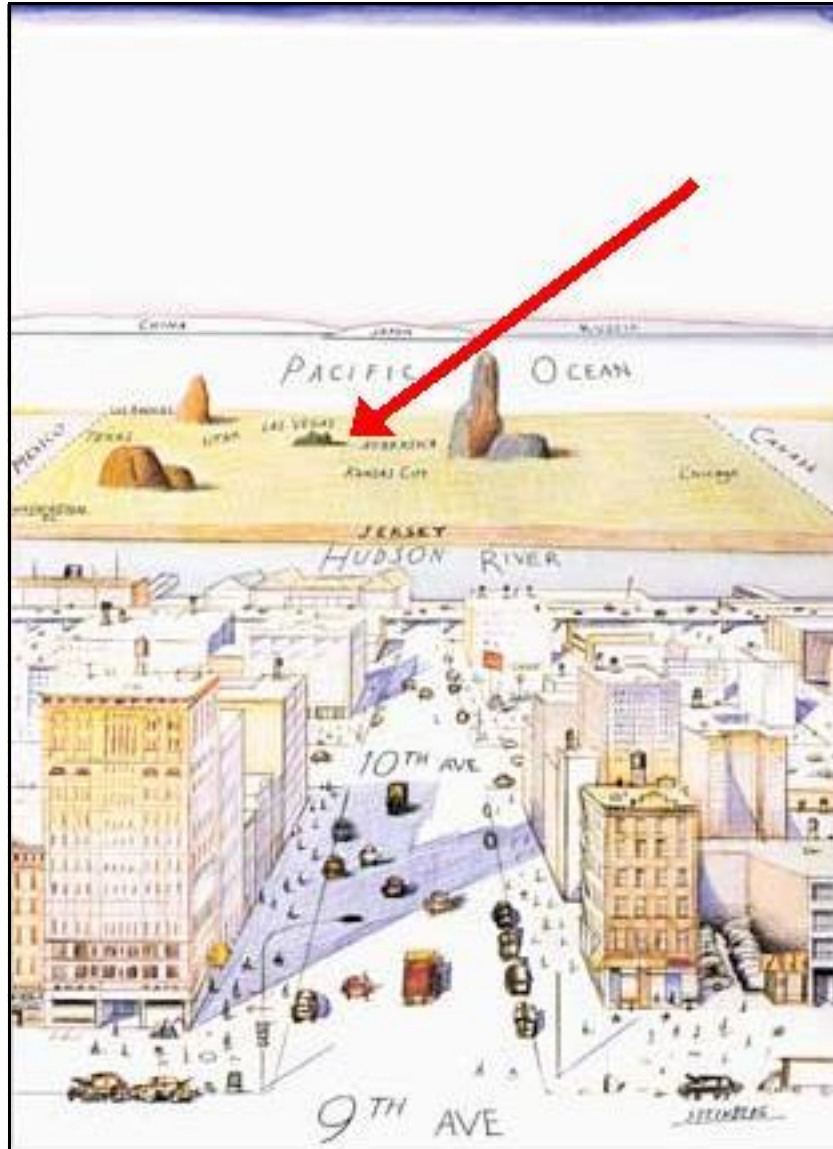
WEED, PARSONS & Co., PRINTERS.

1851.

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 January 31, Friday, 1851: Bemused by the fact that a young man could not get on in New-York without having to work harder than he personally wanted ever to have to work, [Hinton Rowan Helper](#) sailed on the *Stag Hound* for the [California](#) gold fields. Would he find it easier to pick up gold off the ground in California than in the streets of New-York? –Stay tuned.






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FEBRUARY 1851

 February [1851](#): The farmers of East Anglia were saying that they would rather march on Manchester than on Paris. The agricultural crisis would be so severe during this year that a quarter of the grain consumed in the nation would need to be imported from abroad. However, [Benjamin Disraeli](#)'s motion on agricultural distress was defeated by 14 votes.

[Louis Auguste Blanqui](#) vehemently opposed the consolidation of clerical control over primary schools — in his consideration “twenty years of civil war” would be preferable to a return to the “execrable damnation” of religious orthodoxy, which was itself a “declaration of war against the human species.” “The *coup d'état* is approaching,” he predicted.

[Sojourner Truth](#) began to speak against slavery across upstate New York (hint: having been a slave, she was against it).

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

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

In [San Francisco, California](#):

After the affair of the “Hounds,” in 1849, the citizens left the execution of the laws against criminals in the hands of the constituted authorities. Either the laws, however, or the authorities, or something else soon went wrong, and crime fearfully increased. At length, not only were the people seriously inclined to believe that they must take the law back to themselves and issue it in a new form, but the public journals discussed the matter gravely and argumentatively, and urged the instant appointment of “volunteer police,” or “regulators,” who would supply the place of an inefficient executive and judicature. Hitherto there had been no organization for the purpose mentioned, although occasional mobs had ducked or whipped offenders caught in the act of crime. On the 19th of this month, about eight o'clock in the evening, two men entered the store of C.J. Jansen & Co., and, professing to be purchasers, asked to see some blankets. Mr. Jansen, who was alone in the store, was in the act of producing the articles, when he was violently struck with a slung shot, and fell insensible on the floor. While in that state he seems to have been farther maltreated, and was probably considered by the ruffians as dead. These robbed the premises of two thousand dollars, and immediately fled. The whole circumstances of the outrage were of the most daring character, and the knowledge of them caused much excitement among the people. The next day a man was arrested, believed to be one James Stuart, but who gave his name as Thomas Burdue, on the charge of having murdered Mr. Moore, the Sheriff of Auburn, and of having robbed him of four thousand dollars. Stuart had been confined in the jail of Sacramento to await his trial, but had escaped two months before. Circumstances meanwhile had raised a suspicion that this man Stuart, alias Burdue, had had something to do with the attack on Mr. Jansen; and accordingly he, and another person of the name of Windred, who had been apprehended on suspicion of the



same offence, were, on the 21st, confronted with the wounded man. Jansen at once recognized Stuart and also Windred, although with some faint doubt of the identity of the latter, as being the two persons who had committed the assault and the robbery. These circumstances being known, the citizens, in a state of the greatest excitement, gathered, on the following day (Saturday, 22d February), around the City Hall, where the examination of the prisoners was going on. Upwards of five thousand people thus collected. This was not a mob, but the people, in the highest sense of the term. They wanted only a leader to advise and guide them to any undertaking that promised relief from the awful state of social terror and danger to which they were reduced. Handbills were extensively circulated among the multitude, which were to the following effect: CITIZENS OF SAN FRANCISCO. "The series of murders and robberies that have been committed in this city, seems to leave us entirely in a state of anarchy. When thieves are left without control to rob and kill, then doth the honest traveller fear each bush a thief. Law, it appears, is but a nonentity to be scoffed at; redress can be had for aggression but through the never failing remedy so admirably laid down in the code of Judge Lynch. Not that we should admire this process for redress, but that it seems to be inevitably necessary. Are we to be robbed and assassinated in our domiciles, and the law to let our aggressors perambulate the streets merely because they have furnished straw bail? If so, let each man be his own executioner. Fie upon your laws! They have no force. All those who would rid our city of its robbers and murderers, will assemble on Sunday at two o'clock on the plaza." While the examination of the prisoners was progressing, a shout arose among the assembled multitude, "Now is the time" and many rushed into the court room to seize the accused out of the hands of the authorities. This attempt was successfully resisted. The "Washington Guards," who had been secretly stationed in an adjoining room, through the foresight of the recorder, who had anticipated some outbreak of this nature, now rushed, under the command of Capt. A. Bartol, into the court-hall, and soon cleared it of its noisy occupants, while the prisoners were hurried through a back door into the cells beneath. During the whole day the excitement continued, and many of the spectators remained about the place, though the greater number gradually dispersed, chiefly through the persuasions of some parties who thought like themselves. Towards dusk the people again assembled around the City Hall in greater numbers than before, when, after some speeches, the following gentlemen were appointed a committee to consult with the authorities and guard the prisoners till the next day, viz.: Messrs. W.D.M. Howard, Samuel Brannan, A.J. Ellis, H.F. Teschemacker, W.H. Jones, B. Ray, G.A. King, A.H. Sibley, J.L. Folsom, F.W. Macondray, Ralph Dorr, Theodore Payne, Talbot H. Green, and J.B. Huie. This committee the same evening met in the recorder's room, and discussed the position of affairs, and what was next to be done. To show the temper, not of this committee, for they were moderate and cautious in their proceedings, but of the general public on the occasion, we may quote a short speech by Mr. Brannan, who seems to have been always for stringing up and hanging every rogue outright, on the shortest possible grace. His language was certainly to the point, and quite accorded with the sentiments of a great majority of the vast multitude that was anxiously



waiting without. One of the committee having proposed that the citizens should choose a jury to try the prisoners, Mr. Brannan said - "I am very much surprised to hear people talk about grand juries, or recorders, or mayors. I'm tired of such talk. These men are murderers, I say, as well as thieves. I know it, and I will die or see them hung by the neck. I'm opposed to any farce in this business. We had enough of that eighteen months ago [alluding to the affair of the "hounds,"] when we allowed ourselves to be the tools of these judges, who sentenced convicts to be sent to the United States. We are the mayor and the recorder, the hangman and the laws. The law and the courts never yet hung a man in [California](#); and every morning we are reading fresh accounts of murders and robberies. I want no technicalities. Such things are devised to shield the guilty." The rest of the committee did not exactly think with Mr. Brannan, and after appointing a patrol of twenty citizens to watch over the prisoners, a majority of them adopted a resolution by Captain Howard, that they should adjourn to the following day, on the plaza, to report the proceedings to the people. Next day (Sunday), about eight thousand people collected round the courthouse. Mayor Geary, and others on the part of the authorities then addressed them, advising coolness and moderation, and suggesting that a committee of twelve of their number should be appointed to sit as a jury along with the presiding justice on the trial to take place the following day, the verdict of which jury should be final. Other counsels, however, prevailed; and on the motion of Mr. Wm. T. Coleman, a committee of twelve was appointed, to retire and consider the best course of action to be adopted. Almost immediately afterwards this committee returned and reported, that the trial should be conducted by and among themselves-that if the legal courts choose to assist in the business, they were welcome and invited to do so; but if not, that counsel should be assigned to the prisoners, a public prosecutor appointed, and the trials immediately commenced. This was all accordingly done. The public authorities having declined to interfere farther in the matter, and being powerless before so numerous a body, retired from the contest. At two o'clock of the same day, the committee and a great number of citizens assembled in the recorder's room, while outside, in Kearny and Pacific streets, an immense multitude had collected. The following parties were then empaneled as a jury, viz.:-R.S. Watson, S.J.L. Smiley, W.E. Stoutenburg, J.L. Riddle, George Endicott, D.K. Minor, George A. Hudson, David Page, Jas. H. Robinson, J.E. Schenck, S.J. Thompson and I.C. Pelton. J.R. Spence was appointed to preside on the bench, and H.R. Bowie and C. L. Ross were named associate judges. J.E. Townes was selected to officiate as sheriff, and W.A. Jones as judge's clerk. Mr. Coleman was chosen public prosecutor, and Judge Shattuck and Hall McAllister were appointed counsel for the prisoners. We are particular in giving the names of these gentlemen, since they show the high character and social standing of the parties who were concerned in this movement against the legal and municipal authorities. As we said before, the crowd was not a mob, but emphatically the people. After evidence was led for the prosecution, an impartial charge was given by Mr. Spence. The jury then retired, and were absent a considerable time, as they seemed unable to agree upon a verdict. Seeing there were no signs of being able to come to a speedy agreement, they returned to



the court, and their foreman reported that nine were for conviction, and three had doubts. Much disappointment and agitation was now manifested by the people, who had considered the prisoners clearly guilty on the testimony. Loud cries burst from all quarters of "Hang them, any how! A majority rules!" After some time order was restored, and the jury were discharged. It was now midnight, and the numbers present were considerably diminished. The same excitement, however, prevailed, and it required all the efforts of the cooler and wiser portion of the assembly to preserve peace and decorum to the end. Addresses were spoken to this effect by Mr. Smyth Clarke, Dr. Rabe and Mr. Hutton. The latter gentleman was now chosen chairman, and the meeting adjourned to the outside of the building. At last-twenty minutes to one o'clock on Monday morning, -the question was put from the chair, that they should indefinitely adjourn, which being answered affirmatively, the crowd quietly dispersed. During this excitement, it is proper to remark, that the mayor had collected together not only the regular police of the city, but an additional volunteer force of about two hundred and fifty citizens, and had determined that no injury should be done the prisoners until they were legally tried and found guilty of the alleged crime. In the mean time, parties were organized, who were resolved to seize the prisoners at all events, and hang them at the nearest convenient place, without regard either to decency or justice; and to carry out this object several attempts were made to break into the station-house where the prisoners were confined; but these were successfully resisted by the strong and determined force which the foresight of the mayor had gathered and with which the City Hall was surrounded. The occasion of this outbreak was the greatest that hitherto ever agitated [San Francisco](#), and the exciting scenes of Saturday and Sunday will be long remembered by the citizens of the period. For thirty-six hours the whole town had been in an uproar, and during a great part of that time many thousands of persons had been gathered in the court-room or in the streets outside. For months their patience had been severely tried by the knowledge that crimes of the most atrocious description-murders, burglaries, thefts, fire-raisions and violent assaults, had been of daily occurrence, and that few or no adequate punishments had been inflicted by the courts on the perpetrators. On this occasion the long suppressed ire against the supineness of the authorities burst forth, and the people were determined to make an example of those whom they believed guilty of the shocking assault upon Mr. Jansen and the robbery of his store. They were indeed deceived in regard to the true criminals, and might have hanged innocent men. But the good sense of their temporary leaders, and a return to dispassionate reflection, hindered the execution of the sentence of death, which the general multitude wished to pronounce. We may here shortly state the further incidents connected with the prisoners in relation to this matter. After being tried by the people, as above mentioned, when no unanimous verdict could be obtained, they were handed over to the proper authorities, by whom they were put a second time upon trial, for the same offence, according to the ordinary legal forms. On this occasion both prisoners were found guilty, and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment, being the highest penalty which the law could inflict for the imputed offence. Windred shortly afterwards



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escaped by cutting a hole through the floor of his prison. Stuart, alias Burdue, was sent to Marysville, to stand his trial for the murder of Mr. Moore, already noticed. He was found guilty for this crime also, and was sentenced to be hanged. This was in the course of the summer. Meanwhile, the Vigilance Committee which had been recently organized, had contrived to lay hands on the true Stuart, who turned out not only to have been the murderer of Mr. Moore, but also one of those who had assaulted and robbed Mr. Jansen. Stuart was subsequently hanged by the people for these and other crimes, as detailed in our chapter on the Vigilance Committee. It was satisfactorily shown that neither Burdue nor Windred had ever had the slightest connection with any of the offenses for which they were charged. The whole affair was a most curious case of mistaken identity. Burdue was at different places, and by different juries, twice convicted, and twice in the most imminent risk of death for the commission of offenses of which he was perfectly innocent! The luckless man was sent back to [San Francisco](#), where his sentence of imprisonment was annulled, and himself released. A handsome subscription was raised among the citizens to compensate in some measure for his repeated sufferings. What became of him ultimately we know not; but doubtless, in his cups, he will wax eloquent, and have strange stories to tell of his "hair-breadth 'scapes." Shortly after receiving the subscription from the citizens, he was seen on Long Wharf playing at "French Monte," and lustily bawling to the passers-by- "The ace! the ace!-a hundred dollars to him who will tell the ace! -The ace!-The ace!-who will name the ace of spades? A hundred dollars to any man who will tell the ace!"

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...




February/March [1851](#): At about this point [Waldo Emerson](#) was writing in his journal:

Nothing so marks a man as bold imaginative expressions. A complete statement in the imaginative form of an important truth arrests attention & is repeated & remembered. A phrase or two of that kind will make the reputation of a man. Pythagoras's golden sayings were such; and Socrates's, & Mirabeau's & Bonaparte's; and, I hope I shall not make a sudden descent, if I say that Henry Thoreau promised to make as good sentences in that kind as any body.



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 February/March 1851: [William Thomson, Baron Kelvin](#) had in 1848 proposed an absolute temperature scale at which at zero degrees molecules simply ceased all vibration. During this month he began to write up a proposal that we utilize a concept of “[absolute zero](#),” a *primum frigidum* temperature at which the energy of molecules would be zero, and he declared the compatibility of [Nicolas Léonard Sadi Carnot](#)’s theory that [heat was a fluid](#) with [James Prescott Joule](#)’s [mechanical heat theory](#), so long as it was accepted that in accordance with what is now known as the [2d law of thermodynamics](#), heat cannot pass to a hotter body from a colder body. Thus he was amongst the 1st to recognize the significance of the [conservation of energy](#). He drew on [Charles’s Law](#) to show that such a condition would hold at -273 degrees Celsius. Thus he would arrive at the notion of the [heat death of the universe](#):

I believe the tendency in the material world is for motion to become diffused, and that as a whole the reverse of concentration is gradually going on – I believe that no physical action can ever restore the heat emitted from the Sun, and that this source is not inexhaustible; also that the motions of the Earth and other planets are losing *vis viva* which is converted into heat; and that although some *vis viva* may be restored for instance to the earth by heat received from the sun, or by other means, that the loss cannot be precisely compensated and I think it probable that it is under-compensated.

Read  [Henry Thoreau’s Journal for January-April 1851 \(æt. 33\)](#)


 February 1, Saturday, 1851: [Mary Godwin Wollstonecraft Shelley](#) died in London at the age of 53 of the tumor on her brain.

[Brandtaucher](#) (Fire Diver), built by Schweffel & Howaldt for Schleswig-Holstein’s Flotilla (part of the *Reichsflotte*) in 1850 and now the oldest surviving submersible craft, on display in a museum in Dresden, became unstable and sank during acceptance trials in the German port of Kiel (the designer, Wilhelm Bauer, and the 2 other crewmembers, unnamed, were able to swim up to the surface because the accident had happened in merely 60 feet of water).

The graves of [William Godwin](#) and [Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin](#) at Old St Pancras Church were opened and the remains of the parents repositioned with the remains of the daughter, in Bournemouth Churchyard.



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]

 February 2, Sunday, [1851](#): Per the journal of the evangelist [George Quayle Cannon](#), who had been working as a [Mormon](#) missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners “could not work during the winter months,” it had seemed reasonable to send some of these “idle gold miners” to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the [Sandwich Isles](#), on this morning Hiram or Hyrum H. Blackwell called in from Hawai‘i to the station on Maui on his way to Honolulu and, while there, vented a great deal of discouragement. He supposed it would take a year to learn the language, before becoming able to do any missionary work, and that even after learning the local language he was dubious that their group would be able to do much because “the people were very debased.” He was going up to see what might be done, but supposed he would go home with Thomas Levi Whittle if this was not contrary to counsel. He said he had wanted James Hawkins to come with him but, since he had been sent there, he would stay until receiving further orders.




[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]

 February 3, Monday, [1851](#): [Jean-Bernard-Léon Foucault](#) presented the results of his pendulum experiments to the French Academy.

In Oregon, Pacific County was created from Lewis County, a county not yet fully organized, but “for all judicial purposes” was attached to Clatsop County.



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]

 February 4, Tuesday, [1851](#): Maskenfest-Quadrille op.92 by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#) was performed for the initial time, in the Redoutensaal, Vienna.



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]

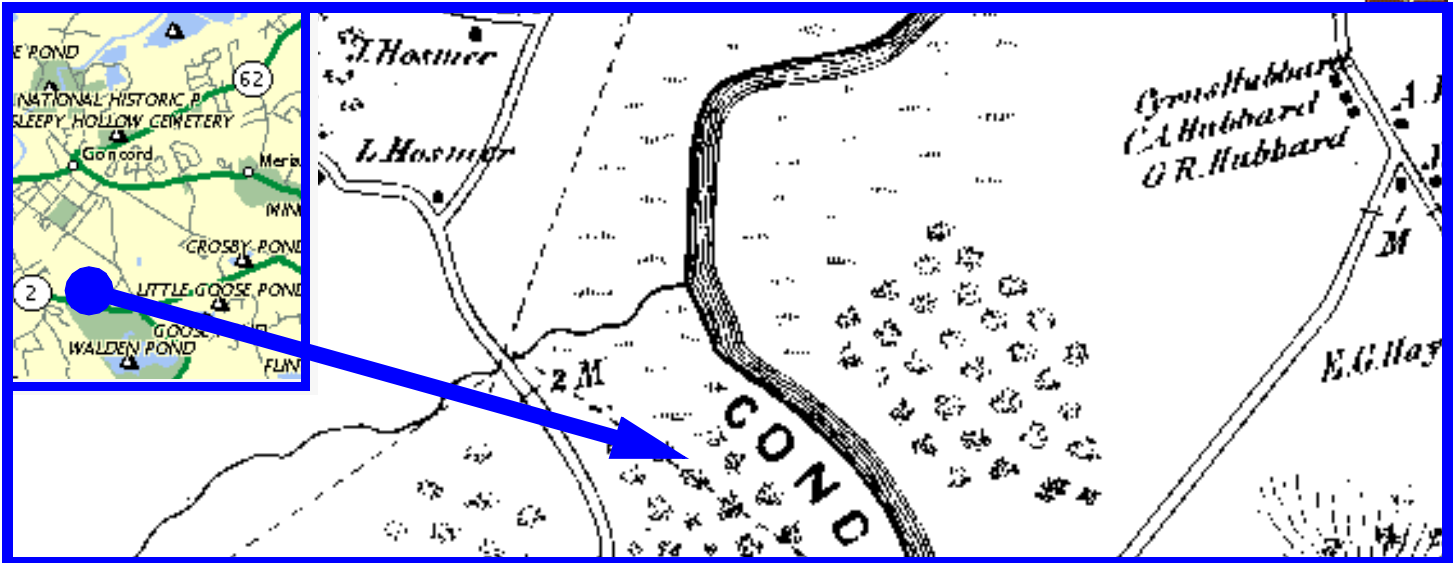
1851

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February 5, Wednesday, 1851: A series of articles about [Frédéric François Chopin](#) written by Franz Liszt began to appear in La France musicale (they would run through August 17th). (In the following year they would be put together into a 1st biography of the composer, FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN.)

[Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed, for [John Hosmer](#), a woodlot that been part of the [Charles Miles](#) land near the [Hollowell Farm](#) (Gleason 64/H5) on the [Sudbury River](#).




On this night there was a bright [aurora borealis](#) above New England.



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]

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 February 6, “Black Thursday.” 1851: The weather was, to choose a word, “torrid” in the state of Victoria, Australia, so torrid that on this morning the air blowing down from the north seemed like unto the breath of a furnace. By 11AM the air was about 117° Fahrenheit, almost unbreathable, and that was in the shade. A fierce wind arose and from hour to hour gathered strength and velocity until at about noon it was blowing with the strength of a tornado. The surface of the earth became a sheet of flame, fierce, awful, and irresistible, and 12 human lives were lost along with 1,000,000 sheep and thousands of cattle give or take, and of course countless native animals. Ships at sea found themselves coated in cinders and dust and a murky mist obscured even northern Tasmania (this weather incident was so devastating that in 1864 a picture would be painted of it by William Strutt).



ENSO

This makes you wonder, doesn't it, whether 1851 was an El Niño year or a La Niña year in the South Pacific?

WEATHER

Largest Scale Global Weather Oscillations 1847-1854

	Southern Oscillation	South Pacific current reversal	Indonesian monsoon	Australian droughts	Indian monsoon	Annual Nile flood
1847	absent	cold La Niña	adequate	adequate	adequate	adequate
1848	absent	cold La Niña	adequate	adequate	adequate	adequate
1849	absent	cold La Niña	adequate	adequate	adequate	adequate
1850	strong	warm El Niño moderate	drought	drought	deficient	quite weak
1851	absent	cold La Niña	adequate	adequate	adequate	adequate
1852	moderate	warm El Niño moderate	adequate	adequate	deficient SBM	quite weak
1853	moderate	cold La Niña	drought	adequate	deficient	adequate
1854	strong	warm El Niño moderate	adequate	drought	adequate	adequate

The southern ocean / atmosphere “seesaw” links to periodic Indonesian east monsoon droughts, Australian droughts, deficient Indian summer monsoons, and deficient Ethiopian monsoon rainfall causing weak annual Nile floods. This data is presented from Tables 6.2-6.3 of Quinn, William H. “A study of Southern Oscillation-related climatic activity for AD 622-1900 incorporating Nile River flood data,” pages 119-49 in Diaz, Henry F. and Vera Markgraf, eds. EL NIÑO: HISTORICAL AND PALEOCLIMATIC ASPECTS OF THE SOUTHERN OSCILLATION. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1992.

Symphony no.3 “Rhenish” by Robert Schumann was performed for the initial time, in Düsseldorf directed by the composer.



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



February 7, Friday, 1851: In his FIELD NOTES, [Henry Thoreau](#) would explain how he had arrived on this day at the “true meridian” which he would continually employ to cope with the occasional straying of his compass needle: “Found the direction of the pole star at its western elongation (1, 58½) at 9h 26m PM. N coincides with a [sight] line drawn from the SE course of the stone post on the E side of our western small front gate, to the S side of the first door on the W side of the depot.”



For a detailed explanation, please refer to Chapter 6 of Patrick Chura’s THOREAU THE LAND SURVEYOR:

THE LAND SURVEYOR



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



February 8, Saturday, 1851: In the Sacramento, [California Transcript](#), THE SABLE HARMONISTS respectfully announced that on this evening they were intending to offer another Concert at Lee’s Exchange. They described their company as consisting of the most talented performers that had visited this country, viz: H. Mestayer, R. Moore, H. Donnelly, T. King, E. Van Rensselaer, and J.M. Foans. It would be their intention to produce all the latest Songs, Glees, Choruses and Dances of the day. The price of admission to the First Tier would be \$1 and to the boxes \$1.50. In addition their advertisement promised, that the room would be well lighted, so the audience would be able to perceive that these were indeed white men, as they provided such musical fare as “Old Uncle Ned,” “Roaring Riber,” “Louisiana Belle,” “Let’s be gay,” “We are the Sable Harmonists,” “Lynchburg Town,” “Niggers History ob de World,” “Susanna,” “Floating Scow of old Virginne,” “Hard Times,” “Picayune Butler,” “Mary Blane,” “Lucy Neal,” “Dandy Jim,” “Lucy Long,” “O Sally White,” “Stop dat knocking,” and “The Boatman’s Dance.”

THE MINSTREL SHOW

The latest news from the gold diggings was also most encouraging:

Ten Miles of Rich Diggings.

We have late and interesting intelligence from one of the tributaries of Feather River. Dr. W.E. Small, who returned the other day from the East Branch of the North Fork of Feather River, brings most encouraging news. He was present at Smith’s Bar, and saw a Mr. Turner of Massachusetts, take out at one time, from his claim, seven pounds and three ounces of dust! This was a fine haul, and of course created some degree of excitement. Mr. Turner was offered \$7,000 for his claim, but he refused the offer. Entire credence may be placed in this, as Dr. S. witnessed the whole operation, both the rich haul and the offer for the claim. Dr. Small informs us that whilst there, the rumor was prevalent that ten miles of rich bank diggings had been discovered, but that he did not visit the point, as he was otherwise engaged. Those who went relied on the report, and general credence was given to the statement. It was represented that during the entire ten miles along the river bank, miners were averaging two ounces, whilst many others were doing far better. If this should prove true, a strong tide of emigration will set in to that quarter. We have not [*sic*] doubt, ourselves,

from private information, that good diggings are to be found along some of the tributaries of the Plumas or Feather River, but we doubt very much whether there is any place in California, of such an extent, where all can average the ounces. It is against our observation as well as our experience, whilst we labored with the pick and shovel, and anon, rocked the cradle, to the tune of "Take your time, Miss Lucy."



[THE ENTRIES THOREAU MADE IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN JANUARY 11TH AND FEBRUARY 8TH WERE UNDATED]



February 9, Sunday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote something in his journal on this day that Dr. [Alfred I. Tauber](#) would consider relevant to an understanding of his attitude toward time and eternity: "My desire for knowledge is intermittent but my desire to commune with the spirit of the universe—to be intoxicated even with the fumes, call it, of that divine nectar—to bear my head through atmospheres and over heights unknown to my feet—is perennial & constant."



February 9, Sunday: The last half of January was warm & thawy. The swift streams were open & the muskrats were seen swimming & diving & bringing up clams leaving their shells on the ice. We had now forgotten summer & autumn, but had already begun to anticipate spring. Fishermen improved the warmer weather to fish for pickerel through the ice— Before it was only the Autumn landscape with a thin layer of snow upon it we saw the withered flowers through it—but now we do not think of autumn when we look on this snow That earth is effectually buried— It is mid winter. Within a few days the cold has set in stronger than ever though the days are much longer now. Now I travel across the fields on the crust which has frozen since the Jan. thaw —& I can cross the river in most places. It is easier to get about the country than at any other season— Easier than in summer because the rivers & meadows are frozen —& there is no high grass or other crops to be avoided — easier than in Dec. before the crust was frozen

Sir John Mandeville says—"In fro what partie of the earth that men dwell,—“In fro what partie of the earth that men dwell, outhere aboven or benethen, it seemeth always to hem that dwellen there, that they gon more right than any other folk.”

Again—"And yee shulle undirstonde, that of all theise contrees, and of all theise yles, and of all the dyverse folk, that I have spoken of before, and of dyverse laws and of dyverse beleeves that thei have, yit is there non of hem alle, but that thei have sum resoun within hem and understandinge, but gif it be the fewere.”

I have heard that there is a Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge— It is said that Knowledge is power and the like—

Methinks there is equal need of a society for the diffusion of useful Ignorance—for what is most of our boasted so called knowledge but a conceit that we know something which robs us of the advantages of our actual ignorance—

In What consists the superiority of that

{One leaf missing}

auctoritatis. Habemus enim hujusmodi senatûs-consultum, veruntamen inclusum in tabulis, tanquam gladium in vaginâ reconditum; quo ex senatûs-consulto, confestim interfectum te esse, O Business, convenit. Vivis; et vivis, non ad deponendam, sed ad confirmandam, audaciam. Cupio, Patres Conscripti, me esse clementem: cupio in tantis rei-privatae periculis, me non dissolutum videri: sed jam me ipse inertiae nequitiaeque condemno.

Castra sunt in Italiâ, contra rem-privatam, in Etruriae faucibus collocata: crescit in dies singulos hostium numerus: eorum autem imperatorem castrorum, ducemque hostium, intra moenia, atque ad eò in senatu, videmus, intestinam aliquam quotidie perniciem rei-privatae molientem.”

For a man’s ignorance sometimes is not only useful but beautiful while his knowledge is oftentimes worse than useless beside being ugly.



In reference to important things whose knowledge amounts to more than a consciousness of his ignorance Yet what more refreshing & inspiring knowledge than this?

How often are we wise as serpents without being harmless as doves.

Donne says “Who are a little wise the best fools be

Cudworth says “we have all of us by nature *μαντευμά τι* (as both Plato & Aristotle call it) a certain divination, presage and parturient vaticination in our minds, of some higher good & perfection than either power or knowledge.” – Aristotle himself declares, that there is *λόγου τι κρείττον*, which is *λόγου ἀρχή*, something better than reason & knowledge, which is the principle and original of all.”

Lavater says “Who finds the clearest not clear, thinks the darkest not obscure”

My desire for knowledge is intermittent but my desire to commune with the spirit of the universe – to be intoxicated even with the fumes, call it, of that divine nectar –to bear my head through atmospheres and over heights unknown to my feet –is perennial & constant.

It is remarkable how few events or crises there are in our minds’ histories– How little *exercised* we have been in our mind –how few experiences we have had I would fain be assured that I am growing apace & rankly –though

{*Two leaves missing*}

society –to that culture –that interaction of man on man which is a sort of breeding in & in and produces a merely English nobility a puny & effoete nobility, a civilization which has a speedy limit. The story of [Romulus & Remus](#) being suckled by a wolf is not a mere fable; the founders of every state which has risen to eminence have drawn their nourishment and vigor from a similar source. It is because the children of the empire were not suckled by wolves that they were conquered & displaced by the children of the northern forests who were.

America is the she wolf to day and the children of exhausted Europe exposed on her uninhabited & savage shores are the [Romulus & Remus](#) who having derived new life & vigor from her breast have founded a new Rome in the west.

It is remarkable how few passages comparatively speaking there are in the best literature of the day which betray any intimacy with nature.

It is apparent enough to me that only one or two of my townsmen or acquaintances (not more than one in many thousand men in deed –) feel or at least obey any strong attraction drawing them toward the forest or to nature, but all almost without exception gravitate exclusively toward men or society. The young men of Concord and in other towns do not walk in the woods but congregate in shops & offices– They suck one another– Their strongest attraction is toward the mill dam.

A thousand assemble about the fountain in the public square –the town pump –be it full or dry clear or turbid, every morning but not –one in a thousand is in the meanwhile drinking at that fountain’s head.

It is hard for the young aye & the old man in the outskirts to keep away from the Mill dam a whole day –but he will find some excuse as an ounce of cloves that might be wanted or a new England Farmer still in the office –to tackle up the horse –or even go afoot but he will go at some rate– This is not bad comparatively this is because he cannot do better. In spite of his hoeing & chopping he is unexpressed & undeveloped.

I do not know where to find in any literature whether ancient or modern –any adequate account of that Nature with which I am acquainted. Mythology comes nearest to it of any.

The actual life of men is not without a dramatic interest at least to the thinker. It is not altogether prosaic. 70,000 pilgrims proceed annually to Mecca from the various nations of Islám. But this is not so significant as the far simpler & more unpretending pilgrimage to the shrines of some obscure individual which yet makes no bustle in the world

I believe that adam in paradise was not so favorably situated on the whole as is the backwoodsman in America– You all know how miserably the former turned out –or was turned out –but there is some consolation at least in the fact that it yet remains to be seen how the western Adam Adam in the wilderness will turn out –

In Adams fall
We sinned all.
In the new Adam’s rise
We shall all reach the skies.

Infusion of hemlock in our tea, if we must drink tea –not the poison hemlock –but the hemlock



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spruce I mean –or perchance the Arbor Vitae –the tree of life is what we want.

TIME AND ETERNITY

ARISTOTLE

DIFFERENT DRUMMER



“WALKING”: The West of which I speak is but another name for the Wild; and what I have been preparing to say is, that in Wildness is the preservation of the world. Every tree sends its fibres forth in search of the Wild. The cities import it at any price. Men plow and sail for it. From the forest and wilderness come the tonics and barks which brace mankind. Our ancestors were savages. The story of Romulus and Remus being suckled by a wolf is not a meaningless fable. The founders of every state which has risen to eminence, have drawn their nourishment and vigor from a similar wild source. It is because the children of the empire were not suckled by the wolf that they were conquered and displaced by the children of the northern forests who were.

I believe in the forest, and in the meadow, and in the night in which the corn grows. We require an infusion of hemlock spruce or arbor-vitae in our tea. There is a difference between eating and drinking for strength and from mere gluttony. The Hottentots eagerly devour the marrow of the Koodoo and other antelopes raw, as a matter of course. Some of our northern Indians eat raw the marrow of the Arctic reindeer, as well as various other parts, including the summits of the antlers as long as they are soft. And herein perchance they have stolen a march on the cooks of Paris. They get what usually goes to feed the fire. This is probably better than stall-fed beef and slaughter-house pork to make a man of. Give me a Wildness whose glance no civilization can endure, – as if we lived on the marrow of koodoos devoured raw.

ROMULUS AND REMUS

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Pilgrim Costumes

1851

1851

February 10, Monday, 1851: [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) wrote to Specchi in [Havana](#), complaining of the cold and of hunting restrictions that were in effect on [Staten Island](#).

Orakel-Sprücheop.90, a waltz by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the initial time, in the Sophiensaal, Vienna.

In Williamsport, Indiana, [John Otis Wattles](#) and [Friend Esther Winery Wattles](#) produced a daughter Harmonia “Monia” Wattles.



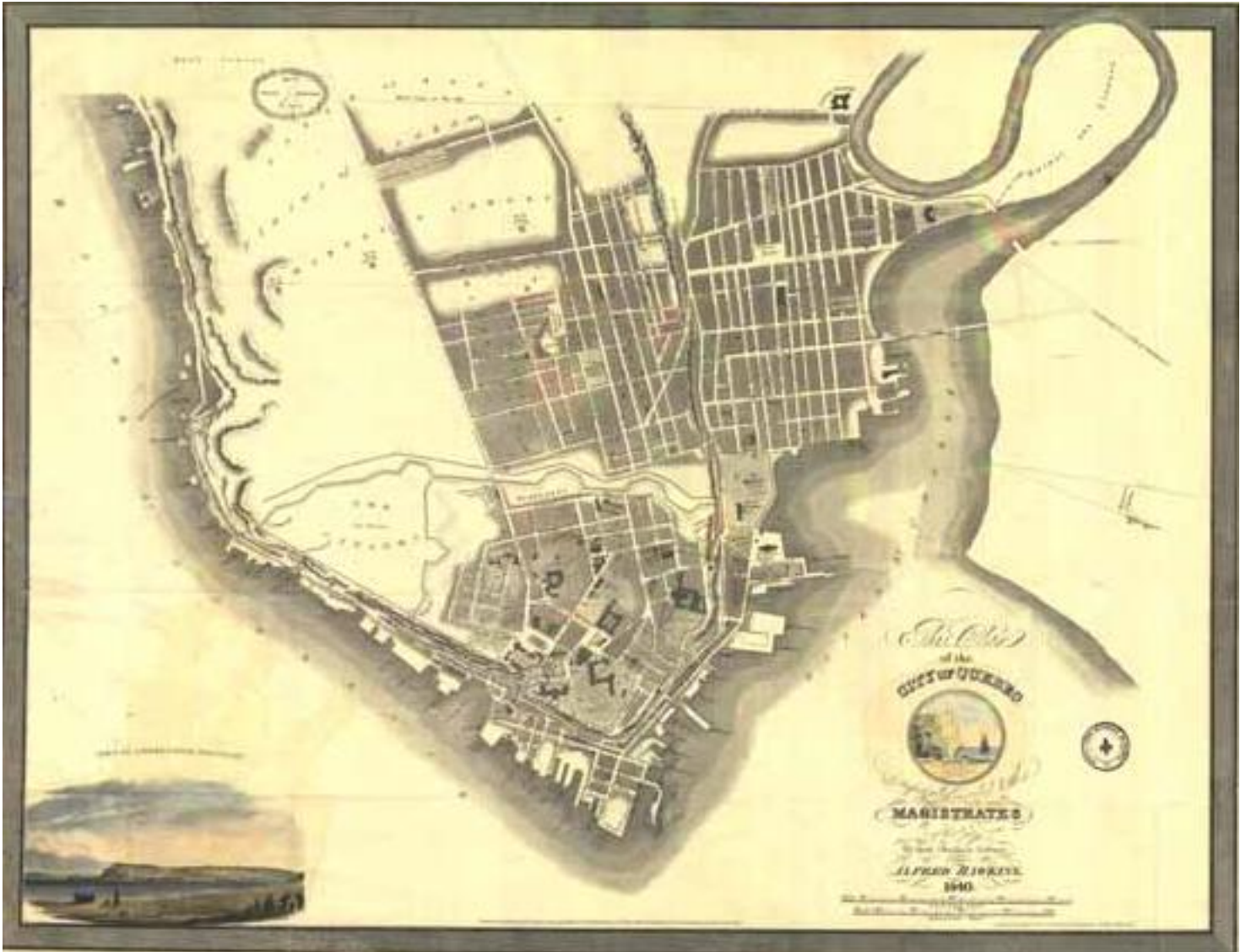
[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to the university librarian, [Dr. Thaddeus William Harris](#), who had taught him [Entomology](#) and Botany during his senior year at [Harvard College](#), at [Harvard Library](#), to check out “Alfred ‘Hawkins’ PICTURE OF QUEBEC’ and ‘Silliman’s TOUR TO QUEBEC’” (contrary to what had been thought by some Thoreau scholars, he requested neither Hawkins’s THIS PLAN OF THE CITY OF QUEBEC, of 1835, nor



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Hawkins's THE ENVIRONS OF QUEBEC, of 1844).



This would have amounted to, specifically, [Alfred Hawkins's](#) HAWKINS'S PICTURE OF QUÉBEC, WITH HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS (1834), and [Benjamin Silliman, Sr.'s](#) REMARKS MADE, ON A SHORT TOUR, BETWEEN HARTFORD AND QUEBEC IN THE AUTUMN OF 1819 (1824, 2d edition).

QUÉBEC
BEC

[To: Thaddeus W. Harris](#)
[From: HDT](#)
[Date: 10 February 1851](#)

Concord Feb 10th 1851

Dear Sir,

I return by the bearer De Laet's "Norvus Orbis" &c Will you please send me Alfred "Hawkins' Picture of Quebec" and "Silliman's Tour to Quebec"?

If these are not in — then Wytfliet's "Descriptionis Ptolemaicae Argumentum &c" and Lescarbot's "Les Muses de la Nouvelle France."

Yrs respect^{ly}

Henry D. Thoreau

CORNELIUS WYTFLIET
BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, SR.

(It may well be that on this day he also returned to [Harvard Library](#) the checked out Volume 1 of [Francois André Michaux](#)'s THE NORTH AMERICAN SYLVA, OR A DESCRIPTION OF THE FOREST TREES, OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND NOVA SCOTIA..., 1817-18-19.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 10TH-11TH]

ESSENCE IS BLUR. SPECIFICITY,
THE OPPOSITE OF ESSENCE,
IS OF THE NATURE OF TRUTH.



February 11, Tuesday, [1851](#): The initial response to the calamitous “Black Thursday” conflagration in [Australia](#) was a public meeting at Geelong to discuss relief efforts for citizens who had lost everything. Many outstanding debts were canceled, only in part out of pity — because in the general bankruptcy there was an awareness that such debts had suddenly become totally uncollectible.

Elsewhere in [Australia](#) Charles Berkeley, recently an Inspector of the Mounted Police, was charged with uttering a forged £1 note with intent to defraud the Bank of South Australia. John Hardman, cashier at the Bank, testified that on Monday or Tuesday during the past week, Captain Berkeley and Mr. Brown had come to the bank and the Captain had presented the note, which Cashier Hardman at once declared to be a forgery. Mr. Brown said, “Don't you know one of your old friends; this is one of the old series?” Mr. Brown chuckled at the idea of Cashier Hardman's not knowing the note. The cashier said “I thought all these notes were at the Police-office.” Captain Berkeley replied that he had found it amongst some old papers at home. Relying on this and believing that the former Police Inspector and Mr. Brown had only been joking around, Cashier Hardman handed over 2 half-sovereigns. After Mr. Berkeley and Mr. Brown had left, Cashier Hardman again inspected the note and his initial suspicions were confirmed.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 10TH-11TH]

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February 12, Wednesday, 1851: Gold was discovered by [Edward Hammond Hargreaves](#) in Summer Hill Creek near Bathurst, New South Wales. This would precipitate an influx of immigration into [Australia](#).⁵²

The Reverend [Jared Sparks](#) was publicly attacked for alleged literary dishonesty, in that some discrepancies had been noted between his edition of George Washington's letters and another more recent book in which some of these letters were re-transcribed from source records. Sparks would find himself excoriated in print as one of "those whom the God of the Jews accursed as the movers and destroyers of landmarks." Sparks had, for instance, substituted "General Putnam" at a point at which Washington had referred to him as "Old Put." He had "spoiled Washington's bad grammar," the [Democratic Review](#) would complain.

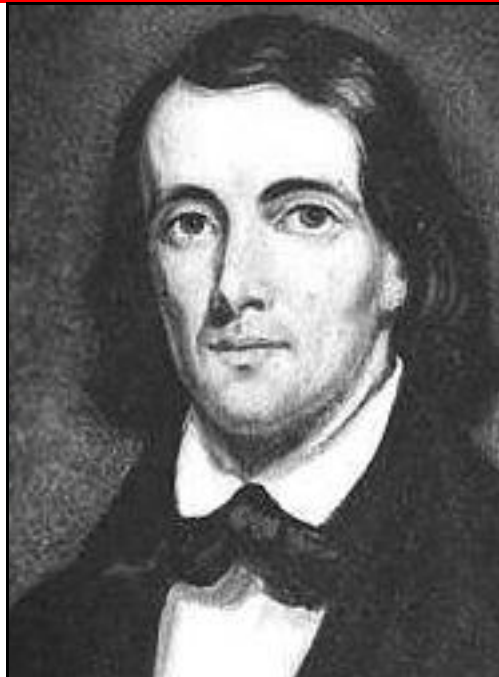
Jared Sparks

(What had happened was that the Reverend, succumbing to "Editor's Disease," had committed the egregious and unscholarly blunder of attempting to make the letters he transcribed more legible to his intended audience.)⁵³

The Albany Northern Rail Road Company was organized, to connect the New York state capital with Eagle Bridge in Rensselaer County.

In his journal [Henry Thoreau](#) quoted from [Ellery Channing](#)'s "Walden Spring" in the THE WOODMAN, AND OTHER POEMS (Boston: James Munroe & company):

THE WOODMAN, &C., &C.



Walden Spring

Whisper ye leaves your lyrics in my ear,
Carol thou glittering bird thy summer song,

52. [Thoreau](#) would be underimpressed, but his take contrasted remarkably with the attitude taken by Ashley in his diary:

Auri sacra fames. What no motive, human or divine, could effect, springs into life at the display of a few pellets of gold in the hands of a wanderer. This may be God's chosen way to fulfil his commandment and "replenish the earth."

53. The blunder, here, was neither dishonesty nor incompetence, but having left himself vulnerable to antagonists who were willing to play the aggressor in the ever-popular game "Now I've Got You You Son Of A Bitch" — using him as their designated victim.

And flowers, and grass, and mosses on the rocks,
 And the full woods, lead me in sober aisles,
 And may I seek this happy day the Cliffs,
 When fluid summer melts all ores in one,
 Both in the air, the water, and the ground.
 And so I walked beyond the last, gray house,
 And o'er the upland glanced, and down the mead,
 Then turning went into the oaken copse,—
Heroic underwoods that take the air
With freedom, nor respect their parent's death.
 Yet a few steps, then welled a cryptic spring,
 Whose temperate nectar palls not on the taste,
 Dancing in yellow circles on the sand,
 And carving through the ooze a crystal bowl.
 Here sometime have I drank a bumper rare,
 Wetting parched lips, from a sleek, emerald leaf,
 Nursed at the fountain's breast, and neatly filled
 The forest-cup, filled by a woodland hand,
 That from familiar things draws sudden use,
 Strange to the civic eye, to Walden plain.
 And resting there after my thirst was quenched,
 Beneath the curtain of a civil oak,
 That muses near this water and the sky,
 I tried some names with which to grave this fount.
 And as I dreamed of these, I marked the roof,
 Then newly built above the placid spring,
 Resting upon some awkward masonry.
 In truth our village has become a butt
 For one of these fleet railroad shafts, and o'er
 Our peaceful plain, its soothing sound is — Concord,
 Four times and more each day a rumbling train
 Of painted cars rolls on the iron road,
 Prefigured in its advent by sharp screams
 That Pandemonium satisfied should hear.
 The steaming tug athirst, and lacking drink,
 The railroad eye direct with fatal stroke
 Smote the spring's covert, and by leaden drain
 Thieved its cold crystal for the engine's breast.
 Strange! that the playful current from the woods,
 Should drag the freighted train, chatting with fire,
 And point the tarnished rail with man and trade.



Feb. 12. Wednesday: A beautiful day with but little snow or ice on the ground. Though the air is sharp, as the earth is half bare the hens have strayed to some distance from the barns. The hens standing around their lord & pluming themselves and still fretting a little strive to fetch the year about.

A thaw has nearly washed away the snow & raised the river & the brooks & flooded the meadows covering the old ice which which is still fast to the bottom

I find that it is an excellent walk for variety & novelty & wildness to keep round the edge of the meadow —the ice not being strong enough to bear and transparent as water —on the bare ground or snow just between the highest water mark and the present water line A narrow meandering walk rich in unexpected views & objects.

The line of rubbish which marks the higher tides withered flags & reeds & twigs & cranberries is to my eyes a very agreeable & significant line which nature traces along the edge of the meadows.

It is a strongly marked enduring natural line which in summer reminds me that the water has once stood over where I walk Sometimes the grooved trees tell the same tale. The wrecks of the meadow which fill a thousand coves and tell a thousand tales to those who can read them Our prairial mediterranean shore. The gentle rise of water around the trees in the meadow —where oaks & maples stand far out in the sea— And young elms sometimes are seen standing close around some rocks which lifts its head above the water —as if protecting it preventing it from being washed away though in truth they owe their origin & preservation to it. It first invited & detained their seed & now preserves the soil in which they grow. A pleasant reminiscence of the rise of waters To go up one side of the river & down the other following this way which meanders so much more than the river itself— If you cannot go on the ice —you are then gently compelled to take this course which is on

the whole more beautiful –to follow the sinuosities of the meadow. Between the highest water mark & the present water line is a space generally from a few feet to a few rods in width. When the water comes over the road, then my spirits rise –when the fences are carried away. A prairial walk– Saw a caterpillar crawling about on the snow

The earth is so bare that it makes an impression on one as if it were catching cold.

I saw today something new to me as I walked along the edge of the meadow –every half mile or so along the channel of the river I saw at a distance where apparently the ice had been broken up while freezing by the pressure of other ice –thin cakes of ice forced up on their edges & reflecting the sun like so many mirrors whole fleets of shining sails. giving a very lively appearance to the river – Where for a dozen rods thin flakes of ice stood on their edges –like a fleet beating upstream against the sun –a fleet of ice-boats

It is remarkable that the cracks in the ice on the meadows sometimes may be traced a dozen rods from the water through the snow in the neighboring fields.

It is only necessary that man should start a fence that nature should carry it on & complete it. The farmer can not plough quite up to the rails or wall which he himself has placed –& hence it often becomes a hedge-row & sometimes a coppice.

I found to-day apples still green under the snow– And others frozen and thawed sweeter far than when sound. a sugary sweetness.

There is something more than association at the bottom of the excitement which the roar of a cataract produces. It is allied to the circulation in our veins We have a waterfall which corresponds even to Niagara somewhere within us. It is astonishing what a rush & tumult a slight inclination will produce in a swollen brook. How it proclaims its glee –its boisterousness –rushing headlong in its prodigal course as if it would exhaust itself in half an hour –how it spends itself– I would say to the orator and poet Flow freely & *lavishly* as a brook that is full –without stint –perchance I have stumbled upon the origin of the word lavish. It does not hesitate to tumble down the steepest precipice & roar or tinkle as it goes, –for fear it will exhaust its fountain.– The impetuosity of descending waters even by the slightest inclination! It seems to flow with ever increasing rapidity.

NIAGARA FALLS

It is difficult to believe what Philosophers assert that it is merely a difference in the form of the elementary particles, as whether they are square or globular –which makes the difference between the steadfast everlasting & reposing hill-side & the impetuous torrent which tumbles down it.

It is worth the while to walk over sproutlands –where oak & chestnut sprouts are mounting swiftly up again into the sky– And already perchance their sere leaves begin to rustle in the breeze & reflect the light on the hills sides –

“Heroic underwoods that take the air
With freedom, nor respect their parent’s death”



I trust that the walkers of the present day are conscious of the blessings which they enjoy in the comparative freedom with which they can ramble over the country & enjoy the landscape – anticipating with compassion that future day when possibly it will be partitioned off into so called pleasure grounds where only a few may enjoy the narrow & exclusive pleasure which is compatible with ownership. When walking over the surface of Gods earth –shall be construed to mean trespassing on some gentleman’s grounds. When fences shall be multiplied & man traps & other engines invented to confine men to the public road. I am thankfull that we have yet so much room in America.



February 13, Thursday, 1851: [Charles Wesley Slack](#) wrote from St. Johnsbury, Vermont to Evelina E. Vannevar Slack in Chelsea, Massachusetts, providing an account of his lecture trip.⁵⁴



February 13, Thursday: Skated to Sudbury. A beautiful summerlike day. The meadows were

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

frozen just enough to bear— — Examined now the fleets of ice flakes close at hand. They are a very singular & interesting phenomenon which I do not remember to have seen I should say that when the water was frozen about as thick as pasteboard—a violent gust had here & there broken it up & while the wind & waves held it up on its edge—the increasing cold froze it in firmly. So it seemed for the flakes were for the most part turned one way—*i.e.* standing on one side you saw only their edges on another—the NE or SW—their sides— They were for the most part of a triangular form—like a shoulder of mutton? sail slightly scolloped—like shells They looked like a fleet of a thousand mackerel fishers under a press of sail careering before a smacking breeze. Sometimes the sun & wind



had reduced them to the thinness of writing paper and they fluttered & rustled & tinkled merrily. I skated through them & strewed their wrecks around.

They appear to have been elevated expressly to reflect the sun like mirrors—to adorn the river & attract the eye of the walker skater. Who will say that Their principal end is not answered when they excite the admiration of the skater? Every half mile or mile as you skate up the river you see these crystal fleets. Nature is a great imitator & loves to repeat herself. She wastes her wonders on the town. It impresses me as one superiority in her art, if art it may be called, that she does not require that man appreciate her—takes no steps to attract his attention.

The trouble is in getting on & off the ice— When you are once on you can go well enough It melts round the edges—

Again I saw today half a mile off in Sudbury a sandy spot on the top of a hill—where I prophesied that I should find traces of the Indians. When within a dozen rods I distinguished the foundation of a lodge—and merely passing over it I saw many fragments of the arrowhead stone— I have frequently distinguished these localities half a mile—gone forward & picked up arrowheads. Examined by the botany All its parts—the first flower I have seen, the *ictodes foetidum*

Saw in a warm muddy brook in Sudbury—quite open & exposed the [skunk cabbage](#) spathes above water— The tops of the spathes were frostbitten but the fruit sound— There was one partly expanded— The first flower of the season—for it is a flower— I doubt if there is month without its flower.

Also mosses—mingled red & green—the red will pass for the blossom.

As for antiquities— One of our old deserted country roads marked only by the parallel fences & a cellar hole with its bricks where the last inhabitant died the victim of intemperance 50 years ago with its bare & exhausted fields stretching around—suggests to me an antiquity greater & more remote from America than the tombs of Etruria.— I insert the rise & fall of Rome in that parenthesis.

It is important to observe not only the subject of our pure & unalloyed joys—but also the secret of any dissatisfaction one may feel.

In society—in the best institutions of men—I remark a certain precocity— When we should be growing children—we are already little men. Infants as we are we make haste to be weaned from our great mother's breast & cultivate our parts by intercourse with one another.

I have not much faith in the method of restoring impoverished soils which relies on manuring mainly—& does not add some virgin soil or muck

Many a poor sore eyed student that I have heard of would grow faster both intellectually & physically if instead of sitting up so very late to study, he honestly slumberd a fool's allowance.

I would not have every man cultivated—any more than I would have every acre of earth cultivated.

Some must be preparing a mould by the annual decay of the forests which they sustain.

Saw half a dozen cows let out & standing about in a retired meadow as in a cow yard.



1851

1851



February 14, Friday, 1851: We become aware through a comment in the journal that [Henry Thoreau](#) was still dipping into the new trade-press publication he had obtained last December by way of Stacy's Circulating Library in Concord, [Roualeyn George Gordon-Cumming](#)'s account of FIVE YEARS OF A HUNTER'S LIFE IN THE FAR INTERIOR OF SOUTH AFRICA. WITH NOTICES OF THE NATIVE TRIBES, AND ANECDOTES OF THE CHASE OF THE LION, ELEPHANT, HIPPOPOTAMUS, GIRAFFE, RHINOCEROS, &C. (New York: Harper & brothers).

FIVE YEARS IN AFRICA, I

FIVE YEARS IN AFRICA, II




February 14, Friday: Consider the farmer, who is commonly regarded as the healthiest man— He may be the toughest but he is not the healthiest. He has lost his elasticity—he can neither run nor jump— Health is the free use & command of all our faculties —& equal development— His is the health of the ox—an over worked buffalo— His joints are stiff. The resemblance is true even in particulars. He is cast away in a pair of cowhide boots—and travels at an ox's pace—indeed in some places he puts his foot into the skin of an ox's shin. It would do him good to be thoroughly shampooed to make him supple. His health is an insensibility to all influence— But only the healthiest man in the world is sensible to the finest influence— He who is affected by more or less of electricity in the air—

We shall see but little way if we require to understand what we see— How few things can a man measure with the tape of his understanding—how many greater things might he be seeing in the meanwhile.

One afternoon in the fall Nov 21st I saw Fair Haven Pond with its island & meadow between the island & the shore, a strip of perfectly smooth water in the lee of the island & two hawks sailing over it—(and something more I saw which cannot easily be described which made me say to myself that it the landscape could not be improved.) I did not see how it could be improved. Yet I do not know what these things can be; (for) I begin to see such objects only when I leave off understanding them—and afterwards remember that I did not appreciate them before. But I get no further than this. How adapted these forms & colors to our eyes, a meadow & its islands. What are these things? Yet the hawks & the ducks keep so aloof, & nature is so reserved! We are made to love the river & the meadow as the wind (is made) to ripple the water

There is a difference between eating for strength & from mere gluttony. The Hottentots eagerly devour the marrow of the Koodoo & other antelopes raw, as a matter of course —& herein perchance have stolen a march on the cooks of Paris. The eater of meats must come to this. This is better than stall fed cattle & slaughter-house pork. Possibly they derive a certain wild-animal vigor therefrom which the most artfully cooked meats do not furnish.

We learn by the January thaw that the winter is intermittent and are reminded of other seasons— The back of the winter is broken

 February 15, Saturday, 1851: In Simpson County in North Carolina, flesh and blood was reported to have rained over a small area.

WALDEN: Our village life would stagnate if it were not for the unexplored forests and meadows which surround it. We need the tonic of wildness.... At the same time that we are earnest to explore and learn all things, we require that all things be mysterious and unexplorable, that land and sea be infinitely wild, unsurveyed and unfathomed by us because unfathomable. We can never have enough of Nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of inexhaustible vigor, vast and Titanic features, the seacoast with its wrecks, the wilderness with its living and its decaying trees, the thunder cloud, and the rain which lasts three weeks and produces freshets. We need to witness our own limits transgressed, and some life pasturing freely where we never wander.... I love to see that Nature is so rife with life that myriads can be afforded to be sacrificed and suffered to prey on one another; that tender organizations can be so serenely squashed out of existence like pulp, - tadpoles which herons gobble up, and tortoises and toads run over in the road; and that sometimes it has rained flesh and blood!

RAINS OF BLOOD, &C.

Evelina E. Vannevar Slack wrote concerning family matters from Chelsea, Massachusetts to Charles Wesley Slack in St. Johnsbury, Vermont. Slack's father added a note to this letter.

Frederick Jenkins (or Wilkins or Minkins, depending on what source you accept) known generally as "Shadrach," a Boston waiter who was a fugitive from Georgia, had been detained by slave-catchers. Henry Williams, who had escaped from Virginia and whom Henry Thoreau assisted, was a friend of Jenkins. Richard Henry Dana, Jr. represented Shadrach in court. Chief Justice Shaw ruled for the rights of the slave catchers but a group of Boston's indignant black citizens then swept into the hearing room through one door and out through another, taking him along within the press of their crowd. Daniel Webster of course fulminated that such a rescue from the US criminal system was "strictly speaking, a case of treason."



UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

After Jenkins was thus rescued, Francis Edwin Bigelow, the Concord blacksmith who according to Horace Rice Hosmer "had **strong negro features** for a white man," and his wife Ann Bigelow, concealed him for one night until he could be escorted to the home of Jonathan Drake and Frances Drake in Leominster (for a few days) and then Fitchburg and into Vermont and on up across the Canada border (in this they were assisted by



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the [Brooks family](#) next door, and there is a story that [Nathan Brooks](#) helped outfit the fugitive with one of his hats). This offense against property and legitimate ownership, and New England’s guilty complicity in it, caused conservatives in Boston to become concerned about social unrest and determined to use brutality to prevent it. A well-known abolitionist, [Elizur Wright, Jr.](#), would be charged with this crime, and would be defended by lawyer Dana. When Wright saw the blacksmith Bigelow sitting in the jury box, he immediately intuited that his trial was going to go all right — for on Shadrach’s way toward safety he had been put up overnight at the Bigelow home! Dana’s work in these “Rescue Trials” would continue into 1852.

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

The navigation of the Neponset River in [Dorchester](#) is ordinarily interrupted during about 2 months each year by freezing. On this date the river cleared:

Frozen Over	Cleared of Ice
December 13, 1837	March 17, 1838
November 26, 1838	February 26, 1839
December 20, 1839	February 21, 1840
December 24, 1840	February 28, 1841
December 22, 1842	opened and closed several times
February 6, 1843	March 30, 1843
January 5, 1844	March 11, 1844
December 17, 1844	February 26, 1845
December 13, 1845	March 14, 1846
January 12, 1847	March 8, 1847
December 27, 1847	February 22, 1848
December 31, 1848	March 18, 1849
December 27, 1849	February 10, 1850
December 25, 1850	February 15, 1851
December 7, 1851	March 12, 1852
December 30, 1852	February 17, 1853
January 23, 1854	March 9, 1854
February 5, 1855	March 4, 1855
January 1, 1856	April 5, 1856
December 10, 1856	March 10, 1857
February 12, 1858	March -, 1858.



February 15, Saturday: Fatal is the discovery that our friend is fallible –that he has prejudices. He is then only prejudiced in our favor. What is the value of his esteem who does not justly esteem another?

Alas! Alas! When my friend begins to deal in confessions –breaks silence –makes a theme of friendship –(which then is always something past) and descends to merely human relations As long as there is a spark of love remaining cherish that alone –only *that* can be kindled into a flame.



I thought that friendship –that love was still possible between –I thought that we had not withdrawn very far asunder– But now that my friend rashly thoughtlessly –prophanely speaks *recognizing* the distance between us –that distance seems infinitely increased.

Of our friends we do not incline to speak to complain to others –we would not disturb the foundations of confidence that may still be.

Why should we not still continue to live with the intensity & rapidity of infants. Is not the world – are not the heavens as unfathomed as ever? Have we exhausted any joy –any sentiment?

The author of Festus well exclaims

“Could we but think with the intensity
We love with, we might do great things, I think.”

FESTUS; A POEM

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY



February 16, Sunday, 1851: In 1848, 1849, and 1850 vessels of the British navy had been visiting the Bering Sea to determine what had happened to the expedition of [Sir John Franklin](#). While at St. Michael’s the commander of one of these ventures had heard a rumor from Indians along the Koiklotzena River (Kuyukuk). Nulato was then the only white settlement near this region and it happened that the agent of the Russian Fur Company who had charge of that post was nearby on his usual summer visit. Arrangements had been made by the British captain with the superintendent of the Russian Fur Company that a naval officer should visit the interior to check out this rumor. Lieutenant J.J. Barnard, R.N. was appointed and it was agreed that he should accompany a Nulato agent, Derabin, on his return trip and spend the winter in making researches. The party had made the toilsome journey of 675 miles up the Yukon River in a large sealskin boat named, by the Russians, *Lidara*. He settled down for the winter at this remote outpost, a small stockaded enclosure manned by 4 or 5 Russian exiles. Derabin had a reputation among the neighboring Indians, for his brutal and unjust treatment of them. To revenge themselves, the Indians of the Koiklotzena plotted a surprise assault, that occurred early on this morning. The Russians did not attempt a defence. At that time the only white men that these Indians knew of were the Russians. Derabin, who was the cause of this massacre, was among the 1st to be killed. The natives broke into the room in which Lieutenant Barnard was sleeping and, as he sprang from his bed, killed him also with arrows. At the beginning of the attack an arrow with a copper barb pierced the abdomen of one of the Russians. After the Indians withdrew this man, Pauloff, would manage to have himself brought to St. Michael’s in a dogsled. The journey would be made over the usual winter portage via Ulukuk and Unalaklik but, shortly after arrival, he would expire. As soon as Pauloff would make the news known, another English Officer, Surgeon Adams, would proceed to Nulato to bury the remains of Lieutenant Barnard. As the years passed on, the little cross erected by Adams would decay away and all traces of the grave would be well nigh obliterated.

THE FROZEN NORTH



February 16, Sunday: Do we call this the land of the free? What is it to be free from King Geo the IV. and continue the slaves of prejudice? What is it to be born free & equal & not to live. What is the value of any political freedom, but as a means to moral freedom. Is it a freedom to be slaves or a freedom to be free, of which we boast. We are a nation of politicians –concerned about the outsides of freedom –the means & utmost defences of freedom– It is our children’s children who may perchance be –essentially free.

We tax ourselves unjustly– There is a part of us which is not represented– It is taxation without representation– We quarter troops upon ourselves. In respect to virtue or true manhood we are



essentially provincial not metropolitan –mere Jonathans

We are provincial because we do not find at home our standards –because we do not worship truth but the reflection of truth. because we are absorbed in & narrowed by trade & commerce & agriculture which are but means & not the end.⁵⁵

We are essentially provincial, I say, & so is the English parliament –mere country bumpkins they betray themselves –when any more important question arises for them to settle– Their natures are subdued to what they work in. The finest manners in the world are awkwardness & fatuity when contrasted with a finer intelligence.– They appear but as the fashions of past days –mere courtliness –small clothes out of date –& knee buckles –an attitude merely.

The vice of manners is that they are continually deserted by the character –they are castoff clothes or shells –claiming the respect of the living creature.

You are presented with the shells instead of the meat –and it is no excuse generally that in the case of some fish the shells are of more worth than the meat. The man who thrusts his manners upon me does as if he were to insist on introducing me to his cabinet of curiosities, when I wish to see himself.

55. [Thoreau](#) would extrapolate from this entry in his journal, for his early lecture [“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT”](#):

[Paragraph 48] Do we call this the land of the free? [Francis Scott Key, “The Star-Spangled Banner,” line 10] What is it to be free from King George and continue the slaves of King Prejudice? What is it to be born free and not to live free? What is the value of any political freedom, but as a means to moral freedom? Is it a freedom to be slaves, or a freedom to be free, of which we boast? We are a nation of politicians, concerned about the outmost defences only of freedom. It is our children’s children who may perchance be really free. We tax ourselves unjustly. There is a part of us which is not represented. It is taxation without representation. [“Taxation without representation is tyranny” was a watchword of the American Revolution attributed to James Otis (1725-83).] We quarter troops, [“Quartering of large bodies of troops” among American colonists, one of the grievances cited in the Declaration of Independence] we quarter fools and cattle of all sorts upon ourselves. We quarter our gross bodies on our poor souls, till the former eat up all the latter’s substance.

[Paragraph 49] With respect to a true culture and manhood, we are essentially provincial still, not metropolitan,—mere Jonathans. We are provincial, because we do not find at home our standards,—because we do not worship truth, but the reflection of truth,—because we are warped and narrowed by an exclusive devotion to trade and commerce and manufactures and agriculture and the like, which are but means, and not the end.

[Paragraph 50] So is the English Parliament provincial. Mere country-bumpkins, they betray themselves, when any more important question arises for them to settle, the Irish question, for instance,—the English question why did I not say? Their natures are subdued to what they work in. [Shakespeare, “Sonnet 111,” lines 6-7.] Their “good breeding” respects only secondary objects. The finest manners in the world are awkwardness and fatuity, when contrasted with a finer intelligence. They appear but as the fashions of past days,—mere courtliness, knee-buckles and small-clothes, out of date. It is the vice, but not the excellence of manners, that they are continually being deserted by the character; they are cast-off clothes or shells, claiming the respect which belonged to the living creature. You are presented with the shells instead of the meat, and it is no excuse generally, that, in the case of some fishes, the shells are of more worth than the meat. The man who thrusts his manners upon me does as if he were to insist on introducing me to his cabinet of curiosities, when I wished to see himself. It was not in this sense that the poet Decker called Christ “the first true gentleman that ever breathed.” [Thomas Decker and Thomas Middleton, *THE HONEST WHORE* (1604 edition, 1:ii).] I repeat that in this sense the most splendid court in Christendom is provincial, having authority to consult about Transalpine interests only, and not the affairs of Rome. A praetor or proconsul would suffice to settle the questions which absorb the attention of the English Parliament and the American Congress.



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Manners are conscious. Character is unconscious.
My neighbor does not recover from his formal bow so soon as I do from the pleasure of meeting him.



February 17, Monday, 1851: Slaven-Ball-Quadrille op.88 by Johann Baptist Strauss II was performed for the initial time, in the Sophiensaal, Vienna.

Henri-Frédéric Amiel, who would be referred to as the “Swiss Thoreau,” wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: “I have been reading, for six or seven hours without stopping the *Pensées* of Joubert. I felt at first a very strong attraction toward the book, and a deep interest in it, but I have already a good deal cooled down. These scattered and fragmentary thoughts, falling upon one without a pause, like drops of light, tire, not my head, but reasoning power. The merits of Joubert consist in the grace of the style, the vivacity or finesse of the criticisms, the charm of the metaphors; but he starts many more problems than he solves, he notices and records more than he explains. His philosophy is merely literary and popular; his originality is only in detail and in execution. Altogether, he is a writer of reflections rather than a philosopher, a critic of remarkable gifts, endowed with exquisite sensibility, but, as an intelligence, destitute of the capacity for co-ordination. He wants concentration and continuity. It is not that he has no claims to be considered a philosopher or an artist, but rather that he is both imperfectly, for he thinks and writes marvelously, on a small scale. He is an entomologist, a lapidary, a jeweler, a coiner of sentences, of adages, of criticisms, of aphorisms, counsels, problems; and his book, extracted from the accumulations of his journal during fifty years of his life, is a collection of precious stones, of butterflies, coins and engraved gems. The whole, however, is more subtle than strong, more poetical than profound, and leaves upon the reader rather the impression of a great wealth of small curiosities of value, than of a great intellectual existence and a new point of view. The place of Joubert seems to me then, below and very far from the philosophers and the true poets, but honorable among the moralists and the critics. He is one of those men who are superior to their works, and who have themselves the unity which these lack. This first judgment is, besides, indiscriminate and severe. I shall have to modify it later.”

Henry Thoreau made an outline map of White Pond, which he considered a very beautiful spot and far less crowded than Walden Pond.



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

http://www.concordlibrary.org/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/148.htm



Three buried blocks of residual glacial ice, gradually melted:
White Pond, Fair Haven Bay, Walden Pond

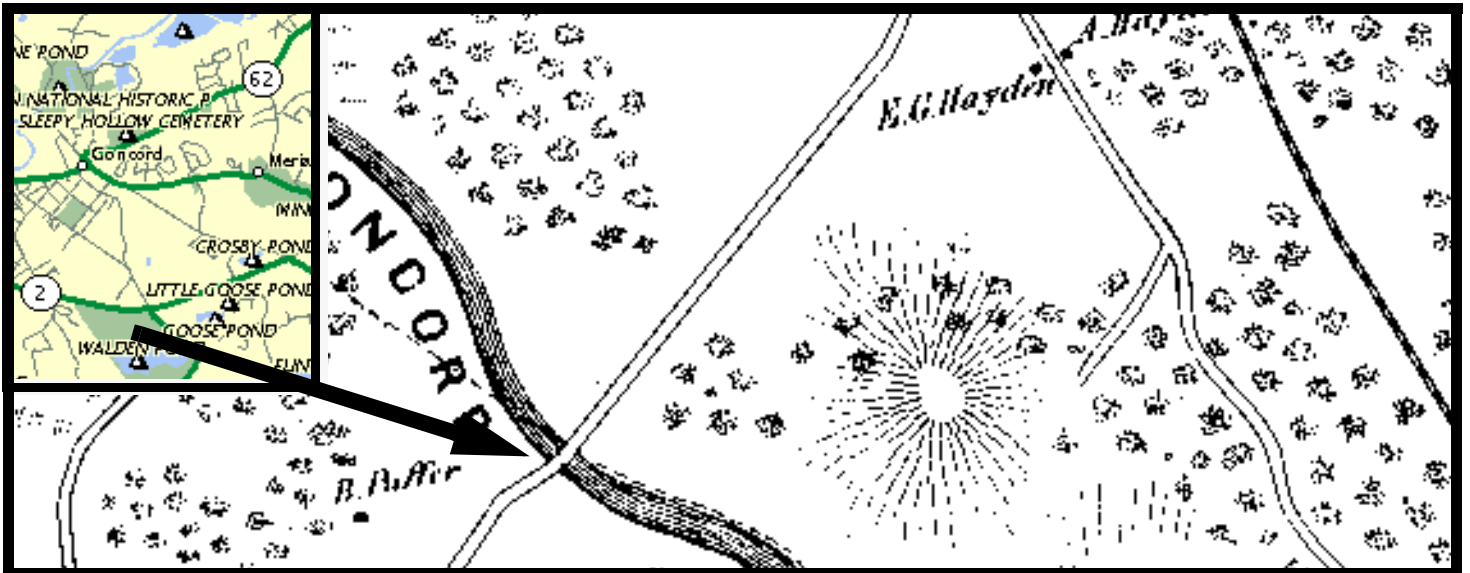


[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 17TH]



February 18, Tuesday, 1851: Aurora-Ball-Tänze op.87, a waltz by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the first time, in the Sperl Ballroom, Vienna.

[Henry Thoreau](#) mused in his journal about photography, etc. He recorded in his journal that when on the previous day he had gone to [Cyrus Hubbard](#)'s bridge and causeway (Gleason H6), the [Sudbury River](#) had been over the road there.



On this night there was a bright [aurora borealis](#) above New England.



February 18, Tuesday: Ground nearly bare of snow pleasant day with a strong south wind. Skated though the ice was soft in spots –saw the skunk cabbage in flower –gathered nuts & apples



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CYRUS HUBBARD

on the bare ground still sound & preserving their colors red & green –many of them.
 Yesterday the river was over the road by Hubbard’s bridge.
 Surveyed White Pond yesterday Feb– 17th

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

There is little or nothing to be remembered written on the subject of getting an honest living. Neither the New testament nor Poor Richard speaks to our condition. I cannot think of a single page which entertains –much less answers the questions which I put to myself on this subject. How to make the getting our living poetic –! for if it is not poetic –it is not life but death that we get
 Is it that men are too disgusted with their experience to speak of it? Or that commonly they do not question the common modes.

The most practically important of all questions, it seems to me, is how shall I get my living –& yet I find little or nothing said to the purpose in any book. Those who are living on the interest of money inherited –or dishonestly i.e. by false methods acquired are of course incompetent to answer it.

I consider that society with all its arts, has done nothing for us in this respect.– One would think from looking at literature –that this question had never disturbed a solitary individual’s musings.

Cold and hunger seem more friendly to my nature than those methods which men have adopted & advise to ward them off⁵⁶

If it were not that I desire to do something here (accomplish some work) I should certainly prefer to suffer and die rather than be at the pains to get a living by the modes men propose.

There may be an excess even of informing light

Niece a Frenchman announced that “No substance can be exposed to the sun’s rays without undergoing a chemical change.” Granite rocks & stone structures & statues of metal &c –“are” says

56. [Thoreau](#) would extrapolate from this entry in his journal, for his early lecture [“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT”](#):

PHOTOGRAPHY

[Paragraph 40] It is remarkable that there is little or nothing to be remembered written on the subject of getting a living. Neither the New Testament nor Poor Richard speaks to our condition. I cannot think of a single page which entertains, much less answers, the questions which I put to myself on this subject. How to make getting our living not merely honest and honorable, but altogether inviting and glorious.¹ One would think from looking at literature that this question had never disturbed a solitary individual’s musings. Is it that men are too much disgusted with their experience to speak of it? The lesson of value which money teaches, which the author of the universe has taken so much pains to teach us [Probably an allusion to [MATTHEW 6:19-20](#)] Compare Thoreau’s use of this scripture in [WALDEN](#), page 5. —we are inclined to skip altogether. As for the means of living—it is wonderful how indifferent men of all classes are about it—even reformers, so called, whether they inherit, or earn, or steal it. I think that society has done nothing for us in this respect, or rather she has undone what she has done. Cold and hunger seem more friendly to my nature than those methods which men have adopted and advise to ward them off.

1. Bradley P. Dean emended the ms from ‘poetic’ to ‘but altogether inviting and glorious’ per the Nantucket [Inquirer](#), the [National Aegis](#) (Worcester), and [“LIFE WITHOUT PRINCIPLE”](#) 15.

**BRAD DEAN’S
COMMENTARY**

The poet [W.H. Auden](#) has in 1962 brought forward a snippet of this as:

THE VIKING BOOK OF APHORISMS, A PERSONAL SELECTION BY W.H. AUDEN...

Pg	Topic	Aphorism Selected by Auden out of Thoreau
157	The Arena	There is little or nothing to be remembered written on the subject of getting an honest living. Neither the New Testament nor Poor Richard speak to our condition. One would think, from looking at literature, that this question had never disturbed a solitary individual’s musings.

Rob. Hunt “all alike destructively acted upon during the hours of sunshine, and but for provisions of nature no less wonderful, would soon perish under the delicate touch of the most subtle of the agencies of the universe.” But Niepce showed says Hunt “that those bodies which underwent this change during daylight, possessed the power of restoring themselves to their original conditions during the hours of night, when this excitement was no longer influencing them” So in the case of the Daguerreotype “The picture which we receive to-night, unless we adopt some method of securing its permanency, fades away before the morning, & we try to restore it in vain. – – (infers) “the hours of darkness are as necessary to the inorganic creation as we know night & sleep are to the organic kingdom.” Such is the influence of “actinism” that power in the sun’s rays which produces a chemical effect.⁵⁷



“WALKING”: There may be an excess even of informing light. Niepce, a Frenchman, discovered “actinism,” that power in the sun’s rays which produces a chemical effect; that granite rocks, and stone structures, and statues of metal “are all alike destructively acted upon during the hours of sunshine, and but for provisions of nature no less wonderful, would soon perish under the delicate touch of the most subtle of the agencies of the universe.” But he observed “that those bodies which underwent this change during the day-light possessed the power of restoring themselves to their original conditions during the hours of night, when this excitement was no longer influencing them.” Hence it has been inferred that “The hours of darkness are as necessary to the inorganic creation, as we know night and sleep are to the organic kingdom.” Not even does the moon shine every night, but gives place to darkness. I would not have every man nor every part of a man cultivated, any more than I would have every acre of earth cultivated; part will be tillage, but the greater part will be meadow and forest, not only serving an immediate use, but preparing a mould against a distant future, by the annual decay of the vegetation which it supports.

ROBERT HUNT

57. Laura Dassow Walls has suggested that this reading about actinism in Robert Hunt’s 1850 book THE POETRY OF SCIENCE, OR STUDIES OF THE PHYSICAL PHENOMENA OF NATURE may have marked a decisive point in Thoreau’s development of an innocent and Humboldtian agenda for the poetic/scientific, non-manipulative, non-interventive investigation of natural phenomena:

There are, indeed, “tongues in trees”; but science alone can interpret their mysterious whispers, and in this consists its poetry. (xxi-xxii)

Laura Walls’s Commentary

We may note in the above passage from Thoreau’s journal that there is a ligature, in the journal writing and in the mind of Thoreau, between the topic “how to live,” with its sub-topic “getting a living,” and the topic of “informing light.” One might almost say that, to Thoreau’s way of thinking, the seeing as in “science,” this being a scientific seer, was another sub-topic of “how to live” parallel to the subtopic of “getting a living,” and one might almost be forgiven for suspecting that, for Thoreau, to wield science like a sword à la Louis Agassiz was approximately as morally innocent as, say, the institution of human slavery (which that peculiar professor happened also to support).



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February 19, Wednesday, [1851](#): [Charles Wesley Slack](#) wrote from St. Johnsbury, Vermont to Eva Evelina E. Vannevar Slack in Chelsea, Massachusetts, recounting events on his trip.

Senator [James Mason](#) of Virginia called again for payment of Spain's *La Amistad* claim. What's white is right, so Senator [Henry Clay](#) of [Kentucky](#) of course proceeded to propose a Senate inquiry into the matter and his proposal was of course overwhelmingly approved.

[Of course, the schooner in question simply did not belong to Spain, or to any Spaniard or Spaniards. It being a prize vessel, it belonged only to the surviving 35 of the black [privateers](#) of the mutiny who had been sent back to Africa aboard the bark *Gentleman*, who had been sent home as mere charity wards with nobody ever thinking to return to them their conquest which they had won fair and square with their blood, sweat, and tears, admittedly worth \$70,000. For sure, had it been 35 surviving free white [privateers](#), they would not have been denied this booty which belonged to them, but because they were instead free blacks, it had never even **occurred** to any of the white players in this legal drama, such as the collective wit of the seven Supreme Court justices involved in puzzling out this puzzle, to give them their prize schooner back! One of the open issues of this drama, therefore, is: what actually had happened to the schooner *La Amistad*? **Where had this valuable piece of property gone to? Which American white men had been allowed to profit from it?** Our history books are, of course, silent — this being a question which it has never ever occurred to us to pose.]

The US Senate was taking a closer look at American involvement in the [slave-trade](#).

"A bill (Senate, No. 472) concerning the intercourse and trade of vessels of the United States with certain places on the eastern and western coasts of Africa, and for other purposes." Read once. SENATE JOURNAL, 31st Congress, 2d session, pages 42, 45, 84, 94, 159, 193-4; CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 31st Congress, 2d session, pages 246-7.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 19TH]



February 20, Thursday, [1851](#): [Henri-Frédéric Amiel](#), who would be referred to as the "Swiss [Thoreau](#)," wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: "I have almost finished these two volumes of *Pensées* and the greater part of the Correspondance. This last has especially charmed me; it is remarkable for grace, delicacy, atticism, and precision. The chapters on metaphysics and philosophy are the most insignificant. All that has to do with large views with the whole of things, is very little at Joubert's command; he has no philosophy of history, no speculative intuition. He is the thinker of detail, and his proper field is psychology and matters of taste. In this sphere of the subtleties and delicacies of imagination and feeling, within the circle of personal affectation and preoccupations, of social and educational interests, he abounds in ingenuity and sagacity, in fine criticisms, in exquisite touches. It is like a bee going from flower to flower, a teasing, plundering, wayward zephyr, an Aeolian harp, a ray of furtive light stealing through the leaves. Taken as a whole, there is something impalpable and immaterial about him, which I will not venture to call effeminate, but which is scarcely manly. He wants bone and body: timid, dreamy, and clairvoyant, he hovers far above reality. He is rather a soul, a breath, than a man. It is the mind of a woman in the character of a child, so that we feel for him less admiration than tenderness and gratitude."

[Giacomo Meyerbeer](#) conducted at a concert to benefit the family of Albert Lortzing in Berlin. It was well attended.

[Waldo Emerson](#) was scheduled to deliver his lecture on "Wealth" before the Portland Lyceum on the following evening. Although no reviews or other responses have been located, it was likely [Henry Thoreau](#) who was the

intended target of a disparaging reference to the “most zealous imitators and Followers” of the sage of Concord in this day’s issue of the Portland Morning Herald.



THE LIST OF LECTURES

Beginning on this day and continuing until the 27th, Thoreau would be surveying, for Cyrus Stow, some 21 acres of swampland in Bedford swampland, for which Thoreau would consult a deed dating to 1748, and the records of a previous survey, one done by Thaddeus Davis in 1799.



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

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

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

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

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/121a.htm



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 20TH]



February 21, Friday, 1851: The Parker House of San Francisco, [California](#) was offering amusements:

Amusements.

JENNY LIND THEATRE.
[PARKER HOUSE.]

Stage Manager.....Mr. T. S. CAMPBELL.
Leader of the Orchestra.....Mr. JOHN DEAN.
THIS EVENING, Feb. 21st, will be presented the Grand
Nautical Legendary Melo-Drama, entitled
THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Vanderdecken.....Mr. Campbell.
Lestelle Vanbelm.....Mrs. Burrell.
To conclude with the laughable farce of
MISCHIEF MAKING.

Nicholas Dovetail.....Mr. Barry.
Madame Manette.....Mrs. Burrell.

DOORS OPEN at 6½ o'clock. Performance to commence pre-
cisely at 7 o'clock.

ADMISSION—Boxes...\$3 | Parquette...\$2 | Pit.....\$1
Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 12 M. [feb21]

THE SABLE HARMONISTS

MOST RESPECTFULLY announce to the public of SAN FRANCISCO, that they will give their first grand CONCERT at the PARKER HOUSE, on SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 22, on which occasion they will produce all of the latest songs, glee, chorusses, and dances of the day.

The Sable Harmonists consist of seven of the most talented performers in California, viz: R. MOORE, H. MESTAYER, C. FISHER, H. DONNELLY, T. KING, J. M. FOANS, and E. VAN RENSSSELAER, on which occasion they will accompany themselves on the following instruments: First and second violin, accordeon, flute, banjo, tambourine and bones.
Price of admission, \$1. feb20-3



DELIRIUM TREMENS.—By the last report of the city physician it appears that there were five deaths in the city



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hospital of the horrible disease above mentioned. In addition to this, there are doubtless many others who have died in all the misery and agony which the delirium tremens produce. Why is it that many persons when they come to San Francisco, men who in their homes on the Atlantic never indulge in more than a glass of wine daily, throw away their health and life here, by drinking an excess of liquor, often of the most execrable quality. In a country like California, in a town like San Francisco of all others, men should especially regard their health, and protect their lives, that they may meet with that success here that is almost sure to follow industry and temperance.

THE "NIGGER DIGGINGS."—We perceive that two of the city papers are fighting about the priority of information in regard to the "nigger diggings," as they are called, on Mokelumne Hill. If the combatants will look at the columns of the *Alta* of Feb. 13th, they will find that they were anticipated by us.

A RUSH.—During the examination of Duane, in the Recorder's Court yesterday, the breaking of one of the benches gave rise to an impression in the minds of the audience that the floor was giving way. A general rush was made for the doors, one of which was forced from its hinges and carried into the street before the frightened multitude. The court-room was cleared in an incredibly short space of time.

JENNY LIND THEATRE.—The attractions this evening, as offered in the bill, are "The Flying Dutchman" and "Mischief Making."

JENNY LIND



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 21ST]

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 February 22, Saturday, 1851: [William Cooper Nell](#) signed a petition (dated March) that would be presented to the Massachusetts Legislature, asking for an appropriation in the amount of \$1,500 for the erection of a monument in honor of [Crispus Attucks](#).



Something someone characterized as a “riot” occurred at Yarmouth, England. Although Samuel Graystone, mate aboard the *Ant*, had signed articles for the usual voyage from Yarmouth to Plymouth, ordinary seamen had forcibly prevented him from boarding. Masters of other vessels complained to port magistrates that they also were encountering such treatment. Immediately, therefore, the port magistrates called upon the East Norfolk Militia and the Coastguard, and special railroad trains conveyed 2 troops of the 11th Hussars from Norwich. The cavalry rode through, clearing the streets of pedestrian citizens. “The rioters, frightened by the mere appearance of the troops, flew in every direction up the narrow streets of the town, and in a few hours tranquillity was restored.” Someone asserted that, but for the timely arrival of government force, a body of Gorleston seamen would have (could have, should have, might have maybe?) attacked the port (although several of these “rioting” common seamen would be brought before the Quarterly Sessions on March 6th,

much to the surprise of this court a jury of citizen peers would return a verdict of not guilty).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 22D]



February 23, Sunday, 1851: [Joanna Baillie](#) died at the age of 88 or 89 in London subsequent to publishing the “[great monster book](#)” of all her writings (with the exception of her theological pamphlet). The body would be placed in Hampstead cemetery.

[Charles Wesley Slack](#) wrote from St. Johnsbury, Vermont to Evelina E. Vannevar Slack in Chelsea, Massachusetts, providing more details of his current lecture tour.

[Cornelius Vanderbilt](#) was allegedly provoked by one or another anonymous obtuse newspaper letter-to-the-editor author to write to the [New-York Herald](#) endlessly bragging (something that, it goes without saying, he would never consent to do except that he had been so provoked) about the exemplary performance of his steamship *Prometheus* on the New-York/Nicaragua line. Those who doubt or dispute his account will be entitled to purchase for themselves a ticket, and experience this delight for themselves at first hand:

THE SPEED OF THE STEAM SHIP *PROMETHEUS*.

To the Editor of the New York Herald.

In your paper of yesterday an article appeared signed by “One who takes much interest in steam,” expressing the writer’s surprise at the extraordinary speed and qualities of the steam ship *Prometheus*, accompanied with a request that her owner will consent to explain. I am somewhat at a lost to determine what kind of explanation the gentleman may require, but will give him some facts, and if they serve to satisfy his mind, even in part, it will be gratifying to me.

I built the *Prometheus* according to what I judged a sea steamer should be, having particular regard to the qualities of safety, comfort, economy in use, and speed. It seems to be conceded by all who have taken passage in her, that they were never in a vessel that possessed so many good sea qualities. On her last voyage she had as passengers some six of the oldest sea captains, and they all agreed that they never saw her equal as a sea steamer. As for comfort, she is open for examination; those who doubt it, let them look for themselves. As regards economy in use, I will give an account of her last voyage, and if any steamer on the ocean can equal it, I am wrongly informed. She left New York on the 27th of January, and reached Chagres in eight days and nine hours, having encountered a heavy gale on this passage, which compelled her to lay to for sixteen hours. From Chagres she went to the Belize, at the mouth of the Mississippi River, in four days and twenty hours, and proceeded to New Orleans, at which place she lay three days. On her return she left New Orleans on Sunday, the 16th instant, and arrived at New York on Saturday, the 23rd.

From New York to Chagres is.....	2150 miles
From Chagres to New Orleans.....	1520 "
From New Orleans to New York.....	1920 "

Distance run.....5590 miles



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In which time she consumed 300 tons Lackawanna and 150 tons Pittsburgh coal; in all 450 tons of fuel. This is at least 33½ per cent. less fuel than any steamer of the same capacity ever used in the same time and distance.

The reasons for this inequality, I conceive to be, first, her model and structure are most perfect, and her engines are, I think, superior to all others, for safety, economy, and speed. It must be recollected that such a pair have never been in a sea steamer until this, and it was in the mouths of many of the steamship men that these would be a failure; but now all those who have the courage to abandon a wrong opinion and adopt a correct one will do so, or be behind in sea steaming. In fact, I consider the *Prometheus*, in her combination of qualities, far superior to anything afloat. I will venture a large wager that there is no ship afloat, and none that can be built within twelve months, having any other plan of engines of the same size in proportion to the capacity of the ship, that can make a winter passage in the same time, with the same quantity of fuel.


C. VANDERBILT.

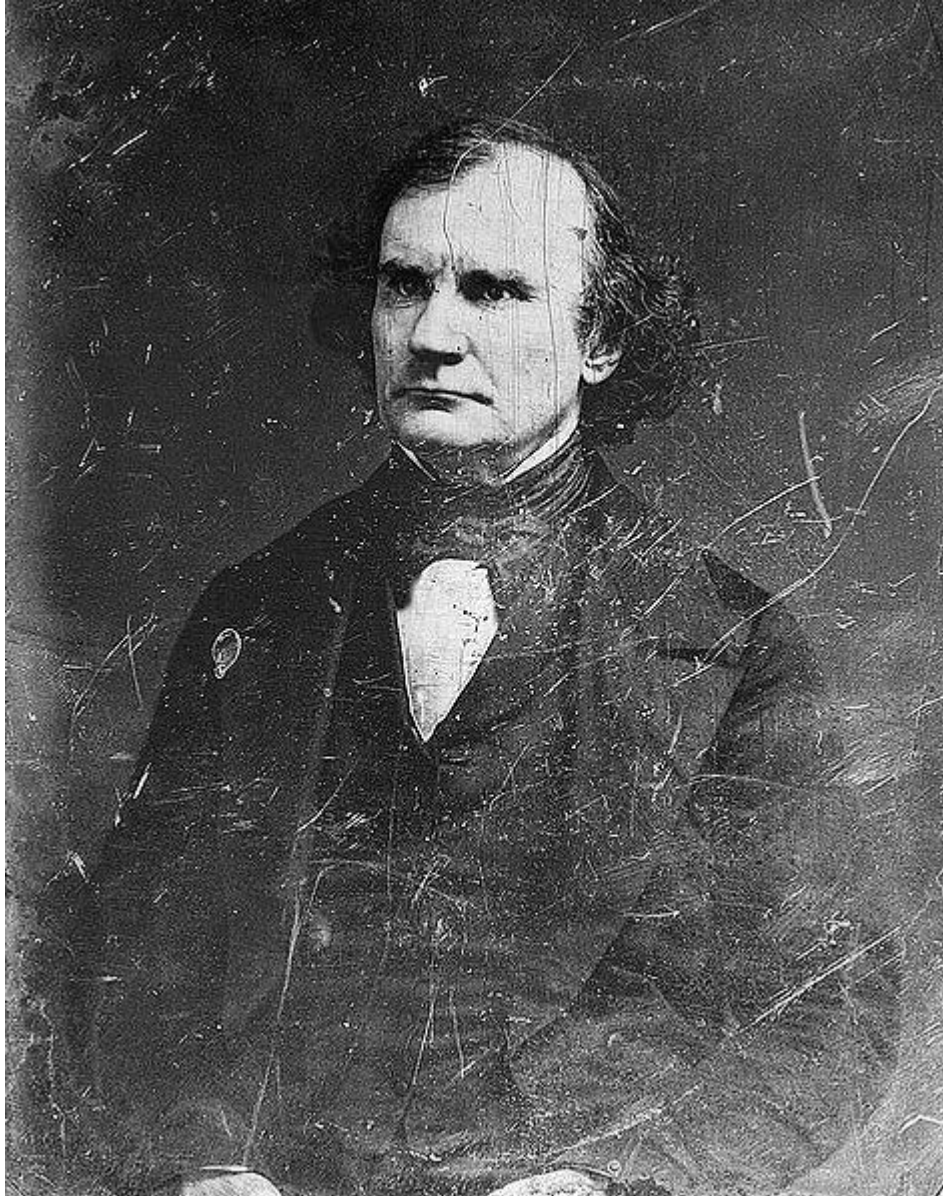


[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 23D]

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 February 24, Monday, 1851: In a letter to [Lysander Spooner](#), Senator [James Murray Mason](#) of Virginia argued that African slaves are “a form of property ... originating in Africa, and when brought into the colonies of North America simply recognized as property by the common law.”



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 24TH]



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February 25, Tuesday, 1851: The Minnesota Territorial Laws of 1851 established the University of [Minnesota](#) at what is now its Minneapolis campus and vested its government in a Board of Regents. A Daguerreotype was exposed in this year, showing the structure as viewed from the roof of a popular tourist hotel near the falls of the Mississippi River.

Under the rubric “A Flight of Fancy,” the [Daily Herald](#) of Marysville, [California](#) demonstrated that news does not always have to be bad: “How beautiful and poetic us that custom of the Spaniards, which has given to certain localities names in their euphonious language significant of some of their peculiar attributes. For instance, within the limits of this country Monterey — the ‘King Mountain’ in Mexico, Palo Alto — the ‘tall tree,’ and Buena Vista — a ‘fine view;’ in South America we have still more beautiful instance, that of Valparaiso, *anglice* ‘the Valley of Paradise.’ The thought which prompted that name was an inspiration drawn from the beautiful and balmy climate, where the skies are ever bright, and the air is ever mild, delicious and spring-like, while the Castilian maidens, in ringlets ‘dark and glossy as the raven’s plume’ are lovely as Houris; where bright-fledged birds are ever flitting on the wing, carolling their beautiful hosannas, and where the bounteous earth yields ever to man, with little toil, her luscious grapes and pleasant fruits. These must have gladdened lite heart of the man, who looking ‘from Nature up to Nature’s God,’ thanked that Giver of these beauteous gifts, for so marking a part of his footstool, that man might then be reminded of the enjoyments of our first parents in the garden of Eden, and might in some degree, if his passions were rightly attuned, realize some of the blessings which reigned in the first ‘valley of Paradise.’ To what, think you, dear reader, does the foregoing tend? You will remember, if with attention you have listed our sayings about California, that we have ever claimed for her some peculiar blessings; while many looked upon this country as the very extreme of all that was bad in morals, and all that was ugly nature, we have with an eye of faith looked forward to the time when ‘the forest shall bloom as the rose,’ and when we, as a state. shall not only be prosperous and happy, but when, in recompense for the toil of many of the sons of hardy adventure who have thronged to our shores, the teeming earth shall not only give forth her store of bright glittering gold, but the heart of the husbandman shall be gladdened with the song of happy children, and his fields shall in due time be decked with waving yellow wheat, and the ripening maize shall ope its ears to list the melodies of God’s beautiful creation; when the farmer shall be content to follow his plough, and look for seed time and harvest with a light heart and a lighter conscience. That time is not only coming, but is. Men now-a-days do not altogether think of GOLD, even in the Eureka State. That ground which has lain quiet for ages, where the wild cattle have browsed at peace and where the untutored Indian has roamed at will, is now marked with the furrows of toil, and n ready to yield up to Industry a gracious harvest This, however, is but the beginning. A spirit is now awakened, which we believe will not cease or be satisfied till the whole valley of the Sacramento be dotted with the smiling farm houses and blooming fields of agriculture, and men are content to dig the earth where she will give up what will render the State of California richer and more permanently prosperous than all the products of the gold mines could make her. We believe all this. We believe also that in obedience to a mysterious law which has always followed man, when he has adopted a new field for his exertions to make the earth productive, our country will be blessed with periodical rains for his benefit, and be no more subject to floods and inundations which have heretofore distinguished it. We believe also, that we will see the time when over the face of our new State, shall be scattered fragrant flower gardens cultivated by the hand of leisure; and when in view of the rich productiveness of the earth, and the beauty of a climate unsurpassed beneath the canopy of heaven, our inhabitants will with one accord bless God for having given them this new ‘Valley of Paradise.’”

Spring 1845	Ice of Walden Pond first completely open on April 1st
Spring 1846	Ice of Walden Pond first completely open on March 25th
Spring 1847	Ice of Walden Pond first completely open on April 8th
Spring 1851	Ice of Concord River opened much before February 25th; Ice of Walden Pond first completely open on March 28th
Spring 1852	Ice of Concord River opened at least by March 14th; Ice of Walden Pond first completely open on April 18th
Spring 1853	Ice of Concord River opened at least by about March 8th; Ice of Walden Pond first completely open on March 23d
Spring 1854	Ice of Concord River opened about March 9th, average March 5th; Ice of Walden Pond first completely open about April 7th
Spring 1856	Ice of Concord River opened on March 5th; Ice cleared on Walden Pond on April 18th



February 25: A very windy day –a slight snow which fell last night was melted at noon –a strong gusty wind The waves on the meadows make a fine show– I saw at Hubbards bridge that all the ice had been blown up stream from the meadows and was collected over the channel against the bridge in large cakes These were covered and intermingled with a remarkable quantity of the meadow’s crust. There was no ice to be seen up stream and no *more* down stream. The meadows have been flooded for a fortnight –and *this* water has been frozen barely thick enough to bear once (one day) only– The old ice on the meadows was covered several feet deep– – I observed from the bridge a few rods off northward what looked like an island directly over the channel– It was the crust of the meadow afloat. I reached with a little risk and found it to be 4 rods long by one broad – the surface of the meadow with cranberry vines &’c all connected & in their natural position and no ice visible but around its edges– It appeared to be the frozen crust (which was separated from the unfrozen soil as ice is from the water beneath) buoyed up? perchance by the ice around its edges frozen to the stubble– Was there any pure ice under it? Had there been any above it? Will frozen meadow float? Had ice which originally supported it from above melted except about the edges? When the ice melts or the soil thaws of course it falls to bottom wherever it may be. Here is another agent employed in the distribution of plants– I have seen where a smooth shore which I frequented for bathing was in one season strewn with these hummocks bearing the button bush with them which have now changed the character of the shore. There were many rushes & lily pad stems on the ice. Had the ice formed about them as they grew –broke them off when it floated away & so they were strown about on it?



February 26, Wednesday, [1851](#): Sir John Cam Hobhouse was created Baron Broughton de Gyfford.

Rhadamantus-Klänge op.94, a waltz by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the 1st time, in the Sophiensaal, Vienna.

Mr. Barr, a celebrated [Scottish](#) falconer, provided on Hellesdon Brakes near [Norwich, England](#), an exhibition of hawking, for the many hundreds of idle persons who chose to be in attendance (clearly these would have been persons who self-identified with the governing classes of England, as predators, rather than with the peasantry of England, as prey). The 4 predators Mr. Barr brought to the field were young and were of the [peregrine falcon](#) variety (we are not told whether they were the smaller male or the larger female). He flew



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these well-trained predators at pigeons [presumably *Columba livia domestica*] that were let loose specifically for this purpose and in 2 hours his hawks brought 24 of them to the ground (we are not told of any who escaped to return to their home dove-loft). “The first two or three were so frightened, that when pursued by the hawk they took refuge among the people, and one of them alighted on the back of a horse, and was taken by hand.” (This having merely whetted the local appetite for gratuitous cruelty, Mr. Barr would provide a 2d such sporting exhibition on March 10th on Mr. George Gowing’s land at Trowse.)

Evelina E. Vannevar Slack wrote from Chelsea, Massachusetts to [Charles Wesley Slack](#) in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, giving an account of her activities and commenting on lectures she had attended. Then she wrote again, this time of family affairs, enclosing a note from Mary Slack.

Edmund Quincy Sewell Osgood was born in [Cohasset, Massachusetts](#) to [Mrs. Ellen Devereux Sewall Osgood](#) and the [Reverend Joseph Osgood](#) (Edmund would prepare for college under his father and graduate from Harvard College, receiving the S.T.B. at the Harvard Divinity School in 1878; he would be ordained that year to the Unitarian ministry and his initial pastorate would be the First Church at Plymouth, where he would remain from 1878 to 1885; he would get married with Mary Hobart Tower on September 23d, 1879 in [Cohasset](#), in a ceremony officiated over by his father; their daughter Miss Ethel Lewis Osgood would become a member of the faculty of Concord Academy; after 4 years at Grafton he would serve a parish at Hyde Park, Massachusetts before in 1897 accepting a call to All Souls Church in Brattleboro, Vermont; he there became eventually a minister emeritus and would reside in Cambridge, Massachusetts for a year and a half until his death on December 28th, 1933 at the age of 82).



February 26: Examined the floating meadow again today. It is more than a foot thick the under part much mixed with ice –ice & muck– It appeared to me that the meadow surface had been heaved by the frost & then the water had run down & under it & finally when the ice rose lifted it up –wherever there was ice enough mixed with it to float it. I saw large cakes of ice with other large cakes the latter as big as a table on top of them. Probably the former rose while the latter were already floating about. The plants scattered about were bullrushes & lily-pad stems.– Saw 5 red-wings [[Red-winged Blackbird](#) [Agelaius phoeniceus](#)] & a song-sparrow [[Song Sparrow](#) [Melospiza melodia](#) (*melodia*)]? this afternoon.



February 27, Thursday (to March 3, Monday, [1851](#)): [Henry Thoreau](#) would be surveying, during this period, for [Cyrus Stow](#), a Pine Hill woodlot in the east part of Concord, in the rear of [Joseph Merriam](#)’s house off Old Bedford Road (beginning at the southwest corner).



(The invoice for this work has been preserved in the Thoreau Collection at Middlebury College.)

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

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

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

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

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/121a.htm



February 27, Thursday: Saw today on Pine Hill behind Mr. Joseph Merriam's House a Norway pine. The first I have seen in Concord— Mr Gleason pointed it out to me as a singular pine which he did not know the name of. It was a very handsome tree about 25 feet high. E Wood thinks that he has lost the surface of 2 acres of his meadow by the ice.— Got 15 cartloads out of a hummock left on another meadow

Blue joint was introduced into the first meadow where it did not grow before.

Of two men, one of whom knows nothing about a subject, and what is extremely rare, knows that he knows nothing—and the other really knows something about it, but thinks that he knows all— What great advantage has the latter over the former? Which is the best to deal with?

I do not know that knowledge amounts to anything more definite than a novel & grand surprise on a sudden revelation of the insufficiency of all that we had called knowledge before. An indefinite sense of the grandeur & glory of the Universe. It is the lighting up of the mist by the sun

But man cannot be said to know in any higher sense, than he can look serenely & with impunity in the face of the sun.

ASTRONOMY

A culture which imports much muck from the meadows & deepens the soil—not that which trusts to heating manures & improved agricultural implements only.

How when a man purchases a thing he is determined to get & get hold of it using how many expletives & how long a string of synonomous or similiar terms signifying possession—in the legal process— What's mine's my own. An old Deed of a small piece of swamp land which I have lately surveyed at the risk of being mired past recovery says “that the said Spaulding his Heirs & Assigns, shall and may from time, & at all times forever hereafter, by force & virtue of these presents, lawfully, peaceably and quietly have, hold, use, occupy, possess and enjoy the said swamp &c”

Magnetic iron being anciently found in *Magnesia* hence—magnes or magnet employed by Pliny & others— Chinese appear to have discovered the magnet very early A D 121 & before? used by them to steer ships in 419—mentioned by an Icelander 1068—in a French poem 1181 In Torfaeus Hist of Norway 1266—used by DeGama in 1427 leading stone hence load stone

PLINY

The peroxide of hydrogen or ozone at first thought to be a chemical curiosity merely is found to be very generally diffused through nature.

The following bears on the floating ice which has risen from the bottom of the meadows— Robert Hunt says “Water conducts heat downward but very slowly; a mass of ice will remain undissolved but a few inches under water, on the surface of which, ether, or any other inflammable body, is burning. If ice swam beneath the surface, the summer sun would scarcely have power to thaw it; and thus our lakes & seas would be gradually converted into solid masses”⁵⁸

The figures of serpents of griffins flying dragons and other embellishments of heraldry—the eastern idea of the world on an elephant that on a tortoise & that on a serpent again &c usually regarded as mythological in the com. sense of that word—are thought by Hunt? to “indicate a faint & shadowy knowledge of a previous state of organic existence”—such as geology partly reveals.

The fossil tortoise has been found in Asia large enough to support an elephant.

Ammonites, snake-stones, or petrified snakes have been found from of old—often decapitated.

In the N part of Grt Britain the fossil remains of encrinites are called “St. Cuthbert's beads.”—“fiction dependant on truth.”

ASTRONOMY

Westward is Heaven or rather heavenward is the west. The way to heaven is from east to west around the earth The sun leads & shows it The stars too light it.

Nature & man Some prefer the one others the other; but that is all *dè gustibus*— It makes no odds at what well you drink, provided it be a well-head.

Walking in the woods it may be some afternoon the shadow of the wings of a thought flits across the landscape of my mind And I am reminded how little eventful is our lives What have been all these wars & survivors of wars and modern discoveries & improvements so called a mere irritation in the skin. But this shadow which is so soon past & whose substance is not detected suggests that there are events of importance whose interval is to us a true historic period.

TELEGRAPHY

The lecturer is wont to describe the 19th century—the American the last generation in an offhand & triumphant strain—wafting him to Paradise spreading his fame by steam & telegraph—recounting the number of wooden stopples he has whittled But who does not perceive that this is not a sincere or pertinent account of any man's or nation's life. It is the hip hip hurrah & mutual admiration society

58. Wouldn't Henry have been fascinated to learn that Walden Pond originated as a mass of buried, slowly melting ice left behind by glaciation?



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style. Cars go by & we know their substance as well as their shadow. They stop & we get into them. But those sublime thoughts passing on high do not stop & we never get into them. Their conductor is not like one of us.

HISTORY OF RR

I feel that the man who in his conversation with me about the life of man in New England lays much stress on rail-roads telegraphs & such enterprises does not go below the surface of things— He treats the shallow & transitory as if it were profound & enduring in one of the minds avatars in the intervals between sleeping & waking —aye even in one of the interstices of a Hindoo dynasty perchance such things as the 19th century with all its improvements may come & go again. Nothing makes a deep & lasting impression but what is weighty

Obey the law which reveals and not the law revealed.

I wish my neighbors were wilder.

A wildness whose glance no civilization could endure.

He who lives according to the highest law —is in one sense lawless That is an unfortunate discovery certainly that of a law which binds us where we did not know that we were bound. Live free —child of the mist. He who for whom the law is made who does not obey the law but whom the law obeys —reclines on pillows of down and is wafted at will whither he pleases —for man is superior to all laws both of heaven & earth. (when he takes his liberty.)

Wild as if we lived on the marrow of antelopes devourd raw

There would seem to be men in whose lives there have been no events of importance more than in the beetles which crawls in our path.

ARTIST OF KOUROO

One of the things we can become aware of from the above is that [Thoreau](#) was still processing the information in the materials he checked out last December from Stacy’s Circulating Library in Concord, [Roualeyn George Gordon-Cumming](#)’s account of FIVE YEARS OF A HUNTER’S LIFE IN THE FAR INTERIOR OF SOUTH AFRICA. WITH NOTICES OF THE NATIVE TRIBES, AND ANECDOTES OF THE CHASE OF THE LION, ELEPHANT, HIPPOPOTAMUS, GIRAFFE, RHINOCEROS, &C. (New York: Harper & brothers).

FIVE YEARS IN AFRICA, I

FIVE YEARS IN AFRICA, II



February 28, Friday, 1851: Incidental music to Maquet and Lacroix’ drame en vers Valéria by Jacques Offenbach was performed for the initial time, at the Comédie-Française, Paris.

The Sacramento, [California Transcript](#) delivered itself of any number of fascinating items of news:

JUDGE LYNCH. — The Courier, of Wednesday morning, says: Two Mexicans were taken in the act of thieving, yesterday— one in Sacramento Street, and the other in Washington Street. In both cases, the hombres were only saved from hanging by the interference of the police. A good many men carry ropes in their pockets, and they will make necklaces of them for these thieving gentry, one of these days.

LYNCHING AT STOCKTON. — The Alta states that a lynching operation came off, on Sunday, at Stockton. A man had been caught stealing some clothing, and having given it up was allowed to go free. Soon after wards, on the same day, he was caught in the actual act of stealing a mule, when he was taken by the populace, a rope placed around his neck and he was dragged across the slough with a determination to hang him, which would undoubtedly have been done, had not the Sheriff interposed, when, the man was



given up to justice.

STUART AND WINDRED. — The San Francisco Herald of Wednesday, thus refers to these persons who were about to be lynched at the Bay a few days since: "The two prisoners have altered very much since their first examination. Stuart has fallen off thirty pounds since, and both exhibit the effects produced by the terrible outburst of the people's indignation against them. They yesterday sent for a bible. They were fully convinced on Sunday that their hour had come, and one of them sent a ring, with his last words, to his wife. Windred, from the beginning, cried like a child; but Stuart, even when the cries of the infuriate multitude were borne to his ears, displayed no fear or weakness. Towards the last, however, he gave way a little, and when the witnesses came into his cell to identify him, he stood up and told them for God's sake to take a good look, and if he was not the man, to save him. The agony of suspense between life and death that those two men experienced for forty-eight hours, must have been intense. Let others take warning."

The Stocktonians were in raptures with the exhibitions at the El Placer Theatre in that place. The Stockton Times, in speaking of Mr. Stark, says: We verily believe, the boys would expend their last shilling, so great a favorite has he become. Speaking of Mrs. Kirby, in the play of Hamlet, the same paper says: "Mrs. Kirby, as the Queen, shone pre-eminently; possessing the graceful accessory of personal beauty, her admirable acting showed to greater advantage."

FROM HUMBOLDT. — By the fine propeller Sea Gull, which arrived yesterday, from Humboldt and Trinidad, we have received some few items of news, for which we are indebted to Mr. Stuart, the Purser, which we give below The *Emily Farnham* arrived in Humboldt Bay as the *Sea Gull* was coming out, crew and passengers all well. The *Susan Ward* was lying in the bay, where she had been for some time. The *Sea Gull* made the run down in twenty-eight hours. The whites at the mouth of the Klamath had killed four Indians, in whose possession they found the arms and other property of some white men who had been some time missing, and who were supposed to have been killed by the savages. At Union Town a large party of men were busily employed in cutting a road through the mines, which it was supposed, when finished, would make the trip to the diggings about four days journey. A great deal of rain and some snow had lately fallen in the mountains, the weather being quite cool. The accounts from the diggings in the interior were very favorable, and about one hundred men started for the mines a day or two before the *Sea Gull* left the bay. A large number of miners have lately come down from Trinidad, to go to the mines by way of Union Town, that road being considered shorter and better than any other. Provisions were very scarce and high, and property of every description was improving in value. The *Sea Gull* will return in a few days. The Gold Bluff excitement seems to have almost entirely died away. [Daily Ball].

ACTION OF CONGRESS. — The bill to ascertain and settle private land claims in California, was taken up in the Senate on the 3d January, when Mr. Benton spoke upon his proposed substitute, and Mr. Gwin replied. We have heretofore published the bill of Mr. Gwin's, and will give Mr. Benton's amendments to-morrow. The



following opinion is expressed by a Washington correspondent: Mr. Gwin contends that the bill of Mr. Benton is wholly impracticable, and that it would result in its operation in immense frauds upon the public domain, and in the most extensive injustice to the body of the people of California; that it would build up large landed monopolies and corporations in California, which could not fail to result in bloodshed and disorder, because it would exclude the mass of the people from the arable lands of the state, which would be monopolized by a few individuals and a few corporations. Mr. Benton contends that the bill of Mr. Gwin's violates all treaties, all national law, all principles of good faith, all terms of generous and fair treatment of the people acquired with the territory; and that it violates the decisions of the Supreme Court, and the Constitution of the United States. The difference between the two bills amounts to millions upon millions of property in the most valuable districts of California. Mr. Gwin's bill turns it over to the United States; Mr. Benton's delivers it over under the various classes of titles embraced in his bill, to individuals or settlements in the State. It is thought that some definite action will be had by Congress upon this subject before the adjournment.

We learn from the Calendar that the Right Rev. Bishop Southgate has declined the Episcopate of California, to which he had been elected.

H.J. Raymond of New York has been chosen Speaker of the House of Assembly.

Confidence, in a degree, is again restored, now that the state has made an appropriation for the defence of the inhabitants in the region where the Indians are so troublesome. El Dorado County has suffered much from Indian depredations, and it is to be hoped that the Indian Commissioners, as soon as the difficulties in Mariposa County are arranged, will visit this part of the state and make a treaty with the Indians on the whole line of the Immigrant Trail to Carson Valley.

MINING OPERATIONS. — A new impulse has been given to mining operations in this region within a few weeks. Machines called by the miners "long toms," measuring about sixty feet in length, have been constructed and put in operation in the stream running through our valley. Large quantities of old dirt, that will not pay to be worked in a common cradle, is washed through these toms, and parties of six and eight, are realizing from \$100 to \$300 per day.

VOLCANIC FEATURES. — The high bluff that separates the Cedar and Spanish Canons, near this place exhibits some striking volcanic features. Two craters are plainly visible, and the burnt lava-like appearance of the pebbles in the vicinity, cemented and forming immense boulders that have every appearance of having been fused. A rich lead of gold, nearly a quarter of a mile in length, has been traced some hundreds of yards up the steep hill, in the direction of these craters.

HEALTH. — Our town is now enjoying a season of universal health. The grass is springing upon the hills, and the thousand and one varieties of flowers are budding, and the balmy atmosphere bids fair to cover the hills with flowers, that will rival the highly



cultivated floral gardens of Spain and Italy. Pat, pat, goes the rain on our lantern roof, and a welcome sound it is too, it will revive the disappointed miner, as the summer shower revives the drooping flower.

INDIAN SKIRMISH. - John H. Philips, from Johnson's Ranch, reports that a party of miners had a brush with the Indians a few days since, on Silver Creek, near the South Fork of the American River. The whites came out of the fight unhurt. Three Indians were killed and eight head of fat cattle captured.

ATTACK ON TAYLOR'S RANCHO. - The Indians about the same times attacked Taylor's Ranch, four miles above Johnson's, and compelled all the whites to abandon the ranch. A large party of Indians crossed the head waters of the Cosumnes, last week, taking with them about fifty head of fine cattle. It is thought that they have a large number of horses, mules and cattle in the mountains. Rich diggings have been discovered near Johnson's Ranch, and the miners are doing extremely well.

In the Eastern States, youths are generally apprenticed from twelve to twenty, but in California they may be seen behind a French monte-table, with piles of gold, offering to bet that the passer cannot pick up a designated card.

A chain-gang has gone into operation at San Francisco. It is an admirable method of giving villains their just merits.

MATCH RACE FOR \$1000. - The Stockton Times gives an interesting account of the match race between Capt. Weber's brown gelding, Wildair, and Mr. Warner's horse, Lewis Cass. The race was largely attended, and the Times says: The horses stripped finely, and were brought to the score - Mr. John Murphy topping Wildair, and Kite the Lewis Cass. Bets were freely offered, \$100 to \$80 on Cass, with few takers. Cass drew the inside track, and at the tap both horses started like rockets - the brown horse out-footing Cass from the score - there was no waiting racer, both riders using the whip freely. The run down the back stretch was neck and neck, and the pace tremendous - a serape could have covered them both; and until the coming out it was a case of 'quien sabe' which would reach the goal first. The race was decided in favor of Wildair. Time 62 1/2 seconds - distance 1000 yards.

Amusing. - The Courier says that when the French population saw the immense crowd rushing for the City Hall, on Sunday morning, [when the crowd were about to lynch Stuart and Wilfred,] they cried "Voila! voila! une Revolution!" and they could hardly be persuaded that the Mayor and Common Council were not to be imprisoned, and possibly guillotined.

An application is about to be made to the Council at San Francisco, for a grant of the Plaza for three years, for the purpose of converting it into a vegetable garden.

STEAMER RACING. - Racing by steamboats is certainly reprehensible in the highest degree, and the only effectual mode of preventing such things on our waters, is for passengers to refuse to travel on all boats which indulge in such a criminal sport. It is stated that two vessels are now racing it to China, and two left San Francisco the other day for Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.

The new jail at San Francisco is going up rapidly. It is said



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to have produced a salutary effect already, as numbers of thieves have left that city. Where have they gone?

POST OFFICE STATISTICS. — The "Public Balance" says that for the quarter ending Dec. 31, 1850, one hundred and thirty-three thousand nine hundred and twelve letters were received at the New York Post Office from California, and one hundred and twenty-seven thousand four hundred and four sent to California.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 28TH]

MARCH 1851

March, April 1851: During this month and the following one, Henry Thoreau would be surveying for James McCafferty, whose house lot and farm land was on Virginia Road east of where Thoreau had been born.



View Henry Thoreau’s personal working drafts of his surveys courtesy of AT&T and the Concord Free Public Library:

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

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

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

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/85.htm

During this month and the following one, Waldo Emerson would be delivering “The Conduct of Life.”

THE LIST OF LECTURES


March 1851: This month’s issue of Harper’s New Monthly Magazine.

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

March 1851: In the party of James Richardson, Heinrich Barth, and Adolf Overweg that had been tasked by the British Foreign Office to open up commercial relations with the states of the central and western Sudan, at this point Richardson died, leaving only Barth and Overweg to carry the project forward.

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 March 1851: [Martin Robison Delany](#), who had been expelled from the Harvard Medical School by the white racist [Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes](#), Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, upon protest from white students over the color of his skin, at this point shook the dust of Boston from off his sandals.



The itinerant “service” minister [Daniel Foster](#), whose wife [Deborah “Dora” Swift Foster](#) in Chester was almost 8 months pregnant, accepted a temporary position filling the pulpit of the Trinitarian Church in Concord, Massachusetts (while living in Concord and for several years afterward, Dora would frequent the [Thoreau](#) home and become best friends with Sophia Thoreau).

[William Mitchell](#)’s article [THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY](#) appeared in the [Christian Examiner](#) (this would soon be bound as a 16-page pamphlet by Wm. Crosby and H.P. Nichols of 111 Washington Street, Boston and John Wilson & Son, Printers, 22 School-street, Boston).

ASTRONOMY

COMMITTEES OF EXAMINATION.

XI. For Examination in Natural History.

<p>Hon. Thomas Russell, Nathaniel T. Allen, Esq. George P. Bradford, Esq. Thomas M. Brewer, M.D. Samuel Cabot, M.D. J. Eliot Cabot, Esq. William G. Russell, Esq. Strafford Tenney, Esq. Benjamin M. Watson, Esq. William Wesselhæft, M.D.</p>	<p>Charles L. Flint, Esq. Augustus A. Gould, M.D. Henry Wheatland, M.D. Horace Gray, Jr., Esq. Samuel Kneeland, Jr., M.D. Rev. John L. Russell. Theodore Lyman, Esq. Henry D. Thoreau, Esq. ← William W. Wheildon, Esq.</p>
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XII. For Visiting the Observatory.

<p>→ Hon. William Mitchell, Hon. Josiah Quincy, LL.D. Hon. James Savage, LL.D. Hon. Jared Sparks, LL.D. Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, LL.D.</p>	<p>Robert T. Paine, Esq. J. Ingersoll Bowditch, Esq. Henry C. Perkins, M.D. David Sears, Jr., Esq.</p>
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Read  [Henry Thoreau’s Journal for January-April 1851 \(æt. 33\)](#)

1851

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March 1, Saturday, 1851: In a speech to the French National Assembly, [Victor Hugo](#) ventured a most intriguing reference to the notion of an “[United States of Europe](#)” (*États-Unis d'Europe*).

(This was not exactly a new notion or a novel terminology. On [May 31st, 1831](#) [Wojciech Jastrzebowski](#) had ventured the concept in his *TRAKTAT O WIECZNYM PRZYMIERZU MIĘDZY NARODAMI UCYWILIZOWANYMI — KONSTITUCJA DLA EUROPY* (THE TREATISE ON THE ETERNAL UNION BETWEEN THE CIVILIZED NATIONS — THE CONSTITUTION FOR EUROPE). Mazzini had already created the “Young Europe” movement. [Napoléon Bonaparte](#) in exile on [St. Helena](#) had remarked in an undated conversation that “Europe thus divided into nationalities freely formed and free internally, peace between States would have become easier: the United States of Europe would become a possibility.” And, Hugo himself had already spoken on behalf of the concept during [August 1849](#), when he had been President of the [International Congress of the Friends of Peace](#) in Paris.)



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]



March 2, Communion Sunday, 1851: [Charles Wesley Slack](#) wrote from Barton, Vermont to Evelina E. Vannevar Slack in Chelsea, Massachusetts, relating events of his lecture tour.

The basic cost of letter postage was being reduced from 5¢ to 3¢ and in consequence a new United States silver coin was planned. This would be designated the “trime” although it was so inconveniently tiny that the general public would refer to them as “fish scales.” The mint would obtain this silver by melting down old Spanish colonial coins such as the “levy” (1-real) and “fip” (half-real). The coin was intended as a mere convenience coin, which meant that it was not supposed to be usable in quantity for larger transactions, but it was not unheard-of for a Philadelphia merchant to make bulk change for a too-large \$5 banknote proffered by a customer, as a number of ladles of such trime “fish scales.” By this point designer James B. Longacre had decided that on so tiny a coin “it is impossible that the device can be at once conspicuous and striking unless it is simple — complexity would defeat the object. For the obverse I have therefore chosen a star (one of the heraldic elements of the National crest) bearing on its centre the shield of the Union, surrounded by the legal inscription and date. For the reverse I have devised an ornamental letter C embracing in its centre the Roman numeral III, the whole encircled by the thirteen stars.”

Sitting in pew 23 of the Broad Isle of the First [Baptist Church](#) a few blocks from her home, [Harriet Beecher Stowe](#) heard the Reverend George E. Adams intoning “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me,” and she had a vision of a slave’s suffering and death. As her son and biographer Charles Edward Stowe would describe it,

Suddenly, like the unrolling of a picture, the scene of the death of Uncle Tom passed before her mind. So strongly was she affected that it was with difficulty she could keep from weeping aloud.

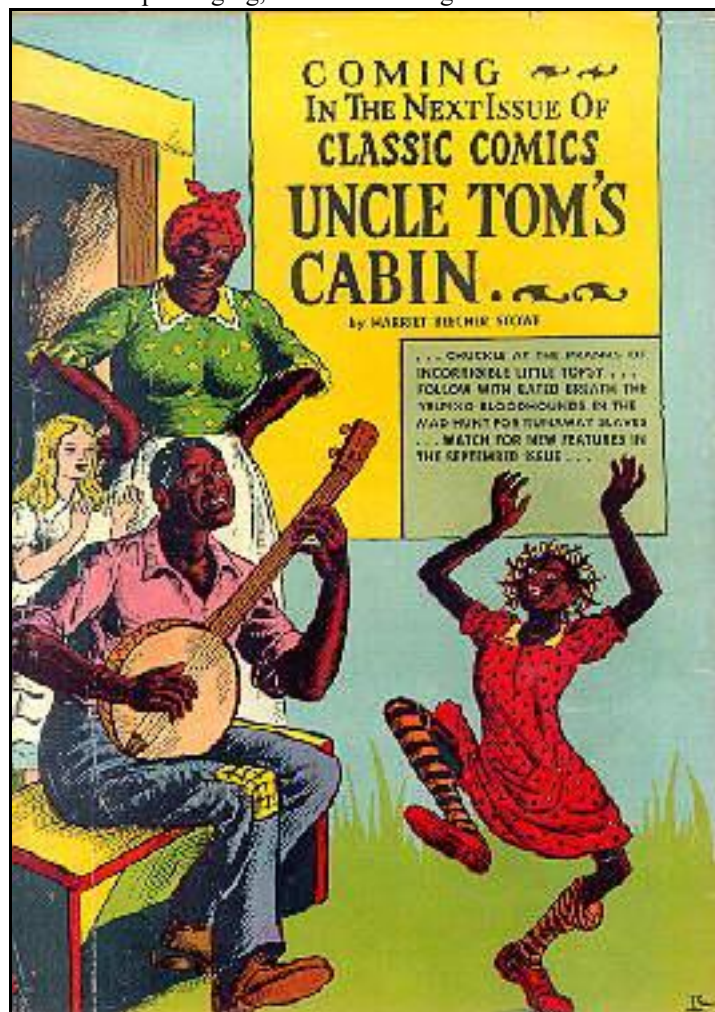
And as she has described it:

My heart was bursting with the anguish excited by the cruelty and injustice our nation was showing to the slave, and praying to God to let me do a little and to cause my cry for them to be heard.

Another, more mischievous, manner to describe the realization that came to her in that church on that day might be something like the following: “Suddenly it came to me, that I could write a book that would sell a lot of copies and make me very comfortable and put me in fine hotels in beautiful silk dresses for the rest of my life, and magnify me and make me a culture hero, and enable me to lie whenever the end justified the means.” For, in fact, this lady would go on to profit enormously and live in fine hotels in beautiful silk dresses for the rest of her life, while doing nothing whatever to help anyone in need, and in fact, this lady would be able to go on and declare self-magnifying boldface lie after self-magnifying boldface lie, always in the grand service of course of the overwhelming cause of the elimination of human slavery. And then, when the chickens really came home to roost during America’s grand Civil War, this nice lady would be enabled to let other people do the dying, escaping the whole thing, riding out the bad years in a fine hotel in Europe in a silk dress while engaging herself in sophisticated Continental cultural pursuits.



What’s not to like about self-privileging, if it’s done in a good cause?





[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]



March 3, Monday, 1851: In San Francisco, California:

The steamers *Hartford* and *Santa Clara* were burned this morning at Long Wharf.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

The federal congress authorized the small silver 3-cent "trime."



Henry Thoreau continued surveying the woodlot belonging to Cyrus Stow on Pine Hill in the east part of Concord, in the rear of Joseph Merriam's house off Old Bedford Road, that he had begun to survey on February 27th.



In this case "off Old Bedford Road" clearly means "on Virginia Road," Virginia Road being, actually, itself, off Old Bedford Road! To confirm this, Allan H. Schmidt points out, you can take a look at:

http://allanhschmidt.files.wordpress.com/2010/10/gleason190611.jpg

(You will notice on the right margin a list of property owners including J. Meriam with a row column index for its location on the map.)

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

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


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

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

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/121a.htm




[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]

 March 4, Tuesday, 1851: Evelina E. Vannevar Slack wrote from Chelsea, Massachusetts about family matters, to [Charles Wesley Slack](#) in Craftsbury, Vermont.



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]

 March 5, Wednesday, 1851: A letter was posted to the Daily Alta California by William Hooper of Stockton, [California](#), about the Foreign Miners Tax:

My Dear Sir – I enclose you two of our Stockton papers and beg to call your attention to their editorials and a call for a public meeting, to be held to morrow evening, to memorialize the Legislature in relation to the tax on foreign miners.

You remarked tome a few days ago, in San Francisco, that something might be done in your city to influence Gov. McDougall to issue a proclamation to the effect that this tax was unconstitutional and the collection of it a great wrong.

If the collection of this tax is persisted in, the business of this place will be ruined, and its effect will also be felt in your city, as all our supplies are purchased there; and I feel certain that the scenes of robbery and bloodshed of last year will be renewed with tenfold violence.

Foreigners know this tax to be illegal, and the poor Mexicans (who are the only ones that pay) constantly assert that the collectors dare not demand its payment of Frenchmen.

One would naturally suppose that we, as a nation, boasting of our free institutions, our justice, and our liberality, would show some consideration for the people from whom this country was conquered. On the repeal of this law by the Legislature we gave notice to our friends in Mexico, inviting them to return and give American government another trial; but we fear that for want of definite action on the part of the Governor, the distinction between foreigners and American citizens will continue to exist in defiance of all treaty stipulations to the contrary.

If the Governor does not choose to move in this matter, the people will take the matter into their own hands (in which movement they will be sustained) and drive out or Lynch every tax collector who dares present himself as such to the miners. The tax cannot be collected this season, and the Governor has now an opportunity to advance the interest of the southern mines and prevent the effusion of blood, or to drive us to anarchy and perhaps to seek relief by a division of this part of the State from the rest, as there is a strong feeling in favor of separation.

I would feel much obliged by your advising me of any movement in your city in relation to this subject, and remain, dear sir, Your obedient servant.



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL



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BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]



March 6, Thursday, 1851: [Hector Berlioz](#) composed his application for the chair vacated by Gaspare Luigi Pacifico Spontini at the Institute.

Dion Boucicault's "Love in a Maze" premiered in London.

Something someone characterized as a "riot" had occurred at Yarmouth, England. Although Samuel Graystone, mate aboard the *Ant*, had signed articles for the usual voyage from Yarmouth to Plymouth, ordinary seamen had forcibly prevented him from boarding. Masters of other vessels had complained to port magistrates that they also encountered such treatment. Immediately, therefore, the port magistrates had called upon the East Norfolk Militia and the Coastguard, and special railroad trains had conveyed 2 troops of the 11th Hussars from [Norwich](#). The cavalry had ridden through, clearing the streets of pedestrian citizens. "The rioters, frightened by the mere appearance of the troops, flew in every direction up the narrow streets of the town, and in a few hours tranquillity was restored." Someone had asserted that, but for the timely arrival of government force, a body of Gorleston seamen would have (could have, should have, might have maybe?) attacked the port. However, on this day, when several of these "rioting" common seamen were brought before the Quarterly Sessions, much to the surprise of this court a jury of citizen peers returned a verdict of not guilty. Go figure.

[Henry Thoreau](#) began to work with the heirs of Timothy Brooks in describing their house and fields (this evaluation would continue on the 13th, 14th, 15th, 21st, 22d, and 25th).

[Lysander Spooner](#) wrote to [Barnabas Bates](#):

Boston March 6 - 1851

Barnabas Bates Esq.

Sir.

I saw a notice lately to take the responsibility of the mail service of the country, giving large bonds for the faithful performance of the duty to.

From this fact I inferred that there was probably a large company in New York, who wished to engage in that business - If there be such a company, I should like, for a proper compensation, to take the risk of testing the constitutionality of the laws which prohibit private mails.

I would establish a mail from New York to Boston, simply to bring the question to a decision.

As you may wish for some evidence of the probable success of the experiment, I send you a pamphlet, (prepared for another purpose), containing a copy of the argument I published seven years ago on "The Unconstitutionality of the Laws of Congress prohibiting Private Mails," also the opinions of Hon. Rufus Choate, Hon. Franklin Dexter, Hon. Simon Greanleaf, Hon. B.F. Butler, and others as to the merits of that argument.

I have so much confidence of success that I should be willing to take the risk of any judgments that might be obtained against me, provided I could be properly compensated in case of success.

If you feel any interest in the matter, I should be happy to hear from you. If you feel none, please excuse the liberty I have taken in addressing you.

Very Respectfully

Your Obedient Servant

Lysander Spooner





[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]



March 7, Friday, 1851: A poll tax ended, that had been levied on Russo-Polish Jews entering Austrian Galicia.

Henry Thoreau was written to by William W. Greenough, William J. Dale, David Greene Haskins, J.H. Adams, Jr. *et al* in Boston.



To: HDT
From: Greenough et al.
Date: 7 March 1851

BOSTON, MARCH 7TH, 1851.

DEAR SIR:

It is proposed that a meeting of the Class of 1837 be held at the Revere House, on Wednesday, at 5 P.M., on the 19th of March next. There are reasons for a deviation from the usual custom of the Class in assembling during the week of the annual Commencement.

In Boston and its vicinity are now collected a larger number of the Class than at any time since we left the University. A general desire has been expressed to take advantage of this circumstance, and to endeavor to re-awaken the interest natural to those who have been



pleasantly associated together at an early period of life. Nearly fourteen years have elapsed since we left Cambridge, and but few have been in situations to bring them much into contact with any considerable number of their Class.

There is a manifest advantage in holding a meeting at this season of the year. Upon Commencement week, other engagements are liable to interfere, and the usual heat and fatigue of the days preclude any long duration of the meeting either in the afternoon or evening.

On the present occasion a dinner is proposed of which the expense will not exceed one dollar to each person.

It is desirable that a definite answer to this letter should be returned to the Committee previous to the 17th inst. If circumstances should compel the absence of any member, it is expected that he will contribute to the interest of the occasion by writing some account of himself since he left College.

Very truly,

*Your friends and Classmates,
WILLIAM W. GREENOUGH,
WILLIAM J. DALE,*

*Class Committee, DAVID GREENE HASKINS, J. H. ADAMS, Jr.
{followed by a list of classmates supposedly in the area}*

An editorial appeared in the Daily Alta California in regard to the letter that had been received from William Hooper of Stockton, [California](#):

Foreign Miners Tax

No law can eventually prove beneficial which is not founded upon justice. It may promise advantages, may for a while appear to bestow them. But all things in nature are so bound by the principles of right, that they cannot be violated without eventually entailing injury. And seldom have we known an unjust act more signally fail than the one imposing a ruinous tax upon foreign miners. Its ostensible object was to put money into the treasury. It has not done so. For the few dollars reported to have been paid in would not pay interest on the cost of making the law and the collateral expenses.

The law was decidedly unconstitutional, unjust, impolitic, opposed to every principle of our free institutions, behind the age, illiberal and foolish. Its enactment showed an entire lack of necessary information respecting the placers, the miners, and the habits and customs of foreign miners especially. It has been the policy of the United States Government, and the State Governments also, and should have been particularly so of this State, to encourage immigration. We have said to the world, we are free, come and enjoy freedom with us. Induced by this generous, wise, and fortunate policy, millions have settled among us, and helped not only to clear away the forest, make the earth rich with teeming crops and glorious in improvements, but they have added also a full share of intellectual contribution to our mental progress.

Knowing this, tens of thousands of miners came to California in the full belief that they would not only meet with gold, but



what is far better, justice and kindness. From Mexico and Peru and Chile they flocked here, better miners than our own people. They dug, they got gold, and they spent it freely. They purchased provisions and clothing and tools. We wanted people to work and to purchase, and they furnished the supply. They usually expended nearly all of their gold as they lived onward. Even those who occasionally left for their homes, generally purchased a good stock of various articles before leaving. For instance, in China goods, their trade was very great. Our own countrymen came here only to make a pile and carry it all out of the country. They seldom purchased anything to take away, and expended just as little as possible in the country while they remained here.

A heavy trade sprang up in various parts of the state, which was supported principally by foreigners, and particularly by those of the Spanish blood. The country and times were prosperous. But the iniquitous law was passed. It amounted to virtual prohibition. It acted especially against the class above alluded to. They could not stand it. They left by thousands and tens of thousands. The southern mines especially felt the stunning blow. Stockton was knocked completely on the head. The Mexicans and Chilians, who were thus virtually banished, left in no very good state of feeling. The law gave to the unprincipled of our own countrymen and others claiming to be such, a wide scope for oppression, and they improved it. Each villain who chose called himself a tax collector, and robbed the poor Sonorian or others who had no recourse. Wrongs and robberies led to murders and anarchy, and general prostration of business. Our city felt the blow, and feels it yet. The state has been injured to the value of millions of dollars, and feelings of national antipathy have been planted and fostered in the breasts of Chilians and others, where before the best possible sympathies existed. And what good has been done? Not one particle. Even the tax collectors are said to have made nothing by their office.

The law, as all monsters should, died. But the memory of it remains, as the memory of all monsters will. And that memory is likely to keep away many an industrious man. While the human devils who hail from the penal colonies are allowed all the rights of our own citizens because they speak the English language, a quiet and laborious people have been driven from among us because they did not speak that language. The law is dead, but it still stands on the statute book. It is there only to disgrace us. It is there only to serve as a cloak for another series of enormities to be perpetrated under its coloring during the present year, unless it be repealed.

The law was unconstitutional when passed — was an infringement of the treaty with Mexico, and even if the State had any right to legislate respecting public lands, that right ceased when California was admitted into the Union. Yet it has not been repealed, and even now, according to the Stockton papers, is made an excuse for robbing Mexicans, under the plea of tax collecting. We call upon the Legislature to repeal this obnoxious and ruinous law; or, if it will not do so, we believe the Governor has the right to pronounce it unconstitutional and illegal, and forbid every one from operating under it. A proclamation to this effect, in English, Spanish and French, and scattered broadcast wherever those languages are spoken, might, in a measure, do away with the odium which the law has created,



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and in a measure remedy some of its evils. There is much excitement upon the subject in the in the southern mines and in Stockton. A gentleman of that place writing to his friend in this city, William Hooper, Esq., expresses the opinion of thousands upon it. We give his letter entire.



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]



March 9, Sunday, [1851](#): There was a fire at the Castle Street office of the Mercury in [Norwich, England](#). When the roof fell in, the compositors' room and most of its cases of lead type were destroyed.

[Charles Wesley Slack](#) wrote from Stowe, Vermont to Eva Evelina E. Vannevar Slack in Chelsea, Massachusetts, about lecture tour events.

In [San Francisco, California](#):

An "indignation" meeting, at which there were several thousand persons present, was held to-day on the plaza, to consider the conduct of Judge Levi Parsons, of the District Court, towards Mr. William Walker, one of the editors of the Daily Herald. It appears that for some time before this date the general public press had been endeavoring to rouse the community to a full knowledge of the increasing and alarming state of crime, and, in doing so, had taken repeated occasion to criticize severely the "masterly inactivity" of the judicature in trying and punishing criminals. This appears to have displeased Judge Parsons, and he thereupon, in an address to the grand jury, chose to style the press a "nuisance," and insinuated that the jury might offer some presentment on the subject. The grand jury, however, did not gratify his wishes. His honor's observations became a new text for the now offended press; and, among other unpleasant things, they began to take grave exceptions to his knowledge and application of the law as regarded grand and petit juries. The Herald, in an article headed "The Press a Nuisance," was especially severe in its strictures. A few members of the bar next began to make some feeble movement to soothe their brother on the bench; but their affected indignation only provoked laughter and made matters worse. Judge Parsons thereupon - some days after the obnoxious article had been published, issued an order from his own court to bring before him Mr. Walker, the acknowledged or reputed author of the article in question. Mr. Walker accordingly appeared, and was duly convicted by his honor, - who was plaintiff, judge and jury in the case, - of contempt of court, fined five hundred dollars, and ordered to be kept in safe custody until the amount was paid. The offender having declined to pay the fine, refusing to recognize his honor's jurisdiction in and summary settlement of the matter, was forthwith imprisoned for an indefinite time. These circumstances being extensively made known, produced great excitement in the city. One and all of the press were down - to use an expressive vulgarism - upon his honor; and as the people considered that the cause of the press was substantially their



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own, they resolved to make a "demonstration" on the subject. An "indignation" meeting accordingly was held, as above mentioned, at which resolutions were passed approving of Walker's conduct, and requesting Parsons to resign his judicial situation as no longer fit to hold it. A committee was then formed to transmit these resolutions to the latter. At the same time, the senators and representatives of the district were requested to propose articles of impeachment against the offending judge. The meeting next in a body, -some four thousand strong,- paid a personal visit of condolence and sympathy to Mr. Walker in prison. Meanwhile, the matter was carried by a writ of habeas corpus into the Superior Court, by which Mr. Walker was discharged. It was held that Judge Parsons had abused his position, and that while the ordinary tribunals were open to him, if he considered that Mr. Walker had committed a libel, he had no right to cite and punish summarily that gentleman for any alleged contempt, that might be inferred from the published statements and remarks in a newspaper. The contrary doctrine would be destructive of the freedom of the press, and was opposed to the universally recognized principles of the constitution. This judgment was considered a great popular triumph. In the mean time, the question was farther discussed before the Legislature; and, on the 26th instant, a committee of the Assembly, upon the memorial of Walker, "convinced that Judge Parsons had been guilty of gross tyranny and oppression in the imprisonment of the memorialist," recommended the impeachment of the former. The majority of a select committee, however, afterwards appointed to inquire into the charges against Parsons, having reported that these, "and the testimony given in support of them, do not show sufficient grounds for impeachment," the matter was dropped. At the period of which we write, the tribunals of justice were considered altogether insufficient for those dangerous times, and many of the individuals connected with them as both incapable and corrupt. The public looked chiefly to the press for advice and information as to their rights and duties, and had resolved that it should not be gagged and put down by illegal orders, attachments, fines and imprisonments for imaginary contempts against courts which cannot be reduced much lower than they have reduced themselves." So said the resolutions of the "indignation" meeting of the 9th instant; and this language was generally applauded.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]

March 10, Monday, 1851: The New-York Evening Post dismissed reports that Italian dictators were concerned that Giuseppe Garibaldi might in New-York be raising an invasion force.

Mr. Barr, a celebrated Scottish falconer, had provided on Hellesdon Brakes near Norwich, England, an exhibition of hawking, for many hundreds of idle persons who had chosen to be in attendance (clearly these would have been persons who self-identified with the governing classes of England, as predators, rather than with the peasantry of England, as prey). The 4 predators Mr. Barr had brought to the field were young and were of the peregrine falcon variety (we are not told whether they were the smaller male or the larger female). He had flown these well-trained predators at pigeons [presumably Columba livia domestica] that were let loose specifically for this purpose and in 2 hours his hawks had brought 24 of them to the ground (we are not told of any who escaped to return to their home dove-loft). "The first two or three were so frightened, that when pursued by the hawk they took refuge among the people, and one of them alighted on the back of a horse, and was taken by hand." This previous exhibition of gratuitous and casual cruelty having merely whetted the local appetite, on this day on Mr. George Gowing's land at Trowse Mr. Barr provided a 2d such sporting exhibition.

No, you're not mistaken — there is never precisely the correct amount of gratuitous cruelty in this world! – It is a quantity with which we are forever tinkering.



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]

March 11, Tuesday, 1851: Giuseppe Fortunino Francesco Verdi's opera "Rigoletto," a melodrama to words of Piave after Hugo, was performed for the 1st time, in Venice's Teatro La Fenice, directed by its composer. This was a great success and would run for 13 performances.

The Boston Daily Evening Telegraph downplayed warnings that Giuseppe Garibaldi was raising an invasion force to go back and make trouble on the Italian peninsula.

Evelina E. Vannevar Slack wrote about family matters to Charles Wesley Slack in Waterbury, Vermont.



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]

March 12, Wednesday-14, Friday, 1851: A review of Giuseppe Verdi's opera "Rigoletto" appearing in the Gazzetta di Venezia read in part, "Yesterday we were almost overwhelmed by its originality ... originality in music, in the style, even in the form of the pieces; and we did not comprehend it in its entirety.... Never was the eloquence of sound more powerful."

Harvard Observatory Daguerreotyped "a better representation of the Lunar surface than any engraving."

ASTRONOMY PHOTOGRAPHY



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL



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BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]



March 13, Thursday, 1851: Two new works by [Robert Schumann](#) were performed for the first time, in Düsseldorf: Nachtlied op.108 for chorus and orchestra to words of Hebbel, and the overture Die Braut von Messina. The overture was not successful and Schumann's originally warm reception in Düsseldorf was beginning to erode with criticisms of his conducting.

On this day and the following one [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) and his daughter [Una Hawthorne](#) visited the Melvilles at their "[Arrowhead](#)" farm near [Mount Greylock](#) in the north-west corner of Massachusetts. It was raining during the visit, so [Nathaniel](#) and [Herman Melville](#) wound up philosophizing in the barn with Hawthorne seated on a carpenter's bench. At leavetaking Hawthorne jested that were he to write a report of their discussion, he might parody the theologizing of [Henry Thoreau](#)'s [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#) by entitling his report A WEEK ON A WORKBENCH IN A BARN.

TIMELINE OF A WEEK



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]

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[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]



March 15, Saturday, 1851: The French government enacted a law named after Minister of Education Le comte Frédéric Alfred Pierre de Falloux du Coudray that would bring back Church control over education.

A letter from [John Grant \(1822-1878\)](#), in the gold fields of [California](#), to his sister [Caroline Burr Grant \(1820-1892\)](#) back home in Norfolk, Connecticut and Newark, New Jersey:

Sat. morn. March 15, 1851
Dear Sister Caroline,
The enclosed letter from California I received from Avon [Connecticut] last eve. I have this moment sent the draft to New York to get it accepted. It is not payable till eight days have elapsed. You have I suppose been informed of the facts of the case in general already. Joel suggests that this money be so placed that the brothers can make it available in case of urgent necessity. It appears to me that if we have special occasion to use it, we may as well do so - if not that we had better invest or employ it in the best way we can. I await your directions respecting the past sent to you. I am glad they were able to send something and hope they will be more prosperous in future. I duly received yours of the 20th ult. informing of your plans to return to Conn[ecticut] I suppose you again passed directly by me. Yet I could not see you. Had there been time and had you



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not represented your plans as definitely fixed I should have made an effort to change them a little.
I shall not send this till I hear from N.Y. But if all is right - I will not add more.
You may judge thereby. Yours aff[ectionately]
Jno. Grant.

According to the Daily Alta California of San Francisco, the "City Intelligence" of this day was as follows:

DRUGGING AND ROBBERY. - A man named William Clarke, a stranger in the city, in passing along Sansome street, on Thursday, fell in with a man who called himself Captain McIntyre, and went into the drinking house with him, at the corner of Pacific and Sansome streets. He here drank twice, and after taking the second drink, he became insensible, and knew nothing further till he awoke at the Mount Hope House on Montgomery street, yesterday morning, minus \$1400 in gold dust.

Mr. Clarke made affidavit before the Recorder that he believed the money was in the house on the corner of Pacific and Sansome streets. A search warrant was immediately issued, and two officers sent to search the premises. Nothing, however, was found, and a warrant was also issued for the arrest of McIntyre.

SQUATTING, PILE-DRIVING AND LIQUORING. - Yesterday afternoon, a report came up to the Mayor that a row was in progress at the foot of Broadway. It seems that a Captain Bowman had been driving some piles on the government reserve, at the foot of Broadway, and some vessels, which were lying in the harbor, had been hauled up by order of the harbor master, and had been fastened to the piles. Capt. Bowman had ordered the vessels off, or threatened to smash them if they did not go. Mayor Geary and Capt. Casserly, with about twenty-five policemen, went down to quell the riot, but found upon their arrival every thing quiet, the parties having wisely concluded to leave the matter in dispute to the judiciary, instead of the police department; and, moreover, as a sort of a salvo, Capt. Bowman invited the whole police force to liquor, which, strange as it may appear, none refused, and thus the affair was, for the present, amicably settled.

Chamber of Commerce. - The Chamber of Commerce has a session this evening at the Merchants' Exchange, for the purpose of taking into consideration some of the bills now before the Legislature, and attending to other business of importance.

ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY.- This talented company will give a representation of Bellini's celebrated opera of "La Somnambula," at the Adelphi Theatre, in Clay street, this evening. After the close of the opera, the grand duett from the opera of "Linda di Chamounix" will be sung in English by Mad. Von Gulpen and Sen. Pellegrini, as will the beautiful ballad "Jeanette and Jeannot," by Mad. Von Gulpin.

THE SUDDEN DEATH. - The name of the man who died so suddenly at the California Exchange, on Thursday, was George Home. He was from Mobile, where he had been living for the last four years; and while he has been in this city has been boarding at the Mount Hope Restaurant.

MRS. KIRBY'S BENEFIT. - Mrs. Kirby takes her farewell benefit tonight, when will be presented "London Assurance," and "Faint Heart never won Fair Lady." In the first Mr. Thomas will make

his second appearance in this city, as "Sir Harcourt Courtly," Mrs. Kirby as "Lady Gay Spanker." This comedy will be presented in a very superior style, with new and beautiful scenery. In the second piece Mr. Stark plays "Ruy Gomez," which he personates with uncommon power and nice appreciation. Mrs. Kirby's "Dutchess" is in her best style. The bill is therefore an excellent one, and as it is her last appearance but one, her friends will all embrace the opportunity of greeting her on her benefit night.

EXTENSIVE THEFT. - A man named Luz Romano, living in the Green house on Montgomery street, was robbed on Thursday night of one diamond pin, one gold ring, one dozen of silver spoons, one fifty dollar coin, and four hundred dollars in dust. Forty-two dollars in specimens of gold have been recovered, being found in the house.



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN FEBRUARY 28TH AND MARCH 18TH]



March 16, Sunday, 1851: A concordat between Spain and the Vatican allowed government expropriation of church property under previous liberal regimes in return for state payment of secular clergy and a legalized basis for its operations. The Church also gained control of education and the press.

Charles Wesley Slack wrote from Burlington, Vermont to Evelina E. Vannevar Slack in Chelsea, Massachusetts, describing upper Vermont and various events of his lecture tour there.



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 March 18, Tuesday, 1851: I have been unable to locate any image for the mulatto man of Sandusky, Ohio, [George J. Reynolds](#), carriage maker and conductor on the [Underground Railroad](#). However, here is a newspaper advertisement placed by his business on this day, in the [Sandusky Daily Commercial Register](#):

WANTED at the new Carriage
Shop, a good workman. Cash will be paid
for such workman. Shop on Market street, between
Jackson and Columbus Avenue, where can be found
constant employment. G. J. REYNOLDS.
Sandusky City, March 18, 1851. dtf

According to the [Daily Herald](#) of Marysville, [California](#):

Snags in Feather River.

All parties are agreed that these obstructions to the navigation of Feather River are a great drawback and injury to the advancement of our city. The immense number of people now in the northern mines must conduce to render Marysville the most important trading place in the whole Sacramento Valley, (we speak advisedly) and it is important, therefore, that she should have the full advantage of every facility that can be given to advance the interests of her mercantile community. So long as the snags remain in the river, none but the smaller and poorer class of boats will come here. The owners of better steamers will not risk them where there is momentary danger of sinking them by running upon these snags. Several disadvantages result. In the first place, the small capacity and few number of boats running to this point cause our merchants serious and delay loss of time in the receipt of their goods. Continual complaints are made that they cannot rely upon receiving their goods in time to supply the constant demand. Again, even if there were a larger number of boats, they are of such an unsafe character that those who man them, will not trust them to cross the Bay of San Francisco; our merchants make their purchases in San Francisco chiefly, yet they are obliged to ship their goods upon steamers which only ply to Sacramento City; here they are obliged to have them landed, and transferred to the smaller steamers. This operation consumes their time, adds on to the cost of transportation, and in many cases, results in damage to the goods by rehandling. How much better would it be for our merchants to get on a boat going direct to San Francisco, and proceed there at once, without being idly delayed, as now, at Sacramento City, all of one night and the greater part of next day; purchase their goods, ship them on a boat coming through to Marysville, get on the boat themselves, and come directly home, without the delay, vexation and trouble of waiting at Sacramento till their goods are reshipped, and then get here, after this loss of time, only to find that some part of their stock, which was particularly wanted, has been left behind, on the levee or store-ships at Sacramento. — Such occurrences have not been unfrequent this spring.

Well, all that is necessary for these important reforms, is to have a few [miles?] of pestering snags taken out from Feather River. Boats of greater capacity, greater speed and better accommodations for travelers, will then run direct between San Francisco and Marysville. Is there not public spirit enough in our city to say, "this shall be accomplished?" We think there is, yet it has slumbered most mysteriously, for a year. It was estimated, when this subject was spoken of last summer, that the sum of ten thousand dollars would be sufficient to affect the



removal of all the snags, which most of Feather River to its junction with the Yuba; and we understand that a responsible person is ready now to enter into bonds as to clear the channel for that sum, and not to require the money, until the work be concluded. — Suppose that responsible party should guarantee, for a like sum, to fill up Feather River, how long, think you, would it take to raise ten thousand dollars for that purpose? Not long, Phish. We would engage to do it in three quarters of an hour. Yet, here with the full expectation that upon the removal of these snags [?] depends the ability of our city, [?] in the [?] position now in regard to them, that we were a year ago.

Let us now go to work, and rest not till the work be finished. We have been told by merchants, that the steamboat owners, who have made so much money in the river trade, ought to remove the snags. Perhaps they ought to share a portion of the cost. But suppose they will not? Should the merchants for that reason object to forward an object which they all confess would be so advantageous to themselves? The correct light for them to view the matter in, is to estimate the benefit it will be to them, not how much others may be incidentally benefited.

We have no doubt that if the snags were removed, real estate would at once advance and become in demand. All classes would be benefited, and all out to feel it necessary to do something towards the accomplishment of the work. The landholders appreciate the advantage it would be to them, and we know from personal interviews with some of the largest holders, that they are willing to contribute liberally; at the same time it will be necessary that others who are to derive advantages from the accomplishment of the project should unite with them.

We would suggest that a general meeting of all classes of our citizens be called to consider the matter, and a subscription be opened at once.

We shall heartily co-operate in any movement of the people calculated to expedite the undertaking. As to asking the State to do it, or to waiting for action of the General Government, we might as well at once abandon the project altogether, for leaving it in that position would be tantamount to doing so. What is to be done, must be done by a spontaneous movement of the people themselves. Private subscriptions may effect the removal of the snags speedily; leaving it to the government will delay it for years, perhaps forever.

Our Common Council holds its second meeting this evening. It is expected that ordinances for revenue and the better regulation of the city, will be presented.

LEGISLATIVE DOCUMENTS. — J. Winchester will accept our thanks for the following:

Bill to provide for the incorporation of Colleges and Universities.

Bill to authorize the issue and sale of Land Warrants in this State.

Bill for an act to incorporate the City of Sacramento.

A BIG LUMP. — We were shown, on Saturday, a big lump of gold which was dug on the North Fork of Feather River and which weighs 78 oz. 3 dwt., or *twelve hundred and fifty dollars*. It was brought down by Mr. Harris, the packer, who purchased it from the miner who dug it. It is shaped very much like a human foot, and is



very pure gold, unmixed with quartz, or stone of any kind. Mr. Harris saw, while at the point where this was obtained, another one weighing nearly \$3,000, but had not at the time, money enough to purchase it. He promises to bring it down, on his next trip.

At a recital like this, one feels as if he would be willing to undergo "some" hardship in visiting such diggings.

IMPORTANT ITEMS. — The Pacific News of 13th inst. gravely informs us that "in this country, venison means deer." Gentlemen, we sincerely thank you for this piece of enlightenment —in a horn, —we mean, in an antler.

GENERAL WINCHESTER. — Our friend the General cannot be kept down. He has experienced as many reverses of fortune as almost any man ever did, but he has a spirit that rebounds from adversity and readily places itself for another fight. He is now endeavoring, as will be seen from the following prospectus, to get another start in the field of newspaper enterprise, and we sincerely hope he may succeed. We would rather welcome him, however, freed from party politics.

NEW DEMOCRATIC PAPER. — The undersigned is desirous to associate with himself one or two gentlemen in the establishment at once, of a Democratic Daily Paper, in the city of San Francisco. He has a large invoice of new Printing materials, presses &c. and a complete book binding establishment, with a large amount of binding paper and stock, now daily expected in port.

It is needless to state that the Democratic party require a paper, and can and ought to sustain not only one but many. For it is the true party of progress, reform, of equal rights and responsibility to the people. We are ready to re-embark in this enterprise, heart and soul, devoting to it all the experience we have acquired in over twenty years as a publisher. But we cannot do so single handed. We are ready to show our devotion to Democratic principles by any service we can render in their promulgation and defense, whether in the ranks or in any other position we may be placed.

We retired from the Pacific News from causes of a pecuniary nature, beyond the power of any individual to control; but with a proper amount of capital, and the hearty co-operation of the great Democratic Party, we hesitate not to pledge ourselves, not only to get up a newspaper equal to the best, but to render it also a successful and profitable enterprise.

Any gentleman possessing the requisite ability and experience to "bear a hand" in the editorial department, of sterling Democratic faith, and who can command a proper amount of cash capital, will find the present an opportunity not to be disregarded. We have materials now at hand, (exclusive of those to arrive,) which would enable us to issue a paper at five days notice.

Communications, with references, can be addressed to, or a personal interview be had with me at San Jose. — Letters should be forwarded through Berford & Co.'s Express, without delay. What is done should be done quickly. J. WINCHESTER, Mar. 12. Late Editor Pacific News.

MASONIC SOIREE. — A magnificent ball is to be given at the Orleans Hotel in Sacramento City on Thursday evening next, in aid of the fund of the Masons' and Odd Fellows' Hospital in that place.

We understand that there are tickets to be had in our city, and we hope there will be a representation of the Masons of Marysville on the occasion, accompanied by ladies. We knew several of the latter who are very anxious to attend, and as this ball will in all probability be the most splendid one ever given in California, we trust they may be gratified.

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN HOTEL. "Mine host" Maurice sets a good table, and understands the science of hotel keeping generally. His terms may be found in our advertising columns, his house may be found on Second St., near D, and he individually may ever be found ready to do the honors genteelly for his visitors.

THE MINES. - It is now demonstrated, beyond any doubt whatever that the richest mining section in all California, is on, and in the neighborhood of, Feather and Yuba Rivers. The more this part of the country is prospected, the more apparent does this fact become. Consequently, while the Trinidad and Scott's River diggings at the far north, and the diggings in the San Joaquin district south, are being deserted in disgust, the number of miners in our section of the state is rapidly expanding. New discoveries of rich placers are constantly being made.

No man now need take long journeys, involving a loss of weeks, in order to find good diggings. The miners on Feather and Yuba Rivers not only find gold more certainly than those who are prospecting at greater distances, but the average yield to each man, is much larger....



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March 19, Wednesday, 1851: Federal Indian Commissioners signed a treaty at Camp Fremont with 6 California native tribes. They agreed to offer no interference while the United States Army proceeded with its Mariposa War against the Ahwahneechee of the Sierra Nevada mountains and the Chowchilla bands of Yokuts natives of the San Joaquin valley.

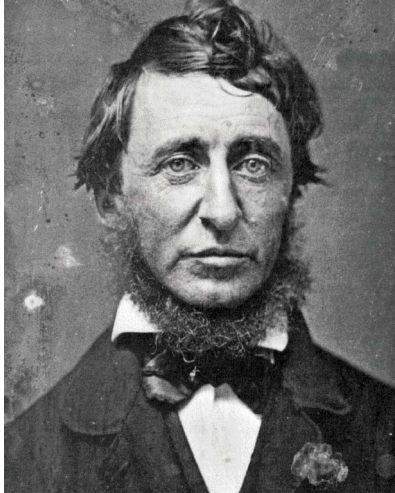
WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE



March 19: The ice in the pond is now soft and will not bear a heavy stone thrown from the bank- It is melted for a rod from the shore. The ground has been bare of snow for some weeks, but yesterday we had a violent N E snow storm which has drifted worse than any the past winter. The spring birds ducks & geese &c had come -but now the spring seems far off. No good ever came of obeying a law which you had discovered.



"No good ever came of obeying a law which you had discovered."
— [Henry Thoreau](#), *JOURNAL*, March 19, 1851



March 20, Thursday, [1851](#): The news, according to the Sacramento, [California Transcript](#):

Meeting of the Settlers.

We observed a poster yesterday calling the settlers to meet on the public square last evening, for the purpose of taking into consideration the recent decision made by Judge Robinson, of the District Court, which was confirmatory of the title of John A. Sutter to the land on which Sacramento is built. We understand that Messrs. McKune and Montgomery first addressed the meeting. When we arrived, Judge Ralston was speaking. Judge R. reviewed the leading points urged against the title of Sutter, but disclaimed anything discourteous to the Court. He advised all "either to leave the country, or settle on the land without paying for it," because of the want of title in Sutter. — Judge Bullock followed, and urged on the settlers the importance of a distinct party organization. Judge B. then offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were adopted:

WHEREAS, The U.S. Senate refused to ratify the 10th article of the Treaty of Hidalgo, whose object was to compel our government to confirm and inchoate Mexican Grants, within the conceded territory, for the purpose of preventing a monopoly of the wild lands, yet our courts have in effect attempted to do what the Senate, more watchful of public interest, refused to do. Whilst we have full confidence in the judiciary department of government, yet we regard it as the aristocratic feature of government, whose action is often at war with the rights of the People, who hold in their hands the forms of correction to be used under the constitution.



RESOLVED, That the published decision lately made by the Superior Court of San Francisco, after deliberate argument and full investigation is in strict accordance with the law of the land, and is entitled to more weight than any off hand uncertain decision, made without argument, by any Judge or Justice of the Peace.

SITE FOR A MILL SEAT. — We alluded the other day to a fine location for a mill seat, and forthwith it excited surprise and afforded an opportunity for an ignorant jest, reminding us of the truth of the adage that those who profess most know least. Yesterday we were called on by a gentleman who has spent several months in looking out for a mill seat but whose efforts have been fruitless. The gentleman had seen our paragraph in regard to the mill seat, and called to make farther inquiries. He regards it as a good opening, and will doubtless have a good mill erected there in the course of a few weeks. The site is within ten miles of Webersville and Placerville, where a good market will always be afforded for his lumber. Good mill seats are not abundant by any means, and we have every confidence that our friend will make a good investment.

Mr. Kells, on the corner of O and 2d streets, is the enterprising gentleman who contemplates the erection of a mill on Clear Creek, Pleasant Valley, and as he has everything ready for its immediate construction, it will not be long before it is in successful operation.

FITZPATRICK ARRESTED. — It will be recollected that this was the name of the person who was inspected by the people of Nevada as being implicated either directly or remotely with the recent firing of that city. It seems that Fitzpatrick left that city on the day of the fire and was followed to the American River, and from there to Marysville. On Monday evening a man entered the back door of a hotel in Marysville, and said to the proprietor — "My name is Fitzpatrick — I am suspected of firing Nevada, and dare not return until the excitement is allayed." He asked for shelter, but his pursuers were close at hand, and he was taken into either their custody or that of officers in Marysville. If he should be taken back to Nevada it was feared that he would be hung, so strong was the popular prejudice, and so deep the indignation of that outraged community.

Stuart, in regard to whose identity there has been such a difference, was taken up to Marysville, to await his trial, being charged with the murder of a man at Foster's Bar, some months ago. The name of the murdered man was Charles Moore, an Englishman. Stuart is under sentence of fourteen years imprisonment in the penitentiary for the assault and attempt on the life of Mr. Janson at San Francisco. The way of the transgressor is hard. Thomas Berdue appears to be his real name, and Stuart only an alias.

FENCING UP A STREET. — Merchant Street in San Francisco was completely choked up on Saturday morning by the erection of a fence across its intersection with Kearney Street, preventing the passage of teams. This proceeding arises from the fact that the owners of the ground on which the Crescent City House formerly stood, Messrs. DeBoon & Co., sold to the city for the sum of \$25,000 which amount they have not yet received, and the property not having been deeded to the purchasers, they have resumed possession of their ground.



OLDEN TIME RELICS. — In the Council last evening, Dr. Spalding presented a petition numerously signed, asking that all the canvas buildings between Front and Second, and I and J streets be removed, on account of their danger to other buildings, in cases of fire. The City Marshal was instructed to enforce the Ordinance upon the subject forthwith, so there will soon be a decided fall of canvass.

RESIGNATION OF DR. MOORE. — Dr. Moore offered his resignation last evening as a member of the Common Council, which, after some complimentary remarks, by Ald. Berry and Spalding, was accepted. A resolution was also agreed to authorizing the President of the Council to draw a bond for the amount due Ald. Moore for his services in that body.

JAPANESE. — The San Francisco Courier gives an account of a visit to that office of some shipwrecked Japanese. "They are fifteen in number, varying in their respective ages from sixteen to sixty, as we should judge. — Their countenances are very intelligent and animated. They examined the types, presses, and other "curiosities" of a printing office, with evident satisfaction, manifesting much interest in the explanations of their use and operation. "It will be remembered that these unfortunates were picked up at sea, some time since, six hundred miles from the Japanese Islands by the bark *Auckland*, Captain Jennings. — They had started from Nippon, in a junk, for one of the Northern Japanese ports, but encountered a gale. When picked up, their vessel was dismasted, and nearly full of water. The junk was laden with flannels, silks, rice, and ingots of silver."

YESTERDAY. — The sky was clouded the entire day on Wednesday, and several heavy showers of rain fell. In the morning quite a large quantity of hail fell. The entire day was cold, and heavy coats that had been thrown by long since, were bro't into requisition. The rain was much needed, and it will require at least a week's steady rain to be of much service to the grains and seeds that have been sown.

P.S. — The rain still continues up to two o'clock, this morning, and a prospect of a continuance. It will be cheering to the mining, but principally to the farming interest.

THE FIDELITY OF A DOG. — We have heretofore noticed the murder of Mr. Kirk, at the Mountain Gate, near Stockton, by the Indians. At the time Mr. K. was attacked, a Spanish boy was in company, together with Mr. K.'s dog. The boy fled as soon as Mr. Kirk fell wounded, but the faithful dog remained, and though he had been badly wounded in the foot, he was still found watching, twenty-four hours after his master's death, by the two brothers of Mr. K. This is another evidence of the attachment of the canine species, and he seemed to understand the situation of his master, as he howled piteously when the two brothers approached.

MORE EXPENSE. — The City Council last evening instructed the Printing Committee to have the Charter, and all Laws, and Ordinances printed. There can be no use in re-printing the old charter, and for the new one, every citizen has an opportunity of getting it any day by paying five cents for a Transcript.

The San Francisco Herald says that a cabbage with twenty-three full formed heads was left at their office by Mr. E.F. Crane.

It was cultivated on his farm at the Mission of San Jose. Mr. C. states that in the same field he had a single head weighing forty-five pounds.

The shipwrecked Japanese on going ashore at San Francisco, expressed great surprise at almost every thing they saw. They seemed to be perfectly astounded at the movements of the ocean steamers and the steamboats, as the boats moved about the harbor.

Christopher Allen who was taken up for breaking into Mr. Reynolds ware-house, had his trial in the District Court yesterday, and was sentenced to one year's confinement in the State Prison.

OUR CHARTER. - It will be observed that the amendments which have been made to the City Charter, are substantially those recommended at the People's Meeting at the Orleans House.

We are indebted to Freeman & Co. for San Francisco papers of Tuesday. They contain nothing of importance.



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN MARCH 20TH AND MARCH 22D]



March 21, Friday, 1851: [Modern Times](#), an individualistic, anarchistic utopia, was initiated on this day by [Josiah Warren](#) and [Stephen Pearl Andrews](#) on 750 acres of Long Island, New York. The governing ideas were to be those of "individual sovereignty" and "individual responsibility." All settlers were to be left alone to pursue their self-interest as they saw fit, with no resort to coercion. Everything produced by human labor was to be treated as the private property of the persons providing the labor. Exchange would be by an elaborate system of barter. All land transactions among the settlers were to be at cost, with no person ever to hold more than three acres. There would be no need for a police force, or judicial system, or jail, because complete individuality and self-mastery would of course make resort to such expedients forever unnecessary. This community would dissolve in 1857 and the area is now known as Brentwood; almost all the buildings that existed in the early years are long gone.



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN MARCH 20TH AND MARCH 22D]



March 22, Saturday, 1851: Father [Isaac Hecker](#), C.S.S.R. wrote to [Orestes Augustus Brownson](#), Esq.

Ambroise Thomas was elected to Gaspare Luigi Pacifico Spontini's chair at the Institute. [Hector Berlioz](#) came in 3d.

At the [Harvard Observatory](#), [George Phillips Bond](#) succeeded in making a series of Daguerreotype exposures of Jupiter which seemed to him to include a faint suggestion of the planet's belts as visible by the eye directly through the telescope lens. The planet seemed, despite its great distance, to be of approximately the same brightness as the moon — an early indication of a difference in albedo among the various heavenly bodies.

PHOTOGRAPHY
ASTRONOMY



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN MARCH 20TH AND MARCH 22D]



March 23, Sunday, 1851: The [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#) reported:

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING AND DEATH. — Yesterday about noon, a man named William Warnecker entered the store of Charles Beer & Co., No. 5, Kearny street, and accidentally shot and killed one Theodore Cramer. The facts, as elicited upon the Coroner's inquest, are these: Cramer, who was a clerk of Mr. Beer, was standing behind the counter, when Warnecker entered. A four-barrelled revolving German pistol, belonging to Mr. Beer and which is always kept loaded at the store, was lying upon the counter. Thia Mr. Warnecker picked up, and inquired the price of it. Before Cramer could reply, tin pistol accidentally went off, and the ball passed directly into Cramer's heart. Ho reeled, and exclaimed, "My God, I'm shot; why are you so careless." A number of officers hearing the shot, entered, and just before Cramer died, he said, "My friend has accidentally shot me." He lived about five minutes. Warnecker was nearly crazy, and was taken in charge by the officers. It seems that Warnecker had been here but a few days, and having brought a letter of introduction to Mr. Cramer he had procured a situation for Warnecker in Coombs' Daguerrean Gallery, and Warnecker bad conn yesterday to thank Mr. Cramer for his kindness when the fatal accident occurred. Cramer was a native of Saxony and has been in California about eight mouths, and has a brother in some part of the mines. He was thirty-one years of age. The verdict of the Coroner's jury was that he came to his death by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of William Warnecker. This it another melancholy example of the danger of too common a use of fire arms. Too much care cannot be exercised in the manner in which they are disposed, if kept at all, or in which they are handled. In this case carelessness has been the cause of death of a man who was in the very prime of his life.

We notice in the [Picayune](#) of yesterday, a statement entirely



incorrect, and which is calculated to convey an entirely false impression in this matter. The names given are both wrong, and, instead of the name of the man who actually was shot, (Theodore Cramer.) the name of his employer (Mr. Charles Beer) was given as the man who was killed. How much misery might unnecessarily be brought upon the friends of this man, alive and well, as he is, in a foreign land, should they pick up this paper, and see the record of his death.

Beside this the report iv the Picayune is very wrong iv the inferences it leaves to be drawn upon the guilt or innocence of Warnecker, the prisoner. By its report he appears to have been guilty, while the evidence before the Coroner's jury was as clear as daylight that the shooting was purely accidental, and thus they rendered their verdict.

Moreover the melancholy affair occurred about noon, and the Coroner's inquest was concluded by one o'clock, at least an hour before the Picayune went to press, so there is no earthly excuse for this most lamentable error. The fact is we very much doubt whether the Picayune man exerted himself to a very great degree to learn the truth in the matter, and has thus procured an entirely incorrect statement of the whole proceeding. In matters which affect life and reputation itemizers cannot be too particular in their accounts, and should at least take the trouble of gathering a report that should appear the most plausible and correct.

OUTSIDE STEALING. — Our merchants cannot be too careful in regard to their samples or packages of goods placed on the outside of their stores. Yesterday morning, an ill looking Chilian was brought before his Honor the Recorder, charged with having stolen six cases of cider and ten kegs of coffee from the store of Messrs. Flint & Peabody, on Clark's Point. He had gone to work very systematically about it, and had hired a negro carman to carry the things away. They were already packed and proceeding up street, when one of the proprietors of the establishment levied on them. All the evidence not being available, the case was continued till Monday.

GREAT COUNTRY THIS. — A genius, packing on his back about twelve hundred dollars of specie in a bag, was very much surprised, yesterday, by hearing it jingle over the sidewalk in Montgomery street, as it poured out of a hole in the bag. He went to work, gathering them up in a hurry, and would permit no one to assist him, not having full faith in the honesty of the Californians. He finally got them all picked up, and went on his way rejoicing.

THE JAPANESE BOY. — Among the shipwrecked Japanese who were brought into this harbor by the barque *Auckland*, is a boy about fourteen years of age, named Sako. He is as bright, and intelligent a little fellow as is often found in any nation, and his clear black eyes appear to drink in all he sees in this to him strange world. He is exceedingly polite, and when spoken to by an American makes a very low salaam. We have understood that a gentleman of this city has much desired to retain Sako in his service, if he desired to stay. Poor unsophisticated little fellow; the probability is that were he kept here in this civilized country a few months, and rid of his barbarous and heathenish ideas, he would be dealing French monte or throwing chuck-a-luck, on Long wharf. Better let him return, ere he has learned more than the good features of the Americans. He has a

long and probably a useful life before him in his own land, and will be the best ambassador to send from here amongst the Japanese.

We learned yesterday that somebody who had gone on board of the *Auckland*, had, probably by mistake, carried away the chart of the coast of Japan, belonging to the natives, and the only one they have. Whoever has it ought to return it immediately.



March 23: For a week past the elm buds have been swollen The willow catkins have put out. The ice still remains in Walden though it will not bear. Mather Howard saw a large meadow near his house which had risen up. but was prevented from floating away by the bushes.



March 24, Monday, 1851: After this date if any slaves were manumitted in Kentucky they would be required to leave the state. Also, any free Negroes returning to or coming into Kentucky, if they remained over 30 days, were to be arrested and punished by confinement.

A Piano Trio op.15/1 by Anton Rubinstein was performed for the 1st time, in Bernadaki Hall, St. Petersburg, the composer at the keyboard.



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN MARCH 24TH AND MARCH 26TH]



March 25, Tuesday, 1851: The Pleyel piano factory in Paris suffered a devastating fire, throwing hundreds of people out of work. A benefit concert for the workers will be organized by Louis Moreau Gottschalk.

La belle voyageuse for female chorus and orchestra by Hector Berlioz to words of Gounet after Moore was performed for the 1st time, at Salle Ste.-Cécile, Paris along with the premiere of Berlioz' La menace des Francs for double chorus and orchestra to anonymous words (both were conducted by the composer).

Camping that night, the white men debated what to name a valley they had just discovered in the mountains of California. They agreed upon the name that the white men was already using for the tribe they had found there, Yosemite, rather than use the name these natives were using, Ahwahnee.

WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE




[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN MARCH 24TH AND MARCH 26TH]



1851

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 March 26, Wednesday, 1851: The 1st synagogue in Boston dedicated and paraded its scrolls of the Torah.⁵⁹

In San Francisco, California:


An act passed by the Legislature, ceding, for the period of ninety-nine years, all the right and interest which the State of California had in those parts of the city called the Beach and Water Lots, provided that twenty-five per cent. of all moneys thereafter arising in any way from the sale, or other disposition of the said property, should be paid over by the city to the State. The same act confirmed, also for ninety-nine years, all sales that had previously been made, in virtue of General Kearny's grant to the city, by the ayuntamiento, or town or city council, or by any alcalde of the city, the last having been confirmed by the said ayuntamiento, or town or city council, and the deeds of these sales having been duly registered in the proper books of records. This was a very important act, and tended, in some great degree, to ease the minds of legal possessors of city property. Owing to certain late conflicting decisions of different judges, in regard to real estate, considerable doubt had been cast upon the titles to almost every lot of vacant ground within the municipal bounds, and squatters had been thereby mightily encouraged to invade and secure for themselves the first and best unoccupied land they saw. This led to much confusion and even bloodshed among the contending claimants, and retarded for a considerable time the permanent improvement of the city. The "Colton grants," of recent notoriety, likewise increased the general uncertainty in regard to titles. The above-mentioned act of the Legislature was therefore considered a great benefit, coming when it did, in regard to at least the "Beach and Water Lots," about the titles to which there could be no dispute. An act was passed by the Legislature on the 1st of May following, by which the right of the State to these lots was for ever relinquished to the city, provided only that the latter should confirm the grants of all lots within certain specified limits originally made by justices of the peace. As this provision was intended to sanction some of the obnoxious "Colton grants," the common council did not consider it for the interest of the city to accept the State's relinquishment upon such terms, and accordingly the last-mentioned act became inoperative. The boards of aldermen, however, who happened, it might be said, to be somewhat accidentally in office during 1852, attempted to force the provisions of this most obnoxious act upon the citizens, but were successfully opposed by the veto of Mayor Harris and the general cry of public indignation. The act itself was, on the 12th of March, 1852, repealed by the Legislature, just in time to prevent some of the usual jobbery.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



[THOREAU DID NOT MAKE SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL BETWEEN MARCH 24TH AND MARCH 26TH]

59. There was already a synagogue in Worcester.

 March 27, Thursday, 1851: The Mariposa Battalion of about 200 armed white men entered Yosemite Valley.

One of their armed white men, Lafayette Bunnell, would report that although they found well-tended homes and food stores of the Ahwahneechee, and hearth fires that were still smoldering, they sighted only a single human being, an elderly woman who had obviously been left behind only because too frail to run and hide. He would characterize her as “a peculiar, living ethnological curiosity” and recount that he had asked another of the armed white men to “bring something for it to eat.” “This creature exhibited no expression of alarm,” he continued, “and was apparently indifferent to hope or fear, love or hate” (now, isn’t that interesting). The Mariposa Battalion destroyed everything that they were able to locate that might provide human sustenance or shelter. When they would ride back into Yosemite Valley a few months later they would be able to capture 5 males, including 3 of the sons of headman Tenaya. To celebrate this capture the invaders designated a nearby rock formation “The Three Brothers.” They sent off 2 of their captives to carry the news of their capture to headman Tenaya, summoning him for negotiation. Then, before Tenaya was persuaded to appear, they allowed 2 of the sons to wiggle out of their bonds and make a break for it. One of the sons succeeded in escaping while the other was killed. When Tenaya appeared, the white men observed the father’s grief with amusement, for “the reality” was that these native specimens were “graded low down in the scale of humanity.” Bunnell’s report, which he would publish 29 years later while Yosemite tourism was booming, would reveal him as preoccupied with erasing memory of the existing native names for creeks, rivers, waterfalls, and cliffs. He had nothing but contempt for the sort of white man who would wax romantic over such names “in their desire to cater to the taste of those credulous admirers of the Noble Red Man.”


According to Benjamin Madley, the UCLA author of AN AMERICAN GENOCIDE: THE UNITED STATES AND THE CALIFORNIA INDIAN CATASTROPHE, 1846-1873, the cost of this expedition that killed not fewer than 73 natives, to the California government, would be \$259,372.31.

WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE

Paul Marie Théodore Vincent d’Indy was born in Paris, the 1st child born to Antonin d’Indy, a wealthy aristocrat, and Matilde de Chabrol-Crousol, also of an aristocratic family. Matilde, age 21, would not survive the birth. Antonin d’Indy would marry again in 1855, a union which would produce 3 more children.



March 27. Walden is $\frac{2}{3}$ broken up It will probably be quite open by to-morrow night.

 March 28, Friday, 1851: The ice on Walden Pond was completely melted:

WALDEN: In 1845 Walden was first completely open on the 1st of April; in '46, the 25th of March; in '47, the 8th of April; in '51, the 28th of March; in '52, the 18th of April; in '53, the 23rd of March; in '54, about the 7th of April.





[Orestes Augustus Brownson](#) wrote to the [Reverend I. Th. Hecker](#) ([Isaac Hecker](#)).

At the assizes in Norfolk, England, Mr. Justice Erle found the accused George Baldry guilty of having struck the deceased Caroline Warnes on the head with a hammer at Thurlton (although he would be sentenced to be hanged, this would be commuted to transportation for life).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 28TH AND MARCH 29TH]



March 29, Saturday, 1851: *Abbott v. Bacon and Another* was a libel action being tried before Mr. Justice Erle at the Assizes court hearings in [Norwich, England](#). The accused had published in the Norwich [Mercury](#) that the plaintiff, a superintendent of the County Constabulary at East Derham, had stolen certain articles from the pharmacy shop of Mr. Abram in that town. The jury assessed damages of a farthing. On April 5th, a meeting in the Norfolk Hotel would arrive at the conclusion that this trial had offered “a most painful illustration of the gross injustice which may be inflicted upon the editor of a newspaper who honestly and fearlessly comments on matters of general interest,” and a public subscription would be collected to recoup to the proprietors of the newspaper the loss they had sustained in their successful vindication of the liberty of the press. On April 16th a motion would be made in the Court of Exchequer for a new trial on the ground that the jury had been improperly directed and a “rule nisi” would be granted. On June 27th, by agreement between the plaintiff and the defendant, a verdict would be entered in the Court of Exchequer for a farthing in damages (in other words, although the accusation was true no appreciable harm seemed to have been done).

After the California legislature passed a law during this year prohibiting Hispanics from mining gold, frustrated Chilean and Mexican miners would begin to turn to armed robbery (Chile provided most of the wheat and prostitutes used by Forty-Niners, while the Mexicans still thought of California as their own). While most of the Hispanic robbers’ victims were Chinese or Hispanic rather than Anglo, that was not the way that [John Rollin Ridge](#) (*Chee-squa-ta-law-my*, “Yellow Bird”) would bring forward this story in 1854 — and, that is how we would get THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOAQUIN MURIETA, THE CELEBRATED CALIFORNIA BANDIT.

On this day the Marysville, [California Herald](#) printed one of [John Rollin Ridge](#)’s poems, “The Still Small Voice”:

There is a voice more dear to me
Than man or woman’s e’er could be—
A “still small voice” that cheers
The woes of these my darker years.

I hear it in the busy crowd,
Distinct, amid confusion loud;
And in the solemn midnight still,
When mem’ries sad my bosom fill.

I hear it midst the social glee,
A voice unheard by all but me;
And when my sudden trance is seen,
They wondering ask, what can it mean?

The tones of woman once could cheer,
While woman yet to me was dear,
And sweet were all the dreams of youth,
As aught can be that wanteth truth!

How loved in early manhood’s prime,
Ambition’s clarion notes sublime!

How musical the tempest's roar,
 "That lured to dash me on the shore!"

These tones, and more all beautiful,
 That did my youthful spirit lull,
 Or made my bosom Rapture's throne,
 Have passed away, and left me lone.

And now that I can weep no more
 The tears that gave relief of yore,
 And now, that from my ruined heart
 The forms that make me shudder, start;

I gaze above the world around,
 And from the deeps of Heaven's profound,
 A "still small voice" descends to me—
 "Thou'rt sad, but I'll remember thee!"

As burns the life-light in me low,
 And throws its ashes o'er my brow,
 When all else flies, it speaks to me—
 "Thou't doomed, but I'll remember thee!"

Then let my brow grow sadder yet,
 And mountain-high still rise regret;
 Enough for me the voice that cheers
 The woes of these my darker years.

On this night there was an *aurora borealis* above New England.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 28TH AND MARCH 29TH]



March 30, Sunday, 1851: A population census was taken in the United Kingdom. It would conclude that the population had reached 21,000,000, of whom 6,300,000 lived in cities of 20,000 or more in England and Wales, such clusters of citizens accounting for some 35% of the total. *Prideaux John Selby* and Lewis Tabitha Mitford appeared in the census in Adderstone House, Lucker Village, Adderstone, Northumberland, England.

It is clear from the content of *Henry Thoreau's* journal that he has been reading in *Thomas De Quincey's* THE CÆSARS (Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, 1851, one in an extended series of volumes of DE QUINCEY'S WRITINGS that would not to be complete for any number of years):

THE CÆSARS

XARS



March 30: Spring is already upon us. I see the tortoises or rather I hear them drop from the bank into the brooks at my approach— The catkins of the alders have blossomed The pads are springing at the bottom of the water—the Pewee is heard & the lark.

"It is only the squalid savages and degraded boschmen of creation that have their feeble teeth and tiny stings steeped in venom, and so made formidable," — ants, centipedes, and mosquitoes, spiders, wasps, and scorpions. — Hugh Miller.

To attain to a true relation to one human creature is enough to make a year memorable. The man for whom law exists—the man of forms, the conservative—is a tame man.

CARRYING OFF SIMS

A recent English writer (*De Quincey*), endeavoring to account for the atrocities of Caligula and



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Nero, their monstrous and anomalous cruelties, and the general servility and corruption which they imply, observes that it is difficult to believe that “the descendants of a people so severe in their habits” as the Romans had been “could thus rapidly “have degenerated and that, “in reality, the citizens of Rome were at this time a new race, brought together from every quarter of the world, but especially from Asia.” A vast “proportion of the ancient citizens had been cut off by the sword,” and such multitudes of emancipated slaves from Asia had been invested with the rights of citizens “that, in a single generation, Rome became almost transmuted into a baser metal.” As [Juvenal](#) complained, “the Orontes ... had mingled its impure waters with those of the Tiber.” And “probably, in the time of Nero, not one man in six was of pure Roman descent.” Instead of such, says another, “came Syrians, Cappadocians, Phrygians, and other enfranchised slaves.” “These in half a century had sunk so low, that Tiberius pronounced her [Rome’s] very senators to be *homines ad servitatem natos*, men born to be slaves.”



March 31, Monday, [1851](#): A letter was posted from Evansville, Indiana by the [Reverend Nathan Robinson Johnston](#) (1820-1904), a Reformed Presbyterian Covenanter minister, to William Still, that tells us something about early uses of the new and novel [telegraph](#) apparatus of communication at a distance, and also tells us something about the [Underground Railroad](#), and the Fugitive Slave Law, and American [race slavery](#) in general (we know of this letter by virtue of [William Lloyd Still](#)’s [THE UNDERGROUND RAIL ROAD. A RECORD OF FACTS, AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES, LETTERS, &C., NARRATING THE HARDSHIPS HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES AND DEATH STRUGGLES OF THE SLAVES IN THEIR EFFORTS FOR FREEDOM, AS RELATED BY THEMSELVES AND OTHERS, OR WITNESSED BY THE AUTHOR TOGETHER WITH SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE LARGEST STOCKHOLDERS, AND MOST LIBERAL AIDERS AND ADVISERS, OF THE ROAD](#), published in 1872):

WM. STILL: *Dear Sir,* – On last Tuesday I mailed a letter to you, written by Seth Concklin. I presume you have received that letter. It gave an account of his rescue of the family of your brother. If that is the last news you have had from them, I have very painful intelligence for you. They passed on from near Princeton, where I saw them and had a lengthy interview with them, up north, I think twenty-three miles above Vincennes, Ind., where they were seized by a party of men, and lodged in jail. [Telegraphic](#) dispatches were sent all through the South. I have since learned that the Marshall of Evansville received a dispatch from Tuscumbia, to look out for them. By some means, he and the master, so says report, went to Vincennes and claimed the fugitives, chained Mr. Concklin and hurried all off. Mr. Concklin wrote to Mr. David Stormon, Princeton, as soon as he was cast into prison, to find bail. So soon as we got the letter and could get off, two of us were about setting off to render all possible aid, when we were told they all had passed, a few hours before, through Princeton, Mr. Concklin in chains. What kind of process was had, if any, I know not. I immediately came down to this place, and learned that they had been put on a boat at 3 P.M. I did not arrive until 6. Now all hopes of their recovery are gone. No case ever so enlisted my sympathies. I had seen Mr. Concklin in Cincinnati. I had given him aid and counsel. I happened to see them after they landed in Indiana. I heard Peter and Levin tell their tale of suffering, shed tears of sorrow for them all; but now, since they have fallen a prey to the unmerciful blood-hounds of this state, and have again been dragged back to unrelenting bondage, I am entirely unmanned. And poor Concklin! I fear for him. When he is dragged back to Alabama, I fear they will go far beyond the utmost rigor of the law, and vent their savage cruelty upon him. It is with pain I have to communicate these things. But you may not hear them from him. I could not get to see him or them, as Vincennes is about



thirty miles from Princeton, where I was when I heard of the capture.

I take pleasure in stating that, according to the letter he (Concklin) wrote to Mr. D. Stewart, Mr. Concklin did not abandon them, but risked his own liberty to save them. He was not with them when they were taken; but went afterwards to take them out of jail upon a writ of Habeas Corpus, when they seized him too and lodged him in prison.

I write in much haste. If I can learn any more facts of importance, I may write you. If you desire to hear from me again, or if you should learn any thing specific from Mr. Concklin, be pleased to write me at Cincinnati, where I expect to be in a short time. If curious to know your correspondent, I may say I was formerly Editor of the "New Concord Free Press," Ohio. I only add that every case of this kind only tends to make me abhor my (no!) *this* country more and more. It is the Devil's Government, and God will destroy it.

Yours for the slave, N.R. JOHNSTON.

P.S. I broke open this letter to write you some more. The foregoing pages were written at night. I expected to mail it next morning before leaving Evansville; but the boat for which I was waiting came down about three in the morning; so I had to hurry on board, bringing the letter along. As it now is I am not sorry, for coming down, on my way to St. Louis, as far as Paducah, there I learned from a colored man at the wharf that, that same day, in the morning, the master and the family of fugitives arrived off the boat, and had then gone on their journey to Tuscumbia, but that the "white man" (Mr. Concklin) had "got away from them," about twelve miles up the river. It seems he got off the boat some way, near or at Smithland, Ky., a town at the mouth of the Cumberland River. I presume the report is true, and hope he will finally escape, though I was also told that they were in pursuit of him. Would that the others had also escaped. Peter and Levin could have done so, I think, if they had had resolution. One of them rode a horse, he not tied either, behind the coach in which the others were. He followed apparently "contented and happy." From report, they told their master, and even their pursuers, before the master came, that Concklin had decoyed them away, they coming unwillingly. I write on a very unsteady boat.

Yours, N.R. JOHNSTON.

A report found its way into the papers to the effect that "Miller," the white man arrested in connection with the capture of the family, was found drowned, with his hands and feet in chains and his skull fractured. It proved, as his friends feared, to be Seth Concklin. And in irons, upon the river bank, there is no doubt he was buried.

In this dreadful hour one sad duty still remained to be performed. Up to this moment the two sisters were totally ignorant of their brother's whereabouts. Not the first whisper of his death had reached them. But they must now be made acquainted with all the facts in the case. Accordingly an interview was arranged for a meeting, and the duty of conveying this painful intelligence to one of the sisters, Mrs. Supplee, devolved upon Mr. McKim. And most tenderly and considerately did he perform his mournful task.

Although a woman of nerve, and a true friend to the slave, an



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earnest worker and a liberal giver in the Female Anti-Slavery Society, for a time she was overwhelmed by the intelligence of her brother's death. As soon as possible, however, through very great effort, she controlled her emotions, and calmly expressed herself as being fully resigned to the awful event. Not a word of complaint had she to make because she had not been apprised of his movements; but said repeatedly, that, had she known ever so much of his intentions, she would have been totally powerless in opposing him if she had felt so disposed, and as an illustration of the true character of the man, from his boyhood up to the day he died for his fellow-man, she related his eventful career, and recalled a number of instances of his heroic and daring deeds for others, sacrificing his time and often periling his life in the cause of those who he considered were suffering gross wrongs and oppression. Hence, she concluded, that it was only natural for him in this case to have taken the steps he did. Now and then overflowing tears would obstruct this deeply thrilling and most remarkable story she was telling of her brother, but her memory seemed quickened by the sadness of the occasion, and she was enabled to recall vividly the chief events connected with his past history. Thus his agency in this movement, which cost him his life, could readily enough be accounted for, and the individuals who listened attentively to the story were prepared to fully appreciate his character, for, prior to offering his services in this mission, he had been a stranger to them.

The following extract, taken from a letter of a subsequent date, in addition to the above letter, throws still further light upon the heart-rending affair, and shows Mr. Johnston's deep sympathy with the sufferers and the oppressed generally -

**EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM REV. N.R. JOHNSTON.**

My heart bleeds when I think of those poor, hunted and heart-broken fugitives, though a most interesting family, taken back to bondage ten-fold worse than Egyptian. And then poor Concklin! How my heart expanded in love to him, as he told me his adventures, his trials, his toils, his fears and his hopes! After hearing all, and then seeing and communing with the family, now joyful in hopes of soon seeing their husband and father in the land of freedom; now in terror lest the human blood-hounds should be at their heels, I felt as though I could lay down my life in the cause of the oppressed. In that hour or two of intercourse with Peter's family, my heart warmed with love to them. I never saw more interesting young men. They would make Remonds or Douglasses, if they had the same opportunities. While I was with them, I was elated with joy at their escape, and yet, when I heard their tale of woe, especially that of the mother, I could not suppress tears of deepest emotion.

My joy was short-lived. Soon I heard of their capture. The [telegraph](#) had been the means of their being claimed. I could have torn down all the [telegraph](#) wires in the land. It was a strange dispensation of Providence.

On Saturday the sad news of their capture came to my ears. We had resolved to go to their aid on Monday, as the trial was set for Thursday. On Sabbath, I spoke from Psalm xii. 5. "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise," saith the Lord: "I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at (from them that would enslave) him." When on Monday morning I learned that the fugitives had passed through the place on Sabbath, and Concklin in chains, probably at the very time I was speaking on the subject referred to, my heart sank within me. And even yet, I cannot but exclaim, when I think of it - O, Father! how long ere Thou wilt arise to avenge the wrongs of the poor slave! Indeed, my dear brother, His ways are very mysterious. We have the consolation, however, to know that all is for the best. Our Redeemer does all things well. When He hung upon the cross, His poor broken hearted disciples could not understand the providence; it was a dark time to them; and yet that was an event that was fraught with more joy to the world than any that has occurred or could occur. Let us stand at our post and wait God's time. Let us have on the whole armor of God, and fight for the right, knowing, that though we may fall in battle, the victory will be ours, sooner or later.

* * * * *

May God lead you into all truth, and sustain you in your labors, and fulfill your prayers and hopes. Adieu.

N.R. JOHNSTON.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 31ST]



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SPRING 1851

Spring 1851: Lysander Spooner visited New-York, to discover that he had been hopelessly outdistanced by his competitor for recognition Barnabas Bates. He would be informed frankly by Joshua Leavitt that the postal reformers could not understand why they should feel any obligation to someone like him — who had engaged in a business for profit and then failed. Duh.

At the age of 19 Franklin Benjamin Sanborn visited Boston a 2d time.

After a hiatus Henry Thoreau began to work again upon his WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS manuscript (Draft C becoming Draft D).

TIMELINE OF WALDEN

Spring 1851: Brownson's Quarterly Review, No. 160

CATHOLICISM


- I. *Bushnell on the Trinity*
- II. The Hungarian Rebellion
 - 1. *The Village Notary; a Romance of Hungarian Life*, by Otto Wenckstern
 - 2. *Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady*, by Theresa Pulszky
 - 3. *The Hungarian Revolution*, by Johann Pragay
 - 4. *Parallels between the Hungarian and British Constitutions*, by J. Toulmin Smith
 - 5. *The Christian Examiner, for May, 1850, Art. VIII*
- III. *The Canon of the Scripture*
- IV. *The Higher Law* [Conscience and the Constitution, with remarks on a recent speech by Hon. Daniel Webster in the Senate of the United States on the subject of Slavery.]
- V. *The Decline of Protestantism*
- VI. Literary Notices and Criticisms

MAGAZINES

ORESTES AUGUSTUS BROWNSON

60. Refer to Brownson, Orestes A. ESSAYS AND REVIEWS: CHIEFLY ON THEOLOGY, POLITICS, AND SOCIALISM. NY: Arno Press, 1972 [1852], pages 349-67.

**APRIL 1851**

 April [1851](#): George H. Goddard wrote from [San Francisco](#) to his brother Augustus Goddard:

My Dear Augustus,
I shall now, according to my promise of last evening, give you some little description of those places in the Southern Mines where my winter has been passed. You will recollect that when I wrote on the eve of leaving San Francisco on November last, I expected that Dr. Manning would have accompanied me. In this, however, I was at the moment of departure, disappointed and I therefore proceeded alone, taking the Steamer which left this place at 4 o'clock P.M. 15th Nov. I arrived at Stockton by daylight the following morning, and being as you know short of funds I determined to go the nearest diggings to Stockton to try my luck - Fate, however, willed to the contrary. A gentleman who had been a fellow passenger on board the Steamer introduced me to an agent of Col. Fremont, who after much humbug and a delay of 2 days, engaged me to go to Mariposa, the farthest off of the Southern Mines, under the idea that there was to be a geological survey of the estate made, and also that my engineering knowledge would enable them to get their quartz crushing mill at work and the mine in operation. Believing that this would be an opening to a permanent engagement I was induced to go up. Accordingly I put the baggage I had brought up with me, 200 weight, into an ox team that was going to that part of the country and determined to make the journey on foot myself. Stockton, I must tell you, is built on flat marshy land, the plains, in fact and is a dull place, all the houses of wood as at San Francisco. The streets are laid out in squares and wide, and the country here makes no obstacles to the American love of straight lines. The plains in this part are thinly dotted with oak trees, which in the distance gave the country a rather park-like appearance. On the afternoon of Monday 18th November, the wagon left and I started. I had several walking companions and we made about twelve miles the first day, and put up for the night at a miserable tent where they gave us nothing but bad bread, worse ham, miserable coffee, of course without milk although the place is first rate for cattle, however such is the carelessness that nothing is done for comfort. For this fare one dollar was the charge which is the regular charge for a meal throughout the mines. I laid my blankets on a bench and managed to sleep in spite of the fleas which kept up a vigorous attack all night. At daylight we were up and started. The country was now getting more barren and soon we left the oaks altogether and crossed about 18 miles quite barren. Then we approached the Stanislaus River on whose banks the oaks again appeared. By a little after dark we got up to the river and put up for the night.

The following day, after a similar day's journey, still across the plains, we arrived at the Tuolumne River and on the fourth day, after a like journey, I arrived at the Merced River where I had to remain as the team here parted company with me. I waited therefore until the third day and then got another team for Mariposa. About six miles after leaving the Merced, one begins



to enter the mountains, which during the last day's journey showed well as one approached them. Unfortunately the weather set in wet, which, walking over the soft earth and mud of the hills made it difficult for the wagon to get along. That night we put up at a place called the Texican tent. The country had now become very pretty, fine old oaks thinly scattered particularly around the ravines and streams. The next day's journey led us over an exceedingly high mountain that took us about six hours ascending and from which there was a splendid view over the lower hills and plains down to the rivers of the plain and the coast line of mountains the opposite side. The weather was still rainy, so it was not in perfection when I crossed. The wagon got stuck this day in the road, mired down as they call it, - that is to say the wagon sunk into the mud half way up the wheels and the mules were half buried in their struggle to get it out. I feared it was a gone case with baggage and all, but after a long delay it was got out and the rain falling fast and night approaching and not wishing to sleep out in such weather I walked on ahead of the wagon and about an hour after dark got into a tent kept by a Norwegian and his wife where I remained until morning. The wagon still not coming up, I set off, and got to Aqua Fria about noon where I saw the first of the diggings. The accounts of the miners were not favorable. The rain had stopped them and just that day, being fine, they had set to work again. I hoped to do pretty well, but I saw at once from the ragged condition of the men, the wretched discomfort of their living and habitations, that in spite of their hard work, they had little gold. I got to Mariposa that afternoon, the 25th but was again doomed to disappointment. Colonel Fremont's agent there said the survey was not to take place until the Spring, and the Machine was already put up but not at work. Indeed, after a little examination I found it was totally unfit for what it was intended, too light and of wrong construction. Indeed the Colonel had gotten it at a manufactory on his own judgment and not being an engineer had of course been nicely taken in and had gotten a little model engine instead of a real working one. However, there it was, and getting it out and fixing and all had cost them above \$30,000 and now it would not crush enough quartz to pay the expense of the fire for the boiler! So much for private Gentlemen meddling in things they don't understand.

I afterwards found that this is the American mode, - that a civil engineer is never employed in the first place to give a report of whatever is wanted or to prepare a design, but that the Gentleman always goes to the manufacturer and tells him what he wants and relies on his honesty and knowledge, and this is the principal reason why none of the steam engines put up in this country answer; they are constructed for other circumstances and you might as well take an Arabian horse and put to a coal cart as take a locomotive boiler and engine and apply it for a stationary engine. Machines must be designed for what is wanted or they can't be expected to answer.

Well, there was nothing for me to do and so the agent said I would better go to the boarding house and remain until Colonel Fremont arrived who was then expected and in the meantime make some views of the country as the Colonel had once wanted some. So accordingly I employed myself in this manner for nearly six weeks, indeed until a week after Christmas, always waiting the



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arrival of the Colonel. Finding then that he did not come I set to work digging for a week and got about two dollars of gold in that time altho my expenses were \$14 per week. I then got an order for a colored drawing of the Ava Maria Valley, the next one to Mariposa, with the quartz works of Stockton Aspinwall and Co., which brought me in \$80 but still being in arrears with my board I had to set to work digging again, and as one can't manage alone, I got a partner and we started to Coloraos' digging about five miles from Mariposa where I borrowed an old tent and we set to work in regular miners style of which I will try to give you some description. We got to Colorao in the evening of 7th January and slept in the log cabin of Vincent Haller who was in that expedition of Colonel Fremont's across the Paso del Norte when half the party perished in the snow. He related me all the particulars of that terrible scene; the little cabin, about eight feet square with four of us in it, sitting on trunks and stools 'round a fire in one corner, with all the dirt and mess and discomfort of Californian pigging, for it is no better, made a scene not easily forgotten. Well, after a night's rest we were up by daylight when I and my partner set to and put up our own tent making up places to sleep on just off the ground as it was still wet, snow being on the ground in many places. It took all that day to get things a little to rights. I had with me a six pound pot of preserved beef and so we roasted some coffee and ground it and made some bread from the flour we brought up and this made a meal. There was not fresh meat to be procured as this place was quite in the mountains with only a few tents and cabins about. In the morning we would get up by daylight and boil water after having made a wood fire on the ground outside the tent. Then we made coffee and ate breakfast and went off to work. At noon we returned and took a little bread and preserved meat and then to work again and about five we returned for the day, made supper and, after resting a bit, making bread, grinding coffee, washing plates, and cups and so forth and getting our eyes well smoked over the wood fire, we got to bed before eight. The nights were very cold although the days were generally warm and pleasant. The country at Colorao was much higher in the mountains than Mariposa the latter being in a deep valley.

The scenery there is very pretty as you will say when you see the views I have made. There are magnificent old oaks about and plenty of pines, but at Colorao the oaks are fewer and the pines more plentiful. The rock of the country was all about the same, a talcose slate, with all the allied rocks of that formation, thickly interspersed with quartz veins, some of which had gold in visible specks in the quartz, though generally, there was not any to be seen, though after grinding a little came out, but not in paying quantities. The gold in the ravine and over the surface in many parts, came, there is no question, from these quartz veins, the whole soil of the country is the debris of these rocks and the talc slate and of course where the quartz, sand and gravel have gone the gold has followed, tho' being of greater specific gravity, it is lower down and often in the holes and crevices of the bed rock itself - but I cannot now enter into any geological description. I will tell you a little about the digging which I dare say you will be interested in. In the first place I said the rock of the country is generally talc slate or of that character. On the side of the mountains



there is not perhaps about a foot of soil on the rock, but in the valleys, of course, in some places the soil has accumulated to a greater depth, according to the steepness of the hills this varies in different diggings. At Mariposa the depth to the bed rock is on an average four to six feet through of course there are irregularities, holes and crevices that considerably alter this, and then again sometimes the rock stands right out of the ground. At Colorao the rock is generally not above two to three feet from the surface; the gold is generally found on the surface of the bed rock or in the clay and gravel immediately on the rock. If the diggings are three feet deep, one would wash one foot of the soil on the rock; if the diggings are six feet deep, perhaps two feet or even three feet might pay to wash. If the rock lies high in reference to the water level of the adjoining stream, the diggings are usually very poor; the best depth for working is when the bed rock shows at about two feet below the water level, for when much deeper it becomes such heavy work to keep out the water as it filters through the gravel and layers of sand and requires being baled out all the while one is working. Having marked off thirty feet of ground that one fancies may pay, one proceeds to dig up the top soil and stones for about six feet long, 24 ft. wide. After having gotten the hole 2 or 3 feet deep, in all probability one is at the water level of the stream when one digs one end always lower so as to let the water drain to one side and one digger sets at the baling; if the rock is then about a foot or two still deeper one generally takes a pan full of the soil and carefully washes it and if one gets enough gold from that, say from 2 to 5 cents, one throws it all up to wash, but if there is less than 2 cents one digs on and throws it away as it does not pay to wash. At last when one gets to the rock one has to scrape it with a knife, all the little holes and crevices one cleans out, and if the rock is slate one breaks it up about a foot deep so as to get the gold that has lodged between the slates. Very often the water comes in so fast that one cannot keep it under and then of course the gold is lost as it sinks always to the lowest bottom so as the work goes on the gold is always remaining behind. Most of the richest holes in the country are in this position. It would require heavy pumping engines to keep out the water and then of course the water could be gotten out but in all probability there would not be sufficient to pay, for a hole as you may suppose is very soon worked out.

If one end of the hole has appeared richer than the other, one continues on the hole in that direction and endeavors to keep on the rich lead, but this is very difficult now to do, as there are such an infirmity of holes sunk in all directions which, of course, are all full of water that they form wells which flood you if you get near them and require extensive draining to be able to do any good with and then at last so much having to be dug over, that has already been washed, to get at the fresh ground, the amount of work exceeds the profit. In sinking these holes in the old beds of the stream one has plenty of difficulties to encounter besides the water. Sometimes large trees have to be cut down and immense roots dug up, with large boulder rocks which have been washed down by former torrents, but oftener the ground is covered with willows like the banks of the stream at Arlvey, only that being a torrent stream, there is little or no alluvial soil it is principally gravel and stones



and clay. These willows are very difficult to dig up and occupy of course a long time, and often, after all it is labor in vain. Well, after the dirt for washing has been thrown out one usually washes it in a cradle ... A bucket full of dirt is put into the hopper at a time and when well washed the larger stones are left in the top. One casts one's eye over to see if there are any large lumps of gold and then throws the stones out and puts in another bucket-full and so on. At the mines they generally think that to dig off the top soil, throw up the dirt for washing and wash 100 buckets of it, is an ordinary day's work and the dirt is considered rich when it pays 5 cents to the bucket full on the average, which makes it about \$5 or 1 lb. per day. The average the miners have been making does not amount to more than \$3 (per day?) for the winter. Of course sometimes larger bits of gold turn up, but this is all good luck, and one can't depend on it. If the fine gold pays \$5 a day it is as much as one can expect, but of course it is hard work and a man who has been a laborer all his life can dig and wash more dirt than you or I could. The consequence is everything is inverted (?) in this country - the man who makes the most money is the hardest working laborer while the man of education has nothing but to enter an unequal competition with the laborer and, of course, prove not his equal. Of course, therefore, in a society in which the vulgar play the higher part you cannot expect much refinement and delicacy - indeed it looks like affectation to be different. The love of equality, too, of the Americans is so opposed to our notions they make no distinction in society, and because every man is politically equal they associate together as equals, and if you only heard the way in which Boston and some of the best places in the States are abused for their aristocracy which simply amounts to this, - that a Gentleman does not invite his Cattle driver or laborer to his dinner table, that he prefers the society of his own class, - this is the subject of quarrel between the Democracy and the Wiggs (?) of the States. So of course the latter people are outnumbered by the mass of the people. Then, too, their ideas of equality interfere with their looking to the law as a tribunal of justice and they are so fond of taking the law into their own hands. Indeed, a perfect American must know something of everything, a general smattering of every kind of knowledge, and as he has the highest opinion of himself, he fancies that he is superior in each subject to the person who even may have made that subject the study of his life. He is not only the smartest and quickest in business but he can cook, cut down a tree, open a gold mine, work a steam engine, or sail a ship better than any man, and to his various accomplishments, he can do the part of the hangman or the bully. This is a feeling that pervades all the Americans I have seen here, who are from almost all the States of the Union, principally, of course, from the Western States, from New Orleans and New York. Even those, from the best towns, that belong to the shopkeeper class, are the same brags. There is not the division of laborers amongst them that we have in England and of course things are never therefore so well done as you may suppose.

Well, I must now tell you that after working on until January 16th at Colorao and having only dug in all that time about \$12 between us, and being out of provisions, and altogether sick of my partner, who was from New York State and according to his own



account could do everything, but who, I soon found, could do nothing but smoke and spit and brag, I determined to return to Mariposa and remain at the boarding house and try and work on my own account without I met a partner I could get on better with.

Well, I set out a claim on Mariposa River but the water was too high and I had to wait until it sunk. I cut ditches and drains and turned the river all by myself and then waited the falling of the water. I had then an order for another drawing, which I did and I made several more sketches of views about the place. I went also to several of the other places in the neighborhood and dug a little, just Prospecting as it is called, but in most places there was too much water to work without a partner.

At last I determined to set in to digging again and got one of the Cornish miners, who came out in the Diana, to join me and an American from New York City, - rather better than most of them, and so we set in to work my claim at Mariposa which I had previously drained in a measure. We worked for about a week and I got about \$16 as my share which just paid the living for the time, and then the two I was working with, being real workmen and of course able to throw up more dirt in a day than I could, got careless and pretended that place would not pay to work and so we gave it up, but I saw they wanted to get rid of me so as to have more to divide between them, which was but natural. Of course I could have kept my claim, but as there was too much water to work it alone I determined to return to San Francisco, and see Colonel Fremont and get some money for the drawings. I was also very anxious to get my letters which were in the post as there is no regular post beyond Stockton. There are expresses that bring up letters once a month but they are private people and very uncertain and charge \$2 per letter and I was too short of money and too uncertain of remaining to give my name to the express.

Well, after having sold off all the baggage I had at Mariposa, I paid my bill. I left on foot for Agua Fria. I sold my things very well. My rifle, pistols, and mattress I sold for \$100, and I thus managed to sell sufficient to pay my expenses and set off to return to San Francisco on foot, carrying blankets and making sketches as I came down. After a day or two spent at Agua Fria, I heard that Col. Fremont had come to Mariposa, so I returned there. I saw him but he had no money and said he did not intend having the survey done, - that the mine would not be in operation and as to my drawings I had made he did not want them, that his agent had no authority from him to order them and at any rate the matter must be left over until the return of his agent from the States, which would not be for three months. He was very sorry I should be inconvenienced by it and all the rest, but could do nothing.

Well, I consulted a lawyer who agreed to bring an action against the Colonel for \$200 for the drawings I had done for him, and not to charge me if we failed, but after thinking it all over, I determined not to bring the action as I should have been detained there three weeks and been thus at living expenses all the time without much chance of making money in the meantime, and if I gained the action, expenses would have pretty well taken up all the profits and I should have been out of pocket the drawings which have been admired by everybody and I have been so strongly recommended to publish them in lithography and I



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have been told that I shall sell enough to make a large sum by them in the States that I determined to keep all I had and not bother about Col. Fremont any more and so I once again started for this place, making several interesting views as I came down. In Bear Valley Col. Hayden made me remain at his place a week and I made views of his works and the quartz run and some others, views from which I can make proper drawings, for, not having drawing paper with me, I could not finish them there. He has given me an order for three drawings for which he is to give me \$125, but as he has no money at present I shall not do them until I see if his works succeeds. I made a sketch map of Bear Valley which altogether brought me in \$25, so here I am, worse off as far as money goes than when I went to the mines.

I may say my rifle, pistols and many other things are ate up but then the winter is not through and I have altogether 25 or 30 sketches on hand from which I can some time sit down and make proper drawings, and then I have now gained experience of the mines and know exactly the tools to take up and how to manage and so I hope I may put this knowledge to profit in my next visit which I purpose making on Monday. Dr. Manning, in whose room I am staying now, has determined to go up with me and there is another gentleman who came out Dr. in the Lady Amburst who is up at Wood's diggings and so we are going to join him, and a party of three of us, boarding ourselves, ought to do something. But as long as I can do something just to give me a little money, I must look to my drawings for my pile, as the Americans say. One thing, however, the country is most healthy the scenery beautiful, and one has no such feeling as one would have in London without a shilling in one's pocket. One has a Bank here, but it is in the bed of the river and the gold must be dug out and not drawn. I think now I have given you a pretty good sketch of what I have been about. We have been all the winter in the seat of the Indian disturbances and have had plenty of false reports and exaggerations, - the unfortunate Indians are shot down like deer by the Americans and because they refused to work for some (?) of them. a man (?) of the name of Savage who had made them work for him and bring him a pound of gold for which he gave them a pound of tobacco -because at last they preferred to live in their old valleys- and went away and left him, he set off after them and has gotten up a large party to go fighting them, till at last there is a regular war carried on. The United States Government has sent out two commissioners but they are not much attended to and troops have been gotten together, but as the Americans choose their own officers, instead of choosing a real officer, they have chosen Savage who is now dubbed Major Savage. Poor people they are doomed to be exterminated as they seem unfit to live in any mode but their own, and as that can't continue and they must either set in to work or be hunted down they will soon disappear.

I must now conclude this as I am in the midst of packing up and selling off things previously to going to the mines for another campaign, which I trust will be more successful than the last.

So adieu once more -

Yours affly

George H Goddard

[Herman Melville](#) wrote to [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#):

Take God out of the dictionary, and you would have Him in the street.

At about this point [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by a “W. Cushing” presumably in Bedford, Massachusetts. This would not have been the high judicial official of that name — so it may well have been the Reverend William Orcutt Cushing, a Unitarian minister and, in a later timeframe, an author of hymns. But we don’t know.

O safe to the Rock that is higher than I,
 My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly.
 So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be;
 Thou blest Rock of Ages, I’m hiding in Thee.

Chorus: Hiding in Thee, Hiding in Thee,
 Thou blest Rock of Ages, I’m hiding in Thee.

In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow’s lone hour,
 In times when temptation casts o’er me its power,
 In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
 Thou blest Rock of Ages, I’m hiding in Thee. [Chorus]

How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,
 I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe.
 How often when trials like sea billows roll
 Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul. [Chorus]




The letter below, without date or place of origin, is signed “*W. Cushing*” and “*Chairman Ex. Com^{tee}.*” (If Thoreau did lecture in Bedford in or around this month, the speculation is that he would likely have read “Economy,” “Cape Cod,” or “Walking.”)

To: HDT
From: W. Cushing
Date: 4/51

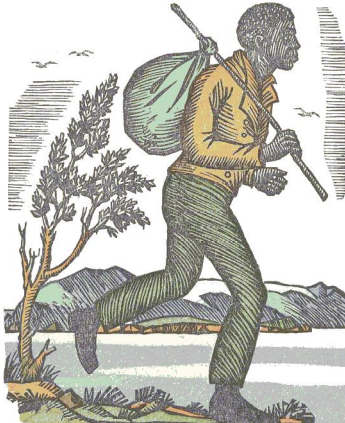
{MS torn} *us.*
Will you please give us an answer—and your subject—i[f] you consent to come—by Mr. Charles Bowers, who is to lecture here tomorrow evening {MS torn}
Respectfully yours
W. Cushing
Chairman Ex. Com^{tee}—
Mr. Henry D. Thoreau
Concord—

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 April 1851: In this month and the next, the [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#) affair would be furnishing [Henry Thoreau](#) with illustrative material for “[SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS](#)”. That is to say, the variety of kidnappers known as “slave catchers” were in the process of kidnapping a teenage [Boston](#) waiter known to them as “fugitive slave Sims.” [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) would be defending, but unsuccessfully, as such kidnapping was not then a federal crime but instead a federal perpetration.⁶¹

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW



Friend [Seth Concklin](#) had spirited the wife Lavinia and the children of [Peter Still](#) away and they had made it all the way up out of Alabama and out of the South into Indiana — but then at one point Concklin had needed to be away on an errand and, during his absence, the Still family was captured. When he tried to obtain a writ of *habeas corpus* he also was thrown in the Indiana jail. After murdering him, the slave-catchers would restore the black family to its Alabama slavemaster.

The Reverend [Samuel Ringgold Ward](#) was summoned from his place of residence in Syracuse, New York to the bedside of his father in Newark, New Jersey:

After his escape, my father learned to read, so that he could enjoy the priceless privilege of searching the Scriptures. Supporting himself by his trade as a house painter, or whatever else offered (as he was a man of untiring industry), he lived in Cumberland County, New Jersey, from 1820 until 1826; in New York city from that year until 1838; and in the city of Newark, New Jersey, from 1838 until May 1851, when he died, at the age of 68.... In April I was summoned to his bedside, where I found him the victim of paralysis. After spending some few days with him, and leaving him very much better, I went to Pennsylvania on business, and returned in about ten days, when he appeared still very comfortable; I then, for a few days, left him. My mother and I knew that another attack was to be feared — another, we knew too well, would prove fatal; but when it would occur was of course beyond our knowledge; but we hoped for the best. My father and I talked very freely of his death. He had always maintained that a Christian ought to have his preparation for his departure made, and completed in Christ, before death, so as when death should come he should have nothing to do BUT TO DIE. “That,” said my father, “is enough to do at once: let repenting, believing, everything else, be sought at a proper time; let dying alone be done at the dying time.” In my last conversation with him he not only maintained, but he felt, the same. Then, he seemed as if he might live a twelvemonth....


61. Under the heading "Pacifist, Thoreau not a" on page 191 of CONCORD: CLIMATE FOR FREEDOM, a history written by the anti-pacifist Ruth R. Wheeler, the incident of the return of Thomas Simms (Sims) is cited as one of the author's two proof-texts, demonstrating that Henry Thoreau believed in resisting evil, and was characterized as follows:



Henry Thoreau at this time (April, 1851) expressed himself at length and bitterly in his Journal. He was proud to read that the man who made the prayer on the wharf was Daniel Foster of CONCORD but when he thought what a short time Foster had lived in Concord, he was ashamed that the Buttricks and Davises and Hosmers, descendants of the men who had fought at the bridge for their liberty, should be celebrating that fight on April 19th while themselves unwilling to do anything to help three million slaves attain their freedom.

But I would have done with comparing ourselves with our ancestors, for I believe that even they, if somewhat braver and less corrupt than we, were not men of so much principle and generosity as to go to war in behalf of another race in their midst. I do not believe that the North will soon come to blows with the South on this question. It would be too bright a page to be written in the history of the race at present.

History in 1861 was to show how wrong Thoreau was in this estimate.


The man who was converted to a life of violence by the violence of the Simms case was, of course, the Reverend Daniel Foster, the Concord minister who had attracted notice by praying on the dock in 1851 as Simms was being extradited from Boston to Savannah GA in 1851 — not Thoreau. Leaving the Concord church, Foster had become Chaplain of the Massachusetts House of Representatives and was in attendance when Captain John Brown spoke before a committee about the Kansas Territory troubles. Almost immediately afterward he quit his Chaplaincy and moved to Kansas, "convinced that our cause must receive a baptism of blood before it can be victorious." 


I expect to serve in Capt. John Brown's company in the next Kansas war, which I hope is inevitable & near at hand.

(Clearly, Wheeler was neither a reader with any capacity to recognize sarcasm nor a writer with any capacity to reserve judgment.)


 April/May [1851](#): At about this point [Waldo Emerson](#) was writing in his journal:

*It is now as disgraceful to be a Bostonian as it was hitherto a credit.... I met an episcopal clergyman, & allusion being made to Mr Webster's treachery, he replied "Why, do you know I think that the great action of his life?" I opened a paper today in which he pounds on the old strings in a letter to the Washington Birth Day feasters at N.Y. "Liberty! liberty!" Pho! Let Mr Webster for decency's sake shut his lips once & forever on this word. The word **liberty** in the mouth of Mr Webster sounds like the word **love** in the mouth of a courtesan.... What a moment was lost when Judge Lemuel Shaw declined to affirm the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law!*




 April [1851](#): This month's issue of [Harper's New Monthly Magazine](#).

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

 April [1851](#): [Andrew Jackson Downing](#) was invited by [President Millard Fillmore](#) to superintend the work of converting 160 acres of government land in Washington DC near the Capitol building, the White House, and the Smithsonian Institution into gardens and promenades. He set to work on this in full awareness that it was the largest such project ever contemplated in this nation.

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT

Read  [Henry Thoreau's Journal for January-April 1851 \(æf. 33\)](#)

 April 1, Tuesday, [1851](#): [Aaron D. Stevens](#) visited a recruiting depot in [New-York](#) where he met [Major Charles Augustus May](#), who had been a dashing Dragoon hero in the war on [Mexico](#).



circa April 1: "It is only the squalid savages and degraded boschmen of creation that have their feeble teeth & tiny stings steeped in venom, and so made formidable." ants –centipedes, and mosquitos –spiders, wasps, and scorpions– Hugh Miller.

To obtain to a true relation to one human creature is enough to make a year memorable.

The man for whom law exists –the man of forms, the conservative, is a tame man.

A recent English writer (De Quincey) endeavoring to account for the atrocities of [Caligula](#) and [Nero](#) –their monstrous & anomalous cruelties –and the general servility & corruption which they imply– Observes that it is difficult to believe that "the descendents of a people so severe in their habits" as the Romans, "could thus rapidly" have degenerated –that "in reality the citizens of Rome were at this time a new race brought together from every quarter of the world, but especially from Asia"

A vast "proportion of the ancient citizens had been cut off by the sword and such multitudes of



emancipated slaves from Asia had been invested with the rights of citizens, “that, in a single generation, Rome became almost transmuted into a baser metal.” As [Juvenal](#) complained— “the Orontes had mingled its impure waters with those of the Tiber.” & “Probably, in the time of Nero, not one man in six was of pure Roman descent.” Instead of such says another “came Syrians, Cappadocians, Phrygians, and other enfranchised slaves” — “these in half a century had sunk so low, that [Tiberius](#) pronounced her (Rome’s) very senators to be *homines ad servitatem natos*, men born to be slaves.”

So one would say, in the absence of particular genealogical evidence, that the vast majority of the inhabitants of the City of Boston—even—those of senatorial dignity—the Curtises— Lunts — Woodbury’s and others—men not descendants of the men of the revolution the Hancocks—Adamses—Otises—but some “syrians Cappadocians & Phrygians,” merely, *homines ad servitatem natos* men born to be slaves

There is such an office if not such a man as the Governor of Massachusetts— What has he been about the last fortnight? He has probably had as much as he could do to keep on the fence during this moral earthquake. It seems to me that no such keen satire, no such cutting insult could be offered to that man, as the absence of all inquiry after him in this crisis. It appears to have been forgotten that there was such a man or such an office. Yet no doubt he has been filling the gubernatorial chair all the while. One Mr Boutwell—so named perchance because he goes about well to suit the prevailing wind

In ’75 2 or 300s of the inhabitants of Concord assembled at one of the bridges with arms in their hands to assert the right of 3 millions to tax themselves, & have a voice in governing themselves—About a week ago the authorities of Boston, having the sympathy of many of the inhabitants of Concord assembled in the grey of the dawn, assisted by a still larger armed force—to send back a perfectly innocent man—and one whom they knew to be innocent into a slavery as complete as the world ever knew Of course it makes not the least difference I wish you to consider this who the man was—whether he was Jesus christ or another— for in as much as ye did it unto the least of these his brethen ye did it unto him Do you think *he* would have stayed here in *liberty* and let the black man go into slavery in his stead? They sent him back I say to live in slavery with other 3 millions mark that—whom the same slave power or slavish power north & south—holds in that condition. 3 millions who do not, like the first mentioned, assert the right to govern themselves but simply to run away & stay away from their prison-house.

Just a week afterward those inhabitants of this town who especially sympathize with the authorities of Boston in this their deed caused the bells to be rung & the cannons to be fired to celebrate the courage & the love of liberty of those men who assembled at the bridge. As if *those* 3 millions had fought for the right to be free themselves—but to hold in slavery 3 million others

Why gentlemen even consistency though it is much abused is sometimes a virtue.

Every humane & intelligent inhabitant of Concord when he or she heard those bells & those cannon thought not so much of the events of the 19th of April 1775 as of the events of the 12 of April 1851 I wish my townsmen to consider that whatever the human law may be neither an individual nor a nation can ever deliberately commit the least act of injustice without having to pay the penalty for it A government which deliberately enacts injustice—& persists in it!—it will become the laughing stock of the world.

Much as has been said about American slavery, I think that commonly we do not yet realize what slavery is— If I were seriously to propose to congress to make mankind into sausages, I have no doubt that most would smile at my proposition and if any believed me to be in earnest they would think that I proposed something much worse than Congress had ever done. But gentlemen if any of you will tell me that to make a man into a sausage would be much worse (would be any worse), than to make him into a slave—than it was then to enact the fugitive-slave law—I shall here accuse him of foolishness—of intellectual incapacity—of making a distinction without a difference.

The one is just as sensible a proposition as the other.

When I read the account of the carrying back of the fugitive into slavery, which was read last sunday evening—and read also what was not read here that the man who made the prayer on the wharf was Daniel Foster of *Concord* I could not help feeling a slight degree of pride because of all the towns in the Commonwealth Concord was the only one distinctly named as being represented in that tea-party

62. Since this governor’s full name was George Sewall Boutwell, we need to ask whether [Henry Thoreau](#) knew this, and whether he was any relation—or whether Thoreau thought he was any relation—to Ellen Devereux Sewall to whom Thoreau had proposed marriage.



—and as she had a place in the first so would have a place in this the last & perhaps next most important chapter of the Hist of Mass. But my second feeling— when I reflected how short a time that gentleman has resided in this town —was one of doubt & shame —because the *men* of Concord in recent times have done nothing to entitle them to the honor of having their town named in such a connexion.

I hear a good deal said about trampling this law under foot— Why one need not go out of his way to do that— This law lies not at the level of the head or the reason— Its natural habitat is in the dirt. It was bred & has its life only in the dust & mire —on a level with the feet & he who walks with freedom unless with a sort of quibbling & Hindoo mercy he avoids treading on every venomous reptile —will inevitably tread on it & so trample it under foot.

It has come to this that the friends of liberty the friends of the slave have shuddered when they have understood, that his fate has been left to the legal tribunals so called of the country to be decided. The people have no faith that justice will be awarded in such a case —the judge may decide this way or that, it is a kind of accident at best— It is evident that he is not a competent authority in so important a case. I would not trust the life of my friend to the judges of all the supreme Courts in the world put together —to be sacrificed or saved by precedent— I would much rather trust to the sentiment of the people, which would itself be a precedent to posterity— In their vote you would get something worth having at any rate, but in the other case only the trammelled judgment of an individual —of no significance be it which way it will.

I think that recent events will be valuable as a criticism on the administration of justice in our midst —or rather as revealing what are the true sources of justice in any community. It is to some extent fatal to the Courts when the people are compelled to go behind the courts They learn that The Courts are made for fair-weather & for very civil cases—

{*One leaf missing*}

let us entertain opinions of our own —let us be a town & not a suburb —as far from Boston in this sense as we were by the old Road which lead through Lexington —a place where tyranny may ever be met with firmness & driven back with defeat to its ships.

Concord has several more bridges left of the same sort which she is taxed to maintain — Can she not raise men to defend them?

As for measures to be adopted among others I would advise abolitionists to make as earnest and vigorous and persevering an assault on the Press, as they have already made and with effect too —on the Church— The Church has decidedly improved within a year or two.— aye even within a fortnight —but the press is almost without exception corrupt. I believe that in this country the press exerts a greater and a more pernicious influence than the Church We are not a religious people but we are a nation of politicians we do not much care for —we do not read the Bible —but we do care for & we do read the newspaper— It is a bible which we read every morning & every afternoon standing & sitting —riding & walking— It is a bible which lies on every table & counter which every man carries in his pocket which the mail & thousands of missionaries are continually dispersing— It is the only book which America has printed and is Capable of exerting an almost inconceivable influence for good or for bad. The editor is preacher whom you voluntarily support your tax is commonly one cent —& it costs nothing for pew-hire. But how many of these preachers preach the truth— I repeat the testimony of many an intelligent traveller as well as my own convictions when I say that probably no country was ever ruled by so mean a class of tyrants as are the editors of the periodical press in *this* country.

Almost without exception the tone of the press is mercenary & servile— The Commonwealth & the Liberator are the only papers as far as I know which make themselves heard in condemnation of the cowardice & meanness of the authorities of Boston as lately exhibited. The other journals almost without exception —as the Advertiser the Transcript —the Journal —the Times —Bee —Herald —&c by their manner of referring to & speaking of the Fugitive-slave law or the carrying back of the slave—insult the common sense of the country And they do this for the most part because they think so to secure the approbation of their patrons & also one would think because they are not aware that a sounder sentiment prevails to any extent.


But thank fortune this preacher can be more easily reached by the weapons of the Reformer than could the recreant Priest— the *free* men of New England have only to —refrain from purchasing & reading these sheets have only to withhold their cents to kill a score of them at once.

Mahomet made his celestial journey in so short a time that “on his return he was able to prevent the complete overturn of a vase of water, which the angel Gabriel had struck with his wing on his departure.”

When he took refuge in a cave near Mecca being on his flight (Hegira) to Medina. “By the time that the Koreishites [who were close behind] reached the mouth of the cavern, an acacia tree had sprung up before it, in the spreading branches of which a pigeon had made its nest, and laid its eggs, and over the whole a spider had woven its web.”

He said of himself. “I am no king, but the son of a Koreishite woman, who ate flesh dried in the sun.” He exacted –“a tithe of the productions of the earth, where it was fertilized by brooks & rain; and a twentieth part where its fertility was the result of irrigation.”⁶³

Holy Qu’ran

 April 2, Wednesday, [1851](#): Phra Nang Klao, known as Siam’s Rama III, died and was succeeded by his half-brother Phra Chom Klao Mongkut, who would reign in Siam for 17 years, into 1868, as Rama IV, opening that country to foreign trade.

Charles Bowers, who was a curator of the Concord Lyceum during the 1850/1851 season, lectured before the Concord Lyceum on the topic of “Shoemakers.”

In the few weeks that the Reverend [Daniel Foster](#) was in Concord, Massachusetts before returning to Chester for the birth of his 1st child, an event would occur that would become one of the pivotal moments of his life. Before we get to that event we should read a diary entry that, made on this day just weeks after arriving in Concord, mirrors what had just occurred to him in his church in Chester, where he had been dismissed. Some members of the Concord congregation had already begin to complain that he was preaching about nothing but [race slavery](#). His “double-down” reaction to their objections in Concord presumably reveals how he had reacted to concerns raised by his congregation in Chester.

April 2 1851

I feel a good deal anxious for I learn that some of the people are dissatisfied with my preaching because I make reference so often to slavery. And so I have been trying to prepare sermons for next Sunday in the hopes that they will convince these people of their errors and my truth.



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]

63. The poet [W.H. Auden](#) has in 1962 brought forward a snippet from this day’s entry as:

THE VIKING BOOK OF APHORISMS, A PERSONAL SELECTION BY W.H. AUDEN...

Pg	Topic	Aphorism Selected by Auden out of Thoreau
309	Politics and Power	Whatever the human law may be, neither an individual nor a nation can ever deliberately commit the least act of injustice without having to pay the penalty for it.



1851

1851



April 3, Thursday, 1851: [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#)'s arrest. The United States Commissioner in [Boston](#), [George Ticknor Curtis](#), ordered that that teenage runaway, who had been living and working in Boston, be sent back to his owner in Georgia (who was, possibly, also his father), who in all likelihood would torture him and might well murder him by due process of law.



Sims was a man seriously addicted to his pleasures, a drinker and habitué of the Ann Street bordellos. He had been something of a hard case: he carried a knife, and when arrested had cut Asa Butman pretty severely in the leg.... The abolitionists put it out that Sims had died from the whipping he got when he arrived back in Savannah that spring of 1851. But it wasn't true.

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

According to Leonard W. Levy's *THE LAW OF THE COMMONWEALTH AND CHIEF JUSTICE SHAW* (Oxford, 1957), it had become

notorious that no fugitive slave had ever been returned from Boston. Webster Whigs were dismayed that the whole state of Massachusetts was known as the cradle of "mad Abolitionism." It had become a matter of pride, not alone in the South, that a fugitive should be seized in Boston and taken back to slavery. Then, on Thursday evening, April 3, 1851—before the excitement of the [Shadrach](#) [[Frederick Jenkins](#)] case had subsided—the city government of Boston was presented with an opportunity to make good on its promises of loyally enforcing the Fugitive Slave Act: Thomas Sims was taken into custody as a fugitive slave belonging to Mr. James Potter, a rice planter of Chatham

The Sunday Boston [Globe](#) for February 9, 1997 featured a review of Gary Collison's book *SHADRACH MINKINS: FROM FUGITIVE SLAVE TO CITIZEN*, with two handsome woodcuts and a photo of an ad for the sale of [Shadrach](#).⁶⁴

A man came from Norfolk VA to Boston with documents attesting to the fact that a waiter at Taft's Cornhill Coffee House, Frederick Wilkins AKA [Shadrach](#), was an escaped slave. The Commissioner of the US Circuit Court, George Ticknor Curtis, by politics a "Cotton Whig," issued a warrant for the arrest of said runaway, who was seized as he unsuspectingly served the breakfast of US Deputy Marshall Patrick Riley. After hustling the waiter through back streets to the courthouse, Riley notified City Marshal Francis Tukey and Mayor Bigelow that he had "got a nigger."

Brad Dean summarizes: "In September 1850 the United States Congress passed the Fugitive Slave Law, which granted slaveholders the right to seize runaway slaves anywhere in the U.S. and carry them back to the South. The first attempt at rendition in February 1851 failed when abolitionists rescued a runaway called

64. So, what was a "Cotton Whig"?—Ronald Bailey, in considering the extended economic impact of the slave economy on industrialization in New England, has proposed that we employ a new term, the "slave(ry) trade," so that we can refer not simply to the trade in slaves, between nations and inside our nation, but to the entire national economy that we built directly or tangentially around slave labor and its produce. This can be, he suggests, a useful shorthand which will remind us of the complex economic linkages wrought by slaveholding. New England textile mill owners and planter interests in the South and the Caribbean maintained a steady commerce of raw goods and finished supplies. The selfinterests of these groups were sometimes so close that the distinction between them broke down; individuals or families could become industrial capitalists as well as plantation owners. Bailey has cited, in detail, economic relationships between New England merchants and Caribbean plantation owners which personalize the economic relationship between northern industry and the slave plantations. Rowland Gibson Hazard, a [Rhode Island](#) manufacturer of negro cloth, was able somehow to support abolitionist principles while also producing products which directly implicated him in, to use Bailey's phrase, the slave(ry) trade. Somehow such people were able to experience a shift in their moral values without fundamentally reassessing the consequences of their own economic activities. As a result, they could embrace antislavery sentiments, but not sufficiently to cease all economic participation in the slave(ry) trade, and not sufficiently to become ardent abolitionists. "Why," Stachiw asks, "didn't they expand their perceptions of moral principles to encompass the full consequences of their actions?" (One explanation that has been proffered is that their opposition to abolitionism drew less from their moral stand against it than from their opposition to what they saw as the threat to their status, as local elites, that was being presented by upstart immediatists.)

1851

1851

[Shadrach \(Frederick Jenkins\)](#) from his captors in [Boston](#) and sent him on to safety in [Canada](#). Less than two months later, however, another runaway, [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#), was seized in Boston, but on that occasion local, state, and federal troops ensured that Sims's owners were able to carry him back to Georgia. [Henry Thoreau](#) and hundreds of thousands of others in the North were outraged by the Fugitive Slave Law and the Sims rendition, which seemed to them flagrant violations by the federal government of the rights guaranteed to states under the US Constitution. As a consequence of these and similar actions by the federal government, the Nullification movement, which posited that a state had a right to nullify laws mandated by the federal government, garnered more serious attention in the North than it had before been accorded. Two key events immediately preceded and helped set the stage for the meeting sponsored by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society on July 4th, 1854. On May 24th, [Anthony Burns](#), a fugitive slave working in a Boston clothing store, was arrested and slated to be shipped back to Virginia. Abolitionists protested at [Faneuil Hall](#), and the Reverend [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#) [of Boston's Vigilance Committee] led a failed attempt to rescue Burns from the Boston jail."



[Anthony Burns](#)

**was given a new suit for the occasion
and was escorted under heavy guard by the militia
to a revenue cutter which returned him to slavery.
(It is estimated that it cost our government some \$100,000
to make him a slave again.)**

Brad Dean continues: “The second key event was the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, which became law on May 30. One provision of the Act was the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, an action that removed the explicit prohibition of slavery in the northern reaches of the Louisiana Purchase.



[Thoreau](#) was incensed over the Burns affair. On May 29th, he began a long, scathing journal entry with these two sentences, the second of which would echo again in [“SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS”](#): “These days it is left to one Mr. Loring to say whether a citizen of Massachusetts is a slave or not. Does any one think that Justice or God awaits Mr. Loring’s decision?”⁶⁵ The arrangements by which [Thoreau](#) joined [William Lloyd Garrison](#), [Wendell Phillips](#), and the others on the podium at [Framingham](#) are not known. The absence of his name from announcements of the event suggests that he was a last-minute addition, but we do not know whether he was asked to speak or sought the opportunity. In view of his aroused emotions at the moment and of his apparent difficulty getting Concordians to talk about the North rather than the South, it is certainly possible that the announced rally struck him as an ideal forum to get things off his chest. Minimal time to prepare was not really a problem because on the issue of slavery and Massachusetts his long-stewing thought and rhetoric had already reached the boiling point. Indeed, in writing [SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS](#), he essentially mined his still fresh journal entries on Burns and earlier passages on the [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#) case.”

Mongkut (Rama IV) replaced Nangklao (Rama III) as King of Krung Thep (Thailand).

[Hector Berlioz](#) wrote in the *Journal des débats*, “Monsieur Gottschalk was one of the few now living who possess all the different elements which make a pianist of sovereign power.”



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]



April 3, Thursday, 1851: [Ralph Middleton Munroe](#) was born in [New-York](#).

65. THE JOURNAL OF HENRY D. THOREAU, ed. Bradford Torrey and [Francis Henry Allen](#), 14 volumes. Boston MA: Houghton, Mifflin, 1906, 6:313.

[Wendell Phillips estimated the number of police guarding the courthouse at not less than 500. in the courtroom itself, there were 6 guards stationed at the door, and the prisoner was seated with 2 policemen on each side of him and 5 more directly behind him. Only his counsel was being allowed to approach him, and only from the front.]

[While the abolitionist meeting was going on in the Tremont Temple, 3 companies of the local militia were ordered out by the Mayor: the City Guards, the New England Guards, and the Boston Light Guards. Over and above that, there were 250 Federal soldiers on alert at the Charlestown navy yard, with 2 pieces of artillery.]

[Saturday Morning: the guard on the prisoner as he was escorted through the streets was 300 armed men. The brig *Acorn*, of course, mounted cannon and was on the alert to defend itself from assault.]

 April 4, Friday, 1851: In Concord, the Reverend [Daniel Foster](#) heard about what was happening to [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#) in Boston.




[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]



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 April 5, Saturday, 1851: *Abbott v. Bacon and Another* had been a libel action tried before Mr. Justice Erle at the Assizes court hearings in Norwich, England. The accused had published in the Norwich Mercury that the plaintiff, a superintendent of the County Constabulary at East Derham, had stolen certain articles from the pharmacy shop of Mr. Abram in that town. The jury had assessed damages of a farthing. On this day there was a meeting in the Norfolk Hotel that arrived at the conclusion that this libel trial had offered “a most painful illustration of the gross injustice which may be inflicted upon the editor of a newspaper who honestly and fearlessly comments on matters of general interest,” and a public subscription was collected to recoup to the proprietors of the newspaper the loss they had sustained in their successful vindication of the liberty of the press. On April 16th a motion would be made in the Court of Exchequer for a new trial on the ground that the jury had been improperly directed and a “rule nisi” would be granted. On June 27th, by agreement between the plaintiff and the defendant, a verdict would be entered in the Court of Exchequer for a farthing in damages (in other words, although the accusation was true no appreciable harm seemed to have been done).


Waldo Emerson arrived back on Staten Island and met Lidian at his brother’s home with their son Edward, and they took a steamboat to Norwich, a carriage to Framingham, and a “carry-all” to Concord.

Daniel Foster went into Boston and would be present every day of the trial of Thomas Simms (Sims). His diary indicates how radicalized he was becoming and how ready he would be to act upon his convictions:

April 5, 1851 Concord
Oh my country, how hast thou fallen in this abject hour from
thine elevation of honor into the deepest shame and crime.
I renounce and cast off all allegiance to our wicked government.



**[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM
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 April 6, Sunday, 1851: Henri-Frédéric Amiel, who would be referred to as the “Swiss Thoreau,” wrote in his JOURNAL INTIME: “Was there ever any one so vulnerable as I? If I were a father how many griefs and vexations, a child might cause me. As a husband I should have a thousand ways of suffering because my happiness demands a thousand conditions I have a heart too easily reached, a too restless imagination; despair is easy to me, and every sensation reverberates again and again within me. What might be, spoils for me what is. What ought to be consumes me with sadness. So the reality, the present, the irreparable, the necessary, repel and even terrify me. I have too much imagination, conscience and penetration, and not enough character. The life of thought alone seems to me to have enough elasticity and immensity, to be free enough from the irreparable; practical life makes me afraid.

And yet, at the same time it attracts me; I have need of it. Family life, especially, in all its delightfulness, in all its moral depth, appeals to me almost like a duty. Sometimes I cannot escape from the ideal of it. A companion of my life, of my work, of my thoughts, of my hopes; within, a common worship, toward the world outside, kindness and beneficence; educations to undertake, the thousand and one moral relations which develop round the first, all these ideas intoxicate me sometimes. But I put them aside because every hope is, as it were, an egg whence a serpent may issue instead of a dove, because every joy missed is a stab; because every seed confided to destiny contains an ear of grief which the future may develop.

I am distrustful of myself and of happiness because I know myself. The ideal poisons for me all imperfect possession. Everything which compromises the future or destroys my inner liberty, which enslaves me to things or obliges me to be other than I could and ought to be, all which injures my idea of the perfect man, hurts me mortally, degrades and wounds me in mind, even beforehand. I abhor useless regrets and repentances. The fatality of the consequences which follow upon every human act, the leading idea of dramatic art and the most tragic element of life, arrests me more certainly than the arm of the Commandeur. I only act with regret, and almost by force.

To be dependent is to me terrible; but to depend upon what is irreparable, arbitrary and unforeseen, and above all to be so dependent by my fault and through my own error, to give up liberty and hope, to slay sleep and happiness, this would be hell!

All that is necessary, providential, in short, unimputable, I could bear, I think, with some strength of mind. But responsibility mortally envenoms grief; and as an act is essentially voluntary, therefore I act as little as possible.

Last outbreak of a rebellious and deceitful self-will, craving for repose for satisfaction, for independence! is there not some relic of selfishness in such a disinterestedness, such a fear, such idle susceptibility.

I wish to fulfill my duty, but where is it, what is it? Here inclination comes in again and interprets the oracle. And the ultimate question is this: Does duty consist in obeying one's nature, even the best and most spiritual? or in conquering it?

Life, is it essentially the education of the mind and intelligence, or that of the will? And does will show itself in strength or in resignation? If the aim of life is to teach us renunciation, then welcome sickness, hindrances, sufferings of every kind! But if its aim is to produce the perfect man, then one must watch over one's integrity of mind and body. To court trial is to tempt God. At bottom, the God of justice veils from me the God of love. I tremble instead of trusting.

Whenever conscience speaks with a divided, uncertain, and disputed voice, it is not yet the voice of God. Descend still deeper into yourself, until you hear nothing but a clear and undivided voice, a voice which does away with doubt and brings with it persuasion, light and serenity. Happy, says the apostle, are they who are at peace with themselves, and whose heart condemneth them not in the part they take. This inner identity, this unity of conviction, is all the more difficult the more the mind analyzes, discriminates, and foresees. It is difficult, indeed, for liberty to return to the frank unity of instinct.


Alas! we must then re-climb a thousand times the peaks already scaled, and reconquer the points of view already won, we must fight the fight! The human heart, like kings, signs mere truces under a pretence of perpetual peace. The eternal life is eternally to be re-won. Alas, yes! peace itself is a struggle, or rather it is struggle and activity which are the law. We only find rest in effort, as the flame only finds existence in combustion. O Heraclitus! the symbol of happiness is after all the same as that of grief; anxiety and hope, hell and heaven, are equally restless. The altar of Vesta and the sacrifice of Beelzebub burn with the same fire. Ah, yes, there you have life — life double-faced and double-edged. The fire which enlightens is also the fire which consumes; the element of the gods may become that of the accursed."



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM
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1851

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 April 6, Sunday-20, Sunday, 1851: Soon after [Isaac Hecker](#)'s return to the US, he and 10 other members of Father Bernard Hafkenscheid's cadre of revivalists conducted a mission at St. Joseph's Church in Greenwich Village, New York City. The overwhelming success of this mission was, they say, what began the practice of organized and systematic missions for English-speaking [Catholic](#) parishes in the United States.⁶⁶ Success has a million children, and soon even Jesuits would be creating such cadres to conduct such missions, but in America it was the [Redemptorists](#) who were there 1stest with the mostest, and [Father Thomas](#) had been right in there with the 1stest.



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM
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 April 7, Monday, 1851: Jennie Persis Garland was born (she would become the 2d wife of [James Kendall Hosmer](#)).

[Henri-Frédéric Amiel](#), who would be referred to as the “Swiss [Thoreau](#),” wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: “Read a part of [Arnold] Ruge’s volume “Die Academie” (1848) where the humanism of the neo-Hegelians in politics, religion, and literature is represented by correspondents or articles (Kuno Fischer, Kollach, etc). They recall the philosophist party of the last century, able to dissolve anything by reason and reasoning, but unable to construct anything; for construction rests upon feeling, instinct, and will. One finds them mistaking philosophic consciousness for realizing power, the redemption of the intelligence for the redemption of the heart, that is to say, the part for the whole. These papers make me understand the radical difference between morals and intellectualism. The writers of them wish to supplant religion by philosophy. Man is the principle of their religion, and intellect is the climax of man. Their religion, then, is the religion of intellect. There you have the two worlds: Christianity brings and preaches salvation by the conversion of the will, humanism by the emancipation of the mind. One attacks the heart, the other the brain. Both wish to enable man to reach his ideal. But the ideal differs, if not by its content, at least by the disposition of its content, by the predominance and sovereignty given to this for that inner power. For one, the mind is the organ of the soul; for the other, the soul is an inferior state of the mind; the one wishes to enlighten by making better, the other to make better by enlightening. It is the difference between Socrates and Jesus.

The cardinal question is that of sin. The question of immanence or of dualism is secondary. The trinity, the life to come, paradise and hell, may cease to be dogmas, and spiritual realities, the form and the letter may vanish away, the question of humanity remains: What is it which saves? How can man be led to be truly man? Is the ultimate root of his being responsibility, yes or no? And is doing or knowing the right, acting or thinking, his ultimate end? If science does not produce love it is insufficient. Now all that science gives is the amor intellectualis of Spinoza, light without warmth, a resignation which is contemplative and grandiose, but inhuman, because it is scarcely transmissible and remains a privilege, one of the rarest of all. Moral love places the center of the individual in the center of being. It has at least salvation in principle, the germ of eternal life. To love is virtually to know; to know is not virtually to love; there you have the relation of these two modes of man. The redemption wrought by science or by intellectual love is then inferior to the redemption wrought by will or by moral love. The first may free a man from himself, it may enfranchise him from egotism. The second drives the ego out of itself, makes it active and fruitful. The one is critical, purifying, negative; the other is vivifying, fertilizing, positive. Science, however spiritual and substantial it may be in itself, is still formal relatively to love. Moral force is then the vital point. And this force is only produced by moral force. Like alone

66. What, in the 19th Century, was a “mission” event? Each such event would occupy several days. The core consisted of presence for a series of intensely emotional sermons and the experience was designed to induce a collective religious rejuvenation, coordinated through a series of liturgical events and pious practices. —Does this sound something like today’s religious “retreat”? Through a series of such retreats or missions, Father Clarence Walworth would gain renown as an eloquent, fervent sermonizer, Father Augustine F. Hewit would gain renown for clear enunciation of dogma, and [Father Isaac Hecker](#) would gain renown for the effectiveness of his instructional lessons.



1851

1851

acts upon like. Therefore do not amend by reasoning, but by example; approach feeling by feeling; do not hope to excite love except by love. Be what you wish others to become. Let yourself and not your words preach for you.

Philosophy, then, to return to the subject, can never replace religion; revolutionaries are not apostles, although the apostles may have been revolutionaries. To save from the outside to the inside — and by the outside I understand also the intelligence relatively to the will — is an error and danger. The negative part of the humanist's work is good; it will strip Christianity of an outer shell, which has become superfluous; but Ruge and Feuerbach cannot save humanity. She must have her saints and her heroes to complete the work of her philosophers. Science is the power of man, and love his strength; man becomes man only by the intelligence, but he is man only by the heart. Knowledge, love, power — there is the complete life."

The Reverend [Moncure Daniel Conway](#)'s first sermon as a Methodist circuit-rider.⁶⁷

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

VOLUME II

[Herman Melville](#)'s father-in-law Judge [Lemuel Shaw](#) refused to help save from slavery the teenage runaway [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#).

Soon [Waldo Emerson](#) sought consolation in his journal:

It is now as disgraceful to be a Bostonian as it was hitherto a credit.... I met an episcopal clergyman, & allusion being made to Mr Webster's treachery, he replied "Why, do you know I think that the great action of his life?" I opened a paper today in which he pounds on the old strings in a letter to the Washington Birth Day feasters at N.Y. "Liberty! liberty!" Pho! Let Mr Webster for decency's sake shut his lips once & forever on this word. The word **liberty** in the mouth of Mr Webster sounds like the word **love** in the mouth of a courtesan.... What a moment was lost when Judge Lemuel Shaw declined to affirm the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law!

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

A foot-note of the Report of the Senate of Massachusetts on the case would put the matter of responsibility most succinctly:

It would have been impossible for the U.S. marshal thus successfully to have resisted the law of the State, without the assistance of the municipal authorities of Boston, and the countenance and support of a numerous, wealthy, and powerful body of citizens. It was in evidence that 1500 of the most wealthy and respectable citizens —merchants, bankers, and others— volunteered their services to aid the marshal on this occasion.... No watch was kept upon the doings of the marshal, and while the State officers slept, after the moon had gone down, in the darkest hour before daybreak, the accused was taken out

67. Conway's journal for the critical years 1851, 1852, and 1853, never published, is now present on the internet in holograph image at <http://deila.dickinson.edu/cdm4/document.php?CISOROOT=/ownwords&CISOPTR=23390>

of our jurisdiction by the armed police of the city of Boston.



Moloch in State Street, by [John Greenleaf Whittier](#)

THE moon has set: while yet the dawn
Breaks cold and gray,
Between the midnight and the morn
Bear off your prey!

On, swift and still! the conscious street
Is panged and stirred;
Tread light! that fall of serried feet
The dead have heard!

The first drawn blood of Freedom's veins
Gushed where ye tread;
Lo! through the dusk the martyr-stains
Blush darkly red!

Beneath the slowly waning stars
And whitening day,
What stern and awful presence bars
That sacred way?

What faces frown upon ye, dark
With shame and pain?
Come these from Plymouth's Pilgrim bark?
Is that young Vane?

Who, dimly beckoning, speed ye on
With mocking cheer?
Lo! spectral Andros, Hutchinson,
And Gage are here!

For ready mart or favoring blast
Through Moloch's fire,
Flesh of his flesh, unsparing, passed
The Tyrian sire.

Ye make that ancient sacrifice
Of Man to Gain,
Your traffic thrives, where freedom dies,
Beneath the chain.

Ye sow to-day; your harvest, scorn
And hate, is near;
How think ye freemen, mountain-born,
The tale will hear?

Thank God! our mother State can yet
Her fame retrieve;
To you and to your children let
The scandal cleave.

Chain Hall and Pulpit, Court and Press,
Make gods of gold;
Let honor, truth, and manliness
Like wares be sold.

Your hoards are great, your walls are strong,
But God is just;
The gilded chambers built by wrong
Invite the rust.

What! know ye not the gains of Crime
Are dust and dross;
Its ventures on the waves of time
Foredoomed to loss!

And still the Pilgrim State remains
What she hath been;
Her inland hills, her seaward plains,
Still nurture men!

Nor wholly lost the fallen mart;
Her olden blood
Through many a free and generous heart
Still pours its flood.

That brave old blood, quick-flowing yet,
Shall know no check,
Till a free people's foot is set
On Slavery's neck.

Even now, the peal of bell and gun,
And hills aflame,
Tell of the first great triumph won
In Freedom's name.

The long night dies: the welcome gray
Of dawn we see;
Speed up the heavens thy perfect day,
God of the free!

Per the diary of [Daniel Foster](#):

April 7 Boston

The courthouse is chained and every entrance is guarded by the police of this city. Courthouse is crowded today to see a new spectacle. A man is tried for claiming to be a man. God deliver us from this damning disgrace and overwhelm the oppressor and his counsel with confusion. It is now 12 o'clock and I am so excited by this affair that I cannot rest a moment.



circa April: When I read the account of the carrying back of the fugitive into slavery, which was read last Sunday evening –and read also what was not read here that the man who made the prayer on the wharf was Daniel Foster of *Concord* I could not help feeling a slight degree of pride because of all the towns in the Commonwealth Concord was the only one distinctly named as being represented in that tea-party –and as she had a place in the first so would have a place in this the last & perhaps next most important chapter of the Hist of Mass. But my second feeling, –when I reflected how short a time that gentleman has resided in this town, –was one of doubt & shame –because the *men* of Concord in recent times have done nothing to entitle them to the honor of having their town

named in such a connexion.



**[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM
APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]**



April 8, Tuesday, [1851](#): [Lady Byron](#)'s last interview with Augusta.

The New York and Mississippi Valley Printing [Telegraph](#) Company was founded (this would name-change to "Western Union" in 1856).

Per the diary of [Daniel Foster](#):

April 8 Boston

The attempt will be made to rescue [Sims](#) if he is carried off in open daylight, no matter how many soldiers and police accompany to prevent. I shall be one in the attempt if it is made.



April 9, Wednesday, [1851](#): [Ticknor, Reed and Fields](#) of [Boston](#) strained and brought forth the initial lot of what would eventuate at about 3,000 octavo volumes of [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)'s [THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES](#) blind-stamped in brown cloth with spines lettered in gilt, housed in cloth boxes.



1832-1834	Allen & Ticknor
1834-1843	William D. Ticknor
1843-1849	William D. Ticknor & Co.
1849-1854	Ticknor, Reed & Fields
1854-1868	Ticknor and Fields
1868-1871	Fields, Osgood & Co.
1871-1878	James R. Osgood & Co.
1878-1880	Houghton, Osgood, & Co.
1880-1908	Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.
1908-2007	Houghton Mifflin Company
2007-????	Houghton Mifflin Harcourt

A group from Taos, New Mexico settled on a portion of the Sangre de Cristo Land Grant, on the Rio Culebra in the San Luis Valley, at a place they would name San Luis de la Culebra — which is now the oldest continuously inhabited location in the state of Colorado.



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM



APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]

 April 10, Thursday, [1851](#): Léon Faucher replaced Alphonse Henri, Comte d'Hautpoul as prime minister of France.


Friend Oliver Johnson, writing in the [Pennsylvania Freeman](#), described the advocates of nonresistance to evil as “godlike men who will suffer any injury but inflict none.” Such a stand is “very rare,” nevertheless these people have appreciated the fact that “violent resistance to oppression does more harm than good.”⁶⁸

Under the heading “Pacifist, Thoreau not a” on page 191 of CONCORD: CLIMATE FOR FREEDOM, a history written by the patriot Ruth R. Wheeler, the Simms incident is cited as one of the author’s two proof-texts, demonstrating that **Henry David Thoreau believed in resisting evil**, and was characterized as follows:

Henry Thoreau at this time (April, 1851) expressed himself at length and bitterly in his Journal. He was proud to read that the man who made the prayer on the wharf was Daniel Foster of CONCORD but when he thought what a short time Foster had lived in Concord, he was ashamed that the Buttricks and Davises and Hosmers, descendants of the men who had fought at the bridge for their liberty, should be celebrating that fight on April 19th while themselves unwilling to do anything to help three million slaves attain their freedom.

But I would have done with comparing ourselves with our ancestors, for I believe that even they, if somewhat braver and less corrupt than we, were not men of so much principle and generosity as to go to war in behalf of another race in their midst. I do not believe that the North will soon come to blows with the South on this question. It would be too bright a page to be written in the history of the race at present.

History in 1861 was to show how wrong Thoreau was in this estimate.

Clearly, Ruth R. Wheeler was neither a reader with any capacity to recognize sarcasm nor a writer with any capacity to reserve judgment. For if there was a man who was converted to a life of violence by the violence of the [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#) case, it was [Daniel Foster](#), the Concord minister who had attracted notice by praying on the dock in 1851 as Simms was being extradited from Boston to Savannah, Georgia in 1851 — not [Henry Thoreau](#). 

[Friend Levi Coffin](#) wrote to Friend William Still:

*CINCINNATI, 4TH MO., 10TH, 1851.
FRIEND WM. STILL:—We have sorrowful news from our friend Concklin, through the papers and otherwise. I received a letter a few days ago from a friend near Princeton, Ind., stating that*

68. One is led to wonder why the attitude, that doing harm rather than good does more harm than good, is considered by so many of us to be astonishing, controversial, and inane.

Concklin and the four slaves are in prison in Vincennes, and that their trial would come on in a few days. He states that they rowed seven days and nights in the skiff, and got safe to Harmony, Ind., on the Wabash river, thence to Princeton, and were conveyed to Vincennes by friends, where they were taken. The papers state, that they were all given up to the Marshal of Evansville, Indiana.

We have telegraphed to different points, to try to get some information concerning them, but failed. The last information is published in the Times of yesterday, though quite incorrect in the particulars of the case. Inclosed is the slip containing it. I fear all is over in regard to the freedom of the slaves. If the last account be true, we have some hope that Concklin will escape from those bloody tyrants. I cannot describe my feelings on hearing this sad intelligence. I feel ashamed to own my country. Oh! what shall I say. Surely a God of justice will avenge the wrongs of the oppressed.

Thine for the poor slave,

LEVI COFFIN.

N.B.—If thou hast any information, please write me forthwith.



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]



April 11, Friday, 1851: Less than a year after the construction of the Minot's Ledge Light, its keeper John Bennett went ashore leaving assistants Joseph Wilson and Joseph Antoine. That evening Bennett watched a howling gale engulf the area. The lighthouse fog bell tolled continuously, which some suppose may have been Wilson and Antoine attempting to communicate their peril to the shore. Their light went dark around 10PM. The next morning there would be not a trace except for a bottle that would wash ashore:

*The lighthouse won't stand over to night.
She shakes 2 feet each way now.
God bless you all.
J.W. + J.A.*

When the human remains would be recovered on nearby beaches, Antoine's corpse was mangled but the condition of Wilson's corpse indicated that evidently he had managed to make it ashore in one piece, to succumb there to exhaustion and exposure. A new lighthouse would be erected in 1860.

1851

1851

Meanwhile, in Boston, [Wendell Phillips](#) was addressing an assembly on [Boston Common](#) about the [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#) case. This image of that amalgamated, which is to say, multi-racial, meeting would appear in [Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion](#) for May 3d, 1851:



MAGAZINE

CONSULT THE WIKIPEDIA


[Daniel Foster](#) was in court as the ruling was handed down to return the escaped slave to slavery. He would join with other abolitionists in an all-night vigil outside the jail, using [The Liberator](#) as a headquarters. Just before dawn on April 12th, 300 armed federal soldiers would surround the jail and bring Sims out and move him toward the docks.

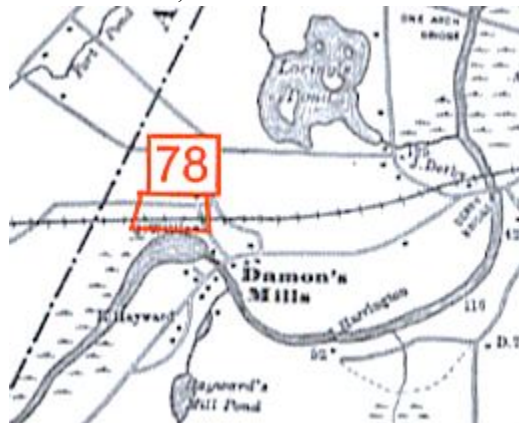


[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]

1851

1851

 April 12, Saturday, 1851: Henry Thoreau surveyed, for Thomas Lord, 29 acres of Factory Village land between Factory Road and Boxboro Road,



while the Reverend Daniel Foster, temporary minister at the Trinitarian Church in Concord, prayed on Long Wharf, while the young Thomas Simms (Sims) was being marched under very heavy guard to the dock for

1851

1851

transport aboard the brig *Acorn* back to a slaveholder in Savannah, Georgia.⁶⁹



THE RUNAWAY SLAVES, ANTHONY BURNS AND THOMAS SIMS, RETURNED TO SLAVERY—THEIR MARCH THROUGH THE STREETS OF BOSTON.

With pinioned arms and manacled feet they marched between files of soldiers to a steamer bound for South Carolina from whence they had fled. Vast throngs of men and women watched the procession, many weeping as they gazed.

**Brad Dean on
Daniel Foster**

As the brig pulled away Simms cried out to the docks: “And is this Massachusetts liberty?” The sordid affair began to add materials to Thoreau’s journal (J 2:173-85, continuing into May) which eventually would find

69. Daniel’s wife [Dora Foster](#) was for a number of years [Sophia Elizabeth Thoreau](#)’s best friend.



their way into the lecture "Slavery in Massachusetts."

TIMELINE OF ESSAYS



RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

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

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

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

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

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/78.htm



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]



circa April 1, 1851: When I read the account of the carrying back of the fugitive into slavery, which was read last sunday evening –and read also what was not read here that the man who made the prayer on the wharf was Daniel Foster of *Concord* I could not help feeling a slight degree of pride because of all the towns in the Commonwealth Concord was the only one distinctly named as being represented in that tea-party –and as she had a place in the first so would have a place in this the last & perhaps next most important chapter of the Hist of Mass. But my second feeling, –when I reflected how short a time that gentleman has resided in this town, –was one of doubt & shame –because the *men* of Concord in recent times have done nothing to entitle them to the honor of having their town named in such a connexion.

"SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS": The Liberator and the Commonwealth were the only papers in Boston, as far as I know, which made themselves heard in condemnation of the cowardice and meanness of the authorities of that city, as exhibited in '51. The other journals, almost without exception, by their manner of referring to and speaking of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the carrying back of the slave Simms, insulted the common sense of the country, at least. And, for the most part, they did this, one would say, because they thought so to secure the approbation of their patrons, not being aware that a sounder sentiment prevailed to any extent in the heart of the Commonwealth. I am told that some of them have improved of late; but they are still eminently time-serving. Such is the character they have won.

But, thank fortune, this preacher can be even more easily reached by the weapons of the reformer than could the recreant priest. The free men of New England have only to refrain from purchasing and reading these sheets, have only to withhold their cents, to kill a score of them at once. One whom I respect told me that he purchased Mitchell's Citizen in the cars, and then threw it out the window. But would not his contempt have been more fatally expressed, if he had not bought it? Are they Americans? are they New Englanders? are they inhabitants of Lexington, and Concord, and Framingham, who read and support the Boston Post, Mail, Journal, Advertiser, Courier, and Times? Are these the Flags of our Union? I am not a newspaper reader, and may omit to name the worst.

Could slavery suggest a more complete servility than some of these journals exhibit? Is there any dust which their conduct does not lick, and make fouler still with its slime? I do not know whether the Boston Herald is still in existence, but I remember to have seen it about the streets when Simms was carried off. Did it not act its part well – serve its master faithfully? How could it have gone lower on its belly? How can a man stoop lower than he is low? do more than put his extremities in the place of the head he has? than make his head his lower extremity? When I have taken up this paper with my cuffs turned up, I have heard the gurgling of the sewer through every column. I have felt that I was handling a paper picked out of the public gutters, a leaf from the gospel of the gambling-house, the groggery and the brothel, harmonizing with the gospel of the Merchants' Exchange.



April 13, Sunday, 1851: On or about this day, Father Isaac Hecker, CSSR wrote to Orestes Augustus Brownson, Esq.



Daniel Foster returned to Concord to pack, to go to be with his very pregnant wife in Chester.



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]


 April 14, Monday, 1851: Daniel Foster left Concord to be with his very pregnant wife in Chester:

April 14th 1851 Chester

I am at home again with my dear sweet wife. But this is a theme too sacred even for the private pages of a journal. On the pages of my heart, is it not all written in characters unfading? I am now in a quiet retreat in which I can calmly review the exciting scenes through which I passed last week.



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]

 April 15, Tuesday, 1851: In San Francisco, California:

Act passed by the Legislature to re-incorporate San Francisco. The limits were enlarged, and the city was thereafter to be bounded as follows:- "On the south, by a line parallel with Clay street, two and a half miles distant, in a southerly direction, from the centre of Portsmouth Square; on the west, by a line parallel with Kearny street, two miles distant, in a westerly direction, from the centre of Portsmouth Square. Its northern and eastern boundaries shall be co-incident with those of the county of San Francisco." As a copy of this act, which is the existing charter of the city, is given in the Appendix, it is unnecessary here to particularize its provisions. Nearly the same variety and number of municipal officers are appointed to be chosen annually under it as under the charter, already noticed, of 1850, and which latter act was declared to be now repealed.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]



1851

1851



April 16, Wednesday, [1851](#): *Abbott v. Bacon and Another* had been a libel action tried before Mr. Justice Erle at the Assizes court hearings in [Norwich, England](#). The accused had published in the Norwich [Mercury](#) that the plaintiff, a superintendent of the County Constabulary at East Derham, had stolen certain articles from the pharmacy shop of Mr. Abram in that town. The jury had assessed damages of a farthing. Afterward there had been a meeting in the Norfolk Hotel that had arrived at the conclusion that this libel trial had offered “a most painful illustration of the gross injustice which may be inflicted upon the editor of a newspaper who honestly and fearlessly comments on matters of general interest,” and a public subscription had been collected to recoup to the proprietors of the newspaper the loss they had sustained in their successful vindication of the liberty of the press. On this day a motion was made in the Court of Exchequer for a new trial on the ground that the jury had been improperly directed and a “rule nisi” was granted. On June 27th, by agreement between the plaintiff and the defendant, a verdict would be entered in the Court of Exchequer for a farthing in damages (in other words, although the accusation was accurate no appreciable harm seemed to have been done).

Sapho, an opéra by Charles Gounod to words of Augier, was performed for the 1st time, at the Paris Opéra. The audience was generally pleased but this would be a financial failure.

On about this date, [Herman Melville](#) wrote to [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#):

My Dear Hawthorne, – Concerning the young gentleman’s shoes, I desire to say that a pair to fit him, of the desired pattern, cannot be had in all Pittsfield, – a fact which sadly impairs that metropolitan pride I formerly took in the capital of Berkshire. Henceforth Pittsfield must hide its head. However, if a pair of bootees will at all answer, Pittsfield will be very happy to provide them. Pray mention all this to Mrs. Hawthorne, and command me. “The House of the Seven Gables: A Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. One vol. 16mo, pp. 344.” The contents of this book do not belie its rich, clustering, romantic title. With great enjoyment we spent almost an hour in each separate gable. This book is like a fine old chamber, abundantly, but still judiciously, furnished with precisely that sort of furniture best fitted to furnish it. There are rich hangings, wherein are braided scenes from tragedies! There is old china with rare devices, set out on the carved buffet; there are long and indolent lounges to throw yourself upon; there is an admirable sideboard, plentifully stored with good viands; there is a smell as of old wine in the pantry; and finally, in one corner, there is a dark little black-letter volume in golden clasps, entitled “Hawthorne: A Problem” It has delighted us; it has piqued a re-perusal; it has robbed us of a day, and made us a present of a whole year of thoughtfulness; it has bred great exhilaration and exultation with the remembrance that the architect of the Gables resides only six miles off, and not three thousand miles away, in England, say. We think the book, for pleasantness of running interest, surpasses the other works of the author. The curtains are more drawn; the sun comes in more; genialities peep out more. Were we to particularize what most struck us in the deeper passages, we would point out the scene where Clifford, for a moment, would fain throw himself forth from the window to join the procession; or the scene where the judge is left seated in his ancestral chair. Clifford is full of an awful truth throughout. He is conceived in the finest, truest spirit. He is no caricature. He is Clifford. And here we would say that, did circumstances permit, we should like nothing better than to devote an elaborate and careful paper to the full consideration and analysis of the purport and significance of what so strongly characterizes all of this author’s writings.

There is a certain tragic phase of humanity which, in our opinion, was never more powerfully embodied than by Hawthorne. We mean the tragicalness of human thought in its own unbiassed, native, and profounder workings. We think that into no recorded mind has the intense feeling of the visable truth ever entered more deeply than into this man's. By visable truth, we mean the apprehension of the absolute condition of present things as they strike the eye of the man who fears them not, though they do their worst to him, — the man who, like Russia or the British Empire, declares himself a sovereign nature (in himself) amid the powers of heaven, hell, and earth. He may perish; but so long as he exists he insists upon treating with all Powers upon an equal basis. If any of those other Powers choose to withhold certain secrets, let them; that does not impair my sovereignty in myself; that does not make me tributary. And perhaps, after all, there is no secret. We incline to think that the Problem of the Universe is like the Freemason's mighty secret, so terrible to all children. It turns out, at last, to consist in a triangle, a mallet, and an apron, — nothing more! We incline to think that God cannot explain His own secrets, and that He would like a little information upon certain points Himself. We mortals astonish Him as much as He us. But it is this Being of the matter; there lies the knot with which we choke ourselves. As soon as you say Me, a God, a Nature, so soon you jump off from your stool and hang from the beam. Yes, that word is the hangman. Take God out of the dictionary, and you would have Him in the street. There is the grand truth about Nathaniel Hawthorne. He says No! in thunder; but the Devil himself cannot make him say yes. For all men who say yes, lie; and all men who say no, — why, they are in the happy condition of judicious, unincumbered travellers in Europe; they cross the frontiers into Eternity with nothing but a carpet-bag, — that is to say, the Ego. Whereas those yes-gentry, they travel with heaps of baggage, and, damn them! they will never get through the Custom House. What's the reason, Mr. Hawthorne, that in the last stages of metaphysics a fellow always falls to swearing so? I could rip an hour. You see, I began with a little criticism extracted for your benefit from the "Pittsfield Secret Review," and here I have landed in Africa. Walk down one of these mornings and see me. No nonsense; come. Remember me to Mrs. Hawthorne and the children. H. Melville. P.S. The marriage of Phoebe with the daguerreotypist is a fine stroke, because of his turning out to be a Maule. If you pass Hepzibah's cent-shop, buy me a Jim Crow (fresh) and send it to me by Ned Higgins.



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]




April 17, Thursday, 1851: The Law School of the University of Albany in Albany, [New York](#) was chartered.



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM

APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]

 April 18, Friday/19, Saturday, 1851: [Richard Wagner](#) wrote Franz Liszt asserting that his “long-suppressed resentment against this Jewish business” was “as necessary to me as gall is to the blood.”

JUDAISM

On this day and the following one [Henry Thoreau](#) was surveying, for [Cyrus Stow](#), the Sudbury Road (Back Road) in which he laid out a new street (Stow Street) and divided the land into new houselots up to the present Hubbard Street:

- Sudbury Road (Back Road) and Stow Street in which Thoreau lays out the new street (Stow) and divided the land into new houselots up to present Hubbard Street (the invoice for this is now at Middlebury College).



Before a woodlot can be sold, its acreage must be measured so that its commodity value as a fuel can be accurately estimated. He did this dozens of times, especially for his townsmen thereby contributing to local deforestation. Before a farm can be subdivided for housing, a survey was legally required. Before an upland swamp can be redeemed for tillage, it must be drained. And with large drainage projects, accurate surveys were needed to determine the best pathways and gradients for flow. Thoreau helped kill several of the swamps he otherwise claimed to cherish.

In short, Thoreau personally and significantly contributed to the intensification of private capital development throughout the valley. Additionally, he surveyed for roads, cemeteries, and public buildings, which required the cutting away of hills and the filling of wetlands. Like the bankers, lawyers, builders, farmers, and elected officials who were his clients, Thoreau was an instrument of change. He knew it, and it make him uncomfortable. But he kept doing it anyway, because he needed the money.

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



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM



1851

1851

APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]



April 19, Saturday, [1851](#): The “Davis Guards” formed (a total of 40 men), naming themselves in honor of Captain Isaac Davis of [Acton](#) who had been shot dead on the famous April 19th at the bridge in [Concord](#). [Winthrop E. Faulkner](#) would serve in this unit as a Captain.

As [Henry Thoreau](#) would write in [“SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS”](#):

Three years ago, also, just a week after the authorities of Boston assembled to carry back a perfectly innocent man, and one whom they knew to be innocent, into slavery, the inhabitants of Concord caused the bells to be rung and the cannons to be fired, to celebrate their liberty — and the courage and love of liberty of their ancestors who fought at the bridge. As if *those* three millions had fought for the right to be free themselves, but to hold in slavery three million others. Now-a-days men wear a fool’s cap, and call it a liberty cap. I do not know but there are some, who, if they were tied to a whipping-post, and could but get one hand free, would use it to ring the bells and fire the cannons, to celebrate **their** liberty. So some of my townsmen took the liberty to ring and fire; that was the extent of their freedom; and when the sound of the bells died away, their liberty died away also; when the powder was all expended, their liberty went off with the smoke.

The joke could be no broader, if the inmates of the prisons were to subscribe for all the powder to be used in such salutes, and hire the jailers to do the firing and ringing for them, while they enjoyed it through the grating.

This is what I thought about my neighbors.

Every humane and intelligent inhabitant of Concord, when he or she heard those bells and those cannons, thought not with pride of the events of the 19th of April, 1775, but with shame of the events of the 12th of April, 1851. But now we have half buried that old shame under a new one.

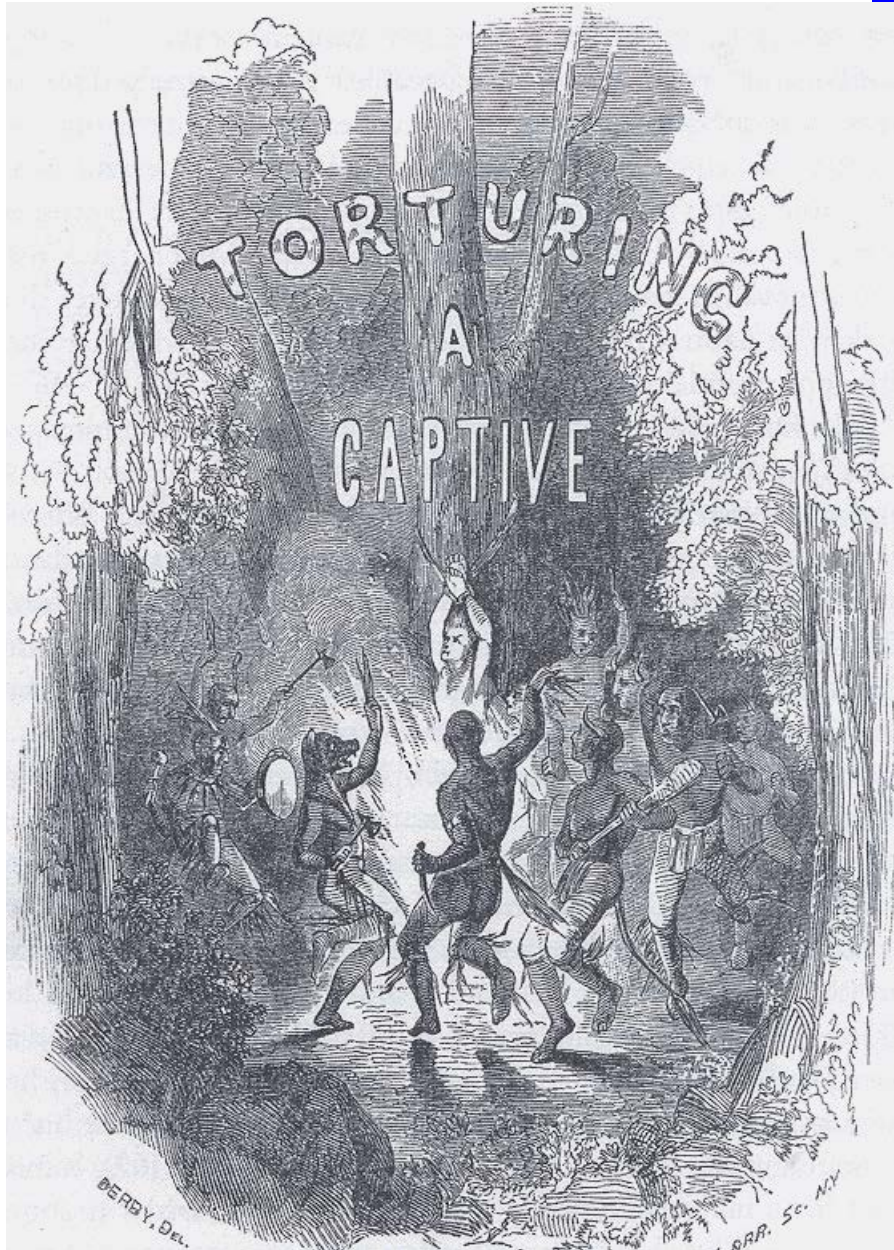
1851

1851

[THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES](#) was being placed upon bookstore shelves as [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#) was being taken from the Savannah, Georgia dock to a Savannah holding cell for negroes, and on the way there publicly [tortured](#) almost to the point of death.⁷⁰

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

PATRIOTS' DAY



Although [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) had utilized some of the material about Friend [Thomas Maule](#) in the construction of this fiction, the author had divided the biographical material into two Maule figures, a Matthew

70. Note that the slavemaster chose this day for the day of flogging because he was aware that this day was of peculiar patriotic significance in New England. Note also that as of this year of our national history, only a single person who had stood at the North Bridge at Concord on [April 19, 1775](#) to await the Redcoats was still alive: this single person had been the boy who had “played” the militia minutemen to that spot.

1851

1851

Maule versus a Thomas Maule who had allegedly been the architect of that house possessing seven gables.⁷¹



**[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM
APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]**



April 20, Easter Sunday, 1851: A revolution began in Chile to repeal the constitution drafted in 1833 by Mariano Egaña that had established a one-party presidential polity, and resulted in the rule of Manuel Montt as President.

Meanwhile, in Peru, Ramón Castilla y Marquesado was replaced as President by José Rufino Echenique Benavente.

R.F. Mills, a correspondent on Beaver Island in the newly organized kingdom of the Saints, reported to the Milwaukee, Wisconsin Daily Free Democrat that with the crowning of King James Jesse Strang, the Saints were no longer considering themselves subject to Gentile laws or Gentile authority. During that winter they had established a whipping-post, “insomuch that for misdemeanors men received from 30 to 50 lashes, well laid on the bare back, with blue beeches.” The Saints were boldly avowing that they were no longer going to submit to being called d---d Mormons, or thieves. Some Gentiles had during the late fall and winter “left the Island thro’ fear.” When a Sheriff had arrived with a posse plus “some 30 Indians,” the Prophet had fled to Little Beaver Island, ten miles distant. Pursuing them there, the posse had been able to confiscate from their evacuated camp “many articles of use, among which was one of the King’s boats, the General-in-chief’s big War Cane, blankets, etc.” When the Sheriff had left these islands he had taken with him about 15 prisoners and 20 or 30 witnesses, for trial before Justice O’Malley.



**[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM
APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]**

71. Edward L. Widmer is of the opinion that, just as Melville was parodying Evert Augustus Duyckinck in PIERRE, Hawthorne had “probably re-created” John L. O’Sullivan, “less harshly,” as Holgrave in THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES. Widmer also mentions that Thoreau, even though he did publish in O’Sullivan’s The United States Magazine and Democratic Review, was “anything but a Young American.”

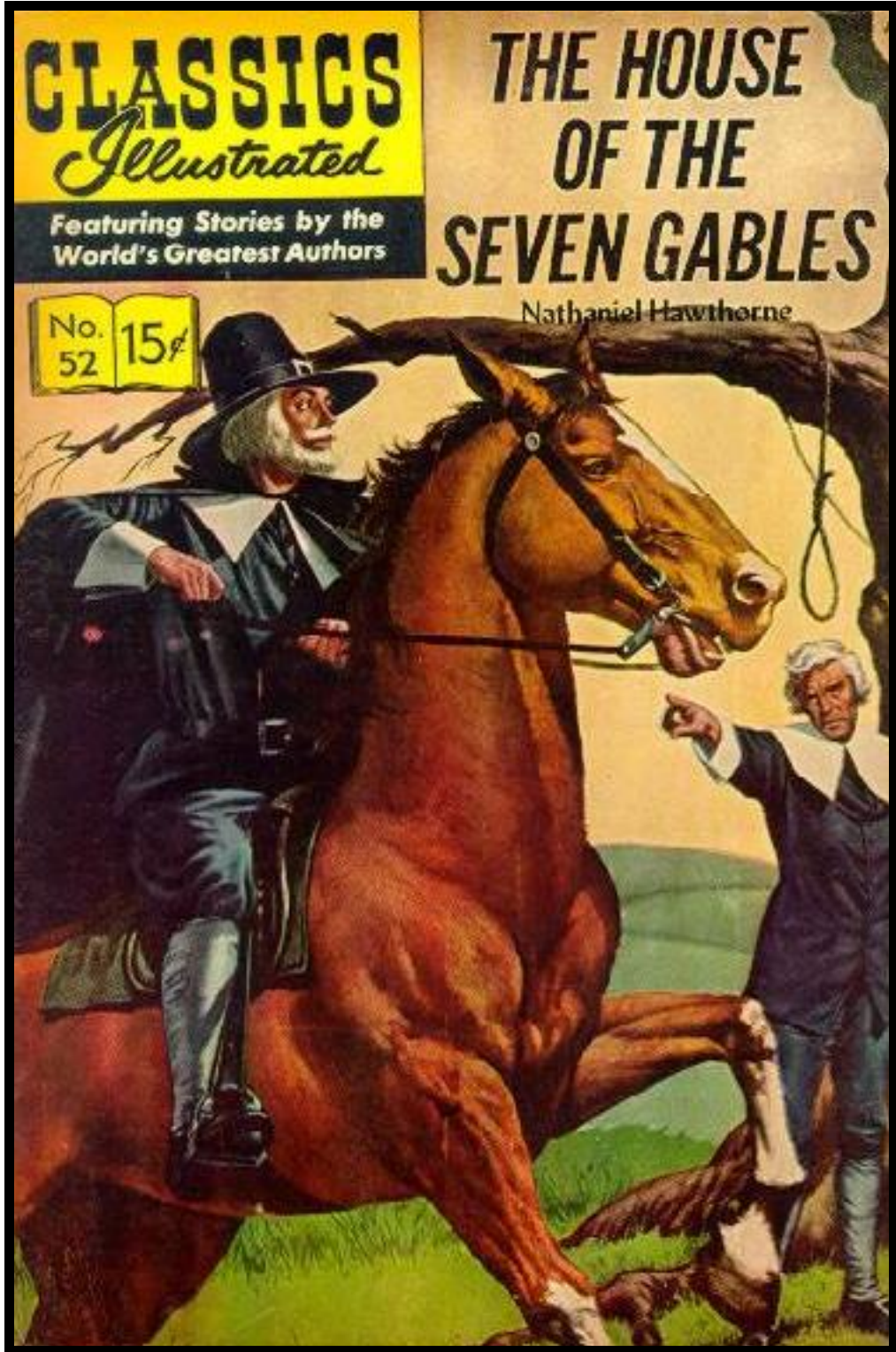
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 April 21, Monday, 1851: [John Stuart Mill](#) got married with [Harriet Hardy Taylor](#), mother of 3 who had long been estranged from her previous husband before he had died in 1849.

With the sun returning to Arctic skies, Robert John Le Mesurier McClure's *Investigator* searched Banks Island and Victoria Island for the lost ships and crew of [Sir John Franklin](#), and on this day they left a written account on Banks Island (to be found by Vilhjalmur Stefansson in 1917). When the ice in Prince of Wales Strait would break up, McClure would retrace his previous course and then sail up the west coast of Banks Island and enter the strait that today bears his name.

THE FROZEN NORTH

[Henry Thoreau](#) dipped into [Washington Irving](#)'s MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS:

MAHOMET & SUCCESSORS
 MAHOMET & SUCCESSORS



[Mahomet](#) made his celestial journey in so short a time that “on his return he was able to prevent the complete overturn of a vase of water, which the angel Gabriel had struck with his wing on his departure.”


When he took refuge in a cave near Mecca, being on his flight (Hegira) to Medina, “by the time that the Koreishites [who were close behind] 2 reached the month of the cavern, an acacia tree had sprung up before it, in the spreading branches of which a pigeon had made its nest, and laid its eggs, and over the whole a spider had woven its web.”

He said of himself, “I am no king, but the son of a Koreishite woman, who ate flesh dried in the sun.” He exacted “a tith of the productions of the earth, where it was fertilized by brooks and rain; and a twentieth part where its fertility was the result of irrigation.”

ISLAM



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 2D THROUGH APRIL 21ST]

 April 22, Tuesday, 1851: Although [Henry Thoreau](#)'s journal for the 16th had mentioned only “a rather cool wind from the northwest,” it turned out that about a hundred of the pines on Fair Haven Hill had been toppled.

WEATHER



April 22. Had Mouse-ear in blossom for a week –observed the crowfoot on the cliff in abundance & the saxifrage


The wind last Wednesday –Ap 16th– blew down a hundred pines on Fair Haven Hill.

Having treated my friend ill, I wished to apologize; But not meeting him I made an apology to myself.

It is not the invitation which I hear, but which I feel, that I obey.

1851

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 April 23, Wednesday, 7PM, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) delivered a lecture “Walking, or the Wild” for the Concord lyceum, in the vestry of the Unitarian Church.



TIMELINE OF ESSAYS
ECOLOGY

He would read this lecture 10 times, and after his death in 1862 it would appear in [The Atlantic Monthly](#). As part of this piece he quoted his poem “The Old Marlboro Road,” which features Concord’s mulatto 43-year-old son of [Thomas Dugans](#) and [Kate Dugan](#) as “No other man / Save [Elisha Dugan](#) — / O man of wild habits, / Partridges and rabbits, / Who hast no cares / Only to set snares, / Who liv’st all alone, / Close to the bone; / And where life is sweetest / Constantly eatest.”



In this lecture, we note, he quoted from the work of Bishop [George Berkeley](#), someone he is not known to have read, the famous line “Westward the star of empire takes its way.” He may possibly have plucked this one-liner from an article in a magazine some issues of which we know he did read — or he may have studied the good Bishop in his entirety and we simply have never become aware of this.

ROSS/ADAMS
COMMENTARY

The [Boston](#) police made a sweep of Ann Street, detaining some 160 persons for such offenses as “piping, fiddling, dancing, drinking, and attending crimes.”

The death of 10-year-old [Anne Elizabeth “Annie” Darwin](#), possibly from scarlet fever, possibly from tuberculosis, sent her father [Charles Darwin](#) into a depression relieved only by the birth of a new child:

We have lost the joy of the household, and the solace of our old age.... Oh that she could now know how deeply, how tenderly we do still & and shall ever love her dear joyous face.




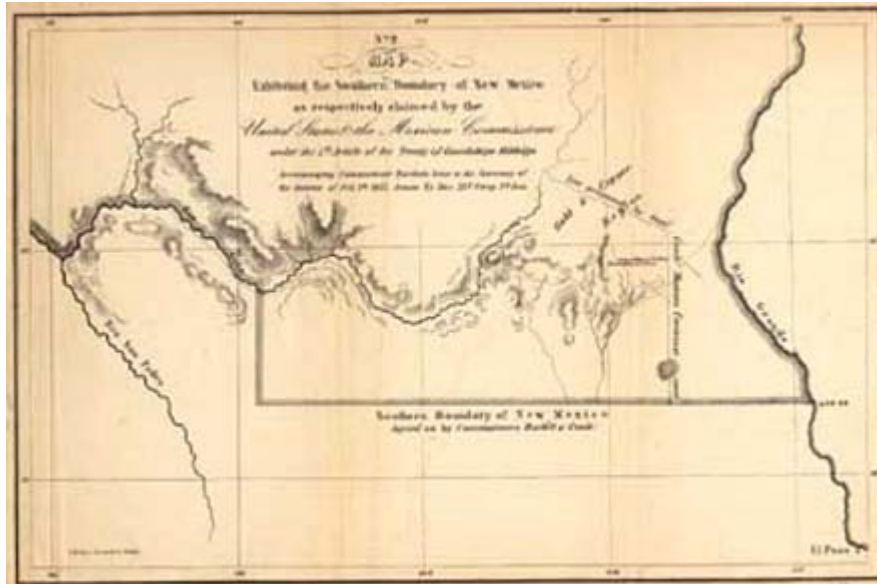
[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 23D THROUGH APRIL 25TH]

NEVER READ AHEAD! TO APPRECIATE APRIL 23D, 1851 AT ALL ONE MUST APPRECIATE IT AS A TODAY (THE FOLLOWING DAY, TOMORROW, IS BUT A PORTION OF THE UNREALIZED FUTURE AND IFFY AT BEST).

1851

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 April 24, Thursday, 1851: The southern border of Arizona had always been considered to be at the Gila River, because that made such an obvious east/west barrier across the landscape. [John Russell Bartlett](#), for the United States, and Pedro Garcia Conde, for the Republic of [Mexico](#), placed a reference marker designating 32° 22' north latitude atop a small knoll at the confluence of the Gila and Salinas Rivers, west of the modern city of Phoenix, as the initial point for the official survey of the U.S.-Mexico boundary. (This marker is now on the grounds of the Phoenix International Raceway. Although in 1852 the Gadsden Purchase of 30,000,000 acres would relocate the international boundary to the south, this marker would remain the primary reference point for all land surveys in the state of Arizona.)



Doctor Bartlett from Chester Village was called to the [Foster](#) cabin near Chester that evening, and after 24 hours of hard labor, [Dora Foster](#) and [Daniel Foster](#)'s 1st child would appear:

Little [Alice](#) was born in Chester on the 24th of April 1851 in an old brown cottage which lay under one of the green mountain peaks, on the western bank of a clear cold stream. At the time of her birth her parents had lived there about one year. Her grandmother and aunt also for months had been members of the circle which gathered under that old roof.

The "old brown cottage" the father refers to above, and the edifice in which he preached, are now beneath the waters of Littleville Lake near Chester, Massachusetts. [Alice](#) would die on August 27, 1853. The father might have titled this "A Father's Tribute to His Departed Child," but evidently Dora came upon him while he was penning it, for in a different the heading has been altered into "A Parental Tribute to Our Departed Child."



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 23D THROUGH APRIL 25TH]

 April 25, Friday, 1851: [Daniel Foster](#) wrote again in his diary:

April 25 1851 Chester
 The long trial is over and our daughter is born. Just as the clock struck nine little Dora was ushered into the world without any disaster to mother or child. Dora's first question was "Is

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it alive?" This the little one answered by a turn of lusty crying. For 24 hours Dr. Bartlett has been watching this case and has certainly managed it with great skill and delicacy. Mrs. Bigelow and Mrs. Kelso have also provided cheerful and priceless aid to the end of the protracted trial. Mrs. Day was with us the first night. I don't think Mrs. Bigelow and Mrs. Kelso could have felt more interest or rendered more generous aid to their own daughters. May God reward them for their kindness.

The Boston Daily Atlas reported, of the *Flying Cloud* under construction (referred to as an extreme clipper, as were many of this ships constructed by Donald McKay, even though her dead rise was only 30 inches) that: "If great length [235 ft.], sharpness of ends, with proportionate breadth [41 ft.] and depth, conduce to speed, the *Flying Cloud* must be uncommonly swift, for in all these she is great. Her length on the keel is 208 feet, on deck 225, and over all, from the knightheads to the taffrail, 235— extreme breadth of beam 41 feet, depth of hold 21½, including 7 feet 8 inches height of between-decks, sea-rise at half floor 20 inches, rounding of sides 6 inches, and sheer about 3 feet." In the early days of the California Gold Rush, it had been taking more than 200 days for a ship to travel around the Horn from New-York to San Francisco, a voyage of more than 16,000 miles. Within 6 weeks of its launch, under the command of Captain Josiah Perkins Cressey, *Flying Cloud* would sail from New-York harbor, round Cape Horn, and make San Francisco in 89 days, 21 hours. In July, during this trip, it would run 284, 374, and 334 nautical miles, a total of 992 nautical miles, over 3 consecutive days (in 1854 the ship would beat its own record by 13 hours, coming into harbor in 89 days and 8 hours).



[THOREAU MADE NO SPECIFICALLY DATED ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM APRIL 23D THROUGH APRIL 25TH]



April 26, Saturday, 1851: [Henry James, Sr.](#) posted his 6th and concluding letter to the Christian Inquirer, controverting their assertion that "a state of society devoid of moral differences must necessarily be a disorderly state."

António José de Sousa Manuel e Meneses Severim de Noronha, duque de Terceira, marques e conde de Vila-Flor replaced António Bernardo da Costa Cabral, conde de Tomar as Prime Minister of Portugal.

Franz Liszt took over sole direction of the Weimar Hofkapelle.



April 26. The judge whose words seal the fate of a man for the longest time and furthest into eternity is not he who merely pronounces the verdict of the law, but he, whoever he may be, who from a love of truth and unprejudiced by any custom or enactment of men, utters a true opinion or *Sentence* concerning him. He it is that *sentences* him. More fatal as affecting his good or ill fame is the utterance of the least inexpugnable truth concerning him, by the humblest individual, than the sentence of the supremest court in the land.

Gathered the May flower & cowslips yesterday –& saw the houstonia violets &c. Saw a Dandelion in blossom

Are they Americans –are they New Englanders –are they inhabitants of Concord –Buttricks –& Davises and Hosmers by name –who read and support the Boston Herald? Advertiser Traveller Journal –Transcript –&c &c Times Is that the Flag of our Union?

Could slavery suggest a more complete servility? Is there any dust which such conduct does not lick and make fouler still with its slime? Has not the Boston Herald acted its part well served its master faithfully– How could it have gone lower on its belly– How can a man stoop lower than he is low –do more than put his extremities in the place of that head he has. Than make his head his *lower* extremity.

And when I say the Boston Herald I mean the Boston Press with such few & slight exceptions as need not be made

When I have taken up this paper or the Boston times –with my cuffs turned up I have heard the gurgling of the sewer through every column –I have felt that I was handling a paper picked out of the public sewers –a leaf from the gospel of the gambling house –the groggery & the brothel –harmonizing with the gospel of the Merchant’s exchange

I do not know but there are some who if they were tied to the whipping post –and could but get one hand free would use it to ring the bells & fire the cannon to celebrate their liberty.

–It reminded me of the Roman Saturnalia on which even the slaves were allowed to take some liberty– So some of you took the liberty to ring & fire –that was the extent of your freedom– and when the sound of the bells died away– your liberty expired– and when the powder was all expended your liberty went off in smoke.

Now a days men wear the fools cap and call it a [liberty-cap](#).

The joke could be no broader if the inmates of the prisons were to subscribe for all the powder to be used in such salutes. & hire their jailors to do the firing & ringing for them.



April 27, Sunday, [1851](#): The Baroness Therese von Droßdik died in Vienna (it is possible that [Ludwig van Beethoven](#)’s bagatelle “Für Elise,” found among her personal papers, had been dedicated to this pianist).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 27TH AND APRIL 28TH]



April 28, Monday, [1851](#): [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) sailed on the liner *Prometheus* to Nicaragua on a business venture with his friend Francesco Carpanetto.

In the vicinity of Mission Santa Clara de Asis, repeatedly destroyed by flood and by earthquake, alongside the Guadalupe River, a private Jesuit institution of higher learning, Santa Clara College, was chartered (it is now, under the name Santa Clara University, the oldest such operating institution in [California](#)).

In [San Francisco](#):

The first election of municipal officers under the amended city charter took place to-day. Considerable excitement had been manifested by the candidates and their friends, and several torch-light meetings and processions, with other popular demonstrations, had been going on for some time previous. The total number of votes polled was nearly six thousand. The parties elected were as follows: Mayor.—Charles J. Brenham. Recorder.—R.H. Waller. Comptroller.—George A. Hudson. Treasurer.—R.H. Sinton. Marshal.—Robert G. Crozier. Tax Collector.—Thos. D. Greene. City Attorney.—Frank M. Pixley. Street Commissioner.—Wm. Divier. Recorder’s Clerk.—Jas. G. Pearson. County Judge.—Wm. H. Clark. Public Administrator.—David T. Bagley. City Assessors.—W.C. Norris, George Frank Lemon. Aldermen. E.L. Morgan, C.L. Ross, A.C. Labatt, C.M.K. Paulison, Ralph Dorr. James Grant, George Endicott, William Greene. Assistant Aldermen. Henry A. Meiggs, W.W. Parker, T.H. Selby, W.D. Connell, Jos. Galloway, J.F. Atwill, Jas. Graves,

Q.S. Sparks.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 27TH AND APRIL 28TH]



April 29, Tuesday, 1851: New-York's Cooper Union college was granted a charter in which discrimination because of race, religion, or color was forbidden.

In San Francisco, California:

Act passed by the Legislature to fund the debt of the State. Bonds to the extent of \$700,000 to be issued by the treasurer, in lieu of scrip or other obligations of indebtedness held by parties against the State. One-half of the sum mentioned is declared payable in New York upon the first day of March, 1855, and the other half, also in the city named, upon the first day of March, 1861. Interest (payable either in New York or at the office of the treasurer) to run upon the bonds at the rate of seven per cent. per annum. Henceforward all State taxes to be paid only in the legal currency of the United States, or in gold dust at the rate of sixteen dollars an ounce, excepting as mentioned in the act. Various declarations are also made for providing the interest, and as to the formation of a sinking fund to redeem the bonds, for payment of the principal and interest of which are pledged "the faith and credit of the State of California."

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

Opposite the courthouse grounds, Henry Thoreau helped the County Commissioners plan a series of monuments and burying-ground tracts.



Thoreau wrote to Dr. Thaddeus William Harris⁷² at the Harvard Library:



To: Thaddeus W. Harris
From: HDT
Date: 29 Apr 1851

Concord Ap. 29th 1851
Dear Sir,
I return, herewith,
Young's Chronicles of the
Pilgrims — Hawkins's
Quebec — & Silliman's

72. Franklin Benjamin Sanborn reported that "one of Harvard College's natural historians" (we may presume this to have been Dr. Harris, Thoreau's teacher in natural science in his senior year) had remarked to Bronson Alcott that "if Emerson had not spoiled him, Thoreau would have made a good entomologist."

Tour of Quebec.
Will you please send
me by the bearer — the
2nd & 3^d vols of the Forest
Trees of North America,
by F. Andrew Michaux, — of
which I have already had
the 1st vol — also
Bigelow's Medical Botany.
Yrs respectfully
Henry D. Thoreau.

BIGELOW

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, SR.



April 29: Every man perhaps is inclined to think his own situation singular in relation to Friendship. Our thoughts would imply that other men *have* friends, though we have not. But I do not know of two whom I can speak of as standing in this relation to one another— Each one makes a standing offer to mankind— On such & such terms I will give myself to you —but it is only by a miracle that his terms are ever accepted.

We have to defend ourselves even against those who are nearest to friendship with us.

What a difference it is! —to perform the pilgrimage of life in the society of a mate —and not to have an acquaintance among all the tribes of men!

What signifies the census —this periodical numbering of men— to one who has no friend?

I distinguish between my *actual* and my *real* communication with individuals. I *really* communicate with my friends, and congratulate myself & them on our relation —and rejoice in their presence & society —oftenest when they are personally absent. I remember that not long ago as I laid my head on my pillow for the night I was visited by an inexpressible joy that I was permitted to know & be related to such mortals as I was then related to — & yet no special event

{*One leaf missing*}

that I could think of had occurred to remind me of any with whom I was connected —and by the next noon perchance those essences that had caused me joy would have receded somewhat. I experienced a remarkable gladness in the thought that they existed— Their existence was then blessed to me. Yet such has never been my actual relation to any.

Every one experiences that while his relation to another actually may be one of distrust & disappointment he may still have relations to him ideally & so really — in spite of both He is faintly conscious of a confidence & satisfaction somewhere. & all further intercourse is based on this experience of success,

The very dogs & cats incline to affection in their relation to man. It often happens that a man is more humanely related to a cat or dog than to any human being. What bond is it relates us to any animal we keep in the house but the bond of affection. In a degree we grow to love one another.



April 30, Wednesday, 1851: In [San Francisco, California](#):

Act passed by the Legislature establishing a State Marine Hospital at [San Francisco](#); and, on 1st May, another act passed to provide a revenue for the same. As both of these acts were amended in the succeeding session, they will be noticed among the events of 1852.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

Henry Thoreau checked out, from Harvard Library, the multiple volumes of Professor Jacob Bigelow's AMERICAN MEDICAL BOTANY (Boston, 1817-1820).⁷³



BOTANIZING

- AM. MED. BOTANY, I
- AM. MED. BOTANY, II
- AM. MED. BOTANY, IIIA
- AM. MED. BOTANY, IIIB

This resource is now available on CD-ROM: <http://www.octavo.com/collections/projects/bgwamb/>

Having already checked out the 1st volume of Francois André Michaux's THE NORTH AMERICAN SYLVA, OR A DESCRIPTION OF THE FOREST TREES OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND NOVA SCOTIA ... TO WHICH IS ADDED A DESCRIPTION OF THE MOST USEFUL OF THE EUROPEAN FOREST TREES ... TR. FROM THE FRENCH BY F. ANDREW MICHAUX, Thoreau checked out the 2d and 3d volumes of this work.⁷⁴



April 30: What is a chamber to which the sun does not rise in the morning? What is a chamber to which the sun does not set at evening? Such are often the chambers of the mind for the most part

Even the cat which lies on a rug all day –commences to prowl about the fields at night –resumes her ancient forest habits.– the most tenderly bred grimalkin steals forth at night. Watches some bird on

73. Professor Bigelow had, from 1815 to 1827, been the 1st Rumford Professor of the Application of Science to the Useful Arts at Harvard College. He would be one of the founders of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.



1851

1851

CAT

its perch for an hour in the furrow like a gun at rest. She catches no cold –it is her nature. Carressed by children & cherished with a saucer of milk.

Even she can erect her back & expand her tail & spit at her enemies like the wild cat of the woods. sweet sylvia

What is the singing of birds, or any natural sound, compared with the voice of one we love.

To one we love we are related as to nature in the spring. Our dreams are mutually intelligible. We take the census, and find that there is one.

Love is a mutual confidence whose foundation no one knows. The one I love surpasses all the laws of nature in sureness– Love is capable of any wisdom

“He that hath love & judgment too
Sees more than any other doe.”...


By our very mutual attraction –& our attraction to all other spheres kept properly asunder. Two planets which are mutually attracted –being at the same time attracted by the sun– presume equipoise & harmony.

Does not the history of chivalry and Knight-errantry suggest or point to another relation to woman than leads to marriage –yet an elevating and all absorbing one –perchance transcending marriage? As yet men know not one another –nor does man know woman.

I am sure that the design of my maker –when he has brought me nearest to woman– was not the propagation of the species –but perchance the development of the affections –and something akin to the maturation of the species. Man is capable of a love of woman quite transcending marriage.

I observe that the New York Herald advertises situations wanted by “respectable young women” by the column– but never– by respectable young men –rather “intelligent” and “smart” ones– from which I infer that the public opinion of New York does not require young men to be respectable in the same sense in which it requires young women to be so.

May it consist with the health of some bodies to be impure?

-
74.  [François André Michaux](#). THE NORTH AMERICAN *SYLVIA*, OR A DESCRIPTION OF THE FOREST TREES, OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADA AND NOVA SCOTIA. CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY WITH RESPECT TO THEIR USE IN THE ARTS AND THEIR INTRODUCTION INTO COMMERCE; TO WHICH IS ADDED A DESCRIPTION OF THE MOST USEFUL OF THE EUROPEAN FOREST TREES ... TR. FROM THE FRENCH BY F. ANDREW MICHAUX. [Philadelphia](#), 3 volumes, 1817

(This is an amended translation of his 1810-1813 *HISTOIRE DES ARBRES FORESTIERS DE L'AMERIQUE SEPTENTRIONALE*, and contains that work's illustrations.)

GOD IN CONCORD by Jane Langton © 1992

59

What is the singing of birds . . . compared with

ISBN 0-670-84260-5 — PS3562.A515G58

Viking Penguin

Penguin Books USA Inc.



WALDEN: Many a village Bosc, fit only to course a mud-turtle in a victualling cellar, sported his heavy quarters in the woods, without the knowledge of his master, and ineffectually smelled at old fox burrows and woodchucks' holes; led perchance by some slight cur which nimbly threaded the wood, and might still inspire a natural terror in its denizens; -now far behind his guide, barking like a canine bull toward some small squirrel which had treed itself for scrutiny, then, cantering off, bending the bushes with his weight, imagining that he is on the track of some stray member of the gerbille family. Once I was surprised to see a cat walking along the stony shore of the pond, for they rarely wander so far from home. The surprise was mutual. Nevertheless the most domestic cat, which has lain on a rug all her days, appears quite at home in the woods, and, by her sly and stealthy behavior, proves herself more native there than the regular inhabitants. Once, when berrying, I met with a cat with young kittens in the woods, quite wild, and they all, like their mother, had their backs up and were fiercely spitting at me. A few years before I lived in the woods there was what was called a "winged cat" in one of the farm-houses in Lincoln nearest the pond, Mr. Gilian Baker's. When I called to see her in June, 1842, she was gone a-hunting in the woods, as was her wont, (I am not sure whether it was a male or female, and so use the more common pronoun,) but her mistress told me that she came into the neighborhood a little more than a year before, in April, and was finally taken into their house; that she was of a dark brownish-gray color, with a white spot on her throat, and white feet, and had a large bushy tail like a fox; that in the winter the fur grew thick and flattened out along her sides, forming strips ten or twelve inches long by two and a half wide, and under her chin like a muff, the upper side loose, the under matted like felt, and in the spring these appendages dropped off. They gave me a pair of her "wings," which I keep still. There is no appearance of a membrane about them. Some thought it was part flying-squirrel or some other wild animal, which is not impossible, for, according to naturalists, prolific hybrids have been produced by the union of the marten and domestic cat. This would have been the right kind of cat for me to keep, if I had kept any; for why should not a poet's cat be winged as well as his horse?

DOG

CAT

CATS WITH WINGS



MAY 1851

THE 1ST TUESDAY IN MAY WAS THE ANNUAL "MUSTER DAY," ON WHICH ALL THE ABLEBODIED WHITE MEN OF A TOWN WERE SUPPOSEDLY REQUIRED TO FALL INTO FORMATION, WITH THEIR PERSONAL FIREARMS, TO UNDERGO THEIR ANNUAL DAY OF MILITARY TRAINING AND MILITIA INDOCTRINATION.

➡ May 1851: Spirit-rapping became the craze even in sensible [Concord](#), and was being critiqued not only by [Henry Thoreau](#) but also by [Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar](#):



When Concord was invaded by alleged manifestations of spirits through hitherto sober tables, – “spirits,” as Thoreau said, “which no respectable junk bottle would consent to hold for an instant,” – the apostles of the new “rat and mouse revelation,” as Emerson called it, were Mr. X, a pocketbook-maker of no other distinction, his virtuous but tartly prosaic sister, an anæmic dressmaker and a rude Irish servant-girl who turned her table-moving to account in “spring cleaning.” A lady, greatly interested in the question of future life, suggested to Judge

[Ebenezer Rockwood] Hoar, that after all there might be something in these manifestations. He remarked: "But you will admit, madam, that this treasure -if it be such- is vouchsafed to us in earthen vessels." Some one retorted smartly on the Judge by saying that he "had to reserve all his credulity for the Christian miracles."

SPIRITUALISM

➡ May 1851: This month's [Harper's New Monthly Magazine](#):

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

This issue informed the American public that [Horatio Greenough](#)'s "The Pioneers" sculpture (AKA "The Rescue Group") was nearing completion and would be positioned near the Congress building on Capital Hill.



The action of the group symbolizes the one unvarying story of the contest between civilized and uncivilized man. The pioneer, standing almost erect, in the pride of conscious superiority, has dashed upon one knee the Indian, whose relaxed form, and cowering face upturned despairingly, express premonitions of the inevitable doom awaiting him, against which all his efforts would be unavailing. The heavy brow, compressed lip, and firm chin of the white man announce him one of a race born to conquer and rule, not so much by mere strength as by undaunted courage and indomitable will.

➡ May 1851: [Andrew Jackson Downing](#) came to Washington DC and took personal charge of the government land between 7th and 12th Streets. Beside the Mall he would design improvements for the square south of the White House.

➡ May 1851: [Daniel Webster](#) went to Syracuse, New York and, from a balcony opposite the City Hall, labeled the efforts to block execution of the Fugitive Slave Law inside that monumental pile of stone as "treason, treason, TREASON." He promised that the Fugitive Slave Law would be enforced in that municipality if the opportunity should present itself, during their next anti-slavery convention (and so it would, during the convention of the New York State [Liberty Party](#).)


RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW






1851

1851

 May [1851](#): The father of [Samuel Ringgold Ward](#) died in Newark, New Jersey at the age of 68:

...he seemed as if he might live a twelvemonth [when I left him]; but eight-and-forty hours from that time, as I sat in the [Rev. \[Amos Gerry\] Beeman](#)'s pulpit, [the Temple Street African Church] in New Haven, after the opening services, while singing the hymn which immediately preceded the sermon, a telegraphic despatch was handed me, announcing my father's death. I begged Mr. Beeman to preach; his own feelings were such, that he could not, and I was obliged to make the effort. No effort ever cost me so much. Have I trespassed upon your time too much by these details? Forgive the fondness of the filial, the bereaved, the fatherless.

 May [1851](#): Dr. Grant of [New-York](#) argued, for the benefit of one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Broadway Tabernacle, including [Frederick Douglass](#), that the Negro race was in fact no part of the human family, and as such was incapable of making proper use of the rights, immunities, and privileges which we consider to pertain to all human beings:

RACISM

I regard all the upright demeanour, gentlemanly bearing, Christian character, social progress, and material prosperity, of every coloured man, especially if he be a native of the United States, as, in its kind, anti-slavery labour. The enemies of the Negro deny his capacity for improvement or progress; they say he is deficient in morals, manners, intellect, and character. Upon that assertion they base the American doctrine, proclaimed with all effrontery, that the Negro is neither fit for nor entitled to the rights, immunities and privileges, which the same parties say belong naturally to all men; indeed, some of them go so far as to deny that the Negro belongs to the human family. In May, 1851, Dr. Grant, of New York, argued to this effect, to the manifest delight of one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Broadway Tabernacle. True, two coloured gentleman, one of whom was Frederic Douglass, Esq., refuted the abominable theory; but Dr. Grant left, it is to be feared, his impression upon the minds of too many, some of whom wished to believe him. A very learned divine in New Haven, Connecticut, declared, to the face of my honoured friend, Rev. S.E. Cornish, that "neither wealth nor education nor RELIGION could fit the Negro to live upon terms of equality with the white man." Another Congregational clergyman of Connecticut told the Writer, in the presence of the Rev. A.G. Beeman, that in his opinion, were Christ living in a house capable of holding two families, he would object to a black family in the adjoining apartments. Mr. Cunard objected to my taking a passage on any other terms - in a British steamer, be it remembered; and Mr. Cunard is an Englishman - than that I should not offend Americans by presenting myself at the cabin table d'hôte. I could number six Americans who left Radley's Hotel, while I was boarding there, because I was expected to eat in the same coffee-room with them, at a separate table, twenty feet distant from them, being ignorant of their presence. In but five of the American States are coloured persons allowed to vote on equal terms with whites. From social and business circles the Negro is entirely excluded - no, not that; he is not admitted - as a rule.

Now, surely, all this is not attributable to the fact that the Americans hold slaves, for the very worst of these things are done by non-slaveholders, in non-slaveholding States; and



Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, generally become the bitterest of Negro-haters, within fifteen days of their naturalization – some not waiting so long. Besides, in other slaveholding countries – Dutch Guiana, Brazil, Cuba, &c. – free Negroes are not treated thus, irrespective of character or condition. It is quite true that, as a rule, American slaveholders are the worst and the most cruel, both to their own mulatto children and to other slaves; it is quite true, that nowhere in the world has the Negro so bitter, so relentless enemies, as are the Americans; but it is not because of the existence of slavery, nor of the evil character or the lack of capacity on the part of the Negro. But, whatever is or is not the cause of it, there stands the fact; and this feeling is so universal that one almost regards "American" and "Negro-hater" as synonymous terms.

My opinion is, that much of this difference between the Anglo-Saxon on the one and his brother Anglo-Saxon on the other side of the Atlantic is to be accounted for in the very low origin of early American settlers, and the very deficient cultivation as compared with other nations, to which they have not attained. I venture this opinion upon the following considerations. The early settlers in many parts of America were the very lowest of the English population: the same class will abuse a Negro in England or Ireland now. The New England States were settled by a better class. In those States the Negro is best treated, excepting always the State of Connecticut. The very lowest of all the early settlers of America were the Dutch. These very same Dutch, as you find them now in the States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, out-American all Americans, save those of Connecticut, in their maltreatment of the free Negro. The middling and better classes of all Europe treat a black gentleman as a gentleman. Then step into the British American colonies, and you will find the lowest classes and those who have but recently arisen therefrom, just what the mass of Yankees are on this matter. Also, the best friends the Negro has in America are persons generally of the superior classes, and of the best origin. These are facts. The conclusion I draw from them may be erroneous, but it is submitted that it may be examined. We expect, generally, that the progress of Christianity in a country will certainly, however gradually, undermine and overthrow customs and usages, superstitions and prejudices, of an unchristian character. That this contempt of the Negro is unchristian, perhaps I shall be excused from stooping to argue. But, alas! pari passu with the spread of what the pulpit renders current as Christianity in my native country, is the growth, diffusion, and perpetuity of hatred to the Negro; indeed, one might be almost tempted to accredit the words of one of the most eloquent of Englishmen, who, more than twenty years ago, described it in few but forcible terms – "the Negro-hating Christianity." Religion, however, should be substituted for Christianity; for while a religion may be from man, and a religion from such an origin may be capable of hating, Christianity is always from God, and, like him, is love. "He who hateth his brother abideth in darkness." "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Surely it is with no pleasure that I say, from experience, deep-wrought conviction, that the oppression and the maltreatment of the hapless descendant of Africa is not merely an ugly excrescence upon American religion – not a blot upon it,

not even an anomaly, a contradiction, and an admitted imperfection, a deplored weakness – a lamented form of indwelling, an easily besetting, sin; no, it is a part and parcel of it, a cardinal principle, a sine quâ non, a cherished defended keystone, a corner-stone, of American faith – all the more so as it enters into the practice, the everyday practice, of an overwhelming majority (equal to ninety-nine hundredths) of its professors, lay and clerical, of all denominations; not excepting, too, many of the Quakers! How these people will get on in Heaven, into which sovereign, abounding, divine mercy admits blacks as well as whites, I know not; but Heaven is not the only place to which either whites or blacks will enter after the judgment!

In view of such a conclusion, what is anti-slavery labour? Manifestly the refutation of all this miserable nonsense and heresy – for it is both. How is this to be done? Not alone by lecturing, holding anti-slavery conventions, distributing anti-slavery tracts, maintaining anti-slavery societies, and editing anti-slavery journals, much less by making a trade of these, for certain especial pets and favourites to profit by and in which to live in luxury; but, in connection with these labours, right and necessary in themselves, effective as they must be when properly pursued, the cultivation of all the upward tendencies of the coloured man. I call the expert black cordwainer, blacksmith, or other mechanic or artisan, the teacher, the lawyer, the doctor, the farmer, or the divine, an anti-slavery labourer; and in his vocation from day to day, with his hoe, hammer, pen, tongue, or lancet, he is living down the base calumnies of his heartless adversaries – he is demonstrating his truth and their falsity: indeed, all the labour which falls short of this – much more, such as does not tend in this direction – must, from the nature of the case and the facts and demands of the cause, be defective, lamentably defective, to use no stronger term. I shall be understood, I hope, then, if I include the chief facts of my life, whether in the editorial chair, in the pulpit, on the platform, pleading for this cause or that, in my anti-slavery labours. God helping me wherever I shall be, at home, abroad, on land or sea, in public or private walks, as a man, a Christian, especially as a black man, my labours must be anti-slavery labours, because mine must be an anti-slavery life.

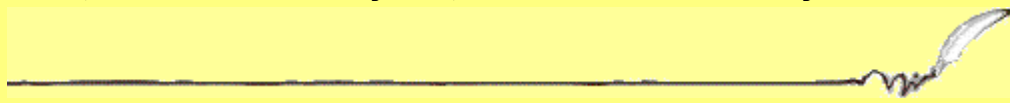


May 1851: [Richard Wagner](#) completed the verse draft for *Der Junge Siegfried* (YOUNG SIEGFRIED) — later to be called simply SIEGFRIED.

At about this point [Waldo Emerson](#) was writing in his journal:

HISTORY OF RR

The old woman who was shown the telegraph & the railroad, said, "Well, God's works are great, but man's works are greater!"



1851

1851

➡ May 1851: Frederick Douglass was beginning to obtain funding from the “Liberty Party” (a front for the wealthy, indignant, impatient Gerrit Smith) and renamed his gazette Frederick Douglass’s Paper.⁷⁵



Douglass has made an expedient conversion to save his newspaper. The North Star merged with a Syracuse [New York] Liberty [Party] sheet underwritten by Smith to form a new weekly to be called Frederick Douglass's Paper. Smith and Douglass had wooed each other for months.... The new partners had closed the deal for two years of monthly subsidies shortly before the AAS meeting.



75. It would have been wrong, to have titled this Gerrit Smith's Paper. That would have exposed, unnecessarily, what was going down; such a name would have been a dead giveaway. As always –we learned this during Watergate– to connect the dots you need to **follow the money**. –But gosh, you're way ahead of me on this.



1851

1851




May 1851: At the annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in Syracuse, New York, there was a parting of the ways over a tactical issue, between [William Lloyd Garrison](#) and [Frederick Douglass](#). In becoming a family man and the editor of his own antislavery newspaper, Douglass had become a single-issue pragmatist, had ceased making attacks on the congregations and the reverends, and was drifting away from the principled “judge not” shunning of the political process by the nonviolence people (such as consenting neither to vote nor to hold office). Douglass declared that he had changed his mind about the US Constitution. It could be, or could be made into, an antislavery document. People who took another tack were “**practical** enemies of the colored people.” Garrison burst out

“There is roguery somewhere!”

Garrison felt Douglass had sold out, Douglass felt Garrison had impugned his honor. [Abby Kelley Foster](#) said that Douglass had transformed himself into “an enemy” and he accused her of trying to force the “too heavily laden” enslaved black man to bear on his back “the battle of Woman’s Rights.”

1851

1851

 May 1851: The American Anti-Slavery Society commissioned the Reverend [Samuel Joseph May](#) to evaluate the condition of escaped American slaves in [Canada](#). Upon his return he would estimate the presence of approximately 5,000 in settlements along the border, and report that they had derived mostly from New York and the Midwest.





1851

1851



May 1851: Burning over the burned-over region, [Sojourner Truth](#) had since February been speaking against slavery across upstate [New York](#). The spirits indeed move in mysterious ways, for while visiting the area she was becoming entranced by table-rappings and communications with the departed.


Carleton Mabee's SOJOURNER TRUTH

Pages 99-100: In Truth's time, Spiritualists played a role similar to that of "New Age" religionists in the late 1900s. The general public often ridiculed Spiritualists, and conservative churches often attacked them; Seventh Day Adventists, who were strong in Battle Creek, were among those who attacked Spiritualists, claiming they talked not to spirits of the dead but to devils. Some abolitionist-feminists such as [Friend Lucretia Mott](#), [Parker Pillsbury](#), and [Frederick Douglass](#) were skeptical of Spiritualists. Others tended to avoid identifying with them because they did not wish to antagonize the conventional church. But many abolitionist-feminists, including [William Lloyd Garrison](#), [Lucy Stone](#), and [Paulina Wright Davis](#), despite being dubious of certain claims by particular Spiritualists, tended to believe that spiritualism not only reinforced the Christian belief in immortality, but also was a progressive development that went hand in hand with efforts to improve the status of blacks and of women. By the late 1850s most of the Progressive Friends—a movement especially of dissident Quakers in which Truth and many of her friends took part, in Battle Creek, Rochester, and elsewhere—had accepted spiritualism. By the 1860s the intermingling of Progressive Friends and Spiritualists was so pervasive that it was hard to tell them apart.

SPIRITUALISM

1851

1851

 May 1851: The Massachusetts legislature voted down a school desegregation bill despite the fact that due to parental boycott, at this point enrollment at Boston's public all-black Smith School on Belknap Street stood at 37.



SMITH SCHOOL, BELKNAP STREET.

1851

1851



Early May 1851: Early in this month Henry Thoreau took sulfuric ether and had all his teeth pulled, replacing them with full dentures.⁷⁶

By the rarest coincidence, we have preserved this 1850 photo of Scollay Square very near the Boston Athenæum, taken from a window of a building on Tremont Row. The photo shows No. 19, the office of William Thomas Green Morton, the dentist who had begun 4 years earlier to pioneer the use of ether as an anesthetic:



76. A great deal of research needs to be done, because this was substantially before Nelson Goodyear would develop, in an 1858 timeframe at the earliest, the sort of pinkish vulcanized rubber to which porcelain teeth might be affixed to fabricate a convenient and attractive denture. So, why was it that Thoreau had all his teeth pulled at once? –Were off-the-shelf standard denture prostheses available, and significantly less costly than partial made-to-order prostheses? Wouldn't sacrificing all one's teeth alter one's voice? Wasn't there a risk of shock involved in such a procedure?



WALDEN: The village appeared to me a great news room; and on one side, to support it, as once at Redding & Company's on State Street, they kept nuts and raisins, or salt and meal and other groceries. Some have such a vast appetite for the former commodity, that is, the news, and such sound digestive organs that they can sit forever in public avenues without stirring, and let it simmer and whisper through them like the Etesian winds, or as if inhaling ether, it only producing numbness and insensibility to pain, -otherwise it would often be painful to hear,- without affecting the consciousness. I hardly ever failed, which I rambled through the village, to see a row of such worthies, either sitting on a ladder sunning themselves, with their bodies inclined forward and their eyes glancing along the line this way and that, from time to time, with a voluptuous expression, or else leaning against a barn with their hands in their pockets, like caryatides, as if to prop it up. They, being commonly out of doors, heard whatever was in the wind. These are the coarsest mills, in which all gossip is first rudely digested or cracked up before it is emptied into finer and more delicate hoppers within doors.

Read  **Henry Thoreau's Journal for May 1851 (æet. 33)**



May 1, Thursday, 1851: While at his Bologna home entertaining friends, [Gioachino Antonio Rossini](#) was visited by the Austrian governor Count Nobili. As the count entered, Rossini's friends departed, and the composer received his guest alone.

The Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations was officially opened in London's Hyde Park by [Queen Victoria](#) (it had been for this that the "Crystal Palace," a sort of immense prefab greenhouse structure, had been erected).

If I had my time again, I would have listened to those who said governments shouldn't try to run big visitor attractions.

– Prime Minister Tony Blair

João Carlos Gregório Domingues Vicente Francisco de Saldanha Oliveira e Daun, duque, marques e conde de Saldanha replaced António José de Sousa Manuel e Meneses Severim de Noronha, duque de Terceira, marques e conde de Vila-Flor as Prime Minister of Portugal.

[Daniel Foster](#), Dora, and their infant daughter Alice left Chester for Concord:

May 1st 1851 Concord
Came today back from my old home in Chester to my present field of toil in this town.

1851

1851

The opening day for the [Crystal Palace](#), with all 13,000 of its exhibits in place with the exception of those from Russia. There would be some 6,000,000 visitors. A best seller among the tourist throngs would be Tennyson's "In Memoriam."



The nude white marble of the statue "The Greek Slave" by [Hiram Powers](#) was used as the revolving centerpiece of the very extensive exhibits of the United States of America at the exhibition in London (see following screen).

1851

1851



There's statues bright
Of marble white
...
And some I think
That isn't overproper.

The white plaster model from which Powers had worked as he carved this statue in Italy became the template for a mechanical copying device for the manufacture of many small imitations of the statue, for sale to the general public. Of course there were people who wanted to have a small copy of this statue in their living room, perhaps to make a lamp out of. On one of his models you can still see tiny black dots that had been used as registration marks for this mechanical copying device.



The Powers statue was intended to depict a virginal white female in chains, after she has been forcibly stripped by her greedy Muslim captors, while she is involuntarily displaying all her charms to lecherous Muslim bidders in the slave mart of Constantinople. Bondage! Innocence at risk! Satan triumphant! If there were any Victorian hot buttons Hiram Powers neglected to stroke, it's not clear what hot buttons those would have been. People stood for hours as this work of art slowly revolved on its pedestal, overwhelmed by the art of this exhibit. The self-righteousness of all this impelled Punch to tweak our tail with a comment on American liberty.



Exceedingly popular at this English exhibition were the American mass-manufactured square grand pianos, which the visitors were encouraged to play, and American mass-manufactured "six-shooters," which the

visitors were encouraged to fire. And over in that corner over there was a rather diminutive American salesman of American artificial legs, standing in front of his display booth all day, day after day, on his own pair of artificial legs, the left one starting below the knee and the right one starting above the knee, not seeming to be bothered by this at all. Colonel Samuel Colt was in London as visiting American royalty, and had his fifteen minutes of fame before the Parliament, during which he informed the Peers that:

"There is nothing that can not be produced by machinery."

Oh, Mr. Colt, please pull out your equalizer and squeeze off six rounds of decency!



At the [Crystal Palace](#) Exposition in London, the mass-produced Colt revolver was quite the crowd pleaser. Also, Jacob Sweppes distributed soda water drinks out of metal-capped individual bottles (soda water had been invented by the [Reverend Joseph Priestley](#) several decades earlier, with the idea that fizz-water was going to cure the [yellow fever](#)).

In Boston, the Reverend Professor [Edward Hitchcock](#)'s THE RELIGION OF [GEOLOGY](#) AND ITS CONNECTED SCIENCES (Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Company). How come Jews don't have a problem with the creation of the world the way Christians have a problem with the creation of the world, huh? Hey, it's a story, you have to know how to read a story. A particle in the text of *GENESIS* ("v" meaning "afterward") reveals that all this hoo-hah our theologians had been going on about for so many centuries –God's Creation having gone down during precisely one week of seven-count-'em-seven days just a few thousand years ago, that sort of [Archbishop Ussher](#) thingie– had never been anything more than a great bog misunderstanding due to a minor translation error out of the Hebrew. Duh. We just need to learn how to read the OLD TESTAMENT. Actually there is no discord between the lengthy time-series of the modern science of geology and theology properly understood, none whatever:

In the English Bible this particle is usually rendered by the copulative conjunction *and*; in the Septuagint, and in Josephus, however, it sometimes has the sense of *but*. And some able commentators are of opinion that it admits of a similar translation in the passage under consideration. The elder



Rosenmuller says we might read it thus: "*In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. Afterwards the earth was desolate,*" &c. Or the particle *afterwards* may be placed at the beginning of any of the succeeding verses. Thus, In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and the earth was desolate, and darkness was upon the face of the waters. *Afterwards* the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.... And if such an interval be allowed, it is all that geology requires to reconcile its facts to revelation.

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE

In [San Francisco, California](#):

Act passed by the Legislature, "to authorize the funding of the floating debt of the city of [San Francisco](#), and to provide for the payment of the same." Peculiar circumstances, such as the necessity of grading and improving the public streets, building certain wharves, the purchase of expensive premises for corporate purposes, the monstrous salaries claimed by the boards of aldermen and other municipal authorities, the heavy outlay attending the hospital, fire and police departments, contingent expenses to a very large amount, printing, (-\$41,905 20 for only nineteen months!-) surveying and numberless other charges, had involved the city in an enormous gross amount of indebtedness. By the Comptroller's Report, the total expenditure of the city from the 1st August, 1849, to the 30th November, 1850, was \$1,450,122 57; and in the three following months a further expenditure was created of \$562,617 53. In the space of nineteen months, therefore, the total expenditure was upwards of two millions of dollars. But as neither the property of the city, which had already been sold to a great extent, nor its ordinary revenues, were adequate to defray this immense sum, the municipal authorities had been for a considerable period obliged to issue scrip, in immediate -satisfaction or acknowledgment of the corporation debts. This scrip, as the city got farther involved and could only make payment of its new obligations in the same kind of paper, soon became much depreciated, and was literally in common sale at from fifty to seventy per cent. discount. Meanwhile, nobody would do any business for the city on the same terms as they would for other parties, so long as they were to be paid in this depreciated scrip. The natural consequence was that the municipal officers had just virtually to pay, or rather give their promise to pay, twice or thrice the amounts they would have needed to lay out, if the city had been solvent, with cash in hand to meet all obligations. This circumstance therefore still farther added to the enormous weight of debt. Truly the city seems to have been long considered fair game for every one who had spirit, skill, and corruption enough to prey upon its means. The officials complained that their salaries were paid in depreciated scrip. That was true, and hard enough upon many; but, on the other hand, certain leading office-holders made a fine thing of this same depreciation. They contrived to purchase vast quantities of corporation paper at one-third of its nominal value, which they turned over, in their several departments, to the city at par. In various ways they trafficked in this scrip, and always to their own great advantage. The tax collector, for instance,



refused to receive scrip in payment of license duties and other city taxes, on one ground or other, that it was not yet due, and the like, while instead of paying into the city treasurer the cash which was actually received, he only handed over his own comparatively worthless paper, purchased with the city's cash for that express purpose. The comptroller and treasurer were likewise parties concerned in this species of speculation. Considerable fortunes were thus gained by sundry officials, who could "finesse," and make money in any state of the corporation exchequer. Doubtless they quietly and gaily said to themselves, as the public thought, that "it was an ill-wind that blew nobody good." In those days—so recent, yet in the history of [San Francisco](#) so virtually remote—jobbing and speculation were rank, and seemed the rule in the city government. Public honesty and conscientious attention to the interests of the community were solitary exceptions. To such an extent did nefarious speculations in city paper prevail among people high in office, that the Legislature was at last compelled to interfere, and declare it a penal offence for any municipal officer to buy scrip or to traffic in it in any manner of way. Meanwhile the scrip was bearing interest at the rate of three per cent. per month! On the 1st day of March, 1851, the total liabilities of the city were \$1,099,557 56. At this time, the whole corporation property, if forced to a public sale, would not have brought one-third of that amount; while, if interest were to continue to run on the debt at the heavy rate just mentioned, the ordinary revenues would have fallen lamentably short of meeting it, after defraying the current expenses. In these circumstances, the act above mentioned was passed by the Legislature. By this act certain commissioners were appointed to manage the proposed "funded debt," who were empowered to issue stock, bearing interest at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, in lieu of scrip to a similar amount, which might be presented by holders of the same within a specified time. This funded debt was to be redeemed wholly within twenty years, and particular obligations were laid on the city that the sums necessary to be raised to pay the half-yearly interest, and ultimately the principal, should be solely applied to these purposes. Fifty thousand dollars, over and above the amount required to pay the interest on the stock, were to be levied annually, which sum was to be made use of by the commissioners, under certain restrictions, in buying up, and so gradually reducing the amount of the city liabilities. As the stock thus created was considered to be an undoubted security for the amounts it represented, which the old scrip was not, and as the former soon bore a higher market value than such scrip, the holders of the latter generally took occasion to convert their floating into the funded debt. The small amount of scrip never presented for conversion into stock within the specified time, and which was chiefly held by parties at a distance, was subsequently paid in full by the city. In 1852, a great financial operation of a similar nature took place, by which the then floating debt of the county of [San Francisco](#) was converted into a seven per cent. stock. This will be more particularly noticed in its chronological order.



May 1, Thursday, 1851: While he was reacting to the fervor about support for [Lajos Kossuth](#), [Henry Thoreau](#) entered a poem in his journal, and also on page 96 of his Commonplace Book (now in the Berg Collection at the New York Public Library):

OSSIAN

THE SPIRIT OF LODIN
 I look down from my height on nations,
 And they become ashes before me;
 Calm is my dwelling in the clouds;
 Pleasant are the great fields of my rest.

Thoreau’s source for this poem was [Patrick MacGregor](#). A prose version of it had indeed appeared in the 1790 edition by [James Macpherson](#) of THE POEMS OF [OSSIAN](#) in Book I, “Carric-Thura” — but the spelling there had been “Loda” rather than “Lodin”:



May 1. Observed the *Nuphar Advena* Yellow Water Lily in blossom Also the *Laurus Benzoin* or Fever Bush Spice wood near Wm Wheeler’s in Lincoln –resembling the Witch Hazel. It is remarkable that this aromatic shrub –though it grows by the road side –& does not hide itself may be as it were effectually concealed –though it blossoms every spring– It may be observed only once in many years.

The blossom buds of the peach have expanded just enough to give a slight peach tint to the orchards. In regard to purity, I do not know whether I am much worse or better than my acquaintances. If I confine my thought to myself –I appear –whether by constitution or by education, irrevocably impure, as if I should be shunned by my fellow men, if they knew me better –as if I were of two inconsistent natures –but again when I observe how the mass of men speak of woman and of chastity –with how little love and reverence –I feel that so far I am unaccountably better than they. I think that none of my acquaintances has a greater love and admiration for chastity than I have. Perhaps it is necessary that one should actually stand low himself in order to reverence what is high in others All distant landscapes –seen from hill tops are veritable pictures –which will be found to have no actual existence to him who travels to them– “Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.” It is the bare *land*-scape without this depth of atmosphere to glass it. The distant river reach seen in the north from the Lincoln Hill, high in the horizon –like the ocean stream flowing round Homer’s shield –the rippling waves reflecting the light –is unlike the same seen near at hand. Heaven intervenes between me and the object –by what license do I call it Concord River. It redeems the character of rivers to see them thus– They were worthy then of a place on Homer’s shield–

As I looked today from mt Tabor in Lincoln to the Waltham Hill I saw the same deceptive slope – the near hill melting into the further –inseparably indistinguishably –it was one gradual slope from the base of the near hill to the summit of the further one –a succession of copsewoods –but I knew that there intervened a valley 2 or 3 miles wide studded with houses & orchards & drained by a considerable stream. When the shadow of a cloud passed over the nearer hill –I could distinguish its shaded summit against the side of the other.

I had in my mind’s eye a silent gray tarn which I had seen the summer before? high up on the side of a *mt* Bald Mt where the half dead spruce trees stood far in the water draped with wreathy mist as with esnea moss –made of dews –where the Mt spirit bathed. Whose bottom was high above the surface of other lakes Spruces whose dead limbs were more in harmony with the mists which draped them.

The forenoon that I moved to my house –a poor old lame fellow who had formerly frozen his feet –hobbled off the road –came & stood before my door with one hand on each door post looking into the house & asked for a drink of water. I knew that rum or something like it was the only drink he loved but I gave him a dish of warm pond water which was all I had, nevertheless, which to my astonishment he drank, being used to drinking.

Nations! what are nations?– Tartars! and Huns! and Chinamen –like insects they swarm– The historian strives in vain to make them memorable. It is for want of a man that there are so many men– It is individuals that populate the world.



“I look down from my height on nations,
And they become ashes before me; — —
Calm is my dwelling in the clouds;
Pleasant are the great fields of my rest.”⁷⁷

Man is as singular as god.

There is a certain class of unbelievers who sometimes ask me such questions as –if I think that I can live on vegetable food alone, and to strike at the root of the matter at once I am accustomed to answer such “Yes, I can live on board nails” If they cannot understand that they cannot understand much that I have to say. That cuts the matter short with them.⁷⁸ For my own part I am glad to hear of experiments of this kind being tried –as that a young man tried for a fortnight to see if he could live on hard raw corn on the ear –using his tooth for his only mortar– The squirrel tribe tried the same (experiment) and succeeded. The human race is interested in these experiments –though a few old women may be alarmed –who own their thirds in mills.

Khaled would have his weary soldiers vigilant still; apprehending a mid night sally from the enemy “Let no man sleep,” said he, We shall have rest enough after death,”–

Would such an exhortation be understood by Yankee soldiers?

Omar answered the dying Abu Beker “Oh successor to the apostle of God! spare me from this burden. I have no need of the Caliphat.” But the Caliphat has need of you!” replied the dying Abu Beker

“Heraclius had heard of the mean attire of the Caliph Omar, and asked them why, having gained so much wealth by his conquests, he did not go richly clad like other princes? They replied, that he cared not for this world, but for the world to come, and sought favor in the eyes of God alone. “In what kind of a palace does he reside?” asked the emperor. “In a house built of mud” “Who are his attendants?” “Beggars and the poor”. “What tapestry does he sit upon?” “Justice and equity”. “What is his throne?” “Abstinence and true knowledge” What is his treasure?” “Trust in God” “And who are his guard?” “The bravest of the Unitarians”.

It was the custom of Ziyad once governor of Bassora, “wherever he held sway, to order the inhabitants to leave their doors open at night, with merely a hurdle at the entrance to exclude cattle, engaging to replace any thing that should be stolen: and so effective was his police, that no robberies were committed.”

Abdallah was “so fixed and immovable in prayer, that a pigeon once perched upon his head

77. [Thoreau](#) would later extrapolate from this for his early lecture “[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT](#)”, combining it with an entry made on January 20th, 1852 and an entry made on April 3d, 1853 to form the following:

[Paragraph 78] All summer, and far into the autumn, I unconsciously went by the newspapers and the news, and now I find it was because the morning and the evening were full of news to me. My walks were full of incidents. I attended, not to the affairs of Europe, but to my own affairs in Massachusetts fields. If you chance to live and move and have your being [[ACTS 17:28](#)] in that thin stratum in which the events that make the news transpire,—thinner than the paper on which it is printed,—then these things will fill the world for you; but if you soar above or dive below that plane, you cannot remember nor be reminded of them. Really to see the sun rise or go down every day, so to relate ourselves to a universal fact, would preserve us sane forever. Nations! What are nations? Tartars, and Huns, and Chinamen! Like insects, they swarm. The historian strives in vain to make them memorable. It is for want of a man that there are so many men. It is individuals that populate the world. Any man thinking may say with the Spirit of Lodin,— “I look down from my height on nations, And they become ashes before me; —Calm is my dwelling in the clouds; Pleasant are the great fields of my rest.”



mistaking him for a statue.”



May 2, Friday, [1851](#): The Sacramento, [California](#) [Daily Union](#) reported:

PRIZE FIGHT. — The [Standard](#) says that one of these exhibitions came off on Tuesday morning in Happy Valley. The combatants were a boatman and a police officer; a difficulty, it seems, had arisen at the polls on Monday last between the two men; the result of which was a bet of \$100 a side, on a pounding match. They met according to agreement, and while sparring away in great style, were suddenly pounced upon by Capt. Meredith of the station-house of the first district. The pugilistic police officer has been suspended.

ESCAPE OF ANOTHER PRISONER. — A member of the chain gang effected his escape yesterday by the assistance of a man who drove a covered wagon to the brick yard where the convicts were at work. After the wagon left it was discovered that one of them was gone. The wagon was pursued and overtaken, but the man could not be found. The wagoner was immediately taken into custody, and is now on board the prison ship. These are all the circumstances we have been enabled to gather, and in view of them, it would

78. [Waldo Emerson](#), when he had heard [Thoreau](#) make this remark during June 1840, had supposed it to be a remark about Diet! This statement, which of course has nothing whatever to do with Diet and everything to do with Faith (how could the Reverend Emerson have been so clueless?), would eventually find its way into [WALDEN](#):



[WALDEN](#): There is a certain class of unbelievers who sometimes ask me such questions as, if I think that I can live on vegetable food alone; and to strike at the root of the matter at once, —for the root is faith,— I am accustomed to answer such, that I can live on board nails. If they cannot understand that, they cannot understand much that I have to say. For my part, I am glad to hear of experiments of this kind being tried; as that a young man tried for a fortnight to live on hard, raw corn on the ear, using his teeth for all mortar. The squirrel tribe tried the same and succeeded. The human race is interested in these experiments, though a few old women who are incapacitated for them, or who own their thirds in mills, may be alarmed.

To grasp that this is indeed a remark about Faith, you need only contemplate the following familiar texts:

Isaiah 7:9 — If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established.
Habakkuk 2:4 — Behold, his soul *which* is lifted up is not upright in him: but the just shall live by his faith.
Matthew 8:13 — And Jesus said unto the centurion, “Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee.”
Matthew 9:28 — “Believe ye that I am able to do this?” They said unto him, “Yea, Lord.”
Matthew 21:21 — “Verily I say unto you, If ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done.”
Mark 4:40 — And he said unto them, “Why are you so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?”
Mark 10:52 — And Jesus said unto him, “Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole.”
Mark 11:22 — And Jesus answering saith unto them, “Have faith in God.”



not appear harsh to see the gentleman who was so kind hearted as to assist his friend in a distressed situation, continue his goodness and do the work allotted to the lucky hombre, who is now going about "seeking whom he may devour."

NEW THEATRE IN SAN FRANCISCO. — From the Alta we learn that this new building is nearly completed. It is of sufficient size to accommodate two thousand persons. The projectors of the enterprize are men of capital, and will spare no pains to render the establishment the finest in California. A very popular company is already engaged.

STEAMERS. — The *New World*, *W.G. Hunt*, *H.T. Clay* and *Hartford*, all left within a few minutes of two o'clock yesterday. The speed of the People's and Union lines has never yet been decided satisfactory to all parties, and we suppose never will be. We shall have in consequence to chronicle on account of it many instances of the "quickest trip on record."

WINDS. — From the fact that southerly winds are beginning to prevail, we may consider the summer season as firmly established. We are told by a gentlemen who has resided in this country since 1841, that sail vessels are always able in the summer to make the trip from the Bay to this place in a day or so, and that tow-boats in consequence will not be an actual desideratum until winter. In some instances during the latter season it has required over two months for the passage.


ILLUSTRATION. — A gentleman, who on account of the election times, warm weather, or from an unknown cause, is not a Son of Temperance, addressed some bystanders on the Levee yesterday, after the following style "Men are sometimes like this lepine watch, sirs. You see it looks like a first-rate time piece. Its appearance is decidedly prepossessing. Come up here Mr. Thompson. You hear it ticking in fine order, don't you? Let me put it against your ear. There now. You hear a clickety, rattling ringing, jarring noise inside. That's the way with some folks. At a little distance they appear polished gentlemen, but when brought up right close by intimate acquaintance, you find there's something wrong inside. They have to be regulated every few days by public opinion. Give me a real old patent lever of a man, that's got the right click about him — one that's got good works inside. He don't have to be regulated, but when you look at him, you know you can depend on him." "Same way with good liquor, gentlemen" — but not having time to hear further illustrations, we were debarred the pleasure of hearing the closing remarks.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MAY 2D THROUGH 5TH]

1851

1851

 May 3, 11PM Saturday night, 1851: For the 7th time in its 4 years of existence, San Francisco, California was almost entirely destroyed by fire. Over the following 10 hours 2,000 buildings were destroyed (which constituted most of the city). The flames were so bright they could be seen 140 kilometers away, in Monterey.



Henry Thoreau laid out a road for Luther Hosmer, from his house near the road to Sudbury through land owned by James P. Brown to Marlboro Road at Thomas Wheeler's,



while meanwhile, on Boston Common, William Lloyd Garrison spoke against slavery.

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

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

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

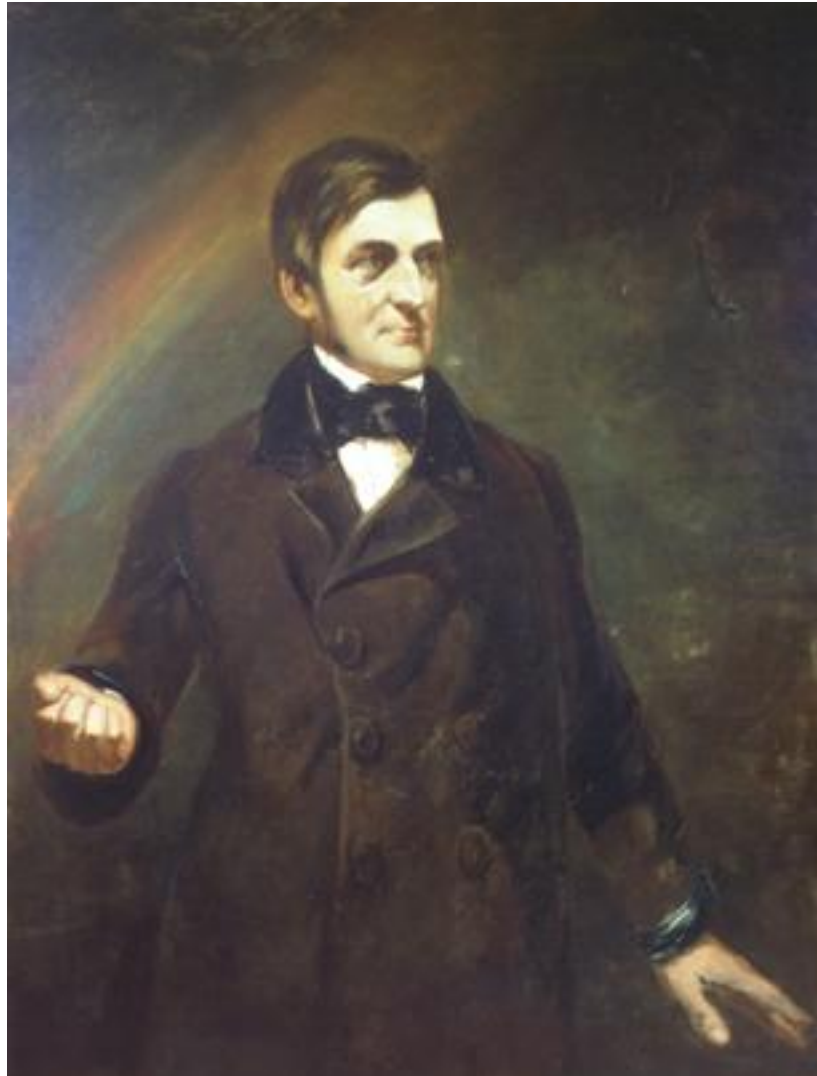
View this particular personal working draft of a survey in fine detail:

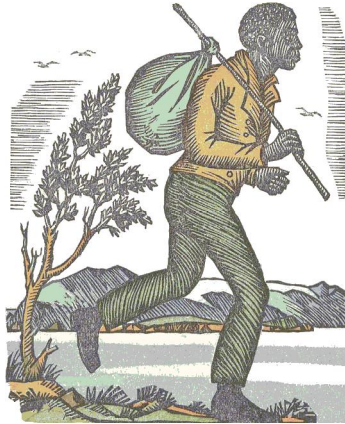
http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/65.htm

1851

1851

That night [Waldo Emerson](#) delivered “The Fugitive Slave Law” in Concord.





On April 11th, [Wendell Phillips](#) had addressed a previous assembly on the Common, about the [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#) case. This image of that previous meeting was appearing in this day's first issue of a new Boston magazine created by publisher [Frederick Gleason](#) and editor [Maturin Murray Ballou](#), [Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion](#).⁷⁹ Since the important detail that would not have been missed by any of the 19th-Century viewers of this image is that the assembly being depicted was amalgamated, which is to say, multi-racial, the fact that the orator depicted is Phillips rather than Garrison is not by way of comparison of any great

79. Gleason was the publisher of the Boston story paper, [The Flag of Our Union](#). Ballou would purchase the [Pictorial](#) in 1855 and substitute his own name for [Gleason's](#) in the title. In 1859 Ballou would finish and Gleason would return with a 16-page story-paper, [Gleason's Literary Companion](#), which would continue until 1670. In about 1857 Henry Thoreau would copy from the initial offerings of the [Pictorial](#) into his Indian Notebook #10.

[CONSULT THE WIKIPEDIA](#)

1851

1851

moment:



RACISM
MAGAZINE



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MAY 2D THROUGH 5TH]



May 4, Sunday, 1851: [Stephen Grover Cleveland](#) became a member of the [Old Stone Church](#) in Clinton, [New York](#) along with his mother Ann Cleveland and siblings, by letter of transfer from the Presbyterian Church of Fayetteville, [New York](#) (the father of the family, the [Reverend Richard Falley Cleveland](#), was otherwise occupied, as district secretary for the [American Home Missionary Society](#)).

In [San Francisco, California](#):

The anniversary of the second great fire was signalized by the fifth, the ravages of which perhaps exceeded, in gross amount,



those of all the fires together that had previously taken place in the city. For eight months the inhabitants had enjoyed comparative immunity from conflagration. Although single houses had caught fire, and been consumed, it was not believed that such a dreadful calamity could come as that which now happened. A considerable number of buildings, which were supposed fire-proof, had been erected in the course of the preceding year, the solid walls of which, it was thought, would afford protection from the indefinite spreading of the flames, when fire should unhappily break out in any particular building. But all calculations and hopes on this subject were mocked and broken. The brick walls that had been so confidently relied upon crumbled in pieces before the furious flames; the thick iron shutters grew red hot and warped, and only increased the danger and insured final destruction to every thing within them. Men went for shelter into these fancied fire-proof brick and iron-bound structures, and when they sought to come forth again, to escape the heated air that was destroying them as by a close fire, they found, O horror! that the metal shutters and doors had expanded by the heat, and could not be opened! So, in these huge, sealed furnaces, several perished miserably. Many more persons lost their lives in other portions of the burned district, partly by the flames, and partly by the tottering walls falling on and crushing them. The fire began a few minutes past eleven o'clock on the night of Saturday, the 3d of May, in a paint, or upholstery store, on the south side of the plaza. As particular care seems to have been observed in this establishment to extinguish all lights and fires, the sad work was likely commenced by an incendiary. The wind blowing strongly from the north-west, the conflagration proceeded in the direction of Kearny street, and soon swept before it all of the houses on some entire blocks. Then the breeze suddenly shifted, and blew from the south, carrying the fire backwards to the north and east. In a few hours the whole business part of the city was one entire mass of flame! The wind that would have been considered high, though no fire had existed, was now raised to a hurricane by the action of the flames, that greedily sucked in the fresh air. The hollows beneath the planked streets were like great blow-pipes, that stirred the fire to fearful activity. Through such strange channels, too, which themselves became as dry and inflammable as tinder, the flames were communicated from street to street, and in an amazingly short time the whole surface, over a wide region, glowed, crackled, and blazed, one immense fiery field. The reflection from the sky of this terrific conflagration was said to have been visible at Monterey, nearly a hundred miles off! where it filled the superstitious and timid with dismay and irrepressible terror. On all sides in the doomed city there was heard the fierce roar, as of many storms, that drowned the shouts of men and the shrieks of women. The firemen plied their engines vigorously, and sent showers of water on the wild flames, that only served to increase their fury. As the solid stream of some lofty cataract is scattered into spray and thin mist long before it reaches the earth in the chasm beneath, so were the jets from the fire-engines dissipated into clouds of mere steam which never fell upon or could not extinguish the hot centre of the resistless element. Houses were blown up, but the fire leaped lightly across the gaps, and pursued its terrible course. It ran along



the planked streets, and from block to block, almost as if they were but a train of gunpowder. The short space of ten hours, from the commencement of the fire, saw from fifteen hundred to two thousand houses completely ruined. In the end, the absolute want of further fuel to consume was the chief cause of the conflagration ceasing. Eighteen entire squares, with portions of five or six others, were devastated, and, with fewer than twenty exceptions, all the houses and property of every description were totally destroyed. Only five of the brick buildings on Montgomery street escaped destruction, and ten or twelve in other localities. The burned district extended about three-fourths of a mile from north to south, and one-third of a mile from east to west. In this space was comprehended the most valuable part of the city, and where the most precious goods and merchandise were stored. All was destroyed! The damage was moderately estimated at from ten to twelve millions of dollars. In this conflagration some of the old s.ore-ships that had been hauled high upon the beach, and gradually closed in by the streets growing over the bay, were consumed. Of these was the old "Niantic." This vessel had long lain fixed at the corner of Clay and Sansome streets, where the hotel, which bears its name, was afterwards erected. The "Apollo" and "General Harrison" were also burned. Among the incidents of the fire, it may be mentioned that Dewitt & Harrison saved their warehouse by using vinegar in the absence of water, eighty thousand gallons of the former fluid having been employed by them in protecting the building. By breaking up the wharves, and so cutting off the connection with the burning masses, the immense amount of valuable shipping in the harbor was saved, which at one time was in the most imminent peril. [San Francisco](#) had never before suffered so severe a blow, and doubts were entertained by the ignorant that she could possibly recover from its effects. Such doubts were vain. The bay was still there, and the people were also there; the placers of the State were not yet exhausted, and its soil was as fertile and inviting as ever. The frightful calamity, no doubt, would retard the triumphant progress of the city-but only for a time. Sour, pseudo-religious folk on the shores of the Atlantic, might mutter of Sodom and Gomorrah, and prate the idlest nonsense, while envious speculators in cities of [California](#) itself, that would fain rival the glories of its grand port, might preach till doomsday of the continual strong winds that prevailed in the latter place, and which were certain, so they said, among thousands of wooden houses, to fan the veriest spark into a conflagration, again and again. The citizens of [San Francisco](#) were content only to curse and vow vengeance on the incendiaries that kindled the fire, and resolved to be better prepared in future to resist its spreading ravages. After the first short burst of sorrow, the ruined inhabitants, many of whom had been burned out time after time by the successive fires, began again, like the often persecuted spider with its new web, to create still another town and another fortune. While the city lay one vast black and still smoking tract, preparations were made to erect new buildings. These were generally at first formed of wood, low in height, limited in extent, and slightly constructed; but, before long, such rough, slim, temporary structures, began to give place to the present magnificent buildings that decorate our streets. But one other

great fire was to come.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MAY 2D THROUGH 5TH]




May 5, Monday, [1851](#): [Gioachino Antonio Rossini](#), after in 1835 winning his petition with the French government for an annuity, had resettled in Bologna, [Italy](#), abandoned both Paris and his wife. After her death he had remarried there. The 1848 Year of Revolution and its aftermath motivated him for safety at this point to leave Bologna never to return (his new base would be Florence, where he would remain until 1855).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MAY 2D THROUGH 5TH]

1851

1851

 May 6, Tuesday, 1851: John Gorrie of Appalachicola, Florida was awarded a patent for his ice making machine.

Nelson Goodyear, a brother of [Charles Goodyear](#), patented “Vulcanite,” a brownish-black moldable substance named after the Roman deity Vulcan presiding over fire and the working of metals. This patent was for a process that heated sulphur, shellac, magnesia, lime, or carbonate or sulfate of magnesia or lime, with caoutchouc. The material could be used in telegraph-wire insulators, replacing glass or asbestos. Here are some examples of hardened-rubber telegraph-line insulators of the sort that was able to patent on this date:

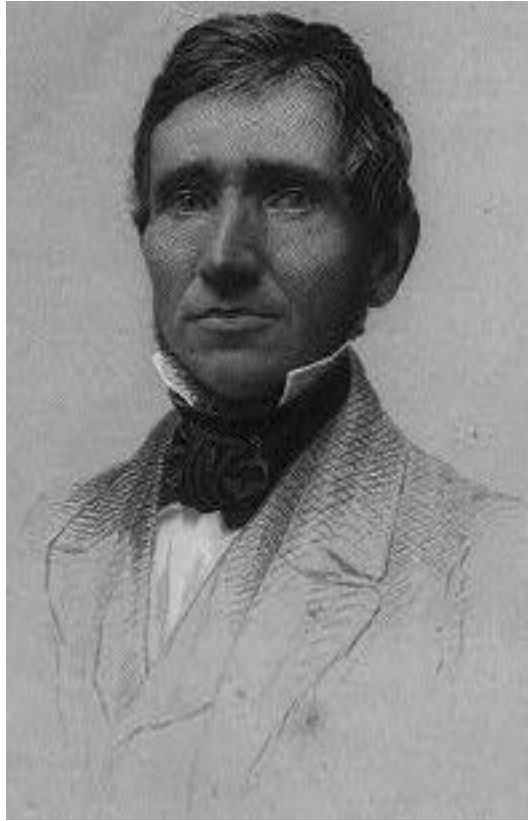
TELEGRAPHY



Thomas W. Evans, an American [dentist](#) practicing in Paris, dentist to Louis Napoleon and one of the 1st to use anesthesia in Europe, would in a much later timeframe see a pair of dentures marked “Goodyear’s Patent” and in anger assert that it had been he who in Paris in 1852 had offered Goodyear the idea of using rubber to make dentures to which teeth of porcelain might be affixed. This dentist would claim to have been experimenting with caoutchouc since 1848 — but clearly, whatever inexpensive set of full dentures the newly toothless [Henry Thoreau](#) purchased during this year, they could not have been fashioned of such a rubber product. By 1858 Charles Goodyear’s brother Nelson had applied for and received amended patents covering both an improved form of vulcanization and the resulting product, which, of course, had hundreds of potential applications. A fitted set of upper and lower Vulcanite dentures with white porcelain teeth could be obtained for about \$30 from a dentist, or an unfitted set from a store for \$8-\$10. There was a technique involving vermilion containing mercury, for turning this material a more attractive pink, although this process was somewhat poisonous. Since the pink facing weakened the material, it was applied only where the gums would be exposed during a smile.

1851

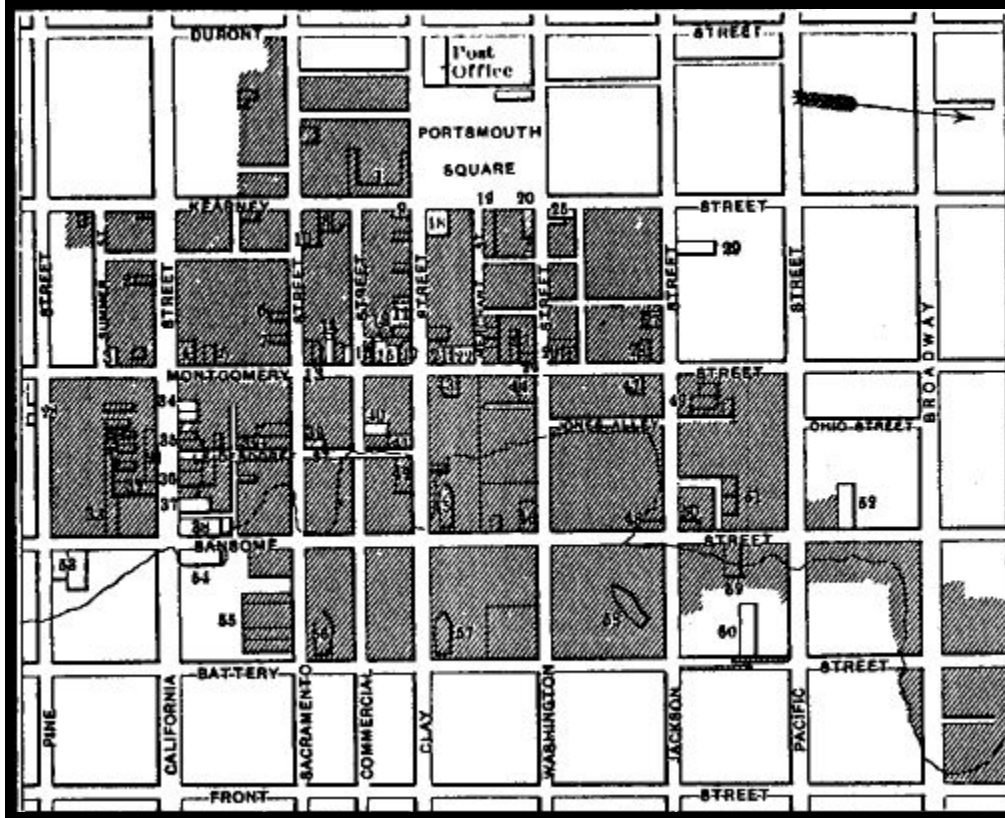
1851



Charles Goodyear

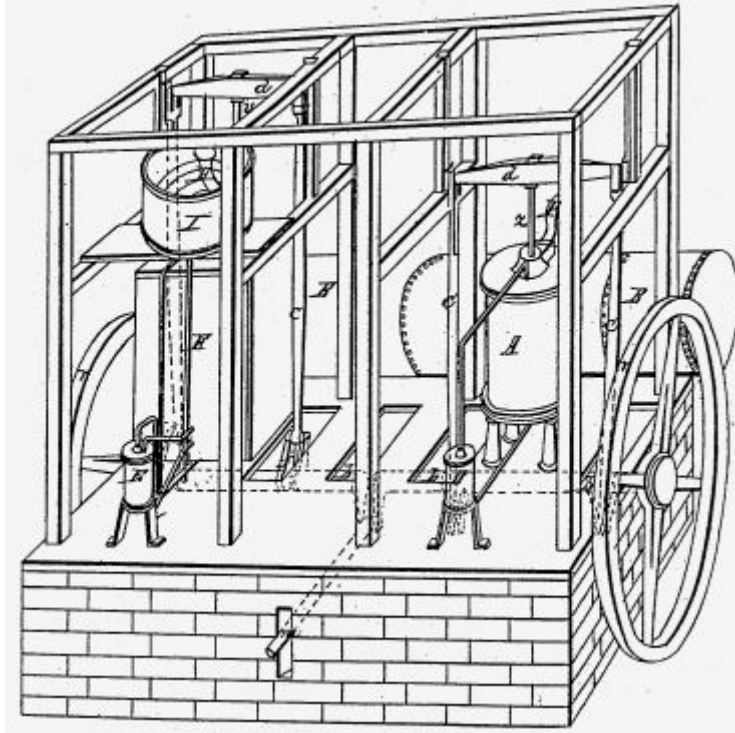


May 6, Tuesday, 1851: Three quarters of the buildings of San Francisco, California lay in ashes from its 5th great fire, one that had begun at after 11PM on the night of May 3d in a store on Portsmouth Plaza across from the Post Office. A chamber of commerce would be formed and the city would quickly rebuild (minus the plank streets that had helped spread these flames).



Dr. John B. Gorrie obtained US Patent #8080 for a refrigeration device intended to relieve the suffering of yellow fever patients. A pair of double-acting force pumps condensed and rarified air containing a small amount of water vapor. The air ran through a coil immersed in a vat of brine in which the water vapor re-condensed into liquid, cooling the brine to 26° Fahrenheit. Rain water, in oil-coated metal containers immersed

in the brine, would transform into bricks of [ice](#).



[Linus Yale, Jr.](#), whose ancestors were of the same family as the Elihu Yale who back in the early years of the 18th Century had been the namesake of [Yale College](#), obtained US Patent #8,071 for a spring-less pin tumbler “Yale Magic Infallible Bank Lock” that allowed the owner to change the combination and allowed the key to secure the lock while being hidden away from the exterior of the door by a hardened steel plate covering the keyhole behind it (other patents would follow, such as the June 27, 1865 patents #48,475 and #48,476 for the famous padlock).

In his journal, [Henry Thoreau](#) quoted from Isvara Krishna’s THE [ŚĀṆKHYA KĀRIKĀ](#); OR, MEMORIAL VERSES ON THE [ŚĀṆKHYA](#) PHILOSOPHY, as translated from the Sanskrit by [Henry Thomas Colebrooke](#).

THE ŚĀṆKHYA KĀRIKĀ

(He had found this in [BHĀŚHYA](#) OR COMMENTARY OF [GAURAPĀDA](#), a volume he had checked out from [Harvard Library](#), as translated from the Sanskrit and commented upon by [Horace Hayman Wilson](#), that had been prepared by the Oriental Translation Fund at Oxford in 1837.)

COMMENTARY OF GAURAPADA



May 6, Monday [sic]. The Harivansa describes a “substance called *Poroucha*, a spiritual substance known also under the name of Mahat, spirit united to the five elements, soul of beings, now enclosing itself in a body like ours, now returning to the eternal body; it is mysterious wisdom, the perpetual sacrifice made by the virtue of the *Yoga*, the fire which animates animals, shines in the sun, and is mingled with all bodies. Its nature is to be born and to die, to pass from repose to movement. The spirit led astray by the senses, in the midst of the creation of Brahma, engages itself in works and knows birth, as well as death. – – The organs of the senses are its paths, and its work manifests itself in this creation of Brahma. Thought tormented by desires, is like the sea agitated by the wind. Brahma has said; the heart filled with strange affections is to be here below purified by wisdom – – Here below even, clothed already as it were in a luminous form, let the spirit, though

clogged by the bonds of the body, prepare for itself an abode sure and permanent. – – He who would obtain final emancipation must abstain from every exterior action. The operation which conducts the pious and penitent Brahman to the knowledge of the truth, is all interior, intellectual, mental. They are not ordinary practices which can bring light into the soul.

The Mouni who desires his final emancipation, will have care evening and morning to subdue his senses, to fix his mind on the divine essence, and to transport himself by the force of his soul to the eternal abode of Vichnou. – – Although he may have engaged in works, he does not wear the clog of them, because his soul is not attached to them. A being returns to life in consequence of the affection which he has borne for terrestrial things: he finds himself emancipated, when he has felt only indifference for them. – –

The Richis mingle with nature, which remains strange to their senses. Luminous & brilliant they cover themselves with a humid vapor, under which they seem no more to exist, although existing always, like the thread which is lost and confounded in the woof.

Free in this world, as the birds in the air, disengaged from every kind of chain, – –

Thus the Yogin, absorbed in contemplation, contributes for his part to creation: he breathes a divine perfume, he hears wonderful things. Divine forms traverse him without tearing him, and united to the nature which is proper to him, he goes he acts, as animating original matter.

Like some other preachers –I have added my texts –(derived) from the Chineses & Hindoo scriptures –long after my discourse was written.

A commentary on the [Sankhya Karika](#) says “By external knowledge worldly distinction is acquired; by internal knowledge, liberation.”

The [Sankhya Karika](#) says By attainment of perfect knowledge, virtue & the rest become causeless; yet soul remains awhile invested with body, as the potter’s wheel continues whirling from the effect of the impulse previously given to it.”

I rejoice that horses & steers have to *broken* before they can be made the slaves of men –and that men themselves have some wild oats still left to sow before they become submissive members of society– Undoubtedly all men are not equally fit subjects for civilization and because the majority like dogs & sheep are tame by inherited disposition, is no reason why the others should have their natures broken that they may be reduced to the same level– Men are in the main alike, but they were made several in order that might be various– If a low use is to be served one man man will do nearly or quite as well as another, if a high one individual excellence is to be regarded. Any man can stop a hole to keep the wind away –but no other man can serve that use which the author of this illustration did.

Confucius says

“The skins of the tiger and the leopard when they are tanned, are as the skins of the dog & the sheep tanned”

But it is not the part of a true culture to tame tigers anymore than it is to make sheep ferocious. It is evident then that tanning skins for shoes and the like is not the best use to which they can be put.

How important is a constant intercourse with nature and the contemplation of natural phenomenon to the preservation of Moral & intellectual health. The discipline of the schools or of business –can never impart such serenity to the mind. The philosopher contemplates human affairs as calmly & from as great a remoteness as he does natural phenomena– The ethical philosopher needs the discipline of the natural philosopher. He approaches the study of mankind with great advantages who is accustomed to the study of nature.–

The Brahman Saradwata, says the Dharma Sacontala, was at first confounded on entering the city – “but now,” says he, “I look on it, as the freeman on the captive, as a man just bathed in pure water, on a man smeared with oil and dust.”

[HARIVANSA](#)


S.-A. LANGLOIS, I
S.-A. LANGLOIS, II





1851

1851


 May 7, Wednesday, [1851](#): Per the Sacramento, [California Transcript](#):

Electric [Telegraph](#) from Vera Cruz to Mexico City.

We may congratulate the inhabitants of California, on the prospects of the important undertaking, to connect Vera Cruz with the City of Mexico by electric telegraph being speedily carried out. We read in "El Siglo Diez y Nueva," of March 3d, published in the City of Mexico, that a ship had arrived at Vera Cruz with the wires on board, and other necessary apparatus for constructing the line. It is supposed, that the telegraph would be in operation by the beginning of this month. When we see the frivolous character, as a general thing, of the proceedings had in the General Congress, we cannot but be surprised that so important a step as the one we allude to, has been so far consummated [*sic*] as it is. But if this movement has been undertaken and carried out, it certainly is not extravagant to look forward to the extension of the line through to Acapulco at no distant period. When this important event takes place, we shall be able to receive news from the States in sixteen days. Surely this is the age of progress, and in no part of the world has it been so strongly shown as in our rising State. Three years since, and six months at least were consumed in transmitting intelligence from the States here. And already we almost see the time reduced to sixteen days. But independently of the speedy transmission of intelligence, we believe that the opening of this line will have a beneficial effect on the intercourse between Mexico and this State. There can be no doubt that the more closely the two countries are connected by the peaceable interchange of commercial relations, the more advantageous it will be for both.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MAY 7TH THROUGH 9TH]

 May 8, Thursday, [1851](#): [Hector Berlioz](#) crossed the Channel into England as an official French delegate to the Great Exhibition in London.

The Philomathean Society of Danville, Illinois presented an exhibition, *Animus Imperato Corpus* [per a following screen].



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MAY 7TH THROUGH 9TH]

 May 9, Friday, [1851](#): The breach between [Frederick Douglass](#) and [William Lloyd Garrison](#) became an open one, ostensibly focusing upon their differing strategies for bringing about the elimination of human enslavement.

In [San Francisco, California](#):

The two boards of aldermen severally held meetings for the first

EXHIBITION
OF THE
PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY
OF DANVILLE, ILL.
On THURSDAY EVENING, May 8th, 1851.

Animus Imperato Corpus.

ORDER OF EXERCISES:
MUSIC—PRAYER—MUSIC.

INTRODUCTORY,	O. W. COOLEY, Pres.
JOURNAL, Part I.,	W. D. PALMER, Ed.
MUSIC.	
LOVE OF COUNTRY—an Oration,	W. A. MURPHY.
POWER OF THOUGHT,	R. V. CHESLEY.
MUSIC.	
SOCIAL REGENERATION—an Essay,	J. W. MIRES.
POVERTY—an Oration,	C. B. ROLAND.
MUSIC.	
PRINCIPLES—What are they?—Essay, J. S. CATT.	
SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS—a Colloquy, _____	
MUSIC.	
JOURNAL, Part II.,	EDITOR.
OUR UNION—an Oration,	W. H. LAMON.
<i>MUSIC—BENEDICTION.</i>	

time at the new City Hall, at the corner of Kearny and Pacific streets. The principal business of the meetings was to organize, appoint committees, and receive and read a message from the mayor. This latter was an able and interesting document, containing many truly excellent suggestions in regard to the interests of the corporation. Its great length precludes the propriety of its insertion. As the following extract, however, gives a correct statement of the financial condition of the city at this important period of its history, its omission would be inexcusable: "The Reports of the Treasurer and Comptroller are herewith submitted. The financial condition of the city is as

follows: Amount on second installment, of sales of water lots, due April 3d, 1850, \$23,049 00 Amount on third installment, due July 3d, 1850, 107,602 00 Amount on fourth installment, due October 3d, 1850, 107,602 00 \$238,253 00. The Report of the Comptroller, up to May 8, 1850, shows the present liabilities of the city, including the purchase of the City Hall, to be \$199,174. Excess over liabilities \$ 39,078 81." In the course of this month, several stringent and useful ordinances were passed by the common council, which endeavored to provide means for the better extinguishing of future fires. One of these ordinances declared that if any person, during a conflagration, should refuse to assist in extinguishing the flames, or in removing goods endangered by the fire to a place of safety, he should be fined in a sum not less than five, and not exceeding one hundred dollars. Another ordinance authorized the mayor to enter into contracts for the digging of Artesian wells, and for the immediate construction of water reservoirs in various parts of the city. Another ordained every householder to furnish six water buckets, to be kept always in readiness for use during the occurrence of future fires. Such ordinances were all excellent in their way, though unfortunately they were somewhat late in being adopted.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MAY 7TH THROUGH 9TH]



May 10, Saturday, 1851: Malcolm Montgomery wrote from Syracuse, New York to [William Lloyd Garrison](#) inquiring whether he would assent that the Bible claimed one's "obedience in all particulars," or took some more individualistic approach to scripture. If Garrison held to the latter proposition then he ought not to be able to condemn slaveholders for citing Biblical scripture as a justification for slavery — but as Garrison did consistently condemn slaveholders, he could only find his justification in a higher authority. Montgomery was anxious to receive Garrison's opinion on this subject. Fellowship with slaveholders was quite impossible, even in a "Temperance or Peace Society," since their slaveholding would poison all they do.



May 10. Heard the Snipe [[Common Snipe](#) [Gallinago gallinago](#)] over the meadows this evening.



May 11, Sunday, 1851: [Lysander Spooner](#) wrote to George Bradburn that [Barnabas Bates](#) and his supporters in [New-York](#) had "acquaintances and friends in the city to aid them, before my claims were made known. — That seems to be of a piece with all my fortune. —The World seems determined to starve me to death, and I suspect it will succeed in doing so."

[Friend Levi Coffin](#) wrote to Friend William Still:

CINCINNATI, 5TH MO., 11TH, 1851.

WM. STILL:—Dear Friend—Thy letter of 1st inst., came duly to hand, but not being able to give any further information

concerning our friend, Concklin, I thought best to wait a little before I wrote, still hoping to learn something more definite concerning him.

We that became acquainted with Seth Concklin and his hazardous enterprises (here at Cincinnati), who were very few, have felt intense and inexpressible anxiety about them. And particularly about poor Seth, since we heard of his falling into the hands of the tyrants. I fear that he has fallen a victim to their inhuman thirst for blood.

I seriously doubt the rumor, that he had made his escape. I fear that he was sacrificed.

Language would fail to express my feelings; the intense and deep anxiety I felt about them for weeks before I heard of their capture in Indiana, and then it seemed too much to bear. O! my heart almost bleeds when I think of it. The hopes of the dear family all blasted by the wretched blood-hounds in human shape. And poor Seth, after all his toil, and dangerous, shrewd and wise management, and almost unheard of adventures, the many narrow and almost miraculous escapes. Then to be given up to Indianians, to these fiendish tyrants, to be sacrificed. O! Shame, Shame!!

My heart aches, my eyes fill with tears, I cannot write more. I cannot dwell longer on this painful subject now. If you get any intelligence, please inform me. Friend N.R. Johnston, who took so much interest in them, and saw them just before they were taken, has just returned to the city. He is a minister of the Covenanter order. He is truly a lovely man, and his heart is full of the milk of humanity; one of our best Anti-Slavery spirits. I spent last evening with him. He related the whole story to me as he had it from friend Concklin and the mother and children, and then the story of their capture. We wept together. He found thy letter when he got here.

He said he would write the whole history to thee in a few days, as far as he could. He can tell it much better than I can.

Concklin left his carpet sack and clothes here with me, except a shirt or two he took with him. What shall I do with them? For if we do not hear from him soon, we must conclude that he is lost, and the report of his escape all a hoax.

Truly thy friend,

LEVI COFFIN.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MAY 11TH]



May 12, Monday, 1851: Press censorship was reintroduced in Prussia.

Thoreau made a remark in his journal by which we can estimate the extent of his negativity toward “priests” of religion, such as what [Father Isaac Hecker](#) had made of himself after his persuasion into the [Roman Catholic](#) faith. Somehow to his way of thinking this is not unlike anesthesia:



May 12, Monday: Heard the Golden robin [[Northern Oriole](#) [Icterus galbula](#) ~~Gold Robin~~ or ~~Golden Robin~~] & the Bobolink [[Bobolink](#) [Dolichonyx oryzivorus](#) ~~Rice-bird~~]

But where she has her seat whether in Westport or in Boxboro, not even the assessors know– Inquire



1851

1851

perchance of that dusky family on the cross road which is said to have Indian blood in their veins – or perchance where this old cellar hole now grassed over is faintly visible Nature once had her dwelling– Ask the crazy old woman who brings huckleberries to the village, but who lives no body knows where.

If I have got false teeth, I trust that I have not got a false conscience. It is safer to employ the dentist than the priest – to repair the deficiencies of Nature.

By taking the ether the other day I was convinced how far asunder a man could be separated from his senses You are told that it will make you unconscious – but no one can imagine what it is to be unconscious – how far removed from the state of consciousness & all that we call “this world” until he has experienced it. The value of the experiment is that it does give you experience of an interval as between one life and another – A greater space than you ever travelled. you are a sane mind with out organs – groping for organs – which if it did not soon recover its old sense would get new ones – You expand like a seed in the ground. You exist in your roots – like a tree in the winter. If you have an inclination to travel take the ether – you go beyond the furthest star.

It is not necessary for them to take ether who in their sane & waking hours are ever translated by a thought – nor for them to see with their hindheads – who sometimes see from their foreheads – nor listen to the spiritual knockings who attend to the intimations of reason & conscience.

ETHER



May 13, Tuesday, 1851: The Daily Alta California had “drunk the Kool-Aid,” and was able to prognosticate with impunity (immunity?) on the manner in which new technology was sure to soon create a convenient route to and from China by way of San Francisco. My goodness, this was destined to be faster even than a “balloon coach through mid air,” faster even than the most “wind-broken and spavined horses” of the Pony Express!

TELEGRAPHY

HISTORY OF RR

The Short Route to and from China.

The frequent and constantly increasing intercourse between California and China makes the events occurring there of much interest to us here. China is our other home, almost as near as those we have left, with an unbroken highway between it and ourselves. We are midway between the Celestial empire and the eastern states, midway between it and Europe. And if our people’s government and the people themselves are as wise in their action in this matter as they have usually been in others, we shall command the trade in spite of everything which England can do. We only want the Mississippi and Pacific Railroad completed to make this the grand railroad station between western Europe and Eastern Asia.

That this is truth has already been proved. The ship *Celestial*, which made the passage from this port to Shanghae [sic] in twenty-eight days, carried to China news only sixty-three days from New York. Now when it is recollected that the proposed railroad would diminish the time between this and New York to one half, perhaps to one-fourth its present extent, it needs no great prophetic power to see that England’s dispatches will eventually travel to her Pacific colonies via San Francisco, and as a matter of course all travel from the east which calls for dispatch will take the same route. From China home the time will be about the same, currents and winds only making the difference. Goods have been taken to the States from China via San Francisco and Panama in a time but little more than that occupied in carrying the news by the *Celestial*, as above slated. The following, from the New York Herald, shows what can be done:

Among the wonderful importations in the Empire City, arrived yesterday, is a small chest of tea. which has



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been sixty nine days only from Shanghae to New York. It was thirty-four days en route to San Francisco, and thirty-five to New York. It came by Gregory's express, and is intended for President Fillmore.

The news taken by the *Celestial* was received far in advance of the overland mail. There will therefore be but one way, probably, by which British speed can outstrip us between England and the East. When the grand European project of a railroad from France through Europe and Asia to Hindostan shall have been completed, they may be able to drive their cars over the distance in a space of time almost wonderful. But it will be a long, long time ere that can be effected; and before it shall have arrived, it may be safe to predict that the inventive genius of the age will have perfected other means of transportation and travel as much faster than steam cars as they are ahead of wind-broken and spavined horses. If so, Brother Jonathan will be in with the new invention, take our word for it. Whether in the swift keel by sea, the fierce car by land, or the baloon [sic] coach through mid air, the Yankee will not be behind his peers.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MAY 13TH THROUGH 15TH]



May 14, Wednesday, [1851](#): The Erie Railroad opened its 483-mile link between Piedmont, New York near the port of New York and Dunkirk on the Great Lakes. On the celebratory train, President Millard Fillmore and cabinet, and a number of governors, senators, and businessmen, rode along with the Erie board of directors. Secretary of State Daniel Webster insisted on having his rocking-chair lashed on an open flatcar so he could better enjoy the scenery.

The manumission papers of [Basil Dorsey](#) were purchased for \$150, 15 years after his escape from slavery in Virginia:

CHATTEL RECORD OF BALTIMORE COUNTY (BILL OF SALE)

Know all men by these presents, That I, Thomas E. Sollers of Frederick County, and State of Maryland, for and in consideration of the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars lawful money of the United States, in hand paid by George Griscom, of the city of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, Attorney at Law, at or before the sealing and delivery of these presents, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged: Have granted, bargained and sold, and by these presents do grant, bargain and sell, unto the said George Griscom, his Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, one Mulatto man, named [Ephraim Costly](#), otherwise and now called [Basil Dorsey](#), age about forty-three years, a slave for life. (The said [Ephraim Costly](#), otherwise and now called [Basil Dorsey](#), as aforesaid, having been born a slave for life of Sabrick Sollers, late of said Frederick County, in the State of Maryland, and raised by the said Sabrick Sollers, and owned by him as such slave for life until the decease of said Sabrick Sollers, after which he became the property, as such slave for life, of the said Thomas B. Sollers, (who is a son and one of the heirs at Law of said Sabrick Sollers, deceased), and is now a fugitive from service from said



State of Maryland.)
 To Have and To Hold the said described Mulatto Man Ephraim Costly, otherwise and now called Basil Dorsey, a slave for life as aforesaid to the said George Griscom, his Executors, Administrators and Assigns forever, and the said Thomas E. Sollers, for himself, his Heirs, Executors, and Administrators, the said Mulatto Man Ephraim Costly, otherwise Basil Dorsey, unto the said George Griscom, his Executors, Administrators and Assigns, against him the said Thomas E. Sollers, his Executors and Administrators, and against all and every other person or persons whatsoever, shall and will warrant and forever defend by these presents.
 In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal this Fourteenth of May, Eight Hundred and fifty-one, signed, sealed and delivered.

Thomas E. Sollers. (seal.)

In the presence of
 P. Gorsuch.
 STATE OF MARYLAND, }
 CITY OF BALTIMORE, } S.S.

Be it Remembered, That on this fourteenth day of May, 1851 before the Subscriber, a Justice of the Peace for said state and city, appears Thomas E. Sollers and acknowledges the above Instrument of Writing to be his act and deed, according to the true intent and meaning thereof, and also at the same time personally appeared George Griscom and made oath on the Holy Evangels of Almighty God that the consideration set forth therein is true and bona fide as set forth.

P. GORSUCH.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MAY 13TH THROUGH 15TH]



May 15, Thursday, 1851: Father [Isaac Hecker](#), CSSR wrote to [Orestes Augustus Brownson](#), Esq.



In approximately this timeframe, [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) and [Sophia Peabody Hawthorne](#) were returning to [Concord](#).

[Samuel George Morton](#) died in [Philadelphia](#).

HISTORY OF RR

The 1st train on the Erie Railroad, with [President Millard Fillmore](#) and [Secretary of State Daniel Webster](#) aboard, traveled from [New-York](#) to Dunkirk, connecting that metropolis to the Great Lakes by rail for the 1st time. The *USS Michigan* was part of the celebration at Dunkirk.

Although the discovery of [Australian](#) gold had been made some 3 months earlier, on this day it was proclaimed in a government announcement — and the rush was on.

Alpha Delta Pi sorority, the 1st secret society for women, was founded at Wesleyan College in Macon, Georgia.

At the Grand Palace in Bangkok, [Mongkut](#) was crowned as Rama IV, King of Siam.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM MAY 13TH THROUGH 15TH]



May 16, Friday, 1851: *Zerline, ou La corbeille d'oranges*, an opéra by Daniel-François-Esprit Auber to words of Scribe, was performed for the initial time, in the Paris Opéra.

The [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#) offered a tidbit or two of experience in the Solomon Islands, rendered questionable not only by their account's racism but also by the fact that the vessel remained unnamed, the year of the encounter was unspecified, and the specific island at which this happened was identified only as "Mulante" — which happens not to be the recognizable name of any of these hundreds of islands:

An Incident in Life on the Pacific.

Not many months since, while in a Baltimore brig, seeking a cargo of sea slug among the coral islets to the northward of the Solomon Isles, it became necessary to seek anchorage while the cargo was being procured. Mulante was the nearest and most available, if a good harbor could be found. After some search, a bay was made which promised the requisite security, a whale boat lowered, well manned, and the chief mate sent in to sound and ascertain the channel. While absent, a large canoe came off, manned by about 30 athletic savages who although they made the usual signs of peace, by waving green branches and breaking their arrows over their heads, still in their countenances shew so much of the tiger as to cause no small uneasiness as to the safety of the boats' crew which had been already absent an unusually long time. But as it was early in the day the vessel was pushed boldly in among the shoals, and after another anxious hour the boat was descried returning making signal for anchorage, and reported favorably on the disposition of the natives. Sail was made, and the vessel soon worked into one of the most magnificent bays in the whole world, a harbor completely land-locked, and sufficiently capacious for the largest fleet. The hills and valleys covered with luxurious



vegetation, the waters abounding with fish and fowl, the pleasant clean looking native huts under the cocoa nut trees, the inner bay being fairly alive with canoes, and pleasantest sight of all to the sailor, a beautiful cascade, the silver water waters leaping from the hills to the beach. Presently, the vessel was brought to, where her guns would cover the watering place, on one side and on the other a beach covered with broken granite, for the bad weather had rendered more ballast desirable. In spite of the favorable report given by the mate, the captain, better used to native character, had seen enough to rouse suspicion. In the many canoes hovering around the vessel, not a woman or a child was to be seen, hardly an old man, all able warriors, and piled high in the head and stern of each canoe were perfect stacks of arrows, those nearest covered with leaves, fruits and vegetables, those farthest without even this disguise. Before even the sails were furled, the boarding nettings were triced up, the springs put on the cable, an extra bag of bullets placed over the grape in the cannonades, three buckshot added to every musket charge, and additional arms placed in the tops; this done, the sails were furled, one only at a time, no more men being sent above the rail than absolutely necessary. The new hands thought these extra precautions, with such a friendly people. The few old hands left on board were all the more content; the bulk of the more experienced had been left behind, with the third mate and trading master, at the trading stations of more friendly groups. But, as no other arms were seen but spears, and bows and arrows, every preparation was made for the cloth-yards: an extra board all round added height to the bulwarks, the awnings so spread as to catch the arrows – unfortunately, the awnings were hung so low as to screen the high trunk aft from the forecastle and the more liable to take fire. With every preparation thus made, signs were given that we were ready for intercourse. The canoes clustered together, and an old chief made a long speech to the new arrival, listened to with manifold, unctious and encored by many a hearty grunt from his followers, much to the amusement of his white hearers. Not to be outdone in politeness, since it appeared to be the custom to have a talk, the white chief with all gravity made a speech in return, to the amount that he was very glad to see King David, as he had been already christened, and that he had not a shadow of doubt that a good washing and a pair of breeches would improve his majesty's health, and certainly the modesty of his appearance. This was received with a hearty laugh from the sailors, and a grunt, perfectly awful, from our visitors, with such a stroking of abdomens, breaking of arrows and waving of branches, with all other peaceful signs, as to show that they at least were abundantly satisfied. The canoes were allowed to approach on the larboard quarter, and a brisk trade opened with beads and iron hoop for vegetables and fruit. Some hundreds of the canoes were wedged in on the quarter and astern, and on that side the boarding net was fairly black with the numbers clinging to it. As night approached the natives were sent off, apparently leaving with much reluctance – the novelty of the vessel, the stores of wealth, the bunches of beads and bundles of iron hoop, gold and diamonds in their eyes appeared to be exhaustless. Several things had occurred during this day's interview to cause the captain no little thought. The natives of many of this group of islands are as brave and treacherous in many an encounter



with the whalemens and traders they have made a fair stand up fight, and in many instances have overcome by sheer force of numbers. The crew was weakened by the different parties out at distant stations, but twenty all told – some of them were new hands and untried. The weather was bad outside – every prospect and the season of the tropical hurricanes, which the vessel needed ballast to encounter safely. Two things were evident – that they were acquainted with white men, by their appreciation of iron hoops and with firearms by their curiosity in regard to them, and that at heart they were hostile, for the women and children were not to be seen. How had this acquaintance been made – had they in some by-gone day made attack on a passing vessel and been repelled, or which has been full often the case – had some reckless seamen provoked attack almost for the pleasure of killing? If an attack was made, would it be for plunder or revenge? If for revenge, they were doubly dangerous. Two hours before day the fastest boat was manned and long before the natives had shook off sleep she was miles to windward of the brig, and as we drifted back towards the vessel every reef and shoal was searched for sea slug and pearl shell, and wherever the shores could be safely approached the hills were with a glass closely scanned for sandal wood, but all unsuccessfully. But as the sun got over the hills the human hive began to swam and many a long war canoe lay in the track of the boat back. The value of a whale boat for such service is great; with sail set the boat can be steered by trimming and in case of attack the men all below the gunwale are completely screened from arrows, at the same time can use the short boat guns to good advantage. Each canoe as we passed fell into our wake, and as we opened the brig's broadside – the mate seeing our danger had swung her nearly across the current – the boat had a train of canoes like the tail of a comet. But what to the old hands seemed ominous, the natives almost silent instead of clatter like the tongues of Babel with which they usually greet their white visitors. This experiment clearly showed that we must by some means induce the natives to bring us the ballast we required, and that our supply of water had better not be increased here, as with such feeling on their part, it would be more than likely poisoned – an experiment these kinkey-headed gentry of the New Hebrides have tried on more than one navigator. The morning trade opened with another speech from King David, and a still longer one from what we took to be the master of ceremonies, whom the sailors christened as Jim Crow. About noon a few women and children made their appearance; vegetables were brought off in plenty, and a move made in regard to ballast. We made them comprehend our wants and were promised plenty on the morrow. The women and children vanished about three, and the men were sent on shore. This day several of those who appeared the leaders were shown over the vessel and treated with every kindness. The next morning the natives were about at day-break – but more of them; many appeared to have come from a distance; the canoes were larger and better formed. There being quite a number of women and children in the canoes, no particular suspicion was aroused; in fact, they were somewhat allayed. All the early part of the day they brought ballast, and in such quantities that after sufficient was on board still many canoes remained loaded. The canoes, with their high crescent-shaped and carved heads and sterns, inlaid with pearl shell, decked off with red tassels made from the stained




bark of the paper mulberry and the feathers of the scarlet parrot, were crowded to their utmost capacity. Their beautiful paddles, of a dark wood, like ebony, but more light and elastic, inset with pearl shell and quaintly carved, we had in vain endeavored to induce them to part with: by-and-bye one of the owners of an indifferent paddle was induced, by a string of blue beads and a piece of iron hoop, to let it change ownership. This was laid on deck, where they could see it; presently the trade in paddles became brisk; some 15 or 20 were bought and piled with the other. Just after noon the crew were getting dinner, their arms beside them; five of the natives who had been permitted to pass the ballast out of the canoes were at the entrance-port. Just previous we had noticed the departure of the women and children. Weary with watching, the captain ordered the second mate and steward, the only persons aft, to send the natives away, and unfortunately at the same moment laid aside his cutlass and belt of pistols which had been worn during the day. In an instant the boarding nets opened as if by magic, and the quarter deck fairly swarmed with natives, the foremost making straight for the captain, getting between him and his arms, except a boarding pike which he had fortunately kept in hand. The second mate snatched a cutlass and then commenced a strife for life, or captivity worse than death. The same magic that opened the boarding nettings seemed to supply every man with a short iron wood club, like a sword – an ugly weapon in a hand-to-hand fight. The pile of paddles were put to the use the scoundrels intended when they sold them, and a shower of ballast stones made us soon aware they could serve two purposes. The first lunge with the boarding pike most unceremoniously to the hilt into a stalwart darkey, who hung on to it manfully fairly disarmed the captain. One jumped for life and he reached the muskets abaft the wheel. At the moment the cutlass of the second mate broke over a noddle harder than ever Spurzheim dreamed of; the steward was affectionately hugged from behind by one wretch, while others were pounding and dragging him to the rail. All depended on the death of the chief. A careful aim and the savage took his death leap. The next went bowling overboard with a broken shoulder, a third was shot, his arms regained and away opened one slash at the fellow holding the steward, just as he had reached the rail, and our captain was again among his crew, already brought by the mate in line across the deck. A hedge fence of muskets and boarding pikes sweeping all before them. All this had occurred in a few short moments; the awnings had hid the high quarter deck from the crew, they had heard the rush, but until the first musket shots were not aware of the danger. "Hold your fire and drive them aft." One jolly crack, and the fight was all our own. Over they went, dragging the dead and dying with them. Crack went the cannonade from the quarter deck, scattering death through the very thickest of them, a perfect hail of bullets. Then they learned the use of that black object which had for days, with its gaping muzzle, been carefully turned down upon them. A pull at the spring, and the broadside bore. "Keep cool – good sight – hurrah, and give it to them." More fearful still was the destruction. The canoes riddled deep with ballast, sunk – the very numbers clogged them. The living cargo, scrambling to the others, capsized them; the guns were jerked in and out like play things, but every shot told. The long gun on the forecastle made fearful work with the outsiders,



and presently they were flying with all their strength, but not fast enough for grape, and many a cannibal who thought himself safe, was reached by rifle bullet. But soon they were getting out of reach. "Down boats and finish them." Away dashed the boats, the larger canoes turned again to fight – a round shot sent them flying again. The hatchet and boarding pike settled those overtaken, while, cut off from the land and from assistance, a black wave of wrecked canoes and human beings drifted out to sea, and the fight was over. Now for congratulations at the narrow escape from being barbecued, and to take care of the wounded – many slightly, none dangerously – captain, second mate and steward, who had the brunt of it, faring worst. King David went to the sharks, but Jim Crow, who had been all day going from ship to shore, and was at the bottom of the mischief, our Kentucky man never forgave himself for missing. He always swore he dodged the shot by diving. On examination the mystery of the boarding netting was explained; the meshes had been carefully cut with sharp shells at the extreme limit: they were allowed to hold to it; these cut places had been held together in their hands, so that they escaped all attention, making them seem complete. All along the rail, under the extra bulwark boards, the short clubs were found, which must have been placed there singly as the look-out on the top was engaged elsewhere, and the captain's back turned in his walk. In the height of the fight, after they were driven off deck, the quarter deck awning took fire: a slight dash settled this at first a source of no little danger. Soon all damages were repaired, the watch set, and all quiet; but all night long the wailings of the women could be heard. True, we had not been merciful, but we felt that the punishment though severe, was just. The next two days passed quietly; occasionally, with the glass, a native could be seen reconnoitering. The monsoon still blew fiercely, and we enjoyed the quiet harbor. On the third day occasionally a canoe might be seen in the distance, but always at top speed; from the cross-trees with a glass, over a low point, a large number of canoes were soon mustering; toward night a strong force made their appearance, coming down gallantly until within range of our swivel gun, a hint from which sent them flying back again. Soon after the weather moderated, and we were again under way, but we had yet to bid adieu to our hospitable friends, and running close in off their principal village they soon found even on shore they were not out of reach of our long sixes. This time, if not before, they were fairly astonished; limping, howling and yelling, they fled to the mountains. This was short work, but soon another peril was in store for us. Inside the beautiful harbor, under the lee of the mountains, it appeared to have moderated; but we were hardly outside the heads before we were jumping in a short sea, and the monsoon down on us in all its violence. A nice time we had of it, our guns all adrift, hatches not battened, shoals under our lee, and a press of canvas out. For two hours, under close reefed topsails and whole courses the gallant little vessel fairly jumped through the green seas. In that time the shoals were well on her quarter, the sea more regular; eased with a reef in her courses, the little craft, with her head to the N.E soon left far behind the dark skinned savages of Treachery Bay.



May 16, Friday: Heard the whippoorwill [**Whip-poor-will**  *Caprimulgus vociferus*] this evening. A splendid full moon tonight.⁸⁰

Walked from 6¹/₂ to 10 pm. Lay on a rock near a meadow which had absorbed and retained much heat, so that I would warm my back on it, it being a cold night.

I found that the side of a sand hill was cold on the surface –but warm 2 or 3 inches beneath.

If there is a more splendid moonlight than usual only the belated traveller observes it– When I am outside on the outskirts of the town –enjoying the still majesty of the moon I am wont to think that all men are aware of this miracle –that they too are silently worshipping this manifestation of divinity elsewhere –but when I go into the house I am undeceived, they are absorbed in checquers or chess or novel, though they may have been advertised of the brightness through the shutters.

Talk of demonstrating the rotation of the earth on its axis –see the moon rise, or the sun!

In the moonlight night what intervals are created –! The rising moon is related to the near pine tree which rises above the forest –& we get a juster notion of distance. The moon is only somewhat further off & to one side. There may be only three objects –myself –a pine tree & the moon nearly equidistant.

The moonlight reveals the beauty of trees. By day it is so light & in this climate so cold commonly that we do not perceive their shade. We do not know when we are beneath them.

According to Michaux the canoe Birch *Betula Papyracea* ceases below the 43° of lat.

Sections of the wood from just below the 1st ramification are used to inlay mahogany –in these parts It is brought from Maine for fuel.

Common White Birch *B. Populifolia* not found S of Virginia

– Its epidermis incapable of being divided like the canoe Birch & the European White.

The common alder *Alnus serrulata* blooms in January.

The Locust *Robinia Pseudo-acacia* was one of the earliest trees introduced into Europe from America –(by one Robin about 1601) now extensively propagated in Eng –France & Germany.

used for trunnels –to the exclusion of all others in the mid & S states– Instead of decaying acquire hardness with time.



May 17, Saturday, 1851: The Daily Alta California of San Francisco offered:

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

ATTEMPT TO BURN THE CITY HOSPITAL. – About 2 o'clock yesterday morning one of the stewards of the City Hospital discovered fire on the premises. The fire had been kindled in an outhouse belonging to the hospital, and situated in its immediate rear, which has been used an a kind of lumber room or storehouse, where cots, mattresses and other articles belonging to the hospital, not in present use, were kept. A lamp had been placed beneath a cot in this house and a number of straw mattresses had been placed over it so as to feed the criminal flame. When discovered the fire had burned through the thin plank wall of the house and was blazing up brightly. This attempt to fire the city seems now to be of nightly occurrence, and it becomes property holders to watch their buildings with tbe utmost vigilance. Had the hospital building taken fire it is built of such materials that but few of the suffering inmates could possibly have escaped. A most frightful and heart rending loss of life would have occurred.

A ROW. – George Wilson. George Johnson, J.J. Holland, and W. James, were arrested at the White Swan drinking house on Pacific street, charged with an assault. A man who recently

80. Actually the moon was already in decline, as it had been full on the 13th.



arrived in town, and who was not fully acquainted with that interesting portion of Pacific street between Dupont and Stockton, stepped into the White Swan, and those who have been named soon drew him into a conversation in which the word Sidney was used, and they immediately pounced upon him. He was severely cut about the face, apparently with some sharp instrument. The house in which this occurred has been recently complained of to the proper authorities, and will no doubt be closed in a short time.

ROBBERY. — Yesterday a complaint was made to Capt. Ray, of the second district, stating that on the night before the complainant had been knocked down on Pacific wharf, and robbed of \$600. The complainant belongs to the steamer *New World*, and after her arrival night before last he came up into the city, and on his return about midnight the assault and robbery were committed upon him. He was attacked by several persons, and his face was badly cut, and was rendered senseless for several hours.

THE ABDUCTION CASE. — Wise and Angeles were yesterday placed upon their trial, charged with abducting Miss Sophia Anderson, known to many as Miss Edwin of the Jenny Lind Theatre. It appears from the evidence of Miss Sophia that she had frequently taken occasion to speak to young Wise, who was a boarder in her mother's house, about the cruelty with which she was treated by her step-father, and also expressed a strong desire to him to return to the English colonies, where her reputed father lived. On the strength of these appeals young Wise and his companion acted. The case was not concluded when the Court adjourned last evening.

COMPLIMENTARY. — We have received the proceedings of a meeting held on board the steamer *Ohio*, on the 15th inst. during her passage up. The resolutions of the meeting speak in the highest terms of the worth and skill of Capt. Haley and his fellow officers, and warmly commend to the traveling public the good qualities of the steamer *Ohio*. The crowded state of our columns renders it impossible to publish the proceedings.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MAY 17TH]



May 18, Sunday, 1851: [Franz Schubert's](#) male vocal quartet *Naturgenuss* D.422 to words of Matthisson was performed for the initial time, in Vienna.



May 18, Sunday: Ladies slipper almost fully blossomed. The log of a Canoe birch on Fair Haven cut down the last winter—more than a foot in diameter at the stump. One foot in diameter at 10 ft from the ground. I observed that all parts of the epidermis exposed to the air & light were white—but the inner surfaces freshly exposed were a buff or Salmon color. Sinclair says that in winter it is white throughout. But this was cut before the sap flowed?!! Was there any sap in the log? I counted about 50 rings. The shrub oaks are now blossoming. The scarlet tanagers are come The oak leaves of all colors are just expanding—& are more beautiful than most flowers. The hickory buds are almost leaves. The landscape has a new life & light infused into it. The deciduous trees are springing to countenance the pines which are evergreen. It seems to take but one summer day to fetch the



summer in. The turning point between winter & summer is reached. The birds are in full blast. There is a peculiar freshness about the landscape –you scent the fragrance of new leaves –of hickory & sassafras &c. And to the eye the forest presents the tenderest green

The blooming of the apple trees is becoming general.

I think that I have made out two kinds of poplar– The populus tremuloides or American aspen –& the p. grandidentata or Large Am. aspen. whose young leaves are downy.

[Michaux](#) says that the locust begins to convert its sap into perfect wood from the 3d year: which is not done by the oak, the chestnut, the beech and the elm till after the tenth or the fifteenth year.

He quotes the saying “The foot of the owner is the best manure for his land.”⁸¹

The elder [Michaux](#) found the Balsam Poplar P. Balsamifera very abundant on lake St John and the Saguenay R where it is 80 feet high & 3 ft in diametr. This, however, is distinct from the P. Candicans Heart-leaved B. P which [M](#) finds here abouts though never in the woods, & does not know where it came from.

He praises the Lombardy poplar because, its limbs being compressed about the trunk it does not interfere with the walls of a house nor obstruct the windows

No wood equal to our black ash for oars. so pliant & elastic & strong 2nd only to hickory for handspikes used also for chair bottoms & middles

The French call the Nettle tree *bois inconnu*.

Our white elm Ulmus Americana “the most magnificent vegetable of the temperate zone

The Pinus Mitis –yellow pine or spruce pine –or short-leaved pine– A 2 leaved pine widely diffused –but not found northward beyond certain districts of Connecticut & Massachusetts.– In New Jersey 50 or 60 ft high & 15 to 18 inch in diam. –sometimes 3 leaves on fresh shoots –smallest of pine-cones –seeds cast first year. very excellent wood –for houses –masts decks yards beams & cabins.– next in durability to the Long-Leaved Pine.– called at Liverpool New York Pine.– Its regular branches make it to be called Spruce pine sometimes.

Pinus Australis or Long-leaved Pine an invaluable tree –called (Yellow pine –Pitch p. & Broom P. where it grows) in the North –Southern P and red p. in Eng Georgia Pitch p. First appears at Norfolk Virginia thence stretches 600 miles SW 60 or 70 ft high by 15 to 18 inch –leaves a foot long 3 in a sheath –negroes use them for brooms– Being stronger more compact and durable because the resin is equally distributed –and also fine grained & susceptible of a bright polish, it is preferred to every othe pine

In naval architecture most esteemed of all pines –keels –beams –side planks trunnels –&c for decks preferred to yellow pine. –& flooring houses. Sold for more at Liverpool than any other P.

Moreover it supplies nearly all the resinous matter used & exported.– others which contain much pitch are more dispersed. At present (1819) this business is confined to [North Carolina](#)

[M](#). says the branches of resinous trees consist almost wholly of *wood*, of which the organization is even more perfect than in the body of the tree. They use dead wood for the tar &c. in which it has accumulated.

Says the vic. of Brunswick Me & Burlington Vt. are the most N limits of the Pitch pine or P. rigida. (I saw what I should have called a P. pine at Montmorency)

White Pine P. strobus most abundant bet. 43d & 47th degrees 180 ft by 7-⁸/₁₂ the largest. “The loftiest and most valuable” of the productions of the N.A. forest

The black spruce is called Epinette noire & Epinette à la bière in Canada. From its strength best substitute for oak and larch. Used *here* for rafters & preferred to hemlock.– tougher than white Pine but more liable to crack.

The White spruce Abies alba called Epinette Blanche in Canada –not so large as the last & wood inferior.

Hemlock Spruce Abies Canadensis called Pêrusse in Canada– In Maine Vermont & upper N Hampshire = ³/₄ of the evergreen woods –the rest being Black spruce. Belongs to cold regions, begins to appear about Hudson’s Bay. Its fibre makes the circuit of stocks 15 to 20 inch in diam. in ascending 5 or 6 feet– Old trees have their circles separated and the boards are *shaky*. Decays rapidly when exposed to the air. It is firmer though coarser than the white pine –affords tighter hold to nails. Used in Maine for threshing floors –resisting indentation –most common use sheathing of houses to be covered with clapboards.– used for laths

White cedar Cupressus Thyoides –“The perfect wood resists the succession of dryness & moisture longer than that of any other species” hence for shingles

81. “He” is Aug. L Hillhouse who writes the account of the olive at the request of [Michaux](#).



Larch *Larix Americana* –in Canada –Epinette rouge. *Tamarack* by the Dutch Male aments appear before the leaves –wood superior to any pine or spruce in strength & durability. used in Maine for knees.

Cedar of Lebanon *Larix cedrus* largest & most majestic of resinous trees of the old world and one of the finest veg. productions of the globe.

Cedar island in Lake Champ. –North. limit of red cedar *Juniperus virginiana*. Eastward not beyond Wiscasset. seeds mature at begin of fall & *sown at once* –shoot next spring. Gin made from them.

Arbor vitae *Thuja Occidentalis* the only species of *Thuja* in the New World Lake St John in Canada its N limit abounds between 48° 50' & 45°. The posts last 35 or 40 yrs, & the rails 60 or 3 or 4 times as long as those of any other species. In North N E states the best for fences –last longer in clay than sand.

The superiority of mahogany in the fineness of its grain & its hardness which make it susceptible of a brilliant polish. Native trees in north states used in cabinet making are Black –Yellow –& canoe birches –Red-flowering curled maple –birds eye do –wild cherry & sumac.

The circle of peck & other measures made at Hingham –of Black Red or Grey oak –are “always of a dull blue color –produced by the gallic acid of the wood acting upon the iron vessel in which it is boiled.”

White-ash used for sieve rims –rake heads & handles –scythe handles pullies &c. –rake teeth of the Mockernut Hickory.

In New York & Philadelphia “the price [of wood for fuel] nearly equals & sometimes exceeds that of the best wood in Paris, though this immense capital annually requires more than 300,000 cords, and is surrounded to the distance of 300 miles by cultivated plains.” said in book of 1819.



May 19, Monday, [1851](#): The [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#) offered:

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

DOWN THE COAST. – The popular steamship *Ohio*, Capt. Robert Haley, will leave the wharf at the foot of Broadway, this afternoon at 5 o'clock, for San Diego and the intermediate ports. A trip to the rich Southern country at this season of the year, when everything is smiling with greenness, will repay for time and expense.

GREAT AUCTION SALE. – Messrs. Middleton and Smiley have a great auction sale to-day, at 10 o'clock, at their sales room, comer of Sacramento and Sansome sts. consisting of boots, shoes, hats, and a variety of clothing.

RESTAURANTS. – There is one interesting amusement and occupation, in which people may engage, in spite of fires and floods, and that is the occupation of eating. The late fire entirely destroyed the larger portion of the restaurants located in the heart of the city, and upon which thousands were dependant in a certain sense for their daily bread, mutton chops, cutlets, steaks, crabs, and other edibles. In two weeks, however, they have nearly all risen again in their old locations, and are now in full operation, fulfilling their pious mission of feeding the hungry souls who, working through the dirt and dust of our streets, love to steal awhile away from their earthly cares and sorrows, and seating themselves at a bountifully supplied table, forget the fire, crowd and dust, in the enjoyment of a good dinner or breakfast.

NIGHT BIRDS. – It is a fact too well known and authenticated that there are in this city a large number of villians who prowl about



at night in the more unfrequented parts of the city for the purpose of knocking down and robbing passers by. A gentleman of our acquaintance in passing up Pacific street on Saturday evening about 9 o'clock was followed by one of these scoundrels, who approaching too near, the gentleman drew a pistol, when the rascal made tracks. Persons should be careful in traveling the unfrequented, unlighted streets at night, and it does seem as though the only protection for a man is a good pistol to use in case of necessity. We hope that our new police organization may distinguish themselves by ferreting out some of these precious birds.

THE RAIN. — In a short and purely confidential conversation yesterday, with "the oldest inhabitant," we were informed by that venerable and respected individual, that rain at this season had not been known in this portion of California, for many years before yesterday. This goes towards showing that the Universal Yankee nation in their progress have done something toward changing the character even of the climate in which they have planted themselves. The rain will be of incalculable benefit to the farmers and gardeners in this vicinity, coming as it did in the half way between seed time and harvest.

LARCENY. — A Mexican boy named Antonio Bassalia, was arrested yesterday by Constable Elleard, charged with having stolen at the late fire, and secreted a trunk of clothing belonging to Mr. Elleard.

THEATRE. — Messrs. Bingham and Johns open this evening at the building known as the Theatre of Arts, in Jackson street.

SALE OF LUMBER. — Benjamin Kendig will sell to-day, at the California Exchange, at 12 o'clock, a large quantity of lumber at auction.

IMPORTANT ARREST. — A man named Charles McNair was arrested yesterday by officer McKensie suspected of being one of the parties engaged in the robbery of Charles Heynes on Friday night at a house on Broadway where Mr. Haynes slept. Mr. Haynes recognizes him as one of the men who followed him in the street. Mr Haynes is a respectable citizen of Stockton, who came down here on Thursday to purchase some goods, and states that he was drugged and robbed of about \$1500; his pockets having been cut out while he was asleep. If the rascals engaged in this affair can be identified, they should meet with a severe punishment.

CORONER'S INQUEST. — An inquest was held, yesterday, upon the body of a child who was killed in Pacific street, on Saturday by the falling of some timbers. Not being able to find the Coroner, we could not learn the particulars. As Coroner's inquests are matters of interest to the public, we would suggest to Coroner Gallagher that he should keep a record book at his office, in which the name and particulars connected with the deceased person should be recorded, so that they can be properly stated. The lack of some such arrangement as this often causes confusion and mistake.

WHIG CONVENTION. — The following is a list of the delegates elected from this county on Saturday, to the Whig Nominating Convention: C.M. Elleard, J.L. Van Bokelin, John Wilson, J.N. Thorne, A. Brooks, T.B. Russum, A.J. Ellis, Geo. Endicott, P.W.



Shepherd, Geo. M. Garwood. There was a very close run between W.W. Sheppard and Mr. Garwood, the former lacking six votes of being elected.

ARRESTS. — The police force made a number of arrests yesterday. Emanuel Leon, for having goods in his possession supposed to be stolen; a German, for firing off a pistol on Long Wharf; Lawrence Parmell, for spurring his steed with too great rapidity through the public streets; and Joseph Chinn, for imbibing too freely of liquors either virrous [*sic*], spirituous or malt, and thereby "kicking up a muss generally." The smiling faces of these gentry will be confronted with the smiling face of his Honor the Recorder, this morning, who will mete out to them the measure of punishment that each may deserve.

VOLUNTARY POLICE MEETING. — At a meeting of the citizens of the Fifth and Seventh Wards, held on Saturday evening, May 17th, 1851, at the California Engine House, for the purpose of taking measures for the better protection of property, and of forming a night patrol, Geo. Lewis Cooke, Esq. was called to the chair, and Wm. Browne, Esq. was appointed Secretary.

The object of the meeting was then explained by Geo. Endicott, Esq., and on motion a committee was appointed by the chair, to report the best plan for organizing a patrol, and of carrying out its objects. This committee in its report, advised that the officers of the voluntary' patrol should consist of a chief, first and second assistants, and foreman to each square, and further recommended the appointment of a committee of three to draft rules for the government of the same. The election of a Chief and two Assistants was then had, which resulted in the choice of P. W. Macondraj Esq., as Chief, and Capts. Garwood and Graham as Assistants. On motion it was unanimously resolved, that the patrol limits extend along the southerly side of Sacramento street to Kearny, along the easterly side of Kearny to Mission and Howard streets, or so far as may be discretionary with the Chief, thence taking the water line of First and Battery streets to Sacramento street. The following committee were appointed to draft rules and to report at the meeting on Monday evening, the 19th inst— Messrs. Endicott, Haskell, Gorham, and George L Cooke.

On motion, it was resolved, that a voluntary patrol should proceed immediately to duty, and serve until the organization of the patrol was completed by the Chief and Assistants. It was further resolved that the Secretary publish the proceedings of the meeting in the Alia, Pacific Xeirt, and Herald, and request the attendance of all citizens interested in the protection of their lives and property, at an adjourned meeting to be held at the same place on Monday evening, the 19th inst., at 8 o'clock. By order Geo. Lewis Cook, Chairman William Browne, Secretary.

A DESERVED REBUKE. — Our readers may recollect (says the N. O. Picayune,) that the neighbors of Daniel Webster, at Marshfield, a few days since held a meeting, at which they voted the fugitive slave law unconstitutional. Fanatics, Free Soilers and all have taken this matter as an evidence that Mr. Webster must be wrong in his understanding of the law, and that his neighbors are right, whereat Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, administers the following well merited rebuke:

The profound constitutional lawyers that composed the mass meeting in Marshfield, very probably look upon their decision

as a matter of tremendous importance. Their fellow-citizen, Daniel Webster, entertains a very different opinion, but as he has never examined the constitution with that terrible profundity which the cobblers, tailors, carpenters, blacksmiths, fishermen, &c. &c. &c., who are his neighbors, have employed, their decision may have vast weight with him. We wonder how many of those wise men who have voted with the majority, ever read the much-abused instrument of whose meaning they assume to be adequate judges?

What will come next? – This city has had – has indeed been made, by fever, the California fever. It has had a touch of the cholera. It has had five roastings by fire. After the last one the question was asked by many, “what will come next?” Some said nothing but a flood or an earthquake could be considered a rarity. The earthquake came upon the heels of the conflagration, but took pity on our desolation and passed on, only grumbling that the fire had not left enough for it to destroy to make it an object. Whether we are to have the flood, the only stranger now left, can not be said just now, but the rain which commenced yesterday morning and continued all day and night, came as unexpectedly as those which first wet the old Ark. What next, is now the question. We know of nothing possible after these events which can surprise us.

ASSIGNMENT. – By a notice in our advertising columns it will be perceived that Mr. Wells has made an assignment of his property for the benefit of his creditors, to Messrs. Edwin R. Wells and James P. Flint. The reasons alleged are his continued ill health and the destruction of his books and papers by the fire.



May 19, Monday: Found the arum triphyllum & the nodding trillium or wake Robin in Conant’s swamp. An ash also in bloom there –& the sassafras quite striking –Also the Fringed Polygala by Conantum wood. Sinclair says the hornbeam is called swamp beech in Vermont.



May 20, Tuesday, 1851: At the “little Red House” in Lenox, Massachusetts, [Rose Hawthorne](#) was born to [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) and [Sophia Peabody Hawthorne](#).

At least subsequent to this period, it seems likely that Nathaniel and Sophia no longer had sexual intercourse, as Nathaniel has been characterized by one of his contemporaries as deficient “in the power or the will to show his love. He is the most undemonstrative person I ever knew, without any exception. It is quite impossible for me to imagine his bestowing the slightest caress upon Mrs. Hawthorne.” Sophia once commented about her husband that he “hates to be touched more than anyone I ever knew.” Presumably the Hawthornes gave up sexual intercourse for purposes of contraception, or perhaps because they found solitary or mutual [masturbation](#) to be more congenial, or perhaps, in Nathaniel’s case, because he preferred to have sex with prostitutes, a social practice of the times which Hawthorne referred to as “his illegitimate embraces,” rather than go to the trouble of arranging “blissful interviews” with his wife.⁸² Hawthorne was bothered by the presence of children, and after the birth of Rose would speak bitterly of the parent’s “duty to sacrifice all the green margin of our lives to these children” towards which he never felt the slightest “natural partiality”:

[T]hey have to prove their claim to all the affection they get; and I believe I could love other people’s children better than mine, if I felt they deserved it more.

Henry Thoreau had been reading in the 1850 major revision of Professor Asa Gray's THE BOTANICAL TEXT-BOOK: AN INTRODUCTION TO SCIENTIFIC BOTANY, BOTH STRUCTURAL AND SYSTEMATIC. FOR COLLEGES, SCHOOLS AND PRIVATE STUDENTS. THIRD EDITION, REWRITTEN AND ENLARGED, ILLUSTRATED WITH TWELVE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD (not the one in his personal library, which is the 1853 edition), and taking copious notes, and making the most careful extrapolations:



May 20, Tuesday: There is no doubt a perfect analogy between the life of the human being and that of the vegetable—both of the body & the mind.

The botanist, Gray, says—

“The organs of plants are of two sorts: —1. those of *Vegetation*, which are concerned in growth, —by which the plant takes in the aerial and earthy matters on which it lives, and elaborates them into the materials of its own organized substance; 2. those of *Fructification or Reproduction*, which are concerned in the propagation of the species.”

So is it with the human being— I am concerned first to come to my *Growth* intellectually & morally; (and physically, of course, as a means to this, for the body is the symbol of the soul) and, then to bear my *Fruit*—do my *Work*—*Propagate* my kind, not only physically but *morally*—not only in body but in mind.

“The organs of vegetation are the *Root, Stem, & Leaves*. The *Stem* is the axis and original basis of the plant.”

“The first point of the stem preëxists in the embryo (*i.e.* in the rudimentary plantlet contained within the seed): it is here called the radicle.” Such is the rudiment of mind—already partially developed—more than a bud but pale—having never been exposed to the light—& slumbering coiled up—packed away in the seed—unfolded (consider the still pale—rudimentary infantine radicle-like thoughts of some students, which who knows what they might expand to if they should ever come to the light & air.—if they do not become rancid & perish in the seed. It is not every seed that will survive a thousand years.— Other thoughts further developed—but yet pale & languid—like shoots grown in a cellar.)

“The plant — — develops from the first in two opposite directions, viz. upwards [to expand in the light & air] to produce & continue the stem (or *ascending axis*), and downwards [avoiding the light] to form the root, (or *descending axis*. The former is ordinarily or in great part aerial, the latter subterranean.”

So the mind develops from the first in two opposite directions—upwards to expand in the light & air; & downwards avoiding the light to form the root. One half is aerial the other subterranean. The mind is not well balanced & firmly planted like the oak which has not as much root as branch—whose roots like those of the white pine are slight and near the surface. One half of the mind's development must still be root—in the embryonic state—in the womb of nature—more unborn than at first. For each successive new idea or bud—a new rootlet in the earth. The growing man penetrates yet deeper by his roots into the womb of things. The infant is comparatively near the surface. just covered from the light— But the man sends down a tap root to the centre of things.

The mere logician the mere reasoner who weaves his arguments as a tree its branches in the sky—not being equally developed in the roots, is overthrown by the first wind.

As with the roots of the Plant so with the roots of the Mind— The branches & branchlets of the root “are mere repetitions for the purpose of multiplying the absorbing points, which are chiefly the growing or newly formed extremities, sometimes termed *spongelets*. It bears no other organs.”

So this organ of the mind's development the *Root*, bears no organs but spongelets or absorbing points Annuals which perish root & all the first season—especially have slender & thread-like fibrous roots. But biennials are particularly characterised by distended fleshy roots containing starch—a stock for future growth—to be consumed during their second or flowering season—as carrots radishes—turnips. Perennials frequently have many thickened roots clustered together—tuberous or palmate roots—

82. I doubt that we will ever know which of our male literary subjects of this period followed the exceedingly prevalent custom, of paying regular visits to houses of prostitution or what was commonly considered to be a needed and healthy “physical relief.” It would be a great error to suppose that these males of the pre-Victorian era were sexually “repressed” simply because they lived in a world which was divided into totally separate cultural, high-class, and carnal, low-class realms, a world in which the range of recorded discourse was entirely confined within the realm of culture and in which the range of “earthy” or “street” dialog was entirely excluded from that recorded realm.



fasciculated or clustered as in the Dahlia, Paeony &c
Roots may spring from any part of the stem under favorable circumstances “that is to say in darkness & moisture, as when covered by the soil or resting on its surface.”

I.E. the most clear & ethereal ideas (Antaeus like) readily ally themselves to the earth –to the primal womb of things– They put forth roots as soon as branches they are eager to be *soiled* No thought soars so high that it sunders these apron strings of its mother. The thought that comes to light –that pierces the Empyrean on the other side is wombed & rooted in darkness –a moist & fertile darkness –its roots in Hades like the tree of life.

No idea is so soaring but it will readily put forth roots –wherever there is an air & light seeking bud about to expand it may become in the earth a darkness seeking root. even swallows & birds of paradise *can* walk on the ground.

To quote the sentence from Gray –entire

“Roots not only spring from the root-end of the primary stem in germination, but also from any subsequent part of the stem under favorable circumstances, that is to say, in darkness & moisture, as when covered by the soil or resting on its surface.”

No thought but is connected as strictly as a flower, with the earth– The mind flashes not so far on one side –but its rootlets its spongelets find their way instantly on the other side into a moist darkness. uterine –a low bottom in the heavens even miasma-exhaling to such immigrants as are not acclimated. A cloud is uplifted to sustain its roots. Imbossomed in clouds as in a chariot the mind drives through the boundless fields of space.– Even there is the dwelling of Indra.

I might have quote the following with the last –of roots

“They may even strike in the open air and light, as is seen in the copious aerial rootlets by which the Ivy, the Poison Ivy, and the Trumpet Creeper climb and adhere to the trunks of trees or other bodies; and also in Epiphytes or Air-plants, of most warm regions, which have no connection whatever with the soil, but germinate & grow high in air on the trunks or branches of trees, &. as well as in some terrestrial plants, such as the Banian and Mangrove, that send off aerial roots from their trunks or branches, which finally reach the ground”

So if our light & air seeking tendencies extend too widely for our original root or stem we must send downward new roots to ally us to the earth.

Also there are parasitic plants which have their roots in the branches or roots of other trees as the mistletoe –the Beech drops &c There are minds which so have their roots in other minds as in the womb of nature– If indeed most are not such?!



May 20, Tuesday, 1851: [Henry C. Wright](#) wrote an open letter to the Woman’s Rights Convention that was to be held shortly in Akron, [Ohio](#):

FLUSHING, Long Island, May 20, 1851.

TO THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

Dear Friends;–

* * *

The effort being made by yourselves and others to secure to woman her rights as a human being, and her true position in reference to the customs and institutions of society, ought to be, and ere long will be, regarded as one of the most important movements of the age. It involves all that is pure, elevating and endearing in domestic life; all that is lovely, good and great in social life; all that is useful and enduring in religious and social institutions. The abolition of intemperance, war, slavery, and all the individual and social wrongs of mankind, and the regeneration and redemption of the race from the physical, intellectual, social and moral evils that now crush it, must be associated with this movement. I see not how any being, whose destiny is linked with that of human-kind, can treat this subject lightly, or remain indifferent to it.

Man and Woman cannot be separated in their destiny. Where woman



goes, man must go; where man goes, woman must go; as the one rises or sinks in intelligence, in wisdom and virtue, so must the other rise or fall.

* * *

Man cannot be saved without the aid of woman; woman cannot be saved without the aid of man. United in love, in counsel and effort, progress in wisdom and goodness, towards the heavenly and divine, is certain; disunited in affection, in interest, in plans or in their execution, degradation and ruin must follow. This should be settled as a fixed fact in the minds of all who take part in this movement.

* * *

Whatever right of property or person, of government or religion; in the family, in the market, in the church, the court, the cabinet, legislative hall, or in the public assembly, belongs to man, belongs also to woman. In arranging and conducting the affairs of life in regard to our domestic, pecuniary, social, religious and civil concerns, this fact is denied or disregarded. To enlighten the understanding and consciences of men, and to arouse their moral nature in regard to this great law of our being, should be one great aim of all who are interested in this enterprise. In asserting your Humanity, you assert the fact that whatever right belongs to one human being, belongs to each and every one, without regard to sex, complexion, condition, caste or country. Woman is a human being; and it is a self-evident truth that whatever right belongs to man by virtue of his membership in the human family, belongs to her by the same tenure. This truth is not to be reasoned about; it is self-evident. No power in the universe can have the right to put woman in a position of subjection to man, or man in subjection to woman. As regards their relations to each other, they are equals; and neither can justly be held responsible, as subject to any power but the Divine. It is not right or expedient to submit this question to the contingency of a discussion, for you could not submit it if the decision were against you. Why appeal to a tribunal at all, whose decision, in this matter you have determined not to abide by, if it is against you? To do so would be neither dignified nor honest.

Dear friends, permit me to remind you not to be disheartened though few join you. There are tens of thousands interested in this movement who have not courage to become a part of it. Be more anxious to plant yourselves on the rock of eternal truth, and to abide there, than to increase your numbers. Truth goes not by numbers, but is instinct with divine life, and it must triumph.

* * *

May truth, in regard to the rights and position of woman, and to her connexion with the true development and destiny of our nature, be your aim, and uncompromising fidelity to that truth, your endeavor.

Yours truly,

HENRY C. WRIGHT

1851

1851



May 21, Wednesday, 1851: Lt. Matthew Fontaine Maury of the US Naval Observatory sent his cousin, Lt. William Lewis Herndon and Lt. Lardner Gibbon, both of whom worked at the observatory, to explore the Valley of the Amazon region to Brazil and the Atlantic Ocean, while gathering as much information as possible for trade and slavery in any of those areas. The Negro was a problem! Maury detested race slavery and was hoping that the area might serve as a “safety valve” in American politics, by allowing the Southern white slavemasters to dispose of their obligations by “selling them South” to slave plantations in Brazil, or at least to relocate their plantations to that more distant and therefore less newsworthy locale. “Imagine,” Maury wrote to a cousin, “waking up some day and finding our country free of slavery!” His reasoning was that since the negrero vessels were bringing fresh crops of slaves across the Atlantic to Brazil from the coast of Africa all the time anyhow, if Americans could sell those who were already slaves in the United States south to Brazil then this would not only mean less slavery locally, or in time perhaps no slavery in as many areas of the United States as possible, but would also cut down somewhat on the demand for fresh recruitments of slaves from Africa. Oh, he was such a benign and practical white man! Can’t you see how he was wracking his brain for a good enough way to get rid of people?

The expedition in question would begin at Lima, Peru with the two lieutenants and five other men, 4,366 miles from the Atlantic Ocean. To get to the valley of the Amazon their parties would need first to pass over the Cordilleras, via a pass that rose to an altitude of 16,199 feet.

Inspired by something that Henry Thoreau wrote in his journal on this day, “I think that we are not commonly aware that man is our contemporary, — that in this strange, outlandish world, so barren, so prosaic, fit not to live in but merely to pass through, that even here so divine a creature as man does actually live. Man, the crowning fact, the god we know. While the earth supports so rare an inhabitant, there is somewhat to cheer us. I think that the standing miracle to man is man,” Billy Renkl would create a work of art:



Per the Sacramento, California Daily Union:

PARK’S BAR. — We learn from the Marysville Herald, that the miners on this bar are making from eight to ten dollars per day. — They expect to work in the bed of the river in a few days, as the water is rapidly falling.

THE DESPERADOES OK SAN FRANCISCO. — By a private communication received from the Bay, we learn that a gang of rascals have been endeavoring for a number of nights past, to fire those portions of the city which were saved by the almost superhuman exertions of the firemen during the last great conflagration. These fiendish miscreants, whose appetite for destruction and revenge is not yet appeased, have now transferred their field of operations from the upper section of the city, to the buildings left in the vicinity of the wharves. Night before last as our correspondent writes, "the best pump in the vicinity of Jones' Hotel was filled with stones, and the perpetrators of the dastardly act could not be found."

The citizens both of San Francisco, and Sacramento, must be on the alert, and never falter or flag in their efforts to arrest these pests of society, and consign them to that ignominious punishment which they all so richly deserve.

If these renegades, the vilest outcasts which ever infected any society, are permitted to run riot through the State, devastating our cities, murdering and robbing our civilians, grossly insulting females, and by every means seeking to undermine the foundations of all law and order, the most disastrous and deplorable results will assuredly follow, and if they do not effect one irretrievable ruin, we shall still be disgraced in the eyes of the whole world, and be pointed to as an example of a people, living under good laws, but who are incapable of enforcing them.

THE TEHAMA. — This theatre was crowded last evening; and in the thrilling drama of Robert Macaire the various actors sustained well their different parts. We have never been more pleased with the acting of Mr. Campbell. His conception of the character of Macaire is correct, and his voice and gesture were appropriate. Mrs. Kirby as Marie, carried out well those devotional traits of character which belong to the softer sex.

ANOTHER DEMOCRATIC ORGAN. — We notice among our exchanges the San Joaquin Republican, a neat and well conducted sheet, published in Stockton. The articles penned are not as inflammatory as might have been expected since the recent conflagration. We wish this new aspirant for public favor every success, except that of the political measures it advocates.



May 21, Wednesday: Yesterday I made out the black and the white Ashes— A double male White ash in Miles' swamp and 2 black ashes with sessile leaflets— A female White ash near RR — in Stows land. The White Ashes by Mr Pritchards have no blossoms, at least as yet

If I am right the *black* ash is improperly so called from the color of its bark being lighter than the white— Though it answers to the description in other respects even to the elder-like odor of the leaves, I should like still to see a description of the Yellow Ash which grows in Maine.

The day before yesterday I found the male sassafras in abundance but no female.

The leaves of my new pine on Merriams or Pine Hill are of intermediate length between those of the Yellow Pine & the Norway Pine— I can find no cone to distinguish the tree by. But as the leaves are *semi cylindrical* & not *hollowed* I think it must be the red or Norway Pine —though it does not look very red —& is *spruce!* answering perhaps to the description of the Yellow Pine which is sometimes called Spruce Pine.

To day examined the flowers of the *Nemopanthus Canadensis* —a genus of a single species says Emerson— It bears the beautiful crimson velvety berry of the swamps —& is what I have heard called the cornel. Common name Wild Holly.

I have heard now within a few days that peculiar dreaming sound of the frogs which belongs to the



summer –their midsummer nights dream.

Only that thought & that expression are good which are musical.

I think that we are not commonly aware that man is our contemporary. That in this strange outlandish world –so barren so prosaic –fit not to live in but merely to pass through. that even here so divine a creature as man does actually live. Man the crowning fact –the god we know. While the earth supports so rare an inhabitant there is somewhat to cheer us. Who shall say that there is no God, if there is a *just* man.

It is only within a year that it has occurred to me that there is such a being actually existing on the globe. Now that I perceive that it is so –many questions assume a new aspect. We have not only the idea & vision of the divine ourselves but we have brothers, it seems who have this idea also–

Methinks my neighbor is better than I; and his thought is better than mine– There is a representative of the divinity on earth –of all things fair & noble are to be expected. We have the material of heaven here. I think that the standing miracle to man is man –behind the paling –yonder come rain or shine –hope or doubt –there dwells a man. an actual being who can sympathize with our sublimest thoughts.

The revelations of nature are infinitely glorious & cheering –hinting to us of a remote future –of possibilities untold –but startlingly near to us some day we find a fellow man.

The frog had eyed the heavens from his marsh, until his mind was filled with visions, & he saw more than belongs to this fenny earth– He mistrusted that he was become a dreamer & visionary –leaping across the swamp to his fellow what was his joy & consolation to find that he too had seen the same sights in the heavens –he too had dreamed the same dreams

From nature we turn astonished to this *near* but supernatural fact

I think that the existence of man in nature is the divinest and most startling of all facts– It is a fact which few have realized.

I can go to my neighbors & meet on ground as elevated as we could expect to meet upon if we were now in heaven.

“And we live,

We of this mortal mixture, in the same law
As the pure colourless intelligence
Which dwells in Heaven, & the dead Hadëan shades.”

I do not think that man can –understand the *importance* of man’s existence –its bearing on the other phenomena of life until it shall become a remembrance to him the survivor that such a being or such a race once existed on the earth. Imagine yourself alone in the world a musing wondering reflecting spirit *lost* in thought– And imagine thereafter the creation of man! Man made in the image of God! Looking into a book on dentistry the other day I observed a list of authors who had written on this subject. There were Ran & Tan and Yungerman –& I was impressed by the fact that there was nothing in a name– It was as if they had been named by the child’s rigmarole of lery ichery van tittle tol tan &c– I saw in my mind a herd of wild creatures swarming over the earth –and to each one its own herdsman had affixed some barbarous name or sound or syllables, in his own dialect –so in a thousand languages– Their names were seen to be as meaningless exactly as bosc or Tray the names of dogs. Men get named no better.

We seem to be distinct ourselves, never repeated –& yet we bear no names which express a proportionate distinctness –they are quite accidental.– Take away their names & you leave men a wild herd distinguished only by their individual qualities.

It is as if you were to give names in the Caffre dialect to the individuals in a herd of spring-bocks –or Gnus

We have but few patronymics –but few Christian names in proportion to the number of us. Is it that men ceased to be original when genuine & original names ceased to be given. Have we not enough character to establish a new patronymic

Methinks it would be some advantage to philosophy if men were *named* merely in the gross as they are known. It would only be necessary to know the genus & perchance the species & variety –to know the individual.

I will not allow *mere names* to make distinctions for me but still see men in herds for all *them*. A familiar name cannot make a man less strange to me. It may be given to a savage who retains in secret his own wild title earned in the woods. I see that this neighbor who wears the familiar epithet of William or Edwin takes it off with his jacket –it does not adhere to him when asleep or when in anger –or aroused by any passion or inspiration– I seem to hear pronounced by some of his kin at



such a time his original wild name in some jaw breaking or else melodious tongue— As the names of the Poles and Russians are to us, so are ours to them.

Our names are as cheap as the names given to dogs— We know what are dogs names— We know what are men's names. Some times it would be significant and truer —it would lead to generalization —it would avoid exaggeration —to say *There was a man* who said or did —instead of designating him by some familiar, but perchance delusive name.

We hardly believe that every private soldier in a Roman army had a name of his own

It is interesting to see how the names of famous men are repeated. even of great poets & philosophers. The poet is not know today even by his neighbors to be more than a common man—

He is perchance the butt of many The proud farmer looks down —& boorishly ignores him but perchance in course of time the poet will have so succeeded —that some of the farmer's posterity — though equally boorish with their ancestor will bear the poets name. The boor names his boy Homer & so succumbs unknowingly to the bard's victorious fame— Anything so fine as poetic genius he cannot more directly recognize. The unpoetic farmer names his child Homer.

You have a wild savage in you —and a savage name is perchance somewhere recorded as yours.⁸³



May 22, Thursday, 1851: Ascribe to the Lord for chorus and organ by Samuel Sebastian Wesley to words of the Bible was performed for the initial time, in Winchester Cathedral, the composer at the keyboard.

As part of the [Mariposa War](#), [Ahwahneechees](#) were captured at Lake Tenaija (named for their chief) and obliged to accept reservation life.

WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE

At a public reception in Buffalo, [Daniel Webster](#) was among the orators:

Fellow-Citizens of the City of Buffalo,—I am very glad to see you; I meet you with pleasure. It is not the first time that I have been in Buffalo, and I have always come to it with gratification. It is at a great distance from my own home. I am thankful that circumstances have enabled me to be here again, and I regret that untoward events deprived me of the pleasure of being with you when your distinguished fellow-citizen, the President of the United States, visited you, and received from you, as he deserved, not only a respectful, but a cordial and enthusiastic welcome. The President of the United States has been a resident among you for more than half his life. He has represented you in the State and national councils. You know him and all his relations, both public and private, and it would be bad taste in me to say any thing of him, except that I wish to say, with emphasis, that, since my connection with him in the administration of the government of the United States, I have

83. Thoreau would later copy into his early lecture "[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT](#)":

[Paragraph 24] Work is cheap, but thought and character are rare. And is it not significant, that after all the farmer will perhaps name his son — Homer, or Milton?¹

1. Bradley P. Dean emended the manuscript copy-text by punctuating with a question mark.



fully concurred with him in all his great and leading measures. This might be inferred from the fact that I have been one of his ordinary advisers. But I do not wish to let it rest on that presumption; I wish to declare that the principles of the President, as set forth in his annual message, his letters, and all documents and opinions which have proceeded from him, or been issued by his authority, in regard to the great question of the times,—all these principles are my principles; and if he is wrong in them, I am, and always shall be.

Gentlemen, it has been suggested to me that it would be agreeable to the citizens of Buffalo, and their neighbors in the county of Erie, that I should state to you my opinions, whatever may be their value, on the present condition of the country, its prospects, its hopes, and its dangers; and, fellow-citizens, I intend to do that, this day, and this hour, as far as my strength will permit.

Gentlemen, believe me, I know where I am. I know to whom I am speaking. I know for whom I am speaking. I know that I am here in this singularly prosperous and powerful section of the United States, Western New York, and I know the character of the men who inhabit Western New York. I know they are sons of liberty, one and all; that they sucked in liberty with their mothers' milk; inherited it with their blood; that it is the subject of their daily contemplation and watchful thought. They are men of unusual equality of condition, for a million and a half of people. There are thousands of men around us, and here before us, who till their own soil with their own hands; and others who earn their own livelihood by their own labor in the workshops and other places of industry; and they are independent, in principle and in condition, having neither slaves nor masters, and not intending to have either. These are the men who constitute, to a great extent, the people of Western New York. But the school-house, I know, is among them. Education is among them. They read, and write, and think. Here, too, are women, educated, refined, and intelligent; and here are men who know the history of their country, and the laws of their country, and the institutions of their country; and men, lovers of liberty always, and yet lovers of liberty under the Constitution of the country, and who mean to maintain that Constitution with all their strength. I hope these observations will satisfy you that I know where I am, under what responsibility I speak, and before whom I appear; and I have no desire that any word I shall say this day shall be withholden from you, or your children, or your neighbors, or the whole world; for I speak before you and before my country, and, if it be not too solemn to say so, before the great Author of all things.

Gentlemen, there is but one question in this country now; or, if there be others, they are but secondary, or so subordinate that they are all absorbed in that great and leading question; and that is neither more nor less than this: Can we preserve the union of the States, not by coercion, not by military power, not by angry controversies,—but can we of this generation, you and I, your friends and my friends,—can we so preserve the union of these States, by such administration of the powers of the Constitution as shall give content and satisfaction to all who live under it, and draw us together, not by military power, but by the silken cords of mutual, fraternal, patriotic affection? That is the question, and no other. Gentlemen, I believe in party



distinctions. I am a party man. There are questions belonging to party in which I take an interest, and there are opinions entertained by other parties which I repudiate; but what of all that? If a house be divided against itself, it will fall, and crush everybody in it. We must see that we maintain the government which is over us. We must see that we uphold the Constitution, and we must do so without regard to party. Now how did this question arise? The question is for ever misstated. I dare say, if you know much of me, or of my course of public conduct, for the last fourteen months, you have heard of my attending Union meetings, and of my fervent admonitions at Union meetings. Well, what was the object of those meetings? What was their purpose? The object and purpose have been designedly or thoughtlessly misrepresented. I had an invitation, some time since, to attend a Union meeting in the county of Westchester; I could not go, but wrote a letter. Well, some wise man of the East said he did not think it was very necessary to hold Union meetings in Westchester. He did not think there were many disunionists about Tarrytown! And so in many parts of the country, there is a total misapprehension of the purpose and object of these Union meetings. Every one knows, that there is not a county, or a city, or a hamlet in the State of New York, that is ready to go out of the Union, but only some small bodies of fanatics. There is no man so insane in the State, not fit for a lunatic asylum, as to wish it. But that is not the point. We all know that every man and every neighborhood, and all corporations, in the State of New York, except those I have mentioned, are attached to the Union, and have no idea of withdrawing from it. But that is not, I repeat, the point. The question, fellow-citizens, (and I put it to you now as the real question,) the question is, Whether you and the rest of the people of the great State of New York, and of all the States, will so adhere to the Constitution, will so enact and maintain laws to preserve that instrument, that you will not only remain in the Union yourselves, but permit your brethren to remain in it, and help to perpetuate it? That is the question. Will you concur in measures necessary to maintain the Union, or will you oppose such measures? That is the whole point of the case. There are thirty or forty members of Congress from New York; you have your proportion in the United States Senate. We have many members of Congress from New England. Will they maintain the laws that are passed for the administration of the Constitution, and respect the rights of the South, so that the Union may be held together; and not only so that we may not go out of it ourselves, which we are not inclined to do, but so that, by maintaining the rights of others, they may also remain in the Union? Now, Gentlemen, permit me to say, that I speak of no concessions. If the South wish any concession from me, they will not get it; not a hair's breadth of it. If they come to my house for it, they will not find it, and the door will be shut; I concede nothing. But I say that I will maintain for them, as I will maintain for you, to the utmost of my power, and in the face of all danger, their rights under the Constitution, and your rights under the Constitution. And I shall never be found to falter in one or the other. It is obvious to every one, and we all know it, that the origin of the great disturbance which agitates the country is the existence of slavery in some of the States; but we must meet the subject; we must consider it; we



must deal with it earnestly, honestly, and justly. From the mouth of the St. John's to the confines of Florida, there existed, in 1775, thirteen colonies of English origin, planted at different times, and coming from different parts of England, bringing with them various habits, and establishing, each for itself, institutions entirely different from the institutions which they left, and in many cases from each other. But they were all of English origin. The English language was theirs, Shakespeare and Milton were theirs, the common law of England was theirs, and the Christian religion was theirs; and these things held them together by the force of a common character. The aggressions of the parent state compelled them to assert their independence. They declared independence, and that immortal act, pronounced on the 4th of July, 1776, made them independent.

That was an act of union by the United States in Congress assembled. But this act of itself did nothing to establish over them a general government. They had a Congress. They had Articles of Confederation to prosecute the war. But thus far they were still, essentially, separate and independent each of the other. They had entered into a simple confederacy, and nothing more. No State was bound by what it did not itself agree to, or what was done according to the provisions of the confederation. That was the state of things, Gentlemen, at that time. The war went on; victory crowned the American arms; our independence was acknowledged. The States were then united together under a confederacy of very limited powers. It could levy no taxes. It could not enforce its own decrees. It was a confederacy, instead of a united government. Experience showed that this was insufficient and inefficient. Accordingly, beginning as far back almost as the close of the war, measures were taken for the formation of a united government, a government in the strict sense of the term, a government that could pass laws binding on the individual citizens of all the States, and which could enforce those laws by its executive powers, having them interpreted by a judicial power belonging to the government itself, and yet a government strictly limited in its nature. Well, Gentlemen, this led to the formation of the Constitution of the United States, and that instrument was framed on the idea of a limited government. It proposed to leave, and did leave, the different domestic institutions of the several States to themselves. It did not propose consolidation. It did not propose that the laws of Virginia should be the laws of New York, or that the laws of New York should be the laws of Massachusetts. It proposed only that, for certain purposes and to a certain extent, there should be a united government, and that that government should have the power of executing its own laws. All the rest was left to the several States.

We now come, Gentlemen, to the very point of the case. At that time slavery existed in the Southern States, entailed upon them in the time of the supremacy of British laws over us. There it was. It was obnoxious to the Middle and Eastern States, and honestly and seriously disliked, as the records of the country will show, by the Southern States themselves. Now, how was it to be dealt with? Were the Northern and Middle States to exclude from the government those States of the South which had produced a Washington, a Laurens, and other distinguished patriots, who had so truly served, and so greatly honored, the whole country? Were they to be excluded from the new government because they



tolerated the institution of slavery? Your fathers and my fathers did not think so. They did not see that it would be of the least advantage to the slaves of the Southern States, to cut off the South from all connection with the North. Their views of humanity led to no such result; and of course, when the Constitution was framed and established, and adopted by you, here in New York, and by New England, it contained an express provision of security to the persons who lived in the Southern States, in regard to fugitives who owed them service; that is to say, it was stipulated that the fugitive from service or labor should be restored to his master or owner if he escaped into a free State. Well, that had been the history of the country from its first settlement. It was a matter of common practice to return fugitives before the Constitution was formed. Fugitive slaves from Virginia to Massachusetts were restored by the people of Massachusetts. At that day there was a great system of apprenticeship at the North, and many apprentices at the North, taking advantage of circumstances, and of vessels sailing to the South, thereby escaped; and they were restored on proper claim and proof. That led to a clear, express, and well-defined provision in the Constitution of the country on the subject. Now I am aware that all these things are well known; that they have been stated a thousand times; but in these days of perpetual discontent and misrepresentation, to state things a thousand times is not enough; for there are persons whose consciences, it would seem, lead them to consider it their duty to deny, misrepresent, falsify, and cover up truths. Now these are words of the Constitution, fellow-citizens, which I have taken the pains to transcribe therefrom, so that he who runs may read:-

"NO PERSON HELD TO SERVICE OR LABOR IN ONE STATE, UNDER THE LAWS THEREOF, ESCAPING INTO ANOTHER, SHALL, IN CONSEQUENCE OF ANY LAW OR REGULATION THEREIN, BE DISCHARGED FROM SUCH SERVICE OR LABOR, BUT SHALL BE DELIVERED UP ON CLAIM OF THE PARTY TO WHOM SUCH SERVICE OR LABOR MAY BE DUE."

Is there any mistake about that? Is there any forty-shilling attorney here to make a question of it? No. I will not disgrace my profession by supposing such a thing. There is not, in or out of an attorney's office in the county of Erie, or elsewhere, one who could raise a doubt, or a particle of a doubt, about the meaning of this provision of the Constitution. He may act as witnesses do, sometimes, on the stand. He may wriggle, and twist, and say he cannot tell, or cannot remember. I have seen many such efforts in my time, on the part of witnesses, to falsify and deny the truth. But there is no man who can read these words of the Constitution of the United States, and say they are not clear and imperative. "No person," the Constitution says, "held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due." Why, you may be told by forty conventions in Massachusetts, in Ohio, in New York, or elsewhere, that, if a colored man comes here, he comes as a freeman; that is a *non sequitur*. It is not so. If he comes as a fugitive from labor, the Constitution says he is not a freeman,



and that he shall be delivered up to those who are entitled to his service.

Gentlemen, that is the Constitution of the United States. Do we, or do we not, mean to conform to it, and to execute that part of the Constitution as well as the rest of it? I believe there are before me here members of Congress. I suppose there may be here members of the State legislature, or executive officers under the State government. I suppose there may be judicial magistrates of New York, executive officers, assessors, supervisors, justices of the peace, and constables before me. Allow me to say, Gentlemen, that there is not, that there cannot be, any one of these officers in this assemblage, or elsewhere, who has not, according to the form of the usual obligation, bound himself by a solemn oath to support the Constitution. They have taken their oaths on the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, or by uplifted hand, as the case may be, or by a solemn affirmation, as is the practice in some cases; but among all of them there is not a man who holds, nor is there any man who can hold, any office in the gift of the United States, or of this State, or of any other State, who does not bind himself, by the solemn obligation of an oath, to support the Constitution of the United States. Well, is he to tamper with that? Is he to palter? Gentlemen, our political duties are as much matters of conscience as any other duties; our sacred domestic ties, our most endearing social relations, are no more the subjects for conscientious consideration and conscientious discharge, than the duties we enter upon under the Constitution of the United States. The bonds of political brotherhood, which hold us together from Maine to Georgia, rest upon the same principles of obligation as those of domestic and social life.

Now, Gentlemen, that is the plain story of the Constitution of the United States, on the question of slavery. I contend, and have always contended, that, after the adoption of the Constitution, any measure of the government calculated to bring more slave territory into the United States was beyond the power of the Constitution, and against its provisions. That is my opinion, and it always has been my opinion. It was inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States, or thought to be so, in Mr. Jefferson's time, to attach Louisiana to the United States. A treaty with France was made for that purpose. Mr. Jefferson's opinion at that moment was, that an alteration of the Constitution was necessary to enable it to be done. In consequence of considerations to which I need not now refer, that opinion was abandoned, and Louisiana was admitted by law, without any provision in, or alteration of, the Constitution. At that time I was too young to hold any office, or take any share in the political affairs of the country. Louisiana was admitted as a slave State, and became entitled to her representation in Congress on the principle of a mixed basis. Florida was afterwards admitted. Then, too, I was out of Congress. I had formerly been a member, but had ceased to be so. I had nothing to do with the Florida treaty, or the admission of Florida. My opinion remains unchanged, that it was not within the original scope or design of the Constitution to admit new States out of foreign territory; and, for one, whatever may be said at the Syracuse Convention, or at any other assemblage of insane persons, I never would consent, and never have consented, that there should be one foot of slave territory beyond what the



old thirteen States had at the time of the formation of the Union. Never, never! The man cannot show his face to me, and say he can prove that I ever departed from that doctrine. He would sneak away, and slink away, or hire a mercenary press to cry out, What an apostate from liberty Daniel Webster has become! But he knows himself to be a hypocrite and a falsifier. But, Gentlemen, I was in public life when the proposition to annex Texas to the United States was brought forward. You know that the revolution in Texas, which separated that country from Mexico, occurred in the year 1835 or 1836. I saw then, and I do not know that it required any particular foresight, that it would be the very next thing to bring Texas, which was designed to be a slave-holding State, into this Union. I did not wait. I sought an occasion to proclaim my utter aversion to any such measure, and I determined to resist it with all my strength to the last. On this subject, Gentlemen, you will bear with me, if I now repeat, in the presence of this assembly, what I have before spoken elsewhere. I was in this city in the year 1837, and, some time before I left New York on that excursion from which I returned to this place, my friends in New York were kind enough to offer me a public dinner as a testimony of their regard. I went out of my way, in a speech delivered in Niblo's Saloon, on that occasion, for the purpose of showing that I anticipated the attempt to annex Texas as a slave territory, and said it should be opposed by me to the last extremity. Well, there was the press all around me,—the Whig press and the Democratic press. Some spoke in terms commendatory enough of my speech, but all agreed that I took pains to step out of my way to denounce in advance the annexation of Texas as slave territory to the United States. I said on that occasion:—

"Gentlemen, we all see that, by whomsoever possessed, Texas is likely to be a slave-holding country; and I frankly avow my entire unwillingness to do any thing that shall extend the slavery of the African race on this continent, or add other slave-holding States to the Union. When I say that I regard slavery in itself as a great moral, social, and political evil, I only use language which has been adopted by distinguished men, themselves citizens of slave-holding States. I shall do nothing, therefore, to favor or encourage its further extension. We have slavery already amongst us. The Constitution found it in the Union; it recognized it, and gave it solemn guaranties. To the full extent of these guaranties we are all bound, in honor, in justice, and by the Constitution. All the stipulations contained in the Constitution in favor of the slave-holding States which are already in the Union ought to be fulfilled, and, so far as depends on me, shall be fulfilled, in the fulness of their spirit and to the exactness of their letter. Slavery, as it exists in the States, is beyond the reach of Congress. It is a concern of the States themselves; they have never submitted it to Congress, and Congress has no rightful power over it. I shall concur, therefore, in no act, no measure, no menace, no indication of purpose, which shall interfere or threaten to interfere with the exclusive authority of the several States over the subject of slavery as it exists within their respective limits. All this appears



to me to be matter of plain and imperative duty. But when we come to speak of admitting new States, the subject assumes an entirely different aspect. Our rights and our duties are then both different. The free States, and all the States, are then at liberty to accept or to reject. When it is proposed to bring new members into this political partnership, the old members have a right to say on what terms such new partners are to come in, and what they are to bring along with them. In my opinion, the people of the United States will not consent to bring into the Union a new, vastly extensive, and slave-holding country, large enough for half a dozen or a dozen States. In my opinion they ought not to consent to it."

Gentlemen, I was mistaken; Congress did consent to the bringing in of Texas. They did consent, and I was a false prophet. Your own State consented, and the majority of the representatives of New York consented. I went into Congress before the final consummation of the deed, and there I fought, holding up both my hands, and urging, with a voice stronger than it now is, my remonstrances against the whole of it. But you would have it so, and you did have it so. Nay, Gentlemen, I will tell the truth, whether it shames the Devil or not. Persons who have aspired high as lovers of liberty, as eminent lovers of the Wilmot Proviso, as eminent Free Soil men, and who have mounted over our heads, and trodden us down as if we were mere slaves, insisting that they are the only true lovers of liberty, they are the men, the very men, that brought Texas into this Union. This is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and I declare it before you, this day. Look to the journals. Without the consent of New York, Texas would not have come into the Union, either under the original resolutions or afterwards. But New York voted for the measure. The two Senators from New York voted for it, and decided the question; and you may thank them for the glory, the renown, and the happiness of having five or six slave States added to the Union. Do not blame me for it. Let them answer who did the deed, and who are now proclaiming themselves the champions of liberty, crying up their Free Soil creed, and using it for selfish and deceptive purposes. They were the persons who aided in bringing in Texas. It was all fairly told to you, both beforehand and afterwards. You heard Moses and the prophets, but if one had risen from the dead, such was your devotion to that policy, at that time, you would not have listened to him for a moment. I do not, of course, speak of the persons now here before me, but of the general political tone in New York, and especially of those who are now Free Soil apostles. Well, all that I do not complain of; but I will not now, or hereafter, before the country, or the world, consent to be numbered among those who introduced new slave power into the Union. I did all in my power to prevent it.

Then, again, Gentlemen, the Mexican war broke out. Vast territory was acquired, and the peace was made; and, much as I disliked the war, I disliked the peace more, because it brought in these territories. I wished for peace indeed, but I desired to strike out the grant of territory on the one side, and the payment of the \$12,000,000 on the other. That territory was unknown to me; I could not tell what its character might be. The plan came from the South. I knew that certain Southern gentlemen



wished the acquisition of California, New Mexico, and Utah, as a means of extending slave power and slave population. Foreseeing a sectional controversy, and, as I conceived, seeing how much it would distract the Union, I voted against the treaty with Mexico. I voted against the acquisition. I wanted none of her territory, neither California, New Mexico, nor Utah. They were rather ultra-American, as I thought. They were far from us, and I saw that they might lead to a political conflict, and I voted against them all, against the treaty and against the peace, rather than have the territories. Seeing that it would be an occasion of dispute, that by the controversy the whole Union would be agitated, Messrs. Berrien, Badger, and other respectable and distinguished men of the South, voted against the acquisition, and the treaty which secured it; and if the men of the North had voted the same way, we should have been spared all the difficulties that have grown out of it. We should have had peace without the territories.

Now there is no sort of doubt, Gentlemen, that there were some persons in the South who supposed that California, if it came into the Union at all, would come in as a slave State. You know the extraordinary events which immediately occurred, and the impulse given to emigration by the discovery of gold. You know that crowds of Northern people immediately rushed to California, and that an African slave could no more live there among them, than he could live on the top of Mount Hecla. Of necessity it became a free State, and that, no doubt, was a source of much disappointment to the South. And then there were New Mexico and Utah; what was to be done with them? Why, Gentlemen, from the best investigation I had given to the subject, and the reflection I had devoted to it, I was of the opinion that the mountains of New Mexico and Utah could no more sustain American slavery than the snows of Canada. I saw it was impossible. I thought so then; it is quite evident now. Therefore, when it was proposed in Congress to apply the Wilmot Proviso to New Mexico and Utah, it appeared to me just as absurd as to apply it here in Western New York. I saw that the snow-capped hills, the eternal mountains, and the climate of those countries would never support slavery. No man could carry a slave there with any expectation of profit. It could not be done; and as the South regarded the Proviso as merely a source of irritation, and as designed by some to irritate, I thought it unwise to apply it to New Mexico or Utah. I voted accordingly, and who doubts now the correctness of that vote? The law admitting those territories passed without any proviso. Is there a slave, or will there ever be one, in either of those territories? Why, there is not a man in the United States so stupid as not to see, at this moment, that such a thing was wholly unnecessary, and that it was only calculated to irritate and to offend. I am not one who is disposed to create irritation, or give offence among brethren, or to break up fraternal friendship, without cause. The question was accordingly left legally open, whether slavery should or should not go to New Mexico or Utah. There is no slavery there, it is utterly impracticable that it should be introduced into such a region, and utterly ridiculous to suppose that it could exist there. No one, who does not mean to deceive, will now pretend it can exist there.

Well, Gentlemen, we have a race of agitators all over the country; some connected with the press, some, I am sorry to say,



belonging to the learned professions. They agitate; their livelihood consists in agitating; their freehold, their copyhold, their capital, their all in all, depend on the excitement of the public mind. The events now briefly alluded to were going on at the commencement of the year 1850. There were two great questions before the public. There was the question of the Texan boundary, and of a government for Utah and New Mexico, which I consider as one question; and there was the question of making a provision for the restoration of fugitive slaves. On these subjects, I have something to say. Texas, as you know, established her independence of Mexico by her revolution and the battle of San Jacinto, which made her a sovereign power. I have already stated to you what I then anticipated from the movement, namely, that she would ask to come into the Union as a slave State. We admitted her in 1845, and we admitted her as a slave State. We admitted her also with an undefined boundary; remember that. She claimed by conquest the whole of that territory commonly called New Mexico, east of the Rio Grande. She claimed also those limits which her constitution had declared and marked out as the proper limits of Texas. This was her claim, and when she was admitted into the United States, the United States did not define her territory. They admitted her as she was. We took her as she defined her own limits, and with the power of making four additional slave States. I say "we," but I do not mean that I was one; I mean the United States admitted her.

What, then, was the state of things in 1850? There was Texas claiming all, or a great part, of that which the United States had acquired from Mexico as New Mexico. She claimed that it belonged to her by conquest and by her admission into the United States, and she was ready to maintain her claim by force of arms. Nor was this all. A man must be ignorant of the history of the country who does not know, that, at the commencement of 1850, there was great agitation throughout the whole South. Who does not know that six or seven of the largest States of the South had already taken measures looking toward secession; were preparing for disunion in some way? They concurred apparently, at least some of them, with Texas, while Texas was prepared or preparing to enforce her rights by force of arms. Troops were enlisted by her, and many thousand persons in the South disaffected towards the Union, or desirous of breaking it up, were ready to make common cause with Texas; to join her ranks, and see what they could make in a war to establish the right of Texas to New Mexico. The public mind was disturbed. A considerable part of the South was disaffected towards the Union, and in a condition to adopt any course that should be violent and destructive.

What then was to be done, as far as Texas was concerned? Allow me to say, Gentlemen, there are two sorts of foresight. There is a military foresight, which sees what will be the result of an appeal to arms; and there is also a statesmanlike foresight, which looks not to the result of battles and carnage, but to the results of political disturbances, the violence of faction carried into military operations, and the horrors attendant on civil war. I never had a doubt, that, if the administration of General Taylor had gone to war, and had sent troops into New Mexico, the Texan forces would have been subdued in a week. The power on one side was far superior to all the power on the other.



But what then? What if Texan troops, assisted by thousands of volunteers from the disaffected States, had gone to New Mexico, and had been defeated and turned back? Would that have settled the boundary question? Now, Gentlemen, I wish I had ten thousand voices. I wish I could draw around me the whole people of the United States, and I wish I could make them all hear what I now declare on my conscience as my solemn belief, before the Power who sits on high, and who will judge you and me hereafter, that, if this Texan controversy had not been settled by Congress in the manner it was, by the so-called adjustment measures, civil war would have ensued; blood, American blood, would have been shed; and who can tell what would have been the consequences? Gentlemen, in an honorable war, if a foreign foe invade us, if our rights are threatened, if it be necessary to defend them by arms, I am not afraid of blood. And if I am too old myself, I hope there are those connected with me by ties of relationship who are young, and willing to defend their country to the last drop of their blood. But I cannot express the horror I feel at the shedding of blood in a controversy between one of these States and the government of the United States, because I see in it a total and entire disruption of all those ties that make us a great and happy people. Gentlemen, this was the great question, the leading question, at the commencement of the year 1850.

Then there was the other matter, and that was the Fugitive Slave Law. Let me say a word about that. Under the provisions of the Constitution, during Washington's administration, in the year 1793, there was passed, by general consent, a law for the restoration of fugitive slaves. Hardly any one opposed it at that period; it was thought to be necessary, in order to carry the Constitution into effect; the great men of New England and New York all concurred in it. It passed, and answered all the purposes expected from it, till about the year 1841 or 1842, when the States interfered to make enactments in opposition to it. The act of Congress said that State magistrates might execute the duties of the law. Some of the States passed enactments imposing a penalty on any State officers who exercised authority under the law, or assisted in its execution; others denied the use of their jails to carry the law into effect; and, in general, at the commencement of the year 1850, it had become absolutely indispensable that Congress should pass some law for the execution of this provision of the Constitution, or else give up that provision entirely. That was the question. I was in Congress when it was brought forward. I was for a proper law. I had, indeed, proposed a different law; I was of opinion that a summary trial by a jury might be had, which would satisfy the people of the North, and produce no harm to those who claimed the service of fugitives; but I left the Senate, and went to another station, before any law was passed. The law of 1850 passed. Now I undertake, as a lawyer, and on my professional character, to say to you, and to all, that the law of 1850 is decidedly more favorable to the fugitive than General Washington's law of 1793; and I will tell you why. In the first place, the present law places the power in much higher hands; in the hands of independent judges of the Supreme and Circuit Courts, and District Courts, and of commissioners who are appointed to office for their legal learning. Every fugitive is brought before a tribunal of high character, of eminent ability,



of respectable station. In the second place, when a claimant comes from Virginia to New York, to say that one A or one B has run away, or is a fugitive from service or labor, he brings with him a record of the court of the county from which he comes, and that record must be sworn to before a magistrate, and certified by the county clerk, and bear an official seal. The affidavit must state that A or B had departed under such and such circumstances, and had gone to another State; and that record under seal is, by the Constitution of the United States, entitled to full credit in every State. Well, the claimant or his agent comes here, and he presents to you the seal of the court in Virginia, affixed to a record of his declaration, that A or B had escaped from service. He must then prove that the fugitive is here. He brings a witness; he is asked if this is the man, and he proves it; or, in nine cases out of ten, the fact would be admitted by the fugitive himself.

Such is the present law; and, much opposed and maligned as it is, it is more favorable to the fugitive slave than the law enacted during Washington's administration, in 1793, which was sanctioned by the North as well as by the South. The present violent opposition has sprung up in modern times. From whom does this clamor come? Why, look at the proceedings of the antislavery conventions; look at their resolutions. Do you find among those persons who oppose this Fugitive Slave Law any admission whatever, that any law ought to be passed to carry into effect the solemn stipulations of the Constitution? Tell me any such case; tell me if any resolution was adopted by the convention at Syracuse favorable to the carrying out of the Constitution. Not one! The fact is, Gentlemen, they oppose the constitutional provision; they oppose the whole! Not a man of them admits that there ought to be any law on the subject. They deny, altogether, that the provisions of the Constitution ought to be carried into effect. Look at the proceedings of the antislavery conventions in Ohio, Massachusetts, and at Syracuse, in the State of New York. What do they say? "That, so help them God, no colored man shall be sent from the State of New York back to his master in Virginia!" Do not they say that? And, to the fulfilment of that they "pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." Their sacred honor! They pledge their sacred honor to violate the Constitution; they pledge their sacred honor to commit treason against the laws of their country!

I have already stated, Gentlemen, what your observation of these things must have taught you. I will only recur to the subject for a moment, for the purpose of persuading you, as public men and private men, as good men and patriotic men, that you ought, to the extent of your ability and influence, to see to it that such laws are established and maintained as shall keep you, and the South, and the West, and all the country, together, on the terms of the Constitution. I say, that what is demanded of us is to fulfil our constitutional duties, and to do for the South what the South has a right to demand.

Gentlemen, I have been some time before the public. My character is known, my life is before the country. I profess to love liberty as much as any man living; but I profess to love American liberty, that liberty which is secured to the country by the government under which we live; and I have no great opinion of that other and higher liberty which disregards the restraints



of law and of the Constitution. I hold the Constitution of the United States to be the bulwark, the only bulwark, of our liberties and of our national character, I do not mean that you should become slaves under the Constitution. That is not American liberty. That is not the liberty of the Union for which our fathers fought, that liberty which has given us a right to be known and respected all over the world. I mean only to say, that I am for constitutional liberty. It is enough for me to be as free as the Constitution of the country makes me.

Now, Gentlemen, let me say, that, as much as I respect the character of the people of Western New York, as much as I wish to retain their good opinion, if I should ever hereafter be placed in any situation in public life, let me tell you now that you must not expect from me the slightest variation, even of a hair's breadth, from the Constitution of the United States. I am a Northern man. I was born at the North, educated at the North, have lived all my days at the North. I know five hundred Northern men to one Southern man. My sympathies, all my sympathies, my love of liberty for all mankind, of every color, are the same as yours. My affections and hopes in that respect are exactly like yours. I wish to see all men free, all men happy. I have few personal associations out of the Northern States. My people are your people. And yet I am told sometimes that I am not a friend of liberty, because I am not a Free Soil man. What am I? What was I ever? What shall I be hereafter, if I could sacrifice, for any consideration, that love of American liberty which has glowed in my breast since my infancy, and which, I hope, will never leave me till I expire?

Gentlemen, I regret that slavery exists in the Southern States; but it is clear and certain that Congress has no power over it. It may be, however, that, in the dispensations of Providence, some remedy for this evil may occur, or may be hoped for hereafter. But, in the mean time, I hold to the Constitution of the United States, and you need never expect from me, under any circumstances, that I shall falter from it; that I shall be otherwise than frank and decisive. I would not part with my character as a man of firmness and decision, and honor and principle, for all that the world possesses. You will find me true to the North, because all my sympathies are with the North. My affections, my children, my hopes, my everything, are with the North. But when I stand up before my country, as one appointed to administer the Constitution of the country, by the blessing of God I will be just.

Gentlemen, I expect to be libelled and abused. Yes, libelled and abused. But it does not disturb me. I have not lost a night's rest for a great many years from any such cause. I have some talent for sleeping. And why should I not expect to be libelled? Is not the Constitution of the United States libelled and abused? Do not some people call it a covenant with hell? Is not Washington libelled and abused? Is he not called a bloodhound on the track of the African negro? Are not our fathers libelled and abused by their own children? And ungrateful children they are. How, then, shall I escape? I do not expect to escape; but, knowing these things, I impute no bad motive to any men of character and fair standing. The great settlement measures of the last Congress are laws. Many respectable men, representatives from your own State and from other States, did not concur in them. I do not impute any bad motive to them. I



am ready to believe they are Americans all. They may not have thought these laws necessary; or they may have thought that they would be enacted without their concurrence. Let all that pass away. If they are now men who will stand by what is done, and stand up for their country, and say that, as these laws were passed by a majority of the whole country, we must stand by them and live by them, I will respect them all as friends.

Now, Gentlemen, allow me to ask of you, What do you think would have been the condition of the country, at this time, if these laws had not been passed by the last Congress? if the question of the Texas boundary had not been settled? if New Mexico and Utah had been left as desert-places, and no government had been provided for them? And if the other great object to which State laws had opposed so many obstacles, the restoration of fugitives, had not been provided for, I ask, what would have been the state of this country now? You men of Erie County, you men of New York, I conjure you to go home to-night and meditate on this subject. What would have been the state of this country, now, at this moment, if these laws had not been passed? I have given my opinion that we should have had a civil war. I refer it to you, therefore, for your consideration; meditate on it; do not be carried away by any abstract notions or metaphysical ideas; think practically on the great question, What would have been the condition of the United States at this moment, if we had not settled these agitating questions? I repeat, in my opinion, there would have been a civil war.

Gentlemen, will you allow me, for a moment, to advert to myself? I have been a long time in public life; of course, not many years remain to me. At the commencement of 1850, I looked anxiously at the condition of the country, and I thought the inevitable consequence of leaving the existing controversies unadjusted would be civil war. I saw danger in leaving Utah and New Mexico without any government, a prey to the power of Texas. I saw the condition of things arising from the interference of some of the States in defeating the operation of the Constitution in respect to the restoration of fugitive slaves. I saw these things, and I made up my mind to encounter whatever might betide me in the attempt to avert the impending catastrophe. And allow me to add something which is not entirely unworthy of notice. A member of the House of Representatives told me that he had prepared a list of one hundred and forty speeches which had been made in Congress on the slavery question. "That is a very large number, my friend," I said; "but how is that?" "Why," said he, "a Northern man gets up and speaks with considerable power and fluency until the Speaker's hammer knocks him down. Then gets up a Southern man, and he speaks with more warmth. He is nearer the sun, and he comes out with the greater fervor against the North. He speaks his hour, and is in turn knocked down. And so it has gone on, until I have got one hundred and forty speeches on my list." "Well," said I, "where are they, and what are they?" "If the speaker," said he, "was a Northern man, he held forth against slavery; and if he was from the South, he abused the North; and all these speeches were sent by the members to their own localities, where they served only to aggravate the local irritation already existing. No man reads both sides. The other side of the argument is not heard; and the speeches sent from Washington in such prodigious numbers, instead of tending to conciliation, do but increase, in both sections of the Union,

an excitement already of the most dangerous character." Gentlemen, in this state of things, I saw that something must be done. It was impossible to look with indifference on a danger of so formidable a character. I am a Massachusetts man, and I bore in mind what Massachusetts has ever been to the Constitution and the Union. I felt the importance of the duty which devolved upon one to whom she had so long confided the trust of representing her in either house of Congress. As I honored her, and respected her, I felt that I was serving her in my endeavors to promote the welfare of the whole country. And now suppose, Gentlemen, that, on the occasion in question, I had taken a different course. If I may allude so particularly to an individual so insignificant as myself, suppose that, on the 7th of March, 1850, instead of making a speech that would, so far as my power went, reconcile the country, I had joined in the general clamor of the Antislavery party. Suppose I had said, "I will have nothing to do with any accommodation; we will admit no compromise; we will let Texas invade New Mexico; we will leave New Mexico and Utah to take care of themselves; we will plant ourselves on the Wilmot Proviso, let the consequences be what they may." Now, Gentlemen, I do not mean to say that great consequences would have followed from such a course on my part; but suppose I had taken such a course. How could I be blamed for it? Was I not a Northern man? Did I not know Massachusetts feelings and prejudices? But what of that? I am an American. I was made a whole man, and I did not mean to make myself half a one. I felt that I had a duty to perform to my country, to my own reputation; for I flattered myself that a service of forty years had given me some character, on which I had a right to repose for my justification in the performance of a duty attended with some degree of local unpopularity. I thought it my duty to pursue this course, and I did not care what was to be the consequence. I felt it was my duty, in a very alarming crisis, to come out; to go for my country, and my whole country; and to exert any power I had to keep that country together. I cared for nothing, I was afraid of nothing, but I meant to do my duty. Duty performed makes a man happy; duty neglected makes a man unhappy. I therefore, in the face of all discouragements and all dangers, was ready to go forth and do what I thought my country, your country, demanded of me. And, Gentlemen, allow me to say here to-day, that if the fate of John Rogers had stared me in the face, if I had seen the stake, if I had heard the fagots already crackling, by the blessing of Almighty God I would have gone on and discharged the duty which I thought my country called upon me to perform. I would have become a martyr to save that country.

And now, Gentlemen, farewell. Live and be happy. Live like patriots, live like Americans. Live in the enjoyment of the inestimable blessings which your fathers prepared for you; and if any thing that I may do hereafter should be inconsistent, in the slightest degree, with the opinions and principles which I have this day submitted to you, then discard me for ever from your recollection.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MAY 22D]



May 23, Friday, 1851: Promenade-Quadrille op.98 by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#) was performed for the initial time, in the Volksgarten, Vienna.

[Henry Thoreau](#) began his search for the wild American crabapple tree, which became important to him both horticulturally and as a real symbol of the aboriginal American wildness that would serve to contrast with his own imported and feral wildness. The “MX” and “Emerson” in the journal quotations which follow are the standard abbreviations for:

- [François André Michaux](#)'s THE NORTH AMERICAN SYLVA, OR A DESCRIPTION OF THE FOREST TREES OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADA AND NOVA SCOTIA,... TO WHICH IS ADDED A DESCRIPTION OF THE MOST USEFUL OF THE EUROPEAN FOREST TREES.... TRANS FROM THE FRENCH OF F. ANDREW MICHAUX.... (Paris: C. D'Hautel, 1819).
- [George Barrell Emerson](#)'s A REPORT ON THE TREES AND SHRUBS GROWING NATURALLY IN THE FORESTS OF MASSACHUSETTS. PUBLISHED AGREEABLY TO AN ORDER OF THE LEGISLATURE, BY THE COMMISSIONERS ON THE ZOOLOGICAL AND [BOTANICAL](#) SURVEY OF THE STATE (Boston: Dutton and Wentworth, 1846).



May 23: Friday. And wilder still there grows elsewhere I hear a native and aboriginal crab apple *Malus* as [MX](#) or as Emerson has it *Pyrus Coronaria* in southern states and also *Angustifolia* in the middle states.— Whose young leaves “have a a bitter & slightly aromatic taste” [MX](#). —whose beautiful flowers perfume the air to a great distance. “The apples — — are small, green & intensely acid, and very odoriferous. Some farmers make cider of them, which is said to be excellent: they make very fine sweet-meats also, by the addition of a large quantity of sugar.” [MX](#) Celebrated for “the beauty of its flowers, and for the sweetness of its perfume.” [MX](#)

[MX](#) says that the wild apple of Europe has yielded to cultivation nearly 300 species in France alone. Emerson says referring to Loudon “in 1836, the catalogue & the gardens of the London Horticultural Society, contained upwards of 1400 distinct sorts, and new ones are every year added.”

But here are species which they have not in their catalogue —not to mention the varieties which the crab might yield to cultivation.

This genus so kind to the human race the *malus* or *pyrus* —Rosaceae the family or others say Pomaceae. Its flowers are perhaps the most beautiful of any tree. I am frequently compelled to turn & linger by some more than usually beautiful ^{2/3} expanded blossoms— If such were not so common —its fame would be loud as well as wide. Its most copious & delicious blossoms.

But our wild apple is wild perchance like myself who belong not to the aboriginal race here —but have strayed into the woods from the cultivated stock —where the birds where winged thoughts or agents have planted or are planting me. Even these at length furnish hardy stocks for the orchard.

You might call one *M. oculata*. another *M. Iridis* —*M. cum parvuli daemonis oculis* or imp-eyed. Blue-jay apple —or *M. Corvi Cristati*.

wood-dell apple —*M. Silvestrivallis*. Field-dell apple *M. Campestri-vallis* Meadow apple *M. pratensis*. Rock meadow apple *saxopratenensis* Partridge or Grouse apple or bud— Apple of the Hesperides *malum Hesperidum*. Woodside ap. Wood apple *M. silvatica* The Truant's ap. *m. cessatoris*. Saunterer's ap. *M. erronis vel Vagabundi* The way side ap. *M. trivialis*. Beauty of the air *Decus Aeris* —December eating—

Frozen thawed —*gelato soluta* or *gelataregelata*— The Concord Appl *M. Concordiensis*. The brindled apple Wine of New England. *M. vinosa* The Chickaree apple. The Green Apple *M. viridis*.— The dysentery or cholera morbus apple

Distantly related things are strangely near in fact Perchance this window seat in which we sit discoursing Transcendentalism —with only Germany & Greece —stretching behind our minds —was made so deep because this was a few years ago a garrison house —with thick log walls bullet proof —behind which men sat to escape the wild red man's bullet. & the arrow & the Tomahawk. & bullets fired by Indians are now buried in its walls. Pythagoras seems near compared with them.



1851

1851



1851

1851



May 24, Saturday, 1851: Henry Thoreau did some sort of surveying work at the West Center schoolhouse in Concord.



The government of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts began to slightly encourage the formation of town public libraries. Thoreau would report:

WALDEN: We boast that we belong to the nineteenth century and are making the most rapid strides of any nation. But consider how little this village does for its own culture. I do not wish to flatter my townsmen, nor to be flattered by them, for that will not advance either of us. We need to be provoked, - goaded like oxen, as we are, into a trot. We have a comparatively decent system of common schools, schools for infants only; but excepting the half-starved Lyceum in the winter, and latterly the puny beginning of a library suggested by the state, no school for ourselves. We spend more on almost any article of bodily aliment or ailment than on our mental aliment. It is time that we had uncommon schools, that we did not leave off our education when we begin to be men and women. It is time that villages were universities, and their elder inhabitants the fellows of universities, with leisure - if they are indeed so well off-to pursue liberal studies the rest of their lives. Shall the world be confined to one Paris or one Oxford forever? Cannot students be boarded here and get a liberal education under the skies of Concord? Can we not hire some Abélard to lecture to us? Alas! what with foddering the cattle and tending the store, we are kept from school too long, and our education is sadly neglected. In this country, the village should in some respects take the place of the nobleman of Europe. It should be the patron of the fine arts. It is rich enough. It wants only the magnanimity and refinement. It can spend money enough on such things as farmers and traders value, but it is thought Utopian to propose spending money for things which more intelligent men know to be of far more worth. This town has spent seventeen thousand dollars on a town-house, thank fortune or politics, but probably it will not spend so much on living wit, the true meat to put into that shell, in a hundred years. The one hundred and twenty-five dollars annually subscribed for a Lyceum in the winter is better spent than any other equal sum raised in the town. If we live in the nineteenth century, why should we not enjoy the advantages which the nineteenth century offers? Why should our life be in any respect provincial? If we will read newspapers, why not skip the gossip of Boston and take the best newspaper in the world at once? -not be sucking the pap of "neutral family" papers, or browsing "Olive-Branches" here in New England. Let the reports of all the learned societies come to us, and we will see if they know any thing. Why should we leave it to Harper & Brothers and Redding & Co. to select our reading? As the nobleman of cultivated taste surrounds himself with whatever conduces to his culture, -genius -learning -wit -books -paintings -statuary -music -philosophical instruments, and the like; so let the village do, -not stop short at a pedagogue, a parson, a sexton, a parish library, and three selectmen, because our pilgrim forefathers got through a cold winter once on a bleak rock with these. To act collectively is according to the spirit of our institutions; and I am confident that, as our circumstances are more flourishing, our means are greater than the nobleman's. New England can hire all the wise men in the world to come and teach her, and board them round the while, and not be provincial at all. That is the uncommon school we want. Instead of noblemen, let us have noble villages of men. If it is necessary, omit one bridge over the river, go round a little there, and throw one arch at least over the darker gulf of ignorance which surrounds us.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

PETER ABÉLARD

During this year, Concord would in fact create its 1st public library (this Town Library would never have a building of its own, but would occupy space in the Court House and in the new Town House on Monument Square).

On this night there was a low and diffuse [aurora borealis](#) above New England.



May 24. Saturday. Our most glorious experiences are a kind of regret. Our regret is so sublime that we may mistake it for triumph. It is the painful, plaintively sad surprise of our Genius remembering our past lives and contemplating what is possible. It is remarkable that men commonly never refer to, never hint at, any crowning experiences when the common laws of their being were unsettled and the divine and eternal laws prevailed in them. Their lives are not revolutionary; they never recognize any other than the local and temporal authorities. It is a regret so divine and inspiring, so genuine, based on so true and distinct a contrast, that it surpasses our proudest boasts and the fairest expectations.


My most sacred and memorable life is commonly on awaking in the morning. I frequently awake with an atmosphere about me as if my unremembered dreams had been divine, as if my spirit had journeyed to its native place, and, in the act of reëntering its native body, had diffused an elysian fragrance around.

The Genius says: "Ah! That is what you were! That is what you may yet be!" It is glorious for us to be able to regret even such an existence.

A sane and growing man revolutionizes every day. What institutions of man can survive a morning experience? A single night's sleep, if we have indeed slumbered and forgotten anything and grown in our sleep, puts them behind us like the river Lethe. It is no unusual thing for him to see the kingdoms of this world pass away.

It is an interesting inquiry to seek for the medicines which will cure our ails in the plants which grow around us. At first we are not disposed to believe that man and plants are so intimately related. Very few plants have been medically examined. And yet this is the extent of most men's botany; and it is more extensive than would at first be supposed. The botanist is startled by some countryman's familiarity with an obscure plant to him rare and strange. He, who has been an observer for some years, knows not what it is, but the unobserving countryman, who sees nothing but what is thrust upon him, or the old woman who rarely goes out of the house, shows an easy familiarity with it and can call it by name.

I am struck by the fact that, though any important individual experience is rare, though it is so rare that the individual is conscious of a relation to his maker transcending time and space and earth, though any knowledge of, or communication from, "Providence" is the rarest thing in the world, yet men very easily, regarding themselves in the gross, speak of carrying out the designs of Providence as nations. How often the Saxon man talks of carrying out the designs of Providence, as if he had some knowledge of Providence and His designs. Men allow themselves to associate Providence and designs of Providence with their dull, prosaic, every-day thoughts of things. That language is usurped by the stalest and deadest prose, which can only report the most choice poetic experience. This "Providence" is the stalest jest in the universe. The office-boy sweeps out his office "by the leave of Providence."


 May 25, Sunday, 1851: This was [Waldo Emerson](#)'s 48th birthday.



On some date just a bit earlier than this Sunday (we are not able to be exact about this date), Emerson had spoken in Cambridge before an audience of [Harvard College](#) authorities and students that was hostile because it knew Emerson had declared himself opposed to slavery: “The hisses, shouts, and cat-calls made it impossible for Mr. Emerson to go on. Through all this there never was a finer spectacle of dignity and composure than he presented. He stood with perfect quietness until the hubbub was over, and then went on with the next word. It was as if nothing had happened: there was no repetition, no allusion to what had been going on, no sign that he was moved, and I cannot describe with what added weight the next words fell.”

Perhaps it would have helped Emerson's reputation, had he explained to this crowd that the reason why he was against slavery was that he did not feel there should be any place at all in American society for the black race. That although he had decided to be against enslaving them, he had not removed them from the category “not-us.” That, in effect, his good white audience ought not to distrust him for he was still as racist as he had always been. Emerson entered the following explanation in his journal sometime during May or June:

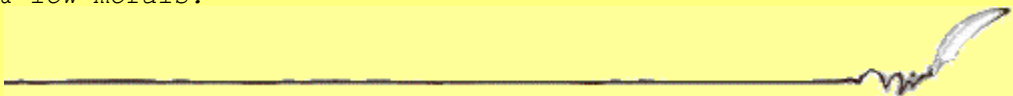
The absence of moral feeling in the whiteman is the very calamity I deplore. The captivity of a thousand negroes is nothing to me.



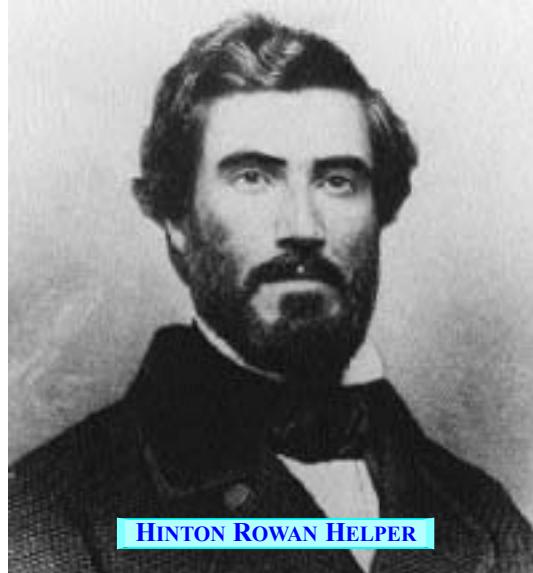
(Perhaps the above will help to explain why a stone racist like [Hinton Rowan Helper](#) would so adore this essayist.)

During this same period, he also made an entry indicating that he was distancing himself from the American public, on account of his morals, which were higher than theirs, higher even than the morals of the American leaders whose counsel was being found more acceptable than was his own counsel:

Webster truly represents the American people just as they are, with their vast material interests, materialized intellect, & low morals.



The Emerson-worshiper [Hinton Rowan Helper](#) arrived full of golden expectation in San Francisco after a four-month seasick trip aboard the *Stag Hound* around the Horn. However, he would soon discover that to obtain the gold of [California](#) required “a greater sacrifice of moral and physical wealth than a single exchange of it afterwards can possibly restore.”



HINTON ROWAN HELPER



May 21, Wednesday: Yesterday I made out the black and the white Ashes— A double male White ash in Miles’ swamp and 2 black ashes with sessile leaflets— A female White ash near RR — in Stows land. The White Ashes by Mr Pritchards have no blossoms, at least as yet
 If I am right the *black* ash is improperly so called from the color of its bark being lighter than the white— Though it answers to the description in other respects even to the elder-like odor of the leaves, I should like still to see a description of the Yellow Ash which grows in Maine.
 The day before yesterday I found the male sassafras in abundance but no female.
 The leaves of my new pine on Merriams or Pine Hill are of intermediate length between those of the Yellow Pine & the Norway Pine— I can find no cone to distinguish the tree by. But as the leaves are *semi cylindrical* & not *hollowed* I think it must be the red or Norway Pine —though it does not look very red —& is *spruce!* answering perhaps to the description of the Yellow Pine which is sometimes called Spruce Pine.
 To day examined the flowers of the *Nemopanthus Canadensis* —a genus of a single species says Emerson— It bears the beautiful crimson velvety berry of the swamps —& is what I have heard called the cornel. Common name Wild Holly.
 I have heard now within a few days that peculiar dreaming sound of the frogs which belongs to the summer —their midsummer nights dream.
 Only that thought & that expression are good which are musical.
 I think that we are not commonly aware that man is our contemporary. That in this strange outlandish world —so barren so prosaic —fit not to live in but merely to pass through. that even here so divine a creature as man does actually live. Man the crowning fact —the god we know. While the earth supports so rare an inhabitant there is somewhat to cheer us. Who shall say that there is no God, if there is a *just* man.
 It is only within a year that it has occurred to me that there is such a being actually existing on the globe. Now that I perceive that it is so —many questions assume a new aspect. We have not only the idea & vision of the divine ourselves but we have brothers, it seems who have this idea also—
 Methinks my neighbor is better than I; and his thought is better than mine— There is a representative of the divinity on earth —of all things fair & noble are to be expected. We have the material of heaven here. I think that the standing miracle to man is man —behind the paling —yonder come rain or shine —hope or doubt —there dwells a man. an actual being who can sympathize with our sublimest thoughts.
 The revelations of nature are infinitely glorious & cheering —hinting to us of a remote future —of



possibilities untold –but startlingly near to us some day we find a fellow man.
The frog had eyed the heavens from his marsh, until his mind was filled with visions, & he saw more than belongs to this fenny earth– He mistrusted that he was become a dreamer & visionary –leaping across the swamp to his fellow what was his joy & consolation to find that he too had seen the same sights in the heavens –he too had dreamed the same dreams
From nature we turn astonished to this *near* but supernatural fact
I think that the existence of man in nature is the divinest and most startling of all facts– It is a fact which few have realized.
I can go to my neighbors & meet on ground as elevated as we could expect to meet upon if we were now in heaven.

“And we live,

We of this mortal mixture, in the same law
As the pure colourless intelligence
Which dwells in Heaven, & the dead Hadëan shades.”

I do not think that man can –understand the *importance* of man’s existence –its bearing on the other phenomena of life untill it shall become a remembrance to him the survivor that such a being or such a race once existed on the earth. Imagine yourself alone in the world a musing wondering reflecting spirit *lost* in thought– And imagine thereafter the creation of man! Man made in the image of God! Looking into a book on dentistry the other day I observed a list of authors who had written on this subject. There were Ran & Tan and Yungerman –& I was impressed by the fact that there was nothing in a name– It was as if they had been named by the child’s rigmarole of Iery ichery van tittle tol tan &c– I saw in my mind a herd of wild creatures swarming over the earth –and to each one its own herdsman had affixed some barbarous name or sound or syllables, in his own dialect –so in a thousand languages– Their names were seen to be as meaningless exactly as bosc or Tray the names of dogs. Men get named no better.

We seem to be distinct ourselves, never repeated –& yet we bear no names which express a proportionate distinctness –they are quite accidental.– Take away their names & you leave men a wild herd distinguished only by their individual qualities.

It is as if you were to give names in the Caffre dialect to the individuals in a herd of spring-bucks – or Gnus

We have but few patronymics –but few Christian names in proportion to the number of us. Is it that men ceased to be original when genuine & original names ceased to be given. Have we not enough character to establish a new patronymic

Methinks it would be some advantage to philosophy if men were *named* merely in the gross as they are known. It would only be necessary to know the genus & perchance the species & variety –to know the individual.

I will not allow *mere names* to make distinctions for me but still see men in herds for all *them*. A familiar name cannot make a man less strange to me. It may be given to a savage who retains in secret his own wild title earned in the woods. I see that this neighbor who wears the familiar epithet of William or Edwin takes it off with his jacket –it does not adhere to him when asleep or when in anger –or aroused by any passion or inspiration– I seem to hear pronounced by some of his kin at such a time his original wild name in some jaw breaking or else melodious tongue– As the names of the Poles and Russians are to us, so are ours to them.


Our names are as cheap as the names given to dogs– We know what are dogs names– We know what are men’s names. Some times it would be significant and truer –it would lead to generalization –it would avoid exaggeration –to say *There was a man* who said or did –instead of designating him by some familiar, but perchance delusive name.

We hardly believe that every private soldier in a Roman army had a name of his own

It is interesting to see how the names of famous men are repeated. even of great poets & philosophers. The poet is not know today even by his neighbors to be more than a common man–

He is perchance the butt of many The proud farmer looks down –& boorishly ignores him but perchance in course of time the poet will have so succeeded –that some of the farmer’s posterity – though equally boorish with their ancestor will bear the poets name. The boor names his boy Homer & so succumbs unknowingly to the bard’s victorious fame– Anything so fine as poetic genius he cannot more directly recognize. The unpoetic farmer names his child Homer.

You have a wild savage in you –and a savage name is perchance somewhere recorded as yours.⁸⁴

 May 26, Monday, 1851: Four people were killed and dozens wounded as a nativist mob attacked German immigrants in Hoboken, New Jersey during Pentecost celebrations.

At the American Unitarian Association’s spring convention in Boston, known as the Berry Street Conference, the Reverend Samuel Joseph May introduced a resolution in condemnation of Daniel Webster, President Millard Fillmore, Edward Everett, Samuel A. Eliot, the Reverend Professor Jared Sparks, the Reverend Ezra Stiles Gannett, and even the president of the AUS, the Reverend Orville Dewey as accomplices to the wickedness of the Fugitive Slave Law. May charged that Gannett was acting in a manner “utterly subversive of Christian morality and of all true allegiance to God.”⁸⁵ (Although the initial vote on this day was 72 to 27 to refuse to consider such a resolution, the convention would find that it had not heard the last of it.)

Meanwhile, in England, Unitarianism was doing very well, and thank you for asking:

English Unitarians

1830	200
1851	50,000

The Transcript had been keeping an eye on the more daring ladies:

The Turkish Dress. On Saturday afternoon, says the [Boston] Times, a young lady of 18, daughter of a well-known West End citizen, made her appearance on Cambridge Street, accompanied with her father, dressed in a round hat, short dress, fitting tightly, and pink satin trousers.... The same young lady was out yesterday afternoon, for a walk around the Common and upon the Neck.... The “Bee” says the daughter of Dr. Hanson, of this city, appeared in the Bloomer suit at a convention at South Reading last week.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MAY 26TH]

84. Thoreau would later copy into his early lecture “WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT”:

[Paragraph 24] Work is cheap, but thought and character are rare. And is it not significant, that after all the farmer will perhaps name his son — Homer, or Milton?¹


1. Bradley P. Dean emended the manuscript copy-text by punctuating with a question mark.

**BRAD DEAN’S
COMMENTARY**

85. The force of such an accusation can be felt if you reflect that this divine here being criticized was a teacher of the new crops of Unitarian reverends, at the Harvard Divinity School.

1851

1851

 May 27, Tuesday, 1851: At the Berry Street Conference in Boston, the Reverend [Samuel Joseph May](#) reintroduced the resolution he had offered at the American Unitarian Association's meeting on the previous day, in condemnation of Webster, Millard Filmore, Edward Everett, Samuel A. Eliot, Jared Sparks, Gannett, and Orville Dewey as "traffickers IN HUMAN FLESH." A struggle began over whether to consider such a resolution.



May 27: I saw an organ grinder this morning before a rich man's house –thrilling the street with harmony –loosening the very paving stones & tearing the routine of life to rags & tatters– When the lady of the house shoved up a window & in a semi-philanthropic tone inquired if he wanted anything to eat– But he very properly it seemed to me kept on grinding & paid no attention to her question –feeding her ears with melody unasked for– So the world shove up its window and interrogates the poet –& sets him to gauging ale casks, in return– It seemed to me that the music suggested that the recompense should be as fine as the gift– – It would be much nobler to enjoy the music though you paid no money for it –than to presume always a beggarly relation It is after all perhaps the best instrumental music that we have.⁸⁶



1851

1851

86. [Thoreau](#) would extrapolate from this for his early lecture "[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT](#)", combining it with an entry made on August 7, 1853 and an entry made on July 24, 1852 to form the following:

[Paragraph 34] The ways by which you may get money almost without exception lead downward. To have done anything by which you earned **money merely** is to have been truly idle or worse. If the laborer gets no more than the wages which his employer pays him, he is cheated, he cheats himself. If you would get money as a writer or lecturer, you must be popular, which is to go down perpendicularly. Those services which the community will most readily pay for it is most disagreeable to render. You are paid for being something less than a man. The State does not commonly reward a genius any more wisely. Even the poet-laureate would rather not have to celebrate the accidents of royalty. He must be bribed with a pipe of wine [from 1630 to 1790 the reigning British monarch annually bestowed a butt of canary wine on the poet laureate]; and perhaps another poet is called away from his muse to gauge that very pipe. As for my own business, even that kind of surveying which I could do with most satisfaction my employers do not want. They would prefer that I should do my work coarsely and not too well, ay, not well enough. When I observe that there are different ways of surveying, my employer commonly asks which will give him the most land, not which is the most correct.

**BRAD DEAN'S
COMMENTARY**

1851

1851

➡ May 28, Wednesday, 1851: During this day and the following one, Sojourner Truth would be speaking at the Women's Rights Convention in Akron, Ohio, saying that women, the spiritual descendants of the Eve who had with her temptation turned the world upside down, should be given a chance to set the world "right side up." The likelihood, however, is that she did not deliver anything like the "Ar'n't I a Woman" peroration attributed to her in the May 2, 1863 edition of the National Anti-Slavery Standard. by Frances D. Gage:



"Nobody eber helps me into carriages, or ober mud-puddles, or give me any best place"; and, raising herself to her full height, and her voice to a pitch like rolling thunder, she asked, "And Ar'n't I a woman? Look at me. Look at my arm," and she bared her right arm to the shoulder, showing its tremendous muscular power. "I have plowed and planted and gathered into barns, and no man could head me – and Ar'n't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man (when I could get it), and bear de lash as well – and Ar'n't I a woman? I have borne thirteen chillen, and seen 'em mos' all sold off into slavery, and when I cried out with a mother's grief, none but Jesus heard – and Ar'n't I a woman?"



In actuality the published contemporary account that comes the closest to reporting what Truth said that day was the report of the Salem Anti-Slavery Bugle which merely indicated that Truth, after saying that she had "plowed and reaped and husked and chopped and mowed," asked once the question "Can any man do more than that?"



1851

1851

One of the most unique and interesting speeches of the Convention was made by Sojourner Truth, an emancipated slave. It is impossible to transfer it to paper, or convey any adequate idea of the effect it produced upon the audience. Those only can appreciate it who saw her powerful form, her whole-souled, earnest gesture, and listened to her strong and truthful tones. She came forward to the platform and addressing the President said with great simplicity:

May I say a few words?

Receiving an affirmative answer, she proceeded;

I want to say a few words about this matter. I am a woman's rights [sic]. I have as much muscle as any man, and can do as much work as any man. I have plowed and reaped and husked and chopped and mowed, and can any man do more than that? I have heard much about the sexes being equal; I can carry as much as any man, and can eat as much too, if I can get it. I am as strong as any man that is now. As for intellect, all I can say is, if woman have a pint and man a quart – why can't she have her little pint full? You need not be afraid to give us our rights for fear we will take too much – for we won't take more than our pint'll hold. The poor men seem to be all in confusion and don't know what to do. Why children, if you have woman's rights give it to her and you will feel better. You will have your own rights, and they won't be so much trouble.

I can't read, but I can hear. I have heard the Bible and have learned that Eve caused man to sin. Well if woman upset the world, do give her a chance to set it right side up again. The lady has spoken about Jesus, how he never spurned woman from him, and she was right. When Lazarus died, Mary and Martha came to him with faith and love and besought him to raise their brother. And Jesus wept – and Lazarus came forth. And how came Jesus into the world? Through God who created him and woman who bore him. Man, where is your part?

But the women are coming up blessed be God and a few of the men are coming up with them. But man is in a tight place, the poor slave is on him, woman is on him, and he is surely between a hawk and a buzzard.

Contrasting Gage's allegations with 27 other descriptions of the convention which had been published soon afterward has indicated to the historian that Gage's take on the convention was either constructed after the fact or else entirely idiosyncratic, and can be relied upon in none of its unique details. In particular Gage's account is suspect when she makes her inferences as to the states of mind of others present on that occasion:



Carleton Mabee's SOJOURNER TRUTH

Page 69: In her report, Gage took pains to portray the atmosphere of the woman's rights convention at which Truth spoke. Woman's rights, Gage wrote, was a "wondrously unpopular cause." The leaders of the woman's movement at the convention were "staggering under the weight of disapprobation already laid upon them," and so "many of them" were "almost thrown into panics" [*sic*] on the first day of the convention when they saw Truth, "a tall, gaunt black woman in a gray dress and white turban," enter the crowded church where the meeting was held, and "walk with the air of a queen up the aisle." Repeatedly "trembling" women asked Gage not to let Truth speak because it would "ruin us" to "have our cause mixed up with abolition and niggers." On the second day, according to Gage, opponents of women's rights, especially bombastic clergymen, "were seeming to get the better of us." When Gage finally let Truth speak, "some of the tender-skinned friends" of the cause were "on the point of losing dignity," and the atmosphere of the convention was "mobbish" and "betokened a storm."

Pages 80-81: When we compare Gage's 1863 report of Truth's speech with available reports written in 1851 soon after the event, the comparison suggests that we should heed Gage's own warning that she had "given but a faint sketch" of Truth's speech. The comparison suggests that, unless evidence to the contrary turns up, important parts of Gage's report regarding the atmosphere of the convention, the contents of Truth's speech, and the effect of the speech on the convention should be considered false. The comparison suggests that Gage, the poet, intended to present the symbolic truth of Truth's words more than the literal truth; that Gage, the novelist, imagining that Harriet Beecher Stowe was looking over her shoulder, felt pressed to make Truth's story more compelling than it was; that Gage, the passionate advocate of blacks' and women's rights, embellished her report to strengthen the causes she favored, imposing her own ideas and expression on what Truth said. Disappointing as it may be, the comparison makes it unlikely that Truth asked the thrilling question, "Ar'n't I a woman?", the principal words by which Truth is known today. ... When Truth's biographers, following Gage, say that she turned the convention around from opposing to favoring women's rights, we have to suspect that they may be telling us more what Gage wanted us to believe than what really happened. When recent writers on women's and blacks' history claim that white women advocating women's rights were hostile to black women's participation in the women's movement, and they base their claims especially on Gage's account of the supposed hostility to Truth at Akron, we have to wonder whether they are distorting history. Unless evidence to the contrary turns up, we have to regard Gage's account of Truth's asking the "Ar'n't I a woman?" question as folklore, like the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. It may be suitable for telling to children, but not for serious understanding of Sojourner Truth and her times.

Truth herself never mentioned having encountered any hostility at this convention. Her comments were on the order of "I sold a good many books at the Convention" and "they gave me so many kind invitations I hardly knew which to accept of first." None of the 27 contemporary published accounts mentioned any hissing or other hostility. None of these contemporarily published accounts attempted to tar the Women's Rights cause with the brush of Anti-Slavery or with that of equality of the races.⁸⁷

In [San Francisco, California](#):

The custom-house, at the corner of Montgomery and California streets, having been destroyed by the fire of the 4th instant, another building was speedily fitted up for the same purposes at the corner of Kearny and Washington streets. The treasure, amounting to upwards of a million of dollars, had been preserved in a large safe (which had escaped damage from the fire) in the old building. To-day the removal of this treasure to the new custom-house took place; and the manner of doing so created some little excitement and much laughter in the town, from the excessive care and military display which the collector thought fit to adopt on the occasion. Some thirty gigantic, thick-bearded fellows, who were armed with carbines, revolvers and sabres, surrounded the cars containing the specie, while the Honorable T. Butler King stood aloft on a pile of ruins with a huge "Colt" in one hand and a bludgeon in the other, marshaling his men and money "the way that they should go." The

extraordinary procession proceeded slowly along Montgomery street to the new custom-house, Mr. King, marching, like a proud drum-major, at the head of his miniature grand army. The people, meanwhile, looked on with astonishment, and with some grief, that their city should be considered so lawless and wicked a place as to require so formidable a force even to guard millions of treasure in broad daylight, and along one or two of the principal streets, where there were continually present thousands of the most respectable inhabitants. But immediately the farcical nature of the whole exhibition struck the most phlegmatic, and peals of laughter and cries of ironical applause accompanied the brave defenders of "Uncle Sam's" interests to the end of their perilous march. It was felt that there was but one thing wanted to make the show complete-half-a-dozen great guns from the presidio. In the absence of other matters of local importance, this bloodless achievement formed the subject of a humorous song, composed by a young man of the town, and which he sang in one or more of the public saloons, on many occasions, "with much applause." The thing had a run, and served to fill the clever author's purse. He had a large number of copies lithographed, on which was a caricature print of the procession, and these he disposed of at a dollar apiece. In a single night he sold five hundred copies at this rate. As the tune to which the song was set was a popular and easy one, soon the town rang with the story of "The King's Campaign." But besides this



87. Donna Haraway has commented, in regard to this magnificent trademark peroration attributed to Truth, that it had been "remembered" long after the "fact" by a white with no credentials to record an Afro-American English verbal performance, and that the result of this transcription was

a white abolitionist's imagined idiolect of The Slave, the supposedly archetypal black plantation slave of the South, ...the falsely specific, imagined language that represented the "universal" language of slaves to the literate abolitionist public.

It is this, Haraway offers, which

is the language that has come down to us as Sojourner Truth's "authentic" words. This counterfeit language, undifferentiated into the many Englishes spoken in the New World, reminds us of a hostile notion of difference, one that sneaks the masterful unmarked categories in through the back door in the **guise** of the specific, which is made to be not disruptive or deconstructive, but typical. The undifferentiated black slave could figure for a humanist abolitionist discourse, and its descendants on the walls of women's studies offices, an ideal type, a victim (hero), a kind of plot space for the abolitionists' actions, a special human, not one that could bind up the whole people through her unremitting figuring of critical difference - that is, not an unruly agent preaching her own unique gospel of displacement as the ground of connection.



effusion, there immediately appeared innumerable paragraphs, squibs, jests, good sayings in social circles and the public journals. It is one of the penalties which people must pay for their superiority in place over their neighbors that their actions are pretty severely criticized, and, when occasion serves, ridiculed. It was so here "with a will," and to Collector King's great mortification. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." But kings and collectors have potent remedies for the many evils that beset them. Frank Ball, the writer of the song in question, was shortly afterwards sent for by the collector, and favored with a private interview. Ordinary men might have "beat about the bush," or employed a friend in the little transaction which followed; but the Hon. T. Butler King, with the same dauntless face which he showed on occasion of the treasure removal, bluntly began conversation with the anxious poet, by asking whether he would not like to have a desirable post in the customs. Mr. Ball, gasping with surprise, mumbled, "Yes, surely." "Then, Sir, it is yours," said the collector, gravely. In gratitude Mr. Ball could do no less than stop singing his famous song, which was doubtless what his honorable and doughty chief expected. Cerberus was sopped. This anecdote would be incomplete unless we told that certain underlings attached to the custom-house, struck with a new light, began forthwith to chant the obnoxious stanzas. Unluckily they had mistaken the game, for the fact reaching the ears of the collector, one of them, caught in the act, was instantly, though quietly, dismissed from the service. It was a pretty illustration of the fable of 'The Man, the Spaniel, and the Ass.'" There are so many serious matters - murders, suicides, larcenies, grand and petty burglaries, assaults, fires, and the dismal-like in these "Annals," that we are glad, and so too may the reader be, to have an opportunity such as this of introducing a facetious subject, which once delighted the San Franciscans. We, therefore, give an illustration of the caricature above alluded to, and the song itself: THE KING'S CAMPAIGN; OR REMOVAL OF THE DEPOSITS. "Come, listen a minute, a song I'll sing, Which I rather calculate will bring Much glory, and all that sort of thing, On the head of our brave Collector King. Ri tu di ni, Ri tui di znt, Ri tzi di nut di na. "Our well-beloved President This famous politician sent, Though I guess we could our money have spent Without aid from the general government. Ri tuz di nuit, c. "In process of time this hero bold Had collected lots of silver and gold, Which he stuck away in a spacious hole, Except what little his officers stole. Ri tu di inu, ifc. "But there came a terrible fire one night, Which put his place inn an awful plight, And 'twould have been a heart-rending sight, If the money had not been all right. Ri tu di nu, 4 c. Then he put his officers on the ground, And told'em the specie vault to surround, And if any' Sydney Cove' came round, To pick up a cudgel and knock him down. Ri tuz di nit, 4 c. But the money had to be moved away, So he summoned his fighting men one day, And fixed'em all in marching array, Like a lot of mules hitched on to a dray. Ri tu di ni, <c. "Then he mounted a brick and made a speech, And unto them this way did preach, Oh, feller-sogers, I beseech You to keep this cash from the people's reach. Ri tu di nut, .c. 'For,' said he, 'tis well convinced I am, That the people's honesty's all a sham, And that no one here is worth a d-n, But the officers of Uncle Sam.' Ri tuz di nu, fc. "Then he



drew his revolver, and told 'em to start, But be sure to keep their eyes on the cart, And not to be at all faint of heart, But to tread right up, and try to look smart. Ri tu di nui, <c. "Then each man grasped his sword and gun, The babies squalled and the women run, And all agreed that the King was one Of the greatest warriors under the sun. Ri tt di na, Ri tu di n u, Ri tu di nu di na." They were a wild, perverse race, the San Franciscans in those days, taking much delight in whatever mortified the "city fathers." They are immoderately fond of fun and devilment still; and any thing of a peculiar spicy nature,-from a simple fall in the mud, or the kissing of a pretty girl, up to the five thousand dollar bribe of a senator, or a municipal papa, or grand-papa being caught lurking about the premises of a jealous married man, flies like lightning, or their own great fires over the whole city. The people live so much together in hotels and boarding-houses, they meet so frequently for talk and drink (in vino veritas) at bars and billiard-rooms, that every piece of scandal or matter of public interest is sure to ooze out and be discussed in all its bearings. A dozen daily papers by hint, innuendo, broad allusion, and description, considerably assist the promulgation and spreading of idle tales. Hence, they often assumed an importance which other communities may think they scarcely deserve. The year of which we write, 1851, had a full share of such local and temporary facetice, some of which may appear worthy of record, if it were only to illustrate the times. The affairs of the aldermen's salaries and the curious medal business were both prolific subjects for jesting and outrageous merriment. Dr. D. G-. Robinson, a proprietor of the Dramatic Museum, gained considerable popularity by a series of doggerel, c random rhymes" which he gave on his own stage, in which almost every municipal man of mark was hit off, and sometimes pretty hardly too. So highly were these verses relished, and so much favor did the author gain thereby with the people, that Dr. Robinson was triumphantly returned as alderman to fill a vacancy which had occurred in the first board. He was afterwards seriously named as likely to be the most popular candidate for the mayoralty in 1852. Such rewards do the generous citizens bestow upon those who amuse them. Dr. Robinson's rhymes were subsequently collected into a small printed pamphlet, which will no doubt possess much interest to such as still relish the gossip and scandal of the day. It would be out of place to give here any characteristic quotations from the work. People look back already with surprise to the favorable notoriety which these songs gained for their author, and more especially to the elevated position to which they were the means of raising him. We have narrated the absurd affair of the removal of the treasure, and given the relative song, only because they were reckoned rather important events of the time, and concerning which there was much public merriment for a long period afterwards. The parties interested can now well afford to laugh heartily at the whole business. These things, also, form one illustration of the state of society and "life" in [San Francisco](#) at the date of their occurrence.


ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



May 28: The trees now begin to shade the streets. When the sun gets high in the sky the trees

give shade. With oppressive heats come refreshing shadows.
The butter cups spot the churchyard.

DOPERS

 May 29, Thursday, [1851](#): [Batavia, New York](#)'s 1st businessman and postmaster, James Brisbane, died.

The [Worcester Spy](#) was keeping its eye peeled for the more daring ladies:

The New Costume.

The first Bloomer made its appearance in our city yesterday.



SAMUEL JOSEPH MAY



At the Berry Street Conference in Boston, debate began over the Reverend May's resolution condemning [Daniel Webster](#), [Millard Fillmore](#), [Edward Everett](#), [Samuel A. Eliot](#), the Reverend Professor [Jared Sparks](#), the Reverend [Ezra Stiles Gannett](#), and the Reverend [Orville Dewey](#) as "traffickers IN HUMAN FLESH." May charged that Gannett was acting in a manner "utterly subversive of Christian morality and of all true allegiance to God." The question became how much the Federal Union was worth, compared with for instance the Laws of God. The Reverend [Theodore Parker](#) rose to assert that if and when [George Ticknor Curtis](#), a member of the Reverend Gannett's Unitarian assembly and an officer charged with local administration of the Fugitive Slave Law, came to his parsonage to take a black fugitive from slavery into custody, he would defend not only with an open Bible but with the sword, the brace of pistols, and the musket which his father had carried at Lexington Green on [April 19, 1775](#). He was, he declared, no "foolish nonresistant," and one wonders whether he would have had that "open Bible" open to one or another of the same Old Testament passages that would be firmly underlined, while in prison awaiting execution, by Captain [John Brown](#) in [1859](#). This controversy would not be over until [1853](#), and when it was concluded, it was concluded by instructions to Unitarian ministers that the debate over slavery was driving away potential converts to Unitarianism, and that therefore they should avoid discussion of the peculiar institution of slavery, avoid discussion of Webster, and avoid discussion of the merits of the Fugitive Slave Law — and that those unable to avoid such discussion would be find themselves no longer recognized as Unitarian ministers.

At the Woman's Rights Convention in Akron, [Ohio](#), the letter of May 20th from [Henry C. Wright](#) was read:

FLUSHING, Long Island, May 20, 1851.
TO THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

Dear Friends;—

* * *

The effort being made by yourselves and others to secure to woman her rights as a human being, and her true position in reference to the customs and institutions of society, ought to be, and ere long will be, regarded as one of the most important movements of the age. It involves all that is pure, elevating and endearing in domestic life; all that is lovely, good and great in social life; all that is useful and enduring in religious and social institutions. The abolition of intemperance, war, slavery, and all the individual and social wrongs of mankind, and the regeneration and redemption of the race from the physical, intellectual, social and moral evils that now crush it, must be associated with this movement. I see not how any being, whose destiny is linked with that of human-kind, can treat this subject lightly, or remain indifferent to it.

Man and Woman cannot be separated in their destiny. Where woman goes, man must go; where man goes, woman must go; as the one rises or sinks in intelligence, in wisdom and virtue, so must the other rise or fall.

* * *

Man cannot be saved without the aid of woman; woman cannot be saved without the aid of man. United in love, in counsel and effort, progress in wisdom and goodness, towards the heavenly and divine, is certain; disunited in affection, in interest, in plans or in their execution, degradation and ruin must follow. This should be settled as a fixed fact in the minds of all who take part in this movement.

* * *

Whatever right of property or person, of government or religion; in the family, in the market, in the church, the court, the cabinet, legislative hall, or in the public assembly, belongs to man, belongs also to woman. In arranging and conducting the affairs of life in regard to our domestic, pecuniary, social, religious and civil concerns, this fact is denied or



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disregarded. To enlighten the understanding and consciences of men, and to arouse their moral nature in regard to this great law of our being, should be one great aim of all who are interested in this enterprise. In asserting your Humanity, you assert the fact that whatever right belongs to one human being, belongs to each and every one, without regard to sex, complexion, condition, caste or country. Woman is a human being; and it is a self-evident truth that whatever right belongs to man by virtue of his membership in the human family, belongs to her by the same tenure. This truth is not to be reasoned about; it is self-evident. No power in the universe can have the right to put woman in a position of subjection to man, or man in subjection to woman. As regards their relations to each other, they are equals; and neither can justly be held responsible, as subject to any power but the Divine. It is not right or expedient to submit this question to the contingency of a discussion, for you could not submit it if the decision were against you. Why appeal to a tribunal at all, whose decision, in this matter you have determined not to abide by, if it is against you? To do so would be neither dignified nor honest.

Dear friends, permit me to remind you not to be disheartened though few join you. There are tens of thousands interested in this movement who have not courage to become a part of it. Be more anxious to plant yourselves on the rock of eternal truth, and to abide there, than to increase your numbers. Truth goes not by numbers, but is instinct with divine life, and it must triumph.

* * *

May truth, in regard to the rights and position of woman, and to her connexion with the true development and destiny of our nature, be your aim, and uncompromising fidelity to that truth, your endeavor.

Yours truly,

HENRY C. WRIGHT

HDT

WHAT?

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1851: In this year the Supreme Court of the State of Georgia ruled that although “the killing of a negro” could not be considered a felony, if the murder victim in question had been during his or her life a piece of property, then of course such an act wasn’t an all-right-never-mind, because it would constitute **an actionable deprivation of property rights:**

If from the beginning of the 18th Century in Anglo-America the term “negro” meant slave, except when explicitly modified by the word “free,” so under English law the term “hibernicus,” Latin for “Irishman,” was the legal term for “unfree.” If African-Americans were obliged to guard closely any document they might have attesting their freedom, so in Ireland, at the beginning of the 14th Century, letters patent, attesting to a person’s Englishness, were cherished by those who might fall under suspicion of trying to “pass.” If under Anglo-American slavery “the rape of a female slave was not a crime, but a mere trespass on the master’s property,” so in 1278 two Anglo-Normans brought into court and charged with raping Margaret O’Rorke were found not guilty because “the said Margaret is an Irishwoman.” If a law enacted in Virginia in 1723 provided that “manslaughter of a slave is not punishable,” so under Anglo-Norman law it sufficed for acquittal to show that the victim in a killing was Irish. Anglo-Norman priests granted absolution on the grounds that it was “no more sin to kill an Irishman than a dog or any other brute.” If the Georgia Supreme Court ruled in 1851 that “the killing of a negro” was not a felony, but upheld an award of damages to the owner of an African-American bond-laborer murdered by another “white” man, so an English court freed Robert Walsh, an Anglo-Norman charged with killing John Mac Gilmore, because the victim was “a mere Irishman and not of free blood,” it being stipulated that “when the master of the said John shall ask damages for the slaying, he [Walsh] will be ready to answer him as the law may require.” If in 1884 the United States Supreme Court, citing much precedent authority, including the Dred Scott decision, declared that Indians were legally like immigrants, and therefore not citizens except by process of individual naturalization, so for more than four centuries, until 1613, the Irish were regarded by English law as foreigners in their own land. If the testimony of even free African-Americans was inadmissible, so in Anglo-Norman Ireland native Irish of the free classes were deprived of legal defense against English abuse because they were not “admitted to English law,” and hence had no rights that an Englishman was bound to respect.”



May 29: It is evident that the virtues of plants are almost completely unknown to us— And we esteem the few with which we are better acquainted unreasonably above the many which are comparatively unknown to us. Bigelow says –“It is a subject of some curiosity to consider, if the knowledge of the present Materia Medica were by any means to be lost, how many of the same articles would again rise into notice and use. Doubtless a variety of new substances would develop unexpected powers, while perhaps the poppy would be shunned as a deleterious plant, and the cinchona might grow unmolested upon the mountains of Quito.”

BIGELOW

Sawyer regards Nux vomica among the most valuable.

BIGELOW

B. says 1817 “We have yet to discover our anodynes & our emetics, although we abound in bitters, astringents, aromatics, and demulcents. In the present state of our knowledge we could not well dispense with opium and ipicacuanha, yet a great number of foreign drugs, such as gentian, columbo, chamomile, kino, catechu, cascarilla, canella, &c. for which we pay a large annual tax to other countries, might in all probability be superceded by the indigenous products of our own. It is



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certainly better that our own country people should have the benefit of collecting such articles, than that we should pay for them to the Moors of Africa, or the Indians of Brazil.”

The Thorn apple *Datura stramonium* (Apple of Peru –Devil’s Apple –Jamestown Weed) “emigrates with great facility, and often springs up in the ballast of ships, and in earth carried from one country to another.” It secretes itself in the hold of vessels –& migrates –it is a sort of cosmopolitan weed – a roving weed –what adventures– What historian knows when first it came into a country!

He quotes Beverly’s Hist. of Virginia as saying that some soldiers in the days of Bacon’s rebellion – having eaten some of this plant –which was boiled for salad by mistake –were made natural fools & buffoons by it for 11 days, without injury to their bodies??

The root of a biennial or perennial will accumulate the virtues of the plant more than any other part. B says that Pursh states that the sweetscented Golden Rod *Solidago odora* “has for some time (i.e. before 1817] been an article of exportation to China, where it fetches a high price.” And yet it is known to very few New Englanders.

BIGELOW

“No botanist, says B. even if in danger of starving in a wilderness, would indulge his hunger on a root or fruit taken from an unknown plant of the natural order *Luridae*, of the *Multisiliquae*, or the *umbelliferous aquatics*. On the contrary he would not feel a moment’s hesitation in regard to any of the *Gramina*, the fruit of the *Pomaceae*, and several other natural families of plants, which are known to be uniformly innocent in their effects”

BIGELOW

The aromatic flavor of the Checquer Berry is also perceived in the *Gaultheria hispidula*; in *Spiraea ulmaria* and the root of *Spiraea lobata* –and in the birches.

GINSENG

He says Ginseng, Spigelia, Snake-root, &c. form considerable articles of exportation.

The odor of [Skunk cabbage](#) is perceived in some N.A. currants –as *Ribes rigens* of MX on high *mts*–

At one time the Indians above Quebec & Montreal were so taken up with searching for Ginseng that they could not be hired for any other purpose. It is said that both the Chinese & the Indians named this plant from its resemblance to the figure of a man

The Indians used the bark of *Dirca palustris* or Leather Wood for their cordage. It was after the long continued search of many generations that these qualities were discovered.

BIGELOW

Of Tobacco, *Nicotiana Tabacum*, B. says after speaking of its poisonous qualities “Yet the first person who had courage & patience enough to persevere in its use, until habit had overcome his original disgust, eventually found in it a pleasing sedative, a soother of care, and a material addition to the pleasures of life. Its use, which originated among savages, has spread into every civilized country; it has made its way against the declamations of the learned, and the prohibitions of civil & religious authority, and it now gives rise to an extensive branch of agriculture, or of commerce, in every part of the globe.”

Soon after its introduction into Europe –“The rich indulged in it as a luxury of the highest kind; and the poor gave themselves up to it, as a solace for the miseries of life.”

Several varieties are cultivated.

BIGELOW

In return for many foreign weeds we have sent abroad, says B. “The *Erigeron Canadense* & the

prolific families of Ambrosia & Amaranthus.”



“The Indians were acquainted with the med. properties of more than one species of Euphorbia”

Night shade is called bitter sweet.

Poke also called Garget

V root of Arum Triphyllum –Dragon Root or Ind. turnip

V Gold Thread Coptis trifolia

V sanguinaria Canadensis or Blood Root

V Conium Maculatum Hemlock

V Cicuta maculata Am. Hemlock

V Asarum Canadense Wild Ginger snake root–colt’s foot–

V Hyoscyamus Niger Henbane

V sweetscented Golden rod

V Panax quinquefolium Ginseng.

V Polygala Senega Seneca snake root

V veratrum viride Am. Hellebore

V Dirca palustris Leather Wood.


GINSENG

I noticed the button bush May 25th around an elevated pond or mudhole –its leaves just beginning to expand– This slight amount of green contrasted with its –dark craggly naked looking stem & branches –as if subsiding waters had left them bare –looked Dantesque –& infernal. It is not a handsome bush at this season it is so slow to put out its leaves & hide its naked & unsightly stems.

The Andromeda ligustrina is late to leave out.

malus excelsa –amara –florida –palustris –gratissima –ramosa –spinosa ferruginea –aromatica –aurea –rubigenosa –odorata –tristis –officinalis!! herbacea –vulgaris –aestivalis –autumnalis riparia –odora –versicolor –communis –farinosa –super septa pendens malus sepium virum Nov. Angliae –


succosa saepe formicis preoccupata –vermiculosa aut verminosa –aut a vermibus corrupta vel erosa –Malus semper virens et viridis viridis –cholera –morbifera or dysenterifera –(M. sylvestrispaludosa –excelsa et ramosa superne –difficilis conscendere (aut adoeperere), fructus difficillimus stringere – parvus et amara.) Picis perforata or perterebata –rupestris –agrestis –arvensis –Assabettia –Railroad apple –Musketaquidensis –dew apple rorifera. The apple whose fruit we tasted in our youth which grows passim et nusquam,– Our own particular apple malus numquam legata vel stricta. (Malus cujus fructum ineunte aetate gustavi quae passim et nusquam viget) cortice muscosâ Malus viae-ferreae

 May 29, Thursday, [1851](#) / July 25, [1851](#): Walking along the beach of Hog Island near Boston, “one summer day,” Thoreau was concerned not only for the remorselessness of the manner in which the land was being nibbled away by the ocean waves, but also by the profuseness of the wild [Datura](#) blooming along the beach. He proposed that the locals should combine these two symbols for two attributes of wildness and use this as a device for their shields. The shield should show a ripple symbolizing “a wave passing over them” and a [thornapple](#) “springing from its edge.” Datura, “not an innocent plant,” he pointed out, produces a “mental alienation of long duration” without particular injury to the body.

Richard Bridgman’s DARK THOREAU

...let us try to understand what Thoreau might have felt about the conjunction of a benign wave passing over and a harmless narcotic. It was he after all who developed the symbolism, for his original journal entry had confined itself to observing that the wave and the thorn-apple were each physically characteristic of the locale. Thoreau also noted here in CAPE COD that some islands were being eaten away voraciously while still others were being created. New shores were being “fancifully arranged,” so that on Hog Island “everything seemed to be gently lapsing into futurity.” Generalized, then, the components of the proposed heraldic device were: a passive yielding to nature’s constructive energies, even if done, paradoxically, at the cost of destruction, coupled with a period of narcotic release in which men cavorted in innocent lewdness. One must decide whether to entertain some such interpretation or to concede the incoherence of two pages of Thoreau’s published work.

DOPERS

 May 30, Friday, [1851](#): The [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#) reported items of “city intelligence.”

WHEN IS A MAN DRUNK? – A witness in the Recorder's Court yesterday morning stated upon his oath that he considered a man drunk “only when he could not move.”

MONEY. – Some two years ago in this goodly city, money was about the most valueless article that a man could have in his possession. Everything was then at its highest rates. A beesteak [sic], cup of coffee, and a roll for breakfast cost three dollars, and he who had the hardihood to eat eggs paid two dollars apiece for them. A pair of boots cost two ounces, and it became almost proverbial that if a man looked at another he was charged an ounce for the operation. Money then was plenty as the sands which lie upon the beach near Rincon Point. Gold dust came pouring down in the launches and schooners which ran upon the Sacramento river in large quantities, and everybody in San Francisco seemed to have plenty of it. The big lumps of gold,



as well as thousands of dollars of coined money were exhibited upon the monte tables located in the old Parker House and City Hotel, and the constant jingling of dollars, chiming in with the scraping of a fiddle, was the music which continually struck the ears of the passers by – and daily and nightly hundreds and thousands of dollars were then bet on the turn of a single card. About this time the Yankees began to pour into San Francisco, to invest in corner lots and speculate in wooden gingerbread, frame houses and the like. Prices gradually came down until they have arrived at something like a proper standing, and money, which was then throw about so recklessly, has now come to be regarded as an article of considerable importance, useful at least to carry in small quantities in each end of a purse so to prevent the rings from slipping off. Money has become of value, and the comforts and luxuries of life can be purchased with it here as elsewhere.

EMPTY BOTTLES. – The quantity of empty bottles, "old soldiers" or "dead marines," as they are facetiously termed, lying about the city, is absolutely alarming. It was to have been hoped that the fire, if it had done no other good, would have rid our city of these sad specimens, these "chips" by which may be known the workmen. Indeed the fire did consume and melt up many bottles, but the piles are fast growing up again on the sides and in the rears, of the various drinking saloons of our city.

AN IMPORTANT CASE. – Our readers will recollect the case of Charles F. Haynes, the man who was drugged and robbed of some sixteen hundred dollars a few weeks since. Yesterday, a young man named George C. Dines was examined before the Recorder upon the charge of having been engaged in the affair. Dines was brought down from Sacramento by Capt. McKenzie, of the Police, on Wednesday night. Haynes swore positively that he was the man whom he had met in the El Dorado on the night in question, and that he had there pulled out his purse, which Dines had seen. He further swore that Dines went with him to the house where he slept, stopping to drink on the way, and that he slept in the bed next to him; and that when he awoke, Dines was gone, and that he had not seen him since. Under all these circumstances, the Recorder held him to bail in the sum of \$5000. The money has not yet been recovered.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE. – The new Custom House at the corner of Washington and Kearny streets, will be opened and ready for business to-day. The furniture and fixtures were all placed in yesterday. This was done without any military display, the community having been sufficiently awed by the previous day's arrangement.

STEALING A GOAT. – John Scott, an odd fish, was brought before his Honor the Recorder, yesterday, charged with having stolen a watch from a man where he boarded. John came into the box looking excessively seedy, his hands shaking continually, as though he were on the very best terms and wished to shake hands with the whole world. The evidence progressed, and John was getting along very well, when he was charged also with having asked a room mate for a "chaw tobacker," as the witness expressed it, and that in taking it out of his pocket, he had either accidentally or otherwise, taken also a gold watch chain, valued at a hundred dollars. Poor John began to sweat under this new charge, when



the same witness also accused him of having stolen a larged [sic] sized black billy goat, the property of a gentleman engaged in the honorable occupation of making and vending ginger pop. John was non-plussed, and when called upon for a statement, first acknowledged the goat, or, as he called him, "Mr. Goat," when giving an account of the capture of the animal, but said it was all a joke, and finally acknowledged having taken the watch and spouted [sic] it, which he said was an innocent amusement, in which he had previously indulged several times. John's counsel, Col. James introduced a special plea to the effect, that John was laboring under an attack of "the man-with-a-poker," and therefore not accountable, a supposition which his appearance plainly supported, and so his Honor discharged him.

OMNIBUSES. — There are now lying on Cunningham's Wharf, two large and beautifully furnished omnibuses, rigged in New York style and looking as though they were ready to go "right up" in a few minutes. They belong to the "Gold-Seeker's Line," and are intended to run, we understand, between here and the Mission.

HORSE STEALING. — Three Mexican hombres were sent to the station house yesterday, committed by R.T. Ridley, Esq., Judge of the Plains, at the Mission, charged with stealing horses.

WHIG RATIFICATION MEETING. — The whig meeting for the purpose of giving ratification to the recent nominations of the Convention, was held last evening at the Merchants' Exchange, and addressed by a number of speakers.

A CASE OR DRINK. — A man named J.M. King was brought into the Station House last night, about 10 o'clock, by officer Cox, charged with having been drunk and disorderly and assaulting the officer on Long wharf. Mr. King was highly indignant at being thus picked up, and very politely requested of the police officer who went to show him his quarters in the depths below, that he would do him the favor to accommodate him with a "private room."

ARRIVAL OF THE ANTELOPE. — The Pacific Mail Co.'s steamship *Antelope*, Capt. Nicholson, arrived yesterday morning at an early hour, from Panama via Mazatlan and San Diego. She left Panama on the 15th ult., but on the 4th inst., when in lat. 27 28 N., long. 114 51 W., the arch of her furnace gave way, rendering the engine useless. She was compelled to put into Mazatlan in consequence, to repair the damage done to her boiler. On the 14th of May, having repaired damages, she left Mazatlan and experienced a succession of severe N.W. gales, and finally had to put into San Diego for coal, whence she sailed on the 25th. A steerage passenger, named Joseph Ghei, died of dysentery on board and was buried at San Diego. Another passenger, named William Valesch, was left at the same port sick with fever contracted upon the Isthmus. The *Antelope* brought up 200 passengers, among whom were several ladies.

REMOVAL OF THE FUNDS. — The removal of the funds, noticed in the papers, from the ruins of the old Custom House to the present, has caused considerable amusement to the lovers of a good thing. Squibs, epigrams, paragraphs, items, leaders, have all had a hit at the process, and at last it has been caricatured and lithographed. The thing is very good, as got up, representing the procession, the armament, swords, pistols, battle axes,

cannons, marines, carts, mules, the populace kept at bay, and various other grotesque representations. It is entitled, "Ye Kinge and ye Commons, or ye manners and *Customes* of California – a new farce, lately enacted, May 28, 1851."

WELLS' BUILDING. – This splendid building which was so completely gutted at the late fire, and reduced to such a condition that it was considered highly dangerous, is undergoing the most thorough renovation. At one time we entertained the same opinion as many others, that the walls should be razed to the ground by order of the authorities, but now take a different view of the matter, since we are convinced not only by ocular demonstration but by the opinion of experienced builders that the repairs are of such a character as to render it perfectly safe and substantial and as near fire-proof as any building can be made.

BERFORD & Co. – The *Marysville Herald*, in speaking of the above as agents of the opposition line of steamers, "Brother Jonathan" and "North American," pays deservedly a high compliment to Mr. James C. Hackett, of that firm. We cordially endorse what the *Herald* says of him – "they could not have a more energetic man than Mr. Hackett, or one better qualified to please the public." But the *Herald* is mistaken in saying that he is agent for the line in San Francisco. The firm has the line's agency on the Atlantic side, but not on the Pacific. We hope they may be made so upon the arrival of the steamer.

THE DEBT OF SACRAMENTO. – We learn from the *Transcript* that the debt of Sacramento City amounts to about \$380,000, with an interest of \$13,400 accruing monthly.



May 30, Friday: There was a Concord man once who had a fox hound named Burgoyne – he called him Bugīne. A good name

DOG



May 31, Saturday, 1851: Für solchen König Blut und Leben, a song for chorus and orchestra by Giacomo Meyerbeer to words of Rellstab, inserted into the composer's opera Ein Feldlager in Schlesien on the day of the unveiling of Christian Daniel Rauch's monument to Friedrich the Great, was performed for the 1st time, in Berlin. Meyerbeer and Rauch were called to King Friedrich Wilhelm's box after the performance and highly praised by the monarch.



Henry Thoreau delivered "Walking" at Worcester.

TIMELINE OF ESSAYS



1851

1851

“WALKING”: When looking over a list of men’s names in a foreign language, as of military officers or of authors who have written on a particular subject, I am reminded once more that there is nothing in a name. The name Menschikoff, for instance, has nothing in it to my ears more human than a whisker, and it may belong to a rat. As the names of the Poles and Russians are to us, so are ours to them. It is as if they had been named by the child’s rigmorole – *Iery-wiery ichery van, tittle-tol-tan*. I see in my mind a herd of wild creatures swarming over the earth, and to each the herdsman has affixed some barbarous sound in his own dialect. The names of men are of course as cheap and meaningless as **Bose** and **Tray**, the names of dogs.

DOG



May 31: *Pedestrium solatium in apricis locis. –nodosa*

JUNE 1851



June 1851: This month’s issue of [Harper’s New Monthly Magazine](#).

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

1851

1851

→ June 1851: In the 6th volume of The Horticulturist and Journal of Rural Art and Rural Taste. Devoted to Horticulture, Landscape Gardening, Rural Architecture, Botany, Pomology, Entomology, Rural Economy, &c Andrew Jackson Downing had an article entitled “A Few Words on Our Progress in Building.” Would Henry Thoreau ever consult this as a source for his architectural remarks in WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS?



REPLICA OF SHANTY

EMERSON'S SHANTY

OUR PROGRESS IN BUILDING

→ June 1851: At this point a 9th British edition of Robert Chambers's anonymous 1844 VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION was necessary. There was something inordinately attractive about this anonymous author's scientific theorizing. For an example, consider that in speaking of the assumption “that the human race is one,” the author was offering after a general analysis that:

The Negro alone is here unaccounted for; and of that race it may fairly be said, that it is the one most likely to have an independent origin, seeing that it is a type so peculiar in an inveterate black colour, and so mean in development. But it is not necessary to presume such an origin for it, as much good argument might be employed to shew that it is only a deteriorated offshoot of the general stock.

Please bear in mind that the above racist sentiment is **not** the reason why the book needed to be an entirely anonymous one! The above racist sentiment is **not** the reason why all communications with the publisher needed to be conducted by the use of a prearranged code, with prior agreement that all business communications would be immediately burned! The above racist sentiment was **not** the reason why all manuscripts needed to be copied into a hand other than the author's hand, to ensure total anonymity, before conveyal to the publisher for typesetting! No, not at all. The above racist sentiment was considered at the time to be entirely innocuous.

The reason for all this intense secrecy was that the book was sensitive for other — for religious reasons.

→ June 1851: Hinton Rowan Helper, ever a believer in “lawn order,” participated in a California-frontier lynch mob that hanged a pair of men who were by popular acclamation being suspected of having robbed a 2d man. “Such proceedings as these,” he would comment in a manner very typical of him, “produced order throughout the state.”

June 1851: Henry Thoreau studied Charles Darwin's voyage and his remarks about the skin color of Pacific Islanders, and acquired a new attitude toward desirable skin colors for Americans.



Charles Darwin, 1849



Pacific Islander, 1963

VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE I
VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE II

WALKING: A tanned skin is something more than respectable, and perhaps olive is a fitter color than white for a man - a denizen of the woods. The pale white man! I do not wonder that the African pitied him. Darwin the naturalist says A white man bathing by the side of a Tahitian was like a plant bleached by the gardener's art compared with a fine, dark green one growing vigorously in the open fields.

Ben Jonson exclaims,-

How near to good is what is fair!

So I would say-

How near to good is what is wild!

Life consists with Wildness. The most alive is the wildest. Not yet subdued to man, its presence refreshes him. One who pressed forward incessantly and never rested from his labors, who grew fast and made infinite demands on life, would always find himself in a new country or wilderness, and surrounded by the raw material of life. He would be climbing over the prostrate stems of primitive forest trees.



CHARLES DARWIN
BEN JONSON

VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE II
LOVE FREED FROM IGNOR ...


1851

1851

In radical contrast with the attitude that had been espoused by [Ben Jonson](#), [Henry Thoreau](#) acquired the attitude that olive was a suitable color for Americans. He became persuaded that the future belonged to a stronger, duskier, wilder sort of mingled-race United States citizen, a sort which would be the result of racial blending.⁸⁸ He became an advocate of what in his era was being horrifically characterized as “amalgamation.” From [Frederick Douglass](#) to Obama Nation!



The skins of our great-great-great-grandchildren, in Concord, Massachusetts, should have a dusky suntanned hue, not merely from outdoor exposure but also by virtue of their heredity. Not for America, this Old World attitude that what the good deserve is the fair — in the New World, our attitude needs to become that it will be good for us to become dusky! This will be what will render us truly alive, Thoreau would venture in his lecture “[WALKING](#)”.

 June 1851: [Elizabeth Oakes Smith](#) began lecturing in New-York, the 1st woman to lecture on the lyceum circuit, and by fall would have several engagements in New England.


FEMINISM

When she would come to Concord, [Henry Thoreau](#) would be rather disappointed at the way this feminist was carrying herself. It would seem to him that the lecturer was in effect playing all the angles, her mouth asking for equal treatment while her deportment was presuming the sort of male fawning that passes in this world for gentlemanliness — a sort of male fawning that he in particular found peculiarly obnoxious.⁸⁹

88. Note that there is nothing whatever to be found about hybrid vigor in the Darwin texts that Thoreau was studying in the 1850s. Darwin would not begin to publish about such a topic for at least another two decades, in his *THE EFFECTS OF CROSS- AND SELF-FERTILIZATION IN THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM* (London: John Murray, 1876). Therefore, in dismissing the “whiteness is next to Godliness” attitude of Jonson to create here a 19th-Century prototype for the “black is beautiful” attitude, Thoreau was not so much learning from Darwin as thinking at least alongside this scientist or perhaps in advance of him.


89. It is interesting to note that when another feminist lecturer would arrive in Concord later — Caroline Dall, the wife of a college chum of his — he would not at all experience this sort of personal difficulty, but would be instead engaged and intrigued.

Read  Henry Thoreau's Journal for June 1851 (æf. 33)

 June 1, Sunday, 1851: In official endorsement of the powerful [temperance movement](#), the State of Maine was the first state to prohibit [alcohol](#) (although 13 other states would follow, by 1865 this 1st wave of [prohibition](#) would have receded).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 1ST AND 2D]

 June 2, Monday, 1851: Passage of the 1st state-wide prohibition law in the United States, by the State of [Maine](#).

Castle & Cooke (now “Dole”) was founded in [Hawaii](#).

[Henry Thoreau](#) found a boundary line “near ground tangent” for Mrs. Barber.

[Thoreau](#) went to Boston and conversed with [John Downes](#), who was connected with the Coast Survey and was printing tables for Astronomical Geodesic & other uses. Downes would have been visiting Boston at the time, not living there. “He tells me that he once saw the common sucker in numbers piling up stones as big as his fist. (like the piles which I have seen) taking them up or moving them with their mouths.”

On his way, Thoreau stopped by Cambridge to check out, from [Harvard Library](#), [François André Michaux](#)'s *VOYAGE À L'OUEST DES MONTS ALLÉGHANYS DANS LES ÉTATS DE L'OHIO, DU KENTUCKY ET DU TENNESSÉE, ET RETOUR A CHARLESTON* (1804).



“There is no Frigate like a Book
To take us Lands away”
— [Emily Dickinson](#)



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 1ST AND 2D]





1851

1851



June 3, Tuesday, [1851](#): American [baseball](#) had been around at least since 1846, but on this day the [New-York Knickerbocker](#) baseball team was the 1st to wear uniforms, which including baggy blue pants and straw hats. These uniformed players would not receive pay until 1864, they would not be wearing gloves until 1875, and they would not play an electrically lighted game until 1883.

SPORTS

In [San Francisco, California](#):


For some time back the attempts of incendiaries to fire the city seem to be increasing. Cases of this nature are occurring daily, where the suspicious circumstances are evident, but where unfortunately the really guilty party cannot be detected. It is extremely difficult to discover criminals in the very act of committing arson. Incendiaries do their deeds only in dark and secret corners, and if interrupted, they have always ready a dozen trifling excuses for their appearance and behavior. The train and the slow match can be laid almost any where unobserved, while the "foul fiend" quietly steals away in safety. The inhabitants had got nervously sensitive to the slightest alarm of fire, and were greatly enraged against the presumed incendiaries. This day one Benjamin Lewis underwent a primary examination on the charge of arson. As the evidence was being taken, the Recorder's Court began to fill, and much excitement to spread among the people. At this time, a cry of "fire" was raised, and great confusion took place in the court-room, people rushing desperately out and in to learn particulars. This was a false alarm. It was believed to be only a ruse to enable the prisoner's friends to rescue him from the hands of justice. The latter was therefore removed for safety to another place. Meanwhile, some three or four thousand persons had collected outside of the building, who began to get furious, continually uttering loud cries of "Lynch the villain Hang the fire-raising wretch! Bring him out-no mercy-no law delays! Hang him-hang him!" Colonel Stevenson harangued the crowd in strong language, encouraging the violent feelings that had been excited against the prisoner. Mayor Brenham endeavored to calm the enraged multitude. Loud calls were at length made for "Brannan," to which that gentleman quickly responded, and advised that the prisoner should be given in charge to the "volunteer police," which had been recently formed. A motion to this effect was put and unanimously carried. But when the prisoner was looked for, it was found that the regular police had meanwhile carried him out of the way-nobody knew, or would tell where. Perforce the crowd was obliged to be satisfied, and late in the afternoon it gradually dispersed. This is one instance of the scenes of popular excitement which were now of frequent occurrence in the city. Repeated losses by fire, and the terrible array of unpunished, undetected, triumphant crime, were turning the inhabitants absolutely savage against the supposed criminals. Matters were coming fast to a head, which was immediately to ripen into the "Vigilance Committee." All these popular "demonstrations" were ineffectual in deterring the ""Sydney coves," and those of a like character, from the commission of the most reckless, wanton, and flagrant outrages. Incendiary attempts were now remarked almost daily. Not only the desire for plunder, but malice against individuals, and an unnatural lust for general destruction, seemed to inspire the villains. In regard to the particular case of Lewis, it may be mentioned that



the grand jury found a true bill against him for arson. Twice shortly afterwards was he brought before the District Criminal Court for trial, and on each occasion his counsel found a "flaw" in the indictment, which quashed the proceedings. These delays and defects in the law were working the suffering people up to madness. This is only one case, but it may be taken as a fair specimen of the general inefficiency of the judicial officers and tribunals in punishing crime. The grand juries were continually making formal complaints that their presentments were disregarded, and that criminals were somehow never convicted and punished, while generally their trials were so long delayed that the prisoners either escaped from confinement, or the essential witnesses in the case had gone nobody knew whither; and so the prosecutions failed. [San Francisco](#) was truly in a desperate condition at this period of its history. Though few arrests were made in proportion to the number of offenses actually committed, yet it may be mentioned, that, to take one instance, on Monday morning, the 9th June of this year, there were thirty-six cases before the Recorder's Criminal Court from one district alone (the second), out of the eight composing the city. "Of the whole," we quote from a journal of the time, "six were for drunkenness, six for fighting, six for larceny, three for stabbing, one for burglary, four for fast riding, four for assaulting officers, three for keeping disorderly houses, one for an attempt at robbery," &c. Yet the previous day, Sunday, on which these offenses had been committed, had been remarked by the press as having been unusually quiet and decently observed-without any noise or crime worth noticing. Of this date an ordinance was passed by the council boards, and approved of by the mayor, granting to Mr. Arzo D. Merrifield and his assigns, the privilege of introducing fresh water by pipes into the city. It had happened at the various fires that the numerous public water reservoirs were either wholly or partially empty; and great difficulty was at all times experienced in filling them. This reason, as well as the desire to have an abundant supply of pure, fresh water for household purposes, had long led parties to consider the best means of bringing it into the city by pipes from a distance. Various schemes were talked of among the public, and discussed in the journals. The plan of Mr. Merrifield to bring water from a small lagoon, called the "Mountain Lake," situated about four miles west of the plaza, and which was well supplied by springs, was at length approved of by the common council, and under the ordinance noticed the projector became entitled to certain privileges for the term of twenty-five years, upon condition of his plans being carried into effect. Mr. Merrifield, his associates and assigns, were authorized to break open the streets, and lay down water-pipes in the same, upon properly filling up and replacing the openings. The quantity of water to be provided in a general reservoir, and the amount of discharge by pipes, were both fixed; while provision was made for the amount of rates to be paid by the citizens using the water, which rates were to be adjusted by a board of commissioners to be chosen annually by the common council. At the end of twenty-five years, from and after the 1st day of January, 1853, the entire water-works were to be deeded to the city, in consideration of the privileges and benefits that might accrue to the projector and his assigns and associates during the said term of years. The corporate

authorities were also to be entitled to the gratuitous use of the water for the purpose of extinguishing fires, and for hospital and other purposes. In terms of this act, Mr. Merrifield granted a bond for fifty thousand dollars that the works should be completed on or before the 1st of January, 1853. The gentleman named having conveyed his privileges to a joint-stock company, called the "Mountain Lake Water Company," another ordinance was, of date 14th of July, 1852, passed and approved of, whereby the former one was amended to the following effect, viz.: That the new company should only be entitled to the privileges granted by the first ordinance for the term of twenty years:-that the board of commissioners to fix the rates payable by those who used the water should be chosen, three by the common council, and two by the Mountain Lake Water Company, under the regulations specified in the ordinance:-that the term within which the works should be completed should be extended to the 1st of January, 1854, provided the Water Company should expend fifty thousand dollars on the works within six months of the date of the ordinance, and at least a similar sum every six months thereafter until the said last mentioned date:-that the privileges granted to the said Water Company should be exclusive for the term of five years after 1st of January, 1853;-and, lastly, that the said ordinance should expire at such time after the 1st day of January, 1855, as the said Water Company should refuse, or be unable, to supply the city, at such elevation as the common council should fix, "one million of gallons of pure and wholesome fresh water during every twenty-four hours."

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

 June 3, Tuesday, 1851: The 1st mention of [Theophilus Brown](#), whom [Henry Thoreau](#) had met in April 1849 in [Worcester](#), in Thoreau's journal:



June 3, Tuesday, 1851: Lectured in [Worcester](#) last Saturday -& walked to *As* or *Hasnebumskit* Hill in Paxton the next day. Said to be the highest land in Worcester County except Wachusett
 Met Mr. Blake -[Brown](#) -Chamberlin -Hinsdale -Miss Butman? Wyman -Conant.
 Returned to Boston yesterday -conversed with John Downes -who is connected with the Coast Survey -is printing tables for Astronomical Geodesic & other uses. He tells me that he once saw the common sucker in numbers piling up stones as big as his fist. (like the piles which I have seen) taking them up or moving them with their mouths.
 Dr. Harris suggests that the Mt Cranberry which I saw at Ktaadn was the *Vaccinium Vitis-idaea* cowberry because it was edible & not the *Uva Ursi* -or bear berry - which we have in Concord.

BIGELOW

Saw the *Uvularia perfoliata* perfoliate bellwort in Worcester near the hill –an abundance of Mt Laurel on the hills now budded to blossom & the fresh lighter growth contrasting with the dark green. An abundance of very large chequer berries or partridge berries as Bigelow calls them on Hasnebumskit –sugar maples about there. A very extensive view but the western view not so much wilder as I expected. See Barre about 15 miles off & Rutland &c &c Not so much forest as in our neighborhood –high swelling hills –but less shade for the walker– The hills are green –the soil springer & it is written that water is more easily obtained on the hills than in the valleys.– Saw a Scotch fir the pine so valued for tar & naval uses in the North of Europe.

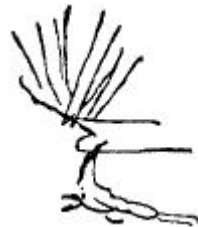
Mr Chamberlin told me that there was no corporation in Worcester except the banks (which I suspect may not be literally true) & hence their freedom & independence. I think it likely there is a gas company to light the streets at least.

John Mactaggart finds the ice thickest not in the largest lakes in Canada nor in the smallest where the surrounding forests melt it.

He says that the surveyor of the Boundary line between England & US on the Columbia River saw pine trees which would require 16 feet in the blade to a cross cut saw to do anything with them.

I examined today a large swamp white oak in Hubbards Meadow which was blown down by the same storm which destroyed the Light House.

At 5 feet from the ground it was $9\frac{3}{4}$ feet in circumference. The first branch at $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet from ground –and it held the first diameter up to 23 feet from the ground. Its whole height measured on the ground was 80 feet. & its breadth about 66 ft. The roots on one side were turned up with the soil on them – making an object very conspicuous a great distance off, the highest part being 18 feet from the ground –and 14 ft above centre of trunk. The roots which were small and thickly interlaced were from 3 to 9 inches beneath the surface (in other trees I saw them level with the surface) and thence extended 15 to 18 inches in depth (*i.e.* to this depth they occupied the ground) They were broken off at about 11 feet from the centre of the trunk –and were there on an average one inch in diameter, the largest being 3 inches in diam. The longest root was broken off at 20 feet from the centre, and was there $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in diameter. The tree was rotten within. The lower side of the soil (what was originally the lower) which clothed the roots for 9 feet from the centre of the tree, was white & clayey to appearance –& a sparrow was sitting on 3 eggs within the mass. Directly under where the massive trunk had stood and within a foot of the surface you could apparently strike in a spade & meet with no obstruction



–to a free cultivation. There was no tap root to be seen. The roots were encircled with dark nubby rings. The tree which still had a portion of its roots in the ground & held to them by a sliver on the leeward side was alive and had leaved out though on many branches the leaves were shrivelled again. *Quercus bicolor* of Big. *Q. Prinus discolor* MX.f.

I observed the grass waving to day for the first time –the swift Camilla on it– It might have been noticed before– You might have seen it now for a week past on grain fields.

Clover has blossomed

I noticed the Indigo weed a week or two ago pushing up like asparagus. Methinks it must be the small *Andromeda*? that the dull red mass of leaves in the swamp mixed perchance with the *Rhodora* –with its dry fruit like appendages as well as the *Andromeda paniculata* else called *ligustrina* & the clethra– It was the Golden Senecio *Senecio aureus* which I plucked a week ago in a meadow in Wayland. The earliest methinks of the aster and autumnal looking yellow flowers. Its bruised stems enchanted me with their indescribable sweet odor –like I cannot think what

The *Phaseolus vulgaris* includes several kinds of bush beans of which those I raised were one.

1851

1851



June 4, Wednesday, 1851: At the Mormon missionary station at Wailuku on the island of Maui, H.K. KaLeohano, a member of the Hawaiian nobility, came to the house that the evangelist George Quayle Cannon was stopping in and they ate together. He had told his brother Maiola, a deacon in the church, that he considered it a duty to provide this missionary with food (he was aware of how poorly the Reverend had been faring). Poi and fish or meat were the common food but were expensive and poi needed to be obtained at a considerable distance (the missionary preferred the poi to Irish potatoes). The minister had been striving to learn the native language, so conversations were important. The Reverend Cannon had heard no news from any of his brethren up to this time. He would be informed that Mr. Jonathan (Ionatana) Hawaii Napela had been discharged from his office of Luna Kanawai (Judge) as a beer-drinker. Mr. Jonathan Smith Green had initiated a petition signed by his members, to have this beer-drinker removed. Since the avowed causes of dissatisfaction had begun earlier, the Reverend Cannon could not infer that his having been friendly with the beer-drinker had had any particular effect — except perhaps to bring the matter to a head a little sooner.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 4TH AND 5TH]



June 5, Thursday, 1851: *Raymond, ou Le secret de la reine*, an opéra comique by Ambroise Thomas to words of Rosier and de Leuven, was performed for the initial time, at the Théâtre Favart, Paris.

The Washington DC abolitionist weekly The National Era paid Harriet Beecher Stowe \$300 to begin a 40-installment serial of chapters of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; OR, LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY (this would be appearing over the following 10 months, beginning with the issue of June 8th).

At 9PM there was a strong aurora borealis, with streamers, above New England.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 4TH AND 5TH]



June 6, Friday, 1851: In his journal, Henry Thoreau made reference to Jean-Pierre-Guillaume Pauthier's *CONFUCIUS ET MENCIAUS. LES QUATRE LIVRES DE PHILOSOPHIE MORAL ET POLITIQUE DE LA CHINE, TRADUITS DU CHINOIS, PAR M.G. PAUTHIER* (Paris, Charpentier, Libraire-Éditeur, 29, Rue de Seine. 1841).

CONFUCIUS ET MENCIAUS



June 6, Friday: Gathered last night the strong –rank penetrating scented Angelica Under the head of the *Cicuta maculata* or American Hemlock –“It is a rule sanctioned by the observations of medical botanists, that umbelliferous plants, which grow in or about the water, are of a poisonous nature.” [Bigelow, AMERICAN MEDICAL BOTANY, volume I] He does not say that the Angelica is poisonous but I suppose that it is. It has such a rank offensive & killing odor as make me think of the ingredients of the witchs cauldron It did not leave my hands, which had carried it, long after I had washed them– A strong –penetrating –lasting & sickening odor. Gathered tonight the *Cicuta maculata* American Hemlock –the veins of the leafets ending in the notches & the root fasciculated.

Big. says “The leaves of the *Solidago odora* have a delightfully fragrant odor, partaking of that of anise and sassafras, but different from either.” [Bigelow, AMERICAN MEDICAL BOTANY, volume I]

BIGELOW



June 7, Saturday, [1851](#): [Henry Thoreau](#) was studying a round-the-world voyage of observation made by a person then known as a thinker on general geological topics, [Charles Robert Darwin](#).



June 7. My practicalness is not to be trusted to the last. To be sure, I go upon my legs for the most part, but being hard pushed & dogged by a superficial common sense which is bound to near objects by beaten paths –I am off the handle as the phrase is –I begin to be transcendental and show where my heart is. I am like those Guinea fowl which [Charles Darwin](#) saw at the Cape de Verd Islands– He says “They avoided us like partridges on a rainy day in September, running with their heads cocked up; and if pursued, they readily took to the wing.” Keep your distance, do not infringe on the interval between us, and I will pick up lime & lay real terrestrial eggs for you, & let you know by cackling when I have done it.

When I have been asked to speak at a temperance meeting my answer has been –I am too transcendental to serve you in your way– They would fain confine me to the rum sellers & rum drinkers of whom I am not one, and whom I know little about.

It is a certain faery land where we live –you may walk out in any direction over the earth’s surface –lifting your horizon –and every where your path –climbing the convexity of the globe leads you between heaven & earth– –not away from the light of the sun & stars –& the habitations of men. I wonder that I even get 5 miles on my way –the walk is so crowded with events –& phenomena. How many questions there are which I have not put to the inhabitants!

But how far can you carry *your* practicalness –how far does your knowledge really extend– When I have read in deeds only a hundred years old the words “to enjoy & possess –he and his assigns, *forever*” I have seen how shortsighted is the sense which conducts from day to day. When I read the epitaphs of those who died a century ago they seem deader even than they expected.

A days seems proportionally a long part of your “forever & a day.”

There are few so temperate & chaste that they can afford to remind us even at table that they have a palate & a stomach.

We believe that the possibility of the future far exceeds the accomplishment of the past. We review the past with the commonsense –but we anticipate the future with transcendental senses. In our sanest moments we find ourselves naturally expecting far greater changes than any which we have experienced within the period of distinct memory –only to be paralleled by experiences which are forgotten– Perchance there are revolutions which create an interval impassable to the memory.

With reference to the near past we all occupy the region of common sense, but in the prospect of the future we are, by instinct, transcendentalists.

We affirm that all things are possible but only these things have been to our knowledge. I do not even infer the future *from what I know of the past*. I am hardly better acquainted with the past than with the future. What is new to the individual may be familiar to the experience of his race. It must be rare indeed that the experience of the individual transcends that of his race. It will be perceived that there are two kinds of change –that of the race & that of the individual within the limits of the former–

One of those gentle straight down rainy days –when the rain begins by spotting the cultivated fields as if shaken from a pepper box –a fishing day –when I see one neighbor after another –having donned his oil cloth suit walking or riding past with a fish-pole –having struck work –a day & an employment to make philosophers of them all.

When introduced to high life I cannot help perceiving how it is as a thing jumped at –and I find that I do not get on in my enjoyment of the fine arts which adorn it –because my attention is wholly occupied with the jump, remembering that the greatest genuine leap on record –, due to human muscles alone, is that of certain wandering Arabs who cleared 25 ft on level ground. The first question which I am tempted to put to the proprietor of this great impropriety –is – “Who boosts you?” Are you one of the 99 who fail or the 100th who succeeds?⁹⁰

90. The record for the running long jump set at the 656BCE Olympic Games by Chionis of Sparta (likely using *halteres* hand weights) was 23 feet and 1.7 inches. The record is currently held by Michael Anthony Powell of the USA, who on August 30, 1991 at the World Championships in Athletics in Tokyo reached 29 feet and 4.25 inches. Thoreau would work this material into his Walden manuscript, where the point would become that we witness people as they struggle mightily to achieve a rich and refined life for themselves, an existence that Thoreau personally would find boring and pointless, suggesting that it may be more enjoyable to watch others struggle to attain such a rich and refined existence, than to oneself endure that.



WALDEN: When I consider how our houses are built and paid for, or not paid for, and their internal economy managed and sustained, I wonder that the floor does not give way under the visitor while he is admiring the gewgaws upon the mantel-piece, and let him through into the cellar, to some solid and honest though earthy foundation. I cannot but perceive that this so called rich and refined life is a thing jumped at, and I do not get on in the enjoyment of the fine arts which adorn it, my attention being wholly occupied with the jump; for I remember that the greatest genuine leap, due to human muscles alone, on record, is that of certain wandering Arabs, who are said to have cleared twenty-five feet on level ground. Without factitious support, man is sure to come to earth again beyond that distance. The first question which I am tempted to put to the proprietor of such great impropriety is, Who bolsters you? Are you one of the ninety-seven who fail? or of the three who succeed? Answer me these questions, and then perhaps I may look at your bawbles and find them ornamental. The cart before the horse is neither beautiful nor useful. Before we can adorn our houses with beautiful objects the walls must be stripped, and our lives must be stripped, and beautiful housekeeping and beautiful living be laid for a foundation; now, a taste for the beautiful is most cultivated out of doors, where there is no house and no housekeeper.



June 8, Sunday, 1851: Emily Dickinson's 1st letter to her brother Austin Dickinson, teaching at the Endicott School in Boston's North End.

Hector Berlioz got into the annual Charity Children's service in St. Paul's, London on a pass from the organist, John Goss. He pretended to be a member of the chorus and proceeded to the organ loft. He was given a surplice and a bass part. He was overwhelmed by the experience!

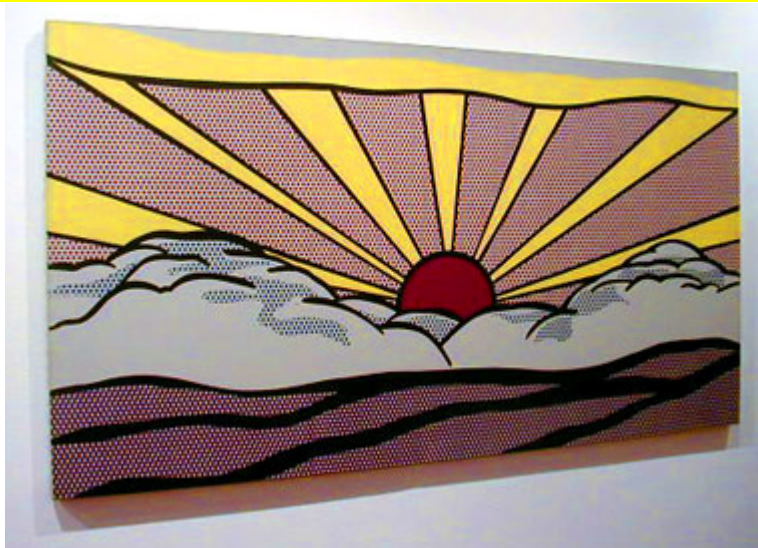
From this day until April 1, 1852, UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, OR THE MAN THAT WAS A THING was being published in 3 installments in a Washington DC antislavery weekly, The National Era. It is instructive to compare and contrast the "There is more day to dawn" trope from the last page in WALDEN, which would not be written

until 1853-1854,



WALDEN: I do not say that John or Jonathan will realize all this; but such is the character of that morrow which mere lapse of time can never make to dawn. The light which puts out our eyes is darkness to us. Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN



“JOHN” (BULL)

“JONATHAN”

REVEREND GEORGE RIPLEY

with the “another and better day is dawning” trope seen on the first page of this enormously popular book. In the case of [Harriet Beecher Stowe](#), what was being offered was a day and era, new and improved but nevertheless “commensurable” with the present day and era. In the case of [Henry Thoreau](#), what would be offered would be specifically the crossing of a boundary, specifically not of the same order or realm with any previous dawning. When light arrives which puts out our eyes, it is a different order of illumination, one which would seem presently as darkness to us. We note that what Stowe was offering in her book on freedom and fairness amounted to mere [future-worship](#), a version of providentialism in theology and of consequentialism in ethics, a hopefulness which proceeded psychologically out of a present lack and longing and operated by way of the pathos of [ressentiment](#),⁹¹ whereas what Thoreau would be countering with would be a celebration of plenitude.



It is also interesting to compare the attitude taken toward the law, in Chapter IX of this novel, with the attitude published by Thoreau on [May 14, 1849](#) in his “Resistance to Civil Government” contribution to [Elizabeth Palmer Peabody](#)’s AESTHETIC PAPERS, paragraph 18 “machinery of government” and “break the law,” where Senator John Bird of Ohio discusses, with Mrs. Bird, a law forbidding the giving of food or water to escaping slaves. The wife exclaims:

You ought to be ashamed, John! Poor, homeless, houseless creatures! It’s a shameful, wicked, abominable law, and I’ll break it, for one, the first time I get a chance; and I hope I **shall** have a chance, I do!

[Harriet Beecher Stowe](#)’s [UNCLE TOM’S CABIN, OR THE MAN THAT WAS A THING](#).
[The National Era](#), June 8, 1851 to April 1, 1852



June 8, Sunday: In F.A. Michaux *i.e.* the younger Michaux’s Voyage A l’ouest des Monts Alléghany –1802 printed at Paris 1808

He says the common inquiry in the newly settled west was “From what part of the world have you come? As if these vast and fertile regions would naturally be the point of union and the common

91. As proof of this, consider the verse of the hymn “Jerusalem, My Happy Home” that [Harriet Beecher Stowe](#) tacked into [John Newton](#)’s 1772 hymn “Amazing Grace”:

When we’ve been there ten thousand years,
 Bright shining as the sun;
 We’ve no less days to sing God’s praise
 Than when we first begun!



country of all the inhabitants of the globe”

The current of the Ohio is so swift in the spring that it is not necessary to row –indeed rowing would do more harm than good, since it would tend to turn to the ark out of the current onto to some isle or sand bar –where it would be entangled amid floating trees– This has determined the form of the bateaux –which are not the best calculated for swiftness but to obey the current. They are from 15 to 50 feet long by 10 to 12 & 15 with square ends & a roof of boards like a house at one end– The sides are about 4¹/₂ feet above the water “I was alone on the shore of the Monongahela, when I perceived, for the first time, in the distance, five or six of these bateaux which were descending this river. I could not conceive what those great square boxes were which abandoned to the current, presented alternately their ends, their sides, & even their angles As they came nearer I heard a confused noise but without distinguishing anything, on account of the elevation of the sides. It was only on ascending the bank of the river that I perceived, in these bateaux, many families carrying with them their horses, cows, poultry, dismounted carts, plows, harnesses, beds, agricultural implements, in short all that constitute the moveables of a household & the carrying on of a farm” But he was obliged to paddle his log canoe “sans cesse” because of the sluggishness of the current of the Ohio in April 1802

A Vermonter told him that the expense of clearing land in his state was always defrayed by the potash obtained from the ashes of the trees which were burnt –and sometimes people took land to clear on condition that they should have what potash they could make.

After travelling more than 3000 miles in North America –he says that no part is to be compared for the “force végétative des forêts” to the region of the Ohio between Wheeling & Marietta. 36 miles above the last place he measured a plane tree on the bank of the Ohio which at four feet from the ground was 47 in circ. It is true it was “renflé d’une manière prodigieuse” Tulip & plane trees his father had said attained the greatest diameter of NA Trees.

Ginseng was then the only “territorial” production of Kentucky which would pay the expense of transportation by land to Philadelphia. They collected it from spring to the first frosts.

PHILADELPHIA

Even hunters carried for this purpose, beside their guns, a bag & a little “pioche” From 25 to 30 “milliers pesant” were then transported annually & this commerce was on the increase. Some transported it themselves from Kentucky to **China** *i.e.* without selling it the merchants of the seaboard– Traders in Kentucky gave 20 to 24 “sous” the pound for it.

They habituated their wild hogs to return to the house from time to time by distributing corn for them once or twice a week– So I read that in Buenos Ayres they collect the horses into the corral twice a week to keep them tame in a degree

Gathered the first strawberries to day.

Observed on Fair Haven a tall Pitch Pine, such as some call Yellow P– very smooth yellowish & destitute of branches to a great height. The outer & darker colored bark appeared to have scaled off leaving a fresh & smooth surface –at the ground all round the tree I saw what appeared to be the edges of the old surface scales extending to two inches more in thickness. The bark was divided into large smooth plates 1 to 2 feet long & 4 to 6 inches wide.

I noticed that the cellular portion of the bark of the canoe birch log, from which I stripped the epidermis a week or two ago –was turned a complete brick red color very striking to behold –& reminding me of the red man –and all strong natural things –the color of our blood somewhat. — under the epidermis it was still a sort of buff The different colors of the various parts of this bark, at various times, fresh or stale are extremely agreeable to my eye

I found the White Pine top full of staminate blossom buds not yet fully grown or expanded.– with a rich red tint like a tree full of fruit –but I could find no pistillate blossom–

The fugacious petalled cistus –& the pink –& the lupines of various tints are seen together.

Our outside garments which are often thin & fanciful & merely for show –are our epidermis – hanging loose & fantastic like that of the Yellow birch –which may be cast off without harm our thicker & more essential garments are our cellular integument when this is removed the tree is said to be girdled & dies– Our shirt is the liber or true bark. beneath which is found the alburnum or sap wood –while the heart in old stocks is commonly rotten or has disappeared. As if we grew like trees, and were of the exogenous kind.

[Version published in 1906: “Our outside garments, which are often thin and merely for show, are our epidermis, hanging loose and fantastic like that of the yellow birch, which may be cast off without harm, stripped off here and there without fatal injury; sometimes called cuticle and false skin. The vital principle wholly wanting in it; partakes not of the life of the plant. Our thicker and




more essential garments are our cellular integument. This is removed, the tree is said to be girdled and dies. Our shirt is the cortex, liber, or true bark, beneath which is found the alburnum or sapwood, while the heart in old stocks is commonly rotten or has disappeared. As if we grew like trees, and were of the exogenous kind.”

In 1852, in his 4th version of [WALDEN](#), Thoreau would write:

Usually, we don garment after garment as if we grew like exogenous plants by addition without. Our outside and often thin and fanciful clothes are our epidermis or false skin, which partakes not of the life of the plant, and may be stripped off here and there without fatal injury; our thicker garments, constantly worn, are our cellular integument, or cortex; our shirts are our liber or true bark, which cannot be removed without girdling and so destroying the man. I believe that all races at some seasons wear something equivalent to the last. It is desirable that a man be clad so simply that he can lay his hands on himself in the dark, and that he live in all respects so compactly & preparedly, that if an enemy take the city, he can, like the old philosopher, walk out the gate empty-handed without anxiety. While one thick garment is, for most purposes, as good as three thin ones, and cheap clothing can be obtained at prices really to suit customers; while a thick coat can be bought five dollars, which will last as many years, (for example, the one I have on), thick pantaloons for 2 dollars, cowhide boots for a dollar & a half a pair, a summer hat for a quarter of a dollar, and a winter cap for sixty-two & a half cents, or a better be made at home at a nominal cost, where is he so poor that, clad in such a suit of his own earning, there will not be found wise men to do him reverence?


This eventually would appear in [WALDEN](#):



[WALDEN](#): We don garment after garment, as if we grew like exogenous plants by addition without. Our outside and often thin and fanciful clothes are our epidermis or false skin, which partakes not of our life, and may be stripped off here and there without fatal injury; our thicker garments, constantly worn, are our cellular integument, or cortex; but our shirts are our liber or true bark which cannot be removed without girdling and so destroying the man. I believe that all races at some seasons wear something equivalent to the shirt. It is desirable that a man be clad so simply that he can lay his hands on himself in the dark, and that he live in all respects so compactly and preparedly, that, if an enemy take the town, he can, like the old philosopher, walk out the gate empty-handed without anxiety. While one thick garment is, for most purposes, as good as three thin ones, and cheap clothing can be obtained at prices really to suit customers; while a thick coat can be bought for five dollars, which will last as many years, thick pantaloons for two dollars, cowhide boots for a dollar and a half a pair, a summer hat for a quarter of a dollar, and a winter cap for sixty-two and a half cents, or a better be made at home at a nominal cost, where is he so poor that, clad in such a suit, **of his own earning**, there will not be found wise men to do him reverence?

THE FALLACY OF MOMENTISM: THIS STARRY UNIVERSE DOES NOT CONSIST OF A SEQUENCE OF MOMENTS. THAT IS A FIGMENT, ONE WE HAVE RECOURSE TO IN ORDER TO PRIVILEGE TIME OVER CHANGE,


A PRIVILEGING THAT MAKES CHANGE SEEM UNREAL, DERIVATIVE, A MERE APPEARANCE. IN FACT IT IS CHANGE AND ONLY CHANGE WHICH WE EXPERIENCE AS REALITY, TIME BEING BY WAY OF RADICAL CONTRAST UNEXPERIENCED — A MERE INTELLECTUAL CONSTRUCT. THERE EXISTS NO SUCH THING AS A MOMENT. NO “INSTANT” HAS EVER FOR AN INSTANT EXISTED.

 June 9, Monday, [1851](#): Steht auf und empfängt mit Feiergesang for solo voices, chorus and orchestra by Giacomo Meyerbeer to words of Kopisch was performed for the initial time, in honor of the sculptor Christian Rauch who created the monument unveiled May 31st, 1851. The composer Meyerbeer conducted his composition.

The [San Francisco](#) Committee of Vigilance was formed.



June 9. James Wood Senior told me today that Asa? Melvins father told him that he had seen alewives caught (many of them) in the meadow which we were crossing on the west of Bateman's Pond, where now there is no stream, and though it is wet you can walk every where —also are shad— He thinks that a great part of the meadow once belonged to the pond.
Gathered the *Linnæa borealis*

 June 10, Tuesday, [1851](#): The [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#) presented an abundance of “City Intelligence”:

A GOOD WITNESS. — Yesterday morning, daring the examination of a man named Burns, who keeps a groggery on Clark's Point, Barns desired that a witness might be introduced to prove his good character as well as the character of the house. the witness came forward and was sworn, and very formally commenced his statement, saying that he knew Mr. Burns, bad known him for some two years, and knew that he kept a house which was the resort of the worst Sydney thieves in town. Barns being thus taken by surprise, allowed the witness to withdraw without any further interrogation.

CLOSING HOUSES. — There were a number of cases be fore his Honor, of men brought up for violating the city ordinance in regard to closing bar-rooms and gaming-houses at midnight. The penalty of the ordinance was imposed, and the Recorder stated that in all cases of complaints he should issue citations and fine the parties if found guilty of the violation. His Honor will be very apt to have his hands full, as it is the practice of nearly every drinking and gaming house in the city to keep open long after



the hour provided for in the ordinance, and many of the larger ones never close their doors.

RECORDER'S COURT. — His Honor's ten o'clock levee was more fully attended yesterday morning than for any previous day within our recollection, there being no less than thirty-six cases. Black eyes, broken heads and noses lined the dock. Nineteen of the prisoners were arrested in the third district, under the charge of Capt. Harding, and the remainder in the other two districts. There were one or two singular cases which should demand a thorough investigation. One of them was that of a man named McClure, who was arrested under the following circumstances: In company with a friend, he was passing along Broadway on Sunday night, when they entered a groggery, in which soon afterwards, a row was created. McClure was severely beaten, and his friend robbed of a watch. The officer who made the arrest, entered the house, which is one of notoriously bad reputation, and instead of arresting the men engaged in the row, took the party who had been beaten, he having been given in the officer's charge by the rioters themselves, confined him in the station house, and kept him there till morning, when he was of course discharged.

There was a queer case of a German who was arrested as a case of drunk, and, upon his examination, being asked if he spoke English, said "Yes," when the Recorder, in his plain earnest style, proceeded to question him. "Where do you belong?" said the Recorder. "Do n't know," replied the Dutchman. "But where do you work?" "Yes sir," was the answer. "Do you understand me?" again asked his Honor. "Never wash tere in mine life," answered the stolid German, when the Recorder, relaxing the muscles of his face into a sort of smile, called for an interpreter, who conducted the remainder of the case. The Recorder's Court is a place for rich scenes, and an idle hour may be whiled away there very agreeably.

THE THREE BALLS. — This mysterious symbol, this sign of the residence of that venerable individual who dispenses his favors so generously and impartially, "My Uncle," has been raised over an establishment in Kearny street.

THE JENNY LIND. — This new theatre, together with the whole house of Mr. T. Maguire, upon the Plaza, will be opened on Thursday evening. The theatre is a neat little place, and will answer a very good purpose until the magnificent one to be erected on the next lot is finished. On the ground floor is the saloon containing four fine billiard tables, and below is a spacious room containing six splendid bowling alleys. Altogether, this house will be one of the finest in San Francisco.

RUMORED GOLD DISCOVERY. — There was a report in circulation through the city yesterday, that a vein of gold bearing quartz had been discovered in the vicinity of the heads, on the other side, and that the parties who discovered it are about proceeding there with machinery for the purpose of working it. We have not seen any specimens, of which it is said there are several in the city, but we have seen a man who has seen another that has, and he says they are very rich. If this discovery be true the idea of the golden gate will be no fiction, and it may be found that the gate, bars, hinges, latch-string and all are, if not exactly gold themselves, resting on a solid bed of it.

CARELESSNESS. — Yesterday afternoon, a man stopped at the stand of



a Frenchman who sells knives and fancy articles at the corner of Dupont and Pacific streets, and was examining a pistol which was among a number of others and exposed for sale. Wishing to try the lock, he placed a cap on the nipple and blazed away. The pistol proved to have been loaded, and the ball passed directly through the casement of a window in the Polka. Fortunately, however, no one was injured.

A WHALE ASHORE. — A fine whale was driven ashore a few days since, on the long beach outside the Heads, and those who came to California to see the elephant and have failed in the operation, had better compromise and go over and see the whale.

FIRE BELL. — Tho California Engine Co. No. 4, will raise to day a new bell, which they have just purchased The bell was purchased and will be raised by subscription of the company, and will not cost the city a dollar. This action is highly creditable to the company.

DOWN THE COAST. — The popular steamer *Ohio*, Robert Haley, commander, will leave for San Diego and the intermediate ports, this afternoon at 5 o'clock.

DECENCIES AND INDECENCIES OF THE PRESS. — Under the above head the New York Herald reads a quiet lecture to its contemporaries, from which they might learn a useful lesson and correct their taste and courtesy. We copy it, hoping that if any press in California shall ever be tempted to indulge in choice expressions similar to those quoted by the Herald, they may look into them as into a mirror, and seeing their deformity avoid their perpetration. The press falls far, very far, short of its mission when it becomes the vehicle of personal bickerings, slander, malice, or abuse of any kind. It should speak the truth fearlessly and fairly, as gentlemen address each other. The obligation of courtesy is not a whit less, nay, it is far greater upon those who conduct it, than that which is demanded between man and man in the ordinary business and intercourse of life. Says the Herald:

We find much said in our cotemporary [*sic*] journals of Wall street, every now and then, about the indecent and unrespectable conduct of the press, and about the position some newspapers hold as organs of public opinion. Occasionally some of these contemporaries, who would pass for prudes three or four days in the week, out Herod Herod; and even some of the moral journals, as they style themselves, "tear a passion to tatters." The socialist journal, in replying some time ago to the editor of an evening paper, emphatically exclaimed, "You lie, villain, you lie!" Some other newspapers are equally refined in their expressions. One Wall street editor calls another a "knave" and a "tool" — and the other retaliates, with sixpenny dignity, that his assailant is a desperado and "convict." Weed denominates a city editor as "human hyena," and he is called "a dog fiend" by another expressive journal in Wall street.

We have never made pretensions to excel "the world and the rest of mankind," as President Taylor would have said, in prudish expressions; but we can say that never, since the Herald was first published, have we used against our contemporaries such language as defiles the respectable journals, which should never be classed with those "notorious" for their spirit, industry, and talent. We generally propose to do our duty with as direct



1851

1851

a reference to the purity of the atmosphere, and the season of the year as we can command, and never use any instruments to effect our object which may not be necessary to the case in hand. Certainly, we should be sorry to see, even by accident, in our columns, any such violations of decency and decorum as we see every now and then in journals which flatter themselves that they are "respectable."

ROBBERY AT CAMP SECO. — We are indebted to Reynolds & Co.'s Sonora Express for the following communication, for which they will please accept our thanks:

Sonora, June 8th, 1851.

Messrs. Editors — A most daring robbery was perpetrated at Camp Seco last evening. Some five Americans, or white men and Mexicans, entered the store of Mardes, Lippincott & Co., Camp Seco, armed to the teeth. The inmates were all asleep, when, upon a slight noise, they awoke and were astonished to see a man standing over each of them, with a Colt's revolver cocked to their heads, threatening to blow their brains out at the least attempt of alarm. They then demanded their revolvers, and took the safe, weighing some two hundred pounds, containing several thousand dollars, and left. The inmates, as soon as possible after they had gone broke the door down, which the robbers had fastened with an axe, and alarmed the camp. Men soon started out in pursuit, and followed them so closely they had to leave the safe and flee, not having time to break it open. The same men were at the house the day before, and pawned a revolver, which they redeemed a short time after, purposely, it is supposed, to ascertain where the money was kept. Their description I have been unable to get, but will inform you at the first opportunity.

JOANNA BAILLIE. — The Baltimore American; in noticing the death of this gifted woman, remarks:— She is known to the literary world by her works — still more known by the recorded testimony of distinguished contemporaries, who held her in high and respectful estimation. With the most prominent of the literary men of Great Britain she was upon terms of friendly intercourse and meritorious as her writings undoubtedly are she derives her strongest claims to distinction from the profound inspiration with which she inspired such men as Wordsworth and Walter Scott. Her literary pursuits do not seem to have drawn her in any way from the femininity which marked her womanly character, and which led her to prefer a life of retirement to one of excitement on the arena of fame, where she could always have been a "celebrity."



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 10TH]



June 11, Wednesday, 1851: In [San Francisco, California](#), John Jenkins had been "arrested" by a group of citizens who had caught him in the act of stealing a safe and had turned him over to a newly formed Committee of Vigilance. In the span of about 6 hours this Committee of Vigilance "tried" him, condemned him, and [tightened the noose about his neck](#).

The "Vigilance Committee" is at last formed, and in good working order. They hanged at two o'clock this morning upon the plaza

one Jenkins, for stealing a safe. For the particulars of the trial and execution, we refer the reader to a subsequent chapter, where also will be found an account of the other doings of this celebrated association.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

Henry Thoreau continued reading in Charles Darwin's journal of his voyage around the world aboard HMS Beagle:



VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE I

VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE II



When Darwin left England for his round-the-world voyage in 1831, he carried with him a departure gift: Volume I of Lyell's PRINCIPLES, published in its first edition the previous year. Before reaching the Cape Verde Islands, he had already been swept into Lyell's orbit. Thrilled, he preordered copies of Volumes II and III for pickup in ports of call as they were published. So influential was Lyell's thinking during the voyage that Darwin dedicated his JOURNAL OF RESEARCHES to him with this comment: "The chief part of whatever scientific merit this journal and the other works of the author may possess, have been derived from studying the well-known and admirable PRINCIPLES OF GEOLOGY." This dedication may have jumped out at Thoreau when he read it in 1851, because he, himself, had been smitten by Lyell's great book in 1840, eleven years earlier.



JONAS POTTER

June 11, Wednesday: Last night –a beautiful summer night not too warm moon not quite full⁹² –after 2 or 3 rainy days. Walked to Fair Haven by RR returning by Potter's pasture & Sudbury Road. I feared at first that there would be too much white light –like the pale remains of day light – and not a yellow gloomy dreamier light –that it would be like a candle light by day but when I got away from the town & deeper into the night, it was better. I hear whipporwills & see a few fire flies in the meadow

92. The moon would be full on the night of the 12th.



I saw by the shadows cast by the inequalities of the clayey sand-bank in the Deep Cut, that it was necessary to see objects by moon light –as well as sunlight –to get a complete notion of them– This bank had looked much more flat by day when the light was stronger, but now the heavy shadows revealed its prominences. The prominences are light made more remarkable by the dark shadows which they cast.

When I rose out of the deep Cut into the old Pigeon place field, I rose into a warmer stratum of air it being lighter. It told of the day, of sunny noon tide hours, an air in which work had been done – which men had breathed. It still remembered the sunny banks –of the laborer wiping his brow –of the bee humming amid flowers –the hum of insects Here is a puff of warmer air which has taken its station on the hills which has come up from the sultry plains of noon

I hear the nighthawks uttering their squeaking notes high in the air now at nine o'clock PM –and occasionally what I do not remember to have heard so late –their booming note. It sounds more as if under a cope than by day –the sound is not so fugacious going off to be lost amid the spheres but is echoed hollowly to earth –making the low roof of heaven vibrate– a sound is more confused & dissipated by day.

The whipporwill suggests how wide asunder the woods & the town– Its note is very rarely heard by those who live on the street, and then it is thought to be of ill omen –only the dwellers on the outskirts of the village –hear it occasionally– It sometimes comes into their yards– But go into the woods in a warm night at this season –& it is the prevailing sound– I hear now 5 or 6 at once– It is no more of ill omen therefore here than the night & the moonlight are. It is a bird not only of the woods but of the night side of the woods. New beings have usurped the air we breathe –rounding nature filling her crevices with sound– To sleep where you may hear the whipporwill in your dreams.

I hear from this upland from which I see Wachusett by day –a wagon crossing one of the bridges– I have no doubt that in some places to-night I could hear every carriage which crossed a bridge over the river within the limits of concord –for in such an hour & atmosphere the sense of hearing is wonderfully assisted & asserts a new dignity –& become the Hearalls of the story– The late traveller cannot drive his horse across the distant bridge but this still & resonant atmosphere tells the tale to my ear. Circumstances are very favorable to the transmission of such a sound– In the first place planks so placed & struck like a bell swung near the earth emit a very resonant & penetrating sound –add that the bell is in this instance hung over water, and that the night air, not only on account of its stillness, but perhaps on account of its density –is more favorable to the transmission of sound. If the whole town were a raised planked floor –what a din there would be!

I hear some whipporwills on hills –others in thick wooded vales –which ring hollow & cavernous – like an apartment or cellar with their note.– as when I hear the working of some artisan from within an apartment.

I now descend round the corner of the grain field –through the pitch-pine wood in to a lower field, more inclosed by woods –& find my self in a colder damp & misty atmosphere, with much dew on the grass– I seem to be nearer to the origin of things– There is something creative & primal in the cool mist –this dewy mist does not fail to suggest music to me –unaccountably –fertility the origin of things– An atmosphere which has forgotten the sun –where the ancient principle of moisture prevails.

The woodland paths are never seen to such advantage as in a moonlight night so embowered –still opening before you almost against expectation as you walk –you are so completely in the woods & yet your feet meet no obstacles. It is as if it were not a path but an open winding passage through the bushes which your feet find.

Now I go by the spring and when I have risen to the same level as before find myself in the warm stratum again

–The woods are about as destitute of inhabitants at night as the streets in both there will be some night walkers– Their are but few wild creatures to seek their prey. The greater part of its inhabitants have retired to rest.

Ah that life that I have known! How hard it is to remember what is most memorable! We remember how we itched, not how our hearts beat. I can sometimes recall to mind the quality the immortality of my youthful life –but in memory is the only relation to it.

The very cows have now left their pastures & are driven home to their yards –I meet no creature in the fields.

I hear the night singing bird █ breaking out as in his dreams, made so from the first for some mysterious reason.⁹⁵

Our spiritual side takes a more distinct form like our shadow which we see accompanying us

I do not know but I feel less vigor at night –my legs will not carry me so far –as if the night were less favorable to muscular exertion –weakened us somewhat as darkness turns plants pale –but perhaps my experience is to be referred to being already exhausted by the day and I have never tried the experiment fairly. It was so hot summer before last that the Irish laborers on the RR worked by night instead of day for a while –several of them having been killed by the heat & cold water. I do not know but they did as much work as ever by day. Yet methinks nature would not smile on such labors. Only the Hunter’s & Harvest moons are famous –but I think that each full moon deserves to be & has its own character well marked.– One might be called the midsummer night moon
 The wind & water are still awake at night you are sure to hear what wind there is stirring. The wind blows –the river flows without resting– There lies Fair Haven lake undistinguishable from fallen sky.

The pines seem forever foreign; at least to the civilized man –not only their aspect but their scent – & their turpentine.

So still & moderate is the night –no scream is heard whether of fear or joy –no great comedy nor tragedy is being enacted. The chirping of crickets is the most universal if not the loudest sound.

There is no French revolution in Nature.– no excess– She is warmer or colder by a degree or two. By night no flowers –at least no variety of colors– The pinks are no longer pink –they only shine faintly reflecting more light Instead of flowers under foot stars over head.⁹⁴

My shadow has the distinctness of a 2nd person –a certain black companion bordering on the imp – and I ask “Who is this?” Which I see dodging behind me as I am about to sit down on a rock

No one to my knowledge has observed the minute differences in the seasons– Hardly two nights are alike– The rocks do not feel warm tonight for the air is warmest –nor does the sand particularly. A Book of the seasons –each page of which should be written in its own season & out of doors or in its own locality wherever it may be–

When you get into the road though far from the town & feel the sand under your feet –it is as if you had reached your own gravel-walk –you no longer hear the whipporwill nor regard your shadow – for here you expect a fellow traveller– You catch yourself walking merely The road leads your steps & thoughts alike to the town– You see only the path & your thoughts wander from the objects which are presented to your senses– You are no longer in place.

In [Charles Darwins](#) Voyage of a Naturalist round the World –commenced in 1831– He gave to Ehrenberg some of an impalpably fine dust which filled the air at sea near the Cape de Verd Islands



93. This appears to be Thoreau’s first mention of the mysterious night warbler.

94. [William M. White](#)’s version of the journal entry is:

So still and moderate is the night!
No scream is heard, whether of fear or joy.
No great comedy nor tragedy is being enacted.
The chirping of crickets is the most universal,
If not the loudest, sound.
There is no French Revolution in Nature,
No excess.
She is warmer or colder by a degree or two.

By night no flowers,
At least no variety of colors.
The pinks are no longer pink;
They only shine faintly,
Reflecting more light.
Instead of flowers underfoot,
Stars overhead.




& he found it to consist in great part of “infusoria with siliceous shields, and of the siliceous tissue of plants” –found in this 67 dif organic forms.– The infusoria with 2 exceptions inhabitants of fresh water. Vessels have even run on shore owing to the obscurity. Is seen a thousand miles from Africa–

Darwin found particles of stone above a thousandth of an inch square.

Speaking of St. Paul’s Rocks Lat 58’ N Long. 29° 15’ W– “Not a a single plant, not even a lichen, grows on this islet; yet it is inhabited by several insects & spiders. The following list completes, I believe, the terrestrial fauna: a fly (*Olfersia*) living on the booby, and a tick which must have come here as a parasite on the birds; a small brown moth, belonging to a genus that feeds on feathers; a beetle (*Quedius*), and a woodlouse from beneath the dung; and lastly numerous spiders, which I suppose prey on these small attendants and scavengers of the waterfowl. The often-repeated description of the stately palm and other noble tropical plants, then birds, and lastly man, taking possession of the coral islets as soon as formed, in the Pacific, is probably not quite correct; I fear it destroys the poetry of this story, that feather & dirt-feeding and parasitic insects and spiders should be the first inhabitants of newly formed oceanic land.”

At Bahia or San Salvador Brazil took shelter under a tree “so thick that it would never have been penetrated by common English rain” but not so there.

of A partridge [**Ruffed Grouse**  *Bonasa umbellus*?] near the mouth of the Plata– “A man on horse back, by riding round & round in a circle, or rather in a spire, so as to approach closer each time, may knock on the head as many as he pleases.”– refers to Hearne’s Journey, p.383 for “In Arctic North America the Indians catch the Varying Hare by walking spirally round & round it, when on its form: the middle of the day is reckoned the best time, when the sun is high, and the shadow of the hunter not very long”

In the same place

“General Rosas is also a perfect horseman –an accomplishment of no small consequence in a country where an assembled army elected its general by the following trial: A troop of unbroken horses being driven into a corral, were let out through a gateway, above which was a cross-bar: it was agreed whoever should drop from the bar on one of these wild animals, as it rushed out, and should be able, without saddle or bridle, not only to ride it, but also to bring it back to the door of the corral, should be their general. The person who succeeded was accordingly elected, and doubtless made a general fit for such an army. This extraordinary feat has also been performed by Rosas.”

Speaks of the Gaucho sharpening his knife on the back of the armadillo before he kills him.

Alcide d’Orbigny –from 1825 to 33 in S. Am. now (1846) publishing the results on a scale which places him 2d to **Humboldt** among S. Am. travellers.

Hail in Buenos Ayres as large as small apples –killed 13 deer beside ostriches –which last also it blinded. –&c &c Dr Malcomson told him of hail in India in 1831 which “much injured the cattle” Stones flat one ten inches in circumference. passed through windows making round holes.

A difference in the country about Monte Video & somewhere else attributed to the manuring & grazing of the cattle. refers to Atwater as saying that the same thing is observed in the prairies of N. America “where coarse grass, between five and six feet high, when grazed by cattle, changes into common pasture land” V Atwater’s words in Sill. N. A. Journ. V. 1. p 117

I would like to read Azara’s Voyage Speaks of the fennel & the cardoon (*Cynara cardunculus*) introduced from Europe, now very common in those parts of S. America. The latter occurs now on both sides the Cordillera, across the Continent. In Banda Oriental alone “very many (probably several hundred) square miles are covered by one mass of these prickly plants, and are impenetrable by man or beast. Over the undulating plains, where these great beds occur, nothing else can now live. – – I doubt whether any case is on record of an invasion on so grand a scale of one plant over the aborigines.”

Horses first landed at the La Plata in 1535 Now these, with cattle & sheep have altered the whole aspect of the country vegetation &c.– “The wild pig in some parts probably replaces the peccari; packs of wild dogs may be heard howling on the wooded banks of the less frequented streams; and the common cat, altered into a large and fierce animal, inhabits rocky hills.”

At sea eye being 6 ft above level horizon is $2^{4/5}$ miles dist. “In like manner, the more level the plain, the more nearly does the horizon approach within these narrow limits; and this, in my opinion, entirely destroys that grandeur which one would have imagined that a vast level plain would have possessed.”

Darwin found a tooth of a *native horse* contemporary with the mastodon –on the Pampas of Buenos Ayres –though he says there is good evidence against any horse living in America at the time of Columbus– He speaks of their remains being common in N America. Owen has found Darwin’s





tooth similar to one Lyell brought from the U States –but unlike any other fossil or living & named this American horse *equus curvidens* –from a slight but peculiar curvature in it.

The great table land of Southern Mexico makes the division between N & S America with ref. to the migration of animals

Quotes Capt. Owen's Surveying voyage for saying that at the town of Benguela on the west coast of Africa in a time of great drought a number of elephants entered in a body to possess themselves of the wells, after a desperate conflict & the loss of one man the inhabitants –3000 –drove them off. During a great drought in India says Dr Malcomson, "a hare drank out of a vessel held by the adjutant of the regiment."

The Guanacos wild llama –& other animals of this genus –have the habit of dropping their dung from day to day in the same heap– The Peruvian Indians use it for fuel and are thus aided in collecting it. Rowing up a stream which takes its rise in a mountain you meet at last with pebbles which have been washed down from it when many miles distant. I love to think of this kind of introduction to it.

The only quadruped native to the Falkland Islands is a large wolf-like fox. As far as he is aware, "there is no other instance in any part of the world of so small a mass of broken land, distant from a continent, possessing so large an aboriginal quadruped peculiar to itself."

In the Falkland Isles where other fuel is scarce they frequently cook their beef with the bones from which the meat has been scraped

Also They have "a green little bush about the size of common heath, which has the useful property of burning while fresh & green."

Saw a cormorant play with its fishy prey as a cat with a mouse, 8 times let it go & dive after it again. Seminal propagation produces a more original individual than that by buds layers & grafts.

Some inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego having got some putrid whale's blubber in time of famine "an old man cut off thin slices and muttering over them, broiled them for a minute, and distributed them to the famished party, who during this time preserved a profound silence." This was the only evidence of any religious worship among them. It suggests that even the animals may have something divine in them & akin to revelation. Some inspiration, allying them to man as to God.

"Nor is it easy to teach them our superiority except by striking a fatal blow. Like wild beasts they do not appear to compare numbers; for each individual, if attacked, instead of retiring, will endeavor to dash your brains out with a stone, as certainly as a tiger under similar circumstances would tear you."

"We were well clothed, and though sitting close to the fire, were far from too warm; yet these naked savages, though further off, were observed, to our great surprise, to be streaming with perspiration at undergoing such a roasting."

Ehrenberg examined some of the white paint with which the Fuegians daub themselves –and found it to be composed of infusoria, including 14 polygastrica, and 4 phytolitharia, inhabitants of fresh water –all old & known forms!!

Again of the Fuegians "Simple circumstances –such as the beauty of scarlet cloth or blue beads, the absence of women, our care in washing ourselves –excited their admiration far more than any grand or complicated object, such as our ship. Bougainville has well remarked concerning these people, that they treat the "chef-d'oeuvres de l'industrie humaine, comme ils traitent les loix de la nature, et ses phénomènes."

He was informed of a tribe of foot-Indians now changing into horse-Indians –apparently in Patagonia.

"With the exception of a few berries, chiefly of a dwarf arbutus, the natives (i.e. of T. del-Fuego) eat no Vegetable food besides this fungus." [Cyttaria Darwinii] the "only country where a cryptogamic plant affords a staple article of food."

No reptiles in T. del Fuego nor in Falkland Islands.

Describes a species of kelp there –*Macrocystis pyrifera*– "I know few things more surprising than to see this plant growing and flourishing amidst those great breakers of the Western Ocean, which no mass of rock, let it be ever so hard, can long resist. – – A few [stems] taken together are sufficiently strong to support the weight of the large loose stones to which, in the inland channels, they grow attached; and yet some of these stones were so heavy that when drawn to the surface, they could scarcely be lifted into a boat by one person." Capt. Cook thought that some of it grew to the length of 360 ft "The beds of this sea-weed even when not of great breadth," says D. "make excellent natural floating breakwaters. It is quite curious to see, in an exposed harbor, how soon the waves from the open sea, as they travel through the straggling stems, sink in height, and pass into smooth water."

Number of living creatures of all orders whose existence seems to depend on the kelp –a volume

might be written on them. If a forest were destroyed anywhere so many species would not perish as if this weed were –& with the fish would go many birds & larger marine animals, and hence the Fuegian himself perchance.

Tree-ferns in [Van Diemen's Land](#) (Lat 45°) 6 feet in circ.

Missionaries encountered icebergs in Patagonia in lat. corresponding to the Lake of Geneva, in a season corresponding to June in Europe. In Europe –the most southern glacier which comes down to the sea is on coast of Norway lat 67° 20° or 1230 nearer the pole.


erratic boulders not observed in the inter tropical parts of the world.– due to ice-bergs or glaciers.

Under Soil perpetually frozen in N. A. in 56° at 3 feet in Siberia in 62° at 12 to 15 ft

In an excursion from Valparaiso to the base of the Andes– “We unsaddled our horses near the spring and prepared to pass the night. The evening was fine, and the atmosphere so clear, that the masts of the vessels at anchor in the bay of Valparaiso, although no less than 26 geographical miles distant, could be distinguished clearly as little black streaks.”


Anson had been surprised at the distance at which his vessels were discovered from the coast without knowing the reason –the great height of the land and the transparency of the air.

Floating islands from 4 to 6 ft thick in lake Tagua-tagua in central Chile –blown about.

 June 12, Thursday, [1851](#): [Victor Hugo](#) was fined and imprisoned for writing against [capital punishment](#) (well, thank God, at least the French government didn't chop off his head — which would have perhaps amounted to “overkill”).



June 12, Thursday: Listen to music religiously as if it were the last strain you might hear. There would be this advantage in travelling in your own country even in your own neighborhood, that you would be so thoroughly prepared to understand what you saw– You would make fewer traveller's mistakes. Is not he hospitable who entertains thoughts?

 June 13, Friday, [1851](#): Idyllen op.95, a waltz by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the initial time, in the Volksgarten, Vienna.

Professor Robert M. Thorson argues, on his page 131, that between “Walden I” and “Walden II” (which is to say, between versions A, B, and C of the “Walden; or, Life in the Woods” manuscript created during 1846-1849, and versions D, E, F, and G, created during 1852-1854), [Henry Thoreau](#) was shifting from “science light” to “science heavy” under the influence of his reading of [Charles Darwin](#)'s journal of his travels around the world on HMS *Beagle*. Why has this not been noticed prior to the 2013 publication of WALDEN'S SHORE: HENRY DAVID THOREAU AND NINETEENTH-CENTURY SCIENCE? –Because, it seems, the commentators have been scientifically biased — “biased by their biophilia: emphasizing the prefix ‘eco,’ rather than the prefix ‘geo.’” Henceforth, for Thoreau, “Depth, not breadth, would be his goal” (page 132). The break comes precisely with the moonlight walk Thoreau took south from the village of Concord along the railroad tracks:

“As I entered the deep cut I was affected by beholding the first faint reflection of genuine & unmixed moonlight on the eastern sand bank while the horizon yet red with day was tinging the western side– What an interval –between those two lights! The light of the moon in what age of the world does that fall upon the earth? The moon light –was as the earliest & dewy morning light & the daylight tinge reminded me much more of the night.– There were the old & new dynasties opposed contrasted –and an interval between which time could not span.– Then is night when the daylight yields to the night light It suggested an interval a distance not recognized in history. Nations have flourished in that light.”

This was the period, according to Professor Thorson, during which Thoreau was becoming fully cognizant of “the depth of geological time.”

“Within a month, and aided by deep snow, Thoreau finally arrived at an explanation that had the potential to account for all these odd features: [quoting from the journal for February 3, 1852] ‘It looks as if the snow and all of the arctic world, travelling like a glacier, had crept down southward and overwhelmed and buried New England.’”

Inspired by something that [Thoreau](#) wrote in his journal on this day, “I saw a distant river by moon light making no noise, yet flowing as by day — still to the sea, like melted silver reflecting the moon light,” [Billy Renkl](#) would create a work of art (on a following screen).



June 13. Walked to Walden last night (moon not quite full) by rail-road & upland wood path, returning by Wayland Road. Last full moon⁹⁵ the elms had not leaved out, cast no heavy shadows & their outlines were less striking & rich in the streets at night. (I noticed a night before night before last from Fair Haven how valuable was some water by moonlight like the river & Fair Haven pond though far away —reflecting the light with a faint glimmering sheen, as in the spring of the year The water shines with an inward light like a heaven on earth. The silent depth & serenity & majesty of water —strange that men should distinguish gold & diamonds —when these precious elements are so common. I saw a distant river by moon light making no noise, yet flowing as by day — still to the sea, like melted silver reflecting the moon light — far away it lay encircling the earth How far away it may look in the night and even from a low hill how miles away down in the valley! As far off off as Paradise and the delectable country! There is a certain glory attends on water by night. By it the heavens are related to the earth— Undistinguishable from a sky beneath you— And I forgot to say that after I reach the road by Potters barns —or further by potters Brook —I saw the moon sudden reflected full from a pool— A puddle from which you may see the moon reflected —& the earth dissolved under your feet.



The magical moon with attendant stars suddenly looking up with mild lustre from a window in the dark earth.

I observed also the same night a halo about my shadow in the moon light, which I referred to the accidentally lighter color of the surrounding surface, I transferred my shadow to the darkest patches of grass & saw the halo there equally. It serves to make the outlines of the shadow more distinct.) But now for last night —A few fireflies in the meadow— Do they shine though invisibly by day? —is there candle lighted by day?

It is not night fall till the whipperwills [[Whip-poor-will](#)  [Caprimulgus vociferus](#)] begin to sing.—

95. The previous full moon had been on May 13th.



As I entered the deep cut I was affected by beholding the first faint reflection of genuine & unmixed moonlight on the eastern sand bank while the horizon yet red with day was tinging the western side—
What an interval —between those two lights! The light of the moon in what age of the world does that fall upon the earth? The moon light —was as the earliest & dewy morning light & the daylight tinge reminded me much more of the night.— There were the old & new dynasties opposed contrasted —and an interval between which time could not span.— Then is night when the daylight yields to the night light It suggested an interval a distance not recognized in history. Nations have



flourished in that light.

When I had climbed the sand bank on the left –I felt the warmer current or stratum of air on my cheek like a blast from a furnace.

The white stems of the pines which reflected the weak light –standing thick & close together while their lower branches were gone, reminded me that the pines are only larger grasses which rise to a chaffy head –& we the insects that crawl between them.⁹⁶ They are particularly grass-like.

How long do the gales retain the heat of the sun! I find them retreated high up the sides of hills, especially on open fields or cleared places. Does perchance any of this pregnant air survive the dews of night?– Can any of it be found remembering the sun of yesterday even in the morning hours. Does perchance some puff some blast survive the night on elevated clearings surrounded by the forest?

The bull-frog belongs to summer The different frogs mark the seasons pretty well– The peeping hyla –the dreaming frog & the bull frog –I believe that all may be heard at last occasionally together. I heard partridges [**Ruffed Grouse** **Bonasa umbellus**] drumming to night as late as 9 o'clock– What singularly –space penetrating & filling sound –! why am I never nearer to its source!

We do not commonly live our life out & full –we do not fill all our pores with our blood –we do not inspire & expire fully & entirely enough so that the wave the comber of each inspiration shall break upon our extremest shores –rolling till it meets the sand which bounds us –& the sound of the surf come back to us. Might not a bellows assist us to breathe. That our breathing should create a wind in a calm day. We do not live but a quarter part of our life –why do we not let on the flood –raise the gates –& set all our wheels in motion– He that hath ears to hear let him hear. Employ your senses. The newspapers tell us of news not to be named even with that in its own kind which an observing man can pick up in a solitary walk.– as if it gained some importance & dignity by its publicness. Do we need to be advertised each day that such is still the routine of life?⁹⁷ The tree-toad's too is a summer sound.

I hear just as the night sets in faint notes from time to time from some sparrow? falling asleep. A vesper hymn– And later in the woods the chuckling rattling sound of some unseen bird on the near trees.

The Night hawk booms wide awake.

By moonlight we see not distinctly even the surface of the earth –but our daylight experience supplies us with confidence.

As I approached the pond down hubbard's path (after coming out of the woods into a warmer air) I saw the shimmering of the moon on its surface –and in the near now flooded cove the water-bugs darting circling about made streaks or curves of light. The moon's inverted pyramid of shimmering light commenced about 20 rods off –like so much micaceous sand– But I was startled to see midway in the dark water a bright flame like more than phosphorescent light crowning the crests of the wavelets which at first I mistook for fire flies & and thought even of cucullos [the *cucuyo*, a West Indian firefly]– It had the appearance of a pure smokeless flame ¹/₂ dozen inches long issuing from the water & bending flickeringly along its surface– I thought of St Elmo's lights & the like –but coming near to the shore of the pond itself –these flames increased & I saw that it was so many broken reflections of the moon's disk, though one would have said they were of an intenser light than the moon herself –from contrast with the surrounding water they were– Standing up close to the shore & nearer the rippled surface I saw the reflections of the moon sliding down the watery concave like so many lustrous burnished coins poured from a bag –with inexhaustible lavishness –& the lambent flames on the surface were much multiplied seeming to slide along a few inches with each

96. William M. White's version of the journal entry is:

*The white stems of the pines,
Which reflected the weak light, standing thick and close together
While their lower branches were gone,
Reminded me that the pines are only larger grasses
Which rise to a chaffy head,
And we the insects that crawl between them.*



wave before they were extinguished –& I saw how farther & farther off they gradually merged in the general sheen which in fact was made up of a myriad little mirrors reflecting the disk of the moon – with equal brightness to an eye rightly placed. The pyramid or sheaf of light which we see springing from near where we stand only –in fact is the outline of that portion of the shimmering surface which an eye takes in –to myriad eyes suitably placed, the whole surface of the pond would be seen to shimmer, or rather it would be seen as the waves turned up their mirrors to be covered with those bright flame like reflections of the moon’s disk like a myriad candles every where issuing from the waves –i.e. if there were as many eyes as angles presented by the waves –and these reflections are dispersed in all directions into the atmosphere flooding it with light– No wonder that water reveals itself so far by night –even further in many states of the atmosphere than by day. (I thought it first it some unusual phosphorescence. In some positions these flames were star like points brighter than the brightest stars. Suddenly a flame would show itself in a near and dark space precisely like some inflammable gass on the surface. As if an inflammable gass made its way up from the bottom. I heard my old musical –simple-noted owl. The sound of the *dreaming* frogs prevails over the others. Occasionally a bull-frog near me made a obscene noise a sound like an eructation near me. I think they must be imbodied eructations. They suggest flatulency. The pond is higher than ever –so as to hinder fishermen –& I could hardly get to the true shore here on account of the bushes I pushed out in a boat a little & heard the chopping of the waves under its bow. And on the bottom I saw the moving reflections of the shining waves –faint streaks of light revealing the shadows of the waves or the opaqueness of the water– As I climbed the hill again toward my old beanfield –I listened to the ancient familiar immortal dear cricket sound under all others –hearing at first some distinct chirps –but when these ceased –I was aware of the general earth song which my hearing had not heard amid which these were only taller

97. Later [Thoreau](#) would use this in his early lecture “[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT](#)” as:

[Paragraph 75] The news-papers tell us news not to be named even with that of its own kind, which an observing man can pick up on a solitary walk. As if it gained any importance and dignity by its publicness! Or do we need to be advertised each day that such is the

**BRAD DEAN’S
COMMENTARY**

We may well note that when a current authority, Professor Thomas C. Leonard, associate dean of the Graduate School of Journalism at UC–Berkeley, went to deliver a paper on “News at the Hearth: A Drama of Reading in Nineteenth-Century America” at a conference on “Iconography and the Culture of the Book” at the American Antiquarian Society, June 14-15, 1991, and desired to quickly characterize [Thoreau](#)’s advice to “the Americans Thoreau worried about” in regard to their democratic (demographic?) practice of the regular perusal of newspapers in order then to pass quickly on to more serious issues, and desired to stand and deliver this cheap characterization and slight treatment in a “humorously” demeaning manner –merely to dismiss Thoreau’s advice as unworthy of serious consideration and as therefore appropriately received by a public that “did not take this advice” – in the opening paragraph of his peroration he chose not the above advice which Thoreau had repeated and published, advice which had in fact been made available to lyceum audiences and reading publics (and certainly not the radically hostile analysis which Thoreau had made on April Fool’s Day of this year of 1851, that “the press is almost without exception corrupt. ... Almost without exception the tone of the press is mercenary & servile ... the **free** men of New England have only to –refrain from purchasing & reading these sheets”), but instead another passage, a passage from the JOURNAL which was of course unavailable, as follows:

‘Do not read the newspapers,’ Henry David Thoreau said, ‘if you chance to live and move and have your being in that thin stratum in which the events which make the news transpire – thinner than the paper on which it is printed, – then these things will fill the world for you....’ Circulation figures show that Americans did not take this advice. But what evidence is there for the psychological impact of news in print? One way to study the Americans Thoreau worried about is to look at pictures of people burying their heads in the news.

And, having thus exhausted what Thoreau had to offer, the good journalism professor moved on to the important matter he had at hand, a fascinatingly inconclusive and uninteresting reading of old portraits of people reading newspapers.



1851

1851

flowers in a bed –and I wondered if behind or beneath this there was not some other chant yet more universal. Why do we not hear when this begins in the spring? & when it ceases in the fall! –or is it too gradual.

After I have got into the road I have no thought to record –all the way home– The walk is comparatively barren. The leafy elm sprays seem to droop more by night!?

GOD IN CONCORD by Jane Langton © 1992

Viking Penguin

wanted meaningful prose. He went to Thoreau's journal as to a medicine cabinet and opened the second volume at random.

As I climbed the hill again toward my old bean-field, I listened to the ancient, familiar, immortal, dear cricket sound under all others, hearing at first some distinct chirps; but when these ceased I was aware of the general earth-song, and I wondered if behind or beneath this there was not some other chant yet more universal.

Ah, that was speech. that was English speech.

Mary was not at home to complain to. Warmed by the tonic of Thoreau's language, Homer got back in his car and drove to the parking lot at Walden Pond. Striding across the road into the woods, he found his way to the place that had once been the beanfield. It was covered now by the successors of the trees Thoreau had planted when he left the pond.

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GOD IN CONCORD by Jane Langton © 1992

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Homer leaned against one of them and listened. Above him he heard the creaking of the trunk, the wind in the leaves making a sound like the sea. There was no birdsong, no thrilling unfamiliar note that might be a wood thrush. But the crickets were making their midsummer chant, their strong mutual pulse, all in the same rhythm. It was older than he was, older than Thoreau, older than Walden Pond, older perhaps than the great chunk of ice that had hollowed out the basin and filled it with water. In the broad sweep of geologic time, the small human turbulences afflicting these few square miles of Massachusetts were nothing. Someday all the people shouting so angrily at each other in the woods around the pond would be gone. But the crickets would still be there, singing their earth-song, telling of antediluvian and everlasting things, praising the brightness of the moon, the light of the stars, the survival of insects.

Penguin Books USA Inc.

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June 14, Saturday, 1851: Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion published a nicely colored picture of Morro Castle in the harbor of Havana, Cuba:



CONSULT THE WIKIPEDIA

Herrmann-Polka op.91 by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#) was performed for the initial time, in the Sperl Ballroom, Vienna.

[John James Babson](#) got married a 2d time, with Lydia Ann Mason, daughter of Alpheus Mason (the couple would produce a son, [John James Babson](#)).

The Hudson River railroad was extended north as far as Hudson.

HISTORY OF RR

[Charley Wesley Slack](#) wrote from Sackets Harbor, New York to Evelina E. Vannevar Slack in Chelsea, Massachusetts, describing his trip to New-York and then north and west.

In [San Francisco, California](#):

Scarcely had the citizens time to breathe after their recent exertions at the fire of the 4th of May, and the labors which



followed in erecting new buildings in room of those destroyed, when again the terrible cry of fire rang in their ears. This was the third conflagration to which the city had been subjected, and its ravages exceeded even those of the two previous great fires united, being estimated at nearly five millions' worth of property. These successive losses would surely have broken the spirit of any people but Americans, and for a time indeed sank even theirs. But in proportion to the unusual depression was the almost immediate reaction, and the ruined citizens began forthwith to lay the foundations of new fortunes instead of those so cruelly destroyed. The fire, which arose from some defect in the chimney of the house where it broke out, began about eight o'clock in the morning, in a bakery, which was in a small wooden back building, between Sacramento and Clay streets, and in the rear of the Merchants' Hotel. The wind was high at the time, and the flames soon spread on all sides. In a few hours, the whole space situated between Clay, California and Kearny streets, down to the edge of the water, was one mass of flame; and, with few exceptions, all the buildings and goods lying within these extensive bounds, were totally consumed. The individual losses were very severe; and these occurring so shortly after the two preceding great fires, had the effect of reducing many citizens, previously wealthy, to poverty. But as the spider, whose web is again and again destroyed, will continue to spin new ones while an atom of material or a spark of life remains in its body, so did the inhabitants set themselves industriously to work to rear new houses and a new town. In the space of a few weeks the burned districts were covered over with other buildings, many of which were erected of far more substantial materials than before. Sad experience had taught the people that although the cost of fire-proof, brick structures was much greater at first than the old wooden ones, yet in the end, they were cheaper and better. From this time forward, we therefore begin to notice, that the street architecture gradually assumed a new and grander appearance. This was one good consequence of the repeated fires; while another was the immediate formation and organization of numerous hook and ladder, engine and hose companies. Many municipal ordinances regarding these companies and the establishment and completion of wells and reservoirs in various parts of the city, were likewise the result of these successive disasters. During all this month, the community was kept in a state of excessive excitement, arising from certain extraordinary proceedings on the part of the Common Council. The members had not been long in office, when they nearly unanimously passed an ordinance providing for the payment of certain salaries to themselves and the chief municipal officers. The mayor, recorder, and some others, were to be paid annually the sum of ten thousand dollars, while the sixteen principal and assistant aldermen were each to receive six thousand. The salaries of the municipal officials were perhaps not more than were necessary at the period, since these gentlemen had really much work to do, while all their time was supposed to be passed in the service of the city; but it was considered by the citizens generally, that to bestow six thousand dollars a year upon sixteen private persons, for only two evening meetings in each week, was extravagant and ridiculous. As one of the speakers at a subsequent public meeting said, people in foreign countries, when they heard of



such a thing, would be apt to call it "a California lie." More especially the proposed aldermanic allowance seemed monstrous and unjust, from the fact that the city was then much embarrassed in pecuniary affairs, and that certain most obnoxious and heavy taxes were proposed to be laid upon the inhabitants. Many public meetings of the citizens were held on the subject, at which resolutions strongly condemnatory of the council's proceedings were passed. One of these meetings took place on the plaza on the evening of the 5th of June, and was the largest that had ever assembled in [San Francisco](#) for any purpose. From three to four thousand people attended. General John Wilson was appointed president. After some introductory discussion, several resolutions were adopted by acclamation, the essence of which was this, - that we "instruct our mayor and common council to abandon the scheme of high salaries, and to remodel the schedule of oppressive taxation, as shadowed forth by their recent action; and unless they are willing to do so, to resign and give place to more patriotic and efficient men." A committee of twenty-five were then appointed to wait on the council and present a copy of the resolutions, and to request an answer to the same. The gentlemen composing the committee were Messrs. Wilson, Folsom, Crane, Post, Stoutenburg, Howard, Cooke, Kelly, Yale, Syme, Retan, Robinson, Courson, Robertson, Duubar, Leonard, Minor, Parcells, Osborne, Wells, Duff, Parlon, Wakeman and Meacham. The committee named, accordingly, through their chairman, Captain J. L. Folsom, presented the resolutions to the council. These the aldermen, who appeared determined to carry matters through with a high hand, received very coldly, and ordered them to lie indefinitely on the table. This not being deemed a sufficient answer by the committee, another "mass" and "indignation meeting" was called by them for the evening of 12th June; which was held on the plaza and was very numerously attended. Again General Wilson filled the chair. The report of the committee having been read, and the supposed "insolence of office" duly animadverted upon, the meeting, considering the "disrespect and insult" which their former representatives had met with, unanimously reappointed them as a committee, with power to increase their number to five hundred, and instructed them again to present the old resolutions to the council in such form as they should think fit. The committee thus fortified, afterwards chose the additional members, and fixed the evening of the 14th, when they should all march in procession to the place of meeting of the common council, and there again submit the "sovereign will" of the people to the aldermen, and require their prompt obedience to the same. On that day the great conflagration just noticed took place; and farther action on the subject of the high salaries and obnoxious taxation ordinances was indefinitely postponed. Popular excitement took a new direction in consequence of the fire; and, excepting in the columns of the Herald newspaper, and among a few testy individuals, little more was said on the matter till some months afterwards, when the question was revived. The previous meetings, however, had the effect of causing the obnoxious license ordinance to be withdrawn for a time. In the end, the salaries of both the municipal officers and the common council were reduced, the latter being ultimately fixed at four thousand dollars. It is due to Col. Geary, mayor of the city, to observe, that from the beginning he opposed the payment of salaries to



the members of the Boards of Aldermen, and at last vetoed the bill allowing them four thousand dollars each. His message, on returning the ordinance, unapproved, was a highly creditable document. After declaring that the ordinance in question was in direct opposition to the wishes of the people, whose will had been made known to the aldermen in the most emphatic manner, which he averred it was the duty of the latter to obey, he uses the following language: "Another view which presents itself with great force to my mind, in interpreting the executive right to arrest the ordinance in question, is that of expediency. With great unanimity a financial measure has been adopted to provide for the immediate payment of the city's indebtedness, by means of a loan of half a million of dollars. It is of the greatest importance to the interests of the city, that that measure should be made to succeed at the earliest possible moment. In my deliberate judgment its success would be injuriously impeded, if not entirely defeated, by associating with the proposition for a loan, an ordinance to appropriate so large a proportion of the amount demanded as sixty-four thousand dollars, to the payment of a class of officers whose services are usually rendered without any other remuneration than the honor conferred by their fellow-citizens, and their participation in the general good which it is their province and duty to promote. It could not fail to weaken our public credit to show a purpose to use it for the payment of salaries never contemplated by the people, especially in view of the admitted necessity for the practice of the most rigid economy, in order to complete by means of all the resources and credit we possess the public works in progress or in contemplation. With scarcely a dollar in the public treasury-without the means of discharging even the interest falling due for the scrip already issued-the city credit impaired, and general bankruptcy staring us in the face, retrenchment should be the order of the day, rather than the opening up of new modes of making enormous and heretofore unknown expenditures." This act of the mayor was universally and heartily applauded by the people, and received the highest commendation of the entire press; while, on the other hand, it received the severest censures of the aldermen themselves, who not only passed the ordinance by a legal number of votes despite the mayor's veto, but for a long time refused to grant a salary to his honor. The sudden and angry burst of popular feeling on this subject led, the following year, to a provision in the new charter, then granted by the Legislature to the city, which declared that henceforward the members of the Common Council should not be entitled to any compensation for their services.

JULY 1st.-From the shipping lists published in the daily newspapers, it appears that about this time there were five hundred and twenty-six vessels lying in the port, the greater number of which were ships and barques, the remainder being brigs and schooners.- Besides these, there were at least one hundred large square-rigged vessels lying at Benicia, Sacramento, and Stockton. Long before this time many of the old seamen who had deserted their ships had returned from the mines, and there was no difficulty in procuring crews for departing vessels, upon paying them the ordinary high wages of the time.

JULY 4th.-Another grand celebration of independence-day. This was particularly distinguished by the erection on the plaza of a magnificent flagstaff, or liberty-pole, which Messrs. S.

Coffin and W. W. Chapman, on behalf of the citizens of Portland, Oregon, had presented to the citizens of [San Francisco](#), and which was received by the mayor, Col. J.W. Geary. The length of this pole is one hundred and eleven feet. It is one foot in diameter at the bottom, tapering regularly to about three inches at the other end, and is as straight as an arrow. This is perhaps the longest and most faultlessly straight pole that is known, although the presenters apologized that no longer one had been sent, on account of the inconvenience of shipping a stick of larger dimensions. The old pole which used to stand on the plaza from Mexican days, and upon which the first American flag was hoisted, had been removed on the 7th of June preceding, and was erected in front of the custom-house, at the corner of Montgomery and California streets. The custom-house, occupied by Col. James Collier, then collector of the port, was a new four-story brick building, and the most imposing edifice in the city. It was destroyed by fire on the 4th of May, 1851, as was also the old liberty-pole.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



June 14, Saturday: Full moon last night. Set out on a walk to Conantum at 7 pm. A serene evening –the sun going down behind clouds, a few white or slightly shaded piles of clouds floating in the eastern sky –but a broad clear mellow cope left for the moon to rise into– An evening for poets to describe. Met a man driving home his cow from pasture and stopping to chat with his neighbor.–

Then a boy who had set down his pail in the road to stone a bird most perseveringly –whom I heard afterward behind me telling his pail to be quiet in a tone of assumed anger because it squeaked under his arm.– As I proceed along the back Road I hear the lark still singing in the meadow. & the bobolink –& the Goldrobin on the elms & the swallows twittering about the barns. A small bird chasing a crow high in the air who is going home at night All nature is in an expectant attitude–

Before Goodwin’s House –at the opening of the Sudbury Road The swallows are diving at a tortoise shell cat who curvets & frisks rather awkwardly as if she did not know whether to be scared or not– And now having proceeded a little way down this Road, the sun having buried himself in the low cloud in the west and hung out his crimson curtains How quietly we entertain the possibility of joy –of –re creation, of light into our souls –we should be more excited at the pulling of a tooth.

I hear while sitting by the wall the sound of the stake driver⁹⁸ at a distance –like that made by a man pumping in a neighboring farm yard –watering his cattle –or like chopping wood before his door on a frosty morning –& I can imagine him driving a stake in a meadow– The pumper– I immediately went in search of the bird –but after going ¹/₃ a mile it did not sound much nearer –and the two parts of the sound did not appear to proceed from the same place– What is the peculiarity of these sounds which penetrates so far on the keynote of nature. At last I got near to the brook in the meadow behind Hubbard’s wood, but I could not tell if were further or nearer than that– When I got within half a dozen rods of the brook it ceased –and I heard it no more– I suppose that I scared it. As before I was further off than I thought –so now I was nearer than I thought. It is not easy to understand how so small a creature can make so loud a sound by merely sucking in or throwing out water –with pump-like lungs– As yet no moon but downy piles of cloud scattered here and there in the expectant sky. Saw a blue flag blossom in the meadow while waiting for the stake driver.

It was a sound as of gulping water.

Where my path crosses the brook in the meadow there is a singularly sweet scent in the heavy air bathing the brakes where the brakes grow– The fragrance of the earth –as if the dew were a distillation of the fragrant essences of nature. When I reach the road The farmer going home from town invites me to ride in his high-set wagon –not thinking why I walk –nor can I shortly explain–

He remarks on the coolness of the weather. The angelica is budded a handsome luxuriant plant. And now my senses are captivated again by a sweet fragrance as I enter the embowered willow

JOHN GOODWIN

CAT

98. The “stake driver” is the American Bittern [[Botaurus lentiginosus](#)].



causeway –and I know not if it be from a particular plant or all to together–Sweet-scented vernal grass –or sweet briar– Now the sun is fairly gone –& I hear the dreaming frog & the whipperwill [*Caprimulgus vociferus*] from some *darker* wood. It is not far from 8. & the cuckoo. The song-sparrows sing quite briskly among the willows –as if it were spring again –& the blackbirds harsher note resounds over the meadow, and the veery’s comes up from the wood. Fishes are dimpling the surface of the river –seizing the insects which alight –a solitary fisherman in his boat inhabits the scene. As I rise the hill beyond the bridge, I found myself in a cool fragrant dewey up country mountain morning air –a new region– (When I had issued from the willows onto the bridge it was like coming out of night into twilight the river reflected so much light) The moon was now seen rising over fair haven & at the same time reflected in the river –pale & white like a silvery cloud –barred with a cloud not promising how it will shine anon Now I meet an acquaintance coming from a remote field in his hay-rigging with a jag of wood –who reins up to show me how large a wood chuck he has killed, which he found eating his clover. But now he must drive on, for behind comes a boy taking up the whole road with a huge roller drawn by a horse –which goes lumbering & bouncing along –getting out of the way of night, and making such a noise as if it had the contents of a tinker shop in its bowels –& rolls the whole road like a newly sown grain field.

In conants orchard I hear the faint cricket-like song of a sparrow –saying its vespers –as if it were a link between the cricket & the bird– The robin sings now though the moon shines silverly –and the veery jingles its trille

I hear the fresh & refreshing sound of falling water –as I have heard it in new Hampshire– It is a sound we do not commonly hear.

I see that the white weed is in blossom which as I had not walked by day for some time I had not seen before.

How moderate –deliberate is nature –how gradually the shades of night gather & deepen giving man ample leisure to bid farewell to day –conclude his day’s affairs & prepare for slumber.– The twilight seems out of proportion to the length of the day– Perchance it saves our eyes. Now for some hours the farmers have been getting home.

Since the alarm about mad dogs a couple of years ago –there are comparatively few left to bark at the traveller & bay the moon.

All nature is abandoned to me.

You feel yourself your body your legs more at night –for there is less beside to be distinctly known –& hence perhaps you think yourself more tired than you are.– I see indistinctly oxen asleep in the fields –silent in majestic slumber –like the sphinx –statuesque Egyptian reclining. What solid rest –how their heads are supported! A sparrow or a cricket makes more noise. From conants summit I hear as many as 15 whipperwills –or whip-or-I-will’s at once –the succeeding cluck –sounding strangely foreign like a hewer at work elsewhere.

The moon is accumulating yellow light & triumphing over the clouds –but still the west is suffused here & there with a slight red tinge –marking the path of the day. Though inexperienced ones might call it night, it is not yet– Dark heavy clouds lie along the western horizon exhibiting the forms of animals and men –while the moon is behind a cloud. Why do we detect these forms so readily –? Whales or giants reclining busts of heroes –Michael Angelic. There is the gallery of statuary the picture gallery of man –not a board upon an Italian’s head but these dark figures along the horizon. The board some Titan carries on his head– What firm & heavy outlines for such soft & light material!

How sweet & encouraging it is to hear the sound of some artificial music from the midst of woods or from the top of a hill at night –borne on the breeze from some distant farm house –the human voice or a flute– That is a civilization one can endure –worth having– I could go about the world listening for the strains of music. Men use this gift but sparingly methinks. What should we think of a bird which had the gift of song but sang but used it only once in a dozen years! like the tree which blossoms only once in a century. Now the daw bug comes humming by the first I have heard this year. In 3 month It will be the harvest moon –I cannot easily believe it. Why not call this the Traveller’s Moon? It would be as true to call the last (the May) the Planter’s moon as it is to call Septembers the Harvest moon– For the farmers use one about as little as the other. Perhaps this is the Whippoorwill’s Moon. The bull-frog now which I have not heard before this evening –it is nearly 9– They are much less common & their note more intermittent than that of the dreamers.

I scared up a bird on a *low* bush –perchance on its nest– It is rare that you you start them at night from such places.

Peabody says that the Night Hawk retires to rest about the time the whipperwill begins its song– The

1851

1851

whipporwill begins now at 7^{1/2} I hear the Night Hawk after 9 o'clock. He says it flies low in the evening—but it also flies high as it must needs do to make the booming sound.

I hear the lowing of cows occasionally —& the barking of dogs. The Pond by moonlight which may make the object in a walk, suggests little to be said— Where there was only one firefly in a dozen rods —I hastily ran to one —which had crawled up to the top of a grass head & exhibited its light —& Instantly another sailed in to it showing its light also —but my presence made them extinguish their lights —the latter retreated & the former —crawled slowly down the stem. It appeared to me That the first was a female who thus revealed her place to the male who was also making known his neighborhood as he hovered about —both showing their lights that they might come together It was like a mistress who had climbed to the turrets of her castle & exhibited there a blazing taper for a signal —while her lover had displayed his light on the plain. If perchance she might have any lovers abroad.

Not much before 10 o'clock does the moonlight night begin. When man is asleep & day fairly forgotten —then is the beauty of moon light seen over lonely pastures —where cattle are silently feeding. Then let me walk in a diversified country —of hill and dale with heavy woods one side —& copses & scattered trees & bushes enough —to give me shadows— Returning a mist is on the river. The river is taken into the womb of nature again.

Now is the clover month —but haying is not yet begun.

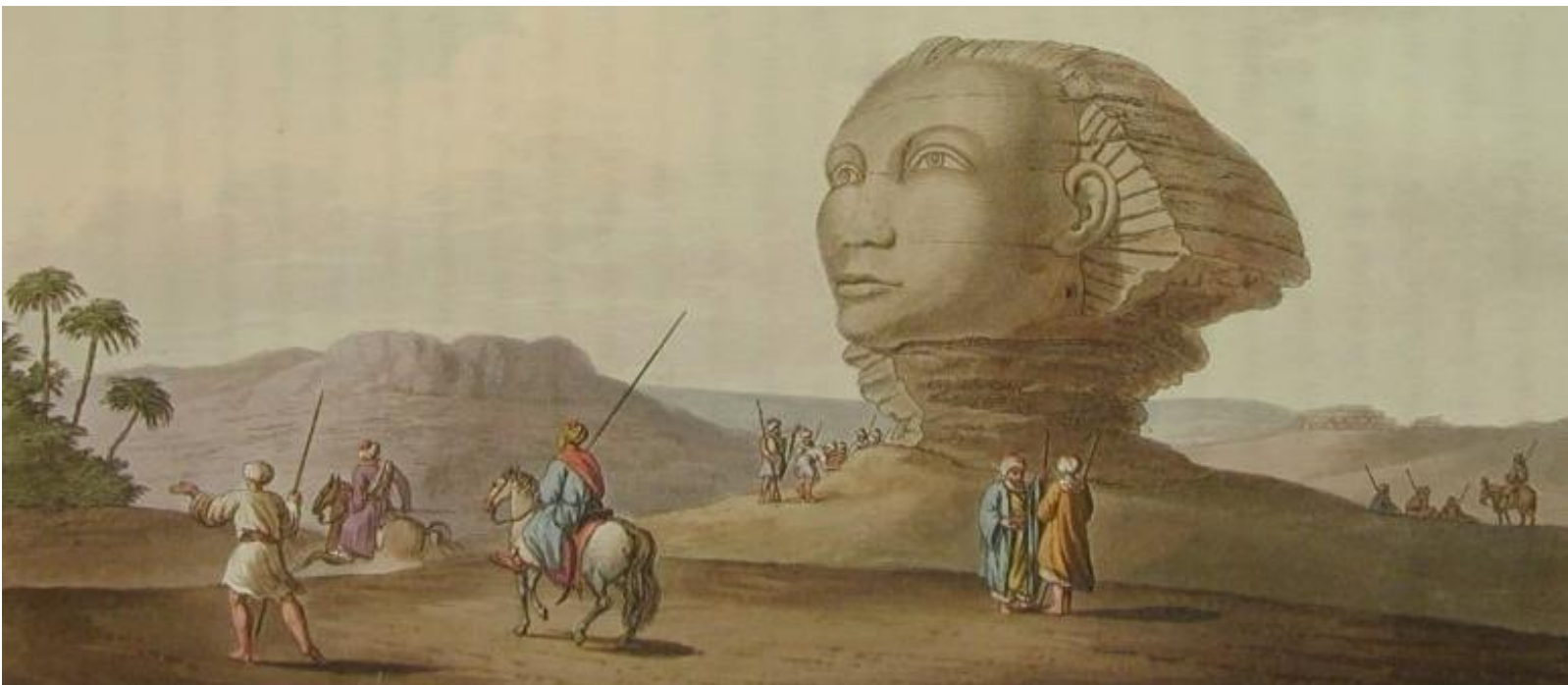
Evening


Went to Nawshawtuct by North branch —overtaken by a slight shower The same increased fragrance from the ground sweet fern &c as in the night —& for the like reason probably.

The houstonias still blossom freshly as I believe they continue to do all summer —. The Fever root in blossom —pictured in B's Med. Bot. *Triosteum perfoliatum* near the top of Hill under the wall looks somewhat like a milkweed. The *viburnum dentatum* very regularly toothed just ready to blossom sometimes called arrow wood.

Nature seems not have designed that man should be much abroad by night and in the moon proportioned the light fitly. By the faintness & rareness of the light compared with that of the sun she expresses her intention with regard to him

BIGELOW



 June 15, Sunday, 1851: Serialization of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, OR THE MAN THAT WAS A THING by Harriet Beecher Stowe had begun in the National Era of Washington DC.

From the red farmhouse in the Berkshires Hills, Nathaniel Hawthorne revealed engagingly in a letter to a Salem correspondent the most deep-seated and disturbing racism it is possible for us now to imagine:

I have not, as you suggest, the slightest sympathy for the slaves; or, at least, not half as much as for the laboring whites, who, I believe, are ten times worse off than the Southern negroes.⁹⁹



June 15. Darwin still



VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE I
VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE II

Finds run away sailors on the Chonos Archipelago who he thought “had kept a very good reckoning of time” having lost only 4 days in 15 months

Near same place on the islands of the Archipelago –he found wild potatoe the tallest 4 ft high –tubers generally small –but one 2 inch in Diam. “resembled in every respect and had the same smell as English potatoes; but when boiled they shrunk much, & were watery & insipid, without any bitter taste.”

Speaking of the surf on the coast of Chiloe –“I was assured that, after a heavy gale, the roar can be heard at night even at Castro, a distance of no less than twenty-one sea miles, across a hilly and wooded country.”

Subsidence & elevation of the W Coast of S America & of the Cordilleras “Daily it is forced home on the mind of the geologist, that nothing, not even the wind that blows, is so unstable as the level of the crust of this earth.”

Would like to see Sir Francis Head’s ? travels in S America –Pampas perhaps

Also Chamber’s Sea Levels

“ Travels of Spix & Von Martius

It is said that hydrophobia was first known in S. America in 1803

At the Galapagos the tortoises going to any place travel night & day & so get there sooner than would be expected –about 8 miles in 2 or 3 days– He rode on their backs.

The productions of the Galapagos Archipelago from 5 to 600 miles from America –are still of the American type.– “It was most striking to be surrounded by new birds, new reptiles, new shells, new insects, new plants, and yet, by innumerable trifling details of structure, and even by the tones of voice & plumage of the birds, to have the temperate plains of Patagonia, or the hot, dry deserts of Northern Chile, vividly brought before my eyes.”

What is most singular –not only are the plants &c to a great extent peculiar to these islands, but each for the most part has its own kinds. though they are within sight of each other.

Birds so tame there they can be killed with a stick. *I* would suggest that from having dealt so long with the inoffensive & slow moulded tortoise they have not yet inquired an instinctive fear of man who is a new comer.

Methinks tortoises lizzards &c for wild creatures are remarkable for the nearness to which man approaches them & handles them as logs –coldblooded lumpish forms of life –only taking care not to step into their mouths. An aligator has been known to have come out of the mud like a mud volcano where was now the floor of a native’s hut.

“The common dock is widely disseminated, [in New Zealand] and will, I fear, forever remain a proof of the rascality of an Englishman, who sold the seeds for those of the tobacco plant.”

The New Hollanders a little higher in the scale of civilization than the Fuegians.

Puzzled by a “well rounded fragment of greenstone, rather larger than a man’s head” which a captain had found on a small coral circle or atoll near Keeling Island “where every other particle of matter

99. Refer to Richard Klayman’s article “What Should We Make of Nathaniel Hawthorne’s Racism?” on the History News Network for August 24th, 2009: <http://hnn.us/articles/97175.html>



is calcareous.” about 600 miles from Summatra D agrees with Kotzebue (V Kotzebue) who states that “the inhabitants of the Radack Archipelago, a group of lagoon-islands in the midst of the Pacific, obtained stones for sharpening their instruments by searching the roots of trees which are cast upon the beach.” –and “laws have been established that such stones belong to the chief, and a punishment is inflicted on any one who attempts to steal them.” Let geologists look out “Some natives carried by Kotzebue to Kamtschatka collected stones to take back to their country.”

Found no bottom at 7200 ft & 2200 yds from shore of Keeling Island –a coral isle

His theory of the formation of Coral isles by the subsidence of the land appears probable.– He concludes that “the great continents are, for the most part, rising areas; and – – the central parts of the great oceans are sinking areas.”

Not a *private* person on the island of Ascension –the inhabitants are paid & victualled by the Brit. government –springs cisterns &c are managed by the same “Indeed, the whole island may be compared to a huge ship kept in first rate order.”

V Circumnavig. of Globe up to Cook.

V. Voyages Round the World since Cook.

The author of the article on Orchids in the Eclectic says that “a single plant produced three different flowers of genera previously supposed to be quite distinct.”

Saw the first wild rose today on the west side of the Rail Road causeway. The white weed has suddenly appeared and the clover gives whole fields a rich & florid appearance The rich red & the sweet scented white The fields are blushing with the red species as the western sky at evening.–

The blue-eyed grass well named looks up to heaven– – And the yarrow with its persistent dry stalks & heads –is now ready to blossom again– The dry stems & heads of last years tansy stand high above the new green leaves

I sit in the shade of the pines to hear a wood thrush [**Hermit Thrush** *Catharus guttatus*] at noon –the ground smells of dry leaves –the heat is oppressive. The bird begins on a low strain i.e. it first delivers a strain on a lower key –then a moment after anothe a little higher –then another still varied from the others –no two successive strains alike, but either ascending or descending. He confines himself to his few notes in which he is unrivalled. As if his kind had learned this and no more anciently.

I perceive as formerly a white froth dripping from the pitch-pines just at the base of the new shoots– It has no taste.

The pollywogs in the Pond are now full-tailed.

The hickory leaves are blackened by a recent frost –which reminds me that this is near their northern limit.

It is remarkable the rapidity with which the grass grows The 25th of May I walked to the hills in Wayland and when I returned across lots do not remember that I had much occasion to think of the grass, or to go round any fields to avoid treading on it– But just a week afterward at Worcester it was high & waving in the fields & I was to some extent confined to the road & the same was the case here. Apparently in one month you get from fields which you can cross without hesitation –to haying time– It has grown you hardly know when. be the weather what it may sunshine or storm– I start up a solitary wood-cock in the shade in some copse –goes off with a startled rattling hurried note.

After walking by night several times –I now walk by day –but I am not aware of any crowning advantage in it. I see small objects better, but it does not enlighten me any. The day is more trivial. (What a careful gardener nature is! She does not let the sun come out suddenly with all his intensity after rain & cloudy weather –but graduates the change to suit the tenderness of plants)

I see the tall crowfoot now in the meadows –*Ranunculus acris* –with a smooth stem– I do not notice the *bulbosus* which was so common a fortnight ago. The rose colored flowers of the *Kalmia Angustifolia* lambkill just opened & opening– The *Convalaria bifolia* growing stale in the woods.– the *Hieracium venosum* veiny-leaved Hawkweed with its yellow blossoms in the woodland path–

The *Hypoxis erecta* Yellow Bethlehem star where there is a thick wiry grass in open paths should be called yellow-eyed grass methinks The *Pyrola asarifolia* with its pagoda-like stem of flowers i.e. broad leaved winter green. The *Trientalis Americana* like last in the woods –with its starlike white flower & pointed whorled leaves– The *Prunella* too is in blossom & the rather delicate *Thesium umbellatum* a white flower–

The solomons seal with a greenish drooping raceme of flowers at the top I do not identify.

I notice today the same remarkable bunchy growth on the fir –(in wheildons garden) that I have noticed on the pines & cedars –) the leaves are not so thickly set & are much stiffer.

I find that I postpone all actual intercourse with my friends to a certain real intercourse which takes



place commonly when we are *actually* at a distance from one another {*One-fifth page blank*}



June 16, Monday, 1851: The Daily Alta California of San Francisco presented its usual abundance of “City Intelligence”:

COMMON COUNCIL. — Both Boards of the Common Council meet this evening.

CLOSING HOUSES. — His honor, the Recorder, has for the last week been very busily employed in attending to the cases of persons charged with a violation of the city ordinance requiring that drinking and gaming establishments should be closed at midnight. The first punished were the proprietors of some small groggeries on Clark’s Point, lint the law, in its impartiality soon brought up the owners of the larger houses on the Piazza, as well as some lady proprietors of oyster and hot whiskey-punch saloons. His honor has had all sorts of difficulties to contend with in the enforcement of the ordinance. First came up the legal quibble, that the ordinance merely provided that the houses should be closed at 12 o’clock, and that they might therefore be opened at half-past twelve for the next day. But his honor told the lawyers that it was the spirit of the ordinance that he intended to carry out, and he knew what the spirit of it was. This being disposed of, the parties themselves had all sorts of excuses to offer. Most of them kept boarding-houses or hotels, and their doors were left open that their lodgers might enter, or else somebody had pushed the door in just as the policeman who made the complaint passed by, or any other of the thousand and one excuses that may always be brought forward upon any occasion. But his honor has always made proper discriminations, and has duly imposed the penalty of fifty dollars in each case. In this manner, a large amount of revenue has been brought into the treasury.

There has been a petition signed by the proprietors of many of the large houses upon the Square and other citizens, requesting a repeal of the ordinance or an exemption in their particular cases. The latter cannot be done with any degree of justice. The ordinance itself which some have appeared to think so singular, is one which with modification has been adopted and enforced in almost every city in the Union. Restrictions are always placed upon houses of the character referred to, and it is very proper that when midnight comes, these houses should be closed and the rows and broils which nightly occur in the lower class of them, thus prevented. It is to be hoped that the Council will not repeal the ordinance, and that the Recorder will continue to enforce it.

SUNDAY. — Sunday is getting to be a quiet, orderly and peaceable day in the city of San Francisco, and not as for merely devoted to rowdyism and drunkenness. These are strawberry and blackberry times however, and many when relieved from the week day toils, and labors, go out into the green fields towards the Presidio and gather these luscious little tidbits. The Mission omnibuses were also crowded yesterday at every trip. The churches were well attended, and altogether it was a quiet, agreeable day.



JENNY LIND THEATRE. — This evening will be presented for the first time in this city, the drama of "Born to Good Luck," in which Mr. T.A. Lubey, an Irish comedian said to possess considerable merit, will make his first appearance as Paddy O'Rafferty. Mr. Lubey has been playing at Sacramento, where he has made a great hit, and we doubt not he will be equally successful here. We shall also witness the return of Mr. Coad. The performance will commence with the celebrated farce of "Perfection."

THE POLICE. — We understand that resignations are daily occurring in the Police Department, on the ground, as the policemen allege, that they can get no pay for their services. It is a fact, however, that there are always on hand sufficient applications to manufacture a half dozen Police forces, who are willing to take even the promises to pay to the city.

RESULT OF THE EXCITEMENT. — It is certainly a fact that since the excitement which resulted in the execution of Jenkins, crimes of the more heinous nature have visibly decreased in this city. Whereas previously scarce a night occurred that we had not occasion to note down a knocking down, drugging, robbery or burglary, since that night there has been but one case of robbery of which we have heard. The Recorder's dock, which was formerly filled with larceny and burglary subjects, now usually contains only a few bloated faces and eyes in deep mourning, belonging to men who have been on a drunk the night before. There is no doubt that the terrible scene we have lately witnessed has had a most beneficial effect upon society here, and has driven away a large number of the most noted villains in town, who are leaving every afternoon by the up-river steamboats.

CHURCH DEDICATION. — The new Presbyterian church in Howard st. was dedicated to the worship of God yesterday. The dedicating sermon was delivered by Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, to a large congregation. Churches in San Francisco are becoming quite plentiful.

A STABBING CASE. — Late on Saturday night, a party of Germans were drinking and carousing in a bar-room on Pacific street, when a difficulty arose between two of them, one of whom was named Whitzner. High words ensued, and Whitzner retreated, when the other drawing a bowie knife from his belt, pursued and cut him severely in the abdomen. Whitzner was immediately taken to the house of Dr. Burns, where his wound was dressed, and some doubt is entertained of his recovery. The man who committed the act was arrested and will be examined before the Recorder to-day.

WELLS' BUILDING. — The repairs upon this fine brick structure at the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, are now nearly completed. Messrs. Cooke & Lecount have already opened their book and stationery store in this building on Montgomery street.

AWFUL AND MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR. — Yesterday afternoon a man came into the station house and gave information to the Captain of Police, that there was a mysterious looking box in the rear of a house on Vallejo street, from which blood was issuing. The hair of Capt. Ray stood up in horror, "each particular hair" resembling the quills "upon the fretful porcupine." Wishing for this time to get in advance of the Vigilance Committee, he gathered around him a posse of officers, and with blanched faces they started to view the horrible scene. On their way they met Constable Elleard, and all proceeded to the place described, where surely



a box was found from which blood was oozing out. It was a suspicious looking box, and was immediately surrounded by the police force, a hammer and chisel procured, and the solemn operation of opening was commenced. The top was taken off, when a most "ancient and fish like smell" proceeded from the box, and a sack somewhat bloody and apparently containing a body, was discovered packed in the box. Suspicion had now arisen to certainty. The mysterious and horrible affair was about being unraveled. Capt. Ray with due solemnity untied the sack and exhibited to the horrified gaze of the assembled force, the body of a full grown - sheep cut up in pieces. The posse, satisfied with their afternoon labors, returned to the police office. How the sheep came there still is, and probably will continue to remain a mystery.

INNOCENT AMUSEMENT. - The boys amused themselves yesterday by getting an old black hat and filling it with bricks, inverting it on the street opposite the El Dorado. Gentlemen passing by would consider it their bounden duty to exert all their strength in kicking the hat, unconscious of its contents, which would stub their toes, particularly if their boots were fashionable and thin-toed. This would of course excite the laughter of the boys. One gentleman in particular, passing by, gave the obnoxious article a desperate kick, which not only upset it and exhibited the bricks, but also upset him, when, strange as it may appear, a brick rolled out of his own hat!

DROWNED. - A man fell from the side of the ship *Eugene*, lying off Market Street Wharf, yesterday afternoon, and was drowned. An inquest will be held to day.

ASSAULT. - Francisco Nevadi was arrested yesterday, on the complaint of a señorita that he had committed an assault upon her. The idea of the lower order of Mexican, is that they have a right to beat a woman whenever she offends them, an idea which our laws will tend to drive out of their heads.

PACKET STATION ON THE WEST COAST OF IRELAND. - The New York Tribune learns from Ireland that the advantages which the harbors on the Western coast of the Island, and especially Galway, offer to American commerce, are about to be set forth in a memorial to the President and Congress of the United States, which will bear signatures of great respectability from Dublin and other parts of the Island. The Tribune says: It is contended that the voyage would average at least forty hours less time than to Liverpool, and might be accomplished with greater safety and with less delay from unfavorable winds. The memorial will ask to have the U.S. Mail steamers stop at Galway instead of going to Liverpool. We have no doubt its petition will be respectfully considered, and that such action will be taken on it as on mature consideration shall be found most advantageous to the interests concerned. If it is a fact that the transit between Europe and America can be made more quickly and safely by way of Galway, that most eventually be the route.

A SOFA MADE OF COAL. - The Fife Advertiser, referring to one peculiar characteristic of the coal found in that district, which can be converted into articles of household furniture, such as looking-glass frames, writing desks, chairs, and tables, states that Mr. William Williamson is at present engaged in making a sofa wholly composed of coal. It is nine feet long,

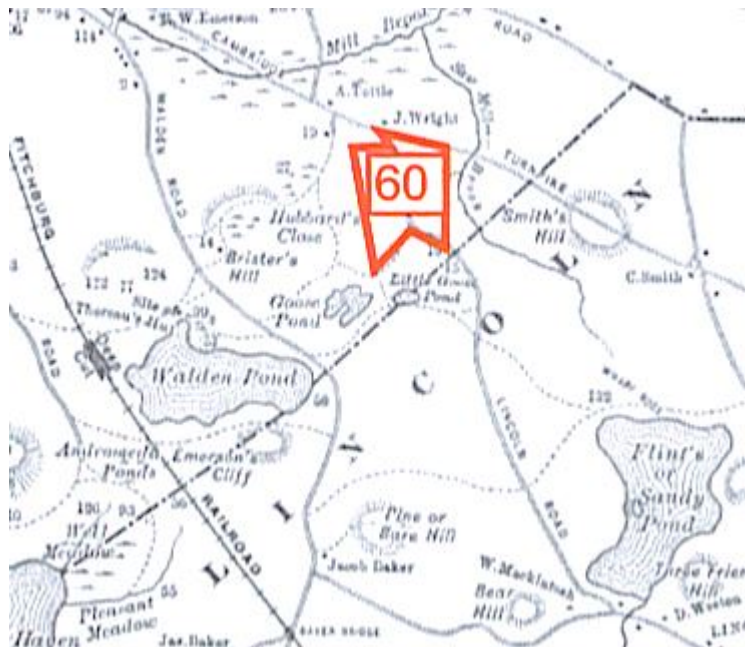
with three compartments or divisions, and is sufficient to contain seven people sitting on it. The front standards are beautifully carved, displaying three mongrel animals, which forcibly remind the spectators of those richly carved figures that appear so frequently in Dr. Layard's remains of ancient Babylon. This rare geological curiosity was ordered by General Wemyss, and it is highly probable that it will appear at the Great Exhibition, as it was ordered to be finished previous to that time; and as the General holds an appointment in the Queen's household, it may yet be transferred from the Crystal Palace to the palace of her Majesty.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 16TH THROUGH 21ST]



June 17, Tuesday, 18, Wednesday, 21, Saturday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed, for [Edmund Hosmer](#), a farm on Sandy Pond Road. Several copies of this survey are at the Concord Free Public Library. These help to locate James Wright's land, Mrs. Heartwell Bigelow's, [Cyrus Stow](#)'s, F.S. Gourgas's, [Abiel Heywood](#)'s, Augustus Tuttle's, and the edge of the Ministerial Lot. Hosmer had bought of the early Prescott family, sold to George Everett, then to William H. Devens, Asa Calef, and the Roots. Hosmer bought the old Hunt property on Lowell Road near the bridge, and sold some farmland to [Waldo Emerson](#), June 6, 1855, in the western part of Concord.




[Charley Wesley Slack](#) wrote from Toronto, Canada to Evelina E. Vannevar Slack in Chelsea, Massachusetts, relating events of a meeting in [Toronto](#), and travel plans.

It is likely to have been in this timeframe that [John Brown Russworm](#) died at Cape Palmas, Harper, [Liberia](#).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 16TH THROUGH 21ST]



 June 18, Wednesday, [1851](#): The [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#) presented its usual abundance of "City Intelligence":

"LAW AND ORDER." — A handbill was being exhibited around town yesterday, [?] signed by that celebrated definite and always [?] "Many Citizens," [?] Sunday next for the purpose of sustaining "Law and Order." The handbill denounces in most vigorous terms, the Vigilance Committee, as a band of "midnight murderers," and addresses itself very feelingly to the community. [see more, below]

BRICK BUILDINGS. — The disposition to erect substantial brick edifices in this city, instead of the light, frail wooden buildings which will burn down in a few minutes, seems to be becoming very general. Among the improvements in this respect, we notice a range of solid brick stores going up in Merchant street, being erected by Henry M. Naglee, Esq. Merchant is becoming a very handsome street.

THE FANCY. — Professor Campbell gives a Sparring Exhibition at the California Exchange this evening, at which the champion Sinclair will set to with the Professor.

THE BURGLARY CASE. — Yates, the man who was arrested on Sunday night, was examined yesterday before the Recorder, on the charge of grand larceny. He was arrested on Sunday night at the request of his wife, who attracted Constable Elleard and some citizens to her house by her cries of murder, and who charged him with an assault upon her. It was observed that before he was arrested, he appeared very anxious to pass something which he held in his hand, to his wife. This was found to be a gold watch, and Constable Elleard then having suspicion that there was some cause for this desire to conceal the watch, arrested Yates. Yesterday the watch fully identified and most positively sworn to by M. Robert, the proprietor of the store where the burglary was committed. Yates professes that he bought the watch of a pedlar. The officer thinks that Adams was in Yates's house when he was arrested, and it is supposed that he was one of the gang who committed this burglary, just "to keep his hand in," after he had broken jail. Yates was held to bail in the sum of \$5,000 to answer to the Court of Sessions for grand larceny. He is defended by M.T. O'Connor. The woman who calls herself Yates' wife, but who is said to be the former mistress of Adams, was also arrested yesterday, and will have an examination this morning.

THE BURGLARY CASES. — The case of Watkins and Brier, charged with burglary, is set down for today in the District Court. It is a pity that the county jail had not been completed before the arch-fiend of the party, Adams, had escaped, so that he could have been arraigned with them.

BANDBOX MARY. — A warrant was yesterday issued for the arrest of this somewhat celebrated female whom we last had occasion to chronicle as having been confined in the brig as insane. She was arrested yesterday on a charge of "kicking up a muss generally" in Dupont street, and of insulting Mrs. Swift, opposite whom she lives, in particular. Mary is getting to be quite a character.

A CART LOAD. — A live Yankee has adopted the plan of traveling up



and down Long wharf, with a horse and wagon, the latter filled with literature for sale, of every description from the horrifying yellow covered stories of robbers and murderers up to the classics and histories.

SLIGHTLY MISTAKEN. — A Frenchman, naturally keen-eyed but at the same time slightly oblivious from too much liquor, was amusing himself amid a large crowd around yesterday on Long wharf, by endeavoring to pick out of the planks one of the spike heads which had become flattened down, and which he insisted was *l'argent*. He remained delusively digging away with his jack knife till a mischievous boy upset him, when he arose and walked off, apparently much disgusted, taking up both sides of the wharf, uttering "sacres" in any quantity.

FIRE PROOFS. — The splendid fire proof building of Burgoyne & Co., at the corner of Washington and Montgomery streets, is nearly completed. A neat little fire proof is also going up at the corner of Commercial and Montgomery, at the head of Long Wharf, to be used as the banking house of Drexel, Sather & Church. These fire proof buildings at the principal corners, will be found useful in staying the flames, should we be so unfortunate as ever to have another fire in this city.

THE CISTERNS. — A paper was in circulation yesterday with the object of obtaining from citizens a sufficient sum to pay for the filling of the cistern on the plaza. It appeared to meet with very good success.

AFFRAY. — There was an interesting affray on Monday night between two gentlemen named Warner and Mason, in which a pistol shot was fired, which grazed one of them on the thumb. The other received a large sized eye which yesterday morning was dressed in deep mourning. No legal explanation was had, the parties having compromised the matter.

A DRUNKEN WOMAN. — To one who has been taught to consider woman as a holy object, around whose heart cluster in rich profusion all the good, generous and virtuous feelings of nature, what can be more disgusting than a drunken woman? Passing up Pacific street yesterday we observed a woman, young and rather pretty, but in such a beastly state of intoxication that she could scarcely walk. Bad enough, disgusting enough is it to see a man drowning his godlike faculties in rum, but when a woman descends from her heavenly nature, and thus places herself on the level with a brute, it is sufficient to make one heart-sick.

JENNY LIND THEATRE. — This evening will be presented an interesting bill, and Madame Foubert, a French vocalist, will make her first appearance in San Francisco.

DRUGGING. — Another case of this cowardly mode of committing a robbery occurred night before last, on Long Wharf. It is the same old story — A miner who came down here a few days since, was invited to drink, drank but once, and awoke in the morning on the wharf, minus the sum of six hundred dollars. The rascals who practise this game ought to be hunted out.

GEN. BRADY. — We find in one of our exchanges the following notice of Gen. Brady, who, it was reported, was killed. Subsequent accounts differ. We hope he still lives to sing "Benny Havens, Oh!"



Old as this aged veteran is, he will yet live to read the eulogiums passed upon him on his supposed demise. The telegraphic despatch recently announcing his death was entirely incorrect. The facts are simply these: About 12 o'clock, Thursday, 10th April, while the General was driving a spirited span of horses through Miami avenue, Detroit, his horses took fright at the the [sic] telegraph wire, now being strung from Detroit to Port Huron, and ran away. After running a short distance, Gen. Brady was thrown from his buggy, and striking his head violently against a post, fractured his skull over the left eye. He was immediately picked up by Messrs. William and Avery Brush, and carried into the house of John W. Strong, when Dr. Rice and other physicians were called in, who rendered such assistance as could be given, and are still attending on him. Gen. B. lies in a very critical position, more from the loss of blood than from the breaking of the skull. The brain is not injured, and the General is sensible of all that transpires, but is very low. We obtain the above particulars from the Detroit papers, published after the supposed death of Gen. Brady was announced by telegraph. Up to Friday night (our latest information from Detroit) he was alive and getting much better; and Dr. Rice thought he would get over the injury. Gen. Brady is a native of Pennsylvania, and entered the array March 7, 1792, as an ensign of infantry – fought under Gen Wayne, served through the last war, and on the 6th of July, 1812, was appointed Colonel of the 22d Infantry, and has been a Brigadier General by brevet since July 6, 1822, with his head quarters at Detroit. He took an active part in quelling the Canadian "Patriot" disturbances on the frontier, so far as they came under his jurisdiction. He is greatly beloved by the people of Detroit, with whom he has lived for a great number of years.

LAW AND ORDER. – We have understood that a handbill was printed yesterday, and copies of them found their way into circulation, calling for a meeting of the citizens, on the Plaza, on Sunday next, for the purpose of expressing their disapprobation of the action of the Vigilance Committee and citizens generally, and sustaining "law and order." We are informed that the terms used in the placard are of the grossest character. The object of such a meeting can only be to agitate the community, excite the bitterest passions, and produce discord, disturbance, and riot. That such a result would inevitably follow the convention of such a meeting is perfectly manifest, and those who have set it on foot are certainly aware of its pernicious tendency. The document purports to emanate from "Many Citizens." We understand that Mayor Brenham has directed that the issue of the handbills be stopped, as their circulation will have a tendency to create a breach of the peace. We hope he has done so, for we dread the consequences that may ensue should the project be carried any further.

RIDICULOUS. – It stated in some of the papers that a petition is in circulation in Portland, Me., praying the U.S. Government to send a national vessel to California, for the purpose of taking home such persons as are desirous of returning, but are unable to do so for want of means. Of course, such an extremely modest request will be at once acceded to.

DESPATCH. – The clipper ship *Eclipse*, consigned to Messrs. Beck & Elam, was discharged at Pacific Wharf, by Capt T.H. Allen,

1851

1851

Stevedore, in the short space of nine days. This is a quick.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 16TH THROUGH 21ST]



June 19, Thursday, [1851](#): According to the [National Anti-Slavery Standard](#), [Henry "Box" Brown](#) had had



himself put in a box in Bradford, England, and shipped to Lees — when the box was opened with ceremony, he arose to deliver to the assembly one of his anti-slavery lectures.



This must have been quite a crowd-pleaser!



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 16TH THROUGH 21ST]



June 20, Friday, [1851](#): The brig *Mary Stuart* was beginning a voyage to Mazatlán, Cuba when it wrecked at the outlet to [San Francisco](#) Bay (all on board were rescued).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 16TH THROUGH 21ST]



June 21, Saturday, [1851](#): In London, at the 1st international chess tournament, during a break, Adolf Anderssen and Lionel Kieseritzky engaged in an informal chess encounter that for sufficient reason has since come to be referred to as “the Immortal Game” (after Anderssen sacrificed both rooks, a bishop, and his queen, he had remaining only 3 minor pieces — with which he [checkmated](#) Kieseritzky’s king).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 16TH THROUGH 21ST]



1851

1851

PAINTING



June 22, Sunday, 1851: David Macbeth Moir was seriously injured while dismounting from his horse.

In San Francisco, California:

The sixth great fire. It began a few minutes before eleven o'clock in the morning, in a frame house situated on the north side of Pacific street, close to Powell street. The high winds which usually set in about this hour from the ocean during the summer season, speedily fanned the flames, and drove them south and east. All day they spread from street to street, consuming one building-square after another. The water reservoirs happened to be nearly empty, and even where the firemen had water enough for the engines, their exertions were of little use in stopping the conflagration. Nor was it much better with the hook and ladder companies, whose useful operations were thwarted by the owners of the property they were seeking to pull down for the common good. Subsequent inquiries seemed to show that the fire must have been raised by incendiaries, while several attempts were detected during the day to kindle various distant quarters of the town, yet untouched by the flames. The fire extended from Powell nearly to Sansome street, and from Clay street to Broadway. Within these limits ten entire squares were destroyed, and large parts of six others. The total damage was estimated at three millions of dollars. Happily the chief business portion of the town escaped, and which had suffered so severely six or seven weeks before. In the fire of the 4th May, every newspaper establishment in the city, except that of the Alta California, was totally destroyed. In the fire of the 22d instant, all escaped, except that of the journal named. These conflagrations made no distinctions of persons or properties; but with a wild justice, sooner or later, reduced all to the same level. The proprietors of the Alta now lost their building, presses, types, paper and office furniture, just as their brethren of the broad sheet were ruined before. The City Hall, located at the corner of Kearny and Pacific streets, which had been originally erected at an immense expense as a hotel, and was purchased more than a year before by the corporation for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and improved at a heavy cost, was totally consumed, although the principal office records were saved. Mr. Thomas Maguire, the proprietor of the "Jenny Lind Theatre," on the plaza, which was a most valuable building, now lost all again,—a sixth time, by fire! But it is needless to particularize losses, where every citizen may be said to have been burned out several times, and to have again and again lost his all. With a sigh or a laugh, according to the temperament of the sufferer, he just began once more to raise his house, stock it with new goods, and arrange his future plans. The indefatigable spider was at work again. Many of the buildings erected since these last fires show a wonderful improvement in strength and grandeur. When the work was to be done it was now well done; and it is believed that if any buildings can possibly be made fire proof in the most trying circumstances, many have now been made so in San Francisco. Solid brick walls, two and three feet in thickness, double shutters and doors of malleable iron, with a space two feet wide between them, and huge tanks of water, that could flood the whole building from roof to cellar, seem to defy the ravages of the fiercest future conflagration. Of that substantial character are many of the



banking establishments, the principal stores and merchants' offices, and the most important houses in the city. This improved style of building has chiefly been rendered necessary by the great conflagrations we have had occasion to notice. Of the different companies formed for extinguishing fires we treat in a subsequent chapter. It is believed that they form the most complete and efficient organization of their kind in the world. The six great fires successively destroyed nearly all the old buildings and land-marks of Yerba Buena. We extract the following pleasantly written lamentation on this subject from the "Alta California" of 21st September, 1851:- "The fires of May and June of the present year, swept away nearly all the relics of the olden time in the heart of the city. The old City Hotel [corner of Kearny and Clay streets], so well known and remembered by old Californians, after standing unscathed through three fatal fires, fell at the fourth. How many memories cling around that old building! It was the first hotel started in [San Francisco](#), then the village of Yerba Buena, in the year 1846. When the mines were first discovered, and [San Francisco](#) was literally overflowing with gold, it was the great gaming headquarters. Thousands and thousands of dollars were there staked on the turn of a single card, and scenes such as never were before, and never again will be witnessed, were exhibited in that old building during the years 1848 and 1849. In the spring of '49, the building was leased out at sixteen thousand dollars per annum, cut up into small stores and rooms, and under-leased at an enormous profit. Newer and handsomer buildings were erected and opened as hotels, and the old 'City' became neglected, deserted, forgotten: then it burned down, and this relic of the olden time of [San Francisco](#) was among the things that were. Then the old adobe custom-house that had been first built for that purpose, and then used as a guard-house and military office by the Americans, and then afterwards as the American custom-house, was also burned. The wooden building directly back of it, with the portico, was also one of the old buildings-erected and occupied by Samuel Brannan, Esq. in 1847. [In this house were exhibited the first specimens of gold brought from the placeres.] This also was burned, and all that remains of 1847, in the vicinity of the plaza, is the old adobe on Dupont street. This building, in the latter part of '47 and '48 was occupied by Robert A. Parker as a large trading establishment. This has stood through all the fires, and it is hoped that it may remain for years as a relic of the past." That hope was vain. In the following year the adobe on Dupont street was pulled down to make way for finer houses on its site. So has it been with all the relics of six or eight years' standing. What the fires left, the progress of improvement swept from the ground.

[Henry Thoreau](#)'s "To be calm, to be serene!" of this date:



June 22, Sunday, 1851: ...To be calm to be serene –there is the calmness of the lake when there is not a breath of wind –there is the calmness of a stagnant ditch. So is it with us. Sometimes we are clarified & calmed healthily as we never were before in our lives –not by an opiate –but by some unconscious obedience to the all-just laws –so that we become like a still lake of purest crystal and without an effort our depths are revealed to ourselves All the world goes by us & is reflected in our deeps.

has been accessed by John Wilmerding in *AMERICAN LIGHT: THE LUMINIST MOVEMENT 1850-1875; PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS* (National Gallery of Art, Washington DC: Harper & Row, 1980), on page 99 in an essay entitled "The Luminist Movement: Some Reflections," in an attempt to explicate the paintings of the American [Luminists](#). He suggests the following paintings and drawings as visualizations of this passage:

- 1852: Fitz Hugh Lane's painting "Entrance of Somes Sound from Southwest Harbor"
- 1858: Aaron Draper Shattuck's drawing of "Lake George"
- 1866: S.R. Stoddard's photographs of "Upper Saranac Lake"
- 1866: Carleton Watkins's photograph of "Mirror Lake, Yosemite"
- 1866: Sanford Gifford's painting "Hook Mountain, Hudson"
- 1868-1869: Timothy O'Sullivan's photograph "Summits of the Uinta Mountains, Utah Territory"
- 1872: David Johnson's drawing of "Tongue Mountain, Lake George"

[Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed on a Sunday (evidently for free because he did not enter his hours into his survey logbook) to help deal with a case in which a mill dam, thrown across Nashoba Brook for Robbins and Daniel Weatherbee's mill, had flooded the cellar of J. Hapgood's home upstream on the south side of Groton Road in Acton:



June 22, Sunday: Is the shrub with yellow blossoms which I found last week near the Lincoln Road while surveying for E Hosmer and thought to be *Xylosteum ciliatum* or fly Honeysuckle the same with the Yellow Diervilla which I find in Laurel glen today? The birch is the surveyor's tree– It makes the best stakes to look at through the sights of a compass except when there is snow on the ground. Their white bark was not made in vain. In surveying woodlots I have frequent occasion to say this is what they were made for. I see that Dugan has trimmed off & peeled the limbs of the willows on the Turnpike to sell at the Acton Powder-Mill. I believe they get 8 dollars a cord for this wood. J. Hapgood of Acton got me last Friday to compare the level of his cellar bottom with his garden – for as he says when Robbins & Wetherbee keep the water of Nashoba brook back so as to flood his garden it comes into his cellar. I found that part of the garden five inches lower than the cellar bottom. Men are affected in various ways by the actions of others If a man far away builds a dam I have water in my cellar He said that the water was some times a foot deep in the garden. We are enabled to criticise others only when we are different from & in a given particular superior to them ourselves. By our aloofness from men and their affairs we are enabled to overlook & criticise them. There are but few men who stand on the hills by the road-side. I am sane only when I have risen above my common sense– When I do not take the foolish view of things which is commonly taken. When I do not live for the low ends for which men commonly live. Wisdom is not common. To what purpose have I senses if I am thus absorbed in affairs My pulse must beat with nature After a hard day's work without a thought turning my very brain in to a mere tool, only in the quiet of evening do I so far recover my senses as to hear the cricket which in fact has been chirping all day. In my better hours I am conscious of the influx of a serene & unquestionable wisdom which partly unfits and if I yielded to it more rememberingly would wholly unfit me for what is called the active business of life –for that furnishes nothing on which the eye of reason can rest. What is that other kind of life to which I am thus continually allured? –which alone I love? Is it a life for this world? Can a man feed and clothe himself gloriously who keeps only the

truth steadily before him? who calls in no evil to his aid? Are there duties which necessarily interfere with the serene perception of truth? Are our serene moments mere foretastes of heaven joys gratuitously vouchsafed to us as a consolation –or simply a transient realization of what might be the whole tenor of our lives?

To be calm to be serene –there is the calmness of the lake when there is not a breath of wind –there is the calmness of a stagnant ditch. So is it with us. Sometimes we are clarified & calmed healthily as we never were before in our lives –not by an opiate –but by some unconscious obedience to the all-just laws –so that we become like a still lake of purest crystal and without an effort our depths are revealed to ourselves. All the world goes by us & is reflected in our deeps. Such clarity! obtained by such pure means! by simple living –by honesty of purpose –we live & rejoice. I awoke into a music which no one about me heard –whom shall I thank for it? The luxury of wisdom! the luxury of virtue! are there any intemperate in these things? I feel my maker blessing me. To the sane man the world is a musical instrument– The very touch affords an exquisite pleasure.

As I walk the Rail road causeway I notice that the fields & meadows have acquired various tinges as the season advances the sun gradually using all his paints– There is the rosaceous evening red tinge of red clover like an evening-sky gone down upon the grass– The white-weed tinge– The white clover tinge. which reminds me how sweet it smells. The tall butter-cup stars the meadow on another side telling of the wealth of daisies– The blue-eyed grass so beautiful near at hand imparts a kind of slate or clay blue tinge to the meads.

It is hot noon– The white pines are covered with froth at the base of the new shoots, as I noticed the pitch pines were a week ago –as if they perspired. I am threading an open pitch & white pine wood –easily traversed –where the pine needles redden all the ground which is as smooth as a carpet still the blackberries love to creep over this floor, for it is not many years since this was a blackberry field– And I hear around me but never in sight the many wood-thrushes [**Wood Thrush** *Catharus mustelina*] –whetting their steel-like notes– Such keen singers It takes a fiery heat– Many dry pine leaves added to the furnace of the sun to temper their strains– Always they are either rising or falling to a new strain. After what a moderate pause they deliver themselves again saying ever a new thing –avoiding repetition– Methinks answering one another While most other birds take their siesta –the wood-thrush discharges his song.

The domestic ox has his horns tipped with brass, this & his shoes are the badges of servitude which he wears –as if he would soon get to jacket & trowsers– I am singularly affected when I look over a herd of reclining oxen in their pasture –& find that every one has these brazen balls on his horns–

They are partly humanized so It is not pure brute There is art added. Where are these balls sold? Who is their maker. The bull has a ring in his nose. The *Lysimachia Quadrifolia* –exhibits its small yellow blossoms now in the woodpath

Butter & eggs has blossomed–

The *Uvularia Vulgaris* or bladderwort –a yellow pealike flower has blossomed in stagnant pools.



June 22, Sunday. Is the shrub with yellow blossoms which I found last week near the Lincoln road while surveying for E. Hosmer and thought to be *Xylosteum ciliatum*, or fly honeysuckle, the same with the yellow diervilla which I find in Laurel Glen to-day?

The birch is the surveyor's tree. It makes the best stakes to look at through the sights of a compass, except when there is snow on the ground. Their white bark was not made in vain. In surveying wood-lots I have frequent occasion to say this is what they were made for.

I see that Dugan has trimmed off and peeled the limbs of the willows on the Turnpike to sell at the Acton powder-mill. I believe they get eight dollars a cord for this wood.

I. Hapgood of Acton got me last Friday to compare the level of his cellar-bottom with his garden, for, as he says, when Robbins R Wetherbee keep the water of Nashoba Brook back so as to flood his garden, it comes into his cellar. I found that part of the garden five inches lower than the cellar-bottom. Men are affected in various ways by the actions of others. If a man far away builds a dam, I have water in my cellar. He said that the water was sometimes a foot deep in the garden.

We are enabled to criticise others only when we are different from & in a given particular superior to them ourselves. By our aloofness from men and their affairs we are enabled to overlook & criticise them. There are but few men who stand on the hills by the road-side. I am sane only when I have risen above my common sense – When I do not take the foolish view of things which is commonly taken. When I do not live for the low ends for which men commonly live. Wisdom is not common.





To what purpose have I senses if I am thus absorbed in affairs
My pulse must beat with nature After a hard day's work without a thought turning my very brain in to a mere tool, only in the quiet of evening do I so far recover my senses as to hear the cricket which in fact has been chirping all day. In my better hours I am conscious of the influx of a serene & unquestionable wisdom which partly unfits and if I yielded to it more rememberingly would wholly unfit me for what is called the active business of life—for that furnishes nothing on which the eye of reason can rest. What is that other kind of life to which I am thus continually allured?—which alone I love? Is it a life for this world? Can a man feed and clothe himself gloriously who keeps only the truth steadily before him? who calls in no evil to his aid? Are there duties which necessarily interfere with the serene perception of truth? Are our serene moments mere foretastes of heaven joys gratuitously vouchsafed to us as a consolation—or simply a transient realization of what might be the whole tenor of our lives?

To be calm to be serene—there is the calmness of the lake when there is not a breath of wind—there is the calmness of a stagnant ditch. So is it with us. Sometimes we are clarified & calmed healthily as we never were before in our lives—not by an opiate—but by some unconscious obedience to the all-just laws—so that we become like a still lake of purest crystal and without an effort our depths are revealed to ourselves All the world goes by us & is reflected in our deeps. Such clarity! obtained by such pure means! by simple living—by honesty of purpose—we live & rejoice. I awoke into a music which no one about me heard—whom shall I thank for it? The luxury of wisdom! the luxury of virtue! are there any intemperate in these things? I feel my maker blessing me. To the sane man the world is a musical instrument—The very touch affords an exquisite pleasure.

As I walk the railroad causeway, I notice that the fields and meadows have acquired various tinges as the season advances, the sun gradually using all his paints. There is the rosaceous evening red tinge of red clover, -like an evening sky gone down upon the grass, - the whiteweed tinge, the white clover tinge, which reminds me how sweet it smells. The tall buttercup stars the meadow on another side, telling of the wealth of dairies. The blue-eyed grass, so beautiful near at hand, imparts a kind of slate or clay blue tinge to the meads.

It is hot noon. The white pines are covered with froth at the base of the new shoots, as I noticed the pitch pines were a week ago; as if they perspired. I am threading an open pitch and white pine wood, easily traversed, where the pine-needles redden all the ground, which is as smooth as a carpet. Still the blackberries love to creep over this floor, for it is not many years since this was a blackberry-field. And I hear around me, but never in sight, the many wood thrushes whetting their steel-like notes. Such keen singers! It takes a fiery heat, many dry pine leaves added to the furnace of the sun, to temper their strains! Always they are either rising or falling to a new strain. After what a moderate pause they deliver themselves again! saying ever a new thing, avoiding repetition, methinks answering one another. While most other birds take their siesta, the wood thrush discharges his song. It is delivered like a bolas, or a piece of jingling steel.

The domestic ox has his horns tipped with brass. This and his shoes are the badges of servitude which he wears; as if he would soon get to jacket and trousers. I am singularly affected when I look over a herd of reclining oxen in their pasture, and find that every one has these brazen balls on his horns. They are partly humanized so. It is not pure brute; there is art added. Where are these balls sold? Who is their maker? The bull has a ring in his nose.

The *Lysimachia quadrifolia* exhibits its small yellow blossoms now in the wood-path. Butter-and-eggs has blossomed. The *Uvularia vulgaris*, or bladderwort, a yellow pea-like flower, has blossomed in stagnant pools.



June 23, Monday, 1851: The Daily Alta California announced what it would seem everybody already knew locally, that there had just been yet another deadly and costly conflagration in the city of San Francisco, California, and that this had unquestionably been the doing of arsonists, some of whom had been caught in the act (the intent of these arsonists was not in any way considered):

ANOTHER CONFLAGRATION!! TEN SQUARES BURNED.



Loss of Three Millions of Dollars!! ARREST OF INCENDIARIES.

It becomes our painful duty to record another great fire in San Francisco – the sixth that has occurred in our city within the last two years. Yesterday morning, a little after ten o'clock, the dreadful cry of "Fire" was raised, and crowds immediately gathered around the building where it originated. This was in Pacific street, on the north side, near Powell street, in a two-story wooden building. Fire was first discovered breaking out of the roof and under the eaves of the house. A few moments before the fire the air seemed calm and stirless, but with the progress of the flames a wind seemed to rise, and in a few minutes a strong gale blew from the Northwest. Next door to the house where the fire was first seen was the carpenters' shop of Morriss & Reynolds, which immediately caught. The fire spread from this down Pacific street, when the building at the corner of an alley near Stockton street was torn down with the hope of arresting the flames. A pile of lumber in the rear of the house where the fire originally caught, was soon on fire and in a few minutes the whole block to Broadway and on to Stockton street was in a blaze. The fire about half-past ten crossed Pacific street, and with the strong wind blowing, soon communicated to the whole block as far as Jackson street. Houses on the corner of Jackson and Stockton streets were torn down, but with no avail. The wind had arisen to a perfect hurricane, and as there was no water in that vicinity there was nothing to be done but gaze upon the progress of the flames over a portion of the city built, of the most combustible materials. At the time the fire crossed Stockton street it at the same time spread down Broadway, Pacific and Jackson streets. Along the former it burnt on the side toward the Plaza as far as Kearny street. On Pacific street it burned to Ohio street, taking the City Hall and the City Hospital in its course. On Jackson street it reached to a few houses below Montgomery street. The fire burned furiously along Stockton street, on both sides, nearly down to Washington street, where by the most extraordinary exertion the frame building on the corner of Washington and Stockton street, owned by W.D.M. Howard, Esq. and occupied by Dr. Wozencraft, was saved. Blankets were thrown over the roof, which was kept continually wet, and thus the fire was here combatted. It then crossed in a diagonal direction in the rear of the Baptist church, which was also saved, into Washington street, burning down the hospital of Dr. Arthur B. Stout and the adjoining buildings. It passed down Washington and along Dupont street. On the latter street it stopped at the old adobe building. Coming down Washington street it caught the Jackson House. The buildings on Dupont street, between Washington and Pacific streets, were all on fire, and then the whole city seemed again threatened with destruction. The Jackson House and the house adjoining was burned, while the California restaurant, above and adjoining our office, was blown up. At the time the fire was spreading down Washington street it was being met by the burning of the buildings on Kearny street, which, being nearly all of wood, burned very readily. The flames caught below our office in the wooden buildings between it and the Bella Union, and then it was that our office caught, after we had removed from it all it was possible to save. The house known as the "Louisiana" was



torn down, the doors of the Bella Union closed, and the latter left to take its chance. At the same the flames were crossing from Dupont street to the light frame buildings in the rear of the old adobe, which soon caught and burned.

Crossing in the rear of the Verandah the fire extend down Washington street to Sansome, taking both sides of the street as far as Montgomery street, stopping on the South side at Burgess's new building. On Montgomery street, the West side if burned entirely from Pacific street to Washington, and the East side with the exception of the building of J.B. Bideleman, J. Friedlander and J. Wilbur near the corner of Jackson street. Between Washington and Clay street the only building burned was on the West side, near the corner of Merchant street, and occupied by Messrs. Cronin & Marley. From Washington street, the fire crossed over in the rear of "El Dorado" to the new theatre, which was soon enveloped in flames, and to the buildings in its rear, soon communicating into Merchant and from there crossing into Clay street on the North side below the California Exchange. The building on Clay street next to the Exchange was torn down and the remainder of the building on the North side burned as far as the brick building occupied by Tallant & Wilde on the corner of Montgomery street. Here the fire appeared to be stayed, the engines having been playing upon all the houses east of the Plaza, and most rigorous efforts had been made to save them.

The scene upon the Plaza was terrific and singular. Goods were moved to it from all parts of the city, and after the buildings on the North side and the adobe building had caught and were burning, many of the goods on the Washington side of the Plaza were soon in flames. They were moved and removed, and many of them deposited on the lot vacated by the burning of the City Hotel at the last fire. The buildings on Pacific and Jackson street and the blocks between them were principally occupied by a French and Mexican population.

The patients in the City Hospital, numbering about ninety, were removed into a lot in the rear of the hospital and were afterward taken to a building at the foot of Dupont street on the North Beat where they were comfortably provided for.

The prisoners in the City Prison were immediately remanded to the County Jail, and all the books of record in the Recorder's and Marshal's office were saved. The buildings saved upon the Plaza are the Bella Union, the Custom House, Verandah, El Dorado, Union, and California Exchange, together with the wooden buildings between the Union and California Exchange. The Union was saved by the greatest exertions. While the theatre was burning, the Union was smoking, and only by the most constant application of the engine companies, and the fearless labor of personal friends of the proprietors was the Union prevented from burning. The principal houses destroyed upon the Plaza are the Alta California office, Lafayette Restaurant, Jackson House, the Old Adobe, Louisiana, Maguire's house, (the Jenny Lind Theatre.) Tho Presbyterian Church of Rev. Albert Williams, in Stockton street, was burned.

The burned district extends down Broadway to Kearny street, along Kearny, taking both sides, to Pacific, down Pacific to Ohio, and along Montgomery street, taking in on Jackson and Washington streets a small portion below Montgomery to Washington, tip Washington and Clay streets to Dupont, along



Dupont to Washington, up Washington to near Stockton and crossing over, along Stockton to Pacific, and up Pacific to the house where the fire originated, near the corner of Powell street.

The house where the fire originated was situated on Powell street, between Jackson and Pacific, and owned by Messrs. Kirby and Bennett. One of the owners, Mr. Kirby, occupied the kitchen in company with a man by the name of Lippencott. The parlor, front rooms and attic were occupied by Messrs. Delessert, Ligeron & Co., bankers. Mr. Kirby states that no fire was used about the house for any purpose whatever. No cooking was done there. It is therefore concluded that the fire was the work of an incendiary. Charles S. Lyons was found burned to death on Jackson street, between Dupont and Kearny. No particulars could be obtained concerning the manner of his death. The Coroner will hold an inquest upon the body to-day. Mr. Bach, of the firm of Bach, Burnett & Co., was burned to death in endeavoring to save his storeroom.

Geo. Hubbard, a native of Scotland, about 40 years of age, who had been confined to his bed in a house in Jackson street for eight days past, expired while being removed to the Plaza. It is understood that the Committee of Vigilance have made a large number of arrests, on charges of incendiarism and theft committed during the fire. Three were tried and honorably acquitted. Others are still ironed and held in custody for future examination.

There is no doubt that this terrific fire was the work of an incendiary. The time selected was a good one, just as people were going to church on Sunday morning, and the place was upon a hill, from which the fire must inevitably have spread to the whole city. Heaven protect the demon who is proved to have been concerned in this diabolical act. It is impossible at present to give anything like an accurate account of the amount of property destroyed or of the losses. Probably about five hundred houses and three millions dollars worth of property have been destroyed.

This fire although small in comparison with the last, has fallen upon a class of citizens who were barely able to bear it. Most of them are poor men, men whose all was invested in the houses and goods which have been destroyed. A great deal of lumber has been burned up, and it will be a long time, we fear ere our burned district is built over again.

The thanks of the citizens of San Francisco are due to Lieut. McGowan, of the revenue cutter Polk, who with twenty-five men labored manfully in combating the flames on Washington, Stockton and Jackson streets. Among the incidents of the fire we may notice that a beautiful white male child about a year old was brought into the office of Justice McGowan and delivered to Mr. Wells, the clerk. The deliverer or the receiver had no idea to whom the child belonged, and it was given by Mr. Wells to a gentleman of his acquaintance, who was a housekeeper, and an hour afterwards the child was claimed by his mother, who had given him in her hurry to a Mexican woman whom she had lost in the crowd. Dr. Mitchell, of the cutter Ewing, was also on shore, with a number of men who were busily employed during the progress of the fire in various parts of the city, and to whom much praise is due.

There was evidently an arranged plan to set fire to and consume



the city. Long before the fire reached in that vicinity, a man was discovered attempting to set fire to Pacific street wharf. He was arrested and it is understood was handed over to the Vigilance Committee. The portion of Marvin & Hitchcock building, occupied by Louis Killeir and a segar [sic] store, was fired in the rear by some miscreant who broke one of the panes of glass in the sash of the door leading to the yard and set fire to the curtain of the window; the mark of the match ignited for the purpose is visible on the door. More than ever we are convinced by this that there is in this city an organized band sworn to destroy it — everything connected with this fire has certainly shown it.

By this fire many poor people are really burned out and left without a place to lay their heads. — Many who had removed their goods to the Plaza and on the hills at the head of Kearny and Dupont streets, remained with them through the night. The fire in various parts of the city continued blazing till a late hour, lining the heavens with a lurid glare.

Below we give a list of losses and persons burned out, as far as they have come in:

H. Sheppard. \$15,000; Mrs. Ross, 10,000; M. Dennison. 6,000; Dr. Hall & Co., 8,000; J.C. Hackett, 2,000; Palmer, Cook & Co., 5,000; Sims & Havens, 8,000; M. Keysing, 3,000; C. Koch, 2,500; J. Lilly, 2,610; J.W. Conner, 25; J.E. Spence, 3,000; A.J. Bowie, 1,000; Dr. Hastings, 6,000; A. Munson, 500; B. Davidson, 6,000; Polka House 6,000; Old Guard Restaurant, 6,000; Schaffer & Van Bergen, 8,000; Tobin & Dixon, 6,000; Wallace, Dixon & Co. 5,000; J.B. Huie & Co., 1,000; Fox & OConnor, 8,000; White & Watson, Kearny street 2,500; Everett & Co., 2,000; Kelsey, Smith, & Risley, —; Joseph Poisson & Co., Univers Restaurant, Kearny street, 6,000; J. & C. Levy, Clay street, 900; Jackson Restaurant, Washington street, 20,500; California do. 10,000; Alta California, 60,000; Kenniff & Tinegan, 500; J. Hart & Co. 5,000; W. Longmann & Co., 10,000; Cobb & Co, 8,000; Smiley, Korn & Co., 5,000; McKenzie, Thompson & Co., 60,000; Mawson Brothers 50,000; Markwald, Caspari & Co., 25,000; Blackburn & Co. 10,000; W.E. Keyes & Co., Clay street, 3,000; Stedman & White, 3,000; S. & B. Harris, 3,000; Hayes & Bailey, 3,000; L. Reinstein & Co, 3,500; W.G. Badger, 20,000; R. Josephs & Co., 15,000; J. & M. Phelan, 40,000; P. Acrobat ft Co., 3,000.

From China.

We have received dates from Hong Kong two weeks later than our previous advices. The only item of importance we extract [sic] from the China Mail of the 30th of April:

On Monday, the 27th of April, Mr. Caldwell received information from a source in which he could place reliance, that a plan had been formed by certain Chinese to seize the H.&C. steamer *Hong Kong*, on her way to Canton, with a lac [sic] and a half of dollars. Arms had been conveyed on board the day previous, and the scheme was, that some twenty individuals should take passage in the steamer, and in conjunction with the stokers, rise upon and overpower the crew. Mr. Caldwell instantly communicated with Capt. Massie, who despatched the screw sloop *Reynard* after the steamer, while Captain Glendy of the United States sloop *Marion*, with three officers and thirty men, followed of his own accord in the *Spark*. The *Reynard* anchored about 11 o'clock off Deep




Bay, a few miles below the Bogue, with the intention of despatching boats in the morning to scour it, in case bad news was received by the *Spark*, in which Capt. Cracroft and Mr. Caldwell had accompanied Capt. Glendy towards Whampoa in search of information. But fortunately while off the Bogue, they fell in with a vessel which had seen the steamer all safe at 4 p.m., three miles above Tiger Island. The steamers therefore returned to this harbor.

On the arrival of the *Hong Kong* last night, Mr. Caldwell with a party of police went off and apprehended the whole of the strikers and crew. One of the leaders in the affair, who had gone up and returned on the steamer as a passenger, escaped his observation for the time, but was apprehended by him late last night in a Tai-pings-han. The case is now undergoing an investigation.

TERRIBLE AFFAIR. — Last evening, about half-past ten, a terrible affair occurred in a house of ill fame kept by Mary St. Clair, in Merchant street, just below the Plaza. A man named Lewis Pollock, a sporting man from Philadelphia, well known in this city, it seems was in bed with an occupant of the house, a girl named Jane Hurley. A man named Samuel Gallagher, who it seems had been living with the girl previously, went to the door and knocked. Pollock came out, and after some few words, in which Gallagher accused Pollock of having interfered with his rights in connection with the woman, Gallagher drew a pistol and shot Pollock through the head. This is the story that is told by inmates of the house. The brains and blood of Pollock were lying in a clotted mass upon the threshold of the room where he had been sleeping. Gallagher was arrested immediately and taken before the Vigilance Committee. The Coroner held an inquest upon the body, and the Jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death from a pistol shot wound, inflicted by Samuel Gallagher.



June 23, Monday: It is a pleasant sound to me the squeaking & the booming of night-hawks [**Common Nighthawk**  *Chordeiles minor* (Booming Nighthawk)] flying over high open fields in the woods. They fly like butterflies not to avoid birds of prey but apparently to secure their own insect prey— There is a particular part of the railroad just below the shanty where they may be heard & seen in greatest numbers. But often you must look a long while before you can detect the mote in the sky from which the note proceeds.

The common cinquefoil —*potentilla simplex*—greet me with its simple & unobtrusive yellow flower in the grass. The *P. argentea* Hoary Cinquefoil also is now in blossom *P. sarmentosa* —Running Cinquefoil we had common enough in the spring.

1851

1851



June 24, Tuesday, [1851](#): On Midsummers Day (a selected day close to the summer solstice), William Jackson of Kennieside in Cumberland, who weighed merely 14 stone and stood merely 6 feet 1 inch in height, wrestled Robert Atkinson the Sleagill giant at Flan How in Ulverston for the [Cumberland and Westmoreland](#) championship of England and prize money of £300 (about \$2,500). Before an audience of some 10,000 persons, Atkinson won the best-of-5 match by dint of sheer hugeness, a victory that left Jackson, who was as all acknowledged the better wrestler, to return home with a broken spirit and the £5 in get-drunk money (about \$40) that Lord Carlisle had magnanimously handed him for having put on such a jolly good show. Jackson would not wrestle again.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 24TH AND 25TH]



June 25, Wednesday, [1851](#): [Thomas Carlyle](#) sent his mother Margaret A. Carlyle in Chelsea a nigger joke, to the effect that the glass of the Crystal Palace had gotten to be so dusty and dim that its architect Sir Henry Cole was being referred to as “‘Koh-i-Nigger’ or the mountain of darkness!”

The word “secular” had been in use for some time, and so a nonce term “secularism” was introduced in [The Reasoner](#), and was explained as confining itself to issues “which can be tested in this life” (this word would begin to come into currency in 1864 to describe an ongoing discernible process of the influence of religion being radically resisted in the spheres of politics and economics, etc.).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 24TH AND 25TH]

June 26, Thursday, 1851: Frederick Douglass, accepting a subsidy from the "Liberty Party" of Gerrit Smith, the wealthy anti-Garrisonian political activist, changed the name of his newspaper to Frederick Douglass' Paper.



From this point he would "assume fully the right and dignity of an Editor — a Mr. Editor if you please!" and no longer identify his editorials with "F.D."

Douglass has made an expedient conversion to save his newspaper. The North Star merged with a Syracuse [New York] Liberty [Party] sheet underwritten by Smith to form a new weekly to be called Frederick Douglass's Paper. Smith and Douglass had wooed each other for months.... The new partners had closed the deal for two years of monthly subsidies shortly before the AAS meeting.



1851



"Brilliant generalship in itself is a frightening thing – the very idea that the thought processes of a single brain of a Hannibal or a Scipio can play themselves out in the destruction of thousands of young men in an afternoon."

– Victor Davis Hanson, *CARNAGE AND CULTURE: LANDMARK BATTLES IN THE RISE OF WESTERN POWER* (NY: Doubleday, 2001)



1851



1851

1851

In Mitre Court Chambers, Temple, London, England, Sir Edward Shepherd Creasy dotted the final “i” and crossed the final “t” of his Eurocentric-supremacist and entirely unabashed glorification of our human tragicomedy, to be known to teenage males and others fascinated by the pornography of violence, ever after, as THE FIFTEEN DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD FROM MARATHON TO WATERLOO (London: Macmillan & Company, 1851):

It is an honorable characteristic of the Spirit of this Age, that projects of violence and warfare are regarded among civilized states with gradually increasing aversion. The Universal Peace Society certainly does not, and probably never will, enrol the majority of statesmen among its members. But even those who look upon the Appeal of Battle as occasionally unavoidable in international controversies, concur in thinking it a deplorable necessity, only to be resorted to when all peaceful modes of arrangement have been vainly tried; and when the law of self-defense justifies a State, like an individual, in using force to protect itself from imminent and serious injury. For a writer, therefore, of the present day to choose battles for his favorite topic, merely because they were battles; merely because so many myriad's of troops were arrayed in them, and so many hundreds or thousands of human beings stabbed, hewed, or shot each other to death during them, would argue strange weakness or depravity of mind. Yet it cannot be denied that a fearful and wonderful interest is attached to these scenes of carriage. There is undeniable greatness in the disciplined courage, and in the love of honor, which make the combatants confront agony and destruction. And the powers of the human intellect are rarely more strongly displayed than they are in the Commander, who regulates, arrays, and wields at his will these masses of armed disputants; who, cool yet daring, in the midst of peril, reflects on all, and provides for all, ever ready with fresh resources and designs, as the vicissitudes of the storm of slaughter require. But these qualities, however high they may appear, are to be found in the basest as well as in the noblest of mankind. Catiline was as brave a soldier as Leonidas, and a much better officer. Alva surpassed the Prince of Orange in the field; and Suwarrow was the military superior of Kosciusko. To adopt the emphatic words of Byron:—

“’Tis the Cause makes all,
Degrades or hallows courage in its fall”

There are some battles, also, which claim our attention, independently of the moral worth of the combatants, on account of their enduring importance, and by reason of the practical influence on our own social and political condition, which we can trace up to the results of those engagements. They have for us an abiding and actual interest, both while we investigate the chain of causes and effects, by which they have helped to make us what we are; and also while we speculate on what we probably should have been, if any one of those battles had come to a different termination. Hallam has admirably expressed this in his remarks on the victory gained by Charles Martel, between

Tours and Poitiers, over the invading Saracens.



He says of it, that "it may justly be reckoned among those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in an its subsequent scenes: with Marathon, Arbela, the Metaurus, Chalons, and Leipsic." It was the perusal of this note of Hallam's that first led me to the consideration of my present subject. I certainly differ from that great historian as to the comparative importance of some of the battles which he thus enumerates, and also of some which he omits. It is probable, indeed, that no two historical inquirers would entirely agree in their lists of the Decisive Battles of the World. Different minds will naturally vary in the impressions which particular events make on them; and in the degree of interest with which they watch the career, and reflect on the importance of different historical personages. But our concurrence in our catalogues is of little moment, provided we learn to look on these great historical events in the spirit which Hallam's observations indicate. Those remarks should teach us to watch how the interests of many states are often involved in the collisions between a few; and how the effect of those collisions is not limited to a single age, but may give an impulse which will sway the fortunes of successive generations of mankind, Most valuable also is the mental discipline which is thus acquired, and by which we are trained not only to observe what has been, and what is, but also to ponder on what might have been.

We thus learn not to judge of the wisdom of measures too exclusively by the results. We learn to apply the juster standard of seeing what the circumstances and the probabilities were that surrounded a statesman or a general at the time when he decided on his plan: we value him not by his fortune, but by his [unknown Greek word] to adopt the expressive Greek word, for which our language gives no equivalent.

The reasons why each of the following Fifteen Battles has been selected will, I trust, appear when it is described. But it may be well to premise a few remarks on the negative tests which



have led me to reject others, which at first sight may appear equal in magnitude and importance to the chosen Fifteen.

I need hardly remark that it is not the number of killed and wounded in a battle that determines its general historical importance. It is not because only a few hundreds fell in the battle by which Joan of Arc captured the Tourelles and raised the siege of Orleans, that the effect of that crisis is to be judged: nor would a full belief in the largest number which Eastern historians state to have been slaughtered in any of the numerous conflicts between Asiatic rulers, make me regard the engagement in which they fell, as one of paramount importance to mankind. But, besides battles of this kind, there are many of great consequence, and attended with circumstances which powerfully excite our feelings, and rivet our attention, and yet which appear to me of mere secondary rank, inasmuch as either their effects were limited in area, or they themselves merely confirmed some great tendency or bias which an earlier battle had originated. For example, the encounters between the Creeks and Persians, which followed Marathon, seem to me not to have been phenomena of primary impulse. Creek superiority had been already asserted, Asiatic ambition had already been checked, before Salamis and Plataea confirmed the superiority of European Greece over Oriental despotism. So, Egospotamos, which finally crushed the maritime power of Athens, seems to me inferior in interest to the defeat before Syracuse, where Athens received her first fatal check, and after which she only struggled to retard her downfall. I think similarly of Zama with respect to Carthage, as compared with the Metaurus: and, on the same principle, the subsequent great battles of the Revolutionary war appear to me inferior in their importance to Valmy, which first determined the military character and career of the French Revolution.

I am aware that a little activity of imagination, and a slight exercise of metaphysical ingenuity, may amuse us, by showing how the chain of circumstances is so linked together, that the smallest skirmish, or the slightest occurrence of any kind, that ever occurred, may be said to have been essential, in its actual termination, to the whole order of subsequent events. But when I speak of Causes and Effects, I speak of the obvious and important agency of one fact upon another, and not of remote and fancifully infinitesimal influences. I am aware that, on the other hand, the reproach of Fatalism is justly incurred by those, who, like the writers of a certain school in a neighboring country, recognize in history nothing more than a series of necessary phenomena, which follow inevitably one upon the other. But when, in this work, I speak of probabilities, I speak of human probabilities only. When I speak of Cause and Effect, I speak of those general laws only, by which we perceive the sequence of human affairs to be usually regulated; and in which we recognize emphatically the wisdom and power of the Supreme Lawgiver, the design of The Designer.

- **The Battle of Marathon, 490 BCE**
- **Defeat of the Athenians at Syracuse, 413 BCE**
- **The Battle of Arbela, 331 BCE**
- **The Battle of the Metaurus, 207 BCE**
- **Victory of Arminius over the Roman Legions under Varus, 9 CE**
- **The Battle of Châlons, 451 CE**

- The Battle of Tours, 732 CE
- The Battle of Hastings, 1066 CE
- Joan of Arc's Victory over the English at Orléans, 1429 CE
- The Defeat of the Spanish Armada, 1588 CE
- The Battle of Blenheim, 1704 CE
- The Battle of Pultowa, 1709 CE
- Victory of the Americans over Burgoyne at Saratoga, 1777 CE
- The Battle of Valmy, 1792 CE
- The Battle of Waterloo, 1815 CE



An informant on the Marysville Committee of Vigilance would be forwarding an alert message to the [San Francisco](#) Committee of Vigilance in regard to some evidence he had uncovered of the premeditation of the arson, evidence which amounted to the sheerest hearsay but to which obviously they needed to be immediately alerted. “*Eternal Vigilance* is the price of Liberty.” It is impossible to be adequately suspicious:

I arrived here in Steamer *San Joaquin* last evening (Wednesday). We left on Monday eve San Francisco – I soon [June 28, 1851] found a man wife and four children, an Englishman by trade a Watch Repairer he had a place in Pacific above Stockton. His wife also kept a Stand for the sale of cigars and tobacco etc etc from her I learned what I consider an important item for the interest of San Francisco, although I could learn nothing definite, as to names or description – She said that several times she had heard persons say when in her place that the D-d town or place would be burned *Seven times* & that the next fire would be in this part meaning in the vicinity of Stockton & Pacific. She did not think much about it at the time, only after the fire, when what she had heard came before her – on a cross examination, Said there would be *Seven large fires* & that the first would be there, could not identify the persons but heard it two or three different times, cause alleged the execution of Jenkins – I do not doubt the womans honesty her husband overheard her and after that I could not succeed in drawing anything more from her. Just, *Eternal Vigilance* is the price of Liberty. I will keep you informed of anything deemed worthy of your attention

Respectfully yours

[Signed] Sam L Dewey? Messrs Gregory & Co agent Mr Rumvill has kindly offered to ford my communication to you.

S. L. D.



June 26, Thursday:

The slight reddish toppd grass (red-top?) now gives a reddish tinge to some fields like sorrel. Visited a menagerie this afternoon I am always surprised to see the same spots & stripes on wild

beasts from Africa & asia. & also from South America –on the Brazilian tiger and the African Leopard, and their general similarity. All these wild animals –Lions tigers –chetas –Leopards &c Have one hue tawny & commonly spotted or striped– What you may call pard color. A color & marking which I had not associated with America These are wild animals (beasts) What constitutes the difference between a wild beast & a tame one? How much more human the one than the other!–
Growling scratching roaring –with whatever beauty & gracefulness still untameable this Royal Bengal tiger or this leopard. They have the character & the importance of another order of men. The majestic lion –the King of beasts –he must retain his title.
I was struck by the gem-like changeable greenish reflections from the eyes of the grizzley bear– So glassy that you never saw the surface of the eye– They quite demonic. Its claws though extremely large & long look weak & made for digging or pawing earth & leaves. It is unavoidable the idea of transmigration not merely a fancy of the poets –but an instinct of the race.



June 27, Friday, 1851: Father [Isaac Hecker](#), CSSR wrote to [Orestes Augustus Brownson](#), Esq.



Abbott v. Bacon and Another had been a libel action tried before Mr. Justice Erle at the Assizes court hearings in [Norwich, England](#). The accused had published in the Norwich [Mercury](#) that the plaintiff, a superintendent of the County Constabulary at East Derham, had stolen certain articles from the pharmacy shop of Mr. Abram in that town. The jury had assessed damages of a farthing. Afterward there had been a meeting in the Norfolk Hotel that had arrived at the conclusion that this libel trial had offered “a most painful illustration of the gross injustice which may be inflicted upon the editor of a newspaper who honestly and fearlessly comments on matters of general interest,” and a public subscription had been collected to recoup to the proprietors of the newspaper the loss they had sustained in their successful vindication of the liberty of the press. A motion was made in the Court of Exchequer for a new trial on the ground that the jury had been improperly directed and a “rule nisi” was granted. On this day, finally, by agreement between the plaintiff and the defendant, a verdict was entered in the Court of Exchequer for a farthing in damages (in other words, although the accusation was accurate no appreciable harm seemed to have been done).

On this night there was a slight [aurora borealis](#) above New England.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 27TH AND 28TH]



June 28, Saturday, 1851: The [San Francisco](#) Committee of Vigilance wrote to Sam’ L. Dewey in Marysville, California:

Sir: The Committee of Vigilance of San Francisco have this morning received your communication of June 26th and due note has been taken of its contents. As an Englishman named Lee left this place suddenly with watches & jewelry & a family [June 28, 1851] of 3 or 4 children under suspicious circumstances we address a letter to the Comtee of Vige of Marysville with particulars As you appear to think the husband prevented further disclosures of the wife relative to the fire, and we now believe him to be the person against whom a complaint has been made here, you will make use of the information to get him or his wife to disclose all the particulars relative to the threats of firing this City. The thanks of this Comtee are offered you for yr intelligence
By order



1851

1851

[Signed] James O. Ward Secy [Endorsed, incorrectly) San Fran Committee of Vigilance to Lieut Derby Case of Samuel Church Copy. To the Vigilance Com of Marysville June 28. 1851 To the Committee of Vigilance of Marysville

A day or two after the fire of the 22nd inst. a watchmaker by the name of Lee left here very suddenly with his wife & family he pretended to have lost everything by the fire, but there is every reason for believing that all his jewelry was saved & has been carried by him to some place— As several parties here have lost their watches by him we desire that you will investigate the matter & try & obtain from him some information his wife or family are possessed of, concerning threats made by some of the customers of her cigar shop here, relative to the firing of this City. This Committee will correspond with you whenever any information comes to it serviceable to your quarter.

By order

[Signed] Jas. O. Ward

Secretary

San Francisco June 28/51

Dickerson Statement Case of Lee Francis Dickerson Colored man— My watch was in Pacific near Stockton with Mr Lee an Englishman he had a wife & 4 children 10 or 12 days before fire I had pd him for cleaning

it did not go well I took it back. —I went there Friday before fire he said it was not done but would be finished Sunday A.M. — I did not go being a fine day, until alarm of fire. At the [June 28, 1851] Alarm I rushed up got to his house front doors fastened. I pounded and pounded Saw nobody. By & By a big man came to the door from the inside I told him I wanted my watch.— He told me the watches were all gone I looked around the place could not see watches as usual, nor cigars that were there, they were all gone. The man s[ai]d they were all gone long ago.— While I was getting grain out for another man living in the alley right back of Lee's house — Lee came along with 1 box of watch cristals. He says for gods sake hold on to these until I can get my children — I held it a little while until Mr Lee came along with 2 children. Says he I am going over to that Brick house. I did not see him any more for a half hour. — He saw me again Said help me out with my things. I ran up to get in his back gate. I got suffocated & came down alley — I met his boy night before last on wharf — he said his Father had lost all. — He said he was on North Beach — I asked him to show me where He would not do it — I told Wm Jones & left my people at breakfast I went within 25 yards of the house he had rented — I heard from woman there that he staid only one day & went off in a hurry with trunks & all to Marysville. the woman said she had no doubt from his manner that he had carried all the Jewelry off Lee's wife said to the woman that they had only lost some blankets

Francis A. [his X mark] Dickerson

[Endorsed:) gone to Marysville

[Report of Committee. Case of Scott] The Committee appointed to dispose of the effects of the prisoner Scott would respectfully report.

That we have obtained all of his personal effects, that was left or that can be found since the fire of the 22d inst and have brought them to the Committee Room. That we have collected \$44—



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and that we have the promise of \$61.50 to be paid on Monday next, which amounts comprise all that is due the man Scott that can be found by your Committee after diligent search. The [June 28, 1851] prisoner Scott has a house for which he paid \$175—and your committee have no doubt from offers that they have had for the said house that \$175 if not more can be readily obtained for it on Monday—all of which is
Respectfully submitted
[Signed] J.C.L. Wadsworth

Thos MoCahill

B. Dexter

June 28th 1851

Thos Scotts Statement

Statement of Mr Scott—Goods belonging to him in his house
One Trunk

One Large Chest one and half bags sugar in same
one silver watch one chest tea

One Small Box

One Box with lock never saw inside

6 or 7 old Bed-Blanket for same

Joiners Tools

Geo. Hopkins's Statement

Case of Hopkins

June 28th 1851 George Hopkins. — I am the only man that has been with Government vessels — I know all the convicts. — C. Baker on board store ship — he was a transport for life boarded from Hobart Town receiver of stolen goods—Captain Gates he shot a man. — he was in a Schooner called the Ospray. Captn. Candell has a shipping office. — he married a woman who was over the female convicts. Mr Austin keeps a shanty close by the house where a woman with wooden leg lives just past her house. has been a convict. — Wm Brown lives 2 or 3 doors beyond Martin's in Montgomery St — was a convict — Martin is a convict he is on board some vessel cant say where. — Willis — dont know where he lives. — Paddy Kelly was a convict sent to Norfolk Island twice. last time Govt Philip — Tall man with red shirt named Kelly.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JUNE 27TH AND 28TH]

1851

1851

→ June 29, Sunday, 1851: An estimate of the talents and dispositions of a lady, [Charlotte Brontë](#), was made by a [phrenologist](#), Dr. Browne (writing to George Smith in the following month, Charlotte would indicate that the estimate made of him during the same visit had been “a sort of miracle — like — like — like as the very life itself.”):



The Bronte sisters (left to right: Anne, Emily, and Charlotte), painted in 1834 by their brother, Branwell.

Temperament for the most part nervous. Brain large; the anterior and superior parts remarkably salient. In her domestic relations this lady will be warm and affectionate. In the care of children she will evince judicious kindness, but she is not pleased at seeing them spoiled by over-indulgence. Her fondness for any particular locality would chiefly rest upon the associations connected with it. Her attachments are strong and enduring; indeed, this is a leading element of her character. She is rather circumspect, however, in the choice of her friends, and it is well that she is so, for she will seldom meet with persons whose dispositions approach the standard of excellence with which she can entirely sympathise. Her sense of truth and justice would be offended by any dereliction of duty, and she would in such cases express her disapprobation with warmth and energy. She would not, however, be precipitate in acting thus, and rather than live in a state of hostility with those she could wish to love she would depart from them, although the breaking off of friendship would be to her a source of great unhappiness. The careless and unreflecting whom she would labour to amend might deem her punctilious and perhaps exacting, not considering that their amendment and not her own gratification prompted her to admonish. She is sensitive, and is very anxious to succeed in her undertakings, but is not so sanguine as to the probability of success. She is occasionally inclined to take a gloomier view



of things than perhaps the facts of the case justify. She should guard against the effect of this where her affection is engaged, for her sense of her own impatience is moderate and not strong enough to steel her against disappointment. She has more firmness than self-reliance, and her sense of justice is of a very high order. She is deferential to the aged and those she deems worthy of her respect, and possesses much devotional feeling, but dislikes fanaticism, and is not given to a belief in supernatural things without questioning the probability of their existence.

Money is not her idol; she values it merely for its uses. She would be liberal to the poor and compassionate to the afflicted, and when friendship calls for aid she would struggle even against her own interest to impart the required assistance; indeed, sympathy is a marked characteristic of this organisation. Is fond of symmetry and proportion, and possesses a good perception of form, and is a good judge of colour. She is endowed with a keen perception of melody and rhythm. Her imitative powers are good, and the faculty which gives small dexterity is well developed. These powers might have been cultivated with advantage. Is a fair calculator, and her sense of order and arrangement is remarkably good. Whatever this lady has to settle or arrange will be done with precision and taste. She is endowed with an exalted sense of the beautiful and ideal, and longs for perfection. If not a poet her sentiments are poetical, or at least imbued with that enthusiastic grace which is characteristic of poetical feeling. She is fond of dramatic literature and the drama, especially if it be combined with music. In its intellectual development this head is very remarkable. The forehead is at once very large and well formed. It bears the stamp of deep thoughtfulness and comprehensive understanding. It is highly philosophical. It exhibits the presence of an intellect at once perspicacious and perspicuous. There is much critical sagacity and fertility in devising resources in situations of difficulty; much originality, with a tendency to speculate and generalise. Possibly this speculative bias may sometimes interfere with the practical efficiency of some of her projects. Yet, since she has scarcely an adequate share of self-reliance, and is not sanguine as to the success of her plans, there is reason to suppose that she would attend more closely to particulars, and thereby prevent the unsatisfactory results of hasty generalisation. The lady possesses a fine organ of language, and can, if she has done her talents justice by exercise, express her sentiments with clearness, precision, and force—sufficiently eloquent but not verbose. In learning a language she would investigate its spirit and structure. The character of the German language would be well adapted to such an organisation. In analysing the motives of human conduct this lady would display originality and power, but in her mode of investigating mental science she would naturally be imbued with a metaphysical bias. She would perhaps be sceptical as to the truth of Galle's doctrine; but the study of this doctrine, this new system of mental philosophy, would give additional strength to her excellent understanding by rendering it more practical, more attentive to particulars, and contribute to her happiness by imparting to her more correct notions of the dispositions of those whose acquaintance she may wish to cultivate.



1851

1851

J. P. Browne, M.D.
367 Strand:
June 29, 1851.

Herman Melville wrote Nathaniel Hawthorne:

My dear Hawthorne –
The clear air and open window invite me to write to you. For some time past I have been so busy with a thousand things that I have almost forgotten when I wrote you last, and whether I received an answer. This most persuasive season has now for weeks recalled me from certain crotchety and over doleful chimearas, the like of which men like you and me and some others, forming a chain of God's posts round the world, must be content to encounter now and then, and fight them the best way we can. But come they will, – for, in the boundless, trackless, but still glorious wild wilderness through which these outposts run, the Indians do sorely abound, as well as the insignificant but still stinging mosquitoes. Since you have been here, I have been building some shanties of houses (connected with the old one) and likewise some shanties of chapters and essays. I have been plowing and sowing and raising and painting and printing and praying, – and now begin to come out upon a less bustling time, and to enjoy the calm prospect of things from a fair piazza at the north of the old farm house here. Not entirely yet, though, am I without something to be urgent with. The "Whale" is only half through the press; for, wearied with the long delay of the printers, and disgusted with the heat and dust of the babylonish brick-kiln of New York, I came back to the country to feel the grass – and end the book reclining on it, if I may. – I am sure you will pardon this speaking all about myself, for if I say so much on that head, be sure all the rest of the world are thinking about themselves ten times as much. Let us speak, although we show all our faults and weaknesses, – for it is a sign of strength to be weak, to know it, and out with it, – not in [a] set way and ostentatiously, though, but incidentally and without premeditation. – But I am falling into my old foible – preaching. I am busy, but shall not be very long. Come and spend a day here, if you can and want to; if not, stay in Lenox, and God give you long life. When I am quite free of my present engagements, I am going to treat myself to a ride and a visit to you. Have ready a bottle of brandy, because I always feel like drinking that heroic drink when we talk ontological heroics together. This is rather a crazy letter in some respects, I apprehend. If so, ascribe it to the intoxicating effects of the latter end of June operating upon a very susceptible and peradventure feeble temperament. Shall I send you a fin of the Whale by way of a specimen mouthful? The tail is not yet cooked – though the hell-fire in which the whole book is broiled might not unreasonably have cooked it all ere this. This is the book's motto (the secret one), – Ego non baptiso te in nomine – but make out the rest yourself.
H.M.



June 29, Sunday: There is a great deal of white clover this year. In many fields where there has been no clover seed sown for many years at least, it is more abundant than the red and the heads are nearly as large. Also pastures which are close cropped and where I think there was little or no clover last year are spotted white with a humbler growth– And everywhere by road sides garden



borders &c even where the sward is trodden hard –the small white heads on short stems are sprinkled every where– As this is the season for the swarming of bees –and this clover is very attractive to them, it is probably the more difficult to secure them –at any rate it is the more important to secure their services now that they can make honey so fast. It is an interesting inquiry why this year is so favorable to the growth of clover!

I am interested to observe how old-country methods of farming resources are introduced among us. The Irish laborer for instance seeing that his employer is contemplating some agricultural enterprise –as ditching –or fencing suggests some old country mode with he has been familiar from a boy – which is often found to be cheaper as well as more ornamental than the common– And Patrick is allowed to accomplish the object his own way –and for once exhibits some skill and has not to be shown –but working with a will as well as with pride –does better than ever in the old country. Even the Irish man exhibits what might be mistaken for a Yankee knack –exercising a merely inbred skill derived from the long teachings and practice of his ancestors.

I saw an Irish man building a bank of sod where his employer had contemplated building a bank wall –piling up very neatly & solidly with his spade & a line the sods taken from the rear & coping the face at a very small angle from the perpendicular –intermingling the sods with bushes as they came to hand which would grow & strengthen the whole. It was much more agreeable to the eye as well as less expensive than stone would have been –& he thought that it would be equally effective as a fence & no less durable. But it is true only experience will show when the same practice may be followed in this climate & in Ireland –whether our atmosphere is not too dry to admit of it. At any rate it was wise in the farmer thus to avail himself of any peculiar experience which his hired laborer possessed, That was what he *should* buy.

Also I noticed the other day where one who raises seeds when his ropes & poles failed had used ropes twisted of straw to support his plants –a resource probably suggested & supplied by his foreign laborers. It is only remarkable that so few improvements or resources are or are to be adopted from the old world.

I look down on rays of prunella by the road sides now– The panicled or privet Andromeda with its fruit-like white flowers– Swamp-pink I see for the first time this season.

–The Tree Primrose (Scabish) *Oenothera biennis* a rather coarse yellow flower with a long tubular calyx naturalized extensively in Europe.– The clasping bellflower –*Campanula perfoliata* from the heart shaped leaves clasping the stalk an interesting flower–

The *Convolvulus Sepium* Large Bindweed –make a fresh morning impression as of dews & purity– The Adder’s tongue *Arethusa* a delicate pink flower.

How different is day from day! Yesterday the air was filled with a thick fog-like haze so that the sun did not once shine with ardor but every thing was so tempered under this thin veil that it was a luxury merely to be out doors– You were less out for it. The shadows of the apple trees even early in the afternoon were remarkably distinct The landscape wore a classical smoothness– Every object was as in picture with a glass over it. I saw some hills on this side the river looking from Conantum on which the grass being of a yellow tinge, though the sun did not shine out on them they had the appearance of being shone upon peculiarly.– It was merely an unusual yellow tint of the grass. The mere surface of water was an object for the eye to linger on.

The panicled cornel a low shrub in blossom by wall sides now.

I thought that one peculiarity of my “Week” was its *hypæthral* character –to use an epithet applied to those Egyptian temples which are open to the heavens above –*under the ether*– I thought that it had little of the atmosphere of the house about –but might wholly have been written, as in fact it was to a considerable extent –out of doors. It was only at a late period in writing it, as it happened, that I used any phrases implying that I lived in a house, or lead a *domestic* life. I trust it does not smell of the study & library –even of the Poets attic, as of the fields & woods.– that it is a *hypæthral* or unroofed book –lying open under the *ether* –& permeated by it. Open to all weathers –not easy to be kept on a shelf.

The potatoes are beginning to blossom

Riding to survey a woodlot yesterday I observed that a dog accompanied the wagon– Having tied the horse at the last house and entered the woods, I saw no more of the dog while there; –but when riding back to the village I saw the dog again running by the wagon –and in answer to my inquiry was told that the horse & wagon were hired & that the dog always accompanied the horse. I queried whether it might happen that a dog would accompany the wagon if a strange horse were put into it –whether he would ever attach himself to an inanimate object. Methinks the driver though a stranger as it were added intellect to the mere animality of the horse and the dog not making very nice

distinctions yielded respect to the horse and equipage as if it were human. If the horse were to trot off alone without wagon or driver –I think it doubtful if the dog would follow –if with the wagon then the chances of his following would be increased –but if with a driver though a stranger I have found by experience that he would follow.

At a distance in the meadow I hear still at long intervals the hurried commencement of the bobolink's strain the bird just dashing into song –which is as suddenly checked as it were by the warder of the seasons –and the strain is left incomplete forever. Like human beings they are inspired to sing only for a short season.

That little roadside –pealike blossomed blue flower is interesting to me. The mulleins are just blossoming.

The voice of the crickets heard at noon from deep in the grass allies day to night– It is unaffected by sun & moon. It is a mid-night sound heard at noon –a midday sound heard at mid night.

I observed some mulleins growing on the western slope of the sandy railroad embankment –in as warm a place as can easily be found –where the heat was reflected from the sand oppressively at 3 o'clock P M this hot day–Yet the green & living leaves felt rather cool than other-wise to the hand –but the dead ones at the root were quite warm. The living plant thus preserves a cool temperature in the hottest exposure. as if it kept a cellar below from which cooling liquors were drawn up.

Yarrow is now in full bloom. & elder –and a small many-head white daisy like a small white weed. The epilobium too is out.

The night warbler sings the same strain at noon. The song-sparrow still occasionally reminds me of spring.

I observe that the high water in the ponds –which have been rising for a year –has killed most of the pitch pines & alders which it had planted & merely watered at its edge during the years of dryness–

But now it comes to undo its own work.

How awful is the least unquestionable meanness –when we cannot deny that we have been guilty of it–There seems to be no bounds to our unworthiness



June 30, Monday, 1851: In recent years the landform that Thoreau was exploring in his Concord adventures on this day, Bear Garden Hill, had become an improvement project. Bear Garden Hill had been proposed for a condo complex to accompany an office development that had been proposed for Brister's Hill (but this has since, I am given to understand, been defeated).



June 30, Monday: Haying has commenced. I see the farmers in distant fields cocking their hay –now at six o'clock. The day has been so oppressively warm that some workmen have laid by at noon –and the haymakers are mowing now in the early twilight.


The blue flag iris versicolor enlivens the meadow– The lark sings at sundown off in the meadow. It is a note which belongs to a new England summer evening. Though so late I hear the summer hum of a bee in the grass –as I am on my way to the river behind Hubbards to bathe. After hoeing in a dusty garden all this warm afternoon –so warm that the baker says he never knew the like & expects to find his horses dead in the stable when he gets home –it is very grateful to wend ones way at evening to some pure & cool stream & bathe therein.

The cranberry is now in blossom. Their fresh shoots have run a foot or two over the surface.


I have noticed an abundance of poison sumack this season. It is now in blossom. In some instance it has the size & form of a healthy peach tree.


The cuckoo is faintly heard from a neighboring grove. Now that it is beginning to be dark, as I am crossing a pasture I hear a happy cricket-like –shrill little lay –from a sparrow either in the grass or else on that distant tree –as if it were the vibrations of a watch spring –its vespers. The tree primrose which was so abundant in one field last Saturday is now all gone.

The cattle on Bear Garden Hill seen through the twilight look monstrously large. I find abounding in the meadows the adder's tongue *Arethusa* & occasionally with it the *Cymbidium tuberosum* of the same tint. The obtuse *Galium Hypericum perforatum* is a delicate vine-like plant with a minute white blossom in the same places. The *St John's wort* has blossomed. The *Oenothera pumila* or Dwarf tree primrose a neat yellow flower abounds in the meadows. which the careless would mistake at a


distance for buttercups The white white buds of the clethra (alder leaved) rise above their recent shoots– The narrow leaved cotton grass spots the meadow with white seeming like loose down, its stems are so slight.– The carrot growing wild which I observed by the rail road is now blossoming with its dishing blossom– I found by the rail-road 1/4 mile from the road some common Garden catch-fly the pink flower growing wild. Angelica is now in blossom –with its large umbels. Swamp rose –fugacious petalled. The Prinos or winter-berry budded with white clustered berry-like flower-buds is a pretty contrast to itself in the winter –waxlike. While bathing I plucked the common floating plant like a small yellow lily –the Yellow-Water-Ranunculus –R. multifidus. What I suppose is the Aster Miser –Small flowered Aster a small many-headed white weed has now for a week been in bloom –a humble weed, but one of the earliest of the asters. The umbelled Thesium, a simple white flower on the edge of the woods. Erysimum officinale, Hedge mustard with its yellow flowers. I first observed about 10 days ago that the fresh shoots of the fir balsam –abies balsamifera –found under the tree wilted, or plucked & kept in the pocket or in the house a few days –emit the fragrance of strawberries, only it is somewhat more aromatic & spicy. It was to me a very remarkable fragrance to be emitted by a pine. A very rich delicious aromactic –spicy –fragrance which, if the fresh & living shoots emitted they would be still more to be sought after. Saw a brood of young partridges [**Ruffed Grouse**  *Bonasa umbellus*] yesterday a little larger than robins

SUMMER 1851

 Summer 1851: While [Waldo Emerson](#) was terming [Henry Thoreau](#) a “cold intellectual sceptic,” Thoreau was defending his honor by cursing himself – saying that if this were true, it should “wither and dry up those sources of my life.” Although [Horace Greeley](#) was offering to pay Thoreau for an essay on “Emerson, his Works and Ways,” this essay proved impossibly painful for Thoreau to write.

 Summer 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) began his 1st COMMONPLACE BOOK, which is now in the Widener or Houghton collection at [Harvard University](#) and bears on its label the inscription “*Extracts, mostly upon Natural History. Henry D. Thoreau.*”

 Summer 1851: [Dr. Joseph Leidy](#) lectured on Physiology in the Medical Institute of [Philadelphia](#).


 Summer 1851: [Brownson’s Quarterly Review](#), No. 2


- I. *Bushnell on the Incarnation*
- II. *The Hungarian Rebellion*
- III. *Webster’s Answer to Hülsemann* [[Daniel Webster](#) concerning Austria]
- IV. *Savonarola*
- V. *Literary Notices and Criticisms*

CATHOLICISM


MAGAZINES


ORESTES AUGUSTUS BROWNSON

 Summer 1851: The friends [Orestes Augustus Brownson](#) and [Isaac Hecker](#) were able to get together again, for the 1st time since they had gone off on their respective excellent adventures in 1845. By this time Brownson was not only an essayist and a publisher, but also a welcome lecturer who made regular tours of paying [Catholic](#) audiences in New-York, Philadelphia, and [Baltimore](#), at times venturing on through the major cities of the Midwest and the South, and even as far as Montréal. Among the favorite hobby-horses about which he was lecturing were “The Compatibility between Democracy and Catholicism” in which to be an American Catholic was to be a member of the Democratic Party whether or not one was officially enrolled and vice versa, “Catholicity and Civilization” in which to be in favor of civilization was to be in favor of the Holy Roman Catholic Church whether or not one recognized that fact and vice versa, and “Civil and Religious Liberty” in which one had true civil liberty if and only if one had true religious liberty and true religious liberty amounted to freedom to know the truth and the truth was what Orestes Brownson speaking on behalf of the True Church said that it was. (How he was getting away with this is anybody’s guess. Presumably the Church in America was pulling together under the real external threat of Protestant viciousness and narrow-mindedness, represented by among other antiRomanist organizations a party whose members described **themselves** as “[Know-Nothings](#),” and in this siege mentality Brownson had to be countenanced. But the man had genius, in positioning himself so that as a paid lecturer to the faithful he was able to put himself across to his audiences as Defender of the Faith.)

 Summer 1851: The membership of the main [Hutchinson Family Singers](#) group, after [Abby Hutchinson](#)’s departure, changed several times. At this point a tour through the Midwest involved [Jesse Hutchinson](#), [Judson Hutchinson](#), and [John W. Hutchinson](#), with [Asa Hutchinson](#) replacing Jesse only toward the end. Jesse’s wife had long suffered from frail health, and she soon passed away. Just days later, Jesse’s daughter died. He had lost not only the love of his life but also all six of their children, and of course was devastated.

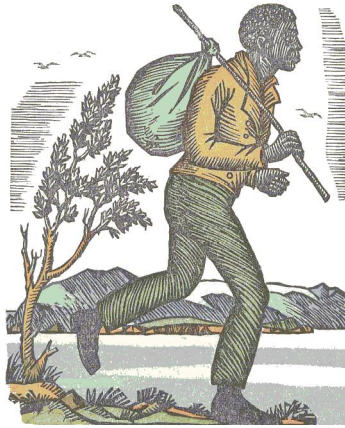
The [Reverend Lorenzo Lorraine Langstroth](#) of Philadelphia began to experiment with leaving an even, approximately bee-sized space between the top of the frames in his beehives, holding the honeycombs, and the flat coverboard above, in order to be able quite easily to remove that coverboard, which had usually been well cemented to the frames with propolis by the bees, making such a separation difficult to achieve. He would be using this discovery about bee behavior to make the frames themselves more easily removable. When he left only a small space (less than a quarter-inch) the bees would cement this space with propolis, but when he left a larger space (more than 3/8 of an inch) the bees would instead fill it with comb. In the following year he would obtain a US patent for his new beehive design.

 Summer 1851: [Lysander Spooner](#) (who had already written extensively on the unconstitutionality of laws on currency, slavery, and capital punishment), repulsed by the successive fugitive slave acts and in general by injustices embedded in the law and perpetuated mindlessly by generations of hidebound judges and lawyers, began work on a corrective recommendation, which he titled TRIAL BY JURY. Turning away from the legal fraternity he had been trying so hard and so fruitlessly to persuade, he turned toward the community at large. He would make his new appeal to the common citizens who sat on the juries that would, or should, decide what was right and what was wrong.


 In his antislavery lecturing that summer, the Reverend [Samuel Ringgold Ward](#) was paying more and more attention to the situation in regard to the new Fugitive Slave Law:

In the summer of 1851, business called me to travel in various parts of the country. I visited numerous districts of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Indiana, as well as Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire. Smarting as we were under the recently passed Fugitive Law —and irritations being inflamed and aggravated by the dragging of some poor victim of it from some Northern town

to the South and to slavery, every month or so— of course this law became the theme of most I said and wrote.



JULY 1851

 July 1851: During this July, and August, [Henry Thoreau](#) would be making entries in his journal as preparation for lectures that eventually would become [AN EXCURSION TO CANADA](#) (Huntington HM 949):



Such works do not consist with the development of the intellect. Huge stone structures of all kinds, both in their erection and by their influence when erected, rather oppress than liberate the mind. They are tombs for the souls of men, as frequently for their bodies also. The sentinel with his musket beside a man with his umbrella is spectral. There is not sufficient reason for his existence. Does my friend there, with a bullet resting on half an ounce of powder, think that he needs that argument in conversing with me?



The problem appeared to be how to smooth down all individual protuberances or idiosyncrasies, and make a thousand men move as one man, animated by one central will; and there was some approach to success. They obeyed the signals of a commander who stood at a great distance, wand in hand; and the precision, and promptness, and harmony of their movements could not easily have been matched. The harmony was far more remarkable than that of any choir or band, and obtained, no doubt, at a greater cost.



"A YANKEE IN CANADA": The most modern fortifications have an air of antiquity about them; they have the aspect of ruins in better or worse repair from the day they are built, because they are not really the work of this age. The very place where the soldier resides has a peculiar tendency to become old and dilapidated, as the word **barrack** implies. I couple all fortifications in my mind with the dismantled Spanish forts to be found in so many parts of the world; and if in any place they are not actually dismantled, it is because there the intellect of the inhabitants is dismantled. The commanding officer of an old fort near Valdivia in South America, when a traveller remarked to him that, with one discharge, his gun-carriages would certainly fall to pieces, gravely replied, "No, I am sure, sir, they would stand two." Perhaps the guns of Quebec would stand three. Such structures carry us back to the Middle Ages, the siege of Jerusalem, and St. Jean d'Acre, and the days of the Bucaniers. In the armory of the citadel they showed me a clumsy implement, long since useless, which they called a Lombard gun. I thought that their whole citadel was such a Lombard gun, fit object for the museums of the curious. Such works do not consist with the development of the intellect. Huge stone structures of all kinds, both in their erection and by their influence when erected, rather oppress than liberate the mind. They are tombs for the souls of men, as frequently for their bodies also. The sentinel with his musket beside a man with his umbrella is spectral. There is not sufficient reason for his existence. Does my friend there, with a bullet resting on half an ounce of powder, think that he needs that argument in conversing with me? The fort was the first institution that was founded here, and it is amusing to read in Champlain how assiduously they worked at it almost from the first day of the settlement. The founders of the colony thought this an excellent site for a wall, -and no doubt it was a better site, in some respects, for a wall than for a city,- but it chanced that a city got behind it. It chanced, too, that a Lower Town got before it, and clung like an oyster to the outside of the crags, as you may see at low tide. It is as if you were to come to a country village surrounded by palisades in the old Indian fashion, - interesting only as a relic of antiquity and barbarism. A fortified town is like a man cased in the heavy armor of antiquity, with a horse-load of broadswords and small arms slung to him, endeavoring to go about his business. Or is this an indispensable machinery for the good government of the country?

CHARLES DARWIN

VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE I
VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE II



1851

1851




July [1851](#): [Pierre-Joseph Proudhon](#)'s *IDÉE GÉNÉRALE DE LA RÉVOLUTION AU XIXÈ SIÈCLE* (THE GENERAL IDEA OF THE REVOLUTION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY), an analysis of the agrarian socialist reform proposals he had articulated in *SOLUTION DU PROBLÈME SOCIALE* placed in the context of the inevitable historical progression toward greater liberty and equality that Proudhon deemed to constitute “revolution.”

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

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

1851

1851

 July [1851](#): The treaty of Traverse des Sioux, by which Dakota headmen ceded all their lands in Iowa, and some in [Minnesota](#), to the US federal government.

[Herman Melville](#) purchased Burton's ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY in a used bookstore in Pittsfield MA — only to discover on the flyleaf that his father had owned that very volume in 1816.



[Bronson Alcott](#) was marveling at how his shriveled “heart” was becoming engorged under the ministrations of the attractive and pleasant young lady, [Ednah Dow Littlehale](#). They were walking together each dawn on

the [Boston Common](#):



She came – the maiden and passed the morning: a long and lavish morning with me, and left me the principal owner of a heart green with youthful regards, of sweet regard for herself the friend and stimulus to Genius.

THE ALCOTT FAMILY

Here is a description of this well-endowed daughter of the well-to-do Boston merchant Sargeant Smith

Littlehale, by the Reverend [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#):


She was a brunette, had a great deal of rich, black hair with large dark eyes, and was talking eagerly between intervals with some male companion.... Not equalling the ablest of early women leaders, like Margaret Fuller and Elizabeth Peabody, in extent of early training, she was equalled by no other in a certain clearness of mind and equilibrium of judgement....

MARGARET FULLER

ELIZABETH PALMER PEABODY



Read  [Henry Thoreau's Journal for July 1851 \(æt. 33-34\)](#)

 July 1, Tuesday, [1851](#): In [Australia](#), the act of the British government separating Victoria from New South Wales went into effect.

In Rennes, France, a domestic servant [Hélène Jégado](#) was taken into custody, suspected of having poisoned with arsenic as many as 36 people she fed during the 18 years from 1833 to 1851.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JULY 1ST]




July 2, Wednesday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote in his journal about the reactions he experienced during speeches by [Theodore Parker](#) and [Wendell Phillips](#).

He also commented on the condition of Concord's "[Great Meadows](#)" since the waters left it:

Long before Thoreau's lifetime, the alluvial plain of the Concord Valley lay at the bottom of a gray glacial lake. This beaded ribbon of turbid water extended the whole length of the valley, widening over bedrock basins that would later become meadows, and narrowing in bedrock constrictions. In Thoreau's epoch, every strong flood recreated the moccasin footprints of this ancient glacial lake at a lower level. The result was a "chain of handsome lakes" that was made higher, more frequent, and more long-lasting by the direct and indirect effects of the [Billerica dam](#). He described the largest lake, over the [Sudbury Meadows](#), as a "smaller Lake Huron," more than a mile across in every direction. Next in size was that over the [Great Meadows](#) of Concord, more than two miles long and half a mile wide. Both of these transient lakes could last for weeks at a time, which was long enough for him to be surprised when they finally disappeared. During floods, the already wide Carlisle reach expanded to resemble one of New York's smaller Finger Lakes.

— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, pages 120-121




July 2, Wednesday: It is a fresh cool summer morning— From the road at N Barretts on my way to P. Blood's at 8¹/₂ A.M. the Great Meadows have a slight bluish misty tinge in part; elsewhere a sort of hoary sheen —like a fine downiness —inconceivably fine & silvery far away —the light reflected from the grass blades —a sea of grass hoary with light —the counterpart of the frost in spring As yet no mower has profaned it —scarcely a foot-step since the waters left it.

Miles of waving grass adorning the surface of the earth.

Last night —a sultry night —which compelled to leave all windows open, I heard two travellers talking aloud —was roused out of my sleep by their loud day-like & somewhat unearthly discourse at perchance 1 o'clock— From the country whiling away the night with loud discourse— I heard the words Theodore Parker & Wendell Phillips loudly spoken —& so did half a dozen of my neighbors who also were awakened —such is fame— It affected like Dante talking of the men of this world in the infernal regions— If the traveller had called my own name I should equally have thought it an unearthly personage which it would take me some hours into day-light to realize.

My genius hinted before I fairly awoke —Improve your time. What is the night that a traveller's voice should sound so hollow in it! That a man speaking aloud in the night —speaking in regions under the earth should utter the words Theodore Parker? A Traveller! I love his title A Traveller is to be revered as such— His profession is the best symbol of our life Going from —toward— It is the history of every one of us. I am interested in those that travel in the night.

It takes but little distance to make the hills & even the meadows look blue today— That principle which gives the air an azure color is more abundant.

To-day the milk-weed is blossoming— Some of the raspberries are ripe —the most innocent & simple of fruits —the purest & most ethereal. Cherries are ripe —strawberries in the gardens have passed their prime

Many large trees —especially elms about a house are a surer indication of old family distinction & worth —than any evidence of wealth. Any evidence of care bestowed on these trees —secures the traveller's respect as for a nobler husbandry than the raising of corn & potatoes.

I passed a regular country door-yard this forenoon. the unpainted one story house —long & low with

THEODORE PARKER

WENDELL PHILLIPS



1851

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projecting stoop—a deep grass plot unfenced for yard—hens & chickens scratching amid the chip dirt about the door— This last the main feature relics of wood-piles —sites of the wooden towers— The night shade has bloomed & the Prinors or winter-berry.



July 3, Thursday, 1851: *Florinda*, an opera by Sigismund Thalberg, was performed for the initial time, in London (it was not well received).

The Daily Alta California of San Francisco announced that on the previous day the steamship *Pacific* had arrived in harbor:

**ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP PACIFIC.
Seventeen Days Later from the Atlantic States.
Late News from Europe and the World's Fair
FRIGHTFUL RIOT AT HOBOKEN, N.Y.
Opening of the N.Y. and Erie Railroad,
and Jubilee Speeches by Daniel Webster, &c.**

About half-past four P.M. yesterday, the *Pacific* was telegraphed, and she soon after made her appearance off the city. Capt. Bailey is in command of this new steamship. The trip from Panama hither has occupied sixteen days, and has been made against head winds most of the way. She left Panama on the 16th ult. at 7 P.M.

The *Pacific* brings 72 passengers, sixteen of whom are ladies. All well. Her merchandise is consigned to order.

Her news is two or three days in advance of the mail, which left U.S. on the 28th May, per Cherokee.

Through Berford & Co., we received files of papers to the latest date, May 31, from New York.

Gregory & Co. were also prompt in their usual supply of favors. A fearful riot occurred at Hoboken, N.J. on the 26th of May last, between some Germans who had assembled to celebrate that day, and a gang of New York rowdies called "Short Boys." A few were killed and several badly wounded on both sides.

The papers are filled with an account of the grand opening of the New York and Erie Railroad, on the 15th day of May. President Fillmore and members of the Cabinet, together with many of the chief dignitaries of the union were present at the festival, which is represented as having been of great brilliancy and effect.

At Buffalo, on the 22d May, Hon. Daniel Webster was tendered a public dinner, at which he delivered a long and enthusiastically received address. He also delivered speeches at Syracuse and Albany.

The Great Industrial exhibition, or World's Fair, was opened on the 4th of May last, with appropriate ceremonies, the Queen leading the festival. Over thirty thousand persons witnessed the opening exercises in the Crystal Palace....

The following vessels are advertised to sail from New York for San Francisco during the month of June:

Steamship *Golden Gate*, C.P. Patterson, U.S.N.; clipper ship *Flying Cloud*; clipper ships *Typhoon*, C.H. Slater master; *Challenge*, R.H. Waterman; *Telegraph*, Kimball

Harlow; *Eagle*, John S. Farren; *Valparaiso*, George E. Killam.

A magnificent clipper ship called the *Challenge* was launched in New York on the 24th of May. She is built for Messrs. Griswold, and is intended for the California and China trade. She is said to be the largest and sharpest merchant vessel ever built.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JULY 3D OR 4TH]



Our national birthday, Friday the 4th of July, 1851: [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)'s 47th birthday.



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

In England, an old man who acted as superintendent in a brick-field, John Ayton, was bringing money from Lord Leicester to pay the workmen in Holkham plantation when he was shot dead. The money would be found on Henry Groom's person wrapped in a piece of letter taken from Ayton's pocketbook. Groom would make a full confession.

[Charles Theodore Russell](#)'s AN ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES OF THE CITY OF BOSTON, JULY 4, 1851 (Boston: J.H. Eastburn, City Printer).

ORATION OF 4TH OF JULY

In Trappe, Pennsylvania, a monument to the memory of the late governor, Francis R. Shunk, was unveiled, with George W. Woodward delivering the address.

In Greenville, South Carolina, an anti-secession event succeeded in attracting 4,000 persons.

[Cuba](#) declared its independence from Spain.

In [Washington DC](#), President [Millard Fillmore](#) assisted in the laying of the "cornerstone of the new Capitol edifice" and [Daniel Webster](#) delivered what would prove to be his final 4th of July oration.¹⁰⁰

CELEBRATING OUR B-DAY

Fellow-Citizens, -I greet you well; I give you joy, on the return

100. The printed version of this oration would begin with:

"Stet Capitolium
Fulgens;
late nomen in ultimas
Extendat oras."



of this anniversary; and I felicitate you, also, on the more particular purpose of which this ever-memorable day has been chosen to witness the fulfilment. Hail! all hail! I see before and around me a mass of faces, glowing with cheerfulness and patriotic pride. I see thousands of eyes turned towards other eyes, all sparkling with gratification and delight. This is the New World! This is America! This is Washington! and this the Capitol of the United States! And where else, among the nations, can the seat of government be surrounded, on any day of any year, by those who have more reason to rejoice in the blessings which they possess? Nowhere, fellow-citizens! assuredly, nowhere! Let us, then, meet this rising sun with joy and thanksgiving! This is that day of the year which announced to mankind the great fact of American Independence. This fresh and brilliant morning blesses our vision with another beholding of the birthday of our nation; and we see that nation, of recent origin, now among the most considerable and powerful, and spreading over the continent from sea to sea.

Among the first colonists from Europe to this part of America, there were some, doubtless, who contemplated the distant consequences of their undertaking, and who saw a great futurity. But, in general, their hopes were limited to the enjoyment of a safe asylum from tyranny, religious and civil, and to respectable subsistence, by industry and toil. A thick veil hid our times from their view. But the progress of America, however slow, could not but at length awaken genius, and attract the attention of mankind.

In the early part of the second century of our history, Bishop Berkeley, who, it will be remembered, had resided for some time in Newport, in Rhode Island, wrote his well-known "Verses on the Prospect of Planting ARTS and LEARNING in AMERICA." The last stanza of this little poem seems to have been produced by a high poetical inspiration:-

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

This extraordinary prophecy may be considered only as the result of long foresight and uncommon sagacity; of a foresight and sagacity stimulated, nevertheless, by excited feeling and high enthusiasm. So clear a vision of what America would become was not founded on square miles, or on existing numbers, or on any common laws of statistics. It was an intuitive glance into futurity; it was a grand conception, strong, ardent, glowing, embracing all time since the creation of the world, and all regions of which that world is composed, and judging of the future by just analogy with the past. And the inimitable imagery and beauty with which the thought is expressed, joined to the conception itself, render it one of the most striking passages in our language.

On the day of the [Declaration of Independence](#) our illustrious fathers performed the first scene in the last great act of this drama; one in real importance infinitely exceeding that for which the great English poet invokes

"A muse of fire, ...
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,



And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!"

The Muse inspiring our fathers was the Genius of Liberty, all on fire with a sense of oppression, and a resolution to throw it off; the whole world was the stage, and higher characters than princes trod it; and, instead of monarchs, countries and nations and the age beheld the swelling scene. How well the characters were cast, and how well each acted his part, and what emotions the whole performance excited, let history, now and hereafter, tell.

At a subsequent period, but before the Declaration of Independence, the Bishop of St. Asaph published a discourse, in which the following remarkable passages are found:-

"It is difficult for man to look into the destiny of future ages; the designs of Providence are vast and complicated, and our own powers are too narrow to admit of much satisfaction to our curiosity. But when we see many great and powerful causes constantly at work, we cannot doubt of their producing proportionable effects.

"The colonies in North America have not only taken root and acquired strength, **but seem hastening with an accelerated progress to such a powerful state as may introduce a new and important change in human affairs.**

"Descended from ancestors of the most improved and enlightened part of the Old World, they receive, as it were by inheritance, all the improvements and discoveries of their mother country. And it happens fortunately for them to commence their flourishing state at a time when the human understanding has attained to the free use of its powers, and has learned to act with vigor and certainty. They may avail themselves, not only of the experience and industry, but even of the errors and mistakes, of former days. Let it be considered for how many ages a great part of the world appears not to have thought at all; how many more they have been busied in forming systems and conjectures, while reason has been lost in a labyrinth of words, and they never seem to have suspected on what frivolous matters their minds were employed.

"And let it be well understood what rapid improvements, what important discoveries, have been made, in a few years, by a few countries, with our own at their head, which have at last discovered the right method of using their faculties.

"May we not reasonably expect that a number of provinces possessed of these advantages and quickened by mutual emulation, with only the common progress of the human mind, should very considerably enlarge the boundaries of science?

"The vast continent itself, over which they are gradually spreading, may be considered as a treasure yet untouched of natural productions that shall hereafter afford ample matter for commerce and contemplation. And if we reflect what a stock of knowledge may be accumulated by the constant progress of industry and observation, fed with fresh supplies from the stores of nature, assisted sometimes by those happy strokes of chance which mock all the powers of invention, and



sometimes by those superior characters which arise occasionally to instruct and enlighten the world, it is difficult even to imagine to what height of improvement their discoveries may extend.

"And perhaps they may make as considerable advances in the arts of civil government and the conduct of life.

We have reason to be proud, and even jealous, of our excellent constitution; but those equitable principles on which it was formed, an equal representation (the best discovery of political wisdom), and a just and commodious distribution of power, which with us were the price of civil wars, and the rewards of the virtues and sufferings of our ancestors, descend to them as a natural inheritance, without toil or pain.

"But must they rest here, as in the utmost effort of human genius? Can chance and time, the wisdom and the experience of public men, suggest no new remedy against the evils which vices and ambition are perpetually apt to cause? May they not hope, without presumption, to preserve a greater zeal for piety and public devotion than we have alone? For sure it can hardly happen to them, as it has to us, that, when religion is best understood and rendered most pure and reasonable, then should be the precise time when many cease to believe and practise it, and all in general become most indifferent to it.

"May they not possibly be more successful than their mother country has been in preserving that reverence and authority which are due to the laws? to those who make, and to those who execute them? **May not a method be invented of procuring some tolerable share of the comforts of life to those inferior useful ranks of men to whose industry we are indebted for the whole? Time and discipline may discover some means to correct the extreme inequalities of condition between the rich and the poor, so dangerous to the innocence and happiness of both.** They may fortunately be led by habit and choice to despise that luxury which is considered with us the true enjoyment of wealth. They may have little relish for that ceaseless hurry of amusements which is pursued in this country without pleasure, exercise, or employment. And perhaps, after trying some of our follies and caprices, and rejecting the rest, they may be led by reason and experiment to that old simplicity which was first pointed out by nature, and has produced those models which we still admire in arts, eloquence, and manners. **The diversity of new scenes and situations, which so many growing states must necessarily pass through, may introduce changes in the fluctuating opinions and manners of men which we can form no conception of;** and not only the gracious disposition of Providence, but the visible preparation of causes, seems to indicate strong tendencies towards a general improvement."

Fellow-citizens, this "gracious disposition of Providence," and this "visible preparation of causes," at length brought on the hour for decisive action. On the 4th of July, 1776, the Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress



assembled, declared that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES.

This Declaration, made by most patriotic and resolute men, trusting in the justice of their cause and the protection of Heaven, and yet made not without deep solicitude and anxiety, has now stood for seventy-five years, and still stands. It was sealed in blood. It has met dangers, and overcome them; it has had enemies, and conquered them; it has had detractors, and abashed them all; it has had doubting friends, but it has cleared all doubts away; and now, to-day, raising its august form higher than the clouds, twenty millions of people contemplate it with hallowed love, and the world beholds it, and the consequences which have followed from it, with profound admiration.

This anniversary animates and gladdens and unites all American hearts. On other days of the year we may be party men, indulging in controversies, more or less important to the public good; we may have likes and dislikes, and we may maintain our political differences, often with warm, and sometimes with angry feelings. But to-day we are Americans all; and all nothing but Americans. As the great luminary over our heads, dissipating mists and fogs, now cheers the whole hemisphere, so do the associations connected with this day disperse all cloudy and sullen weather in the minds and hearts of true Americans. Every man's heart swells within him; every man's port and bearing become somewhat more proud and lofty, as he remembers that seventy-five years have rolled away, and that the great inheritance of liberty is still his; his, undiminished and unimpaired; his in all its original glory; his to enjoy, his to protect, and his to transmit to future generations.

Fellow-citizens, this inheritance which we enjoy to-day is not only an inheritance of liberty, but of our own peculiar American liberty. Liberty has existed in other times, in other countries, and in other forms. There has been a Grecian liberty, bold and powerful, full of spirit, eloquence, and fire; a liberty which produced multitudes of great men, and has transmitted one immortal name, the name of Demosthenes, to posterity. But still it was a liberty of disconnected states, sometimes united, indeed, by temporary leagues and confederacies, but often involved in wars between themselves. The sword of Sparta turned its sharpest edge against Athens, enslaved her, and devastated Greece; and, in her turn, Sparta was compelled to bend before the power of Thebes. And let it ever be remembered, especially let the truth sink deep into all American minds, that it was the WANT OF UNION among her several states which finally gave the mastery of all Greece to Philip of Macedon.

And there has also been a Roman liberty, a proud, ambitious, domineering spirit, professing free and popular principles in Rome itself, but, even in the best days of the republic, ready to carry slavery and chains into her provinces, and through every country over which her eagles could be borne. What was the liberty of Spain, or Gaul, or Germany, or Britain, in the days of Rome? Did true constitutional liberty then exist? As the Roman empire declined, her provinces, not instructed in the principles of free popular government, one after another declined also, and when Rome herself fell, in the end, all fell together.

I have said, Gentlemen, that our inheritance is an inheritance of American liberty. That liberty is characteristic, peculiar,



and altogether our own. Nothing like it existed in former times, nor was known in the most enlightened states of antiquity; while with us its principles have become interwoven into the minds of individual men, connected with our daily opinions, and our daily habits, until it is, if I may so say, an element of social as well as of political life; and the consequence is, that to whatever region an American citizen carries himself, he takes with him, fully developed in his own understanding and experience, our American principles and opinions, and becomes ready at once, in co-operation with others, to apply them to the formation of new governments. Of this a most wonderful instance may be seen in the history of the State of California.

On a former occasion I ventured to remark, that "it is very difficult to establish a free conservative government for the equal advancement of all the interests of society. What has Germany done, learned Germany, more full of ancient lore than all the world beside? What has Italy done? What have they done who dwell on the spot where Cicero lived? They have not the power of self-government which a common town-meeting, with us, possesses.... Yes, I say that those persons who have gone from our town-meetings to dig gold in California are more fit to make a republican government than any body of men in Germany or Italy; because they have learned this one great lesson, that there is no security without law, and that, under the circumstances in which they are placed, where there is no military authority to cut their throats, there is no sovereign will but the will of the majority; that, therefore, if they remain, they must submit to that will." And this I believe to be strictly true.

Now, fellow-citizens, if your patience will hold out, I will venture, before proceeding to the more appropriate and particular duties of the day, to state, in a few words, what I take these American political principles in substance to be. They consist, as I think, in the first place, in the establishment of popular governments, on the basis of representation; for it is plain that a pure democracy, like that which existed in some of the states of Greece, in which every individual had a direct vote in the enactment of all laws, cannot possibly exist in a country of wide extent. This representation is to be made as equal as circumstances will allow. Now, this principle of popular representation, prevailing either in all the branches of government, or in some of them, has existed in these States almost from the days of the settlements at Jamestown and Plymouth; borrowed, no doubt, from the example of the popular branch of the British legislature. The representation of the people in the British House of Commons was, however, originally very unequal, and is yet not equal. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the appearance of knights and burgesses, assembling on the summons of the crown, was not intended at first as an assistance and support to the royal prerogative, in matters of revenue and taxation, rather than as a mode of ascertaining popular opinion. Nevertheless, representation had a popular origin, and savored more and more of the character of that origin, as it acquired, by slow degrees, greater and greater strength, in the actual government of the country. The constitution of the House of Commons was certainly a form of representation, however unequal; numbers were counted, and majorities prevailed; and when our ancestors, acting upon this example, introduced more equality of representation, the



idea assumed a more rational and distinct shape. At any rate, this manner of exercising popular power was familiar to our fathers when they settled on this continent. They adopted it, and generation has risen up after generation, all acknowledging it, and all learning its practice and its forms.

The next fundamental principle in our system is, that the will of the majority, fairly expressed through the means of representation, shall have the force of law; and it is quite evident that, in a country without thrones or aristocracies or privileged castes or classes, there can be no other foundation for law to stand upon.

And, as the necessary result of this, the third element is, that the law is the supreme rule for the government of all. The great sentiment of Alcaeus, so beautifully presented to us by Sir William Jones, is absolutely indispensable to the construction and maintenance of our political systems:—

“What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No: MEN, high-minded MEN,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude:
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state;
And SOVEREIGN LAW, that state’s collected will,
O’er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.”

And, finally, another most important part of the great fabric of American liberty is, that there shall be written constitutions, founded on the immediate authority of the people themselves, and regulating and restraining all the powers conferred upon government, whether legislative, executive, or judicial.

This, fellow-citizens, I suppose to be a just summary of our American principles, and I have on this occasion sought to express them in the plainest and in the fewest words. The summary may not be entirely exact, but I hope it may be sufficiently so to make manifest to the rising generation among ourselves, and to those elsewhere who may choose to inquire into the nature of our political institutions, the general theory upon which they are founded.

And I now proceed to add, that the strong and deep-settled conviction of all intelligent persons amongst us is, that, in order to support a useful and wise government upon these popular principles, the general education of the people, and the wide diffusion of pure morality and true religion, are indispensable. Individual virtue is a part of public virtue. It is difficult to conceive how there can remain morality in the government when it shall cease to exist among the people; or how the aggregate



of the political institutions, all the organs of which consist only of men, should be wise, and beneficent, and competent to inspire confidence, if the opposite qualities belong to the individuals who constitute those organs, and make up that aggregate.

And now, fellow-citizens, I take leave of this part of the duty which I proposed to perform; and, once more felicitating you and myself that our eyes have seen the light of this blessed morning, and that our ears have heard the shouts with which joyous thousands welcome its return, and joining with you in the hope that every revolving year may renew these rejoicings to the end of time, I proceed to address you, shortly, upon the particular occasion of our assembling here to-day.

Fellow-citizens, by the act of Congress of the 30th of September, 1850, provision was made for the extension of the Capitol, according to such plan as might be approved by the President of the United States, and for the necessary sums to be expended, under his direction, by such architect as he might appoint. This measure was imperatively demanded, for the use of the legislative and judiciary departments, the public libraries, the occasional accommodation of the chief executive magistrate, and for other objects. No act of Congress incurring a large expenditure has received more general approbation from the people. The President has proceeded to execute this law. He has approved a plan; he has appointed an architect; and all things are now ready for the commencement of the work.

The anniversary of national independence appeared to afford an auspicious occasion for laying the foundation-stone of the additional building. That ceremony has now been performed by the President himself, in the presence and view of this multitude. He has thought that the day and the occasion made a united and imperative call for some short address to the people here assembled; and it is at his request that I have appeared before you to perform that part of the duty which was deemed incumbent on us.

Beneath the stone is deposited, among other things, a list of which will be published, the following brief account of the proceedings of this day, in my handwriting:-

"On the morning of the first day of the seventy-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America, in the city of Washington, being the 4th day of July, 1851, this stone, designed as the corner-stone of the extension of the Capitol, according to a plan approved by the President, in pursuance of an act of Congress, was laid by

"MILLARD FILLMORE,

"PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

"assisted by the Grand Master of the Masonic Lodges, in the presence of many members of Congress, of officers of the Executive and Judiciary Departments, National, State, and District, of officers of the army and navy, the corporate authorities of this and neighboring cities, many associations, civil and military and masonic, members of the Smithsonian Institution and National Institute, professors of colleges and teachers of schools of the District, with their students and pupils, and a vast concourse of people from places near and remote, including a few surviving gentlemen who



witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of the Capitol by President Washington, on the 18th day of September, A.D. 1793.

"If, therefore, it shall be hereafter the will of God that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundation be upturned, and this deposit brought to the eyes of men, be it then known, that on this day the Union of the United States of America stands firm, that their Constitution still exists unimpaired, and with all its original usefulness and glory; growing every day stronger and stronger in the affections of the great body of the American people, and attracting more and more the admiration of the world. And all here assembled, whether belonging to public life or to private life, with hearts devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the preservation of the liberty and happiness of the country, unite in sincere and fervent prayers that this deposit, and the walls and arches, the domes and towers, the columns and entablatures, now to be erected over it, may endure for ever!

"GOD SAVE THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!

"DANIEL WEBSTER,

"**Secretary of State of the United States.**"

Fellow-citizens, fifty-eight years ago Washington stood on this spot to execute a duty like that which has now been performed. He then laid the corner-stone of the original Capitol. He was at the head of the government, at that time weak in resources, burdened with debt, just struggling into political existence and respectability, and agitated by the heaving waves which were overturning European thrones. But even then, in many important respects, the government was strong. It was strong in Washington's own great character; it was strong in the wisdom and patriotism of other eminent public men, his political associates and fellow-laborers; and it was strong in the affections of the people. Since that time astonishing changes have been wrought in the condition and prospects of the American people; and a degree of progress witnessed with which the world can furnish no parallel. As we review the course of that progress, wonder and amazement arrest our attention at every step. The present occasion, although allowing of no lengthened remarks, may yet, perhaps, admit of a short comparative statement of important subjects of national interest as they existed at that day, and as they now exist. I have adopted for this purpose the tabular form of statement, as being the most brief and significant.

COMPARATIVE TABLE.

	Year 1793	Year 1851
Number of States	15	31
Representatives and Senators in Congress	135	295
Population of the United States	3,929,328	23,267,498
Population of Boston	18,038	136,871
Population of Baltimore	13,503	169,054
Population of Philadelphia	42,520	409,045
Population of New York (city)	33,121	515,507
Population of Washington	. . .	40,075
Population of Richmond	4,000	27,582



Population of Charleston	16,359	42,983
Amount of receipts into the Treasury	\$5,720,624	\$52,312,980
Amount of expenditures	\$7,529,575	\$48,005,879
Amount of imports	\$31,000,000	\$215,725,995
Amount of exports	\$26,109,000	\$217,517,130
Amount of tonnage (tons)	520,764	3,772,440
Area of the United States in square miles	805,461	3,314,365
Rank and file of the army	5,120	10,000
Militia (enrolled)	. . .	2,006,456
Navy of the United States (vessels)	(None)	76
Navy armament (ordnance)	. . .	2,012
Treaties and conventions with foreign powers	9	90
Light-houses and light-boats	12	372
Expenditures for ditto	\$12,061	\$529,265
Area of the Capitol	1/2 acre	4-1/8 acres
Number of miles of railroad in operation	. . .	10,287
Cost of ditto	. . .	\$306,607,954
Number of miles in course of construction	. . .	10,092
Lines of electric telegraph, in miles	. . .	15,000
Number of post-offices	209	21,551
Number of miles of post-route	5,642	196,290
Amount of revenue from post-offices	\$104,747	\$6,727,867
Amount of expenditures of Post-Office Department	\$72,040	\$6,024,567
Number of miles of mail transportation	. . .	52,465,724
Number of colleges	19	121
Public libraries	35	694
Volumes in ditto	75,000	2,201,632
School libraries	. . .	10,000
Volumes in ditto	. . .	2,000,000
Emigrants from Europe to the United States	10,000	299,610
Coinage at the Mint	\$9,664	\$52,019,465

In respect to the growth of Western trade and commerce, I extract a few sentences from a very valuable address before the Historical Society of Ohio, by William D. Gallagher, Esq., 1850:—

“A few facts will exhibit as well as a volume the wonderful growth of Western trade and commerce. Previous to the year 1800, some eight or ten keel-boats, of twenty or twenty-five tons each, performed all the carrying trade between Cincinnati and Pittsburg. In 1802 the first government vessel appeared on Lake Erie. In 1811 the first steamboat (the Orleans) was launched at Pittsburg. In 1826 the waters of Michigan were first ploughed by the keel of a steamboat, a pleasure trip to Green Bay being planned and executed in the summer of this year. In 1832 a steamboat first appeared at Chicago. At the present time the entire number of steamboats running on the Mississippi and Ohio and their tributaries is more probably over than under six hundred, the aggregate tonnage of which is not short of one hundred and forty thousand; a larger number of steamboats than England can claim, and a greater steam commercial marine than that employed by Great Britain and her dependencies.”

And now, fellow-citizens, having stated to you this infallible proof of the growth and prosperity of the nation, I ask you, and I would ask every man, whether the government which has been



over us has proved itself an infliction or a curse to the country, or any part of it?

Ye men of the South, of all the original Southern States, what say you to all this? Are you, or any of you, ashamed of this great work of your fathers? Your fathers were not they who storied the prophets and killed them. They were among the prophets; they were of the prophets; they were themselves the prophets.

Ye men of Virginia, what do you say to all this? Ye men of the Potomac, dwelling along the shores of that river on which WASHINGTON lived and died, and where his remains now rest, ye, so many of whom may see the domes of the Capitol from your own homes, what say ye?

Ye men of James River and the Bay, places consecrated by the early settlement of your Commonwealth, what do you say? Do you desire, from the soil of your State, or as you travel to the North, to see these halls vacated, their beauty and ornaments destroyed, and their national usefulness gone for ever?

Ye men beyond the Blue Ridge, many thousands of whom are nearer to this Capitol than to the seat of government of your own State, what do you think of breaking this great association into fragments of States and of people? I know that some of you, and I believe that you all, would be almost as much shocked at the announcement of such a catastrophe, as if you were to be informed that the Blue Ridge itself would soon totter from its base. And ye men of Western Virginia, who occupy the great slope from the top of the Alleghanies to Ohio and Kentucky, what benefit do you propose to yourselves by disunion? If you "secede," what do you "secede" from, and what do you "accede" to? Do you look for the current of the Ohio to change, and to bring you and your commerce to the tidewaters of Eastern rivers? What man in his senses can suppose that you would remain part and parcel of Virginia a month after Virginia should have ceased to be part and parcel of the United States?

The secession of Virginia! The secession of Virginia, whether alone or in company, is most improbable, the greatest of all improbabilities. Virginia, to her everlasting honor, acted a great part in framing and establishing the present Constitution. She has had her reward and her distinction. Seven of her noble sons have each filled the Presidency, and enjoyed the highest honors of the country. Dolorous complaints come up to us from the South, that Virginia will not head the march of secession, and lead the other Southern States out of the Union. This, if it should happen, would be something of a marvel, certainly, considering how much pains Virginia took to lead these same States into the Union, and considering, too, that she has partaken as largely of its benefits and its government as any other State.

And ye men of the other Southern States, members of the Old Thirteen; yes, members of the Old Thirteen; that always touches my regard and my sympathies; North Carolina, Georgia, South Carolina! What page in your history, or in the history of any one of you, is brighter than those which have been recorded since the Union was formed? Or through what period has your prosperity been greater, or your peace and happiness better secured? What names even has South Carolina, now so much dissatisfied, what names has she of which her intelligent sons are more proud than those which have been connected with the government of the



United States? In Revolutionary times, and in the earliest days of this Constitution, there was no State more honored, or more deserving of honor. Where is she now? And what a fall is there, my countrymen! But I leave her to her own reflections, commending to her, with all my heart, the due consideration of her own example in times now gone by.

Fellow-citizens, there are some diseases of the mind as well as of the body, diseases of communities as well as diseases of individuals, that must be left to their own cure; at least it is wise to leave them so until the last critical moment shall arrive.

I hope it is not irreverent, and certainly it is not intended as reproach, when I say, that I know no stronger expression in our language than that which describes the restoration of the wayward son,— “he came to himself.” He had broken away from all the ties of love, family, and friendship. He had forsaken every thing which he had once regarded in his father’s house. He had forsworn his natural sympathies, affections, and habits, and taken his journey into a far country. He had gone away from himself and out of himself. But misfortunes overtook him, and famine threatened him with starvation and death. No entreaties from home followed him to beckon him back; no admonition from others warned him of his fate. But the hour of reflection had come, and nature and conscience wrought within him, until at length **“he came to himself.”**

And now, ye men of the new States of the South! You are not of the original thirteen. The battle had been fought and won, the Revolution achieved, and the Constitution established, before your States had any existence as States. You came to a prepared banquet, and had seats assigned you at table just as honorable as those which were filled by older guests. You have been and are singularly prosperous; and if any one should deny this, you would at once contradict his assertion. You have bought vast quantities of choice and excellent land at the lowest price; and if the public domain has not been lavished upon you, you yourself will admit that it has been appropriated to your own uses by a very liberal hand. And yet in some of these States, not in all, persons are found in favor of a dissolution of the Union, or of secession from it. Such opinions are expressed even where the general prosperity of the community has been the most rapidly advanced. In the flourishing and interesting State of Mississippi, for example, there is a large party which insists that her grievances are intolerable, that the whole body politic is in a state of suffering; and all along, and through her whole extent on the Mississippi, a loud cry rings that her only remedy is “Secession,” “Secession.” Now, Gentlemen, what infliction does the State of Mississippi suffer under? What oppression prostrates her strength or destroys her happiness? Before we can judge of the proper remedy, we must know something of the disease; and, for my part, I confess that the real evil existing in the case appears to me to be a certain inquietude or uneasiness growing out of a high degree of prosperity and consciousness of wealth and power, which sometimes lead men to be ready for changes, and to push on unreasonably to still higher elevation. If this be the truth of the matter, her political doctors are about right. If the complaint spring from overwrought prosperity, for that disease I have no doubt that secession would prove a sovereign remedy.



But I return to the leading topic on which I was engaged. In the department of invention there have been wonderful applications of science to arts within the last sixty years. The spacious hall of the Patent Office is at once the repository and proof of American inventive art and genius. Their results are seen in the numerous improvements by which human labor is abridged.

Without going into details, it may be sufficient to say, that many of the applications of steam to locomotion and manufactures, of electricity and magnetism to the production of mechanical motion, the electrical telegraph, the registration of astronomical phenomena, the art of multiplying engravings, the introduction and improvement among us of all the important inventions of the Old World, are striking indications of the progress of this country in the useful arts. The net-work of railroads and telegraphic lines by which this vast country is reticulated have not only developed its resources, but united emphatically, in metallic bands, all parts of the Union. The hydraulic works of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston surpass in extent and importance those of ancient Rome.

But we have not confined our attention to the immediate application of science to the useful arts. We have entered the field of original research, and have enlarged the bounds of scientific knowledge.

Sixty years ago, besides the brilliant discoveries of Franklin in electricity, scarcely any thing had been done among us in the way of original discovery. Our men of science were content with repeating the experiments and diffusing a knowledge of the discoveries of the learned of the Old World, without attempting to add a single new fact or principle to the existing stock. Within the last twenty-five or thirty years a remarkable improvement has taken place in this respect. Our natural history has been explored in all its branches; our geology has been investigated with results of the highest interest to practical and theoretical science. Discoveries have been made in pure chemistry and electricity, which have received the approbation of the world. The advance which has been made in meteorology in this country, within the last twenty years, is equal to that made during the same period in all the world besides.

In 1793 there was not in the United States an instrument with which a good observation of the heavenly bodies could be made. There are now instruments at Washington, Cambridge, and Cincinnati equal to those at the best European observatories, and the original discoveries in astronomy within the last five years, in this country, are among the most brilliant of the age. I can hardly refrain from saying, in this connection, that the "Celestial Mechanics" of La Place has been translated and commented upon by Bowditch.

Our knowledge of the geography and topography of the American continent has been rapidly extended by the labor and science of the officers of the United States army, and discoveries of much interest in distant seas have resulted from the enterprise of the navy.

In 1807, a survey of the coast of the United States was commenced, which at that time it was supposed no American was competent to direct. The work has, however, grown within the last few years, under a native superintendent, in importance and extent, beyond any enterprise of the kind ever before attempted. These facts conclusively prove that a great advance has been



made among us, not only in the application of science to the wants of ordinary life, but in science itself, in its highest branches, in its adaptation to satisfy the cravings of the immortal mind.

In respect to literature, with the exception of some books of elementary education, and some theological treatises, of which scarcely any but those of [Jonathan Edwards](#) have any permanent value, and some works on local history and politics, like Hutchinson's Massachusetts, Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, the Federalist, [Belknap's](#) New Hampshire, and Morse's Geography, and a few others, America had not produced a single work of any repute in literature. We were almost wholly dependent on imported books. Even our Bibles and Testaments were, for the most part, printed abroad. The book trade is now one of the greatest branches of business, and many works of standard value, and of high reputation in Europe as well as at home, have been produced by American authors in every department of literary composition.

While the country has been expanding in dimensions, in numbers, and in wealth, the government has applied a wise forecast in the adoption of measures necessary, when the world shall no longer be at peace, to maintain the national honor, whether by appropriate displays of vigor abroad, or by well-adapted means of defence at home. A navy, which has so often illustrated our history by heroic achievements, though in peaceful times restrained in its operations to narrow limits, possesses, in its admirable elements, the means of great and sudden expansion, and is justly looked upon by the nation as the right arm of its power. An army, still smaller, but not less perfect in its detail, has on many a field exhibited the military aptitudes and prowess of the race, and demonstrated the wisdom which has presided over its organization and government.

While the gradual and slow enlargement of these respective military arms has been regulated by a jealous watchfulness over the public treasure, there has, nevertheless, been freely given all that was needed to perfect their quality; and each affords the nucleus of any enlargement that the public exigencies may demand, from the millions of brave hearts and strong arms upon the land and water.

The navy is the active and aggressive element of national defence; and, let loose from our own sea-coast, must display its power in the seas and channels of the enemy. To do this, it need not be large; and it can never be large enough to defend by its presence at home all our ports and harbors. But, in the absence of the navy, what can the regular army or the volunteer militia do against the enemy's line-of-battle ships and steamers, falling without notice upon our coast? What will guard our cities from tribute, our merchant-vessels and our navy-yards from conflagration? Here, again, we see a wise forecast in the system of defensive measures which, especially since the close of the war with Great Britain, has been steadily followed by our government.

While the perils from which our great establishments had just escaped were yet fresh in remembrance, a system of fortifications was begun, which now, though not quite complete, fences in our important points with impassable strength. More than four thousand cannon may at any moment, within strong and permanent works, arranged with all the advantages and appliances



that the art affords, be turned to the protection of the sea-coast, and be served by the men whose hearths they shelter. Happy for us that it is so, since these are means of security that time alone can supply, and since the improvements of maritime warfare, by making distant expeditions easy and speedy, have made them more probable, and at the same time more difficult to anticipate and provide against. The cost of fortifying all the important points of our coast, as well upon the whole Atlantic as the Gulf of Mexico, will not exceed the amount expended on the fortifications of Paris.

In this connection one most important facility in the defence of the country is not to be overlooked; it is the extreme rapidity with which the soldiers of the army, and any number of the militia corps, may be brought to any point where a hostile attack shall at any time be made or threatened.

And this extension of territory embraced within the United States, increase of its population, commerce, and manufactures, development of its resources by canals and railroads, and rapidity of intercommunication by means of steam and electricity, have all been accomplished without overthrow of, or danger to, the public liberties, by any assumption of military power; and, indeed, without any permanent increase of the army, except for the purpose of frontier defence, and of affording a slight guard to the public property; or of the navy, any further than to assure the navigator that, in whatsoever sea he shall sail his ship, he is protected by the stars and stripes of his country. This, too, has been done without the shedding of a drop of blood for treason or rebellion; while systems of popular representation have regularly been supported in the State governments and in the general government; while laws, national and State, of such a character have been passed, and have been so wisely administered, that I may stand up here to-day, and declare, as I now do declare, in the face of all the intelligent of the age, that, for the period which has elapsed from the day that Washington laid the foundation of this Capitol to the present time, there has been no country upon earth in which life, liberty, and property have been more amply and steadily secured, or more freely enjoyed, than in these United States of America. Who is there that will deny this? Who is there prepared with a greater or a better example? Who is there that can stand upon the foundation of facts, acknowledged or proved, and assert that these our republican institutions have not answered the true ends of government beyond all precedent in human history?

There is yet another view. There are still higher considerations. Man is an intellectual being, destined to immortality. There is a spirit in him, and the breath of the Almighty hath given him understanding. Then only is he tending toward his own destiny, while he seeks for knowledge and virtue, for the will of his Maker, and for just conceptions of his own duty. Of all important questions, therefore, let this, the most important of all, be first asked and first answered: In what country of the habitable globe, of great extent and large population, are the means of knowledge the most generally diffused and enjoyed among the people? This question admits of one, and only one, answer. It is here; it is here in these United States; it is among the descendants of those who settled at Jamestown; of those who were pilgrims on the shore of Plymouth;



and of those other races of men, who, in subsequent times, have become joined in this great American family. Let one fact, incapable of doubt or dispute, satisfy every mind on this point. The population of the United States is twenty-three millions. Now, take the map of the continent of Europe and spread it out before you. Take your scale and your dividers, and lay off in one area, in any shape you please, a triangle, square, circle, parallelogram, or trapezoid, and of an extent that shall contain one hundred and fifty millions of people, and there will be found within the United States more persons who do habitually read and write than can be embraced within the lines of your demarcation. But there is something even more than this. Man is not only an intellectual, but he is also a religious being, and his religious feelings and habits require cultivation. Let the religious element in man's nature be neglected, let him be influenced by no higher motives than low self-interest, and subjected to no stronger restraint than the limits of civil authority, and he becomes the creature of selfish passion or blind fanaticism.

The spectacle of a nation powerful and enlightened, but without Christian faith, has been presented, almost within our own day, as a warning beacon for the nations.

On the other hand, the cultivation of the religious sentiment represses licentiousness, incites to general benevolence and the practical acknowledgment of the brotherhood of man, inspires respect for law and order, and gives strength to the whole social fabric, at the same time that it conducts the human soul upward to the Author of its being.

Now, I think it may be stated with truth, that in no country, in proportion to its population, are there so many benevolent establishments connected with religious instruction, Bible, Missionary, and Tract Societies, supported by public and private contributions, as in our own. There are also institutions for the education of the blind, of idiots, of the deaf and dumb; for the reception of orphan and destitute children, and the insane; for moral reform, designed for children and females respectively; and institutions for the reformation of criminals; not to speak of those numerous establishments, in almost every county and town in the United States, for the reception of the aged, infirm, and destitute poor, many of whom have fled to our shores to escape the poverty and wretchedness of their condition at home.

In the United States there is no church establishment or ecclesiastical authority founded by government. Public worship is maintained either by voluntary associations and contributions, or by trusts and donations of a charitable origin.

Now, I think it safe to say, that a greater portion of the people of the United States attend public worship, decently clad, well behaved, and well seated, than of any other country of the civilized world. Edifices of religion are seen everywhere. Their aggregate cost would amount to an immense sum of money. They are, in general, kept in good repair, and consecrated to the purposes of public worship. In these edifices the people regularly assemble on the Sabbath day, which, by all classes, is sacredly set apart for rest from secular employment and for religious meditation and worship, to listen to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and discourses from pious ministers of the



several denominations.
This attention to the wants of the intellect and of the soul, as manifested by the voluntary support of schools and colleges, of churches and benevolent institutions, is one of the most remarkable characteristics of the American people, not less strikingly exhibited in the new than in the older settlements of the country. On the spot where the first trees of the forest were felled, near the log cabins of the pioneers, are to be seen rising together the church and the school-house. So has it been from the beginning, and God grant that it may thus continue!

“On other shores, above their mouldering towns,
In sullen pomp, the tall cathedral frowns;
Simple and frail, our lowly temples throw
Their slender shadows on the paths below;
Scarce steal the winds, that sweep the woodland tracks,
The larch’s perfume from the settler’s axe,
Ere, like a vision of the morning air,
His slight-framed steeple marks the house of prayer.
Yet Faith’s pure hymn, beneath its shelter rude,
Breathes out as sweetly to the tangled wood,
As where the rays through blazing oriels pour
On marble shaft and tessellated floor.”

Who does not admit that this unparalleled growth in prosperity and renown is the result, under Providence, of the union of these States under a general Constitution, which guarantees to each State a republican form of government, and to every man the enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, free from civil tyranny or ecclesiastical domination?
And, to bring home this idea to the present occasion, who does not feel that, when President Washington laid his hand on the foundation of the first Capitol, he performed a great work of perpetuation of the Union and the Constitution? Who does not feel that this seat of the general government, healthful in its situation, central in its position, near the mountains whence gush springs of wonderful virtue, teeming with Nature’s richest products, and yet not far from the bays and the great estuaries of the sea, easily accessible and generally agreeable in climate and association, does give strength to the union of these States? that this city, bearing an immortal name, with its broad streets and avenues, its public squares and magnificent edifices of the general government, erected for the purpose of carrying on within them the important business of the several departments, for the reception of wonderful and curious inventions, for the preservation of the records of American learning and genius, of extensive collections of the products of nature and art, brought hither for study and comparison from all parts of the world,—adorned with numerous churches, and sprinkled over, I am happy to say, with many public schools, where all the children of the city, without distinction, have the means of obtaining a good education, and with academies and colleges, professional schools and public libraries,—should continue to receive, as it has heretofore received, the fostering care of Congress, and should be regarded as the permanent seat of the national government? Here, too, a citizen of the great republic of letters,¹⁰¹ a republic which knows not the metes and bounds of political geography, has prophetically

101. Hugh Smithson of, eventually, our “Smithsonian Institution.”



indicated his conviction that America is to exercise a wide and powerful influence in the intellectual world, by founding in this city, as a commanding position in the field of science and literature, and placing under the guardianship of the government, an institution "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

With each succeeding year new interest is added to the spot; it becomes connected with all the historical associations of our country, with her statesmen and her orators, and, alas! its cemetery is annually enriched by the ashes of her chosen sons. Before us is the broad and beautiful river, separating two of the original thirteen States, which a late President, a man of determined purpose and inflexible will, but patriotic heart, desired to span with arches of ever-enduring granite, symbolical of the firmly cemented union of the North and the South. That President was General Jackson.

On its banks repose the ashes of the Father of his Country, and at our side, by a singular felicity of position, overlooking the city which he designed, and which bears his name, rises to his memory the marble column, sublime in its simple grandeur, and fitly intended to reach a loftier height than any similar structure on the surface of the whole earth.

Let the votive offerings of his grateful countrymen be freely contributed to carry this monument higher and still higher. May I say, as on another occasion, "Let it rise; let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit!" Fellow-citizens, what contemplations are awakened in our minds as we assemble here to re-enact a scene like that performed by Washington! Methinks I see his venerable form now before me, as presented in the glorious statue by Houdon, now in the Capitol of Virginia. He is dignified and grave; but concern and anxiety seem to soften the lineaments of his countenance. The government over which he presides is yet in the crisis of experiment. Not free from troubles at home, he sees the world in commotion and in arms all around him. He sees that imposing foreign powers are half disposed to try the strength of the recently established American government. We perceive that mighty thoughts, mingled with fears as well as with hopes, are struggling within him. He heads a short procession over these then naked fields; he crosses yonder stream on a fallen tree; he ascends to the top of this eminence, whose original oaks of the forest stand as thick around him as if the spot had been devoted to Druidical worship, and here he performs the appointed duty of the day. And now, fellow-citizens, if this vision were a reality; if Washington actually were now amongst us, and if he could draw around him the shades of the great public men of his own day, patriots and warriors, orators and statesmen, and were to address us in their presence, would he not say to us: "Ye men of this generation, I rejoice and thank God for being able to see that our labors and toils and sacrifices were not in vain. You are prosperous, you are happy, you are grateful; the fire of liberty burns brightly and steadily in your hearts, while DUTY and the LAW restrain it from bursting forth in wild and destructive conflagration. Cherish liberty, as you love it; cherish its securities, as you wish to preserve it. Maintain the Constitution which we labored so painfully to establish, and which has been to you such a source of inestimable blessings.



Preserve the union of the States, cemented as it was by our prayers, our tears, and our blood. Be true to God, to your country, and to your duty. So shall the whole Eastern world follow the morning sun to contemplate you as a nation; so shall all generations honor you, as they honor us; and so shall that Almighty Power which so graciously protected us, and which now protects you, shower its everlasting blessings upon you and your posterity."

Great Father of your Country! we heed your words; we feel their force as if you now uttered them with lips of flesh and blood. Your example teaches us, your affectionate addresses teach us, your public life teaches us, your sense of the value of the blessings of the Union. Those blessings our fathers have tasted, and we have tasted, and still taste. Nor do we intend that those who come after us shall be denied the same high fruition. Our honor as well as our happiness is concerned. We cannot, we dare not, we will not, betray our sacred trust. We will not filch from posterity the treasure placed in our hands to be transmitted to other generations. The bow that gilds the clouds in the heavens, the pillars that uphold the firmament, may disappear and fall away in the hour appointed by the will of God; but until that day comes, or so long as our lives may last, no ruthless hand shall undermine that bright arch of Union and Liberty which spans the continent from Washington to California. Fellow-citizens, we must sometimes be tolerant to folly, and patient at the sight of the extreme waywardness of men; but I confess that, when I reflect on the renown of our past history, on our present prosperity and greatness, and on what the future hath yet to unfold, and when I see that there are men who can find in all this nothing good, nothing valuable, nothing truly glorious, I feel that all their reason has fled away from them, and left the entire control over their judgment and their actions to insanity and fanaticism; and more than all, fellow-citizens, if the purposes of fanatics and disunionists should be accomplished, the patriotic and intelligent of our generation would seek to hide themselves from the scorn of the world, and go about to find dishonorable graves.

Fellow-citizens, take **courage**; be of **good cheer**. We shall come to no such ignoble end. We shall live, and not die. During the period allotted to our several lives, we shall continue to rejoice in the return of this anniversary. The ill-omened sounds of fanaticism will be hushed; the ghastly spectres of **Secession** and **Disunion** will disappear; and the enemies of united constitutional liberty, if their hatred cannot be appeased, may prepare to have their eyeballs seared as they behold the steady flight of the American eagle, on his burnished wings, for years and years to come.

President Fillmore, it is your singularly good fortune to perform an act such as that which the earliest of your predecessors performed fifty-eight years ago. You stand where he stood; you lay your hand on the corner-stone of a building designed greatly to extend that whose corner-stone he laid. Changed, changed is every thing around. The same sun, indeed, shone upon his head which now shines upon yours. The same broad river rolled at his feet, and bathes his last resting-place, that now rolls at yours. But the site of this city was then mainly an open field. Streets and avenues have since been laid out and completed, squares and public grounds enclosed and

ornamented, until the city which bears his name, although comparatively inconsiderable in numbers and wealth, has become quite fit to be the seat of government of a great and united people.

Sir, may the consequences of the duty which you perform so auspiciously to-day, equal those which flowed from his act. Nor this only; may the principles of your administration, and the wisdom of your political conduct, be such, as that the world of the present day, and all history hereafter, may be at no loss to perceive what example you have made your study.

Fellow-citizens, I now bring this address to a close, by expressing to you, in the words of the great Roman orator, the deepest wish of my heart, and which I know dwells deeply in the hearts of all who hear me: "Duo modo haec opto; unum, UT MORIENS POPULUM ROMANUM LIBERUM RELINQUAM; hoc mihi majus a diis immortalibus dari nihil potest: alterum, ut ita cuique eveniat, ut de republicâ quisque mereatur."

And now, fellow-citizens, with hearts void of hatred, envy, and malice towards our own countrymen, or any of them, or towards the subjects or citizens of other governments, or towards any member of the great family of man; but exulting, nevertheless, in our own peace, security, and happiness, in the grateful remembrance of the past, and the glorious hopes of the future, let us return to our homes, and with all humility and devotion offer our thanks to the Father of all our mercies, political, social, and religious.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JULY 3D OR 4TH]

NEVER READ AHEAD! TO APPRECIATE JULY 4TH, 1851 AT ALL ONE MUST APPRECIATE IT AS A TODAY (THE FOLLOWING DAY, TOMORROW, IS BUT A PORTION OF THE UNREALIZED FUTURE AND IFFY AT BEST).



July 5, Saturday, 1851: [Ephraim Merriam Ball](#), daughter of Nehemiah Ball and Mary Merriam of Concord, died at the age of 21.

[William Brewster](#) was born in Wakefield, Massachusetts.



July 5. The vetch like flower by the Marlboro Road the *Tephrosia Virginica* is in blossom with mixed red & yellowish blossoms.

Also the White fine flowered Jersey Tea *Ceanothus Americana*– And by the side of wood paths the humble cow-wheat *Apocynum* &c

The blue flower by the road side, slender but pretty spike is the Pale lobelia *L. Palida*.

The reddish blossoms of the umbelled winter-green *P. umbellata* –are now in perfection & are

exceedingly beautiful.

Also the white sweet scented flowers of the *P. Rotundifolia*.

It is a remarkably cool clear breezy atmosphere today— One would say there were fewer flowers just now than there have been and are to be; *i.e.* we do not look so much for the blossoming of new flowers. The earliest small fruits are just beginning to be ripe—the raspberry thimbleberry blueberry &c—we have no longer the blossoms of those which must ripen their fruits in early autumn.

I am interested in these fields in the woods where the potatoe is cultivated growing in the light dry sandy soil free from weeds—now in blossom the slight vine not crowded in the hill. I think they do not promise many potatoes though mealy & wholesome like nuts. Many fields have now received their last hoeing & the farmers work seems to be soon over with them. It is pleasing to consider man's cultivating this plant thus assiduously—without reference to any crop it may yield him, as if he were to cultivate Johns wort in like manner. What influences does he receive from this long intercourse.

The flowers of the umbelled Pyrola or common winter-green are really very handsome now—dangling red from their little umbels like jewelry— Especially the unexpanded buds with their red calyx leaves against the white globe of petals.

There is a handsome wood path on the east side of White pond— The shadows of the pine stems & branches falling across the patch which is perfectly red with pine needles—make a very handsome carpet. Here is a small road run[n]ing north & south along the edge of the wood which would be a good place to walk by moonlight.

The calamint grows by the lane beyond seven-star lane—now in blossom.

As we come over Hubbards Bridge between 5 & 6 pm the sun getting low—a cool wind blowing up the valley—we sit awhile on the rails which are destined for the new railing. The light on the Indian hills is very soft & glorious—giving the idea of the most wonderful fertility— The most barren hills are gilded like waving grainfields— What a paradise to sail by! The cliffs and woods up the stream are nearer and have more shadow & actuality about them— This retired bridge is a favorite spot with me. I have witnessed many a fair sunset from it.



July 6, Sunday, 1851: Der Rose Pilgerfahrt for solo voices, chorus and orchestra by [Robert Schumann](#) to words of Horn was performed for the initial time, privately, at the Schumann home in Düsseldorf.

[David Macbeth Moir](#) had been seriously injured while dismounting from his horse. He died on this day at Dumfries near Edinburgh. He is one of several writers to whom has been attributed “[Canadian Boat-Song](#)”.

SCOTLAND



It was maybe on this day that [Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Isaac Hecker](#) in New-York.

To: HDT
From: Isaac Hecker
Date: [7/6/51]

*Praised be Jesus & Mary
our Mother!
Dear friend Thorough,
You have already heard
of our arrival at N.Y. in the month
of March last. Some weeks ago
I was at Boston & tried hard to
get to Concord but failed. I should
like much to see you & Mr Emerson,
to see where you are, for most of*

*our old friends are living in the
old ways of life, & too in the old way
if some not worse. And poor
Thos. Carlyle has become the prince
of flunkies; poor fellow, tis a pity
he could find nothing better to do
than to fight the Jesuites. The
meanest of them is ~~a~~ more of a
hero than Herr Thos. Carlyle if
devotion, love of the souls of men,*

Page 2

*& self-sacrifice is any standard
of the heroic.*

*That does not however surprise
me; for all men are not heroes,
nor all heroes at all times heroic.
For that you must have some-
thing that shall add to & complete
our nature. If we have not
this, in the end we shall exclaim
with Dryden,—*

*Striving above nature will do no good,
We must come back to flesh & blood.
The C. Church alone possesses [this]
power; — the grace to sustain the
soul to live a life above nature
—a super-natural life—hence
her army of glorious martyrs, — even
now reddening the fields of Cochin
China & other parts of the world with
their blood like water, — among them
too, & not a few, Jesuites — hence
her unbroken line of saints, and*

Page 3

*test of whose Sanctity is that they have
lived constantly in the practice of
all virtues in a heroic degree—
hence her Virgins & various religious
orders of both sexes living a life
of poverty, Purity, devoting themselves
wholly & freely to the service of God &
their fellow creatures.*

*Our eyes my good friend, are still
open, & we waite with laudable patience
to see th Examples our modern talkers
about heroism will give to the world—
So far our friends have not surprised us,*

perhaps it is because we never had great faith in them in that way, but who knows there may be something [in] Concord to correct our error if it be one. Come then friend Thorough where art thou & what art thou doing? & what is our friend Ralph Waldo Emerson at. What are yr hopes, What of th future? You have not rec'd yr souls in vain. Yrs truly

I. Th. Hecker C.S.S.R —

Church of the Most Holy Redeemer—153. Third Street. N.Y. City

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P.S. if you my friend or Mr Emerson should be on this way, it would give me great pleasure to see you at our convent in 3^d Street—

My love & best respects to yr family—

{written perpendicular to text:

Postage: 5

Postmark: MAIL

JUL

26

N.Y.

Address: Mr. Henry Thorough

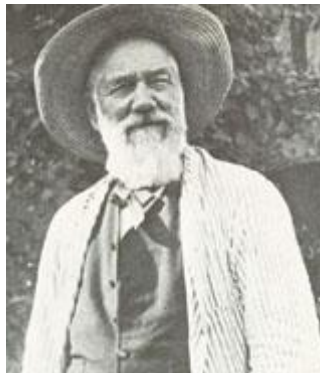
Concord

Massachusetts. }

On this day [Thoreau](#) wrote something in his journal that Dr. [Alfred I. Tauber](#) would consider of relevance to his attitude regarding time and eternity: “There on that illustrated sandbank was revealed an antiquity beside which Ninevah is young. Such a light as sufficed for the earliest ages. From what star has it arrived on this planet?”



Constable Sam Staples asked [Thoreau](#) to drop some papers by the grand home of [Samuel Hoar](#) and the Hoars for him.



July 6. Sunday. I walked by night last moon & saw its disk reflected in Walden Pond – the broken disk, now here now there, a pure & memorable flame unearthly bright – like a cucullo of a water-bug. – Ah! but that first faint tinge of moonlight on the gap! (seen some time ago), – a silvery

light from the east before day had departed in the west.

What an immeasurable interval there is between the first tinge of moonlight which we detect – lighting with mysterious silvery poetic light the western slopes –like a paler grass –and the last wave of day light on the eastern slopes. It is wonderful how our senses ever span so vast an interval how from being aware of the one we become aware of the other. And now the night wind blows –from where? What gave it birth? It suggests an interval equal to that in between the most distant periods recorded in History– The silver eye is not more distant from the golden –than moonlight is from sunlight. I am looking into the west where the red clouds still indicate the course of departing day–

I turn & see the silent spiritual –contemplative moonlight shedding the softest imaginable light on the western slopes of the hills –as if after a thousand years of polishing their surfaces were just beginning to be bright –a pale whitish lustre –already the crickets chirp to the moon a different strain –& the night-wind rustles the leaves of the wood. A different dynasty has commenced. Moonlight like day-light is more valuable for what it suggests than for what it actually is. It is a long past season of which I dream. And the season is perchance because it is a more sacred and glorious season to which I instantly refer all glorious actions in past time. Let a nobler landscape present itself let a purer air blow –& I locate all the worthies of the world. Ah there is the mysterious light which for some hours has illustrated Asia and the scene of Alexander’s victories now at length after two or 3 hours spent in surmounting the billows of the atlantic come to shine on America.

There on that illustrated sandbank was revealed an antiquity beside which Ninevah is young. Such a light as sufficed for the earliest ages. From what star has it arrived on this planet? At midday I see the full moon shining in the sky– What if in some vales only its light is reflected! What if there are some spirits which walk in its light alone still? Who separate the moonlight from the sun-light & are shined on by the former only! I passed from Dynasty to dynasty –from one age of the world to another age of the world –from Jove perchance back to Saturn. What river of Lethe was there to run between? I bid farewell to that light sitting in the west & turned to salute the new light rising in the east.

There is some advantage in being the humblest cheapest least dignified man in the village –so that the very stable boys shall damn-you. Methinks I enjoy that advantage to an unusual extent. There is many a coarsely well meaning fellow, who knows only the skin of me who addresses me familiarly by my christian name– I get the whole good of him & lose nothing myself. There is “Sam” the jailor –whom I never call Sam however, who exclaimed last evening “Thoreau, are you going up the street pretty soon?– Well, just take a couple of these hand bills along & drop on in at Hoar’s Piazza and one at Holbrooks, & I’ll do as much for you another time.” I am not above being used, aye abused, sometimes.

The red clover heads are now turned black– They no longer impart that rosaceous tinge to the meadows & fertile fields. It is but a short time that their rich bloom lasts.

The white is black or withering also. White weed still looks white in the fields– Blue-eyed grass is now rarely seen. The grass & in the fields and meadows is not so fresh & fair as it was a fortnight ago –it is drier & riper & ready for the mowers– Now June is past. June is the month for grass & flowers– Now grass is turning to hay & flowers to fruits. Already I gather ripe blueberries on the hills.

The red-topped grass is in its prime tinging the fields with red.

It is a free flowing wind –with wet clouds in the sky though the sun shines. The distant hills look unusually near in this atmosphere. Acton M. houses seen to stand on the side of some hills, Nagog or Nashoba –beyond, as never before. Nobscot looks like a high pasture in the sun light not far off. From time to time I hear a few drops of rain falling on the leaves, but none is felt & the sun does not cease to shine– All serious showers go-round me & get out of my way.

The clasping harebell is certainly a pretty flower and so is the Tephrosia. The Poke has blossomed & the Indigo weed–





July 7, Monday, 1851: Kaiser-Jäger-Marsch op.93 by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#) was performed for the initial time, in the Bierhalle Fünfhaus, Vienna. Also premiered was Strauss' waltz Gambrinus-Tänze op.97.

William Henry Fish wrote from Milford, Massachusetts to the [Reverend Samuel May, Jr.](#) to arrange for an upcoming antislavery convention in Milford. There were various options for the meeting as "the Vigilance Com[mittee] of Milford embracing some of the most energetic businessmen of the place promise to use their influence & activity in getting up a grove if need be, so you see we expect ample provisions for the meeting will be made in some way." Local Methodist and Universalist ministers were so "much interested in Antislavery" that they had offered the use of a church "if we could not get a suitable place."

[Henry Thoreau](#) went with Sexton [Anthony Wright](#) to view the universe through [Perez Blood's](#) [telescope](#). Just Kaiser-Jäger-Marsch op.93 by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#) was performed for the initial time, in the Bierhalle Fünfhaus, Vienna. Also premiered was Strauss' waltz Gambrinus-Tänze op.97. for the fun of it, I will illustrate this with a depiction, prepared in this very year by H. Dassel, which is not of Thoreau peering through Blood's telescope but of the astronomer [Maria Mitchell](#), peering presumably through her father's telescope on the roof of his bank at the comet she had discovered (**see following screen**).



July 7, Monday. The intimations of the night are divine methinks. men might meet in the morning & report the news of the night.— What divine suggestions have been made to them I find that I carry with me into the day often some such hint derived from the gods Such impulses to purity—to heroism—to literary effort even as are never day-born. One of those morning's which usher in no day—but rather an endless morning—a protracted auroral season—for clouds prolong the twilight the livelong day— And now that there is an interregnum in the blossoming of the flowers so is there in the singing of the birds— The golden robin is rarely heard—and the bobolink &c. I rejoice when in a dream I have loved virtue & nobleness. Where is Grecian History? It is when in the morning I recall the intimations of the night. The moon is now more than half full.¹⁰² When I come through the village at 10 o'clock this cold night—cold as in May—the heavy shadows of the elms covering the ground with their rich tracery impress me as if men had got so much more than they had bargained for—not only trees to stand in the air, but to check the ground with their shadows— At night they lie along the earth. They tower—they arch—they droop over the streets like chandeliers of darkness. In my walk the other afternoon I saw the sun shining into the depths of a thick pine wood, checkering the ground like moonlight—and illuminating the lichen-covered bark of a large white-pine, from which it was reflected Through the surrounding thicket as from another sun—; This was so deep in the woods that you would have said no sun could penetrate thither. I have been tonight with Anthony Wright to look through Perez Bloods Telescope a 2nd time.¹⁰³ A dozen of his Bloods neighbors were swept along in the stream of our curiosity. One who lived half a mile this side said that Blood had been down that way within a day or two with his terrestrial or day glass looking into the eastern horizon the hills of [Billerica](#) Burlington—and Woburn— I was amused to see what sort of respect this man with a telescope had obtained from his neighbors— something akin to that which savages award to civilized men—though in this case the interval between the parties was very slight. Mr Blood with his scull cap on his short figure—his north European figure made me think of Tycho Brahe— He did not invite us into his house this cool evening—men nor women— Nor did he ever before to my knowledge I am still contented to see the stars with my naked eye Mr Wright asked him what his instrument cost He answered— "Well, that is something I dont like to tell. (stuttering or hesitating in his speech a little, as usual) It is a very proper question however"— "Yes," said I, "and you think that you have given a very proper answer." Returning my companion Wright the sexton told me how dusty he found it digging a grave that

TYCHO BRAHE

102. The moon would have been half full on the 4th.
103. I don't know when the first time was.





afternoon for one who had been a pupil of mine –for two feet he said, notwithstanding the rain, he found the soil as dry as ashes.


With a certain wariness, but not without a slight shudder at the danger oftentimes, I perceive how near I had come to admitting into my mind the details of some trivial affair, as a case at court– And I am astonished to observe how willing men are to lumber their minds with such rubbish –to permit idle rumors tales incidents even of an insignificant kind –to intrude upon what should be the sacred ground of the thoughts Shall the temple of our thought be a public arena where the most trivial affair of the market & the gossip of the teatable is discussed –a dusty noisy trivial place –or shall it be a quarter of heaven itself –a place consecrated to the service of the gods –a hypaethral temple. I find it so difficult to dispose of the few facts which to me are significant that I hesitate to burden my mind with the most insignificant which only a divine mind could illustrate. Such is for the most part the news –in newspapers & conversation. It is important to preserve the mind’s chastity in this respect Think of admitting the details of a single case at the criminal court into the mind –to stalk profanely through its very sanctum sanctorum for an hour –aye for many hours– –to make a very bar-room of your mind’s inmost apartment –as if for a moment the dust of the street had occupied you –aye the very street itself with all its travel passed through your very mind of minds –your thoughts shrine –with all its filth & bustle [possibly “hustle”]– Would it not be an intellectual suicide? By all manner of boards & traps threatening the extreme penalty of the divine law excluding trespassers from these grounds it behoves us to preserve the purity & sanctity of the mind. It is so hard to forget what it is worse than useless to remember. If I am to be a channel or thorough [thoroughfare] –I prefer that it be of the mountain springs –& not the town sewers– The Parnassian streams There is inspiration –the divine gossip which comes to the ear of the attentive mind –from the Courts of Heaven –there is the profane & stale revelation of the barroom & the police Court. The same ear is fitted to receive both communications –only the character of the individual determines to which source chiefly it shall be open & to which closed. I believe that the mind can be profaned by the habit of attending to trivial things so that all our thoughts shall be tinged with triviality. They shall be dusty as stones in the street– Our very minds shall be paved and macadamized as it were – its foundation broken into fragments for the wheels of travel to roll over. If we have thus desecrated ourselves the remedy will be by circumspection –& wariness by our aspiration & devotion to consecrate ourselves –to make a fane of the mind. I think that we should treat ourselves as innocent & ingenuous [ingenuous] children whose guardians we are –be careful what objects & what subjects we thrust on its attention¹⁰⁴

Even the facts of science may dust the mind by their dryness –unless they are in a sense effaced each morning or rather rendered fertile by the dews of fresh & living truth. Every thought that passes through the mind helps to wear & tear it & to deepen the ruts which as in the streets of Pompeii evince how much it has been used. How many things there are concerning which we might well deliberate whether we had better know them. Routine –conventionality manners &c &c –how insensibly and undue attention to these dissipates & impoverishes the mind –robs it of its simplicity & strength emasculates it. Knowledge doe[s] not cone [come] to us by details but by lieferungs from the gods. What else is it to wash & purify ourselves? Conventionalities are as bad as impurities. Only thought which is expressed by the mind in repose as it wer[e] lying on its back & contemplating the heaven’s –is adequately & fully expressed– What are side long –transient passing half views? The writer expressing his thought –must be as well seated as the astronomer contemplating the heavens –he must not occupy a constrained position. The facts the experience we are well poised upon –! Which secures our whole attention!¹⁰⁵

The senses of children are unprofaned their whole body is one sense –they take a physical pleasure in riding on a rail –they love to teter –so does the unviolated –the unsophisticated mind derive an inexpressable pleasure from the simplest exercise of thoughts.

I can express adequately only the thought which I *love* to express.– All the faculties in repose but the one you are using –the whole energy concentrated in that.

Be ever so little distracted –your thoughts so little confused– Your engagements so few –your attention so free your existence so mundane –that in all places & in all hours you can hear the sound of crickets in those seasons when they are to be heard. It is a mark of serenity & health of mind when a person hears this sound much –in streets of cities as well as in fields. Some ears never hear this sound –are called deaf. Is it not because they have so long attended to other sounds?

 July 8, Tuesday, 1851: At a farewell party for Lowell Mason and his wife at Winter Street Church in Boston (the Masons were moving to New-York), Mason gave a speech on his work in church music.



July 8. Tuesday. Walked along the clam-shell bank after sundown.— a cloudy sky. The heads of the grass in the pasture behind Dennis' have a reddish cast, but another grass with a lighter colored stem & leaves on the higher parts of the field gives a yellowish tinge to those parts as if they reflected a misty sunlight. Even much later in the night these light spots were distinguishable. I am struck by the cool juicy pickled cucumber green of the potatoe fields now— How lusty these vines look. The pasture naturally exhibits at this season no such living green as the cultivated fields. I perceive that flower of the lowlands now with a peculiar leaf—and conspicuous white umbels? [Rye [*i.e.* meadow-rue]]



Here are mulleins covering a field (the Clam shell field) where 3 years were none noticeable—but a

104. [Henry Thoreau](#) would use some of the material from this day in regard to his “we should live in eternity rather than in time” theme, in his early lecture [“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT”](#):

[Paragraph 81] If we have thus desecrated ourselves,—as who has not?—the remedy will be by wariness and circumspection, by devotion and aspiration to reconsecrate ourselves—and make once more a fane of the mind. We should treat our minds—that is, ourselves—as innocent and ingenuous children, whose guardians we are, and be careful what objects and what subjects we thrust on their attention. Read not the Times.¹ Read the Eternities.² Even the facts of science may dust the mind by their dryness, unless they are in a sense effaced each morning, or rather rendered fertile by the dews of fresh and living truth. Knowledge does not come to us by details, but in flashes of light from heaven. Yes, every thought that passes through the mind helps to wear and tear it, and to deepen the ruts, which, as in the streets of Pompeii, evince how much it has been used. How many things there are concerning which we might well deliberate whether we had better know them—had better let their peddling carts be driven even at the slowest trot or walk—over that bridge of glorious span by which we trust to pass at last from the furthest brink of time to the nearest shore of eternity. Conventionalities are as bad as impurities.

1. [“The Times” was presumably the London Times.]
 2. I [Bradley P. Dean] emend the essay copy-text by omitting ‘Conventionalities are at length as bad as impurities.’, which appears after this sentence in the essay but which appears without the words ‘at length’ as the penultimate sentence of this paragraph in the extant reading-draft manuscript.

BRAD DEAN’S COMMENTARY

The poet [W.H. Auden](#) has in 1962 brought forward a snippet from this day’s entry as:

THE VIKING BOOK OF APHORISMS, A PERSONAL SELECTION BY W.H. AUDEN...

Pg	Topic	Aphorism Selected by Auden out of Thoreau
353	Reason and Thought	We should treat our minds as innocent and ingenious children whose guardians we are — be careful what objects and what subjects we thrust on their attention.



smooth uninterrupted pasture sod. 2 years ago it was ploughed for the first time for many years & Millet & corn & potatoes planted –and now *where the millet grew* these mulleins have sprung up. Who can write the history of these fields? The millet does not perpetuate itself, but the few seeds of the mullein which perchance were brought here with it, are still multiplying the race. The thick heads of the yellow dock warn me of the lapse of time. Here are some rich rye-fields waving over all the land –their heads nodding in the evening breeze with an apparently alternating motion –*i.e.* they do not all bend at once by ranks but separately &

105. [Thoreau](#) would later use this comment pertaining to his “different drummer” theme, in his early lecture [“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?”](#):

[Paragraph 79] Not without a slight shudder at the danger, I often perceive how near I had come to admitting into my mind the details of some trivial affair,—the news of the street; and I am astonished to observe how willing men are to lumber their minds with such rubbish,—to permit idle rumors and incidents of the most insignificant kind to intrude on ground which should be sacred to thought. Shall the mind be a public arena, where the affairs of the street and the gossip of the tea-table chiefly are discussed? Or shall it be a quarter of heaven itself,—an hypæthral temple, consecrated to the service of the gods? [Compare [I Corinthians 3:16](#)] I find it so difficult to dispose of the few facts which to me are significant, that I hesitate to burden my attention with those which are insignificant, which only a divine mind could illustrate. Such is, for the most part, the news in newspapers and conversations. It is important to preserve the mind’s chastity in this respect. Think of admitting the details of a single case of the criminal court into our thoughts, to stalk profanely through their very *sanctum sanctorum* for an hour, ay, for many hours! to make a very bar-room of the mind’s inmost apartment, as if for so long the dust of the street had occupied us,—the very street itself, with all its travel, its bustle, and filth had passed through our thoughts’ shrine! Would it not be an intellectual and moral suicide?

[Paragraph 80] By all kinds of traps and sign-boards, threatening the extreme penalty of the divine law, exclude such trespassers from the only ground which can be sacred to you. It is so hard to forget what it is worse than useless to remember! If I am to be a thoroughfare, I prefer that it be of the mountain-brooks, the Parnassian streams, and not the town-sewers. There is inspiration, that gossip which comes to the ear of the attentive mind from the courts of heaven. There is the profane and stale revelation of the bar-room and the police court. The same ear is fitted to receive both communications. Only the character of the hearer determines to which it shall be open, and to which closed. I believe that the mind can be permanently profaned by the habit of attending to trivial things, so that all our thoughts shall be tinged with triviality. Our very intellect shall be macadamized, as it were,—its foundation broken into fragments for the wheels of travel to roll over; and if you would know what will make the most durable pavement, surpassing rolled stones—spruce blocks—and asphaltum—you have only to look into some of our minds which have been subjected to this treatment so long.

**BRAD DEAN’S
COMMENTARY**

**DIFFERENT
DRUMMER**




1851

hence this agreeable alternation How rich a sight this cereal fruit –now yellow for the cradle – *flavus*– It is an impenetrable phalanx– I walk for half a mile beside the Macedons looking in vain for an opening– There is no Arnold Winkelried to gather these spear-heads upon his breast & make an opening for me– This is food for man; the earth labors not in vain –it is bearing its burden. The yellow waving rustling rye extends far up & over the hills on either side, a kind of pin-a-fore to Nature, leaving only a narrow and dark passage at the bottom of a deep ravine. How rankly it has grown! –how it hastes to maturity! I discover that there is such a goddess as Ceres. The long grain fields which you must respect –must go round –occupying the ground like an army. The small trees & shrubs seen dimly in its midst are overwhelmed by the grain as by an inundation– Indistinct forms of bushes –green leaves mixed with the yellow stalks. There are certain crops which give me the idea of bounty –of the *Alma Natura*– I mean the grains. Potatoes do not so fill the lap of earth. This rye excludes everything else & takes possession of the soil. The farmer says next year I will raise a crop of rye. & he proceeds to clear away the brush –& either plows it, or if it is too uneven or stoney – burns & harrows it only –& scatters the seed with faith– And all winter the earth keeps his secret – unless it did leak out somewhat in the fall, and in the spring this early green on the hill sides betrays him. When I see this luxuriant crop spreading far and wide in spite of rock & bushes and unevenness of ground, I can not help thinking that it must have been unexpected by the farmer himself –& regarded by him as a lucky accident for which to thank fortune.– This to reward a transient faith – the gods had given. As if he must have forgotten that he did it until he saw the waving grain inviting his sickle.

1851

1851

1851

 July 9, Wednesday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) visited [Harvard Observatory](#) on Concord Avenue in Cambridge. Perhaps this had been suggested by [John Downes](#), who earlier in the year had been in touch with the observatory about the occultation of stars. It has been presumed that it was the director, [William Cranch Bond](#), age about 62, who showed Thoreau around and answered his questions. I suggest that it would more likely have been his son the assistant observer [George Phillips Bond](#), 6 years out of [Harvard College](#), who would



have been providing such a public relations service, and that the director would have been reserving himself for occasional visitors who thought they had cachet and who might be more easily offended, such as [Prince Albert](#). My reasons for suspecting this are that I can't believe the astronomers would have taken Thoreau seriously, plus George was more of Henry's own age group, plus George is known to have had an abiding interest in nature and in particular in ornithology.¹⁰⁶

ASTRONOMY

Thoreau stopped by the [Boston Society of Natural History](#) and checked out Volume I of the MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES, new series.

Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote to Frederick Douglass while serializing [UNCLE TOM'S CABIN](#), asking him for

106. A case in point is the treatment awarded by historians of the science of astronomy to [Henry Thoreau](#)'s visit in the official study on the first four directorships of the Harvard College observatory, by Bessie (Judith) Zaban Jones and Lyle Gifford Boyd, entitled THE HARVARD COLLEGE OBSERVATORY: THE FIRST FOUR DIRECTORSHIPS, 1839-1919 (Cambridge MA: The Belknap Press of Harvard UP, 1971). This is a meticulous book, quite elaborately documented. Yet I note that in dealing with Thoreau's visit, they have deviated from their standard practice: they have

1.) quoted from his [JOURNAL](#) without scholarly apparatus of footnotes and citations,

they have

2.) quoted incorrectly,

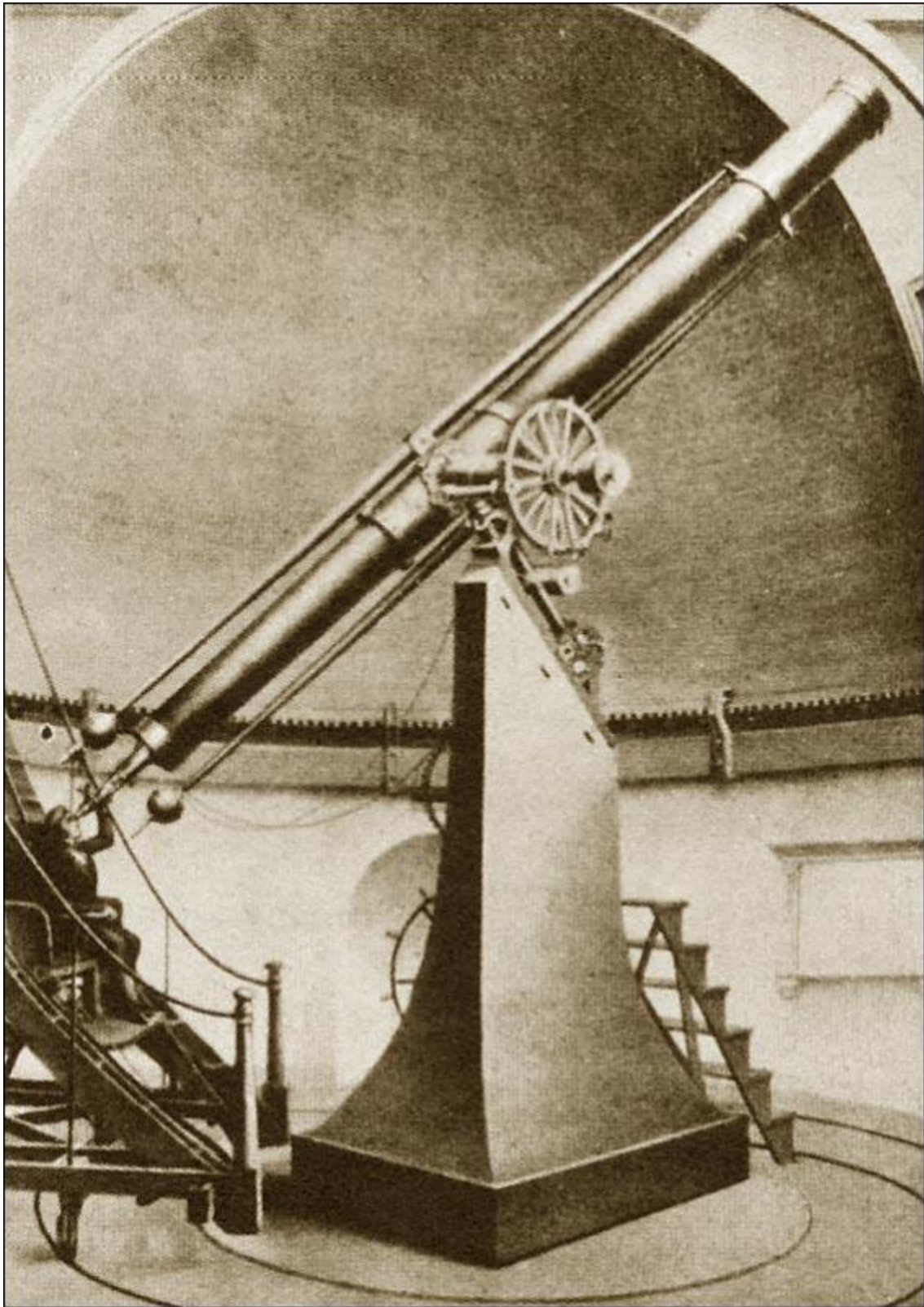
and they have

3.) tried to make a mere joke of his visit, by an aside the point of which seems to be that this guy Thoreau was so far out in left field, who else would come up with the sort of comment he could come up with, whatever his comment might mean if anybody ever tried to take such a person seriously.

In fact, Thoreau's visit was quite serious, and bore directly upon the struggle the current director was having as a volunteer "gentleman" researcher with the likes of Professors [Louis Agassiz](#) and [Benjamin Peirce](#), and all the other ideologs of scientific bureaucracy whose primary objective then as now was not discovery itself, but rather their seizure of control over all processes of discovery. I suppose I am saying that since we cannot expect serious people to take Thoreau seriously today, we can have no reason to assume that serious people would take Thoreau seriously in his own day — certainly not to the extent of extending VIP treatment to **someone who was not acting in any manner as VIPs should act!**

1851

1851





contacts for information about slave life on cotton plantations. In this letter she took issue with his opposition to colonization and with his criticisms of Christianity:

You may perhaps have noticed in your editorial readings a series of articles that I am furnishing for the Era under the title of "Uncle Tom's Cabin or Life among the Lowly" - In the course of my story, the scene will fall upon a cotton plantation - I am very desirous to gain information from one who has been an actual labourer on one - & it occurs to me that in the circle of your acquaintance there might be one who would be able to communicate to me some such information as I desire - I have before me an able paper written by a southern planter in which the details & modus operandi are given from his point of sight - I am anxious to have some more from another standpoint - I wish to be able to make a picture that shall be graphic & true to nature in its details - Such a person as Henry Bibb, if in this country might give me just the kind of information I desire you may possible [sic] know of some other person - I will subjoin to this letter a list of questions which in that case, you will do me a favor by enclosing to the individual - with a request that he will at earliest convenience answer them -

- I have noticed with regret, your sentiments on two subjects, - the church - & African Colonization - & with the more regret, because I think you have a considerable share of reason for your feelings on both these subjects - but I would willingly if I could modify your views on both points.

After all my brother, the strength & hope of your oppressed race does lie in the church - In hearts united to Him ... Every thing is against you - but Jesus Christ is for you - & He has not forgotten his church misguided & erring though it be.... This movement must & will become a purely religious one ... christians north & south will give up all connection with [slavery] & later up their testimony against it - & thus the work will be done -



July 9, Wednesday: When I got out of the cars at Porter's Cambridge this morning -I was pleased to see the handsome blue flowers of the Succory or Endive Cichorium intybus -which reminded me that within the hour I had been whirled into a new botanical region. They must be extremely rare, if they occur at all in Concord. This weed is handsomer than most garden flowers. Saw there also the Cucubalus behen or Bladder Campion. also The Autumnal dandelion Apargia Autumnalis.

HISTORY OF RR

ASTRONOMY

Visited the Observatory. Bond said they were cataloguing the stars at Washington? or trying to. They do not at Cambridge of no use with their force. Have not force enough now to make mag. obs. When I asked if an observer with the small telescope could find employment -he said "O yes -there was employment enough for observation with the naked eye -observing the changes in the brilliancy of stars &c &c -if they could only get some good observers.- One is glad to hear that the naked eye still retains some importance in the estimation of astronomers.

Coming out of town -willingly as usual -when I saw that reach of Charles River just above the Depot -the fair still water this cloudy evening suggesting the way to eternal peace & beauty -whence it flows -the placid lake-like fresh water so unlike the salt brine -affected me not a little- I was reminded of the way in which Wordsworth so coldly speaks of some natural visions or scenes "giving him pleasure". This is perhaps the first vision of elysium on this rout from Boston.

And just then I saw an encampment of Penobscots -their wigwams appearing above the rail road fence -they too looking up the river as they sat on the ground & enjoying the scene. What can be more impressive than to look up a noble river just at evening -one perchance which you have never explored -& behold its placid waters reflecting the woods -& sky lapsing inaudibly toward the ocean -to behold as a lake -but know it as a river -tempting the beholder to explore it -& his own

destiny at once. haunt of waterfowl -- this was above the factories --all that I saw That water could never have flowed under a factory --how *then* could it have reflected the sky?



WALDEN: Consider first how slight a shelter is absolutely necessary. I have seen Penobscot Indians, in this town, living in tents of thin cotton cloth, while the snow was nearly a foot deep around them, and I thought that they would be glad to have it deeper to keep out the wind. Formerly, when how to get my living honestly, with freedom left for my proper pursuits, was a question which vexed me even more than it does now, for unfortunately I am become somewhat callous, I used to see a large box by the railroad, six feet long by three wide, in which the laborers locked up their tools at night, and it suggested to me that every man who was hard pushed might get such a one for a dollar, and, having bored a few auger holes in it, to admit the air at least, get into it when it rained and at night, and hook down the lid, and so have freedom in his love, and in his soul be free. This did not appear the worst, nor by any means a despicable alternative. You could sit up as late as you pleased, and, whenever you got up, go abroad without any landlord or house-lord dogging you for rent. Many a man is harassed to death to pay the rent of a larger and more luxurious box who would not have frozen to death in such a box as this. I am far from jesting. Economy is a subject which admits of being treated with levity, but it cannot so be disposed of.

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

RICHARD LOVELACE





1851

1851



July 10, Thursday, 1851: [David Macbeth Moir](#) had been seriously injured while dismounting from his horse, and had died at Dumfries near Edinburgh. The body was placed on this day in the cemetery of Inveresk Church in Musselburgh. A memorial statue would be erected there in 1853. He is one of several writers to whom has been attributed "[Canadian Boat-Song](#)."



SCOTLAND

[Louis-Jacques-Mandé Daguerre](#) died, American photographers would don black armbands for a month. Events in the development of [photography](#):

- Although Hugh Mackay had opened a Daguerreotype studio in [China](#) in 1846, the earliest surviving photographic exposure we have to this point been able to collect happens to be a salted paper print from a calotype negative of the Five-Story Pagoda in Canton, made in this year.
- In England, Frederick Scott Archer, a sculptor, was introducing a process to supersede this dry Daguerreotype process. This was done by means of a wet glass plate which had been coated in the dark with "collodion," a surface made from nitrocellulose ("gun cotton") dissolved in alcohol and ether, and then doped with potassium iodide, which when exposed to a momentary bright light could produce an image which could be fixed by application of a solution of ferrous sulfate. This new process combined the ability to produce multiple positives from a single negative, the advantage of the calotype process pioneered in England by [William Henry Fox Talbot](#), with extremely fine detail, the advantage of the [Daguerreotype](#) process pioneered in France by [Joseph-Nicephor Niépce](#) and [Louis-Jacques-Mandé Daguerre](#), and added to this process a **stop-motion** speed which not only eased the inconvenience of producing photographs but also extended the range of possible photographs to include moving objects. Although, in this year, the first flash photograph was being produced by Talbot by use of the spark discharge from a Leyden jar battery, there remained problems of brightness and of synchronization, so Archer's new wet process of photography would be used indoors during the 1850s in conjunction with magnesium wire which, when burned in a "low-tech" manner, could produce a more intense and sustained and manageable light.
- [Joseph-Nicephor Niépce](#) was at this point able to produce unstable photographs in color. Although an American Daguerreotypist, Levi Hill, was claiming at this point also to have taken natural-color daguerreotypes, and although such a discovery is certainly not impossible in the light of subsequent developments in photography, his reluctance to exhibit his work, coupled with suspicions that he was not above enhancing his murky effects through trickery, do cast some shadow of suspicion over our national claim to have originated color photography.
- Robert Vance exhibited a series of 300 whole-plate Daguerreotypes of [California](#), creating a sensation. He had taken panoramas of population centers such as San Francisco, of the Franciscan missions, of the native Americans in their way of life, of the gold miners in their way of life, etc. All these photographs are now entirely lost to us, except in chance contemporary verbal characterizations.

PANORAMA



July 10, Thursday. A gorgeous sunset after rain with horizontal bars of clouds red sashes to the western window –barry clouds hanging like a curtain over the window of the west –damask. First there is a low arch of the storm clouds in the west under which is seen the clearer fairer serener – sky –and more distant sunset clouds and under all on the horizon's edge heavier massive dark clouds

not to be distinguished from the *mts*. How many times I have seen this kind of sunset –the most gorgeous sight in nature. From the hill behind Minots I see the birds flying against this red sky the sun having set –one looks like a bat. Now between two stupendous *mts* of the low stratum under the evening red –clothed in slightly rosaceous amber light –through a magnificent gorge far far away – as perchance may occur in pictures of the Spanish Coast viewed from the mediterranean I see a city –the eternal city of the west –the phantom city –in whose streets no traveller has trod –over whose pavements the horses of the sun have already hurried. Some Salamanca of the imagination. But it lasts only for a moment –for now the changing light has wrought such changes in it that I see the resemblance no longer.

A softer amber sky than in any picture. The swallows are improving this short day –twittering as they fly, & the huckleberry bird repeats his jingling strain –& the song-sparrow more honest than most. I am always struck by the centrality of the observer’s position. He always stands fronting the middle of the arch –& does not suspect at first that a thousand observers on a thousand hill’s behold the sunset sky from equally favorable positions.

And now I turn & observe the dark masses of the trees in the east –not green but black while the sun was setting in the west the trees were rising in the east.

I perceive that the low stratum of dark clouds under the red sky all slips one way –and to a remarkable degree presents the appearance of the but ends of cannons slanted toward the sky –thus



Such uniformity on a large scale is unexpected & pleasant to detect –evinced the simplicity of the laws of their formation. Uniformity in the shapes of clouds of a single stratum is always to be detected –the same wind shaping clouds of the like consistency and in like positions. No doubt an experienced observer could discover the states of the upper atmosphere by studying the forms & characters of the clouds.

I traced the distinct form of the cannon in 7 instances stretching over the whole length of the cloud many a mile in the horizon.

And the night-hawk [**Common Nighthawk**  *Chordeiles minor* (Booming Nighthawk)] dashes past in the twilight with mottled? wing within a rod of me.



July 11, Friday, [1851](#): In San Francisco, [California](#), James Stuart had been “arrested” on July 2d by a group of citizens who had turned over to a Committee of Vigilance. They [hanged](#) him on this day.

[Henry Thoreau](#), walking at night with [Ellery Channing](#), became concerned that Ellery seemed incapable of grasping the fact that Nature has a darker side:



July 11, Friday. At 7¹/₄ PM with W.E.C. go forth to see the moon the glimpses of the moon– We think she is not quite full– we can detect a little flatness on the eastern side.¹⁰⁷ Shall we wear thick coats? The day has been warm enough, but how cool will the night be? It is not sultry as the last night. As a general rule, it is best to wear your thickest coat even in a July night. Which way shall we walk? North west –that we may see the moon returning– But on that side the river prevents

107. Actually, this was the night of the full moon. At 7PM there was no flatness whatever on the eastern side:



our walking in the fields –and on other accounts that direction is not so attractive. We go toward Bear Garden Hill.¹⁰⁸ The sun is setting. The meadow sweet has bloomed. These dry hills & pastures are the places to walk by moon light– The moon is silvery still –not yet inaugurated. The tree tops are seen against the amber west– Methinks I see the outlines of one spruce among them – distinguishable afar. My thoughts expand & flourish most on this barren hill where in the twilight I see the moss spreading in rings & prevailing over the short thin grass carpeting the earth –adding a few inches of green to its circle annually while it dies within.

As we round the sandy promontory we try the sand & rocks with our hands –the sand is cool on the surface but warmer a few inches beneath –though the contrast is not so great as it was in May. The larger rocks are perceptibly warm. I pluck the blossom of the milk-weed in the twilight & find how sweet it smells. The white blossoms of the Jersey tea dot the hill side –with the yarrow everywhere. Some woods are black as clouds –if we knew not they were green by day, they would appear blacker still. When we sit we hear the mosquitoes hum. The woodland paths are not the same by night as by day –if they are a little grown up the eye cannot find them –but must give the reins to the feet as the traveller to his horse –so we went through the aspens at the base of the cliffs –their round leaves reflecting the lingering twilight on the one side the waxing moon light on the other –always the path was unexpectedly open.

Now we are getting into moon light. We see it reflected from particular stumps in the depths of the darkest woods, and from the stems of trees, as if it selected what to shine on.– a silvery light. It is a light of course which we have had all day but which we have not appreciated– And proves how remarkable a lesser light can be when a greater has departed. Here simply & naturally the moon presides– ’Tis true she was eclipsed by the sun –but now she acquires an almost equal respect & worship by reflecting & representing him –with some new quality perchance added to his light – showing how original the disciple may be –who still in mid-day is seen though pale & cloud-like beside his master. Such is a worthy disciple– In his masters presence he still is seen & preserves a distinct existence –& in his absence he reflects & represents him –not without adding some new quality to his light –not servile & never rival– As the master withdraws himself the disciple who was a pale cloud before begins to emit a silvery light –acquiring at last a tinge of golden as the darkness deepens, but not enough to scorch the seeds which have been planted or to dry up the fertilising dews which are falling.

BAKER FARM

Passing now near Well meadow head toward Bakers orchard– The sweet fern & Indigo weed fill the path up to ones middle wetting us with dews so high The leaves are shining & flowing– We wade through the luxuriant vegetation seeing no bottom– Looking back toward the cliffs some dead trees in the horizon high on the rocks make a wild New Hampshire prospect. There is the faintest possible mist over the pond holes, where the frogs are eructating –like the falling of huge drops –the bursting of mephitic air bubbles rising from the bottom –a sort of blubbing Such conversation as I *have* heard between men.– a belching conversation expressing a sympathy of stomachs & abdomens. The peculiar appearance of the Indigo weed, its misty massiveness is striking. In Baker’s Orchard the thick grass looks like a sea of mowing in this weird moonlight –a bottomless sea of grass– our feet must be imaginative –must know the earth in imagination only as well as our heads. We sit on the fence, & where it is broken & interrupted the fallen & slanting rails are lost in the grass (really thin & wiry) as in water. We ever see our tracks a long way behind, where we have brushed off the dew. The clouds are peculiarly wispy wispy tonight some what like fine flames –not massed and dark nor downy –not thick but slight thin wisps of mist–

BAKER FARM

I hear the sound of Heywood’s brook falling into Fair Haven Pond –inexpressibly refreshing to my senses –it seems to flow through my very bones.– I hear it with insatiable thirst– It allays some sandy heat in me– It affects my circulations –methinks my arteries have sympathy with it What is it I hear but the pure water falls within me in the circulation of my blood –the streams that fall into my heart?– what mists do I ever see but such as hang over –& rise from my blood– The sound of this gurgling water –running thus by night as by day –falls on all my dashes –fills all my buckets –overflows my float boards –turns all the machinery of my nature makes me a flume –a sluice way to the springs of nature– Thus I am washed thus I drink –& quench my thirst. Where the streams fall into the lake if they are only a few inches more elevated all walkers may hear–

FAIR HAVEN

BAKER FARM

On the high path through Bakers wood I see or rather feel the Tephrosia– Now we come out into the open pasture. And under those woods of elm & button wood where still no light is seen –repose a

108. In recent years [Bear Garden Hill](#) has been proposed for a condo complex, to accompany the office development that had been proposed for [Brister’s Hill](#) (but which has since been defeated).

family of human beings By night there is less to distinguish this locality from the woods & meadows we have threaded.

We might go very near to Farm houses covered with ornamental trees & standing on a high road, thinking that were in the most retired woods & fields still. Having yielded to sleep man is a less obtrusive inhabitant of nature. Now having reached the dry pastures again –we are surrounded by a flood of moon light– The dim cart path over the wood curves gracefully through the Pitch-pines, ever to some more fairy-like spot. The rails in the fences shine like silver– We know not whether we are sitting on the ruins of a wall –or the materials which are to compose a new one. I see half-a mile off a phosphorescent arc on the hill side where Bartletts cliff reflects the moon light. Going by the shanty I smell the excrements of its inhabitants which I had never smelt before.

CYRUS HUBBARD

And now at half past 10 o'clock I hear the cockriils crow in Hubbard's barns.– and morning is already anticipated. It is the feathered wakeful thought in us that anticipates the following day. This sound is wonderfully exhilarating at all times. These birds are worth far more to me for their crowing & cackling –than for their drumsticks & eggs. How singular the connexion of the hen with man, that she leaves her eggs in his barns always –she is a domestic fowl though still a little shyish of him– I cannot looking at the whole as an experiment still and wondering that in each case it succeeds. There is no doubt at last but hens may be kept –they will put there eggs in your barn –by a tacit agreement– They will not wander far from your yard.

JAMES BAKER

Read  Henry Thoreau's Journal for July 1851 (æf. 33-34)



July 12, Saturday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed near [Charles Gordon](#)'s property.




He went out walking again as on the previous night, this time alone rather than with the uncomprehending [Ellery Channing](#), and found himself bidding “farewell to those who will talk of nature unnaturally.” Note that Thoreau had admitted to himself, after his excursion into the wilds of Maine, that “man could no longer accuse institutions and society, but must front the true source of evil.”

THE BOSOM SERPENT





July 12. 8 PM Now at least the moon is full –and I walk alone –which is best by night, if not by day always. Your companion must sympathize with the present mood. The conversation must be located where the walkers are & vary exactly with the scene & events & the contour of the ground. Farewell to those who will talk of nature unnaturally –whose presence are an interruption. I know but one with whom I can walk. I might as well be sitting in a bar room with them as walk and talk with most– We are never side by side in our thoughts –& we cannot bear each other's silence– Indeed we cannot be silent– We are forever breaking silence, that is all, and mending nothing. How can they keep together who are going different ways!

I start a sparrow  from her 3 eggs in the grass where she had settled for the night. The earliest corn is beginning to show its tassels now & I scent it as I walk –its peculiar dry scent. (This afternoon I gathered ripe blackberries & felt as if the autumn had commenced) Now perchance many sounds & sights only remind me that they once said something to me, and are so by association interesting. I go forth to be reminded of a previous state of existence, if perchance any memento of it is to be met with hereabouts. I have no doubt that nature preserves her integrity. Nature is in as rude health as

DIFFERENT DRUMMER

when Homer sang. We may at least by our sympathies be well. I see a skunk on bare garden hill stealing noiselessly away from me, while the moon shines over the pitch pines which send long shadows down the hill– Now looking back I see it shining on the S side of farm houses & barns with a weird light –for I pass here half an hour later than last night. I smell the huckleberry bushes. I hear a human voice some laborer singing after his days toil –which I do not often hear –loud it must be

for it is far away –methinks I should know it for a white man’s voice –some strains have the melody of an instrument. Now I hear the sound of a bugle in the “Corner” reminding me of Poetic Wars, a few flourishes & the bugler has gone to rest. At the foot of the Cliff hill I hear the sound of the clock striking nine as distinctly as within a quarter of a mile usually though there is no wind. The moonlight is more perfect than last night –hardly a cloud in the sky –only a few fleecy ones –there is more serenity & more light– I hear that sort of throttled or chuckling note as of a bird flying high –now from this side then from that. Methinks when I turn my head I see Wachusett from the side of the hill. I smell the butter & eggs as I walk. I am startled by the rapid transit of some wild animal across my path a rabbit or a fox –or you hardly know if it be not a bird. Looking down from the cliffs –the leaves of the tree tops shine more than ever by day –hear & there a lightning bug shows his greenish light over the tops of the trees–¹⁰⁹ As I return through the orchard a foolish robin [American Robin  *Turdus migratorius*] bursts away from his perch unnaturally –with the habits of man. The air is remarkably still and unobjectionable on the hill top –& the whole world below is covered as with a gossamer blanket of moonlight– It is just about as yellow as a blanket. It is a great dimly burnished shield with darker blotches on its surface. You have lost some light, it is true, but you have got this simple & magnificent stillness, brooding like genius.

 [1851/1852: Henry David Thoreau](#)’s 35th stanza began on his birthday, July 12th, Saturday, 1851.

- [Thoreau](#) was concerned with Concord’s cattle and the occurrence of [myiasis](#) in their hides. Note carefully, here, that this is most definitely not something to which the gentle readers of Thoreau’s journals –who typically are “nature-worshiper” consumer types– have ever paid attention. They love to read about all the pretty flowers! They love to read about all the beautiful birds and all their lovely melodies! They rhapsodize! No matter how much present-day reader/consumers desire Thoreau to be a nature writer who, like them, worships nature, Thoreau was not equivalently a nature worshiper of the 19th Century. To Henry the farmers who raised cattle in Concord for their meat and their hides and the glue of their hooves –and the cattle browsing in Concord’s pastures –and the blow-flies of Concord that were laying eggs in the skins of these cattle

109. [William M. White](#)’s version of a portion of [Henry](#)’s journal entry is:

*The moonlight is more perfect than last night;
Hardly a cloud in the sky,—
Only a few fleecy ones.
There is more serenity and more light.*

*I hear that sort of throttled or chuckling note
As of a bird flying high,
Now from this side,
Then from that.*

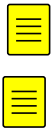
*Methinks when I turn my head I see Wachusett from the side of the hill.
I smell the butter-and-eggs as I walk.*

*I am startled by the rapid transit of some wild animal
Across my path, a rabbit or a fox,—
Or you hardly know if it be not a bird.*


*Looking down from the cliffs,
The leaves of the tree-tops shine more than ever by day.
Here and there a lightning-bug shows his greenish light
Over the tops of the trees.*

—which eggs would hatch into larvae that then were burrowing into their flesh to produce new generations of green bottle fly, were all equivalently cycles of nature, and cycles within cycles, and equivalently a focus for his disenchanted attention. Thoreau noticed that these fly larvae burrow right down into the meat and, when the vermin squirm, this impacts the herd’s behavior. Great corporations are the cattle and their vermin are large. They are occupied as parts of the earth. Lots of folks now develop Thoreau in the direction of a science that was then in its infancy —ecology— and ventriloquize him, putting words into his mouth similar to “Why have a nice shanty if you don’t have a nice planet to put it on?” — but the actual Thoreau was an [entomologist](#), trained at Harvard College (and afterward) by [Professor Thaddeus William Harris](#).

- [Henry](#) read from his [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) MS, Draft C, to Miss [Mary Moody Emerson](#).
- [Henry](#) added the barred “Who cooks for you” owl to Draft D of the “Sounds” chapter of that MS.
- [Henry](#)’s break with [Emerson](#) had become acceptable to him: “I never realized so distinctly as this moment that I am peacefully parting company with the best friend I ever had, by each pursuing his proper path. I perceive that it is possible that we may have a better understanding now than when we were more at one. Not expecting such essential agreement as before. Simply our paths diverge.”
- [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#) notes that [Henry](#)’s journal contains “an astonishingly accurate vision for the ice-sheet glaciation of Concord.” He points us to a passage that demonstrates that “Thoreau understood how ice sheets are born, where they come from, how they move, and that one might have visited Concord in the recent geological past.”



BACKGROUND EVENTS OF 1851
BACKGROUND EVENTS OF 1852

 [1851/1852: Henry David Thoreau](#)’s 35th stanza began on his birthday, July 12th, Saturday, 1851.

- [Thoreau](#) was concerned with Concord’s cattle and the occurrence of [myiasis](#) in their hides. Note carefully, here, that this is most definitely not something to which the gentle readers of Thoreau’s journals —who typically are “nature-worshiper” consumer types— have ever paid attention. They love to read about all the pretty flowers! They love to read about all the beautiful birds and all their lovely melodies! They rhapsodize! No matter how much present-day reader/ consumers desire Thoreau to be a nature writer who, like them, worships nature, Thoreau was not equivalently a nature worshiper of the 19th Century. To Henry the farmers who raised cattle in Concord for their meat and their hides and the glue of their hooves —and the cattle browsing in Concord’s pastures —and the blow-flies of Concord that were laying eggs in the skins of these cattle —which eggs would hatch into larvae that then were burrowing into their flesh to produce new generations of green bottle fly, were all equivalently cycles of nature, and cycles within cycles, and equivalently a focus for his disenchanted attention. Thoreau noticed that these fly larvae burrow right down into the meat and, when the vermin squirm, this impacts the herd’s behavior. Great corporations are the cattle and their vermin are large. They are occupied as parts of the earth. Lots of folks now develop Thoreau in the direction of a science that was then in its infancy —ecology— and ventriloquize him, putting words into his mouth similar to “Why have a nice shanty if you don’t have a nice planet to put it on?” — but the actual Thoreau was an [entomologist](#), trained at Harvard College (and afterward) by [Professor Thaddeus William Harris](#).
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BACKGROUND EVENTS OF 1851
BACKGROUND EVENTS OF 1852

Read [Henry Thoreau's Journal for July 1851 \(æf. 33-34\)](#)



July 12, Saturday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed near [Charles Gordon](#)'s property.

He went out walking again as on the previous night, this time alone rather than with the uncomprehending [Ellery Channing](#), and found himself bidding "farewell to those who will talk of nature unnaturally." Note that Thoreau had admitted to himself, after his excursion into the wilds of Maine, that "man could no longer accuse institutions and society, but must front the true source of evil."



THE BOSOM SERPENT





July 12. 8 PM Now at least the moon is full –and I walk alone –which is best by night, if not by day always. Your companion must sympathize with the present mood. The conversation must be located where the walkers are & vary exactly with the scene & events & the contour of the ground. Farewell to those who will talk of nature unnaturally –whose presence are an interruption. I know but one with whom I can walk. I might as well be sitting in a bar room with them as walk and talk with most– We are never side by side in our thoughts –& we cannot bear each other's silence– Indeed we cannot be silent– We are forever breaking silence, that is all, and mending nothing. How can they keep together who are going different ways!

I start a sparrow from her 3 eggs in the grass where she had settled for the night. The earliest corn is beginning to show its tassels now & I scent it as I walk –its peculiar dry scent. (This afternoon I gathered ripe blackberries & felt as if the autumn had commenced) Now perchance many sounds & sights only remind me that they once said something to me, and are so by association interesting. I go forth to be reminded of a previous state of existence, if perchance any memento of it is to be met with hereabouts. I have no doubt that nature preserves her integrity. Nature is in as rude health as

DIFFERENT DRUMMER

when Homer sang. We may at least by our sympathies be well. I see a skunk on bare garden hill stealing noiselessly away from me, while the moon shines over the pitch pines which send long shadows down the hill– Now looking back I see it shining on the S side of farm houses & barns with a weird light –for I pass here half an hour later than last night. I smell the huckleberry bushes. I hear a human voice some laborer singing after his days toil –which I do not often hear –loud it must be for it is far away –methinks I should know it for a white man's voice –some strains have the melody of an instrument. Now I hear the sound of a bugle in the "Corner" reminding me of Poetic Wars, a few flourishes & the bugler has gone to rest. At the foot of the Cliff hill I hear the sound of the clock striking nine as distinctly as within a quarter of a mile usually though there is no wind. The moonlight is more perfect than last night –hardly a cloud in the sky –only a few fleecy ones –there is more serenity & more light– I hear that sort of throttled or chuckling note as of a bird flying high

—now from this side then from that. Methinks when I turn my head I see Wachusett from the side of the hill. I smell the butter & eggs as I walk. I am startled by the rapid transit of some wild animal across my path a rabbit or a fox —or you hardly know if it be not a bird. Looking down from the cliffs —the leaves of the tree tops shine more than ever by day —hear & there a lightning bug shows his greenish light over the tops of the trees—¹¹⁰ As I return through the orchard a foolish robin [American Robin  *Turdus migratorius*] bursts away from his perch unnaturally —with the habits of man. The air is remarkably still and unobjectionable on the hill top —& the whole world below is covered as with a gossamer blanket of moonlight— It is just about as yellow as a blanket. It is a great dimly burnished shield with darker blotches on its surface. You have lost some light, it is true, but you have got this simple & magnificent stillness, brooding like genius.

 July 13, Sunday, 1851: [John Francis Loudon](#) discovered tin on Billiton Island, a location previously known only as a source of pepper, at the southeastern tip of Sumatra.

After sowing their fields, the French Métis of the Red River Colony were in the habit of leaving the plants to be cared for by the aged and infirm and setting out around the middle of June with wives and children for an annual summer buffalo hunt. They would plan to return to their settlements along the banks of the Red River of the North at what is now Winnipeg, Canada in the middle of August with pemmican and dried meat. They needed to do this in large groups because they were placing themselves in danger of being attacked by the Sioux. During this year's expedition a 1,300-person buffalo hunting party from St. François Xavier led by Headman Jean Baptiste Falcon encountered a group of Cut Head (Pabaksa) Yanktonai (Ihanktonwanna), Dakota warriors led by Headman Medicine (Sacred) Bear. During the [Battle of Grand Coteau](#), their priest, Father Louis-François Richer Laflèche, attired in black cassock, white surplice, and stole, held aloft a crucifix. The Dakota warriors withdrew with the notion that somehow God was favoring the other side of this tribal conflict.

[Henry Thoreau](#) again surveyed near [Charles Gordon](#)'s property.



110. [William M. White](#)'s version of a portion of [Henry](#)'s journal entry is:

*The moonlight is more perfect than last night;
Hardly a cloud in the sky,—
Only a few fleecy ones.
There is more serenity and more light.*









*I hear that sort of throttled or chuckling note
As of a bird flying high,
Now from this side,
Then from that.*

*Methinks when I turn my head I see Wachusett from the side of the hill.
I smell the butter-and-eggs as I walk.*

*I am startled by the rapid transit of some wild animal
Across my path, a rabbit or a fox,—
Or you hardly know if it be not a bird.*

*Looking down from the cliffs,
The leaves of the tree-tops shine more than ever by day.
Here and there a lightning-bug shows his greenish light
Over the tops of the trees.*



July 13, Sunday: Observed yesterday while surveying near Gordon's a bittern [**American Bittern**  *Botaurus lentiginosus* (~~Great Bittern~~)] flying over near Gordons with moderate flight and outstretched neck its breast bone sticking out sharp like the bone in the throats of some persons.— Its anatomy exposed. The evergreen is very handsome in the woods now —rising somewhat spirally in a round tower of 5 or 6 stories surmounted by a long bud. Looking across the river to Conantum from the open plains — I think how the history of the hills would read — since they have been pastured by cows — if every plowing & mowing & sowing & chopping were recorded. I hear 4 PM a pigeon wood pecker [**Yellow-shafted Flicker**  *Colaptes auratus* (~~Golden-winged Woodpecker~~ or ~~Pigeon Woodpecker~~)] on a dead pine near by uttering a harsh and scolding scream, spying me —the chewink [**Rufous-sided Towhee**  *Pipilo erythrophthalmus* ~~Ground-bird~~, ~~Ground-robin~~¹¹¹, ~~Chewink~~] jingles on the tops of the bushes —and the rush sparrow [**Field Sparrow**  *Spizella pusilla* (~~Rush Sparrow~~ or ~~*juncorum*~~ or ~~Huckleberry-bird~~)] —the vireo [**Warbling Vireo**  *Vireo gilvus*] —& oven bird [**Ovenbird**  *Seiurus aurocapillus*] at a distance —& a robin [**American Robin**  *Turdus migratorius*] sings superior to all and a barking dog has started something on the opposite side of the river —and now the wood thrush [**Wood Thrush**  *Catharus mustelina*] surpasses them all— These plains are covered with shrub oaks —birches —aspens —hickories, mingled with sweet fern & brakes & huckleberry bushes & epilobium now in bloom —& much fine grass. The Hellebore by the brooksides has now fallen over though it is not broken off— The cows now repose & chew the cud under the shadow of a tree —or crop the grass in the shade along the side of the woods, and when you approach to observe them they mind you just enough. I turn up the Juniper repens & see the lighter color of its leaves on the under sides & its berries with three petal like divisions in one end. The sweet scented life everlasting is budded. This might be called the hayer's or hay-maker's moon, for I perceive that when the day has been oppressively warm the haymakers rest at noon & resume their mowing after sunset, sometimes quite into evening.

111. Thoreau occasionally used this term for such ground-feeding birds as **Savannah Sparrow**  *Passerculus sandwichensis*, **Song Sparrow**  *Melospiza melodia*, and **Vesper Sparrow**  *Poocetes gramineus*.



July 14, Monday, 1851: The steamer *Prometheus* departed New-York harbor at the beginning of the 1st run of a route to the Pacific Coast via an overland carriage-ride across Nicaragua. The capitalist responsible for the venture, Cornelius Vanderbilt, was on board.

Henry Thoreau surveyed a road for the Middlesex County commissioners.



Before a woodlot can be sold, its acreage must be measured so that its commodity value as a fuel can be accurately estimated. He did this dozens of times, especially for his townsmen thereby contributing to local deforestation. Before a farm can be subdivided for housing, a survey was legally required. Before an upland swamp can be redeemed for tillage, it must be drained. And with large drainage projects, accurate surveys were needed to determine the best pathways and gradients for flow. Thoreau helped kill several of the swamps he otherwise claimed to cherish.

In short, Thoreau personally and significantly contributed to the intensification of private capital development throughout the valley. Additionally, he surveyed for roads, cemeteries, and public buildings, which required the cutting away of hills and the filling of wetlands. Like the bankers, lawyers, builders, farmers, and elected officials who were his clients, Thoreau was an instrument of change. He knew it, and it make him uncomfortable. But he kept doing it anyway, because he needed the money.

— Professor Robert M. Thorson, THE BOATMAN, pages 116-117



July 14, Monday: Passing over the Great Fields (where I have been surveying a road) this forenoon where were some early turnips – the county Commissioners pluck & pared them with their knives and ate them. I too tried hard to chew a mouthful of raw turnip and realize the life of cows & oxen –it might be a useful habit in extremities– These events in the revolution of the seasons– These are things which travellers will do. How many men have tasted a raw turnip –! how few have eaten a whole one? Some bovine appetites. Fodder for men. For like reasons we sometimes eat sorrel & say we love it, that we may return the hospitality of nature by exhibiting a good appetite. The citizen looks sharp to see if there is any dogwood or Poison Sumac in the swamp before he enters.

If I take the same walk by moonlight an hour later or earlier in the evening it is as good as a different one. I love the night for its novelty; it is less prophaned than the day.

The creaking of the crickets seems at the very foundation of all sound. At last I cannot tell it from a ringing in my ears. It is a sound from within not without You cannot dispose of it by listening to it. When I am stilled I hear it. It reminds me that I am a denizen of the earth.



1851

1851



July 15, Tuesday, 1851: [Giacomo Meyerbeer](#) was appointed to the senate of the Berlin Academy of Arts.

As part of the Great Exhibition in London, the 1st international chess tournament concluded. Adolf Anderssen of Breslau was the victor over 15 international stars, gaining an unofficial title of world chess champion.

In [San Francisco, California](#):

General Bennet Riley, late military governor of the territory, left [San Francisco](#) for the Eastern States. Prior to his departure a letter was addressed him, signed by the mayor and numerous influential citizens, tendering him a public dinner, and complimenting him for the satisfactory manner in which he had performed his duties as governor of the country. Previous arrangements, however, prevented the general from accepting this invitation, in declining which he uses the following language: – “Both in my official and social relations with the people of [California](#), I have ever been treated with the utmost indulgence and kindness. I can never cease to feel a lively interest in their happiness and prosperity, and I now leave them with feelings of deep regret. If California, by her mineral wealth, and the unexampled increase of her population and commerce, has attracted the attention of the world, her dignified course in the peculiar and trying position in which she has been placed, equally challenge universal admiration.”


ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JULY 15TH]

1851

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 July 16, Wednesday, 1851: On this day, also, special negotiators Governor [Alexander H. Ramsey](#) and Richard W. Thompson carried out their mission as they had been instructed on August 9, 1849 by Secretary of the Interior Thomas Ewing in [Washington DC](#). They gave “presents” to “Sioux” negotiators but did not exceed



the limit of \$6,000.⁰⁰ that the Secretary had placed upon them. They made no binding written commitments that the USA would disburse any cash but arranged that all distributions to the Dakota people would be in the form of annuities of useful goods, agricultural implements, and cattle. They entered into **no** binding, enforceable agreements as to **how** the US would handle its annual distribution to the Dakotas, and they agreed



to pay not more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents per acre for what was to become the state of [Minnesota](#). The crippled politician [Taoyateduta](#) “Our Red Nation,” the [Little Crow](#) V of the Dakota band at Kaposia, became a power broker for all the various bands of the Eastern or Woodland Dakota people: the Mdewakantons, the Wahpetons,

the Wahpekutes, the Sissetons, the Yanktons, the Yanktonais, and the Tetons, amounting all told to about 2,000



people who traditionally camped during the summers along the river valleys of the upper Mississippi and lower Minnesota region. His policy was the well-tested one of gradually negotiating away the choice land along the rivers to the overwhelming intrusives in treaties that were not ever honored by the intrusives, in order to buy time and forestall immediate military assaults, while retreating west onto the plains of the Lakota peoples. He was to follow this policy until the warriors of the starving bands would no longer heed him and rose in rebellion in 1862 in an attempt to defeat the volunteer military detachment at The Soldiers' House, "Fort Ridgely," and massacre the immigrants who had been arriving by boat from Germany at Place Where There is a Cottonwood Grove on the River, "New Ulm." When the Dakota negotiators were presented with the papers at the negotiation ground at the old French cemetery near the ford of Traverse des Sioux in July of the Year of Our Lord 1851, two of the documents were read aloud in English and Dakota but the third document



was not mentioned by the intrusives. When the series of documents was laid out on the barrel heads, it seems that the third document was passed off by those able to read English as a mere "extra copy" — although some of the Dakota negotiators, rightly suspicious, refused to put their sign upon this "extra copy." Their intuition was correct, of course, for the third document was in fact not a copy, but was, as those able to read English well knew, the infamous untranslated "Trader's Paper" which would authorize the US government to pay the proceeds of the treaty to the white traders rather than to the Dakotas, on the basis of the unsubstantiated and unverifiable "accounts" submitted by white men to white men. What the right white man giveth, the left white man taketh away, blessed *et cetera*. [Taoyateduta](#) "Our Red Nation," Headman Little Crow V, and his sub-Headman relative [Marpiyawicasta](#) "Man of the Clouds," among other headmen, signed this "Traverse des Sioux" treaty of 1851.

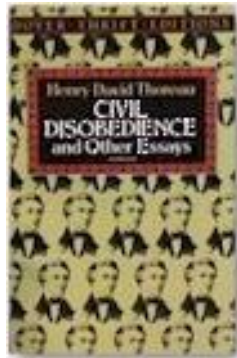
The negotiating team had “purchased” 24,000,000 acres of land for a mere \$1,360,000.⁰⁰ (although most of this \$1,360,000.⁰⁰ was, in the course of events, never paid). The 15% of the total claimed by [Alexander H. Ramsey](#) and his secretary [Hugh Tyler](#) as their reward for negotiating this deed with the Dakota nation was of course disbursed to them posthaste. Evidently this official Ramsey of the Minnesota territory was cheating Dakota natives not for personal gain but out of simple delight, for he later hotly declared:

The insinuation that I have been interested in speculation in the Indian department I suppose, is stupidly mean, false and malicious.

Bear in mind that ten years later, approaching the final frenzy of this genocide, [Henry Thoreau](#) of Concord, Massachusetts rode on a [steamboat](#) with Governor and Mrs. Ramsey and the new Indian Agent in charge, as the steamboat ventured up the Minnesota River past the scene of this crime.



It does not appear that the author of WALDEN and of the essay “Civil Disobedience,” and the governor of the



frontier state, had anything much to say to each other. Other than having to ride on a riverboat together, would either of these gentlemen have been willing to be in the same room with the other? As near as I can

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guesstimate, the Ramsey family's official published take amounted to \$75,250.⁰⁰. However, we know that Ramsey's sidekick [Hugh Tyler](#), in addition to the cut he took of the main money, also drew down \$55,000.⁰⁰ out of the moneys appropriated for securing the Senate's approval of the treaty, so we may speculate that Tyler's total take exceeded \$75,250.⁰⁰ and we may wonder whether in this case the main man in a scam drew down a lesser reward than his helper –which is unprofessional– or whether there was yet **more** graft, as yet unaccounted for, that went into the Ramsey coffer and helped him build his sizeable mansion and his substantial estate, in the saintly city in the county of Ramsey.



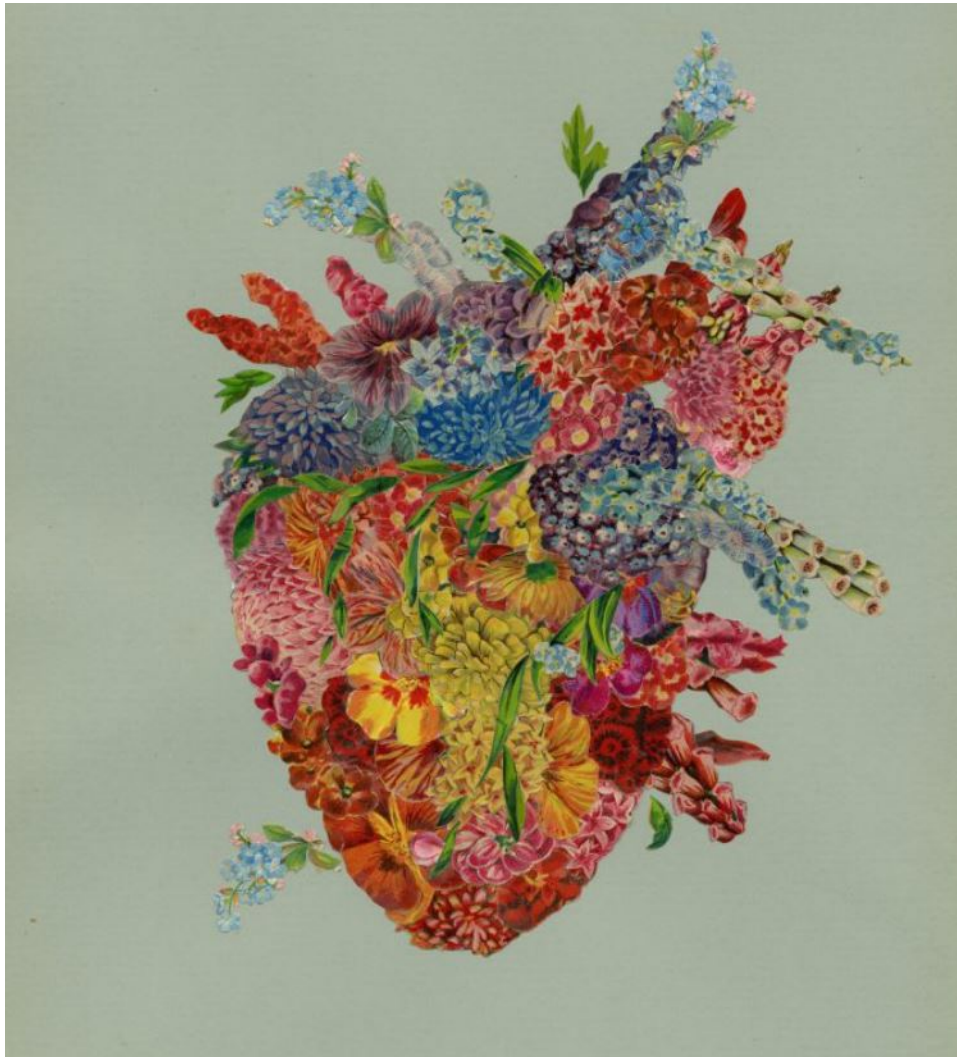
Among the others who fed at this trough was [Henry Hastings Sibley](#), who took \$145,000.⁰⁰ (roughly equivalent, in today's money, to \$15,000,000.⁰⁰ or \$16,000,000.⁰⁰).

Colonel Henry Hastings Sibley, a few years later, would lead the troops that put down Minnesota's race war,



and would march the surviving women and children of the Dakota nation, primarily from the farmlands of the Hazelwood Republic of Christian Indians at the reservation on the south bank of the Minnesota River—who had sheltered white neighbors and had welcomed the arrival of Sibley’s army of white men because this meant that their friends were safe— off to the Pike Island Aggregation Facility so they could be held, under the maiming grapeshot-loaded cannon of Fort Snelling, as hostages against the good behavior of any hostiles not yet in captivity.

Inspired by a remark in this day’s journal, “In youth, before I lost any of my senses, I can remember that I was all alive, and inhabited my body with inexpressible satisfaction; both its weariness and its refreshment were sweet to me. I can remember how I was astonished,” [Billy Renkl](#) would create a work of art:

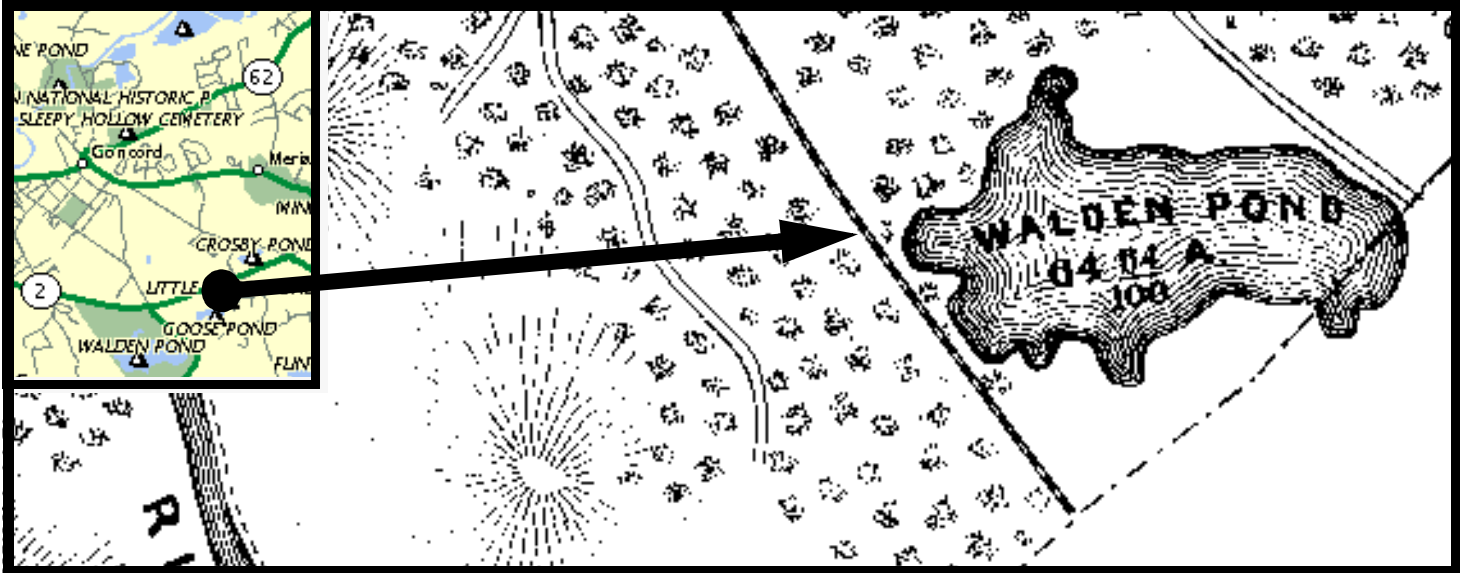


July 16, Wednesday, 1851:... Set out at 3 Pm for Nine Acre Corner bridge via Hubbards bridge & Conantum –returning via dashing brook –rear of [Bakers](#) & railroad at 6¹/₂ Pm.... Came thro the pine plains behind [James Bakers](#)—where late was open pasture now open pitch pine woods—only here and there the grass has given place to a carpet of pine needles– These are among our pleasantest woods –open –level –with blackberry vines interspersed & flowers, as ladies slippers earlier –& pinks On the outskirts each tree has room enough & now I hear the wood thrush [[Catharus mustelina](#)] from the shade who loves these pine woods as well as I.– I pass by

1851

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walden's scalloped shore.



The epilobium reflects a pink gleam up the vales & down the hills- The chewink [Rufous-Sided Towhee *Pipilo Erythrophthalmus*] jingles on a bushes top-...

The maker of me was improving me.

When I detected this interference I was profoundly moved.

For years I marched to a music

in comparison with which

the military music of the streets

is noise and discord.

I was daily intoxicated,

and yet no man could call me intemperate.

With all your science can you tell

how it is,

and whence it is,

that light comes into the soul?

To explore Thoreau's "Distant Drummer" metaphor in the greatest detail, click here:



July 16, Wednesday: ... The maker of me was improving me. When I detected this interference I was profoundly moved. For years I marched as to a music in comparison with which the military music of the streets is noise & discord. I was daily intoxicated and yet no man could call me intemperate. With all your science can you tell how it is –& whence it is, that light comes into the soul? ...



July 16, Wednesday: Methinks my present experience is nothing my past experience is all in all. I think that no experience which I have today comes up to or is comparable with the experiences of my boyhood– And not only this is true –but as far back as I can remember I have unconsciously referred to the experience of a previous state of existence. “Our life is a forgetting”

&c¹¹²

Formerly methought nature developed as I developed and grew up with me. My life was extacy. In youth before I lost any of my senses –I can remember that I was all alive –and inhabited my body with inexpressible satisfaction, both its weariness & its refreshment were sweet to me. This earth was the most glorious musical instrument, and I was audience to its strains. To have such sweet impressions made on us –such extacies begotten of the breezes. I can remember how I was astonished. I said to myself –I said to others– There comes into my mind or soul an indescribable infinite all absorbing divine heavenly pleasure, a sense of elevation & expansion –and have had nought to do with it. I perceive that I am dealt with by superior powers This is a pleasure, a joy, an existence which I have not procured myself– I speak as a witness on the stand and tell what I have perceived The morning and the evening were sweet to me, and I lead a life aloof from society of men. I wondered if a mortal had ever known what I knew. I looked in books for some recognition of a kindred experience –but strange to say, I found none. Indeed I was slow to discover that other men had had this experience –for it had been possible to read books & to associate with men on other grounds.

The maker of me was improving me. When I detected this interference I was profoundly moved. For years I marched as to a music in comparison with which the military music of the streets is noise & discord. I was daily intoxicated and yet no man could call me intemperate. With all your science can you tell how it is –& whence it is, that light comes into the soul?

DIFFERENT DRUMMER



Set out at 3 Pm for Nine Acre Corner bridge via Hubbards bridge & Conantum –returning via dashing brook –rear of **Bakers** & railroad at 6 1/2 Pm. The song sparrow [**Melospiza** **melodia**] –the most familiar & New England bird –is heard in fields and pastures –setting this midsummer day to music –as if it were the music of a mossy rail or fence post, a little stream of song cooling –ripling through the noon –the usually unseen songster –usually unheard like the cricket it is so common–

Like the poet’s song unheard by most men whose ears are stopped with business. Though perchance it sang on the fence before the farmer’s house this morning for an hour. There are little strains of poetry in our annuals. Berries are just beginning to ripen –and children are planning expeditions after them– They are important as introducing children to the fields & woods –and as wild fruits of which much account is made. During the berry season the Schools have a vacation and many little fingers

112. **William Wordsworth**’s “Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood,” 1.58: “Our birth is but a sleeping and a forgetting.”



HISTORY OF RR

JONAS POTTER

are busy picking these small fruits— It is ever a pastime not a drudgery. I remember how glad I was when I was kept from school a half a day to pick huckleberries on a neighboring hill all by myself to make a pudding for the family dinner. Ah, they got nothing but the pudding —but I got invaluable experience beside— A half a day of liberty like that —was like the promise of life eternal. It was emancipation in New England. Oh what a day was there my country-man. I see the yellow butterflies now gathered in flocks in the road —& on the flowers of the milkweed *Asclepias pulchra* by the roadside, a really handsome flower. Also the smaller butterfly with reddish wings —& a larger black or steel blue with wings spotted red on edge and one of equal size reddish copper-colored —now you may see a boy stealing after one hat in hand. The earliest corn begins to tassel out, and my neighbor has put his hand in the hill some days ago and abstracted some new potatoes as big as nuts —then covered up again —now they will need or will get no more weeding. The lark [Eastern Meadowlark ■ *Sturnella magna*] sings in the meadow —the very essence of the afternoon is in his strain. This is a New England sound —but the cricket is heard under all sounds. Still the cars come & go with the regularity of nature —of the sun & moon (If a hen puts her eggs elsewhere than in the barns —in woods or among rocks —she is said to steal her nest!) The twittering of swallows ■ is in the air reminding me of water— The meadow sweet is now in bloom & the yarrow prevails by all road-sides— I see the hard-hack too, homely but dear plant —just opening its red clustered flowers The small aster too now abounds Aster miser —and the tall butter cup still. After wading through a swamp the other day with my shoes in my hand I wiped my feet with Sassafras leaves which reminded me of some Arabian practices The bruised leaves perfuming the air —and by their softness being adapted to this purpose. The tree primrose or Scabish still is seen over the fence. The red wings [Red-winged Blackbird ■ *Agelaius phoeniceus*] & crow blackbirds [Common Grackle ■ *Quiscalus quiscula*] are heard chattering on the trees —& the cowtroopials [Brown-headed Cowbird ■ *Molothrus ater*] are accompanying the cows in the pastures for the sake of the insects they scare up. Oftentimes the thoughtless sportsman has lodged his charge of shot in the cow's legs or body in his eagerness to obtain the birds. St Johns wort one of the first of yellow flowers begins to shine along the road side —the mullein for some time past. I see a farmer cradling his rye John Potter— Fields are partly mown some English grass on the higher parts of the meadow next to the road. The farmers work comes not all at once. In haying time —there is a cessation from other labors to a considerable extent— Planting is done & hoeing mainly —only some turnip-seed is to be scattered amid the corn. I hear the kingbird [Eastern Kingbird ■ *Tyrannus tyrannus*] twittering or chattering like a stout-chested swallow. The prunella sends back a blue ray from under my feet as I walk —the pale lobelia too. The plaintive spring-restoring peep of a blue-bird [Eastern Bluebird ■ *Sialia sialis*] is occasionally heard. I met loads of hay on the road —which the oxen draw indifferently —swaggering in their gate as if it were not fodder for them. Methinks they should testify sometimes that they are working for themselves. The white-weed is turning black. Grapes are half grown and lead the mind forward to autumn. It is an air this afternoon that makes you indifferent to all things —perfect summer —but with a comfortable breeziness —you know not heat nor cold—

What season of the year is this? The balls of the button bush are half formed with its fine glossy red stemmed leaf atoning for its nakedness in the spring.

My eye ranges over green fields of oats —for which there is a demand then somewhere. The wild-rose peeps from amid the alders & other shrubs by the roadside— The elder blow fills the air with its scent. The angelica with its large umbels is gone to seed. On it I find one of those slow-moving green worms with rings spotted black & yellow —like an East Indian production. What if these grew as large as elephants

— The honest & truly fair is more modestly colored

— Notwithstanding the drifting clouds you fear no rain today As you walk you smell some sweet herbage but detect not what it is— Hay is sticking to the willows & the alders on the causeway, & the bridge is sprinkled with it— The hemlock *Cicuta Am.* displays its white umbels now— The yellow lilies reign in the river— The painted tortoises drop off the willow stumps as you go over the bridge— The river is now so low that you can see its bottom shined on by the sun —& travellers stop to look at fishes as they go over —leaning on the rails. The pickerel weed —sends up its heavenly blue. The color of the cows on Fair Haven Hill —how fair a contrast to the hill-side —how striking & wholesome their clean brick red— when were they painted? How carelessly the eye rests on them or passes them by as things of course.

The tansey is budded— The Devils needles seem to rest in air over the water. There is nothing New English about them. Now at 4 Pm I hear the Pewee in the woods [Wood Pewee ■ *Contopus virens*] & the Cuckoo [Black-billed Cuckoo ■ *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*] reminds me of some silence

among the birds I have not noticed— The vireo (red-eyed?) [*Vireo olivaceus*] sings like a robin [*Northern Oriole Icterus galbula*] at even incessantly. for I have now turned into Conant's woods. The oven bird [*Seiurus Aurocapillus*] helps fill some pauses. The poison sumack shows its green berries now unconscious of guilt. The heart leaved looserife —*Lysimachia Ciliata* is seen in low open woods— The breeze displays the white under sides of the oak leaves & gives a fresh & flowing look to the woods. The river is a dark blue winding stripe amid the green of the meadow What is the color of the world.— Green mixed with yellowish & reddish for hills & ripe grass —& darker green for trees & forests —blue spotted with dark & white for sky & clouds —& dark blue for water. Beyond the old house I hear the squirrel chirp in the wall like a sparrow so Nature merges her creations into one. I am refreshed by the view of Nobscot and the South-western vales from Conantum seething with the blue element— Here comes a small bird with a ricochet flight & a faint twittering note like a messenger from Elysium. The rush-sparrow [*Field Sparrow Spizella pusilla*] jingles her small change —pure silver, on the counter of the pasture. From far I see the rye stacked up. A few dead trees impart the effect of wildness to the landscape —though it is a feature rare in an old settled country.

Methinks this is the first of dog-days. The air in the distance has a peculiar blue mistiness or furnace-like look —though, as I have said it is not sultry yet— It is not the season for distant views—

Mountains are not **clearly** blue now— The air is the opposite to what it is in october & november. You are not inclined to travel. It is a world of orchards & small fruits now —& you can stay at home if the well has cool water in it. The black thimble berry is an honest homely berry now drying up as usual— I used to have a pleasant time stringing them on herds grass stems tracing the wall sides for them. It is pleasant to walk through these elevated fields —terraced upon the side of the hill so that the eye of the walker looks off into the blue cauldron of the air at his own level.

Here the haymakers have just gone to tea —(at 5 o'clock the farmers hour —before the afternoon is end —while he still thinks much work may still be done before night.— He does not wait till he is strongly reminded of the night— In the distance some burdened fields are black with haycocks. Some thoughtless & cruel sports man has killed 22 young partridges [*Ruffed Grouse Bonasa umbellus* (Partridge)] not much bigger than robins [*American Robin Turdus migratorius*], against the laws of Massachusetts & humanity. At the Corner bridge the white lilies are budded. Green apples are now so large as to remind me of codling & the autumn again. The season of fruits is arrived. The dog's bane has a pretty delicate bell-like flower.— The jersey tea abounds. I see the marks of the scythes in the fields showing the breadth of each swath the mowers cut. Cool springs are now a desideratum. The geranium still hangs on. Even the creeping vines love the brooks & I see where one slender one has struggled down & dangles into the current which rocks it to & fro.¹¹³ Filberts are formed & you may get the berry stains out of your hands with their husks, if you have any—

Night shade is in blossom. Came thro the pine plains behind *James Bakers* —where late was open pasture now open pitch pine woods —only here and there the grass has given place to a carpet of pine needles— These are among our pleasantest woods —open —level —with blackberry vines interspersed & flowers, as ladies slippers earlier —& pinks On the outskirts each tree has room enough & now I hear the wood thrush [*Catharus mustelina*] from the shade who loves these pine woods as well as I.— I pass by walden's scalloped shore. The epilobium reflects a pink gleam up the vales & down the hills— The chewink [*Rufous-Sided Towhee Pipilo erythrophthalmus*] jingles on a bushes top— Why will the Irishman drink of a puddle by the railroad instead of digging a well —how shiftless —what death in life. He cannot be said to live who does not get pure water. The milkweeds or silkweeds are rich flowers now in blossom— The *Asclepias syriaca* or Common Milk weed —its buds fly open at a touch —but handsomer much is *Asclepias Pulchra* or water silkweed —the thin green bark of this last & indeed of the other is so strong that a man cannot break a small strip of it by fair means. It contains a mass of fine silken fibers arranged side by side like the strings of a fiddle bow & may be bent short without weakening it.

What more glorious condition of being can we imagine than from impure to be becoming pure. It is almost desirable to be impure that we may be the subjects of this improvement. That I am innocent to myself. That I love & reverence my life! That I am better fitted for a lofty society today than I was yesterday to make my life a sacrament— What is nature without this lofty tumbling May I treat myself with more & more respect & tenderness— May I not forget that I am impure & vicious May I not cease to love purity. May I go to my slumbers as expecting to arise to a new & more perfect day. May I so live and refine my life as fitting myself for a society ever higher than I actually enjoy. May I treat myself tenderly as I would treat the most innocent child whom I love —may I treat children & my friends as my newly discovered self— Let me forever go in search of myself— Never for a






1851

1851

moment think that I have found myself. Be as a stranger to myself never a familiar –seeking acquaintance still. May I be to myself as one is to me whom I love –a dear & cherished object– What temple what fane what sacred place can there be but the innermost part of my own being? The possibility of my own improvement, that is to be cherished. As I regard myself so I am. O my dear friends I have not forgotten you I will know you tomorrow. I associate you with my ideal self. I had ceased to have faith in myself. I thought I was grown up & become what I was intended to be. But it is earliest spring with me. In relation to virtue & innocence the oldest man is in the beginning spring & vernal season of life. It is the love of virtue makes us young ever– That is the fountain of youth– The very aspiration after the perfect. I love & worship myself with a love which absorbs my love for the world. The lecturer suggested to me that I might become better than I am –was it not a good lecture then? May I dream not that I shunned vice– May I dream that I loved & practiced virtue.¹¹⁴

TIME AND ETERNITY

 July 17, Thursday, 1851: “What! Because we have had Napoléon the Great, must we have Napoleon the Little!” was the remark of the day. According to electronic search techniques, this remark would between 1882 and 2001 be cited in no fewer than 7 published books. Here it appears in David Falkayn’s A GUIDE TO THE LIFE, TIMES, AND WORKS OF VICTOR HUGO (Honolulu: UP of the Pacific, 2001):

Victor Hugo raised an “indescribably tumult” by his discourse on the revision of the Constitution, – a discourse that was a veritable conflict with the reactionary majority of the Legislative Assembly. He had dared to say: “What! because we have had Napoleon the Great, must we have Napoleon the Little?” After the crime of the 2d of December, when the representative of the people became an historian for the purpose of denouncing

113. William M. White’s version of a portion of this entry is:

*Green apples are now so large
As to remind me of coddling and the autumn again.
The season of fruits is arrived.*

*The dog’s-bane has a pretty, delicate bell-like flower.
The Jersey tea abounds.*

*I see the marks of the scythes in the fields,
Showing the breadth of each swath the mowers cut.*

*Cool springs are now a desideratum.
The geranium still hangs on.*

*Even the creeping vines love the brooks,
And I see where one slender one has struggled down
And dangles into the current,
Which rocks it to and fro.*



the culprit to public indignation, the title of the avenging book was found. He wrote "Napoleon the Little" [[NAPOLÉON LE PETIT](#)] in Brussels, between the 12th of June and the 14th of July, 1852, in the flame of his burning memories, on the direct testimony of the proscribed. The bottle of ink used in filling the manuscript has a curious history. With the last drop, the poet wrote on the back, —

"In this bottle of ink there is not left a tittle;
The last drop has finished Napoleon the Little,"—

and he signed the initials "V.H." Then he presented the whole to Madame Juliette Drouet, who was to have the troublesome task of copying it for the printer. Madame Drouet fell sick, and was attended by an exile, Doctor Yvan, the son of the physician of Napoleon I. The doctor saw the ink-bottle, and showed a great desire to possess it. He obtained it with the poet's consent, and on his return to France presented it to his protector, Prince Jerome Napoleon, with whom it remained.

The first edition (Jeffs, London, 1852, 1 vol. in-32) resulted in the passage of the Faider law, hastily concocted at Brussels, on the advice of the French government, for the purpose of expelling Victor Hugo from Belgian territory. But there were numerous pirated editions, which at the very time the author was forced to cross the sea, penetrated into all parts of France in spite of the custom-houses and the police of the Empire. A Bonapartist functionary brought one of the volumes to the Château of Saint-Cloud. According to the official journals of the time, Louis Napoleon [[Emperor Napoleon III](#)] examined it, and said with a smile: "Look, gentlemen! 'Napoleon the Little,' by Victor Hugo the great!" [*Voyez, messieurs, voici Napoléon le Petit, par Victor Hugo le Grand.*] The poet responded with the poem in "Les Châtiments" entitled "L'homme a ri," ending with these verses:

"Thou frothest out thy laughter right gayly on my name,
But I hold the red-hot iron, and thy flesh smokes all the same."

The first Paris edition was published by Hetzel on the 2d of December, 1870. Then came the edition by Lévy (in-8°, 1875), for which Henri Guérard published a series of ten etchings; and the edition by Hugues (1879), illustrated by MM. Jean-Paul Laurent, Chiffart, Vierge, Bayard, Morin, Lix, etc.

114. [Thoreau](#) would later adapt this into his early lecture "[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT](#)" as:

[Paragraph 97] I would fain hunger and thirst after life forever and rise from the present enjoyment unsatisfied. I feel the necessity of treating myself with more respect than I have done—of washing myself more religiously in the ponds and streams if only for a symbol of an inward cleansing and refreshment—of eating and drinking more abstemiously and with more discrimination of savors—recruiting myself for new and worthier labor.

1851

1851

This is guaranteed not to be the very inkwell that [Elizabeth Hoar](#) gifted to [Henry Thoreau](#), nor the very famous one with which [Victor Hugo](#) penned NAPOLEON THE LITTLE:



Actually, the poem written by Hugo would on October 30, 1852 be constructed as follows:

*Ah ! tu finiras bien par hurler, misérable !
 Encor tout haletant de ton crime exécration,
 Dans ton triomphe abject, si lugubre et si prompt,
 Je t'ai saisi. J'ai mis l'écriveau sur ton front ;
 Et maintenant la foule accourt, et te bafoue.
 Toi, tandis qu'au poteau le châtement te cloue,
 Que le carcan te force à lever le menton,
 Tandis que, de ta veste arrachant le bouton,
 L'histoire à mes côtés met à nu ton épaule,
 Tu dis : je ne sens rien ! et tu nous railles, drôle !
 Ton rire sur mon nom gaïment vient écumer ;
 Mais je tiens le fer rouge et vois ta chair fumer.*


At 9PM or 10PM there was a strong but low [aurora borealis](#) arch with a height of 3° to 5° above New England.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JULY 17TH]

1851

1851

 July 18, Friday, 1851: Treaty negotiations began at Traverse des Sioux. James M. Goodhue, who had established the 1st Minnesota newspaper at St. Paul during April 1849, was taking notes. The treaty would be signed on July 23d.

Colonel Sir Thomas Gore Browne took over as Governor of St. Helena. During his administration the existing prison in Jamestown would be supplemented with a model prison constructed mainly of timber sent out from England, designed by Colonel Jebb. The cost of this additional prison at Rupert's Valley, and of a hospital where seamen were to be treated free of charge, would be met with a duty on merchant ships of 1 penny per ton.

Mr. Alderman Salomons attempted to take the seat in the British Parliament, a seat to which he had been duly elected, but being a Jew declined to take the customary oath "upon the true faith of a Christian."





July 18, Friday: It is a test question affecting the youth of a person— Have you knowledge of the morning? Do you sympathise with that season of nature? Are you abroad early —brushing the dews aside —? If the sun rises on you slumbering— If you do not hear the morning cock-crow, if you



AURORA

VENUS

do not witness the blushes of Aurora if you are not acquainted with venus as the morning star what relation have you to wisdom & purity. You have then forgotten your creator in the days of your youth. Your shutters were darkened till noon!— You rose with a sick-head ache! In the morning sing—as do the birds. What of those birds which should slumber on their perches till the sun was an hour high — ! What kind of fowl would they be & new kind of bats [Chiroptera] & owls  -hedge sparrows or larks [Eastern Meadowlark  Sturnella magna!] then took a dish of tea or hot coffee before they began to sing!

I might have added to the list of July 16th The *Aralia hispida* Bristling aralia— The heart-leaved Loosestrife *Lysimachia ciliata*— Also the upright loose strife *L. racemosa* with a rounded terminal raceme. The Tufted Vetch *Vicia cracca*. Sweet gale fruit now green.

I first heard the locust sing so dry & piercing by the side of the pine woods in the heat of the day.

THOREAU AS
ORNITHOLOGIST

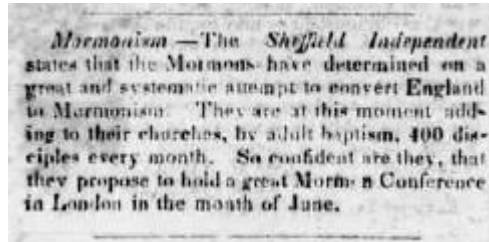
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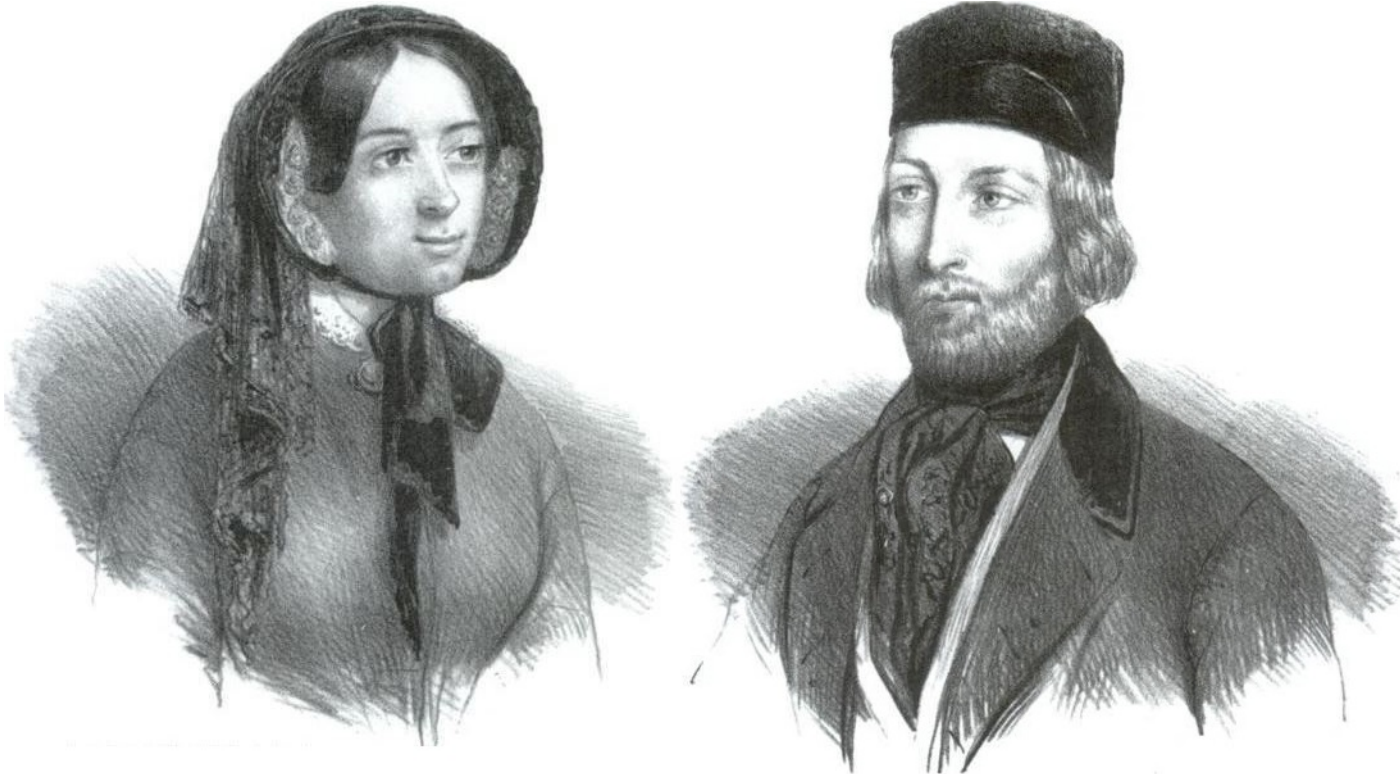


July 19, Saturday, 1851: Robert and Clara Schumann began a pleasure journey along the Rhine as far as Switzerland. He would remember this as having been the best trip of their lives together.

It was being reported in the gazettes that in England a determined effort was being made to convert everyone to [Mormonism](#).



On November 20th, 1850, because he had been determinedly living beyond his means, Count Hippolyte Visart de Bocarmé had needed to invite his well-to-do one-legged young brother-in-law Gustave Fougnyes to dinner at his château of Bury, Belgium and poison him (previously, using a false name, the count had consulted a professor of chemistry and had conducted experiments on cats and ducks to verify that the sort of alkaloids present in *Nicotiana tabacum* would indeed induce death, and had prepared two wine bottles containing concentrated [nicotine](#)). On this day the count was taken to the [guillotine](#) in one of the squares of Mons—the blade, at the convicted man's request, having been freshly sharpened—and his head was neatly taken off.



To the displeasure of the Belgian audience of thousands, Lydie Victoire Joséphe Fougnyes, countess of Bocarmé, who had been a full participant in the murder and subsequent destruction of evidence, had been presumed to have been under duress (one may doubt that she even attended at the event of the demise of her husband).

HEADCHOPPING



July 19, Saturday: Here I am 34 years old, and yet my life is almost wholly unexpanded.

How much is in the germ! There is such an interval between my ideal and the actual in many instances that I may say I am unborn. There is the instinct for society –but no society. Life is not long enough for one success. Within another 34 years that miracle can hardly take place. Methinks my seasons revolve more slowly than those of nature, I am differently timed. I am –contented. This rapid revolution of nature even of nature in me –why should it hurry me. Let a man step to the music which he hears however measured. Is it important that I should mature

DIFFERENT DRUMMER

as soon as an apple tree? Ye, as soon as an oak?¹¹⁵ May not my life in nature, in proportion as it is supernatural, be only the spring & infantile portion of my spirit’s life shall I turn my spring to summer? May I not sacrifice a hasty & petty completeness here –to entirety there? If my curve is large –why bend it to a smaller circle? My spirits unfolding observes not the pace of nature. The society which I was made for is not here, shall I then substitute for the anticipation of that this poor reality. I would have the unmixed expectation of that than this reality.

If life is a waiting –so be it. I will not be shipwrecked on a vain reality. What were any reality which I can substitute. Shall I with pains erect a heaven of blue glass over myself though when it is done I shall be sure to gaze still on the true etherial heaven –far above as if the former were not –that still distant sky oer arching that blue expressive eye of heaven. I am enamored of the blue eyed arch of heaven

I did not **make** this demand for a more thorough sympathy. This is not my idiosyncrasy or disease. He that made the demand will answer the demand.

My blood flows as slowly as the waves of my native Musketaquid –yet they reach the ocean sooner perchance than those of the Nashua.

Already the golden-rod is budded, but I can make no haste for that.



July 19, Saturday: 2 Pm The weather is warm & dry –& many leaves curl. There is a threatening cloud in the SW. The farmers dare not spread their hay. It remains cocked in the fields. As you walk in the woods now a days the flies striking against your hat sound like rain drops. The stump or root fences on the Corner road remind me of fossil remains of mastodons &c exhumed and bleached in sun & rain. To day I met with the first orange flower of autumn– What means this

115. [William M. White](#)’s version of a portion of this entry is:

*Methinks my seasons revolve more slowly
Than those of nature;
I am differently timed.
I am contented.*

*This rapid revolution of nature,
Even of nature in me,
Why should it hurry me?*

*Let a man step to the music which he hears,
However measured.
Is it important that I should mature
As soon as an apple tree?
Aye, as soon as an oak?*

doubly torrid –this Bengal tint– Yellow took sun enough –but this is the fruit of a dogday sun. The year has but just produced it. Here is the Canada thistle in bloom visited by butterflies & bees The butterflies have swarmed within these few days especially about the milkweed’s. The swamp pink still fills the air with its perfume in swamps & by the causeways –though it is far gone. The wild rose still scatters its petals over the leaves of neighboring plants. The wild morning glory or bind-weed with its delicate red & white blossoms– I remember it ever as a goblet full of purest morning air & sparkling with dew. showing the dew point –winding round itself for want of other support– It grows by the Hubbard bridge causeway near the Angelica. The cherry birds [Cedar Waxwing ■ *Bombycilla cedrorum*] are making their seringo sound as they flit past. They soon find out the locality of the cherry trees. And beyond the bridge there is a golden rod partially blossomed. Yesterday it was spring & to-morrow it will be autumn– Where is the summer then? First came the St Johns wort & now the golden rod to admonish us. I hear too a cricket amid these stones under the blackberry vines –singing as in the fall. Ripe blackberries are multiplying. I see the red-spotted berries of the small solomons seal in my path. I notice in the decayed end of an oak post that the silver grain is not decayed –but remains sound in thin flakes alternating with the decayed portions, & giving the whole a honey-combed look.– Such an object supramundane –as even a swallow ■ may descend to light on –a dry mullein stalk for instance – – I see that hens too follow the cows feeding near the house like the cowtroopial [Brown-headed Cowbird ■ *Molothrus ater*] –& for the same object. They cannot so well scare up insects for themselves. This is the dog the cowbird uses to start its insect game

I see yellow butterflies in pairs pursuing each other –a rod or two into the air & now as he had bethought himself of the danger of being devoured by a passing birds he descends with a zig zag flight to the earth & the other follows. The black huckleberries are now so thick among the green ones that they no longer incur suspicion of being worm eaten. When formerly I was looking about to see what I could do for a living –some sad experience in conforming to the wishes of friends being fresh in my mind to tax my ingenuity –I thought often & seriously of picking huckleberries –that surely I could do, and its small profits might suffice. So little capital it required –so little distraction from my wonted thoughts I foolishly thought– While my acquaintances went unhesitatingly into trade or the professions I thought of this occupation as most like theirs. ranging the hills all summer to pick the berries which came in my way which I might carelessly dispose of –so to keep the flocks of king Admetus– My greatest skill has been to want but little. I also dreammed that I might gather the wild herbs –or carry evergreens to such villagers as love to be reminded of the woods & so find my living got.

ADMETUS

But I have since learned that trade curses everything it handles. & though you **trade** in messages from heaven –the whole curse of trade attaches to the business.

The wind rises more & more The river & the pond are blacker than the threatening cloud in the south– The thunder mutters in the distance– The surface of the water is slightly rippled– Where the pads grow is a light green border– The woods roar. Small white clouds are hurrying across the dark blue ground of the storm –which rests on all the woods of the South horizon But still no rain now for some hours as if the clouds were dissipated as fast as they reached this atmosphere.

The barberry’s fruit hangs yellowish green– What pretty covers the thick bush makes so large & wide & drooping. The *Fringilla junco*¹¹⁶ sings still in spite of the coming tempest which perchance only threatens

BARBERRY


The wood chuck is a good native of the soils. The distant hills side & the grain fields & pastures are spotted yellow or white with his recent burrows –and the small mounds remain for many years Here where the clover has lately been cut, see what a yellow mound is brought to light!

Heavily hangs the Common Yellow lily *Lilium Canadense* in the meadows– In the thick alder copses by the causeway side I find the *Lysimachia hybrida*. Here is the *Lactuca Sanguinea* with its runcinate leaves –tall-stem & pale crimson ray. And that green stemmed one higher than my head resembled the last in its leaves –is perchance the “tall lettuce or Fire weed. Can that fine white

116. **Thoreau** could not have intended here the bird then known as *Fringilla* or *F. or linaria* (**Common Redpoll** ■ *Carduelis flamma*), for this record is for the month of July and that bird winters in Concord and summers in the far north. He must have intended the bird then known as *junco* (**Field Sparrow** ■ *Spizella pusilla*). So, can anyone explain why he wrote *Fringilla junco*, other than as a mere slip of the pen?

flowered meadow plant with the leaf be a Thalictrum?



 July 20, Sunday, 1851: Jerusalem for two pianos by Louis Moreau Gottschalk was performed for the initial time, in Bordeaux.


When a wooden bridge over a moat near Moscow gave way under a Sunday procession of 200 monks of the convent of Waldimar (on their way to worship at an image of the Virgin in a neighboring village), 158 drowned.



July 20, Sunday: Morn. A thunder shower in the night. Thunder near at hand though louder is a more trivial & earthly sound than at a distance –likened to sounds of men. The clap which waked me last night was as if some one was moving lumber in an upper apartment –some vast hollow hall tumbling it down & dragging it over the floor, and ever & anon the lightning filled the damp air with light like some vast glow worm in the fields of ether –opening its wings

The river too steadily yields its crop In louring days it is remarkable how many villagers resort to it. It is of more worth than many gardens– I meet one late in the afternoon going to the river with his basket on his arm & his pole in hand –not ambitious to catch pickerel this time, but he thinks he may perhaps get a mess of small fish. These kind of values are real & important –though but little appreciated –& he is not a wise legislator who underrates them and allows the bridge to be built low so as to prevent the passage of small boats. The town is but little conscious how much interest it has in the river –& might vote it away anyday thoughtlessly. There is always to be seen either some unshaven wading man –an old mower of the river meadows familiar with water –vibrating his long pole over the lagoons of the off shore pads –or else some solitary fisher in a boat behind the willows –like a moat in the sunbeams reflecting the light & who can tell how many a mess of river fish is daily cooked in the town. They are an important article of food to many a poor family. Some are poets some are not –as in relation to getting a living so to getting a wife. As their ideals of life vary –so do their ideals of love.

4 PM Annurnsnack The under sides of the leaves exposed by the breeze give a light blueish tinge to the woods as I look down on them. Looking at the woods west of this hill there is a grateful dark shade under their eastern sides where they meet the meadows –their cool night side –a triangular segment of night to which the sun has set. The mts look like waves on a blue ocean tossed up by a stiff gale. The rhexia Virginica is in bloom

 July 21, Monday, 1851: Sometimes it takes but the slightest little nudge as a formality! When Mr. Alderman Salomons again attempted to take his seat in the Parliament, being still a Jew he refused, just as he had on July 18th, to take the oath “upon the true faith of a Christian.” A vote ensued, and the decision was about as before, 229 over 81 members refusing to seat him. By prearrangement –since Mr. Salomons had indicated that **he needed for it to appear that he was being coerced**– the Serjeant-at-Arms then reached out and touched Mr. Salomons on the shoulder, and Mr. Salomons immediately rose and made his exit.



“Look at the Justice Department, it’s full of Jews.... Listen, the lawyers in government are damn Jews.”

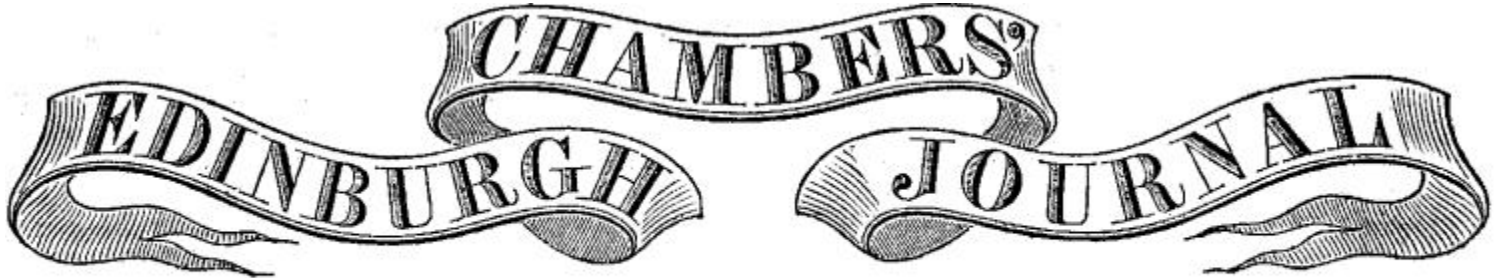


1851

1851

– President [Richard Milhous Nixon](#), on tape, 1972

An article containing material on Honoré-Gabriel Riqueti, *comte de Mirabeau* which had been obtained by way of [Chambers' Edinburgh Journal](#) appeared in the American [Harper's Monthly Gentleman's Magazine](#)



CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

(I, 648) and [Henry Thoreau](#) was intrigued enough by this French *desperado*-wannabee to copy quotes into his journal. One of these quotes, or part of it, would eventually find its way into the concluding chapter of

[WALDEN](#):

[WALDEN](#): It is said that Mirabeau took to highway robbery "to ascertain what degree of resolution was necessary in order to place one's self in formal opposition to the most sacred laws of society." He declared that "a soldier who fights in the ranks does not require half so much courage as a foot-pad," –"that honor and religion have never stood in the way of a well-considered and firm resolve." This was manly, as the world goes; and yet it was idle, if not desperate. A saner man would have found himself often enough "in formal opposition" to what are deemed "the most sacred laws of society," through obedience to yet more sacred laws, and so have tested his resolution without going out of his way. It is not for a man to put himself in such an attitude to society, but to maintain himself in whatever attitude he find himself through obedience to the laws of his being, which will never be one of opposition to a just government, if he should chance to meet with such.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

MIRABEAU

[Thoreau](#) referenced a snippet from [Richard Lovelace](#)'s "To Althea from Prison" in his journal, and also wrote that "With most men, life is postponed to some trivial business, and so therefore is heaven. Men think foolishly they may abuse and misspend as they please and when they get to heaven turn over a new leaf."



July 21, Monday: 8 AM The forenoon is fuller of light. The butterflies on the flowers look like other & frequently larger flowers themselves. Now I yearn for one of those old meandering dry uninhabited roads which lead away from towns –which lead us away from temptation, which conduct to the outside of earth –over its uppermost crust –where you may forget in what country you are travelling –where no farmer can complain that you are treading down his grass –no gentleman who has recently constructed a seat in the country that you are trespassing –on which you can go off at half cock –and waive adieu to the village –along which you may travel like a pilgrim –going nowhither. Where travellers are not too often to be met. Where my spirit is free –where the walls &

fences are not cared for –where your head is more in heaven than your feet are on earth¹¹⁷ –which have long reaches –where you can see the approaching traveller half a mile off and be prepared for him –not so luxuriant a soil as to attract men –some root and stump fences which do not need attention– Where travellers have no occasion to stop –but pass along and leave you to your thoughts– Where it makes no odds which way you face whether you are going or coming –whether it is morning or evening –mid noon or mid-night– Where earth is cheap enough by being public. Where you can walk and think with least obstruction –there being nothing to measure progress by. Where you can pace when your breast is full and cherish your moodiness. Where you are not in false relations with men –are not dining nor conversing with them. By which you may go to the uttermost parts of the earth– It is wide enough –wide as the thoughts it allows to visit you. Some-times it is some particular half dozen rods which I wish to find myself pacing over –as where certain airs blow then my life will come to me methinks like a hunter I walk in wait for it. When I am against this bare promontory of a hucklebery hill then forsooth my thoughts will expand. Is it some influence as a vapor which exhales from the ground, or something in the gales which blow there or in all things there brought together agreeably to my spirit? The walls must not be too high imprisoning me –but low with numerous –gaps– The trees must not be too numerous nor the hills too near bounding the view –nor the soil too rich attracting the attention to the earth– It must simply be the way and the life. A way that was never known to be repaired nor to need repair within the memory of the oldest inhabitant¹¹⁸ I cannot walk habitually in those ways that are liable to be repaired, for sure it was the devil only that wore them –never by the heel of thinkers (of thought) were they worn –the zephyrs could repair that damage. The saunterer wears out no road –even though he travel on it –& therefore should pay no highway tax –he may be taxed to construct a higher way than men travel. A way which no geese defile nor hiss along it –but only some times their wild brethren [**Canada Goose** █ *Branta canadensis*] fly far overhead –which the king bird [**Eastern**

117. [William M. White](#)'s version would be:

*Now I yearn for one of those old, meandering,
 Dry, uninhabited roads,
 Which lead away from towns,
 Which lead us away from temptation,
 Which conduct to the outside of earth,
 Over its uppermost crust;
 Where you may forget in what country you are travelling;
 Where no farmer can complain
 That you are treading down his grass,
 No gentleman
 Who has recently constructed a seat in the country
 That you are trespassing;
 On which you can go off at half-cock
 And wave adieu to the village;
 Along which you may travel like a pilgrim,
 Going nowhither;
 Where travellers are not too often to be met;
 Where my spirit is free;
 Where the walls and fences are not cared for;
 Where your head is more in heaven
 Than your feet are on earth....*



Kingbird [Tyrannus tyrannus] & the swallow twitter over –& the song sparrow [Melospiza melodia] sings on its rails. where the small red butterfly is at home on the yarrow – & no boys threaten it with imprisoning hat. There I can walk & stalk & pace & plod– Which no body but Jonas Potter travels beside me –where no cow but his is tempted to linger for the herbage by its side– Where the guide board is fallen & now the hand points to heaven significantly –to a sudbury & Marlborough in the skies. That’s a road I can travel that the particular sudbury I am bound for 6 miles an hour or 2 as you please– And few there be that enter thereon. There I can walk and recover the lost child that I am without any ringing of a bell– Where there was nothing ever discovered to detain a traveller but all went through about their business– Where I never passed the time of day with any –indifferent to me were the arbitrary divisions of time– Where Tullus Hostilius might have disappeared –at any rate has never been seen The road to the corner –the ninety & nine acres that you go through to get there I would rather see it again though I saw it this morning, than Gray’s churchyard. The road whence you may hear a stake driver [American Bittern Botaurus lentiginosus] –a whipperwill [Whip-Poor-Will Caprimulgus Vociferus] –a quail [Northern Bobwhite Colinus Virginianus] in a mid summer day –a yes a quail comes nearest to the gum C bird heard there– Where it would not be sport for a sportsman to go.– (and the may weed looks up in my face –not there) the pale lobelia & the Canada Snap Dragon rather. a little hard hack & meadow sweet peeps over the fence –nothing more serious to obstruct the view– And thimble berries are the food of thought –before the droubt along by the walls.

It is they who go to Brighton & to market that wear out the roads –& they should pay all the tax – the deliberate pace of a thinker never made a road the worse for travelling on. There I have freedom in my thought & in my soul am free– Excepting the omnipresent butcher with his calf cart –followed by a distracted & anxious cow–

Be it known that in Concord where the first forcible resistance to British aggression was made in the year 1775 they chop up the young calves & give them to the hens to make them lay –it being considered the cheapest & most profitable food for them –& they sell the milk to Boston.

On the promenade deck of the world –an outside passenger– The inattentive ever strange baker – whom no weather detains that does not bake his bread in this hemisphere –and therefore it is dry before it gets here– Ah there is a road where you might advertise to fly –& make no preparations till the time comes where your wings will sprout if anywhere. where your feet are not confined to earth. An airy head makes light walking.

Where I am not confined & balked by the sight of distant farm houses which I have not gone past. In roads the obstructions are not under my feet –I care not for rough ground or wet even –but they are in my vision & in the thoughts or associations which I am compelled to entertain I must be fancy free– I must feel that wet or dry high or low it is the genuine surface of the planet & not a little chip dirt or a compost heap –or made land or redeemed. Where I can sit by the wall side and not be peered

1775

118. [William M. White](#)'s version would be:

*The walls must not be too high,
Imprisoning me,
But low, with numerous gaps.
The trees must not be too numerous,
Nor the hills too near,
Bounding the view,
Nor the soil too rich,
Attracting the attention to the earth.*

*It must simply be the way and the life, —
A way that was never known to be repaired,
Nor to need repair,
Within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.*



at by any old ladies going a shopping –not have to bow to one whom I may have seen in my youth –at least not more than once –I am engaged and cannot be polite.

Did you ever hear of such a thing as a man sitting in the road –& then have four eyes levelled at you. Have we any more right sometimes to look at one than to point a revolver at him –it might go off –& so perchance we might *see* him –which would be equally fatal –if it *should* ever happen –though perhaps it never has.–

A thinker's weight is in his thought not in his tread –when he thinks freely his body weighs nothing. He cannot tread down your grass farmers.

I thought to walk this forenoon instead of this afternoon –for I have not been in the fields & woods much of late except when surveying –but the least affair of that kind is as if you had black veil drawn over your face which shut out nature as that eccentric & melancholy minister whom I have heard of. It may be the fairest day in all the year & you shall not know it –one little chore to do –one little commission to fulfil –one message to carry would spoil heaven itself. Least of all is the lover *engaged!* And all you get is your dollars– To go forth before the heat is intolerable –and see what is the difference between forenoon & afternoon. It seems there is a little more coolness in the air; there is still some dew even on this short grass in the shade of the walls & woods –and a feeling of vigor the walker has. There are few sounds but the slight twittering of swallows & the *springy* note of the sparrow in the grass or trees –& a lark [**Eastern Meadowlark** *Sturnella magna*] in the meadow (now at 8 AM) and the cricket under all to ally the hour to night. Day is in fact about as still as night. draw the veil of night over this landscape and these sounds would not disturb nor be inconsistent for their loudness with the night. It is a difference of white & black. Nature is in a white sleep. It threatens to be a hot day & the haymakers are whetting their scythes in the fields where they have been out since 4 o'clock. When I have seen them in the twilight commencing their labors, I have been impressed as if it were last night. There is something ghastly about such very early labor. I cannot detect the whole & characteristic difference between this and afternoon –though it is positive & decided enough –as my instincts know.

By two o'clock it will be warmer & hazier obscuring the mts, & the leaves will curl –& the dust will rise more readily. Every herb is fresher now –has recovered from yesterdays drought– The cooler air of night still lingers in the fields as by night the warm air of day. The noon is perchance the time to stay in the house.

There is no glory so bright but the veil of business can hide it effectually With most men life is postponed to some trivial business & so therefore is heaven. Men think foolishly they may abuse & mispend life as they please and when they get to heaven turn over a new leaf.

I see the track of a bare human foot in the dusty road, the toes & muscles all faithfully imprinted–

Such a sight is so rare that it affects me with surprise as the foot print on the shore of Juan Fernandez did Crusoe– It is equally rare here I am affected as if some Indian or South Sea Islander had been along –some man who had a foot. I am slow to be convinced that any of my neighbors –the judge on the bench –the parson in the pulpit might have made that or some thing like it however irregular. It is pleasant as it is to see the tracks of cows & deer & birds. I am brought so much nearer to the tracker –when again I think of the sole of my own foot –than when I behold that of his shoe merely, or am introduced to him & converse with him in the usual way.


Men are very generally spoiled by being so civil and well disposed. You can have no profitable conversation with them they are so conciliatory –determined to agree with you. They exhibit such long suffering & kindness in a short interview. I would meet with some provoking strangeness. So that we may be guest and host & refresh one another. It is possible for a man wholly to disappear & be merged in his manners. The thousand and one gentlemen whom I meet I meet despairingly & but to part from them for I am not cheered by the hope of any rudeness from them. A cross man a coarse man an eccentric man a silent –a man who does not drill well of him there is some hope. Your gentlemen, they are all alike They utter their opinions as if it was not a man that uttered them. It is “just as you please” –they are indifferent to everything– They will talk with you for nothing. The interesting man will rather avoid –and it is a rare chance if you get so far as talk with him. The laborers whom I know –the loafers –fishers & hunters –I can spin yarns with profitably –for it is hands off –they are they & I am I still –they do not come to me & quarter themselves on me for an day or an hour to be treated politely –they do not cast themselves on me for entertainment –they do not approach me with a flag of truce. They do not go out of themselves to meet me. I am never electrified by my gentleman –he is not an electric eel, but one of the common kind that slip through your hands however hard you clutch them & leave them covered with slime.

He is a man every inch of him –is worth a groom–






To eat berries on the dry pastures of Conantum as if they were the food of thought –dry as itself. Berries are now thick enough to pick. 9 A M on Conantum

A quarter of a mile is distance enough to make the atmosphere look blue now. This is never the case in spring or early summer. It was fit that I should see an Indigo bird [**Indigo Bunting**  **Passerina cyanea**]¹¹⁹ here concerned about its young –a perfect imbodiment of the darkest blue that ever fills the vallies at this season– The meadow grass reflecting the light has a bluish cast also.


Remember thy creator in the days of thy youth. i.e. Lay up a store of natural influences –sing while you may before the evil days come –he that hath ears let him hear –see –hear –smell –taste –&c while these senses are fresh & pure

There is always a kind of fine AEolian harp music to be heard in the air– I hear now as it were the mellow sound of distant horns in the hollow mansions of the upper air –a sound to make all men divinely insane that hear it –far away over head subsiding into my ear. to ears that are expanded what a harp this world is! The occupied ear thinks that beyond the cricket no sound can be heard – but there is an immortal melody that may be heard morning noon and night by ears that can attend & from time to time this man or that hears it –having ears that were made for music.¹²⁰ To hear this the hard hack & the meadow sweet *aspire* They are thus beautifully painted because they are tinged in the lower stratum of that melody.

I eat these berries as simply & naturally as thoughts come to my mind.

Never yet did I chance to sit in a house –except my own house in the woods –and hear a wood thrush [**Catharus**  **mustelina**] sing –would it not be well to sit in such a chamber –within sound of the finest songster of the grove?

The quail [**Northern Bobwhite**  **Colinus Virginianus**] –invisible –whistles –& who attends

10 A M– The white lily has opened how could it stand these heats –it has pantingly opened –and now lies stretched out by its too-long stem on the surface of the shrunken river. The air grows more & more blue.– making pretty effects when one wood is seen from another through a little interval. Some pigeons [American **Passenger Pigeon**  **Ectopistes migratorius**] here are resting in the thickest of the white pines during the heat of the day –migrating no doubt. They are unwilling to move for me. Flies buz and rain about my hat –& the dead twigs & leaves of the White pine which

119. [Thoreau](#)'s "indigo-bird" of May 4, 1853 was a black-throated blue warbler *Dendroica caerulescens*.

120. [William M. White](#)'s version would be:

*There is always a kind of fine æolian harp music
To be heard in the air.
I hear now, as it were,
The mellow sound of distant horns
In the hollow mansions of the upper air,
A sound to make all men divinely insane that hear it,
Far away overhead,
Subsiding into my ear.*

*To ears that are expanded what a harp this world is!
The occupied ear thinks that beyond the cricket
No sound can be heard,
But there is an immortal melody that may be heard
Morning, noon, and night,
By ears that can attend,
And from time to time
This man or that hears it,
Having ears that were made for music.*

the choppers have left here exhale a dry & almost sickening scent. A cuckoo [**Black-billed Cuckoo** █ *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*] chuckles half throttled on a neighboring tree –& now flying into the pine scares out a pigeon which flies with its handsome tail spread dashes this side and that between the trees helplessly like a ship carrying too much sail¹²¹ in midst of a small creek some great amiral.– having no room to manoeuvre– A fluttering flight.

The mts can scarcely be seen for the blue haze only Wachusett and the near ones.

The thorny apple bush on Conantum has lately sent up branches from its top resolved to become a tree, & these spreading (and bearing fruit) the whole has the form of a vast hour-glass.– The lower part being the most dense by far you would say the sand had run out.

I now return through Conants leafy woods by the spring –whose floor is sprinkled with sun-light – low trees which yet effectually shade you

The dusty may weed now blooms by the roadside one of the humblest flowers.

The rough hawkweed too by the damp roadside –resembling in its flower the autumnal dandelion–

That was probably the verbena hastata or com. blue vervain which I found the other day by Walden Pond The Antirrhinum Canadense Can. snap dragon in the Corner road. And the ragged Orchis on Conantum.

8¹/₂ PM

The streets of the village are much more interesting to me at this hour of a summer evening than by day. Neighbors and also farmers come ashopping after their day's haying are chatting in the streets and I hear the sound of many musical instruments and of singing from various houses. For a short hour or two the inhabitants are sensibly employed.

The evening is devoted to poetry such as the villagers can appreciate.

How rare to meet with a farmer who is a man of sentiment Yet there was one Gen. Joshua Buttrick who died the other day –who is said to have lived in his sentiments. He used to say that the smell of burning powder excited him.

It is said that Mirabeau took to highway robbery “to ascertain what degree of resolution was necessary in order to place one's self in formal opposition to the most sacred laws of society.” He declared that “a soldier who fights in the ranks does not require half so much courage as a footpad.” – – “honor and religion have never stood in the way of a well considered & a firm resolve. Tell me, Du Saillant, when you lead your regiment into the heat of battle, to conquer a province to which he whom you call your master has no right whatever, do you consider that you are performing a better action than mine, in stopping your friend on the king's highway, and demanding his purse?”

“I obey without reasoning,” replied the count.

“And I reason without obeying, when obedience appears to me to be contrary to reason,” –rejoined Mirabeau. Harpers New Month. vol 1st p 648 from Cham. Ed.– Journal

This was good & manly as the world goes– And yet it was desperate– A saner man would have

121. William M. White's version would be:

*Flies buzz and rain about my hat,
 And the dead twigs and leaves of the white pine,
 Which the choppers have left here,
 Exhale a dry and almost sickening scent.*

*A cuckoo chuckles, half throttled,
 On a neighboring tree,
 And now, flying into the pine,
 Scares out a pigeon,
 Which flies with its handsome tail spread,
 Dashes this side and that
 Between the trees helplessly,
 Like a ship carrying too much sail....*



found opportunities enough to put himself in formal opposition to the most sacred laws of society and so test his resolution in the natural course of events without violating the laws of his own nature. It is not for a man to **put himself** in such an attitude to society –but to **maintain** himself in whatever attitude he find himself through obedience to the laws of his being. which will never be one of opposition to a just government. Cut the leather only where the shoe pinches– Let us not have a rabid virtue that will be revenged on society –that falls on it not like the morning dew but like the fervid noonday sun to wither it.

JONAS POTTER
JOSHUA BUTTRICK
DESPERATION



July 22, Tuesday, 1851: Jenny Lind performed at Corinthian Hall in Rochester, New York, and would perform again on the 24th, after which she would donate \$2,500 to local charities: PROGRAMME OF MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND'S GRAND CONCERT, FOR THIS EVENING: CONTAINING THE WORDS OF THE SONGS IN ENGLISH, GERMAN, ITALIAN & SWEDISH, (Rochester: Lee, Mann & Co.'s Steam Press). The Rochester Daily Advertiser would report that not only had Jenny's "Echo Song" been distinctly audible as far away as the corner of Clinton Street and Andrews Street, a distance of at least half a mile, but also, it had been distinctly audible on Elm Street, and on North Street, which was more than a mile in distance.

At Exeter Hall, which was the largest hall in London (perhaps also the largest hall in all of England), the 5th General Peace Congress convened. The hall was packed, with perhaps some 1,200 delegates in attendance for the 3 days of sessions (not counting the spectators who were not delegates), made "as uncomfortable as London fogs and rains could make them." Only 3 of the American delegates would offer set speeches.

About this day of July 22d, Waldo Emerson recorded in his journal:

Eddy & Edie going with me to bathe in Walden, Eddy was very brave with a sharp bulrush, & presently broke into this rhyme–

*"With my sharp-pointed sword
I will conquer Concord."*



Herman Melville wrote Nathaniel Hawthorne:

My dear Hawthorne:

This is not a letter, or even a note – but only a passing word said to you over your garden gate. I thank you for your easy-flowing long letter (received yesterday) which flowed through me, and refreshed all my meadows, as the Housatonic – opposite me – does in reality. I am now busy with various things – not incessantly though; but enough to require my frequent tinkering; and this is the height of the haying season, and my nag is dragging me home his winter's dinners all the time. And so, one way and another, I am not yet a disengaged man; but shall be, very soon. Meantime, the earliest good chance I get, I shall roll down to you, my good fellow, seeing we – that is, you and I, – must hit upon some little bit of vagabondism, before Autumn comes. Graylock – we must go and vagabondize there. But ere we start, we must dig a deep hole, and bury all Blue Devils, there

to abide till the Last Day.
Goodbye, his X mark.



July 22, Tuesday: The season of morning fogs has arrived I think it is connected with dog days Perhaps it is owing to the greater contrast between the night & the day –the nights being nearly as cold while the days are warmer? Before I rise from my couch I see the ambrosial fog stretched over the river draping the trees– It is the summers vapor bath –what purity in the color– It is almost musical; it is positively fragrant. How faery like it has visited our fields. I am struck by its firm outlines as distinct as a pillow’s edge about the height of my house –a great crescent over the course of the river from SW to NE.

5¹/₂ Am Already some parts of the river are bare– It goes off in a body down the river before this air –and does not rise into the heavens– It retreats & I do not see how it is dissipated. This slight thin vapor which is left to curl over the surface of the still dark water still as glass –seems not be the same things –of a different quality.

I hear the cockrils crow through it –and the rich crow of young roosters –that sound indicative of the bravest rudest health –hoarse without cold –hoarse with a rude health That crow is all nature compelling –famine & pestilence flee before it– These are our fairest days which are born in a fog I saw the tall lettuce yesterday *Lactuca elongata* –whose top or main shoot had been broken off –& it had put up various stems –with entire & lanceolate –not runcinate leaves as usual –thus making what some botanists have called a variety – β . *linearis*– So I have met with some Geniuses who having met with some such accident maiming them –have been developed in some such **monstrous** & partial though original way. They were original in being less than themselves.

Yes your leaf is peculiar –and some would make of you a distinct variety –but to me you appear like the puny result of an accident & misfortune –for you have lost your main shoot –and the leaves which would have grown runcinate are small & lanceolate.

The last sunday afternoon I smelled the clear pork frying for a farmer’s supper 30 rods off (what a sunday supper!) the windows being opens –& could imagine the **clear** tea without milk which usually accompanies it

Now the catonine tails are seen in the impenetrable meadows & the tall green rush is perfecting its tufts. The spotted Polygonum *P. Persicaria* by the roadside

I scare up a wood-cock [**American Woodcock**  *Scolopax minor*] from some moist place at mid day–



The Pewee [Wood Pewee █ *Contopus virens*] & Kingbird [Eastern Kingbird █ *Tyrannus tyrannus*] are killing bees perched on a post or a dead twig.

I bathe me in the river– I lie down where it is shallow –amid the weeds over its sandy bottom **but** it seems shrunken & parched– I find it difficult to get **wet** through– I would fain be the channel of a mt brook. I bathe & in a few hours I bathe again not remembering that I was wetted before. When I come to the river I take off my clothes & carry them over then bathe & wash off the mud & continue my walk.

There was a singular charm for me in those French names more than in the things themselves The name of Italian & Grecian cities villages & natural features are not more poetic to me than the names of those humble Canadian villages –to be told by a habitant when I asked the name of a village in sight that is St Fereole or St Anne’s But I was quite taken off my feet when running back to inquire what river we were crossing –and thinking for a long time he said la Riviere d’Ocean it flashed upon me at last that it was la riviere du chien the la riviere so often repeated in the {*One leaf missing*}



There was so much grace and sentiment & refinement in the names how could they be coarse who took them so often on their lips –St Anne’s St Joseph’s the holy Annes the holy Joseph’s. Next to the Indian the French missionary & voyageur & Catholic habitant have named the natural features of the land– The **prairie** –the voyageur– Or does every man think his neighbor is the richer & more fortunate man –his neighbor’s fields the richest.

It needed only a little outlandishness in the names a little foreign accent a few more vowels in the words –to make me locate all my ideals at once– How prepared we are for another world than this–

We are no sooner over the line of the states –than we expect to see men leading poetic lives – nothing so natural that is the presumption– the names of the mountains & the streams & the villages reel with the intoxication of poetry –Longoeil Chambly –Barthillon? Montilly?

Where there were books only –to find realities of course we assign to the place the idea which the written history or poem suggested Quebec of course is never seen for what it simply is to practical eyes –but as the local habitation of those thoughts & visions which we have derived from reading of Wolfe & Montcalm Montgomery & Arnold – – It is hard to make me attend to the geology of Cape diamond –or the botany of the Plains of Abraham. How glad we are to find that there is another race of men –for they may be more successful & fortunate than we.

Canada is not a place for rail-roads to terminate in or for criminals to run to.



July 23, Wednesday, 1851: In the Treaty of Traverse des Sioux upon the Minnesota River, the See-see-toan and Wah-pay-toan bands of Dakota tribespeople turned over all of their land in Iowa and most of their land in Minnesota to the United States in return for \$1,665,000 in cash and annuities. Representing the United States of America were Luke Lea, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and [Alexander H. Ramsey](#), governor and ex-officio superintendent of Indian affairs in the Territory of Minnesota, commissioners duly appointed for that purpose. The tribalists ceded, sold, and relinquished to the United States all their lands in the State of Iowa and all their lands in the Territory of [Minnesota](#) east of a line beginning at the junction of the Buffalo River with the Red River of the North, thence along the western bank of that Red River to the mouth of the Sioux Wood River, thence along the western bank of that Sioux Wood River to Lake Traverse, thence along the western shore of that lake to the southern extremity thereof, thence in a direct line to the Junction of Kameska Lake with the Sioux River, and thence along the western bank of that river to its point of intersection with the northern line of the State of Iowa (inclusive of the islands in said rivers and lake). The treaty document was signed in the presence of Thomas Foster, Secretary, Nathaniel McLean, Indian Agent, Alexander Faribault and Stephen R. Riggs, Interpreters, A.S.H. White, Thos. S. Williamson, W.C. Henderson, A. Jackson, James W. Boal, W.G. Le Duc, Alexis Bailly, H.L. Dousman, and [Hugh Tyler](#).

L. Lea, [SEAL]; Alex. Ramsey, [SEAL]

Een-yang-ma-nee (Running Walker or “the Gun”) [HIS MARK]

Wee-tchan-h’ pee-ee-tay-toan (the Star face or the “Orphan”) [HIS MARK]

Ee-tay-wa-keen-yan (“Limping Devil” or “Thunder Face”) [HIS MARK]

Eesh-ta-hum-ba (“Sleepy Eyes”) [HIS MARK]

Oo-pee-ya-hen-day-a (Extending his train) [HIS MARK]

Hoak-shee-dan-wash-tay (Good Boy) [HIS MARK]

Ee-tay-tcho-ka (Face in the midst) [HIS MARK]

Hay-ha-hen-day-ma-za (Metal Horn) [HIS MARK]

Am-pay-too-sha (Red Day) [HIS MARK]

Eesh-ta-humba-koash-ka (Sleepy Eyes young) [HIS MARK]

A na-wang-ma-nee (Who goes galloping on) [HIS MARK]

Ma-h’pee-wee-tchash-ta ([Marpiyawicasta](#), [Cloud man](#)) [HIS MARK]

Tan-pa-hee-da (Sounding Moccasin) [HIS MARK]

Eenk-pa (the upper end) [HIS MARK]

Wee-yoa-kee-yay (Standard) [HIS MARK]

Wa-kan-man-nee (Walking Spirit) [HIS MARK]

Ee-tay-sha (the one that reddens his face) [HIS MARK]

- Ta-ka-ghay (Elk maker) [HIS MARK]
- Wa-ma-ksoon-tay (“Walnut” or Blunt headed arrow) [HIS MARK]
- Ma-za-sh’a (Metal Sounding) [HIS MARK]
- Ya-shoa-pee (The wind instrument) [HIS MARK]
- Noan-pa keen-yan (Twice Flying) [HIS MARK]
- Wash-tay-da (Good, a little) [HIS MARK]
- Wa-keen-yan-ho-ta (Grey Thunder) [HIS MARK]
- Wa-shee-tchoon-ma-za (Iron French man) [HIS MARK]
- Ta-pe-ta-tan-ka (His Big fire) [HIS MARK]
- Ma-h’pee-ya-h’na-shkan-shkan (Moving Cloud) [HIS MARK]
- Wa-na-pay-a (The pursuer) [HIS MARK]
- Ee-tcha-shkan-shkan-ma-nee (Who walks shaking) [HIS MARK]
- Ta-wa-kan-he-day-ma-za (His Metal Lighthing) [HIS MARK]
- Ee-tay doo-ta (Red Face) [HIS MARK]
- Henok-marpi-yahdi-nape (Reappearing Cloud) [HIS MARK]
- Tchan-hedaysh-ka-ho-toan-ma-nee (the moving sounding Harp) [HIS MARK]
- Ma-zaku-te-ma-ni (Metal walks shooting) [HIS MARK]
- A-kee-tchee-ta (Standing Soldier) [HIS MARK]



July 23, Wednesday: I remember the last moon, shining through a creamy atmosphere, with a tear in the eye of Nature and her tresses dishevelled and drooping, sliding up the sky, the glistening air, the leaves shining with dew, pulsating upward; an atmosphere unworn, unprophaned by day. What self-healing in Nature! -swept by the dews.

For some weeks past the roadsides and the dry and trivial fields have been covered with the field trefoil (*Trifolium arvense*), now in bloom.

8A.M. — A comfortable breeze blowing. Methinks I can write better in the afternoon, for the novelty of it, if I should go abroad this morning. My genius makes distinctions which my understanding cannot, and which my senses do not report. If I should reverse the usual, - go forth and saunter in the fields all the forenoon, then sit down in my chamber in the afternoon, which it is so unusual for me to do, -it would be like a new season to me, and the novelty of it [would] inspire me. The wind has fairly blown me outdoors; the elements were so lively and active, and I so sympathized with them, that I could not sit while the wind went by. And I am reminded that we should especially improve the summer to live out-of-doors. When we may so easily, it behooves us to break up this custom of sitting in the house, for it is but a custom, and I am not sure that it has the sanction of common sense. A man no sooner gets up than he sits down again. Fowls leave their perch in the morning, and beasts their lairs, unless they are such as go abroad only by night. The cockerel does not take up a new perch *in the barn*, and he is the embodiment of health and common sense. Is the literary man to live always or chiefly sitting in a chamber through which nature enters by a window only? What is the use of the summer?

You must walk so gently as to hear the finest sounds, the faculties being in repose, Your mind must not perspire. True, out of doors my thought is commonly drowned, as it were, and shrunken, pressed

DIFFERENT
DRUMMER

down by stupendous piles of light ethereal influences, for the pressure of the atmosphere is still fifteen pounds to a square inch. I can do little more than preserve the equilibrium and resist the pressure of the atmosphere. I can only nod like the rye-heads in the breeze. I expand more surely in my chamber, as far as expression goes, as if that pressure were taken off; but here outdoors is the place to store up influences.

The swallow’s twitter is the sound of the lapsing waves of the air, or when they break and burst, as his wings represent the ripple. He has more air in his bones than other birds; his feet are defective. The fish of the air. His note is the voice of the air. As fishes may hear the sound of waves lapsing on the surface and see the outlines of the ripples, so we hear the note and see the flight of swallows.



The influences which make for one walk more than another, and one day more than another, are much more ethereal than terrestrial. It is the quality of the air much more than the quality of the ground that concerns the walker, — cheers or depresses him. What he may find in the air, not what he may find on the ground.

On such a road (the Corner) I walk securely, seeing far and wide on both sides, as if I were flanked by light infantry on the hills, to rout the provincials, as the British marched into Concord, while my grenadier thoughts keep the main road. That is, my light-armed and wandering thoughts scour the neighboring fields, and so I know if the coast is clear. With what a breadth of van I advance! I am not bounded by the walls. I think more than the road full. (Going southwesterly.) While I am abroad, the ovipositors plant their seeds in me; I am fly-blown with thought, and go home to hatch and brood over them.

I was too discursive and rambling in my thought for the chamber, and must go where the wind blows on me walking.

A little brook crossing the road (the Corner road), a few inches' depth of transparent water rippling over yellow sand and pebbles, the pure blood of nature. How miraculously crystal-like, how exquisite, fine, and subtle, and liquid this element, which an imperceptible inclination in the channel causes to flow thus surely and swiftly! How obedient to its instinct, to the faintest suggestion of the hills! If inclined but a hair's breadth, it is in a torrent haste to obey. And all the revolutions of the planet - nature is so exquisitely adjusted - and the attraction of the stars do not disturb this equipoise, but the rills still flow the same way, and the water levels are not disturbed.

We are not so much like debauchees as in the afternoon.


The mind is subject to moods, as the shadows of clouds pass over the earth. Pay not too much heed to them. Let not the traveller stop for them. They consist with the fairest weather. By the mood of my mind, I suddenly felt dissuaded from continuing my walk, but I observed at the same instant that the shadow of a cloud was passing over [the] spot on which I stood, though it was of small extent, which, if it had no connection with my mood, at any rate suggested how transient and little to be regarded that mood was. I kept on, and in a moment the sun shone on my walk within and without. The button-bush in blossom. The tobacco-pipe in damp woods. Certain localities only a few rods square in the fields acid on the hills, sometimes the other side of a wall, attract me as if they had been the scene of pleasure in another state of existence.

But this habit of close observation, — in [Humboldt](#), [Darwin](#), and others. Is it to be kept up long, this science? Do not tread on the heels of your experience. Be impressed without making a minute of it. Poetry puts an interval between the impression and the expression, — waits till the seed germinates naturally.



1851

1851

 July 24, Thursday, 1851: In England, the Window Tax was abolished.

Jenny Lind performed again at Corinthian Hall in Rochester, New York.

At Benicia Army Base near San Francisco, beef flesh and blood was reported to have rained. Testing suggested that the meat was tainted by some sort of disease.

WALDEN: Our village life would stagnate if it were not for the unexplored forests and meadows which surround it. We need the tonic of wildness.... At the same time that we are earnest to explore and learn all things, we require that all things be mysterious and unexplorable, that land and sea be infinitely wild, unsurveyed and unfathomed by us because unfathomable. We can never have enough of Nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of inexhaustible vigor, vast and Titanic features, the seacoast with its wrecks, the wilderness with its living and its decaying trees, the thunder cloud, and the rain which lasts three weeks and produces freshets. We need to witness our own limits transgressed, and some life pasturing freely where we never wander.... I love to see that Nature is so rife with life that myriads can be afforded to be sacrificed and suffered to prey on one another; that tender organizations can be so serenely squashed out of existence like pulp, - tadpoles which herons gobble up, and tortoises and toads run over in the road; and that sometimes it has rained flesh and blood!


RAINS OF BLOOD, &C.



July 24.

5 Am

The street & fields betray the drought & look more parched than at noon they look as I feel languid & thin and feeling my nerves. The potatoes & the elms & the herbage by the road side -though there is a slight dew -seem to rise out of an arid & thirsty soil into a the atmosphere of a furnace slightly cooled down- The leaves of the elms are yellow.- Ah! now I see what the noon **was** & what it may be again. The effects of drought are never more apparent than at dawn. Nature is like a hen panting with open mouth in the grass, as the morning after a debauch.

 July 24, Thursday, 1851: Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote from Lenox to his friend William B. Pike of the Boston Custom-house:

Dear Pike,- I should have written to you long since, acknowledging the receipt of your gin, and in answer to your letter, but I have been very busy with my pen. As to the gin, I can not speak of its quality; for the bottle has not yet been opened, and will probably remain corked till cold weather, when I mean to take an occasional sip. I really thank you for it, however; nor could I help shedding a few quiet tears over that which was so uselessly spilt by the expressman.

The most important news I have to tell you (if you have not already heard it) is that we have another daughter, now about two months old. She is a very bright and healthy child, and neither more nor less handsome than babies generally are. I think I feel more interest in her than I did in the other children at the same age, from the consideration that she is to



be the daughter of my age—the comfort (at least so it is to be hoped) of my declining years.

What a sad account you give of your solitude in your letter! I am not likely ever to have that feeling of loneliness which you express; and I most heartily wish that you would take measures to remedy it in your own case, by marrying Miss B— or someone else as soon as possible. If I were at all in the habit of shedding tears, I should have felt inclined to do so at your description of your present situation—without family, and estranged from your former friends. Whenever you find it quite intolerable (and I can hardly help wishing that it may become so soon), do come to me. By-the-way, if I continue to prosper as heretofore in the literary line, I shall soon be in a condition to buy a place and if you should hear of one, say worth from \$1500 to \$2000, I wish you would keep your eye on it for me. I should wish it to be on the sea-coast, or, at all events, with easy access the sea. Very little land would suit my purpose; but I want a good house, with space enough inside, and which will not need any considerable repairs. I find that I do not feel at home among these hills, and should not like to consider myself permanently settled here. I do not get acclimated to the peculiar state of the atmosphere; and, except in midwinter, I am continually catching cold, and am never so vigorous as I used to be on the sea-coast. The same is the case with my wife; and though the children seem perfectly well, yet I rather think they would flourish better near the sea. Say nothing about my wishes; but if you see a place likely to suit me, let me know. I shall be in Salem probably as soon as October, and possibly you will have something in view by that time.

Why did you not express your opinion of *The House of the Seven Gables*, which I sent you? I suppose you were afraid of hurting my feelings by disapproval; but you need not have been. I should receive friendly censure with just as much equanimity as if it were praise, though, certainly, I had rather you would like the book than not. At any rate, it has sold finely, and seems to have pleased a good many people better than the other; and I must confess that I myself am among the number. It is more characteristic of the author, and a more natural book for me to write, than the *Scarlet Letter* was. When I write another romance, I shall take the Community for a subject, and shall give some of my experiences and observations at Brook Farm. Since the publication of the *Seven Gables* I have written a book for children, which is to be put to press immediately.

My wife, with the baby and Una, is going eastward in two or three weeks to see her mother, who, I think, will not survive another winter. I shall remain here with Julian. If you can be spared from that miserable Custom-house, I wish you would pay me a visit,—although my wife would hardly forgive you for coming while she was away. But I do long to see you, and to talk about a thousand things, relating to this world and the next. I am very glad of your testimony in favor of spiritual intercourse. I have heard and read much on the subject, and it appears to me to be the strangest and most bewildering affair I ever heard of. I should be very glad to believe that these rappers are, in any one instance, the spirits of the persons whom they profess themselves to be; but, though I have talked with those who have had the freest communication, there has always been something that made me doubt. So you must allow me to withhold my full and



1851

1851

entire belief, until I have heard some of the details of your own spiritual intercourse.

On receiving your letter, I wrote to Longfellow, requesting him to forward you any books that might facilitate your progress in the Swedish language. He has not told me whether or no he did so. I asked him to send them to the Mansion House in Salem. I wish you had rather undertaken Latin, or French, or German, or indeed almost any other language, in which there would have been a more extensive and attainable literature than in the Swedish. But if it turns out to be a pleasure and improvement to yourself, the end is attained. You will never, I fear (you see that I take a friend's privilege to speak plainly), make the impression on the world that, in years gone by, I used to hope you would. It will not be your fault, however, but the fault of circumstances. Your flower was not destined to bloom in this world. I hope to see its glory in the next.

I had much more to say, but it has escaped my memory just now, and it is of no use trying to say any real thing in a letter. Hoping to see you sooner or later, your friend ever,
Nath'l Hawthorne.

Excuse this illegible scrawl; but I have contracted such a habit of scrawling that can not possibly help it.

There had been a shower of blood with pieces of flesh over an area of ground 30 yards wide and 300 yards long, at an Army station in Benicia, California. The pieces of flesh ranged from the size of a pigeon's egg to the size of a small orange. The shower lasted some two to three minutes and was reported in the San Francisco Herald of this date:

WALDEN: Our village life would stagnate if it were not for the unexplored forests and meadows which surround it. We need the tonic of wildness.... At the same time that we are earnest to explore and learn all things, we require that all things be mysterious and unexplorable, that land and sea be infinitely wild, unsurveyed and unfathomed by us because unfathomable. We can never have enough of Nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of inexhaustible vigor, vast and Titanic features, the seacoast with its wrecks, the wilderness with its living and its decaying trees, the thunder cloud, and the rain which lasts three weeks and produces freshets. We need to witness our own limits transgressed, and some life pasturing freely where we never wander.... I love to see that Nature is so rife with life that myriads can be afforded to be sacrificed and suffered to prey on one another; that tender organizations can be so serenely squashed out of existence like pulp, - tadpoles which herons gobble up, and tortoises and toads run over in the road; and that sometimes it has rained flesh and blood!

RAINS OF BLOOD, &C.



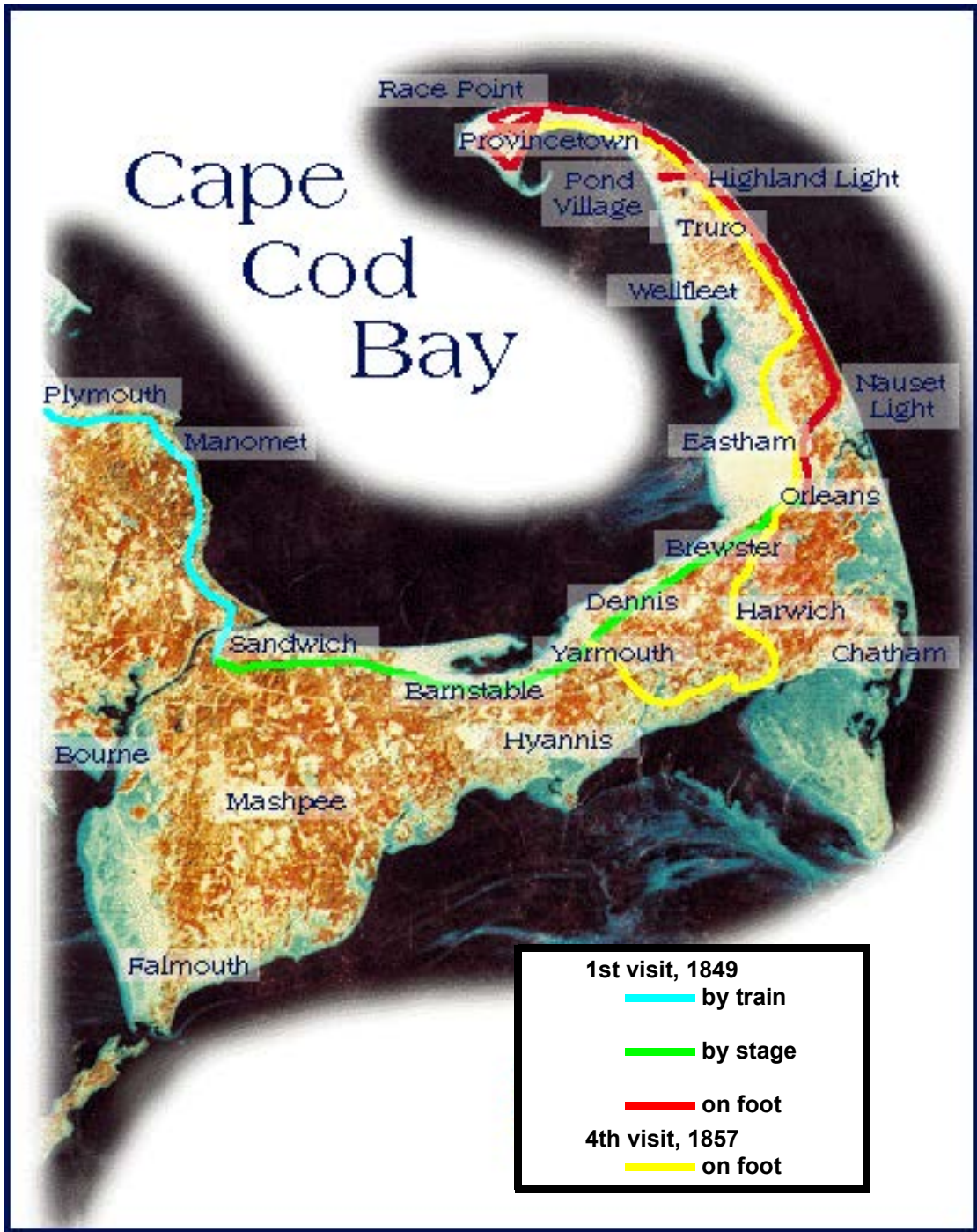
1851

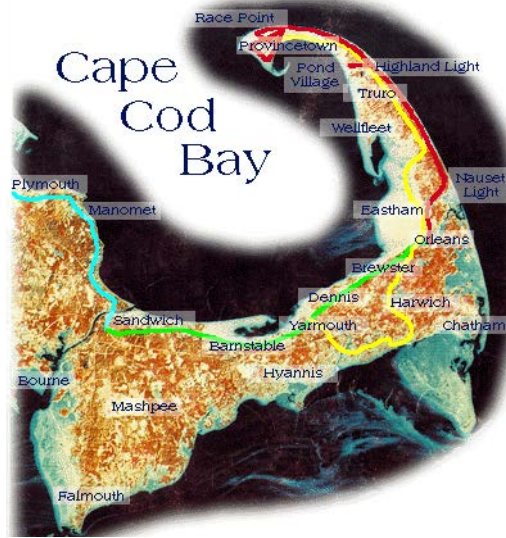
1851



July 25, Friday, [1851](#): When the *Randolph*, an East India trader, was wrecked on a reef off the Mauritius, something like 20 and 30 of her passengers were drowned.

During the period soon after the “Wild/Walking” lectures, from the 25th of July to the 1st of August, [Henry Thoreau](#) went on an excursion by getting aboard a 7AM train to Boston, then catching the 9AM boat to Hull, then on foot via [Nantasket](#), [Cohasset](#), [Duxbury](#), [Scituate](#), and [Marshfield](#) to [Plymouth](#) along the Massachusetts “South Shore,” where he visited his friends [Benjamin Marston Watson](#) and [Mary Russell Watson](#), and returned home via [Boston](#).





- 1st visit, 1849**
- by train
- by stage
- on foot
- 4th visit, 1857**
- on foot

View Cornell University Library's webpage of an 1869 history of this [Cape Cod](#) town by Frederick Freeman:

<http://historical.library.cornell.edu/cgi-bin/cul.cdl/docviewer?did=cdl447&view=50&frames=0&seq=17>



1851

1851

Note that he initially stopped at [Cohasset, Massachusetts](#) to visit [Mrs. Ellen Devereux Sewall Osgood](#) and the [Reverend Joseph Osgood](#) with their newborn infant Edmond Quincy Sewell Osgood, and also called at Ellen's parents' home in Scituate. Note also that while attempting to wade out to [Clark's Island](#) in [Plymouth](#) Harbor he almost drowned, but made no comment on this in his JOURNAL.¹²²



[TIMELINE OF ACCIDENTS](#)

The owner and inhabitant of the island, Edward Winslow "[Uncle Ned](#)" [Watson](#), was an original well worth one's attention: a poet, a sea farmer, a sailer and philosopher whom everyone knew as "Uncle Ned,"¹²³ who had inherited the island from remote ancestors. [Thoreau](#) had become impatient while waiting for conveyance to the island, had misjudged the distance and the changing tides, and had tried to wade across mud flats to the island. He got caught in the rip tide and was saved by one Sam Burgess who happened by in a small lobster-pot boat. Some people saw and recorded this incident, or we would not know of it.¹²⁴ It was just after this incident, in which Thoreau almost "became a dead poet at last," that an infamous exchange in regard to

122. He also made no allusion to the fact that the island had been used as a detention facility for Native Americans. Was Thoreau aware that he was walking on the site of a former concentration camp, exactly as if he had been walking on Deer Island in Boston Harbor where the Praying Indians of the Concord region had been held during "King Philip's War"?

123. As opposed to "[Uncle Bill](#)" [Watson](#), who lived in a schooner.

124. See page 53 of Geller, Lawrence D. BETWEEN CONCORD AND PLYMOUTH: THE TRANSCENDENTALISTS AND THE WATSONS (Concord MA: Thoreau Lyceum, 1973).

the hound/horse/turtledove parable of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) occurred.

WALDEN: In any weather, at any hour of the day or night, I have been anxious to improve the nick of time, and notch it on my stick too; to stand on the meeting of two eternities, the past and future, which is precisely the present moment; to toe that line. You will pardon some obscurities, for there are more secrets in my trade than in most men's, and yet not voluntarily kept, but inseparable from its very nature. I would gladly tell all that I know about it, and never paint "No Admittance" on my gate.

I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travellers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves.

To anticipate, not the sunrise and the dawn merely, but, if possible, Nature herself! How many mornings, summer and winter, before yet any neighbor was stirring about his business, have I been about mine! No doubt many of my townsmen have met me returning from this enterprise, farmers starting for Boston in the twilight, or woodchoppers going to their work. It is true, I never assisted the sun materially in his rising, but, doubt not, it was of the last importance only to be present at it.



When questioned, [Thoreau](#) said only

"Well Sir, I suppose we have all had our losses,"



and ["Uncle Ned" Watson](#) commented in return

"That's a pretty way to answer a fellow."

BOSTON HARBOR

Just after September 19, 1850 Thoreau had met a widow who had lost a child:

Those have met with losses, who have lost their children. I saw the widow this morning whose son was drowned.

I think it interesting that

- this conversation occurred just after Thoreau had visited the woman to whom he had proposed marriage
- this conversation occurred just after Thoreau himself almost drowned
- this conversation occurred on the grounds of a former racial concentration camp where an entire group of people had had their losses

and I find it interesting also that **no commentator previous to me has brought those three intriguing factoids before the reading public.** Why not? Why not, indeed!

Perhaps Thoreau's reluctance to explain the parable he had propounded may be attributed to a defect which he perceived in the question which he was being asked, the defect of eagerness to substitute, for all the influence to be derived from cultivating such a symbolic allusion in one's mind, a specious preoccupation with a dismissable "meaning" for these symbols. After all, the agenda of the person who seeks to establish such "meaning" is ordinarily to thus dispose of the symbolic allusion and the preoccupation with it, not to distance oneself from such symbolic allusions but merely to move toward other mental preoccupations with other

symbolic allusions which may well be less than innocent:




The gnostic is not one who, when making a symbolic allusion, finds God nearer to himself than his symbolic allusion. Rather, the gnostic is the one who, because of his self-extinction in His being and self-absorption in contemplating Him, has no symbolic allusion.

The WALDEN parable The other analyses

Instead of this sort of careful analysis, what we have received from the Thoreau-watchers has been more on a level with the following supercilious material, which [Waldo Emerson](#) wrote into his journal in the July-October period of this year of 1851 so he would have something to use in Thoreau's funeral oration and then sell to the magazines — should the opportunity arise for him to deliver such a performance.

Henry Thoreau wants a little ambition in his mixture. Fault of this, instead of being the head of American Engineers, he is captain of a huckleberry party.
* * *
H.T. will not stick — he is not practically renovator. He is a boy, & will be an old boy. Pounding beans is good to the end of pounding Empires, but not, if at the end of years, it is only beans. I fancy it an inexcusable fault in him that he is insignificant here in the town. He speaks at Lyceum or other meting but somebody else speaks & his speech falls dead & is forgotten. He rails at the town doings & ought to correct & inspire them. [After a period of speaking of other topics, such as the genius of Shakspeare, which Emerson compares to the facility in calculating and memorizing of a super-smart schoolchild, he returned to the topic of Thoreau with:] One chamber more, one cell more is opened in this [Shakspeare's] brain, than is opened in all the rest, & what majestic results. I admire Thoreau, too, with his powerful arithmetic, & his whole body co-working. He can pace sixteen rods more accurately than another man can measure it by tape.



BOSTON HARBOR



CLARK'S ISLAND

July 25, Friday: Started for Clark's Island at 7 A.M.

At 9 Am took the Hingham boat and was landed at Hull. There was a pleasure party on board, apparently boys & girls belonging to the South end going to Hingham. There was a large proportion of ill-dressed and ill-mannered boys –of Irish extraction– A sad sight to behold Little boys of 12 years prematurely old sucking cigars I felt that if I were their mothers I should whip them & send them to bed. Such children should be dealt with as for stealing or impurity. The opening of this valve for the safety of the city! Oh what a wretched resource! What right have parents to beget –to bring up & attempt to **educate** children in a city– I thought of infanticide among the orientals with complacency– I seemed to hear infant voices lisp – “give us a fair chance parents.” There is no such squalidness in the country– You would have said that they must all have come from the house of correction and the farm-school –but such a company do the boys in Boston Streets make. The birds have more care for their young –where they place their nests– What are a city's charities –? She could be charitable perchance if she had a resting place without herself. A true culture is more possible to the savage than to the boy of average intellect born of average parents in a great city– I believe that they perish miserably. How can they be kept clean physically or morally? It is folly to attempt to educate children within a city –the first step must be to remove them out of it. It seemed a groping & helpless philanthropy – that I heard of.

I heard a boy telling the story of Nix's Mate to some girls as we passed that spot –how he said “If I am guilty this island will remain, but if I am innocent it will be washed away –& now it is all washed away” this was a simple & strong expression of feeling suitable to the occasion by which he committed the evidence of his innocence to the dumb-isle– Such as the boy could appreciate –a proper sailors legend –and I was reminded that it is the illiterate and unimaginative class that seizes on & transmits the legends in which the more cultivated delight. No fastidious poet dwelling in

Boston had tampered with it –no narrow poet –but broad mankind Sailors from all ports sailing by. They sitting on the deck were the literary academy that sat upon its periods.

On the beach at Hull, and afterwards all along the shore to Plymouth –I saw the Datura –the variety (red stemmed) methinks, which some call *Tatula* instead of *Stramonium*– I felt as if I was on the highway of the world at sight of this cosmopolite & veteran traveller– It told of commerce & sailors yarns without end. It grows luxuriantly in sand & gravel. This Capt. Cook among plants– This norse man or sea pirate –Viking King of the bays –the beaches. It is not an innocent plant– It suggests commerce with its attendant vices.

Saw a public House where I landed at Hull made like some barns which I have seen of boards with a cleet nailed over the cracks, without clapboards or paint– Evidently very simple & cheap –yet neat & convenient as well as airy. It interested me –as the New House at Long Island did not –as it brought the luxury & comfort of the sea shore within reach of the less wealthy– It was such an exhibition of good sense as I was not prepared for and do not remember to have seen before. Ascended to the top of the hill where is the old French Fort with the well said to be 90 feet deep now covered. I saw some horses standing on the very top of the ramparts the highest part of Hull, where there was hardly room to turn round –for the sake of the breeze. It was excessively warm, and their instincts –or their experience perchance guided them as surely to the summit as it did me. Here is the [Telegraph](#) 9 miles from Boston whose state House was just visible –moveable signs on a pole with holes in them for the passage of the wind. A man about the [Telegraph](#) Station thought it the highest point in the harbor –said they could tell the kind of vessel 30 miles off –the no at mast head 10 or 12 miles –name on hull 6 or 7 miles. They can see furthest in the fall. There is a mist summer and winter when the contrast bet. the temperature of the sea & the air is greatest. I did not see why this Hill should not be fortified as well as George’s Island, it being higher & also commanding the main channel– However an enemy could go by all the forts in the dark –as Wolfe did at Quebec They are bungling contrivances.

Here the bank is rapidly washing away –on every side in Boston Harbor– The evidences of the wasting away of the islands are so obvious and striking that they appear to be wasting faster than they are– You will sometimes see a springing hill showing by the interrupted arch of its surface against the sky how much space must have occupied where there is now water as at Pt Allerton – what Botanists call premorse



Hull looks as if it had been two islands since connected by a beach– I was struck by the gracefully curving & fantastic shore of a small island (Hog I.) inside of Hull – where every thing seemed to be gently lapsing into futurity



as if the inhabitants should bear a ripple for device on their coat of arms



–a wave passing over them with the Datura growing on their shores– The wrecks of isles fancifully arranged into a new shore. To see the sea nibbling thus voraciously at the continents.– A man at the [Telegraph](#) told me of a White oak pole 1 1/2 ft in diam. 40 feet high & 4 feet or more in the rock at Minots ledge with 4 guys –which stood only one year – – Stone piled up cob fashion near same place stood 8 years.

Hull pretty good land but bare of trees only a few cherries for the most part & mostly uncultivated being owned by few. I heard the voices of men shouting aboard a vessel half a mile from the shore which sounded as if they were in a barn in the country –they being between the sails. It was not a sea sound. It was a purely rural sound.

Man needs to know but little more than a lobster in order to catch him in his traps. Here were many lobster traps on the shore. The beds of dry seaweed or eel grass on the beach reminds me of narrow shavings On the farther hill in Hull I saw a field full of Canada thistles close up to the fences on all sides while beyond them there was none So much for these fields having been subjected to diff. culture. So a diff. culture in the case of men brings in diff. weeds. Weeds come in with the seeds – though perhaps much more in the manure. Each kind of culture will introduce its own weeds.



I am bothered to walk with those who wish to keep step with me. It is not necessary to keep step with your companion as some endeavor to do.

DIFFERENT DRUMMER

They told me at Hull that they burned the **stem** of the kelp chiefly for potash— Chemistry is not a splitting hairs when you have got half a dozen raw Irishmen in the laboratory.

As I walked on the beach (Nantasket) panting with thirst a man pointed to a white spot on the side of a distant hill (Strawberry Hill he called it) which rose from the gravelly beach, and said that there was a pure and cold and unfailing spring —and I could not help admiring that in this town of Hull of which I had heard but now for the first time saw a single spring should appear to me and should be of so much value. I found Hull indeed but there was also a spring on that parched unsheltered shore —the spring, though I did not visit it, made the deepest impression on my mind. Hull the place of the spring & of the well. This is what the traveller would remember. All that he remembered of Rome was a spring on the Capitoline Hill!

{²/₃ page missing}

rocks and the perfectly clean & rich looking rockweed —greatly enhance the pleasure of bathing here— It is the most perfect sea shore I have seen. The rockweed falls over you like the *tresses* of mermaids —& you see the propriety of that epithet— You cannot swim among these weeds and pull yourself up by them without thinking of mermen & mermaids. I found the

{²/₃ page missing}

water & fresh if you taste high enough up are all convenient to bathe your extremities in.— The barnacles on the rocks which make a whitish strip a few feet in width just above the weeds remind me of some vegetable growth which I have seen —surrounded by a circle of Calyx-like or petal-like shells like some buds or seed vessels. They too clinging to the rocks like the weeds. Lying along the seams of the rock like buttons on a waistcoat.

I saw in [Cohasset](#) —separated from the sea only by a narrow beach a very large & handsome but shallow lake, of at least 400 acres —with five rocky islets in it —which the sea had tossed over the beach in the great storm in the spring and after the alewives had passed in to it —stopped up its outlet and now the alewives were dying by thousands —& the inhabitants apprehended a pestilence as the water evaporated. The water was very foul.


The rockweed is considered the best for manure. I saw them drying the Irish moss in quantities at Jerusalem village in Cohasset— It is said to be used for sizing calico. Finding myself on the edge of a thunder storm I stopped a few moments at the Rock House in Cohasset close to the shore. There was scarcely rain enough to wet one & no wind. I was therefore surprised to hear afterward through a young man who had just returned from Liverpool that there was a severe squawl at Quarantine ground only 7 or 8 miles north-west of me such as he had not experienced for 3 years —which sunke several boats & caused some vessels to drag their anchors & come near going ashore.— Proving that the gust which struck the water there must have been of very limited breadth for I was or might have been overlooking the spot & felt no wind. This Rocky shore is called Pleasant cove on large maps — on the map of Cohasset alone the name seems to be confined to the cove where I first saw the wreck of the St John alone.

Brush island opposite this with a hut on it —not permanently inhabited— It takes but little soil to tempt men to inhabit such places. I saw here the Am. Holly *Ilex Opaca* which is not found further north than Mass. but S & west— The yellow gerardia in the woods.



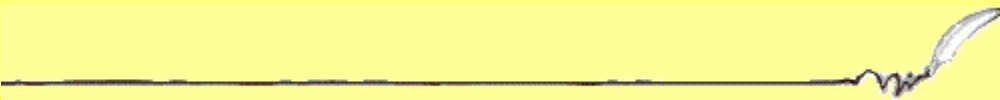
CAPE COD: I heard a boy telling the story of Nix's mate to some girls as we passed that spot. That was the name of a sailor hung there, he said. – "If I am guilty, this island will remain; but if I am innocent, it will be washed away," and now it is all washed away!

NIX'S MATE

 July 26, Saturday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) went on a trip about which he would write in [CAPE COD](#).

Within two weeks of having finished Darwin's report of his round-the-world ocean voyage, [Thoreau](#) went to the sea for an adventure of eight days. Arriving in Cohasset on July 26, 1851, he "called on Captain Snow," who regaled him with stories of great waves and told tales about his seafaring grandfather [Jean \(John\) Thoreau](#). He had commanded "a packet between Boston or New York and England" and had also run a store on Long Wharf in Boston, where fishermen "fitted out at Thoreau's."

– [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 97



At 9PM or 10PM there was a very bright, irregular [aurora borealis](#) above New England.



July 26. At [Cohasset](#)

Called on Capt. Snow who remembered hearing fishermen say that they "fitted out at Thoreau's" – remembered him. He had commanded a packet bet. Boston or New York & England –spoke of the wave which he sometimes met on the Atlantic coming against the wind & which indicated that the wind was blowing from an opposite quarter at a distance– The undulation travelling faster than the wind. They see Cape Cod loom here– Thought the Bay bet. here & Cape Ann 30 fathom deep –bet here & Cape Cod 60 or 70 fathoms. The "Annual of Sci. Discovery –" for 1851 says quoting a Mr A. G. Findley "waves travel very great distances, and are often raised by distant hurricanes, having been felt simultaneously at [St. Helena](#) & Ascension, though 600 miles apart, and it is probable that ground swells often originate at the Cape of Good Hope, 3000 miles distant."

Sailors tell of tide-rips Some are thought to be occasioned by earthquakes

The Ocean at Cohasset did not look as if any were ever shipwrecked in it –not a vestige of a wreck left– It was not grand & sublime now but beautiful The water held in the little hollows of the rocks on the receding of the tide is so crystal-pure that you cannot believe it salt. but wish to drink it The architect of a Minot rock light house might profitably spend a day studying the worn rocks of Cohasset shore & learn the power of the waves– See what kind of sand the sea is using to grind them down.

A fine delicate sea weed which some properly enough call sea-green.– Saw here the stag-horn or velvet sumack *Rhus typhinum* so called from form of young branches –a size larger than the *Rhus glabrum* common with us.– The *Plantago Maritima* or Sea Plantain properly named –I guessed its name before I knew what it was called by botanists. The Am. Sea Rocket –*Bunias edentula* I suppose

JEAN THOREAU



1851

1851

it was that I saw the succulent plant with much cut leaves & small pinkish? flowers.

EARTHQUAKES



July 27, Sunday, 1851: In Vienna, folks were exhibiting a superstitious dread of the current [eclipse](#).
On the door of the Church of the Minorites, the following “Christian invitation” was posted:

The 27th July being the eve of a great phenomenon of nature, processions will be made by the faithful to the shrines of our Lady at Maria Zell and Klein Maria Taferl, to pray for the intercession of the Queen of Heaven that no harm may happen to our beloved city of Vienna. The faithful assemble at the Convent of the Carmelites, at six in the morning, and are requested to bring with them female children clothed in white to attend the Cross.

[Henry Thoreau](#) visited the famous *Nyssa multiflora* Tupelo tree at [Cohasset, Massachusetts](#) that [George Barrell Emerson](#) had famously gone 25 miles to see, that [Isaac Sprague](#) had illustrated in 1846 in A REPORT ON THE TREES AND SHRUBS GROWING NATURALLY IN THE FORESTS OF MASSACHUSETTS. PUBLISHED AGREEABLY TO AN ORDER OF THE LEGISLATURE, BY THE COMMISSIONERS ON THE ZOOLOGICAL AND BOTANICAL SURVEY OF THE STATE:

There is a tree of this kind at Cohasset, which was first pointed out to me by the Rev. Dr. Greenwood, a man of taste, who was a lover of trees, and which we rode twenty-five miles expressly to see. It is richly worth a much longer journey. It stands in a lone pasture, half a mile or more eastward from a place called the Gulf. At the surface, just above the roots, it is eleven feet in circumference, and it is nine feet and two inches, up to the larger branches, which begin at about seven feet from the ground. The trunk loses little of its diameter for near twenty feet, although in that space, twenty large branches, and many small ones put out. These are very large, and project horizontally on every side, to a great distance, with an air of mighty strength and power of resistance. The bark is cleft into long prismatic ridges, nearly two inches high, which, on the larger branches, are broken into hexagons, with an approach to geometric regularity. It is of a mouse color, or purplish ashy gray, with white clouds of pertusaria, and greenish and bluish ash pamelias. The height is forty or fifty feet. The average breadth of the head sixty-three feet, its extreme breadth sixty-six. The whole head is of a broad, irregularly hemispherical shape, flat at top. A striking circumstance in this tree is the fact that the enormous horizontal branches push out as boldly seaward as in any other direction, though the north-east wind sweeps from the Bay in this quarter with a violence which has bent almost every other tree towards the land. I have observed many other instances of the vigor with which the tupelo stands out against the sea breeze.

EMERSON'S BOOK IN FULL

(The mackerel population off the New England coast, which had been abundant from 1825 to 1835 and then scarce from 1837 to 1845, for unexplained reasons would be going through many violent fluctuations between 1851 and 1879.)



July 27, Sunday: walked from [Cohasset](#) to Duxbury & sailed thence to Clark's Island. Visited the large Tupelo Tree *Nyssa multiflora* in Scituate whose rounded & open top like some umbelliferous plants I could see from Mr Sewal's¹²⁵ –the tree which [Geo Emerson](#) went 25 miles to see– Called sometimes Snag tree & swamp Hornbeam also Pepperidge & Gumtree. Hard to split– We have it in Concord.¹²⁶ Cardinal flower in bloom. Scit. meeting houses on very high ground – the principal one a landmark for sailors saw the buckthorn which is naturalized. one of Marshfield

CLARK'S ISLAND

MARSHFIELD

125. This Mr. Sewal of Scituate –be it remembered– was [Edmund Quincy Sewall, Sr.](#), the reverend daddy of the young lady to whom Henry Thoreau had in 1840 proposed, [Miss Ellen Devereux Sewall](#).

1851

1851

meet. houses on the height of land on my road— The country generally descends westerly toward the sources of Taunton river.—

MARSHFIELD



After taking the road by Webster's beyond South Marshfield I walked a long way at noon hot & thirsty before I could find a suitable place to sit & eat my dinner—a place where the shade & the sward pleased me. At length I was obliged to put up with a small shade close to the ruts where the only stream I had seen for some time crossed the road. Here also numerous robins [**American Robin** ■ *Turdus migratorius*] came to cool & wash themselves & to drink. They stood in the water up to their bellies from time to time wetting their wings & tails & also ducking their heads & sprinkling the water over themselves—then they sat on a fence near by to dry. Then a goldfinch [**American Goldfinch** ■ *Carduelis tristis*] came & did the same accompanied by the less brilliant

126. They did have it in Concord, and Thoreau visited this tree in Cohasset in 1851— however, the specimen that is now preserved at the Harvard herbarium as Specimen #20 in Folder #4 happens to be one collected by Thoreau in New Bedford on June 17, 1857.

PLATE 17.



TUPELO TREE (*Nyssa multiflora.*)

female. These birds evidently enjoyed their bath greatly.– & it seemed indispensable to them.



MARSHFIELD

A neighbor of Websters told me that he had had onto 1600 acres & was still buying more –a farm & factory within the year –cultivated 150 acres– I saw 12 acres of potatoes together –the same of rye & wheat & more methinks of buck wheat. 15 or 16 men Irish mostly at 10 dollars a month doing the work of 50 with a yankee overseer long a resident of Marshfield named Wright. Would eat only the produce of his farm during the few weeks he was at home –brown bread & butter –& milk –& sent out for a pig’s cheek to eat with his greens –ate only what grew on his farm but drank more than ran on his farm

Took refuge from the rain at a Mr Stetsons in Duxbury –told me an anecdote which he heard Charles Emerson tell of meeting Webster at a splendid house of ill fame in Washington where he (Emerson) had gone unwittingly to call on a lady whose acquaintance he had formed in the stage. Mr Webster coming into the room unexpectedly –& patting him on the shoulder remarks “This is no place for young men like you”¹²⁷

1637

I forgot to say that I passed the Winslow House now belonging to Webster– This land was granted to the family in 1637.

Sailed with tavern keeper Windsor who was going out mackreling. 7 men stripping up their clothes each bearing an arm full of wood & one some new potatoes walked to the boats then shoved them out a dozen rods over the mud –then rowed half a mile to the schooner of 43 tons. They expected be gone about a week & to begin to fish perhaps the next morning –fresh mackerel which they carried

127. The entirety of [Charles Chauncy Emerson](#)’s anecdote about Senator [Daniel Webster](#) at the [Washington DC](#) whorehouse would for some undisclosed reason (certainly not to save the reputation of our nation’s capitol city, since it was during this period widely renowned for its many whorehouses) be silently elided by the editors of the 1906 edition of Thoreau’s journal.

HDT

WHAT?

INDEX

1851

1851



CHARLES CHAUNCY EMERSON

1851

1851

to Boston. Had 4 dories & commonly fished from them. Else they fished on the starboard side aft where their lines hung ready with the old baits on 2 to a man I had the experience of going on a mackerel cruise.



They went aboard their schooner in a leisurely way this Sunday evening with a fair but very slight wind— The sun now setting clear & shining on the vessel after several thunder showers. I was struck by the small quantity of supplies which they appeared to take. We climbed aboard and there we were in a mackerel schooner— The baits were not dry on the hooks. Windsor cast overboard the foul juice of mackerels mixed with rain water which remained in his trough. There was the mill in which to grind up the mackerel for bait —& the trough to hold it & the long handled dipper to cast it overboard with. and already in the harbor we saw the surface rippled with schools of small mackerel. They proceeded leisurely to weigh anchor —& then to raise their two sails— There was one passenger going for health or amusement —who had been to California. I had the experience of going a mackereling —though I was landed on an island before we got out of the harbor. They expected to commence fishing the next morning. It had been a very warm day with frequent thunder showers— I had walked from Cohasset to Duxbury —& had walked about the latter town to find a passage to Clarks Island about 3 miles distant. But no boat could stir they said at that state of the tide.¹²⁸ The tide was down & boats were left high & dry At length I was directed to Windsors tavern where perchance I might find some mackerel fishers who were going to sail that night to be ready for fishing in the morning —& as they would pass near the island they would take me. I found it so Windsor himself was going— I told him he was the very man for me —but I must wait an hour— So I ate supper with them— Then one after another of his crew was seen straggling to the shore —for the most part in high boots —some made of India rubber —some with their pants stripped up —there were 7 for this schooner beside a passenger & myself The leisurely manner in which they proceeded struck me. I had taken off my

128. Here Thoreau begins to tell the same story all over again in a different form, and the editors of the 1906 edition of the journal would inform us that the reason for this repetition is clear to them — that this repetition indicated that Thoreau was preparing the account, to make use of it later in [CAPE COD](#).

shoes & stockings & prepared to wade. Each of the 7 took an armful of pine wood & walked with it to the 2 boats which lay at high water mark in the mud –then they resolved that each should bring one more armful & that would be enough. They had already got a barrel of water and had some more in the schooner –also a bucket of new potatoes. Then dividing into two parties we pulled & shoved the boats a dozen rods over the mud & water till they floated –then rowed half a mile or more over the shallow water to the little schooner & climbed aboard– many seals had their heads out– We gathered about the helmsman and talked about the compass which was affected by the iron in the vessel, &c &c



CLARK’S ISLAND

Clark’s Island Sunday night

On Friday night Dec 8th o.s. the Pilgrims exploring in the shallop landed on Clark’s Island (so called from the Master’s mate of the May Flower) where they spent 3 nights & kept their first sabbath. On Monday or the 11th o.s. they landed on the rock. This island contains about 86 acres and was once covered with red cedars which were sold at Boston for gate posts– I saw a few left –one 2 ft in diameter at the ground –which was probably standing when the pilgrims came. Ed. Watson who could remember them nearly fifty years –had observed but little change in them. Hutchinson calls this one of the best islands in Mass. Bay. The Town kept it at first as a sacred place –but finally sold it in 1690 to Sam. Lucas, Elkanah Watson, & Geo. Morton. Saw a Stag’s horn Sumach 5 or 6 inches in diameter and 18 ft high– Here was the Marsh golden rod Solidago laevigata –not yet in blossom –a small bluish flower in the marshes which they called rosemary –a kind of Chenopodium which appeared distinct from the common –and a short oval leaved set looking plant which I suppose is Glaux Maritima sea milkwort or Saltwort.

1690



Scates-eggs called in England Scate-barrows from their form on the sand. The old cedars were flat-topped spreading the stratum of the wind drawn out–

BOSTON HARBOR



1851

1851



July 28, Monday, [1851](#): Camille Saint-Saëns won 1st prize in organ at the Paris Conservatoire. He so outdistanced his competition that neither 2d prize nor honorable mention were awarded.

[Hector Berlioz](#) departed London for Paris.

On July 4th an old man who acted as superintendent in a brick-field, John Ayton, had been bringing money from Lord Leicester to pay the workmen in Holkham plantation when he was shot dead. The money had been found on Henry Groom's person wrapped in a piece of letter taken from Ayton's pocketbook. On this day Groom, having made a full confession, was sentenced to death at [Norwich, England](#). He would be executed on the 6th of August.

The [eclipse](#) of the sun was imperfectly seen in London, its sky being cloudy, but elsewhere this would be the 1st solar eclipse to be photographed. [Harvard Observatory](#) managed to make a series of 4 Daguerreotypes of the succeeding phases of the eclipse (#7292) as it passed from west to east across upper Canada but was, from their off-path viewpoint in Cambridge, Massachusetts, viewable and photographable only as if it had been a

mere partial eclipse.

PHOTOGRAPHY



This eclipse, however, continued on and was also total along its path over Königsberg, Prussia, where Berkowski was also able also to expose Daguerreograph plates, and on down to Persia (it would be Berkowski who would obtain credit for the 1st successful Daguerreotype of a total eclipse).



July 28, Monday: morn

Sailed the Gurnet. which runs down seven miles into the bay from Marshfield. Heard the *peep* of the *beach bird* –saw some ring-necks in company with peeps. They told of eagles [**Bald Eagle** **Haliaeetus leucocephalus** (~~White-headed Eagle~~)] which had flown low over the island lately– went by Saquish.– Gathered a basket full of Irish-moss bleached on the beach. Saw a field full of pink-blossomed potatoes at the light house –remarkably luxuriant & full of blossoms –also some French barley. Old fort & barracks by light house. Visited lobster houses or huts there where they use lobsters to catch bait for lobsters Saw on the shanties signs from ships as “Justice Story”

CLARK'S ISLAND

& "Margueritta". To obtain bait is sometimes the main thing.— Samphire [*Salicornia*] which they pickle —also a kind of prickly samphire which I suppose is Salt-wort or *Salsola Caroliniana*. Well at C. Island [Clark's Island] 27 ³/₄ ft deep. Cut the rock weed on the rocks at low tide once in 2 or 3 years —very valuable more than they have time to save.

Uncle Ned told of a man who went off fishing from back of Welfleet in calm weather & with great difficulty got ashore through the surf. Those in the other boat who had landed were unwilling to take the responsibility of telling them when to pull for shore —the one who had the helm was inexperienced. They were swamped at once— So treacherous is this shore —before the wind comes perchance the sea may run so as to upset & drown you on the shore. At first they thought to pull for Provincetown but night was coming on & that was distant many a long mile. Their case was a desperate one —when they came near the shore & saw the terrific breakers that intervened they were deterred. They were thoroughly frightened.

Were troubled with skunks on this Island —they must have come over on the ice. Foxes they had seen —had killed one woodchuck —even a large *mud-turtle* —which they *conjectured some bird must have dropped* muskrats they had seen & killed 2 raccoons once. I went clamming just before night. this the clam-digger—



"UNCLE NED" WATSON
"UNCLE BILL" WATSON

Borrowed of uncle Bill (Watson) in his schooner home The clams nearly a foot deep —but I broke many in digging said not to be good now —but we found them good eaten fresh. No sale for them now —fetch 25 cts a bucket in their season. Barry caught squids as bait for bass. We found many dead clams —the shells full of sand —called sand clams— By a new clam law any one can dig clams here. Brown's Island so called —a shoal off the Gurnet thought to have been an isle once —a dangerous place. Saw here fences the posts set in cross sleepers made to be removed in winter.



The finest music in a menagerie its wildest strains have something in them akin to the cries of the tigers & leopards around in their native forests— Those strains are not unfitted to the assemblage of wild beasts— They express to my ear what the Tigers stripes & the leopards spots express to my eye —& the they appear to grin with satisfaction at the sound. That nature has any place at all for music is very good.



July 29, Tuesday, 1851: Father [Isaac Hecker](#), CSSR wrote to [Orestes Augustus Brownson](#), Esq.



In Naples, [Italy](#), Annibale de Gasparis sighted the asteroid [15 Eunomia](#).

ASTRONOMY

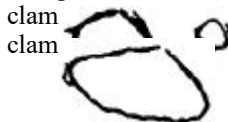


July 29, Tuesday: A NE wind with rain —but the sea is the wilder for it. I heard the surf roar on the Gurnet the night —which as uncle Ned & Freeman said showed that the wind would work round east and we should have rainy weather— It was the wave reaching the shore before the wind. The ocean was heaped up somewhere to the eastward and this roar was occasioned by its effort to preserve its equilibrium. The rut of the sea In the afternoon I sailed to Plymouth 3 miles notwithstanding the drizzling rain or "drisk" as Uncle Ned called it. We passed round the head of Plymouth beach which is 3 miles long— I did not know till afterward that I had landed where the Pilgrims did & passed over the rock on Hedges Wharf— Returning we had more wind & tacking to do. Saw many seals together on a flat. Singular that these strange animals should be so abundant here & yet the man who lives a few miles inland never hear of them. To him there is no report of the sea —though he may read the Plymouth paper. The Boston papers do not tell us that they have seals in the Harbor. The inhabitants of Plymouth do not seem to be aware of it— I always think of seals in

PLYMOUTH ROCK

CLARK'S ISLAND

connexion with Esquimaux or some other outlandish people –not in connexion with those who live on the shores of Boston & Plymouth harbors.– Yet from their windows they may daily see a family seals –the seal phoca vitulinus –collected on a flat or sporting in the waves I saw one dashing through the waves just ahead of our boat going to join his companions on the bar –as strange to me as the merman. No less wild essentially than when the Pilgrims came is this Harbor. It being low tide we landed on a flat which makes out from Clark's Island to while away the time –(not being able to get quite up yet– I found numerous large holes of the sea clam in this sand –(no small clams) and dug them out easily & rapidly with my hands –could have got a large quantity in a short time. but here they do not eat them –think they will make you sick. They were not so deep in the sand not more than 4 or 5 inches I saw where one had squirted full ten feet before the wind. as appeared by the marks of the drops on the sand– Some small ones I found not more than $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in length– (Le Barron brought me round clam or qua-hog alive with a very thick shell & not so nearly an isosceles triangle as the Sea clam –more like this with a protuberance on the back –the sea clam



–A small narrow clam  which they called the bank clam

"UNCLE NED" WATSON

–also crab cases handsomely spotted –small crabs always in a cockle shell if not in a case of his own.– A cockle as large as my fist –muscles small ones empty shells, an extensive bank where they had died –occasionally a large deep sea muscles which some kelp had brought-up. We caught some sand eels 7 or eight inches long– Ammodytes tobianus according to Storer & not the A. lancea of Yarrell though the size of the last comes nearer. They were in the shallow pools left on the sand (the flat was here pure naked yellowish sand) & quickly buried them selves when pursued.– They are used as bait for basse. Found some sand circles or sand paper –like top of a stone jug cut off with a large nose.– said to be made by the foot of the large cockle which has some glutinous matter on it. The nidus of the animal of natica cells with eggs in sand. A circle of sand about as thick as thick pasteboard It reminded me of the cadisworm cases. Scate-barrows &c &c. I observed the shell of a sea-clam one valve of which was filled exactly even full with sand –evenly as if it had been heaped & then scraped off as when men measure by the peck– This was a fresher one of the myriad sand clams –& it suggested to me how the stone clams which I had seen on Cape Cod might have been formed– Perchance a clam shell was the mould in which they were cast –& a slight hardening of the level surface –before the whole is turned to stone causes them to split in two. The sand was full of stone clams in the mould. I saw the kelp attached to stones half as big as my head which it had transported. I do not think I ever saw the kelp in situ –also attached to a deep-sea muscle. The kelp is like a broad ruffled belt– The middle portion is thicker & flat –the edges for 2 or 3 inches thinner & fuller so that it is frilled or ruffled –as if the edges had been hammered. The extremity is generally worn & ragged from the lashing of the waves. It is the prototype of a fringed belt. Uncle Ned said that the cows ate it. We saw in the shallow water a long **round** green grass 6 or 8 feet long clogging up the channel. Round grass I think they called it. We caught a lobster as you might catch a mud turtle in the country –in the shallow water –pushing him ashore with the paddle– Taking hold of his tail to avoid being bitten. They are obliged to put wooden plugs or wedges beside their claws to prevent their tearing each other to pieces. All weeds are bleached on the beach. This sailing on salt water was something new to me. The boat is such a living creature– Even this clumsy one sailing within 5 points of the wind. The sail boat is an admirable invention by which you compel the wind to transport you even against itself– It is easier to guide than a horse –the slightest pressure on the tiller suffices. I think the inventor must have been greatly surprised as well as delighted at the success of his experiment. It is so contrary to expectation –as if the elements were disposed to favor you. This deep unfordable sea –but this wind ever blowing over it to transport you. At 10 PM –it was perfectly fair & bright starlight.



July 30, Wednesday, 1851: In Essex, Connecticut a group of shipmasters, businessmen, and entrepreneurs formed the [Essex Savings Bank](#), under President Henry L. Champlin, a sea captain. The bank would receive an initial deposit, of \$150, from Susan Pratt. This bank is still in existence, with its six branch offices all in Connecticut.



July 30, Wednesday: The house here stands within a grove of balm of gileads –horse-chestnuts –cherries apples & plums –&c Uncle bill who lives in his schooner –not turned up Numidian fashion but anchored in the mud –whom I meant to call on yesterday morn –lo! had run over to “The Pines” last evening –fearing an easterly storm. He out rode the great gale in the spring alone in the harbor dashing about– He goes after rockweed –lighters vessels & saves wrecks– Now I see him lying in the mud over at the Pines in the horizon. which place he cannot leave if he will till flood tide –but he will not it seems. This waiting for the tide is a singular feature in the life by the shore. In leaving your boat today you must always have reference to what you are going to do the next day. A frequent answer is “Well, you cant start for two hours yet.” It is something new to a landsman –& at first he is not disposed to wait. I saw some heaps of shells left by the Indians near the N end of the Island. They were a rod in diameter & a foot or more high in the middle –& covered with a shorter & greener grass than the surrounding field. found one imperfect arrowhead. At 10 AM sailed to Websters –past Powder point in Duxbury –we could see his land from the island. I was steersman and learned the meaning of some nautical phrases –“luff” to keep the boat close to the wind till the sails begin to flap. “bear-away” to put the sail more at right angles with the wind. A “close-haul” when the sails are brought & belayed nearly or quite in a line with the vessel.

On the marshes we saw patches of a “**black** grass” A large field of wheat at Websters –half a dozen acres at least –many appletrees –3 thorned accacias –tulip trees –cranberry experiment sea weed spread under his [tomatoes](#)– Wild geese with black & gray heads & necks [[Canada Goose](#) [Branta canadensis](#)] –not so heavy & clumsy as the tame Bremens– Large noisy Hong-kong geese. handsome calves. (3000? acres of marsh) Talked with Websters nearest neighbor Capt. Hewit whose small farm he surrounds & endeavors in vain to buy. A fair specimen of a retired Yankee sea Captain turned farmer –proud of the quantity of carrots he had raised on a small patch. It was better husbandry than Websters. He told a story of his buying a cargo for his owners at St Petersburg just as Peace was declared in the last war. These men are not so remarkable for anything as the quality of hardness. The very fixidness & rigidity of their jaws & necks express a sort of adamant hardness. This is what they have learned by contact with the elements. The man who does not grow rigid with years & experience! Where is he? What avails it to grow hard merely –the harder you are the more brittle really –like the bones of the old– How much rarer & better to grow mellow–

A sort of stone fruit the man bears commonly –a bare stone it is without any sweet and mellow pericarp around it. It is like the peach which has dried to the stone as the season advanced –it is dwindled to a dry stone with its almond. In presence of one of these hard men I think “how brittle, how easily you would crack –what a poor & lame conclusion. I can think of nothing but a stone in his head. Truly genial men do not grow. It is the result of despair this attitude of resistance. They behave like men already driven to the wall. Notwithstanding that the speaker trembles with infirmity while he speaks (his hand on the spade –) it is such a trembling as betrays a stony nature. His hand trembles so that the full glass of cider which he prizes to a drop will have lost half its contents before it reaches his lips –as if a tempest had arisen in it. Hopelessly hard. But there is another view of him. He is somebody. He has an opinion to express if you will wait to hear him.– A certain manliness & refreshing resistance is in him. He generally makes Webster a call. but Webster does not want to see you more than 20 minutes. It does not take him long to say all he had got to say. He had not seen him to speak to him since he had come home this time. he had sent him over a couple of fine [cod](#) the night before.– Such a man as Hewit sees not finely but coarsely. The eagle given by Lawrence on the hill in the buckwheat field.




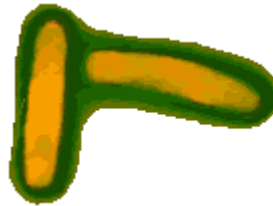
1851

1851

“Quiet Desperation”

CLARK’S ISLAND
BOSTON HARBOR
“UNCLE NED” WATSON
“UNCLE BILL” WATSON

 Toward the end of July [1851](#): The situation was fraught, it was a setup, a middle-aged man was about to make a fool of himself over a well-endowed young lady. Fortunately, a Boston society lady had options, could chose to escape from the heat of the city summer and the passion of the middle-aged fool by a holiday excursion to New Hampshire and to [Brattleboro, Vermont](#). There, while [Miss Ednah Dow Littlehale](#) and [Bronson Alcott](#) were exchanging a series of very nice letters in which she was laying out an agenda to become his assistant in a prospective school (following in the footsteps of a number of previous ladies such as her own beloved instructor [Margaret Fuller](#)), she was also meeting and being romanced by one [Seth Wells Cheney](#), an artist 41 years of age, a man who had made a considerable amount of money in the silk trade but whose young wife had died a year earlier of [tuberculosis](#).

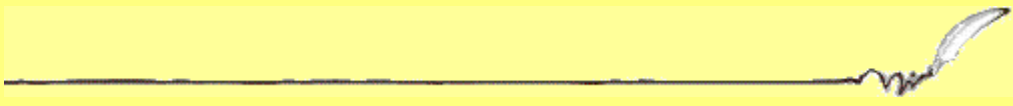


Mister Eligible, let me feel your pain! The couple climbed [Mount Monadnock](#) together for the sunset, and then descended that mountain — together — in the dark.



Fuller's former pupil Ednah Littlehale was not the only person who was profiting from the memory of her during this July-October period. [Waldo Emerson](#) has recorded some of these activities in his journal:

Elizabeth Palmer Peabody ransacks her memory for anecdotes of Margaret's youth, her selfdevotion, her disappointments which she tells with fervency, but I find myself always putting the previous question. These things have no value, unless they lead somewhere. If a Burns, if a De Stael, if an artist is the result, our attention is preengaged; but quantities of rectitude, mountains of merit, chaos of ruins, are of no account without result - 'tis all mere nightmare; false instincts; wasted lives. Now, unhappily, Margaret's writing does not justify any such research. All that can be said, is, that she represents an interesting hour & group in American cultivation; then, that she was herself a fine, generous, inspiring, vinous, eloquent talker, who did not outlive her influence; and a kind of justice requires of us a monument, because crowds of vulgar people taunt her with want of position.



ELIZABETH PALMER PEABODY

1851

1851



July 31, Thursday, 1851: At Ramsgate near the London Great Exhibition, a 20-year-old aristocratic Russian traveler named Helena Petrovna von Hahn (Blavatsky) made an entry in her diary: “*Nuit mémorable. Certaine nuit par un clair de lune qui se couchait à — Ramsgate ... — lorsque je rencontraï le Maître de mes Rêves.*” Later, asked about this curious entry by a devotee, she would explain that “Ramsgate” had been a code she was using for the high Himalayas, and that this mysterious Master of her Dreams had been Master Morya, a Tibetan sage and a brother of the Great White Brotherhood of Masters. Madame Blavatsky, we see, was an adept in the literature produced by [Edward George Earle Bulwer-Lytton](#).

HISTORY OF RR

The 5’6” gauge or “broad gauge” was adopted as the standard gauge for Ontario and Quebec (this broad gauge would be used until about 1870, after which there would be a gradual change to the now-standard 4’ 8 1/2” gauge).

[Henry Thoreau](#) visited his friends [Benjamin Marston Watson](#) and [Mary Russell Watson](#), who lived near [Plymouth](#).

CLARK’S ISLAND
 BOSTON HARBOR



July 31, Thursday: Those same round shells (*Scutella parma (placenta)* ?) on the sand as at Cape Cod, the live ones reddish the dead white— Went off early this morning with Uncle Ned to catch bass with the small fish I had found on the sand the night before— 2 of his neighbor Albert Watson’s boys were there —not James the oldest —but Edward the sailor & Mortimer —(or Mort —) in their boat They killed some striped basse (*Labrax lineatus*) with paddles in a shallow creek in the sand —& caught some lobsters. I remarked that the sea shore was singularly clean for notwithstanding the spattering of the water & mud & squirting of the clams & wading to & fro the boat my best black pants retained no stains nor dirt as they would acquire from walking in the country. I caught a bass with a young — haik? (perchance) trailing 30 feet behind while Uncle Ned paddled.— They catch them in England with a “trawl-net” sometimes they weigh 75 lbs here

“UNCLE NED” WATSON

At 11 AM set sail to Plymouth. We went somewhat out of a direct course to take advantage of the tide which was coming in. Saw the site of the first house which was burned —on Leyden Street —walked up the same. —parallel with the Town Brook. Hill from which Billington Sea was discovered hardly a mile from the shore on Watsons grounds. Watsons Hill where treaty was made across brook South of Burying Hill At [Marston] Watsons— The Oriental Plane— *Abies Douglasii*— ginkgo tree q.v. on Common. —a foreign hardhack —Eng. oak —dark colored small leaf —Spanish chestnut. Chinese arbor-vitæ— Norway spruce like our fir balsam— A new kind of fir-balsam— Black eagle one of the good cherries— fuchsias in hot house— Earth bank covered with cement.

PEREGRINE WHITE

[Mr Thomas Russel](#) —who cannot be 70 —at whose house on Leyden st. I took tea & spent the evening —told me that he remembered to have seen Ebenezer Cobb a nat. of Plymouth who died in Kingston in 1801 aged 107 who remembered to have had personal knowledge of Peregrine White saw him an old man riding on horse back —(he lived to be 83)— White was born at Cape Cod harbor before the Pilgrims got to Plymouth— C. Sturgis’s mother told me the same of herself at the same time. She remembered Cobb sitting in an arm chair like the one she herself occupied with his silver locks falling about his shoulders twirling one thumb over the other— Russell told me that he once bought some *primitive* woodland in P. which was sold at auction the biggest Pitch pines 2 ft diameter —for 8 *shillings* an acre— If he had bought enough it would have been a pasture. There is still forest in this town which the axe has not touched says Geo. Bradford. According to Thatchers Hist. of P. there were 11,662 acres of woodland in ’31. or 20 miles square. Pilgrims first saw Bil. sea about Jan 1st —visited it Jan 8th.



The oldest stone in the Plymouth Burying ground 1681 (Coles? hill where those who died the first winter were buried —said to have been levelled & sown to conceal loss from Indians.) Oldest on our hill 1677 In Mrs Plympton’s Garden on Leyden st. running down to Town Brook. Saw an abundance of pears —gathered excellent June-eating apples —saw a large lilack about 8 inches diameter—

Methinks a soil may improve when at length it has shaded itself with vegetation.
 Wm S Russel the Registrer at the Court House showed the oldest Town records. for all are preserved
 –on 1st page a plan of Leyden st dated Dec. 1620 –with names of settlers. They have a great many
 folios. The writing plain. Saw the charter granted by the Plymouth Company to the Pilgrims signed
 by Warwick date 1629 & the box in which it was brought over with the seal.
 Pilgrim Hall– They used to crack off pieces of the Forefathers Rock for visitors with a cold chisel
 till the town forbade it. The stone remaining at wharf is about 7 ft square. Saw 2 old arm chairs that
 came over in the May flower.– the large picture by Sargent.– Standish’s sword.– gun barrel with
 which Philip was killed – – mug & pocket-book of Clark the mate– Iron pot of Standish.– Old pipe
 tongs. Ind relics a flayer

KING PHILLIP
 PLYMOUTH ROCK



a pot or mortar of a kind of fire proof stone very hard–



only 7 or 8 inches long. A Commission from Cromwell to Winslow? –his signature torn off. They
 talk of a monument on the rock. The burying hill 165 ft high. Manomet 394 ft high by state map.
 Saw more pears at Washburn’s garden. No graves of Pilgrims.
 Seaweed generally used along shore– Saw the *Prinos glabra*, inkberry at Bil. sea. Sandy plain with
 oaks of various kinds cut in less than 20 yrs– No communication with Sandwich– P end of
 world 50 miles thither by rail road– Old. Colony road poor property. Nothing saves P. but the rock.
 Fern-leaved beach–
 Saw the King crab *Limulus polyphemus* –horseshoe & saucepan fish –at the island covered with sea
 green & buried in the sand –for concealment.
 In P. the *Convolvulus arvensis* –small Bindweed.

CLARK’S ISLAND
 BOSTON HARBOR



1851

1851

AUGUST 1851

➡ August [1851](#): [Dr. Joseph Leidy](#) was elected a Fellow of the College of Physicians of [Philadelphia](#).

➡ August [1851](#): The tuppence weekly journal of Charles Dickens, [Household Words](#), offered a long historical study “[Ice](#)” produced by Henry Morley with the collaboration of Dickens’s sub-editor, W.H. Wills.

COOLNESS

➡ August [1851](#): At Johannis Island, east of Africa, US forces from the sloop of war SS *Dale* exacted vengeance for the manner in which the captain of an American whaling brig had there been unlawful imprisoned.

US MILITARY INTERVENTIONS

➡ August [1851](#): This month’s issue of [Harper’s New Monthly Magazine](#).

CONSULT THIS ISSUE


➡ August [1851](#): Recalling [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)’s tale “Egotism, or the Bosom Serpent,” [Henry Thoreau](#) asked himself:

How many ova have I swallowed? Who knows what will be hatched within me? There were some seeds of thought, methinks, floating in that water, which are expanding in me. The man must not drink of the running streams, the living waters, who is not prepared to have all nature reborn in him, – to suckle monsters. The snake in my stomach lifts his head to my mouth at the sound of running water. When was it that I swallowed a snake? I have got rid of the snake in my stomach. I drank of stagnant waters once. That accounts for it. I caught him by the throat and drew him out, and had a well day after all. Is there not such a thing as getting rid of the snake which you have swallowed when young, when thoughtless you stooped and drank at stagnant waters, which has worried you in your waking hours and in your sleep ever since, and appropriated the life that was yours? Will he not ascend into your mouth at the sound of running water? Then catch him boldly by the head and draw him out, though you may think his tail be curled about your vitals.

THE BOSOM SERPENT

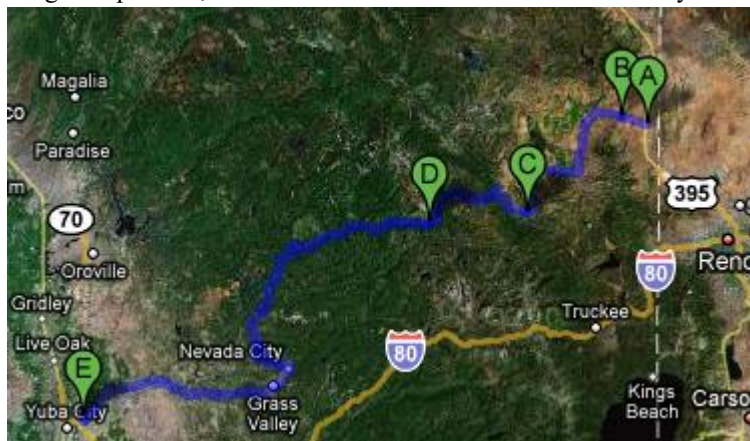
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 August 1851: The treaty of Mendota. Between this treaty and the treaty of Traverse des Sioux that had been entered into in July of this year, the Dakota territories of Minnesota had been reduced by 24,000,000 acres. The bands had remaining only a ten-mile strip of reservation land on each side of the Minnesota River (and soon would lose first half that, then all of it).



James Pierson Beckwourth led the 1st intact wagon train to pass over the Sierra Nevada into Marysville, California (a town named in honor of Mary Murphy, a survivor of the Donner Party disaster of Winter 1846/1847). On the Google map below, “B” is the Beckwourth Pass and “E” is Marysville:



He then discovered that since he was not considered to be a white man, he had no standing to file a lawsuit in a California court and could not oblige the merchants of the town to honor the agreement into which they had entered. During the following decade an estimated 10,000 people would use the trail he had created to

Marysville in the western foothills of the Sierra Nevada.



In [San Francisco, California](#):

Organization of the "Society of California Pioneers." The objects of this society were declared, in the words of the constitution, to be "to cultivate the social virtues of its members, to collect and preserve information connected with the early settlement and conquest of the country, and to perpetuate the memory of those whose sagacity, enterprise, and love of independence, induced them to settle in the wilderness, and become the germ of a new State." The society "shall be composed of native Californians; foreigners residing in California previous to the conquest; and natives of other States and other countries, if citizens of the United States, resident here prior to January 1st, 1849, and their male descendants, who shall constitute the first class; and citizens of the old States of the Federal Government who shall have resided in California prior to January 1st, 1850, and their male descendants, who shall constitute the second class; and honorary members, who may be admitted in accordance with what may be prescribed in the by-laws." The admission fees, which are now [1854] ten dollars, and a monthly subscription of a dollar, payable half-yearly in advance, and all funds arising therefrom or by donation, shall be safely invested, and the income arising therefrom shall be appropriated to charitable purposes, exclusively for the use and benefit of the widows and orphans of pioneer immigrants, members of this society." A list of the members in April, 1854, with the dates of their respective arrivals in [California](#), their present residences, and the office-bearers of that year, appear in the Appendix. Here we may only name the first office-bearers of the society. They were as follows: President: - William D.M. Howard. Vice-Presidents. Jacob R. Snyder, Samuel Brannan, G. Frank Lemon. Recording Secretary. Assistant Recording Secretary. Joseph L. Folsom. J.C.L. Wadsworth. Corresponding Secretary. Treasurer. Edwin Bryant. Talbot H. Green. Assistant Corresponding Secretaries. W.O. Parker and A.J. Grayson. Board of Directors, James O. Ward, H.W. Halleck, J. Mead Huxley, James O. Low, J.D. Stevenson, R.M. Sherman, Samuel Kyburn, James Hall, Henry Gerke, G.K. Winner, Robert Wells, G.W. Vincent, H.A. Schoolcraft, J.B. Frisbie, R.A. Parker, William Blackburn, John

Wilson, W.H. Davis.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

Read Henry Thoreau's Journal for August 1851 (æf. 34)

August 1, Friday, 1851: In New Bedford, on this anniversary of the emancipation of the slaves of the British West Indies, there was a particularly large procession, which drew the New-York Cadets accompanied by the New-York Brass Band. Guest speakers included Charles Lenox Remond, a liberty orator from Salem, and Robert Morris, a black lawyer from Boston.

ABOLITIONISM

In Virginia, at a Reform Constitutional Convention on this anniversary of the emancipation of the slaves of the British West Indies, it was decided that all adult white males should be awarded the privilege of the vote.

EMANCIPATION DAY

August 1, Friday, 1851: We learn from a couple of incidental mentions in the journal, that at this point Henry Thoreau was in the process of studying the 16 volumes of the Baron Cuvier's THE ANIMAL KINGDOM, 129

- ANIMAL KINGDOM, 1
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ANIMAL KINGDOM, 3
ANIMAL KINGDOM, 4
ANIMAL KINGDOM, 5
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ANIMAL KINGDOM, 16





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1851

[Louis Agassiz](#) and Augustus A. Gould's PRINCIPLES OF ZOOLOGY, and [Peter Kalm](#)'s TRAVELS INTO NORTH AMERICA. He stopped by the Boston Society of Natural History to return 2 books, one of them Volume I of the MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES, new series, and check out the MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES, Volume IV, Part 1, and Friend [William Bartram](#)'s [botanical](#) TRAVELS THROUGH NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA, EAST AND WEST FLORIDA, THE CHEROKEE COUNTRY, THE EXTENSIVE TERRITORIES OF THE MUSCOGULGES, OR CREEK CONFEDERACY, AND

129. In 1827 the initial five volumes were printed, the 1st four as THE CLASS MAMMALIA / ARRANGED BY THE BARON CUVIER, WITH SPECIFIC DESCRIPTIONS BY EDWARD GRIFFITH, CHARLES HAMILTON SMITH AND EDWARD PIDGEON and the 5th as SYNOPSIS OF THE SPECIES OF THE CLASS MAMMALIA, AS ARRANGED WITH REFERENCE TO THEIR ORGANIZATION BY CUVIER AND OTHER NATURALISTS: WITH SPECIFIC CHARACTERS, SYNONYMA, &C. &C. In 1829 volumes 6, 7, and 8 appeared as THE CLASS AVES / ARRANGED BY THE BARON CUVIER, WITH SPECIFIC DESCRIPTIONS BY EDWARD GRIFFITH AND EDWARD PIDGEON, THE ADDITIONAL SPECIES INSERTED IN THE TEXT OF CUVIER BY JOHN EDWARD GRAY. In 1830 the 11th volume appeared out of sequence, as THE FOSSIL REMAINS OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM / BY EDWARD PIDGEON. In 1831 the 9th volume appeared as THE CLASS REPTILIA / ARRANGED BY THE BARON CUVIER, WITH SPECIFIC DESCRIPTIONS BY EDWARD GRIFFITH AND EDWARD PIDGEON. In 1832 the 14th and 15th volumes appeared out of sequence, as THE CLASS INSECTA / ARRANGED BY THE BARON CUVIER, WITH SUPPLEMENTARY ADDITIONS TO EACH ORDER BY EDWARD GRIFFITH AND EDWARD PIDGEON, AND NOTICES OF NEW GENERA AND SPECIES BY GEORGE GRAY. In 1833 the 13th volume appeared out of sequence, as THE CLASSES ANNELIDA, CRUSTACEA, AND ARACHNIDA / ARRANGED BY THE BARON CUVIER, WITH SUPPLEMENTARY ADDITIONS TO EACH ORDER BY EDWARD GRIFFITH AND EDWARD PIDGEON. In 1834 the 10th volume appeared as THE CLASS PISCES / ARRANGED BY THE BARON CUVIER, WITH SUPPLEMENTARY ADDITIONS BY EDWARD GRIFFITH AND CHARLES HAMILTON SMITH and the 12th volume appeared as THE MOLLUSCA AND RADIATA / ARRANGED BY THE BARON CUVIER, WITH SUPPLEMENTARY ADDITIONS TO EACH ORDER BY EDWARD GRIFFITH AND EDWARD PIDGEON. The final, 16th, volume of the set, of which I am unable at present to provide electronic copy, was unnumbered and undated and bore the title A CLASSIFIED INDEX AND SYNOPSIS OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM ARRANGED IN CONFORMITY WITH ITS ORGANIZATION, BY THE BARON CUVIER ..., WITH SUPPLEMENTARY ADDITIONS TO EACH ORDER, BY EDWARD GRIFFITH ... AND OTHERS (this final volume included "A tabular view of the classification of animals adopted by the Baron Cuvier; with specific examples").

THE COUNTRY OF THE CHACTAWS.



PEOPLE OF WALDEN

WALDEN: The customs of some savage nations might, perchance be profitably imitated by us, for they at least go through the semblance of casting their slough annually; they have the idea of the thing, whether they have the reality or not. Would it not be well if we were to celebrate such a "busk," or "feast of first fruits," as Bartram describes to have been the custom of the Mucclasse Indians? "When a town celebrates the busk," says he, "having previously provided themselves with new clothes, new pots, pans, and other household utensils and furniture, they collect all their worn out clothes and other despicable things, sweep and cleanse their houses, squares, and the whole town, of their filth, which with all the remaining grain and other old provisions they cast together into one common heap, and consume it with fire. After having taken medicine, and fasted for three days, all the fire in town is extinguished. During this fast they abstain from the gratification of every appetite and passion whatever. A general amnesty is proclaimed; all malefactors may return to their town."

"On the fourth morning, the high priest, by rubbing dry wood together, produces new fire in the public square, from whence every habitation in the town is supplied with the new and pure flame."

They then feast on the new corn and fruits and dance and sing for three days, "and the four following days they receive visits and rejoice with their friends from neighboring towns who have in like manner purified and prepared themselves."

The Mexicans also practised a similar purification at the end of every fifty-two years, in the belief that it was time for the world to come to an end.

I have scarcely heard of a truer sacrament, that is, as the dictionary defines it, "outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," than this, and I have no doubt that they were originally inspired directly from Heaven to do thus, though they have no biblical record of the revelation.

AUGUSTINE
WILLIAM BARTRAM
NOAH WEBSTER



WM. BARTRAM'S BOOK



left at 9 AM Aug. 1st

After Kingston –came Plympton Halifax & Hanson all level with frequent cedar swamps especially the last –also in Weymouth.

Desor & Cabot think the jelly-fish (oecania tubulosa are buds from a polyp of Genus Lyncoryne.) Desor accounting for suspended moisture or fogs over sand banks (or shoals) says the heat being abstracted by radiation the moisture is condensed in form of fog.

Lieut Walsh lost his lead & wire when 34,200 or more than 6 statute miles had run out perpendicularly.

I could make a list of things ill-managed– We Yankees do not deserve our fame. viz:

I went to a menagerie the other day. The proprietors had taken wonderful pains to collect rare and interesting animals from all parts of the world. And then placed by them –a few stupid and ignorant fellows who knew little or nothing about the animals & were unwilling even to communicate the little they knew. You catch a rare creature interesting to all mankind & then place the first biped that comes along with but a grain more reason in him to exhibit & describe the former– At the expense of Millions this rare quadruped from the sun is obtained, and then Jack Halyard or Tom Coach Whip is hired to explain it. Why all this pains taken to catch in Africa –and no pains taken to exhibit in America? Not a cage was labelled– There was nobody to tell us how or where the animals were caught –or what they were– Probably the proprietors themselves do not know –or what their habits are– But hardly had we been ushered into the presence of this choice this admirable collection –than



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a ring was formed for Master Jack & the poney. Were they **animals** then who had caught and exhibited these –& who had come to see these? Would it not be worth the while to learn something? to have some information imparted?

The absurdity of importing the behemoth & then instead of somebody appearing tell which it is –to have to **while away the time** –though your curiosity is growing desperate –to learn one fact about the creature –to have Jack and the poney introduced!!!

GEORGES CUVIER

Why I expected to see some descendant of Cuviers there to improve this opportunity for a lecture on Nat. Hist.

That is what they should do make this an –occasion for communicating some solid information –that would be fun alive that would be a sunny day –a sun day in one’s existence not a secular day of shetland ponies –not jack and his poney & a tintinnara of musical instruments –and a man with his head in the lions mouth. I go not there to see a man hug a lion –or fondle a tiger –but to learn how he is related to the wild beast– There’ll be All-fool days enough without our creating any intentionally. The presumption is that men wish to behave like reasonable creatures –that they do not need and are not seeking relaxation –that they are not dissipated. Let it be a travelling zoological garden –with a travelling professor to accompany it– At present foolishly the professor goes alone with his poor painted illustrations of animated– While the menagerie takes another road without its professor only its keepers.

I see June & co or Van Amberg & Co –are engaged in a pecuniary speculation in which certain wild beasts are used as the counters

Cuvier & co are engaged in giving a course of lectures on Nat. History. Now why could they not put head & means together for the benefit of mankind –and still get their living. The present institution is imperfect precisely because its object is to enrich Van amburg & co –& their low aim unfits them for rendering any more valuable service –but no doubt the most valuable course would also be the most valuable in a pecuniary sense– No doubt a low self interest is a better motive force to these enterprises than no interest at all but a high self interest –which consists with the greatest advantage of all would be a better still.

Item 2nd Why have we not a decent pocket map of the State of Mass? There is the large map why is it not cut into half a dozen sheets & folded into a small cover for the pocket? Are there no travellers to use it? Well to tell the truth there are but few, & that’s the reason why. Men go by rail road –& state maps hanging in bar rooms are small enough– The state has been admirably surveyed at a great cost –and yet Dearborne’s Pocket map is the best one –we have!

PIERRE JEAN ÉDOUARD DESOR

CAPE COD: The Greeks would not have called the ocean ἀτρώγεται, or unfruitful, though it does not produce wheat, if they had viewed it by the light of modern science, for naturalists now assert that "the sea, and not the land, is the principal seat of life,"—though not of vegetable life. Darwin affirms that "our most thickly inhabited forests appear almost as deserts when we come to compare them with the corresponding regions of the ocean." Agassiz and Gould tell us that "the sea teems with animals of all classes, far beyond the extreme limit of flowering plants"; but they add, that "experiments of dredging in very deep water have also taught us that the abyss of the ocean is nearly a desert";—"so that modern investigations," to quote the words of Desor, "merely go to confirm the great idea which was vaguely anticipated by the ancient poets and philosophers, that the Ocean is the origin of all things." Yet marine animals and plants hold a lower rank in the scale of being than land animals and plants. "There is no instance known," says Desor, "of an animal becoming aquatic in its perfect state, after having lived in its lower stage on dry land," but as in the case of the tadpole, "the progress invariably points towards the dry land." In short, the dry land itself came through and out of the water on its way to the heavens, for, "in going back through the geological ages, we come to an epoch when, according to all appearances, the dry land did not exist, and when the surface of our globe was entirely covered with water." We looked on the sea, then, once more, not as ἀτρώγεται, or unfruitful, but as it has been more truly called, the "laboratory of continents."

PEOPLE OF
CAPE COD

PIERRE JEAN EDOUARD DESOR

AGASSIZ & GOULD

CHARLES DARWIN



August 2, Saturday, 1851: In London, The Lancet continued to expound upon one of its favorite (favourite) topics — to wit, the folly and knavery of homœopathy:

In a series of articles we have endeavoured to expose the folly and knavery of homoeopathy, and to make evident the sordid motives of its professors. We turn now to show the painful effects of this fraud on society, and its deleterious influence on the morals, as well as the interests of the medical profession. When these absurdities were in their infancy, it was safe, and perhaps wise to treat them with derision and contempt. But when, through falsehood and chicanery, they have attained a dangerous elevation, and when it is clear they exercise a fatal influence upon public health, it becomes necessary to follow them through their tortuous proceedings to their last calamitous issues in tragedy and death. In doing this we shall, as far as possible, teach by example; as STERNE, when he would give an idea of the misfortune of captivity, sketched a single prisoner, whose portrait he drew, so we find no better method than the record of individual cases. Unfortunately we are seldom



permitted to publish names as the vouchers of medical histories. The circumstances of these deep tragedies are too horribly painful for patient reflection on the part of those who have participated in them. It would be too cruel to gibbet them by an exposure to public indignation. We are, however, as professional men, debarred from any public use of the names given us, by the very manner in which they are conveyed. But should any of the practisers or encouragers of these iniquities recognise their own portrait. in our pages, we shall not regret it, especially if it induce them to retire from a scandalous occupation, and atone for past crimes in humiliation and penitence. Abuse of trust even a pecuniary one, is held not to be a crime in law. But surely, in the eye of reason and equity, and by men of honour, it must be held to be the greatest of all delinquencies. Of such faults, none is more debasing than the abuse of medical confidence – none owns a meaner motive – none is attended by consequences more immediate or so appalling – none, therefore, unmasks a harder heart or a fouler conscience. The last two numbers of this journal give striking illustrations of the truth of this. A poor man is seized with strangulated hernia. His anxious friends rush to the doctor, who is a homœopathist. Like most of his tribe, he has neither eyes, nor ears, nor thoughts, nor time, for any but the well-paying maladies of the rich. This poor man is globulized; the fears of friends are calmed by intrepid assurances of his speedy restoration to health; his agonies increase; other and more competent advisers are sought; an operation is too late, though skilfully performed, and the patient sinks and dies amidst the terrors and affliction of his family. He lived in a civilized land, with all the appliances and means of surgical skill ready at hand; but a pitiful quack dared to stand between him and safety. At the inquest on his body, the homœopathic doctor evinced not a feeling of regret. Full of self-approbation and impudence, he excused every part of his conduct.

Mrs. MANNING, who would have shot a man as she would a cat on a wall, was not more indifferent to her crime than he was to the consequences of his treatment, or rather, no-treatment.

These men must have hearts harder than the nether millstone, and consciences seared with guilt, to be able to persevere in a life of such infamy and horror.

Our last week's journal contained the melancholy conclusion of the Norwich case, which affords a good example of the recklessness of homœopathic practitioners. They refuse the aid of the ordinary and rational proceedings of physic, and adopt modes of treatment now opprobriously rejected by medical men on account of their unreasonableness and risk. Conscious of their own falsehood, practising an admitted lie, without compassion and without remorse, they would yet filch unacknowledged credit, and in their ignorance and awkwardness they blunder into crime. We have been made aware of the circumstances which occurred in the person of the coachman of Lord A-. He attended his master at one of her Majesty's drawing-rooms on a very hot day in summer, and, while waiting, drank rather freely. He, next day, complained of headache, and was persuaded by the family to place himself under the care of a favourite homœopathist. He was willing enough, as it implied only the swallowing of a globule. The headache increased, and the treatment was continued until the man become delirious. In this case, too, we regret to say



that a medical man sanctioned the proceedings. At length an eminent physician was sent for, but too late, as it proved, to save the unlucky patient, who died, leaving a large family in indigence and suffering.

Some months ago a physician of our acquaintance was sent for, to visit a dying woman. He was addressed by the patient in these sad and solemn words, for the truth of which we can vouch.— “Ah doctor, I am afraid you come too late to do me any good. I have been a sad fool. I know it now.”

It was indeed too late. She died in a few hours. The trembling homoeopath had fled with affected indignation when he learned that a respectable practitioner had been called to the case, but he did not fail, like the ordinary knaves of his calling, to proclaim that the event would have been different had the patient continued to trust in him and his infinitesimals.

Yet notwithstanding the existence of such horrors, not in one case, but in dozens, we have before us, at this moment, the account of the wife of a wealthy baronet, who is about to leave town for the season, furnished with an ample supply of globules. This woman, besides consulting more than one homoeopathist, has, we regret to say, for her medical attendant, a physician who occupies a most respected station in his profession. He listens to her babble, not only without reproof, but with indulgence amounting to encouragement, and thus she goes into the country to spread mischief all around her. Armed with such dictatorial power, her neighbours scarcely venture to oppose her, and a great portion of the clergy, ready to eat humble-pie at her table, do her bidding, and propagate her poisonous advice, while few of the medical practitioners in her neighbourhood, though all are deeply injured by her folly, dare assail it. But we tell our country friends, and particularly her family surgeon, that if they would relieve themselves from oppression, and check an injurious encroachment, they must learn to speak out. We have done our duty, and shall continue to do so. But our hands would be much strengthened were the strong will of the profession heard in that deep earnest voice of conviction which awakens sleepers, detects offenders, and rallies scattered friends. The dull and ridiculous spirit of resistance rife in our inert and foolish colleges, will and must give way before general indignation. Censors and Examiners, Elects and Councillors, and Fellows, will show the requisite alacrity to meet the desires of their professions, when these are emphatically and unmistakably pronounced. We shall then no longer be affronted by the spectacle of quacks appointed to be public orators, and insulted at every corner of the street, and in every newspaper, by the open exhibition of the degraded offices of the profession. Chevalier Bunsen, the patron and dupe of every variety of quackery, will not again adjourn himself from the meetings of the Homœopathic Hospital to the meetings of the College of Physicians, nor be invited by president and fellows to meet our declared enemies, and the enemies of the medical profession. These things achieved, it will be difficult for a conceited and fashionable physician to whisper away the interests and honour of the profession to the ears of a few vain

and silly titled women.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR AUGUST 2D OR 3D]



August 3, Sunday, 1851: The Portage Canal had been dug to connect the Fox River and Wisconsin River at Portage in central Wisconsin along the Fox/Wisconsin Waterway, in that manner completing a route from the north Atlantic Ocean, through the St. Lawrence Seaway, and down the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico and back to the Atlantic Ocean. On this day water was let into this canal for the 2d time.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR AUGUST 2D OR 3D]



August 4, Monday, 1851: Indiana voters approved a new State Constitution effectively prohibiting free black or part-black Americans by 113,828 over 21,873, a landslide, from ever becoming legitimate Hoosiers — let alone citizens.

Article 13: No negro or mulatto shall come into or settle in the State, after the adoption of this Constitution.



"Hoosier daddy, little boy?"
(an example of Indiana good humor)



The Daily Alta California of San Francisco reported items of "city intelligence."

AN EXCITEMENT. — Yesterday a rather grizzly-looking Frenchman was caught in the act of stealing a pair of boots from the front of a clothing-store on Washington street. The owner took him back to the store, and taking the goods away from him, started him out in the street on the principle of the Quaker, who would n't kill the dog, but who cried "mad dog" after him. As soon as he got on the sidewalk he broke into a run. and a party standing by immediately raised the cry of "stop thief." The Frenchman ran, and a crowd pursued him. People left the "stated preaching" on the Plaza to participate in the chase, and a crowd of a thousand persons had gathered by the time the thief was caught. He was found stowed away under some boards in Dupont street. The crowd were for tying up and giving him a dozen, when a policeman came up and took him down to the store, where being informed by the owner that the property had been recovered, he allowed him to go. The Frenchman was seen walking in a pretty tall manner in the direction of the Mission, and it is not certain that by this time he is not half way to Monterey.

THE MAIL. — The mail from the Atlantic yesterday was quite a large one and kept the clerk at the post office hard at work during the entire day and until a late hour at night, if not all night. The box delivery commences this morning. The past week has been



a busy one at the post office and scarcely afforded the employees breathing time.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT. — FOUR MEN DROWNED. — We have been furnished the subjoined account of a melancholy accident which occurred in the harbor on Saturday evening. It is from one of the survivors of the casualty:

SAN FRANCISCO, August 4, 1851.

It is my melancholy duty to inform you that in charge of a small boat, belonging to the firm of Thomas Glenn & Co., now engaged in the manufacture of bricks at Corta Madeira, I left that place at 6 o'clock last evening, in company with the following five men: James Rees, formerly of Baltimore; Thomas Henry Walsh, formerly of Monroe county, Illinois; — Rubideaux, formerly of Holland; Timothy Cagney, formerly of Ireland, and one whose name I did not learn. At one quarter past 7 o'clock the boat was capsized between Angel and Bird Islands. All struggled for about twenty minutes, sometimes clinging to the bottom of the boat, then severed by the waves, until exhausted one after another disappeared in his watery grave, far from his friends and home. The four former were thus ushered from life. The latter person and myself were, with the favor of Providence and the assistance of three good men from Horse Shoe Bay who, hearing our cries for help, Samaritans like, came to the rescue and conveyed us both to their homes. Their kindness to my companion, who was in a helpless state, and myself, will, I trust, be eternally on record.

It gives me pleasure to state that Reuben Clark, architect, room No. 17, County Building, will give the friends of the deceased all information in his possession.

(Signed.)

JAMES DALEY.

TRIAL OF SAMUEL GALLAGHER. — The trial of Samuel Gallagher on a charge of the murder of Pollock, it set down in the District Court for to-day.

A number of important trials will take place at the present term. In addition to the trial of Gallagher, that of Le Bras, for the murder of Guerrero, and Spiers, indicted jointly with Hall, will take place.

COMMON COUNCIL. — Both boards of the Common council will meet this evening. As the log-rolling, electioneering and appointing of the police officers are now concluded, it is to be hoped that the Aldermen will go into business for the benefit of the city.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE. — We are requested to call attention to the advertisement of the Chamber of Commerce in another column of this day's paper.

THEATRE FRANCAISE. — The Adelphi was well attended last night, and the performances went off infinitely better than on the opening night.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 4, 1851.

Messrs. Editors — I beg to remind the public through your column, that on Saturday I published certificates from all the gentlemen named by Mr. David F. Douglass as his authority for the statement



that I had accused Mr. M.H. McAllister of swindling Mr. Albert Priest of \$26,000. Yesterday Mr. Norval Douglass, the brother of Mr. David Douglass, published in your paper, cards from other parties than those at first named, namely, Messrs C.C. Sackett, D.J. Lisle and N.A.H. Ball, to the effect following:

Mr. Sackett states, that in conversations at the Orleans House, he heard Mr. Brannan allude to some matters of Mr. Albert Priest, with which Mr. McAllister had been connected, and animadvert in pretty strong terms upon the course which the latter had pursued, and expressing an earnest wish that they could be opened, intimating that such exposure would not be creditable to Mr. McAllister. He adds: "I cannot undertake to give the words used or their exact connection."

Mr. Lisle has heard it reported that Mr. Brannan had made the statement that Mr. McAllister, while acting as attorney for Albert Priest, Esq., swindled him, and thinks he heard Mr. Brannan himself make the accusation. All that Mr. Ball can remember is, that he heard Mr. Brannan say that he had \$5000, and he knew three more persons in San Francisco who had \$5000 more, and they would spend the last dollar if the charges were true, but they would rip up the whole damned transaction."

The occasion to which those gentlemen refer I remember perfectly. I was sitting with some gentlemen in front of the Orleans Hotel in Sacramento, when Mr. Warner, with whom Mr. Priest resided during his stay in Sacramento, taking a seat by me, asked me if I had seen Mr. Priest previous to his departure. I replied that I had merely met him in the street and bade him goodbye. Mr. Warner said he was exceedingly sorry for the old man - that he had left the country poor, not having had money to pay his passage. I expressed my surprise, remarking that it was generally understood that Mr. Priest was to buy in his property himself. Mr. Warner stated he believed the property was all sold, and repeated that the old gentleman had not sufficient to pay his passive home. After much conversation on the subject, Mr. Warner stated that he did not believe Mr. Priest had been fairly dealt with; whereupon I remarked, that it that was the case, I would give \$5,000, and I knew others in San Francisco who would give an equal amount, to investigate the matter. The only mention made of Mr. McAllister's name was an observation made, either by myself or somebody else present - so little importance did I attach to it at the time, I do not now remember - to the effect that Mr. McAllister had acted as Mr. Priest's attorney in foreclosing the mortgage; and it was not until several days afterwards that I learned, in a conversation in Mr. Howard's house in San Francisco, that the management of Mr. Priest's estate, subsequent to the foreclosure of the mortgage, was in the hands of that gentleman. Previous to this conversation, which occurred several days after my return from Sacramento, I had never known that Mr. McAllister had any connection with Mr. Priest's monetary affairs further than acting as attorney for the foreclosure of a mortgage on his property. Whatever remarks might have been made to the effect that Mr. Priest had been unfairly dealt with, might have been mutually applied to Mr. McAllister by those present, who knew that he had control of his property; but by me, who was at that time in entire ignorance of that fact, could not have been made, that Mr. Priest had been swindled by Mr. McAllister. Mr. Warner, to whom my remarks in connection with Mr. Priest were mostly



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addressed, and who was present during the entire conversation, states emphatically that he has never heard me accuse Mr. McAllister, and no such impression was ever made on his mind by the conversation above referred to or any other.

Your obedient servant, SAMUEL BRANNAN.

FROM SAN DIEGO. — From the Herald of the 31st ult. we extract the following news items:

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE. — On the 27th instant a party, consisting mostly of boys, went out upon the Bay in a sail boat, and in returning from a visit to the ship *Montauk*, one of the boys climbed one of the masts, when the steersman brought the sails square to the wind, and the boat immediately upset. None were able to swim, and all would have perished but for the assistance of a party from the *Montauk*, under the energetic mate, Mr. Hoffner, to whose heroic conduct are indebted the lives of several, who were slowly sinking to rise no more. One, however, who was not seen by Mr. Hoffner, and must have sunk early, was not recovered. This was a lad about 15 years old, named John F. Metteer, son of George Metteer, who has recently arrived across the country to this place.— Since the above was in type, the body of the boy has been picked up by his little brothers about three-fourths of a mile from this place, between here and Old San Diego.

MILITARY. — The command of Major Heintzleman arrived at this place on the 27th; two companies are at present stationed on the Playa and one at New Town. The officers of this command are Major Heintzleman, Capt. D. Davidson, and Lieut. H.B. Hendershott. This command, which was ordered about a year ago to take post at the mouth of the Gila River, and in the execution of which order more than a hundred thousand dollars have been expended, has now been compelled to return because of the inability of the Quartermaster Department to forward supplies, from the limited appropriations for such purposes, by Congress. Capt. Hardcastle having concluded his work upon the boundary line, will leave in the steamer of the 1st prox. for the States upon the Atlantic.

NAVAL. — The following officers have reported for the *Lexington* bound to the Pacific: A. Barbat, acting master; John B. Rittenhouse, purser; and assistant surgeon James Suddard; also, passed midshipman Edward C. Strong. Brevet Captain W.A.T. Maddox, of the Marine corps, has orders detaching him from the *North Carolina*, on the 1st of July, to report to Commodore H. Ballard, Washington Navy Yard, for duty. Orders have been received to have the United States steamer *Alleghany* repaired and altered at the Gosport Navy Yard. She is to be removed from the Dry Dock, where she now lies, and placed on ways; her submerged wheels taken out and steam propellers substituted, and her machinery to be overhauled and repaired at Mehafcy's foundry.

SAX JOAQUIN INTELLIGENCE. — The Stockton papers and Sonora Herald of the 2d inst. were furnished us yesterday by Reynolds & Co.'s Express, but we are unable to discover in their columns anything of the least interest.



August 4, Monday: Now the hard-hack & meadow sweet reign —the former one of our



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handsomest flowers I think –the mayweed too dusty by the road side –& in the fields I scent the sweet scented life everlasting which is half expanded. The grass is withered by the drought– The potatoes begin generally to flat down– The corn is tasselled out its crosses show in all fields above the blades. The turnips are growing in its midst.

As my eye rested on the blossom of the meadow-sweet in a hedge I heard the note of an autumnal cricket –& was penetrated with the sense of autumn –was it sound? or was it form? or was it scent?, or was it flavor? It is now the royal month of August. When I hear this sound I am as dry as the rye which is every where cut & housed –though I am drunk with the seasons wine.

The farmer is the most inoffensive of men with his barns & cattle & poultry & grain & grass– I like the smell of his hay well enough –though as grass it may be in my way.


The Yellow Bethlehem star still –& the yellow Gerardia –And a bluish “savory leaved aster”

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






 August 5, Tuesday, 1851: In the Treaty of Mendota, two Dakota bands ceded parts of the Minnesota Territory to the United States of America for \$1,410,000 in cash and annuities. If these white Americans honored their contract these red native Americans would be well set up, in perpetuity.



August 5, Tuesday: 7¹/₂ P.M. Moon half full.¹³⁰

I sit beside Hubbards grove.— a few level red bars above the horizon—a dark irregular bank beneath—with a streak of red sky below on the horizon’s edge. This will describe many a sunset. It is 8 o clock—the farmer has driven in his cows & is cutting an arm full of green corn fodder for them. Another is still patching the roof of his barn making his hammer heard afar in the twilight as if—he took a satisfaction in his elevated work—sitting astride the ridge—which he wished to prolong. The robin [**American Robin**  ***Turdus migratorius***] utters a sort of cackling note as if he had learned the ways of man. The air is still— I hear the voices of loud talking boys in the early twilight it must be a mile off. The swallows  go over with a watery twittering.

When the moon is on the increase & half full it is already in mid heavens at sunset—so that there is no marked twilight intervening— I hear the whippoorwill [**Whip-Poor-Will**  ***Caprimulgus Vociferus***] at a distance—but they are few of late

It is almost dark. I hear the voices of berry-pickers coming homeward from Bear garden.¹³¹ Why do they go home, as it were defeated by the approaching night? Did it never occur to them to stay over night? The wind now rising from over Bear Garden Hill falls gently on my ear & delivers its message the same that I have heard passing over bare & stoney mt tops— So uncontaminated & untamed is

130. Actually, it had been half full on the night of the 3rd.

131. In recent years Bear Garden Hill has been proposed for a condo complex, to accompany the office development proposed for [Brister’s Hill](#).



the wind. The air that has swept over caucasus & the sands of Arabia comes to breathe on New England fields. The dogs bark they are not as much stiller as man. They are on the alert suspecting the approach of foes. The darkness perchance affects them –makes them mad & wild– The mosquitoes hum about me. I distinguish the modest moon light on my paper As the twilight deepens and the moonlight is more & more bright –I begin to distinguish myself who I am & where –as my walls contract I become more collected & composed & sensible of my own existence –as when a lamp is brought into a dark apartment & I see who the company are. With the coolness & the mild silvery light I recover some sanity –my thoughts are more distinct moderated & tempered–

Reflection is more possible while the day goes by. The intense light of the sun unfits me for meditation makes me wander in my thought –my life is too diffuse & dissipated –routine succeeds & prevails over us –the trivial has greater power then & most at noon day the most trivial hour of the 24. I am sobered by the moon light– I bethink myself– It is like a cup of cold water to a thirsty man. The moonlight is more favorable to meditation than sun-light.

The sun lights this world from with out shines in at a window –but the moon is like a lamp within an apartment. It shines for us. The stars themselves make a more visible & hence a nearer & more domestic roof at night– Nature broods us –and has not left our germs of thought to be hatched by the sun.

We feel her heat & see her body darkening over us. Our thoughts are not dissipated but come back to us like an echo.

The different kinds of moonlight are infinite. This is not a night for contrasts of light & shade –but a faint diffused light in which there is light enough to travel and that is all

A road (the Corner road) that passes over the Height of land –between earth & heaven –separating those streams which flow earthward from those which flow heavenward–

Ah what a poor dry compilation is the Annual of Scientific Discovery. I trust that observations are made during the year which are not chronicled there. That some mortal may have caught a glimpse of Nature in some corner of the earth during the year –1851. One sentence of Perennial poetry would make me forget –would atone for volumes of mere science. The astronomer is as blind to the significant phenomena –or the significance of phenomena as the wood-sawyer who wears glasses to defend his eyes from sawdust– The question is not what you look at –but how you look & whether you see.

I hear now from Bear Garden Hill– I rarely walk by moonlight without hearing the sound of a flute or a horn or a human voice– It is a performer I never see by day –should not recognise him if pointed out –but you may hear his performance in every horizon– He plays but one strain and goes to bed early –but I know by the character of that single strain that he is deeply dissatisfied with the manner in which he spends his day. He is a slave who is purchasing his freedom. He is apollo watching the flocks of Admetus on every hill –& this strain he plays every evening to remind him of his heavenly descent– It is all that saves him –his one redeeming trait– It is a reminiscence –he loves to remember his youth– He is sprung of a noble family– He is highly related I have no doubt –was tenderly nurtured in his infancy.– poor hind as he is –that noble strain he utters instead of any jewel on his finger or prescious locket pasted to his breast –or purple garments that came with him–

The elements recognize him & echo his strain– Ah the dogs know him their master –though lords & ladies –rich men & learned know him not– He is the son of a rich man –of a famous man who served his country well –he has heard his sire's stories– I thought of the time when he would discover his parentage –obtain his inheritance –& sing a strain suited to the morning hour. He cherishes hopes.

The distant lamps in the farm house look like fires. The trees & clouds are seen at a distance reflected in the river as by day. I see Fair Haven Pond from the Cliffs –as it were through a slight mist –it is the wildest scenery imaginable –a Lake of the woods I just remembered the wildness of St Anne's –that's the ultima Thule of wildness to me. I never see the man by day who plays that claironet.

What an entertainment for the traveller –this incessant motion apparently of the moon traversing the clouds –whether you sit or stand it is always preparing new developments for you– It is event enough for simple minds.


You all alone the moon all alone overcoming with incessant victory whole squadrons of clouds above the forests & the lakes & rivers & the mountains– You cannot always calculate which one the moon will undertake next.

I see a solitary firefly over the woods.

The moon wading through clouds –though she is eclipsed by this one I see her shining on a more distant but lower one. The entrance into Hubbards wood above the spring coming from the hill is

like the entrance to a cave but when you are within –there are some streaks of light on the edge of the path.

All these leaves so still none whispering no birds in motion– how can I be else than still & thoughtful?

 August 6, Wednesday, 1851: J.C.A. Smith, the white-guy escort whom the anti-slavery society had sent along with Henry “Box” Brown during his lecture tour in England, reported back to William Lloyd Garrison that Brown had quarreled with him, and that he had picked up bad habits, and that he was denying to him his “fair share” of the moneys “they” were collecting from the British crowds. (Uh, dude, why don’t you crawl back into your box — this ain’t about you.)

Richard Wagner and Theodor Uhlig completed a walking tour from Brunnen, Switzerland that included the Surenen Pass. With this experience, he added *Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre* to his *Nibelung* concept.

On July 4th an old man who acted as superintendent in a brick-field, John Ayton, had been bringing money from Lord Leicester to pay the workmen in Holkham plantation when he was shot dead at Burnham Thorpe with a pistol. The money had been found on Henry Groom’s person wrapped in a piece of letter taken from Ayton’s pocketbook. Groom, having made a full confession, had been sentenced by Mr. Justice Cresswell to death at Norfolk. On this day, at the Norwich Castle County Gaol (other records say, on the 16th, at the Castle Hill), he was hanged. He had reached the age of 42.



August 6, Wednesday: The motions of circus horses are not so expressive of music –do not harmonize so well with a strain of music as those of animals of the cat kind– An Italian has just carried a hand-organ through the village– I hear it even at walden wood –it is as if a cheeta had skulked howling through the streets of the village with knotted tail.

Neglected gardens are full of Flea-bane? now not yet in blossom. Thoroughwort has opened –& golden-rod is gradually opening the smooth sumac shows its red fruit The berries of the bristly aralia are turning dark– The wild holly’s scarlet fruit is seen & the red dwarf chock cherry *Cerasus* is (*Prunus Obovata*– After how few steps –how little exertion –the student stands in pine woods above the solomon’s seal & the cow wheat –in a place still unaccountably strange & wild to him – & to all civilization. This so easy & so common –though our literature implies that it is rare –we in the country make no report of the seals & sharks in our neighborhood to those in the city We send them only our huckle berries not free wild thoughts.

Why does not man sleep all day as well as all night –it seems so very natural & easy –for what is he awake.

A man must generally get away some hundreds or thousands of miles from home before he can be said to begin his travels– Why not begin his travels at home –! Would he have to go far or look very closely to discover novelties. The traveller who in this sense pursues his travels at home, has the advantage at any rate of a long residence in the country to make his observations correct & profitable. Now the American goes to England while the Englishman comes to America in order to describe the country– No doubt there some advantages in this kind of mutual criticism– But might there not be invented a better way of coming at the truth than this scratch-my back & I’ll scratch your’s method? Would not the American for instance who had himself perchance travelled in England & elsewhere –make the most profitable & accurate traveller in his own country. How often it happens that the travellers principal distinction is that he is one who knows less about a country than a native. Now if he should begin with all the knowledge of a native –& add thereto the knowledge of a traveller– Both natives & foreigners would be obliged to read his book. & the world would be absolutely benefitted It takes a man of genius to travel in his own country –in his native village –to make any progress between his door & his gate. But such a traveller will make the distances which Hanno & Marco Polo –& Cook & Ledyard went over ridiculous.

So worthy a traveller as Wm Bartram heads his first chapter with the words “The author sets sail

CHARLESTON

from Philadelphia, and arrives at Charleston, from whence he begins his travels.”
I am perchance most & most profitably interested in the things which I already know a little about – a mere & utter novelty is a mere monstrosity to me. I am interested to see the yellow pine which we have not in Concord though Michaux says it grows in Mass – or the English Oak having heard of the royal oak –& having oaks ourselves Or the oriental Plane having often heard of it –& being well acquainted with its sister the occidental plane –but the new Chinese flower whose cousin I do not happen to know I pass by with indifference. I do not know that I am very fond of novelty. I wish to get a clearer notion of what I have already some inkling.

These Italian boys with their hand-organs remind me of the keepers of wild beasts in menageries – whose whole art consists in stirring up their beasts from time to time with a pole. I am reminded of bright flowers & glancing birds & striped pards of the jungle– these delicious harmonies tear me to pieces while they charm me –the tigr’s musical smile.

How some inventions have spread –some brought to perfection by the most enlightened nations have been surely & rapidly communicated to the most savage– The gun for instance How soon after the settlement of America were comparatively remote Indian tribes –most of whose members had never seen a white man supplied with guns– The gun is invented by the civilized man & the savage in remote wildernesses on the other side of the globe throws away his bow & arrows & takes up this arm. Bartram travelling in the S states bet 70

& 80 describes the warriors as so many gun-men.

ADMETUS

Ah, yes even here in concord horizon Apollo is at work for King Admetus– Who is King Admetus? It is Business with his four prime ministers Trade & Commerce –& Manufactures & Agriculture. And this is what makes Mythology true & interesting to us



August 7, Thursday, 1851: Oliver Ames wrote in his diary that “this was a middling good hay day and pritty both today and yesterday wind south west and cloudy towards night we got in the last of our hay today — we have had bad weather for haying this year & have bin a long time about it”



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR AUGUST 7TH]

➡ August 8, Friday, 1851: The steeple of St. Cuthbert's, Thetford, England fell upon the roof of the church, carrying away one of the arches and destroying the organ.

During this month, also, the church of St. Martin-at-Palace in Norwich, England was undergoing repair and, during this work, a portion of the roof fell in and brought down with it the eastern end of the north aisle.

Nathaniel Hawthorne visited the Shakers at Hancock near Lenox,¹³² was politely shown around by an elder, and decided that his pleasant old host's society was



hateful and disgusting to think of; and the sooner the sect is extinct the better – a consummation which, I am happy to hear, is thought to be not a great many years distant.

MOTHER ANN LEE AND THE "SHAKERS"

To give you an idea of the sort of thing Hawthorne had encountered, and to which he had had such a strong reaction, here is a description of a Shaker group as of 1829 (you can be sure they didn't much vary from group

132. At the time, the Shakers or "The United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing" of New Hampshire were involved in some sort of legal issue, and their attorney at court was Hawthorne's college sidekick Franklin Pierce. The Shakers were followers of an exceptionally practical 18th-Century religious mystic they called Mother Ann Lee, whose motto for them was "Hands to Work and Hearts to God." They were celibate and lived apart from the world. This Society of Believers had numbered some 300 in Hancock, in 1829, although there were only 3 left by 1960 when the village was put up for sale.



The Hancock Shaker Village, phone (413) 443-0188, is five miles out US 20 west of Pittsfield. From May until October 31, the village is open from 9:30AM to 5:00PM, and the cafe in the Visitor's Center is also open for lunch and snacks. Guided 90-minute tours are also available in April and November from 10:00AM to 3:00PM. Admission is \$9.⁰⁰, and family admission, for two adults and all children under 18, is \$25.⁰⁰. They charge \$4.⁵⁰ for children 6 to 12. Occasionally, for \$35.⁰⁰, they offer an evening tour with candlelight supper. Elizabeth Linzey, an interpreter at the white-framed meeting house with white and Prussian blue interior, tells modern tourists the Shakers believed that "perfect was simply the best you could do. So everyone could do something perfect. That's why they tried so hard and did so well."



to group, and that they hadn't much changed from 1829 to 1851):

The Elders wear long plain coats and wide brimmed hats, but the Sunday costume of the ordinary man consists of pantaloons of blue linen with a fine white stripe in it, vest of a much deeper blue linsey-woolsey, stout calfskin shoes and grey stockings. Their shirts are made of cotton, the collars fastened with three buttons and turned over. The women wear, on Sunday, some a pure white dress, and others a white dress with a delicate blue stripe in it. Over their necks and bosoms were pure white kerchiefs, and over the left arm of each was carried a large white pocket handkerchief. Their heads were covered with lawn caps, the form of all, for both old and young, being alike. They project so as to fully conceal the cheeks in profile. Their shoes, sharp-toed and high-heeled, according to the fashion of the day when the Society was formed [1747], were made of prunella of a brilliant ultramarine blue. And there were children too, with cheerful faces peering out from their broad hats and deep bonnets, for they were all dressed like old men and women. I marvelled at the sight of children in that isolated world of bachelors and maidens, forgetting that it was a refuge for orphans who are unsheltered in the stormy world without.

And here is a poet imagining the horrific reaction which non-Shakers had to what they witnessed on their tours of sites such as the Shaker community at Harvard, Massachusetts:

The World Sees

We have spied through the windows of The Square House at Harvard, where groans, shrieks, loud yellings, incredible laughters, singing and stamping feet — all have lately vibrated the timbers of that house, and of adjoining ones.

What we have seen! A bedlam of chanting, yelling, trembling! Some Shakers jerking their heads and limbs uncontrollably for upwards of twenty minutes, other threshing around wildly on the floor whilst others ramble around them, oblivious.

Some lie as dead (who knows for how long — it's rumored for hours). Some are beasts and go on all fours like maddened dogs, or whelps, barking, howling, and snapping at others in like dismal states of mind. We have noticed, strongly, that the men seldom mingle with the women, the latter engendering hysteria and beast-madness, in their own parts of the building. It is unlikely, therefore, that they are, as rumored, licentious and libidinous.

But, of this we are certain: we are dismayed, as God-fearing citizens, to have such madness in our midst. Certainly their rheums, catarrhs, and effluvia let loose upon Harvard will propel the rest of us to early graves. We shall deal with these folks as we must, to silence them.*

* [Robert Peters](#). SHAKER LIGHT: MOTHER ANN LEE IN AMERICA. Greensboro: Unicorn Press, 1987, page 121.



August 8, Friday: 7¹/₂ PM To Conantum— The moon has not yet quite filled her horns—¹³³ I perceive why we so often remark a dark cloud in the west at and after sunset— It is because it is almost directly between us and the sun & hence we see the dark side and moreover it is much darker than it other-wise would be because of the little light reflected from the earth at that hour. The same cloud at mid day & over head might not attract attention. There is a pure amber sky beneath the present bank —thus framed off from the rest of the heavens —which with the outlines of small dead elms seen against it —I hardly know far or near —make picture enough.

Men will travel far to see less interesting sights than this. Turning away from the sun we get this enchanting view as when a man looks at the landscape with inverted head. Under shadow of the dark cloud which I have described the cricket begins his strain —his ubiquitous strain. Is there a fall-cricket distinct from the species we hear in spring & summer?

HISTORY OF RR

I smell the cornfield over the brook a dozen rods off —& it reminds me of the green corn feasts of the Indians. The evening train comes rolling in —but none of the passengers jumping out in such haste attend to the beautiful fresh picture which nature has unrolled in the west —& surmounted with that dark frame. The circular platter of the carrots blossom is now perfect.

VENUS

Might not this be called the invalide’s moon on account of the warmth of the nights? The principal employments of the farmers now seems to be getting their meadow hay. & cradling some oats &c. The light from the western sky is stronger still than that of the moon —and when I hold up my hand the west side is lighted while the side toward the moon is comparatively dark.— — But now that I have put this dark wood (Hubbards’s) between me and the west —I see the moon light plainly on my paper— I am even startled by it— One star too, is it Venus?, I see in the west Starlight —! that would be a good way to mark the hour if we were precise. Hubbards brook— How much the beauty of the moon is enhanced by being seen shining between two trees —or even by the neighborhood of clouds! I hear the clock striking eight faintly. I smell the late shorn meadows

One will lose no music by not attending the oratorios & operas. The really inspiring melodies are cheap & universal —& are as audible to the poor man’s son as to the rich mans. Listening to the harmonies of the universe is not allied to dissipation. My neighbors have gone to the vestry to hear “Ned Kendal” the bugler tonight, but I am come forth to the hills to hear my bugler in the horizon—

I can forego the seeming advantages of cities without misgiving. No heavenly strain is lost to the ear that is fitted to hear it for want of money —or opportunity. I am convinced that for instrumental music All Vienna cannot serve me more than the Italian boy who seeks my door with his organ.

And now I strike the road at the causeway— It is hard & I hear the sound of my steps a sound which should never be heard —for it draws down my thoughts. It is more like the treadmill exercise. The fireflies are not so numerous as they have been. There is no dew as yet. The planks & railing of Hubbards bridge are removed. I walk over on the string pieces resting in the middle until the moon comes out of a cloud that I may see my path —for between the next piers the string pieces also are removed & there is only a rather narrow plank —let down 3 or 4 feet.— I essay to cross it —but it springs a little & I mistrust myself —whether I shall not plunge into the river. Some demonic genius seems to be warning me. Attempt not the passage —you will surely be drowned— It is very real that I am thus affected— Yet I am fully aware of the absurdity of minding such suggestions— I put out my foot but I am checked as if that power had laid a hand on my breast & chilled me back —never the less I cross —stooping at first —& gain the other side.— (I make the most of it —on account of the admonition —but it was nothing to remark on— I returned the same way 2 hours later & made nothing of it) It is easy to see how by yielding to such feelings as this men would recreate all reestablish all the superstitions of antiquity. It is best that reason should govern us and not these blind intimations —in which we exalt our fears into a genius.

DIFFERENT DRUMMER

On Conantum I sit awhile in the shade of the woods & look out on the moonlit fields— White rocks are more remarkable than by day.

The air is warmer than the rocks now. It is perfectly warm & I am tempted to stay out all night & observe each phenomenon of the night until day dawns. But if I should do so, I should not wonder if the town were raised to hunt me up. Sitting on the door step of Conant-house —at 9 o clock I hear a pear drop —how few of all the apples that fall do we hear fall.

133. It was half full on the night of the 3rd and would be full on the night of the 10th.




1851

1851

I could lie out here on this pinnacle rock all night without cold– I hear a horse **sneeze?** from time to time in his pasture– He sees me & knows me to be a man –though I do not see him.

To lie here on your back with nothing between your eye & the stars –nothing but space –they your nearest neighbors on that side –be they strange or be they tame –be they other worlds or merely ornaments to this– Who could ever go to sleep under these circumstances. I hear the 9 o clock bell ringing in Bedford –an unexpectedly musical sound that of a bell in the horizon always is–

Pleasantly sounds the voice of one village to another. It is sweet as it is rare. Since I sat here a bright star has gone behind the stem of a tree –proving that my machine is moving– I hear a solitary whipperwill [Whip-Poor-Will  *Caprimulgus Vociferus*] –& a bull frog on the river fewer sounds than in spring. The grey cliffs across the river are plain to be seen– And now the star appears on the other side of the tree –& I must go– Still no dew up here I see 3 scythes hanging on an apple tree–

There is the wild apple tree where hangs the forgotten scythe.– the rock where the shoe was left. The woods & the separate trees cast longer shadows than by day –for the moon goes lower in her course at this season. Some dew at last in the meadow. As I recross the string pieces of the bridge – I see the water bugs swimming briskly in the moonlight. I scent the Roman Wormwood in the Potatoe fields.



August 9, Saturday, 1851: The Pilot of Boston, England fulminated against “Universalist Cobwebs”:

The (Anti) Christian Freeman is very angry with one of his brethren, the New Covenant, because it takes ground against the system of false witness which vulgar Protestants adopt with reference to the Church. The New Covenant is a Universalist paper published at the West, and its editor is evidently a gentleman. Br. Cobb finds fault with him because;–

“In support of his views he refers to the persecutions by the New England Puritans in earlier times, and the principles of religious toleration practised by the Catholic Lord Baltimore, in the founding of the Maryland colony; and he infers that the contrast between certain Protestant and Catholic countries, in respect to religious freedom and various improvements, is owing to other causes, and not to the different influence of the two religions.”

And Br. Cobb avers that,

“In respect to Protestantism, it asserts for all men the right of private judgment and free inquiry in matters of religious faith. Its professed and characteristic mission is to instruct, Christianize, and morally harmonise the world, by Christian labors addressed to mankind in this capacity, of rational, self-judging, and self-responsible beings.

“By proofs divine, and reasons strong,
It draws the willing soul along.
And conquests to the church acquires
By eloquence which Heaven inspires.”

This is Protestantism, essentially and indisputably such. Accordingly, when professed Protestants, from envy, or a love of power, or party ascendancy, employ persecution, or attempt by physical pains and penalties to suppress free inquiry, and enforce a uniformity of religious profession, their conduct is inconsistent with their fundamental and distinguishing principles as Protestants, – these principles are constantly rebuking and shaming them, and must and will sooner or later correct them.

Such is the general experience of Protestant Christendom.

It is true that when Protestants persecute, their conduct is



inconsistent with the Protestant principle of private interpretation, but when and where were Protestants consistent with themselves? They persecuted Catholics in every country where they obtained the mastery. To say nothing of old events, to pass over the ferocious character of the murderous and doubly traitorous Huguenots of France, the bloody persecutions raised by the libidinous woman, Elizabeth of England, and the massacres perpetrated by German Protestants, it is enough to look at what has been done in this matter within our own memory. In England the persecuting laws, repealed in 1829, are to be re-enacted. In Prussia and in Switzerland, Bishops are imprisoned, and the faithful are subjected to every annoyance which Protestant intolerance can or dare inflict. In Norway the Protestant ascendancy still persecutes. But why cite every Protestant country in Europe, when America furnishes so many examples of Protestant intolerance? Until recently, Catholics were subject to civil disabilities in several States. They are yet in New Hampshire, and the Protestants of that State, not a year ago, voted that Catholics should still be subjected to special legislation. Our churches and educational institutions are burned. Parties are formed for the express purpose of procuring penal laws, or disabling laws to be passed by Congress against Catholics. The Freeman, and many other papers, are laboring for this end, and, in order to further it, they invent, or repeat a host of lies about Catholics which would do credit to the father of lies. Not a week passes that they do not try to stir up a mob to do again the deeds of Philadelphia and of Charlestown. It is providential that these foul calumniators overdo their work, however. Br. Cobb himself is as intolerant an Inquisitor as ever sat in judgment upon a heretic. We doubt not that his bark is far worse than his bite, but he should be ashamed of pandering to the worst passions of ignorant people by retailing falsehoods which the commonest acquaintance with history may detect, and which, accordingly, have been detected by respectable and well informed Protestants, to their great disgust. Why, even here, in Boston, an inquisition is established by law, in which "Friends and Fathers" are allowed to confine Catholic boys and girls, until they become Protestant men and women. These children are persecuted, — there is no other name for it, on account of their faith. In this country, which is neither Protestant nor Catholic, a Protestant inquisition is established which, in principle, is more intolerant than ever the Inquisition was in Spain. Bro. Cobb says that: "The case of Lord Baltimore does not appear to have any weight in this controversy. He was a layman, and though bred a Catholic in form, was a Protestant in spirit and behavior. He fled from persecution at home, and was heartily sick of the whole murderous system, and framed laws for his colony according to his own free and magnanimous spirit."

A cool begging the question to say that all Catholics who condemn persecution are Protestants in spirit! We would like to know how it was that the Puritans of New England, who also fled from persecutions at home, did not also show the same free and magnanimous spirit? How did it happen that the very Protestants whom he received when they fled from the persecution of their fellow Protestants, as soon as they became numerous enough, rewarded the generosity of the Maryland Catholics by disfranchising them!



Protestants always persecuted when they had the power.
We wonder whether Br. Cobb thinks that his readers are fools?
We do not believe that a tithe of them approve his very
unchristian and dishonorable course. If they do, Universalists
are changed since we knew them. Br. Cobb, fall upon your knees,
and repent!

The Pilot of Boston, England also fulminated against "More Manifest Destiny":

We are a great people, certainly.

No pent up Utica contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is ours.

Or if it is'nt, it will be soon, islands and all.

Just now there are three great robberies in contemplation.
First, that of Cuba. We need it, we must have it, it is our
destiny, we cannot help it, neither can Cuba. The fault, if there
be a fault, rests with the power which made us so strong, and
our neighbors so weak - which made us so hungry, and our
neighbors such tempting morsels.

Then there is Lower California. A free and enlightened band have
gone thither to proclaim a republic, where the natives will be
gradually exterminated, and the lives of the inhabitants will
be at the mercy of a secret society of irresponsible men who
catch, try and hang in a night any man whom they may please to
vote a nuisance.

Then there is Oregon. The North Western boundary between the
British and American territories was settled a few years since,
and the nation agreed to the settlement. But it seems that our
peace is to be disturbed. The whole question is to be
reconsidered. The government is to be compelled to insist upon
Fifty Four as the true boundary line. If the government refuses,
it is to be made a party question in 1852.

The reason is, not that any new principle is discovered, not
that we have any right to the disputed land, but because a little
gold has been found somewhat beyond our line as it was settled
by the treaty. That gold settles the matter, the territory must
be ours, it is our fate to take it, our ultimatum is, Fifty Four
or Fight.

So we go. Texas, California, Lower California, Cuba, Mexico,
Sandwich Islands, British territories. -Silly Willis was right.
The stars of heaven are to be stars of our flag. Imaginary space
will make the stripes. God save the United States of America.

"The conduct of the people of San Francisco in receiving
an Irish rebel, escaped from New South Wales, with
public demonstrations of honor, is hardly less
discreditable than that in which they so heartlessly
tortured and finally murdered a fellow being, charged
with a lesser crime, and not legally proved to have been
guilty." - Vermont Family Gazette.

Pray, who is this Vermont Family Gazette? How long since he was
emancipated from school? How old is he? How came he to command
type? How many penny weights do his brains weight? Does his
nearest female relative wear a Bloomer? Who is this Vermont
Family Gazette? Well, considering the Free-soil doings of the
last Vermont legislature, and of the recent convention, it is
not so wonderful, after all, that such an ass should be found



in that State. We hope that the good and sensible people of that quarter will build a capacious mad house, large enough to hold legislators, Vermont Family Gazette and all.

This person, no doubt, professes to honor the memories of certain rebels, such as Washington, Ethan Allen and others, who stood in the same relative to the British Government with this McManus. He professes to honor the foreign rebels who assisted in the work of liberating America. He professes to honor such rebels as Kossuth, Mazzini, Rollin, and others, who made a hell of Europe in 1848. Why, then, does he cry out against the Irish rebels?

He supposes that McManus is a Catholic, knows that he is an Irishman, and thinks that the English government is the wisest and best upon earth, the present government of Vermont excepted. Hence his rage at the kind reception given to McManus by the people at San Francisco. Poor, little, mean, Vermont Family Gazette.

The following paragraph appeared in a late Advertiser. We alluded to it last week.

In speaking of the frequent holidays observed by Irish laborers on public works, we stated only facts which came within our knowledge while in charge of a work in a distant State, on which more than a thousand laborers were employed, and which facts were confirmed by the information of persons connected with other works, requiring the same class of laborers. In the remark that "on many such works the laborers lose nearly a quarter part of their time," we did not mean to be understood as saying that the entire loss, or half the loss, was from this cause, but that this cause very sensibly swells the number of lost days on the weekly or monthly check rolls of the laborers. The average loss of time by laborers of this class, during the period of about four months, to which we refer, on a work which it was desirable to press with all the expedition practicable, we are persuaded was more than a quarter part of the days of the week, exclusive of Sundays. The greatest amount of loss was doubtless in consequence of foul weather, for which the men of course were not responsible. But these losses might naturally have made them more anxious to make a profitable use of days that were fair. But the loss was frequently augmented, by the almost entire absence of the laborers from their work, on the ground of its being a holiday, and it was understood that this observance of these days was strictly enjoined by the priests. Of this latter fact we do not pretend to any positive knowledge, other than that it was the common understanding and belief, of the persons entrusted with the superintendence of the work. So far from their being only eight holidays in a year, our impression is that the work was deserted under this pretext full that number of days, if not more, during the period from March to June inclusive, besides a sensible deficiency in the compliment of men at work, on the day after Ash-Wednesday. If, therefore, eight holidays only in a year are enjoined by the Catholic church in this country, and seven of these are dispensed

with in cases of urgency, we believe our correspondent will render an important service, by making the fact known to those who have the charge of public works in Maryland and Pennsylvania where a very different practice prevails.

Out of a hundred working days, at least twenty-five were lost by the laborers. This happened in the time reaching from the first of March to the first of July. At least eight of these days were lost on the ground that they were holidays. This is strange. There are but eight days in the year which American Catholics are required to keep as holidays of obligation. We mean eight secular days, for Sundays, of course, are to be kept holy. From the first of March to the first of July, only three of these eight days can, by any possibility occur, viz. the Annunciation, Ascension Day, and Corpus Christi. It is fair to add the 17th of March for no good Irishman will work on that day, if he can help it. That makes only four days from the first of March to the first of July which Irishmen on the public works are at all likely to keep as holidays. No holiday of obligation could possibly occur on the day after Ash Wednesday. Yet, if it be true that Irish laborers have, or keep so many holidays, no matter by what honest title, we are glad of it. Our laborers and mechanics in America are over-worked. It is with some difficulty that the present industrial system allows laborers to rest on three or four secular days, such days as the Fourth of July, or Thanksgiving day. The poor man, or woman, must toil unceasingly to earn his bread. The fear of death, — it is an odd circumstance, — is stronger than the love of life. It is unfortunate for our laborers that the European Catholic holiday system is not known in this country. Laborers in Catholic countries have more holidays than any class of our laborers have, and, while they enjoy life better, they are quite as well provided with needful things. Every laborer should have one day in the week, besides Sunday, as a day of recreation and rest. Our laborers think that when they have the Sunday, and two or three other days in the year, they are remarkably fortunate.



August 9, Saturday: tansy now in bloom and the fresh white clethra— Among the pines & birches I hear the invisible Locust as I am going to the pond to bathe I see a black cloud in the Northern horizon —& hear the muttering of thunder & make haste— Before I have bathed and dressed the gusts which precede the tempest are heard roaring in the woods & the first black gusty clouds have reached my zenith Hastening toward town I am overtaken by the rain at the edge of the wood and take refuge under the thickest leaves where not a drop reaches me & at the end of half an hour the renewed singing of the birds —alone advertises me that the rain has ceased and it is only the dripping from the leaves which I hear in the woods. It was a splendid sunset that day—a celestial light on all the land so that all people went to their doors & windows to look on the grass and leaves & buildings & the sky —and it was equally glorious in whatever quarter you looked—a sort of fulgor as of stereotyped lightning filled the air. Of which this is my solution. We were in the westernmost edge of the shower at the moment the sun was setting —& its rays shone through the cloud & the falling rain. We were in fact in a rainbow & it was here its arch rested on the earth. At a little distance we should have seen all the colors—

The *Oenothera biennis* along the rail road now Do the cars disperse seeds? The *Trichostema*

1851

dichotoma is quite beautiful now in the cool of the morning. The Epilobium in the woods still. Now the earliest apples begin to be ripe –but none are so good to eat as some to smell. Some gnarly apple which I pick up in the road reminds me by its fragrance of all the wealth of Pomona.

1851





August 10, Sunday, 1851: [Bronson Alcott](#) was with [Waldo Emerson](#) through the noon meal. In the afternoon he walked with [Henry Thoreau](#) and bathed in Walden Pond: "The blue eyed Walden there doth smile / Most tenderly upon its neighbor pines." He passed the evening with Thoreau and Thoreau read to him from his paper on "Walking." He slept at the Emersons:

With Emerson till dinner. Afternoon, walked with Thoreau, and bathed in the lake. Thoreau read me some passages from "Walking" as I passed the evening with him, and slept at Emerson's again afterwards.

Thoreau has the profoundest passion for the aboriginal in Nature of any man I have ever known, he has come nearer the primitive simplicity of the antique than any of our poets, and touched the fields and forests and streams of Concord with a classic interest that can never fade. No man lives in so close a companionship and so constant with Nature, or breathes more of the spirit of pure poetry. And in this lies his excellence; for when the heart is divorced from Nature, from the society of living, moving things, poetry has fled, and the love that sings. Emerson, far more widely known, and assumed the first of our poets, was forbidden pure companionship with Nature. He dwelt rather in an intellectual grove, and looked at society from that retreat through the glass of imagination, coming rarely into positive contact and sympathy with it through the heart and understanding, and never set a firm foot on the Yankee-land in which he nominally dwelt. He was a citizen of the crystal palace, but of no country because of all.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR AUGUST 10TH OR 11TH]

➡ August 11, Monday, 1851: Lorenz Oken died in Zurich at the age of 72.

Henry Thoreau and Bronson Alcott took the train to Cambridge and passed the forenoon in Harvard Library. Bronson looked at the section of English poetry of the Elizabethan age but couldn't find any book he wanted to check out. Henry returned the books he had checked out on August 1st and checked out Volume I of the 2d Series (1841) of the COLLECTIONS OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, which contains THE VOYAGES OF JOHN DE VERRAZZANO ALONG THE COAST OF NORTH AMERICA FROM CAROLINA TO NEWFOUNDLAND, A.D. 1524 and EXTRACTS FROM THE NEW WORLD, OR, A DESCRIPTION OF THE WEST INDIES. BY JOHN DE LAET, DIRECTOR OF THE DUTCH WEST INDIA COMPANY, &c. TRANSLATED TR. FROM THE ORIGINAL DUTCH, BY THE EDITOR [George Folsom].¹³⁴

THE ENTIRE VOLUME



JOHN DE VERRAZZANO

JOHANNES DE LAET

He would make notes on this reading in these earliest contact records in his Indian Notebook #5, and then mention this in CAPE COD.

134. He would place his notes from this reading in his Canadian Notebook and in his Indian Notebook #5.



CAPE COD: That Cabot merely landed on the uninhabitable shore of Labrador, gave the English no just title to New England, or to the United States generally, any more than to Patagonia. His careful biographer (Biddle) is not certain in what voyage he ran down the coast of the United States, as is reported, and no one tells us what he saw. Miller, in the New York Hist. Coll., Vol. I. p. 28, says he does not appear to have landed anywhere. Contrast with this Verrazzani's tarrying fifteen days at one place on the New England coast, and making frequent excursions into the interior thence. It chances that the latter's letter to Francis I., in 1524, contains "the earliest original account extant of the Atlantic coast of the United States"; and even from that time the northern part of it began to be called La Terra Francese, or French Land. A part of it was called New Holland before it was called New England. The English were very backward to explore and settle the continent which they had stumbled upon. The French preceded them both in their attempts to colonize the continent of North America (Carolina and Florida, 1562-4), and in their first permanent settlement (Port Royal, 1605); and the right of possession, naturally enough, was the one which England mainly respected and recognized in the case of Spain, of Portugal, and also of France, from the time of Henry VII. The explorations of the French gave to the world the first valuable maps of these coasts. Denys of Honfleur made a map of the Gulf of St. Lawrence in 1506. No sooner had Cartier explored the St. Lawrence in 1535, than there began to be published by his countrymen remarkably accurate charts of that river as far up as Montreal. It is almost all of the continent north of Florida that you recognize on charts for more than a generation afterward, — though Verrazzani's rude plot (made under French auspices) was regarded by Hackluyt, more than fifty years after his voyage (in 1524), as the most accurate representation of our coast. The French trail is distinct. They went measuring and sounding, and when they got home had something to show for their voyages and explorations. There was no danger of their charts being lost, as Cabot's have been.

PEOPLE OF
CAPE COD

- JOHN CABOT
- BIDDLE
- MILLER
- VERRAZZANI
- FRANCIS I
- HENRY VII
- DENYS
- CARTIER
- HACKLUYT

In addition, he checked out the first 3 volumes of [Peter Kalm](#)'s TRAVELS INTO NORTH AMERICA; CONTAINING ITS NATURAL HISTORY, AND A CIRCUMSTANTIAL ACCOUNT OF ITS PLANTATIONS AND AGRICULTURE IN GENERAL ... (English version of 1770; Thoreau had evidently already been reading Kalm in volumes obtained from the library of the Boston Society of Natural History).



PETER KALM'S TRAVELS
PETER KALM'S TRAVELS

Later, Henry dined with the Alcotts and borrowed Bronson's copy of *REI RUSTICAE AUCTORES LATINE VETERES, M. CATO, M. VARRO, L. COLYMELLA, PALLADIUS: PRIORES TRES, E VETUSTISS. EDITIONIBUS; QUARTUS, E VETERIBUS MEMBRANIS ALIQUAMMILTIS IN LOCIS EMENDATIORES: CUM TRIBUS INDICUBUS, CAPITUM, AUCTORUM, & RERUM AC VERBORUM MEMORABILIUM ...*

REI RUSTICAE AUCTORES...

1851

1851



"There is no Frigate like a Book
To take us Lands away"

– [Emily Dickinson](#)



(I should mention at some point, and therefore will insert the material arbitrarily at this point in the Kouroo Contexture, that Thoreau had in his personal library one of the editions of a very expansive Latin/English lexicon that was being published regularly over the years by Harper & Brothers of New-York, A COPIOUS AND CRITICAL LATIN-ENGLISH LEXICON: FOUNDED ON THE LARGER LATIN-GERMAN LEXICON OF DR. WILLIAM FREUND; WITH ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS FROM THE LEXICONS OF GESNER, FACCIOLATI, SCHELLER, GEORGES, ETC, by Professor Ethan Allen Andrews. We do not know which edition it was that Thoreau owned, but it is the 1851 edition that is presently offered online by Google Books: <http://books.google.com/books?id=xXhfAAAAMAAJ&printsec=frontcover&source=gbs_summary_r&cad=0#PPT10,M1>.)

Thoreau commented in [WALDEN](#) that old [Marcus Porcius Cato](#) the Censor's *DE RE RUSTICA* was his "Cultivator." Compare this antique text that he at this point borrows from Alcott's library, therefore, with a "Pictorial Cultivator" magazine being produced monthly for the farmers of Thoreau's own era:

PICTORIAL CULTIVATOR

[WALDEN](#): Old Cato, whose "De Re Rusticâ" is my "Cultivator," says, and the only translation I have seen makes sheer nonsense of the passage, "When you think of getting a farm, turn it thus in your mind, not to buy greedily; nor spare your pains to look at it, and do not think it enough to go round it once. The oftener you go there the more it will please you, if it is good." I think I shall not buy greedily, but go round and round it as long as I live, and be buried in it first, that it may please me the more at last.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN



CATO



1851

1851

A

COPIOUS AND CRITICAL
LATIN-ENGLISH LEXICON,

FOUNDED ON THE

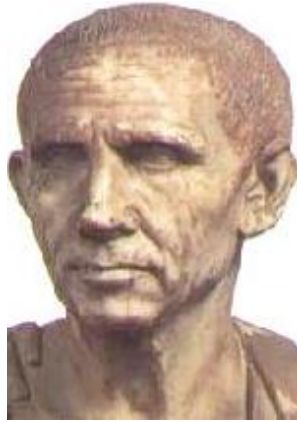
LARGER LATIN-GERMAN LEXICON OF
DR. WILLIAM FREUND;

WITH

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS FROM THE LEXICONS OF GESNER,
FACCIOLATI, SCHELLER, GEORGES, ETC.

BY E. A. ANDREWS, LL. D.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
87 CLIFF STREET.
1851.



Marcus Porcius Cato (the Elder)
(the Censor) 234-149 BCE



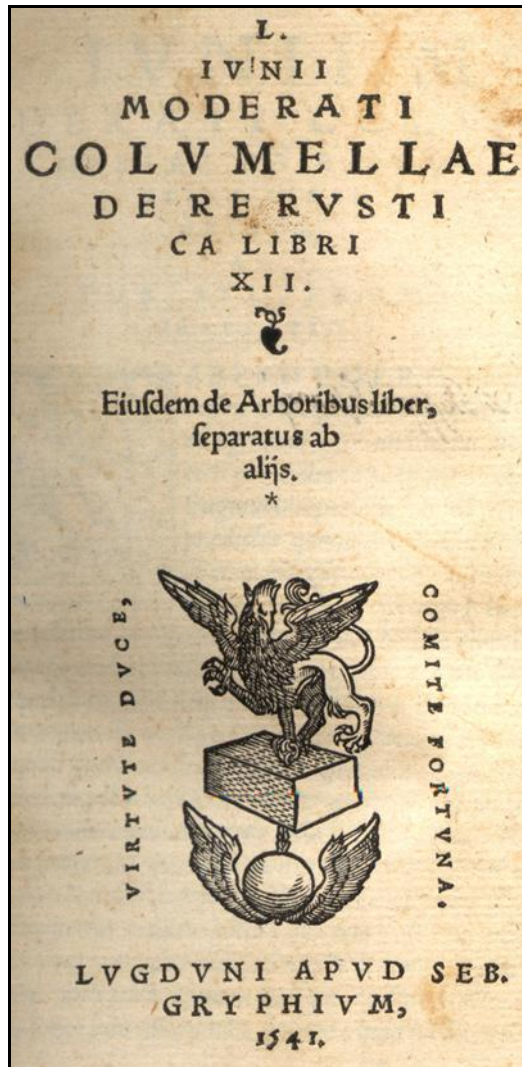
There were a great many holidays at Plumfield, and one of the most delightful was the yearly apple-picking, — for then the Marches, Laurences, Brookes, and Bhaers turned out in full force, and made a day of it. Five years after Jo's wedding, one of these fruitful festivals occurred. — A mellow October day, when the air was full of an exhilarating freshness which made the spirits rise and the blood dance healthily in the veins. The old orchard wore its holiday attire; golden-rod and asters fringed the mossy walls; grasshoppers skipped briskly in the sere grass, and crickets chirped like fairy pipers at a feast. Squirrels were busy with their small harvesting; birds twittered their *adieux* from the alders in the lane; and every tree stood ready to send down its shower of red or yellow apples at the first shake. Everybody was there, — everybody laughed and sang, climbed up and tumbled down; everybody declared that there never had been such a perfect day or such a jolly set to enjoy it, — and every one gave themselves up to the simple pleasures of the hour as freely as if there were no such things as care or sorrow in the world.

Mr. March strolled placidly about, quoting Tusser, Cowley, and Columella to Mr. Laurence, while enjoying

“The gentle apple's winey juice.”

ABRAHAM COWLEY

COLUMELLA



Thoreau also went to the Society of Natural History, and looked at [Louis Agassiz](#) and Augustus A. Gould's PRINCIPLES OF ZOÖLOGY in its new edition.

AGASSIZ & GOULD 1851

(He also looked through the 16 volumes of the [Baron Cuvier](#)'s THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.)

- ANIMAL KINGDOM, 1
- ANIMAL KINGDOM, 2
- ANIMAL KINGDOM, 3
- ANIMAL KINGDOM, 4
- ANIMAL KINGDOM, 5
- ANIMAL KINGDOM, 6
- ANIMAL KINGDOM, 7
- ANIMAL KINGDOM, 8
- ANIMAL KINGDOM, 9
- ANIMAL KINGDOM, 10
- ANIMAL KINGDOM, 11
- ANIMAL KINGDOM, 12
- ANIMAL KINGDOM, 13
- ANIMAL KINGDOM, 14
- ANIMAL KINGDOM, 15
- ANIMAL KINGDOM, 16



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR AUGUST 10TH OR 11TH]

1851


1851

➡ August 11, Monday, 1851: [Lorenz Okenfuß or Oken](#) died at the age of 72 in Zurich, Switzerland after having failed to deduce the universe from the 1st principles of *Romantische Naturphilosophie*.


A 3d [filibustering](#) expedition led by [General Narciso López de Urriola](#), this one made up of 435 adventurers, landed at Bahía Honda about 40 miles to the west of the port of [Havana](#).





 August 12, Tuesday, 1851: [Isaac Merritt Singer](#) of New-York was granted a patent for his home [sewing machine](#). This would be duly reported upon in a forthcoming issue of the weekly magazine [Scientific American](#). Later on Singer would buy out [Elias Howe](#).



August 12, Tuesday: 1^{1/2} AM. Full moon¹³⁵ Arose and went to the river and bathed, stepping very carefully not to disturb the household and still carefully in the street not to disturb the neighbors. I did not walk naturally & freely till I had got over the wall. Then to Hubbards bridge at 2 AM- There was a whipporwill [[Whip-Poor-Will](#)  [Caprimulgus Vociferus](#)] in the road just beyond Godwins which flew up & lighted on the fence & kept alighting on a rod of me & circling round me with a slight squeak as if inquisitive about me. I do not remember what I observed or thought in coming hither. The traveller's whole employment is to calculate what cloud will obscure the moon and what she will triumph over- In the after midnight hours the traveller's sole companion is the moon- All his thoughts are centered in her She is waging continual war with the clouds in his behalf What cloud will enter the lists with her next this employs his thoughts -and when she enters on a clear field of great extent in the heavens & shines unobstructedly he is glad. And when she has fought her way through all the squadrons of her foes -& rides majestic in a clear sky -he cheerfully & confidently pursues his way -& rejoices in his heart. But if he sees that she has many new clouds to contend with he pursues his way moodily as one disappointed & aggrieved -he

135. Actually the moon had been full on the night of the 10th.



resents it as an injury to himself. It is his employment to watch the moon the companion & guide of his journey wading through clouds –and calculate what one is destined to shut out her cheering light. He traces her course now almost completely obscured –through the ranks of her foes and calculates where she will issue from them. He is disappointed & saddened when he sees that she has many clouds to contend with. Sitting on the sleepers of Hubbards bridge which is being repaired now 3 o clock AM I hear a cock crow. How admirably adapted to the dawn is that sound.– as if made by the first rays of light rending the darkness –the creaking of the sun’s axle heard already over the eastern hills.

Though man’s life is trivial & handselled nature is holy & heroic. With what infinite faith & promise & moderation begins each new day. It is only a little after 3 o clock and already there is evidence of morning in the sky. He rejoices when the moon comes forth from the squadrons of the clouds unscathed and there are no more any obstructions in her path. And the cricket also seems to express joy in his song. It does not concern men who are asleep in their beds, but it is very important to the traveller whether the moons shines bright & unobstructed or is obscured by clouds. It is not easy to realize the serene joy of all the earth when the moon commences to shine unobstructedly unless you have often been a traveller by night.

The traveller also resents it if the wind rises & rustles the leaves –or ripples the water and increases the coolness at such an hour. A solitary horse in his pasture was scared by the sudden sight of me an apparition to him standing still in the moonlight & moved about inspecting with alarm –but I spoke & he heard the sound of my voice, he was at once reassured & expressed his pleasure by wagging his stump of a tail. though still half a dozen rods off– How wholesom the taste of huckleberries, when now by moon light I feel for them amid the bushes.

And now the first signs of morning attract the traveller’s attention, and he cannot help rejoicing, and the moon begins gradually to fade from his recollection. The wind rises & rustles the corses (The sand is cool on the surface but warm 2 or 3 inches beneath & the rocks are quite warm to the hand, so that he sits on them or leans against them for warmth though indeed it is not cold elsewhere) As I walk along the side of Fair Haven Hill I see a ripple on the river –& now the moon has gone behind a large & black mass of clouds, and I realize that I may not see her again in her glory this night –that perchance ere she rises from this obscurity the sun will have risen, & she will appear but as a cloud herself –& sink unnoticed into the west (being a little after full (a day?)) As yet no sounds of awakening men –only the more frequent crowing of cocks still standing on their perches in the barns. The milkmen are the earliest risers, though I see no lanthorn’s carried to their barns in the distance –preparing to carry the milk of cows in their tin cans for men’s breakfasts even for those who dwell in distant cities. In the twilight now by the light of the stars alone, the moon being concealed they are pressing the bounteous streams from full udders into their milk pails & the sound of the streaming milk is all that breaks the sacred stillness of the dawn –distributing their milk to such as have no cows. I perceive no mosquitoes now are they vespertinal like the singing of the whippoorwill [Whip-Poor-Will ■ *Caprimulgus Vociferus*]. I see the light of the obscured moon reflected from the river brightly –with what mild emphasis nature marks the spot –so bright & serene a sheen that does not more contrast with the night. 4 AM. It adds a charm –a dignity, a glory –to the earth to see the light of the moon reflected from her streams. There are but us three the moon –the earth which wears this jewel (the moons reflection) in her crown –& myself. Now there has come round the cliffs (on which I sit) all unobserved & mingled with the dusky sky of night –a lighter –and more ethereal living blue –whispering of the sun still far far away behind the horizon– From the summit of our atmosphere perchance he may already be seen by soaring spirits that inhabit those thin upper regions & they communicate the glorious intelligence to us lower ones. (Not without sadness and compassion I reflect that I shall not see the moon again in her glory.) The real **divine** the heavenly blue –the Jove containing air it is I see through this dusky lower stratum. The sun gilding the summits of the air. The arteries of light flow over all the sky. (Not far from four still in the night I heard a night-hawk [Common Nighthawk ■ *Chordeiles minor*] squeak & boom high in the air –as I sat on the cliff– What is said about this being less of a night bird than the whippoorwill [Whip-Poor-Will ■ *Caprimulgus Vociferus*] is perhaps to be questioned. For neither do I remember to have heard the whippoorwill **sing** at 12 o’clock –though I met one sitting & flying between 2 & 3 this morning– I believe that both may be heard at midnight –though very rarely.)

Now at **very earliest** dawn the night hawk booms & the whippoorwill [Whip-Poor-Will ■ *Caprimulgus Vociferus*] sings. Returning down the hill by the path to where the woods cut off I see the signs of the day –the morning red– There is the lurid morning star soon to be blotted out by a cloud



There is an early redness in the east which I was not prepared for changing to amber or saffron –with clouds beneath in the horizon and also above this clear streak–

The birds utter a few languid & yawning notes as if they had not left their perches –so sensible to light to wake so soon– A faint peeping sound from I know not what kind –a slight innocent half awake sound –like the sounds which a quiet house wife makes in the earliest dawn. I hear a wood-thrush [*Hylocichla mustelina*] even now long before sunrise as in the heat of the day. & the peewee [Eastern Phoebe *Sayornis phoebe*] & the catbird [Gray Catbird *Dumetella carolinensis*] –& the vireo –redeyed [Red-eyed Vireo *Vireo olivaceus*]?

I do not hear –or do not mind perchance the crickets now. Now whippoorwills [Whip-Poor-Will *Caprimulgus Vociferus*] commence to sing in earnest considerably **after** the wood thrush [*Hylocichla mustelina*] – The wood-thrush that beautiful singer inviting the day once more to enter his pine woods. (So you may hear the woodthrush & whippoorwill at the same time.) Now go by two whippoorwills in haste seeking some coverts from the eye day. And the bats are flying about on the edge of the wood improving the last moments of their day –in catching insects. The moon appears at length –not yet as a cloud –but with a frozen light ominous of her fate. The early cars sound like a wind in the woods– The chewinks [Rufous-Sided Towhee *Pipilo erythrophthalmus*] make a business now of waking each other up with their low “yorrick” in the neighboring low copse The sun would have shown before but for the cloud. Now on his rising not the clear sky but –the –cheeks of the clouds high & wide are tinged with red which like the sky before turns gradually to saffron –& then to the white light of day.

The nettle leaved vervain *Verbena Urticifolia* by road side at Emerson’s.

What we have called hemp answers best to *urtica dioica* large stinging nettle? Now the great sunflower’s golden disk is seen

The days for some time have been sensibly shorter –there is time for music in the evening

I see polygonums in blossom by road side –white & red.

A *Eupatorium* from Hubbard bridge causeway –answers to *E. Purpureum* –except in these doubtful points that the former has 4 leaves in a whorl –is unequally serrate, the stem is **nearly** filled with a thin pith –the corymb is not merely terminal –florrets 8 & 9.


Differs from *verticillatum* –in the stem being not solid –and I perceive no diff – bet calyx & corolla in color if I know what the two are.

It may be one of the intermediate varieties referred to.

HISTORY OF RR

THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT




 August 13, Wednesday, 1851: At the village of Las Pozas in Cuba, Spanish forces defeated López's filibustering army.

John Lincoln Klem or Clem was born in Newark, Ohio.




[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR AUGUST 13TH OR 14TH]

 August 14, Thursday, 1851: John Henry Holliday was born in Griffin, Georgia to Henry Burroughs Holliday and Alice Jane McKey Holliday (after being educated as a dentist, and turning 21 so he could go into practice, he would head West, where he would become known as “Doc Holliday”).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR AUGUST 13TH OR 14TH]

 August 15, Friday, 1851: Henri-Frédéric Amiel, who would be referred to as the “Swiss Thoreau,” wrote in his JOURNAL INTIME: “To know how to be ready, a great thing, a precious gift, and one that implies calculation, grasp and decision. To be always ready a man must be able to cut a knot, for everything cannot be untied; he must know how to disengage what is essential from the detail in which it is enwrapped, for everything cannot be equally considered; in a word, he must be able to simplify his duties, his business, and his life. To know how to be ready, is to know how to start.

It is astonishing how all of us are generally cumbered up with the thousand and one hindrances and duties which are not such, but which nevertheless wind us about with their spider threads and fetter the movement of our wings. It is the lack of order which makes us slaves; the confusion of to-day discounts the freedom of to-morrow.

Confusion is the enemy of all comfort, and confusion is born of procrastination. To know how to be ready we must be able to finish. Nothing is done but what is finished. The things which we leave dragging behind us will start up again later on before us and harass our path. Let each day take thought for what concerns it, liquidate its own affairs and respect the day which is to follow, and then we shall be always ready. To know how to be ready is at bottom to know how to die.”

In San Francisco, California:

The city was thrown into a state of excitement by news of serious riots having occurred at Sacramento City on the preceding day. It seems that a great portion of the land covering that city and vicinity is held by grants from Capt. John A. Sutter, who claimed under an old Spanish title. Much of this land had been squatted upon by parties who denied the legality of Sutter's grants, and who claimed a right to the property as pre-emptionists or settlers. The holders of titles from Sutter appealed to the courts, and decisions were given in their favor; but upon attempting to possess themselves of their appropriated property they were forcibly resisted by the squatters. On the 13th instant, several of these latter were arrested for resisting the officers of the law and the process of the court, and in default of bail, two of them were held in custody on board the prison brig. On the day following an armed body of squatters repaired to the brig to release their companions, where they were met by the mayor, sheriff, and a posse, who drove them back a

considerable distance into the city, when they turned and fired upon the legal authorities, who immediately returned the fire with guns and pistols. Of the latter, Mr. Woodland, city assessor, was killed, and Mayor Bigelow, Mr. Harper, assistant postmaster, and several others were wounded. Mahloney, the leader of the squatters, was shot dead from his horse. Several others of the same party were killed, and a number severely wounded. On the same day, other disturbances occurred at Brighton, six miles south of the city, when Sheriff Joseph McKinney was killed, and Sacramento City several of his posse were wounded; three of the squatters were also killed, and a number taken prisoners. Immediately upon receiving intelligence of these lamentable occurrences Mayor Geary issued a proclamation, calling upon "the citizens of [San Francisco](#) to meet at the earliest possible period, form companies, and hold themselves in readiness to answer such calls as may necessarily be made upon them." Soon the "California Guard," Captain Howard, numbering eighty men, and "Protection Fire Company, No. 2," Captain McCormick, between forty and fifty men, properly equipped and armed with muskets, reported themselves ready for service. This force, under the command of Col Geary, departed at 12 o'clock for the scene of the riots in the steamboat *Senator*, which, with characteristic decision, promptness, and public spirit, had been placed at their disposal by Mr. Charles Minturn. Their departure was witnessed and loudly cheered by a great multitude of citizens, who had hastily gathered upon the wharves. They arrived at Sacramento about 11 o'clock in the evening. In the mean time order was partially restored, and happily their actual services were not required. They were kindly received by the authorities and citizens, and hospitably entertained until the 17th instant, when they returned to their homes. Before leaving Sacramento they were presented with highly complimentary and laudatory resolutions and votes of thanks from the Boards of Aldermen and Military Department of the State for the tender of their ready and efficient aid. This prompt action on the part of the mayor and citizens of [San Francisco](#), doubtless, had a tendency not only to assist in preserving the restored peace of their sister city, but to prevent the occurrence of similar disturbances in other portions of the State. Be this as it may, it was deserving of the praise it received, and was an example worthy of being followed.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



August 15, Friday: *Hypericum Canadense* Canadian St Johns Wort distinguished by its red capsules. The petals shine under the microscope as if they had a golden dew on them.
Cnicus pumilus pasture thistle– How many insects a single one attracts. While you sit by it bee after bee will visit it & busy himself probing for honey & loading himself with pollen regardless of your over shadowing presence. He sees its purple flower from afar –and that use there is in its color.¹³⁶
Oxalis stricta upright wood sorrel the little yellow ternate leaved flower in pastures & cornfields
Sagittaria Sagittifolia or arrowhead It has very little root that I can find to cut.
Campanula crinoides var, 2nd Slender Bell flower vinelike like a *Galium*. by brook side in Depot field.
Impatiens noli me tangere or touch me not –with its dangling yellow pitchers or horns of plenty – which I have seen for a month by damp causeway thickets but the whole plant was so tender and drooped so soon I could not get it home.
Mimulus ringens or monkey flower by {1 leaf missing}



1851

1851

May I love & revere myself above all the Gods that men have ever invented.— may I never let the vestal fire go out in my recesses—¹³⁷


136. [Thoreau](#) would later combine some elements of this entry with an entry made on September 7, 1851 to form the following portion of his early lecture [“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT”](#):

[Paragraph 96] It is pathetic for me far in the fields in mid forenoon to hear the village clock striking. The bees on the flowers seem to reprove my idleness. Yet I ask myself to what end do they labor? Is there so much need of honey and wax? Is the industry of mankind truly respectable? Is there such virtue in raking cranberries that those men’s employment whom I now see in the meadow can rightly reprove my idleness? Can I not go over these same meadows after them and rake still more valuable fruits—rake with my mind? Can I not rake a thought perchance which shall be worth a bushel of cranberries? I will not mind the village clock; it marks time for the dead and dying. It sounds like a knell; as if one struck the most sonorous slates in the churchyard with a mallet, and they rang out the words which are engraved on them—*tempus fugit irrevocabile*. [“time flies irrevocably” Bradley P. Dean italicized this] I harken for the clock that strikes the eternal hours. What though my walk is desultory—and I do not find employment which satisfies my hunger and thirst, and the bee probing the thistle and loading himself with honey and wax seems better employed than I, my idleness is better than his industry. I would rather that my spirit hunger and thirst than that it forget its own wants in satisfying the hunger and thirst of the body. [compare [MATTHEW 5:6](#)]

**BRAD DEAN’S
COMMENTARY**

1851

1851

 August 16, Saturday, 1851: Some of López's [filibusters](#) having been captured at sea, they had been taken to [Havana](#), and on this day the last 51 members of the regiment (excepting Narciso López himself) were executed by [firing squad](#).



According to the NORFOLK ANNALS for this year, on this date was published an extract from the [New York Express](#), giving particulars of a confession of murder by a private named Thomson, belonging to the 1st Royals, then stationed at Halifax, North America. He stated that when at [Norwich, England](#) 8 years previously he was on terms of intimacy with a woman. A quarrel had occurred between them, and he had thrown her into a canal. The crime had so preyed upon his mind that he determined to give himself up to justice and allow the law to take its course. On September 13th it was announced that Thomson had been brought to England and committed to Winchester Gaol, pending inquiries by the police of that city. Two police-officers came to Norwich, investigated the affair, and elicited the following remarkable facts: Thomson was stationed in Norwich with the Carabineers in 1846, and afterwards exchanged to the 1st Royals, then in Canada. A girl named Anna Barber was in the habit of frequenting the barracks, and became acquainted with Thomson, whom she appears to have displeased. During the month of August 1846 a tailor named James Taylor was fishing for eels in the river near Blackfriars Bridge when he heard a scuffle, a shriek, a splash, and the sound of retreating footsteps. He immediately rowed to the place and assisted out of the water a young woman, who refused to give him her name. She went away, and no report was made to the police. In 1850 Anna Barber was again seen in Norwich. It was evident, therefore, that the remorse which impelled Thomson to make his confession was groundless.

On this day the Great Florida Middle Panhandle Hurricane was 1st observed, as it passed east of the island of Barbados in the Caribbean.

HURRICANES

The storm would attain hurricane status as it approached the Lesser Antilles on the 17th, and then passed

137. [Thoreau](#) would also move this into ["WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT"](#) as:

[Paragraph 99] There are certain things which only senses refined and purified may take cognizance of. May such senses be mine! I would that I might truly worship my own body—as the worthiest temple of God—bow down with reverence to his image graven in it—and so love and reverence the very persons of my friends. May I love and revere myself above all the gods that men have ever invented, and never let the vestal fire go out in my recesses!

BRAD DEAN'S
COMMENTARY

between Antigua and Saint Kitts, and then passed south of Saint Croix. It would destroy half the cotton crop on some of the islands. In Apalachicola there would be only 2 or 3 buildings that would retain their roofs. When it destroyed the Dog Island Light it killed five persons. On the 18th the storm would brush the southern coast of Puerto Rico, on the 19th it would hit the southern coast of the Dominican Republic, and pass over Hispaniola, and then on the 20th it would parallel the coast of Cuba just offshore. Early on the 23d it would come to the continent south-southeast of Pensacola, Florida and move ashore at Panama City, Florida. Many houses would be destroyed in Tallahassee. Many homes were damaged in Savannah, and many trees downed. It would accelerate across the Southeastern United States but, before it exited [North Carolina](#) on August 25th, would have weakened into a mere tropical storm. North Carolina and Virginia would remember this as the worst storm they had experienced in 3 decades. There would be storm damage as far north as Cambridge, Massachusetts. By the time this storm would approach Newfoundland on the 27th it would, however, have lost much of its force.



August 16, Saturday: Agrimonia Eupatoria small flowered (yellow) plant with hispid fruit 2 or 3 feet high turnpike at Tuttle's peatmead. Hemp –Cannabis sativa said by Gray to have been introduced not named by Bigelow –is it not a native?

AUGUSTUS TUTTLE

BIGELOW



DOPERS

It is true man can and does live by preying on other animals, but this is a miserable way of sustaining himself –and he will be regarded as a benefactor of his race –along with Prometheus & Christ –who shall teach men to live on a more innocent & wholesome diet. Is it not already acknowledged to be a reproach that man is a carnivorous animal?



August 17, Sunday, 1851: [Henry Drummond](#) was born in Scotland.



August 17, Sunday: For a day or two it has been quite cool –a coolness that was felt even when sitting by an open window in a thin coat on the west side of the house in the morning –& you naturally sought the sun at that hour– The coolness concentrated your thought however– As I could not command a sunny window I went abroad on the morning of the 15th and lay in the sun in the fields in my thin coat though it was rather cool even there. I feel as if this coolness would do me good. If it only makes my life more pensive why should pensiveness be akin to sadness. There is a certain fertile sadness which I would not avoid but rather earnestly seek– It is positively joyful to me– It saves my life from being trivial. My life flows with a deeper current –no longer as a shallow & brawling stream parched & shrunk by the summer heats– This coolness comes to condense the dews & clear the atmosphere. The stillness seems more deep & significant –each sound seems to come from out a greater thoughtfulness in nature –as if nature had acquired some character & mind –the cricket –the gurgling –stream –the rushing wind amid the trees –all speak to me soberly yet encouragingly of the steady onward progress of the universe– My heart leaps into my mouth at the sound of the wind in the woods–¹³⁸ I whose life was but yesterday so desultory & shallow – suddenly recover my spirits –my spirituality through my hearing– I see a goldfinch [[American Goldfinch](#) [Carduleis tristis](#)] go twittering through the still luring day and am reminded of the peeping flocks which will soon herald the thoughtful season– Ah! if I could so live that there should be no desultory moment in all my life! That in the trivial season when small fruits are ripe my fruits might be ripe also that I could watch nature always with my moods! That in each season when some part of nature especially flourishes –then a corresponding part of me may not fail to flourish Ah, I would walk I would sit & sleep with natural piety– What if I could pray aloud or to myself as I went along by the brooksides a cheerful prayer like the birds! For joy I could embrace the earth– I shall delight to be buried in it. And then to think of those I love among men –who will know that



I love them though I tell them not. I sometimes feels as if I were rewarded merely for expecting better hours– I did not despair of worthier moods –and now I have occasion to be grateful for the flood of life that is flowing over me. I am not so poor– I can smell the ripening apples –the very rills are deep –the autumnal flowers the trichostema dichotoma –not only its bright blue flower above the sand but its strong wormwood scent which belongs to the season feed my spirit –endear the earth to me –make me value myself & rejoice– The quivering of pigeons’ [American Passenger Pigeons [Ectopistes migratorius](#)] wings –reminds me of the tough fibre of the air which they rend. I thank you God. I do not deseve [deserve] anything I am unworthy of the least regard & yet I am made to rejoice. I am impure & worthless –& yet the world is gilded for my delight & holidays are prepared for me –& my path is strewn with flowers But I cannot thank the Giver– I cannot even whisper my thanks to those human friends I have. It seems to me that I am more rewarded for my expectations than for anything I do or can do. Ah I would not tread on a cricket in whose song is such a revelation – so soothing & cheering to my ear. O keep my senses pure! And why should I speak to my friends? for how rarely is it that I am I –and are they, then, they? We will meet then far away. The seeds of the summer are getting dry & falling from a thousand nodding heads. If I did not know you through thick & thin how should I know you at all? Ah the very brooks seem fuller of reflections than they were –ah such provoking sybilline sentences they are – – the shallowest is all at once unfathomable– how can that depth be fathomed when a man may see himself reflected– The rill I stopped to drink at I drink in more than I expected– I satisfy –& still provoke the thirst of thirsts– Nut Meadow brook where it crosses the road beyond [Jenny Dugans](#) that was. I do not drink in vain I mark that brook as if I had swallowed a water snake –that would live in my stomach– I have swallowed something worth the while– The days is not what it was before I stooped to drink. Ah I shall hear from that draught –it is not in vain that I have drunk.– I have drank an arrow-head. It flows from where all fountains rise.

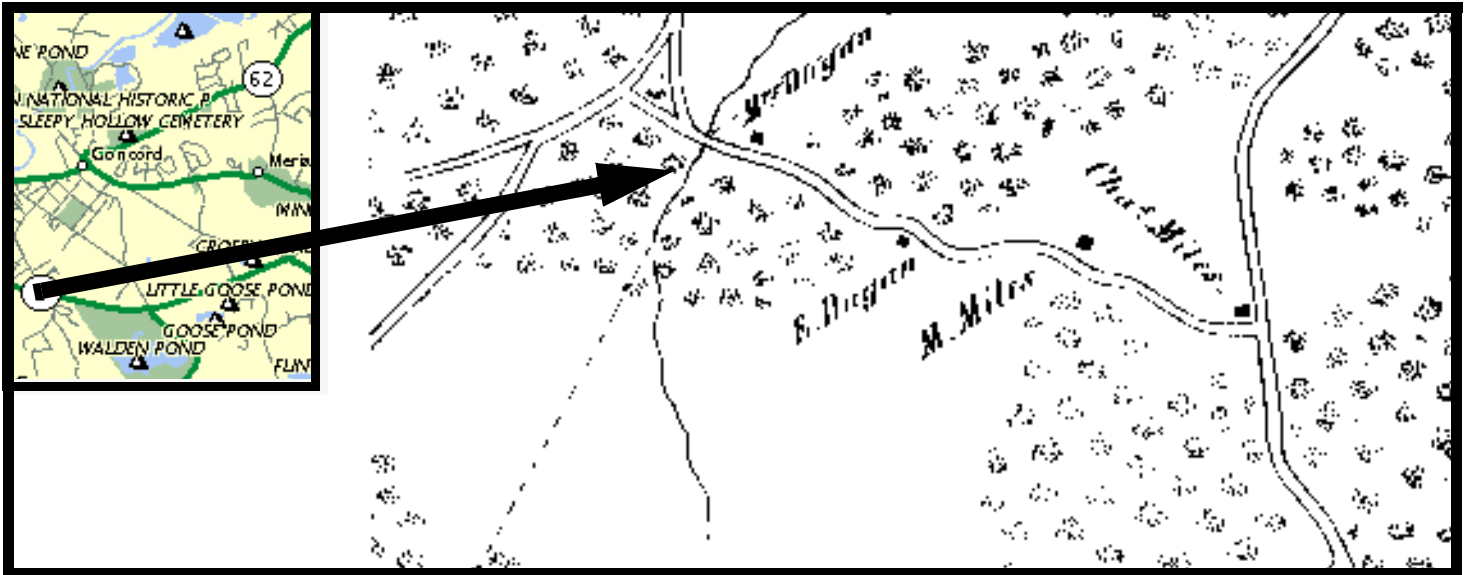
JENNY DUGAN

PRAYER

138. [William M. White](#)’s version of the journal entry is:

*This coolness comes to condense the dews and clear the atmosphere.
The stillness seems more deep and significant.
Each sound seems to come
From out a greater thoughtfulness in nature, as if nature had acquired some
character and mind.*

*The cricket,
The gurgling stream,
The rushing wind amid the trees,
All speak to me soberly yet encouragingly
Of the steady onward progress of the universe.
My heart leaps into my mouth
At the sound of the wind in the woods.*



How many ova have I swallowed –who knows what will be hatched within me? There were some seeds of thought methinks floating in that water which are expanding in me– The man must not drink of the running streams the living waters –who is not prepared to have all nature reborn in him –to suckle monsters– The snake in my stomach lifts his head to my mouth at the sound of running water. When was it that I swallowed a snake. I have got rid of the snake in my stomach. I drank at stagnant waters once. That accounts for it. I caught him by the throat & drew him out & had a well day after all. Is there not such a thing as getting rid of the snake which you swallowed when young? When thoughtless you stooped & drank at stagnant waters –which has worried you in your waking hours & in your sleep ever since & appropriated the life that was yours. Will he not ascend into your mouth at the sound of running water– Then catch him boldly by the head & draw him out though you may think his tail be curled about your vitals.

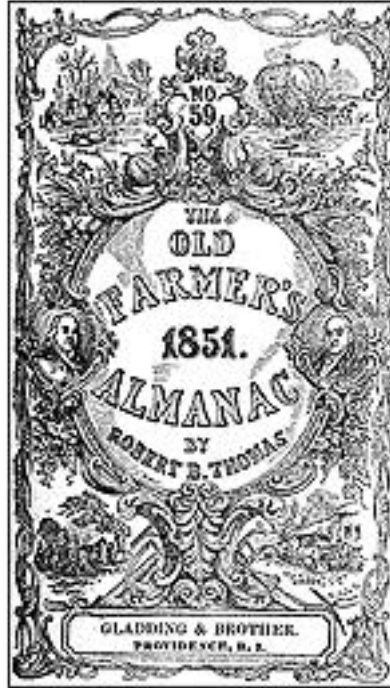
The farmers are just finishing their meadow haying (today is sunday)– Those who have early potatoes may be digging them or doing any other job which the haying has obliged them to postpone– For six weeks or more this has been the farmer’s work to shave the surface of the fields & meadows clean. This is done all over the country –the razor is passed over these parts of nature’s face the country over– A 13th labor which methinks would have broken the backs of Hercules would have given him a memorable sweat –accomplished with what sweating of scythes & early & late– I chance know one young man who has lost his life in this seasons campaign by over doing–

In haying time some men take double wages & they are engaged long before in the spring. To shave all the fields & meadows of New England clean– If men did this but once & not every year –we should never hear the last of that labor –it would be more famous in each farmers case than

1851

1851

Buonaparte's road over the Simplon. It has no other bulletin but the truthful farmer's almanac— Ask



them where scythe snathes are made & sold & rifles too if it is not a real labor. In its very weapons & its passes it has the semblance of war. [Mexico](#) was won with less exertion & less true valor than are required to do one season's haying in New England— The former work was done by those who played truant and ran away from the latter.

Those Mexican's were mown down more easily than the summer's crop of grass in many a farmer's fields.

Is there not some work in New England men. This haying is no work for marines nor for deserters — nor for U S troops so called nor for Westpoint cadets —it would wilt them & they would desert. Have they not deserted?— every field is a battle field to the mower —a pitched battle too —and whole winrows of dead have covered it in the course of the season. Early & late the farmer has gone forth with his formidable scythe —weapon of time —Times weapon —& fought the ground inch by inch— It is the summer's enterprise. And if we were a more poetic people horns would be blown to celebrate its completion—there might be a hay maker's day— New Englands peaceful battles— At Bunker Hill there were some who stood at the rail fence & behind the winrows of new mown hay— They have not yet quitted the field. They stand there still —they have not retreated.

The polygala sanguinea caducous polygala in damp ground with red or purple heads—

The dandelion still blossoms & the lupine still belated. I have been to Tarbels swamp by the 2nd division this afternoon & to the Marlboro road It has promised rain all day —cloudy & still & rather cool —from time to time a few drops gently spitting but no shower The landscape wears a sober autumnal look— I hear a drop or two on my hat— I wear a thick coat— The birds seem to know that it will not rain just yet. The swallows █ skim low over the pastures twittering as they fly near me with forked tail dashing near me as if I scared up insects for them. I see where a squirrel has been eating hazel nuts on a stump.

Tarbel's swamp is mainly composed of low & even but dense beds of *Andromeda caliculata* or dwarf *Andromeda* which bears the early flower in the spring— Here & there mingled with it is the *Andromeda polifolia* or Water *Andromeda*? Also pitch pines birches —hardhack & the common alder *Alnus serrulata* —and in separate & lower beds the cranberry —& probably the *Rhodora Canadensis* might be found.

The lead colored berries of the *viburnum dentatum* now— Cow Wheat & indigo weed still in bloom by the dry woodpath side. & Norway cinquefoil. I detected a wild apple on the Marlboro road by its fragrance —in the thick woods —small stems 4 inches in diameter falling over or leaning like rays on every side —a clean white fruit —the ripest yellowish —a pleasant acid —the fruit covered the ground. It is unusual to meet with an early apple thus wild in the thickest woods. It seemed admirable to me.

One of the noblest of fruits. With green specks under the skin
 Prenanthes Alba white flowering P. with its strange halbert & variously shaped leaves.
 Neottia

& Hypericum

I hear the rain (11 PM) distilling upon the ground –wetting the grass & leaves– The melons needed it– Their leaves were curled & their fruit stunted.

I am less somnolent for the cool season. I wake to a perennial day. The hayer’s work is done, but I hear no boasting –no firing of guns nor ringing of bells. He celebrates it by going about the work he had postponed. “till after haying.” If all this steadiness & valor were spent upon some still worthier enterprise!!

All men’s employments –all trades & professions in some of their aspects are attractive– Hence the boy resolved to be a minister & make cider –not thinking boy as he was how little fun there was in being a minister –willing to purchase that pleasure at any price– When I saw the carpenters the other day repairing Hubbards bridge their bench on the new platform they had laid over the water in the sun & air with no railing yet to obstruct the view I was almost ready to resolve that I would be a carpenter & work on bridges– To secure a pleasant place to work– One of the men had a fish line cast round a sleeper which he looked at from time to time.

HUBBARD’S BRIDGE

–John Potter told me that those root fences on the Corner road were at least 60 or 70 yrs old.– I see a solitary Goldfinch [**American Goldfinch** ■ *Carduleis tristis*] now & then.

Hieracium Marianum or scabrum } Marlboro road.

“ Kalmii or Canadense }

Leontodon Autumnale passim

JOHN POTTER

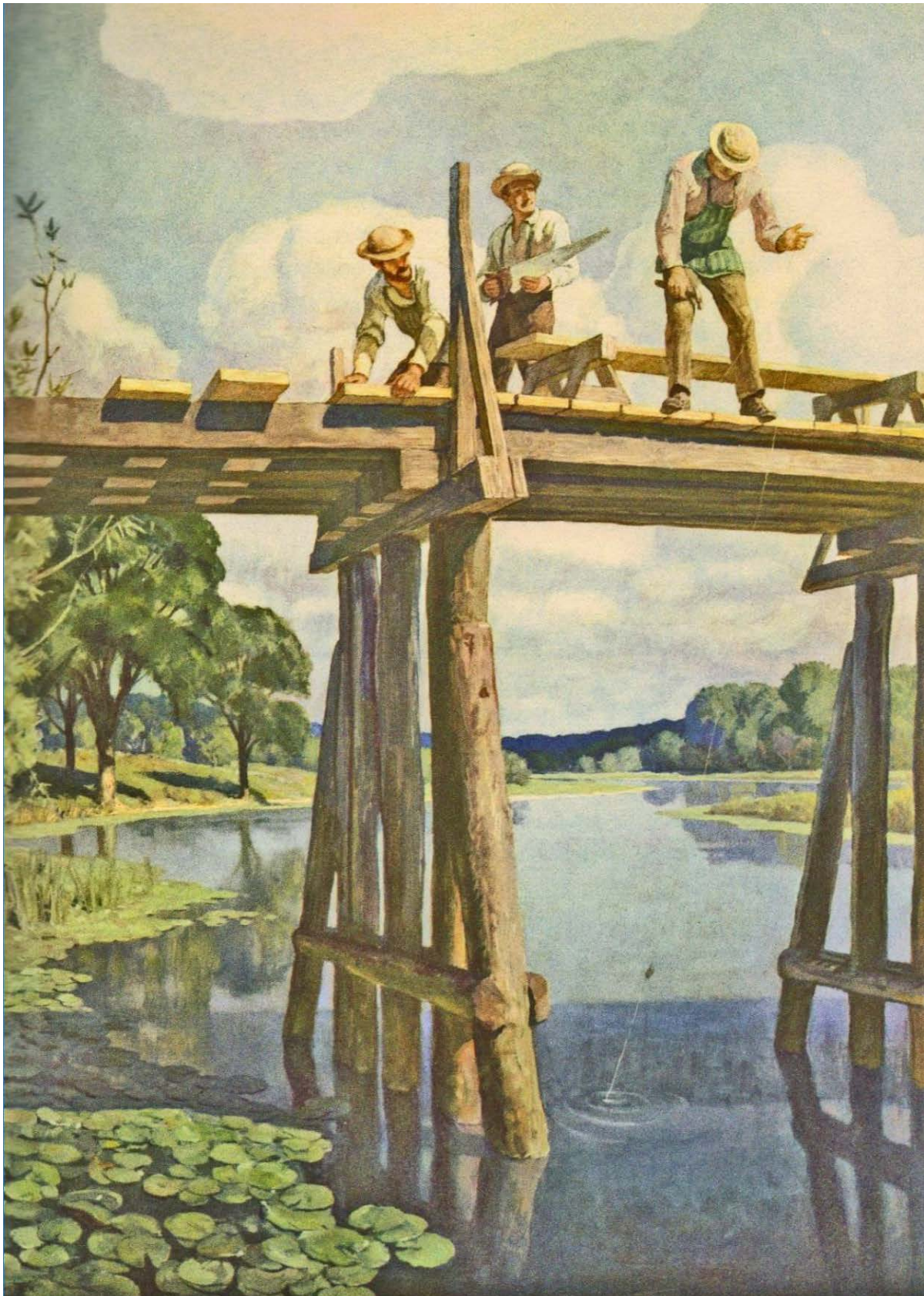


August 18, Monday, 1851: The New-York Times began daily publication. Its editor was Henry J. Raymond.

August 18, Monday, 1851: Henry Thoreau was reading about Canada in George Warburton’s HOCHELAGA; OR, ENGLAND IN THE NEW WORLD.... (two volumes republished as one in New-York by Wiley & Putnam in 1845), which reading maybe would become his source for material he would insert into his “Quebec and Montmorenci” section of AN EXCURSION TO CANADA (Huntington HM 949).

At mid-afternoon we made haste down *Sault au Matelot* Street towards the Falls of Montmorenci, about eight miles down the St. Lawrence on the north side, leaving the further examination of Quebec till our return. On our way we saw men in the streets sawing logs pit-fashion, and afterward with a common wood-saw and horse cutting the planks into squares for paving the streets. This looked very shiftless, especially in a country abounding in Water-power, and reminded me that I was no longer in Yankee land. I found on inquiry that the excuse for this was, that labor was so cheap, and I thought with some pain, – how cheap men are here! I have since learned that the English traveller Warburton, remarked soon after landing at Quebec, that every thing was cheap there but men. That must be the difference between going thither from New and from Old England. I had already observed the dogs harnessed to their little milk-carts, which contain a single large can, lying asleep in the gutters, regardless of the horses, while they rested from their labors, at different stages of the ascent in the Upper Town. I was surprised at the regular and extensive use made of these animals for drawing, not only milk, but groceries, wood, &c. It reminded me that the dog commonly is not put to any use. Cats catch mice; but dogs only worry the cats. Kalm, a hundred years ago, saw sledges here for ladies to ride in drawn by a pair of dogs. He says, “A middle-sized dog is sufficient to draw a single person

DOG



when the roads are good," and he was told by old people that



horses were very scarce in their youth, and almost all the land carriage was then effected by dogs. They made me think of the Esquimaux, who, in fact, are the next people on the north. Charlevoix says that the first horses were introduced in 1665.

READ WARBURTON TEXT

TIMELINE OF CANADA



August 18, Monday: It plainly makes men sad to think. Hence pensiveness is akin to sadness.

Some dogs I have noticed have a propensity to worry cows –they go off by themselves to distant pastures & ever and anon like four legged devils they worry the cows –full of the devil. They are so full of the devil they know not what to do. I come to interfere between the cows & their tormentors. Ah I grieve to see the devils escape so easily by their swift limbs imps of mischief– They are the dog state of those boys who pull down hand bills in the streets. Their next migration perchance will be into such dogs as these –ignoble fate. The dog whose office it should be to guard the herd turned its tormentor. Some courageous cow endeavoring in vain to toss the nimble devil.

Those soldiers in the Champ de Mars at Montreal convinced me that I had arrived in a foreign country under a different government –where many are under the control of one. Such perfect drill could never be in a republic Yet it had the effect on us as when the keeper shows his animals claws–

It was the English leopard showing his claws. The Royal something or other– I have no doubt that soldiers well drilled as a class are peculiarly destitute of originality & independence. The men were dressed above their condition had the bearing of gentlemen without a corresponding intellectual culture.

The Irish was a familiar element –but the Scotch a novel one –the St Andrew’s Church was prominent –& sometimes I was reminded of Edinburg –indeed much more than of London–

Warburton remarked soon after landing at Quebec –that Everything was cheap in that country but men– My thought when observing how the wooden pavements were sawed by hand in the streets instead of by machinery because labor was cheap – – how cheap men are here.

It is evident that a private man is not worth so much in Canada as in the U. S. & if that is the bulk of a man’s property i.e. the being private & peculiar he had better stay here– An Englishman methinks, not to speak of other nations –habitually regards himself merely as a constituent part of the English nation –he holds a recognized place as such –he is a member of the Royal regiment of Englishmen. & he is proud of his nation– But an American cares very little about such & greater of freedom & independence are possible to him. He is nearer to the primitive condition of man–

Government lets him alone & he lets government alone.

I often thought of the tories & refugees who settled in Canada at the revolution– These English were to a considerable extent their descendants–

Quebec began to be fortified in a more regular manner in 1690

The most modern fortifications have an air of antiquity about them –they have the aspect of ruins in better or worse repair –ruins kept in repair from the day they were built though they were completed yesterday –because they are not in a true sense the work of this age. I couple them with the dismantled spanish forts to be found in so many parts of the world –they carry me back to the middle ages –. & the siege of Jerusalem & St Jean D’acre –& the days of the Buccaniers Such works are not consistent with the development of the intellect. Huge stone structures of all kinds –both by their creation & their influence rather oppress the intellect than set it free A little thought will dismantle them as fast as they are built. They are a bungling contrivance– It is an institution as rotten as the church– The soldiers –the sentinel with his musket beside a man with his umbrella is spectral. There is not sufficient reason for his existence– My friend there with a bullet resting on half an ounce of powder –does he think that he needs that argument in conversing with me? Of what use this fortification to look at it from the soldiers point of view– General Wolfe sailed by it with impunity –& took the town of Quebec –without experiencing any hindrance from its fortifications. How often do we have to read that the enemy occupied a position which commanded the old. & so the post was evacuated.

How impossible it is to give that soldier a good education –without first making him virtually a deserter.

1690

DOG

It is as if I were to come to a country Village surrounded with palisadoes in the old Indian style – interesting as a relic of antiquity & barbarism. A fortified town is a man cased in the heavy armor of antiquity & a horse load of broad swords & small arms slung to him. endeavoring to go about his business.

The idea seemed to be that sometime the inhabitants of Canada might wish to govern themselves and this was to hinder– But the inhabitants of California succeed well without any such establishment. There would be the same sense in a man’s wearing a breast plate all his days for fear somebody should fire a bullet at his vitals. The English in Canada –seem to be everywhere prepared & preparing for war in the U S they are prepared for anything –they may even be the aggressors– This is a ruin kept in a remarkably good repair –there are some 800 or 1000 men there to exhibit it. One regiment goes bare-legged to increase the attraction– If you wish to study the muscles of the legs about the knee repair to Quebec.



August 19, Tuesday, 1851: Captain Gennadi Nevelskoy discovered that the Amur River flowed directly into the Pacific Ocean. He raised the Russian flag on Sakhalin Island, directly across from the river’s mouth, thus claiming the island for Russia. For these efforts he would be demoted for acting without orders; however, the Russian government would retain this island.

Robert McKinsey and Samuel Whittaker were detained by a [San Francisco](#) Committee of Vigilance and taken to their headquarters. Sheriff John C. “Jack” Hays was ordered to bring them to jail, so he, his deputy John Caperton, Mayor Brenham, and Governor John McDougal forced themselves in, and exited with the 2 captives.



August 19, Tuesday: Clematis Virginiana –Calamint –Lycopus Europeus water horehound
 This is a world where there are flowers. Now at 5 AM the fog which in the west looks like a wreath of hard rolled cotton batting –is rapidly dispersing. The echo of the railroad whistle is heard the horizon round –the gravel train is starting out. The farmers are cradling oats in some places. For some days past I have noticed a *red* maple or two about the pond though we have had no frost. The grass is very wet with dew this morning.

The way in which men cling to old institutions after the life has departed out of them & out of themselves reminds me of those monkees which cling by their tails –aye whose tails contract about the limbs –even the dead limbs of the forest and they hang suspended beyond the hunters reach long after they are dead It is of no use to argue with such men They have not an apprehensive intellect but merely as it were a prehensile tail. Their intellect possesses merely the quality of a prehensile tail. The tail itself contracts around the dead limb even after they themselves are dead –and not till corruption takes place do they fall.

The black howling monkey, or Caraya –according to Azara it is extremely dif. to get at them for “When mortally wounded they coil the tail round a branch, and hang by it with the head downwards for days after death, and until, in fact, decomposition begins to take effect.”– The commenting Naturalist says “a singular peculiarity of this organ is to contract at its extremity of its own accord as soon as it is extended to its full length.” I relinquish argument, I wait for decomposition to take place, for the subject is dead. as I value the hide for museums. They say “though you’ve got my soul, you shan’t have my carcass.”

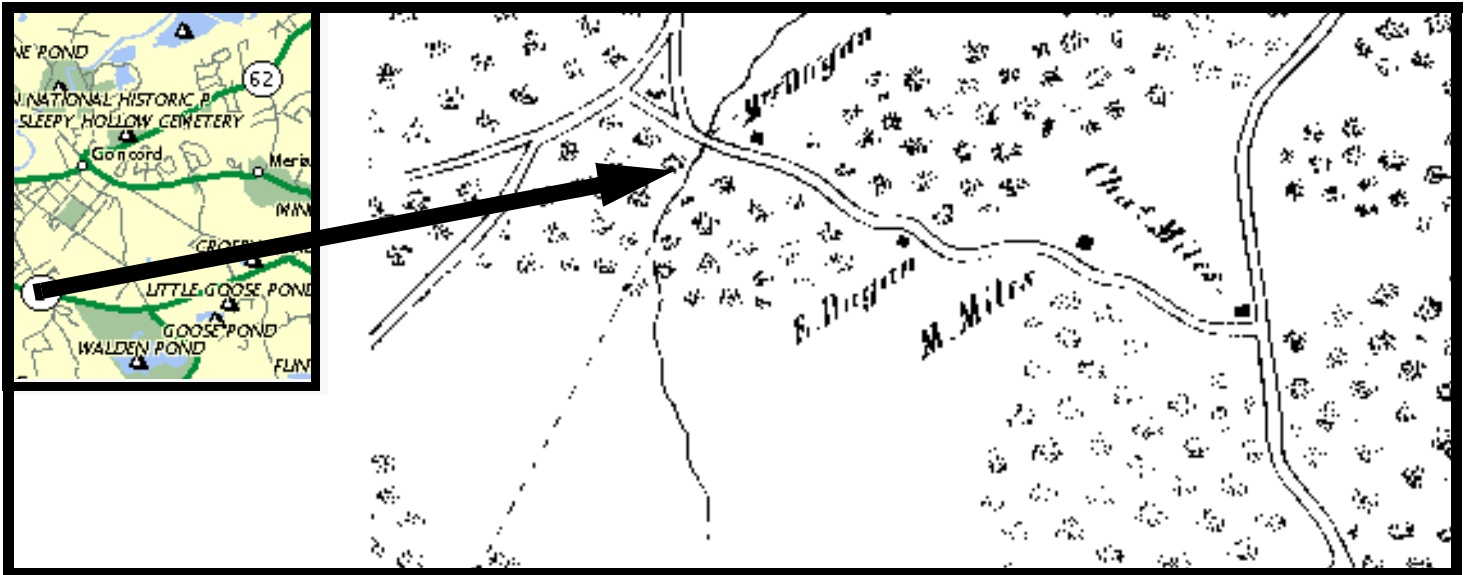
PM to Marlboro Road via Clamshell Hill –[Jenny Dugan](#)’s –Round Pond Canoe Birch road (Dea Dakins) & White Pond.–

HISTORY OF RR

CUVIER

JENNY DUGAN





How many things concur to keep a man at home, to prevent his yielding to his inclination to wander. If I would extend my walk a hundred miles I must carry a tent on my back for shelter at night or in the rain, or at least I must carry a thick coat to be prepared for a change in the weather. So that it requires some resolution as well as energy and foresight to undertake the simplest journey. Man does not travel as easily as the birds migrate— He is not everywhere at home like flies. When I think how many things I can conveniently carry, I am wont to think it most convenient to stay at home. My home then to a certain extent is the place where I keep my thick-coat & my tent & some books which I can not carry. Where next I can depend upon meeting some friends— And where finally I even I have established myself in business— But this last in my case is the least important qualification of a home.


The poet must be continually watching the moods of his mind as the astronomer watches the aspects of the heavens. What might we not expect from a long life faithfully spent in this wise—the humblest observer would see some stars shoot.— A faithful description as by a disinterested person of the thoughts which visited a certain mind in 3 score years & 10 as when one reports the number & character of the vehicles which pass a particular point. As travellers go round the world and report natural objects & phenomena—so faithfully let another stay at home & report the phenomena of his own life. Catalogue stars—those thoughts whose orbits are as rarely calculated as comets It matters not whether they visit my mind or yours—whether the meteor falls in my field or in yours—only that it came from heaven. (I am not concerned to express that kind of truth which nature has expressed. Who knows but I may suggest some things to her. Time was when she was indebted to such suggestions from another quarter—as her present advancement shows. I deal with the truths that recommend themselves to me please me—not those merely which any system has voted to accept.) A meteorological journal of the mind— You shall observe what occurs in your latitude, I in mine. Some institutions—most institutions, indeed, have had a divine origin. But of most that we see prevailing in society nothing but the form, the shell, is left—the life is extinct—and there is nothing divine in them. Then the reformer arises inspired to reinstitute life—& what ever he does or causes to be done is a reestablishment of that same or a similar divineness. But some who never knew the significance of these instincts—are by a sort of false instinct found clinging to the shells. Those who have no knowledge of the divine appoint themselves defenders of the divine—as champions of the church &c I have been astonished to observe how long some audiences can endure to hear a man speak on a subject which he knows nothing about—as religion for instance—when one who has no ear for music might with the same propriety take up the time of a musical assembly with putting through his opinions on music. This young man who is the main pillar of some divine institution—does he know what he has undertaken. If the saints were to come again on earth would they be likely to stay at his house—would they meet with his approbation even? Ne sutor ultra crepidam. They who merely have a talent for affairs—are forward to express their opinions—




A Roman soldier sits there to decide upon the righteousness of Christ— The world does not long endure such blunders—though they are made every day. The weak-brained & pusillanimous farmers would fain abide by the the institutions of their fathers. their argument is they have not long to live, and for that little space let them not be disturbed in their slumbers—blessed are the peace makers— let this cup pass from me &c

How vain it is to sit down to write when you have not stood up to live! Methinks that the moment my legs begin to move my thoughts begin to flow—as if I had given vent to the stream at the lower end & consequently new fountains flowed into it at the upper. A thousand rills which have their rise in the sources of thought—burst forth & fertilise my brain. you need to increase the draught below—as the owners of meadows on C. river say of the [Billerica Dam](#). Only while we are in action is the circulation perfect. The writing which consists with habitual sitting is mechanical wooden dull to read.

The grass in the high pastures is almost as dry as hay— The seasons do not cease a moment to revolve and therefore nature rests no longer at her culminating point than at any other. If you are not out at the right instant the summer may go by & you not see it. How much of the year is spring & fall— how little can be called summer! The grass is no sooner grown than it begins to wither— How much nature herself suffers from drought! It seems quite as much as she can do to produce these crops The most inattentive walker can see how the science of geology took its rise. The inland hills & promontories betray the action of water on their rounded sides as plainly as if the work were completed yesterday. He sees it with but half an eye as he walks & forgets his thought again. Also the level plains & more recent meadows & marine shells found on the tops of hills— The Geologist painfully & elaborately follows out these suggestions—& hence his fine spun theories.

The gold finch [[American Goldfinch](#)  [Carduleis tristis](#)]—though solitary is now one of the commonest birds in the air.

What if a man were earnestly & wisely to set about recollecting & preserving the thoughts which he has had! How many perchance are now irrecoverable!— Calling in his neighbors to aid him.



I do not like to hear the name of particular states given to birds & flowers which are found in all equally— Maryland yellow throat [[Common Yellowthroat](#)  [Geothlypis trichas](#)] &c &c The Canadenses & virginicas may be suffered to pass for the most part for there is historical reason at least for them Canada is the peculiar country of some & the northern limit of many more plants And Virginia which was originally the name for all the Atlantic shore has some right to stand for the south.

The fruit of the sweet gale by nut-meadow brook is of a yellowish green now & has not yet its greasy feel.

The little red streaked & dotted excrescences on—the shrub oaks I find as yet no name for.

Now for the pretty red capsules or pods of the Hypericum Canadense

White golden rod is budded along the Marlboro Road

Chicadees [[Black-capped Chicadee](#)  [Parus atricapillus](#)] & jays [[Blue Jay](#)  [Cyanocitta cristata](#)] never fail— The cricket's is a note which does not attract you to itself. It is not easy to find one

I fear that the character of my knowledge is from year to year becoming more distinct & scientific—

That in exchange for views as wide as heaven's cope I am being narrowed down to the field of the microscope— I see details not wholes nor the shadow of the whole. I count some parts, & say 'I know'. The cricket's chirp now fills the air in dry fields near pine woods.

Gathered our first watermelon today. By the Marl. Road I notice the richly veined leaves of the Neottia pubescens or veined Neottia Rattle-snake plantain. I like this last name very well though it might not be easy to convince a quibbler or proser of its fitness. We want some name to express the mystic wildness of its rich leaves. Such work as men imitate in their embroidery—unaccountably agreeable to the eye—as if it answered its end only when it met the eye of man—a reticulated leaf— visible only on one side—little strings which make one pause in the woods—take captive the eye.

Here is a bee's or wasp's nest in the sandy mouldering bank by the road side—4 inches in diameter—as if made of scales of striped brown paper. It is singular if indeed man first made paper & then discovered its resemblance to the work of the wasps & did not derive the hint from them.

Canoe birches by road to [Dakins](#)'—Cuticle stripped off—inner bark dead & scaling off—new (inner) bark formed

The solomans seals are fruited now with finely red-dotted berries

There was one original name well given **Buster** Kendal. The fragrance of the clethra fills the air by water sides. In the hollows where in winter is a pond the grass is short thick & green still—and here




1851

1851

& there are tufts pulled up as if by the mouth of cows.
Small rough sunflower by side of road between Canoe birch & white pond. *Helianthus divaricatus*.
Lespedeza capitata, shrubby *Lespedeza* White pond road & *Marl.* road
“ *Polystachya*, Hairy “ Corner Road beyond Hub’s Bridge.¹³⁹

**Walls
commentary**

 August 20, Wednesday, 1851: Proclamations in Vienna vested supreme power for the Austrian Empire in the Emperor as autocrat.

Prisoners Samuel Whittaker and Robert McKenzie, [Australians](#) who were to be hanged by the [San Francisco, California](#) Vigilance Committee for what its record refers to as “various heinous crimes,” escaped and found refuge in the jail of the local police.

The whaler *Ann Alexander* out of New Bedford, Captain John S. DeBlois, encountered a sperm whale that for some reason was disinclined to die. After 2 of their whaleboats had been stove, the whaling men returned to their mother ship and continued to attack the whale from it. When darkness came the whalers broke off the attack, but the whale persisted, ramming the whaler and creating a substantial hole in its bottom. The next morning the whalers would need to abandon their sinking ship and set out in 2 whaleboats (they would be picked up on August 22d by the *Nantucket*). When this sperm whale would be killed 5 months later by the *Rebecca Simms*, it was readily identifiable since it still had 2 of the *Ann Alexander*’s harpoons in its blubber and pieces of the *Ann Alexander*’s timbers in its head.



- [JONAS POTTER](#)
- [BAKER FARM](#)
- [JAMES BAKER](#)
- [ABEL MINOT](#)

August 20, Wednesday, 1851: 2 PM. To Lees bridge via Hubbards wood Potters field – Conantum –returning by Abel Minot’s House –Clematis brook –Baker’s Pine plain & rail road. I hear a cricket in the depot field –walk a rod or two and find the note proceeds from near a rock– Partly under a rock between it & the roots of the grass he lies concealed –for I pull away the withered grass with my hands –uttering his night-like creak with a vibratory motion of his wings & flattering himself that it is night because he has shut out the day– He was a black fellow nearly an inch long with two long slender feelers They plainly avoid the light & hide their heads in the grass –at any rate they regard this as the evening of the year– They are remarkable secret & unobserved considering how much noise they make– Every milkman has heard them all his life –it is the sound that fills his ears as he drives along –but what one has ever got off his cart to go in search of one? I see smaller ones moving stealthily about whose note I do not know Who ever distinguished their various notes? which fill the crevices in each others song– It would be a curious ear indeed that distinguished the species of the crickets which it heard –& traced even the earth song home each part to its particular performer I am afraid to be so knowing. They are shy as birds, these little bodies, Those nearest me continually cease their song as I walk so that the singers are always a rod distant –& I cannot easily detect one– It is difficult moreover to judge correctly whence the sound proceeds. Perhaps this wariness is necessary to save them from insectevorous birds –which would

139. The poet [W.H. Auden](#) has in 1962 brought forward a snippet from this day’s entry as:

THE VIKING BOOK OF APHORISMS, A PERSONAL SELECTION BY W.H. AUDEN...

Pg	Topic	Aphorism Selected by Auden out of Thoreau
277	Writers and Readers	How vain it is to sit down to write when you have not stood up to live.



other wise speedily find out so loud a singer— They are somewhat protected by the universalness of the sound each ones song being merged and lost in the general concert —as if it were the creaking of earth's axle. They are very numerous in oats & other grain which conceals them & yet affords a clear passage— I never knew any drought or sickness so to prevail as to quench the song of the crickets — it fails not in its season night or day.

The lobelia inflata Ind. Tobacco meets me at every turn— At first I suspect some new bluish flower in the grass, but stooping see the inflated pods —tasting one such herb convinces me that there are such things as drugs —which may either kill or cure

The rhexia Virginica is a showy flower at present.

How copious & precise the botanical language to describe the leaves, as well as the other parts of a plant. Botany is worth studying if only for the precision of its terms —to learn the value of words & of system. It is wonderful how much pains has been taken to describe a flowers leaf—, compared for instance with the care that is taken in describing a psychological fact. Suppose as much ingenuity (perhaps it would be needless) in in making a language to express the sentiments, We are armed with language adequate to describe each leaf in the field.— or at least to distinguish it from each other —but not to describe a human character —with equally wonderful indistinctness & confusion we describe men— The precision and copiousness of botanical language applied to the description of moral qualities!

The neottia or ladies tresses behind Garfields house. The Golden robin [Northern Oriole *Icterus galbula*] is now a rare bird to see. Here are the small lively tasting blackberries. so small they are not commonly eaten. The grass hoppers seem no drier than the grass. In Lee's field are two kinds of plantain— Is the common one found there?

GEORGE DUGAN

The willow reach by Lees bridge has been stripped for powder —none escapes. This morning hearing a cart I looked out & saw [Geo. Dugan](#) going by with a horse load of his willow —toward Acton powder mills —which I had seen in piles by the turnpike. Every traveller has just as particular an errand which I might likewise chance to be privy to. Now that I am at the extremity of my walk I see a threatening cloud blowing up from the south —which however methinks will not compel me to make haste.

Apios tuberosa or *Glycine apios* Ground nut

ABEL MINOT

The *Prenanthes* now takes the place of the *Lactucas* which are gone to seed— In the dry ditch near Abel Minots house that was I see cardinal flowers —with their red artillery, reminding me of soldiers —red men war —& blood shed. Some are 4¹/₂ feet high.

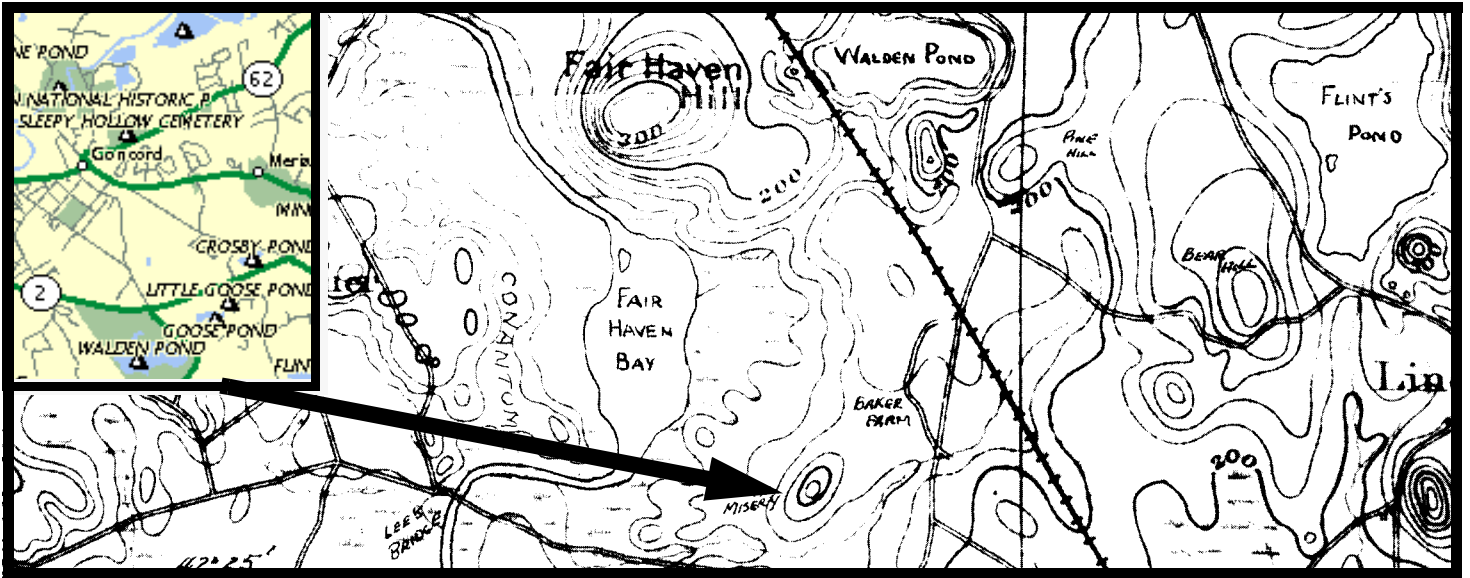
Thy sins shall be as scarlet —is it my sins that I see? It shows how far a little color can go —for the flower is not large yet it makes itself seen from a far —& so answers the purpose for which it was colored completely. It is remarkable for its intensely brilliant scarlet color— You are slow to concede to it a high rank among flowers —but ever and anon as you turn your eyes away —it dazzles you & you pluck it. *scutellaria lateriflora* side flowering skull cap here This brook deserves to be called Clematis Brook (though that name is too often applied) for the clematis is very abundant running over the alders & other bushes on its brink.

Where the brook issues from the pond the night shade grows profusely spreading 5 or 6 feet each way with its red berries now ripe— It grows too at the upper end of the pond.— But if it is the button bush that grows in the now low water —it should rather be called the button bush pond. Now the tall rush is in its prime on the shore here —& the clematis abounds by this pond also.

I came out by the leafy columned elm —under Mt Misery —where the trees stood up one above another higher & higher immeasurably far to my imagination —as on the side of a New Hampshire Mountain. On the pitch pine plain at first the pines are far apart —with —a wiry grass between & golden rod & hard hack & St Johns-wort & black-berry vines —each tree nearly keeping down the grass for a space about itself —meditating to make a forest floor. & here & there younger pines are springing up.—

Further in you come to moss covered patches dry deep white moss —or almost bare mould —half

covered with pine needles— Thus begins the future forest floor.



HISTORY OF RR

The sites of the shanties that once stood by the railroad in Lincoln when the Irish built it, the still remaining hollow square mounds of earth which formed their embankments reminding me are to me instead of barrows & druidical monuments & other ruins. It is a sufficient antiquity to me since they were built their material being earth.

—Now the Canada thistle & the mullein crown their tops— I see the stones which made their simple chimnies still left one upon another at one end—which were surmounted with barrels to eek them out —& clean boiled beef bones & old shoes are strewn about. Otherwise it is a clean ruin & nothing is left but a mound —as in the grave yard.

Sium lineare a kind of water parsnip whose blossom resembles the Cicuta maculata The flowers of the blue vervain have now nearly reached the summit of their spikes.

A traveller who looks at things with an impartial eye may see what the oldest inhabitant has not observed.



August 21, Thursday, 1851: A mob, infuriated by the executions of August 16th, destroyed the Spanish consulate in [New Orleans](#).

At 11PM, church bells began to ring the alarm in the city of [Concord, New Hampshire](#). A great conflagration had begun towards the rear of the apothecary shop of [Edward Henry Rollins](#) on Main Street, and all citizens possessing leather fire buckets were needed to man bucket brigades bringing water from brick-lined cisterns to the 4 pumper wagons of the various Volunteer Fire Departments. The light from the flames would be noticed as far away as Portsmouth, Franconia, and Portland.

On [Acton Common](#), a large choir directed by [Colonel Winthrop E. Faulkner](#) sang the Watts psalms: “Majesty,” “Northfield,” and “Truro.” Prayer was offered by the Reverend Stinson and hymns written by the Reverend Richardson were sung. The cornerstone of the Davis Monument was laid. They had sealed beneath this cornerstone a copper box, containing some select writings:

- A letter of Josiah Adams to Lemuel Shattuck (author of a history of [Concord](#) written in 1835) vindicating the claims of Captain Isaac Davis to his share of the honors of [Concord](#) Fight, together with depositions of the witnesses to the facts.



- An address that Josiah Adams had delivered on July 21st, 1835 upon the occasion of the 1st centennial of [Acton](#)'s incorporation.
- An oration by Robert Rantoul, Jr. and an account of the union celebration at [Concord](#) on April 19th, 1850.
- An address his Excellency George S. Boutwell had delivered to the two branches of the Massachusetts legislature on January 16th, 1851.
- The annual report of the attorney general of Massachusetts for February 1851.
- Valuation of the real estate and the names of the owners in [Acton](#) as of November 2d, 1850.
- Report of the joint standing committee of the militia, to which committee had been submitted the petition of Ivory Keyes and others for aid in building the monument.
- A statement in brief of the history of the Davis Monument together with several committees, cost, and certain statistical data concerning the town of [Acton](#).

In [San Francisco, California](#):

Mayor Geary published a brief address to the citizens in all the morning papers, informing them that news had been received of the "destitution, distress, and extreme suffering of the immigrants to [California](#) by the overland route;" and that a committee had been selected for the purpose of calling upon them during the day for means of relief for the sufferers. The committee consisted of John W. Geary, E.E. Dunbar, E.C. Kemble, Talbot H. Green, Henry M. Naglee, W.H. Parker, Wm. Sharron, and David C. Broderick. It was also stated by J. Neely Johnson, Esq., Agent for the Sacramento Relief Association, who had recently returned from an expedition of relief to the immigrants, that "it was supposed that 60,000 emigrants started across the plains by the Northern, or 'Southern Pass' route. On the 18th June, 39,000 had been registered at Fort Laramie. Of this entire number probably 20,000 had arrived. Of the remaining number, 10,000 would probably arrive this side of the Desert, without teams, money, or provisions; 10,000 more with their teams so much worn down as to require additional assistance to enable them to cross the mountains." Mr. Johnson described the condition of some whom he had met on his expedition as destitute, sick, and wretched in the extreme, and showed the necessity of speedy means being taken to save the immigrants from starving, or otherwise fearfully perishing before they could terminate their journey. These appeals were promptly responded to by the citizens. Before night the committee had collected an immense quantity of provisions, and about \$6000 in cash, which was forwarded without delay to meet the wants of the sufferers.

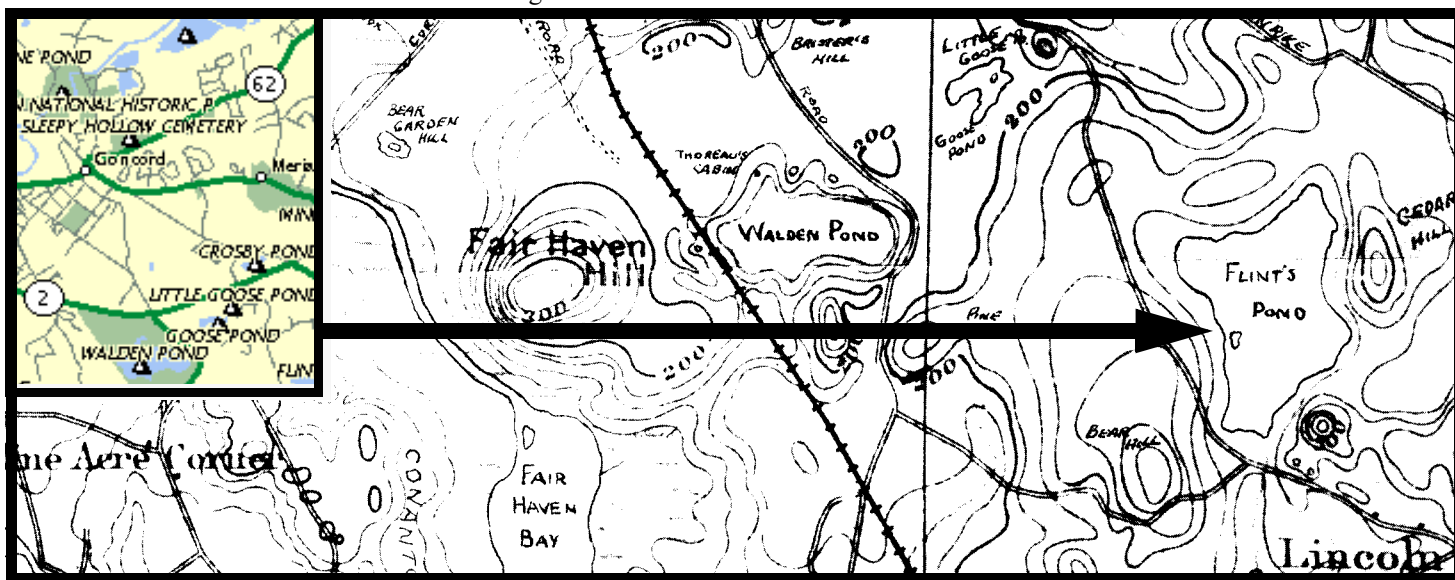
ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

[Henry Thoreau](#) began a new journal volume, numbered VII:



August 21, Thursday: To a great extent the feudal system still prevails there (in Canada) and I saw that I should be a bad citizen—that any man who thought for himself and was only reasonably independent would naturally be a rebel. You could not read or hear of their laws without seeing that it was a legislating for a few & not for all. That certainly is the best government where the inhabitants are least often reminded of the government. Where a man cannot be a poet even without danger of his being made poet laureat—where he cannot be healthily neglected—& grow up a man, and not an Englishman merely.— Where it is the most natural thing in the world for a government that does not understand you, to let you alone! Oh—what a government were there my countrymen! It is a

government that English one—& most other European ones that cannot afford to be forgotten—as you would naturally forget them—that cannot let you go alone, having learned to walk— It appears to me that a true Englishman can only speculate within bounds—he has to pay his respects to so many things that before he knows it he has paid all he is worth. The principle respect in which our government is more tolerable is in the fact that there is so much less of government with us. In the States it is only once in a dog’s age that a man needs remember his government—but here he is reminded of it every day.— Government parades itself before you. It is in no sense the servant but the master. What a faculty must that be which can paint the most barren landscape and humblest life in glorious colors It is pure & invigorated senses reacting on a sound & strong imagination. Is not that the poets case? The intellect of most men is barren. They neither fertilize nor are fertilized. It is the marriage of the soul with nature that makes the intellect fruitful—that gives birth to imagination. When we were dead & dry as the high-way some sense which has been healthily fed will put us in relation with nature in sympathy with her—some grains of fertilizing pollen floating in the air fall on us—& suddenly the sky is all one rain bow—is full of music & fragrance & flavor— The man of intellect only the prosaic man is a barren & staminiferous flower the poet is a fertile & perfect flower Men are such confirmed arithmeticians & slaves of business that I cannot easily find a blank book that has not a red line or a blue one for the dollars and cents, or some such purpose. As is a man’s intellectual character, is not such his physical after all? Can you not infer from knowing the intellectual characters of two which is most tenacious of life & will live the longest? Which is the toughest—which has most brute strength—which the most passive endurance— Methinks I could to some extent infer these things.



1 PM Round Flints Pond via RR—my old field—Goose Pond—Wharf rock—Cedar Hill—Smiths and so back.
 Bigelow speaking of the spikes of the blue vervain (*verbena hastata*) says “The flowering commences at their base and is long in reaching their summit.” I perceive that only one circle of buds about half a dozen blossoms at a time, and there are about 30 circles in the space of 3 inches—while the next circle of buds above at the same time shows the blue. Thus this triumphant blossoming circle travels upward driving the remaining buds off into space— I think it was the 16th of July when I first noticed them and now they are all within about half an inch of the top of the spikes— Yet the blossoms have got no nearer the top on long spikes which had many buds than on short ones only an inch long— Perhaps the blossoming commenced enough earlier on the long ones to make up for the difference in length. It is very pleasant to measure the progress of the season by this & similar clocks— So you get not the absolute time but the true time of the season.
 The prevailing conspicuous flowers at present are. The early golden-rods—Tansy—The Life-everlastings—fleabane though not for its flower Yarrow (rather dry)—hardhack & meadow sweet (both getting dry also may-weed) Eupatorium purpureum—Scabish—Clethra (—really a fine sweet scented and this year particularly fair & fresh flower—some unexpanded buds at top tinged with red)—Rhoxia Virginica—Thoroughwort—Polygala sanguinea—Prunella & Dogsbane (—getting stale) &c &c

1851

1851

Touch-me-not (less observed) Canada Snap-Dragon by roadside (not conspicuous)

The purple Gerardia now–horse mint or mentha borealis–veronica scutellata marsh speedwell.–ranunculus acris–Tall Crowfoot still– Mowing to some extent improves the landscape to the eye of the walker. The aftermath–so fresh & green begins now to recall the spring to my mind–

In some fields fresh clover heads appear. This is certainly better than fields of lodged & withered grass.

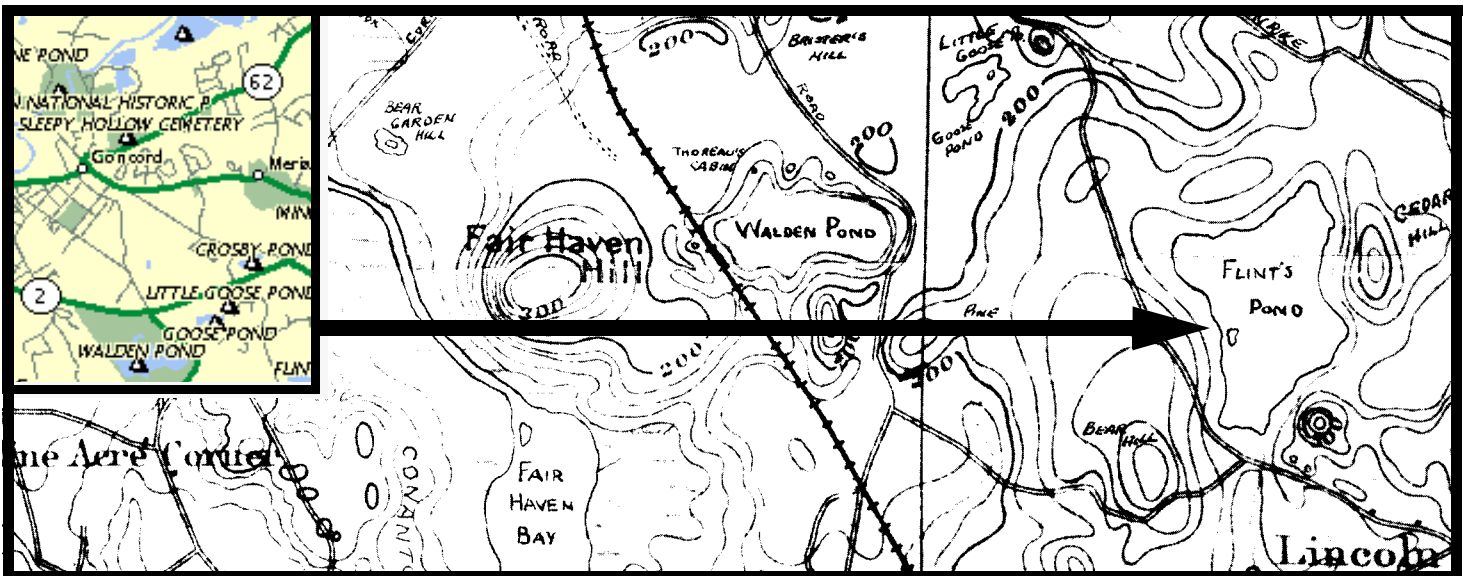
I find ground nuts by the RR causeway $\frac{3}{4}$ inch long by $\frac{1}{3}$ inch. The epilobium still.

Cow wheat–melampyrum Americanum still flourish as much if not more than ever–& shrubby looking helps cover the ground where the wood has recently been cut off–like huckleberry bushes.

There is some advantage intellectually & spiritually in taking wide views with the bodily eye & not pursuing an occupation which holds the body prone– There is some advantage perhaps in attending to the general features of the landscape over studying the particular plants & animals which inhabit it. A man may walk abroad & no more see the sky than if he walked under a shed. The poet is more in the air than the naturalist though they may walk side by side.– Granted that you are out of door– but what if the outer door is open, if the inner door is shut. You must walk sometimes perfectly free– not prying nor inquisitive–not bent upon seeing things– Throw away a whole day for a single expansion. a single inspiration of air–

Any anomaly in vegetation makes nature seem more real & present in her working–as the various red & yellow excrescences on young oaks– I am affected as if it were a different Nature that produced them. As if a poet were born–who had designs in his head.

It is remarkable that animals are often obviously manifestly related to the plants which they feed upon or live among–as caterpillars–butterflies–tree toads–partridges [**Ruffed Grouse** **Bonasa umbellus**]–chewinks–& this afternoon I noticed a yellow spider on a golden rod– As if every condition might have its expression in some form of animated being. Spear leaved golden rod in path to NE of Flints Pond.



Hieracium Paniculatum a very delicate & slender hawkweed– I have now found all the hawkweeds. Singular these genera of plants–plants manifestly related yet distinct– They suggest a history to Nature–a Natural **history** in a new sense.

At wharf rock found water lobelia in blossom– I saw some smilax vines in the swamp which were connected with trees ten feet above the ground whereon they grew & 4 or 5 feet above the surrounding bushes– This slender vine which cannot stand erect how did it establish that connexion– Have the trees & shrubs by which it once climbed been cut down? Or perchance do the young & flexible shoots blow up in high winds & fix themselves? On Cedar Hill S side Pond I still hear the locust though it has been so much colder for the last week. It is quite hazy in the west– though comparatively clean in other directions. The barberry bushes with their drooping wreathes of fruit now turning red–bushed up with some other shrub or tree.

BARBERRY

 August 23, Saturday, 1851: The Diet of the German Confederation abolished fundamental rights granted in 1848.

Queen Victoria boarded the yacht *America* with a group of English yachtsmen, who proceeded to search the hull (most discretely, I assure you) for hidden engines of propulsion.



Eventually Henry Thoreau would shift his vocabulary somewhat, in accord with this 1851 capture of the "America's cup" by the yacht *America*, in that he would refer to the osprey as "the America yacht of the air."

The Redick McKee expedition progressed through northwestern California, as recorded by interpreter George Gibbs, a Harvard graduate of the Class of 1838. They may have come across, in the home of a local white man, some of the cargo of the wrecked brig *Frolic* of Edward Horatio Faucon:

It was decided to send four wagons we had brought with us, back to Sonoma, although it was possible to carry them, somewhat further. Indeed an attempt had previously been made to take a trail through to Humboldt Bay; and it actually proceeded as far as the main Eel river, where the last of them was abandoned. The trail followed the river for a couple of miles, when it diverged, passing up a narrow lateral valley. About six miles from camp we crossed a range of low hills, and again reached the main valley, which here widened out into a handsome plain. A couple of miles beyond, we reached the last house on the river, that of George Parker Armstrong, or, as he erroneously called, "John Parker," to who reference has already been made. The house was a small building of logs, or rather poles filled in with clay, and thatched with tule. Its furniture was somewhat incongruous; for upon the earthen floor and besides a bulls' hide partition, stood huge china jars, camphor trunks, and lacquered ware in abundance, the relics of some vessel that had been wrecked on the coast during last spring. Parker, or Armstrong, was formerly a man-of-war's man in Captain Belcher's squadron, which he left during the exploration of this coast, some fourteen years ago, since when he had wandered about in California, and recently



posted himself here in advance of the settlements. Near the house stood the rancherias of the Yukai band, with who we had treated below. Three Indians had been implicated in the Clear Lake murder, and were accordingly chastised by Captain Lyons on his return from Clear Lake from which place he reached Russian river by a trail leading in here.

The valley at Parker's is some five miles in width by eight or ten long, but it is not as fertile as at Feliz's. Above here the river during the dry season runs chiefly under the sand, and water is only to be obtained in occasional pools. We halted for the night at Lyons's encampment, having made between fourteen and fifteen miles. About a mile above, the east fork of Russian river comes in, after a winding course through the mountains. Upon it lies the valley inhabited by the Shanel-kayas and others before spoken of.

In his journal on this day [Thoreau](#) painted a depiction of death as part of a landscape: “Our little river reaches are not to be forgotten. I noticed that seen northward on the Assabet from the cause-way bridge near the 2nd stone bridge. There was man in a boat in the sun just disappearing in the distance round a bend, lifting high his arms & dipping his paddle – as if he were a vision bound to the land of the blessed – far off as in picture. When I see Concord to purpose – I see it as if it were not real but painted, and what wonder if I do not speak to *thee*. I saw a snake by the roadside & touched him with my foot to see if he were alive – he had a toad in his jaws which he was preparing to swallow with his jaws distended to 3 times his width –but he relinquished his prey in haste & fled –& I thought as the toad jumped leisurely away with his slime covered hind quarters glistening in the sun –as if I his deliverer wished to interrupt his meditations –with out a shriek or fainting –I thought what a healthy indifference he manifested. Is not this the broad earth still – he said.” What the toad said to Henry, in his demonstration of “healthy indifference,” and what Henry has just now pointed out to us –to *you*, to *me*– is that what we need is, we need to be indifferent to our own survival. Our surviving — is simply not what this is all about. None of us, ultimately, are survivors. What this is all about is, it is all about paying a healthy attention to a painted landscape.



August 23, Saturday: To Walden to bathe at 5¹/₂ AM Traces of the heavy rains in the night. The sand and gravel are beaten hard by them. 3 or 4 showers in succession. But the grass is not so wet as after an ordinary dew. The *verbena hastata* at the pond has reached the top of its spike –a little in advance of what I noticed yesterday– only one or two flowers are adhering. At the commencement of my walk I saw no traces of fog. but after detected fogs over particular meadows & high up some brooks' valleys –and far in the deep cut the wood fog 1st muskmelon this morning–

I rarely pass the shanty in the woods, where human beings are lodged literally no better than pigs in a sty little children –a grown man & his wife –& an aged Grandmother –living this squalid life squatting on the ground –but I wonder if it can be indeed true that little Julia Ruyaden calls this place home comes here to rest at night –& for her daily food –in whom ladies & gentlemen in the village take an interest– Of what significance are charity & alms houses? That there they live unmolested! in one sense so many degrees below the alms house! beneath charity. It is admirable– Nature against alms houses. A certain wealth of nature not poverty it suggests– – Not to identify health & contentment aye and independence with the possession of this world's goods. It is not wise to waste compassion on them.

THE RIORDANS

THOREAU ON THE IRISH

As I go through the deep cut I hear one or two early humble bees come out on the damp sandy bank – whose low hum sounds like distant horns from far in the horizon over the woods. It was long before I detected the bees that made it.– So far away musical it sounded like the shepherds in some distant eastern vale greeting the king of day.

The farmers now carry –those who have got them– their early potatoes & onions to market – starting away early in the morning or at midnight. I see them returning in the afternoon with the empty



barrels.

Perchance the copious rain of last night will trouble those who had not been so provident as to get their hay from the Great Meadows where it is often lost.

PM– walk to Anurnsnack & back over Stone B

I sometimes reproach myself because I do not find anything attractive in certain more trivial employments of men –that I skip men so commonly & their affairs –the professions and the trades –do not elevate them at least in my thought and get some material for poetry out of them directly. I will not avoid then to go by where these men are repairing the [Stone Bridge](#) –see if I cannot see poetry in that –if that will not yield me a reflection. It is narrow to be confined to woods & fields and grand aspects of nature only.– The greatest & wisest will still be related to men. Why not see men standing in the sun & casting a shadow –even as trees– may not some light be reflected from them as from the stems of trees– I will try to enjoy them as animals at least. They are perhaps better animals than men. Do not neglect to speak of men’s low life and affairs with sympathy – though you ever so speak as to suggest a contrast between them & the ideal & divine– You may be excused if you are always pathetic – but do not refuse to recognize.

Resolve to read no book –to take no walk –to undertake no enterprise but such as you can endure to give an account of to yourself Live thus deliberately for the most part.

When I stopped to gather some blueberries by the roadside this afternoon I heard the shrilling of a cricket or a grasshopper close to me quite clear almost like a bell –a clear ring –incessant not intermittent like the song of the black fellow I caught the other day –and not suggesting the night, but belonging to day– It was long before I could find him though all the while within a foot or two– I did not know whether to search amid the grass & stones or amid the leaves. At last by accident I saw him, he shrilling all the while under an alder leaf 2 feet from the ground – a slender green fellow with long feelers & transparent wings. When he shrilled his wings which opened on each other in the form of a heart perpendicularly to his body like the wings of fairies, vibrated swiftly on each other. The apparently wingless female as I thought was near.

We experience pleasure when an elevated field or even road in which we may be walking –holds its level toward the horizon at a tangent to the earth –is not convex with the earths surface –but an absolute level–

On or under E side of Annurnsnack *Epilobium coloratum* colored willow herb (near the spring.) Also *Polygonum sagitatum* Scratch grass.

The Price Farm Road –one of those everlasting roads– which the sun delights to shine along in an August afternoon – playing truant– Which seem to stretch themselves with terrene jest as the weary traveller journeys– Where there are three white sandy furrows (*liræ*), two for the wheels & one between them for the horse –with endless green grass borders between –& room on each side for huckleberries & birches.– where the walls indulge in peaks –not always parallel to the ruts –& golden rod yellows all the path– Which some elms began to fringe once but left off in despair it was so long. From no point on which can you be said to be at any definite distance from a town.

I associate the beauty of Quebec with the steel-like and flashing air.

Our little river reaches are not to be forgotten. I noticed that seen northward on the Assabet from the cause-way bridge near the 2nd stone bridge. There was man in a boat in the sun just disappearing in the distance round a bend. lifting high his Arms & dipping his paddle – as if he were a vision bound to land of the blessed.– far off as in picture. When I see Concord to purpose – I see it as if it were not real but painted, and what wonder if I do not speak to *thee*. I saw a snake by the roadside & touched him with my foot to see if he were alive – he had a toad in his jaws which he was preparing to swallow with his jaws distended to 3 times his width –but he relinquished his prey in haste & fled –& I thought as the toad jumped leisurely away with his slime covered hind quarters glistening in the sun –as if I his deliverer wished to interrupt his meditations –with out a shriek or fainting – I thought what a healthy indifference he manifested. Is not this the broad earth still – he said.

1851

1851



August 24, Sunday, 1851: The [Australian](#) immigrants Samuel Whittaker and Robert McKenzie, members of a criminal organization known as the “[Sydney Ducks](#),” were “rescued from the authorities” of the county jail of San Francisco, [California](#) by a citizens’ “Vigilance Committee” while Sheriff John C. “Jack” Hays was observing a bullfight (most likely “wittingly or unwittingly” lured away), and were [lynched](#) before an audience of 15,000 citizens at 3PM. A lithograph was promptly circulated, showing the men hanging from block and tackle at the ends of commercial buildings on a dock, with Telegraph Hill notable in the background.



[Australian](#) immigrants, in general, would flee from the settlement.

Recapture from the legal authorities of Whittaker and McKenzie, and their execution by the Vigilance Committee.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



August 24, Sunday: *Mollugo verticillata*, carpet weed, flat, whorl-leaved weed in gardens with small white flowers— *Portulaca oleracea* Purslane with its yellow blossoms — *Chelone Glabra*. I have seen the small mulleins as big as a ninepence in the fields for a day or two. [The word “mulleins” is queried in pencil.]

The weather is warmer again after a week or more of cool days— There is greater average warmth — but not such intolerable heat as in July— The nights especially are more equally warm now even when the day has been comparatively rather cool. There are few days now — fewer than in July, when you cannot lie at your length on the grass— You have now forgotten winter & its fashions & have learned new summer fashions. Your life may be out of doors now mainly.

Rattlesnake grass is ripe. The pods of the *Asclepias pulchra* stand up pointedly like slender vases — on a salver — an open salver truly!



1851

1851



–Those of the *Asclepias Syriaca* hang down. The interregnum in the blossoming of flowers being well over Many small flowers blossom now in the low grounds having just reached their summer– It is now dry enough–& they feel the heat their tenderness required. The Autumnal flowers Golden rods – Asters & Johnswort though they have made demonstrations have not yet commenced to reign. The tansy is already getting stale it is perhaps the first conspicuous yellow flower that passes from the stage– [Channing, page 215]

In Hubbard's swamp where the blue berries – Dangle berries & especially the Pyrus or chokeberries were so abundant last summer – there is now perhaps not one (unless a blueberry) to to be found. Where the choke-berries held on all last winter – the black & the red.

The Common skull-cap *Scutellaria Galericulata* quite a handsome & middling large blue flower– *Lobelia pallida* still– Pointed Cleavers or Clivers *Galium asprellum*.

Is that the naked *Viburnum* so common with its white –red –then purple berries? –in Hubbards meadow. [Yes.]

Did I find the Dwarf Tree Primrose in Hubbard's meadow today? *Stachys aspera* Hedge Nettle or Woundwort a rather handsome purplish flower–

The Capsules of the *Iris versicolor* or blue flag are now ready for humming. Elder berries are ripe.



August 25, Monday, 1851: George Parsons Lathrop was born in Honolulu.

The Redick McKee expedition progressed through northwestern California, as recorded by interpreter George Gibbs, a Harvard graduate of the Class of 1838:

We crossed the east fork of the [Russian] river, and thence, by a high and steep ascent, gained the divide between that and the west fork; keeping, however, along the left side of the range, and looking down upon the valley of the latter. This is apparently narrow and broken, but is said to contain some good land and is well wooded. Water, however, is scarce during the summer. From these hills we could look back to a great distance, the peak at the entrance of the canon below Feliz's standing up distinctly, with a back-ground of mountains, part of the Coast range, the continuation of which bounded on the other side the valley to our left. Near us, one point formed a very noticeable landmark, resembling, as it did in many respects, the basaltic formations on the upper Columbia. We found on our route the hills well clothed with bunch grass and wild oats, as also water in springs, but not in quantities sufficient for any considerable number of animals. The culminating point on the divide between Russian and Eel rivers, may be considered as marked by an isolated rock, about thirty feet high, standing in a level plat of grass. From here our course ran northerly down a succession of hills, till about twelve miles from our last camp we descended into a valley running north-west and south-east. At the foot of the hills we found running water, in a branch under an alder thicket; but the grass had been burnt off by Indians, for the



purpose of collecting aniseed with greater ease, and we were obliged to proceed some four miles further down, and finally to encamp without water in our immediate vicinity, sending the animals back to it. This valley, which the Indians called Betunki, or big plain, is eight or ten miles long and four or five wide. Two streams come into it, which form the heads of the middle fork of Eel river, here called the Ba-ka-wha. These are not, at this season continuous, but lose themselves in the plain. At the foot of the valley, a lagoon of a mile or two long forms in the winter, and thence the river passes out though a canon. The valley is level, fertile in soil and sufficiently wooded, particularly in the upper or southern end. Although its elevation is very considerable, the hills around are well clothed with grass and timber. As being more distant, from any probable settlement of the whites, this and the next valley might have been considered as more advantageous points of reserve than the Clear Lake country. It, however, is destitute of water sufficient for a numerous population; is too inclement in the winter season for a southern population to exist in it, and would not furnish enough of the natural productions on which they live.

In leaving Russian river, it may be proper briefly to state its general extent, and that of the country upon it. Taking its general course without reference to windings, it is less than a hundred miles in length, and the aggregate amount of tillable land upon it is not great. The largest single body of prairie country is that lying between Santa Rosa and Fitch's ranch; which, though not altogether upon the river, may yet be considered as a portion of the valley, and which embraces a tract of some fifteen miles in length, by as much in extreme width. Above Fitch's, the bottom consists of detached valleys, of at most a few square miles in extent, separated by wooded hills. Small basins are also scattered among the mountains, which, however, do not greatly add to the quantity. This country, like that around the bays of San Francisco and San Pablo, generally required irrigation for the production of green crops, but is admirably adapted to the small grains. Beyond this its great value is for pasturage, the ranges on either side being very extensive and rich. Large herds of cattle were formerly kept there, but the improvidence of the owners has allowed them to be almost entirely destroyed.

The precaution had been taken of sending Indians on from Parker's to bring in those of this valley; and, with some trouble, they succeeded in collecting part of the men. The families abandoned their rancherias, and fled to the mountains on our approach. There are here five small bands, corresponding in appearance with those on Russian river, with whom, as well as those on Clear Lake, they are connected. They are much wilder than the others, having generally but little communication with the whites, though a few are said to have been employed as vaqueros. We found that they could make themselves understood by the Russian river Indians, and generally understood them; but their dialect is still different. A portion of their vocabulary was collected, and will be found in the Appendix. [IX. Language.]

We remained in this camp two days. A considerable number of men were brought in, but all attempts to assemble their families served only to excite their suspicions. In fact, the object of

the agent, in the process of double translation through which it passed, was never fairly brought before them. The speeches were first translated into Spanish by one, and then into the Indian by another; and this, not to speak of the very dim ideas of the last interpreter, was sufficient to prevent much enlightenment under any circumstances. But the truth was, that the gentlemen for whose benefit they were meant by no means comprehended any possible motive on our part but mischief. That figurative personage, the great father in Washington, they had never heard of. They had seen a few white men from time to time, and the encounter had impressed them with a strong desire to see no more, except with the advantage of manifest superiority on their own part. Their earnest wish was clearly to be left alone. To the last arguments brought forward, red flannel shirts and beef, their minds were more open, and they willingly performed many offices about camp, running for water, making fires, and waiting on soldiers, who are sure to get work enough out of them always.

These men, like the other mountain tribes we afterwards met, though small, were well formed, with prominent chests, and the muscles of the legs and body well developed. Their arms, on the contrary, were diminutive. Some of them had shaved the hair from the person, and they almost all wore bits of stick, four or five inches long, through the ears. A few carried bows and arrows, and one had a spear, headed with obsidian, which is found scattered over these hills. The names of the bands in this valley were the Naboh, Chow-e-shak, Chau-te-uh, Ba-kow-a, and Sa-munda. One or two others were said to be absent. The numbers given by those who came in amounted in all to 127 men, 147 women, and 100 children. The total, including those absent, probably does not exceed 450 to 475.

From a high point to the west of our camp I obtained a fine view over the valley and surrounding hills. These are well timbered with oak and fir; which latter timber as now prevalent, and interspersed with fields of bunch grass and little valleys affording good pasturage. Water, however, is scarce.



August 25, Monday: What the little regular rounded light blue flower in Heywood Brook which I make Class V—ord 1


Also the small purplish flower growing on the mud in Hubbard's meadow perchance C. XIV with one pistil.

What the bean vine in the garden Class 8 ord 1

I do not find the name of the large white polygonum of the river Was it the filiform ranunculus which I found on Hubbards shore?

Hypericum Virginicum mixed yellow & purple

The black rough fruit of the skunk-Cabbage—though green within—barely rising above the level of the ground— You see where it has been cut in two by the mowers in the meadows.

Polygonum Amphibium red—in river— Lysimachia Hybrida still. Checquer berry in bloom — blue-eyed grass still.

Rhus Copallinum Mt or Dwarf sumach I now know all of the Rhus genus in Bigelow—we have all but the Staghorn in Concord. What a miserable name has the Gratiola aurea hedge hyssop? Whose hedge does it grow by pray in this part of the world.



August 26, Tuesday, 1851: The tail end of the great Great Florida Middle Panhandle Hurricane of 1851 passed across Concord and did a certain amount of damage in Cambridge, Massachusetts on its way to Newfoundland and dissipation.



August 26, Tuesday: A cool and even piercing wind blows today—making all shrubs to bow & trees to wave—such as we could not have had in July— I speak not of its coolness but its strength & steadiness.

The wind & the coldness increased as the day advanced—and finally the wind went down with the sun. I was compelled to put on an extra coat for my walk. The ground is strewn with wind falls and much fruit will consequently be lost—

The wind roars amid the pines like the surf. You can hardly hear the crickets for the din—or the cars—I think the last must be considerably delayed when their course is against it. Indeed it is difficult to enjoy a quiet Thought. You sympathise too much with the commotion and restlessness of the elements. Such a blowing stirring bustling day—what does it mean? All light things decamp—straws and loose leaves change their places. Such a blowing day is no doubt indispensable in the economy of nature. The whole country is a sea shore & the wind is the surf that breaks on it. It shows the white & silvery under sides of the leaves. Do plants & trees need to be thus tried & twisted? Is it a first intimation to the sap to cease to ascend—to thicken their stems?— The *Gerardia Pedicularis* bushy *Gerardia*—I find on the White pond road

I perceive that some farmers are cutting turf now— They require the driest season of the year. There is something agreeable to my thoughts in thus burning a part of the earth—the stock of fuel is so inexhaustible— Nature looks not mean & niggardly. Is not he a rich man who owns a peat meadow? It is to enjoy the luxury of wealth. It must be a luxury to sit around the fire in winter days & nights & burn these dry slices of the meadow which contain roots of all herbs you dry & burn the very earth itself.— It is a fact kindred with salt licks The meadow is strewn with the fresh bars—bearing the marks of the fork & the turf cutter is wheeling them out with his barrow. To sit & see the world aglow & try to imagine how it would seem to have it so destroyed.



August 27, Wednesday, 1851: [Victor Hugo](#) was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for publishing an article criticizing capital punishment.

Frauenkäferln op.99, a waltz by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the initial time, in Ungers Casino, Vienna.

The following story appeared in the Niagara Courier:

The Chippawa Advocate has the following in relation to the catastrophe at the Falls, which we noticed a few days since:—

On Friday last, Mr. Jeremiah McMurray, from Grand Island, went over the Falls near Goat Island. He had been at his place in the morning, selling vegetables, and before returning home got considerably intoxicated. On his way to the American side, somewhere in the American channel, he fell asleep in his canoe, which of course went down the river. On approaching Goat Island, he was seen to be asleep, and did not arouse until on the brink of the first breakers, when he started up, gave two or three strokes with the oars just as the canoe plunged into the rapids and broke in pieces. Nothing more was seen of him. He passed this side of Goat Island, and had he been sober could have saved himself.



August 27, Wednesday: I see the volumes of smoke—not quite the blaze from burning brush as I suppose far in the western horizon. I believe it is at this season of the year chiefly that you see this sight. It is always a question with some whether it is not a fire in the woods or some building. It is an interesting feature in the scenery—at this season. The farmers simple enterprises. The vervain which I examined by the R.R. the other day.— has still $\frac{1}{4}$ inch to the top of its spikes Hawkweed Groundsel, Senecio Hieracifolius (fireweed)— Rubrus Sempervirens Evergreen Raspberry the small low blackberry is now in fruit. The medeola Virginica Cucumber root the whorl leaved plant is now in green fruit— Polygala cruciata Cross leaved Polygala in the mead. between Trillium Woods & RR.. This is rare & new to me. It has a very sweet but as it were intermittent fragrance as of checker berry & Mayflowers combined. The handsome calyx leaves—



August 28, Thursday, [1851](#): Work proceeded in the vicinity of Concord on the new telegraph line that would connect Boston and nearby Burlington, Massachusetts.

In [San Francisco, California](#):

A novel and interesting ceremony took place this afternoon in Portsmouth Square. Mayor Geary, Vice-Consul Frederick A. Woodworth, Rev. Albert Williams, and other members of a committee appointed for the purpose, assembled on the platform, to present the Chinese residents with certain religious tracts, papers, and books, printed in Chinese characters. The "China boys," as they are pleased to be called, having formed themselves in procession, marched to the square, and arranged themselves in a circle upon the platform. They were clothed richly in their native costume, and made a fine and pleasing appearance. Here the presentation took place, and addresses were made by each of the gentlemen above named, which were interpreted by As-sing, one of the Chinese. The mayor, on this occasion, extended to them an invitation to take part in the funeral ceremonies that were to occur on the following day.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

Inspired by something that [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote in his journal on this day, "Give me the obscure life — the cottage of the poor and humble — the workdays of the world — the barren fields — the smallest share of all things but poetic perception. Give me but the eyes to see the things which you possess," [Billy Renkl](#) would create a work of art (on a following screen).



August 28, Thursday: The pretty little blue flower in the Heywood Brook—Class V ord 1 Corolla about $\frac{1}{6}$ of inch in diam—with 5 rounded segments. Stamens & pistils shorter than corolla. Calyx with 5 acute segments & acute sinuses. Leaves not opposite lanceolate spatulate, blunt—somewhat hairy on upper side with a mid-rib only sessile—flowers in a loose raceme on rather long pedicels Whole plant decumbent curving upward. Wet ground. Said to be like the Forget-me-not. Raphanus Raphanistrum or Wild Radish. in meadows.

TELEGRAPHY

I find 3 or 4 ordinary laborors to day putting up the necessary outdoor fixtures for a magnetic telegraph from Boston to Burlington. They carry along a basket full of simple implements—like travelling tinkers—and with a little rude soddering & twisting and straightening of wires the work is done. It is a work which seems to admit of the greatest latitude of ignorance and bungling—and as if you might set your hired man with the poorest head and hands to building a magnetic telegraph. All great inventions stoop too low to succeed—for the understanding is but little above the feet—they preserve so low a tone—they are simple almost to coarseness & commonplaceness. (Somebody had



told them what he wanted and sent them forth with a coil of wire to make a magnetic Telegraph— It seems not so wonderful an invention as a common cart or a plow. Evening—: A new moon visible in the east—how unexpectedly it always appears!¹⁴⁰ You easily lose it in the sky. The whipporwill [Whip-poor-will █ *Caprimulgus vociferus*] sings—but not so commonly as in spring. The bats are active. The poet is a man who lives at last by watching his moods. An old poet comes at last to watch his moods as narrowly as a cat does a mouse. I omit the unusual – the hurricanes & earthquakes & describe the common. This has the greatest charm – and is the true theme of poetry. You may have the extraordinary, if you will let me have the ordinary. Give me the obscure life – the cottage of the poor & humble – the work days of the world

CAT

140. The dark of the moon had been on the nights of the 26th and 27th.



– the barren fields – the smallest share of all things but poetic perception. Give me but the eyes to see the things which you possess.



August 29, Friday, 1851: Francis Parkman, Jr. and Catherine Scollay Bigelow Parkman produced a daughter Grace Parkman in West Roxbury, Massachusetts.

In [San Francisco, California](#):

The death of President Taylor was commemorated by a funeral procession. The military and fire companies, Masonic and Odd-Fellows' Lodges, a variety of benevolent and other associations, the clergy, officers of the army and navy, consuls and representatives of foreign governments, the councils and various municipal and State officers, a great number of private citizens, and a large company of Chinese residents, took part in the imposing ceremonies. Hon. John B. Weller acted as Grand Marshal. The procession moved through the streets to Portsmouth Square, where an appropriate prayer was made by Rev. Augustus Fitch, and an eloquent eulogy pronounced by Hon. Elcan Heydenfeldt. On the following day the Chinese, who henceforward took considerable interest in public affairs, where any ceremony of a festival or imposing nature was concerned, presented the mayor with the following document, written in Chinese characters: "[San Francisco](#)."

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

[Henry Thoreau](#) did not yet have on his shelf the 2 volumes of [Jean Froissart](#)'s CHRONICLES OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, SPAIN, AND THE ADJOINING COUNTRIES: FROM THE LATTER PART OF THE REIGN OF EDWARD II. TO THE CORONATION OF HENRY IV as translated by Thomas Johnes (London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden),

FROISART'S CHRONICLES, I

FROISART'S CHRONICLES, II

since those volumes would not go through the printing press in London for another 4 years, but obviously he was familiar with this medieval work from some other source, for the weather this day, and his mood, was such that it occurred to him that it would be a good time to take another dip into such a coffee-table book (he had had this thought before, while trudging up a narrow street past cannon and stone walls in Québec, so possibly these CHRONICLES would have been something he had glanced through during his student years in Cambridge):

At 9PM there was a low [aurora borealis](#) arch full north above New England.



August 29, Friday: Though it is early – my neighbor's hens have strayed far into the fog toward the river. I find a wasp in my window which already appears to be taking refuge from winter & unspeakable fate.

Those who first built it coming from old France with the memory & tradition of feudal days & customs weighing on them were unquestionably behind their age—and those who now inhabit it & repair it are behind their ancestors– It is as if the inhabitants of Boston should go down to Fort



1851

1851

Independence – or the inhabitants of New York should go over to Castle William to live. I rubbed my eyes to be sure that I was in the 19th century. That would be a good place to read [Froissart's](#) Chronicles I thought.

It is a specimen of the old world in the new. It is such a reminiscence of the middle ages as one of Scott's Novels. Those old Chevaliers thought they could transplant the feudal system to America. It has been set out but it has not thriven.

Might I not walk a little further – till I hear new crickets Till their creak has acquired some novelty – as if they were a new species – whose habitat I had reached.

The Air is filled with mist – yet a transparent mist – a principle in it you might call **flavor** which ripens fruits. This haziness seems to confine & concentrate the sun light as if you lived in a halo. It is august

A flock of 44 young turkies with their old half a mile from a house on Conantum by the river– The old faintly gobbling the half grown young peeping. Turkey-men!

Gerardia Glauca Tall G. one flower only left – also *Corydalis Glauca*–

1851

1851

 August 30, Saturday, 1851: [Evert Augustus Duyckinck](#) made a reference, in the New-York [Literary World](#),



to [Henry Thoreau](#)'s ascent of [Mount Greylock \(Saddleback\)](#) in the summer of 1844 as described in [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#).



TIMELINE OF A WEEK

In [San Francisco, California](#):

"To Hon. John W. Geary, Mayor of the City of [San Francisco](#):
Sir: - The "China Boys" wish to thank you for the kind mark of attention you bestowed upon them in extending to them an invitation to join with the citizens of [San Francisco](#) in doing honor to the memory of the late President of the United States, General Zachary Taylor. The China Boys feel proud of the distinction you have shown them, and will always endeavor to merit your good opinion and the good opinion of the citizens of their adopted country. The China Boys are fully sensible of the great loss this country has sustained in the death of its chieftain and ruler, and mourn with you in sorrow. Strangers as they are among you, they kindly appreciate the many kindnesses received at your hands, and again beg leave, with grateful hearts, to thank you.

"As-Sing,
 "A-He,
 "In behalf of the China Boys."

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



August 30, Saturday: I perceive in the Norway Cinquefoil – *Potentilla Norvegica* – now nearly out of blossom – that the alternate 5 leaves of the calyx are closing over the seeds to protect them. This evidence of forethought, this simple **reflection** in a double sense of the term, in this flower is affecting to me – as if it said to me Even I am doing my appointed work in this world faithfully. Not even do I however obscurely I may grow among the other loftier & more famous plants – shirk my work – humble weed as I am – Not even when I have blossomed and have lost my painted petals & am preparing to die down to its root do I forget to fall with my arms around my babe – that the infant may be found preserved in the arms of the frozen mother. That thus all the Norway Cinquefoils in the world had curled back their calyx leaves their warm Cloaks, when now their flowering season has past – over their progeny – from the time they were created. There is one door closed, of the closing Year – Nature ordered this bending back of the calyx leaves – & every year since this plant was created her order has been faithfully obeyed. – & this plant acts not an obscure – but essential part in the revolution of the seasons. I am not ashamed to be contemporary with the Norway Cinquefoil May I perform my part as well! – There is so much done toward closing up the years accounts. – It is as good as if I saw the great globe go round. It is as if I saw the Janus doors of the year closing. The fall of each humblest flower marks the annual period of some phase of human life experience. I can be said to note the flowers fall only when I see in it the symbol of my own change. – When I experience this then the flower appears to me.

Drosera rotundifolia in Moores new field ditch – The *viola pedata* & the *houstonia* now – What is the peculiarity of these flowers that **they** blossom again. Is it merely because they blossomed so early in the spring – & now are ready for a new spring? They impress me as so much more native or naturalized here.

We love to see nature fruitful in whatever kind – It assures us of her vigor and that she may equally bring forth the fruits which we prize. I love to see the acorns plenty – even on the shrub oaks – aye and the night shade berries – I love to see the potatoe balls numerous & large as I go through a field, – the plant thus as it were bearing fruit at both ends – saying ever & anon – not only these tubers I offer you for the present – but if you will have new varieties (if these do not satisfy you –) plant these seeds. – What abundance what luxuriance what bounty – The potatoe balls which are worthless to the farmer – combine to make the general impression of the years fruitfulness. It is as cheering to me as the rapid increase of the population of New York.



August 31, Sunday, 1851: Franz Liszt, Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein and her daughter Marie arrived in Düsseldorf and met with Robert and Clara Schumann. They would meet again each of the following 3 days. Clara would confide in her diary, "He played, as always, with truly diabolical bravura—he masters the piano like a demon (I can't put it any other way...)—but, oh, his compositions, they were simply too dreadful! When a youngster writes that sort of stuff he can be forgiven because of his youth, but what can one say when a grown man was still so blind.... It was really depressing and made us both feel quite sad. Liszt himself seemed taken aback when we said nothing, but one cannot say anything when one feels so profoundly indignant."



August 31, Sunday: *Proserpinaca Palustris* Spear leaved *Proserpinaca*. Mermaid weed – (This in Hubbards Grove on my way to Conantum) – A hornets? nest in a rather tall huckleberry bush – the stem projecting through it – the leaves spreading over it – how these fellows avail themselves of the vegetables! They kept arriving the great fellows but I never saw whence they came but only heard the buzz just at the entrance. – (with whitish abdomens.) at length after I had stood before the nest 5 minutes during which time they had taken no notice of me – two seemed to be



consulting at the entrance & then one made a threatening dash at me and returned to the nest. I took the hint & retired. They spoke as plainly as man could have done.

I see that the farmers have begun to top their corn.

examined my old friend the Green locust? shrilling on an alder leaf.

What relation does the fall dandelion bear to the spring dandelion. There is a rank scent of tansy now on some roads – disagreeable to many people – from being associated in their minds with funerals where it is sometimes put into the Coffin & about the corpse. I have not observed much St John's wort yet.

Galium triflorum 3 flowered cleavers in Conant's Spring swamp – also fever-bush there now budded for next year – Tobacco pipe Monotropa uniflora in Spring swamp path – I came out of the thick dark swampy wood as from night into day – having forgotten the daylight – I was surprised to see how bright it was. I had light enough – methought – and here was an afternoon sun illumining all the landscape. It was a surprise to me to see how much brighter an ordinary afternoon is than the light which penetrates a thick wood.

One of these drooping clusters of potatoe balls would be as good a symbol or emblem of the years fertility as anything – better surely than a bunch of grapes. Fruit of the strong soil – containing potash? The vintage is come – the olive is ripe

I come to pluck your berries harsh & crude;
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year;

Why not for my coat of arms – for device a drooping cluster of potatoe balls. – in a **potatoe** field.

What right has a New England poet to sing of wine who never saw a vineyard – who obtains his liquor from the grocers who would not dare if he could tell him what it is composed of A Yankee singing in praise of wine! – it is not sour grapes in this case, it is sweet grapes – the more inaccessible they are the sweeter they are. It seemed to me that the year had nothing so much to brag of as these potatoe balls Do they not concern New Englanders a thousand times more than all her grapes? In Moores new field they grow – cultivated with the bog hoe manured with ashes – & Sphagnum how they take to the virgin soil. Shannon tells me that he took a piece of bog land of Augustus Haden – cleared – turned up the stumps & roots & burned it over – making a coat of ashes 6 inches deep – then planted potatoes. He never put a hoe to it till he went to dig them – then between 8 o'clock A M & 5 PM he and another man dug and housed 75 bushels apiece!!

Cohush – now in fruit – ivory white berries lipped **now** with black on stout red pedicels – Actaea alba. Collinsonia Canadensis Horseweed. I had discovered this singular flower there new to me – And having a botany by me looked it out – What a surprise & disappointment – what an insult & impertinence – to my curiosity & expectation to have given me the name “horseweed.”

Cohush Swamp is about 20 rods by 3 or 4 – Among rarer plants it contains The basswood – the black (as well as white) ash – the fever bush – the Cohush – the – Collinsonia – not to mention – Sassafras – Poison Sumach ivy – agrimony – Arum Triphyllum – (Sweet Viburnum? in hedges near by) Ground nut – touch me not as high as your head & Eupatorium purpureum 8 ft $8\frac{1}{12}$ high – with a large convex corymb – (hemispherical) of many stories 14 inches wide – width of plant from tip of leaf to tip of leaf 2 feet – diameter of stalk 1 inch at ground – leaves 7 in a whorl. – (Some) rare rare plants seem to love certain localities, as if the original Conant had been a botanist & endeavored to form an arboretum. A natural arboretum?

The handsome sweet viburnum berries now red on one cheek.

It was the filiform Crowfoot Ranunculus filiformis that I saw by the river side the other day & today.

The flowers of the nettle leaved vervain are now near the ends of the spikes like the blue.

Sium Latifolium Water parsnep Tupelo cliff. also Conium Maculatum.

Utricularia inflata whorled bladderwort floating on the water at same place

Gentiana Saponaria budded

Gerardia flava at Conants Grove.

Half an hour before sunset I was at Tupelo Cliff – when looking up from my botanizing (I had been examining the Ranunculus filiformis – the Conium Maculatum – the sium latifolium – & the obtuse galium on the muddy shore –) I saw the seal of evening on the river. There was a quiet beauty in the landscape at that hour which my senses were prepared to appreciate.

The sun going down on the west side that hand being already in shadow for the most part – but his rays lighting up the water and the willows & pads even more than before. His rays then fell at right angles on their stems. I sitting on the old brown geologic rocks their feet submerged and covered



with weedy moss (*Utricularia* roots?) sometimes their tops are submerged. The cardinal flowers standing by me. The trivialness of the day is past – The greater stillness – the **serenity** of the air – its coolness & transparency the mistiness being condensed – are favorable to thought. (The pensive eve.) The coolness of evening comes to condense the haze of noon & make the air transparent and the outline of objects firm & distinct. & chaste (chaste eve) Even as I am made more vigorous by my bath – am more **continent** of thought After bathing even at noon day a man realizes a morning or evening life. When I have walked all day in vain under the torrid sun – and the world has been all trivial as well field & wood as highway – then at eve the sun goes down westward – & the wind goes down with it – & the dews begin to purify the air & make it transparent and the lakes & rivers acquire a glassy stillness – reflecting the skies – the reflex of the day – I too am at the top of my condition for perceiving beauty – Thus long after feeding the diviner faculties begin to be fed – to feel their oats their nutriment – and are not oppressed by the belly's load. It is abstinence from loading the belly anew until the brain and divine faculties have felt their vigor – not till some hours does the my food invigorate my brain – ascendeth into the brain – We practice at this hour an involuntary abstinence – We are comparative chaste & temperate as Eve herself – the nutriment is just reaching the brain. Every sound is music now. The grating of some distant boat which a man is launching on the rocky bottom – though here is no man nor inhabited house – nor even cultivated field in sight – this is heard with such distinctness that I listen with pleasure as if it was music. The attractive point is that line where the water meets the land. – not distinct but known to exist. The willows are not the less interesting because of their nakedness below. How rich like what we love to read of South American primitive forests is the scenery of this river – What luxuriance of weeds – What depth of mud along its sides! These old antehistoric – geologic – antediluvian rocks – which only primitive wading birds are worthy to tread – The seasons which we seem to **live** in anticipation of is arrived – the water indeed reflects heaven because my mind does – such is its own serenity – its transparency – & stillness.

With what sober joy I stand to let the water drip from me & feel my fresh vigor – who have been bathing in the same tub which the musk rat uses – – Such a medicated bath as only nature furnishes. A fish leaps & the dimple he makes is observed now. How ample & generous was nature – My inheritance is not narrow – Here is no other this evening – Those resorts which I most love & frequent numerous & vast as they are, – are as it were given up to me. – as much as if I were an autocrat or owner of the world – and by my edicts excluded men from my territories. – Perchance there is some advantage here not enjoyed in older countries. There are said to be 2000 inhabitants in Concord & yet I find such ample space & verge – even – miles of walking every day in which I do not meet nor see a human being – and often not very recent traces of them – So much of man as their is in your mind there will be in your eye – Methinks that for a great part of the time – as much as it is possible I walk as one possessing the advantages of human Culture – fresh from society of men – but turned loose into the woods the only man in nature – walking & meditating to a great extent as if man & his customs & institutions was not. – The catbird [Gray Catbird *Dumetella carolinensis*] or the jay [Blue Jay *Cyanocitta cristata*] is sure of the whole of your ear now – each noise is like a stain on pure glass. The rivers now – these great blue subterranean heavens reflecting the supernal skies & red-tinted clouds.

A fly or (gnat)? will often buzz round you & persecute you like an imp. How much of implike pestering character they express! (I hear a boy driving home his cows) What unanimity between the water & the sky – one only a little denser element than the other. The grossest part of heaven – Think of a mirror on so large a scale! Standing on distant hills you see the heavens reflected the evening sky in some low lake or river in the valley – as perfectly as in any mirror they could be – Does it not prove how intimate heaven is with earth?

We commonly sacrifice to supper this **serene** – & sacred hour – our customs turn the hour of **sunset** to a trivial time as at the meeting of two roads – one coming from the noon the other leading to the night – It might be if our repasts were taken out of doors in view of the sunset & the rising stars If there were two persons whose pulses beat together – if men cared for the $\kappa\omicron\sigma\mu\omicron\varsigma$ or **beauty** of the world. If men were **social** in a high & rare sence If they associated on high levels. If we took in with our tea a draught of the transparent dew freighted evening air – if with our bread & butter we took a slice of the red western sky – If the smoking – steaming urn was the vapor on a thousand Lakes & rivers & meads –

The air of the valleys at this hour is the distilled essence of all those fragrances which during the day have been filling and have been dispersed in the atmosphere the fine fragrances perchance which have floated in the upper atmospheres – has settled to these low vales!



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I talked of buying Conantum once – but for want of money – we did not come to terms – But I have farmed it in my own fashion every year since.

I have no objection to giving the name of some Naturalists – men of flowers to plants – if by their lives they have identified themselves with them. There may be a few Kalmias – But it must be done very sparingly or rather discriminatingly – And no man's name be used who has not been such a lover of flowers – that the flowers themselves may be supposed thus to reciprocate his love.

A WEEK: I had come over the hills on foot and alone in serene summer days, plucking the raspberries by the wayside, and occasionally buying a loaf of bread at a farmer's house, with a knapsack on my back which held a few traveller's books and a change of clothing, and a staff in my hand. I had that morning looked down from the Hoosack Mountain, where the road crosses it, on the village of North Adams in the valley three miles away under my feet, showing how uneven the earth may sometimes be, and making it seem an accident that it should ever be level and convenient for the feet of man. Putting a little rice and sugar and a tin cup into my knapsack at this village, I began in the afternoon to ascend the mountain, whose summit is three thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea, and was seven or eight miles distant by the path. My route lay up a long and spacious valley called the Bellows, because the winds rush up or down it with violence in storms, sloping up to the very clouds between the principal range and a lower mountain. There were a few farms scattered along at different elevations, each commanding a fine prospect of the mountains to the north, and a stream ran down the middle of the valley on which near the head there was a mill. It seemed a road for the pilgrim to enter upon who would climb to the gates of heaven. Now I crossed a hay-field, and now over the brook on a slight bridge, still gradually ascending all the while with a sort of awe, and filled with indefinite expectations as to what kind of inhabitants and what kind of nature I should come to at last. It now seemed some advantage that the earth was uneven, for one could not imagine a more noble position for a farm-house than this vale afforded, farther from or nearer to its head, from a glen-like seclusion overlooking the country at a great elevation between these two mountain walls.

FALL 1851

Fall 1851: In Syracuse NY, a group of public-spirited citizens took Jerry McHenry, subject to the new Federal Slave Law, out of the courthouse, and carried him off to safety in Canada.

By this point Mary Ann Shadd had settled as a teacher in Windsor, Canada West (Ontario). Since there were no adequate accommodations for a school, she wrote to the American Missionary Association of which her father was a member, for assistance. She obtained the recommendations of several prominent men in New-York, and a letter from a local missionary. After several months of waiting, she would receive funds to open a new integrated school in the sparsely populated settlement. She would have 23 children in day school and a night school for adults. She would be the only teacher of color, of the 263 teachers supported by the American Missionary Association. She could not publicize the fact that she had received grant money from the American Missionary Association for this racially integrated school, amounting to half her salary as its teacher, since if she had done so this would have made the parents of the children reluctant to pay the other half. When Mary Miles Bibb, the wife of Henry Bibb, would open a rival school that was racially segregated, Henry Bibb would reveal this unacknowledged partial financing as a scandal in his paper Voice of the Fugitive, and would pretend that the financing had been total rather than only in half, thus conveying a false message that the teacher had been cheating the parents. When the American Missionary Association would learn of the controversy, it would simply cancel all support.

DATE: Mary Miles Bibb set up a racially segregated school for black children in Sandwich, Canada West (Ontario). She taught for no pay. The school nevertheless floundered.

DATE: After her first attempt at a racially segregated school for black children in Sandwich, Canada West (Ontario) floundered, Mary Miles Bibb began another racially segregated school for black children in Windsor, Canada West (Ontario), or, perhaps, merely took over a previously existing school.

Fall 1851: Brownson's Quarterly Review, No. 3

CATHOLICISM

- I. Cooper's Ways of the Hour
II. Nature and Faith [Essays on the Errors of Romanism having their origin in Human Nature.]
III. Bushnell on the Mystery of the Redemption
IV. The French Republic
V. The Fugitive Slave Law
VI. Literary Notices and Criticisms

MAGAZINES

ORESTES AUGUSTUS BROWNSON

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→ Fall [1851](#): There was a good grain harvest in England, alleviating distress. The year of the [Crystal Palace](#) would turn out not to be a year of general starvation, and the ruling classes sighed with relief. [Benjamin Disraeli](#) regarded the Great Exhibition as “a godsend to the Government” in “diverting public attention from their blunders.” The Queen commented that she could “never remember anything before that everyone was so pleased with.”



SEPTEMBER 1851

→ September [1851](#): On [St. Helena](#), the initial services in the new Country Church.

→ September [1851](#): This month's issue of [Harper's New Monthly Magazine](#).

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

→ September [1851](#): [Mrs. Margaret Kennedy](#) and [Mrs. Julia Farrell](#) and Stewart Gibson and Frederick Fenton and a number of others noticed gold in a creek a few miles north of the city of Melbourne, [Australia](#) (there would be in all some dozen claimants, as it hadn't been that hard to notice the gold in the surface dirt; however, up to this point local governments had been suppressing such mineral reports in order to keep the local working people at their labors). There would be a major gold rush at these “Bendigo” diggings (so-called because a local shepherd had been nicknamed “Bendigo” after the English bare-knuckle prizefighter [William Abednego Thompson](#) who had won the heavyweight championship of England in 1839). Many of these gold-seekers would be [Chinese](#). By Christmas some 800 gold-seekers would have arrived in the area. Much of the gold would be discovered to be buried so very deep as to require extensive digging and tunneling.



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September [1851](#): The grave of [Margaret Fuller](#)'s toddler "[Nino](#)" was relocated:

**Monument to the Ossoli Family.
[From the New York Tribune.]**

The family of Margaret Fuller Ossoli have just erected to her memory, and that of her husband and child, a marble monument in Mount Auburn cemetery, in Massachusetts. It is located on Pyrola Path, in a beautiful part of the grounds, and has near it some noble oaks, while the hand of affection has planted many a flower. The body of Margaret Fuller rests in the ocean, but her memory abides in many hearts. She needs no monumental stone, but human affection loves thus to do honor to the departed. The following is the inscription on the monument: -

**Erected In Memory of
MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI,
Born in Cambridge, Mass., May 23, 1810.
By birth, a Citizen of New England;
by adoption, a Citizen of Rome;
by genius, belonging to the World.
In youth, an insatiate Student, seeking the highest culture;
in riper years, Teacher, Writer, Critic of Literature and Art;
in maturer age, Companion and Helper
of many earnest Reformers in America and Europe.
And
In Memory of her Husband,
GIOVANNI ANGELO, MARQUIS OSSOLI.
He gave up rank, station, and home for the Roman Republic,
and for his Wife and Child.
And
In Memory of that Child,
ANGELO EUGENE PHILIP OSSOLI,
Born in Rieti, Italy, Sept. 5, 1848,
Whose dust reposes at the foot of this stone.
They passed from life together by shipwreck, July 19, 1850.
United in life by mutual love, labors, and trials,
the merciful Father took them together, and
In death they were not divided.**



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Sleep Sweetly, Gentle Child.¹⁴¹

[The only child of the Marchioness Ossoli, well known as Margaret Fuller, is buried in the Valley Cemetery, at Manchester, N.H. There is always a vase of flowers placed near the grave, and a marble slab, with a cross and lily sculptured upon it, bears this inscription: "In Memory of Angelo Eugene Philip Ossoli, who was born at Rieti, in Italy, 5th September, 1848, and perished by shipwreck off Fire Island, with both his parents, Giovanni Angelo and Margaret Fuller Ossoli, on the 19th of July, 1850."]

Sleep sweetly, gentle child! though to this sleep The cold winds
rocked thee, on the ocean's breast, And strange, wild murmurs
o'er the dark, blue deep Were the last sounds that lulled thee
to thy rest, And while the moaning waves above thee rolled, The
hearts that loved thee best grew still and cold.

Sleep sweetly, gentle child! though the loved tone That twice
twelve months had hushed thee to repose Could give no answer to
the tearful moan That faintly from thy sea-moss pillow rose.
That night the arms that closely folded thee Were the wet weeds
that floated in the sea.

Sleep sweetly, gentle child! the cold, blue wave Hath pitied the
sad sighs the wild winds bore, And from the wreck it held *one*
treasure gave To the fond watchers weeping on the shore; — Now
the sweet vale shall guard its precious trust, While mourning
hearts weep o'er thy silent dust.

Sleep sweetly, gentle child! love's tears are shed Upon the
garlands of fair Northern flowers That fond hearts strew above
thy lowly bed, Through all our summer's glad and pleasant hours:
For thy sake, and for hers who sleeps beneath the wave, Kind
hands bring flowers to fade upon thy grave.

Sleep sweetly, gentle child! the warm wind sighs Amid the dark
pines through this quiet dell, And waves the light flower-shade
that lies Upon the white-leaved lily's sculptured bell; — The
"Valley's" flowers are fair, the turf is green; — Sleep sweetly
here, wept-for Eugene!

Sleep sweetly, gentle child! this peaceful rest Hath early given
thee to a home above, Safe from all sin and tears, for, ever
blest To sing sweet praises of redeeming love. — The love that
took thee to that world of bliss Ere thou hadst learned the sighs
and griefs of this.

JULIET.

Laurel Brook, N.H., September, 1851.



September 1851: [Emily Dickinson](#) and her sister [Lavinia Dickinson](#) visited the home of their brother [Austin Dickinson](#), who was teaching at the Endicott School in Boston's North End. While there they consulted Dr. Wesselhoeft. Having an opportunity to tour Boston again as in the summer of 1846, Emily found that she didn't "care a fig for the museums, the stillness, or [Jenny Lind](#)."




September 1851: [Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#) used some money he had earned by making shoes, to go on a hike in the White Mountains.


141. These lines are beautiful and full of sweet sympathy. The home of the mother and brother of Margaret Fuller being now removed from Manchester to Boston, the remains of the little child, too dear to remain distant from us, have been removed to Mount Auburn. The same marble slab is there with, its inscription, and the lines deserve insertion here. — ED.



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 September [1851](#): [Louisa May Alcott](#) got her 1st piece of poetry published, which was “Sunlight,” in [Peterson’s Magazine](#), which at that time was the US’s most popular magazine for women — under the pseudonym “Flora Fairfield.”

 September [1851](#): The federal government sent a naval frigate to Turkey to bring the interned [Lajos Kossuth](#) to the US by way of England. When this ship would arrive at the harbor of [New-York](#) the US Congress would cover the expenses, amounting to \$23,000 including his hotel suite.


Here is an undated poem by [Jones Very](#) that offers us some inkling of this leader’s popularity in the United States of America:

Kossuth.

Illustrious man! who doth to heaven appeal
Against the tyrant’s might and tyrant’s wrong,
And as thine own thy country’s wounds doth feel,—
Forget not in whose strength vain man is strong:
Not in the mighty winds that mountains shake,
Not in the earthquake, nor the avenging fire,
But in the still small voice Jehovah spake,
Rebuking thus His warlike prophete’s ire.
’T is ours for truth to suffer and to speak,
But not to fight, or warlike trumpet blow;
The strength of armies in her cause is weak,
And Freedom finds in these her deadliest foe;
For never can the truth or right prevail
Till rust consume the sword and warrior’s mail.

Read  [Henry Thoreau’s Journal for September 1851](#)

Read  [Henry Thoreau’s Journal for September/October 1851 \(æf. 34\)](#)

 September 1, Monday, [1851](#): The current [Ohio](#) Constitution went into effect.

[Emanuel Gottlieb Leutze](#) arrived in New-York aboard the steamer *Atlantic*. Presumably his painting “Washington Crosses the Delaware,” which he had completed in 6 months, was also aboard this vessel, but it no longer belonged to him. It had been purchased from him by Goupil and Company of Paris and New-York for 10,000 Thaler ([Harper’s Magazine](#) would report this as \$6,000) and would eventually be disposed of by them for 8.000 Thaler.

An article in the [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco, California](#) about Captain Josiah Perkins Creesy’s clipper *Flying Cloud*:

Ship Flying Cloud, Capt. J.P. Creesy

Arrived San Francisco August 31, 1851, 89 days from New York.

THE *FLYING CLOUD*. — This skimmer of the seas, the largest American merchantman ever launched, commanded by Capt. Creesy, arrived in our port yesterday forenoon, after a passage of eighty-nine days from New York — the shortest time ever made; surpassing the hitherto famed trip of the *Surprise* by seven days. The *Flying Cloud* is not so remarkable by the richness of her interior decorations as for the perfection of her model and strength of her hull. The *N.B. Palmer* exceeds her in the former quality, but in the latter we believe her equal has never visited our port. The *Flying Cloud* was built in Boston, and will stand, as long as she lasts, a monument of Yankee talent in the way of ship



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building. Her arrival in port yesterday morning created a considerable degree of excitement, and crowds rushed over to the North Beach to obtain a view of her.

When the *Surprise* arrived, it was thought by some that the acme of Cape Horn navigation had been reached, and that no ship would ever be built to beat her passage. Indeed, some gentlemen have even backed their opinion on this subject to some considerable amount, who will now find themselves slightly minus, but at the same time possessing the consolation of knowing that they belong to the greatest ship building nation in the world. Of our merchants on the Atlantic coast may complain that they have been injured by sending out to California the useless trash that would sell nowhere else, they may well be proud that the discovery of our golden sands has done more in four years toward improvement in the style of ship building, than would have occurred from other general causes in half a century. The antiquated hulks which, like huge washing-tubs, has been floating about the seas, sailing about as fast sideways as in any other direction, has been forced, by the rapid spirit of the trade with California, to give place to entirely new models of ships, graceful in their motions as swan on a summer lake, and fleet as the cloud which is blown by the gale.

On this day Narciso López was executed publicly at [Havana](#). Before his death he shouted, most accurately, “My death will not change the destiny of [Cuba](#)!”



GEN. LOPEZ

Of course, this [filibuster](#) might as well have shouted “My death is not going to affect the price of cigars!” or “Cuba remains an island!” or “Long live the Queen of Ethiopia!” He could have shouted just anything, as long as he did not attempt to deliver the sort of very lengthy political speech that might have fatigued his audience.

In [New Orleans](#), former associates of López would form a secret society called “Order of the Lone Star.” The goal of the order would of course be, what else, to incorporate [Cuba](#) into the United States of America. With 50 chapters in 8 southern states and an estimated membership of 15,000-20,000, the order would develop a plan to invade the island during the summer of 1852 in conjunction with a revolt on the island itself, the “Conspiracy of Vuelta Abajo” organized in Pinar del Río by López’s wealthy brother-in-law Francisco de

Frías.



[QUOTE FROM PAGE 191 OF THOREAU LOG.](#)



Sept. 1. *Mikania scandens* with its purplish white flowers now covering the button bushes and willows by the side of the stream.

Bidens Chrysanthemoides Large flowered Bidens edge of River— Various colored Polygonums standing high among the bushes & weeds by river side—white & reddish—& red.

Is not disease the rule of existence? There is not a lily pad floating on the river but has has been riddled by insects— Almost every shrub and tree has its gall—oftentimes esteemed its chief ornament—and hardly to be distinguished from the fruit. If misery loves company—misery has company enough— Now at midsummer find me a perfect leaf—or fruit.

The fruit of the trilliums is very handsome I found some a month ago a singular red—angular cased pulp drooping with the old anthers surrounding it $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in diam.

—and now there is another kind a dense crowded cluster of many ovoid berries—turning from green to scarlet or bright brick color— Then there is the mottled fruit of the clustered Solomons seal—and also the greenish with blue meat fruit of the *Convallaria Multiflora* dangling from the axils of the leaves—

I suspect that the common wild bean vine of the gardens must be the *Polygonum Convolvulus* or Black bindweed. though I do not find the 3 styles.

Found a *Utricularia* on the North branch without leaves but slight sheathes 7 or 8 flowered upright 6 or 8 inches high where the water had gone down rooted yellow.— with racemed *pedicels* about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long—no bladders nor inflated leaves.



Then there is the small floating marry gold or sun flower of the river—corolla spreading but little $\frac{7}{8}$ inch—petals 8 ribbed yellow obovate lanceolate blunt rounded $\frac{5}{8}$ inch long tubular at base—stand at ang of 45° / Calyx double outer 5 leaves green & spreading inner 8 leaves close to petals & yellowish at tips. Calyx half as long as corolla—florets more than half as long as corolla—5 stamens & one pistil in a yellow cup with 5 lanceolate segments— Compound flower—though stamens are not *decidedly* united by their anthers. Pistil rising above stamens divided in two at top & curling over each way, Stem 3 to 5 feet long—hollow & cellular— $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{10}$ inch diameter upper or emersed 2 or 3 sets of leaves crosswise opposite lanceolate broad at base—fringe serrate—clasping sub-connate The rest immersed opposite—capillaceo—multipartite forming a dark cylindrical mass in shallow parts of rivers—covered with small fish ova or perchance bladders?

BINDWEED



September 2, Tuesday, 1851: Henri-Frédéric Amiel, who would be referred to as the “Swiss Thoreau,” wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: “Read the work of Tocqueville (“De la Democratie en Amérique.”) My impression is as yet a mixed one. A fine book, but I feel in it a little too much imitation of Montesquieu. This abstract, piquant, sententious style, too, is a little dry, over-refined and monotonous. It has too much cleverness and not enough imagination. It makes one think, more than it charms, and though really serious, it seems flippant. His method of splitting up a thought, of illuminating a subject by successive facets, has serious inconveniences. We see the details too clearly, to the detriment of the whole. A multitude of sparks gives but a poor light. Nevertheless, the author is evidently a ripe and penetrating intelligence, who takes a comprehensive view of his subject, while at the same time possessing a power of acute and exhaustive analysis.”

Henry Thoreau studied Marcus Porcius Cato the Censor’s *DE RE RUSTICA* in *REI RUSTICAE AUCTORES LATINE VETERES, M. CATO, M. VARRO, L. COLVMELLA, PALLADIVS: PRIORES TRES, E VETUSTISS. EDITIONIBUS; QUARTUS, E VETERIBUS MEMBRANIS ALIQUAMMULIS IN LOCIS EMENDATIORES: CUM TRIBUS INDICUBUS, CAPITUM, AUCTORUM, & RERUM AC VERBORUM MEMORABILIMUM ...*


At a dock in Tonawanda, New York the side-wheeler *Bunker Hill* burned to the water line.



September 2, Tuesday: The dense fog came into my chamber early this morning freighted with light & woke me. It was no doubt lighter at that hour than if there had been no fog. Not till after several months does an infant find its hands— And it may be seen looking at them with astonishment holding them up to the light—and so also it finds its toes. How many faculties there are which we have never found! Some men methinks have found only their hands & feet—at least I have seen some who appeared never to have found their heads but used them only instinctively—as the negro who butts with his—or the water carrier—who makes a pack horse of his. They have but partially found their heads.

We cannot write well or truly but what we write with gusto. The body the senses must conspire with the spirit— Expression is the act of the whole man. that our speech may be vascular— The intellect is powerless to express thought without the aid of the heart & liver and of every member— Often I feel that my head stands out too dry—when it should be immersed. A writer a man writing is the scribe of all nature—he is the corn & the grass & the atmosphere writing. It is always essential that we love to do what we are doing—do it with a heart. The maturity of the mind however may perchance consist consist with a certain dryness.

There are flowers of thought & there are leaves of thought—most of our thoughts are merely leaves—to which the thread of thought is the stem.

What affinity is it brings the goldfinch [American Goldfinch  Carduleis tristis] to the sunflower—both yellow—to pick its seeds. Whatever things I perceive with my entire man—those let me record—and it will be poetry. The sounds which I hear with the consent & coincidence of all my senses these are significant & musical— At least they only are heard.

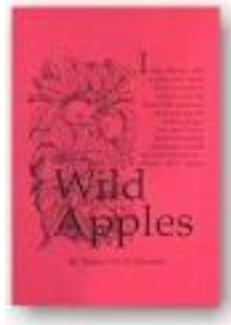
In a day or two the first message will be conveyed or transmitted over the magnetic telegraph through

this town—as a thought traverses space—and no citizen of the town shall be aware of it. The atmosphere is full of telegraphs equally unobserved. We are not confined to Morses or Houses or Bain’s line—

Raise some sun flowers to attract the goldfinches to feed them as well as your hens. What a broad & loaded bounteously filled platter of food is presented this bon vivant!

Here is one of those thick fogs which last well into the day. While the farmer is concerned about the crops which his fields bear, I will be concerned about the fertility of my human farm— I will watch the winds & the rains as they affect the crop of thought.— the crop of crops ripe thoughts—which glow & rustle—& fill the air with fragrance—for centuries— Is it a drought—how long since we had a rain— what is the state of the springs? Are the low springs high?

I now begin to pluck wild apples—



The difference is not great between some fruits in which the worm is always present and those gall fruits which were produced by the insect.

Old Cato says well—*patrem familias vendacem, non emacem esse oportet*— These Latin terminations express better than any English that I know the greediness as it were & tenacity of purpose with which the husbandman & householder is required to be a seller & not a buyer— —with mastiff like tenacity—these **lipped** words which like the lips of moose & browsing creatures gather in the herbage & twigs with a certain greed. This termination *cious* adds force to a word like the lips of browsing creatures which greedily collect what the jaw holds— —as in the word tenacious the first half represents the jaw which holds the last the lips which collect— It can only be pronounced by a certain opening & protruding of the lips so avaricious— These words express the sense of their simple roots with the addition as it were of a certain lip greediness. hence capacious & capacity—emacity When these expressive words are used the hearer gets something to chew upon. To be a seller with the tenacity & firmness & of the jaws which hold & the greediness of the lips which collect. The audacious man not only dares—but he greedily collects more danger to dare. The avaricious man not only desires & satisfies his desire—but he collects ever new browse in anticipation of his ever springing desires—what is luscious is especially tasted by the lips.

The mastiff mouthed are tenacious. To be a seller with mastiff-mouthed tenacity of purpose—with moose-lipped greediness— To be edacious & voracious is to be not nibbling & swallowing merely—but eating & swallowing while the lips are greedily collecting more food.

There is a reptile in the throat of the greedy man always thirsting & famishing— It is not his own natural hunger & thirst which he satisfies.

The more we know about the ancients the more we find that they were like the moderns. When I read Mar. Cato De Re Rustica a small treatise or Farmer’s Manual of those days fresh from the field of Roman life—all reeking with & redolent of the life of those days—containing more indirect history than any of the histories of Rome of direct—all of that time but that time— **Here** is a simple direct pertinent word addressed to the Romans— And where are **the Romans**? Rome and the Romans are commonly a piece of Rhetoric— As if New England had disappeared poetically and there were left— Buel’s Farmers Companion or the letters of Solon Robinson—or a volume of extracts from the New England Farmer— Though the Romans are no more but a fable and an ornament of Rhetoric—We have here their New England Farmer the very manual those Roman farmers read—speaking as if they were to hear—it—its voice not silenced As if Rome were still the mistress of the world— As fresh as a dripping dishcloth from a Roman kitchen.— As when you overhaul the correspondence of a man who died 50 years ago—with like surprise—& feelings you overhaul the manuscripts of of the Roman Nation— There exist certain old papers manuscripts—either the originals or faithful & trustworthy old copies of the originals which were left by the Roman people. They have gone their way—but these

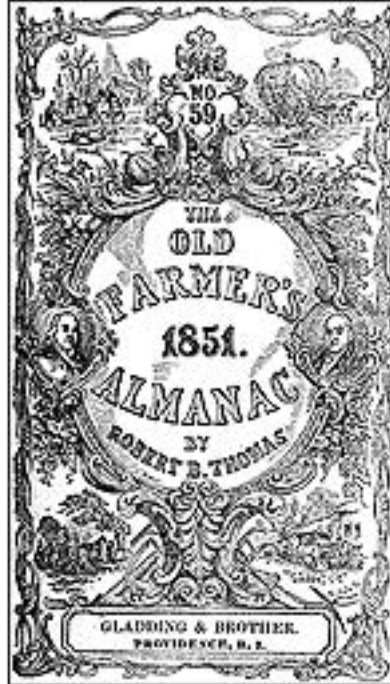
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old papers of all sorts remain. Among them there are some farm journals—or Farm books—just such a collection of Diary & memorandum—as when the cow-calved—& the dimensions with a plan of the barn—& How much paid to Joe Farrar for work done on the farm &c &c as you might find in an old farmers pocketbook today.

Indeed the farmer's was pretty much the same routine then as now.

Cato says “Sterquilinum magnum stude ut habeas. Stercus sedulo conserva, cum exportabis purgato et comminuito. Per autumnum evehito.”— Study to have a great dungheap. Carefully preserve your dung, when you carry it out make clean work of it and break it up fine. Carry it out during the autumn.— Just such directions as you find in the Farmer's almanac today. It reminds me of what I



see going on in our fields every autumn. As if the Farmers of Concord were obeying Cato's directions. And Cato but repeated the maxims of a remote antiquity. Nothing can be more homely & suggestive of the every day life of the Roman agriculturalists—thus supplying the very deficiencies in what is commonly called Roman history—i.e. revealing to us the actual life of the Romans— the how they got their living and what they did from day to day.

They planted rapa raphanos milium and panicum in low foggy land “ager nebulosus”

I see the farmer now i.e. I shall in Autumn on every side carting out his manure & sedulously making his compost heap—or scattering it over his grass ground and breaking it up with a mallet—and it reminds me of Cato's advice.— He died 150 years before Christ. Before Christianity was heard of this was done. A Roman family appears to have had a great supply of tubs & kettles.

A fire in the sitting room today— Walk in the afternoon by Walden Road & RR. to Minn's Place & round it to RR & home. The first coolness is welcome so serious & fertile of thought. My skin contracts & I become more continent. Carried umbrellas— It mizzling. As in the night now in the rain I smell the fragrance of the woods. The Prunella leaves have turned a delicate claret or lake color—by the road side. I am interested in these revolutions as much as in those of kingdoms— Is there not tragedy enough in the autumn?

Walden seems to be going down at last— The pines are dead and leaning red & half upset about its shore. Thus by its rising once in 25 years perchance it keeps an open shore—as if the ice had heaved them over. Found the succory at Minn's Bridge on R R—& beyond. Query— May not this & the Tree Primrose and other plants be distributed from Boston on the rays of the Railroads—the seeds mixing with the grains & all kinds of dirt & being blown from the passing freight cars?

The feathery tailed fruit of the fertile flowers of the Clematis conspicuous now.

The shorne meadows looked—of a living green as we came home at eve even greener than in spring—the “foenum cordum” the aftermath “sicilimenta de prato” the 2nd mowings of the meadow. this reminds me of—in Cato



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September 3, Wednesday, [1851](#): The 13th anniversary of [Frederick Douglass](#)'s freedom, which we may well elect to celebrate in lieu of **an unknown slave birthday**.



"It has been a source of great annoyance to me, never to have a birthday."

Sheriff John C. "Jack" Hays was re-elected Sheriff of [San Francisco](#), and would serve until June 17th, 1853:

Annual election for the County of [San Francisco](#). The following were the officials chosen: Senate. Frank Soule, Jacob R. Snyder. Assembly. B. Orrick, A.C. Peachy, A.J. Ellis, H. Wohler, G.W. Tenbroeck, R.N. Wood. Isaac N. Thorne. Judge of the Superior Court. County Judge. John Satterlee. Alexander Campbell. Sheriff County Clerk. John C. Hayes. James E. Wainwright. County Recorder. District Attorney. Thomas B. Russum. H.H. Byrne. County Treasurer. County Surveyor. Joseph Shannon. C. Humphries. Coroner. County Assessor. Nathaniel Gray. Henry Vandever. Harbor Master.-George Simpton. The new city charter had provided that the first general election for municipal officers should be held on the fourth Monday of April, 1851, and "thereafter annually at the general election for State officers." Under this section of the charter it was understood by some that the second city election should take place in September of the year named, when the usual annual election of State officers occurred. Another construction was put upon the section in question by the parties already in office and by a large number of the inhabitants, to the effect that the second election under the charter could only take place in September, 1852. Thus one party would give the existing common council and municipal officers only half a year in power, while another party, including the present incumbents, claimed a year and a half. So dignified, or so satisfied with the legal strength of their position, were the existing city officers, that they took no steps to order a new election in September, 1851. Their opponents, however, relying on their own interpretation of the words of the charter, proceeded to act without them, and, unopposed in any way, elected the whole parties on their ticket. The general public took little interest in the matter, and most people seemed to believe that the new election would end in nothing. So little did the citizens concern themselves, that some of those newly elected, polled but a very few votes. When the election was finished the new officers made a demand upon the old ones for a surrender of the public books and documents. This being refused, the new mayor elect, Stephen R. Harris, immediately raised the necessary legal action against the old mayor, C.J. Brenham, for a declaration of his own rights and the ejection of the latter from office. In the district court a judgment was given to the effect that the present incumbents should hold office till April, 1852, and that then those elected in September, 1851, should enter upon and remain in office for one year. The result of this decision would have been that six months would always intervene between the election and the entering upon office of the municipal authorities. This decision was unsatisfactory to most people. Mr. Harris next carried the case into the supreme court, where a majority of the judges (24th December), after able arguments were heard from the parties, reversed the



judgment of the court below, and found Mr. Harris entitled to enter upon office as in September, 1851. Mr. Brenham promptly acknowledged the weakness of his position, and at once yielded to his legal successor. Party feeling prevented the other city officers from surrendering their seats so readily. Those already in power consisted of men of both of the great political parties—whig and democratic; and had been originally selected chiefly from among the independent candidates, as men who would earnestly work for the common good and the purification of the city from official corruption and wide-spread crime. On the other hand, those newly elected were altogether of the democratic party. The old council offered to resign, if the new one would do the same; when both could appeal a second time to the people. But the latter council refused to do this. Meanwhile, the legal courts had adjourned, and it would have cost much time and expense to drive out the old council from the places which they persisted in retaining; and their year of office would probably expire before this could be managed. In the end, however, the old council thought it best for their own honor and the interests of the city, to quietly retire from the unseemly contest, and make way for their unexpected successors. The names and offices of the latter were as follows: Mayor.—Stephen R. Harris. Recorder—George W. Baker. Marshall.—David W. Thompson. Street Commissioner —Theodore Payne. Comptroller.—Jas. XV. Stillman. Treasurer.—Smyth Clarke. Tax Collector.—D.S. Linell. City Attorney.—Chas. M. Delaney. Recorder's Clerk.—Thomas W. Harper. City Assessors.—James C. Callaghan, David Hoag, Arthur Matthews. Aldermen, E. L. Morgan, Wm. G. Wood, Jos. H. Blood, John Cotter, Caleb Hyatt, James Grant, N. S. Pettit, Wim. Moore. Assistant Aldermen. Henry Meiggs, Jos. Galloway, W.H. Crowell, N. Holland, D.W. Lockwood, James Graves, J.C. Piercy, John W. Kessling.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...

During this year [Albany, New York](#) was contemplating the establishment of a municipal water system. The Water Commissioners and William J. McAlpine offered “Contracts on the Water Works” in the [Albany Evening Journal](#).

[Henry Thoreau](#) was reading [James Wilkinson](#).¹⁴²

In Centerville, Wisconsin an ax murder occurred as men of the community were returning home from participating in a barn-raising at the property of Edward Eichoff. For this vicious crime no culprit(s) would ever be brought to justice:

Wilhelm Gerken had been struck in the back of the neck and side of the head with an axe, the gashes being 5 inches wide and 3 inches deep. The brains were nearly gone. The bloodied shirt had been pulled up over the head as if to drag the remains out of sight. This young German immigrant had gotten married a few years before with a woman named Catherine, and some of his neighbors apparently had also been suitors: Edward Eichoff's brother Gustav Eichoff, and George Egloff. District Attorney Jeremiah H.W. Colby rendered a verdict of “Murder by some person or persons unknown” because at 1st there was insufficient evidence to warrant arrests. Then it was found that George Egloff had unexpectedly left town. Arrested in Milwaukee, he was

brought back to Manitowoc Rapids on the steamer *Detroit*. His friend Gustav Eichoff was also then arrested, apparently on the basis of their friendship. Summoned from Green Bay, Judge Timothy O. Howe would arrive on September 22nd on the steamer *Samuel Ward*. From September 26th to November 26th this official would interview 25 of Wilhelm and Catherine Gerken's neighbors and 5 relatives of the arrested pair. On September 29th the Grand Jury would produce a Bill of Indictment against the arrested pair, but they were unprepared for trial so the Judge would defer the case until November 26th, when Howe would hear from more witnesses, including the widowed Mrs. Catherine Gerken. For legal reasons the indictment would accuse them equally: "certain axes which they then and there in both their hands had and held." Meanwhile, Egloff and Eichoff were busily boring through a timber of their cell and on the night of November 28th they would slip away. News of this would travel throughout the State, with Egloff being described as 5 feet 7½ inches with dark brown hair and gray eyes. Eichoff would be described as 6 feet tall with black hair, grey eyes, and a Roman nose. Although the Sheriff would offer a \$100 reward, they would never be found. Then 35 years later, circa 1886, one of the accused pair would return to the scene for a few hours visit – but no arrest would be made, "grass having grown over the affair."



September 3, Wednesday: Why was there never a Poem on the cricket? Its creak seems to me to be one of the most prominent & obvious facts in the world.– & the least heeded. In the report of a man's contemplations I look to see somewhat answering to this sound.

When I sat on Lee's Cliff the other day (aug 29th) I saw a man working with a horse in a field by the river–carting dirt. & the horse & his relation to him struck me as very remarkable. There was the horse a mere animated machine–though his tail was brushing off the flies–his whole existence subordinated to the man's–with no tradition perhaps no instinct in him of independence & freedom–of a time when he was wild & free–completely humanized. No compact made with him that he should have the saturday afternoons or the Sundays–or any holidays– His independence never recognized– It being now quite forgotten both by men & by horses that the horse was ever free– For I am not aware that there are any wild horses not descended from tame ones– Assisting that man to pull down that bank & spread it over the meadow– Only keeping off the flies with his tail & stamping & catching a mouthful of grass or leaves from time to time on his own account.– all the rest for man. It seemed hardly worth while that he should be *animated* for this. It was plain that the

142. [James Wilkinson](#). THE HUMAN BODY AND ITS CONNECTION WITH MAN, ILLUSTRATED BY THE PRINCIPAL ORGANS. BY JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON, MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF ENGLAND (Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo and Co., 1851).

When he read James Wilkinson's book THE HUMAN BODY in 1851, Thoreau was impressed. "Wilkinson's book," he wrote in his journal, "to some extent realizes what I have dreamed of, – a return to the primitive analogical and derivative sense of words. His ability to trace analogies often leads to a truer word than more remarkable writers have found.... The faith he puts in old and current expressions as having sprung from an instinct wiser than science, and safely to be trusted if they can be interpreted.... Wilkinson finds a 'home' for the imagination.... All perception of truth is the detection of an analogy; we reason from our hands to our heads." Understanding this was both a key and a confirmation of what he was trying to do in WALDEN (Jeffrey Cramer's WALDEN: A FULLY ANNOTATED EDITION, page xxiii).



man was not educating the horse—not trying to develop his nature—but merely getting work out of him. That mass of animated matter seemed more completely the servant of man than any inanimate. For slaves have their holidays—a heaven is conceded to them but to the horse none. Now & forever he is man's slave. The more I considered the more the man seemed akin to the horse—only his was the stronger will of the two. For a little further on I saw an Irishman shovelling—who evidently was as much tamed as the horse. He had stipulated that to a certain extent his independence be recognized & yet really he was but little more independent.— I had always instinctively regarded the horse as a free people somewhere. living wild—whatever has not come under the sway of man is wild— In this sense original & independent men are wild—not tamed & broken by society. Now for my part I have such a respect for the horse's nature as would tempt me to let him alone.— not to interfere with him—his walks—his diet—his loves— But by mankind he is treated simply as if he was an engine which must have rest & is sensible of pain. Suppose that every squirrel were made to turn a coffee mill! Suppose that the gazelles were made to draw milk carts?

There he was with his tail cut off because it was in the way or to suit the taste of his owner—his mane trimmed & his feet shod with iron that he might wear longer. What is a horse but an animal that has lost its liberty—what is it but a system of Slavery—& do you not thus by **insensible** & unimportant degrees come to human slavery?—has lost its liberty—& has man got any more liberty himself for having robbed the horse—or has he lost just as much of his own—& become more like the horse he has robbed— Is not the other end of the bridle in this case too coiled round his own neck? There he stood with his oblong square figure (his tailed being cut off) seen against the water—. brushing off the flies with his tail & stamping, braced back while the man was filling the cart.

It is a very remarkable and significant fact that though no man is quite well or healthy—yet every one believes practically that health is the rule & disease the exception— And each invalid is wont to think himself in a minority— And to postpone some what of endeavor to another state of existence— But it may be some encouragement to men to know that in this respect they stand on the same platform—that disease is in fact the **rule** of our terrestrial life—and the prophecy of a **celestial** life. Where is the coward who despairs because he is sick—? Every one may live either the life of Achilles or of Nestor. Seen in this light our life with all its diseases will look healthy—and in one sense the more healthy as it is the more diseased— Disease is not the accident of the individual nor even of the generation but of life itself. In some form & to some degree or other it is one of the permanent conditions of life— It is nevertheless a cheering fact that men affirm health unanimously & esteem themselves miserable failures. Here was no blunder. They gave us life on exactly these conditions—and methinks we shall live it with more heart when we perceive clearly that these are the terms on which we have it. Life is a warfare a struggle—and the diseases of the body answer to the troubles and defeats of the spirit. Man begins by quarrelling with the animal in him & the result is immediate dis-ease. In proportion as the spirit is the more ambitious and persevering—the more obstacles it will meet with. It is as a seer that man asserts his disease to be exceptional.

2 PM To Hubbards swimming place & Grove in rain—

As I went under the new telegraph wire I heard it vibrating like a harp high over head.— it was as the sound of a far off glorious life a supernal life which came down to us.— and vibrated the lattice work of this life of ours.

AEOLIAN HARP

The melons & the apples seem at once to feed my brain.

Here comes a laborer from his dinner to resume his work at clearing out a ditch notwithstanding the rain—for as Cato says—per ferias potuisse fossas veteres tergeri in the holidays old ditches might have been cleared out.— This is what the pater familias will see if the Steward has looked after—

The ivy leaves are turning red— Fall dandelions stand thick in the meadows.

How much the Roman must have been indebted to his agriculture dealing with the earth—its clods & stubble its dust & mire— Their farmer consuls were their glory—& they well knew the farm to be the nursery of soldiers. Read Cato to see what kind of legs the Romans stood on.

—The leaves of the hardhack are somewhat appressed clothing the stem and showing their downy under sides like white waving wands. Is it peculiar to the season or the rain—or the plant.

Walk often in drizzly weather for then the small weeds (especially if they stand on bare ground—) covered with rain drops like beads—appear more beautiful than ever. The hypericums for instance. They are equally beautiful when covered with dew—fresh & adorned almost spirited away in a robe of dew drops.

Some farmers have begun to thresh & winnow. their oats

Identified spotted purple Euphorbia Maculata apparently out of blossom— Shepherd's purse &



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Chickweed–

As for walking the inhabitants of large English towns are confined almost exclusively to their parks & to the high ways–the few foot-paths in their vicinities “are gradually vanishing” says Wilkinson “under the encroachments of the proprietors.”

He proposes that the peoples right to them be asserted & defended–& that they be kept in a passable state at the public expense– “This” says he “would be easily done by means of asphalt laid upon a good foundation”!!! So much for walking and the prospects of walking in the neighborhood of English large towns.

Think of a man–he may be a genius of some kind–being confined to a high way & a park for his world to range in– I should die from mere nervousness at the thought of such confinement. I should hesitate before I were born if those terms were revealed to me. Fenced in forever by those green barriers of fields–where gentlemen are seated! Can they be said to be inhabitants of this globe. Will they be content to inhabit heaven thus partially?

HISTORY OF TELEGRAPHY



September 4, Thursday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) and [Ellery Channing](#) went to Boon’s Pond in Stow, Massachusetts.

[Professor Asa Gray](#) and his wife, having traveled in Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, and the Netherlands, and having spent some time at the Royal Botanic Gardens in Kew, England, on this day returned to America.

At 2AM above New England on this night there was a brilliant *aurora borealis* with streamers and drifting light. At 2:30AM an arch formed to the southward, apex east of south, about 40° high. There were flashes resembling what is termed “heat lightning.” To the north, northwest, and northeast there was, frequently, rosy and green light. It was quite a show!



September 4: 8 A M. A clear & Pleasant day after the rain. Start for Boons Pond in Stow with C. Every sight & sound was the more interesting for the clear atmosphere. When you are starting away –leaving your more familiar fields for a little adventure like a walk –you look at every object with a travellers or at least with historical eyes –you pause on the first bridge.– where an ordinary walk hardly commences, & begin to observe & moralize like a traveller– It is worthe the while to see your native Village thus sometimes –as if you were a traveller passing through it – commenting on your neighbors as strangers.

We stood thus on woods bridge the first bridge in the capacity of Pilgrims & strangers to its familiarity, giving it one more chance with us – though our townsmen who passed may not have perceived it.

There was a pretty good sized pickerel poised over the sandy bottom close to the shore–& motionless as a shadow– It is wonderful how they resist the slight current of our river. & remain thus stationary for hours. He no doubt saw us plainly on the bridge. In the sunny water –his whole form distinct & his shadow– motionless as the steel trap which does not spring till the fox’s foot has touched it.

John Hosmer’s dog sprang up, ran out, & growled at us – and in his eye I seemed to see the eye of his master. I have no doubt but that as is the master such in course of time tend to become his herds & flocks as well as dogs– One man’s oxen will be clever & solid –another’s mischievous –another’s mangy –in each case like their respective owners. No doubt man impresses his own character on the beasts which he tames & employs –they are not only humanized –but they acquire his particular human nature. How much oxen are like farmers generally, and cows like farmers’ wives! and young steers & heifers like farmers boys & girls! The farmer acts on the ox & the ox reacts on the farmer– They do not meet half way it is true –but they do meet at a distance from the centre of each– proportionate to each ones intellectual power. The farmer is oxlike in his thought in his walk– in his strength, in his trustworthiness – in his taste.

Hosmers man was cutting his millet – & his buckwheat already lay in **red** piles in the field.

DOG




The first picture we noticed was where the road turned among the pitch pines & showed the Hadley house with the high wooded hill behind with dew & sun on it –the gracefully winding road path –& a more distant horizon on the right of the house

Just beyond on the left it was pleasant walking where the road was shaded by a high hill – as it can be only in the morning. Even in the morning that additional coolness & early dawn like feeling of a more sacred and earlier season are agreeable.


The lane in front of Tarbel's house which is but little worn & appears to lead no where though it has so wide & all engulfing an opening –suggested– that such things might be contrived for effect in laying out grounds– (Only those things are sure to have the greatest & best effect, which like this were not contrived for the sake of effect). An opened path which would suggest walking & adventuring on it –t he going to some place strange & far away. It would make you think of or imagine distant places & spaces greater than the estate.

It was pleasant looking back just beyond – to see a heavy shadow (made by some high birches) reaching quite across the road. Light & shadow are sufficient contrast & furnish sufficient excitement when we are well.

Now we were passing the vale of Brown & Tarbel –a sunshiney mead pastured by cattle –& sparkling with dew –the sound of crows [American Crow  *Corvus brachyrhynchos*] and swallows heard in the air –and leafy columned elms seen here & there. shining with dew The morning freshness & unworldliness of that domain! The vale of Tempe and of Arcady is not farther off – than are the conscious lives of men from their opportunities– Our life is as far from answering to its scenery as we are distant from Tempe & arcadia. That is to say they are far away because we are far from living natural lives. How absurd it would be to insist on the vale of Tempe in particular – when we have such vales as we have.

In the Marlborough road in the woods I saw a purple streak like a stain on the red pine leaves & sand under my feet – which I was surprised to find was made by a dense mass of purple fleas – somewhat like snow fleas – a faint purple stain as if some purple dye had been spilt.

What is that slender pink flower that I find in the Marlborough road – smaller than a snap Dragon–? The slender stems of grass which hang over the ruts & horses path in this little frequented road are so laden with dew that I am compelled to hold a bush before me to shake it off.

The jays [Blue Jay  *Cyanocitta cristata*] scream on the right & left–& are seen flying further off as we go by.

We drink in the meadow at 2nd Division Brook – then sit awhile to watch its yellowish pebbles & the cress? in it & other weeds The ripples cover its surface like a network & are faithfully reflected on the bottom. In some places the sun reflected from ripples on a flat stone looks like a golden comb– The whole brook seems as busy as a loom –it is a woof & warp of ripples –fairy fingers are throwing the shuttle at every step –& the long waving brook is the fine product. The water is wonderfully clear. To have a hut here & a foot path to the brook. For roads I think that a poet cannot tolerate more than a foot-path through the fields– That is wide enough & for purposes of winged poesy suffices. It is not for the muse to speak of cart-paths. I would fain travel by a foot-path round the world. I do not ask the railroads of commerce – not even the cartpaths of the farmer. Pray what other path would you have than a foot-path?– what else should wear a path? This is the track of man alone – what more suggestive to the pensive walker? One walks in a wheel track with less emotion –he is at a greater distance from man –but this footpath –was perchance worn by the bare feet of human beings & he cannot but think with interest of them. The grapes though their leaves are withering and falling are yet too sour to eat.

In the summer we lay up a stock of experiences for the winter. as the squirrel of nuts. Something for conversation in winter evenings. I love to think then of the more distant walks I took in summer. At the Powder mills – the carbonic acid gass in the road from the building where they were making charcoal made us cough for 20 or 30 rods

Saw some grey squirrels whirling their cylinder by the roadside. How fitted that cylinder to this animals– A squirrel is easily taught to turn his cylinder – might be a saying frequently applicable. And as they turned one leaped over or dodged under another most gracefully & unexpectedly with interweaving motions– It was the circus & menagerie combined– So human they were – exhibiting themselves.

In the marlboro Road, I forgot to say we brushed the *Polygonum articulatum* with its spikes of reddish white flowers a slender & tender plant which loves the middle of dry & sandy not much travelled roads– To find that the very atoms bloom – that there are flowers we rudely brush against which only the microscope reveals!!

It is wise to write on many subjects to try many themes that so you may find the right & inspiring one. Be greedy of occasions to express your thought. Improve the opportunity to draw analogies. There are innumerable avenues to a perception of the truth. Improve the suggestion of each object however humble –however slight & transient the provocation –what else is there to be improved? Who knows what opportunities he may neglect. It is not in vain that the mind turns aside this way or that. Follow its leading – apply it whither it inclines to go. Probe the universe in a myriad points. Be avaricious of these impulses. You must try a thousand themes before you find the right one – as nature makes a thousand acorns to get one oak. He is a wise man & experienced who has taken many views– To whom stones & plants & animals and a myriad objects have each suggested something – contributed something.

And now methinks this wider wood-path is not bad – for it admits of society more conveniently– 2 can walk side by side in it in the ruts aye and one more in the horse track– The Indian walked in single file more solitary – not side by side chatting as he went. The woodman’s cart & sled make just the path two walkers want through the wood. by 2nd Div. Brook


Beyond the Powder Mills we watched some fat oxen –elephantine– behemoths –one Rufus Hosmer eyed with the long lash & projecting eye-ball

Now past the Paper mills – by the westernmost road east of the river – the first new ground w’ve reached.

Not only the Prunella turns **lake** but the hypericum virginicum in the hollows by the road side – a handsome blush. A part of the autumnal tints. ripe leaves Leaves acquire red blood. Red colors touch our blood, & excite us as well as cows & geese.

And now we leave the road & go through the woods & swamps toward Boon’s pond – crossing two or three roads & by Potter’s House in Stow. still on East of river. The fruit of the Pyrola rotundifolia in The damp woods.

Larch trees in stow about the houses. Beyond Potters we struck in to the extensive wooded plain where the ponds are found in Stow – sudbury & Marlboro. Part of it called Boon’s Plain– Boon said to have lived on or under Baileys Hill at west of pond– Killed by Indians between Boon & Whites Pond as he was driving his oxcart– The oxen ran off to Marlboro Garrison house. His remains have been searched for. A sandy plain a large level tract. The pond shores handsome enough – but water shallow & muddy looking. Well wooded shores. The maples begin to show red about it– Much fished– Saw a load of sunflowers in a farmers Such is the destiny of this large coarse flower the farmers gather it like pumpkins

Returned by RR.–down the Assabet. A potatoe field yellow with wild radish– But no good place to bathe for 3 miles– Knights new dam has so raised the river. A permanent freshet as it were– he fluviatile trees standing dead for fish hawk [Osprey  *Pandion haliaetus*] perches & the water stagnant for weeds to grow in–


You have only to dam up a running stream –to give it the aspect of a dead stream –& to some degree restore its primitive wild appearance. Tracts made inaccessible to man & at the same time more fertile. Some speculator comes & dams up the stream flow & low the water stands over all meadows making impassible morasses & dead trees for fish hawks a wild stagnant fenny country – the last gasp of wildness before it yields to the civilization of the factory. To cheer the eyes of the factory people & educate them. It makes a little wilderness above the factories.

The woodbine now begins to hang red about the maples & other trees.

As I look back up the stream from the near the bridge (I suppose on the road from Potters’ house to stow) I on the RR. I saw the ripples sparkling in the sun – reminding me of the sparkling icy fleets which I saw last winter – and I saw how one corresponded to the other – ice waves to water ones – the erect ice flakes were the waves stereotyped. It was the same sight – the reflection of the sun sparkling from a myriad slanting surfaces at a distance – a rippled water surface or a crystalized frozen one.



Here crossed the river & climbed the high hills on the west side. The walnut trees conformed in their branches to the slope of the hill – being just as high from the ground on the upper side as on the lower. On all sides now I see & smell the withering leaves of brush that has been cut to clear the land– I see some blackened tracts which have been burnt over– It is remarkable, for it is rare to see the surface of the earth black. And in the horizon I can see the smokes of several fires. The farmers improve this season which is the driest – their haying being done & their harvest not begun to do these jobs –burn brush –build walls –dig ditches cut turf. This is what I find them doing all over the country now – also topping corn & digging potatoes.

Saw quite a flock for the first time of Gold finches [American Goldfinch  *Carduelis tristis*].

On the high round hills in the east & S E of Stow– Perchance they are called the Assabet Hills – rising directly from the river – they are the highest I know rising thus. The rounded hills of Stow. A hill & valley country. Very different from Concord.

It had been a warm day, especially warm to the head. I do not perspire as in the early summer – but am sensible of the ripening heat – more as if by contact. Suddenly the wind changed to east & the atmosphere grew more & more hazy & thick on that side obstructing the view while it was yet clear in the west. I thought it was the result of the cooler air from over the sea – meeting & condensing the vapor in the warm air of the land– That was the haze or thin dry fog – which some call smoke. It gradually moved westward & affected the prospect on that side somewhat. It was a very thin fog invading all the east. I felt the cool air from the ocean & it was very refreshing I opened my bosom & my mouth to inhale it. very delicious & invigorating.

We sat on the top of those hills looking down on the new brick ice house.

Where there are several hills near together you can not determine at once which is the highest. whether the one you are on or the next. So when great men are assembled– each yields an uncertain respect to the other –as if it were not certain whose crown rose highest.

Under the nut trees on these hills the grass is short & green as if grazed close by cattle who had stood there for shade – making a distinct circular yard. Yet as there is no dung – & the form corresponds so closely to the tree– I doubt it that can be the cause.

On hill side N of river above Powder Mills the Pycnanthemum Incanum Mountain Mint (Calamint) & the Lespedeza violacea.

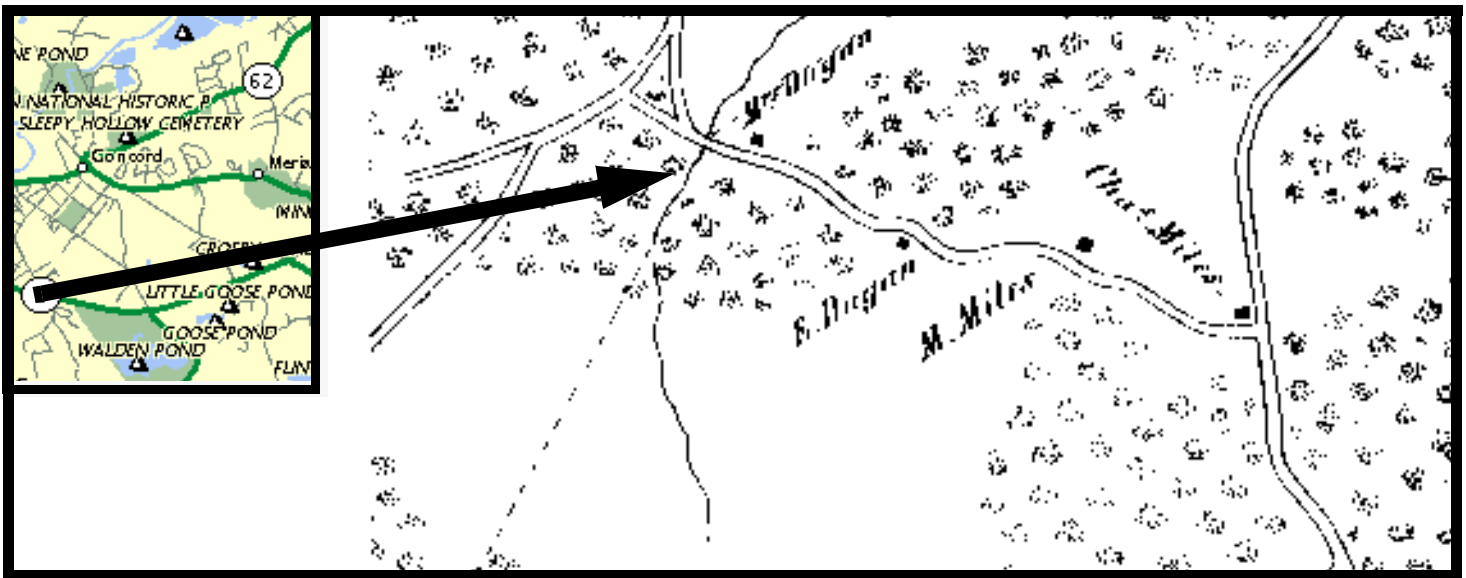
Saw what I thought a small red dog in the road – which cantered along over the bridge this side the Powder mills – & then turned into the woods. This decided me –this turning into the woods –that it was a fox. The dog of the woods The dog that is more at home in the woods than in the roads & fields. I do not often see a dog turning into the woods.

DOG

Some large white? oak acorns this side the last named bridge. A few oaks stand in the pastures still great ornaments. I do not see any young ones springing up to supply their places. Will there be any a hundred years hence. These are the remnants of the primitive wood methinks. We are a young people & have not learned by experience the consequence of cutting off the forest. One day they will be planted methinks. & nature reinstated to some extent.

I love to see the yellow knots & their lengthened stain on the dry unpainted Pitch-pine boards on barns & other buildings The Dugan house for instance– The indestructible yellow fat –it fats my eyes to see it –worthy for art to imitate.– telling of branches in the forest once.

JENNY DUGAN
GEORGE DUGAN





September 5, Friday, [1851](#): Father [Isaac Hecker](#), CSSR wrote to [Orestes Augustus Brownson](#), Esq.



[Henry Thoreau](#) was reading [Peter Kalm](#) and [James Wilkinson](#).¹⁴³



September 5, Friday, [1851](#): No doubt like plants we are fed through the atmosphere & the varying atmospheres of various seasons of the year feed us variously. How often we are sensible of being thus fed & invigorated! And all nature contributes to this aerial diet its food of finest quality. Methinks that in the fragrance of the fruits I get a finer flavor and in beauty (which is appreciated by sight—the taste & smell of the eye—) a finer still. As Wilkinson says “The physical man himself is the builded aroma of the world. This, then, at least, is the office of the lungs—to drink the atmosphere with the planet dissolved in it.” — “what is the import of *change of air*, and how each pair of lungs has a *native air* under some one dome of the sky.”

Wilkinson’s book to some extent realizes what I have dreamed of a return to the primitive analogical & derivative senses of words— His ability to trace analogies often leads him to a truer word than more remarkable writers have found.— As when in his chapter on the human skin he describes the papillary cutis as “an encampment of small conical tents coextensive with the surface of the body”— The faith he puts in old & current expressions as having sprung from an instinct wiser than science—& safely to be trusted if they can be interpreted. The man of science discovers no world for the mind of man with all its faculties to inhabit— Wilkinson finds a *home* for the imagination—& it is no longer out cast & homeless. All perception of truth is the detection of an analogy.— we reason from our hands to our head.¹⁴⁴

It is remarkable that Kalm says in 1748 (being in Philadelphia)— “Coals have not yet been found in Pennsylvania; but people pretend to have seen them higher up in the country among the natives. Many people however agree that they are met with in great quantity more to the north, near Cape Breton” As we grow old we live more coarsely—we relax a little in our disciplines—and cease to obey our finest instincts. We are more careless about our diet & our chastity. But we should be fastidious to the extreme of Sanity. All wisdom is the reward of a discipline conscious or unconscious.¹⁴⁵

By Moonlight at Potters field toward Bear Garden Hill 8 PM.¹⁴⁶ The Whippoorwills sing. [**Whippoor-will** *Caprimulgus vociferus*]

Cultivate reverence It is as if you were so much more respectable yourself. By the quality of a man’s

143. [James Wilkinson](#) (1812-1899). THE HUMAN BODY AND ITS CONNECTION WITH MAN, ILLUSTRATED BY THE PRINCIPAL ORGANS. BY JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON, MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF ENGLAND (Philadelphia PA: Lippincott, Grambo and Co., 1851).

When he read James Wilkinson’s book THE HUMAN BODY in 1851, Thoreau was impressed. “Wilkinson’s book,” he wrote in his journal, “to some extent realizes what I have dreamed of, — a return to the primitive analogical and derivative sense of words. His ability to trace analogies often leads to a truer word than more remarkable writers have found.... The faith he puts in old and current expressions as having sprung from an instinct wiser than science, and safely to be trusted if they can be interpreted.... Wilkinson finds a ‘home’ for the imagination.... All perception of truth is the detection of an analogy; we reason from our hands to our heads.” Understanding this was both a key and a confirmation of what he was trying to do in [WALDEN](#) (Jeffrey Cramer’s WALDEN: A FULLY ANNOTATED EDITION, page xxiii).

This treatise was dedicated to [Henry James, Sr.](#)

144. The poet [W.H. Auden](#) has in 1962 brought forward a snippet from this day’s entry as:

THE VIKING BOOK OF APHORISMS, A PERSONAL SELECTION BY W.H. AUDEN...

Pg	Topic	Aphorism Selected by Auden out of Thoreau
324	Truth and Error	All perception of truth is a perception of an analogy; we reason from our hands to our heads.

writing—by the elevation of its tone you may measure his self-respect.
How shall a man continue his culture after manhood?¹⁴⁷

Moonlight on Fair Haven Pond seen from the Cliffs. A sheeny lake in the midst of a boundless forest— The windy surf sounding freshly & wildly in the single pine behind you— The silence of hushed wolves in the wilderness & as you fancy moose looking off from the shore of the lake. The



stars of poetry & history—and unexplored nature looking down on the scene. This is my world now—with a dull whitish mark curving northward through the forest marking the outlet to the lake. Fair Haven by moonlight lies there like a lake in the Maine Wilderness in the midst of a primitive forest untrodden by man. This light & this hour takes the civilization all out of the landscape— Even in villages dogs bay the moon, in forests like this we listen to hear wolves howl to Cynthia.

Even at this hour in the evening—the crickets chirp the small birds peep—the wind roars in the wood—as if it were just before dawn— The moonlight seems to linger as if it were giving way to the light of coming day.

The landscape seen from the slightest elevation by moonlight—is seen remotely & flattened as it were into mere light & shade open field & forest—like the surface of the earth seen from the top of a mountain.

145. This thought would be put into [Thoreau](#)'s early lecture "[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT](#)" as:

[Paragraph 93] As we grow old, we live more coarsely—we relax a little in our disciplines, and to some extent cease to obey our finest instincts. We are more careless about our diet and our chastity. But we should be fastidious to the extreme of sanity. All wisdom is the reward of a discipline conscious or unconscious.

**BRAD DEAN'S
COMMENTARY**

146. The moon would be full on the night of the 9th. Here is the moon of this night:



147. These thoughts would be put into [Thoreau](#)'s's early lecture "[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT](#)" as:

[Paragraph 94] How shall a man continue his culture after manhood?
[Paragraph 95] Cultivate reverence. It is as if you were so much more respectable yourself.

How much excited we are how much recruited by a great many particular fragrances— A field of ripening corn now at night—that has been topped with the stalks stacked up to dry—an inexpressibly dry rich sweet ripening scent. I feel as if I were an ear of ripening corn myself. Is not the whole air then a compound of such odors undistinguishable? Drying corn stalks in a field what an herb-garden—



September 6, Saturday, [1851](#): [Henri-Frédéric Amiel](#), who would be referred to as the “Swiss [Thoreau](#),” wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: “Tocqueville’s book has on the whole a calming effect upon the mind, but it leaves a certain sense of disgust behind. It makes one realize the necessity of what is happening around us and the inevitableness of the goal prepared for us; but it also makes it plain that the era of mediocrity in everything is beginning, and mediocrity freezes all desire. Equality engenders uniformity, and it is by sacrificing what is excellent, remarkable, and extraordinary that we get rid of what is bad. The whole becomes less barbarous, and at the same time more vulgar.

The age of great men is going; the epoch of the ant-hill, of life in multiplicity, is beginning. The century of individualism, if abstract equality triumphs, runs a great risk of seeing no more true individuals. By continual leveling and division of labor, society will become everything and man nothing.

As the floor of valleys is raised by the denudation and washing down of the mountains, what is average will rise at the expense of what is great. The exceptional will disappear. A plateau with fewer and fewer undulations, without contrasts and without oppositions, such will be the aspect of human society. The statistician will register a growing progress, and the moralist a gradual decline: on the one hand, a progress of things; on the other, a decline of souls. The useful will take the place of the beautiful, industry of art, political economy of religion, and arithmetic of poetry. The spleen will become the malady of a leveling age.

Is this indeed the fate reserved for the democratic era? May not the general well-being be purchased too dearly at such a price? The creative force which in the beginning we see forever tending to produce and multiply differences, will it afterward retrace its steps and obliterate them one by one? And equality, which in the dawn of existence is mere inertia, torpor, and death, is it to become at last the natural form of life? Or rather, above the economic and political equality to which the socialist and non-socialist democracy aspires, taking it too often for the term of its efforts, will there not arise a new kingdom of mind, a church of refuge, a republic of souls, in which, far beyond the region of mere right and sordid utility, beauty, devotion, holiness, heroism, enthusiasm, the extraordinary, the infinite, shall have a worship and an abiding city? Utilitarian materialism, barren well-being, the idolatry of the flesh and of the “I,” of the temporal and of mammon, are they to be the goal of our efforts, the final recompense promised to the labors of our race? I do not believe it. The ideal of humanity is something different and higher.

But the animal in us must be satisfied first, and we must first banish from among us all suffering which is superfluous and has its origin in social arrangements, before we can return to spiritual goods.”

[Henry Thoreau](#) saw [Squire Samuel Hoar](#), who was walking on the railroad tracks like a mere mortal man.

Until 11PM on this night, in bright moonlight, there was an arched [aurora borealis](#) above New England, with its apex north to north-northeast.



September 6, Saturday: The other afternoon I met Sam. H___ walking on the RR. between the Depot & the back Road. It was something quite novel to see him there—though the RR there is only a short thoroughfare to the Public road— It then occurred to me that I had never met Mr. H on the railroad though he walks every day—& moreover that it would be quite impossible for him to walk on the railroad—such a formalist as he is—such straight jackets we weave for ourselves— He could do nothing that was not sanctioned by the longest use of men—and as men had voted in all their assemblies from the first to travel on the Public way—he would confine himself to that— It would no doubt seem to him very improper—not to say undignified to walk on the railroad—& then is it not forbidden by the Rail-road corporations? I was sure he could not keep the railroad but was merely



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using the thoroughfare here which a thousand pioneers had prepared for him. I stood to see what he would do. He turned off the rails directly on to the Back road & pursued his walk.

A passing train will never meet him on the R R. causeway. How much of the life of certain men goes to sustain—to make respected—the institutions of society. They are the ones who pay the heaviest tax. Here are certain valuable institutions which can only be sustained by a wonderful strain which appears all to come upon certain spartans who volunteer— Certain men are always to be found—especially the children of our present institutions—who are born with an instinct to preserve them— They are in effect supported by a fund which society possesses for that end—or they receive a pension & their life seems to be a sine-cure—but it is not. The unwritten laws are the most stringent. They are required to wear a certain dress. What an array of gentlemen whose sole employment—& it is no sinecure, is to support their dignity & with it the dignity of so many indispensable institutions!

The use of many vegetables—wild plants for food which botanists relate—such as [Kalm](#) at Cap aux oyes on the St Lawrence—viz the sea plantain—sea-rocket sweet gale &c &c making us feel the poorer at first because we never use them—really advertise us of our superior riches—& show to what extremities men have been driven in times of scarcity— No people that fare as well as we will grub these weeds out of the seashore—

2 PM: To Hapgoods in Acton direct returning via Strawberry Hill & Smith's Road—

The ripening grapes begin to fill the air with their fragrance.

The vervain will hardly do for a clock—for I perceive that some later & smaller specimens have not much more than begun to blossom— While most have done. Saw a tall pear tree by the roadside beyond Harris' in front of Hapgoods— Saw the lambkill *Kalmia Angustifolia* in blossom a few fresh blossoms at *the ends* of the fresh twigs—on strawberry Hill. beautiful bright flowers. Apparently a new spring with it. While seed vessels apparently of this year hung dry below— From Strawberry Hill the first but a very slight glimpse of Nagog Pond by standing upon the wall. That is enough to relate of a hill methinks that its elevation gives you the first sight of some distant lake.

The horizon is remarkably blue with mist this afternoon—looking from this hill over Acton— Successive valleys filled with blue mist appear & divided by darker lines of wooded hills. The shadows of the elms are deepened—as if the whole atmosphere was permeated by floods of ether— Anursnac never looked so well as now seen from this hill The ether gives a velvet softness to the whole landscape— The hills float in it. A blue veil is drawn over the earth.

The elecampane *Inula Helenium* with its broad leaves wrinkled underneath and the remains of sun-flower-like blossoms in front of Nathan Brooks' Acton & near J. H. Wheeler's.

Prenanthes alba This Gray calls *Nabalus alba* White lettuce or Rattlesnake root.—

Also I seem? to have found *Nabalus Fraseri* or Lion's foot

Every morning for a week there has been a fog which all disappeared by 7 or 8 o'clock.

A large field of Sun flowers for hens now in full bloom at Temples surrounding the house—& now at 6 o'clock facing the east.

The larches in the front yards—both Scotch & American have turned red. Their fall has come.



September 7, Sunday, 1851: At Aix, [Henri-Frédéric Amiel](#), who would be referred to as the “Swiss [Thoreau](#),” wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: “It is ten o'clock at night. A strange and mystic moonlight, with a fresh breeze and a sky crossed by a few wandering clouds, makes our terrace delightful. These pale and gentle rays shed from the zenith a subdued and penetrating peace; it is like the calm joy or the pensive smile of experience, combined with a certain stoic strength. The stars shine, the leaves tremble in the silver light. Not a sound in all the landscape; great gulfs of shadow under the green alleys and at the corners of the steps. Everything is secret, solemn, mysterious.

O night hours, hours of silence and solitude! with you are grace and melancholy; you sadden and you console. You speak to us of all that has passed away, and of all that must still die, but you say to us, “courage!” and you promise us rest.”



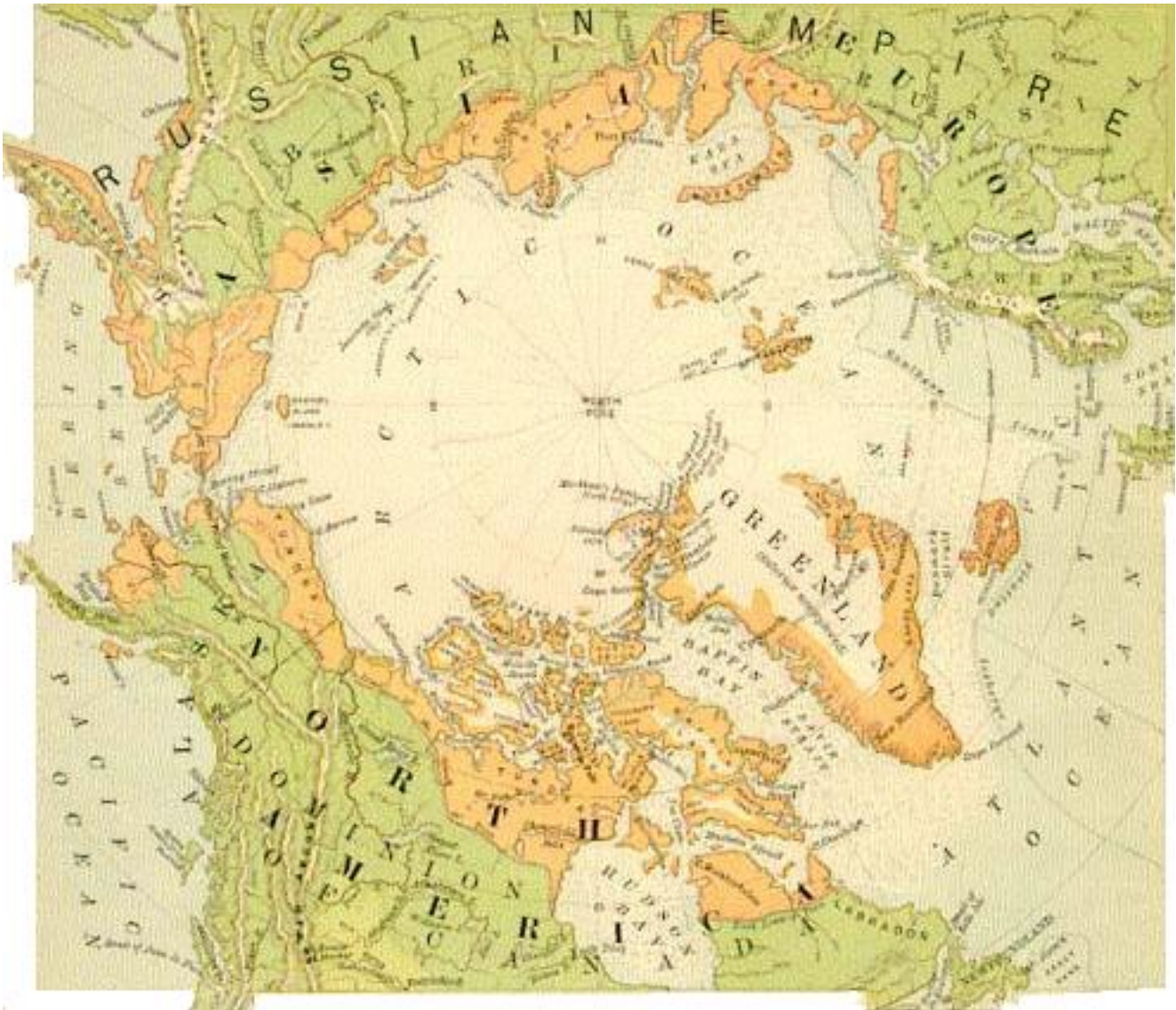
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At 7:15PM there was a strong [aurora borealis](#) arch above New England 7° high, with streamers and rosy light and flashing. At 7:21PM this subsided with occasional streamers and diffused light; then, at 4AM, there was another extensive *aurora*.

At this point [Henry Thoreau](#) originated what eventually would become, after 4 distinct revisions during Fall 1854 during preparations for the lecture he would deliver on December 4, 1854 at Railroad Hall in [Providence](#), a leaf now in the Houghton Library. Just prior to his death Thoreau submitted a revised version of this lecture to James Fields for print publication as an essay, including this leaf which he had not included in the lecture as it had been delivered in [Rhode Island](#), and the essay would be published as his "[LIFE WITHOUT PRINCIPLE](#)". Here is the final version as it would posthumously be published:

It seems to me that there is nothing memorable written upon the art of life – at least in these days. By what discipline to secure the most life? I would like to know how to spend this evening; not how to economize time, but how to spend it – that the day may not have been in vain. It is plain that men are not well employed. We explore the coast of Greenland but leave our own interior blank. I would fain go to that place or condition where my life is to be found. I suffer that to be rumor which may be verified. We are surrounded by mystery; as big a drapery [sic] which adapts itself to all our motives, and yet most men will be reminded by this of no garment but their shirts and pretend perchance that the only mystery left is the magnetic character of the North Pole. That is the great problem nowadays. To devote your life to the discovery of the divinity in Nature, or to the eating of oysters! I have read how many car-loads of oysters are sent daily from Connecticut to western New York. So it seems that some men are devoted even to the mere statistics of the oyster business, who perhaps do not get any oysters!



Now, here is the original initial first version of this finished product, as it appeared as of this date:



September 7, Sunday: We sometimes experience a mere fulness of life, which does not find any channels to flow into. We are stimulated but to no obvious purpose. I feel myself uncommonly prepared for *some* literary work, but I can select no work. I am prepared not so much for contemplation, as for force-ful expression. I am braced both physically and intellectually. It is not so much the music – as the marching to the music that I feel. I feel that the juices of the fruits which I have eaten the melons & apples have ascended to my brain– & are stimulating it. They give me a heady force. Now I can write nervously. Carlyle’s writing is for the most part of this character.

[Miss Martineau](#)’s last book is not so bad as the timidity which fears its influence.¹⁴⁸ As if the popularity of this or that book would be so fatal–& man would not still be man in the world. Nothing

148. [Thoreau](#) was presumably referring to the correspondence of the notorious free-thinker [Harriet Martineau](#) with her friend Henry Atkinson, which was being published during this year by J. Chapman of London as *LETTERS ON THE LAWS OF MAN’S NATURE AND DEVELOPMENT*. Martineau shocked many readers with her acceptance of her friend’s “necessarianism, materialism [and] perfectibilism.”



is so much to be feared as fear— Atheism may be popular with God himself. What shall we say of these timid folk who carry the principle of thinking nothing & doing nothing and being nothing to such an extreme— As if in the absence of thought that vast yearning of their natures for something to fill the vacuum — made the least traditional expression & shadow of a thought to be clung to with instinctive tenacity. They atone for their producing nothing by a brutish respect for something. They are as simple as oxen and as guiltless of thought & reflection.— their reflections are reflected from other minds. The creature of institutions —bigoted —& a conservatist—can say nothing hearty. he cannot meet life with life — but only with words. He rebuts you by avoiding you. He is shocked like a woman. Our extatic states which appear to yield so little fruit, have this value at least— though in the seasons when our genius reigns we may be powerless for expression.— Yet in calmer seasons, when our talent is active, the memory of those rarer moods comes to color our picture & is the permanent paint pot as it were into which we dip our brush Thus no life or experience goes unreported at last — but if it be not solid gold it is gold-leaf which gilds the furniture of the mind. It is an experience of infinite beauty — on which we unfailingly draw. Which enables us to exaggerate ever truly. Our moments of inspiration are not lost though we have no particular poems to show for them. For those experiences have left an indelible impression, and we are ever and anon reminded of them. Their truth subsides & in cooler moments we can use them as paint to gild & adorn our prose. When I despair to sing them I will remember that they will furnish me with paint with which to adorn & preserve the works of talent one day. They are like a pot of pure ether.

They lend the writer when the moment comes a certain superfluity of wealth — making his expression to overrun & float itself. It is the difference between our river now parched & dried up exposing its unsightly & weedy bottom—& the same when in the spring it covers all the meads with a chain of placid lakes, reflecting the forests & the skies.

We are receiving our portion of the Infinite. The *Art of life!* Was there ever anything memorable written upon it? By what disciplines to secure the most life — with what care to watch our thoughts. To observe not what transpires, in the street — but in the mind. & heart of me! I do not remember any page which will tell me how to spend this afternoon. I do not so much wish to know how to economize time —as how to spend it —by what means to grow rich. That the day may not have — been in vain.

What if one moon has come & gone with its world of poetry —its weird teachings —its oracular suggestions— So divine a creature — freighted with hints for me, and I not use her. One moon gone by unnoticed!!

Suppose you attend to the hints to the suggestions which the moon makes for one month —commonly in vain— will they not be very different from any thing in literature or religion or philosophy. The scenery, when it is truly seen reacts on the life of the seer. How to live— How to get the most life! as if you were to teach the young hunter how to entrap his game. How to extract its honey from the flower of the world. That is my every day business. I am as busy as a bee about it. I ramble over all fields on that errand and am never so happy as when I feel myself heavy with honey & wax. I am like a bee searching the livelong day for the sweets of nature. Do I not impregnate & intermix the flowers produce rare & finer varieties by transferring my eyes from one to another? I do as naturally & as joyfully with my own humming music — seek honey all the day. With what honied thought any experience yields me I take a bee line to my cell. It is with flowers I would deal. Where is the flower there is the honey — which is perchance the nectareous portion of the fruit — there is to be the fruit— & no doubt flowers are thus colored & painted — to attract & guide the bee. So by the dawning or radiance of beauty are we advertised where is the honey & the fruit of thought of discourse & of action— We are first attracted by the beauty of the flower, before we discover the honey which is a foretaste of the future fruit. Did not the young Achilles (?) spend his youth learning how to hunt? The art of spending a day. If it is possible that we may be addressed — it behoves us to be attentive. If by watching all day & all night — I may detect some trace of the Ineffable — then will it not be worth the while to watch? Watch & pray without ceasing — but not necessary in sadness — be of good cheer. Those Jews were too sad: to another people a still deeper revelation may suggest only joy. Dont I know what gladness is? Is it but the reflex of sadness, its back side? In the Hebrew gladness I hear but too distinctly still the sound of sadness retreating. Give me a gladness which has never given



place to sadness.



I am convinced that men are not well employed – that this is not the way to spend a day. If by patience, if by watching I can secure one new ray of light – can feel myself elevated for an instant upon Pisgah – the world which was dead prose to me become living & divine – shall I not watch ever – shall I not be a watchman henceforth?– If by watching a whole year on the city's walls I may obtain a communication from heaven, shall I not do well to shut up my shop & turn a watchman? Can a youth – a man – do more wisely – than to go where his life is to be found? As if I had suffered that to be rumor – which may be verified. We are surrounded by a rich & fertile mystery– May we not probe it – pry into it – employ ourselves about it – a little? To devote your life to the discovery of the divinity in Nature or to the eating of oysters would they not be attended with very different results?¹⁴⁹ I cannot *easily* buy a blank book to write thoughts in, they are all ruled for dollars & cents.¹⁵⁰ If the wine which will nourish me grows on the surface of the moon – I will do the best I can to go to the moon for it.

The discoveries which we make abroad are special and particular – those which we make at home are general & significant. The further off the nearer the surface. The nearer home the deeper. Go in search of the springs of life–& you will get exercise enough. Think of a man's swinging dumb bells for his health – when those springs are bubbling in far off pastures unsought by him! The seeming

149. This entry would inspire [Thoreau](#) as he began to write [“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT”](#) in late 1854:

The art of life! Was there ever anything memorable written upon it? By what disciplines to secure the most life, with what care to watch our thoughts. To observe what transpires, not in the street, but in the mind and heart of me! I do not remember any page which will tell me how to spend this afternoon. I do not so much wish to know how to economize time as how to spend it, by what means to grow rich, that the day may not have been in vain.... How to live. How to get the most life.... How to extract its honey from the flower of the world. That is my everyday business. I am as busy as a bee about it.... The art of spending a day. If it is possible that we may be addressed, it behooves us to be attentive.... I am convinced that men are not well employed, that this is not the way to spend a day.... We are surrounded by a rich and fertile mystery. May we not probe it, pry into it, employ ourselves about it, a little? To devote your life to the discovery of the divinity in

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necessity of swinging dumbbells proves that he has lost his way.
 To watch for describe all the divine features which I detect in Nature.
 My profession is to be always on the alert to find God in nature – to know his lurking places. To attend all the oratorios – the operas in nature.
 The mind may perchance be persuaded to act –to energize – by the action and energy of the body. Any kind of liquid will fetch the pump.
 We all have our states of fullness & of emptiness – but we overflow at different points. One overflows through the sensual outlets – another through his heart another through his head–& another perchance only through the higher part of his head or his poetic faculty– It depends on where each is tight & open. We can perchance thus direct our nutriment to those organs we specially use. How happens it that there are few men so well employed–, so much to their minds, but that a little money –or fame – would buy them off from their present pursuits!¹⁵¹
 7th still: To Conantum via fields Hubbards Grove & grain field To Tupelo cliff & Conantum and turning over peak same way. 6. P M I hear no larks [Eastern Meadowlark █ *Sturnella magna*] sing at evening as in the spring – nor robins [American Robin █ *Turdus migratorius*]. only a few distressed notes from the robin– In Hubbards grain field beyond the brook – now the the sun is down. The air is very still– There is a fine sound of crickets not loud The woods & single trees are heavier masses in the landscape than in the spring. Night has more allies. The heavy shadows of woods and trees are remarkable now. The meadows are green with their second crop. I hear only a tree toad or song sparrow [*Melospiza* █ *melodia*] singing as in spring at long intervals. The Roman wormwood is beginning to yellow-green my shoes.– intermingled with the blue-curls over the sand in this grain field. Perchance some poet likened this yellow dust to the ambrosia of the Gods. The birds are remarkably silent At the bridge perceive the bats are out. & the yet silvery moon not quite full is reflected in the water. The water is perfectly still – and there is a red tinge from the evening sky in it. The sky is singularly marked this evening. There are bars or rays of nebulous light springing from the western horizon where the sun has disappeared, and alternating with beautiful blue rays, by far more blue than any other portion of the sky these continue to diverge till they have reached the

150. Thoreau would later copy this into his early lecture “WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT”, combining it with an entry made on June 29, 1852 (JOURNAL 4:162) to form the following:

[Paragraph 6] I cannot easily buy a blank book to write thoughts in; they are all ruled for dollars and cents. If a man was tossed out of a window when an infant, and so made a cripple for life, or scared out of his wits by the Indians, it is regretted chiefly because he was thus incapacitated for—business! I think that there is nothing, not even crime, more opposed to poetry, ay, to life itself, than

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151. This would appear in “WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT” as:

[Paragraph 36] It is remarkable that there are few men so well employed, so much to their minds, but that a little money or fame would commonly buy them off from their present pursuit. I see advertisements for **active** young men, as if activity were the whole of a young man's capital. Yet I have been surprised when one has with confidence proposed to me, a grown man, to embark in some enterprise of his, as if I had absolutely nothing to do, my life having been a complete failure hitherto. What a doubtful compliment this is to pay me! As if he had met me half-way across the ocean beating up against the wind, but bound nowhere, and proposed to me to go along with him! If I did, what do you think the Underwriter¹ would say? No, no! I am not without employment at this stage of the voyage. To tell the truth, I saw an advertisement for able-bodied seamen, when I was a boy, sauntering in my native port, and as soon as I came of age I


**Brad Dean's
Commentary**

1. Bradley P. Dean has emended the essay copy-text from ‘underwriters’ on authority of an intermediate lecture-draft manuscript in OCIW (see Dean, “Sound of a Flail,” pages 403-404 for a transcription of this manuscript).



middle & then converge to the eastern horizon – making a symmetrical figure like the divisions of a muskmelon – not very bright yet distinct.– though growing less & less bright toward the east. It was a quite remarkable phenomenon encompassing the heavens, as if you were to behold the divisions of a muskmelon thus alternately colored from within it.

A proper vision – a colored mist. The most beautiful thing in Nature is the sun reflected from a tearful cloud. These white and blue ribs embraced the earth. The two outer blues much the brightest & matching one another. You hear the hum of mosquitoes.

Going up the road. The sound of the crickets is now much more universal & loud. Now in the fields I see the white white streak of the neottia in the twilight– The whippoorwills [**Whip-poor-will**  *Caprimulgus vociferus*] sing far off. I smell burnt land somewhere. At Tupelo Cliff I hear the sound of singers on the river young men & women – which is unusual here – returning from their row. Man's voice thus uttered fits well the spaces– It fills Nature. And after all the singing of men is something far grander than any natural sound. It is wonderful that men do not oftener sing in the fields – by day & night. I bathe at the north side the cliff while the moon shines round the end of the rock– The opposite Cliff is reflected in the water. Then sit on the S side of the Cliff in the woods. One or two fireflies – could it be a glowworm– I thought I saw one or two in the air (–that is all in this walk) I hear a whippoorwill uttering a cluck of suspicion in my rear– He is suspicious & inquisitive. The river stretches off southward from me. I see the sheeny portions of its western shore interruptedly for a quarter of a mile – where the moon light is reflected from the pads.– a strong gleaming light while the water is lost in the obscurity.

I hear the sound from time to time of a leaping fish –or a frog –or a muskrat or turtle.– It is even warmer **methinks** than it was in August–& it is perfectly clear the air. I know not how it is that this universal cricket's creak should sound thus regularly intermittent – as if for the most part they fell in with one another & creaked in time – making a certain pulsing sound a sort of breathing or panting of all nature. You sit twenty feet above the still river – see the sheeny pads. & the moon & some bare tree tops in the distant horizon. Those bare tree tops add greatly to the wildness.

Lower down I see the moon in the water as bright as in the heavens – only the water bugs disturb its disk – and now I catch a faint glassy glare from the whole river surface which before was simply dark. This is set in a frame of double darkness on the east *i.e.* the reflected shore of woods & hills & the reality – the shadow & the substance bipartite answering to each. I see the northern lights over my shoulder to remind me of the Esquimaux & that they are still my contemporaries on this globe – that they too are taking their walks on another part of the planet.– in pursuit of seals perchance.

The stars are dimly reflected in the water– The path of water-bugs in the moon's rays is like ripples of light. It is only when you stand fronting the sun or moon that you see their light reflected in the water. I hear no frogs these nights – bull-frogs or others – as in the spring– It is not the season of sound.

At Conantum end – just under the wall From this point & at this height I do not perceive any bright or yellowish light on Fair Haven – but an oily & glass like smoothness on its southwestern bay – through a very slight mistiness. Two or three pines appear to stand in the moon lit air on this side of the pond – while the Enlightened portion of the water is bounded by the heavy reflection of the wood on the east It was so soft & velvety a light as contained a thousand placid days sweetly put to rest in the bosom of the water. So looked the north Twin Lake in the Maine woods. It reminds me of placid lakes in the mid-noon of Ind. Summer days – but yet more placid & civilized – suggesting a higher cultivation – which aeons of summer days have gone to make. Like a summer day seen far away. All the effects of sunlight – with a softer tone – and all this stillness of the water & the air superadded – & the witchery of the hour. What gods are they that require so fair a vase of gleaming water to their prospect in the midst of the wild woods by night? Else why this beauty allotted to night – a gem to sparkle in the zone of night. They are strange gods now out – methinks their names are not in any mythology– I can faintly trace its zigzag border of sheeny pads even here. If such is there to be seen in remotest wildernesses – does it not suggest its own nymphs & wood Gods to enjoy it? As When at middle of the placid noon in Ind summer days all the surface of a lake is as one cobweb – gleaming in the sun which heaves gently to the passing zephyr– There was the lake – its glassy surface just distinguishable – its sheeny shore of pads – with a few pines bathed in light on its hither shore just as in mid of a november day – except that this was the chaster light of the moon – the cooler – temperature of the night and these were the deep shades of night that fenced it round & imbosomed. It tells of a far away long passed civilization of an antiquity superior to time – unappreciable by time.

Is there such virtue in raking cranberries – that those men's industry whom I now see on the meadow


– shall reprove my idleness? Can I not go over those same meadows after them & rake still more valuable fruits. Can I not rake with my mind? Can I not rake a thought perchance which shall be worth a bushel of cranber?¹⁵²

A certain refinement & civilization in nature which increases with the wildness. The civilization that consists with wildness. The light that is in night. A smile as in a dream on the face of the sleeping lake. There is light enough to show what we see – what **night** has to exhibit – any more would obscure these objects. I am not advertised of any deficiency of light. The actual is fair as a vision or a dream. If ever we have attained to any nobleness – ever in our imagination & intentions – that will surely ennoble the features of nature for us that will clothe them with beauty. Of course no jeweller ever dealt with a gem so fair & suggestive as this actual lake. The scene it may be of so much noble & poetic life – & not merely adorn some monarch’s crown.

It is remarkably still at this hour & season – no sound of bird or beast for the most part. This has none of the reputed noxious qualities of night.

On the Peak. The faint sounds of birds – dreaming aloud – in the night – the fresh cool air & sound of the wind rushing over the rocks – remind me of the tops of mts. That is all the earth is but the outside of the planet bordering on the hard eyed skyed – equally with drawn & near to heaven. is this pasture as the summit of the white mts– All the earth’s surface like a mt top – for I see its relation to heaven as simply. & am not imposed upon by a difference of a few feet in elevation.– In this faint light all fields are like a mossy rock – & remote from the cultivated plains of day. All is equally savage – equally solitary – & the dif. in elevation is felt to be unimportant. It is all one with caucasus the slightest hill pasture.

The bass wood had a singularly solid look & sharply defined – as by a web or film – as if its leaves covered it like scales–

Scared up a whippoorwill [**Whip-poor-will**  *Caprimulgus vociferus*] on the ground on the hill. Will not my townsmen consider me a benefactor if I conquer some realms from the night? If I can show them that there is some beauty awake while they are asleep.? If I add to the domains of poetry. If I report to the gazettes anything transpiring in our midst worthy of man’s attention. I will say nothing now to the disparagement of Day, for he is not here to defend himself.

The northern lights now as I descend from the Conantum house have become a crescent of light crowned with short shooting flames – or the shadows of flames. for some times they are dark as well as white. There is scarcely any dew even in the low lands.

Now the fire in the north increases wonderfully – not shooting up so much as creeping along like a

152. [Thoreau](#) would combine the entries [JOURNAL](#) 2:389 (August 15, 1851), [JOURNAL](#) 2:470, and [JOURNAL](#) 2:477 in “[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT](#)” as:

[Paragraph 96] It is pathetic for me far in the fields in mid forenoon to hear the village clock striking. The bees on the flowers seem to reprove my idleness. Yet I ask myself to what end do they labor? Is there so much need of honey and wax? Is the industry of mankind truly respectable? Is there such virtue in raking cranberries that those men’s employment whom I now see in the meadow can rightly reprove my idleness? Can I not go over these same meadows after them and rake still more valuable fruits—rake with my mind? Can I not rake a thought perchance which shall be worth a bushel of cranberries? I will not mind the village clock; it marks time for the dead and dying. It sounds like a knell; as if one struck the most sonorous slates in the churchyard with a mallet, and they rang out the words which are engraved on them—*tempus fugit irrevocabile*.¹ I harken for the clock that strikes the eternal hours. What though my walk is desultory—and I do not find employment which satisfies my hunger and thirst, and the bee probing the thistle and loading himself with honey and wax seems better employed than I, my idleness is better than his industry. I would rather that my spirit hunger and thirst than that it forget its own wants in satisfying the hunger and thirst of the body.²

¹ Latin: “time flies irrevocably.” Bradley P. Dean has emended the manuscript copy-text by italicizing this phrase.

**Brad Dean’s
Commentary**






1851

1851

fire on the mts of the north seen afar in the night. The Hyperborean gods are burning brush, and it spread and all the hoes in heaven could'nt stop it. It spread from west to east over the crescent hill. Like a vast fiery worm it lay across the northern sky – broken into many pieces & each piece strives to advance itself worm like on its own muscles. It has spread into the choicest woodlots of valhalla – now it shoots up like a single (solitary watch fire) or) burning bush – or where it ran up a pine tree like powder – & still it continues to gleam here & there like a fat stump in the burning & is reflected in the water. And now I see the gods by great exertions have got it under, & the stars have come out without fear in peace.

Though no birds sing, the crickets vibrate their shrill & stridulous cymbals especially on the alders of the causeway. Those minstrels especially engaged for night's quire.


It takes some time to wear off the trivial impression which the day has made – & thus the first hours of night are sometimes lost.

There were two hen hawks [**Red-tailed Hawk**  *Buteo jamaicensis*] soared and circled for our entertainment when we were in the woods on that Boon Plain the other day – crossing each others orbits from time to time, alternating like the squirrels of the morning. Till alarmed by an imitation of a hawk's shrill cry – they gradually inflated themselves made themselves more aerial and rose higher & higher into the heavens & were at length lost to sight– Yet all the while earnestly looking scanning the surface of the earth for a stray mouse or rabbit.


Thoreau made a comment in his [JOURNAL](#) that would be trivialized by [Waldo Emerson](#) after Thoreau's death and then utilized, in its trivialized form, by [Franklin Delano Roosevelt](#) in a famous speech, as part of his legitimization of American progress-thinking:

It is not so much the music – as the marching to the music that I feel.... Nothing is so much to be feared as fear. Atheism may comparatively be popular with God himself.

“Different Drummer” Trope

In this comment, of course, Thoreau was quoting a famous aphorism of [Montaigne](#) as of 1580 and Lord [Francis Bacon](#) as of 1623 which had, ten years earlier (1831 ) , been plagiarized by [Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington](#), the general who had become utterly famous by being in command of the opposing forces when the forces of [Napoleon Bonaparte](#) were finally defeated on June 18, 1815.

The only thing I am afraid of is fear.

Thoreau was quoting this famous aphorism, so similar to THE BOOK OF PROVERBS ([Chapter 3, verse 25](#) ) , merely by mentioning it, as today we would say “let a thousand flowers bloom” and bring everyone's mind to Mao's use of this line from a Chinese classic essay.

Having quoted-by-mentioning, Thoreau went directly on to mock the sort of attitude that had produced such

a sentiment, and to mock the iron mind of the Duke, by a caustic deduction about atheism.



The gist of Thoreau's deduction was that, were it really true and meaningful that nothing is so much to be feared as fear, then atheism, something other than fear, would be something not so much to be feared as fear, and therefore even for God—who of course knows as well as anyone that atheism is a silly doctrine—would prefer being atheistic over being fearful. And we note that this *reductio ad absurdum* occurs in a context in

which Thoreau has been ruminating about his mysterious

It is not so much the music – as the marching to the music that I feel.

which was tied of course to the mysterious “different drummer” passage at the end of [WALDEN](#).



“Different Drummer” Trope



[WALDEN](#): Why should we be in such desperate haste to succeed, and in such desperate enterprises? If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away. It is not important that he should mature as soon as an apple-tree or an oak. Shall he turn his spring into summer? If the condition of things which we were made for is not yet, what were any reality which we can substitute? We will not be shipwrecked on a vain reality. Shall we with pains erect a heaven of blue glass over ourselves, though when it is done we shall be sure to gaze still at the true ethereal heaven far above, as if the former were not?

DIFFERENT DRUMMER
THE INNER LIGHT



The [Duke of Wellington](#) had presumably been recommending a practiced callousness toward the lives and desires of others, a Roman or Trojan accommodation rather than the traditional Greek one which involved staying in touch with one's affect while at the same time overcoming this affect and thus mastering the situation.

Lessing, in his "Laocoön," stated that "Palnatako gave his Jomsburgers the command to fear nothing nor once to utter the word fear." Wonder who those guys were....

Every once in a while, a Thoreau gathering will attract one or another survivalist, who will sit around for awhile in his camouflage shirt and then, hopefully, go about his business. Has anybody noted the link between the fear of fear, and the very contemporary agenda of the "survivalist"?

Today, the importance of doing away with fear is not sufficiently emphasized. Fear is worse than danger, which it both attracts and arouses. [Survival](#) is just socialized fear. Life has been so thoroughly consumed by survival that many believe they will lose everything if the means of survival are threatened. They forget that there is a happy way of ridding themselves of the "necessity" of survival, which is to dissolve it in life.

— Vaneigem, Raoul. THE MOVEMENT OF THE FREE SPIRIT: GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS AND FIRSTHAND TESTIMONY CONCERNING SOME BRIEF FLOWERINGS OF LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES, THE RENAISSANCE AND, INCIDENTALLY, OUR OWN TIME. NY: Zone Books, 1994, page 294

Here is how the "quotation" appeared in Franklin Delano Roosevelt's first inaugural address on March 4, 1933:

THIS IS PRE-EMINENTLY THE TIME TO SPEAK THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH, FRANKLY AND BOLDLY, NOR NEED WE SHRINK FROM HONESTLY FACING CONDITIONS IN OUR COUNTRY TODAY. THIS GREAT NATION WILL ENDURE AS IT HAS ENDURED, WILL REVIVE AND WILL PROSPER. SO FIRST OF ALL LET ME ASSERT MY FIRM BELIEF THAT THE ONLY THING WE HAVE TO FEAR IS FEAR ITSELF — NAMELESS, UNREASONING, UNJUSTIFIED TERROR WHICH PARALYZES NEEDED EFFORTS TO CONVERT RETREAT INTO ADVANCE.



1851

1851

I will quote the usual account of the development of this extrapolation, from Kenneth C. Davis's **DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HISTORY: EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT AMERICAN HISTORY BUT NEVER LEARNED:**



Most of Roosevelt's campaign speeches had been written for him, but a handwritten first draft of the inaugural address shows this to be Roosevelt's own work. Yet the speech's most famous line was old wine in a new bottle. Similar sentiments about fear had been voiced before. The historian Richard Hofstadter notes that Roosevelt read Thoreau in the days before the Inauguration and was probably inspired by the line "Nothing is so much to be feared as fear."

This **DON'T KNOW MUCH** simplification elides the fact that Roosevelt was not reading Thoreau directly, but reading him as filtered through the sensibilities of **Emerson**. Essentially, it can fairly be said, it was **Emerson** that FDR was reading. And the preacher, sorry to say, couldn't figure out how the trout got in the milk.

If you want an apposite remark about fear, you'll have to look to Eleanor Roosevelt rather than to her husband. Here's one, from a poster hanging on the wall of Professor Anita Hill's office, and you'll notice that Eleanor

did not think she was quoting anyone:



Anita Hill

“You gain strength, courage and confidence by every experience in which you really stop to look fear in the face... You must do the thing you think you cannot do.”



Eleanor Roosevelt



(Blanche Wiesen Cook, in her new biography ELEANOR ROOSEVELT (New York: Viking, 1992), offers that since Thoreau was one of Mrs. Roosevelt’s favorite authors when she taught AmLit at the Todhunter School, and since she had a “copy of Thoreau” (pages 402, 494), it was in this copy of Thoreau that her husband found the quote he used in his first inaugural address. However, I regard such a provenance as entirely unlikely, taking into account that it was in the trivialized form in which the quote had passed through the mentation of Emerson that FDR made use of the quote.)

Thoreau was simply undeceived by the “religious” life he saw going on around him in Concord and Cambridge, for he clearly perceived the extent to which “religion is a habit, or rather, habit is religion” in the eyes of his friends and relatives, and he clearly perceived the extent to which their vaunted “Christian virtue of hope” was merely a honorific name they assigned to their complicity in their victimization by fear. His conclusion, as above in this remark about fear versus the fear of fear, and about theism versus atheism, was that, if this is what “religion” amounts to, then “to reject RELIGION is the first step.” Shortly after August 15, 1844; 1974, p.159:

[B]ut for fear death itself is an impossibility.

In his 1837 college essay on the sublime, God, he had said, “would be revered, not feared.” Even at that point he was cognizant of the intimate connection between hope and despair, knew how they mutually implicated and reinforced each other in the manner in which the missiles of the USSR once legitimated the missiles of the USA which in turn...

Henry did not learn his faithfulness in church, he learned it from his elder brother, who said as he was dying:

The cup that my Father gives me, shall I not drink it?



“DeQuincey and Dickens have not moderation enough. They never stutter; they flow too readily.”



-JOURNAL, September 8, 1851

ATTITUDES ON DE QUINCEY

ATTITUDES ON DICKENS



September 8, Monday, 1851: East of Fort Laramie, on Horse Creek, the negotiations that had been being urged since 1846 by former US Superintendent of Indian Affairs Thomas H. Harvey finally began, in regard to rights of passage through native territory for westward-bound emigrants, fur traders, Indian agents, mountain men, and missionaries. The native tribes, per the schemes of the white men, were to receive “an annual present, in goods, from their Great Father” in return for allowing such trespassing over their rights of way — the intention being to make such an agreement a milestone toward confining these tribes to isolated reservations.

A letter from John Grant (1822-1878), in the gold fields of California, to his sister Caroline Burr Grant (1820-1892) back home in Newark, New Jersey:

Dear Sister Caroline,
 I today have opened my school according to arrangements. I thought it best not to wait till the middle of the month. My numbers of pupils today is only nine - it probably will be increased soon, though I know not how much.
 Joel wrote you of the remittance from California by Bill of Exchange which was duly accepted and having matured on Sat. last I procured a Draft in your favor for \$119 which you will find enclosed. Any body who has any money dealings will give you money



in full for it. The second of the set of Exchange came first to hand so I used that, though the first was waiting me in this place. I will send you the first which is not of any value now - you may feel a curiosity to see it. You may do what you please with it.

Marcus wrote me but nothing beyond what he sent [you] Joel. His letter was in the main a transcript of what he wrote him. I am glad they have been able to send again this amount. It proves that they are doing something. I shall be able to effect an arrangement by which the money sent you may be deposited for this purpose of bringing Daniel home in case of need, if you wish. Joel advised it and I do not know but it is expedient - cannot tell.

I am not fully refreshed by my vacation so as to be anxious to take hold again, but feel pretty well.

Teaching is hard work as you very well know. I hope to have at least 14 pupils but can live with less, if necessar[y].

On Thursday eve last attended the wedding of a classmate who has been engaged to the lady he married, six years and more. He takes her this month to San Francisco, where he has been a Commission merchant three years. His name is Bacon - the bride Cor?. [Cornelia Thomson] of New Haven. We had a pleasant evening. I did not fall in love with any of the ladies I believe. The weath[er] is very hot. Love to Eddie, with a kiss in my name. Your affectionate brother.
Jno. Grant.



September 8th No fog this morning. Shall I not have words as fresh as my thought-? Shall I use any other man's word? A genuine thought or feeling can find expression for itself, if it have to invent hieroglyphics. It has the universe for type metal. It is for want of original thought that one man's style is like another's. Certainly the voice of no bird or beast can be compared with that of man for true melody. All other sounds seem to be hushed as if their possessors were attending when the voice of man is heard in melody. The air gladly bears the burden It is infinitely significant. Man only sings in concert. The birds song is a mere interjectional shout of joy- Man's a glorious expression of the foundations of his joy-

Do not the song of birds & the fireflies go with the grass? While the grass is fresh the earth is in its vigor. The greenness of the grass is the best symptom or evidence of the earth's youth or health. Perhaps it will be found that when the grass ceases to be fresh & green or after June-the birds have ceased to sing-& that the fireflies too no longer in *myriads* sparkle in the meadows- Perhaps a history of the year would be a history of the grass-or of a leaf regarding the grass blades as leaves-for it is equally true that the leaves soon loose their freshness & soundness, & become the prey of insects & of drought. Plants commonly soon cease to grow for the year unless they may have a fall growth-which is a kind of 2nd spring. In the feelings of the man too the year is already past & he looks forward to the coming winter. His occasional rejuvenescence & faith in the current time is like the aftermath a scanty crop. The enterprise which he has not already undertaken-cannot be undertaken this year. The period of youth is past. The year may be in its summer-in its manhood, but it is no longer in the flower of its age- It is a season of withering of dust & heat-a season of small fruits & trivial experiences. Summer thus answers to manhood. But there is an aftermath in early autumn-& some spring flowers bloom again-followed by an Indian summer of finer atmosphere & of a pensive beauty. May my life be not destitute of its Indian summer- A season of fine & clear mild weather when I may prolong my hunting before the winter comes. When I may once more lie on the ground with faith as in spring-& even with more serene confidence- And then I will drapery of summer about me & lie down to pleasant dreams As one year passes into another through the medium of winter-so does this our life pass into another through the medium of death.

De Quincey & Dickens have not moderation enough-they never stutter-they flow too readily. The tree primrose-& the dwarf-do-& epilobium still.. Locust is heard. Aster amplexicaulis-beautiful blue purplish blue? about twenty-four rayed. Utricularia vulgaris bladderwort. Dandelion



& houstonia.



September 9, Tuesday, 1851: The Daily Alta California of San Francisco offered “City Intelligence”:

INDIGNATION MEETING. — A meeting of the steerage passengers of the steamship *Northerner* was held in the Plaza yesterday morning, at which a vast amount of spleen was vented, and extraordinary complaints made against the officers of the ship. The principal cause of complaint was that the food was not of such a quality as the passengers desired. An old gentleman in a shocking bad hat, presided over the deliberations, and after talking a while, and listening to a number of speeches, the meeting dispersed, without apparently coming to any conclusion.

AIRY RESIDENCES. — Quite a number of dwellings are in process of erection, on and around Telegraph Hill. Two years ago, and the property there was considered almost worthless, as it was hardly supposed that any one would travel up there to live, so long as there were any level places left. The astonishing growth of the city has however, entirely changed the appearance of the hills and made them valuable as building spots for airy residences.

INDUSTRY. — It is pleasing to observe the change that has taken place within the past year in our San Francisco society, in the industrious character of a certain class of our inhabitants. A year ago the gaming and drinking saloons were continually thronged with young men, who were participating in every variety of dissipation. Latterly, however, things have much changed for the better. Money does not flow about so rapidly as formerly, and it has been found that labor and occupation are as necessary to happiness in California as elsewhere. In our golden mountains and ravines, our rich soil and our great business facilities, a field is open for every one who has health, courage and energy.



September 9th 2 A M: The moon not quite full.¹⁵³ To Conantum via road. There is a low vapor in the meadows beyond the depot—dense & white though scarcely higher than a man’s head—concealing the stems of the trees. I see that the oaks which are so dark & distinctly outlined, are illumined by the moon on the opposite side. This as I go up the back road. A few thin ineffectual clouds in the sky. I come out thus into the moon-lit night—where men are not, as if into a scenery anciently deserted by men. The life of men is like a dream It is 3000 years since night has had possession. Go forth and hear the crickets chirp at midnight. Hear if their dynasty is not an ancient one and well founded. I feel the antiquity of the night—she surely repossesses her self of her realms as if her dynasty were uninterrupted or she had underlain the day. No sounds but the steady creaking of crickets and the occasional crowing of cocks.


I go by the farmers houses & barns standing there in the dim light under the trees, as if they lay at an immense distance or under a veil. The farmer & his oxen now all asleep. Not even a watch-dog awake. The human slumbers. There is less of man in the world.

The fog in the lowlands on the Corner road—is never still— It now advances & envelopes me as I stand to write these words—then clears away—with ever noiseless step— It covers the meadows like

153. Actually September 9th was the night of the full moon.



a web. I hear the clock strike 3 Now at the clayey bank. The light of orion's belt seems to show traces of the blue day through which it came to us— The sky at least is lighter on that side than in the west even about the moon. Even by night the sky is blue & not black for we see through the veil of night into the distant atmosphere of day. I see to the plains of the sun. Where the sun beams are revelling. The cricket's? song on the alders of the causeway not quite so loud at this hour as at evening. The moon is getting low. I hear a wagon cross on of the bridges leading into the town. I see the moonlight at this hour on a different side of objects. I smell the ripe apples many rods off beyond the bridge. A sultry night—a thin coat is enough.


On the first top of Conantum— I hear the farmer harnessing his horse and starting for the distant market, but no man harnesses himself, and starts for worthier enterprises.— One cock crow embodies the whole story of the farmer's life. The moon is now sinking into clouds in the horizon— I see the glowworms deep in the grass by the brook side in midst of Conantum— The moon shines dun & red. A solitary Whippoorwill sings. [Whip-poor-will  *Caprimulgus vociferus*]
The clock strikes 4.

A few dogs bark—a few more wagons start for market—their faint rattling heard in the distance— I hear my owl without a name.— The murmur of the slow approaching freight-train—as far off perchance as Waltham & one early bird.

The round red moon disappearing in the west— I detect a whiteness in the east. Some dark massive clouds have come over from the west within the hour—as if attracted by the approaching sun—and have arranged themselves ray wise—about the eastern portal as if to bar his entrance. to obstruct his coming. They have moved suddenly & almost unobservedly quite across the sky (which before was clear—) from west to east. No trumpet was heard which marshalled & advanced these dark masses of the west's forces thus rapidly against the coming day. Column after column the mighty west sent forth across the sky—but all in vain.

The eastern horizon is now grown dun colored—showing where the advanced guard of the night are already skirmishing with the van guard of the sun—a lurid light tinging the atmosphere there—while a dark columned cloud hangs imminent over the broad portal—untouched by the glare. Some bird flies over making a noise like the barking of a puppy. It is yet so dark that I have dropt my pencil and cannot find it.

The sound of the cars is like that of a rushing wind, I thought at first a morning wind was rising. And now (perchance at half past four—) I hear the sound of some far off factory bell where perchance I have never been— Arousing the operatives to their early labors. It sounds very sweet here. It is very likely some factory which I have never seen—in some valley which I have never visited—yet now I hear this which is its only matin bell, sweet & inspiring as if it summoned holy men & maids to worship and not factory girls & men to resume their trivial toil. As if it were the summons of some religious or even poetic community My first impresion is that it is the matin bell of some holy community—who in a distant valley dwell—a band of spiritual knights—thus sounding far and wide sweet and sonorous, in harmony with their own morning thoughts— What else could I suppose fitting this earth & hour.— Why should I fear to tell that it is Knights factory-bell? And by its peals how many men & maids are waked from peaceful slumbers to fragrant morning thoughts. Some man of high resolve, devoted soul, has touched the rope— A few melodious peals and all is still again

The whippoorwills  now begin to sing in earnest about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before sunrise—as if making haste to improve the short time that is left them. As far as my observation goes they sing for several hours in the early part of the night—are silent commonly at midnight—then sing again just before sunrise. It grows more and more red in the east—a fine grained red under the over hanging cloud—and lighter too—& the threatening clouds are falling off to southward of the sun's passage—shrunken & defeated leaving his path comparatively clear.— The increased light shows more distinctly the river & the fog. 5 o'clock.—

The light now reveals a thin film of vapor like a gossamer veil cast over the lower hills beneath the Cliffs & stretching to the river—thicker in the ravines—thinnest on the even slope. The distant meadows towards the north beyond Conants Grove full of fog appear like a vast lake out of which rise Anursnack & Ponkawtasset like rounded islands. Nawshawtuct is a low & wooded isle—scarcely seen above the waves— The heavens are now clear again. The vapor which was confined to the river & meadows now rises & creeps up the sides of the hills— I see it in transparent columns advancing down the valley of the river from Fair Haven—& investing some wooded or rocky promontory—before free.

Anursnack is exactly like some round steep distant hill on the opposite shore of a large lake (and Tabor on the other side)—with here & there some low Brush Island in middle of the waves—(The tops

of some oaks or elms) O what a sail I could take if I had the right kind of bark over to Anurnsack for there she lies 4 miles from land as sailors say. And all the farms & houses of Concord are at bottom of that sea. So I forget them and my thought sails triumphantly over them. As I looked down where the village of Concord lay buried in fog—I thought of nothing but the surface of a lake—a summer-sea over which to sail—no more than a voyager on the Dead Sea who had not read the testament would think of Sodom & Gomorrah once cities of the plain. I only wished to get off to one of the low isles I saw in midst of the (It may have been the top of Holbrooks elm) and spend the whole summer day there.

Meanwhile the redness in the east had diminished & was less deep (The fog over some meadows looked green.) I went down to Tupelo cliff to bathe The redness had risen at length above the dark cloud the sun approaching.

And next the redness became a sort of yellowish or fawn colored light & the sun now set fire to the edges of the broken cloud which had hung over the horizon—& they glowed like burning turf.



September 10, Wednesday, 1851: By means of a barge 500 feet long and 100 feet wide that was towed out of a dock on the one side and into a corresponding dock on the other, the entirety of the train from Boston passed as a single unit across Lake Champlain (this novel new construction was being referred to as “The Floating Bridge”).



September 10. Wednesday. As I watch the groves on the meadow opposite our house— I see how differently they look at different hours of the day *i.e.* in dif. lights when the sun shines on them variously. In the morning perchance they seem one blended mass of light green In the afternoon distinct trees appear —separated by heavy shadows— & in some places I can see quite through the grove.

3 PM to the Cliffs & the Grape Cliff beyond— Hardhack & meadow sweet are now all dry— I see the smoke of burning brush in the west horizon this dry and sultry afternoon—& wish to look off from some hill— It is a kind of work the farmer cannot do without discovery— Sometimes I smell these smokes several miles off & by the odor know it is not a burning building but withered leaves & the rubbish of the woods & swamp. As I go through the woods I see that the ferns have turned brown & give the woods an autumnal look— The boiling spring is almost completely dry — nothing flows (I mean without the shed) but there are many hornets & yellow wasps apparently buzzing & circling about in jealousy of one another — either drinking the stagnant water which is the most accessible this dry parching day — or it may be collecting something from the slime.— I think the former.

As I go up Fair Haven Hill I see some signs of the approaching fall of the White pine — on some trees the old leaves are already somewhat reddish though not enough to give the trees a particolored look— & they come off easily on being touched. The old leaves on the lower part of the twigs.

Some farmers are sowing their winter-rye?

I see the fields smoothly rolled — (I hear the locust still) I see others ploughing steep rocky & bushy fields apparently for the same purpose.— How beautiful the sprout land (burnt plain) seen from the cliffs. No more cheering & inspiring sight than a young wood springing up thus over a large tract — when you look down on it the light green of the maples shaded off into the darker oaks—& here & there a maple blushes quite red — enlivening the scene yet more. Surely this earth is fit to be inhabited—& many enterprises may be undertaken with hope where so many young plants are pushing up. In the spring I burned over a hundred acres till the earth was sere and black—& by mid-summer this space was clad in a fresher & more luxuriant green than the surrounding even. Shall man then despair? Is he not a sproutland too after never so many searings & witherings? If you witness growth & luxuriance, it is all the same as if you grew luxuriantly.

I see three smokes in Stow. One sends up dark volumes of wreathed smoke as if from the mouth of Erebus. It is remarkably what effects so thin & subtile a substance as smoke produces even at a distance — dark & heavy & powerful as rocks at a distance. The woodbine is red on the rocks. The poke is a very rich & striking plant. Some which stand under the cliffs quite dazzed — me with their now purple stems gracefully drooping each way — their rich somewhat yellowish purple veined



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leaves, their bright purple racemes – peduncles & pedicels & calyx like petals from which the birds have picked the berries – (these racemes with their petals now turned to purple are more brilliant than anything of the kind) flower-buds –flowers–ripe berries & dark purple ones & calyx like petals which have lost their fruit all on the same plant– I love to see any redness in the vegetation of the temperate zone It is the richest color. I love to press these berries between my fingers & see their rich purple wine staining my hand. It asks a bright sun on it to make it show to best advantage & it must be seen at this season of the year– It speaks to my blood– Every part of it is flower –such is its superfluity of color– a feast of color– That is the richest flower which most abounds in color– What need to taste the fruit to drink the wine – to him who can thus taste & drink with his eyes?

Its boughs gracefully drooping offering repasts to the birds. It is cardinal in its rank as in its color. Nature here is full of blood & heat & luxuriance. What a triumph it appears in nature to have produced & perfected such a plant. As if this were enough for a summer.

The downy seeds of the groundsel are taking their flight here– The calyx has dismissed them & quite curled back – having done its part.

Lespedeza sessiliflora or reticulated Lespedeza on the Cliffs now out of bloom.

At the Grape cliff – the few bright red leaves of the tupelo contrast with the polished green ones. The tupelos with drooping branches.

The grape vines over running & bending down the maples form little arching bowers over the meadow 5 or 6 feet in diameter like parasols held over the ladies of the harem in the east. Cuscuta Americana or dodder in blossom still. The desmodium paniculatum of [De Candolle](#) & Gray (Hedysarum Paniculatum of L. & Big.) Tick-trefoil –with still one blossom– by the path side up from the meadow. The Rhomboidal joints of its loment adhere to my Clothes. One of an interesting family that thus disperse themselves.

The oak ball of dirty drab now.



September 11, Thursday, [1851](#): The following attempt at humor had recently appeared in the [Northampton Courier](#): “Dr. Bran – his dignity and consistency. The people of Northampton were amused one day last week by seeing this philosopher of sawdust pudding trundled on a wheelbarrow from his house to the barber’s house, he being infirm and unable to walk the distance.... The doctor stands a chance to recover and will be able before long to do without the wheelbarrow.... his best physician is the keeper of the hotel hard by his dwelling with whom he luxuriates on beef and mutton.” The local newspaper had, it seemed, been mistaken about the seriousness of Graham’s illness, as on this day he died. Having eaten healthily and abstained from merely recreational sex for all his life, Graham had given up the ghost at the advanced age of 57. (We trust that his life had at least **seemed** longer.) The Amherst newspaper would carry an obituary: “He has left behind him several works on physiology, hygiene, theology, etc., ably and powerfully possessed great clearness of perception and vigor of intellect.” The Graham residence in Northampton would be made into a restaurant called Sylvester’s,

on Pleasant Street, which you may now visit.

At this point [Henry Thoreau](#) was well into his “Night and Moonlight” preparations, for we can find an altered paragraph from the journal for this date in the sheaf of unfinished notes labeled “The Moon.” Possibly he made the emendations as he copied this into the sheaf which would after his death be accessed either by [Ellery Channing](#) or [Sophia Elizabeth Thoreau](#) in the generation of the “Night and Moonlight” article in [The Atlantic Monthly](#) for November 1863. The additions from the journal version are indicated here in our standard markup coding, but note that Thoreau’s punctuation has also here obviously been “touched up,” at one point or another, by one editor or another:

After I have spent the greater part of a night abroad in the moonlight, I am obliged to sleep enough more the next night[^] *or perhaps the next day,* to make up for it—*Endymionis somnum dormire* (to sleep an Endymion sleep), as the ancients expressed it. And there is something gained still by thus turning the day into night. Endymion is said to have obtained of Jupiter the privilege ~~of sleeping~~^{to be always young and sleep} as much as he would. Let no man be afraid of sleep, if his weariness comes of obeying his ~~Genius~~^{genius}. *It depends on how a man has spent his day, whether he has any right to be in his bed even by night. So spend some hours that you may have a right to sleep in the sunshine.* He who has spent the night with the gods sleeps ~~more innocently~~^{as innocently as} by day ~~than the sluggard who has spent the day with the satyrss sleeps by night. He who has travelled to fairy-land in the night sleeps by day more innocently than~~ he who is fatigued by the ~~merely trivial~~^{ordinary} labors of the day ~~sleeps by night.~~^{^Cato says, ‘The dogs must be shut up by day that they may be more sharp (acriores), more fierce and vigilant by night.’ So I might say of a moon- and star-gazer.} That kind of life which sleeping we dream that we live awake, in our walks by night we waking, ~~dream that we~~ live; while our daily life appears as a dream.



September 11. Thursday. Every artizan learns positively something by his trade. Each craft is familiar with a few simple well-known well established facts—not requiring any genius to discover but mere use & familiarity. You may go by the man at his work in the street every day of your life.— & though he is there before you carrying into practice certain essential information—you shall never be the wiser. Each trade is in fact a craft a cunning a covering an ability—& its methods are the result of a long experience. There sits a stone-mason splitting Westford granite for fenceposts— Egypt has perchance taught New England something in this matter— His hammer—his chisels, his wedges—his shames? or half rounds—his iron spoon, I suspect that these tools are hoary with age as with granite dust. He learns as easily where the best granite comes from as he learns how to erect that screen to keep off the sun. He knows that he can drill faster into a large stone than a small one because there is less jar & yielding. He deals in stone as the carpenter in lumber— In many of his operations only the materials are different. His work is slow & expensive. Nature is here hard to be overcome. He wears up one or two drills in splitting a single stone. He must sharpen his tools oftener than the carpenter He fights with granite. He knows the temper of the rocks—he grows stoney himself—his tread is ponderous & steady like the fall of a rock. And yet by patience & art he splits a stone as surely as the carpenter or woodcutter a log. So much time & perseverance will accomplish. One would say that mankind had much less moral than physical energy—that every day you see men following the trade of splitting rocks, who yet shrink from undertaking apparently less arduous moral labors—the solving of moral problems. See how surely he proceeds. He does not hesitate to drill a dozen holes each one the labor of a day or two for a savage—he carefully takes out the dust with his iron spoon—he inserts his wedges one in each hole & protects the sides of the holes & gives resistance to his wedges by thin pieces of half round iron (or shames)—he marks the red line which he has drawn with his chisel—carefully cutting it straight—& then how carefully he drives each wedge in succession—fearful lest he should not have a good split. The habit of looking at men in the gross makes their lives have less of human interest for us. But though there are crowds of laborers before us—yet each one leads his little epic life each day. There is the stone mason who methought was simply a stony man that hammered stone from breakfast to



dinner—& dinner to supper & then went to his slumbers. But he I find is even a man like myself—for he feels the heat of the sun & has raised some boards on a frame to protect him. And now at midforenoon I see his wife & child have come & brought him drink & meat for his lunch & to assuage the stoniness of his labor—& sit to chat with him. There are many rocks lying there for him to split from end to end and he will surely do it—this only at the command of luxury since stone posts are preferred to wood—but how many moral blocks are lying there in every man’s yard which he surely will not split nor earnestly endeavor to split.

There lie the blocks which will surely get split but here lie the blocks which will surely not get split—Do we say it is too hard for human faculties?— But does not the mason dull a basket-full of steel chisels in a day—& yet by sharpening them again & tempering them aright succeed? Moral effort—! difficulty to be overcome!!! Why men work in stone & sharpen their drills when they go home to dinner!¹⁵⁴

Why should Canada wild and unsettled as it is impress one as an older country than the states—except that her institutions are old. All things seem to contend there with a certain rust of antiquity—such as forms on old armor & iron guns. The rust of conventions and formalities. If the rust was not on the tinned roofs it was on the inhabitants.

2 P M to Hubbards meadow grove. The skunk cabbage’s checkered fruit (spadix) one 3 inches long, all parts of the flower but the anthers left and enlarged.

Berdens cernua or Nodding Burr-Mary Gold like a small sunflower (with rays) in Heywood brook i.e. Beggar tick


Bidens Connata? without rays in Hubbards meadow— Blue-eyed grass still— Drooping neottia very common—

I see some yellow butterflies and others occasionally & singly only The Smilax berries are mostly turned dark I started a great bittern from the weeds at the swimming place.

It is very hot & dry weather. We have had no rain for a week & yet the pitcher plants have water in them.— Are they ever quite dry? Are they not replenished by the dews always—& being shaded by the grass saved from evaporation? What wells for the birds!

The White-red-purple berried bush in Hubbards meadow whose berries were fairest a fortnight ago— appears to be the *Viburnum nudum* or withe-rod

Our cornel (the common) with berries blue one side whitish the other appears to be either the *C. sericea* or *C. Stolonifera* of Gray i.e. the silky or the red-osier *C. (osier rouge)* though its leaves are neither silky nor downy nor rough. This and the last 4 or 5 nights have been perhaps the most sultry in the year thus far—

 September 11, Thursday, 1851: The Reverend Sylvester Graham, who in an attempt to recover his health had resumed the eating of meat, died in Northampton, Massachusetts at the age of 57 of complications resulting from his having received opium enemas.

VEGETARIANISM

154. Thoreau would later copy this into his early lecture “WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT” as:

[Paragraph 27] Each trade is a craft or cunning, and its methods are the result of a long experience. One is continually surprised to find how much his neighbors know that he does not. You may go by a man at his work in the street every day of your life, and though he is carrying into practice there certain essential information before your eyes—you may never be the wiser for it. Yet if you do attend to him, you will probably conceive an undue respect for his skill. Every artizan learns positively something by his trade—is familiar with a few well established facts, the knowledge of which implies no genius, but mere use and familiarity, and unless it is applied to his life—is trivial. There sits a stone-mason [this person is unidentified], for instance, splitting granite for fence-posts before my window. Egypt perchance has taught New England something in this matter. His hammer, his chisels, his wedges, his shims¹ or half-rounds—his iron spoon—are hoary with age as with granite dust. He learns as surely where the best granite comes from, as how to erect that screen to keep off the sun. He knows that he can drill faster into a large stone than into a small one because there is less yielding to it. He deals with stone as the carpenter with lumber. In many of their operations only the materials are different. His work is slow and expensive, for Nature is here hard to be overcome. He must sharpen his tools far oftener than the carpenter. He fights with granite; knows the temper of the rocks; and grows stony himself; his tread is ponderous and steady like the fall of a rock, like the march of a grenadier.

[Paragraph 28] See how surely and resolutely he proceeds. He does not hesitate to drill a dozen holes, each one the labor of a day or two for a savage; patiently taking out the dust with his iron spoon, he inserts his wedges, one in each hole, and protects the sides of the holes, and gives resistance to the wedges with his shims; [the manuscript copy-text reads ‘shams (?)’] he marks with his chisel the chalk line which he has drawn between the holes, slowly cutting it straight;—and then how carefully he drives each wedge in succession, fearful lest he should not have a good split! He dulls a basket-ful of steel chisels in a day, and yet by sharpening and tempering them again he at last splits a stone as surely as the carpenter or woodcutter a log.

[Paragraph 29] And now I perceive that his wife and child have come and brought him his luncheon, and he stops and chats with them. So he has other things to interest him than stone-posts. But they have brought him also something strong to drink. Poor fellow! Did Egypt teach him that also? I fear it will undo him as surely as he undoes granite.

[Paragraph 30] There are many rocks lying there for him to split, and he will surely do it; and this only at the command of luxury—since stone posts are preferred to wood. But like you and me he has less moral than physical energy. How many moral blocks are lying in his yard, which he surely will not split, nor earnestly endeavor to split! Do we say it is too hard for human faculties? Why, men work in stone and sharpen their drills when they go home to dinner.

1. The ms copy-text is ‘shames (shams?—shims?)’. A PRACTICAL DICTIONARY OF MECHANICS (Philadelphia, 1874-77) defines a stoneworking “shim” as “One of the plates in a jumper-hole to fill out a portion of the thickness not occupied by the wedges or feathers” but has no listings for “shame” or “sham.”

BRAD DEAN'S COMMENTARY

In a rural ghetto near [Philadelphia](#), a no-no happened that got national attention:



Edward Gorsuch, a white [Maryland](#) man, a kind Christian master who took pride in treating his slaves well and was so distressed at the idea some of them did not want to be with him that he had trouble crediting that this might be true, led a US marshal and an armed party of relatives and neighbors in a hunt into Pennsylvania for four of his escaped slaves, and William Parker, himself an escaped slave, gave these men safety in his home and organized the blacks of that integrated¹⁵⁵ neighborhood, called "[Christiana](#)," for mutual self-defense. Gorsuch first sought help from three of Parker's white neighbors, the miller Castner Hanway, Friend Elijah Lewis, a shopkeeper, and Friend Joseph Scarlett, a farmer, but although they refused to assist him, he made a

155. The term used in the 19th Century was "amalgamated" rather than "integrated."

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predawn assault on the house. He was killed and his son Dickinson Gorsuch was shot some eighty times (but



survived, which would indicate that the weapons available to these impoverished black self-defenders must have been pretty hopelessly inadequate), whereupon Parker picked up a white man's abandoned pistol and fled toward [Canada](#). (He took temporary refuge in upstate New York with [Frederick Douglass](#), whom he had once

heard speak, and this pistol would wind up years later in Douglass's hands.)¹⁵⁶



In the haste of his departure, William Parker left behind a large bundle of correspondence that might have incriminated individual abolitionists in slave-stealing, but fortunately Friend Levi Pownell happened upon the bundle first, recognized its significance, and burned it.

Parker's three neighbors, as well as all black men that armed posses could round up (hunted "like partridges upon the mountain," one person charged, that is, chosen by the color of their skin whether or not they were anywhere near that home on that night), were thrown into Pennsylvania's Moyamensing Prison, where they were segregated into separate and very unequal cells. They were segregated into these separate and very unequal cells for quite a while, for this incident became known as the [Christiana Riot](#) and they were to be charged with treason (ordinarily people are charged with resisting a police officer in the performance of his duty, for which ordinary offense there are ordinary penalties; treason is a conspiracy or attempt to overthrow the government of the United States of America by force and violence and the penalties for that sort of conduct can be somewhat more severe).

156. Nash, Roderick. "William Parker and the Christiana Riot." *Journal of Negro History* 96 (1961):24-31

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RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

The following would be printed up locally, in explanation of what had happened in all the terror and confusion of that night:

Compliments of
E. P. ZANE,
Jeweler,
CHRISTIANA, PENNA.

CHRISTIANA RIOT.

In 1850 Congress enacted the "Fugitive Slave Law," which imposed severe penalties for refusing to assist in the arrest of a fugitive slave, when called upon by a Deputy Marshal. The first conflict and bloodshed under this law took place in Lancaster Co. At and near the Gap there was a gang of kidnapers whom not all the vigilance and cunning of the negroes and their friends could prevent from carrying free black men to a slave State, and selling them into bondage. On the 27th and 30th of September, 1851, a number of suspicious-looking persons, were seen at Penningtonville, at the Gap and other points, and the fact was reported by Samuel Williams, a colored man, who had watched their movements.

The great Chester Valley, the most beautiful and lovely one in the State, suddenly diverges when it reaches Penningtonville, and leads in a southwesterly direction through Sedgely township. When about two miles south of the town of Christiana, in Sadsbury township, the valley is about one mile wide, the Great Valley road running through its center. The southwestern side was bounded by hills covered with chestnut and oak timber. A long lane ran at right angles with the great road to that hill; at some distance up its slope another lane ran a short distance in a northerly direction about forty yards to a one and a half story log house, which was occupied by a colored man named Wm. Parker, who worked for the farmers in the neighborhood and cultivated a few acres of ground. A fine growth of timber ran to within a few yards of the house.

Every colored person in the township was warned to be on his guard, and their friends were not idle. In Parker's house there were three fugitive slaves named Noah Buley, Nelson Johnson and Joshua Hammond.

Edward Gorsuch, a slaveholder, who resided in Maryland, claimed to own these slaves, and obtained a warrant from one of the United States Commissioners in Philadelphia for their arrest. It was placed in the hands of a deputy Marshal, named Henry H. Kline, for execution. He selected a few men of the vicinity to assist him, who with Edward Gorsuch, Dickinson Gorsuch, his son, J. M. Gorsuch, a cousin, Joshua Gorsuch Dr. Thomas Pearce, also a relative, John Ayers, Thomas Tulley, and several others, arrived at the Gap in the afternoon of Sept. 10th, 1851.

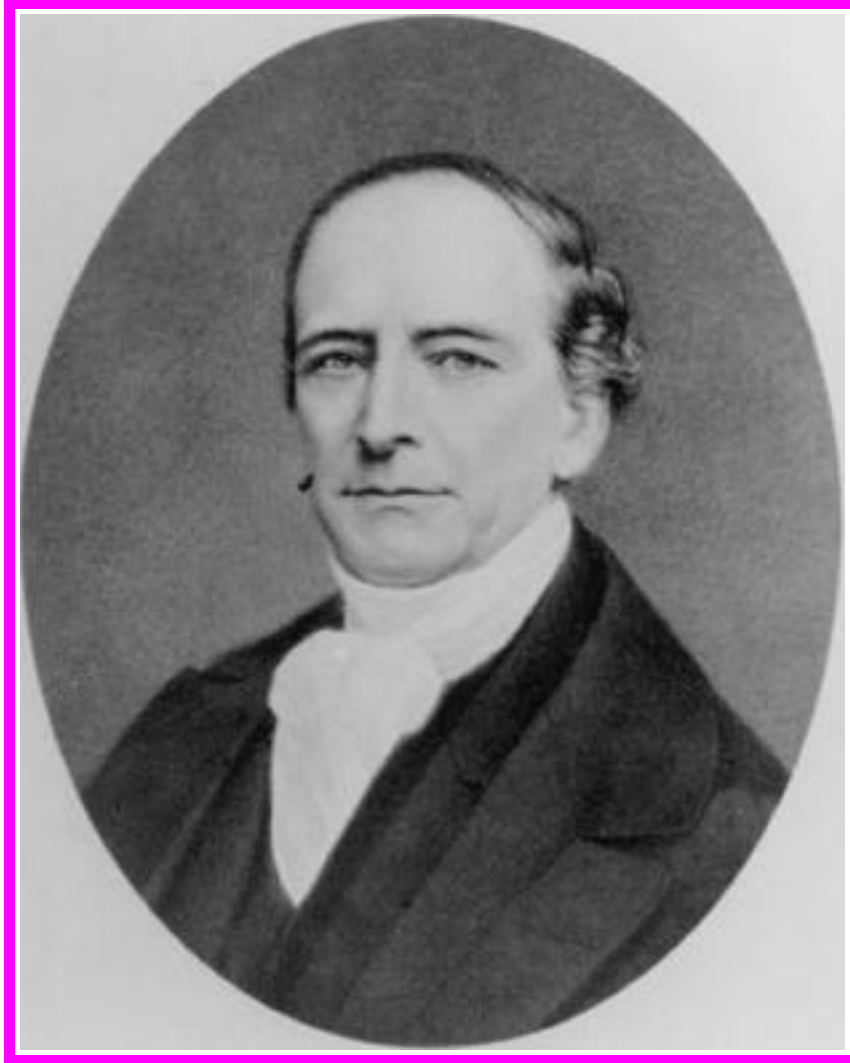
The party proceeded down the railroad towards Christiana about a mile, where they met a professional kidnapper who was to act as their guide. They remained concealed in the neighborhood until a late hour in the night, when they proceeded to Parker's house, and arrived there


about daylight on Sept. 11th. When the party arrived at the bars, in the short lane leading to Parker's house, they met Nelson Gorsuch's alleged slave, who was going to work for one of the farmers. He suspected no danger, and was singing when they came upon him. He turned and ran into Parker's house and ascended to the loft before any of Gorsuch's party could catch him. Gorsuch was the first person to enter the house. He went to the foot of the step which led to the loft, and attempted to go up, but was driven back by some one with a pitchfork. He first resorted to threats of violence, and failing in this, he tried coaxing his slaves down, but in this he also failed. He then went outside of the house and attempted to parley with those in the loft; the answer was the report of a gun. The shot injured no one, but the sound was carried across the valley to the hills beyond, where there were many who understood what it meant, and they hastened in the direction of Parker's house. An old-fashioned dinner horn was blown by one of the colored men out of the left window, and the sound was an arm signal to their friends in the valley. No bugle was ever sounded to call men to battle who responded more promptly than did the black man's friends to this call for help. Kline, who was not a brave man, at once realized their peril, and fled to a cornfield where he hid himself. Gorsuch and his party slowly retreated down the short lane to the bars. By this time success for the negroes had arrived, Castner Hanway rode up the long lane. Elijah Lewis and Joseph Scarlett, all anti-slavery men, came about the same time. Colored men armed with guns, scythes and clubs were seen running from every direction to Parker's house. Hanway and Lewis advised the slave-holders to leave at once if they desired to save themselves, when Edward Gorsuch suddenly turned in the direction of Parker's house and said he would have his property dead or alive. His sons and nephews followed him, but he had gone but a few steps when he was met by Parker with the fugitive slaves and some others, who fired several shots at the slaveholders party. Edward Gorsuch fell mortally wounded at the first fire. Dickinson Gorsuch stood bravely by his father, and was very seriously wounded. Dr. Pearce and Joshua Gorsuch were both wounded. Dr. Pearce's life was saved by Castner Hanway who told him to catch the stirrup of his saddle, and he rode down the long lane amidst a shower of missiles. There was great excitement in the neighborhood, and when the facts became known, it created a profound sensation throughout the country.

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In the aftermath a large number of local residents would be rounded up and put on trial for their lives, the capital charge being treason. Presiding at this treason trial would be the Honorable John K. Kane:



 September 12, Friday, 1851: Henry Thoreau read the MEMOIRS OF BENVENUTO CELLINI, A FLORENTINE ARTIST; WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. CONTAINING A VARIETY OF INFORMATION RESPECTING THE ARTS AND THE HISTORY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. WITH NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS OF G.P. CARPANI. TRANSLATED BY

THOMAS ROSCOE (New-York: Wiley & Putnam, 1845).



CELLINI'S MEMOIRS, I
CELLINI'S MEMOIRS, II

Compare his journal entry of this day with what he had to say in [WALDEN](#):



WALDEN: Once it chanced that I stood in the very abutment of a rainbow's arch, which filled the lower stratum of the atmosphere, tinging the grass and leaves around, and dazzling me as if I looked through colored crystal. It was a lake of rainbow light, in which, for a short while, I lived like a dolphin. If it had lasted longer it might have tinged my employments and life. As I walked on the railroad causeway, I used to wonder at the halo of light around my shadow, and would fain fancy myself one of the elect. One who visited me declared that the shadows of some Irishmen before him had no halo about them, that it was only natives that were so distinguished. Benvenuto Cellini tells us in his memoirs, that, after a certain terrible dream or vision which he had during his confinement in the castle of St. Angelo, a resplendent light appeared over the shadow of his head at morning and evening, whether he was in Italy or France, and it was particularly conspicuous when the grass was moist with dew. This was probably the same phenomenon to which I have referred, which is especially observed in the morning, but also at other times, and even by moonlight. Though a constant one, it is not commonly noticed, and, in the case of an excitable imagination like Cellini's, it would be basis enough for superstition. Beside, he tells us that he showed it to very few. But are they not indeed distinguished who are conscious that they are regarded at all?

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

ROME
ITALY

BENVENUTO CELLINI



Travellers upon the top of Ben Lomond startled by seeing their images of colossal size upon a passing cloud.



September 12. Friday. Not till after 8 AM does the fog clear off so much that I see the sun shining in patches on Nawshawtuct. This is the season of fogs. like knight like esquire When [Benvenuto Cellini](#) was attacked by the constables in Rome – His boy Cencio assisted him or at least stood by –& afterward related his masters exploits –“& as they asked



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him several times whether he had been afraid, he answered that they should propose the question to me, for he had been affected upon the occasion just in the same manner that I was.”

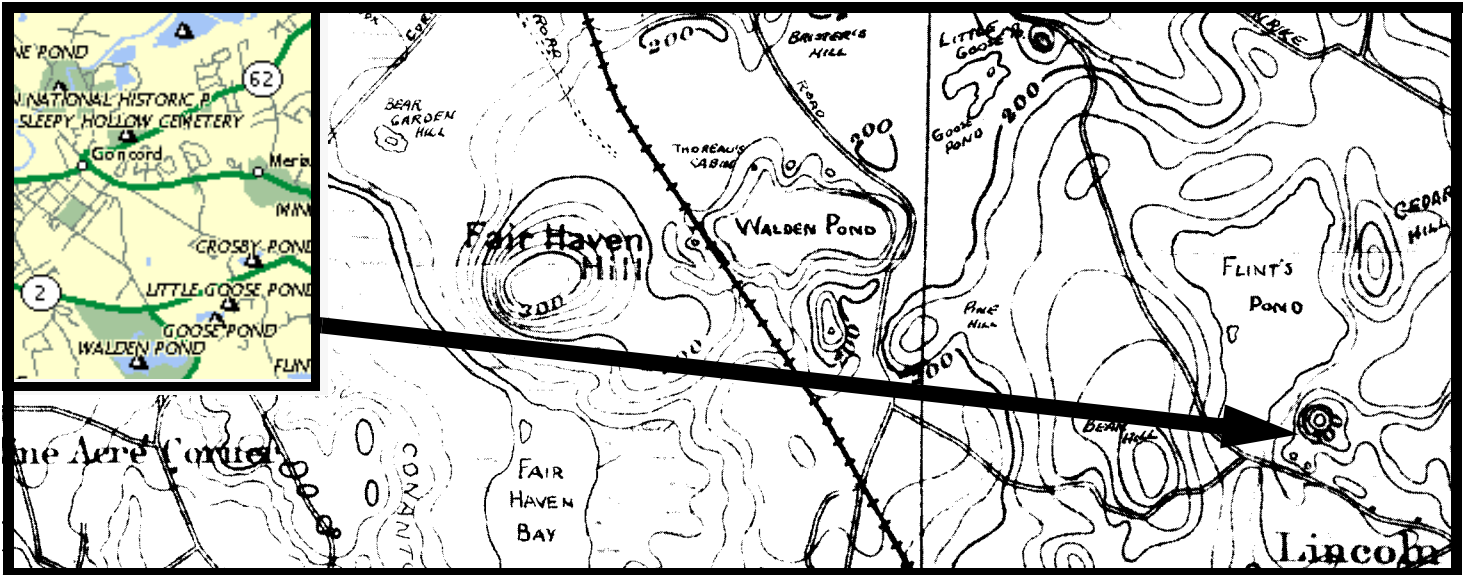
WALDEN

Benvenuto Cellini relates in his Memoirs that during his confinement in the Castle of St Angelo in Rome he had a terrible dream or vision in which certain events were communicated to him which afterward came to pass –& he adds– “From the very moment that I beheld the phenomenon, there appeared (strange to relate!) a resplendent light over my head, which has displayed itself conspicuously to all that I have thought proper to show it to, but those were very few. This shining light is to be seen in the morning over my shadow till two o’clock in the afternoon, and it appears to the greatest advantage when the grass is moist with dew: it is likewise visible in the evening at sunset. This phenomenon I took notice of when I was at Paris, because the air is exceedingly clear in that climate, so that I could distinguish it there much plainer than in Italy, where mists are much more frequent; but I can still see it even here, and show it to others, though not to the same advantage as in France.” This reminds me of the halo around my Shadow which I notice from the cause way in the morning –also by moonlight– as if in the case of a man of an excitable imagination this were basis enough for his superstition.

ENDYMION

After I have spent the greater part of a night abroad in the moonlight I am obliged to sleep enough more the next night to make up for it –Endymionis somnum dormire –to sleep an Endymion sleep as the ancients expressed it. And there is something gained still by thus turning the day into night. Edymion is said to have obtained of Jupiter the privelege of sleeping as much as he would. Let no man be afraid of sleep – if his weariness comes of obeying his Genius. He who has spent the night with the gods sleeps more innocently by day than the sluggard who has spent the day with the satyrss sleeps by night. He who has travelled to fairy-land in the night – sleeps by day more innocently than he who is fatigued by the merely trivial labors of the day sleeps by night. That kind of life which sleeping we dream that we live awake – in our walks by night, we, waking, dream that we live, while

our daily life appears as a dream.



LINCOLN HILL

2 P M To the Three Friends' Hill beyond Flints Pond – via RR. RWEs Wood Path S side Walden – Geo Heywood's Cleared Lot & Smith's orchards – return via E of Flints' P via Goose P & my old home to RR–

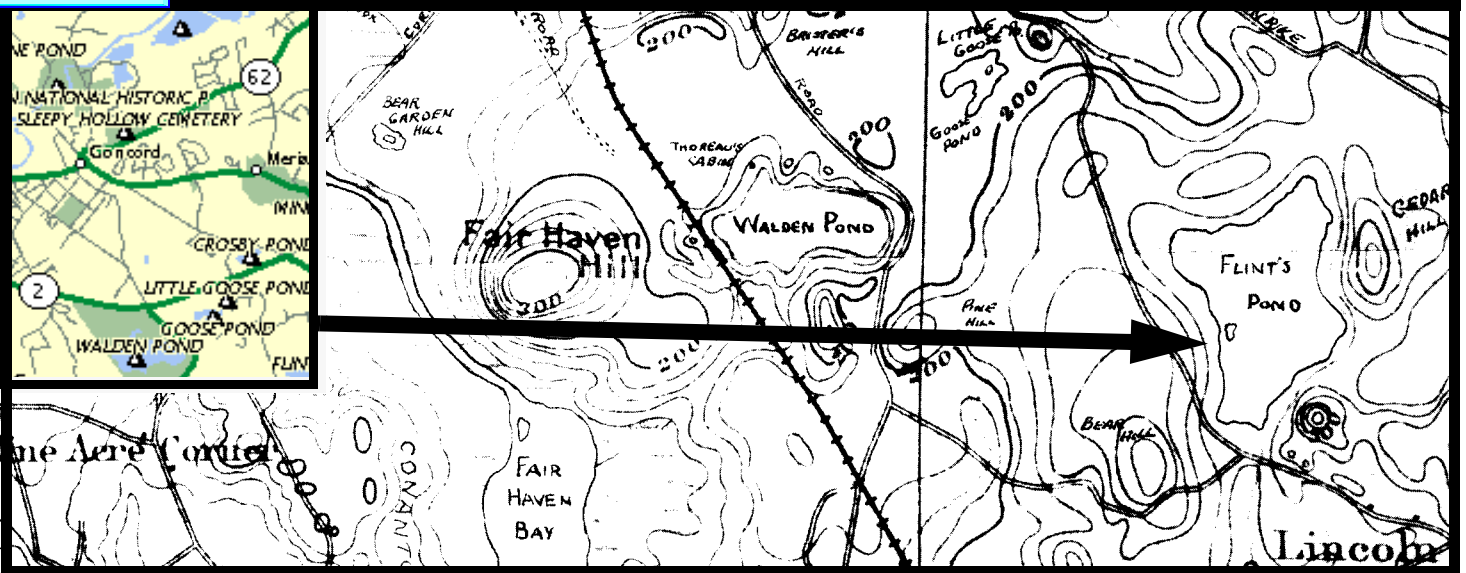
I go to Flints P. for the sake of the Mt view from the hill beyond looking over Concord. I have thought it the best especially in the winter which I can get in this neighborhood. It is worth the while to see the Mts in the horizon once a day. I have thus seen some earth which corresponds to my least earthly & trivial – to my most heaven-ward looking thoughts– The earth seen through an azure an ethereal veil. They are the natural **temples** elevated brows of the earth – looking at which the thoughts of the beholder are naturally elevated and etherealized. I wish to see the earth through the medium of much air or heaven – for there is no paint like the air. Mts thus seen are worthy of worship. I go to Flints'

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REED ISLAND

Pond also to see a rippling lake & a reedy-island in its midst – Reed Island.



TELEGRAPHY

A man should feed his senses with the best that the land affords

At the entrance to the Deep Cut I heard the telegraph wire vibrating like an Aeolian Harp. It reminded me suddenly – reservedly with a beautiful paucity of communication – even silently, such was its effect on my thoughts – It reminded me, I say, with a certain pathetic moderation – of what finer & deeper stirrings I was susceptible – which grandly set all argument & dispute aside – a triumphant though transient exhibition of the truth. It told me by the faintest imaginable strain – it told me by the finest strain that a human ear can hear – yet conclusively & past all refutation – that there were higher infinitely higher plains of life – which it behoved me never to forget. As I was entering the Deep Cut the wind which was conveying a message to me from heaven dropt it on the wire of the telegraph which it vibrated as it past. I instantly sat down on a stone at the foot of the telegraph pole – & attended to the communication. It merely said “Bear in mind, Child – & never for an instant forget – that there are higher plains infinitely higher plains of life than this thou art now travelling on. Know that the goal is distant & is upward and is worthy all your life’s efforts to attain to.” And then it ceased and though I sat some minutes longer I heard nothing more.

AEOLIAN HARP

There is every variety & degree of inspiration from mere fullness of life to the most rapt mood. A human soul is played on even as this wire – which now vibrates slowly & gently so that the passer can hardly hear it & anon the sound swells & vibrates with such intensity as if it would rend the wire – as far as the elasticity & tension of the wire permits – and now it dies away and is silent – & though the breeze continues to sweep over it, no strain comes from it – & the traveller hearkens in vain. It is no small gain to have this wire stretched through Concord though there may be no Office here. Thus I make my own use of the telegraph – without consulting the Directors – like the sparrows which I perceive use it extensively for a perch.

Shall I not go to this office to hear if there is any communication for me – as steadily as to the Post office in the village?

I can hardly believe that there is so great a difference between one year & another as my journal shows.

The 11th of this month last year the river was as high as it commonly is in the spring – over the causeway on the Corner Road. It is now quite low. Last year Oct 9th the huckleberries were fresh & abundant on Conantum – They are now already dried up.

We yearn to see the Mts daily – as the Israelites yearned for the Promised land – & we daily live the fate of Moses who only looked into the Promised land from Pisgah before he died.

On Monday the 15th instant I am going to perambulate the bounds of the town. As I am partial to across-lot routes, this appears to be a very proper duty for me to perform, for certainly no route can – well be chosen which shall be more across lot – since the roads in no case run round the town but ray out from its center, and my course will lie across each one. It is almost as if I had undertaken to walk round the town at the greatest distance from its centre & at the same time from the surrounding villages. There is no public house near the line.

It is a sort of reconnaissance of its frontiers authorized by the central government of the town – which will bring the surveyor in contact with whatever wild inhabitant or wilderness its territory embraces This appears to be a very ancient custom. And I find that this word perambulation has exactly the same meaning that it has at present in Johnson & Walkers dictionary– A hundred years ago they went round the towns of this state every three years. And the old select men tell me that before the present split stones were set up in 1829, the bounds were marked by a heap of stones, and it was customary for each select man to add a stone to the heap.

Saw a pigeon place on Geo. Heywoods cleared lot – the six dead trees set up for the pigeons [American Passenger Pigeon *Ectopistes migratorius*] to alight on, and the brush-house close by to conceal the man. I was rather startled to find such a thing going now in Concord– The pigeons on the trees looked like fabulous birds with their long tails & their pointed breasts I could hardly believe they were alive & not some wooden birds used for decoys – they sat so still – and even When they moved their necks I thought it was the effect of art. As they were not catching them I approached & scared away a dozen birds who were perched on the trees and found that they were freshly baited there – though the net was carried away – perchance to some other bed. The smooth sandy bed was covered with buckwheat – wheat or rye – & acorns – sometimes they use corn shaved off the ear in its present state with a knife– – There were left the sticks with which they fastened the necks– As I stood there I heard a rushing sound & looking up saw a flock of 30 or 40 pigeons dashing toward the trees, who suddenly whirled on seeing me & circled round & made a new dash toward the bed as if they would fain alight if I had not been there – then steered off. I went into the bough-house & lay awhile looking through the leaves – hoping to see them come again & feed – but they did not while I stayed. This net & bed belongs to one Harrington of Weston as I hear– Several men still take pigeons in Concord every year. By a method methinks extremely old – and which I seem to have seen pictured in some old book of fables or symbols – & yet few in Concord know exactly how it is done. And yet it is all done for money & because the birds fetch a good price – just as the farmers raise corn & potatoes. I am always expecting that those engaged in such a persuit will be somewhat less grovelling & mercenary than the regular trader or farmer, but I fear that it is not so.

JAMES BAKER

Found a violet – apparently *viola cucullata* or hoodleaved violet in bloom in Bakers meadow beyond Pine Hill. Also the *bidens cernua* Nodding Burr-marygold with 5 petals – in same place. Went through the old cornfield on the hill side beyond now grown up to birches & hickories. Woods where you feel the old corn hills under your feet –f or these not being disturbed or levelled in getting the crop like potatoe hills last an indefinite while – & by some they are called Indian corn fields – though I think erroneously not only from their position in rocky soil frequently – but because the squaws probably with their clam shells or thin stones or wooden hoes did not hill their corn more than many now recommend.

CORN HILLS

What we call woodbine is the *vitis hederacea* or Common creeper or American ivy.

When I got into the Lincoln road I perceived a singular sweet scent in the air – which I suspected arose from from some plant now in a peculiar state owing to the season, but though I smell everything around I could not detect it, but the more eagerly I smelled the further I seemed to be from finding it – but when I gave up the search – again it would be wafted to me– It was one of the sweet scents which go to make the autumn air – which fed my sense of smell rarely & dilated my nostrils– I felt the better for it. Methinks that I possess the sense of smell in greater perfection than usual–& have the habit of smelling of every plant I pluck. How autumnal is the scent of ripe grapes now by the roadside! From the pondside hill I perceive that the forest leaves begin to look rather rusty or brown. The pendulous drooping barberries are pretty well reddened. I am glad when the berries look fair & plump. I love to gaze at the low island in the Pond – at any island or inaccessible land. The isle at which you look always seems fairer than the main-land on which you stand.

I had already bathed in Walden as I passed, but now I forgot that I had been wetted & wanted to embrace & mingle myself with the water of Flints pond – this warm afternoon – to get wet inwardly & deeply.

Found on the shore of the Pond that singular willow like herb in blossom – though its petals were gone. It grows up 2 feet from a large woody horizontal root & droops over to the sand again – meeting which it puts out a myriad rootlets from the side of its stem – fastens itself & curves upward again to the air––thus spanning or looping itself along. The bark just above the ground thickens into a singular cellular or spongy substance which at length appears to crack nearer the earth giving that part of the plant a winged appearance & some what 4 sided It appears to be the cellular tissue or what is commonly called the green bark – & like-wise invests the root to a great thickness – somewhat like a fungus & is of a fawn color The *Lythrum verticillatum* or swamp Loosetrife – or



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Grass Poly – but I think better named as in Dewey Swamp-willow herb– The Prinos berries are pretty red.
Any redness like cardinal flowers or poke – or the evening sky or Cheronaea excites us as a red flag does cows & turkies.

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In general, for this Brocken phenomenon, refer to Irwin, John T. AMERICAN HIEROGLYPHICS: THE SYMBOL OF THE EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS IN THE AMERICAN RENAISSANCE. New Haven CT: Yale UP, 1980. Here is what Jerry Dennis has had to offer in IT'S RAINING FROGS AND FISHES: FOUR SEASONS OF NATURAL PHENOMENA AND ODDITIES OF THE SKY (Illustrations by Glenn Wolff. NY: HarperCollins Publishers, 1992, pages 156-7):

An odd halo phenomenon sometimes occurs in early morning when the sun is just up and a closely trimmed lawn is soaked with dew. To observe it, stand with your back to the sun, so that your shadow is cast across the damp grass. If conditions are right a luminous white halo will surround the head of your shadow, creating an effect eerily reminiscent of the halos said to surround the heads of saints. Thoreau noticed it near his cabin on Walden Pond: "As I walked on the railroad causeway, I used to wonder at the halo of light around my shadow, and would fain fancy myself one of the elect." The halo, known as a dew halo or heiligenschein (German for "holy shining"), is startling enough to have caused the immodest sixteenth-century sculptor Benvenuto Cellini to imagine he had been sainted, or at least given divine reward for his genius. Unfortunately for Benvenuto, dew halos, while certainly not an everyday occurrence, can appear over the heads of saints and sinners alike. They form when sunlight, streaming past a viewer's head, strikes dewdrops. In much the same way that rainbows are formed, light penetrates each drop, is bent slightly, then reflects off the rear of the drop back to the viewer. A similar phenomenon frightened the climbing shorts off early mountaineers who reached the fog-shrouded peak called Broken, in Germany's Hartz Mountains. Frightened climbers returned from the mountain and told of a bizarre apparition they had seen climbing along with them near the peak. The stories were quickly added to ancient legends of the Broken peak of the Hartz Mountains as the place where witches gathered on Walpurgis night, a legend Goethe used in the witches' sabbath scene in *FAUST*. The apparition, dubbed the "Brocken specter," proved to be the climbers' own shadows enlarged and cast on clouds of fog banks above, below, or beside them. The dispersal of light in water droplets within the fog sometimes cause the shadows to be ringed with a colorful glory, or "Brocken bow," draping the specter in rainbowlike colors and adding to the eerie effect. Glories are refraction phenomena most commonly seen when you stand facing mist or a bank of fog with the sun behind you, and your shadow is cast against the white screen of the fog. The glory appears around the head of your shadow as a series of colored rings. They are also commonly seen from aircraft, when the shadow of the craft is visible on clouds below.



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MEMOIRS
OF
BENVENUTO CELLINI,
A Florentine Artist;

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF:

CONTAINING
A VARIETY OF INFORMATION RESPECTING THE ARTS,
AND THE
HISTORY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

NOW FIRST COLLATED WITH THE NEW TEXT OF GUISEPPE MOLINI,
AND CORRECTED AND ENLARGED FROM THE LAST
MILAN EDITION,

WITH
NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS OF G. P. CARPANI.

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

"Cellini was one of the most extraordinary men of an extraordinary age; his life, written by himself, is more amusing than any novel I know." — HORACE WALPOLE.

LONDON:
HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1847.



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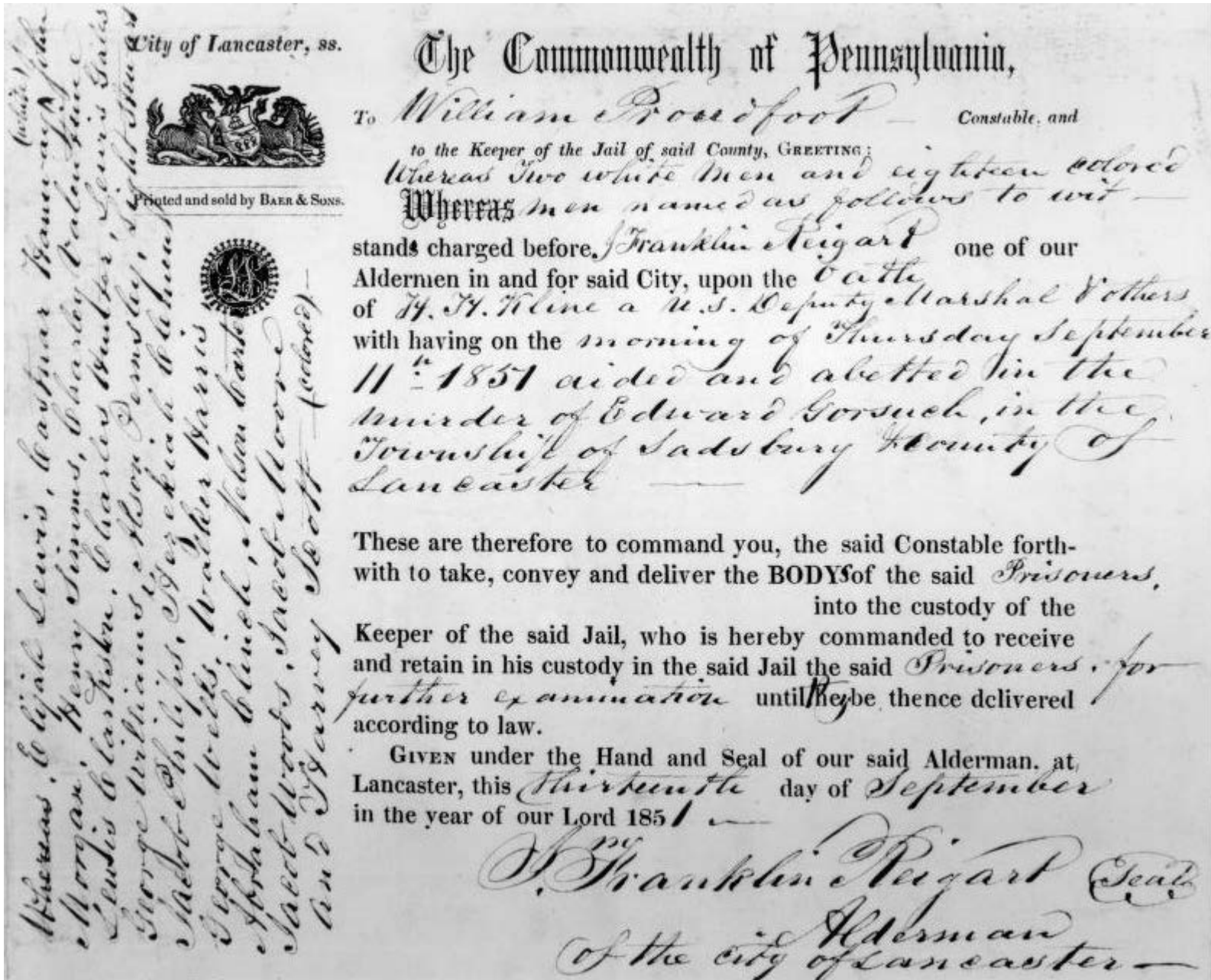


September 13, Saturday, [1851](#): According to the NORFOLK ANNALS for this year, a volume that functioned as a sort of [Almanac](#), during August 1846 a private named Thomson stationed in [Norwich, England](#) with the Carabineers had been on terms of intimacy with a woman and a quarrel had occurred between them, wherupon he had thrown her into a canal. His violent deed had so preyed upon his mind that eventually, 8 years later, while re-stationed with the 1st Royals at Halifax, North America, he had determined to give himself up to justice and allow the law to take its course. The [New York Express](#) had published particulars of his confession of murder. On this day it was announced that Thomson had been taken to England and committed to Winchester Gaol, pending inquiries by the police of that city. But then what would happen? Two police-officers would come to Norwich, investigate the affair, and elicit some remarkable facts: A girl named Anna Barber had been in the habit of frequenting the barracks and had become acquainted with Private Thomson, whom she appears to have displeased. A tailor named James Taylor had been fishing for eels in the river near

Blackfriars Bridge when he had heard a scuffle, a shriek, a splash, and the sound of retreating footsteps. He had immediately rowed to the place and assisted out of the water a young woman, who refused to give him her name. She had gone away and no report had been made to the police. The investigators would be able to determine that in 1850 Anna Barber had again been seen in Norwich. It would become evident to them, therefore, that the remorse which impelled Private Thomson to make his confession had been groundless.

Walter Reed, American physician and army surgeon, was born.

In Lancaster, Pennsylvania, a center of white authority near the troublesome black community of [Christiana](#), an arrest warrant was issued:



September 13. Saturday. RR causeway. before sunrise. Here is a morning after a warm clear

moon light night almost entirely without dew or fog. It has been a little breezy through the night, it is true. But why so great a dif. between this & other mornings of late? I can walk in any direction in the fields without wetting my feet.

I see the same rays in the dun buff or fawn colored sky now just 20 minutes before sunrise—though they do not extend quite so far—as at sundown the other night.— Why these rays? What is it divides the light of the sun? Is it thus divided by distant inequalities in the surface of the earth, behind which the other parts are concealed—and since the morning atmosphere is clearer they do not reach so far? Some small island clouds are the first to look red. The cross-leaved polygala emits its fragrance as if at will. You are quite sure you smelled it and are ravished with its sweet fragrance, but now it has no smell. You must not hold it too near, but hold it on all sides and at all distances, & there will perchance be wafted to you sooner or later a very sweet & penetrating fragrance— What it is like you cannot surely tell—for you do not enjoy it long enough nor in volume enough to compare it— It is very likely that you will not discover any fragrance— While you are rudely smelling at it—you can only remember that you once perceived it. Both this & the caducous Polygala are now somewhat faded.

Now the sun is risen. The sky is almost perfectly clear this morning, not a cloud in the horizon. The morning is not pensive like the evening but joyous & youthful—& its blush is soon gone. It is unfallen day. The Bedford sunrise bell rings sweetly & musically at this hour, when there is no bustle in the village to drown it. Bedford deserves a vote of thanks from Concord for it. It is a great good at these still & sacred hours when towns can hear each other. It would be nought at noon.



September 14, Sunday, 1851: [James Fenimore Cooper](#) died in Cooperstown, New York at the age of 61.



September 14. Sunday. A great change in the weather from sultry to cold. from one thin coat to a thick coat or two thin ones.

2 Pm. To Cliffs.

The dry grass yields a crisped sound to my foot. The white oak which appears to have made part of a hedge fence once – now standing in – Hubbards’ fence near the Corner Road – where it stretches along horizontally is (one of its arms, for it has one running each way) 2¹/₂ feet thick with a sprout growing perpendicularly out of it 18 inches in diameter. The corn stalks standing in stacks in long rows along the edges of the corn fields – reminds me of stacks of muskets

As soon as berries are gone grapes come. The chalice of the *Rhexia Virginica* Deer Grass or Meadow Beauty are literally littl reddish chalices now – though many still have petals. little cream pitchers.



The caducous polygala in cool places is faded almost white. I see the river at the foot of Fair Haven Hill running up stream before the strong cooll wind which here strikes it from the North. The cold wind makes me shudder after my bath – before I get dressed.

Polygonum aviculare – Knot grass Goose grass or Door grass still in bloom.

→ Mid-September 1851: [Ellen Kilshaw Fuller Channing](#) was invited to visit the home of her brother William Henry Fuller in Cincinnati, all expenses paid, traveling by the [canal](#) and river route in the company of her brother Eugene Fuller and viewing the [Niagara Falls](#) along the way.



While she and the children were out of the house, [Ellery Channing](#) would be going on daily walks with [Henry Thoreau](#). One night Thoreau would drop by and exhaust or exasperate his host by continuing to chat away until after 10PM.


→ September 15, Monday, 1851: [Richard Wagner](#) began a cure at Dr. Zacharia Brunner’s Hydrotherapy Institute in Albisbrunn, south of Zürich. He would be staying there until November 23d, during which time he would elaborate his “Siegfried” project into the idea of 4 separate works, and begin writing prose sketches for the initial 2 of these.

In Philadelphia, the founding of Saint Joseph’s University.



September 15. Monday. Ice in the pail under the pump—& quite a frost. Commenced perambulating the town-bounds. At 7¹/₂ AM rode in Co with AA Kelsey & Mr Tolman to the bound between Acton & Concord near Paul Dudley’s. Mr Tolman told—a story of his wife walking in the fields somewhere—& to keep the rain off throwing her gown over her head & holding it in—her mouth—and so being poisoned about her mouth—from the skirts of her dress having come in contact with poisonous plants. At Dudleys, which house is handsomely situated with 5 large elms in front, we met the Select men of Acton—Ivory Keyes & Luther Conant. Here were 5 of us. It appeared that we weighed—Tolman I think about 160—Conant 155—Keyes about 140—Kelsey 130—myself 127. Tolman described the wall about or at Forest Hill cemetery in Roxbury—as being made of stones upon which they were careful to preserve the moss, so that it cannot be distinguished from a very old wall.

Found one intermediate boundstone near the Powder mill drying-house on the Bank of the river. The workmen there wore shoes without iron tacks— He said that the Kernel house was the most dangerous—the Drying house next—the Press house next. One of the Powder-mill buildings in Concord? All the intermediate bound-stones are on the north sides of the different roads.— The potatoe vines & the beans which were still green are now blackened & flattened by the frost.

 September 15th, 16th, 18th, and 30th, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) and Aaron A. Kelsey inspected the boundary markers of the Town of Concord re-establishing a portion of the line between Concord and Acton, from a Pilot's stone near the railroad right-of-way and another near the Powder Mills, etc. etc., for a total of nine stones. At the Powder Mill he needed to relocate a marker stone, and the Town of Concord would pay \$1.⁵⁰ for doing this. Thoreau would receive a total of \$16.⁵⁰ for his work.



(Although this practice of annually [beating the bounds](#) of a town was in that era universal, this was but a small portion of the perambulation of the town line either of Concord or of Acton.)



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:

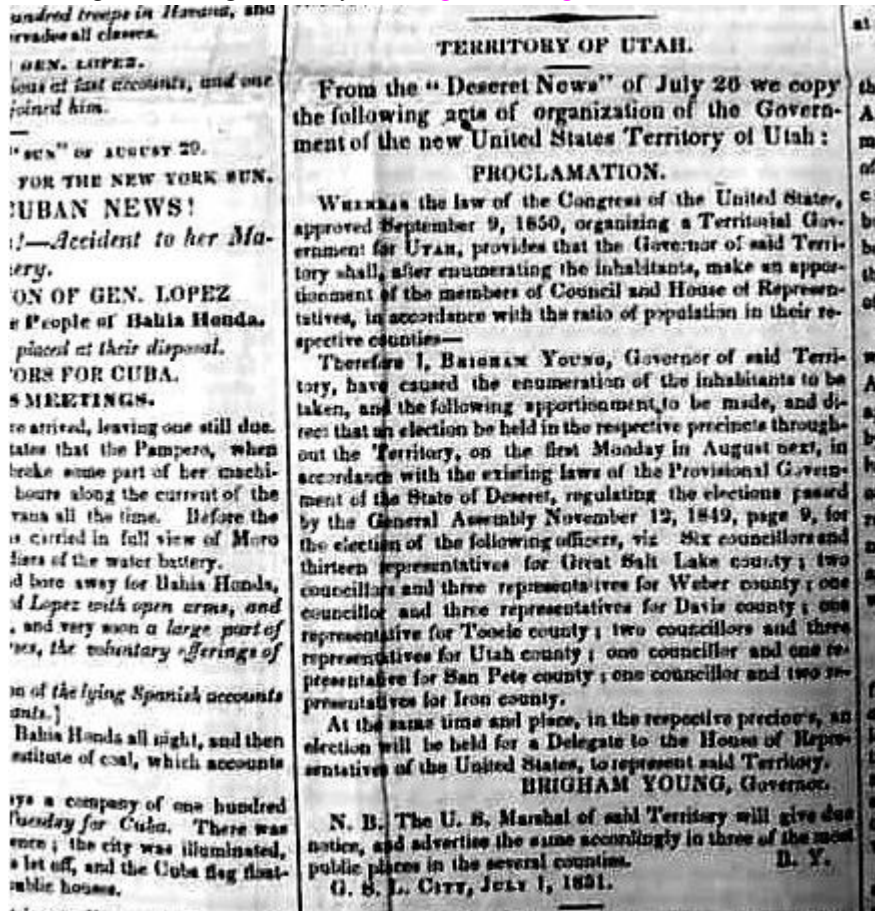
http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/1.htm



September 16, Tuesday, 1851: According to Concord town records, the boundaries committee perambulated from Sudbury to Powder Mills.



American newspapers, along with notices of the execution in Havana, Cuba of the filibustering general Narciso López, were reporting that a new government had come into existence in a new territory "Utah," and that this new thingie was being headed by one Brigham Young:



MORMONISM

In San Francisco, California:

The "Vigilance Committee" agreed to suspend indefinitely farther operations regarding crime and criminals in the city. The old extensive chambers in Battery street were relinquished, and new rooms, open at all times, day and night, to the members," were taken in Middleton and Smiley's buildings, corner of Sansome and Sacramento streets. During the three preceding months this association had been indefatigable in collecting evidence and bringing the guilty to justice. It had been formed not to supersede the legal authorities, but to strengthen them when weak; not to oppose the law, but to sanction and confirm it. The members were mostly respectable citizens, who had, and could have, only one object in view-the general good of the community. They exercised an unceasing vigilance over the hidden movements of the suspected and criminal population of the place, and unweariedly traced crime to its source, where they sought to stop it. They had hanged four men without observing ordinary legal forms, but the persons were fairly tried and found guilty,



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while three, at least, of the number, confessed to the most monstrous crimes, and admitted death to be only a due punishment. At this small cost of bloodshed, the "Vigilance Committee" freed the city and country of many reckless villains, who had been long a terror to society. When these had disappeared, outrages against person and property almost disappeared too, or were confined to petty cases. The legal and municipal authorities now acquired, what previously they lacked, sufficient power to master the remaining criminals; and the committee, having no longer a reason for continued action, gladly relinquished the powers they had formerly exercised. Grand juries, instead of offering presentments against them, only praised in the usual reports their useful exertions, while, like all good citizens, they lamented their necessity. Judges occasionally took offence at the terms of such reports, and sought to have them modified; but the grand juries were firm. Judge Levi Parsons applied to the Supreme Court to have certain obnoxious sentences in one of these reports struck out; but his petition was refused. People felt that there was much truth in the repeated declarations of the grand juries, and they hailed with delight their expressions of implied confidence in the Vigilance Committee. The weak, inefficient, and sometimes corrupt courts of law were denounced as strongly by the juries as by that association itself. In one report the grand jury said:- "The facilities with which the most notorious culprits are enabled to obtain bail, which, if not entirely worthless, is rarely enforced when forfeited, and the numerous cases in which by the potent influence of money, and the ingenious and unscrupulous appliance of legal technicalities, the most abandoned criminals have been enabled to escape a deserved punishment, meets with their unqualified disapprobation." But the worst days were over, and comparative peace was restored to society. Therefore the Vigilance Committee ceased to act. The members, however, did not dissolve the association, but only appointed a special or executive committee of forty-five to exercise a general watchfulness, and to summon together the whole body when occasion should require. This was shortly afterwards done in one or two instances, when instead of being opposed to the authorities, the members now firmly supported them by active personal aid against commotions and threatened outrages among the populace. They had originally organized themselves to protect the city from arson, murder and rapine, when perpetrated as part of a general system of violence and plunder by hardened criminals. In ordinary crimes, and when these stood alone, and did not necessarily lead to general destruction, the Vigilance Committee did not interfere farther than as good citizens and to merely aid the ordinary officials whose duty it was to attend to all cases of crime. When, therefore, some six months later, a body of two thousand excited people sought to "lynch" the captain and mate of the ship Challenge for cruelty to the crew during the passage from New York to [San Francisco](#), the Vigilance Committee, instead of taking the side of the enraged multitude, firmly supported the legal authorities. On many occasions, both before and after this time, the committee were of great service to the authorities. At their own cost, they collected evidence, apprehended criminals and delivered them into the hands of legal justice. When the city offered a reward of \$2500 to any person who would



give information which might lead to the apprehension and conviction of an incendiary, the committee offered a reward of \$5000 for the same services. The members gave large contributions to hasten the completion of the public jail; and, in many ways, by money, counsel and moral aid, and active personal assistance, sought earnestly to raise the character of the judicial tribunals and strengthen their action. There could not be a greater calumny uttered against high-minded men than to represent, as was frequently done in other countries, and in the Atlantic States, the members of the Vigilance Committee as a lawless mob, who made passion their sole guide and their own absolute will the law of the land. Necessity formed the committee, and gave it both irresistible moral and physical force. One might as well blame a drowning wretch for clinging to a sinking brother, or to a straw, as say that the inhabitants of [San Francisco](#) did wrong-some in joining the association, and others in not resisting but applauding its proceedings. People out of [California](#) could know little at best of the peculiar state of society existing there; and such as condemned the action of the Vigilance Committee positively either knew nothing on the subject, or they outraged the plainest principles of self-preservation. We all defend the man who, with his own hand, violently and unscrupulously slays the midnight robber and assassin, because he would otherwise lose his own life and property, and where the time and place make it ridiculous to call for legal protection. So also should we defend the community that acts in a similar manner under analogous circumstances. Their will and power form new ex tempore laws, and if the motives be good and the result good, it is not very material what the means are. This subject is treated at greater length in the chapter on the Vigilance Committee, and to it the reader is referred.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



September 16, Tuesday: Met the Select men of Sudbury Moore and Haines— I trust that towns will remember that they are supposed to be fairly represented by their **select** men.

SUDBURY "HEAVY" HAYNES

From the specimen which acton sent I should judge that the inhabitants of that town were made up of a mixture of quiet respectable & even gentlemanly farmer people, well to do in the world, with a rather boisterous, coarse, and a little self willed class. That the inhabitants of Sudbury are farmers almost exclusively—exceedingly rough & countrified & more illiterate than usual, very tenacious of their rights & dignities and difficult to deal with.

That the inhabitants of Lincoln yield sooner than usual to the influence of the rising generation—and are a mixture of rather simple but clever with a well informed & trustworthy people—that the inhabitants of Bedford are mechanics who aspire to keep up with the age—with some of the polish of society—mingled with substantial and rather intelligent farmers.

Moore of Sudbury thinks the river would be still lower now if it were not for the water in the reservoir pond in Hopkinton running into it.



September 17, Wednesday, 1851: [Senator Jefferson Davis](#) accepted being nominated as a gubernatorial candidate in Mississippi.

A treaty was signed at Fort Laramie between United States treaty commissioners and representatives of the Cheyenne, Sioux, Arapaho, Crow, Assiniboine, Mandan, Hidatsa, and Arikara nations. The treaty described the traditional territorial claims of the tribes as among themselves and the United States acknowledged that all the land covered by the treaty was Indian territory. Safe passage was guaranteed for white settlers on the Oregon Trail in return for a promised annuity in the amount of \$50,000 for 50 years.

On board the *Flying Cloud* at anchor in the harbor of [San Francisco, California](#), on this evening, the Reverend T.D. Hunt united in marriage [Mr. Reuben Patrick Boise](#) of Portland in the Oregon Territory, with Miss Ellen Frances Lyon, daughter of Lemuel Lyon of Roxbury, Massachusetts — a 20-year-old who had just recently arrived on that clipper's maiden voyage to the West Coast for this wedding accompanied by her entire family (this union would produce 3 sons, Reuben Patrick Boise, Jr., Whitney L. Boise, and Fisher A. Boise).

The boundaries committee perambulated the dividing line between [Lincoln, Massachusetts](#) and [Concord](#).



September 17, Wednesday: Perambulated the Lincoln line—

Was it the small rough sunflower which I saw this morning at the brook near Lees' bridge?
Saw at [James Baker](#) a Buttonwood tree with a swarm of bees now 3 years in it—but honey & all inaccessible. John W Farrar tells of sugar Maples behind Miles' in the Corner—
Did I see privet in the swamp at the Bedford stone near Giles' house? Swamp all dry now, could not wash my hands.

From this day through Saturday, in [Boston](#) and in Montréal there would be a 3-day celebration going on, a celebration of the fact that the cities had been linked by the Grand Junction Railroad.



September 18, Thursday, 1851: The [New-York Daily Times](#), with Henry J. Raymond as editor, went on sale, price 2 cents a copy.



The [negrero Illinois](#) brought 7 boys who had been kidnapped in the islands of the West Indies into the port of Norfolk, [Virginia](#) (HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 34th Congress, 1st session XII, Number 105, pages 12-14).

[INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE](#)

The St. Louis [Western Watchman](#) reprinted a [racist](#) editorial that had appeared in the [Toronto Colonist](#), about the condition of the American [slaves](#) who had been escaping to freedom in [Canada](#):


Already we have a far greater number of negroes in the province than the good of the country requires, and we would suggest the propriety of levying a poll tax on all who may come to us for the future.... We abhor slavery, but patriotism induces us to exclaim against having our country overrun by blacks, many of whom are woefully depraved by their previous mode of life.

[UNDERGROUND RAILROAD](#)

The Concord boundaries committee perambulated the dividing line between the town and adjoining Bedford.



September 18. Thursday. Perambulated Bedford line

 September 19, Friday, [1851](#): The boundaries committee perambulated the dividing line between [Carlisle](#) and Concord.



September 19. Friday. Perambulated Carlisle line

Large flowered bidens or Beggar ticks or Burr-Marygold now abundant by river side. Found the bound-stones on Carlisle by the river—all or mostly tipped over by the ice & water like the pitch pines about Walden pond. Grapes very abundant along that line.

The soap-wort Gentian now— In an old pasture now grown up to birches & other trees—followed the cow paths to the old apple trees. Mr Isaiah Green of Carlisle who lives nearest to the Kibbe Place—can remember when there were 3 or 4 houses around him (he is nearly 80 years old & has always lived there & was born there) now he is quite retired—& the nearest road is scarcely used at all. He spoke of one old field, now grown up—which were going through, as the “hog-pasture”, formerly. We found the meadows so dry that it was thought to be a good time to burn out the moss.

 September 20, Saturday, [1851](#): [Henry Stevens Salt](#) was born in [India](#), where his father was serving in the Royal Bengal Artillery.

Inspired by something that [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote in his journal on this day, “As I go through the fields, endeavoring to recover my tone and sanity — & to perceive things truly and simply again, after having been perambulating the bounds of the town all the week, and dealing with the most common place and worldly minded men, and emphatically trivial things I feel as if I had committed suicide in a sense,” [Billy Renkl](#) would create a work of art (on a following screen).



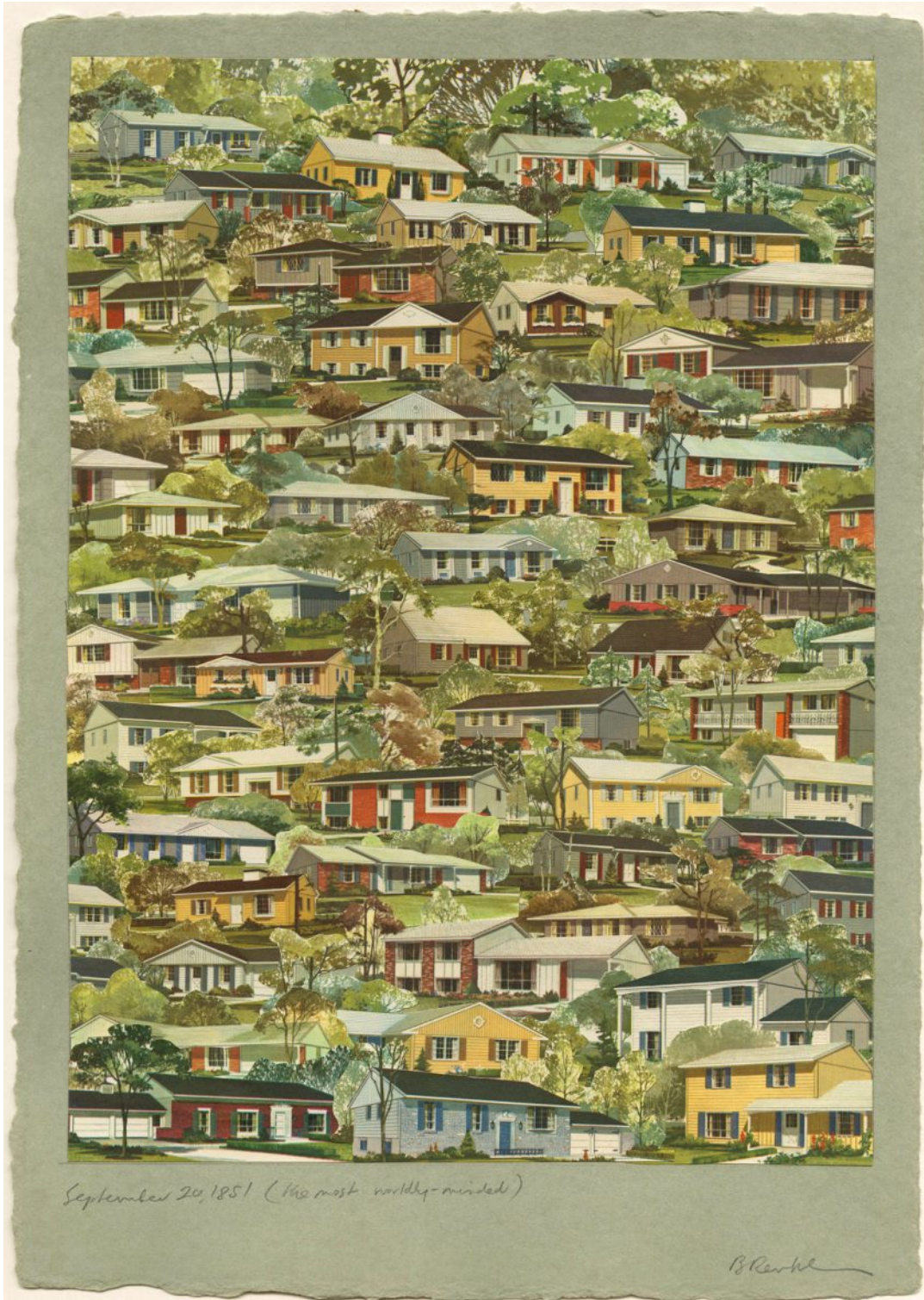
September 20, Saturday: 3 Pm. to Cliffs via Bear Hill. As I go through the fields endeavoring to recover my tone & sanity – & to perceive things truly & simply again, after having been perambulating the bounds of the town all the week, and dealing with the most common place and worldly minded men, and emphatically trivial things I feel as if I had committed suicide in a sense. I am again forcibly struck with the truth of the fable of Apollo serving king Admetus – its universal applicability. A fatal coarseness is the result of mixing in the trivial affairs of men. Though I have been associating even with the select men of this and the surrounding towns, I feel inexpressibly begrimed, my pegasus has lost his wings, he has turned a reptile and gone on his belly. Such things are compatible only with a cheap and superficial life

The poet must keep himself unstained and aloof. Let him perambulate the bounds of Imagination’s provinces the realms of faery, and not the insignificant boundaries of towns. The excursions of the imagination are so boundless—the limits of towns are so petty.

I scare up the great bittern in meadow by the Heywood Brook near the ivy. – he rises buoyantly as he flies against the wind & sweep south over the willow with outstretched neck surveying.

The ivy here is reddened. The dogwood or Poison sumack by Hubbard’s meadow is also turned redish. Here are late buttercups & dwarf tree primroses still. Methinks there are not many Golden rods this year. The river is remarkably low. There is a rod wide of bare shore—beneath the Cliff Hill. Last week was the warmest perhaps in the year. On Monday of the present week – water was frozen in a pail under the pump. Yet today I hear the locust sing as in August. This week we have had most glorious autumnal weather – cool & cloudless bright days – filled with the fragrance of ripe grapes – preceded by frosty mornings All tender herbs are flat in gardens & meadows– The cranberries too are touched.

To day it is warmer – & hazier – & there is no doubt some smoke in the air, from the burning of the turf & moss in low lands where the smoke seen at sunset looks like a rising fog. I fear that the autumnal tints will not be brilliant this season the frosts have commenced so early.– Butter & eggs



September 20, 1851 (the most worldly-minded)

on Fair Haven. The Cleared Plateau beneath the Cliff now covered with sprouts shows red, green & yellow – tints like a rich rug. I see ducks or teal flying silent swift & straight the wild creatures. White pines on Fair Haven hill begin to look particolored with the falling leaves – but not at a distance



September 21, Sunday, 1851: In Hungary, [Count Gyula Andrásy de Csíkszentkirály et Krasznahorka](#), who had fled, had been sentenced *in absentia* to death by hanging. It was on this day that the Austrian government staged this mock [hanging](#) — a bit of theater that must have been entertaining or whatever, at the very least to the nonparticipants).

Very clearly, [Henry Thoreau](#) has been reading in [Elijah Hinsdale Burritt](#)'s THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE HEAVENS, AND CLASS-BOOK OF [ASTRONOMY](#): ACCOMPANIED BY A CELESTIAL ATLAS BY ELIJAH H. BURRITT, A.M. / WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY THOMAS DICK, LL.D., AUTHOR OF THE "CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER," &C (New York: Published by Huntington and Savage, 216 Pearl Street. Cincinnati: —H.W. Derby & Co., 1850)¹⁵⁷

GEOGRAPHY OF HEAVENS



Sept. 21. Sunday. It is remarkably dry weather.

The neighbors' wells are failing. The watering-places for cattle in pastures, though they have been freshly scooped out, are dry. People have to go far for water to drink, and then drink it warm. The river is so low that rocks which are rarely seen show their black heads in mid-channel. I saw one which a year or two ago upset a boat and drowned a girl. You see the nests of the [bream](#) on the dry shore. I perceive that many of the leaves of shrub oaks and other bushes have been killed by the severe frosts of last week, before they have got ripe and acquired the tints of autumn, and they now look as [if] a fire had run through them, dry and crispy and brown. So far from the frost painting them, it has withered them. I notice new cabins of the muskrats in solitary swamps. The chestnut trees have suffered severely from the drought; already their leaves look withered.

Moonlight is peculiarly favorable to reflection. It is a cold and dewy light in which the vapors of the day are condensed, and though the air is obscured by darkness, it is more clear. Lunacy must be a cold excitement, not such insanity as a torrid sun on the brain would produce. In Rees's Cyclopaedia it is said, "The light of the moon, condensed by the best mirrors, produces no sensible heat upon the thermometer."

I see some cows on the new Wheeler's Meadow, which a man is trying to drive to certain green parts of the meadow next to the river to feed, the hill being dried up, but they seem disinclined and not to like the coarse grass there, though it is green. And now one cow is steering for the edge of the hill, where is some greenness.

I suppose that herds are attracted by a distant greenness, though it may be a mile or more off. I doubt if a man can drive his cows to that part of their pasture where is the best feed for them, so soon as they will find it for themselves. The man tries in vain to drive them to the best part of the meadow. As soon as he is gone, they seek their own parts.

The light of the moon, sufficient though it is for the pensive walker, and not disproportionate to the inner light we have, is very inferior in quantity and intensity to that of the sun. The Cyclopaedia says that Dr. Hooke has calculated that "it would require 104,368 full moons to give a light and heat equal to that of the sun at noon," and Dr. Smith says, "The light of the full moon is but equal to a 90,900th part of the common light of the day, when the sun is hidden by a cloud."

But the moon is not to be judged alone by the quantity of light she sends us, but also by her influence on the earth. No thinker can afford to overlook the influence of the moon any more than the astronomer can. "The moon gravitates towards the earth, and the earth reciprocally towards the moon." This statement of the astronomer would be bald and meaningless, if it were not in fact a symbolical expression of the value of all lunar influence on man. Even the astronomer admits that

157. To get an idea of how very fast scientific understanding was expanding during that period, it might be a good idea for you to compare and contrast this edition of 1850 (the one that Thoreau was using here), with the succeeding edition, the revision of 1856 (a revision which presumably Thoreau never did see) entitled THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE HEAVENS, AND CLASS-BOOK OF [ASTRONOMY](#): ACCOMPANIED BY A CELESTIAL ATLAS BY [ELIJAH H. BURRITT, A.M.](#) / GREATLY ENLARGED, REVISED AND ILLUSTRATED BY H. [HIRAM] MATTISON, A.M. NEW AND REVISED EDITION (New York: Published by Sheldon and Company).

GEOGRAPHY OF HEAVENS

“the notion of the moon’s influence on terrestrial things was confirmed by her manifest effect upon the ocean,” but is not the poet who walks by night conscious of a tide in his thought which is to be referred to lunar influence, in which the ocean within him overflows its shores and bathes the dry land? Has he not his spring-tides and his neap-tides, the former sometimes combining with the winds of heaven to produce those memorable high tides of the calendar which leave their marks for ages, when all Broad Street is submerged, and incalculable damage is done to the ordinary shipping of the mind Burrirt in his “Geography of the Heavens” says, “The quantity of light which we derive from the Moon when full, is at least three hundred thousand times less than that of the Sun.” This is M. Bouguer’s inference as stated by Laplace. Professor Leslie makes it one hundred and fifty thousand times less, older astronomers less still.

Rees says: “It is remarkable, that the moon during the week in which she is full in harvest, rises sooner after sun-setting than she does in any other full moon week in the year. By doing so she affords an immediate supply of light after sunset, which is very beneficial to the farmers for reaping and gathering in the fruits of the earth; and therefore they distinguish this full moon from all the others in the year, by calling it the harvest moon.” Howitt places the Harvest Moon in August.

The retirement in which Green has lived for nearly eighty years in Carlisle is a retirement very different from and much greater than that in which the pioneer dwells at the West; for the latter dwells within sound of the surf of those billows of migration which are breaking on the shores around him, or near him, of the West, but those billows have long since swept over the spot which Green inhabits, and left him in the calm sea. There is somewhat exceedingly pathetic to think of in such a life as lie must have lived, — with no more to redeem it, — such a life as an average Carlisle man may be supposed to live drawn out to eighty years. And he has died, perchance, and there is nothing but the marks of his cider-mill left. Here was the cider-mill, and there the orchard, and there the hog-pasture; and so men lived, and ate, and drank, and passed away, — like vermin.

Their long life was mere duration. As respectable is the life of the woodchucks, which perpetuate their race in the orchard still. That is the life of these *selectmen* (!) spun out. They will be forgotten in a few years, even by such as themselves, like vermin. They will be known only like Kibbe, who is said to have been a large man who weighed two hundred and fifty, who had five or six heavy daughters who rode to Concord meetinghouse on horseback, taking turns, — they were so heavy that only one could ride at once. What, then, would redeem such a life? We only know that they ate, and drank, and built barns, and died and were buried, and still, perchance, their tombstones cumber the ground. But if I could know that there was ever entertained over their cellar-hole sonic divine thought, which came as a messenger of the grids, that he who resided here acted once in his life from a noble impulse, rising superior to his grovelling wed penurious life, if only a single verse of poetry or of poetic prose had ever been written or spoken or conceived here beyond a doubt, I should not, think it in vain that man had lived here. It would to some extent be true then that God lead lived here. That all his life he lived only as a farmer — as the most valuable stock only on a farm — and in no moments as a man!¹⁵⁸



September 22, Monday, 1851: [Mary Martha Sherwood](#) died.

158. Thoreau would later present this in his early lecture "WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT" as:

BRAD DEAN'S COMMENTARY

[Paragraph 18] I visited such a one¹ the other day, in the outskirts of a town not a dozen miles off—far out of the world, and yet not in heaven. The retirement in which he has lived for nearly eighty years, is very different from that in which the pioneer dwells at the west—for the latter is within sound of the surf of that immigration² whose billows are breaking on the shores around him, but those billows have long since swept over the spot which this man inhabits, and left him in the calm sea. What more could a philosopher desire?

1. Thoreau identified him as Isaiah Green of Carlisle.
 2. The ms copy-text has "imigration".

[Paragraph 19] Yet there is something exceedingly pathetic to think of in such a life as he must have lived there—with no more to redeem it—for he has not character enough to live retired. He showed me where others still older than he, and men of note in their day, had dwelt. Here was the cider mill, and there the orchard, and there the hog-pasture—and so they lived, and ate, and drank [LUKE 17:28], and passed away like vermin. Their long life was mere duration. As respectable is the life of the woodchucks which perpetuate their race in the old orchard still. Such was the life of these perhaps select men. They will be forgotten in a few years, even by such as themselves. They will be known only like Kibbe, the mark of whose cider mill was shown me—who is said to have been a large man weighing 250 pounds, and to have had five or six heavy daughters¹ who rode to Concord Meetinghouse on horseback, riding and tying, for they were so heavy (I mean no reproach to them on that account) that only one could ride at a time. What then would redeem such a life? We only know that they ate and drank and built barns, and died and were buried [LUKE 17:28]—that all their days they lived only as the most valuable stock on a farm, and in no year as men—and still perchance their tombstones cumber the ground. [LUKE 13.7]

1. CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS, BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, 1635-1850 (Boston: Beacon Press, 1898?) records births of 2 daughters to James and Anna Kibbe—Mary in 1668 and Ana in 1670.

[Paragraph 20] But if we could know that there was ever entertained over this cellar hole some wandering thought, though only for a moment—that he who resided here acted once in his life from a noble impulse—as probably he did—if only that a single line of poetry or of poetic prose had ever been conceived or spoken here, beyond a doubt—we should not think it in vain that this cellar was dug, or that man had lived here. We should want no other evidence that heaven had smiled on this spot.

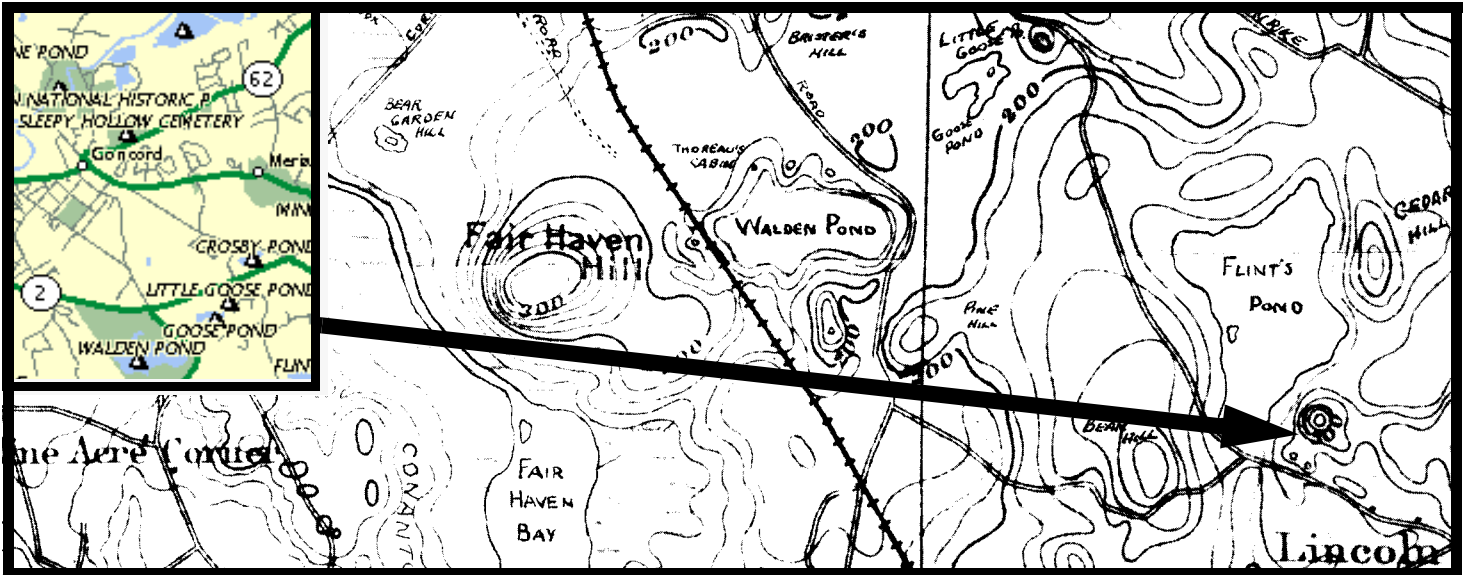


1851



1851

September 22. Monday. To the Three Friends' Hill over Bear Hill. Yesterday & today the



stronger winds of Autumn have begun to blow & the telegraph harp has sounded loudly. I heard it especially in the deep cut this afternoon. The tone varying with the tension of different parts of the wire. The sound proceeds from near the posts where the vibration is apparently more rapid. I put my ear to one of the posts, and it seemed to me as if every pore of the wood was filled with music, labored with the strain—as if every fibre was affected and being rearranged according to a new & more harmonious law—every swell and change or inflexion of tone pervaded & seemed to proceed from the wood the divine tree or wood—as if its very substance was transmuted—

What a recipe for preserving wood perchance—to keep it from rotting—to fill its pores with music!! How this wild tree from the forest stripped of its bark and set up here rejoices to transmit this music When no music proceeds from the wire—on applying my ear I hear the hum within the entrails of the wood—the oracular tree acquiring accumulating the prophetic fury.

The resounding wood! how much the ancients would have made of it!! To have a harp on so great a scale—girdling the very earth—& played on by the winds of every latitude & longitude—and that harp were as it were the manifest blessing of heaven on a work of man's— Shall we not add a 10th muse to the immortal nine? & that the invention thus divinely honored & distinguished—on which the muse has condescended to smile—is this magic medium of communication for mankind.

To read that the Ancients stretched a wire round the earth—attaching it to the trees of the forest—by which they sent messages by one named (Electricity father of Lightning—& Magnetism) swifter far than Mercury—the stern commands of war & news of peace—and that the winds caused this wire to vibrate so that it emitted a Harp like & Aeolian Music in all the lands through which it passed—as if to express the satisfaction of the Gods in this invention. Yet this is fact & we have yet attributed the invention to no God.

I am astonished to see how brown & sere the Groundsel or “fire weed” on hill side by Heywoods meadow—which has been touched by frost—already is—as if it had died long months ago or a fire had run through it. It is a very tender plant. Standing on Bear Hill in Lincoln— The black birches (I think they are) now yellow on the south side of Flint's Pond on the hill side, look like flames. The chestnut trees are brownish yellow—as well as green. It is a beautifully clear and bracing air with just enough coolness full of the memory of frosty mornings—through which all things are distinctly seen & the fields look as smooth as velvet— The fragrance of grapes is on the breeze & the red drooping barberries sparkle amid the leaves. From the Hill on the S side of the Pond—the forests have a singularly rounded & bowery look clothing the hills quite down to the water's edge & leaving no shore; the Ponds are like drops of dew amid and partly covering the leaves. So the great globe is luxuriously crowded without margin.

The Utricularia cornuta or horned Utricularia on the sandy Pond-shore not affected by the frost.

TELEGRAPHY

AEOLIAN HARP



1851

1851



September 23, Tuesday, [1851](#): [Jefferson Davis](#) resigned as one of Mississippi's federal senators.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk offered his 1st concert after crossing from France into Spain, at San Sebastian.

The New-York [Evening Herald](#) reported that at the meeting of the American Art-Union in New-York, [Emanuel Gottlieb Leutze](#) had been highly honored as an artist of American origin. There had been a toast offered by Joseph Sill on behalf of the Art-Union of Philadelphia:

We think he belongs peculiarly to Philadelphia. It was there he first displayed his ability – he first developed his genius there. It gives me great pleasure to learn the high object for which he has now returned. He desires to establish a school of Art here which shall do honor to the country. This is an object in which we all have an equal interest. It is a national object, one which will tend to raise the Arts in this country to an equal standing with schools abroad. I hope that the design of Leutze will be highly successful and that he may be able to carry his noble purpose into complete fulfillment.

At Niblo's Saloon in [San Francisco](#) the troubadour [Stephen C. "Jeems Pipes of Pipesville" Massett](#) provided a solo performance encompassing not only song but also mimicry of other performers, stand-up routines, and a recitation of Tennyson's "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Newspapers were recording the demise of famous author [James Fenimore Cooper](#):

DEATH OF JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER.

The decease of this distinguished man, who for over a quarter of a century has held such an eminent position in American literature, took place at one o'clock on Sunday afternoon, the 14th instant, at his residence in Cooperstown. For several months past his health had been in a condition which awakened the anxiety of his friends, although with a vigorous constitution and temperate habits they could not but anticipate his attainment of a ripe old age. He left the city about the first of June for his country residence; his strength was greatly impaired; he hoped much from a change of air and scene; but, as it has proved, he returned home only to breathe his last in the bosom of his family. His death will call forth an emotion of sadness throughout the whole extent of our country, for there are few who do not deem themselves his debtors for many hours of the purest intellectual gratification, while the most remarkable features of American scenery have been invested with a new charm by the magic touches of his pen. Nor in his native land alone will the announcement of his decease strike a tender chord in the memory, and recall the delight with which the imagination has revelled in his fresh and glowing pictures of nature and passion. His fame is not only co-extensive with the English language, but his works have become permanently incorporated with the best literature of every civilized country. Without ceasing to be American, he was eminently cosmopolitan, gaining a congenial home for the productions of his genius in every order of society, and holding his wizard spell over the backwoodsman, who read the adventures of Leather-Stocking by the light of a pine knot in the log cabin, as well as over the votaries of science and of fashion in the brilliant saloons of Paris and Vienna.

Mr. Cooper was born at Burlington, New Jersey, on the 15th of September, 1789, and had he lived one day longer, he would have been sixty-two years of age. His father, the late Judge Cooper, was a large landholder in Otsego county, in this State, residing alternately at Burlington and Cooperstown, and giving his name to the latter township, which has



September 23. Tuesday. Notwithstanding the fog – the fences this morning are covered with so thick a frost that you can write your name anywhere with your nail.

The partridge [[Ruffed Grouse](#) [Bonasa umbellus](#) (Partridge)] & the rabbit, they still are sure to thrive, like true natives of the soil whatever revolutions occur. If the forest is cut off many bushes spring up which afford them concealment, and they become more numerous than ever.


The sumacs are among the reddest leaves at present. The telegraph-harp sounds strongly today in the midst of the rain. I put my ear to the trees and I hear it working terribly within & anon it swells into a clear tone, which seems to concentrate in the core of the tree – for all the sound seems to proceed from the wood. It is as if you had entered some world famous cathedral resounding to some vast organ– The fibres of all things have their tension and are strained like the strings of a lyre. I feel the very ground tremble under my feet as I stand near the post

This wire vibrates with great power as if it would strain & rend the wood. What an awful and fate-



1851

1851

ful music it must be to the worms in the wood – no better vermifuge were needed. No danger that worms will attack this wood – such vibrating music would thrill them to death. I scare up large flocks of sparrows  in the garden–



September 24, Wednesday, 1851: The Daily Alta California of San Francisco indicated that:

CUBA. – A meeting is to be held at the California Exchange, this evening, for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the Cubans, and probably with the intention of forming a corps to proceed to that beautiful island.

POLITE INVITATIONS. – The City Tax Collector, Comptroller, and other city officers, were a little surprised yesterday at receiving polite notes from their newly elected rivals, informing them of the fact that they had been duly elected and qualified, and wished simply to know when the ins would be ready to turn over the cash, books, and all the honors and emoluments of office, to the outs. The ins, however, as yet, have not felt disposed to comply with the polite request, and will still continue to exercise the functions of their various offices.

CORONER'S INQUEST. – It will be recollected that there has been for several days past an advertisement published, asking information of a little boy, named Robert Willett, who disappeared from his home on Thursday last. Yesterday morning, a gentlemen who is erecting a stable on a portion of the old City Hall lot, at the corner of Kearny and Pacific streets, proceeded to drain a privy sink on the lot, and when it had been lowered about two feet, a hand appeared above the surface. It was pulled up, and a boy answering the description in dress of the boy advertised drawn out of the sink. Justice Shephard was immediately sent for and an inquest held. The appearance of the body had so changed that he could not be recognized by it by those who knew him, and the chemical action of the contents of the sink had changed the color of the hair from dark to nearly white. A portion of the pantaloons and blouse of the deceased were cut off and sent to his distracted mother, who immediately identified them as being a part of her son's clothing. The evidence of some boys who were with the deceased on the evening of his disappearance was taken, by which it appeared that they had started out together to buy some cakes or candies, and on their return, the deceased had left the other boys, saying that was not the way they came, and that they never saw him afterwards alive. The poor mother is said to be nearly distracted. The verdict of the jury was that the deceased came to his death by accidentally falling into the sink where he was found. The probability is that he became bewildered in trying to find his way home, and after dark, in crossing this lot, had fallen in. It is a very reprehensible and too common practice in this city, that of leaving these places exposed and open. Almost every lot which has been burned over, and has either a well or a privy sink on it, thus becomes a perfect pitfall and trap. There should be an ordinance immediately passed providing that all such places, whether used or otherwise, should be kept covered.

AN INCIDENT. – It is generally known that the ship *Tagus* recently



stranded near this port, had on board a very large and valuable likeness of Washington. When the hands who were employed by the parties engaged as salvors of the cargo, came to the large case that contained the picture, one asked, "What can this be?" The reply was "Washington's likeness!" Immediately all hands were called. Said they: "Boys, we must save this, if nothing else is saved." Not much sooner said than done; it was safely put on board one of the wrecking vessels, and soon placed in store. When the appraisers who were valuing the goods for salvage, came to it, they hesitated, and with one accord said that, although they could value merchandise, that to value even the shade of Washington was beyond their abilities. It passed, being beyond valuing in dollars. When the gentlemen who were arbitrating on the amount due the salvors, on the goods of the lading of the *Tagus*, were proceeding, the salvors, who are ship-masters, with more than sailor generosity, remarked to the arbitrators, "Gentlemen, we cannot take anything for Washington." This being so entirely in accordance with their own feelings, it passed, having the hearty approval of the gentlemen of the Bar who were employed in conducting the case, and with more than an approval of the consignees of the ship, and parties representing the interest of insurers. How fully do such incidents as this prove with what devotion Americans honor the memory of the Father of his Country.

ACCIDENT. — The workmen have been for some days employed in putting up a brick building adjoining the California Guards room, at the corner of Dupont and Jackson streets. In order to build up the wall, it was necessary to remove the platform at the head of the stairs, and a board was placed there for the purpose of passing in and out. An Italian went in yesterday afternoon to see a man who was at work there, and in coming out entirely forgot the removal of the platform, and walked directly out of the door, being precipitated some eighteen or twenty feet into a cistern below the door. When he was picked up, he was senseless, and although no bones were broken was considerably bruised. His name was Diminico Geradilli, one of the proprietors of the Cairo Coffee House in Commercial street.

PRESERVED FLEAS. — The new plan of killing fleas by placing a saucer of olive oil near the bed, with a lighted taper in it, to show the fleas exactly which way to jump, promises to become very popular. How nice it will be to sleep quietly all night, undisturbed by these tormentors, and to awake in the morning and find a whole saucer-full, nicely preserved, like a box of sardines in olive oil. This will certainly kill them as slick as grease, but it is said that the fleas have determined not to be humbugged into this embalming process, and will for the future eschew every thing in the shape of olive oil. A little good brandy or alcohol might answer the purpose just as well.

ADELPHI THEATRE. — Mr. J. Seymour made his first appearance in this city last evening, in two Irish characters, Teddy O'Rourke and Paddy Miles, in which he made a decided hit. He will appear again this evening in two characters. The laughable comedy of the "Swiss Family," which had such a run in New York, is in rehearsal and will shortly be produced.

CLIPPER SHIPS. — It appears by the following communication, that in our remarks yesterday on the subject of "clipper ships," we



were inadvertently led into error. We certainly can do no less than give the public the benefit of "Yankee's" corrections. In relation to the *Buena Vista*, we must be permitted to say that we did not understand her to be a "clipper" until we were misled by seeing her so reported in the columns of our evening contemporary.

Editors of the Alta California —

GENTS: Allow us to correct an error in your editorial remarks preceding the description of the ship "Southern Cross." in this morning's *Alta*.

So far from these ships, *Southern Cross* and *Buena Vista* being the first of their class from "the City of Notions," we can instance the ships *John Bertram*, *Shooting Star*, *Witch of the Wave* and *Southern Cross*, from Boston direct, and *Staghound* from Boston, via New York.

Of the ships that you are pleased to term New York clippers, the fattest of them were built in Boston, as follows: *Flying Cloud*, (now in port,) *Surprise*, and *Witchcraft*, from New York; *Game Cock* and *Telegraph*, now on the way.

Many of our "City of Notion" ships have stopped on the way at a village called "New York" to take along what little "truck" the people there wished to send out to California quickly, and in that way you have no doubt been led into the error of calling them "New York clippers." The ship *Buena Vista*, mentioned by you in connection with the *Southern Cross*, was never designed or claimed by her owners to be a clipper ship, but as a first class freighting ship.

Yours respectfully,

YANKEE.

"SICH A GITTIN' UP STAIRS!" — Thackeray, in the following sketch, so well describes the "fashionable" thumping of a piano, which in these times is rated among the accomplishments of boarding school misses, that we cannot help concurring in the appropriateness of the term "stunner" which he applies to the character so quaintly introduced. "When Music, Heavenly maid, was young," she had never heard the piano played in this modern "stunning" style. It is very effective, and very effectively described in the appended notice of the execution of that popular air, "Sich a gittin' up stairs!"

"She first, with great deliberation, played the original and beautiful melody, cutting it, as it were, out of the instrument, and firing off each note so loud that it must have been heard in the stable. When she had banged out the tune slowly, she began a different manner of 'gettin' up stairs,' and did so with a fury and swiftness quite incredible. She spun up stairs; she whirled up stairs; she galloped up stairs; she rattled up stairs; and then, having got the tune to the top of the landing, as it were, she hurled it down again, shrieking, to the bottom floor, where it shrunk into a crash, as if exhausted with the breathless rapidity of the descent. Then Miss W. played the 'gettin' up stairs,' with a most ravishing solemnity; plaintive moans and sobs issued from the keys — you wept and trembled as you were 'gettin' up stairs,' and Miss W's. hands seemed to faint, and wail, and die in variations. Again, and she went up with a savage clang, and clash, and rush of trumpets, as if Miss W. was storming a breach," &c.


THE AMERICAN MERCHANT. — The American merchant is a type of a restless, adventurous, onward-going race and people. He sends

his merchandise all over the earth; stocks every market; makes wants that he may supply them; covers the New Zealander with Southern cotton woven in Northern looms; building blocks of stone, in the Sandwich Islands; swaps with the Fejee cannibal, sends the whale ship among the icebergs of the poles or to wander in solitary seas till the log-book tells the tedious sameness of years, and boys become men; gives the ire of a northern winter to the torrid zone, piles up Fresh Pond on the banks of the Hoogly, gladdens the sunny savannas of the dreamy South, and makes life tolerable in the bungalow of an India jungle. The lakes of New England awake to life by the rivers of the sultry East, and the antipodes of the earth come in contact at this "meeting the waters." The white canvas of the American ship glances in every nook of every ocean. Scarcely has the slightest information come of some obscure, unknown corner of a remote sea, when the captain in conceiting his charts in full career for the "terra incognita." - [Hunt's Merchants' Mag.]



September 24, Wednesday: Returning over the Causeway from Flint's Pond the other evening 22nd just at sunset I observed that while the west was of a bright golden color under a bank of clouds—the sun just setting—and not a tinge of red was yet visible there, there was a distinct purple tinge in the nearer atmosphere, so that Anurnsnack Hill seen through it had an exceedingly rich empurpled look. It is rare that we perceive this purple tint in the air telling of the juice of the wild grape & poke-berries. The empurpled hills—methinks I have only noticed this in cooler weather. Last night was exceedingly dark. I could not see the side walk in the street—but only felt it with my feet. I was obliged to whistle to warn travellers of my nearness & then I would suddenly find myself abreast of them without having seen anything or heard their footsteps. It was cloudy and rainy weather combined with the absence of the moon.¹⁵⁹ So dark a night that if a farmer who had come in a shopping had spent but an hour after sunset in some shop he might find himself a prisoner in the village for the night. Thick darkness.

TELEGRAPHY

8 A M to Lees Bridge via Conantum It is a cool and windy morning—and I have donned a thick coat for a walk. The wind is from the North so that the telegraph harp does not sound where I cross. This windy autumnal weather is very exciting & bracing clear & cold after the rain of yesterday—it having cleared off in the night. I see a small hawk – a pigeon? hawk [Merlin  *Falco columbarius* (Pigeon Hawk)] over the Depot field which can hardly fly against the wind. At Hubbards Grove the wind roars loudly in the woods— Grapes are ripe & already shrivelled by frost—barberries also— It is Cattle-show day at Lowell.

Yesterday's wind and rain has strewn the ground with leaves, especially under the apple trees. Rain coming after frost seems to loosen the hold of the leaves making them rot off.

Saw a woodchuck disappearing in his hole. The river washes up stream before the wind, with white streaks of foam on its dark surface—diagonally to its course—showing the direction of the wind. Its surface reflecting the sun is dazzlingly bright. The outlines of the hills are remarkably distinct and firm & their surfaces bare & hard not clothed with a thick air. I notice one red tree—a red maple, against the green woodside in Conants meadow— It is a far brighter red than the blossoms of any tree in summer—and more conspicuous. The huckleberry bushes on Conantum are all turned red.

What can be handsomer for a picture than our river scenery now! Take this view from the first Conantum Cliff. First this smoothly shorne meadow on the west side of the stream, with all the swathes distinct— Sprinkled with apple trees casting heavy shadows—black as ink, such as can be seen only in this clear air.— this strong light—one cow wandering restlessly about in it and lowing.— Then the blue river—scarcely darker than and not to be distinguished from the sky—its waves driven southward or up stream by the wind—making it appear to flow that way bordered by willows & button bushes.— Then the narrow meadow beyond with varied lights & shades from its waving grass which for some reason has not been cut this year.— though so dry—now at length each grass blade bending south before the wintry blast, as if bending for aid in that direction.— Then the hill rising 60 feet to a terrace like plain—covered with shruboaks—maples &c now variously tinted. clad all in

159. The moon was a mere sliver, the dark of the moon being on September 25th and 26th in 1851.



a livery of gay colors—every bush a feather in its cap. And further in the rear the wood crowned Cliff some 200 feet high, where grey rocks here & there project from amidst the bushes.— with its orchard on the slope. And to the right of the cliff the distant Lincoln hills in the horizon. The landscape so handsomely colored—the air so clear & wholesome—& the surface of the earth is so pleasingly varied—that it seems rarely fitted for the abode of man.

In Cohush swamp the sumac leaves have turned a very deep red, but have not lost their fragrance. I notice wild apples growing luxuriantly in the midst of the swamp—rising red over the colored painted leaves of the sumac—& reminding me that they were ripened & colored by the same influences—some green, some yellow, some red, like the leaves.

Fell in with a man whose breath smelled of spirit which he had drunk.— How could I but feel that it was his own spirit that I smelt. Behind Miles' Darius Miles' that was—I asked an Irishman how many potatoes he could dig in a day—wishing to know how well they yielded— “Well, I dont keep any account”, he answered, “I scratch away, and let the day's work praise itself.” Aye—there's the difference between the Irishman and the Yankee—the Yankee keeps an account. The simple honesty of the Irish pleases me. A sparrow-hawk—hardly so big as a night-hawk flew over high above my head—a pretty little graceful fellow too small & delicate to be rapacious.

Found a grove of young sugar maples *Acer saccharinum*—behind what was Mile's— How silently & yet startlingly the existence of these sugarmaples was revealed to me— which I had not thought grew in my immediate neighborhood—when first I perceived the entire edges of its leaves & their obtuse sinuses.

Such near hills as Nobscut & Nashoba have lost all their azure in this clear air and plainly belong to earth. Give me clearness nevertheless though my heavens be moved further off to pay for it.

I perceive from the hill behind Lees that much of the river meadow is not cut—though they have been very dry. The sun-sparkle on the river is dazzlingly bright in this atmosphere as it has not been perchance for many a month. It is so cold I am glad to sit behind the wall. Still the great bidens blooms by the causeway side beyond the bridge.

At Clematis Brook I perceive that the pods or follicles of the *Asclepias Syriaca* point upward—(did they before all point down?) They are already bursting. I release some seeds with the long fine silk attached—the fine threads fly apart open with a spring as soon as released—& then ray themselves out into a hemispherical form, each thread freeing itself from its neighbor & all reflecting prismatic tints. The seeds besides are winged, I let one go and it rises slowly & uncertainly at first now driven this way then that, by airs which I can not perceive—& I fear it will make shipwreck against the neighboring wood—but no, as it approaches it—it surely rises above it & then feeling the strong north wind it is borne off rapidly in the opposite direction—ever rising higher & higher—& tossing & heaved about with every commotion—till at a hundred feet in the air & 50 rods off steering south I loose sight of it How many myriads go sailing away at this season over hill & meadow & river—to plant their race in new localities—on various tacks until the wind lulls—who can tell how many miles. And for this end these silken streamers have been perfecting all summer, snugly packed in this light chest—a perfect adaptation to this end—a prophecy of the fall & of future springs. Who could believe in prophecies of Daniel or of Miller that the world would end this summer while one Milkweed with faith matured its seeds!

The wings of the seed too plainly keep it steady and prevent its whirling round.—

On Mt Misery some very rich yellow leaves clear yellow of the *Populus grandidentata* which still love to wag and tremble in my hands.— Also canoe-birches there.

The river & pond from the side of the sun looks comparatively dark. As I look over the country westward & north westward the prospect looks already bleak & wintry. The surface of the earth between the forests is no longer green but russet & hoary. You see distinctly 8 or 10 miles the russet earth—& even houses—and then its outline is distinctly traced against the further blue Mts—30 or 5 miles distant.— You see distinctly perhaps to the height of land between the Nashua & Concord—and then the convexity of the earth conceals the further hills though high—& your vision leaps a broad valley at once to the Mts. Get home at noon

At sundown the wind has all gone down

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September 25, Thursday, 1851: A severe gale occurred off the coast of Norfolk, England, and did much damage to shipping at Yarmouth.

In [China](#), the Taiping army attacked out of its defensive positions and laid siege to the city of Yung-an in Guangxi province. Once his troops had invested his 1st real city, the [Chinese](#) younger brother of Jesus Christ, [Hung Hsiu Ch'üan](#) 洪秀全, would be able to declare his new 太平天國 [Chinese Christian](#) dynasty for the Celestial Kingdom.¹⁶⁰

Shades of the Little Red Book of the Red Guards of the 20th Century: every new recruit in this outfit was being checked 3 weeks after their acceptance into the group, for his or her ability to recite the Ten Commandments — and the penalty for hesitation or error was specified as death.



[Henry Thoreau](#) had a dream in which it seemed to him that it would be much saner to be excited by the smell of new bread than to be excited, as some men are, by the smell of burning gunpowder:

160. Western histories, inexplicably, as if they were struggling to obstruct communication rather than facilitate it, rather than referring to this group as Christians, tend instead to adopt untranslated their term for Jesus's "Kingdom of God," their ideal condition of being, *Tai-p'ing T'ien-kuo* or "Central Kingdom of Great Peace," designating these folks merely as "the [Taipings](#)."



September 25, Thursday: I was struck by the fitness of the expression chosen by the Irishman yesterday – “I let the day’s work praise itself” It was more pertinent than a scholar could have selected. But the Irishman does not trouble himself to inquire if the day’s work has not reason to blame itself.

Some men are excited by the smell of burning powder — but I thought in my dream last night how much saner to be excited by the smell of new bread.

I did not see but the seeds of the milkweed would be borne many hundred miles – and those which were ripened in New England might plant themselves in Pennsylvania. Packed in a little oblong chest – armed with soft downy prickles & lined with a smooth silky lining – lie some hundreds of pear shaped seeds or shaped like the weight of steel-yards – the plumb? closely packed and filling the follicle one or 2 hundred seeds – which have derived their nutriment through a band of extremely fine silken threads attached by their extremities to the core. At length when the seeds are matured & cease to require nourishment from the plant – being weaned & the pod with dryness & frost bursting – the extremities of the silken threads detach them selves from the core & from being the conduits of nutriment to the seed become the bouyant balloon which like some spiders’ webs bears the seeds to new & distant fields They merely serve to buoy up the full fed seed. – far finer than the finest thread. Think of the great variety of balloons which are buoyed up by similar means. I am interested in the fate or success of every such venture which the autumn sends forth.

I am astonished to find how much travellers both in the east and west permit themselves to be imposed on by a name – That the traveller in the east for instance presumes so great a difference between one Asiatic and another because one bears the title of a christian & the other not – At length he comes to a sect of christians Armenians or Nestorians – & predicates of them a far greater civilization – civility & humanity than of their neighbors – I suspect not with much truth – At that distance & so impartially viewed I see but little difference between a Christian & a Mahometan – & so I perceive that European & American Christians so called are precisely like these heathenish Armenian & Nestorian Christians not christians of course in any true sense but one other heathenish sect in the west the difference between whose religion and that of the Mahometans is very slight & unimportant; Just such not Christians – but as it were heathenish Nestorian Christians are we Americans.

As if a Christian’s dog were something better than a Mahometan’s. – I perceive no triumphant superiority in the so called Christian over the so-called Mahometan. That nation is not Christian where the principles of humanity do not prevail, but the prejudices of race. I expect the Christian not to be superstitious – but to be distinguished by the clearness of his knowledge – the strength of his faith, the breadth of his humanity. A man of another race, an African for instance, comes to America to travel through it, & he meets with treatment exactly similar to that which the American meets with among the Turks – & Arabs – & Tartars – The traveller in both cases finds the religion to be a mere superstition & frenzy – or rabidness.

The season of flowers may be considered as past now that the frosts have come
Fires have become comfortable. The evenings are pretty long.

September 25th, 2 Pm to bathe in Hubbards Meadow thence to Cliffs –

It is beautiful weather – the air wonderfully clear & all objects bright & distinct. The air is of crystal purity. Both air & water are so transparent that the fisherman tries in vain to deceive the fish with his baits. Even our commonly muddy river looks clear today.. I find the water suddenly cold, and that the bathing days are over

I see numerous butterflies still yellow – & small red – though not in flocks. Examined the Hornets’ nest near Hubbard’s Grove – suspended from contiguous huckleberry bushes. The tops of the bushes appearing to grow out of it, little leafy sprigs, had a pleasing effect. an inverted cone 8 or 9 inches by 7 or 8 I found no hornets now buzzing about it. Its entrance appeared to have been enlarged – so I concluded it had been deserted – but looking nearer I discovered 2 or 3 dead hornets – men of war – in the entry way. Cutting off the bushes which sustained it I proceeded to open it with my knife. First there were half a dozen layers of waded brownish paper resting loosely on one another – occupying nearly an inch in thickness – for a covering. Within were the six-sided cells in 3 stories suspended from the roof & from one another by one or two suspension rods only – the lower story much smaller than the rest. And in what may be called the attic garret of the structure were two live hornets apparently partially benumbed with cold, which in the sun seemed rapidly recovering themselves, their faculties Most of the cells were empty, but in some were young hornets still their heads projecting – apparently still-born. – perhaps overtaken unexpectedly by cold weather. These



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insects appear to be very sensible to cold. The inner circles of cells were made of whitish – the outer of brown or greyish paper. It was like a deserted castle of the Mohawks. – a few dead ones at the entrance of their castle. –

I watched the seeds of the milk-weed rising higher & higher till lost in the sky with as much interest as his friends did [Mr. Lauriat](#). I brought home 2 of the pods which were already bursting open and amused myself from day to day with releasing the seeds & watching rise slowly into the heavens till they were lost to my eye. No doubt the greater or less rapidity with which they rose would serve as a natural barometer to test the condition of the air.

The hornets' nests not brown but grey two shades whitish & dark – alternating on the outer layers or the covering – giving it a waved appearance.

In these cooler – windier – crystal days the note of the jay [[Blue Jay](#) [Cyanocitta cristata](#)] sounds a little more native – Standing on the Cliffs I see them flitting and screaming from pine to pine beneath – displaying their gaudy blue pinions. Hawks [too](#) I perceive sailing about in the clear air – looking white against the green pines – like the seeds of the milk-weed. There is almost always a pair of hawks. Their shrill-scream – that of the owls & wolves are all related.

 September 26, Friday, 1851: [Friedrich Engels](#) wrote from Manchester to [Karl Marx](#) in London, in regard to the geopolitical wisdom that might be derived from a proper appreciation of current events.

Dear Marx,

As regards Techow's war story, from a military standpoint too, it is tremendously superficial and in parts downright wrong. Apart from the profound verities that only force avails against force and from the absurd discovery that revolution can only be victorious if it is general (i.e. literally if it meets no resistance and, by inference, if it is a bourgeois revolution), apart from the well-meaning intention to suppress those awkward 'internal politics', that is, the revolution itself through the agency of a military dictator as yet to be discovered, pace Cavaignac and Willich, and apart from this very significant political formulation of the views on revolution held by these gentlemen, it should, militarily speaking, be noted that:

1. The iron discipline which alone can procure victory is the exact obverse of the 'postponement of internal politics' and of military dictatorship. Whence is that discipline to come? The gentlemen really should have gleaned some experience in Baden and the Palatinate. It is a manifest fact that the disorganisation of armies and a total relaxation of discipline have been both precondition and consequence of all successful revolutions hitherto. It took France from 1789 to 1792 to reorganise an army – Dumouriez's – of only about 60,000-80,000 men, and even that disintegrated again and there was no organised army to speak of in France until the end of 1793. It took Hungary from March 1848 to the middle of 1849 to create a properly organised army. And who brought discipline to the army in the first French Revolution? Not the generals who, at a time of revolution, do not acquire influence and authority in improvised armies until a few victories have been won, but rather the terreur of internal politics, of the civil power.

Armed forces of the Coalition:

1. Russia. The estimate of an effective force of 300,000 men, 200,000 of them under arms in the theatre of war, is on the high side. Passe encore. But they could not be on the Rhine (at most an advance guard on the Lower Rhine, at Cologne), or in Northern Italy in 2 months. In order to act in concert, to co-ordinate



their movements adequately with those of Prussia, Austria, etc., etc., they would require 3 months – a Russian army does not cover more than 2-2 1/2 German miles a day, and rests every third. It took them almost 2 months to reach the theatre of war in Hungary.

2. Prussia. Mobilisation: at least 4-6 weeks. The speculation regarding defections, uprisings, etc., etc., very uncertain. At best can make 150,000 men available, at worst maybe less than 50,000. This being so, to count on 1/3 or 1/4 is sheer humbug, since everything depends on chance.

3. Austria. Equally chanceux and even more complex. No possibility here of estimating probabilities à la Techow. At best it could, as Techow supposes, put some 200,000 men into the field against France, at worst it would not succeed in detaching one man, and might at the very outside pit 100,000 men against the French at Trieste.

4. Federal army – of the Bavarian, 1/3 would certainly march against the revolution, and here and there even a bit more. At all events a corps 30,000-50,000 strong could be raised within 3 months, and against revolutionary soldiers this is enough to start off with.

5. Denmark would immediately put 40,000-50,000 good troops into the field and, as in 1813, the Swedes and also the Norwegians would have to accompany it on the great crusade. Techow has overlooked this, as he has overlooked Belgium and Holland.

Armed forces of the revolution:

1. France. Has 430,000 men under arms. Of these, 100,000 in Algiers. 90,000 not présent sous les armes – 1/4 of the remainder. This leaves 240,000 – of whom not more than 100,000 could reach the Belgo-German and 80,000 the Savoyard-Piedmontese frontier in 4-6 weeks, despite the now largely completed railways. This time Sardinia will try, like Belgium in 1848, to be the firm rock in the turbulent sea; hence whether the Piedmontese army, crammed as it is with bigoted Sardinian peasant lads, is – at least in its present form, officered by aristocrats – as committed to the revolution as Techow imagines is highly questionable. Victor Emmanuel has taken Leopold for his model, c'est dangereux.

2. Prussia – ? 3. Austria – ?; i.e. so far as regular organised soldiers are concerned. As regards volunteers, they will turn up in their thousands, useless, of course. If in the first months 50,000-60,000 useful soldiers can be made out of troops who have defected, that's a great deal. Where are the officers to come from in so short a time?

Judging by all this, it is more likely that since any revolution (even in France) is bound to lack the very thing which enabled Napoleon to muster vast armies rapidly, to wit, good cadres, the revolution, if it takes place next year, will first either have to remain on the defensive or else confine itself to empty proclamations from Paris and highly inadequate, reprehensible and damaging Risquons-Tout expeditions on a larger scale. Unless, of course, the Rhine fortresses come over during the first attack and the Piedmontese army responds to Citizen Techow's call; or unless the disorganisation of the Prussian and Austrian troops immediately centres on Berlin and Vienna, thus placing Russia on the defensive; or unless something else happens which cannot be foreseen. And to speculate on this and to calculate probabilities à la Techow is both otiose and arbitrary, as I know well enough from my own experience.

All that can be said in this connection is that a very great deal depends on the Rhine Province.

In his journal [Henry Thoreau](#) made a reference to “John Adam” that would seem to be in relation to his having read letters to and from [President John Adams](#): this had impacted him like the “opening of the tombs.”

ADAMS FAMILY LETTERS



September 26, Friday: Since I perambulated the bounds of the town I find that I have in some degree confined myself—my vision and my walks—on whatever side I look off I am reminded of the mean & narrow-minded men whom I have lately met there— What can be uglier than a country occupied by grovelling coarse & low-lived men— no scenery will redeem it— what can be more beautiful than any scenery inhabited by heroes!
 Any landscape would be glorious to me, If I were assured that its sky was arched over a single hero. Hornets hyaenas & Babboons are not so great a curse to a country as men of a similar character. It is a charmed circle which I have drawn around my abode— having walked not with God but with the Devil. I am too well aware when I have crossed this line. Most New England biographies & journals—[John Adam](#)’s not excepted— affect me like opening of the tombs.
 The prudent & reasonable farmers are already plowing against another year.



September 27, Saturday, [1851](#): The Théâtre-Historiques, Paris, after refurbishment, was reopened for opera as the Théâtre-Lyrique.

Near Canton, Texas (now known as Omen), Robert Pierce was cultivating a few rows of cotton in which pea vines had proliferated, and a neighbor had been in the habit of feeding such vines to his horse. Robert Pierce objected to his cotton plants being damaged. This produced fisticuffs between this neighbor and Robert’s 17-year-old brother Wood Pierce. Sheriff John N. McKinley arrested Wood. On learning of Wood’s arrest, Robert Pierce got his gun and galloped into Canton, followed by Pete Crawford. Robert Pierce rode up to the log jail-house and demanded to see his younger brother. Deputy Sheriff James Holden presented a double-barreled shotgun and they discharged their weapons at about the same time. Pierce received the full blast in his body and fell to the ground, while Deputy Sheriff Holden sustained severe wounds to breast and shoulder. Pierce pulled himself up by a post and emptied his pistol, shooting in the hips John Patterson, an onlooker who had been sitting and waiting to see the trial, before quickly bleeding out. Another person, name unknown, received a ball in the mouth. While this was going on Deputy Sheriff David O’Neil was shooting from the corner of a building on the opposite side of the street. When Pete Crawford rode up, he shot and killed Deputy Sheriff O’Neil and, severely wounded, made good his escape. In addition, Sheriff McKinley and Posse member Thomas Brock were wounded (Wood Pierce had seized an old broad-ax that was lying around and struck Sheriff McKinley in the shoulder). Among the attackers, Robert Pierce and his friend Isaac Moore were killed. Peter Crawford would be accused of the murder of Deputy Sheriff David O’Neil and Robert Pierce would be accused of assault with intent to kill Sheriff McKinley. Numerous attempts would be made to locate and arrest the wounded Peter Crawford, and the young Wood Pierce, but these attempts would never prove successful.



September 27, Saturday: Here is a cloudy day—& now the fisherman is out. Some tall many-flowered blueish-white asters are still abundant by the brook sides.
 I never found a pitcher plant without an insect in it. The bristles about the nose of the pitcher all point inward, and insects which enter or fall in appear for this reason unable to get out again. It is some obstacle which our senses cannot appreciate.
 We of Massachusetts boast a good deal of what we do for the education of our people—of our district-school system—& yet our district schools are as it were but infant schools—& we have no system for

the education of the great mass who are grown up.— I have yet to learn that one cent is spent by this town—this political community called Concord directly to educate the great mass of its inhabitants who have long since left the district school.— for the Lyceum—important as it is comparatively—though absolutely trifling is supported by individuals— There are certain refining & civilizing influences as works of art—journals—& books & scientific instruments—which this community is amply rich enough to purchase which would educate this village—elevate its tone of thought, & if it alone improved these opportunities easily make it the centre of civilization in the known world—put us on a level as to opportunities at once with London & Arcadia—and secure us a culture at once superior to both— Yet we spend 16000 dollars on a Town House a hall for our political meetings mainly—and nothing to educate ourselves who are grown up. Pray is there nothing in the market—no advantages—no intellectual food worth buying? Have Paris & London & New York & Boston nothing to dispose of which this Village might buy & appropriate to its own use. Might not this great villager adorn his villa with a few pictures & statues—enrich himself with a choice library as available without being cumbrous as any in the world—with scientific instruments for such as have a taste to use them. Yet we are contented to be countrified—to be provincial. I am astonished to find that in this 19th century—in this land of free schools—we spend absolutely nothing as a town on our own education cultivation civilization. Each town like each individual has its own character—some more some less cultivated. I know many towns so mean spirited & benighted that it would be a disgrace to belong to them. I believe that some of our New England villages within 30 miles of Boston are as boorish & barbarous communities as there are on the face of the earth—and how much superior are the best of them? If London has any refinement any information to sell why should we not buy it? Would not the town of Carlisle do well to spend 16000 dollars on its own education at once—if it could only find a schoolmaster for itself— It has one man as I hear who takes the North-American Review¹⁶¹—that will never Civilize them I fear— Why should not the town itself take the London & Edinburg Reviews—& put itself in communication with whatever sources of light & intelligence there are in the world?

Yet Carlisle is very little behind Concord in these respects— I do not know but it spends its proportional part on education. How happens it that the only libraries which the towns possess are the District school libraries—books for children only—or for readers who must needs be written down to— Why should they not have a library, if not so extensive yet of the same stamp & more select than the British museum? It is not that the town cannot well afford to buy these things—but it is unambitious & ignorant of its own wants. It sells milk, but it only builds larger barns with the money which it gets for its milk. Undoubtedly every New England village is as able to surround itself with as many civilizing influences of this kind the members of the English nobility—& here there need be no peasantry. If the London Times is the best news-paper in the world why does not the village of Concord take it that its inhabitants may read it—& not the 2nd best. If the south sea explorers have at length got their story ready—& Congress has neglected to make it accessible to the people—why does not Concord purchase one for its grown up children.

Parrot in his “journey to Ararat” speaking of the difficulty of reaching it owing to the lateness of the season—says of the surrounding country.—“As early even as the month of June vegetable life becomes in a manner extinct, from the combined influence of the sun’s rays, and the aridity of the atmosphere & soil: the plains & mountain sides, being destitute of both wood and water, have no covering but a scanty & burnt herbage, the roots of which are so rarely visited by a refreshing shower that the reparatory power of nature is all but lost, while the active animal kingdom seeks protection against

161. The [North American Review](#):



It was now time for me, therefore, to go and hold a little talk with the conservatives, the writers of the North American Review, the merchants, the politicians, the Cambridge men, and all those respectable old blockheads, who still, in this intangibility and mistiness of affairs, kept a death-grip on one or two ideas which had not come into vogue since yesterday-morning.

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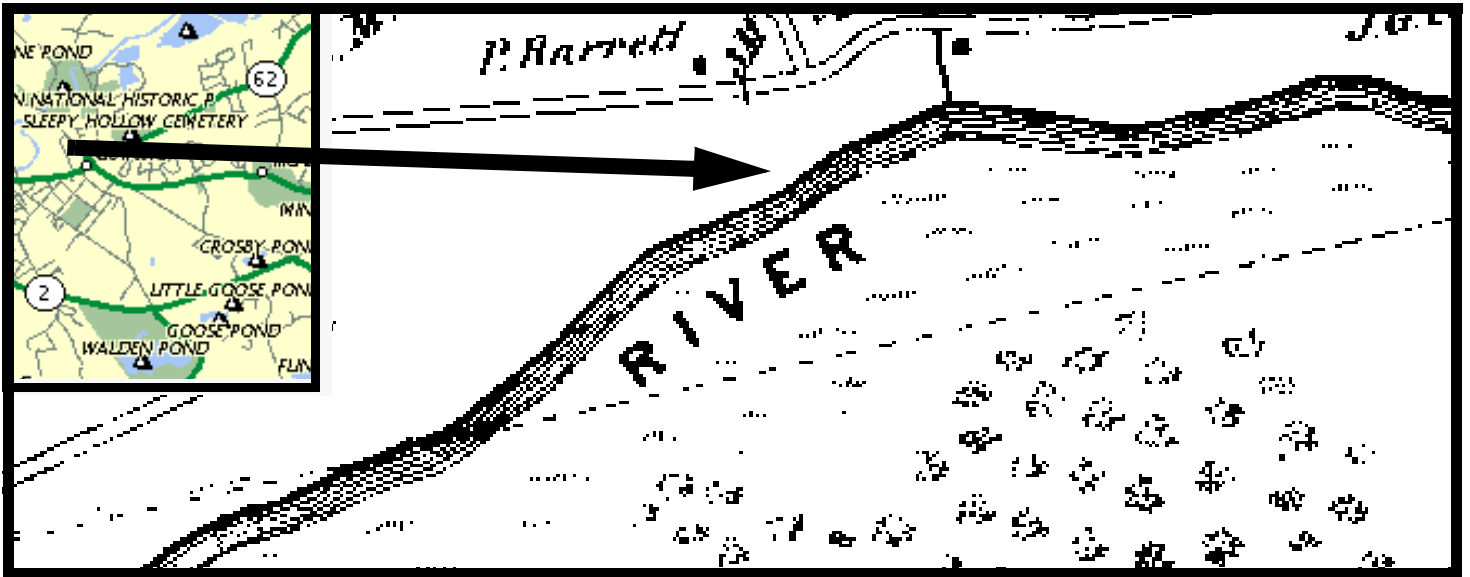
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the heat & drought either by burrowing in the earth, or retiring to the cool and inaccessible retreats in Caucasus and the mountains of Asia Minor.”

This reminds me of what I have observed even in our own summers. With us too “vegetable life becomes in a manner extinct”—by the end of June & the beholder is impressed as if “the reparatory power of nature is? all but lost”

2 Pm Rowed down the river to Balls' Hill.


The maples by the river side look very green yet—have not begun to blush—nor are the leaves touched by frost. Not so on the uplands. The river is so low that off N Barrets shore some low islands are




exposed covered with a green grass like mildew. There are all kinds of boats chained to trees & stumps by the riverside—some from Boston & the salt—but I think that none after all is so suitable and convenient as the simple flat bottomed & light boat that has long been made here by the farmers themselves. They are better adapted to the river than those made in Boston.

From Balls' Hill the Great meadows now smoothly shorn have a quite imposing appearance—so spacious & level— There is so little of this level land in our midst. There is a shadow on the sides of the hills surrounding—(a cloudy day) & where the meadow meets them it is darkest. The shadow deepens down the woody hills & is most distinctly dark where they meet the meadow line. Now the sun in the west is coming out & lights up the river a mile off so that it shines with a white light like a burnished silver mirror

The poplar tree seems quite important to the scene. The pastures are so dry that the cows have been turned on to the meadow, but they gradually devest it—all feeding one way— The patches of sunlight on the meadow look luridly yellow as if flames were traversing it. It is a day for fishermen. The farmers are gathering in their corn.

The Mikania scandens & the button bushes & the Pickerel weed are sere & flat with frost. We looked down the long reach toward Carlisle bridge— The river which is as low as ever still makes a more than respectable appearance here—& is of generous width. Rambled over the hills toward Tarbells. The huckleberry bushes appear to be unusually red this fall—reddening these hills— We scared a calf out of the meadow which ran like a ship tossed on the waves over the hills toward Tarbells. They run awkwardly—red oblong squares tossing up & down like a vessel in a storm—with great commotion. We fell into the path, printed by the feet of the calves—with no cows tracks. The note of the yellow hammer [Yellow-shafted Flicker  Colaptes auratus] is heard from the edges of the fields. The soap-wort gentian looks like a flower prematurely killed by the frost. The soil of these fields look as yellowish white as the cornstalks themselves. Tarbells hip-roofed house looked the picture of retirement—of cottage size under its noble elm with its heap of apples before the door & the wood coming up with-in a few rods—It being far off the road. The smoke from his chimney so white & vaporlike like a winter scene. The lower limbs of the Willows & maples & buttonbushes are covered with the black & dry roots of the water-marygold & the ranunculi—plants with filiform capillary rootlike-submerged leaves.

 September 28, Sunday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) read Hugh Miller's OLD RED SANDSTONE of 1841.

At Niblo's Saloon in [San Francisco](#) the troubadour [Stephen C. "Jeems Pipes of Pipesville" Massett](#) repeated his solo performance of a few evenings prior, made up not only song but also of mimicry of other performers, stand-up routines, and a recitation of [Alfred, Lord Tennyson](#)'s rollicking "The Charge of the Light Brigade."



September 28, Sunday: A considerable part of the last two nights and yesterday – a steady & rather warm rain such as we have not had for a long time. This morning it is still completely overcast and drizzling a little. Flocks of small birds apparently sparrows [[Sparrow](#) [Fringillidae](#)] bobolinks [[Bobolink](#) [Dolichonyx oryzivorus](#) ~~Rice-bird~~] or some bird of equal size with a pencilled breast which makes a musical clucking – and piping goldfinches [[American Goldfinch](#) [Carduelis tristis](#)] are flitting about like leaves & hopping up on to the bent grass stems in the garden, letting themselves down to the heavy heads, either shaking or picking out a seed or two, then alighting to pick it up. I am amused to see them hop up on to the slender drooping grass stems then slide down or let them selves down as it were foot over foot–. with great fluttering, till they can pick at the head & release a few seeds then alight to pick them up. They seem to prefer a coarse grass which grows like a weed in the garden between the potatoe hills – also the amaranth.



It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. They say that this has been a good year to raise turkeys it has been so dry. So that we shall have something to be thankful for.

Hugh Miller in his Old Red Sandstone – speaking of “the consistency of style which obtains among the ichthyolites of this formation” and the “microscopic beauty of these ancient fishes” says– “The



artist who sculptured the cherry-stone consigned it to a cabinet, and placed a microscope beside it; the microscopic beauty of these ancient fish was consigned to the twilight depths of a primeval ocean. There is a feeling which at times grows upon the painter and the statuary, as if the perception and love of the beautiful had been sublimed into a kind of moral sense. Art comes to be pursued for its own sake; the exquisite conception in the mind, or the elegant and elaborate model, becomes all in all to the worker, and the dread of criticism or the appetite of praise almost nothing. And thus, through, the influence of a power somewhat akin to conscience, but whose province is not the just and the good, but the fair, the refined, the exquisite, have works prosecuted in solitude, and never intended for the world, been found fraught with loveliness.” The hesitation with which this is said – to say nothing of its simplicity– betrays a latent infidelity more fatal far than that of the [Vestiges of Creation](#) which in another work this author endeavors to correct. He describes that as an exception which is in fact the rule. The supposed want of harmony between “the perception and love of the beautiful” and a delicate moral sense betrays what kind of beauty the writer has been conversant with. He speaks of his work becoming all in all to the worker his rising above the dread of criticism & the appetite of praise as if these were the very rare exceptions in a great artists life–& not the very definition of it.

TURKEYS

2 Pm to Conantum: A warm, damp, mistling day – without much wind. The white pines in Hubbards’ Grove have now a pretty distinct particolored look –green & yellow mottled– reminding me of some plants like the milkweed expanding with maturity & pushing off their downy seeds. They have a singularly soft look. For a week or ten days I have ceased to look for new flowers or carry my botany in my pocket. The fall dandelion is now very fresh and abundant in its prime.

I see where the squirrels have carried off the ears of corn more than twenty rods from the corn field into the woods. A little further on beyond Hubbards brook I saw a grey-squirrel with an ear of yellow corn a foot long sitting on the fence 15 rods from the field. He dropped the corn but continued to sit on the rail where I could hardly see him, it being of the same color with himself –which I have no doubt he was well aware of– he next took to a red maple where his policy was to conceal himself behind the stem, hanging perfectly still there till I passed –his fur being exactly the color of the bark– When I struck the tree & tried to frighten him he knew better than to run to the next tree there being no continuous row by which he might escape, but he merely fled higher up and put so many leaves between us that it was difficult to discover him– When I threw up a stick to frighten him he disappeared entirely though I kept the best watch I could & stood close to the foot of the tree. They are wonderfully cunning.

The Eupatorium purpureum is early killed by frost – and stands now all dry and brown by the sides of other herbs like the golden rod and tansey which are quite green – & in blossom.

The rail-roads as much as anything appear to have unsettled the farmers. Our young Concord farmers & their young wives hearing this bustle about them –seeing the world all going by as it were– some daily to the cities about their business, some to California – plainly cannot make up their minds to live the quiet retired old-fashioned country-farmer’s life– They are impatient if they live more than a mile from a railroad. While all their neighbors are rushing to the road – there are few who have character or bravery enough to live off the road. He is too well aware what is going on in the world not to wish to take some part in it. I was reminded of this by meeting S Tuttle in his wagon.¹⁶²

The pontederia –which apparently makes the mass of the weeds by the side of the river,– is all dead

162. With the occasional Tuttle & wagon omitted, this would appear in [Thoreau](#)’s early lecture “[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT](#)” as:


HISTORY OF RR**BRAD DEAN’S
COMMENTARY**

[Paragraph 11] Rail roads have still further unsettled the countryman. The young farmers and their wives seeing the world all going by, as it were, some daily to the cities about their business, some to California, plainly cannot make up their minds to live the quiet old fashioned country farmer’s life, that we have heard of (though that may not have been essentially better). They are impatient if they are more than a mile from a Depot. There are few who have character or courage enough to live off the road; or if they do, they think that they must live by steam of some kind, a hurried and bustling life.

and brown and has been for some time – the year is over for it.

The mist is so thin that it is like haze or smoke in the air imparting a softness to the landscape.

Sitting by the Spruce swamp in Conant’s Grove, I am reminded that this is a perfect day to visit the swamps, with its damp mistling, mildewy air, so solemnly still. There are the spectre-like black spruce hanging with esnea moss – and in the rear rise the dark green pines & oaks on the hill side – touched here & their with livelier tints where a maple or birch may stand – this so luxuriant vegetation standing heavy dark sombre like mould in a cellar. The peculiar tops of the spruce are seen against this.

I hear the barking of a red squirrel who is alarmed at something – & a great scolding or ado among the jays [Blue Jay  *Cyanocitta cristata*] – who make a great cry about nothing. The swamp is bordered with the red-berried alder or prinos & the button bush. The balls of the last appear not half grown this season probably on account of the drought.– & now they are killed by frost.

This swamp contains beautiful specimens of the side-saddle flower *Sarracenia purpurea* – better called Pitcher Plant– They ray out around the dry-scape & flower which still remain, resting on rich uneven beds of a coarse reddish moss through which the small flowered andromeda puts up – presenting altogether a most rich & luxuriant appearance to the eye. Though the moist is comparatively dry – I cannot walk without upsetting the numerous pitchers which are now full of water & so wetting my feet. I once accidentally sat down on such a bed of pitcher plants & found an uncommonly wet seat where I expected a dry one. These leaves are of various colors from Plain Green to a rich striped yellow or deep red. No plants are more richly painted & streaked than the inside of the broad lips of these [Old Josselyn](#) called this “Hollow-leaved Lavender” No other plant methinks that we have is so remarkable & singular.

Here was a large hornets nest which when I went to take and first knocked on it to see if any body was at home out came the whole swarm upon me lively enough– I do not know why they should linger longer than their fellows whom I saw the other day, unless because the swamp is warmer. They were all within & not working however.

I picked up two arrow-heads in the field beyond.

What honest homely – earth-loving unassuming houses they used to live in. Take that on Conantum for instance –so low you can put your hand on the eaves behind– There are few whose pride could stoop to enter such a house to-day. & then the broad chimney built for comfort not for beauty – with no coping of bricks to catch the eye – no alto or basso relievo. The mist has now thickened into a fine rain & I retreat.





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September 29, Monday, 1851: The Wisconsin River flooded, breaking into the recently reopened Portage Canal.

Armand Hippolyte Louis Fizeau, who had in 1849 calculated the speed of light to within 5% of its currently recognized value, had demonstrated experimentally, and on this day published in English, that the velocity of light was greater in water flowing in the direction of the light beam than in water flowing against the direction of the light.

Even though the US Post Office was no longer issuing 5-cent and 10-cent stamps, customers had been being allowed, until this day, to exchange any that they had purchased for the newer Post Office stamps. As of this day any such old leftover stamps became mere waste paper.

The Reverend Samuel Ringgold Ward and Mrs. Ward were about finished with the summer lecturing tour through Ohio, when ...

we saw in the papers an account of the Gorsuch case, in Christiana, Pennsylvania. That was a case in which the Reverend Mr. Gorsuch went armed to the house of a Negro, in the suburbs of the town named, in search of a slave who had escaped from him. The owner of the house denied him admittance. Several Negroes, armed, stood ready inside the house to defend it against the reverend slave-catcher and his party – the latter declaring his slave was in that house, avowing his determination to have him, if he went to hell after him; and, intending to intimidate the Negroes, fired upon the house with a rifle. Fortunately none of the besieged party were killed; but, they returned Mr. Gorsuch's fire, and he dropped a corpse!

The authorities arraigned these poor Negroes for murder. They seemed determined to have their blood. Upon reading this, I handed the paper containing the account to my wife; and we concluded that resistance was fruitless, that the country was hopelessly given to the execution of this barbarous enactment, and that it were vain to hope for the reformation of such a country. At the same time, my secular prospects became exceedingly involved and embarrassed; and willing as I might be to be one of a forlorn hope in the assault upon slavery's citadel, I had no reasonable prospect of doing so, consistently with my duty to my family. The anti-slavery cause does not, cannot, find bread and education for one's children. We then jointly determined to wind up our affairs, and go to Canada; and, with the remnant of what might be left to us, purchase a little hut and garden, and pass the remainder of our days in peace, in a free British country.

Such was our conclusion on Monday, the 29th of September, 1851. Residing then at Syracuse, we went home, arriving on Wednesday, the first day of October.



September 29, Monday: Van der Donck says of the Water-beech [buttonwood] "This tree retains the leaves later than any other tree of the woods".

EDMUND HOSMER

Pm to Goose Pond via E Hosmers return by Walden.

Found Hosmer carting out manure from under his barn to make room for the winter. He said he was tired of farming – he was too old. Quoted Webster as saying that he had never eaten the bread of idleness for a single day – and thought that Lord Brougham might have said as much with truth while he was in the opposition, – but he did not know that he could say as much of himself. However – he did not wish to be idle – he merely wished to rest.

Looked on Walden from the hill with the sawed pine stump on the north side. Scared up 3 black

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ducks which rose with a great noise of their wings striking the water. The hills this fall are unusually red not only with the huckleberry – but the sumac & the blackberry vines

Walden plainly can never be spoiled by the wood-chopper – for do what you will to the shore there will still remain this crystal well.

The intense brilliancy of the red-ripe maples scattered here and there in the midst of the green oaks & hickories on its hilly shore is quite charming. They are unexpectedly & incredibly brilliant – especially on the western shore & close to the waters edge, where alternating with yellow birches & poplars & green oaks – they remind me of a line of soldiers red coats & riflemen in green mixed together.

The pine is one of the richest of trees to my eye – it stands like a great moss – a luxuriant mildew – the pumpkin pine – which the earth produces without effort.

The poet writes the history of his body. Query – Would not the cellular tissue of the Grass Poly – make good tinder? I find that when I light it it burns up slowly & entirely without blaze, like spunk.

HENRY PETER BROUGHAM

September 30, Tuesday, 1851: [John William Cunningham](#) died. His parishioners would follow his funeral procession “like one great family mourning for a father.” A [lychgate](#) would be erected, to his memory.



Messrs. Lucas Bros., contractors in [Norwich, England](#), had begun in February to construct a municipal waterworks. There had been some 20,000 yards of excavations, and some 2,500,000 bricks had been used give or take a few, and 15,000 yards of clay had been supplied, and some 5,000 yards of filtering sand had been used, and some 7,000 yards of filtering stone also had been used, and some 3,000 yards of concrete had been poured, and some 40 tons of lead was somehow getting all of this to hold together leak-free. The rising main they had constructed was 4,000 yards in length and 15 inches in diameter! On this day the municipality celebrated the opening of its new waterworks, with a band and fireworks. The band of the Coldstream Guards played selections and 20,000 persons assembled in the Market Place to witness the fireworks. In assembly rooms 220 favored guests dined, and were addressed by Chairman Samuel Bignold of the Waterworks



Company.

[Nancy Dexter Bishop](#) died. Surviving was her daughter Mary Ann Bishop.

[Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed the Acton/Concord boundary in the northwest part of [Concord](#). This survey showed Damon’s Factory, farms of John Brown, [John Hosmer](#), Joseph Derby, Harrington, Samuel Lees, as well as Fort Pond Brook, and roads to Stow, South Acton, and Main Street in the western part of Concord. According to the Concord Town Report for 1850-51, for perambulating the town line and erecting stones at Acton and Bedford lines he was paid a total of \$18.⁰⁰. Thoreau had already perambulated part of this area while checking Concord boundary markers on September 15th.



September 30, Tuesday: To Powder mills & set an intermediate boundstone on the new road there. Saw them making hoops for powder casks of alder & the sprouts of the white-birch which are red with whitish spots. How interesting it is to observe a particular use discovered in any material. I am pleased to find that the artizan has good reason for preferring one material to another for a particular purpose. I am pleased to learn that a man has detected any **use** in wood or stone or any material—or in other words its relation to man.

The white ash has got its autumnal mulberry hue— What is the autumnal tint of the black ash— The former contrasts strongly with the other shade trees on the village street—the elms & buttonwoods—at this season—looking almost black at the first glance— The different characters of the trees appear at this season when their leaves so to speak are ripe than at any other—than in the winter for instance when they are little remarkable—& almost uniformly grey or brown or in the spring & and summer when they are undistinguishably green. Now a red maple—an ash—a white birch—a populus grandidentata &c is distinguished almost as far as they are visible. It is with leaves as with fruits & woods—& animals & men—when they are mature their different characters appear.

The sun has been obscured much of the day by passing clouds—but now at 5 Pm the sun comes out & by the very clear & brilliant light though the shadows begin to fall long from the trees, it is proved how remarkably clear or pure the atmosphere is— According to all accounts an hour of such a light would be something quite memorable in England.

TELEGRAPHY

As the wood of an old Cremona its very fibre perchance harmoniously transposed & educated to resound melody has brought a great price—so methinks these telegraph posts should bear a great price with musical instrument makers— It is prepared to be the material of harps for ages to come, as it were put a soak in & seasoning in music.

Saw a hornets nest on a tree over the road near the Powder Mills 30 or 40 feet high.

Even the pearl—like the beautiful galls on the oaks—is said to be the production of diseases or rather obstruction—the fish covering as with a tear some rough obstruction that has got into his shell.

OCTOBER 1851



October [1851](#): This month’s issue of [Harper’s New Monthly Magazine](#).

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

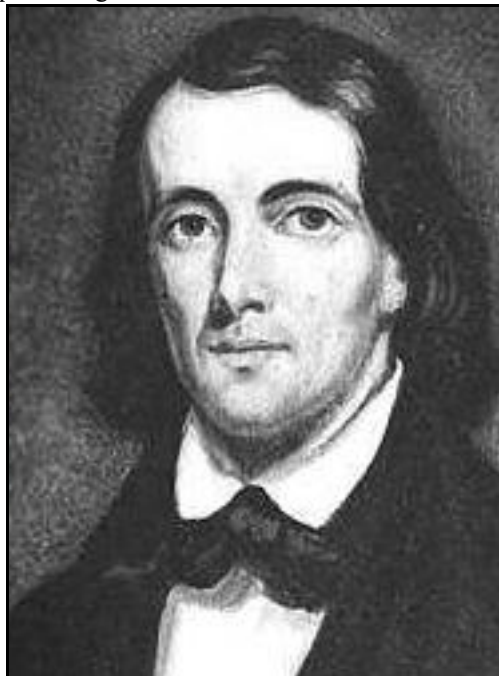
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➡ October 1851: [Louis A. Surette](#) became Master of the Corinthian Lodge of the [Masons](#) of [Concord](#), Massachusetts (under his Mastership, until October 1858, membership would be increasing from 14 to 48).



[Henry Thoreau](#) commented that he and [Waldo Emerson](#) did not believe in the same God. Taking into account the disagreement Henry had had while walking at night with [Ellery Channing](#) in July, a disagreement which arose when Ellery seemed incapable of grasping the fact that Nature has a darker side, by this he presumably meant that Emerson likewise did not seem capable of grasping that Nature, even human nature, has a darker side. The source of the evil we see around us, Thoreau had grasped, was not entirely separate from in this human nature: “Life is a warfare, a struggle, and the diseases of the body answer to the troubles and defeats of the spirit. Man begins by quarrelling with the animal in him, and the result is immediate disease.”



THE BOSOM SERPENT

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"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](#)



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 October 1851: Publication of a *ms* that had been entitled “The Whale,” as Moby-Dick; OR, THE WHALE, dedicated to Nathaniel Hawthorne. In 1833, Dr. James Cowles Prichard had pioneered “the term monomania, meaning madness affecting one train of thought ... adopted in late times instead of melancholia.”



Melville’s father-in-law, Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw, had utilized this concept in a legal opinion in 1844, and Melville had deployed it in 1849 in MARDI AND A VOYAGE THITHER, and here he deployed it as the defining characteristic of the psychology of the maimed Captain Ahab, based perhaps on the unfortunate personality of Charles Wilkes.



This book was considered, however, by Melville’s boss at the Literary World, Evert Augustus Duyckinck, to

be immoral.¹⁶³ Immoral it may not be — but is it accurate? It states that the skeleton of Bentham hangs for



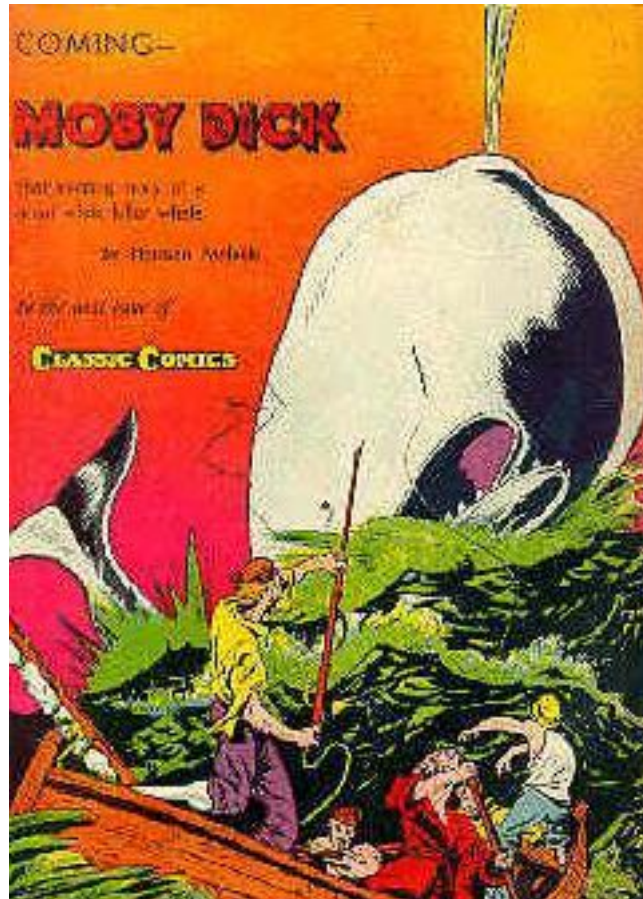
candelabra in the library of one of his executors, and although it is true that Bentham had suggested that the bodies of the dead be used as remembrances of them, and invented the term “auto-icon” for such use, and had suggested that the dead person’s face might be preserved with copal varnish, it is also the case that his own face looked so gruesome after death and autopsy that the embalming surgeon preserved the body merely by placing a waxen image over the skull on top of a dressed-up dummy.



His body bones are not within the dummy below that authentic wax-encrusted skull in the closet at Cambridge, but this Melvillian disposition of Bentham’s body bones is something of which I have not elsewhere seen confirmation:

But it may be fancied, that from the naked skeleton of the stranded whale, accurate hints may be derived touching his true form. Not at all. For it is one of the more curious things about this Leviathan, that his skeleton gives very little idea of his general shape. Though [Jeremy Bentham](#)’s skeleton, which hangs for candelabra in the library of one of his executors, correctly conveys the idea of a burly-browed utilitarian old gentleman, with all Jeremy’s other leading personal characteristics; yet nothing of this kind could be inferred from any Leviathan’s articulated bones. In fact, as the great Hunter says, the mere skeleton of the whale bears the same relation to the fully invested and padded animal as the insect does to the chrysalis that so roundly envelopes it.

163. One wonders whether [Bronson Alcott](#) ever read this [MOBY-DICK](#) book. In Chapter 35 we read that you’ll never get rich if you let yourself get taken in tow by a “sunken-eyed young Platonist.” In Chapter 78 we read of a honey-collector in Ohio who leaned into a honey tree, slipped, and was embalmed, and then [Melville](#) hits us with this punchline: “How many, think ye, have likewise fallen into [Plato](#)’s honey head, and sweetly perished there?”



Melville also includes in this writing a thing about a “Father Mapple” based on the real-life Boston mariner’s preacher the [Reverend Edward Thompson Taylor](#):

I HAD not been seated very long ere a man of a certain venerable robustness entered; immediately as the storm-pelted door flew back upon admitting him, a quick regardful eyeing of him by all the congregation, sufficiently attested that this fine old man was the chaplain. Yes, it was the famous Father Mapple, so called by the whalemén, among whom he was a very great favorite. He had been a sailor and a harpooneer in his youth, but for many years past had dedicated his life to the ministry. At the time I now write of, Father Mapple was in the hardy winter of a healthy old age; that sort of old age which seems merging into a second flowering youth, for among all the fissures of his wrinkles, there shone certain mild gleams of a newly developing bloom – the spring verdure peeping forth even beneath February’s snow. No one having previously heard his history, could for the first time behold Father Mapple without the utmost interest, because there were certain engrafted clerical peculiarities about him, imputable to that adventurous maritime life he had led. When he entered I observed that he carried no umbrella, and certainly had not come in his carriage, for his tarpaulin hat ran down with melting sleet, and his great pilot cloth jacket seemed almost to drag him to the floor with the weight of the water it had absorbed. However, hat and coat and overshoes were one by one removed, and hung up in a little space in an adjacent corner;

when, arrayed in a decent suit, he quietly approached the pulpit.

There was a speed and pulling contest between various designs of locomotives on the Western Railroad between Wilmington and [Lowell, Massachusetts](#). William Mason, a textile manufacturer of Taunton, Massachusetts, witnessed this contest and determined to enter the business of manufacturing locomotives. Perhaps some of Mr. Mason's locomotives would assist some Americans in obtaining the comparative freedom of [Canada](#), Americans such as this [Henry Williams](#) who was fleeing his father and owner, locomotives such as this one pulling the 5PM train north out of Concord, upon which our Henry had positioned this fleeing Henry.

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW
UNDERGROUND RAILROAD
HISTORY OF RR

[MOBY-DICK; OR, THE WHALE](#): Whether to admit Hercules among us or not, concerning this I long remained dubious: for though according to the Greek mythologies, that antique [Crockett](#) and [Kit Carson](#) – that brawny doer of rejoicing good deeds, was swallowed down and thrown up by a whale; still, whether that strictly makes a whaleman of him, that might be mooted. It nowhere appears that he ever actually harpooned his fish, unless, indeed, from the inside. Nevertheless, he may be deemed a sort of involuntary whaleman; at any rate the whale caught him, if he did not the whale. I claim him for one of our clan.



Read  [Henry Thoreau's Journal for September/October 1851 \(æf. 34\)](#)



October 1, Wednesday, 1851: The 1st [New-York](#)-to-Albany train trip was made.

HISTORY OF RR

Publication of "Old Folks at Home," a song by [Stephen Collins Foster](#) (better known as "Swanee River"; Foster would sell the authorship rights to E.P. Christy).

On this very day on which, in Concord, Massachusetts, [Henry Thoreau](#) was forwarding an American man named [Henry Williams](#) along his way to [Canada](#) and freedom, Federal marshals from [Rochester](#), Auburn, Syracuse, and Canandaigua, accompanied by local policemen, were taking into their custody an American in Buffalo and an American in Syracuse, [New York](#) who had been alleged to be, similarly, escaped pieces of some white man's property. At about noon the deputies of US Marshal Henry W. Allen entered the cabinet shop of Charles F. Williston in Syracuse, [New York](#) and took into their custody a barrel maker who called himself Jerry, also known as William Henry ([Jerry McHenry](#)), upon a warrant from US Commissioner Joseph F. Sabine based upon a complaint from a citizen of the state of Missouri named John McReynolds. McReynolds had sworn before officers of the US federal government that this Jerry or William Henry or McHenry belonged to him (and it is a lucky thing that no American man of property had thought to send these factors off after the Lady Moon as one of his misplaced possessions, as it is clear that such factors could be induced to believe anything no matter how preposterous). The barrel-maker was being told that the charge against him was theft, until, that is, he was in manacles. Then he was informed that he had been taken under the Fugitive Slave Law. He put up substantial resistance but was subdued. Word spread and every church-bell in the city began to toll, with of course the exception of the one in the Episcopalian steeple.

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW



The [Reverend Samuel Joseph May](#) and a group of his parishioners and delegates of the Liberty Party went to the office of the commissioner and, evidently upon a prearranged signal, McHenry, in slave restraints, threw

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himself across Commissioner Sabine's desk, scattering the papers and weapons upon it. The crowd of men in



the room pressed the marshals present against the wall while they hoisted McHenry above their heads and rushed him out of the building. Unfortunately, on their way down the stairs they dropped him and he was badly injured and rendered unconscious. While he was regaining consciousness and being helped into a carriage on Water Street, the deputies recaptured him and took him to the police station. He was so terrified at this point that he could not be calmed. For the remainder of that day rioters roamed the streets of the city and the police station was stoned, and then that night at about 7PM or 8PM a mob estimated by some at 3,000 and by some at 10,000 stormed the building. One man, Peter Hornbeck, a mulatto who was by trade a butcher, was using his meat cleaver on a window casement, while a deputy was being decked by a stone and then beaten by a white man with a club. Marshall Allen, considering that he had already done his part, made an exit from a back

door and James Lear, the factor for the slavemaster McReynolds of Missouri, figuring discretion to be the better part of valor, hid out in an adjoining building. Marshall Fitch, after some blows and perhaps a pistol shot, jumped out a second-floor window, and McHenry was saved.

The [Reverend Samuel Ringgold Ward](#) was putting out a newspaper in Syracuse, but after reading in the newspapers of the Christiana riot of that summer, and its consequences, he and Mrs. Ward had already decided that they would take their children and flee to Canada when way opened, rather than remain in jeopardy in the United States of America. At this point, in consequence of his involvement in this “Jerry rescue,” it would become necessary for him to abandon this newspaper occupation forthwith, and for the Ward family to flee immediately to their refuge in Canada.



Residing then at Syracuse, we went home [after reading in the newspapers of the riot at Christiana and its sad consequences], arriving on Wednesday, the first day of October. We found the whole town in commotion and excitement. We soon learned the cause. A poor Mulatto man, named Jerry, at the suit of his own father had been arrested under the Fugitive Law, had been before the Negro-catcher’s court, had escaped, had been pursued and retaken, and was now being conveyed to prison. I went to the prison, and, in company with that true sterling friend of the slave, the Reverend Samuel J. May, was permitted to go in and see the man. He had fetters on his ankles, and manacles on his wrists. I had never before, since my recollection, seen a chained slave. He was a short, thick-set, strongly built man, half white though slave born. His temperament was ardent, and he was most wonderfully excited. Though chained, he could not stand still; and in that narrow room, motioning as well as he could with his chained, manacled hands, and pacing up and down as well as his fetters would allow, fevered and almost frenzied with excitement, he implored us who were looking on, in such strains of fervid eloquence as I never heard before nor since from the lips of man, to break his chains, and give him that liberty which the [Declaration of Independence](#) assumed to be the birthright of every man, and which, according to the law of love, was our duty towards a suffering brother.

I cannot recall the ipsissima verba of his eloquent pleading. As far as I can revive his sentences in my memory, he exclaimed – “Gentlemen, behold me, and these chains! Why am I bound thus, in a free country? Am I not a man like yourselves? Do you not suppose I feel as other men feel? Oh, gentlemen, what have I done to deserve this cruel treatment? I was at my work, like an honest industrious man. I was trying to act the part of a good citizen; but they came upon me, and accused me of crime. I knew I was innocent; but I felt it my duty to go before the court, to declare and to prove my innocence. For that reason I let that little Marshal, I think you call him, put handcuffs on me. You know, gentlemen, handcuffs don’t hurt an innocent man! But after



they put the irons on me, they told me they were taking me as a runaway slave! Didn't I tell you I was innocent? They confessed I was. If I had known what they were about, do you think I should have let that little ordinary man put irons on me? No, indeed! I have told you how deceitfully they took me. When I saw a good chance, I thought it was not wrong to break away from them. I watched my opportunity: I dashed out of the door; I ran like a man running for his freedom; but they overtook me, and brought me back, and here I am like a wild beast, chained and caged.

"Gentlemen, is this a free country? Why did my fathers fight the British, if one of their poor sons is to be treated in this way? I beseech you, gentlemen, as you love your own liberty, break these chains of mine; yes, and break the chains that bind my brethren in the South, too. Does not the Bible say, "Break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free"? Don't you believe the Bible? I can't read it as some of you can, but I believe what it says, and I ask you, gentlemen, to do for me what that book commands. Suppose that any one of you were in my position. What would you wish me to do? I beg of you, gentlemen, to do for me what you would wish, were you where I am. Are not all men born free and equal? How is it, then, that I must wear these chains? Give me, O give me, gentlemen, that freedom which you say belongs to all men, and it is all I ask. Will you who are fathers, and brothers, see a man dragged in chains to the slavery of Tennessee, which I know is worse than death itself? In the name of our common nature - in the name of the [Declaration of Independence](#) - in the name of that law in the Bible which says, "do as you would be done by" - in the name of God, our common Father - do break these chains, and give me the freedom which is mine because I am a man, and an American."

What a sight! and what sounds! A slave, in a free Northern city chained as no felon would be chained, with the blood of Anglo-Saxons in his veins. Still, a slave; the son of a wealthy planter in Tennessee, and still a slave; arrested by a United States officer and several assistants, who were sworn to support the glorious Federal Constitution, serving under the freest government under the sun, the land of liberty, the refuge for the oppressed of all the world! And for what was he arrested? What was his crime? A love of that liberty which we all declared to be every man's inalienable right! And this slave was quoting the [Declaration of Independence](#) in chains! He was not the subject of some Czar, some,

"Turbaned Turk or fiery Russ:"

no, he was an American by birth, and a slave as well; so said the chains upon him: and on his lips were liberty's and religion's great watchwords! I never saw extremes so meet. I never saw how hollow a mockery was our talk about liberty, and our professions of Christianity. I never felt how really we were all subject to the slave power; I never felt before the depth of degradation there is in being a professed freeman of the Northern States. Daniel Webster had, a few months before, predicted the execution of the Fugitive Law in that very town. The people laughed him to scorn. We now felt, however, how much better he knew the depths to which Northern men can sink than we did. While these thoughts were galloping through our brains, this manacled son of a white man proceeded with his oration in his chains, and we felt dumb and powerless. A great crowd



gathered about the door; and after looking on and drinking in as much of the scene as my excitable nature would allow, I turned to go away, and at that moment the crowd demanded a speech of me. I spoke. I ceased; but I never felt the littleness of my always little speeches, as I did at that moment. Jerry had made the speech of the occasion, and all I could say was but tame and spiritless in comparison with his

“Words that breathed and thoughts that burned.”

The substance of what I said is as follows: – “Fellow citizens! we are here in most extraordinary circumstances. We are witnessing such a sight as, I pray, we may never look upon again. A man in chains, in Syracuse! Not a felon, yet in chains! On trial, is this man, not for life, but for liberty. He is arrested and held under a law made by “Us the People” – pursuant, we pretend, to a clause in the constitution. That constitution was made “to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.” Here is a man one of “ourselves”; and the colour he bears shows that he belongs not altogether to my race, but that he is one of the “posterity” of those who framed and adopted our Federal constitution. So far are we from “securing” to him the “blessings of liberty,” that we have arrested him, confined him, and chained him, on purpose to inflict upon him the curses of slavery.

“They say he is a slave. What a term to apply to an American! How does this sound beneath the pole of liberty and the flag of freedom? What a contradiction to our “Declaration of Independence”! But suppose he be a slave: is New York the State to recognize and treat him as such? Is Syracuse the city of the Empire State in which the deeds which make this a day unfortunately memorable, should be perpetuated? If he be not a slave, then, he is the most outraged man we ever saw.

“What did our fathers gain by the seven years’ struggle with Great Britain, if, in what are called Free States, we have our fellow citizens, our useful mechanics and skilful artisans, chained and enslaved? How do foreign nations regard us, when knowing that it is not yet three short months since we were celebrating the Declaration of Independence, and to-day we are giving the most palpable denial to every word therein declared? “But I am told that this is a legal transaction. That it is wrong and unwise to speak against a judicial proceeding, not yet completed: I admit it all. I make no pretensions to speak wisely. I have heard a speech from Jerry. I feel for him, as for a brother; and under that feeling, I may not speak quite so soberly as I ought. “Oppression maketh a wise man mad.” I feel oppressed in a twofold sense. Yonder is my brother, in chains. Those chains press upon my limbs. I feel his sufferings, and participate his anguish. I feel, and we may all feel, oppressed in another sense. Here are certainly five-and-twenty hundred of us, wild with excitement in behalf of our chained brother, before our eyes, and we are utterly powerless to help him! We hear his strong, thrilling appeals, until our hearts sicken and our heads ache; but there is none among us that has the legal power to lift a hand in his defence, or for his deliverance. Of what advantage is it that we are free? What value is there in our freedom, while our hands are thus tied?

“Fellow citizens, whatever may be the result of these proceedings – whether our brother leaves the court, a declared



freeman or a chained slave – upon us, the voters of New York State, to a very great extent, rests the responsibility of this Fugitive Slave Law. It is for us to say whether this enactment shall continue to stain our statute books, or be swept away into merited oblivion. It is for us to say whether the men who made it, and those who execute it before our faces, shall receive our votes, or shall by those votes be indignantly rebuked. Tell me, ye sturdy working men of Onondago, shall your votes be consecrated to the latter, or prostituted to the former? Do you swear fealty to freedom this day? Do you promise, so help you God! so to vote, as that your sanction never more shall be given to laws which empower persons to hunt, chain, and cage, MEN, in our midst? (cries of "yes, yes.") Thank you, fellow citizens, in the name of our brother in prison! thank you for your bold, manly promise! May we all abide by it, until deeds of darkness like the one we now lament shall no longer mar our institutions and blacken our history."

But the crowd felt rightly. They saw Gerrit Smith and me go off arm in arm to hold a consultation, and, two and two, they followed us. Glorious mob! unlike that of 1834, they felt for the poor slave, and they wished his freedom. Accordingly, at nine o'clock that evening, while the court was in session trying Jerry for more than his life, for his liberty, the mob without threw stones into the window, one of which came so near to the judge that, in undignified haste, he suddenly rose and adjourned the courts. In an hour from that time, the mob, through certain stalwart fellows whom the Government have never had the pleasure of catching, broke open the door and the side of the building where Jerry was, put out the lights, took him out in triumph, and bore him away where the slave-catchers never after saw him. The Marshal of the United States, who had him in custody, was so frightened that he fled in female attire: brave man! According to the Fugitive Law, he had to pay Jerry's master one thousand dollars; for so the law expressly ordains.

An assistant Marshal, who was aiding this one, fired a pistol when entrée was first made. He injured no one, but a stout stick struck his arm and broke it. Escaping out of a window soon after, he broke the same arm again, poor man! These two were not like a Marshal in Troy, in the same State, who, rather than capture a slave, resigned his office.

The papers in the interest of the Government, in publishing an account of this affair, connected my name with it in a most prominent manner. The Marshal with broken arm was especially commended to my tender regard. The Government, under the advice of Daniel Webster (whose Christianity, I find, is highly lauded in this country; it was always a res non in his own), ordered all the parties, directly or indirectly engaged in the rescuing of Jerry, to be put on trial for treason! For it was the doctrine of Mr. Webster and Mr. Fillmore, that opposition to the Slave Law was "treason, and drew after it all the consequences of treason." I knew enough to understand that one of the "consequences drawn after treason" is a hempen rope. I had already become hopeless of doing more in my native country; I had already determined to go to Canada. Now, however, matters became urgent. I could die; but was it duty? I could not remain in that country without repeating my connection with or participating in such an affair as I was then guilty of. If I did my duty by my fellow men, in that country, I must go to



prison, perhaps; certainly, if the Government had their way, to the gallows. If I did not, I must go to perdition. Betwixt the two, my election was made. But then, what must become of my family, both as to their bread in my then circumstances, and as to their liberty in such a country? Recollecting that I had already my wife's consent (without which I could not take any important step of the sort) to go to Canada, I concluded that I must go immediately. I went; and a month or two after, my family followed: since which time we have each and severally been, con amore, the most loyal and grateful of British subjects.

Jerry lived at Kingston, Canada, until the latter part of 1853, when he died, a free man, by virtue of living in British soil. The courts would not entertain the charge of treason against those accused in this case, from its manifest absurdity. They did hold, however, that they had broken the Fugitive Law, and must be tried for that. Luckily, but one person who was accused was ever convicted. He died before the court, in its mercilessness, could wreak its full vengeance upon him. He was innocent; I know.

When the accused were summoned to Auburn, twenty-six miles from Syracuse, to attend trial, the Railway Company provided carriages for the accused and their wives, gratis. Returning from Auburn, several of those ladies were in the large carriage into which the Government prosecutor entered. They unanimously requested his departure. They afterwards made up a purse of thirty pieces of silver, of the smallest coin of the country, and presented to him – wages of iniquity and treachery. The chains (which I helped to file off) of Jerry were packed in a neat mahogany box, and sent to President Fillmore. The Hon. W. Seward voluntarily became bail for the accused. He has been Governor of his native State. He is now one of its senators. This, however, is his highest honour. So he esteems it.

In conclusion I beg to say, that the passage of the Nebraska Bill, and the outrages following it under sanction of the Government in Kansas, but confirms the opinion I formed four years ago, as to the impossibility – by any means now extant, and they are as wise as human ingenuity can invent – of reforming that country. The Government is too much at the mercy of 62,000 slaveholders; the people are too well content to let things remain as they are – the Churches, generally, cling with too great tenacity to their time-honoured pollutions to admit of any prospect of reformation at present, while the gloomiest future seems to overhang the country. The only hopeful spot in the American horizon is the growing, advancing attitude of the black people. From the whites, as a whole, I see no hopes. In the blacks I see some precious vigorous germs springing from seeds formerly sown, watered by many cries and tears, nourished by many prayers – the seed-sowing of [Richard Allen](#) and John Gloucester, Thomas Sipkins, Peter Williams, George Hogarth, Samuel Todd and William Hamilton, [James Forten](#) and Theodore Sedgewick Wright, among the departed; of Jehiel C. Beeman, Samuel E. Cornish, James William Charles Pennington, Christopher Rush, [William Whipper](#), Timothy Eato, M.M. Clarke, Stephen Smith, and others, among the older living; the latter of whom have been permitted to outlive the darkness of a past and see the light enjoyed by the present generation.

God grant that right may prevail, and that all things shall further his glory!



...

I made my entrée into Canada, as a resident and a fugitive, in October, 1851, at Montreal. I had been to Queenstown, Windsor, and Kingston, as well as [Niagara Falls](#), at various times within eleven years, as a mere visitor, then little dreaming of the necessity of my going as a settler. After spending a very few days at Montreal, I ascended the St. Lawrence, to Kingston; thence by Lake Ontario to [Toronto](#), my present residence. It is impossible to convey to an English reader anything like a just idea of the St. Lawrence River scenery in October. This is my third autumn in Europe; but never, in the British Isles, did I witness such splendour of landscape as that river presents, in autumn. The river is large and majestic – near Montreal, where the placid Ottawa empties itself, it is most magnificent. The Ottawa, as smooth as a polished mirror, opening its ample mouth to the width of a lake, gently glides into the St. Lawrence; the latter with a quiet dignity receiving the tribute of the former, as an empress would graciously accept the homage of a courtier, rolling downward towards the gulf, as if created on purpose to convey to the ocean the tributes and the trusts committed to it, and as if amply powerful to bear both the honour and the burden. But going upwards, while the St. Lawrence is large and noble enough, it frequently is compressed into a comparatively small size, and falls over cascades. The steamers, however, are accommodated with canals, which admit of the continuance of navigation with but little interruption. At times, the St. Lawrence takes the form of a wide bay, studded with tiny islets, and the latter most densely covered with foliage – which, in early autumn, after the first few touches of the hoar frost, assume the most gorgeously brilliant hues. The intensest crimson, the deepest brown, the most glowing lemon colour, with occasional intermixtures of the unchanging foliage of the evergreens, and some intermediate colours, give these islets and these bays the appearance of immense vases filled with bouquets of unspeakable beauty and of most imposing grandeur. Those who have seen the representation of the brightness and charms of North American autumnal foliage, in Mr. Friend's panorama, may feel assured that it is not in the least exaggerated or overdrawn. I doubt if a more delightful autumnal voyage can be made in North America, than that from Montreal to Kingston; nor do I think that any season presents so many and so varied attractions to the lover of the picturesque in nature, even there, as does early autumn.

The banks of the St. Lawrence are cultivated to a considerable extent; and that cultivation both bespeaks the industry and enterprise of the yeoman, and the profit of living on the great watery highway to the ocean, and near to large and populous growing towns. Beautiful fields of early-sown wheat show themselves at intervals all along our way; neat, and in some cases elegant, farm houses, in the midst of orchards or ornamental trees, and nice rustic gardens, lent not a little to the beauty and interest of the scenery: and before I knew it, I was preferring the right hand – the British – side of the St. Lawrence, and concluding that on that side things were most inviting, and trying to reason myself into the belief of this with a sort of patriotic feeling to which all my life before I had been a stranger, and concerning which I had been a sceptic. Why had I interest in the British side of the noble St. Lawrence?



What gave me a fellow feeling with those inhabitants? Simply the fact, that that country had become to me, in a sense in which no country ever was before, my own, and those people my fellow citizens.

After a most delightful passage of two days, I arrived at Toronto. I then renewed acquaintance, formerly made, with Thomas F. Cary, Esq., one of the sincerest, most generous, practical friends I ever had the honour to call by that endearing name. The Rev. J. Roaf, whom I had formerly met in New York, took me by the hand, as he is ever ready to do in the case of the outcast. Through the kindness of this gentleman I was introduced to the Anti-Slavery Society of Canada, of which the Rev. Dr. Willis was and is President. Thus Mr. Roaf laid me under a twofold obligation, which I never can cancel, and never forget – that for his personal kindness, and that for affording me the honour and pleasure of the acquaintance, ripened into friendship (if the Doctor will allow me to say so), of the Rev. Michael Willis, D.D.

By the advice of these gentlemen and their colleagues in the Anti-Slavery Committee, I began to lecture in Canada, and finally became the agent of the Canadian Anti-Slavery Society. While in this service, it was my duty to travel all over the country, giving facts touching American slavery, seeking to awaken an interest against slavery in Canada, asking aid and kindness towards such fugitives as needed help, forming auxiliary societies, seeking to show the influence correct sentiment in Canada might have upon the adjoining States, and doing all that could be done, by advice, encouragement, and any other means, to promote the development, the progress, all the best moral and material interests, of the coloured people. What I saw, and how I saw it, while thus engaged, shall be the theme of this part of this volume.

At first sight, one would scarcely allow that anti-slavery labours were needed in a free British colony: most persons think so. The remark was frequently made to me, when proposing a meeting, or when speaking of the subject. But it is to be remembered, that Canada lies immediately next the States of Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan, to go no further westward. These States produce some of the boldest pro-slavery politicians, some of the guiltiest of slavery's abettors, some of the most heretical of slavery's pulpit parasites; and it is sorrowful to add, some of the most successful in their several pro-slavery pursuits, that ever disgraced a free country, or desecrated free institutions, or belied our holy religion and its Author. Their history is not only contemporaneous with the history of Northern pro-slaveryism, but part and parcel of it. It is easy to see that a large population, infected with a sympathy for the slaveholder, upon our very border, must either have a serious effect upon us, in corrupting us, or we must exert a good influence upon them, provided we be, as we should be, thoroughly and incorruptibly and actively anti-slavery. Unfortunately, the former is the fact, and not the latter.

Besides, there is a vast amount of intercourse with the adjoining States, and a great deal of traffic, and Canadians travel extensively in the States, as do the people of the States in Canada. Thus the spread of slaveholding predilections is both favoured and facilitated; and, what is more, there is abundant



evidence that some Americans industriously use these opportunities for the purpose of giving currency to their own notions. Moreover, in various parts of Canada Yankees have settled, and for miles around them the poison of their pro-slavery influence is felt. Some of them do not scruple to make known their desire to see Canada a part of the Union, and thus brought under the control of the slave power, and made a park for slaveholders to hunt human deer in. In the time of the Rebellion these things were said without concealment; and I have known cases where Yankees, living in Canada for fifteen years, have shown themselves hostile to our Sovereign and our free institutions until they-wanted office, and then, all at once, they took the oath of allegiance!

It is not to be forgotten, on the other hand, that in the States bordering upon us are some of the most thorough out-spoken abolitionists in the American Union. Having had the honour of being one of their humblest coadjutors, I could bear testimony to their zeal and trueness; and I felt, in living so near them, I was not entirely separated from them, though in another country, so far as political relations were concerned. I knew very well, and so did the society, that co-operation and sympathy with these benevolent men and women was an object well worthy of our labours. Our fugitives passed through their hands. They conducted the [underground railway](#). The goods were consigned to us. When they reached us they ceased to be goods, and became men instanter. For that purpose they sent them; for that purpose we received them. On that account they rejoiced in the true practical freedom of our country; on that account we deemed it a mercy to be permitted to live in such a country. They wrought and rejoiced on one side of the line; we did the same on the other side of the line. We were yokefellows, why should we not recognize each other as such? We did; we do yet. They attend our annual anti-slavery gatherings, we attend theirs.

But I may as well come to some more unwelcome facts, showing the need of anti-slavery labour in Canada. I class them under two heads - 1st, Pro-slavery feeling; and, 2nd, Negro-hate.

1. I do not now speak of Yankee settlers, visitors, or travellers: enough has been said of them. I now speak of British-born subjects, who in Canada exhibit these two sentiments in a manner that no Yankee can excel. There are men and women in our midst who justify slavery, out and out. Some of these were heretofore planters in the West Indies. The victims of their former power being translated by the law of 1834 into freemen, they never can forgive Lord Grey, Lord Derby, nor the British Cabinet and the British people, for the demanding, advocacy, and passing, of that law. Their property, their power, their wealth in human beings, are all gone, or nearly so. They are almost all of them friends of slavery, or enemies of the Negro, or both. Others were slaveholders aforetime in the United States. Circumstances of one sort and another have induced them to change their residences, and they now abide in our midst, participating in our freedom, and seeming to enjoy it; but they cannot forget the "leeks and the onions" of that Egypt in which they once luxuriated as small-sized, very small, Pharaohs. They are not wont to say a great deal about it, for that is not exactly the latitude for the popularity of such sentiments; but they say enough to show who and what they are. And, "tell it not in Gath!" some of both these classes of Canadian slaveocrats are



coloured men!

Another class were poor in former days, and, going out to seek their fortunes, alighted upon Southern plantations, where they found lucrative employment, in slave-driving; or they have contracted marriage alliances with the daughters of slaveholders, and thus become sons-in-law and brothers-in-law to slaveholders and to slavery. Such self-seeking, pelf-seeking, devotees of the institution, are always the most clamorous in its behalf. These obey this rule with all their might.

Others still – like many, too many, Englishmen – without direct or indirect, present or past, interest in slavery, have travelled in the South; and, belonging to that extremely clever class of persons who possess the extraordinary facility of going through a country with both eyes wide open, and seeing nothing but just what they wish to see, return ignorant of any evils in slavery. “Fat, sleek, well contented slaves,” were the only ones they saw. There were none but the kindest masters in any part of the country through which they travelled. They cannot distinctly remember to have heard of a slave auction, of the separation of a slave family, of a case of severe flogging, of a chained coffle gang, of murder, incest, fornication or adultery, during all the tour: in fact, they cannot believe that such things do occur! Slavery, in their eyes – sightless eyes, in chosen circumstances – is a very innocent, happy affair. True, they never wore the yoke, they never even tasted any of those sweets which they are sure were from necessity in slavery; but they know (that is, they know nothing) and are prepared to testify (albeit their testimony is good for nothing) that slavery is only bad, if bad at all, either in the exaggerated view of the abolitionists, or as the result of the exasperations of the amiable slaveholders by the intermeddling of the abolitionists. Yes, our sacred soil is polluted by the unholy tread of pro-slavery men. Fortunately, but few of them, so far as I know, are ministers of the gospel. Two bishops, one a Roman Catholic and the other an Episcopalian, have the name of it. I doubt if they are falsely charged; but still I cannot say, certainly. Some, I know, are very chary of doing anything against slavery. I know of one, an Englishman, in Hamilton (the Yankeeist town in Canada), who is especially cautious; and another, a Scotchman, “canny” to the last degree, lest he should be suspected of anti-slaveryism. And fame says – no, it was a doctor of divinity who told me – that there is at least one now in Toronto, who was once in Hamilton, who favours the pro-slavery side of the case. But the very difficulty I have in recollecting these few, after having travelled all over the colony, shows that, with us, anti-slavery is the rule, pro-slavery the exception, in our clergy-men, while in the States the converse is true. That is something. But I shall not leave this truth, so gloriously creditable to the ministry of my adopted country, to be merely inferred from the foregoing. I shall by and by have the great pleasure of asserting it in direct terms, as I do now by implication.

2. Canadian Negro-haters are the very worst of their class. I know of none so contemptible. I say this in justice to the Americans from whom I have suffered, in the States, and to whom I have very freely alluded; and in justice, too, to such Yankees as are now resident in Canada. And I beg to say, that I write no more freely than I have spoken, to the very faces of those I



am now describing.

This feeling abounds most among the native Canadians, who, as a rule, are the lowest, the least educated, of all the white population. Like the same class in England, and like the ancestors of the Americans, they have not the training of gentlemen, are not accustomed to genteel society, and, as a consequence, know but little, next to nothing, of what are liberal enlightened views and genteel behaviour. Having no social standing such as gentlemen feel the necessity of maintaining, they suffer nothing from doing an ungentlemanly deed; and having neither a high aim nor a high standard of social behaviour, they seem to be, and in fact are, quite content to remain as they are. It is obvious, too, that such a class will maintain a poor petty jealousy towards those coming into the country who give any signs of prospering, especially if they are, from colour or what not, objects of dislike. In saying this feeling abounds most among native Canadians of the lower order, I do not mean that it is confined to them; nor do I mean to say that it is universal, without exception, even among this class – others exhibit it, and some of that class are among the freest from it. Still, its chief seat is in their bosoms. A few facts will make my meaning more clear.

In many cases, a black person travelling, whatever may be his style and however respectable his appearance, will be denied a seat at table d'hôte at a country inn, or on a steamer; and in a case or two coming under my own observation, such have been denied any sort of entertainment whatever. A gentleman of my acquaintance,¹⁶⁴ driving a good pair of horses, and travelling at leisure, with his ladylike wife, was one night, in the winter of 1851-52, denied admittance at some dozen public taverns. His lady, being of lighter complexion than himself, on one or two occasions was admitted, and was comfortably seated by the fire, and politely treated – until her darker-skinned husband came in, and then, there was no room for either. It was a bitterly cold night; and being treated – maltreated – after this manner until nearly midnight, they were at length obliged to accept of a room in which they could sit up all night.

In December, 1851, a black man arrived at Hamilton. He proposed going into an omnibus, to ride up from the wharf at which he landed, to Week's Hotel. The servants on the omnibus declared it was full. This being false, and it being pointed out to them, they declared the empty seats were engaged to persons whom they were to take up on the way. After the black had been refused a passage in the omnibus, numbers of whites were freely admitted – in fact, solicited to enter it. The Negro had no means of getting up with his luggage until a kind-hearted Irishman took him in his waggon. Upon reaching Week's Hotel, he applied for lodging, but was distinctly refused a bed, solely on the ground of his colour. Such were Mr. Week's express orders.¹⁶⁵

Some six months after that, I heard of the destruction of a large amount of Week's property by fire, without shedding a single tear! Two cases like these I have not known in the States for twenty years. While these Canadian tavern-keepers have been apeing the bad character of their Yankee neighbours, they have not participated in some better influences on this subject,

164. Mr. Peter O'Banyon.

165. The black person is the Writer.



which the repeated droppings of the anti-slavery streamlet have caused to take place on the Yankee rock of Negro-hate. In that respect Canadian is beneath and behind Yankee feeling.

The instances which have come before me of such occurrences at taverns would be too numerous to mention. I will give two steamboat cases, of many. A gentleman of colour,¹⁶⁶ who graduated at King's College (now the university) at Toronto, was going to Kingston. He took a first class ticket, and was accordingly entitled to first class fare. When the dinner bell rang, he presented himself at the table. He was forbidden to sit down. He paid no attention to the prohibition, and was about sitting down, when the captain approached him menacingly, and was about to draw the chair from under him; when the black drew another chair, knocked the captain down, and then sat down and eat his dinner in peace. On their arrival at Kingston the captain complained of him for assault; and he of the captain, for interference with his rights. The Court fined-the black gentleman five pounds and the captain twenty. And here is the grand difference betwixt Yankee and Canadian Negro-hate – the former is sanctioned by the laws and the courts, the latter is not. In either of the tavern cases to which reference has been made, the parties could have had legal redress. In my own case, I went to a law office, and looked up the law upon the subject, and found it as plain as daylight; but I did not prosecute.

The other steamboat case was that of a coloured woman, with her sister and three children, coming to Canada from New York State, in 1851. The brutal captain, a Scotchman, by the name of Ker, refused them a seat anywhere else save on the deck, and refused even to take money from them for a cabin passage. His lying plea was, that it would be offensive to the passengers. Every one of them distinctly denied it, and, what is more, another coloured lady, with her husband, had and enjoyed a cabin passage! Tell me not that I speak too strongly about this case. The woman is my wife, the children ours! God forgive Captain Ker! I was stating this case one night in a lecture, and afterwards learned that among my hearers were several of the relatives of this same recreant Scotchman. Glad was I that the case was told so near home.

From this date forward the [Reverend Samuel Joseph May](#) would sponsor annual “Jerry Celebrations” in an attempt to make this blow for freedom of as great significance to Americans as the Boston Tea Party (vindication of “eternal principles of Right” being considered, according to the Reverend’s idiosyncratic and perhaps even un-USer sense of values, “more valuable than tea”).

The 1st Hawaiian stamps were issued.



HENRY WILLIAMS

SHADRACH

Oct. 1. 5 P m Just put a fugitive slave who has taken the name of Henry Williams into the cars for Canada. He escaped from Stafford County Virginia to Boston last October, has been in Shadracks place at the Cornhill Coffee-house–had been corresponding through an agent with his master who is his father about buying–himself–his master asking \$600 but he having been able to raise only \$500.– heard that there were writs out for two Williamses fugitives–and was informed by his fellow servants & employer that Augerhole Burns & others of the police had called for him when he was out. Accordingly fled to Concord last night on foot–bringing a letter to our family from Mr Lovejoy of Cambridge–& another which Garrison had formerly given him on another occasion. He lodged with us & waited in the house till funds were collected with which to forward him.

Intended to despatch him at noon through to Burlington—but when I went to buy his ticket saw one at the Depot who looked & behaved so much like a Boston policeman, that I did not venture that time.


An intelligent and very well behaved man — a mullatto.

There is art to be used not only in selecting wood for a withe but in using it. Birch withes are twisted, I suppose in order that the fibres may be less abruptly bent—or is it only by accident that they are twisted?

The slave said he could guide himself by many other stars than the north star whose rising & setting he knew— They steered for the north star even when it had got round and appeared to them to be in the south. They frequently followed the telegraph when there was no railroad. The slaves bring many superstitions from Africa. The fugitives sometimes superstitiously carry a turf in their hats thinking that their success depends on it.

TELEGRAPHY

These days when the trees have put on their autumnal tints are the gala days of the year—when the very foliage of trees is colored like a blossom— It is a proper time for a yearly festival—an agricultural show.

Candlelight To Conantum— The moon not quite half full.¹⁶⁷ The twilight is much shorter now than a month ago, probably as the atmosphere is clearer and there is less to reflect the light. The air is cool & the ground also feels cold under my feet as if the grass were wet with dew which is not yet the case. I go through Wheelers cornfield in the twilight, where the stalks are bleached almost white—and his tops are still stacked along the edge of the field. The moon is not far up above the southwestern horizon. Looking west at this hour the earth is an unvaried undistinguishable black in contrast with the twilight sky. It is as if you were walking in night up to your chin. There is no wind stirring. An oak tree in Hubbard's pasture stands absolutely motionless and dark against the sky. The crickets sound farther off or fainter at this season as if they had gone deeper into the sod to avoid the cold. There are no crickets heard on the alders on the causeway. The moon looks colder in the water. There is a great change between this and my last moon light walk— I experience a comfortable warmth when I approach the south side of a dry wood—which keeps off the cooler air and also retains some of the warmth of day. The voices of travellers in the road are heard afar over the fields. even to Conantum house. The moon is too far west to be seen reflected in the river at Tupelo cliff—but the stars are reflected— The river is a dark mirror with bright points feebly fluctuating— I smell the bruised horsemint which I cannot see while I sit on the brown rocks by the shore. I see the glow-worm under the damp cliff— No whippoorwills [**Whip-poor-will**  *Caprimulgus vociferus*] are heard tonight—and scarcely a note of any other bird. At 8 o'clock the fogs have begun which with the shining on them look like cobwebs or thin white veils spread over the earth— They are the dreams or visions of the meadow.

The second growth of the white-pine is probably softer & more beautiful than the primitive forest ever afforded. The primitive forest is more grand with its bare mossy stems and ragged branches, but exhibits no such masses of green needles trembling in the light.

The elms are generally of a dirty or brownish yellow now



October 1, Wednesday, 1851: In China, the Chinese Christian leader Hung Hsiu Ch'üan 洪秀全 entered his newly conquered city of Yongan in the Guangxi province and of course issued a stern warning that all booty was to be turned over to the central authority.



HENRY WILLIAMS

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1851

1851

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
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October 2, Thursday, 1851: [Ferdinand Jean Marie Foch](#), believed to be the leader responsible for the Allies winning [World War I](#), was born in a devout Catholic family. At this time this was just another human infant, but his comment on the Treaty of Versailles was destined to be:

This is not a peace. It is an armistice for 20 years.

There was an [aurora borealis](#) at 9PM above New England, with the apex north by east about 12° high, in clear bright moonlight. The arch was steady, with long cirro-stratus clouds below.

168. The almanac shows October 1st to be the night of the half-full moon.



1851



Oct. PM. — Some of the white Pines on Fair Haven Hill have just reached the acme of their fall;—others have almost entirely shed their leaves, and they are scattered over the ground and the walls. The same is the state of the Pitch pines. At the Cliffs I find the wasps prolonging their short lives on the sunny rocks just as they endeavored to do at my house in the woods. It is a little hazy as I look into the west today. The shrub oaks on the terraced plain are now almost uniformly of a deep red.

1851



October 3, Friday, 1851: Vivat! op.103, a quadrille by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the initial time, in the Volksgarten, Vienna.

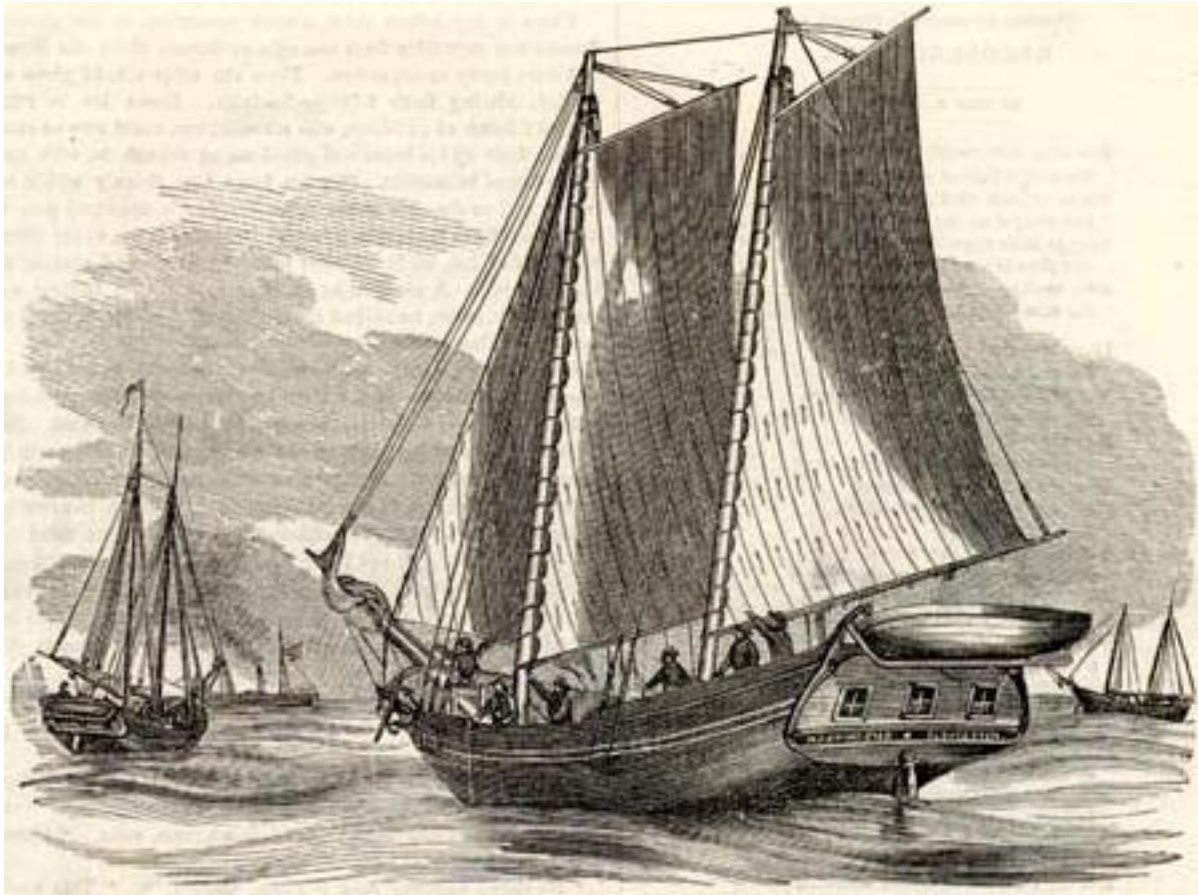
In England, Richard Pinckard and Elizabeth Pinckard were wealthy farmers of the hamlet of Thrupp, near Daventry. When their son John Mutton Pinckard and his wife Elizabeth Pinckard (whom we will refer to as “Elizabeth Pinkard₂”) could not pay their rent, they attempted to borrow money from John’s mother, “Elizabeth₁,” but she refused, and so early on this morning the son John Pinckard and the father Richard Pinckard went to Daventry Fair while Elizabeth₂ left the house at 10AM and walked to the house of Elizabeth₁ to plead with her mother-in-law. She did not attempt to conceal herself and was seen by 6 people as she went into and left that residence, one of them being a local constable. At 5:30 PM the cold still body of the mother-in-law was discovered sitting on the floor in the corner of the room, with around her neck an apron tape, tied to a hook in a cupboard door above her head. A local doctor opinioned that this amounted to suicide by strangulation, but then a post-mortem indicated that she had been knocked senseless with a blow to the head. The suspect had a gashed finger and, although the body had not lost any blood, smears of blood were found on the torn dress of Elizabeth₂ —a dress she had attempted to wash— and on the hook holding the tape, which was the same sort of tape that was found in a drawer in her room. A bloodstain was found on a mallet used to close dairy churns. She would be found guilty of murder and condemned to be hanged.

At Prince Edward Island, the afternoon had been warm and still under a heavily clouded sky, and then, to the north and northwest, about sunset, the sky had seemed to have a lurid, glassy appearance. A violent gale and wind then arose out of the East-North-East that would continue for 2 terrifying days. Before this blow was over, the New England fleet fishing off the shores of this island would be devastated — nearly a hundred vessels would be wrecked or stranded, and hundreds of fishermen would be drowned. Homes would be opened to the chilled and exhausted survivors, and the local graveyards would contain the bones of many washed-up corpse. For many years wreckage would dot the shores, some of these wrecks of fishing craft surviving well

1851

1851

into the 20th Century.



TIMELINE OF SHIPWRECKS

While the high tides of the great storm¹⁶⁹ were beating the lighthouse on [Minot's Ledge](#) to pieces and dashing to death the lighthouse keepers within it, a pilot boat went over to [Green Island](#) and removed temporarily for his own safety the [hermit Samuel Choate](#) who had been out there on that tiny rock outcropping alone since



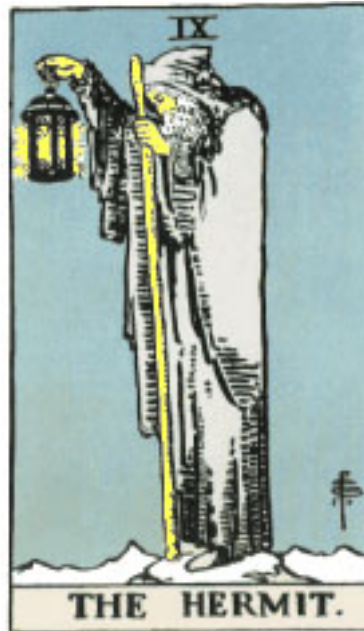
169. Observing a great white oak which had gone down, during April, Thoreau would hypothesize that it had been taken down by the same storm “which destroyed the lighthouse.”

1851

1851

1845.¹⁷⁰

BOSTON HARBOR



Tradition has it that the high tide of 1786 had been 10 inches higher than had ever before been experienced, and was about 5 feet, 6 inches above the average of tides. The tide of March 1825 had exceeded the last by one inch. The tide of March 1830 had been half an inch higher than that of 1825. The tide of April 1851 (known as the lighthouse tide, from its happening at the time of the destruction of Minot's Ledge Light-house), had exceeded the tide of 1830 by 1 foot and 1 inch — being 6 feet and 8 and a half inches above the average of tides. To commemorate the height of this tide, an iron bolt had been permanently placed, by the [Dorchester](#) Antiquarian and Historical Society, in the large rock just below the bridge at the Lower Falls, the top of the head of which bolt being at the point to which that tide arose. A bolt, with a head 6 inches in circumference, had also been placed on the easterly side of the bridge, in one of the stone piers; also in several other places — the center of the head of the bolt fixing the same point as the top of the bolt in the rock.

(From the highest point to which the tide has ever been known to rise, to the lowest point it has ever been

170. The American Lighthouse Service had been popularly considered to be only slightly less corrupt than the Bureau of Indian Affairs, but in this year there was a congressional investigation which would in the following year bring about a reformed Lighthouse Board.

known to fall, was during the 19th Century 19 feet 5 and a half inches.)



**Excerpt from an article “The Great American Gale”
in The Prince Edward Island Magazine for September 1902
written by James D. Lawson:**

“In an adjoining cove another vessel was aground, in which were fourteen men, none of whom had tasted food since the gale arose, and it was then Sabbath morning. Starving and with no prospect of relief at hand, the men were desperate. As a last resort they made two empty casks fast to ropes and threw them into the water. Presently these came ashore and were secured by the landsmen. The ropes by the latter were quickly fastened to a tree growing upon the bank and by that means four were safely rescued. Soon after that a tremendous wave lifted up the hull and landed it hard by the cliff. Fortunately all remaining on board sprang to the land and ran up the slippery bank.

At Rustico, another farming settlement adjoining Cavendish at its eastern side, three schooners were wrecked within five miles of each other – the *Franklin Dexter*, of Dennis, Mass., U.S., manned by a crew often; the *Shipjack*, N.S., by a crew of twelve, and the *Mary Moulton*, Castine, by a crew of fourteen. The *Mary Moutton* was smashed to pieces. The unfortunate crew lie buried in Cavendish Cemetery. The *Shipjack* was beached dismasted with a hole in her side and a balance reef in



her mainsail, the supposition being that she was "laying to," and was run down by another schooner. The remains of those on board were buried in the graveyard of the Episcopal Church, Rustico. The *Franklin Dexter* was owned by Capt. Wixon but was sailed by Capt. Hall. Capt. Wickson's four sons and his nephew were on board. Three of the sailors forming the crew were found lashed to the rigging. Their bodies were horribly lacerated, their clothing being torn to shreds. The other members of the crew had disappeared. As soon as the aged parents of the Wickson boys heard of their sad fate, the mother prevailed upon their father - an old gentleman of seventy - to hasten from Dennis to the scene of the disaster and bring home, if possible, their bodies for interment in the Family plot. When he arrived in Rustico, Capt. Wickson recognized some of his sons' clothing drying on a fence. As most of the bodies of the crew had been found and buried it was necessary to have them exhumed. On the lid of the first coffin being removed, Capt. Wickson fainted, and on being restored to consciousness he fainted again and again, and little wonder, for the lifeless form of his son was exposed to view before him. He soon identified two more of his sons and his nephew. As he searched the shore day after day for the body of his remaining son he became despondent, having been unsuccessful. His case elicited such universal sympathy that the inhabitants generally joined him in the search. At length the body was recovered. The five coffins were placed in a large packing case and placed on board the schooner *Seth Hall* which lay near, bound for Boston. Captain Wickson proceeded to Charlottetown and took the steamer for that city. Reaching home at Dennis, at the time expected, he met his relatives and friends, who mingled their tears with his as they listened to his touching story. But waiting and longing and hoping and praying for the arrival of the schooner with her precious freight brought her not, for the *Seth Hall* was lost at sea and never heard of more. The inhabitants of the port from which she sailed did not at all wonder at that, for before weighing anchor, the Captain cursed the storm, and the devastation it made, and impiously defied the God of the wind and the weather to prevent him from reaching his destination.

At the rear of Stanhope, another farming district, the writer's native place, fourteen miles from the capital, the schooner *Nettle*, of Truro, Mass., was stranded with four seamen washed overboard. Even yet some persons in this locality have distinct but melancholy recollections of the survivors weeping over their fallen comrades. And people there, now up in years, well remember the nervousness of women and children, especially after night on account of the dead bodies on

the shore.”



YANKEE GALE

In [San Francisco, California](#):

Wells & Co., bankers, suspended payment. This and the bankruptcy of H.M. Naglee already noticed, are the only instances of failure among that class of the citizens of [San Francisco](#). When the place and the speculative spirit of the people are borne in mind, it is high testimony to the general stability of the banking interest, that only two of their establishments have become bankrupt.


ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER 3D]

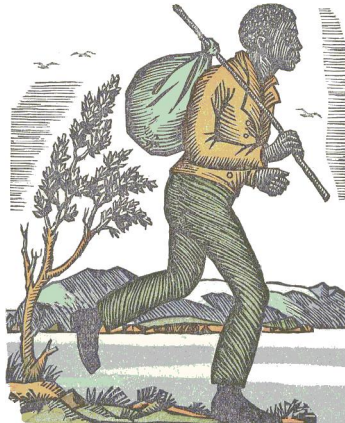
1851

1851

 October 4, Saturday, 1851: More than 500 citizens of Syracuse met to plan their response, with the mayor of Syracuse in the chair. They formed a Vigilance Committee made up of leading citizens of both races, and pledged “their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor” that no person would be taken from Syracuse and returned to slavery. The meeting was addressed by the Elder of the AME Zion Church, [Jermain Wesley Loguen](#) (ultimately the church’s Bishop).



Himself a fugitive from slavery in Tennessee, the Reverend Loguen roused the commitment of his fellow citizens, swearing he would not be taken, and that he knew they would stand with him.



The Reverend [Samuel Joseph May](#) subsequently preached a sermon in which he condemned Senator Daniel Webster for his support of the Fugitive Slave Law. Though himself a pacifist, he urged his listeners to defend their neighbors as vigorously as they would themselves and their families. Mayor Alfred H. Hovey pledged himself to stand with his constituents, come what may, against enforcement of the act. The Convention being in session in a nearby church, word of [Jerry McHenry](#)’s arrest quickly arrived. (Mrs. Sabine, the wife of the commissioner who would hear the case, may well have already leaked about the plan to make the arrest.) There was a dash to set the church bells ringing and a crowd was soon gathering at Commissioner Sabine’s office, with Jerry inside being arraigned. The crowd enabled Jerry to make it as far as the street, in irons, but then he was immediately recaptured. The arraignment ceremony was postponed and a larger room was planned. The crowd grew and grew in the street, and the second time there would be a more coordinated attempt at rescue, complete with battering ram. One of the deputy marshal defenders fired some random pistol shots out the window by way of token defense, but it was clear that this crowd was too huge and too committed and could not safely be resisted. One of the deputy marshals broke an arm while trying to make his exit through the window. McHenry injured himself by falling down a stairs, and would then lie hidden for several days at the home of a butcher of the city who was well-know for his anti-abolitionism (perfect cover), before being taken in a wagon to Oswego where he might cross Lake Ontario to the safety of [Canada](#).

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

In [San Francisco, California](#):

Opening of the new Jenny Lind Theatre on the Plaza. This was a large and handsome house. The interior was fitted up with exquisite taste; and altogether in size, beauty and comfort, it rivaled the most noted theatres in the Atlantic States. It could seat comfortably upwards of two thousand persons. The opening night presented a brilliant display of beauty and fashion, and every part of the immense building was crowded to excess. A poetical address was delivered on the occasion by Mrs. E. Woodward. A new era in theatricals was now begun in [San Francisco](#); and since that period the city has never wanted one or two first class theatres and excellent stock companies, among which "stars" of the first magnitude annually make their appearance. Before this date there had been various dramatic companies in [San Francisco](#), but not before, had there been so magnificent a stage for their performances. The "Jenny Lind" did not long remain a theatre. The following year it was purchased by the town for a City Hall for the enormous sum of two hundred thousand dollars. The external stone walls were allowed to stand, but the whole interior was removed and fitted up anew for the special purposes to which it was meant to be applied.



October 4, Saturday: The emigrant had for weeks been tossing on the Atlantic & perchance as long ascending the St Lawrence with contrary winds—conversant as yet in the new world only with the dreary coast of Newfoundland & Labrador—& the comparatively wild shores of the river below the Isle of Orleans. It is said that under these circumstances, the sudden apparition of Quebec on turning Point Levi—makes a memorable impression on the beholder.

Minot was telling me today that he used to know a man in Lincoln who had no floor to his barn but waited till the ground froze then swept it clean in his barn & threshed his grain on it

GEORGE MINOTT

He also used to see men threshing their buck-wheat in the field where it grew—having just taken off the surface down to a hard pan.

Minot used the word "*gavel*" to describe a parcel of stalks cast on the ground to dry. His are good old English words and I am always sure to find them in the dictionary—though I never heard them before in my life.

I was admiring his corn stalks disposed about the barn to dry over or astride the braces & the timbers—of such a fresh clean & handsome green retaining their strength & nutritive properties so—unlike the gross & careless husbandry of speculating money-making farmers— who suffer their stalks to remain out till they are dry & dingy & black as chips. Minot is perhaps the most poetical farmer—who most realizes to me the poetry of the farmer's life—that I know. He does nothing (with haste and drudgery—) but as if he loved it. He makes the most of his labor and takes infinite satisfaction in every part of it. He is not looking forward to the sale of his crops—or any pecuniary profit, but he is paid by the constant satisfaction which his labor yields him. He has not too much land to trouble him—too much work to do—no hired man nor boy.— but simply to amuse himself & live. He cares not so much to raise a large crop as to do his work well.

He knows every pin & nail in his barn. If another linter is to be floored he lets no hired man rob him of that amusement—but he goes slowly to the woods and at his leisure selects a pitch pine tree cuts it & hauls it or gets it hauled to the mill and so he knows the history of his barn-floor

Farming is an amusement which has lasted him longer than gunning or fishing— He is never in a hurry to get his garden planted & yet is always planted soon enough—& none in the town is kept so beautifully clean— He always prophesies a failure of the crops.— and yet is satisfied with what he gets. His barn-floor is fastened down with oak pins & he prefers them to iron spikes—which he says will rust & give way—

He handles & amuses himself with every ear of his corn crop as much as a child with its playthings— & so his small crop goes a great way. He might well cry if it were carried to market. The seed of weeds is no longer in his soil.

He loves to walk in a swamp in windy weather & hear the wind groan through the pines.

He keeps a cat in his barn to catch the mice. He indulges in no luxury of food or dress or furniture— yet he is not penurious but merely simple. If his sister dies before him he may have to go to the alms




1851

1851

house in his old age—yet he is not poor—for he does not want riches.
He gets out of each manipulation in the farmers operations a fund of entertainment which the speculating drudge hardly knows.
With never failing rheumatism & trembling hands—he seems yet to enjoy perennial health. Though he never reads a book—since he has finished the Naval Monument—he speaks the best of English

1851

1851

 October 5, Sunday, 1851: Someone, perhaps [Samuel Joseph May](#), introduced the following resolution at the [Liberty Party](#) convention, which was adopted:

Whereas, [Daniel Webster](#), That base and infamous enemy of the human race, did in a speech of which he delivered himself, in Syracuse last Spring, exultingly and insultingly predict that fugitive slaves would yet be taken away from Syracuse and even from anti-slavery conventions in Syracuse, and whereas the attempt to fulfill this prediction was delayed until the first day of October, 1851, when the Liberty party of the State of New York were holding their annual convention in Syracuse; and whereas the attempt was defeated by the mighty uprising of 2,500 brave men, before whom the half-dozen kidnapers were "as tow," therefore,

Resolved, That we rejoice that the City of Syracuse –the anti-slavery city of Syracuse- the city of anti-slavery conventions, our beloved and glorious city of Syracuse– still remains undisgraced by the fulfillment of the satanic prediction of the satanic Daniel Webster.

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW





October 5, Sunday: I noticed on Friday Oct 3d that the Willows generally were green & unchanged The red-maples varied from green through yellow to bright red.

The black-cherry was green inclining to yellow

(I speak of such trees as I chanced to see) The apple trees green but shedding their leaves like most of the trees

Elm a dingy yellow. White ash from green to dark purple or Mulberry White-oak green inclining to yellow Tupelo reddish yellow & red- Tree bushed about the head, limbs small & slanting downward.

Some maples when ripe are yellow or whitish yellow –others reddish yellow –others bright red –by the accident of the season or position –the more or less light & sun –being on the edge or in the midst of the wood- Just as the fruits are more or less deeply colored.

Birches green & yellow. Swamp white oak a yellowish green- Black ash – greenish yellow & now sere by frost- Bass sere yellowish.

Color in the maturity of foliage is as variable & little characteristic as naturalists have found it to be for distinguishing fishes & quadrupeds &c.

Observed that the wood-chuck has two or more holes –a rod or two apart- One or the front door – where the excavated sand is heaped up- another not so easily discovered –very small round without any sand about it being that by which he emerged- smaller directly at the surface than beneath – on the principle by which a well is dug making as small a hole as possible at the surface to prevent caving. About these holes is now seen their manure apparently composed chiefly of the remains of crickets which are seen crawling over the sand.

Saw a very fat woodchuck on a wall – evidently prepared to go into winter quarters.

Still purplish asters – & late golden rods – & fragrant life everlasting – & purple gerardia – great Bidens &c &c

The Dogwood by the Corner road has lost every leaf – its bunches of dry greenish berries hanging straight down from the bare stout twigs as if their peduncles were broken. It has assumed its winter aspect. A Mithridatic look

The Prinos berries are quite red.

The panicled hawkweed is one of those yellowish spherical or hemispherical fuzzy seeded plants – which you see about the wood-paths & fields at present- which however only a strong wind can blow far.–

Saw by the path-side beyond the Conant Spring that singular jelly like sort of Mushroom –which I saw last spring while surveying Whites farm- now red globular $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in diameter, covering the coarse moss by the ruts on the path side with jelly-covered seeds(?)

2 P M to the high open land between Batemans' Pond & the lime kiln.

It is a still cloudy afternoon rather cool As I go past Cheney's Boathouse –the river looks lighter than the sky- The butternuts have shed nearly all their leaves, and their nuts are seen black against the sky. The White oaks are turned a reddish brown in some valleys. The Norway cinquefoil and a smaller cinquefoil are still in blossom & also the late buttercup My companion remarked that the land (for the most part consisting of decayed orchards – huckleberry pastures and forests) on both sides of the Old Carlisle road, uneven and undulating like the road appeared to be all in-motion like the traveller – travelling on with him. Found a wild russet apple very good – of peculiar form flattened at the poles. Some red maples have entirely lost their leaves- The black birch is straw colored.

The rocks in the high open pasture are peculiar & interesting to walk over – for though presenting broad & flat surfaces – the strata are perpendicular producing a grained & curled appearance – this rocky crown like a hoary head covered with curly hair – or it is like walking over the edges of the leaves of a vast book. I wonder how these rocks were ever worn even thus smooth by the elements. The strata are remarkably serpentine or waving. It appears as if you were upon the axis of elevation geologically speaking. I do not remember any other pasture in Concord where the rocks are so remarkable for this.

What is that fleshy or knot-fleshy root which we found in the soil on the rocks by Bateman's pond – which looked so edible? All meadows and swamps have been remarkably dry this year & are still notwithstanding the few showers and rainy days. Witch hazel now in bloom I perceive the fragrance of ripe grapes in the air, and after a little search discover the ground covered with them where the frost has stripped the vines of leaves – still fresh & plump & perfectly ripe. The little conical burrs of the agrimony stick to my clothes. The pale lobelia still blooms freshly- The rough hawkweed –

holds up its globes of yellowish fuzzy seeds as well as the panicked. The clouds have cleared away the sun come out & it is warmer & very pleasant. The declining sun falling on the willows &c below Mrs Ripleys & on the water –produces a rare soft light– such as I do not often see– a greenish yellow. The milk weed seeds are in the air. I see one in the river – which a minnow occasionally jostles. (stood near a small rabbit hardly half grown by the old Carlisle road) I hear the red wing black-birds [Red-winged Blackbird █ *Agelaius phoeniceus*] by the river side again as if it were a new spring.



They appear to have come to bid farewell. The birds appear to depart with the coming of the frosts which kill the vegetation & directly or indirectly the insects on which they feed. The American bittern *Ardea Minor* [American Bittern █ *Botaurus lentiginosus*] flew across the river trailing his legs in the water scared up by us– This according to Peabody is the boomer– [stake driver] In their sluggish flight they can hardly keep their legs up. Wonder if they can soar

**THOREAU AS
ORNITHOLOGIST**

8 Pm to Cliffs: Moon ³/₄ full.¹⁷¹ The nights now are very still for there is hardly any noise of birds or of insects. The whipperwill [Whip-Poor-Will █ *Caprimulgus Vociferus*] is not heard –nor the mosquito– only the occasional lisp of some sparrow █. The moon gives not a creamy but white cold light – through which you can see far distinctly. About villages You hear the bark of dogs instead of the howl of wolves– When I descend into the valley by Wheelers grain field I find it quite cold. The sand slopes in the deep Cut gleam coldly as if covered with rime. As I go through the **Spring** woods I perceive a sweet dry scent from the underwoods like that of the fragrant life everlasting. I suppose it is that. To appreciate the moonlight you must stand in the shade & see where a few rods or a few feet distant it falls in between the trees. It is a “milder day” made for some inhabitants whom you do not see. The fairies are a quiet gentle folk invented plainly to inhabit the moonlight. I frequently see a light on the ground within thick & dark woods – where all around is in shadow & haste forward expecting to find some decayed & phosphorescent stump – but find it to be some clear moon light that falls in between some crevice in the leaves. As moonlight is to sunlight so are the fairies to men

DOG

Standing on the Cliffs no sound comes up from the woods. The earth has gradually turned more northward – the birds have fled south after the sun–& this impresses me as well by day or by night as a deserted country – there is a down-like mist over the river and pond – and there are no bright reflections of the moon or sheeniness from the pond in consequence – all the light being absorbed by the low fog.

171. The full moon would be on the night of the 8th.



1851

1851



October 6, Monday, 1851: Colonel [Winthrop Emerson Faulkner](#) of [Acton](#) was selected to be Marshal and the Reverend [Barzillai Frost](#) of [Concord](#) was selected to be Chaplain during the ceremony of dedication of the Davis Monument on [Acton](#) Common.

During this year [Albany, New York](#) was contemplating the establishment of a municipal water system. "The New Water Works," from the [Argus](#), appeared in the [Albany Evening Journal](#).

With aid from the Underground Railroad stationmaster of [Rochester, New York](#), [Frederick Douglass](#), [Jerry McHenry](#) was taken from his cover in the home of the supposedly anti-abolitionist butcher (perfect cover) of Syracuse, in a wagon to Oswego, where he crossed Lake Ontario along with two other such fugitives to [Canada](#) and exile/freedom.¹⁷²

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW



October 6. 12 M to Bedford line to set a stone by river on Bedford line. The portion of the river between Bedford and Carlisle seen from a distance in the road today as formerly has a singularly ethereal celestial, or elysian look. It is of a light sky-blue alternating with smoother white streaks, where the surface reflects the light differently—like a milk-pan full of the milk of Valhalla partially skimmed more gloriously & heavenly fair & pure than the sky itself. It is something more celestial than the sky above it. I never saw any water look so celestial. I have often noticed it. I believe I have seen this reach from the hill in the middle of Lincoln. We have names for the rivers of hell but none for the rivers of heaven, unless the milky way be one. It is such a smooth & shining blue—like a panoply of sky-blue plates— Our dark & muddy river has such a tint in this case as I might expect Walden or White Pond to exhibit if they could be seen under similar circumstances—but Walden seen from Fair Haven is if I remember—of a deep blue color tinged with green. Cerulian? Such water as that river reach appears to me of quite incalculable value, and the man who would blot that out of his prospect for a sum of money—does not otherwise than to sell heaven.

Geo. Thatcher, having searched an hour in vain this morning to find a frog—caught a pickerel with a mullein leaf.

The White ash near our house which the other day was purple or mulberry color is now much more red.

7¹/₂ PM to Fair Haven Pond by boat. the moon ⁴/₅ full, not a cloud in the sky.¹⁷³ paddling all the way. The water perfectly still & the air almost—the former gleaming like oil in the moonlight. with the moon's disk reflected in it.

When we started saw some fishermen kindling their fire for spearing by the river side. It was a lurid reddish blaze, contrasting with the white light of the moon, with a dense volumes of black smoke from the burning pitch pine roots, rolling upward in the form of an inverted pyramid. The blaze reflected in the water almost as distinct as the substance. It looked like tarring a ship on the shore of the styx or Coceytus. For it is still and dark notwithstanding the moon—and no sound but the

172. Indictments would be returned against 19 rescuers, not including [Gerrit Smith](#) or the [Reverend Samuel Joseph May](#), who later both would publicly acknowledge that they had been involved. Church Elder [Jermain Wesley Loguen](#) would be among those taken to Auburn, New York for arraignment. The accused were bailed out by, among others, William H. Seward, currently a US Senator from New York after having served as that state's Governor. The proceedings would drag on for a couple of years but would eventuate in the conviction of only one of the rescuers—a black man of course—named Enoch Reed. This one conviction would be appealed, but this one fall guy would die before the appeal on his behalf could be processed. Such indeterminate prosecution would not, however, bring this story to its conclusion. [President Millard Fillmore](#) would be presented with the shackles that had been cut off of Jerry, nicely boxed. Judge Lawrence would be presented with "30 pieces of silver" by a group of ladies of Syracuse (the pieces of silver used for this nice gesture were 3-cent coins.). [Gerrit Smith](#) and others would obtain an indictment against Marshall Allen for kidnapping, in order to manufacture an occasion for arguing against the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850. The federal marshal would, it goes without saying, be acquitted. Over the succeeding anniversaries of the dramatic event, [Jerry Rescue](#) commemorations would be attracting crowds to hear speakers such as the Reverends [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#) and [Samuel Joseph May](#), [Friend Lucretia Mott](#), [William Lloyd Garrison](#), and of course the helpful Rochester, New York Underground Railroad stationmaster [Frederick Douglass](#). The main address at such annual self-celebrations would typically be delivered by the millionaire backer and some of these addresses have been preserved among the Gerrit Smith Papers at Syracuse University.

173. The full moon would be on the night of the 8th.



crackling of the fire. The fishermen can be seen only near at hand though their fire is visible far away and then they appear as dusky fuliginous figures, half enveloped in smoke, seen only by their enlightened sides—like devils they look—clad in old coats to defend themselves from the fogs—one standing up forward holding the spear ready to dart while the smoke & flames are blown in his face—the other paddling the boat slowly & silently along close to the shore with almost imperceptible motion.

The river appears indefinitely wide—there is a mist rising from the water which increases the indefiniteness. A high bank or moon-lit hill rises at a distance over the meadow on the bank—with its sandy gullies & clam shells exposed where the Indians feasted— The shore line though close is removed by the eye to the side of the hill— It is at high water mark— It is continued till it meets the hill. Now the fisherman's fire left behind acquires some thick rays in the distance and becomes a star—as surely as sun light falling through an irregular chink makes a round figure on the opposite wall so the blaze at a distance appears a star. Such is the effect of the atmosphere. The bright sheen of the moon is constantly travelling with us & is seen at the same angle in front on the surface of the pads—and the reflection of its disk in the rippled water by our boatside appears like bright gold pieces falling on the river's counter.— This coin is incessantly poured forth as from some unseen horn of plenty at our side

(I hear a lark singing this morn Oct 7th and yesterday saw them in the meadows. Both larks [**Eastern Meadowlark** *Sturnella magna*] & blackbirds are heard again now occasionally seemingly after a short absence, as if come to bid farewell)

I do not know but the weirdness of the gleaming oily surface is enhanced by the thin fog. A few water bugs are seen glancing in our course.

I shout like a farmer to his oxen—and instantly the woods on the eastern shore take it up & the western hills a little up the stream, and so it appears to rebound from one side the river valley to the other till at length I hear a farmer call to his team far up as Fair Haven bay whither we are bound.

We pass through reaches where there is no fog—perhaps where a little air is stirring— Our clothes are almost wet through with the mist—as if we sat in water. Some portions of the river are much warmer than others. In one instance it was warmer in the midst of the fog—than in a clear reach.

In the middle of the Pond we tried the echo again 1st the hill on the right took it up; then further up the stream on the left; and then after a long pause when we had almost given it up—and the longer expected the more in one sense unexpected & surprising it was we heard a farmer shout to his team in a distant valley far up on the opposite side of the stream much louder than the previous echo—and even after this we heard one shout faintly in some neighboring town. The 3d echo seemed more loud and distinct than the second. But why I asked do the echoes always travel up the stream—

I turned about and shouted again—and then I found that they all appeared equally to travel down the stream, or perchance I heard only those that did so.

As we rowed to Fair Havens eastern shore a moon-lit hill covered with shrub oaks—we could form no opinion of our progress toward it, not seeing the water line where it met the hill—until we saw the weeds & sandy shore & the tall bullrushes rising above the shallow water the masts of large vessels in a haven. The moon was so high that the angle of exidence did not permit of our seeing her reflection in the pond.

As we paddled down the stream with our backs to the moon, we saw the reflection—of every wood & hill on both sides distinctly These answering reflections—shadow to substance,—impress the voyager with a sense of harmony & symmetry—as when you fold a blotted paper & produce a regular figure.— a dualism which nature loves. What you commonly see is but half. As we paddle up or down we see the cabins of muskrats faintly rising from amid the weeds—and the strong odor of musk is borne to us from particular parts of the shore. also the odor of a skunk is wafted from over the meadows or fields. The fog appears in some places gathered into a little pyramid or squad by itself—on the surface of the water. Where the shore is very low the actual & reflected trees appear to stand foot to foot—& it is but a line that separates them & the water & the sky almost flow into one another— & the shore seems to float. Home at 10.


 October 7, Tuesday, 1851: [Mrs. Louise Amelia Knapp Smith Clappe](#) wrote from her and her ailing husband [Dr. Fayette Clappe](#)'s log cabin in the gold camp at Indian Bar, California, to her sister back home in Massachusetts.

A "DAME SHIRLEY" LETTER

Mr. George Cruickshank delivered an address at the annual temperance festival held at St. Andrew's Hall in Norwich, England. May we presume there to have been non-alcoholic toasts?

[Henry Thoreau](#) went paddling on Long Pond in [Framingham](#), which had since become Lake Cochituate and a primary source of water for the municipality of Boston:

[T]he deliberate engineered conversion of Long Pond into Lake Cochituate by the City of Boston gave Thoreau one of the most inspiring nautical scenes of his life. For two straight days he gushed about its "glorious sandy banks far and near, caving and sliding, - far sandy slopes," on the edge of a "vast and stretching loch on which he might sail." It was like having a smaller version of Cape Cod within the Concord Valley. As with the sandy banks and bars of the [Assabet River](#) (created by fluvial adjustments to its one-arch bridge), the shorelines of Lake Cochituate were experiencing a wild and dramatic pulse of shoreline erosion, in this case precipitated by raising the dam at its outlet to divert the flow to Boston. Beyond the improvement in nautical scenery, this also gave Thoreau a new relation to the soil: "When I see her sands exposed, thrown up from beneath the surface, it touches me inwardly, it reminds me of my origin."
 - [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, pages 238-239





Oct. 7. This morning the fog over the river & the brooks & meadows running into it has risen to the height of 40 or 50 feet. {One-half page blank} October 7th 51. 1 PM to river by boat to Corner Bridge A very still warm bright clear afternoon. Our boat so small and low that we are close to the water. The muskrats all the way are now building their houses - about ²/₃ done. They are of an oval form (looking down on them) sloping upward from the smaller end by which the rat ascends - and composed of mouthfuls of Pontederia leaf stems (now dead) the capillaceous roots or leaves of the water marygold & other capillaceous leaved water plants. - flag-root - a plant which looks like a cock's tail or a peacocks feather in form - clam shells &c - sometimes rising from amidst the dead pontederia stems or the Button bushes - or the willows. The mouthfuls are disposed in layers successively smaller - forming a somewhat conical mound. Seen at this stage they show some art and a good deal of labor. We pulled one to pieces to examine the inside. There was a small cavity, which might hold 2 or 3 full grown muskrats just above the level of the water, quite wet and of course dark and narrow communicating immediately with a gallery under water. There were a few pieces of the white root of some water plant - perhaps a pontederia - or a lily root in it. There they dwell in close contiguity to the water itself - always in a wet apartment - in a wet coat never changed with immeasurable water in the cellar, through which is the only exit. They have reduced life to a lower scale than Diogenes. Certainly they do not fear cold - ague - or consumption. Think of bringing up a family in such a place - worse than a broad street cellar- But probably these are not their breeding places. The muskrat and the fresh water muscle are very native to our river- The Indian their human comperer has departed. There is a settler whom our low lands and our bogs do not hurt.

One of the fishermen speared one last night. How long has the muskrat dined on muscles? The river Mud itself will have the ague as soon as he. What occasion has he for a dentist? Their unfinished rapidly rising nests look now like truncated cones. They seem to be all building at once in different parts of the river and to have advanced equally far.

The weeds being dead & the weather cooler the water is more transparent. Now is the time to observe such weeds as have not been destroyed. The fishes are plainly seen. Saw a pickerel which had swallowd a smaller fish – with the tail projecting from his mouth. There is a dirty looking weed quite submerged with short densely crowded finely divided leaves, in dense masses atop like the tops of spruce trees, more slender below. The shores for a great width are occupied by the dead leaves and stems of the Pontederia which give the river a very wild look. There is a strong-scented green plant which looks like a fresh water sponge or coral – clumsy limbed like a dead tree. or a cactus.¹⁷⁴ A long narrow grass like a freshwater eel grass.

The swamp white oak on the meadow which was blown down in the spring is still alive as if it had been supported by the sap in its trunk. The dirt still adheres to its roots which are of the color of an elephants skin.

I suppose it is the *Nuphar Kalmiana* which I find in blossom in deep water though its long stem 4 feet or more round & gradually tapering toward the root – with no leaves apparent make me doubt a little. Apparently 5 sepals – greenish & yellow without, yellow within 8 small petals – many stamens – stigma 8 rayed.–

Saw the *Ardea minor* [American Bittern  *Botaurus lentiginosus*] walking along the shore like a hen with long green legs – its pencilled throat is so like the reeds & shore amid which it holds its head erect to watch the passer that it is difficult to discern it. You can get very near it for it is unwilling to fly – preferring to hide amid the weeds. The lower parts of the willows & the button-bushes are black with the capillaceous leaves & stems of the water marygold &c.

The saw edge of the rushes (common *Juncus militaris* I think it is) 2 to 4 ft high in dense fields along the shore in various stages of decay look like a level rainbow skirting the waters edge–& reflected in the water.– Though a single one or a few near at hand do not exhibit very marked or distinct colors. But a distance from a shore which is lined with them –the colors are very distinct– & produce a pleasing effect– 1st next the water a few inches of pink – then a faint narrow line or halo of yellowish – then a broad & lively green – the proper color of the rush – then a sunny yellow – passing into the brown of the dead & seered tops– The different shades of different parts of the plant from the surface of the water to its tip – when you look at the edge of a large & dense field of them – produce 5 distinct horizontal & parrallel bars of different colors like a level rain bow – making a pleasing border to the river in a bright day like this. And occasionally the sun light from the rippled surface produced by our boat – reflected on them enhances the effect– The colors pass into each other so gradually and indefinitely as if it were the reflection of the sun falling on a mist.

The rounded hills beyond the clam shells look velvety smooth as we are floating down the stream – covered with the now red blackberry vines. The oaks look light against the sky, rising story above story. I see small whitish & pinkish polygonums along the waterside.

174. In regard to freshwater sponge and bryozoans: Although sponges are animals, they don't move around all that much and thus are frequently mistaken for aquatic plants or algae. Sponges are multicellular animals consisting of masses of cells embedded in a gelatinous matrix. The matrix is bound together by minute, spine-like structures of calcium or silica called spicules and spongy organic fibers called spongin. Although most of the more than 5,000 known sponges are found in marine environments, 150 species live in freshwater. Freshwater sponges are pitted with pores and often are yellow, brown or greenish. Sponges filter large volumes of water through their pores, capturing tiny particles for food. Freshwater sponges vary in size from a few millimeters to more than a meter across. All species have a free-swimming, microscopic larval stage, but are attached (sessile) as adults. They are widely distributed in well-oxygenated ponds and streams where they grow on plant stems, pieces of wood, and other submerged objects. They will overwinter in a dormant state (called gemmules), but are most commonly seen in summer or fall. They may be lobed, composed of finger-like projections, or quite irregularly shaped and are robust enough to be picked up without falling apart, unlike many kinds of algae. Bryozoans are tiny colonial animals that are fairly common in lakes and streams with suitable habitat. Different species form colonies that range in appearance from delicate wispy moss-like growths to basketball-size gelatinous masses. Each colony is made of many individual creatures called "zooids." Zooids are microscopic cylindrical creatures with a mouth, digestive tract, muscles, and nerve centers. The zooids are covered by a protective matrix which may be delicate, hard, or gelatinous depending on the species. They feed by filtering tiny algae and protozoa through a crown of tentacles (lophophore). Bryozoan colonies grow by budding from the adult zooids. New colonies will establish from a free-swimming, microscopic larval stage or by growth of dormant spore-like "statoblasts." Most Bryozoans live in salt water, and of the 20 or so freshwater species found in North America, most are found in warm-water regions attached to plants, logs, rocks and other firm substrates. The forms most likely encountered in the northwest are translucent, brownish-gray, jelly-like masses that look like they have little black dots embedded in them.

There is a great difference between this season and a month ago – as between one period of your life & another. A little frost is at the bottom of it.
 It is a remarkable difference between night & day on the river – that there is no fog by day.

THE YANKEE GALE

From Hazard’s Gazette of Tuesday last. [October 7, 1851]

On the night of Friday last, and throughout the whole of Saturday and the following night, we were visited with a gale of unusual violence, from the E.N.E., and violent storm of rain, almost unparalleled in the history of this Island; from the loss of ships accompanying it, and altogether so far as loss of life which has taken place. Owing to the difficulty of procuring accurate information from all the Districts on the North side, we are unable to give anything like a correct account of the extent of havoc occasioned by this terrific visitation, but as far as we have been able to do so, will give the results of our enquiries.



YANKEE GALE



October 8, Wednesday, [1851](#): The railroad between [New-York City](#) and Albany, [New York](#) commenced regular service.

HISTORY OF RR

James McCune Smith wrote from [New-York](#) to [Frederick Douglass](#). This letter would be printed in the December 18, 1851 edition of [Frederick Douglass’s Paper](#).



October 8, Wednesday: A slight wind now fills the air with elm leaves. The nights have been cool of late so that a fire has been comfortable, but the last was quite warm.

2 Pm to the Marlboro Road.: This day is very warm–yet not bright like the last, but hazy. Picked up an Ind. gouge on Dennis’ Hill. The foliage has lost its very bright tints now–it is more dull–looks dry or as if burnt even– The very ground or grass is crisped with drought–and yields a crispy sound to my feet. The woods are brownish–reddish–yellowish merely–excepting of course the evergreens. It is so warm that I am obliged to take off my neck-handkerchief & laborers complain of the heat. By the side of J. P. Browns grain field I picked up some white-oak acorns in the path by the woodside–which I found to be unexpectedly sweet & palatable, the bitterness being scarcely perceptible– To my taste they are quite as good as chestnuts. No wonder the first men lived on acorns Such as these are no mean food–such as they are represented to be. Their sweetness is like the sweetness of bread–and to have discovered this palatableness in this neglected nut–the whole world is to me the sweeter for it. I am related again to the first men What can be handsomer–wear better to the eye–than the color of the acorn like the leaves on which they fall–polished. or varnished.¹⁷⁵ To find that acorns are edible–it is a greater addition to ones stock of life than would be imagined. I should be at least equally pleased if I were to find that the grass tasted sweet and nutritious– It

increases the number of my friends—it diminishes the number of my foes. How easily at this season I could feed myself in the woods! There is mast for me too—as well as for the pigeon [American Passenger Pigeon [Ectopistes migratorius](#)]—& the squirrel. This Dodonean fruit.

The Goldfinches [American Goldfinch [Carduelis tristis](#)] are in the air. I hear a black bird also—and see a downy wood-pecker [Downy Woodpecker [Picoides pubescens](#)]—& see & hear a hairy one [Hairy Woodpecker [Picoides villosus](#)]. The seeds of the pasture thistle are not so buoyed up by their down as the milkweed.

In the forenoon commonly I see nature only through a window—in the afternoon—my study or apartment in which I sit is a vale

The farmers are ditching—redeeming more meadow—getting corn—collecting their apples—threshing &c

I cannot but believe that acorns were intended to be the food of man—they are agreeable to the palate as the mother's milk to the babe. The sweet acorn tree is famous & well known to the boys. There can be no question respecting the wholesomeness of this diet.

This warm day is a godsend to the wasps. I see them buzzing about the broken windows of deserted buildings as [Jenny Dugans](#)—the yellow-knotted—

JENNY DUGAN

175. [William M. White](#)'s version of [Thoreau](#)'s journal entry is:

*By the side of J. P. Brown's grain-field
I picked up some white oak acorns
In the path by the wood-side,
Which I found to be unexpectedly sweet and palatable,
The bitterness being scarcely perceptible.
To my taste they are quite as good as chestnuts.*

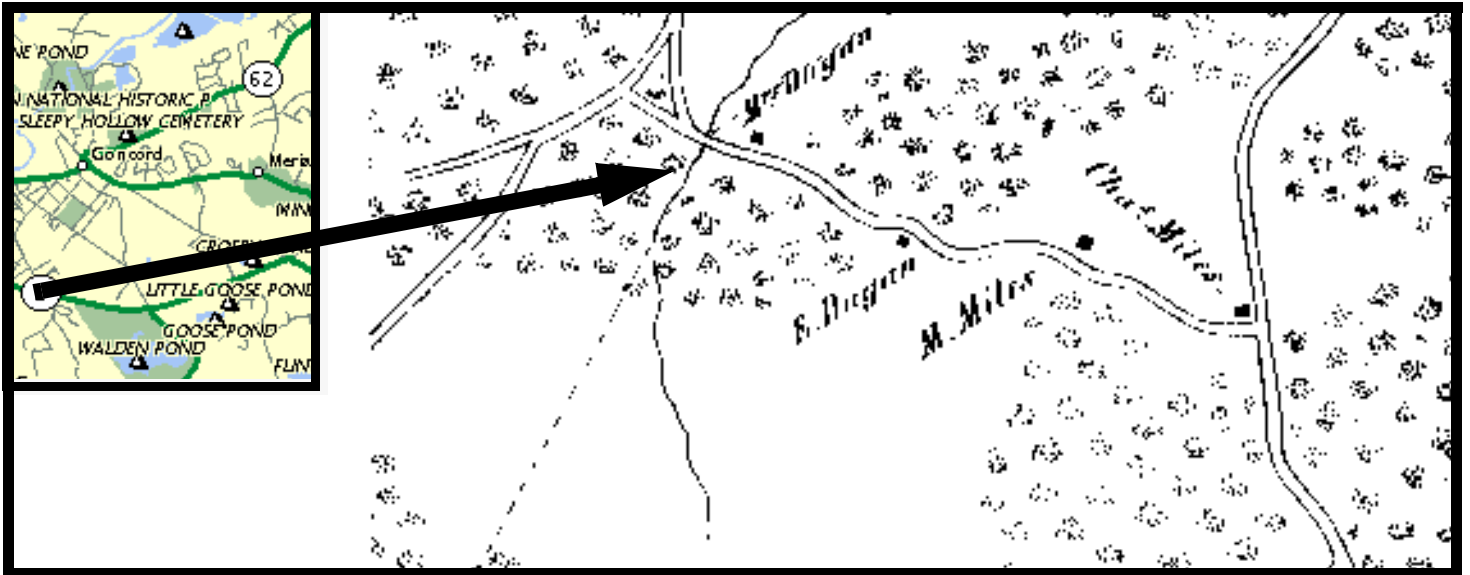
*No wonder the first men lived on acorns.
Such as these are no mean food,
Such as they are represented to be.*

*Their sweetness is like the sweetness of bread,
And to have discovered this palatableness
In this neglected nut,
The whole world is to me the sweeter for it.*

*I am related again to the first men.
What can be handsomer,
Wear better to the eye,
Than the color of the acorn,
Like the leaves on which they fall polished, or varnished?*

1851

1851



I smell the dry leaves like hay from the woods— Some elms are already bare— The bass wood here is quite sere. The pines are still shedding their leaves. This brook by Jenny's is always a pleasant sight & sound to me. In the spring I saw the sucker here. It is remarkable through what narrow & shallow brooks a sucker will be seen to dart—and a trout. I perceive that some white oaks are quite red—the black oaks are yellowish— I know not surely whether brighter red & more divided leaf is that of the red or the scarlet oak. The jointed polygonum in the Marlboro Road is an interesting flower—it is so late—so bright a red though inobvious.— from its minuteness—without leaves—above the sand. like sorrel. mixed with other minute flowers—& the empty chalices of the Trichostema— I saw one blue curl still adhering.

The puff balls are split open & rayed out on the sand like 5 or 10! fingers The milk weed seeds must be carried far for it is only when a strong wind is blowing that they are loosened from their pods. An arrowhead at the desert. Spargula Arvensis—Corn-Spurrey (some call it tares) at the acorn tree— Filled my pockets with acorns. Found another gouge on Dennis' Hill. To have found two Ind. gouges and tasted sweet acorns—is it not enough for one afternoon?

The sun set red in haze visible 15 ms before setting & the moon rose in like manner at the same time. This evening, I am obliged to sit with my door & window open—in a thin coat—which I have not done for 3 weeks at least.

A warm night like this at this season produces its effect on the village— The boys are heard at play in the street now at 9 o'clock—in greater force & with more noise than usual. My neighbor has got out his flute— There is more fog than usual—the moon is full. The tops of the woods in the horizon seen above the fog look exactly like long low black clouds—the fog being the color of the sky.

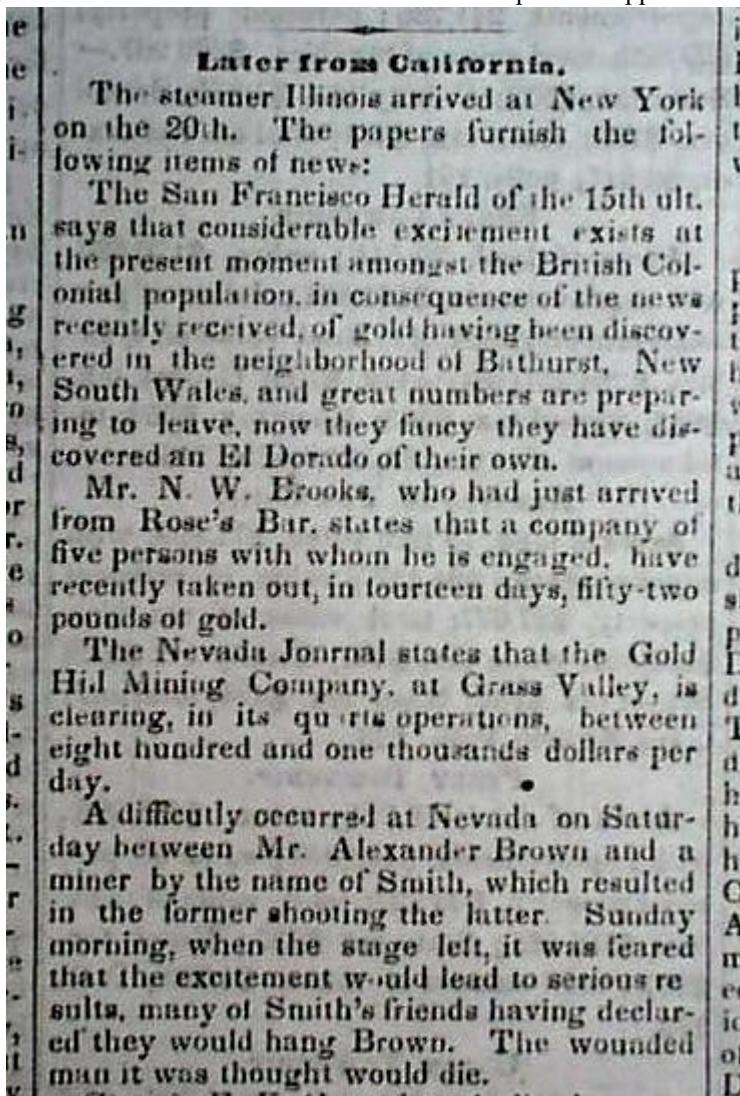
1851

1851



October 9, Thursday, 1851: Jules Massenet took his entrance examination at the Paris Conservatoire before a panel of judges including Daniel-François-Esprit Auber, Fromental Halévy and Ambroise Thomas (he was not admitted).

The latest gold-rush news of profit and scandal was being reported in the gazettes, by steamer from California. The total lag cycle between West Coast event and East Coast report was approximately 3 weeks:



October 9. Thursday. Heard 2 Screech owls in the night Boiled a quart of acorns for breakfast—but found them not so palatable as raw—having acquired a bitterish taste perchance from being boiled with the shells and skins, yet one would soon get accustomed to this.

The sound of fox-hounds in the woods heard now at 9 Am in the village—reminds me of mild winter mornings.

2 P M to Conantum In the maple woods the ground is strewn with new fallen leaves. I hear the green locust again on the alders of the causeway—but he is turned a straw color. The warm weather has revived them. All the acorns on the same tree are not equally sweet— They appear to dry sweet. From Conantum I see them getting hay from the meadow below the Cliffs. It must have been quite dry when cut. The black ash has lost its leaves & the white here is dry & brownish yellow—not having turned mulberry. I see half a dozen snakes in this walk green & striped (one very young striped one)—who appear to be out enjoying the sun. They appear to make the most of the last warm days of the

DOG



year. The hills & plain on the opposite side of the river is covered with deep warm red leaves of shrub-oaks— On Lee's hill-side by the pond the old leaves of some pitch pines are almost of a golden Yellow hue seen in the sun light—a rich autumnal look. The green are as it were set in the yellow. The witch hazel here is in full blossom—on this magical hill-side—while its broad yellow leaves are falling—some bushes are completely bare of leaves, and leather-colored they strew the ground. It is an extremely interesting plant—October & November's child—and yet reminds me of the very earliest spring— Its blossoms smell like the spring—like the willow catkins—by their color as well as fragrance they belong to the saffron dawn of the year.— Suggesting amid all these signs of Autumn—falling leaves & frost—that the life of nature—by which she eternally flourishes, is untouched. It stands here in the shadow on the side of the hill while the sun-light from over the top of the hill lights up its topmost sprays & yellow blossoms. Its spray so jointed and angular is not to be mistaken for any other. I lie on my back with joy under its boughs. While its leaves fall—its blossoms spring. The autumn then is in deed a spring. All the year is a spring. I see two blackbirds high over head going south, but I am going north in my thought with these hazel blossoms

It is a faery-place. This is a part of the immortality of the soul. When I was thinking that it bloomed too late for bees or other insects to extract honey from its flowers—that perchance they contained no honey—I saw a bee upon it. How important then to the bees this late blossoming plant.

The circling hawk █ steers himself through the air—like the skater—without a visible motion.

The hoary cinquefoil in blossom. A large sassafras tree behind Lee's 2 feet diam. at ground. As I return over the bridge I hear a song-sparrow [Song Sparrow █ *Melospiza melodia*] singing on the willows exactly as in spring. I see a large sucker rise to the surface of the river. I hear the crickets singing loudly in the walls as they have not done (so loudly) for some weeks—while the sun is going down shorn of his rays by the haze.

There is a thick bed of leaves in the road under Hubbards elms.

This reminds me of *Cato*—as if the ancients made more use of nature—he says *Stramenta si deerunt, frondem iligneam legito, eam substernito ovibus bubusque*. If litter is wanting, gather the leaves of the holm oak and strew them under your sheep & oxen. In another place he says *circum vias ulmos serito, et partim populos, uti frondem ovibus et bubus habeas*. I suppose they were getting that dry meadow grass for litter. There is little or no use made by us of the leaves of trees—not even for beds—unless it be sometimes to rake them up in the woods & cast into hog-pens or compost heaps.

Cut a stout purple cane of poke weed.

DISASTROUS GALE!

Dreadful loss of Lives, Vessels, etc., etc.

From 100 to 150 vessels supposed to be stranded on the Coast of this Island, besides a large number foundered at sea. Nearly 100 dead bodies already found!!!

Georgetown, October 9, 1851.

Mr. Ings:

Sir — The following vessels which have arrived here since the late gale, wished to be reported in the Island papers. Some of the Captains say, that they have been thirty years at sea, and never experienced such a gale before.

Yours etc.,

A Subscriber.

Schooner *Vulture*, Watts, of Newbury Port, U.S., in the gale of the 3rd inst., lost a man overboard, named Jas. Everett of Nova Scotia; also lost her boat, flying jib and jib-boom.

Schooner *Empire*, Dixon, of U.S., lost her jib boom and



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had her sails split.

Schooner *John*, R. Perkins, of [Gloucester](#), U.S. lost her boat, had her sails split and deck swept of everything.

Schooner *Matamora* had her sails torn, reports that she passed an American vessel on her beam ends, with two men in the mast heads, but was unable to render them any assistance owing to the loss of her sails and the heavy sea which was running.

Schooner *Ocean*, Reed, master, from Booth Bay, U.S., had her bowsprit broken off by a sea while her jib was stowed, lost four bbls. mackerel and everything else which she had on deck at the time, also lost an anchor.

Schooner *Guess*, McKellie, master, from Westpoint, U.S., lost her boat.

Schooner *Hero*, of Lubec, Fergusson, master, lost both anchors at the Magdalen islands, was in company with five other vessels who also lost their anchors.

Schooner *Sarah*, Brooks, lost flying jib.

Several other vessels which called here, had lost some of their sails and went off again to the Gut of Canso to get new ones.

Schooner *Cadmus*, Elliot, master, arrived in 7 days from Boston, reports that the gale did not extend beyond Cape Sable. Saw a number of American vessels passing through the Gut, all more or less damaged, one the *Telegraph*, had lost two men overboard by the main boom striking them while jibing the sail, and Captain Attwood severely hurt, heard in the Gut that there were 75 sail of vessels ashore on the Island.

Extract of a letter from Darnley, October 6, 1851.

You will please give immediate notice that a number of American fishing vessels have been driven ashore, in the Harbour of Richmond Bay and the coast on the 4th inst., to the number of from 40 to 50 sail, and a great many lives lost. A number of the vessels are to be sold on Friday next, and perhaps before that time. There are two at Park Corner, near New London, to be sold on Wednesday next.

Extract from a letter from Rustico, October 7, 1851.

There is a schooner ashore on Robinson's Island called the *Shipjack*, from Liverpool, N. S. She is loaded with mackerel and salt - water logged. I have taken out 30 barrels of mackerel, besides salt and empty barrels; but the worst comes last - we took four dead bodies out of her on Monday last and Tuesday six more, which I think is her full crew.

Vessels on Shore at Tignish, etc.

American schooner *Commerce*, of Harwich, Mass., U.S., John Allen, master, ashore at Tignish near the North Cape. Crew saved. To be sold on Tuesday next, 14 of



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The *Jenny Lind*, from Nova Scotia. Crew saved.

The *Rival*, of Truro, U.S. Crew saved.

The *W.R. Burnham*, U.S. Crew saved.

The *Golden Rule*, of [Gloucester](#), U.S. Crew saved.

The *Mary Scotchburn*, of Newburyport, U.S. Crew saved.

American schooner *Pow Hatten*, of [Gloucester](#), U.S., John Ross, master, ashore at Tignish, near the North Cape. Crew saved. To be sold on Monday next, the 13th inst.

American schooner *Bloomfield*, of Boston, Joseph McDonald, master, ashore at Tignish. Crew saved.

Capt. McDonald of the schooner *Bloomfield*, informs us a Brigantine was lost on the North Cape of this Island – that all hands perished – and that she has gone to pieces. He states that she was a British-built vessel, 70 feet long on deck, 22 feet beam, cedar timbers, softwood plank and beams – supposed to be Canada built, apparently four years old. A number of empty Puerto Rico sugar hogsheads with spruce heads came on shore from her. The number on the head of one of them was 28 E. 1206 (red chalk) and on the other end 1 / (black paint). The name of the vessel could not be discovered, but the stern of a boat supposed to belong to her came on shore with the name *Veloce*, *Mouraska* on it. Her bow sails, chains, anchors and windlass were found to the west of the N.W. reef.

Capt. McDonald and others also inform us that there are 20 to 30 vessels on shore between Malpec and North Cape – and that in Richmond Bay and on Hog Island, there are some 40 or 50 more. It is currently reported that some sixty or seventy bodies have been interred on Hog Island during the past week.

A vessel came on shore at Brackley Point on Monday last – 10 dead bodies were found on board – they were interred on Wednesday.

A large Bark, in ballast, from Europe, bound to Richibucto, is on shore at Cable Head.

We hear that a number of vessels are to be seen in the Gulf riding at their anchors, swept of everything, and all hands supposed to be dead.

N.Y. DAILY TIMES, October 9, 1851.

TREMENDOUS GALE AND LOSS OF LIFE

Boston, Wednesday October 8.

A dispatch received Fast evening by the collector of this port, from B. Hammett, U.S. Consul at Pictou, states that the north-west coast has been swept by a terrible and destructive gale and that 100 fishing vessels were ashore on the north side of Prince Edward's Island. It is estimated that 300 persons have perished


in the wrecks, and many bodies have already drifted ashore. Mr. Norton will proceed at once to relieve the distress and render such aid as he can.

N.Y. DAILY TIMES, October 9, 1851.

Further as to the Storm at Prince Edward's Island. No news has yet been received from the west part of Prince Edward's Island, where further loss is feared. Thirty vessels are piled on the beach at Melpome harbor. The dispatch gives account of the safety of the schooners *Florence* of [Gloucester](#); *John*, of do; *Hannah Grant* of Newburyport; *Lady*, of [Cohasset](#); *O'Conner* of [Hingham](#); *Sarah Brooks*, of Scituate, and *Vulture*, of Newburyport. The vessels lost had many of them full freights of mackerel. Further particulars are promised tomorrow.



YANKEE GALE

 October 10, Friday, [1851](#): Naturalized British subject Paul Julius, Baron von Reuter opened a telegraph office near the London stock exchange in order to transmit stock quotes from London to Paris by way of the new undersea cable across the English Channel (thus beginning the Reuter's News Agency).

During this year [Albany, New York](#) was contemplating the establishment of a municipal water system. "Report of the Water Committee of the Common Council," Albany [Evening Journal](#). See also their editorial "The Water Works Contracts" which likely was the cause of McAlpine's suit against Mr. Ten Eyck.

The wife of the captain of the fishing schooner *Martha*, upon hearing a rumor that her husband's vessel had been lost in the recent storm on the Coast of Nova Scotia with all on board, committed [suicide](#) leaving a large family of young orphans.

[Queen Victoria](#) and [Prince Albert](#) were visiting Manchester, staying at Worsley New Hall. In her diary the monarch reported that:

"From one o'clock in the morning Albert was very unwell – very sick and wretched – and I was terrified for our Manchester visit. Thank God! by eight o'clock he felt much better, and was able to get up.... At ten we started for Manchester. The day was fine and mild and everything to a wish. Manchester is called seven miles from Worsley, but I cannot think it is so much. We first came to Pendleton, where, as everywhere else, there are factories, and great preparations were made. School children were there in profusion. We next came to Salford, where the crowd became very dense. It joins Manchester, and is to it, in fact, as Westminster to London.... The mechanics and workpeople, dressed in their best, were ranged along the streets, with white rosettes in their buttonholes; both in Salford and Manchester a very intelligent but painfully unhealthy-looking population they all were, men as well as women. We went into Peel Park before leaving Salford, the mayor having got out and received us at the entrance, where was indeed a most extraordinary and, I suppose, totally unprecedented sight — 82,000 school children, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Catholics (these children having a small crucifix suspended round their necks), Baptists, and Jews (whose faces told

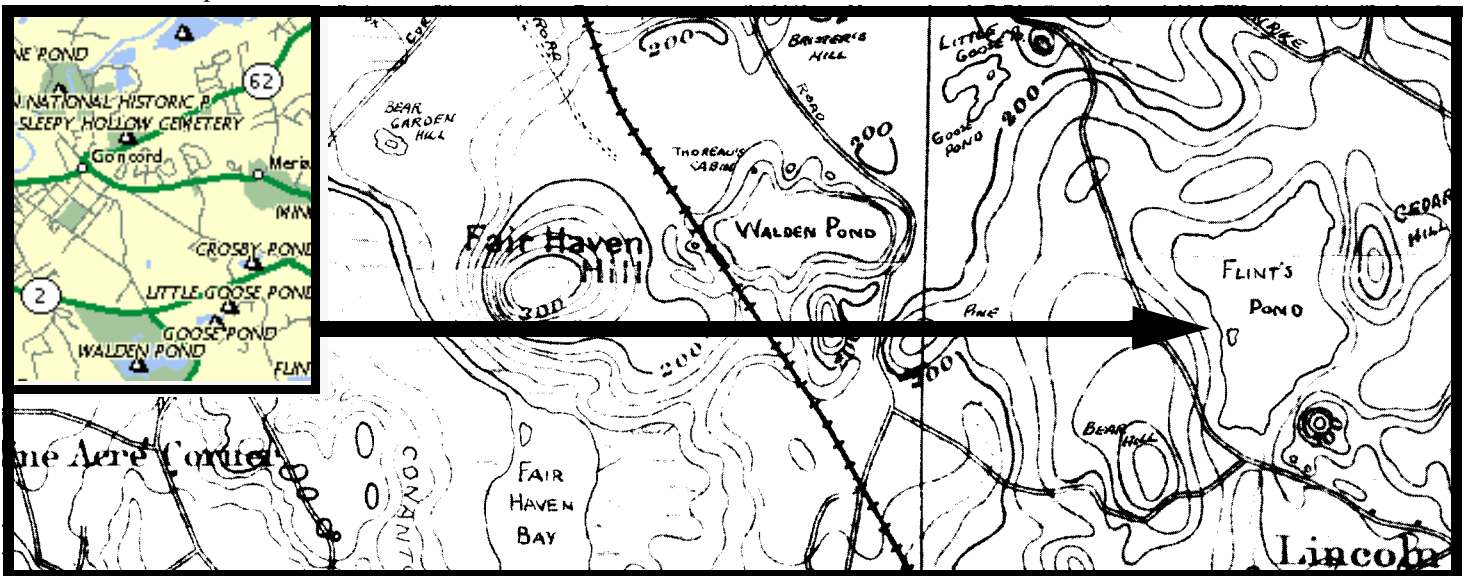
their descent), with their teachers. In the middle of the park was erected a pavilion, under which we drove, but did not get out, and where the address was read. All the children sang ‘God Save the Queen’ extremely well together, the director being placed on a very high stand, from which he could command the whole park. We passed out at the same gate we went in by, and through the principal street of Salford, on to Manchester, at the entrance of which was a magnificent arch. The mayor, Mr. Potter, who went through the proceedings with great composure and self-possession, beautifully dressed (the mayor and Corporation had till now been too Radical to have robes), received us there, and presented me with a beautiful bouquet. We drove through the principal streets, in which there are no very fine buildings –the principal large houses being warehouses– and stopped at the Exchange, where we got out and received the address, again on a throne, to which I read an answer. The streets were immensely full, and the cheering and enthusiasm most gratifying. The order and good behaviour of the people, who were not placed behind any barriers, were the most complete we have seen in our many progresses through capitals and cities –London, Glasgow, Dublin, Edinburgh, &c.– for there never was a running crowd. Nobody moved, and therefore everybody saw well, and there was no squeezing. We returned as we came, the sun shining brightly, and were at Worsley by two.”




October 10. The air this morning is full of blue-birds [**Eastern Bluebird *Sialia sialis***] – and again it is spring. There are many things to indicate the renewing of spring at this season. The blossoming of spring flowers – not to mention the witch-hazel – the notes of spring birds – the springing of grain & grass and other plants.

Ah I yearn toward thee my friend, but I have not confidence in thee. We do not believe in the same God. I am not thou– Thou art not I. We trust each other today but we distrust tomorrow. Even when I meet thee unexpectedly I part from thee with disappointment. Though I enjoy thee more than other men yet I am more disappointed with thee than with others. I know a noble man what is it hinders me from knowing him better? I know not how it is that our distrust our hate is stronger than our love. Here I have been on what the world would call friendly terms with one 14 years, have pleased my imagination sometimes with loving him – and yet our hate is stronger than our love. Why are we related – yet thus unsatisfactorily. We almost are a sore to one another.

Ah I am afraid because thy relations are not my relations. Because I have experienced that in some respects we are strange to one another – strange as some wild creature. Ever and anon there will come the consciousness to mar our love – that change the theme but a hair’s breadth & we are tragically strange to one another. We do not know what hinders us from coming together. But when I consider what my friends relations & acquaintances are – what his tastes & habits – then the difference between us gets named. I see that all these friends & acquaintances & tastes & habits are indeed my friend’s self. In the first place my friend is prouder than I am–& I am very proud perchance.





2 PM to Flints Pond It was the seed vessel of the Canada Snap Dragon in the Marlboro Road that I mistook for a new flower– This is still in bloom in the Deep Cut. The chickadee [**Black-capped Chicadee**  *Parus Atricapillus*] – sounding all alone now that birds are getting scarce reminds me of the winter in which it almost alone is heard.

How agreeable to the eye at this season the color of new fallen leaves (I am going through the young woods where the locusts grow near Goose Pond) sere & crisp. When freshly fallen with their forms & their veins still distinct they have a certain life in them still. The chestnut leaves now almost completely cover the ground under the trees lying up light & deep – so clean and wholesome – whether to look at or handle or smell – the tawny leaves, nature's color. They look as if they might all yield a wholesome tea– They are rustling down fast from the young chestnuts leaving their bare & blackish looking stems. You make a great noise now walking in the woods on account of the dry leaves – especially chestnut & oak – & maples that cover the ground. I wish that we might make more use of leaves than we do– We wait till they are reduced to virgin mould– Might we not fill beds with them – or use them for fodder or litter. After they have been flattened by the snow & rain they will be much less obvious. Now is the time to enjoy the dry leaves. Now all nature is a dried herb. full of yielding medicinal odors.

I love to hear of a preference given to one kind of leaves over another for beds. Some maples which a week ago were a mass of yellow foliage are now a fine grey smoke as it were. & their leaves cover the ground.

Plants have two states, certainly, the green & the dry – the Lespedeza & primrose heads &c &c– I look on these with interest as if they were newly blossoming plants

Going through Britton's clearing I find a black snake out enjoying the sun– I perceive his lustrous greenish blackness he holds up his head & threatens – then dashes off into the woods – making a great rustling among the leaves. This might be called snake-summer or snakes' week.

Our Irish Washwoman seeing me playing with the milkweed Seeds– said they filled beds with that down in her country.

The horned utricularia by Flints Pond still. There a gunner has built his bower to shoot ducks from, far out amid the rushes. The nightshade leaves have turned a very dark purple almost steel blue – lighter more like mulberry underneath – with light glossy viscid or sticky spots above as if covered with dew– I do not think of any other leaf of this color.

The delicate pinkish leaves of the Hypericum Virginicum about the shore of the pond. The yellow leaves of the Clethra mixed with the green.

The stones of Flints pond shore are comparatively flat, as the pond is flatter than Walden. The young trees & bushes – perhaps the birches particularly are covered now – with a small yellowish insect like a louse spotted with green above – which cover the hat and clothes of him who goes through them. Now certainly is the season for rushes – for most other weeds being dead these are the more obvious along the shore of the ponds & rivers.

A very fair canoe birch near Flint's Pond.

The witch hazel loves a hill side with or without wood or shrubs. It is always pleasant to come upon it unexpectedly, as you are threading the woods in such places Methinks I attribute to its some elvish quality apart from its fame. It affects a hill side partially covered with young copsewood. I love to behold its **grey speckled stems**. The leaf first green then yellow for a short season then when it touches the ground tawny leather color. As I stood amid the witch hazels –near Flint's Pond– a flock of a dozen chickadees [Black-capped Chicadee *Parus Atricapillus*] – came flitting & sing about me with great ado – a most cheering & enlivening sound. with incessant day-day-day – & a fine wiry strain between whiles – flitting ever nearer & nearer & nearer inquisitively – till the boldest was within 5 feet of me – then suddenly – their curiosity satiated they flit by degrees further away & disappear.– & I hear with regret their retreating day-day-days.

Saw a smooth Sumac beyond Cyrus Smiths very large.

The elms in the village have lost many of their leaves & their shadows by moonlight are not so heavy as last month.

Another warm night.



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Violent Gale

On Friday night, the 3rd inst., a most violent gale of wind and rain arose from the E.N.E., which continued varying at intervals, the following two days. The loss of life and property among the shipping is almost incredible. The whole of the coast on the north side of the Island is strewed with wrecks and dead bodies! Our present number contains a list of some of the wrecked vessels. We are unable as yet to give a correct account of the whole; indeed there are many that will never be heard of, having ran into each other and foundered at sea. The wrecks are chiefly American vessels fishing on the North side of the Island.



YANKEE GALE

THE ISLANDER, Friday, October 10, 1851. SHIPWRECKS

The schooner *James*, a fishing vessel of Newburyport, Currier, master, is cast away near McNally's Mills, Egmont Bay – advertised to be sold on 11th inst.

The schooner *Mount Hope*, a fishing vessel of [Hingham](#), near Boston, is stranded at Cavendish – advertised to be sold on Friday next.

The schooner *Caledonia*, (fishing vessel), Joseph York, master, of Portland, U.S., lies near John Shaw's, Brackley Point, advertised to be sold on Friday next. She was cast away on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, having lost her masts and rigging, she was left to the mercy of the waves. All the crew safely landed by a rope and by the assistance of the people on shore.

The schooner *Union*, of St. Andrews, N.B., Luther Matthews, master, is stranded near Mr. John Shaw's, Brackley Point – advertised to be sold on Friday next. She went on shore on Sunday morning at one o'clock. At 12 o'clock at night she was struck by a sea, which carried away the main sail, the only sail left, she then became unmanageable and drifted for the shore. On the receding of the tide at day – light all the crew got safe to land.

The wreck of a vessel grounded to the westward of Cove Head Harbour, and immediately went to pieces, and it is conjectured all on board must have perished. About 60 barrels of flour came on shore, and some other articles



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of dry goods.

American schooner *Triumph*, of Cape Elizabeth, Maine, Frederick Hanniford, master, drove on shore about two miles west of St. Peter's Harbour, on Sunday morning.

American schooner *Alms*, of Newburyport, John Aylwood, master, came into Charlottetown this morning in distress.

American schooner *Banner*, of [Hingham](#), Mass., Isaac Marshall, master, split her foresail, arrived in Charlottetown this morning.

American schooner *Constitution*, of [Gloucester](#), Mass., towed into Charlottetown Harbour

American schooner *C.E. Haskell*, L. Haskell, master, which vessel was found dismasted between the North and West Capes of this Island.

American schooner *Naiad Queen*, of [Cohasset](#), Mass., Sampson Hunt, master, drove on shore at Tracadie Harbour.

American schooner *Nettle*, of Truro, Mass., Hopkins, master, wrecked on the North side of this Island.

American schooner *Duroc*, of [Amesbury](#), William Johnson, master, drove from her anchors in Tracadie Harbour.

American schooner *Henry Knox*, of [Cohasset](#), Mass., Perio Turner, master, ashore about four miles to the Eastward of Tracadie Harbour.

American schooner *Charles Augustus*, of [Cohasset](#), Mass., Joseph Edwards, master, went on shore at St. Peter's Harbour.

American schooner *Harriet Newell*, Thomas Burgess, master, of Harwick, Mass., cast away at Tracadie - two hands lost.

American schooner *Lyon*, of Castine, Maine. Master, mate and six hands lost, five of the crew landed at Cavendish.

American schooner *Forrest*, Page, master, of Newburyport, cast away at St. Peter's.

American schooner *Mary Moulton*, belonging to Castine, all hands lost - nothing found but a box containing the Register, case, etc.

With respect to the loss of life, correct results cannot possibly be obtained until returns shall have been made from the several harbors. The Coroner of Queen's County started early yesterday morning for Cavendish to enquire into the death of 12 persons whose bodies had been washed ashore at that settlement. Several have also come ashore at Rustico Island, etc. In proportion of those lost between New London and Rustico, the total loss would exceed one hundred lives. We have heard that some hundreds of vessels succeeded in safely entering



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the various harbors from Richmond Bay to St. Peter's.

N.Y. DAILY TIMES, October 10, 1851.
The Late Gale at Prince Edward's Island, etc.

Halifax, Wednesday, October 8.
A letter from Charlottetown, P.E.I., dated the 7th, gives an account of the recent fearful gale, which commenced on Friday night, the 3rd inst., and continued till Sunday night. The intelligence received is only from New London and Rustico, where it is estimated that at least 100 sail are ashore, and from 300 to 400 lives were lost, and it is feared that accounts further westward will be equally distressing. A great many bodies have been taken from the holds and cabins of the stranded vessels.



October 11, Saturday, 1851: Horace Root wrote home to his wife Eliza Root, from Nevada City in the California gold rush:

My dear Wife,
I have worked harder here than I ever worked at home. I have been repeatedly disappointed in making the amount of money I expected to make here. I knew that you were very anxious to see me and I could hardly bear the thought of telling you that I must be so long away from you. So you must excuse me for writing to you so seldom. I have never taken any comfort since I left you, no my dear for more than two long years I have never known what it was to lay down upon any bed at night contented and happy. Your image is ever before my central vision, and the only ray of earthly happiness that dispells the gloom from my heart proceeds from the thought of meeting you again in this world.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER 11TH]


N.Y. DAILY TIMES, October 11, 1851.
The Late Gale at Prince Edward's Island
Melancholy Suicide.

Boston, Friday Oct. 10.
No particulars have yet been received as to the late destructive gale at the East. The most intense excitement prevails at all the Fishing towns, as all are uncertain whether their friends are dead or living. From Newburyport and vicinity 70 vessels are out. The wife of the captain of the schooner *Martha*, upon hearing a rumor that her husband's vessel was lost with all on board, committed suicide, leaving a large family of

young children.



YANKEE GALE




 October 12, Sunday, 1851: Mephistos Höllenrufe op.101, a waltz by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#) was performed for the 1st time, in the Volksgarten, Vienna.

[Augusta Mary Leigh](#) died. Ada, Countess of Lovelace, would comment “I wonder if anyone personally laments Mrs Leigh? A sad end to a sad life. I suppose a bad life is generally a sad one.”



October 12: Yesterday after noon saw by the brookside above Emerson’s the dwarf primrose in blossom – the norway Cinquefoil – & fall dandelions which are now drying up. the houstonia – buttercups – small golden-rods & various asters more or less purplish. The seeds of the bidens – without florets or beggar ticks with 4 barbed awns like hay-hooks now adhere to your clothes – so that you are all bristling with them. Certainly they adhere to nothing so readily as to woolen cloth, as if in the creation of them the invention of woolen clothing by man had been foreseen. How tenacious of its purpose to spread and plant its race– By all methods nature secures this end whether by the balloon or parachute or hook or barbed spear like this – or mere lightness which the winds can waft. What are those seeds big as skunk cabbage seeds amid leafless stalks like Pontederia in the brooks – now bending their stems ready to plant themselves at the bottom?

The swamp pink buds begin to show

Black birds & larks [[Eastern Meadowlark](#)  *Sturnella magna*] are about. And the Flicker or Yellow hammer [[Yellow-shafted Flicker](#)  *Colaptes auratus*] so beautifully spotted (in the hand) & the Goldfinches [[American Goldfinch](#)  *Carduelis tristis*]. I see a cow in the meadow with a new dropt calf by her side.

The anemone nemorosa in bloom & the Potentilla Sarmentosa or running cinquefoil which springs in April – now again springing.

I love very well this cloudy afternoon so sober – and favorable to reflection after so many bright ones – what if the clouds shut out the heavens provided they concentrate my thoughts and make a more celestial heaven below? I hear the crickets plainer – I wander less in my thoughts – am less dissipated.– am aware how shallow was the current of my thoughts before – deep streams are dark as if there were a cloud in their sky – shallow ones are bright & sparkling reflecting the sun from their bottoms– The very wind on my cheek seems more fraught with meaning.¹⁷⁶

Many maples around the edges of the meadows are now quite bare like smoke

I seem to be more constantly merged in nature – my intellectual life is more obedient to nature than formerly – but perchance less obedient to Spirit– I have less memorable seasons. I exact less of myself. I am getting used to my meanness – getting to accept my low estate– O if I could be discontented with myself! If I could feel anguish at each descent!

The sweet fern is losing its leaves– I see where a field of oats has been cradled by the railroad – alternate white & dark green stripes the width of a swathe running across the field– I find it arises from the stubble being bent a particular way by the cradle – as the cradler advanced – and accordingly reflecting the light but one way – and if I look over the field from the other side – the first swaths will be dark & the latter white.

Minot shells all his corn by hand. He has got a box full ready for the mill. He will not winnow it for he says the chaff? makes it lie loose & dry faster. He tells me that Jacob Baker who raises as fair corn as anybody – gives all the corn of his own raising to his stock – & buys the flat yellow corn of the South for bread – & yet the northern corn is worth the most per bushel

Minot did not like this kind of farming any better than I– Baker also buys a great quantity of “Shorts” below for his cows – to make more milk.

GEORGE MINOTT



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EDMUND HOSMER

He remembers when a Prescott who lived where E. Hosmer does used to let his hogs run in the woods in the fall – and they grew quite fat on the acorns &c they found, but now there are few nuts & it is against the law.

He tells me of places in the woods which to his eyes are unchanged since he was a boy – as natural as life – he tells me then that in some respects he is still a boy. & yet the grey-squirrels were 10 then to 1 now. But for the most part he says the world is turned upside down.

TELEGRAPHY

P M To Cliffs: I hear Lincoln bell tolling for church At first I thought of the telegraph harp. Heard at a distance the sound of a bell acquires a certain vibratory hum, as it were from the air through which it passes – like a harp – All music is a harp music at length– As if the atmosphere were full of strings vibrating to this music. It is not the mere sound of the bell but the humming in the air that enchants me – just azure tint which much air or distance imparts delights the eye. It is not so much the object as the object clothed with an azure veil. All sound heard at a great distance thus tends to produce the same music – vibrating the strings of the universal lyre. There comes to me a melody which the air has strained.– which has conversed with every leaf and needle of the woods. It is by no means the sound of the bell as heard near at hand, and which at this distance I can plainly distinguish – but its vibrating echoes that portion of the sound which the elements take up and modulate. A sound which is very much much modified sifted and refined before it reaches my ear. The echo is to some extent an independent sound – and therein is the magic and charm of it. It is not merely a repetition of my voice – but it is in some measure the voice of the wood.

A cloudy misty day with rain more or less steady– This gentle rain is fast loosening the leaves– I see them filling the air at the least puff – and it is also flattening down the layer which has already fallen. The pines on Fair Haven have shed nearly all their leaves– Butter & eggs still blooms – barrels of apples lie under the trees – The Smiths have carried their last load of peaches to market. To day no part of the heavens is so clear & bright as Fair Haven Pond & the river. Though the air quite misty yet the island wood is distinctly reflected.

176. [William M. White](#)'s version of the journal entry is:

*I love very well this cloudy afternoon,
So sober and favorable to reflection
After so many bright ones.*

*What if the clouds shut out the heavens,
Provided they concentrate my thoughts
And make a more celestial heaven below!*

*I hear the crickets plainer;
I wander less in my thoughts,
Am less dissipated;
Am aware
How shallow was the current of my thoughts before.*

*Deep streams are dark,
As if there were a cloud in their sky;
Shallow ones are bright and sparkling,
Reflecting the sun from their bottoms.*

The very wind on my cheek seems more fraught with meaning.



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Ever & anon I see the mist thickening in the S– W– and concealing trees which were before seen, and revealing the direction and limits of the valleys – precursor of harder rain which soon passes again.

Minot calls the stakes-driver belcher-squelcher – says he has seen them when making the noise– They go slug-toot, slug-toot, slug-toot.

Told me of his hunting grey squirrels with old Colnel Brooks’s hound. How the latter came into the yard one day – & he spoke to him – patted him – went into the house took down his gun marked London – thought he would go a squirrel hunting. Went over among the ledges – away from Brooks’s for Tige had a dreadful strong voice and could be heard as far as a cannon – & he was plaguey afraid Brooks would hear him. How tige treed them on the oaks on the plain below the cliffs. He could tell by his bark when he had treed one – he never told a lie. How tige told him from a distance that he had got one – but when he came up he could see nothing – but still he knew that Tige never told a lie – and at length he saw his head, in a crotch high up in the top of a very tall oak – and though he did’nt expect to get him – he knocked him over.

GEORGE MINOTT

DOG



October 13, Monday, 1851: The Sacramento, California Daily Union editorialized about a Sunday bear fight, among other incidents:

Sunday Bear Fight.

If we felt no interest in the preservation of American character, we might be induced to “pass over in silence these beastly exhibitions.” But our feelings in regard to the tendency of I such things upon the formative stage of society. under any and all circumstances, will not allow us to treat them with passive indifference. They are of too vicious and deteriorating a character to be fostered as a source of amusement by the American people. They belong to the same family of sports that are known as clog and cock fighting: and although they may not identify our national character with “kennel” and “dunghill” associations, yet there is little likelihood of their proving more respectable or elevating to the popular mind. We believe every sport of the kind to exert a most corrupt and depraved influence upon the taste, character and destinies of a people; and if the citizens of California do not wish to verify the prophecies of those who have judged us by Brazilian, Mexican and Peruvian standards, it is time that they commenced an exfoliation of some of the positive elements of national depravity which arrested the progress of the above nations. Irrespective of all motives of religion or morality, the tendency of such amusements has always been, is now and always will be, so strongly the sign of national retrogression and imbecility, that they ought not to find a lurking-place among a people whose political and social course has thus far been onward and upward. They ought not to meet with an encouraging support from a nation who have been educated to detest and abhor them; and to think that such an amphitheater of depraved sports should be opened upon Sunday, and that in such proximity with the quiet homes of our people, and the very churches that are dedicated to the service of God, is so bold a step in the scale of national decline, that no American outside of California would believe that the fact existed. I had the pleasure on yesterday, of a visit from our witty and humorous friend of the “Maxysville Herald,” Mr. S.C. Massett, and one of the felicitous



and forcible writers of the "Evening Picayune," Mr. A.C. Rust both of whom have been made familiar with the public through the columns of their respective valuable papers. We hope the one will never contemptuously herald the picayune business of the other.

A RARE ANIMAL. — An immense black wolf was seen yesterday morning on the prairie about eight miles above this city. He was pursued for some distance, but finally made his escape. This species of wolf is rarely met with on this continent, although in the forests of! Austria and Russia he is often captured.

HAPPY COMBINATION OR TALENT. — We understand that a prominent young merchant of this city recently made a brilliant speech at the bar of Butte County, in a case where he was himself personally interested to a large amount. "With the assistance of eminent legal counsel, the suit was decided in his favor.

CALIFORNIA GRAIN. — The amount of barley raised this year throughout the State is immense, and the price of this grain rules very low at present. As an instance of the great quantities brought into this city, we will cite that of one of our merchants who received on Saturday last no less than 20,000 pounds from one person who had raised this amount on a farm not far from the city.

We have received a communication from Mr. Tompkins, in respect to his being obliged to pay \$8 for a ticket on board the *New World*, after having purchased one from the runner of that boat at a dollar. The article is written with such a respectful and dignified air, that we would publish it if it were necessary as a caution to the public. We think ourselves that it would be an improvement, if every person would avoid purchasing a ticket from any man except the Clerk and at the Captain's office. We are well acquainted with Capt. Hutchins of the *New World*, and do not believe that a more perfect and unexceptionable gentleman ever trod the decks of a steamboat. We are also acquainted with the Clerk, and supposed he was far above any discourtesy, and certainly not capable of an imposition such as Mr. Tompkins avers was inflicted upon him. If, however, any new incidents of the kind occur, we shall, as we did for Mr. Tompkins, give them publicity.

CAPT. HUDSON. — We know of no praise that can easily exceed the merits of this cool and heroic commander of the *Republic*. Such presence of mind as he displayed in the perilous accident which occurred to this steamer, and which can be found described in another column of our paper, is worthy of the highest appreciation. Capt. Knight, we feel assured, will not be slow to acknowledge the claims of such an officer, and the public will feel a double assurance of security when traveling with one who has proved himself a host in the midst of a terrific calamity. There is no feature of mind more to be admired than an attribute of cool and collected wisdom when all the elements of disaster and confusion are conspiring to produce embarrassment. This incident in the life of Capt. Hudson has reflected a luster upon his name which will light him to the esteem and gratitude of many who otherwise might never have known him.



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October 13. Drizzling misty showers still with a little misty sun shine at intervals. The trees have lost many of their leaves in the last 24 hours. The sun has got so low that it will do to let his rays in on the earth – the cattle do not need their shade now nor men. Warmth is more desirable now than shade

The alert and energetic man leads a more intellectual life in winter than in summer. In summer the animal and vegetable in him are perfected as in a torrid zone – he lives in his senses mainly– In winter cold reason & not warm passion has her sway – he lives in thought & reflection– He lives a more spiritual & less sensual life.

If he has passed a merely sensual summer – he passes his winter in a torpid state like some reptils & other animals.

The mind of man in the two seasons is like the atmosphere of summer compared with the atmosphere of winter. He depends more on himself in winter – on his own resources – less on outward aid– Insects it is true disappear for the most part – and those animals which depend upon them but the nobler animals abide with man the severity of winter. He migrates into his mind – to perpetual summer. And to the healthy man the winter of his discontent never comes.

Mr Pratt told me that Jonas? Melven found a honey bee's nest lately near Beck. Stow's swamp with 25 lbs of honey in it – in the top a maple tree which was blown down–

There is now a large swarm in the meeting-house chimney – in a flue not used. Many swarms have gone off that have not been heard from.

N.Y. DAILY TIMES, October 13, 1851.

Further Particulars of the Storm and Marine disasters on the Coast of Nova Scotia

The latest telegraphic despatches from Pictou, and letters from the scene of the late fearful storm in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and along the coast of Prince Edward's Island, state that the whole shore is strewn with wrecks of vessels and the dead bodies of their crews.

At the village of Cavendish, (P.E.I.) the bodies of twelve persons had floated ashore. The body of a man with a boy lashed to his back came ashore at Rustico. There is reason to believe that over 100 bodies have already floated to the beach.

Between three and four hundred sail of American vessels succeeded in getting safely into harbor just before or during the gale.

The schrs. *Florence* of [Gloucester](#), *Oceana* of [Hingham](#), *Lake* of [Cohasset](#) and *Hannah Branch* of Newburyport, arrived at Pictou subsequent to the storm to repair damages. One and all give the most dismal accounts of the storm.

(Here our correspondent gives the names of a large number of "vessels ashore – crews saved," which vary from previous accounts only in a slight degree) he, however, adds to the list, the following: "*Golden Gate*, of Kennebec; *Forest*, of Newburyport; *Triumph*, of Cape Elizabeth."

In the list of Vessels ashore, with loss of life," our correspondent says: "A vessel grounded to the westward of Cohead [Covehead], and immediately after, went to pieces. All on board perished. Sixty barrels of flour and some dry-goods floated ashore from the wreck."

Two vessels were sunk, near Stanhope – names unknown; crews, doubtless, all perished. Five of the crew of the




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schooner *Harriet*, of Castine, were saved – six lost. The schooner *Franklin Dexter*, of Dennis, lost her crew of ten men. Subsequently, five persons, perfectly naked were picked off her sides.



YANKEE GALE

 October 14, Tuesday, 1851: [Waldo Emerson](#) to his journal:

Today is holden [sic] at Worcester the "Woman's Convention." I think that, as long as they have not equal rights of property & right of voting, they are not on a right footing. But this wrong grew out of the savage & military period, when, because a woman could not defend herself, it was necessary that she should be assigned to some man who was paid for guarding her. Now in more tranquil & decorous times it is plain she should have her property, & when she marries, the parties should as regards property, go into a partnership full or limited, but explicit & recorded. For the rest, I do not think a woman's convention, called in the spirit of this at Worcester, can much avail. It is an attempt to manufacture public opinion, & of course repels all persons who love the simple & direct method. I find the Evils real & great. If I go from Hanover street to Atkinson street – as I did yesterday – what hundreds of extremely ordinary, paltry, hopeless women I see, whose plight is piteous to think of. If it were possible to repair the rottenness of human nature, to provide a rejuvenescence, all were well, & no special reform, no legislation would be needed. For, as soon as you have a sound & beautiful woman, a figure in the style of the Antique Juno, Diana, Pallas, Venus, & the Graces, all falls into place, the men are magnetised, heaven opens, & no lawyer need be called in to prepare a clause, for woman moulds the lawgiver. I should therefore advise that the Woman's Convention should be holden [sic] in the Sculpture Gallery, that this high remedy might be suggested. "Women," Plato says, "are the same as men in faculty, only less." I find them all victims of their temperament. "I never saw a woman who did not cry," said E. [[Ellery Channing](#)?] Nature's end of maternity – maternity for twenty years – was of so supreme importance, that it was to be secured at all events, even to the sacrifice of the highest beauty. Bernhard told Margaret that every woman (whatever she says, reads, or writes) is thinking of a husband. And this excess of temperament remains not less in Marriage. Few women are sane. They emit a coloured atmosphere, one would say, floods upon floods of coloured light, in which they walk evermore, & see all objects through this warm tinted mist which envelopes them. Men are not, to the same degree, temperamentated; for there are multitudes of men who live to objects quite out of them, as to politics, to trade, to letters, or an art, unhindered by any influence of constitution.

This convention in [Worcester](#) being written about by Emerson above was the 2nd National Woman's Rights Convention, the 1st such convention having taken place in the previous year. He had been invited, but had declined. A history says that "literary figures from Boston" graced the platform, and we wonder who that would have been since obviously it did not include this Where's-Waldo, or [Henry Thoreau](#), or [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) or [Ellery Channing](#). We know that [Frederick Douglass](#) addressed the convention, but suspect that the white people would not have characterized him as a "literary figure from Boston." During this convention there was an outburst of male-bashing, and in the audience [Abby Kelley Foster](#) stood up to dramatically

caution them about this, dragging in the male bloody foot, declaring that

...for fourteen years I have advocated this cause by my daily life. Bloody feet, sisters, have worn smooth the path by which you have come hither.

On this date a type of telegraph-line insulator was patented by John M. Batchelder:



HISTORY OF RR

October 14, Tuesday: Down the R R. before sun rise A freight train in the Deep Cut. the sun rising over the woods.— When the vapor from the engine rose above the woods the level rays of the rising sun fell on it it presented the same redness—morning red—inclining to saffron which the clouds in the eastern horizon do.

TELEGRAPHY

There was but little wind this morning yet I heard the telegraph harp—it does not require a strong wind to wake its strings—it depends more on its direction & the tension of the wire apparently—a gentle but steady breeze will often call forth its finest strains when a strong but unsteady gale—blowing at the wrong angle withal fails to elicit any melodious sound.

AEOLIAN HARP

In the psychological world there are phenomena analogous to what zoologists call **alternate reproduction** in which it requires several generations unlike each other to produce the perfect animal— Some men’s lives are but an aspiration—a yearning toward a higher state—and they are wholly misapprehended—until they are referred to or traced through all their metamorphoses. We cannot pronounce upon a man’s intellectual & moral state until we forsee what metamorphosis it is preparing him for.

It is said that “the working bees — are barren females. The attributes of their sex — seem to consist only in their solicitude for the welfare of the new generation, of which they are the natural guardians, but not the parents.” Agassiz & Gould. This phenomenon is paralleled in man by maiden aunts & bachelor uncles who perform a similar function.

“The muskrat,” according to Agassiz & Gould, “is found from the mouth of Mackenzie’s River to Florida” It is moreover of a type peculiar to temperate America. He is a native american surely. He neither dies of Consumption in New England nor of Fever & ague at the south & west—thoroughly

AGASSIZ & GOULD

acclimated & naturalized.

“The hyenas, wild-boars, and rhinoceroses of the Cape of Good Hope, have no analogues on the American continent”– At the last menagerie I visited they told me that one of the hyenas came from S America!

There is something significant and interesting in the fact that the fauna of Europe and that of the United States are very similar–pointing to the fitness of this country for the settlement of Europeans. They say “There are many species of animals whose numbers are daily diminishing, and whose extinction may be foreseen; as the Canada deer (Wapiti), the Ibex of the Alps, the Lämmergeyer, the bison, the beaver, the wild-turkey, &c.” With these of course is to be associated the Indian.

They say that the house-fly has followed man in his migrations.

One would say that the Yankee belonged properly to the **northern** temperate Fauna–the region of the pines.

TURKEYS



October 15, Wednesday, 1851: Near London, the Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations closed its doors after, in the course of 6 months, having received more than 6,000,000 visitors.

The 2d National Woman’s Rights Convention was held in Brinley Hall at Worcester, Massachusetts on this day and the following one. Angelina Emily Grimké Weld attended. Celebrities new to the list of endorsers included Horace Mann, New-York Tribune columnist Elizabeth Oakes Smith, and one of the nation’s most popular preachers, the Reverend Harry Ward Beecher. Public Friend Lucretia Mott presided as an officer (Paulina Kellogg Wright Davis presiding, speakers Harriet Kecia Hunt and Antoinette Brown, reading of a letter from Elizabeth Cady Stanton).

FEMINISM


Waldo Emerson had been invited but had declined.



ELLERY CHANNING

October 15, Wednesday: 8¹/₂ AM up the river in a boat to Pelham’s Pond with W.E.C.



(But first a neighbor sent in a girl to inquire if I knew where worm-seed grew otherwise called "Jerusalem oak"—(so said the recipe which she brought cut out of a newspaper) for her mistress' hen had the "gapes"— But I answered that this was a southern plant & knew not where it was to be had. Referred her to the poultry book.— Also the next proprietor commenced stoning & settling down the stone for a new well—an operation which I wished to witness—purely beautiful—simple & necessary. The stones laid on a wheel—and continually added to above as it is settled down by digging under the wheel.— Also Godwin with a partridge [**Ruffed Grouse**  *Bonasa umbellus*] & a stout mess of large pickerel—applied to me to dispose of a mud turtle which he had found moving the mud in a ditch. Some men will be in the way to see such movements.)


The muskrat houses appear now for the most part to be finished— Some it is true are still rising— They line the river all the way. Some are as big as small hay cocks— The river is still quite low— though a foot or more higher than when I was last on it— There is quite a wind & the sky is full of flitting clouds—so that sky & water are quite unlike that warm bright transparent day when I last sailed on the river—when the surface was of such oily smoothness— You could not now study the river bottom for the black waves & the streaks of foam. When the sun shines brightest today—its pyramidal shaped sheen (when for a short time we are looking up stream—for we row) is dazzling & blinding— It is pleasant to hear the sound of the waves & feel the surging of the boat—an inspiring sound as if you were bound on adventures It is delightful to be tossed about in such a harmless storm.— & see the waves look so angry & black. We see objects on shore, trees &c, much better from the boat—from a low point of View—it brings them against the sky—into a novel point of view at least— The other wise low on the meadows as well as the hills is conspicuous. I perceive that the bullrushes are nibbled along the shore as if they had been cut by a scythe—yet in such positions as no mower could of reached—even outside the flags. Probably the muskrat was the mower. In this cool sunlight Fair Haven Hill shows to advantage Every rock & shrub—& protuberance has justice done it—the sun shining at angle on the hill & giving each a shadow. The hills have a hard & distinct outline & I see into their very texture. On Fair Haven I see the sun-lit light green grass in the hollows where snow makes water sometimes—and on the russet slopes. Cut three white pine boughs opposite Fair Haven and set them up in the bow of our boat for a sail— It was pleasant hear the water begin to ripple under the prow telling of our easy progress we thus without a tack made the S side of Fair haven—then threw our sails over board—and the moment after mistook them for green bushes or weeds which had sprung from the bottom unusually far from shore.— Then to hear the wind sough in your sail—that is to be a sailor & hear a land sound. The grayish whitish mikania all fuzzy—covers the endless button bushes which are now bare of leaves. Observed the verification of the scripture saying "as the dog returns to his vomit?"? Our black pup sole passenger in the stern, perhaps made sea-sick—vomited then cleaned the boat again most faithfully—and with a bright eye—licking his chops & looking round for more. We comment on the boats of different patterns—dories? punts—bread troughs—flat irons &c &c which we pass—the prevailing our genuine dead-river boats—not to be matched by Boston carpenters— One farmer blacksmith whome we know whose boat we pass in Sudbury—has got a horse-shoe nailed about the sculling hole;—keeps off the witches too?—. The water carriages of various patterns & in various conditions—some for pleasure against the gentlemans seat?—some for ducking—small & portable—some for honest fishing broad & leaky but not cranky—some with spearing fixtures—some stout & squareendsish for hay boats— One canal boat or mudscow in the weeds not worth getting down the stream. like some vast pike that could swallow all the rest.— proper craft for our river— In some places in the meadows opposite Bound Rock the river seemed to have come to an end it was so narrow suddenly.

After getting in sight of Sherman's bridge—counted 19 birches on the right hand shore in one whirl. Now commenced the remarkable meandering of the river—so that we seemed for some to be now running up—then running down parallel with a long low hill—tacking over the meadow in spite of ourselves. Landed at Shermans bridge. An apple tree made scrubby by being browsed by cows.— Through what early hardships it may attain to bear a sweet fruit—no wonder it is provoked to grow thorns at last to defend itself from such foes. The pup nibbles clams, or plays with a bone no matter how dry— Thus the dog can be taken on a river Voyage—but the cat cannot. she is too set in her ways. Now again for the great meadows. What meandering—the Serpentine our river should be called—what makes the river love to delay here? Here come to study the law of meandering. We see the vast meadow studded with haycocks—we suspect that we have got to visit them all—it proves even so—now we run down one hay-cock—now another.— The distance gained is frequently not more than a third the distance gone Between Sherman's Br. & Causeway Br is about $1\frac{3}{4}$ mi in a straight line but we judged that we went more than 3 miles. Here the "pipes" (at first) line the shore—& muskrat houses

BOUND ROCK**DOG****DOG****CAT**



still. A duck (a loon?) sails within gun-shot—unwilling to fly— Also a stake driver ardea minor rises with prominent breast or throat bone—as if badly loaded his ship—now no button bushes line the stream—the changeable? stream no rocks exist—the shores are lined with first in the water still green polygonums then wide fields of dead pontideria then great bulrushes—then various reeds sedges or tall grasses—also dead Thalictum? or is it cicuta? Just this side the Causeway bridges a field like a tall corn-field of tall rustling reeds? 10 feet high with broadish leaves & large now seedy tufts—standing amid the button bushes & great bulrushes. I remember to have seen none elsewhere in this vicinity unless at Fresh Pond & are they not straighter? Also just beyond the bridges very tall flags from 6 to 8 feet high leaves like the cat-tail but no tail what are they? We pass under 2 bridges above the causeway bridge. After passing under the first one of **these two** at the mouth of Larnum Brook—which is fed from Blandfords Pond—comes from Marlboro—thro Mill-vil.—& has a branch Hop Brook from S of Nobscot—we see Nobscot very handsome in a purplish atmosphere in the west over a **very** deep meadow which makes far up— A good way to skate to Nobscot or within a mile or two.— To see a distant hill from the surface of water over a low & very broad meadow—much better than to see it from another hill. This perhaps the most novel & so memorable prospect we got— Walked across half a mile to Pelham's Pond. whose waves were dashing quite grandly. A house near with two grand elms in front— I have seen other elms in Wayland. This pond a good point to skate to in Winter—when it is easily accessible—now we should have to draw our boat.—

On the return as in going we expended nearly as much time & labor in counteracting the boat's tendency to whirl round—it is so miserably built. Now & then aye—aye—almost an everlasting **now**—it will take the bits in its mouth and go round in spite of us though we row on one side only—for the wind fills the after part of the boat which is nearly out of water—& we therefore get along best & fastest when the wind is strong & dead ahead—that's the kind of wind we advertise to race with (or in) To row a boat thus all the day with an hour's intermission—making fishes of ourselves as it were—putting on these long fins—realizing the finny life—surely oars & paddles are but the fins which a man may use. The very pads stand perpendicular (on their edges) before this wind which appears to have worked more to the north—showing their red under sides. The muskrats have exposed the clam shells to us in heaps all along the shore—else most not know that a clam existed. If it were not for muskrats how little would the fisherman see or know of fresh water clam shells or clams! In the Great meadows again the loon? rises—and again alights—& a heron? too flies sluggishly away with vast wings—& small ducks which seem to have no tails—but their wings set quite aft— The crows [American Crow  *Corvus brachyrhynchos*] ashore are making an ado perchance about some carrion. We taste some swamp-white oak acorns at the south end of Bound rock meadow— The sun sets when we are off Israel Rices— A few golden coppery clouds—intensely glowing like fishes in some molten metal of the sky— & then the small scattered clouds grow blue-black above—or one half—& reddish or pink the other half—& after a short twilight the night sets in. The reflections of the stars in the water are dim & elongated like the zodiacal light straight down into the depths, but no mist rises tonight— We think it is pleasantest to be on the water at this hour. We row across Fair Haven in the thickening twilight & far below it steadily & without speaking.— As the night draws on her vail the shores retreat—we only keep in the middle of this low stream of light—we know not whether we float in the air or in the lower regions. We seem to recede from the trees on shore—or the island very slowly—& yet a few reaches make all our voyage— Nature has divided it agreeably into reaches— It is pleasant not to get home till after dark—to steer by the lights of the villagers— The lamps in the houses twinkle now like stars—they shine doubly bright. Rowed about 24 miles going & coming In a straight line it would be 15¹/₂

BOUND ROCK

**N.Y. DAILY TIMES, October 15, 1851.
LATER FROM THE FISHING GROUNDS
MORE FAVORABLE NEWS**

By an arrival at Gloucester from the Bay of St. Lawrence, we have additional intelligence from the scene of the late disastrous shipwrecks. The schooner

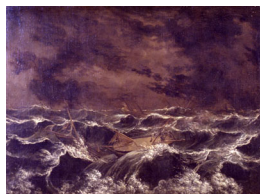
Telegraph of Boston, before reported as having lost 18 men in the gale, lost in fact only two. The *Flirt* of Gloucester, said to have lost 14 hands, was seen standing off the land, during the height of the gale, and it is thought all her crew are safe. There are reports, not yet authenticated, however, that the crews of both the *Forest* and *Statesman*, of Newburyport, before reported lost, are also safe. These if they all turn out to be true would give a total of nearly 60 men alive, who had been reported dead.

Another Dispatch:

Gloucester, Oct. 14, 1851

Captain Cannay of schooner *Atlantic*, which arrived here this morning from Prince Edward Island, reports the safety of the following vessels at the Gut of Canso: Schooners *Mary S. Niles* and *Yorktown* of Gloucester; "*Thirkeen*", and *Science*, of New London, and about 30 others.

A ship and 2 brigs are reported ashore near Rustico.



YANKEE GALE



October 16, Thursday, 1851: Dr. Bexfield's oratorio "Israel Restored" was "brought out" at a choral concert offered at St. Andrew's Hall in Norwich, England. The principal vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Williams, Mr. Benson, and Mr. H. Phillips. The composer himself conducted his work, which "created the greatest interest throughout the musical world, and hundreds of applications for reserved places were received from all parts of the kingdom."

During this year Albany, New York was contemplating the establishment of a municipal water system. The Buffalo Commercial. Wm. J. McAlpine, Esq. has commenced a libel suit against Mr. Ten Eyck, one of the proprietors of the Evening Journal, for a statement in reference to the Albany Water Works signed by Mr. T.E. and published in that paper.

This was the 2d day of the 2d National Woman's Rights Convention, being held in Brinley Hall at Worcester, Massachusetts. Celebrities new to the list of endorsers included Horace Mann, New-York Tribune columnist Elizabeth Oakes Smith, and one of the nation's most popular preachers, the Reverend Harry Ward Beecher. Angelina Emily Grimké Weld attended. Public Friend Lucretia Mott presided as an officer (Paulina Kellogg Wright Davis presiding, speakers Harriet Kecia Hunt and Antoinette Brown, reading of a letter from Elizabeth Cady Stanton).

FEMINISM

On this day, and Friday, and Saturday, Henry Thoreau was surveying in Concord for David Loring. His Field Notes book says that he did not use the chain at all, and that he found the bounds of and lotted off the area near Dr. Abiel Heywood, and near Wright's long lot. In his Journal for these days, he recorded that he saw the "Indian Ditch," so called, and referred to a survey of the area made by Stephen Hosmer for Thomas Jones in 1766. He billed for \$15.⁰⁰ but received \$10.⁰⁰.





1851



October 16, Thursday: The new moon seen by day reminds me of a poet's cheese. Surveying for Loring today. Saw the Indian ditch, so called. A plant newly leaving out—a shrub look somewhat like shad blossom.— To night the spearkers are out again.

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N.Y. DAILY TIMES, October 16, 1851.
The Gale at Prince Edwards Island
Further Particulars

From the Boston Advertiser.

Information continues to be received from various sources, giving particulars of a large fleet of American fishermen, who were in the vicinity of Prince Edwards Island during the late destructive gale. The information is gratifying inasmuch as it shows that many individual vessels are safe, some of which had been reported lost; and that the violence of the gale was confined to that part of Prince Edwards Island from which the most disastrous news was first received. So great was the havoc in a space so limited, that it was not to be wondered at that those who knew how large a fleet were in the immediate vicinity, should have had little hopes of their safety, and should regularly set down as lost any vessel which might have been reported so upon authority however slight.

A telegraphic dispatch from Mr. Eben S. Smith, of [Provincetown](#), dated Eastport, Oct. 14, says: "I learn from an Ipswich man, just arrived from P.E. Island, that schrs. *Dacid*, *Lombard*, *R.B. Rhodes*, *J.A. Paine*, *Arrow*, *Julia*, and *Mary J. Elliot* are all safe. Schr. *Millona*, of [Provincetown](#), is supposed to be lost. Schr. *Eisineur*, of the same place, is lost. The fate of their crews is unknown. Schrs. *Richard* and *E.M. Shaw*, of Truro, is lost; crew taken off. I am in hopes that the fate of the [Provincetown](#) fleet will be favorable."

The [Gloucester](#) correspondent of the Merchants' Exchange reports the arrival at that place, on Monday, of schr. *C. and N. Rogers*, from the Bay of St. Lawrence. She reports leaving the Gut of Canso, 8th inst. and experienced the late gale severely, having lost foresail and jib. She also reports leaving at the Gut the schr. *Telegraph*, of Boston, with loss of two men. Capt. Atwood, of the *T.* had his leg broken. Also at the Gut, schrs. *Mary Niles*, *Davis*, and *Diligent*, *Bailey*, of Gloucester. Capt. Davis had his jaw broken. The *C. and N. Rogers* reports other vessels at the Gut, but gives no names.

An Extra from the Gloucester Telegraph informs us that a public meeting was held at Gloucester on Saturday evening; which filled the Town Hall to overflowing. *Benj. Kellough, Jr.* was appointed chairman. A committee was appointed to prepare a plan of action, to be submitted to a subsequent meeting to be called by the committee. Money was raised to procure information by telegraph; and a finance committee chosen to provide

funds to be placed in the hands of the business committee if required. The Telegraph also states, in relation to Gloucester vessels lost, that schooner *Golden Rule* was insured at the Gloucester Mutual Insurance office for \$3300, and the *Constitution* for \$2700. Schooner *Garland* was insured for \$3500 at the Marine office and \$300 on outfits at the Mutual. Schooner *Lucy Pulcifer* was insured at the Mutual for \$3466. Schooner *Powhatan* was partly owned at Annisquam, partly in Portland. The Maine office had \$1200 on her.



YANKEE GALE



October 17, Friday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) did more surveying in [Concord](#).



October 17, Friday: Surveying for Loring. A severe frost this morn. which puts one remove further from summer.



THE ISLANDER, Friday, October 17, 1851. THE LATE GALES

American schooner *Cohannett* of Dennis, Mass., Josiah Chase, master, cast away inside of Tracadie Harbour, near the *Naiad Queen*, dragged her anchors. She is expected to be got off.

British schooner *Shipjack*, belonging to Liverpool, N.S., came on shore at Island on Sunday, and embedded in the sand. Ten bodies were taken from her. She had mackerel on board. It is supposed she had upset.

An American schooner came on shore near Darnley on Sunday morning. Crew saved. Part of the deck of another schooner, windlass, etc., came on shore at the same place.

American schooner *Fair Play*, Zekiel Cushing, belonging to Portland, Maine, 11 hands on board, was wrecked on the night of the gale, all hands perished. Part of the wreck came on shore a mile East of Tracadie Harbour. The vessel's papers were found and a letter addressed to a person on the Island. Capt. Cushing was a son-in-law to Mr. Morrow, East Point.

The schooners *Greyhound* and *Charles Roberts*, of [Gloucester](#), U.S., report the loss of the schooner *Flirt*, of [Gloucester](#). about four miles from the Rustico Capes - demasted and water logged - all hands supposed to be lost - 16 crew. Another supposed to be the *Brothers*, of



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St. Andrews, NB., is now on the Cove Head Bar – three dead bodies were taken out of her on Saturday, the 11th. and another on the 12th.

The *Cambrien* from Rustico, belonging to W. Hodges. Esq., was lost near Cascumpec – all hands saved.



YANKEE GALE

N.Y. DAILY TIMES, October 17, 1851.

The Late Gale At Prince Edward's Island

Telegraphic advices received in Boston yesterday from the United States Consul at Pictou, dated October 14, states that Mr. Wade, the agent of the Insurance Companies, has arrived, in sixty hours from Boston, and sends the names of the following vessels ashore, with all hands safe:

Schooners *Martha Ann*, of Castine; *Enterprise* of [Hingham](#); *Gentile*, *Index*, *Blossom*, *Good Intent*, *Spray*, *Franklin*, and *Forest*, of Newburyport, *Wanderer* of [Beverly](#); *Ruby*, *Sophonra*, *Commerce*, *New Haven*, and *Leo*, of Frankfort; *George*, of Deer Island; *Henry Clay* of Tremont; *John Murray*, *Fair Play*, and *William* of ___

The following are ashore, with all hands lost:

Schooners *Portland*, and *Regulator*, of Portland, *Reward*, *Lucinda*, *Martha Ann*, "not known" (so reads the dispatch); *Montano*, of [Hingham](#); *Grafton*, of Dennis; *America*, of Newbeck; *Bloomfield* of Boston.

The following vessels are ashore, but will be got off:

Schooners *Belle*, of [Beverly](#); *Seth Hill*, of Dennis; *Garland*, of [Gloucester](#); *Bell*, of Dennis; *Tammer*, *Lena*, and *Belverian*, of Portsmouth.

Schooner *E.E. Haskell* has been towed into Charlottetown dismasted. Schooners *Banner* and *Oasis* of [Hingham](#), repairing. A number of vessels are supposed to have sunk outside, and all hands lost. The coast is strewn with wrecks.

Schooner *Telegraph*, (of Boston) Capt. Atwood, arrived at this port yesterday, from the Gut of Canso, 8th inst., via Wellfleet. She reports the schooner *Sarah E. Lewis* safe at Port Hood. Saw in the Gut, bound home, schooner *Edwin*, of Newburyport. At Souris, schooners *Æuniata*, and *R.E. Cook*, of [Provincetown](#). Some fifty sail went into Tracaty [Tracadie] the night previous to the gale. A number of vessels also got into Malpacque. [Malpec, Malpeque]

The following vessels all belonging to [Gloucester](#), are

reported safe; Schooners *Denmark, Montezuma, Ohio, Leader, Centurion, Orazimbo, Virgin, W.P. Doliver, St. Lawrence, Ocean Lodge, Pacific.*

A slip from the Newburyport Herald, dated 15th, 10 A.M., says: A letter from Capt. William C. Page, dated Charlottetown, Oct. 7, states the *Forest* to be lost – all hands SAVED. Reports being in company with schooners *Mary A. Ames, Fulton* and *Paragon*, the evening the gale commenced, and thinks, as they are superior vessels, they are SAFE. Capt. Page thinks there are about fifty vessels lost – three hundred in the different harbors, and the remainder of the fleet at sea.

 October 18, Saturday, 1851: [Herman Melville](#)'s [THE WHALE](#) was published in 3 volumes in London by Richard Bentley.

[Henry Thoreau](#) did more surveying in [Concord](#).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER 18TH]



 October 19, Sunday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) did more surveying in [Concord](#).




October 19, Sunday: The Indian? Ditch crosses the road beyond Lorings, running S 7¹/₂ W or within about 2¹/₂° of the true meridian. Accord. to Stephen Hosmer's plan of Thomas Jones' woodland made in 1766 the ditch where Derby & Loring bound on it—must be about 84 rods from old town-line

To the northern voyager who does not see the sun for 3 months—night is expanded into winter, & day into summer.

Observed today on the edge of a woodlot of Loring's where his shrub oaks bounded on a neighbors small pitch pines, which grew very close together, that the line of separation was remarkably straight & distinct neither a shrub oak nor a pine passing its limit—the ground where the pines grew having apparently been cultivated so far, and its edges defined by the plow.

A surveyor must be curious in studying the wounds of trees—to distinguish a natural disease or scar from the “blazing” of an axe

?Has the aspen? poplar any more of a red heart than the other? The powder man does not want the red hearted. Even this poor wood has its use

Observed an oak—a red or black—at a pigeon place [[American Passenger Pigeons](#)  [Ectopistes migratorius](#)]—whose top limbs were cut off perhaps a month ago; the leaves had dried a sort of snuff-yellow & rather glossy.





1851

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October 20, Monday, 1851: [Louis Auguste Blanqui](#) was transferred, with 20 others, to the crowded and noisy prison of Belle-Ile on the coast of Brittany, where the total prison population was around 250. Again imprisoned alongside Barbès and many of his supporters, Blanqui proposed that the prisoners hold a sort of trial to determine the truth of the Taschereau affair; after an argument about the terms of discussion, Barbès would refuse to participate. Taking advantage of the relatively lax conditions in the prison, Blanqui would remain in touch with followers abroad, and offered his fellow inmates informal classes in political economy.

In [San Francisco, California](#):

The "American" theatre opened. This was a large brick and wooden house in Sansome street, between California and Sacramento streets. It could contain nearly two thousand persons, and was very elegantly furnished inside. Mrs. Stark gave the opening address. The walls sank nearly two inches on the opening night, when the "house" was densely crowded. The site formed a portion of the bay, and the sand which made the artificial foundation had been deposited upon a bed of soft yielding mud. Considerable fears were entertained in such circumstances for the safety of the structure. Happily the sinking of the walls was regular, and after the first night no material change was perceptible.

[ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...](#)

Meanwhile in London, in the autumn, Blanquist members of the revolutionary exile community (including Emmanuel Barthélemy, Jules Vidil, and Adam, together with the Germans August Willich and Karl Schapper) broke with [Karl Marx](#) and [Friedrich Engels](#) and established a short-lived "Central Democratic Committee of Europe," which issued a manifesto addressed to "The democrats of all nations" dated November 16th.

1851

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From this day through October 22d, [Henry Thoreau](#) would be surveying on [Fair Haven Hill](#) in [Concord](#) for Reuben Brown, a property which had been known as the “Springwoods” of [Dr. Abiel Heywood](#) — Magnetic Variation $9\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$ at 8AM. Scale 10 rods to an inch. Size of paper 14 x 20. This is thought to be the land near the shores of Fair Haven and Well Meadow Brook which was partly burned over by Henry’s famous fire in 1844. (Reuben also owned land on Bedford Road which was known as Sleepy Hollow and would become part of the present Cemetery.)





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Between this day and the end of January of the following year, [Waldo Emerson](#) would be lecturing all of 35 times in Massachusetts — plus once in Maine, at Augusta.

During the twilight, at 7PM, there was a fine [aurora borealis](#) above New England, with a well-defined arch having its apex a few degrees east of north about 15° high; that became broken, rolling, billowy, and varying every minute. There were streamers of white light; very dark below. At 8:57PM, with a dark cloud below fringed above with bright white light, and above this a regular arch with no streamers. At 30 seconds past 9:10PM a long narrow streamer appeared in the east-northeast, just bisected by the star Aldebaran. At 5 seconds past 9:12PM this had moved about 1° southwardly, well adapted to show parallax if observed elsewhere. At 9:18PM short streamers appeared from the northeast to the north-northwest, rising from the dark cloud below. at 35 seconds past 9:20PM there was a double arch, steady below; the upper one had streamers. At midnight there was diffused light, dark below, with the apex of the arch to the north.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER 20TH AND 21ST]



October 21, Tuesday, [1851](#): [Captain Allen Francis Gardiner](#), accompanied by surgeon Richard Williams, ship's carpenter Joseph Erwin, catechist John Maidment, and Cornish fishermen named Pearce, Badcock, and Bryant, had sailed in the *Ocean Queen* from Liverpool on September 7th, 1850. The party had landed at Picton Island at the extreme southern tip of South America on December 5th, 1850 with enough supplies to last them 6 months. As almost a year had gone by since then, with no word coming back, people back home had become concerned for the wellbeing of a group of missionaries that had attempted to settle on Picton Island. A number of ships were on the lookout for them. On this day Captain Smyley took the schooner *John Davison* to Banner Cove on Picton Island and found painted on the rocks "Gone to Spaniard Harbour." Looking around on the shore, he found a letter written by Captain Gardiner saying "The Indians being so hostile here, we have gone to Spaniard Harbour." Captain Smyley then took his schooner to Spaniard Harbour and managed to put ashore despite a severe gale. On the beach was a wrecked boat, and in the wreck a corpse laid out like a question mark. In the frock of this corpse they found the name "Peirce." They then found a grave marked "John Badcock," and a corpse that had been washed to pieces by the rain. "The sight was awful in the extreme." They found a journal that indicated that the missionary party had been almost consumed by scurvy, and had run entirely out of their provisions on June 22d, 1851. Evidence was that Captain Gardiner had been the final survivor and had succumbed on September 6th, 1851.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER 20TH AND 21ST]

N.Y. DAILY TIMES, October 21, 1851.

THE GALE AT PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND

The Gloucester Telegraph states that the schr. *Win. P. Dolliver* was at Charlottetown, having split her sails in weathering North Cape. Schooners *Ocean Queen* and *Orinoco* were safe at Tracadie. Schooner *Baltic* was also reported safe. Schr. *Progress* of [Baltimore](#), was safe at Souris during the gale. Schr. *Constitution*, of [Gloucester](#), before reported at Charlottetown, has sails somewhat injured. She towed into Charlottetown schr. *C.E. Haskell*. Forty-seven Gloucester vessels remained to be heard from, and a few which have been reported heard from remain in some doubt. Schr. *Northern Light*,



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Hall, arrived at Belfast 14 inst., with 300 bbls. Mackerel. Left the Gut of Canso during the gale, had decks swept, and lost bowsprit. Was in company with several Belfast fisherman, whom she left when the gale sprung up.

A slip from the Register office, Yarmouth, dated 18th inst., states that a letter has been received from Capt. Josiah Chase, of schooner [Cohasset](#), of South Dennis, dated Charlottetown, Oct 9, states that his vessel got into the harbour of Tracadie before the gale commenced, but dragged ashore; all his crew safe. The *J.P. Merriam*, of Harwich was safe in the harbor. Capt. C. reports the following Dennis and Harwich captains as safe, (names of vessels not given): Remark Wixon, Daniel Doane, Ebenezer Marshall, (vessel of [Hingham](#),) Simeon Wixon, Sears Kelley, Caleb Kelley, Elijah Smith, Elisha Rogers. Schooner Captain Sampson Hunt, ashore near close by the Cohanet. Schooner *Harriet Newell*, ashore, as before reported with loss of two men, Mr. Judah Gage of Harwich, and a Portuguese vessel a total wreck and condemned. Schooner *Grafton*, Capt. Grafton Sears, before reported ashore with all hands lost, is ashore, but her crew are all saved! Schooner ____, Capt. Isiah Kelley, of Harwich, and ____, Capt. Job Wixon, ashore - crews saved, but vessels a total loss. Capt. Bush, Capt. Lorenzo Baker, Capt. Josiah C. Eldridge, were in Malpeck harbor, but came off safe. The loss of the *Franklin Dexter*, of Dennis, with all her crew is confirmed. A great number of other vessels are ashore at the east end of the island with great loss of life.



YANKEE GALE

1851

1851



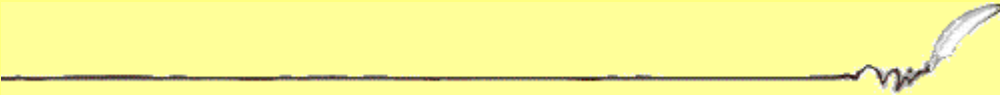
October 22, Wednesday, 1851: On this day and the following one [Henry Thoreau](#) would be surveying part of a woodlot on Fairhaven Hill for Reuben Brown (the spring roads bought from Abel Heywood; beginning 205 chains westerly of westernmost angle).



Before a woodlot can be sold, its acreage must be measured so that its commodity value as a fuel can be accurately estimated. He did this dozens of times, especially for his townsmen thereby contributing to local deforestation. Before a farm can be subdivided for housing, a survey was legally required. Before an upland swamp can be redeemed for tillage, it must be drained. And with large drainage projects, accurate surveys were needed to determine the best pathways and gradients for flow. Thoreau helped kill several of the swamps he otherwise claimed to cherish.

In short, Thoreau personally and significantly contributed to the intensification of private capital development throughout the valley. Additionally, he surveyed for roads, cemeteries, and public buildings, which required the cutting away of hills and the filling of wetlands. Like the bankers, lawyers, builders, farmers, and elected officials who were his clients, Thoreau was an instrument of change. He knew it, and it make him uncomfortable. But he kept doing it anyway, because he needed the money.

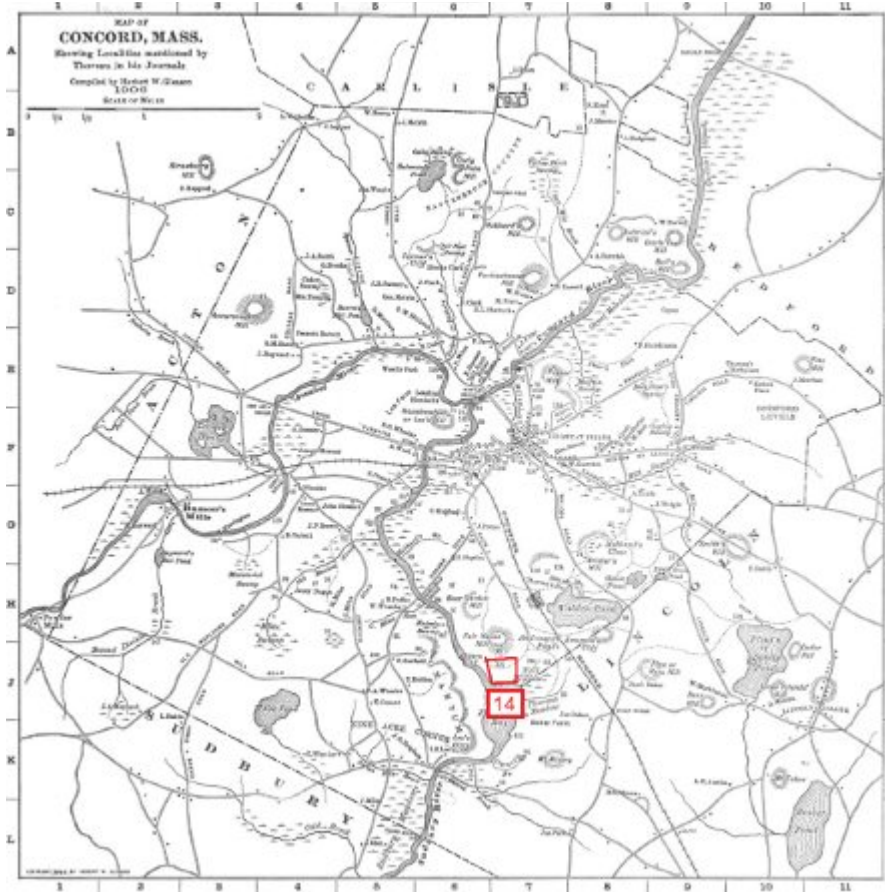
— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, pages 116-117



Oct. 22. The pines, both white & pitch, have now shed their leaves. And the ground in the pine woods is strewn with the newly fallen needles.

The fragrant life everlasting is still fresh —& the Canada Snap Dragon still blooms bluely by the roadside.— The rain & dampness have given birth to a new crop of mushrooms. The small willow like shrub (sage willow? *salix longirostris* Mx) is shedding its small leaves which turn black in

drying and cover the path.



 October 23, Thursday, 1851: Louis Moreau Gottschalk arrived in Madrid on his Spanish concert tour.

Henry Thoreau completed the previous day's surveying activities.



On this night there was until midnight a bright *aurora borealis* above New England. At 6:30PM the arch was well-defined and regular and then it became a very strong radiating light, fine, like iron at a white heat, without streamers but with strong short rays or spikes.




October 23, Thursday: It is never too late to learn. I observed to-day the Irishman who helped me survey *twisting* the branch of a birch for a withe –& *before* he cut it off, also wishing to stick a tall smooth pole in the ground –cut a notch in the side of it by which to drive it with a hatchet

THE MASSACHUSETTS GLOUCESTER NEWS, October 23, 1851.


PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND – We mentioned in our last, that the Lieut. Governor of Prince Edward Island, had issued a proclamation directing all officers of the Revenue,

Magistrates, and other subjects of Her Majesty, to render all aid in their power to the unfortunate fishermen of the United States who were wrecked on the Northern coasts of that Island, and especially to exert themselves for the preservation of property, and its restoration to the rightful owners; but it appears from what we learn of our fishermen who have returned from the scene of the late disaster, that the proclamation, though evincing the generous humanity of the Lieut. Governor, was unnecessary; for they all speak in the warmest terms of gratitude, for the universal hospitality and kindness they and all the ship-wrecked men received at the hands of these generous and humane Islanders. In the midst of the storm they were on the beach to render every aid in their power to save life. After it had abated they cheerfully offered their services to assist in the preservation of property. They bore from the wrecks the bodies of those who had perished, at their own expense prepared them for the grave, and administered to them the last sad rites of humanity. Nor was this all; they opened their doors to those who had no shelter, fed and clothed the destitute, and bestowed upon the sufferers generally every possible assistance which could alleviate their misfortune, and every possible attention that humanity could devise. At the instance of many of our returned townsmen, our exchanges in Halifax, and the P.E. Island papers are requested to make known to their readers the feelings of grateful remembrance in which the wrecked fishermen of Gloucester will always hold the generous hospitality extended to them in their misfortunes.

 October 24, Friday, 1851: From his private observatory near Liverpool, William Lassell discovered Ariel and Umbriel, 2 moons of Uranus.




[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER 24TH AND 25TH]

 Late October 1851: Ellery Channing visited the Hawthornes in the “little red house” in Lenox, Massachusetts that had been their home since May 1850 and observed that wherever they moved, they found fault with the people among whom they settled (the Hawthornes were quarreling with their neighbors over rights to apples in an adjacent orchard, and three weeks after this visit they would relocate back to eastern Massachusetts.). He remarked that having written nine books had “greatly altered” Nathaniel Hawthorne into something of “a lion,” although an exceedingly reclusive one. He found Sophia Peabody Hawthorne not only to be no beauty but to be, in addition, fading at her age, and he found the Hawthorne children Una Hawthorne and Julian Hawthorne to be not only ill-mannered but unhandsome.



1851

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 October 25, Saturday, 1851: In Concord, [Waldo Emerson](#) paid [Henry Thoreau](#) \$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](#).¹⁷⁷



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



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER 24TH AND 25TH]

N.Y. DAILY TIMES, October 25, 1851. THE GALE AT PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND

We continue to receive further particulars of the disastrous gale. The Newburyport Committee who went to Prince Edward's Island on behalf of the Owners of fishing vessels, belonging to that port, returned on Wednesday night, and brought accounts from all the Newburyport vessels, except two, from which nothing has been heard, when they left the Island on Saturday last. Capts. Bayley and Knight furnish the following statement. Of vessels belonging to Newburyport, 44 are safe, 19 lost, and the *Actor*, and *Augustus*, not heard from.



YANKEE GALE

NEWBURYPORT VESSELS SAFE

Native American, (lost one man overboard belonging to Nova Scotia, and 57 bbls. fish off deck,) *Cypress*, *Sarah Jane*, *Charles Appleton*, *Herzon*, *Harbinger*, *Atlas*, *Vulture*, (lost one man,) *Palm*, *Rizpah*, *Pioneer*, *Tyro*, *Gen. Cushing*, *Paragon*, *Mary Frances*, *Go Ahead*, *Freedom*, *Mary*, *Victory*, *Hannah Grant*, *Reindeer*, *Edwin*, *Elizabeth*, *Independence*, *Thistle*, *Lion*, *Mary Clark*, *Equator*, *Empire*, *Angelina*, *Mary C. Ames*, *Martha*, *Gem*, *Pearl*, *William*, *Mary Felker*, *Ada*, *Mory*, *Albion*, *Ellen*, *Warren*, *Herald*, *Elvira*, *Alms*. Total 44.

NEWBURYPORT VESSELS LOST

James, *Traveller*, *Gentile*, *Mary Scotchburn*, *Statesman*, (crew of ten men lost,) *Duroc*, *Blossom*, *Forest*, *Franklin*, *Index*, *Hingram*, *Spray*, *Good Intent*, *Lucinda*,

177. Eventually [Cheney](#) would do a bust of [Alcott](#) but, at the moment, it was something else that was going on.



Fulton, Ocean, Ruby, Atlantic, Enterprise, Total 19.

NOT HEARD FROM

Actor, Augustus - 2.

The masters of schrs. *Fulton, Ruby, Montano* and *Grafton*, had chartered an English brig for \$1650 to bring up their fish.

The Committee estimate that although some vessels have undoubtedly lost at sea with all their crews, the whole number of vessels ashore and lost, will not exceed 75, and the number of lives lost will not exceed 150. The following is a list of the lives thus far known to be lost, and the names of the vessels to which they belonged:

Vessels Men Lost


Statesman, Fowler, of Newburyport 10
Traveller, F. Currier, of Newburyport 8
Balema, of Portsmouth 10
Lion, of Castine 6
Franklin Dexter, of Dennis 10
Nettle, of Truro 4
Harriet Newell, of Harwich 2
Fair Play, of Portland 11
Flirt, of [Gloucester](#) 13
Mary Moulton, of Castine 12
Vulture, of Newburyport 1
Native American, of Newburyport 1
America, of Lubec 9
Total 97

Several unknown vessels it is supposed foundered at sea, the crews of were of course lost. The committee visited the wreck of one about 80 or 90 tons, a mile outside Malpec harbor, but could not ascertain her name. She had an eight-square bowsprit, and from this they judged she was either a Gloucester or [Provincetown](#) vessel. She appeared to have foundered at her anchors.

The following is a list of vessels lost on the Island, and crews saved, belonging to other ports:

Schrs. *Reward, of Deer Isle; William, of Portland; Regulator, do; Montano, [Hingham](#); Leo, Castine; Martha Ann, Vinalhaven; Triumph, Cape Elizabeth; Mount Hope, [Hingham](#); Oscar Coles, Portsmouth; Golden Grove, Kennebunk; Garland, [Gloucester](#); Eleanor, do; Belle, [Beverly](#); Seth Hall, Dennis; Grafton, of do; Naiad Queen of ___; Chomet of ___; Henry Knox, [Cohasset](#); Caledonia, Portland; Melrose, [Provincetown](#); Charles Augustus, [Cohasset](#); Commerce, Harwich; Hickory, Portland; Governor, Boston; Wanderer, [Beverly](#); Belle, Dennis;*

George, Castine; Bloomfield, Boston; C.E. Haskell, Gloucester, (dismasted); Norma, Deer Isle; Eliza, Lubec; Tickler, New London. Total 32.

 October 26, Sunday, 1851: Thomas Haskell wrote from Gloucester, Massachusetts to the Reverend Samuel May, Jr. that William Henry Fish of Milford, Massachusetts had assured him that “you would attend an antislavery meeting here next Sunday” and that to implement this he had made arrangements for meetings in Essex and Gloucester, and that he expected the Reverend May to be in attendance along with Fish and Lucy Stone.



Oct. 26. I awoke this morning to infinite regret. In my dream I had been riding—but the horses bit the horses bit each other and occasioned endless trouble and anxiety & it was my employment to hold their heads apart. Next I sailed over the sea in a small vessel such as the Northmen used—as it were to the Bay of Funday & thence over land I sailed still over the shallows about the sources of rivers toward the deeper *channel* of a stream which emptied into the gulf beyond.

Again I was in my own small pleasure boat—learning to sail on the sea—and I raised my sail before my anchor which I dragged far into the sea— I saw the buttons which had come off the coats of drowned men—and suddenly I saw my dog—when I knew not that I had one—standing in the sea up to his chin to warm his legs which had been wet—which the cool wind numbed. And then I was walking in a meadow—where the dry Season permitted me to walk further than usual—and there I met Mr Alcott—and we fell to quoting & referring to grand & pleasing couplets & single lines which we had read in times past—and I quoted one which in my waking hours I have no knowledge of but in my dream it was familiar enough— I only know that those which I quoted expressed regret—and were like the following though they were not these—viz—

“The short parenthesis of life was sweet”
 “The remembrance of youth is a sigh.” &c

It had the word memory in it!! And then again the instant that I awoke methought I was a musical instrument—from which I heard a strain die out—a bugle—or a clarinet—or a flute—my body was the organ and channel of melody as a flute is of the music that is breathed through it. My flesh sounded & vibrated still to the strain—and my nerves were the chords of the lyre. I awoke therefore to an infinite regret—to find myself not the thoroughfare of glorious & world-stirring inspirations—but a scuttle full of dirt—such a thoroughfare only as the street & the kennel—where perchance the wind may sometimes draw forth a strain of music from a straw.


I can partly account for this. Last evening I was reading Laing’s account of the Northmen—and though I did not write in my journal—I remember feeling a fertile regret—and deriving even an inexpressible satisfaction as it were from my ability to feel regret—which made that evening richer

DOG

than those which had preceeded it.
I heard the last strain or flourish as I woke played on my body as the instrument. Such I knew I had been & might be again—and my regret arose from the consciousness how little like a musical instrument my body was now.

SAMUEL LAING

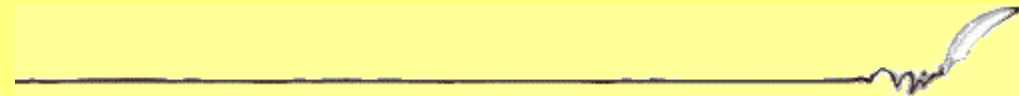


 October 27, Monday, 1851: Father [Isaac Hecker](#), CSSR wrote to [Orestes Augustus Brownson](#), Esq.



[Waldo Emerson](#) wrote in his journal about how hard it was to believe that the present is as rich as other times, and his phraseology, the matter-of-fact manner in which he uses this superficial talk, about the richness or poverty of the present, is so utterly un-Thoreauvian as to almost pre-empt this terminology from use in the manner in which [Henry Thoreau](#) needs to deploy these terms. This is the sort of thing which leads me to believe that Emerson was never able to grasp what Thoreau was about, that Thoreau's mysticism was utterly opaque to him:

It would be hard to recall the rambles of last night's talk with H.T. But we stated over again, to sadness, almost, the Eternal loneliness... how insular & pathetically solitary, are all the people we know! Nor dare we tell what we think of each other, when we bow in the street. 'Tis mighty fine for us to taunt men of the world with superficial & treacherous courtesies. I saw yesterday, Sunday, whilst at dinner my neighbor Hosmer creeping into my barn. At once it occurred, "Well, men are lonely, to be sure, & here is this able, social, intellectual farmer under this grim day, as grimly, sidling into my barn, in the hope of some talk with me, showing me how to husband my cornstalks. Forlorn enough!" It is hard to believe that all times are alike & that the present is also rich. When this annual project of a Journal returns, & I cast about to think who are to be contributors, I am struck with a feeling of great poverty; my bareness! my bareness! seems America to say.



EDMUND HOSMER





October 27, Monday: This morning I wake and find it snowing & the ground covered with snow—quite unexpectedly—for last night it was rainy but not cold.

The obstacles which the heart meets with are like granite blocks which one alone can not move. She who was as the morning light to me, is now neither [the morning star](#) nor [the evening star](#). We meet but to find each other further asunder, and the oftener we meet the more rapid our divergence. So a star of the first magnitude pales in the heavens, not from any fault in the observers eye nor from any fault in it self perchance, but because its progress in its own system has put a greater distance between

The night is oracular— What have been the intimations of the night? I ask. How have you passed the night? Good night!


My friend will be bold to conjecture, he will guess bravely at the significance of my words.

The cold numbs my fingers this morning. The strong northwest wind blows the damp snow along almost horizontally. The birds fly about as if seeking shelter

Perhaps it was the young of the purple finch [[Purple Finch](#)  [Carpodacus purpureus](#) ([American Linnet](#))] that I saw sliding down the grass stems some weeks ago—or was it the white-throated finch [[White-throated Sparrow](#)  [Zonotrichia albicollis](#)]? Winter with its inwardness is upon us. A

VENUS

man is constrained to sit down, and to think.
 The ardea minor still with us— Saw a woodcock [**American Woodcock** **Scolopax minor**] feeding probing the mud with its long bill under the RR bridge within 2 feet of me for a long time could not scare it far away— What a disproportionate length of bill.— It is a sort of badge they wear as a punishment for greediness in a former state.
 The highest arch of the stone bridge is 6 feet 8 inches above the present surface of the water which I should think was more than a foot higher than it has been this summer—and is 4 inches below the long stone in the east abutment.

 October 28, Tuesday, 1851: **Henry Thoreau** was surveying some property on the Old Marlboro Road near the Ministerial Swamp being purchased by Jabez Reynolds,



who was in the butchering business and lived in the house on the corner of Walden Street and Everett Street. The back room of his house had been owned by the Cyrus Stows for many years, had been moved from Lexington Road, and was used by the Thoreaus in their pencil business at one time.

Thoreau also surveyed an estate on Walden Street.¹⁷⁸ There are three extant fragments at the Concord Free Public Library, showing a detailed sketch of the yard, the grounds around the house, and a fence that Thoreau designed and probably built. The detailed sketch shows the house on the corner of Everett Street that was built on the site of the old Heywood Tavern and occupied by **William Buttrick**, George Everett, and **Grace Tuttle**. Thoreau's Field Notes book says he also divided the land of Cyrus Stow from that of Nathan Stow.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM OCTOBER 28TH TO 30TH]

 October 29, Wednesday, 1851: **Edward Gould Richmond** was born in Attica, **New York**.

On **Acton** Common, the Davis Monument was dedicated to the righteousness of successful warfare.

The day was lowering but comfortable and the rain held off until well after the conclusion of the exercises. The stars and stripes floated over the monument; four lines of flags extended from the ground to the corners of the capstone; the streets were ablaze with bunting and the village houses as well. In addition some five thousand persons were present to witness the spectacle.

178. This plot is the present-day Home for the Aged.



1851

1851

The procession formed on the green at noon. In the forefront was the military escort of honor for the dead consisting of the First Artillery, the Concord Artillery accompanied by Flagg's Boston Brass Band, the Prescott Guards of Pepperell, and the Sudbury Rifles. Then came the civic procession under the command of chief marshal Col. Winthrop E. Faulkner of Acton. The next section was made up of the Governor and his staff, the President of the Massachusetts Senate, the invited guests, and the joint committees of arrangements for the various towns. Following these came the #1 division of the Order of United Americans and the Okommakamesit Fire Company #2 of Marlboro. The final two divisions were composed of citizens of Acton and the seven adjacent towns. Several of the delegations carried appropriate banners, the most conspicuous being that of Lexington. It was large and white with red fringe, carrying the date April 19, 1775, and the famous words, "Oh what a glorious day for America", uttered by Samuel Adams as he left Lexington that morning. On the reverse side were the names of Capt. Parker and the other patriots who fell in the cause of liberty on Lexington green. From the common the procession moved toward the old burying ground where the remains of Davis, [Hosmer](#), and Hayward awaited removal to the monument. The bones, which had been disinterred some days previously, were nearly entire, and were enclosed in an oblong, black walnut box, highly polished and studded with silver nails. The remains were enclosed in separate compartments, each marked upon the cover by a silver plate bearing the proper name. The cheekbone of Hosmer showed the trace of the ball, which caused his death, entering just below the left eye and emerging at the back of the neck. The box was placed in a hearse and under the escort of the Acton militia company, the Davis Guards, with First Lt. Daniel Jones in command, met the procession at what is now the junction of Concord Road with Nagog Hill Road. Here both parties halted - the military escort in open order with arms presented awaited the approach of the sacred remains - the Lowell Band, which accompanied them playing a dirge by Kurick. Flagg's Band, accompanying the escort then played the dirge, "Peace troubled Soul," after which the escort fell into position and the procession, including the remains, proceeded to the monument. Eight venerable citizens of the town served as pallbearers. They were Joseph Harris and Dr. Charles Tuttle, each eighty-two: Matthew Hosmer, nephew of Abner, eighty; John Harris, Daniel Barker and James Keyes, each seventy-six; Jonathan Barker, seventy-four; and Lemuel Hildreth, seventy. Upon arrival at the monument the box was opened and placed in the middle of the street upon a stand covered with a black velvet pall, in order that those who so desired might look upon the remains. Then the box was closed and set into a niche prepared for it in the eternal stone of the monument. At one o'clock the exercises began in the huge tent sheltering the tables for the dinner. An invocation was offered by Rev. Mr. Frost of Concord and an original hymn, written by Rev. Henry Durant and set to the tune "Hamburg," was sung. There upon Mr. Woodbury, president of the day, introduced as the orator of the occasion Governor George S. Boutwell of Groton. Mr. Boutwell's speech was fulsome.

The northwest face of the base of the Davis Monument, directly under its arch, was inscribed:

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the town of Acton, co-operating to perpetuate the fame of their glorious deeds of patriotism, have erected this monument in honor of Capt. Isaac Davis and privates Abner Hosmer and James Hayward, citizen soldiers of Acton and Provincial Minute Men, who fell in Concord Fight, the 19th day of April, A.D. 1775.

On the morning of that eventful day the Provincial officers held a council of war near the old North Bridge in Concord; and as they separated, Davis exclaimed, "I haven't a man that is afraid to go!" and immediately marched his company from the left to the right of the line, and led in the first organized attack upon the troops of George III in that memorable war, which by the help of God, made the thirteen colonies independent of Great Britain and gave political being to the United States of America.

Acton, April 19, 1851.



Around the Davis Monument on Acton Common were arranged the slate gravestones of the three Acton patriots fallen (protected by some sort of fencing):

MENENTI MORO

**Here lies the body of Mr. Abner Hosmer, who was killed at
Concord April 19th 1775 in ye defense of ye just rights of his country,
being in the twenty first year of his age.**

...

**This monument may unborn ages tell
How brave young Hayward like a hero fell,
When fighting for his countries liberty
Was slain, and here his body now doth lye
He and his foe were by each other slain,**

**His victim's blood with his ye earth did stain.
 Upon ye field he was with victory crowned,
 And yet must yield his breath upon the ground.
 He expressed his hope in God before his death,
 After his foe had yielded up his breath.
 Oh, may his death laysting witness lye
 Against oppressor's bloody cruelty.**



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM OCTOBER 28TH TO 30TH]



October 30, Thursday, 1851: [Mrs. Fanny Kemble](#) gave a reading of [William Shakespeare](#)'s "King John" at the Assembly Room of [Norwich, England](#) (on the 31st she would read "Much Ado about Nothing").



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM OCTOBER 28TH TO 30TH]



October 31, Friday, 1851: [Petar II Petrovic-Njegoš, Prince-Bishop of Montenegro](#) died of [tuberculosis](#) at the age of 37 and would eventually be succeeded, after some kerfuffling, by his son [Danilo I Petrović-Njegoš](#). His last words were "Love Montenegro and render justice to the poor."

[Mrs. Fanny Kemble](#) gave a reading of [William Shakespeare](#)'s "Much Ado about Nothing" at the Assembly Room of Norwich, England.

In [San Francisco, California](#):

To enable the distant reader to form an idea of the crowded state of the harbor, and which it may be mentioned was at all times about as well filled, we give the following accurate list of the number of vessels lying there at this date, viz:

	Ships.	Barques.	Brigs.	Schooners.	Ocean Steamers.	Total.
American.....	42	64	67	50	9	232
British.....	5	23	5	3		36
French.....	9	1	1			11
Chilian.....	1	2	1	one sloop & one galliot		6
Bremen.....	1	4	4	1		10
Austrian.....		1 ship; Swedish. 3 brigs,				4
German.....		1 barque; Italian, 1 brig; Dutch, 2 barques,				4
Storeships,						148
Total number of vessels.....						451

The store-ships had originally belonged to all nations, though chiefly to America. In 1848 and 1849, most of the vessels that then arrived in the bay were deserted by their crews, while both in these years and in 1850, many old and unseaworthy vessels had been hurriedly pressed into the vast emigration service to [California](#). A considerable number of all these vessels were not

worth the expense of manning and removing, and so they were left to be used as stores and lodging-houses in the suddenly thronged town, or to rot and sink, dismantled and forsaken. We have had occasion at various places to mention that several of these ships are now lying on dry land, in the very centre of the city.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



October 31, Friday: The wild apples are now getting palatable. I find a few left on distant trees—which the farmer thinks it not worth his while to gather—he thinks that he has better in his barrels, but he is mistaken unless he has a walker’s appetite & imagination—neither of which can he have. These apples cannot be too gnurly & rusty & crabbed (to look at)— The gnurliest will have some redeeming traits even to the eyes— You will discover some evening redness dashed or sprinkled—on some protuberance or in some cavity— It is rare that the summer lets an apple go without streaking or spotting it on some part of its sphere—though perchance one side may only seem to betray that it has once fallen in a brick yard—and the other have been bespattered from a roily ink bottle. The saunterer’s apple not even the saunterer can eat in the house.— Some red stains it will have commemorating the mornings & evenings it has witnessed—some dark & rusty blotches in memory of the clouds, & foggy mildewy days that have passed over it—and a spacious field of green reflecting the general face of nature—green even as the fields— Or yellow its ground if it has a sunny flavor—yellow as the harvests—or russet as the hills. The noblest of fruits is the apple Let the most beautiful or swiftest have it.



The robins [American Robin  *Turdus migratorius*] now fly in flocks.

THE ISLANDER, October 31, 1851. REVIEW OF THE GREAT GALE

Now that men’s minds have recovered from the shock communicated by the unparalleled destruction of life and property on our North Shore, they begin to investigate the cause of the catastrophe. It has been mainly owing to bad vessels badly managed. The storm continued an unusual length of time, but it was not severe, and the mischief was consummated within a few hours from its commencement. On our Northern Capes, not a rickety out-house has been injured that we have heard of, not hardly a breach made in the still more rickety snake-fences, although exposed to the closest sweep of the blast. In short, we have heavier gales and higher tides almost every year without loss. Nevertheless, it seems probable that several American schooners capsized and foundered, besides what were driven ashore.

We have been informed that some are very cranky, and that others are broad, short, and low, and very unlikely to live in a heavy sea. It was, perhaps, a knowledge of the untrusty character of their vessels that induced so many Americans to court destruction by rushing towards unlighted harbours before a gale of wind mingled with a blinding rain. The following case presumes the probability that with ordinary good management, not a single life, nor a single vessel need have been sacrificed.

Donald Morrison, Esq., an enterprising merchant of New

London, had a well equipped and ably commanded schooner fishing amongst the Americans, the night of the disaster and happened to be aboard himself. But Capt. Bell, instead of groping his way blindfolded to shore when the wind rose, judiciously stood out to sea. When day-light broke he made for New London Harbour, but when near the bar, he considered the land marks were even then so obscured by haze as to render the attempt to run too hazardous. He, therefore shaped his course for North Cape, which he doubled, without having tacked from leaving New London. He then ran down the coast and anchored under West Point, until the wind abated, in water as calm as a mill-pond. As the American fishing fleet is always in land-locked positions, not one vessel should be considered insurable without a marine barometer on board. Another nocturnal storm preceded by a flattering afternoon, and a repetition of the late disaster may be anticipated on this or some other shore. Schooner *Mary* of St. Andrews, N.B., has been lost on Hog Island in the late gale, and all hands lost; three dead bodies having been taken out of the forecastle.



YANKEE GALE

NOVEMBER 1851

➡ November 1851: At this point New Zealand flax was growing wild, and thriving, in every part of [St. Helena](#).

➡ November 1851: This month's issue of [Harper's New Monthly Magazine](#).

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

➡ November 1851: [Lorin Blodget](#) became an assistant at the [Smithsonian Institution](#) at Washington. Besides this work for the Smithsonian, Blodget would conduct climatological research for the US Department of War.

The headman of the Cupanga-kitoms, a tribe of the Yuma grouping, Antonio Garra, Sr. let it be known to the authorities of San Diego County, [California](#) that his people would not be paying taxes assessed against them. Garra and other California Yuma headmen began planning a general revolt.

WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE

The Garra Uprising:



Conflict Between San Diego Indians and Settlers in 1851

By William Edward Evans

With the advent of the Gold Rush in 1849, California experienced striking alterations in appearance, character, and circumstance. The pastoral Californios, steeped in the feudal tradition of the hacienda, were summarily swept aside by a flood of Anglo-American adventurers. Hordes of entrepreneurs, miners, gamblers, and saloon keepers invaded the land overnight. In the ensuing social disorganization, competition became the key to survival, and homicide was common. One example of the subsequent conflict was the Indian emeute of 1851, led by Antonio Garra in San Diego County. The Garra uprising was an integral part of a three-sided struggle for survival in a unique, prime ordeal and highly competitive environment.

In 1845 the population of the gente de razon, composed of Spanish-speaking Ibero-Americans and a few recently arrived Anglo-American immigrants, did not exceed four thousand. The native population is estimated at over one hundred thousand. It was typical of the Spanish colonizing technique that Ibero-American immigration was kept at a bare minimum with the intention of incorporating the indigenes into the Spanish culture. In this way the colonials were required to avail themselves of the Indian as a resource.² When thousands of Anglo-Americans suddenly converged on California, the Indian's opportunity for employment in the new technology increased at first and later declined. Although both male and female Indians exhibited a marked aversion to regular employment and were "much addicted to intemperance." Americans utilized them as laborers and domestics whenever possible. Many of them had been trained as craftsmen and mechanics by the Franciscans prior to secularization of the missions, and, in fact, they were capable of filling many of the "laborious occupations known to civilized society." Indian labor was used in business, farming, ranching, and in domestic service.

After 1850 the Indians of California began returning to their mountain villages. They did this, not necessarily because they were "rigidly excluded" from the Anglo-American culture, but because of the federal policy of offering presents to the Indian through his tribal leader. This led to the abandonment of the ranchos and pueblos by the Indians, thereby depriving households, ranchers, farmers, and entrepreneurs of valuable laborers, and thus restricting amalgamation and acculturation. As the Indians returned to their mountain villages they began to pose a threat to the settlers along the coast.

One such Indian village was situated in the mountains inland from San Diego, the whites referring to this site as Agua Caliente. For many years prior to 1852 the village was administered by Antonio Garra, a Yuman⁷ who had been educated at the San Luis Rey Mission.⁸ His was a transitional village, incorporating the culture of the Luisenos to the northwest, the Diegueios to the south and west, and the Yumans to the east. The Indians of Agua Caliente, who have come to be known as Cupeios, spoke a variation of the Shoshonean linguistic stock, and were a branch of the vast Cahuilla tribe to the north and east.

The rancheria of Agua Caliente, located in the Valle de San Jose¹⁰ was certainly anything but isolated. As a matter of fact



the valley was a major thoroughfare to most traffic coming to California via the Southern Trail. This was the first place immigrants could refresh themselves and their animals after crossing the desert, and the last place they could take on supplies before attempting the return trip. Thousands of travelers must have passed through the valley on their way to the coast of California. It was precisely within this valley that the main road branched, one fork to San Diego, and the other to Los Angeles.

The village chief, Antonio Garra, occupied a large adobe house which had formerly belonged to the Mission of San Luis Rey. There had been several fine vineyards of which one remained in 1850. There was even a well stocked store kept by the American, William Marshall.

Indians wandered in and out of camp in a steady stream. Here they congregated to play a card game known as Monte, and to drink much aguardiente. Close by were the hot springs where women washed clothes and everyone, Indians and immigrants alike, bathed. Rocks and sand had been thrown up, damming the water so that thirty could bathe at the same time conveniently.

By 1850 the Valle de San Jose had become more commonly referred to as Warner's Ranch. Juan Jose Warner had immigrated to California from Connecticut in 1831, becoming a naturalized Mexican citizen in 1843.¹² In 1844 he had petitioned for a grant of the entire Valle de San Jose. On November 28, 1844, Don Juan Jose Warner received from Governor Manuel Micheltoarena a grant of land which embraced the entire valley, including the northern portion known as San Jose or Agua Caliente.¹³ Warner and his wife moved to the property immediately, where he built an adobe house in which he lived from 1845 to 1855. It was located right at the junction of the San Diego and Los Angeles roads, a convenient location for trading with immigrants, approximately five or six miles from the Indian village at the hot springs. Warner, having moved onto the ranch, remained there until he was temporarily driven off by the Cupefios in the Indian uprising of 1851.

Apparently there had been a quarrel of long standing between Warner and the Indians which was brought to a head by an attempt to impose a state tax on the Indians of Agua Caliente.¹⁴ The attempt to collect this tax provoked the conflict which has come to be known as the Garra uprising.

In reprisal to the tax measure the Cupefios joined forces with a Yuma raiding party, and subsequently stole a large herd of sheep west of the Colorado River. Five of the six Americans herding the sheep were killed.

Their mutilated bodies were found later. The Cupefios lost ten men.

Quarreling over the division of the sheep, the two tribes parted company in the desert. The Cupefio chief, Antonio Garra, had hoped for their continued joint co-operation in the uprising, but such was not to be the case.

Returning to Agua Caliente, Garra ordered his men to murder the Americans in the camp. About midnight, November 21, 1851, Juan Bautista or Coton, an Indian of Agua Caliente, with Antonino, the son of Antonio Garra, went to the house of Jose No-ca. They were accompanied by Luis E. Alcalde who asked permission of No-ca to take an American by the name of Joseph Manning from the house. Manning was then killed with a lance by an Indian named



Carlos while "Mariano and Cosme struck on his head with clubs!" After some argument, the Indians divided Manning's possessions. William Marshall, an American who operated the store, and who had married into the Cupeiio tribe,¹⁷ joined in the slaying of three additional Americans.

The next morning, Saturday, November 22, 1851, the Indians sacked Warner's house. Warner was successful in his escape, probably to the nearby Dieguefio village of San Jose. All of his possessions, however, and livestock were stolen.

Shortly thereafter Jose Antonio Estudillo of San Diego received a letter from Antonio Garra dated November 21, 1851, implying that some exchange of ideas had taken place previously between the two men regarding the tax problem. With the help of the creative editorializing of J. Judson Ames, then editor of the San Diego Herald, word spread among the new Anglo-American element that the Indian uprising had been sponsored by the Ibero-Americans. Apparently duels were fought in Old Town, San Diego, as a consequence.¹⁹ No explanation has ever been made as to how such an inflammatory document became public property. Estudillo would not appear to have stood to profit from publicizing the letter. Possibly it was intercepted before he received it. George M. Davis made a translation which he and Edward E Fitzgerald signed. It reads as follows:

Mr. Jose Antonio Estudillo

I salute you. Some time past I told you what I thought, and now the moment has arrived to strike the blow. If I have life I will go and help you because all the Indians invited in all parts to go to San Bernardino may have risen, and here a man called Juan Berno, tells me that the white people waited for me, for that reason I gave these my words and will be ready by Tuesday to leave this for the Pueblo and you will arrange with the white people and Indians and send me your word, nothing more.

Agua Caliente 21st of November 1851.

Another translation signed by Davis and Fitzgerald exists, but it has been altered slightly. Someone has crossed out parts of the original translation and written "the blow has been struck" implying that Estudillo might have been cognizant of Garra's plans prior to their actual inauguration. The San Diego Herald printed the altered version on November 27, 1851. A third, but unsigned translation is similar to the initial version.

After Antonio Garra was captured, he made a public confession in which he implicated Jose Estudillo and Joaquin Ortega in the uprising.

Estudillo never offered a public explanation. Joaquin Ortega, however, felt obliged to do so, and as a consequence submitted a public denial of the accusations to the San Diego Herald, which appeared in the edition of January 10, 1852.²² Garra was captured and brought to San Diego January 8, 1852, where he was arraigned on charges of treason, murder, and robbery. A "Military Court Martial" consisting of "Maj. Gen. Bean, Maj. M. Norton, Maj. Santiago E. Arguello, Lt. Hooper, and Lt. Tilghman, with Cave J. Coutts as Judge Advocate" found Garra guilty of murder and theft, and sentenced him to be shot. He was executed at 4:30 PM., Saturday, January 10, 1852, in Old Town, San Diego, having been sentenced at 3:00 PM. of the same day.

The "Court Martial" could not refrain from expressing an opinion about the accusations made by Antonio Garra against Don Jose Antonio Estudillo and Don Joaquin Ortega. The following opinion



was published in the San Diego Herald on January 17. 1852:24 Everything that has come before the Court shows conclusively, that Antonio Garra is himself the author of this slander; that no papers were found in the Coyotes confirmatory of the connection of any Californians with the Indians; (as published in the San Diego Herald-,) and that these gentlemen now stand in our community as they have always, in our highest estimation; and that this opinion be published in the "Alto _sic~\ California" the "Los Angeles Star" and "San Diego Herald!" In the interim, William Marshall had been caught, tried in San Diego, and hanged on December 13, 1851, denying his guilt to the end. He admitted knowing that the four Americans were to be murdered at Agua Caliente, and that he had made no effort to warn them.

At Los Coyotes, an Indian mountain camp inland from San Diego, four of Garra's accomplices had been captured and tried. Juan Bautista or Coton, Jacobo or Qui-sil, and Luis E. Alcalde, all of Agua Caliente, and Francisco Mocate, chief of the rancheria San Ysidro were convicted of murder, arson, and robbery by a "War Council" which convened on December 23, 1851.26 They were executed at Los Coyotes immediately. Garra's uprising ended in the death of all involved Indian leaders.

That the Cupefios rose against unjust taxation there seems little doubt, but it is not clear how the decision to tax the Indians was reached for such a move seems quite unjust. At any rate the sheriff of San Diego, Agoston Haraszthy was authorized by the state attorney general in a letter dated August 20, 1851, to collect taxes from Christianized Indians "owning ranches" in San Diego County.27 The fact that Warner had been elected to serve in the state legislature, representing San Diego in 1851, may have had some bearing on this situation, but there would appear to be no real proof, one way or the other. Besides Warner utilized Indian labor on his ranch and would have stood to gain little by incurring their animosity at this time.

What exactly did the state attorney general mean when he authorized the sheriff to collect taxes from Christianized Indians "owning ranches" in San Diego County? Did these Indians, who had been exposed to western technology and civilization for approximately eighty years, own the ranch they were working? What about Warner's grant to the entire valley? The answer is very simple: no one knew then who owned what property in California. Warner was working part of the valley and presumably paying the hated land tax on that which he was using. Apparently the people in San Diego felt that if the Indians were using land, running stock, and competing in business with the whites, they should share the burden of taxation.

Warner was not the first to possess a grant to San Jose Valley. After the Mission of San Luis Rey had ceased to occupy the land, Silvestre de la Portilla received a grant to part of the valley in 1836. In 1840 Antonio Pico solicited the grant of the northern portion of the valley, having occupied it previously with three herds of grazing horses. Because of the overt hostility of the Indians, he was compelled to abandon the ranch about 1842. He had completed a house subsequent to receiving the grant, and it was standing when he was forced to leave. All save the Indians had abandoned the San Jose Valley before Warner petitioned for it in 1844.29.

Possibly Garra led the uprising of 1851 to protest taxation




without representation,³⁰ as the Indian had no vote. If this were the case, his decision to do so was unwise. The representatives of the southern faction at the California Constitutional Convention in 1849 fought to obtain the franchise for the Christianized Indians. Twice during the course of the convention Pablo de la Guerra of Santa Barbara attempted to introduce an amendment that would allow at least some portion of the former neophytes a vote. It was pointed out that those Indians who had become successful, who had attained a certain income, had held the right to vote under Mexican law. Although the Californios were unsuccessful in their attempts to write Indian suffrage into the state constitution, they were able to attach an amendment providing that nothing in the constitution should be construed as preventing the legislature "by a two-thirds concurrent vote" from admitting Indians to the vote "in such special cases" as were deemed just and proper.³¹ If Garra had exercised better judgment regarding the matter of unjust taxation, he might have prevented many deaths, and perhaps led the way to Indian suffrage in California. Garra chose to lead an uprising rather than pay an unjust tax, a property tax to which all of Southern California was opposed.

In the southern portion of the state the feeling was so strong against taxing property that nearly all the residents were pressing for a separate territory. Levying taxes upon property placed the major tax burden on the southern ranchers, while the wealthy businessmen of the north did not pay a proportionate cost of government. Representatives of the older, southern faction met in Santa Barbara in 1851 to express their dissatisfaction. They felt they were being victimized by political neglect and an inequitable tax structure. They recommended secession and the formation of a separate territory. Both the Ibero-Americans and the Anglo-Americans were as opposed to this form of taxation as were the Indians of Valle de San Jose.

Frequently scholars have found it convenient to identify with the Indian in matters concerning conflict between Anglo-American and Indian cultures. Such ethnocentric interpretations, however, tend to avoid considering the possibility that the Indian may have considered the encroachment of the Anglo-American an unfriendly act, calling for as severe a reprisal as his limited technology would allow. This is not to imply that the Anglo-American did not, in fact, commit unfriendly acts in California. Admittedly, many Anglo-American acts could only be interpreted as hostile, but it is difficult to build a syllogistic argument in which the primal cause of conflict is attributable to the initial depredation of the Anglo-American, unless the western migration be considered a social crime. It is unrealistic to evaluate the Anglo-American's position in California except in relation to the general aura of conflict produced by his migration into California. The Indian interpreted this migration as a threat to his culture, and responded accordingly. An interpretation of the conflict between the Anglo-American and the Indian which tends to romanticize the Indian at the expense of the Anglo-American culture may be lacking in perspective. With the metamorphosis of California in 1849, competition became the key to survival. In the subsequent chaos, Anglo-American, Ibero-American, and Indian vied for ascendancy, and homicide was prevalent. The Garra uprising is

an example of this fight for survival in a primitive, highly competitive environment.

 November 1851: [Bronson Alcott](#), attending a party at which [Waldo Emerson](#), [Charles Sumner](#), the Reverend [Theodore Parker](#), and [Seth Wells Cheney](#) were present, felt awkward.

A circus [elephant](#) named Columbus weighing some five tons, perhaps the largest animal then on exhibit to size-worshipping Americans, fell through a South Adams bridge and severely injure itself. Columbus then died or, presumably, was slaughtered, in Lenox. In the modern era there has arisen a piece of urban folklore, that “an elephant lies buried somewhere in Concord,” but this event when it occurred had nothing whatever to do with the town of Concord. Also, although I have no information as to what happened to Columbus’s body, it is probably not to be found buried in Lenox. There is little likelihood that in antebellum America the owner of such a pile of meat, from the body of a vegetarian animal that had died of an injury rather than of an illness, would have gone to the additional expense of burying it — rather than recovering what could be recovered from the situation by selling it to the Lenox slaughterhouse.

[Henry Stephens Randall](#) ran again for Secretary of State for [New York](#) on the Democratic ticket, this time successfully. He would serve from 1852 to 1853.

[Samuel Ringgold Ward](#) had removed from Cortland to Syracuse, New York, but in consequence of his having participated on October 1st in the “Jerry rescue case,” it was necessary for him to abandon his interest in his newspapers, during this month, and for the Ward family to take refuge in Canada:

From Cortland we removed to Syracuse in 1851, whence, on account of my participating in the “Jerry rescue case,” on the first day of October in that year, it became quite expedient to remove in some haste to Canada, in November. During the last few years of my residence in the United States I was editor and proprietor of two newspapers, both of which I survive, and in both of which I sunk every shred of my property. While at this business, it seemed necessary that I should know something of law. For this purpose, I commenced the reading of it....



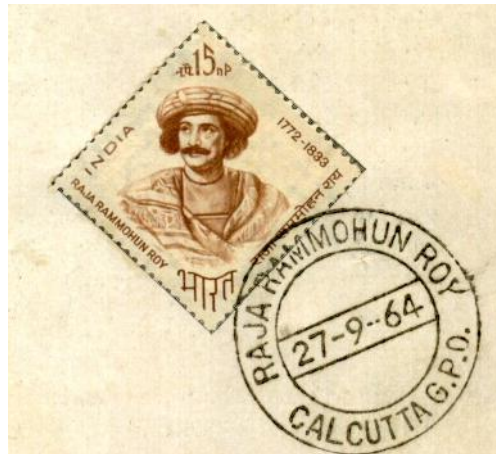
[Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#) entered Exeter Academy.

1851

1851



November 1851: Henry Thoreau spent a number of evenings with Miss Mary Moody Emerson as memorialized in the Newell Convers Wyeth painting that appears on the following screen. One of the things they would have had to talk about was their mutual respect for the writings of this contemporary of theirs in India, Rammohan Roy, who was engaged in a grand way in bringing the scriptures of the world to the attention of the peoples of the world. However, in all probability they would not have known that Roy had gone to England, or that he was deceased — but how important is it, actually, that the rajah had gone to visit the King of England, or that he had already gone to meet his maker?



On one evening early in this month, during a lengthy encounter at the tavern in Concord where she was staying, Thoreau found Miss Emerson to be “singular among women at least in being really & perseveringly interested to know what thinkers think.” According to Phyllis Cole, at this point Thoreau “pronounced Mary both a female genius and a misogynist”:

It is perhaps her greatest praise & peculiarity that she more surely than any other woman gives her companion occasion to utter his best thought. In spite of her own biases, she can entertain a large thought with hospitality — and is not prevented by any intellectuality in it — as women commonly are. In short she is a genius — as woman seldom is — reminding you less often of her sex than any woman whom I know.

Cole explains that in her consideration, it is more likely that Thoreau inaccurately projected his own attitude toward women into the thought of Miss Emerson, perhaps with Miss Emerson’s encouragement, than that Miss Emerson herself actually had embraced Thoreau’s attitude:

Thoreau took away a great deal more than he gave in these sentences — granting Mary’s ability to recognize a thinker rather than be one, meanwhile condemning the rest of womankind. But finally Thoreau enlisted Mary to support his own view: “Miss Emerson expressed tonight a singular want of respect for her own sex, saying that they were frivolous almost without exception, that woman was the weaker vessel, etc.: that into whatever family she might go, she depended more upon the ‘clown’ for society than upon the lady of the house. Men are more likely to have opinions of their own.”





1851

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TRANSLATION
OF SEVERAL
PRINCIPAL BOOKS, PASSAGES, AND TEXTS
OF
THE VEDS,
AND OF
SOME CONTROVERSIAL WORKS
ON
BRAHMUNICAL THEOLOGY.

BY
RAJAH RAMMOHUN ROY.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
PARBURY, ALLEN, & CO.,
LEADENHALL STREET.



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Again, this description revealed only part of Mary's mind. She had always wanted to hear "genius" rather than to prove her own, as Fuller had expected her to do a decade earlier; having reveled in Thoreau's intellectualism, she might well have dismissed her own sex. But Mary did not avoid the conversation of women, either through a lifetime or in 1851. "Tell of ... my dear sisterhood the T[horeau]'s," Mary had requested of a Concord friend earlier that year, and once before had explicitly declined "the childish worldly desire to see & hear the men talk" for the company of Mary Brooks [this happened on January 9, 1851]. Mary wanted both sisterhood and men's talk. Indeed, with Brooks and with Henry's sister Sophia Thoreau, both serving on the executive committee of the Middlesex Anti-Slavery Society, she was not declining all of her deepest thoughts when she chose to sit with the women [this happened in 1845?]. In the meantime, Mary's part in the men's talk of Concord was of real substance. She not only allowed Thoreau to voice ideas but also read or heard him read from his writing. In December she could allude to "Henry's 'scuttle of dirt'" in a letter to Waldo, assuming shared knowledge of the journal from which that phrase had come. In February she asked Thoreau why he had not visited her solitude. "Why not bring me the Plymouth lecture? ...Age loves the old fashion of catechising the young." Thoreau's lecture in Plymouth on February 22 was a chapter from [WALDEN](#), the fourth draft of which he had begun that January after two years' interruption. These meager references point to the reason for Thoreau's high praise of Mary: the "best thought" she elicited from him foreshadowed [WALDEN](#). We can only speculate on the range of conversation that Mary Emerson and Henry Thoreau might have enjoyed at this crucial juncture. The year's antislavery politics were on both minds, but they also admired each other's solitude and devotion to natural history. Both had made experiments in independent living. They had Maine and its mountains in common: Thoreau had already published "Ktaadn and the Maine Woods." Unlike Mary's protégée Sarah Bradford Ripley, Thoreau the naturalist did not shrink from sublimity as he read the progress of seasons or the flight of birds. On December 31 he witnessed the thawing clay bank by the Walden railroad cut and recorded the journal passage that propelled him back into [WALDEN](#). Mary would have urged him to a seasonal thaw ending in the "amaranthine" bloom of heaven, but she (old seeker of analogy and design) would also have kindled to his account of these "fancy sketches and designs of the artist" of the world. Together they also followed an interest in Asian quietism and Romantic philosophy. "Love to Henry T.," she wrote a year later [to Martha Bartlett on December 14, 1853], "do tell me of his phenom[en]al existence." The joke assumes earlier conversation about his noumenal self as well.

**[Next page: for the benefit of the painting
[Waldo Emerson's Aunt Mary Moody Emerson](#)
evidently did not wear the white burial shroud
in which she customarily dressed
(unless that is what she has wrapped around her shoulders as a shawl),
and this is of course not her bedchamber
so we cannot see the tiny casket inside which she customarily slept.]**

1851

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Read Henry Thoreau's Journal for November 1851 (æf. 34)



November 1, Saturday, 1851: The railroad between Saint Petersburg and Moscow officially opened.

HISTORY OF RR

A Mrs. Knights delivered a lecture on the “Bloomer costume” at St. Andrew’s Hall in Norwich, England. “The large audience was composed for the most part of the male sex, shop assistants, and milliners’ apprentices. The amount of money taken must have been considerable, and we regret that there should have been so many persons found in this city ready to be taken in with such nonsense. Mrs. Knights was attired in Bloomer costume, an essentially ugly and unfeminine dress. She was greeted with derisive laughter, applause, and hisses, and she left the orchestra amid a storm of groans and disapprobation.”

FEMINISM



NB (*November 1, Saturday*) RWE says that Channing calls Stow [Thoreau scratched out this name] 7 feet of sandstone with a spoonful of wit.

When R.W.E. had got his new barn built with substantial underpinning he looked at it privately & after informed me that he could not ascertain that they had *pinned* it down any where to the *underpinning*.

It is a rare qualification to be able to state a fact simply & adequately. To digest some experience cleanly. To say yes and no with authority— To make a square edge. To conceive & suffer the truth to pass through us living & intact—even as a waterfowl an eel— thus peopling new waters. First of all a man must see, before he can say.— Statements are made but partially— Things are said with reference to certain conventions or existing institutions.— not absolutely. A fact truly & absolutely stated is taken out of the region of commonsense and acquires a mythologic or universal significance. Say it & have done with it. Express it without expressing yourself. See not with the eye of science—which is barren— nor of youthful poetry which is impotent. But taste the world. & digest it. It would seem as if things got said but rarely & by chance— As you *see* so at length will you *say*. When facts are seen superficially they are seen as they lie in relation to certain institution’s perchance. But I would have them expressed as more deeply seen with deeper references.— so that the hearer or reader cannot recognize them or apprehend their significance from the platform of common life — but it will be necessary that he be in a sense translated in order to understand them.

When the truth respecting *his* things shall naturally exhale from a man like the odor of the muskrat from the coat of the trapper. At first blush a man is not capable of reporting truth — he must be drenched & saturated with it first. What was *enthusiasm* in the young man must become *temperament* in the mature man. without excitement — heat or passion he will survey the world which excited the youth — & threw him off his balance. As all things are significant; so all words should be significant. It is a fault which attaches to the speaker to speak flippantly or superficially of anything. Of what use are words which do not move the hearer.— are not oracular & fateful?— A style in which the matter is all in all & the manner nothing at all.

In your thoughts no more than in your walks do you meet men — in moods I find such privacy as in dismal swamps & on mountain tops.

Man recognizes laws little enforced & he condescends to obey them. In the moment that he feels his superiority to them as compulsory he as it were courteously reenacts them but to obey them.

This on my way to Conantum 2¹/₂ Pm It is a bright clear warm november day. I feel blessed. I love my life. I warm toward all nature.

The woods are now much more open than when I last observed them — the leaves have fallen & they let in light & I see the sky through them as through a crows wing in every direction. For the most part only the pines & oaks (white?) retain their leaves. At a distance accordingly the forest is green & reddish. The crickets now sound faintly & from very deep in the sod.


Minott says that G.M. Barret told him that Amos Baker told him that during Concord fight he went over behind the hill to the old Whittaker place (Sam Buttrick’s) and stayed. Yet he was described as the only survivor of Concord Fight. Received a pension for running away?

Fall dandelions look bright still. The grass has got a new greenness in spots.

At this season there are stranger sparrows or finches [Vesper Sparrow Poocetes gramineus (Bay-wing or White-in-tail or Grass Finch or Grass-bird or seaside finch)] about. The skunk cabbage is already pushing up again. The alders have lost their leaves & the willows except (the last)

a few shrivelled ones.

It is a remarkable day for fine gossamer cob-webs. Here on the causeway as I walk toward the sun I perceive that the air is full of them streaming from off the willows & spanning the road –all stretching across the road– and yet I cannot see them in any other direction – and feel not one. It looks as if the birds would be incommoded. They have the effect of a shimmer in the air. This shimmer moving along them as they are waved by the wind gives the effect of a drifting storm of light. It is more like a fine snow storm which drifts athwart your path than anything else. What is the peculiar condition of the atmosphere to call forth this activity. If there were no sunshine I should never find out that they existed– I should not know that I was bursting a myriad barriers. Though you break them with your person you feel not one. Why should this day be so distinguished. The rain of night before last has raised the river at least 2 feet. And the meadows wear a late-fall look. The naked and weedy stems of the button bush are suddenly submerged– You no longer look for pickerel from the bridges– The shallow & shrunken shore is also submerged.

I see so far & distinctly my eyes seem to slide in this clear air– The river is peculiarly sky blue today – not dark as usual. It is all in the air– The cinque-foil on Conantum. Counted 125 crows [**American Crow**  *Corvus brachyrhynchos*] in one straggling flock moving westward.

The red shruboak leaves abide on the hills.

The witch hazel blossoms have mostly lost their blossoms – perhaps on account of the snow. The ground wears its red carpet under the pines. The pitch pines show new buds at the end of their plumes– How long this?

Saw a canoe birch by road beyond the [Abel Minot](#) house, distinguished it 30 rods off by the chalky whiteness of its limbs. It is of a more unspotted transparent & perhaps pinkish white than the common – has considerable branches – as well as white ones and its branches do not droop & curl downward – like that– There will be some loose curls of bark about it. The common birch is *finely* branched and has frequently a *snarly* head – the former is a more open & free-growing tree. If at a distance you see the birch near its top forking into two or more white limbs you may know it for a canoe birch. You can tell where it has grown after the wood has turned to mould by a small fragment of its bark still left – if it divides readily.– The common birch is more covered with moss – has the aspect of having grown more slowly & has many more branches



November 2, Sunday, [1851](#): On Prince Street in [Boston](#) James McGee attempted to cut the throat of Mrs. McGee with a razor (he would be sentenced to 10 years in state prison).



Nov. 2, Sunday. The muskrat houses are mostly covered by the rise of the river – not a very unexpected one either. Old wells as well as walls must be among the oldest monuments of civilized man here. How old may be the most ancient well which men use today. Saw a canoe birch beyond Nawshawtuct – growing out of the middle of a white pine stump – which still showed the mark of the axe – 16 inch diameter at its bottom or 2 feet from the ground, or where it had first taken root on the stump.



November 3, Monday, 1851: [Jefferson Davis](#) was being defeated by merely 999 votes, by Henry S. Foote, in the election for governor of Mississippi.

During this year [Albany, New York](#) was contemplating the establishment of a municipal water system. “John C. Spencer’s Manifesto and George Wood’s Reply,” The New York [Evening Post](#).

[Henry Swasey McKean](#) got married with Anna H. Hosmer of Camden, Maine. The couple would produce one child before the father would commit [suicide](#).

Illinois State Hospital for the Insane, the 1st state mental hospital in Illinois, opened for the admission of patients. J.M. Higgins was its 1st medical superintendent. This hospital had resulted from an 1847 exposé of neglectful treatment conditions presented to the state legislature by mental health care crusader Dorothea Dix. The name of the hospital would later change to Jacksonville State Hospital.¹⁷⁹

[PSYCHOLOGY](#)



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER 3D]



November 4, Tuesday, 1851: Incidental music to Sandeau and Regnier’s comédie Mademoiselle de la Seiglière by Jacques Offenbach was performed for the 1st time, at the Comédie-Française, Paris.


During this year [Albany, New York](#) was contemplating the establishment of a municipal water system. “Letter from John C. Spencer, Albany, Monday, Nov. 3” The New York [Times](#).

Perplexed by doubts, in need of a guru, the Reverend [Moncure Daniel Conway](#) wrote to the Unitarian minister [Waldo Emerson](#) whose essays he so much admired, expressing his anguish.

[AUTOBIOGRAPHY](#)

[VOLUME II](#)



November 4, Tuesday: To Saw Mill Brook by Turnpike return by Walden. I see why the chequerberry was so called –*Mitchella repens* (we call it falsely Partridge berry [Partridgeberry  *Mitchella repens*]) for its leaves variegated **chequer** the ground–now mingled with red berries & partially covered with the fallen leaves of the forest.

Saw-Mill-brook is peculiar among our brooks as a mountain brook for a short distance it reminds me of runs I have seen in N. H. A brawling little stream tumbling through a rocky wood–ever down & down. Where the wood has been cleared it is almost covered with the rubbish which the woodchoppers have left–the fine tree tops which no one cared to make into faggots. It was quite a discovery when I first came upon this brawling mountain stream in Concord woods. Rising out of an obscure meadow in the woods, for some 50 or 60 rods of its course.– it is a brawling mt stream in our quiet Concord woods–as much obstructed by rocks–rocks out of all proportion to its tiny stream–as a brook can well be. And the rocks are bared through out the wood on either side as if a torrent had anciently swept through here– So unlike the after character of the stream– Who would have thought that on tracing it up from where it empties into the larger Mill brook in the open peat meadows–it would conduct him to such a headlong & impetuous youth–perchance it should be called a “force”– It suggests what various moods may attach to the same character. Ah if I but knew that some minds which flow so muddily in the lowland portion of their course–where they cross the highways–tumbled thus impetuously & musically mix themselves with the air in foam but a little way back in the woods. That these dark and muddy pools where only the pout & the leach are to be




179. Street, W.R. A CHRONOLOGY OF NOTEWORTHY EVENTS IN AMERICAN [PSYCHOLOGY](#). Washington DC: American Psychological Association, 1994



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found—issued from pure trout streams higher up— That the man's thoughts ever flowed as sparkling mt water, that trout there loved to glance through his dimples.— where the witch hazel hangs over his stream.

This stream is here sometimes quite lost amid the rocks—which appear as if they had been arched over it—but which in fact it has undermined and found its way beneath—and they have merely fallen together arch wise as they were undermined. It is truly a raw & gusty day & I hear a tree creak sharply like a bird—a phoebe [**Eastern Phoebe**  *Sayornis phoebe*]**—** The hypericums stand red or lake over the brook— The jays [Blue Jay  *Cyanocitta cristata*] with their scream are at home in the scenery. I see where trees have spread themselves over the rocks in a scanty covering of soil—been undermined by the brook—then blown over and as they fell lifted and carried over with them all the soil together with considerable rocks. So from time to time by these natural levers rocks are removed from the middle of the stream to the shore. The slender chestnuts maples elms & white ash trees which last are uncommonly numerous here are now all bare of leaves—& a few small hemlocks with their now thin but unmixed & fresh green foliage stand over & cheer the stream & remind me of Winter—the snows which are to come and drape them & contrast with their green—& the chickadees [**Black-capped Chickadee**  *Parus Atricapillus*] that are to flit & lisp amid them.

Ah the beautiful tree the hemlock with its green canopy—under which little grows—not exciting the cupidity of the carpenter— Whose use most men have not discovered. I know of some memorable ones worth walking many miles to see— These little cheerful hemlocks—the lisp of chic-a-dees seems to come from them now—each standing with its foot on the very edge of the stream—reaching sometimes part way over its channel & here and there one has lightly stepped across— These evergreens are plainly as much for shelter for the birds as for anything else. The fallen leaves are so thick they almost fill the bed of the stream & choke it. I hear the runnel gurgling underground.— As if this puny rill had ever tossed these rocks about! These storied rocks with their fine lichens—& sometimes red stains as of Indian blood on them. There are a few bright green ferns lying flat by the sides of the brook—but it is cold—cold—withering to all else. A whitish lichen on the witch-hazel—rings it here I glimpse the frizzled tail of a red squirrel with a chestnut in its mouth on a white pine.

The ants appear to be gone into winter-quarters—here are two bushels of fine gravel piled up in a cone—overpowering the grass—which tells of a corresponding cavity.

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→ November 5, Wednesday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) returned the Agassiz book and the Cuvier book he had been reading to [Harvard Library](#), and checked out Dietrich Johann Heinrich Stöver (1767-1822)'s THE LIFE OF SIR CHARLES LINNÆUS ... TO WHICH IS ADDED, A COPIOUS LIST OF HIS WORKS, AND A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF HIS SON: BY D.H. STOEVER, PH.D. TR. FROM THE ORIGINAL GERMAN BY JOSEPH TRAPP, A.M. (London: B. and J. White, 1794), the 3 volumes of [Pierre François-Xavier de Charlevoix's](#) HISTOIRE ET DESCRIPTION GÉNÉRALE DE LA NOUVELLE FRANCE; AVEC LE JOURNAL HISTORIQUE D'UN VOYAGE FAIT PAR ORDRE DU ROI DANS L'AMÉRIQUE SEPTENTRIONNALE. / PAR LE P. DE CHARLEVOIX, DE LA COMPAGNIE DE JÉSUS (Paris, Rollin fils, chez la Veuve Ganeau, 1744), and Richard Pulteney (1730-1801)'s A GENERAL VIEW OF THE

[LA NOUVELLE-FRANCE, I](#)
[LA NOUVELLE-FRANCE, II](#)
[LA NOUVELLE-FRANCE, III](#)

WRITINGS OF LINNÆUS (2d edition, London : Printed for J. Mawman ..., 1805). He then went to the [Boston Society of Natural History](#) and checked out John Claudius Loudon (1783-1843)'s ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF PLANTS (London: Printed for Longman, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longmans, 1829).



He spent the afternoon, and evening, with [Bronson Alcott](#) in Boston, and slept there that night. He made no entry in his journal, or, perhaps, the entry was on the $\frac{4}{5}$ page that is missing at this point. Alcott, in his journal, wrote of Thoreau's company as "ice-water in the dog days," and commented further,

A very welcome guest, this country man.



These would be the proceedings, for this year, of the [Boston Society of Natural History](#):

PROCEEDINGS, FOR 1851

Near [Norwich, England](#), a sculling match had been arranged between Lett, of London, and R. Buttle, of Norwich, over a course from Surlingham to the New Cut at Thorpe. The prize money was “£25 a side,” which I suppose must have meant a total pot of £50. Unfortunately, Lett’s boat overturned soon after the start, while Buttle by rowing over the course was able to obtain the prize money (a 2d match, for £10 a side, would be rowed on the 10th, between Bramerton Wood’s End and the New Cut, and would be won easily by the Norwich man).

Charles C. Terry (1828-1867) of New York state embarked at Portland, Oregon for Washington with the Denny party on the schooner *Exact*, bringing with him tools, tin ware, tobacco, whiskey, brandy, and raisins:

“Shipid on the brig *Exact*”
1 box tin ware
1 box axes



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1 box Tobacco
1 Keg brandy
1 Keg whiskey
1 box raisins Portland Nov 5, 1851
Boots, Bread, Whiskey, Mustard, Molasses

The demands for goods apparently grew quickly. His next two orders were substantially larger. Terry did not note if they were orders placed or received. Following is one of his orders.

25 Bbls Pork
3500# Flour
150 gals Molasses
800# hard bread
1 case boots
1 case Boogans shoe
1 bale Domestic
1 doz pieces? Prints
1 cask whiskey
6 doz hickory shirts
1 doz windows sash
1 Box glass 8x10
1 doz grindstones
? doz Cross cut saws
? doz files cross cut
1 case mustard
1 case pepper sauce
400# sugar
400#[?] Soap

Following is a list of goods Charles Terry sold from his store between November 1851 and April 1854. The items on the list are taken from two sources - Terry's memorandum book, and advertisements he placed in two Olympia newspapers. The list here is divided by category. The prices are taken from the memorandum book.

GROCERY SUPPLIES

Flour - \$7.00 to \$7.25 per s/e [half barrel?]
Flour - \$40.00 for 500 pounds @ \$0.08 per pound
Cornmeal
Rice
Beans - \$0.08 to \$0.09 per pound
Starch
Navy & Pilot Bread
Bread [hard bread] - 30 to over 100 pounds \$0.12 to 0.12 per pound
Bread [hard bread] - up to 20 pounds \$0.14, to \$0.15 per pound
Butter
Goshen Butter
Cheese
Lard
Pork (half barrel) - \$12.00 to \$13.00
Hams
Fresh Peaches
Dried Fruit
Dried Apples
Raisins - \$3.00 per box
Malaga Raisins



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Layer Muscatel Raisins
Pickels \$9.00 per case, \$0.50 per bottle
Sugar – up to 10 pounds \$0.12 per pound, 20 pounds at \$0.08 per pound.
Molasses – \$0.75 per gallon
Syrup
Coffee – \$0.25 per pound
Coffee mill – \$1.50 each
Tea
Olive Oil – \$1.00 per bottle
Oil – \$0.50 per bottle
Saleratus [baking soda] – \$0.20 to \$0.25 per pound
Pepper – \$0.25 per pound (16 lbs @ \$0.15 per pound)
Salt – \$0.75 per bag
Pepper sauce
Mustard
Vinegar

LIQUOR & TOBACCO
Whiskey – \$3.00 per gallon; \$1.50 per gallon; \$1.00 per bottle
Brandy – \$1.00 per bottle; \$1.00 per quart, (10 gallons @ \$2.50 per gallon)
Champagne cider
London Ale and Porter
Tobacco – \$0.38 to \$0.75 per plug
Pipes[?] – \$0.50 to \$0.75 per dozen[?]
Pipes & c – \$1.00 [each?]

CLOTHING & DRY GOODS
Coats
Pants
Shirts – \$1.00, to \$1.25 each
Hickory, fancy colored and fine white shirts
Vests
Gloves
Hat – \$1.50 each
Cap (cloth) – \$1.50 each
Shoes – \$2.00 per pair
Boogans shoes
Boots – \$4.00 to \$7.00 per pair
Boots, coarse and fine
Patent Leather Shoes
Womens shoes
Socks – \$0 50 per pair
Stockings – \$0.75 for two pairs
Ladies clothing, boots, shoes and hosiery
Ladies' Gaiters and Bootees
Pantaloons, coarse and fine
Shals
Shuting mats by the yard
Oil cloth[?]
Domestic cloth – \$0.10 to \$0.11 per yard
Prints by the piece
Flannel[?] – \$0.62 per yard
Calico – \$0.14 to \$0.15 per yard
Linen[?] (small and large)
Cassimere[?] [cashmere?] – \$0.60 per yard[?]
Chintzes
muslin de lains, &c.



1851

1851

Blankets - \$4.00 to \$5.00 each, \$8.50 per pair

HARDWARE AND DOMESTIC SUPPLIES

Lamps - \$0.50 each

Stoves - \$50.00 each

Cooking stoves and utensils

Box Stoves

Buckets - \$1.00 each

Tin buckets - \$1.25 each

Fry pans - \$0.50 each

Deep dish - \$0.75 each

Camp Kettles - \$2.00 each

Milk jars - \$1.00 each

Pans

Tin pans

Cups

Large Water Pails

Small Water Pails

Coffee Potts

Dippers

Pails

Tin-ware, full assortment

Tubs

Plough - \$50.00 each

Boat (18 ft long) - \$60.00

Oil stone - \$0.15

Matches - \$0.25 per box

Grindstones & Fixtures

Glassware

Ship Chandlery

Washboards

Clothes pegs

Sugar and Flour boxes

Hooks

Fish line - \$0.50 each

Files

Hoes - \$1.50 each

Shovels - \$4.50 each

Squares - \$3.00 each

Rules - \$1.00 each

Axes - \$3.00 to \$3.50 each, \$1.50 each for 12

Broad axes - \$6.00 each

Hatchet

Axe helve [handle] - \$0.50 each

Cross cut saws

Files, cross cut

Rope lines small and large

Rope (small) - \$0.50 each

Rope line - \$1.50 each

Chalk line - \$0.50 each

Rope (32 pound) - \$0.08 per pound

Nails (up to 6 pounds) - \$0.15 per pound (up to 6 lbs), \$0.12 per pound (for 200 lbs.)

Paints and oils

Brushes

Window sashes

Window Glass, assorted sizes from 8 by 10 to 10 by 14

House doors, in and outside

Door locks and latches, butts, and screws



1851

1851

Padlocks
Turpentine
Putty

GUNS

Revolving Pistols - \$45.00 each
Colts Revolving Rifles - \$40.00 each
Single and Double Barreled Guns
Rifles
Powder, Shot & Lead
Capt & L - \$4.75
Sett C. & Davins[?] - \$1.75
Gun Caps - \$0.50

HOUSEHOLD

Blank Books
File books
Paper (ream) - \$0.50 per ream
Comb - \$0.62 each
Soap - \$0.20 per pound in quantity
Soap - \$0.80 to \$1.00 per bar
Candlesticks - \$0.35 to \$0.38 per pound
Sitting chairs
Rocking chairs

MISCELLANEOUS

Clocks
Drugs & Medicines
Cask monglay [Monglass(?) monglan(?)]
po hose[?] - \$1.00
Paltres - \$1.25 for doz[en]
s/e inn[?]
Ribon or ribin cask[?] by the yd
prop Needles[?] - \$0.25

[Per Charles Carroll Terry (1829-1867) Collection Memorandum Book (Accession No. 247), Manuscripts, University Archives and Special Collections, University of Washington Libraries, Seattle.]



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER 5TH]

November 6, Thursday, 1851: The 1st issue of the journal of the [Oncida Community](#), The Circular:



Captain Jonathan Walker rejected “bowie knives, dirks, revolvers” in favor of “all physical and moral means that can be sanctioned by sound morality and reasonable philosophy.”

Charles Henry Dow, who would found Dow Jones & Company, was born (but at this point it was just another human baby, and entirely unaccomplished except for being born alive).



On approximately this day [Isaac Hecker](#), CSSR wrote to [Orestes Augustus Brownson](#), Esq.

In [San Francisco, California](#):

A grand ball was given in the evening of this day at the Parker House, by the Monumental Fire Company. It was one of the finest affairs of the kind held in the city. Upwards of five hundred ladies and gentlemen were present. Such balls were becoming too numerous to be all chronicled, while amidst the general brilliancy it is difficult to select any one as a specimen to show forth the times.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



November 6, Thursday: {⁴/₅ page missing} ... I had on my “bad-weather clothes” at Quebec like Olaf Tryggvesson the Northman when he went to Thing in England



November 7, Friday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) and [Ellery Channing](#) visited Nonesuch Pond in [Natick](#), and inspected the glacial erratics there.¹⁸⁰



Nov. 7: 8 A.M. — To Long Pond with W.E.C. {⁴/₅ page missing} ... tree to have near a house summer & winter Is it the same with Potter’s?

ELLERY CHANNING

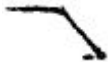
From there we looked over the lower lands westward to the Jenkins House & Wachuset—the latter today a very faint blue—almost lost in the atmosphere— Entering Wayland— The sluggish country town— C. remarked that we might take the town if we had a couple of oyster knives. We marvelled as usual at the queer looking building which C. thought must be an engine house but which a boy told us was occupied as a shoe makers shop but was built for a library. C. was much amused here by a bigger school boy whom we saw on the common — one of those who stretch themselves on the back seats & can chew up a whole newspaper into a spitball to plaster the wall with when the master’s back was turned — made considerable fun of him and thought this the event of Wayland. Soon got into a Country new to us in Wayland opposite to Pelham or Hurd’s Pond, going across lots. Cedar hills & valleys near the river. A well placed farm house with great old chestnuts near it. The greatest collection of large chestnuts which I remember to have seen. It is a tree full and well outlined at top —being bushy with short twigs at top— a firm outline. Some long moraine-like hills covered with cedars. with the hill country of Wayland on our left. The white oaks still thick with leaves turned pinkish? From a pretty high hill on the left of the road —after passing a very large field which was being plowed— a glorious view of the meadows & Nobscot — now red or purplish with its shrub oaks in this air — & Wachuset here seen in perfection & Dudley P. first seen on the south. Dudley pond is revealed due South now at noon 12 by its sparkling water —on both sides its promontory— the sparkles are even like fireflies in a meadow— This is not far above the opening to Pelham Pond. Which also we fairly see The white pines now look uncommonly soft. Their foliage indeed is not so thick as it was — but the old leaves being fallen & none left which are a year old.— it is perchance more bright & fair. Dudley P. beyond the promontory appears to be revealed by such a mirage as the coin in a basin. The sun sparkles seen through the leafless woods on both sides this promontory.— over its neck are very large & innumerable when one goes out up flashes another like a meadow full of fireflies dancing sparkles— When we reach the Pond we find much beach wood just last winter cut down & still standing on its shores. Where young beaches have been cut off 4 feet from the

180. These erratics would be displayed in one of [Herbert Wendell Gleason](#)’s hand-colored glass lantern slides (#2.169 in Special Collections at the Concord Free Public Library). I suppose it is possible that they are no longer in existence now that Massachusetts has been so thoroughly subjugated to civilization and progress. Note also, that the almanac does indicate November 7th to have been the night of the full moon.

ground to cord the wood against I see that they have put out sprouts this summer in a dense bunch at its top — and also all those stumps which are clothed with short sprouts still covered with curled & crisped leaves are beaches. These large sparkles are magic lanterns by day light It is the game of go away Jack come again Gill — played by the Genius of the lake with the sun on his nail instead of a piece of paper — to amuse Nature’s children with. Should it not be called Sparkle pond? Button wood trees are frequent about its shores — its handsome hilly shores.— This side cedars also on its pleasant hilly shores — and opposite dark dense hemlocks. Thus in the form of its shores & above all in the trees which prevail about it is peculiar or at least unlike the concord ponds—& is exceedingly handsome— It has perhaps greater variety than any pond I know. Let it be called Peninsula Pond. never the less. The willow herb is there abundant with its arching stem & its calices or dried flowers still attached. No tree has so fair a bole & so handsome an instep as the beach. The lower leaves which are an orange? red hang on (dry) While the rest of the tree is bare.

Chased by an ox whom we escaped over a fence while he gored the trees in stead of us. the first time I was ever chased by his kind. It is a clear water without weeds— There is a handsomely sloping grassy shore on the west.

Close by we found Long Pond In Wayland Framingham & Natick —a great body of water— with singularly sandy shelving caving undermined banks.— and there we ate our luncheon— The May-flower leaves we saw there & the *Viola pedata* in blossom. We went down it a mile or two on the East side thro the woods on its high bank & then dined looking far down to what seemed the Boston outlet (opposite to its natural outlet) where a solitary building stood on the shore. It is a wild & a stretching loch —where yachts might sail— Cochituate. It was not only larger but wilder & more novel than I had expected. In some respects unlike New England. I could hardly have told in what part of the world I was if I had been carried there blindfolded. Yet some features — at least the composition of the soil was familiar. The glorious sandy banks far & near caving and sliding — far sandy slopes



the forts of the land — where you see the naked flesh of New England her garment being blown aside like that of the priests of the Levites? when they ascend to the altar. Seen through this november sky these sands are dear to me —worth all the gold of California— suggesting Pactolus— While the Saxonville factory bell sounds o’er the woods. That sound perchance it is that whets my vision. The shore suggests the seashore — and 2 objects at a distance near the shore look like seals on a sand bar.— Dear to me to lie in —this sand— which will preserve the bones of a race for thousands of years to come. And this is my home — my native soil, and I am a New Englander. Of thee o earth are my bone & sinew made — to thee o sun am I brother.¹⁸¹ It must be the largest lake in Middlesex. To this dust my body will gladly return as to its origin. Here have I my habitat. I am of thee.— Returned by the S side of Dudley P. which looked fairer than ever — though smaller.— now so still — the afternoon somewhat advanced Nobscot in the west —in a purplish light— & the scolloped peninsula before us — when we held our heads down this was thrown far off— This shore was crowded with a hemlock — which else where I do not remember to have seen so numerous. Outside the wood there are little rounded clumps of smaller ones about.

This P must have been dear to the Indians.

At Nonesuch P. in Natic — we saw a boulder some 32 feet square by 16 high — with a large rock leaning against it — under which we walked — forming a triangular frame through which we beheld the picture of the pond. How many white men & Indians have passed under it



Boulder Pond! Thence across lots by the Weston elm to the bounds of Lincoln at the RR. Saw a delicate fringed purple flower — *Gentiana Crinita* between those Weston hills in a meadow & after on higher land.

C kept up an incessant strain of wit banter about my legs — which were so springy & unwearable — declared I had got my double legs on — that they were not cork but steel — that I should let myself to Van Amburg — should have sent them to the World’s fare &c &c wanted to know if I could not carry my father Anchises The sun sets while we are perched on a high rock in the North of Weston. It soon grows finger cold— at Walden are three reflections of the bright full (or nearly) moon. one moon—& 2 sheens further off.

 November 8, Saturday, [1851](#): Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka signed and registered his will. He would leave all of his worldly possessions to his sister Lyudmilla Ivanovna Shestakova.



November 8, Saturday: The dark spruce tree at Sherman's—its vicinity the site for a house. Ah those sun sparkles on Dudley P. in this november air what a heaven to live in! Intensely brilliant as no artificial light I have seen—like a dance of diamonds. Coarse mazes of a diamond dance seen through the trees. All objects shine today—even the sportsmen seen at a distance—as if a cavern were unroofed and its crystals gave entertainment to the sun. This great see-saw of brilliants.— the ανηριθμον γελασμα. You look several inches into the sod.— The cedarn hills. The squirrels that run across the road sport their tails like banners— The grey squirrels in their cylinders are set out in the sun.— When I saw the bare sand at Cochituate I felt my relation to the soil.— these are **my** sands not yet run out. Not yet will the fates turn the glass. This air have I title to taint—with my decay. In this clean sand my bones will gladly lie. Like viola pedata I shall be ready to bloom again here in my Indian summer days. Here ever springing—never dying with perennial root I stand.— for the winter of the land is warm to me—while the flowers bloom again as in the spring—shall I pine? When I see her sands exposed thrown up from beneath the surface—it touches me inwardly—it reminds me of my origin—for I am such a plant—so native to N.E. methinks as springs from the sand cast up from below. 4 P M I find ice under the north side of woods nearly an inch thick—where the acorns are frozen in. which have dropped from the orchanging oaks and been saved from the squirrels perchance by the water. W.E.C. says he found a ripe strawberry last week in Berkshire. Saw a frog at the swamp bridge on back road

ELLERY CHANNING

181. [William M. White](#)'s version of [Thoreau](#)'s journal entry is:

*The shore suggests the seashore,
And two objects at a distance near the shore
Look like seals on a sand-bar.*

*Dear to me to lie in, this sand;
Fit to preserve the bones of a race
For thousands of years to come.*

*And this is my home,
My native soil;
And I am a New-Englander.*

*Of thee, O earth, are my bone and sinew made;
To thee, O sun, am I brother.*






November 9, Sunday, 1851: Henri-Frédéric Amiel, who would be referred to as the “Swiss Thoreau,” wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: “At the church of St. Gervais, a second sermon from Adolphe Monod, less grandiose perhaps but almost more original, and to me more edifying than that of last Sunday. The subject was St. Paul or the active life, his former one having been St. John or the inner life, of the Christian. I felt the golden spell of eloquence: I found myself hanging on the lips of the orator, fascinated by his boldness, his grace, his energy, and his art, his sincerity, and his talent; and it was borne in upon me that for some men difficulties are a source of inspiration, so that what would make others stumble is for them the occasion of their highest triumphs. He made St. Paul cry during an hour and a half; he made an old nurse of him, he hunted up his old cloak, his prescriptions of water and wine to Timothy, the canvas that he mended, his friend Tychicus, in short, all that could raise a smile; and from it he drew the most unfailing pathos, the most austere and penetrating lessons. He made the whole St. Paul, martyr, apostle and man, his grief, his charities, his tenderness, live again before us, and this with a grandeur, an unction, a warmth of reality, such as I had never seen equaled. How stirring is such an apotheosis of pain in our century of comfort, when shepherds and sheep alike sink benumbed in Capuan languors, such an apotheosis of ardent charity in a time of coldness and indifference toward souls, such an apotheosis of a human, natural, inbred Christianity, in an age, when some put it, so to speak, above man, and others below man! Finally, as a peroration, he dwelt upon the necessity for a new people, for a stronger generation, if the world is to be saved from the tempests which threaten it. “People of God, awake! Sow in tears, that ye may reap in triumph!” What a study is such a sermon! I felt all the extraordinary literary skill of it, while my eyes were still dim with tears. Diction, composition, similes, all is instructive and precious to remember. I was astonished, shaken, taken hold of.”

[T]he deliberate engineered conversion of Long Pond into Lake Cochituate by the City of Boston gave Thoreau one of the most inspiring nautical scenes of his life. For two straight days he gushed about its “glorious sandy banks far and near, caving and sliding, – far sandy slopes,” on the edge of a “vast and stretching loch on which he might sail.” It was like having a smaller version of Cape Cod within the Concord Valley. As with the sandy banks and bars of the Assabet River (created by fluvial adjustments to its one-arch bridge), the shorelines of Lake Cochituate were experiencing a wild and dramatic pulse of shoreline erosion, in this case precipitated by raising the dam at its outlet to divert the flow to Boston. Beyond the improvement in nautical scenery, this also gave Thoreau a new relation to the soil: “When I see her sands exposed, thrown up from beneath the surface, it touches me inwardly, it reminds me of my origin.”

– Professor Robert M. Thorson, *THE BOATMAN*, pages 238-239




November 9, Sunday: The boat which we paddled that Elysian day–Oct 7th was made of 3 distinct boxes shaped like bread-troughs–excepting the bough piece which was rounded – fastened



together by screws & nuts – with stout round leather handles by which to carry the separate parts– It was made of the thinnest & lightest material without seats or thole pins – for portability. So that three passengers could sit in three different boats which by turning the **hand-nuts**(?) they might separate & steer different ways.

The river has fallen more than a foot since I last observed it. I see minute yellow cocoons on the grass as I go across the field behind Dennis’–reminding me of some late flower as the cinquefoil



What is the insect.? I hear a cricket singing the requiem of the year under the clam-shell bank— Soon all will be frozen up & I shall hear no cricket chirp in the land. The very rabbit forms & squirrel holes will be snowed up and walking in the winter days in the sunny forenoons after a light snow has fallen in the night covering up the old snow already deep & the gentle wind from time to time shakes down a golden dust from above—I shall see still the gray squirrel or the red still cheery & lifesome making tiny tracks over the snowcovered rails & riders When the sun shines aslant between the stems of the pines.

ELLERY CHANNING

In our walks C. takes out his note-book some times & tries to write as I do—but all in vain. He soon puts it up again—or contents himself with scrawling some sketch of the landscape. Observing me still scribbling he will say that **he** confines himself to the ideal—purely ideal remarks—he leaves the facts to me. Sometimes too he will say a little petulantly—“I am universal I have nothing to do with the particular and definite.” He is the moodiest person perhaps that I ever saw. As naturally whimsical as a cow is brindled—both in his tenderness & his roughness he belies himself.

He can be incredibly selfish & unexpectedly generous— He is conceited, and yet there is in him far more than usual to ground conceit upon—

I too would fain set down something beside facts. Facts should only be as the frame to my pictures— They should be material to the mythology which I am writing. Not facts to assist men to make money—farmers to farm profitably in any common sense. Facts to tell who I am—and where I have been—or what I have thought. As now the bell rings for evening meeting—& its volumes of sound like smoke which rises from where a cannon is fired—make the tent in which I dwell. My facts shall all be falsehoods to the common sense. I would so state facts that they shall be significant shall be myths or mythologic. Facts which the mind perceived—thoughts which the body thought with these I deal—I too cherish vague & misty forms—vaguest when the cloud at which I gaze is dissipated quite & nought but the skyey depths are seen.

James P Brown’s retired pond now shallow & more than half dried up— Seems far away and rarely visited—known to few—though not far off. It is encircled by an amphitheater of low hills on two opposite sides covered with high pine woods—the other sides with young white oaks & white pines respectively I am affected by beholding there reflected this grey day—so unpretendly the gray stems of the Pine wood on the hill side & the sky—that mirror as it were a permanent picture to be seen there—a permanent piece of idealism— What were these reflections to the cows alone! Were these things made for cows’ eyes mainly? You shall go over behind the hills, where you would suppose that otherwise there was no eye to behold—& find this piece of magic a constant phenomenon there. It is not merely a few distinguished lakes or pools that reflect the trees & skies but the obscurest pond hole in the most unfrequented dell does the same.

These reflections suggest that the sky underlies the hills as well as overlies them, and in another sense than in appearance

I am a little surprised on beholding this reflection—which I did not perceive for some minutes after looking into the pond—as if I had not regarded this as a constant phenomenon.— What has become of nature’s common sense & love of facts when in the very mud puddles she reflects the skies & trees. Does that procedure recommend itself entirely to the common sense of men.? Is that the way the New England farmer would have arranged it?

I think it is not true what De Quincey says of himself that he read Greek as easily & copiously as other men do French—for as murder will out so will a man’s reading—and in this author’s writings the amount of reference to Greek literature does not at all correspond to such a statement.

I knew that this pond was early to freeze— I had forgotten that it reflected the hills around it.— so retired! Which I must think even the sordid owner does not know that he owns.

It is full of little pollywogs now— Pray when were they born?

To day the mts seen from the pasture above are dark blue—so dark that they look like new mts & make a new impression—and the intervening town of Acton is seen against them in a new relation—a new neighborhood.

The new monument in Acton rising by the side of its mt houses like a tall & slender chimney looking black against the sky—!! I cannot associate that tall & slender column or any column in fact with the death of Davis & Hosmer—& Concord fight & the Am. revolution. It should have been a large flat stone rather covered with lichens—like an old farmers’ door step which it took all the oxen in the town to draw— — Such a column this as might fitly stand perchance in Abyssinia or Nubia but not here in middlsex Co—where the genius of the people does not soar after that fashion. It is the Acton flue. to dissipate the vapors of patriotism in the upper air—which confined would be deleterious to animal and vegetable health. The Davis & Hosmer Monument might have been a doorstep to the Town



1851

1851

House.

Pitch pine cones very beautiful—not only the fresh leather colored ones but especially the dead grey ones—covered with lichens— The scales so regular & close—like an impenetrable coat of mail. These are very handsome to my eye— Also those which have long since opened regularly & shed their seeds

An abundance of the rattlesnake Plantain in the woods by Brown's Pond—now full of a fine chaffey seed?

Now the leaves are gone the birds nests are revealed—the brood being fledged & flown. There is a perfect adaptation in the material used in constructing a nest—there is one which I took from a maple on the causeway at Hubbards bridge. It is fastened to the twigs by white woolen strings. out of a shawl? which it has picked up in the road though it is more than half a mile from a house— And the sharp eyes of the bird have discovered plenty of horse hairs out of the tail or mane—with which to give it form by their spring—with fine meadow hay for body—and the reddish wooly material which invests the ferns in the spring—apparently—for lining

**THOREAU AS
ORNITHOLOGIST**



November 10, Monday, [1851](#): Near [Norwich, England](#), there had been a recent sculling match between Lett, of London, and R. Buttle, of Norwich, over a course from Surlingham to the New Cut at Thorpe. The prize money had been “£25 a side” (which I suppose must have meant a total pot of £50). Unfortunately, Lett’s boat had overturned soon after the start, while Buttle by merely rowing over the course had been able to obtain the prize money. On this day, therefore, there needed to be a 2d such match, this time for £10 a side, this time between Bramerton Wood’s End and the New Cut. The rematch was won easily by the Norwich man.

On this day there had also been an election for mayor of the municipality of Norwich, England between the incumbent Mayor, a Captain Pearson, and a challenger, a Mr. S.C. Marsh. This election resulted, however, in a tie vote. The voting having been equal, it had come to be up to the incumbent Mayor to cast a deciding “casting-vote.” — Not to put too fine a point on it, the incumbent voted for himself and declared himself duly re-elected.

[Henry Thoreau](#) made a journal entry he was later to copy into his early lecture “[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?](#)” as:

[Paragraph 63] In our science and philosophy even there is no true and absolute account of things—but a petty reference to classes of men and their affairs—often falsely to christianity. At every bush that trips or pricks us—as the problem whether the stars are inhabited or not—we turn and tear one another like fret-ful wild-cats; as if telescopes and microscopes were the tools of a party. Why must we daub the heavens as well as the earth? It was an unfortunate discovery surely that Dr. Kane was a Mason,¹ and that Sir John Franklin was another.² But it was a more cruel suggestion that possibly that was the reason why the former went in search of the latter.

1. Bradley P. Dean has emended the manuscript copy-text from “mason.”
 2. [Dr. Elisha Kent Kane](#) was the US Navy medical officer who became famous in the early 1850s by leading an expedition to the Arctic in search of [Sir John Franklin](#), the British explorer who was believed to be lost there but who actually had died there in 1847. Kane joined the Order of the Masons just before his expedition set out from New-York on May 31, 1851 (see George W. Corner, DOCTOR KANE OF THE ARCTIC SEAS [Philadelphia: Temple UP, 1972], page 129).

BRAD DEAN'S COMMENTARY

ASTRONOMY
 FREEMASONRY
 PARANOIA

More than a decade after teaching the boy [Cyrus Warren](#) in the [Concord Academy](#), [Henry Thoreau](#) encountered him as a grown man walking along the sidewalk.



Nov. 10. This morning the ground is once more whitened with snow, but it will apparently be gone in an hour or two. I live where the *Pinus rigida* grows, with its firm cones, almost as hard as iron, armed with recurved spines.

In relation to politics—to society—aye to the whole out-ward world I am tempted to ask—Why do *they* lay such stress on a particular experience which you have had?— That after 25 years you should meet Cyrus Warren again on the sidewalk! Haven’t I budged an inch then?—¹⁸² This daily routine should go on then like those—it must be conceded—vital functions of digestion—circulation of the blood &c which in health we know nothing about. A wise man is as unconscious of the movements in the body politic as he is of digestion & the circulation of the blood in the natural body. These processes are infra-human. I sometimes awake to a half-consciousness of these things going on about me, — as politics, society, business, etc., etc., — as a man may become conscious of some of the processes of digestion, in a morbid state, and so have the dyspepsia, as it is called. It appears to me that those things which most engage the attention of men, as politics, for instance, are vital functions of human society, it is true, but should [be] unconsciously performed, like the vital functions of the natural body. It is as if a thinker submitted himself to be rasped by the great gizzard of creation. Politics is,

as it were, the gizzard of society, full of grit and gravel, and the two political parties are its two opposite halves, which grind on each other. Not only individuals but states have thus a confirmed dyspepsia, which expresses itself, you can imagine by what sort of eloquence. Our life is not altogether a forgetting, but also, alas, to a great extent a remembering, of that which perchance we should never have been conscious of, — the consciousness of what should not be permitted to disturb a man's waking hours. As for society, why should we not meet, not always as dyspeptics, but sometimes as eupeptics “ No true and absolute account of things,-of the evening and the morning and all the phenomena between them, — but ever a petty reference to man, to society, aye, often to Christianity. What these things are when men are asleep. I come from the funeral of mankind to attend to a natural phenomenon. The so much grander significance of any fact — of sun and moon and stars - when not referred to than and his needs but viewed absolutely! Sounds that are wafted from over the confines of time.

I will include here a list of those who attended this [Concord Academy](#) (I do not know why Cyrus Warren is unlisted):

Martha Adams	
Mary Ball	
Elizabeth W. Barrett	
Martha Barrett	
Hannah Reed Batcheller	Grafton
Sarah Stone Batcheller	Grafton
Mary Bowers	Chelmsford
Helen Bowers	Boston
Caroline Brooks	
Sarah Brown	
Sarah Davis Clarke	Brookline
Susan Colburn	Clairborn, Alabama
Nancy Conant	Littleton

182. [Henry Thoreau](#) would copy into his early lecture [“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT”](#):

[Paragraph 61] In relation to politics, to what is called society—aye, often to the whole outward world, I am often tempted to ask—why such stress is laid on a particular experience which you have had?—that after twenty-five years you should meet Hobbins—registrar of deeds, [NOTE: there was not any Massachusetts county registrar of deeds named “Hobbins” from 1823 to 1862] again on the side-walk? Haven’t I budged an inch then?

**BRAD DEAN’S
COMMENTARY**

**ROSS/ADAMS
COMMENTARY**



1851

1851

Eliza A. Cutler	Lexington
Abby Hubbard Davis	
Agusta Davis	
Mary Davis	
Cynthia F. Dennis	
Martha Field	Lincoln
Lucy Fiske	Lincoln
Elizabeth Gates	Ashby
Elizabeth Hoar	
Sarah S. Hoar	
Ann P. Hosmer	
Helen M. Hosmer	
Rebecca P. Hubbard	
Susan H. Hubbard	
Lucy M. Mann	
Lucy Miles	
Harriet N. Pratt	
Martha Prescott	
Amelia M. Prichard	
Elizabeth H. Prichard	
Frances J. Prichard	
Lucia M. Rice	
Sarah E. Shattuck	
Sarah Dodge Sitwell	Boston
Maria Smith	Lincoln
Eliza B. Stacy	
Mary Stow	
Jane Tarbell	Lincoln
Sophia Thoreau	
Mary Wetherby	Acton
Louisa J. Whiting	
Ann M. Whiting	



1851

1851

Eliza Woodward	
Susan H. Wyman	
William Baker	
Jonathan F. Barrett	
Gorham Bartlett	
Edwin Bent	
Alber W. Bridge	
George M. Brooks	
John Brown	
Leonard Brown	
Elbridge Clark	
Asabel Dakin	
Hiram Dennis	
Josiah G. Davis	
William Derby	
Isaac Fiske	
Deming J. Hastings	
George Heywood	
Stephen Hidden	
Ebenezer R. Hoar	
Edward S. Hoar	
George F. Hoar	
Samuel Hoar	
James Hosmer	
Silas T. Jewell	
B.F. Johnson	
John S. Keyes	
Rufus B. Lawrence	Groton
George Loring	
Elbridge Marshal	Littleton
John Maynard	
Richmond Nichles	Carlisle

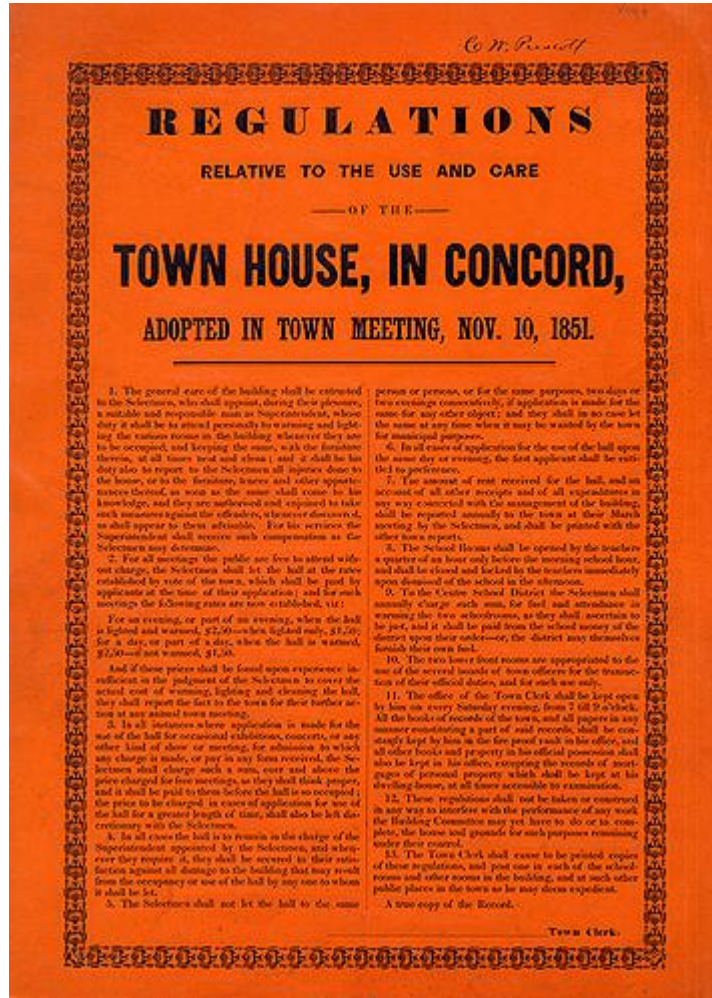


1851

1851

S.S. Niles	
Nathaniel Parker	
Owen Peabody	
Samuel Pierce	
Charles Prescott	
Moses Prichard	
William Prichard	
Agustus Robbins	Harvard
Henry Shattuck	
William Shepherd	
John D. Sherman	Lincoln
Francis Smith	Lincoln
Edward Stearns	Lincoln
Daniel Stedman	Boston
Nathan Brooks Stow	
William Thayer	
Isaac Thayer	
John Thoreau	
Henry Thoreau	
William Tuttle	Littleton
Agustus Tuttle	
Henry Vose	Boston
Amiel Weeks Whipple	
William Whiting	
James Barrett Wood	

The Town Meeting of [Concord](#) adopted regulations relative to the use and care of the new [Town House](#):



1851

1851



November 11, Tuesday, 1851: [Alvan Clark](#) of Cambridge, Massachusetts, having made some improvements in telescope assembly, secured United States patent No. 8,509. It seems that the usual method of constructing telescope eyepieces had been to make a series of tubes fitted or connected together by screws at or near the places at which the lenses were situated, which not only rendered it inconvenient to get at the lenses for cleaning purposes, but also made it likely that one would do damage to the equipment during such periodic cleanings. His method was to construct the eyepiece as two tubes that fit and slid closely together. Each glass was supported within a ring or frame the external diameter of which was equal to the internal diameter of the inside tube. The slots through the side of the internal tube were large enough that one might thread a suitable cleaning device through them. The internal tube was inserted within the external tube by pushing down against a shoulder, far enough to permit an eye-hole cap to be screwed into it.

Inspired by something that [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote in his journal on this day, “That blue mountain in the horizon is certainly the most heavenly – the most elysian which we have not climbed – on which we have not camped for a night,” [Billy Renkl](#) would create a work of art:



November 11: When pointing toward Cap Tourment I asked the name—of a habitant when we met—he hazarded the name of Belange—or fair angel or perchance he referred to some other sort—At any rate my interrogations of this nature gave—vent to such a musical catalogue of sweet names though I did not know which one to fix on—that I continued to put them to every habitant I met if only for this pleasure.

Living much out of doors in the air—in the sun & wind—will no doubt produce a certain roughness of character—will cause a cuticle to grow over the finer sensibilities of a man’s nature as on his face &

1851

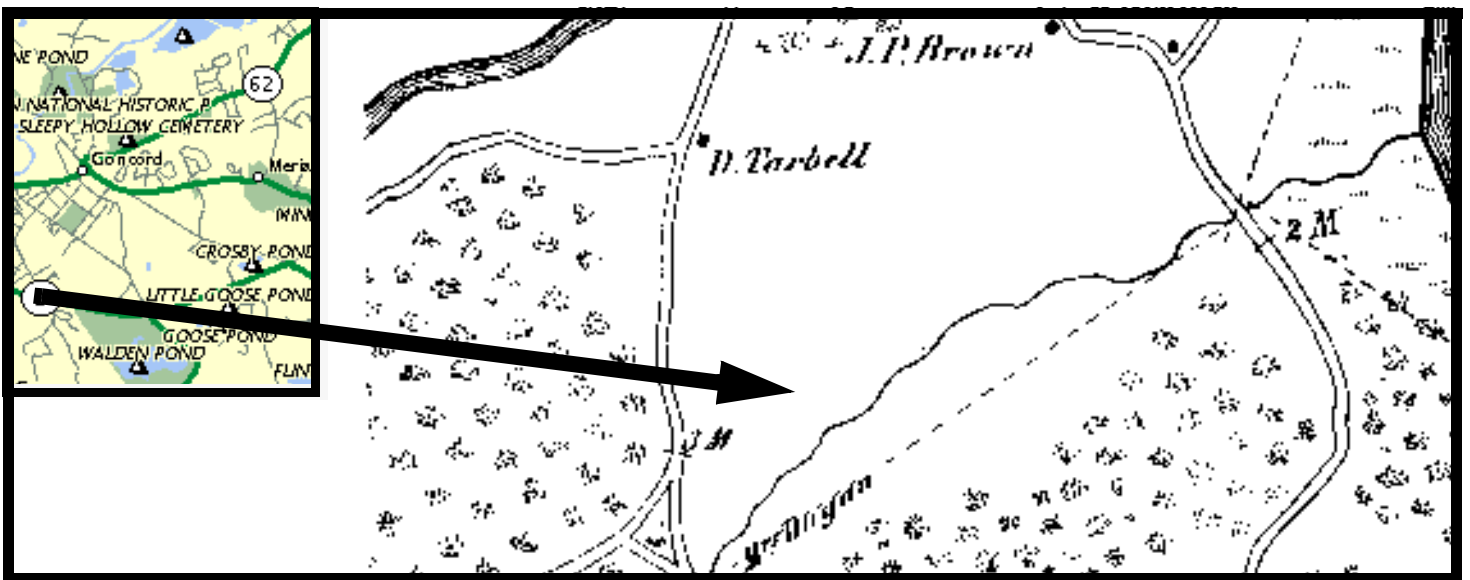
1851

hands—or those parts of his body which are exposed to the weather As staying in the house on the other hand may produce a softness & smoothness not to say thinness of skin—accompanied by an increased sensibility to certain impressions.— And no doubt it is a nice matter to proportion rightly the thick & thin skin. Perhaps we should be more susceptible to some influences important to our intellectual growth—if the sun had shone on us & the wind blown on us a little less. As too much labor calluses the hand and deprives it of the exquisiteness of the touch.

But then methinks that is a scurf that will fall off fast enough—that the natural remedy is to be found in the proportion which the night bears to the day— The winter to the summer &c. Thought to experience.

2 Pm: A bright but cold day—finger cold— One must next wear gloves put his hands in winter quarters. There is a cold silvery light on the white pines as I go through J. P. Brown's field near [Jenny Dugan's](#).

JENNY DUGAN



I am glad of the shelter of the thick pine wood on the Marlboro' road—on the plain. The roar of the wind over the pines sounds like the surf on countless beaches—an endless shore—& at intervals it sounds like a gong resounding through halls & entries. How the wind roars among the shrouds of the wood i.e. there is a certain resounding woodiness in the tone— The sky looks mild & fair enough from this shelter.— every withered blade of grass & every dry weed—as well as pine needle—reflects light— The lately dark woods are open & light—the sun shines in upon the stems of trees which it has not shone on since spring— Around the edges of ponds the weeds are dead and there too the light penetrates— The atmosphere is less moist & gross & light is universally dispersed. We are greatly indebted to these transition seasons or states of the atmosphere—which show us thus phenomena which belong not to the summer or the winter of any climate. The brilliancy of the autumn is wonderful—this flashing brilliancy—as if the atmosphere were phosphoric.

When I have been confined to my chamber for the greater part of several days by some employment or perchance by the ague—till I felt weary & house-worn—I have been conscious of a certain softness to which I am otherwise & commonly a stranger—in which the gates were loosened to some emotions— And if I were to become a confirmed invalid I see how some sympathy with mankind & society might spring up

Yet what is my softness good for even to tears— It is not I but nature in me. I laughed at myself the other day to think that I cried while reading a pathetic story. I was no more affected in spirit than I frequently am methinks—the tears were merely a phenomenon of the bowels—& I felt that that expression of my sympathy so unusual with me was something mean—& such as I should be ashamed to have the subject of it understand. I had a cold in my head withal about those days. I found that I had some bowels—but then it was because my bowels were out of order.

The *fall* of the year is over—& now let us see if we shall have any Indian summer.



White Pond is prepared for winter. Now that most other trees have lost their leaves the evergreens are more conspicuous about its shores & on its capes. The view of the S horizon from the lane this side still attracts me—but not so much as before I had explored those wayland hills—which look so much fairer perhaps than they are. Today You may write a chapter on the advantages of travelling— & to-morrow you may write another chapter on the advantages of not travelling. The horizon has one kind of beauty and attraction to him who has never explored the hills & mts in it—and another I fear a less ethereal & glorious one to him who has— That blue mountain in the horizon is certainly the most heavenly—the most elysian which we have not climbed—on which we have not camped for a night. But only our horizon is moved thus farther off—& if our whole life should prove thus a failure—the future which is to atone for all where still there must be some success will be more glorious still.

Says I to my-self should be the motto of my Journal.

It is fatal to the writer to be too much possessed by his thought— Things must lie a little remote to be described.

N.Y. HERALD, November 11, 1851. DISASTROUS GALE

Mr. E. Smith, of Provincetown, who has returned from Prince Edward Island reports: — That Schrs. *Grafton* and *Cohannet*, of Harwich; *Naiad Queen*, and *Charles Augustus* of Hingham, have all been got offshore, and the last named sailed for home 20th ult.; Schr. *Rival* of Truro, had also been got off Schr. *Melrose* of Princetown remained ashore at St. Peter's, and a contract was made with Gifford's Screw and Lever Company of Provincetown, to get her off and deliver her at home for \$775. The knight heads and forward part of a schr. with chain attached, came ashore on Hog Island, after the gale, name, etc., unknown. Appeared to be a small vessel. The chain was of three different pieces, from half an inch to seven-eighths of an inch. Had a five inch stay; the jib was 16 feet on the luff, had no bonnet, and had one reef in it. Schr. *Eleanor M. Shaw*, of Truro, which was seen at Malpeque during the gale, has not since been heard from. Mr. Smith reports that a part of the stern of a vessel, much broken, came ashore on Hog Island, having *Eleanor* on it. Mr. S. visited schr. *Eleanor*, of Gloucester, ashore about 5 miles from the place where the plank was picked up, and ascertained that it did not come from the Gloucester vessel, which remained unbroken. A schr. is sunk near Tignish; had two topmasts, and the heads of the masts were above water. Seven or eight schrs. are sunk off the coast, between Cavendish and St. Peter's, whose names are unknown. Schr. *Princetown*. — No tidings have yet been received from the missing schr. *Princetown*, of Gloucester, and it is feared is feared she must be reckoned in the list of vessels lost off the coast of P.E. Island in the late

gale.



YANKEE GALE



November 12, Wednesday, 1851: Antonio Garra, Sr., Cupeño or Quechan (1815?-1852) had been educated at Mission San Luis Rey. The Daily Alta California of San Francisco for December 18, 1851 would describe him as “a Quechan by birth,” who had been at Mission San Luis Rey, California since his youth. Over and above the mission’s Latin, he spoke perhaps 5 native dialects. He had become “*naat*” (headman, *Kuupangaxwichem*) of the Cupeño, who lived in 2 main villages known as Kupa and Wilakal. The San Diego, California Herald for November 27th, 1851 recorded that Garra was “regarded by all who know him as a man of energy, determination, and bravery. As one of the most outstanding chiefs, his power and influence among the Indians is almost unbounded.” The Cupeño, who unlike the Cahuilla were considered mission Indians, were obligated to pay taxes to San Diego County. Garra led a resistance movement to this taxation and to injustices being perpetrated upon the Cupeño and other California natives. Garra had been in communication with natives throughout Southern California and Baja California. His plan would carry through as follows, “The Tulareños were to fall upon Santa Barbara, the Cahuillas and Cupeños were to attack Los Angeles; and the Quechans would strike at San Diego.” Garra left the Colorado River on this day and would arrive in Los Coyotes Canyon 5 days later. When Garra learned that an attack on Warner’s Ranch had been planned he decided not to participate, in part due to illness and in part because the blame for such an attack would fall on him. Despite his opposition, 2 groups set out to carry through the attack, one led by Chapuli, chief of the Los Coyotes Cahuillas, and the other led by Garra’s son Antonio Garra, Jr. Garra’s group struck 1st at the home in Kupa of Dominga, Jose Noca’s daughter and the wife of Bill Marshall, where 3 Americans were asleep. After these 3 Americans were killed, the group moved on to the home of Jose Noca, where there was another American, Joe Manning. They killed Manning and took his possessions. Meanwhile Chapuli’s group had set out to attack Warner’s Ranch. At sunrise J.J. Warner woke and was able to escape. Warner’s possessions were seized, his ranch torched, and the cattle driven away.

In response to the Yuma and Mohave threat to discontinue payment of tax assessments, Lieutenant Thomas Sweeny set up Camp Independence, of about 100 armed white men. The native Americans would lay siege to this camp and maintain their pressure until December 6th, when the group at Camp Independence would withdraw to the white settlement.

WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE

Inspired by something that [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote in his journal on this day, “Those sentences are good and well discharged which are like so many little resiliencies from the spring floor of our life. – a distinct fruit & kernel itself – springing from terra-firma. Let there be as many distinct plants as the soil & the light can sustain,” [Billy Renkl](#) would create a work of art:



“S.G. Wheeler Jr. Albert Stacy Sect y: Agreeably to previous notice a meeting of the Members of Concord Lyceum was held at the Brick School House. The Meeting was called to order by the President & Treasurers report was read and accepted. The following Officers were chosen for the ensuing Season: President, Dr. Bartlett. Vice Presidents, C.W. Goodnow, N.B. Stow. Secretary, Albert Stacy. Treasurer, John Brown Jr. Curators, A.G. Fay, C.W. Goodnow, Albert Stacy. Voted — That the Lyceum do not commence till one hundred an[d] twenty five dollars are raised. Voted to adjourn. Albert Stacy Sec’t’y.”



November 12: Write often write upon a thousand themes – rather than long at a time– Not trying to turn too many feeble summersets in the air – & so come down upon your head at last– Antaeus like be not long absent from the ground– Those sentences are good and well discharged which are like so many little resiliencies from the spring floor of our life.– a distinct fruit & kernel itself – springing from terra-firma. Let there be as many distinct plants as the soil & the light can sustain. Take as many bounds in a day as possible. Sentences uttered with your back to the wall. Those are the admirable bounds when the performer has lately touched the spring board. A good bound into the air from the air is a good & wholesome experience but what shall we say to a man’s leaping off precipices in the attempt to fly–he comes down like lead. In the mean while you have got your feet planted upon the rock with the rock also at your back and as in the case of King James and Roderick Dhu can say come one come all This rock shall fly

From its firm base as soon as I.



Such uttered or not is the strength of your sentence. Sentences in which there is no strain. A fluttering & inconstant & quasi inspiration—and ever memorable Icarian fall in which your helpless wings are expanded merely by your swift descent. into the pelagos. beneath.

ELLERY CHANNING

C. is one who will not stoop to rise (to change the subject) He wants something for which he will not pay the going price. He will only learn slowly by failure—not a noble but disgraceful failure—This is not a noble method of learning. To be educated by evitable suffering. Like De Quincy for instance. Better dive like a muskrat into the mud & pile up a few weeds to sit on during the floods—a foundation of your own laying—a house of your own building however cold & cheerless


Methinks the hawk █ that soars so loftily & circles so steadily & apparently without effort—has earned this power by faithfully crawling on the ground as a reptile in a former state of existence. You must creep before you can run—you must run before you can fly. Better one effective bound upward upward with elastic limbs from the valley—than a jumping from the mountain tops in the attempt to fly. The observatories are not built high but deep—the foundation is equal to the superstructure. It is more important to a distinct vision that it be steady than that it be from an elevated point of view.

Walking through Ebby Hubbards Wood this afternoon with Minott who was actually taking a walk for amusement & exercise—he said on seeing some white pines blown down—that you might know that ground had been cultivated by the trees being torn up so—for otherwise they would have rooted themselves more strongly— Saw some very handsome canoe birches there, the largest I know—a foot in diameter & 40 or 50 feet high. The large ones have a reddish cast—perhaps from some small lichen. Their fringes & curls give them an agreeable appearance. Observed a peculiarity in some white oaks. Though they had a firm & close bark near the ground—the bark was very coarse & scaly in loose flakes above. Much coarser than the swamp white oak. Minott has a story for every woodland path—He has hunted in them all. Where we walked last he had once caught a partridge by the wing!
[Ruffed Grouse █ *Bonasa umbellus* (Partridge)]

GEORGE MINOTT

7 P m to Conantum: A still cold night— The light of the rising moon in the East— Moonrise is a faint sun-rise. & what shall we name the faint aurora that precedes the moonrise? The ground is frozen & echoes to my tread. There are absolutely no crickets to be heard now. They are heard then till the ground freezes. Today I heard for the first time this season the crackling vibrating sound which resounds from thin ice when a stone is cast upon it. So far have we got toward winter. It is doubtful if they who have not pulled their turnips will have a chance to get them.. It is not of much use to drive the cows to pasture. I can fancy that I hear the booming of ice in the ponds. I hear no sound of any bird—now at night—but sometimes some creature stirring—a rabbit or skunk or fox—betrayed now by the dry leaves which lie so thick & light. The openness of the leafless woods is particularly apparent now by moonlight — they are nearly as light as the open field. It is worth the while always to go to the water side when there is but little light in the heavens & see the heavens & the stars reflected— There is double the light that there is elsewhere—& the reflection has the force of a great silent companion. There is no fog now o' nights— I thought tonight that I saw glow worms in the grass—on the side of the hill—was almost certain of it & tried to lay my hand on them—but found it was the moonlight reflected from apparently the frost crystals on the withered grass & they were so fine that they went and came like glowworms.

It had precisely the effect of twinkling glow worms.

 November 13, Thursday, 1851: [Waldo Emerson](#) responded to his correspondent, the Methodist circuit-riding preacher [Moncure Daniel Conway](#) of Virginia, kindly, but pointing out at the end of the letter that Conway was engaged in the sort of spiritual struggle in which each person is, inevitably, irreducibly, alone.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY | **VOLUME II**

The London/Paris telegraph began operations as the 1st protected submarine cable link was completed, crossing the English Channel between Dover and Calais.

When the Denny Party landed at [Alki Point](#), they became the 1st (white) settlers at what would eventually become “Seattle.”

On this “cold and dark afternoon” [Henry Thoreau](#) lamented his being “yoked to Matter & to Time,” and plaintively asked, “Does not each thought become a vulture to gnaw your vitals?” Dr. [Alfred I. Tauber](#) has considered such remarks relevant to Thoreau’s appreciation of time and eternity.



TIME AND ETERNITY



November 13: To Fair Haven Hill: A cold & dark afternoon the sun being behind clouds in the west The landscape is barren of objects— the trees being leafless—& so little light in the sky for variety. Such a day as will almost oblige a man to eat his own heart. A day in which you must hold on to life by your teeth— You can hardly ruck up any skin on nature’s bones— The sap is down — she wont peel.¹⁸³ Now is the time to cut timber for yokes & ox bows —leaving the tough bark on— yokes for your own neck. Finding yourself yoked to matter & to Time.

Truly a hard day — hard Times these. not a mosquito left Not an insect to hum. Crickets gone into winter quarters— Friends long since gone there—& you left to walk on frozen ground — with your hands in your pockets. Ah but is not this a glorious time for your deep inward fires?— & will not your green hickory & white oak burn clean — in this frosty air?

Now is not your manhood taxed by the great Assessor? Taxed for having a soul — a rateable soul. A day when you cannot pluck a flower — cannot dig a parsnip nor pull a turnip for the frozen ground — what do the thoughts find to live on? What avails you now the fire you stole from heaven? Does not each thought become a vulture to gnaw your vitals? No Indian summer have we had this november— I see but few traces of the perennial spring.

Now is there nothing —not even the cold beauty of ice crystals— & snowy architecture. Nothing but the echo of your steps over the frozen ground no voice of birds —nor frogs— You are dry as a farrow? cow. The earth will not admit a spade All fields lie fallow— Shall not your mind? True the freezing ground is being prepared for immeasurable snows.— but there are brave thoughts within you that shall remain to rustle the winter through like white oak leaves upon your boughs — or like scrub oaks that remind the traveller of a fire upon the hill sides — or evergreen thoughts cold even in mid summer by their nature shall contrast the more fairly with the snow.

Some warm springs shall still tinkle and fume? and send their column of vapor to the skies.

The walker now fares like cows in the pastures —where is no grass but hay— he gets nothing but an

appetite. If we must return to hay –pray let us have that which has been stored in barns– which has not lost its sweetness.

The poet needs to have more stomachs than the cow –for for him no fodder is stored in barns– He relies upon his instinct which teaches him to paw away the snow to come at the withered grass.

Methinks man came very near being made a dormant creature. Just as some of these animals – the ground squirrel for instance which lays up vast stores – is yet found to be half dormant, if you dig him out. Now for the oily nuts of thought– Which you have stored up.

The mts are of an uncommonly dark-blue today– Perhaps this is owing not only to the greater clearness of the atmosphere which brings them nearer, but to the absence of the leaves. They are many miles nearer for it– A little mistiness, occasioned by warmth would set them further off–& make them fainter

I see snow on the Peterboro hills reflecting the sun. It is pleasant thus to look from afar into winter We look at a condition which we have not reached. Notwithstanding the poverty of the immediate landscape – in the horizon it is simplicity. & granddeur– I look into valleys white with snow & now lit up by the sun – while all this country is in shade. This accounts for the cold northwest wind.

There is a great gap in the mountain range just south of the two Peterboro hills – methinks I have been through & that a road runs there – at any rate humble as these mts are compared with some yet at this distance I am convinced that they answer the purpose of Andes– And seen in the horizon I know of nothing more grand & stupendous than this great Mt gate or pass. A great cleft or sinus in the blue banks as in a dark evening cloud – fit portal to lead from one country from one quarter of the earth to another – where the children of the Israelites may file through Little does the N.H. farmer who drives over that road realize through what a sublime gap he is passing– You would almost as soon think of a road to wind through and over a dark evening cloud. This prospect of the mts from our low hills – is what I would rather have than pastures on the mt sides aye than townships at their base. Instead that I drive my cattle up in May I turn my eyes that way. My eyes pasture them & straight-way the yearling thoughts come back. The grass they feed on never withers – for though they are not ever green they’re ever blue to me. For though not evergreen to you – to me they’re ever blue.

I do not fear my thoughts will die
 For never yet it was so dry
 as to scorch the azure of the sky.
 It knows no withering & no drought
 Though all eyes crop it ne’er gives out
 My eyes my flocks are
 Mountains my crops.
 I do not fear my flocks will stray

183. [William M. White](#)'s version is:

*A cold and dark afternoon,
 The sun being behind clouds in the west.*

*The landscape is barren of objects,
 The trees being leafless,
 And so little light in the sky for variety.*

Such a day as will almost oblige a man to eat his own heart.

*A day in which you must hold on to life by your teeth.
 You can hardly ruck up any skin on Nature's bones.
 The sap is down;
 She won't peel.*



For they were made to roam the day
For they can wander with the latest light
Yet be at home at night.

Just spent a couple of hours (8 to 10) with Miss Mary Emerson at Holbrook's. The wittiest & most vivacious woman that I know— Certainly that woman among my acquaintance whom it is most profitable to meet—the least frivolous who will most surely provoke to good conversation and the expression of what is in you. She is singular among women at least in being really & perseveringly interested to know what thinkers think. She relates herself surely to the intellectual where she goes. It is perhaps her greatest praise & peculiarity that she more surely than any other woman gives her companion occasion to utter his best thought.

In spite of her own biases she can entertain a large thought with hospitality—and is not prevented by any intellectuality in it— as women commonly are. In short she is a genius—as woman seldom is—reminding you less often of her sex than any woman whom I know— In that sense she is capable of a masculine appreciation of poetry & philosophy. I never talked with any other woman who I thought accompanied me so far in describing a poetic experience. Miss Fuller is the only woman I think of in this connection—and of her rather from her fame than from any knowledge of her. Miss Emerson expressed tonight a singular want of respect for her own sex— saying that they were frivolous almost without exception— that woman was the weaker vessel &c That into whatever family she might go she depended more upon the “clown” for society than upon the lady of the house. Men are more likely to have opinions of their own.

The cattle train came down last night from Vermont with snow nearly a foot thick upon it. It is as if in the fall of the year a swift traveller should come out of the north with snow upon his coat. So it snows. Such some years may be our first snow.

Just in proportion to the outward poverty is the inward wealth.
In cold weather fire burns with a clearer flame.

Professor [Scott A. Sandage](#), in BORN LOSERS: A HISTORY OF FAILURE IN AMERICA, has had a remark to make in regard to [Thoreau's](#) “Now is not your manhood taxed by the great Assessor? Taxed for having a soul – a rateable soul.” above:

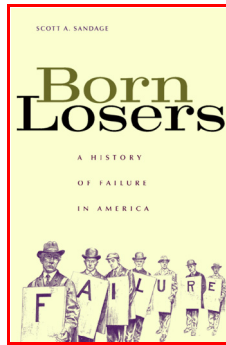
A commodity is something made or procured to be sold. Build a chair for your own use, and it's a chair. Build it to sell for profit, and the chair becomes a commodity. It exists because it can be swapped for money – theoretically, at any time. But a commodity that is not useful is a hard sell. “Use value” attracts the buyer, but “exchange value” prompts the manufacturer. Credit agents got no direct use from recording other people's business; they wrote for the market, and clients bought the product for its usefulness. In another sense, the report became a commodity by assigning dollar values (the subject's credit and the agency's fee) to assets and traits the subject had cultivated for his own use. The conscience of William Henry Brisbane, in his life and ratings, attained high use value but low exchange value. Ditto the ingenuity of Solomon Andrews. Yet the agency traded on their names just as it stamped others “good as gold,” making money in all cases. Systematic reporting inspected and graded men like commodities. “The man who seeks to purchase goods on credit, or otherwise to contract a debt, virtually challenges investigation,” [Hunt's](#) declared in January 1851. The true measure of a man's worth loomed as the great puzzle of that generation, for enterprisers and freethinkers alike. Henry Thoreau wondered on November 13, 1851, “Now is not your manhood taxed by the great Assessor? Taxed for having a soul – a rateable soul.” Was this the coming standard of success: identity as commodity? The good doctors Brisbane and Andrews evidently had souls but not “rateable souls,” the common denominator among

1851

1851



successful men.



1851

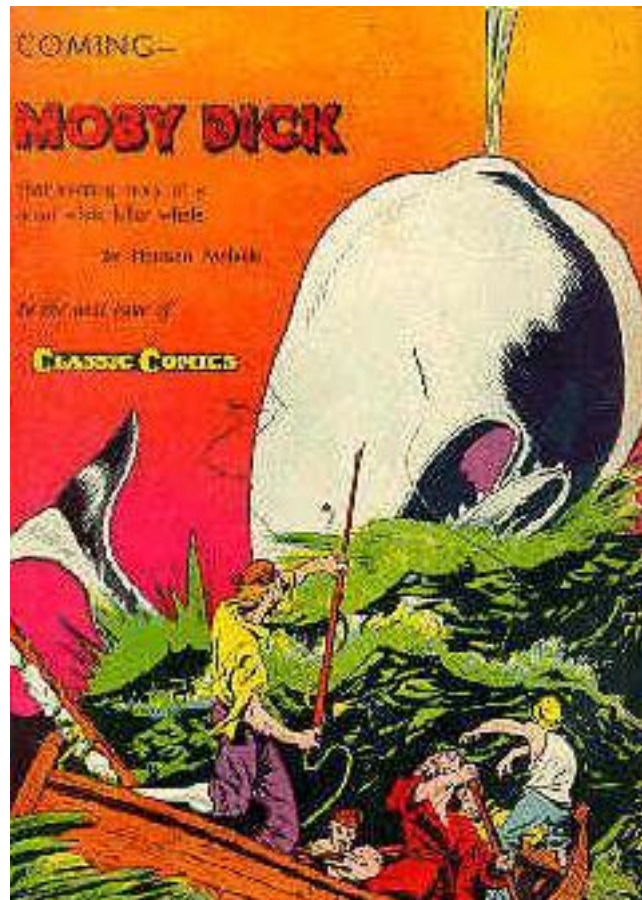
1851

➡ November 14, Friday, 1851: [Herman Melville](#)'s [MOBY-DICK; OR, THE WHALE](#) was published by Harper and Brothers in [New-York](#) (it had already been published on October 18th in London by Richard Bentley, in 3 volumes, as THE WHALE, don't you know).




Harriet Beecher Stowe's serialized "Uncle Tom's Cabin" would have record sales whereas this effort by Melville would not sell 50 copies.

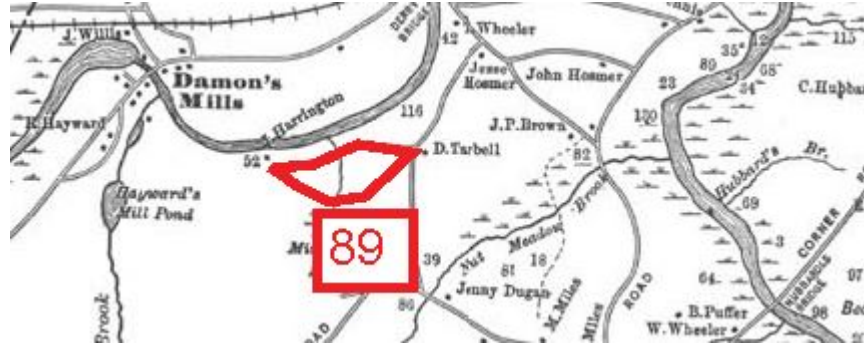
The American volume had been dedicated to [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#).



1851

1851

 November 14, Friday-25, Tuesday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) was beginning to survey the “Ministerial Swamp” lot in the southwest part of Concord near Harrington Avenue. The woods to the south of this property, belonging to Cyrus Wheeler, were cut in 1857-1858, and the woods to its northeast and to its south were cut in 1858-1859.



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/89.htm

(Allen H. Schmidt points out that Survey #89 as recorded at the Concord Free Public Library is the same location referred to by Thoreau in his Field Notes of Survey on page 83 on December 6th.)

<http://allanhschmidt01742.wordpress.com/page/11/>




November 14, Friday: Surveying the Ministerial lot in the SW part of the town. Unexpectedly find Heywoods pond frozen over thinly it being shallow & coldly placed. In the evening went to a party. It is a bad place to go to.— 30 or 40 persons mostly young women in a small room—warm & noisy. Was introduced to two young women— The first one was as lively & loquacious as a chic-a-dee—had been accustomed to the society of watering places, and therefore could get no refreshment out of such a dry fellow as I. The other was said to be pretty looking, but I rarely look people in their faces, and moreover I could not hear what she said there was such a clacking—could only see the motion of her lips when I looked that way. I could imagine better places for conversation—where there should be a certain degree of silence surrounding you & less than 40 talking at once. Why this afternoon even I did better. There was old Mr Joseph Hosmer & I ate our luncheon of cracker & cheese together in the woods. I heard all he said, though it was not much to be sure & he could hear me. & then he talked out of such a glorious repose—taking a leisurely bite at the cracker & cheese between his words—& so some of him was communicated to me & some of me to him.

These parties I think are a part of the machinery of modern society—that young people may be brought together to form marriage connections.

What is the use of going to see people whom yet you never see—& who never see you? I begin to suspect that it is not necessary that we should see one another.

Some of my friends make singular blunders. They go out of their way to talk with certain young women of whom they think or have heard that they are pretty—and take pains to introduce me to them. That may be a reason why they should look at them, but it is not a reason why they should talk

with them. I confess that I am lacking a sense perchance in this respect—& I derive no pleasure from talking with a young woman half an hour—simply because she has regular features. The society of young women is the most unprofitably I have ever tried. They are so light & flighty that you can never be sure whether they are there or not there. I prefer to talk with the more staid & settled—*settled for life*, in every sense. I met a man yesterday afternoon in the road who behaved as if he was deaf, and I talked with him in the cold in a loud tone for 15 minutes—but that uncertainty about his ears & the necessity I felt to talk loudly—took off the fine edge of what I had to say—and prevented my saying anything satisfactory. It is bad enough when your neighbor does not understand you—but if there is any uncertainty as to whether he hears you—so that you are obliged to become your own auditor—you are so much the poorer speaker—and so there is a double failure.

 November 15, Saturday, 1851: In New England there was a *aurora borealis* arch at 9PM that although low was continuous and well-defined (its apex was 3° high, 1° or 2° east of north).



Nov. 15. Here is a rainy day which keeps me in the house.

Asked Therien this afternoon if he had got a new idea this summer— Good Lord says he a man that has to work as I do, if he does'nt forget the ideas he has had—he will do well. May be the man you work with is inclined to race then by Gorry your mind must be there—you think of weeds.

I am pleased to read in Stoever's Life of Linnaeus (Trapp's Translation) that his father being the first learned man of his family, changed his family name & borrowed that of Linnaeus (Linden-tree-man) from a lofty linden tree which stood near his native place. "a custom," he says "not unfrequent in Sweden, to take fresh appellations from natural objects." What more fit than that the advent of a new man into a family should acquire for it & transmit to his posterity a new patronymic. Such a custom suggests, if it does not argue, an unabated vigor in the race.— relating it to those primitive times—when men did indeed acquire a name—as memorable and distinct as their characters. It is refreshing to get to a man whom you will not be satisfied to call Johns' son or John'-son's son—but by a new name applicable to himself alone he being the first of his kind. We may say there have been but so many men as there are sir-names & of all the John-smiths there has been but one true John Smith— & he of course is dead. Get yourself therefore a name—& better a nickname than none at all.

There was one enterprising boy came to school to me whose name was "Buster"—& an honorable name it was— He was the only boy in the school to my knowledge who was named.

What shall we say of the comparative intellectual vigor of the ancients & moderns, when we read of Theophrastus, the father of botany, that he composed more than 200 treatises in the 3d cent. befor C. & the 17th before printing, about 20 of which remain and that these fill six vols in folio printed at Venice— Among the last are two works on natural history & the generation of plants. V Class dict V Scrap Book

What a stimulus to a literary man to read his works! They **were opera**. Not an essay or two which you can carry between your thumb & finger.

Dioscorides (ac. to Stoever) who lived in the 1st century after Christ was the first to inquire into the medicinal properties of plants—"the literary father of the *materia medica*" his work remains.

And next comes Pliny the elder—& "By his own avowal, his natural history is a compilation from about 2500 different authors."

Conrad Gesner of the 16th cent — the first botanist of note among the moderns— Also a naturalist generally.

In this century botany first "became a regular Academical study."

ELLERY CHANNING

I think it would be a good discipline—for Channing—who writes poetry in a sublimo-slipshod style to write Latin—for then he would be compelled to say something always—and frequently have recourse to his grammar & dictionary. Methinks that what a man might write in a dead language could be more surely translated into good sense in his own language—than his own language could be translated into good Latin—or the dead language.



When [Henry David Thoreau](#) was writing of the 16th-Century [Conrad Gesner](#), he echoed an observation he had found in THE LIFE OF [SIR CHARLES LINNÆUS](#):



In this century [botany](#) first “became a regular Academical study.”



November 16, Sunday, [1851](#): Georges Bizet was presented with the Second Prize in Piano at the Paris Conservatoire.

At the [Mormon](#) missionary station in the [Sandwich Isles](#) Latter-day Saint [George O. Cannon](#) preached and then officiated at a wedding:

Preached this morning; there were not many at our meeting, but a good many at the other they having come from all parts to the Lord's Supper, but they were disappointed the priest [did] not come. Soon after we commenced the other meeting dismissed a[nd] many of them came and sat down within earshot of our meeting. I preached upon the first principles. Soon after meeting commenced raining and kept on the greater part of the afternoon. Towards sun-down held meeting; and afterwards married a couple [Ohia and Nakaa].

[Emily Dickinson](#) wrote [Austin Dickinson](#):

Dear Austin.
We have just got home from meeting - it is very windy and cold - the hills from our kitchen are just crusted with snow, which with their blue mantillas makes them seem so beautiful. You sat just here last Sunday, where I am sitting now and our voices were nimbler than our pens can be, if they try never so hardly. I should be quite sad today, thinking about last Sunday did'nt another Sabbath smile at me so pleasantly, promising me on it's word to present you here again when "six days work is done."
Father and mother sit in state in the sitting room perusing such papers only, as they are well assured have nothing carnal in them. Vinnie is eating an apple which makes me think of gold, and accompanying it with her favorite [New York] Observer, which if you recollect, deprives us many a time of her sisterly society. Pussy has'nt returned from the afternoon assembly, so you have us all just as we are present. We were very glad indeed to hear from you so soon, glad that a cheerful fire met you at the door. I do well remember how chilly the west wind blew, and how everything shook and rattled before I went to sleep, and I often tho't of you in the midnight car, and hoped you were not lonely. I wished that "Jim" was there to keep you pleasant company, or rather that you were here, soundly asleep and adream.
How farcical it seems to sit here a writing, when another Sunday's sun shall shine upon us all in each other's society, and yet thanks to a being inventing paper and pen, they are



better far than nothing! By means of them indeed, 'tis little I can tell you, but I can tell how much I would if I could, and there's something comforting in it. We are thinking most of Thanksgiving, than anything else just now - how full will be the circle, less then by none - how the things will smoke, how the board will groan with the thousand savory viands - how when the day is done, Lo the evening cometh, laden with merrie laugh, and happy conversation, and then the sleep and the dream each of a knight or "Ladie" - how I love to see them, a beautiful company, coming down the hill which men call the Future, with their hearts full of joy, and their hands of gladness. Thanksgiving *indeed*, to a family united, once more together before they go away! "Both together" it says, "one taken, the other left."

Col' Kingman's other daughter died yesterday - her funeral is tomorrow. Oh what a house of gried must be their's today - the grass not growing gree above the grave of Martha, before little Ellen is laid close beside. I dont know but they are the happier, and we who longer stay the more to be sorrowed for.

Mr [William] Tyler preached this PM - a sermon concerning Spencer, of which you heard us speak when you were here. A beautiful memorial of his life and character, and preached by the request of Spencer's friends in the village. Martha was here on Friday and we had a beautiful hour to sit and talk together. Martha becomes far dearer to me with every week and day - her's is a spirit as beautiful and pure as one will seldom meet in a world like our's, and it is all the lovelier because it is so rare. Martha inquired for you, as she never comes *without* doing, and sends the weekly love which I always bring, and which I love to bring, if it makes you happier. I hope you are encouraged since you were at home - *do not* be lonely. Susie is lonely, and Martah, and I am lonely too, and this is a lonely world, in the cheerfullest aspects of it. We will not live here always - but [?] will dwell together beyond the bright blue sky, where "they live whom we call dear." The winter will fly swiftly, then will be the spring - think of nothing but hope - heed nothing but anticipation - "the griefs of the present moment are not to be compared with the joys which are hereafter." Bye and bye you are coming home - so is Susie - so is joy and gladness, which have been staying away just as long as you have. Dont mind the days - some of them are long ones but who cares for length when breadth is in store for him, or who minds the corss, who knows he'll have a crown? I wish I could imbue you with all the strength and courage which can be given men - I wish I could assure you of the constant remembrance of those you leave at home - I wish, but Oh how vainly, that I could bring you back again, and never more to stray! You are tired *now* Dear Austin, with my incessant din, but I cant help saying any of these things.

The very warmest love from Vinnie and every one of us. I am *never* ready to go -

Reluctant Emily



Nov. 16. *Sunday*. It is remarkable that the highest intellectual mood which the world tolerates is the perception of the truth of the most ancient revelations, now in some respects out of date—but any direct revelation—any original thoughts it hates like virtue. The fathers and the mothers of the town would rather hear the young man or young woman at their tables express reverence for some old statement of the truth—than utter a direct revelation themselves. So far as thinking is

concerned—surely original thinking is the divinest thing. Rather we should reverently watch for the least motions the least scintillations of thought in this sluggish world—and men should run to and fro on the occasion more than at an earthquake. We check & repress the divinity that stirs within us to fall down & worship the divinity that is dead without us.

GOD IN CONCORD by Jane Langton © 1992

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We check and repress the divinity that stirs within us, to fall down and worship the divinity that is dead without us.
Journal, November 16, 1851

Viking Penguin

Penguin Books USA Inc.

The unctuous voice was back on the line. “Good morning, Mr. Grandison sir. How are you this morning?”

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I go to see many a good man or good woman so called & utter freely that thought which alone it was given to me to utter—but there was a man who lived a long long time ago & his name was Moses—& another whose name was Christ, and if your thought does not or does not appear to coincide with what they said, the good man or the good woman has no ears to hear you.

They think they love God! It is only his old clothes—of which they make scarecrows for the children. Where will they come nearer to God than in these very children?

A man lately preached here against the abuse of the sabbath & recommended to walk in the fields & dance on that— Good advice enough which may take effect after awhile But with the mass of men the reason is convinced long before the life is— They may see the church & the sabbath to be false—but nothing else to be true

One woman in the neighborhood says “Nobody can hear Mr ___ preach,—hear him through, without seeing that he is a good man” – “Well is there any truth in what he says?” – “O yes, it’s true enough, but then it wont do; you know it wont do. Now there’s our George, he’s got the whole of it; and when I say ‘come George, put on your things & go along to Meeting—he says No—Mother I’m going out into the fields. It wont do.’” The fact is this woman has not character and religion enough to exert a controlling influence over her children by her example, and knows of no such police as the church & the minister.

If it were not for death & funerals I think the institution of the Church would not stand longer. The necessity that men be decently buried—our fathers & mothers—brothers & sisters & children (notwithstanding the danger that they be buried alive) will long if not for ever—prevent our laying violent hands on it. If salaries were stopped off—& men walked out of this world bodily at last—the minister & his vocation would be gone. What is the church yard but a grave yard? Imagine a church at the other end of the town, without any carrion beneath or beside it, but all the dead regularly carried to the bone mill! The cry that comes up from the churches in all the great cities in the world is—How they stink!

What more fatal vengeance could Linnaeus have taken than to give the names of his enemies to pernicious & unsightly plants—thus simply putting upon record for as long as the Linnaean system shall prevail who were his friends & foes. It was enough to record the fact that they were opposed





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to him. To this they could not themselves have objected nor could he have taken a more fatal vengeance. V Scraps.

Noticed this afternoon that where a pitch pine 3 inches in diameter had been cut down last winter, it had sent out more than a hundred horizontal plumes about a foot long close together & on every side. Plenty of ripe checquer berries now-. Do they blossom again in the spring? The ferns which are almost the only green things left now-love the crevices & seams of moist cliffs & boulders-& adorn them very much. They become more conspicuous now than at any season


I had a thought this morning before I awoke. I endeavored to retain it in my mind's grasp after I became conscious-yet I doubted, while I lay on my back, whether my mind could apprehend it when I should stand erect. It is a far more difficult feat to get up without spilling your morning thought-than that which is often practised of taking a cup of water from behind your head as you lie on your back & drinking from it. It was the thought I endeavored to express on the first page of today.

Thinkers & writers are in foolish haste to come before the world-with crude works. Young men are persuaded by their friends or by their own restless ambition, to write a course of lectures in a summer against the ensuing winter- And what it took the lecturer a summer to write it will take his audience but an hour to forget. If time is short-then you have no time to waste.

That sounds like a fine mode of expressing gratitude-referred to by Linnaeus- Hermann was a botanist who gave up his place to Tournefort who was unprovided for "Hermann", says Linnaeus, "came afterwards to Paris, and Tournefort in honor of him ordered the fountains to play in the royal garden."

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 November 17, Monday, 1851: [Hung Hsiu Ch'üan 洪秀全](#), the leader of the [Chinese Christian Army](#), a most dedicated disciplinarian, declared that henceforward each of the sergeants of his army would be keeping a written record of the individual performance of each of the soldiers assigned to him, and marking a "0" for each satisfactory performance or a "+" for an unsatisfactory performance. Presumably those Christian warriors who accumulated the sign of the cross eventually were taken to be executed.



On about this day, [Herman Melville](#) wrote to [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#):

My Dear Hawthorne, —
 People think that if a man has undergone any hardship, he should have a reward; but for my part, if I have done the hardest possible day's work, and then come to sit down in a corner and eat my supper comfortably — why, then I don't think I deserve any reward for my hard day's work — for am I not now at peace? Is not my supper good? My peace and my supper are my reward, my dear Hawthorne. So your joy-giving and exultation-breeding letter is not my reward for my ditcher's work with that book, but is the good goddess's bonus over and above what was



stipulated – for not one man in five cycles, who is wise, will expect appreciative recognition from his fellows, or any one of them. Appreciation! Recognition! Is love appreciated? Why, ever since Adam, who has got to the meaning of this great allegory – the world? Then we pygmies must be content to have our paper allegories but ill comprehended. I say your appreciation is my glorious gratuity. In my proud, humble way, – a shepherd-king, – I was lord of a little vale in the solitary [Crimea](#); but you have now given me the crown of India. But on trying it on my head, I found it fell down on my ears, notwithstanding their asinine length – for it's only such ears that sustain such crowns. Your letter was handed me last night on the road going to Mr. Morewood's, and I read it there. Had I been at home, I would have sat down at once and answered it. In me divine maganimities are spontaneous and instantaneous – catch them while you can. The world goes round, and the other side comes up. So now I can't write what I felt. But I felt pantheistic then – your heart beat in my ribs and mine in yours, and both in God's. A sense of unspeakable security is in me this moment, on account of your having understood the book. I have written a wicked book, and feel spotless as the lamb. Ineffable socialities are in me. I would sit down and dine with you and all the gods in old Rome's Pantheon. It is a strange feeling – no hopefulness is in it, no despair. Content – that is it; and irresponsibility; but without licentious inclination. I speak now of my profoundest sense of being, not of an incidental feeling. Whence come you, Hawthorne? By what right do you drink from my flagon of life? And when I put it to my lips – lo, they are yours and not mine. I feel that the Godhead is broken up like the bread at the Supper, and that we are the pieces. Hence this infinite fraternity of feeling. Now, sympathizing with the paper, my angel turns over another page. you did not care a penny for the book. But, now and then as you read, you understood the pervading thought that impelled the book – and that you praised. Was it not so? You were archangel enough to despise the imperfect body, and embrace the soul. Once you hugged the ugly Socrates because you saw the flame in the mouth, and heard the rushing of the demon, – the familiar, – and recognized the sound; for you have heard it in your own solitudes. My dear Hawthorne, the atmospheric skepticisms steal into me now, and make me doubtful of my sanity in writing you thus. But, believe me, I am not mad, most noble Festus! But truth is ever incoherent, and when the big hearts strike together, the concussion is a little stunning. Farewell. Don't write a word about the book. That would be robbing me of my miserly delight. I am heartily sorry I ever wrote anything about you – it was paltry. Lord, when shall we be done growing? As long as we have anything more to do, we have done nothing. So, now, let us add Moby Dick to our blessing, and step from that. Leviathan is not the biggest fish; – I have heard of Krakens. This is a long letter, but you are not at all bound to answer it. Possibly, if you do answer it, and direct it to Herman Melville, you will missend it – for the very fingers that now guide this pen are not precisely the same that just took it up and put it on this paper. Lord, when shall we be done changing? Ah! it's a long stage, and no inn in sight, and night coming, and the body cold. But with you for a passenger, I am content and can be happy. I shall leave the world, I feel, with more satisfaction for having come to know you. Knowing you

persuades me more than the Bible of our immortality. What a pity, that, for your plain, bluff letter, you should get such gibberish! Mention me to Mrs. Hawthorne and to the children, and so, good-by to you, with my blessing. Herman. P.S. I can't stop yet. If the world was entirely made up of Magians, I'll tell you what I should do. I should have a paper-mill established at one end of the house, and so have an endless riband of foolscap rolling in upon my desk; and upon that endless riband I should write a thousand — a million — billion thoughts, all under the form of a letter to you. The divine magnet is on you, and my magnet responds. Which is the biggest? A foolish question — they are One. H.

P.P.S. Don't think that by writing me a letter, you shall always be bored with an immediate reply to it — and so keep both of us delving over a writing-desk eternally. No such thing! I sh'n't always answer your letters, and you may do just as you please.

As part of an attempt to cool tensions between Spain and the United States after the events of the previous August, Louis Moreau Gottschalk was invited by the royal family to a soirée at the palace in Madrid.

In his journal [Henry Thoreau](#) related a moralistic fable about stolen African seeds forwarded altruistically by their thief to someone who could make proper use of them. I do not know the source from which Thoreau derived such information and it strikes me as inaccurate. There is an account of Vitaliano Donati having collected in Egypt in 1759 some items that would form the nucleus for Turin's Egyptian Museum. These items seem to have included at least one [Bassia muricata](#) seed which eventually wound up being identified by Carolus Linnaeus as not having constituted a newly discovered plant species. Perhaps this is the account which Thoreau had encountered but had misremembered while recording his journal, but —if this be the original account— there was simply no theft and simply nothing to moralize about — and the botanist's eventual demise by shipwreck had nothing whatever to do with any of this:



While in Egypt [Vitaliano Donati] sent [Ferdinando] Bassi some seeds, the history of which is detailed in a letter to [Carl] Linnaeus: Bassi told Linnaeus that Donati had asked him to sow these seeds and to see if any of them produced a new species, in which case Donati should be informed when he returned to



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Europe. Actually, only one seed produced an unknown plant. Bassi intended to conceal this information until Donati's return, but when he learned of Donati's death, he informed Carlo Allioni (1728-1804), who had succeeded Donati in the chair of botany and the direction of the botanical garden in Turin, as the latter's travel had been made at the expense of that university. In early 1763 Bassi sent Allioni the seeds of Donati's plants. The new plant had traveled as seed from Egypt to Bologna, expressed its genetic information in Bologna where it produced new seeds, which traveled again as seed from Bologna to Turin, where Allioni grew them and named the resultant plant *Bassia aegyptica* after Bassi. Bassi was grateful for the dedication of the new genus -"unicum et summum praemium laboris" in Linnaeus' words-but, unfortunately, the story of the plant had not come to its final point. In 1768 the plant traveled again as seed from Turin to Uppsala, sent by Allioni to Linnaeus as the undisputed leader of botanical classification. Allioni hoped to receive authoritative support for the discovery but was disappointed to be told that what he thought to be a new genus was a species already described by Linnaeus himself as *Salsola muricata*.



November 17, Monday: All things tend to flow to him who can make the best use of them, even away from their legal owner. A thief finding with the property of the Italian Naturalist [\[Vitaliano\] Donati](#), whom he had robbed abroad, a collection of rare African seeds, forwarded them to Linnaeus from Marseilles. Donati suffered shipwreck and never returned.



November 18, Tuesday, [1851](#): [Henry Thoreau](#) continued the surveying of the Ministerial Lot southwest of Concord.


[Henri-Frédéric Amiel](#), who would be referred to as the "Swiss [Thoreau](#)," wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: "The energetic subjectivity, which has faith in itself, which does not fear to be something particular and definite without any consciousness or shame of its subjective illusion, is unknown to me. I am, so far as the intellectual order is concerned, essentially objective, and my distinctive speciality, is to be able to place myself in all points of view, to see through all eyes, to emancipate myself, that is to say, from the individual prison. Hence aptitude for theory and irresolution in practice; hence critical talent and difficulty in spontaneous production. Hence, also, a continuous uncertainty of conviction and opinion, so long as my aptitude remained mere instinct; but now that it is conscious and possesses itself, it is able to conclude and affirm in its turn, so that, after having brought disquiet, it now brings peace. It says: "There is no repose for the mind except in the absolute; for feeling, except in the infinite; for the soul, except in the divine." Nothing finite is true, is interesting, or worthy to fix my attention. All that is particular is exclusive, and all that is exclusive, repels me. There is nothing non-exclusive but the All; my end is communion with Being through the whole of Being. Then, in the light of the absolute, every idea becomes worth studying; in that of the infinite, every existence worth respecting; in that of the divine, every creature worth loving."




King Ernst August II of Hanover died in Herrenhausen and was succeeded by his son Georg V.

The [Daily Alta California](#) described the manner in which natives were currently harvesting huge salmon

migrating up from the ocean to their spawning ground, at Marysville, [California](#) in the Sacramento Valley where the Yuba River and Feather River converge: “We witnessed a new and exciting kind of sport yesterday morning. Salmon of huge dimensions, and in great numbers, accompanied by thousands of the smaller fry, were seen struggling over the shoals in the river opposite our city. Thither the Indians promptly repaired with their spears, where they at once commenced an indiscriminate slaughter. They were captured in large numbers and in the following manner. A small barbed spear is attached to a straight pole some twelve or fifteen feet in length. On the fish being wounded, its struggles immediately detach the spear from the pole, but they are made fast together by a strong cord, some eighteen inches in length, by the aid of which they are safely towed to the shore. The taking and securing was performed by the Indians with great skill and dexterity, and excited the curiosity of hundreds who were watching their operations from the river bank.”




November 18, Tuesday: Surveying these days the ministerial-lot. Now at Sundown I hear the hooting of an owl [**Great Horned Owl**  ***Bubo virginianus***]— hōō hoó hóo—hoorer—hóo. It sounds like the hooting of an idiot or a maniac broke loose. This is faintly answered in a different strain apparently from a greater distance –almost as if it were the echo– i.e. so far as the **succession** is concerned.

This is my music each evening. I heard it last evening. The men who help me call it the “hooting owl” and think it is the cat-owl. It is a sound admirably suited the swamp & to the twilight woods – suggesting a vast undeveloped nature which men have not recognized nor satisfied. I rejoice that there are owls. They represent the stark twilight unsatisfied thoughts I have. Let owls do the idiotic & maniacal hooting for men. This sound faintly suggests the infinite roominess of nature –that there is a world in which owls live– Yet how few are seen even by the hunters! The sun has shone for a day over this savage swamp where the single spruce stands covered with *esnea?* moss – which a Concord merchant mortgaged once to the trustees of the ministerial fund & lost – but now for a different race of creatures a new day dawns over this wilderness – which one would have thought was sufficiently dismal before. Here hawks  also circle by day & chickadees [**Black-capped Chickadee**  ***Parus atricapillus***] are heard–& rabbits & partridges [**Ruffed Grouse**  ***Bonasa umbellus***] abound.

The chopper who works in the woods all day for many weeks or months at a time becomes intimately acquainted with them in his way. He is more open in some respects to the impressions they are fitted to make than the naturalist who goes to see them. He is not liable to exaggerate insignificant features. He really forgets himself –forgets to observe– and at night he *dreams* of the swamp its phenomena & events. Not so the naturalist; enough of his unconscious life does not pass there.


A man can hardly be said to be *there* if he *knows* that he is there – or to go there, if he knows Where he is going. The man who is bent upon his work is frequently in the best attitude to observe what is irrelevant to his work. (Mem. Wordsworth’s obs. on relaxed attention¹⁸⁴) You must be conversant with things for a long time to know much about them –like the moss which has hung from the spruce– and as the partridge & the rabbit are acquainted with the thickets & at length have acquired the color of the places they frequent. If the man of science can put all his knowledge into propositions – the wood man has a great deal of incommunicable knowledge

Dea. Brown told me me today of a tall raw-boned fellow by the name of Hosmer who used to help draw the sein behind the Jones’ House – who once when he had hauled it without getting a single shad – held up a little perch in sport above his face –to show what he had got– At that moment the perch wiggled and dropped right down his throat head foremost –and nearly suffocated him–& it was only after considerable time, during which the man suffered much that he was extracted or forced down.– He was in a worse predicament than a fish hawk [**Osprey**  ***Pandion haliaetus***] would have been.

In the woods S of the swamp are many great holes made by digging for foxes

184. This citation refers to [Thomas De Quincey](#)’s report of [William Wordsworth](#)’s explanation of a psychological state conducive to imagination, which is in Thoreau’s journal entry for January 3, 1843.



 November 19, Wednesday, 1851: Henry Thoreau was assisted in his surveying in the “Ministerial Swamp” by old Mr. Joseph Hosmer.



“Thoreau was an enigma to all of us.
No one could place him.”


— Joseph Hosmer



November 19, Wednesday: Old Mr. Joseph Hosmer who helped me to-day—said that he used to know all about the lots—but since they’ve chopped off so much & the woods have grown up—he finds himself lost. 30 or 40 years ago when he went to meeting he knew every face in the meeting house—even the boys & girls looked so much like their parents—but after 10 or 12 years they would have outgrown his knowledge entirely (they would have altered so—but he knew the old folks still—because they held their own & did’nt alter. Just so he could tell the boundaries of the old wood which had’nt been cut down, but the young wood altered so much in a few years, that he could’nt tell anything about it.

When I asked him why the old road which went by this swamp was so round about, he said he would answer me as Mr — — — did him in a similar case once Why if they had made it straight they would’nt have left any room for improvement.

Standing by Harrington’s pond-hole in the swamp—which had skimmed over—we saw that there were many holes through the thin black ice—of various sizes from a few inches to more than a foot in diameter all of which were *perfectly* circular. Mr H. asked me if I could account for it. As we stood considering we jarred the boggy ground and made a dimple in the water—& this accident we thought betrayed the cause of it—i.e. the circular wavelets so wore off the edges of the ice when once a hole was made. The ice was very thin. & the holes were perfect disks. But what jarred the ground & shook the water? Perhaps the wind which shook the spruce & pine trees which stood in the quaking ground—as well as the little life in the water itself. & the wind on the ice & water itself. There was a more permanent form created by the dimple but not yet a shell-fish.

 November 20, Thursday, 1851: The 1st performance at the new Boston Music Hall on Winter Street near the Fremont Temple offered 1,500 comfortable seats. It was not music from the hall in Boston which Henry Thoreau was hearing in his chamber under the roof on this evening, however, after having on this day having been offered select facts about this locale’s natural history by old Mr. Joseph Hosmer, but a true melody of Concord:



November 20, Thursday: It is often said that melody can be heard farther than noise—& the finest melody farther than the coarsest. I think there is truth in this—& that accordingly those strains of the piano which reach me here in my attic stir me so much more than the sounds which I should hear if I were below in the parlor—because because they are so much purer & diviner melody. They who sit farthest off from the noisy & bustling world are not at pains to distinguish what is sweet & musical—for that alone can reach them That chiefly comes down to posterity.

Hard and steady & engrossing labor with the hands especially out of doors—is invaluable to the literary man—& serves him directly— Here I have been for 6 days surveying in the woods—and yet when I get home at evening somewhat weary at last, and beginning to feel that I have nerves—I find myself more susceptible than usual to the finest influences—as music & poetry— The very air can intoxicate me or the least sight or sound—as if my finer senses had acquired an appetite by their fast. As I was riding to the ministerial Lot this morning about 8½ Am I observed that the white clouds in the west were disposed ray wise in the W and also in the east as if the sun’s rays had split & so arranged them? A striking symetry in the heavens. What its law? Mr J. Hosmer tells me that one spring he saw a red squirrel gnaw the bark of a maple & then suck the juice—and this he repeated

many times

What is the bush where we dined—in Poplar hollow? Hosmer tells of finding a kind of apple—with an apple seed? to it on scabbish which had been injured or cut off.

Thinks ploughed ground more moist than grass-ground. That there are more leaves on the ground on the N Side of a hill than on the other sides—& that the trees thrive more there—perhaps because the winds cause the leaves to fall there—



November 21, Friday, 1851: [James Ellsworth De Kay](#) died at Oyster Bay on Long Island at the age of 57 (not an unusually short lifespan for that period). The family had produced 8 children, 4 still alive. He had left everything to his wife Janet Eckford De Kay. The body would be placed in St. Georges Churchyard in Hempstead, New York.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk gave his initial recital in Madrid, to an invited audience.

When *Prometheus*, owned by [Cornelius Vanderbilt](#), tried to leave the British port of Greytown (San Juan del Norte, Nicaragua) without paying harbor fees, *HMS Express* fired 3 shots across her bow, obliging her to pay up. Vanderbilt was aboard the *Prometheus*. The US federal government would of course protest.



November 21, Friday: My mother says that visiting once at Capt. Pulcifer's at the North End, two sea-captains' wives told the girl, when the things were carried out to be replenished, not to turn out their slops as it would drown their husbands who were at sea.

Frank Brown shewed me today the velvet duck (White winged coot) [**White-winged Scoter** [Melanitta fusca](#) (~~Velvet Duck~~) (eoot)] & the surf duck [**Surf Scoter** [Melanitta perspicillata](#) (~~Surf Duck~~) (eoot)]— These two as well as the Scaup? duck [**Scaups, Greater** [Aythya marila](#) and Lesser [Aythya affinis](#)] he says are called coots.

Saw also a fine brant [a shore lark](#) [**Horned Lark** [Eremophila alpestris](#) (~~Shore Lark~~)] — a pine gross-beak [**Pine Grosbeak** [Pinicola enucleator](#)] —kittiwake gull [**Kittiwake, Black-legged** [Rissa tridactyla](#)] & buonaparte's do [**Bonaparte's gull** [Chroicocephalus philadelphia](#)] — (the last very like the first but smaller) all shot at Clarke's island. Also a little brown creeper with a woodpecker tail & curved bill [**Brown Creeper** [Certhia americana](#)], killed here.

Old [Mr. Joseph Hosmer](#), who lives where Hadley did — remembers when there were two or three times as many inhabitants in that part of the town as there are now— A blacksmith with his shop in front where he now lives — a Goldsmith (Oliver Wheeler?) at the fork in the road just beyond him, one *in front* of Tarbel's — one in the orchard on the S side of the lane in front of Tarbels — one further Nathan Wheeler on the right of the old road by the Balm of Gilead — 3 between Tarbels & JP Brown's, a tavern at Lorings — a store at The Dodge cottage that was burnt also at Derby's? — &c &c The farms were smaller then— One man now often holds 2 or 3 old farms. We walk in a deserted country.

The Major Heywood & Mill road together turn out of the Marl. Road just beyond the Desert — the former keeps the left to the Powdermills — the Latter the right to the saw-mill.

The main Road beyond Lorings used to be called Law's path — where is Laws brook (S branch of Nagog — *i.e.* Fort Pond?)

The old roads furrow the 2nd division woods like trenches.

Better men never lecture than they hire to come here. Why don't they ask Edmund Hosmer or George Minot? I would rather hear them decline than most of these hirelings lecture.

EDMUND HOSMER
 GEORGE MINOTT
 PANTRY BROOK
 CLARK'S ISLAND
 BOSTON HARBOR



November 22, Saturday, 1851: A report having been circulating in England that, allegedly, a committee of Quakers was intending to publish an expurgated version of the BIBLE, a member of the Religious Society of Friends posted a notice in this day's edition of NOTES AND QUERIES: A MEDIUM OF INTER-COMMUNICATION FOR LITERARY MEN, ARTISTS, ANTIQUARIES, GENEALOGISTS, ETC. (Volume IV, No. 108), to the effect that only the English authorized version of the BIBLE was in use within the society, and that broad inquiry had failed to offer any hint of the actual existence of any such committee.

HISTORY OF THE BIBLE



November 22, Saturday: The milkweed pods by the roadside are yet but half emptied of their silky contents— For months the gales are dispersing their seeds. Though we have had snow.

EDMUND HOSMER

Saw E Hosmer this afternoon making a road for himself along a hill side— (I being on my way to Saw Mill Brook) He turned over a stone & I saw under it—Many crickets & ants still lively, which had gone into winter quarters there apparently. There were many little galleries leading under the stone indenting the hardened earth like veins. Mem. Turn over a rock in mid winter & see if you can find them. That is the reason then that I have not heard the crickets lately. I have frequently seen them lurking under the eaves or portico of a stone even in mid summer.

EDMUND HOSMER

At the brook the partridge berries chequer the ground with their leaves—now interspersed with red berries. The cress at the bottom of the brook is doubly beautiful now because it is green while most other plants are sere. It rises & falls & waves with the current. There are many young hornbeams there which still retain their withered leaves— As I returned through Hosmers field—the sun was setting just beneath a black cloud by which it had been obscured—and as it had been a raw & windy afternoon, its light which fell suddenly on some white pines between me & it lighting them up like a shimmering fire—and also on the oak leaves & chestnut stems was quite a circumstance. It was from the contrast between the dark and comfortless afternoon and this bright & cheerful light almost fire— The eastern hills & woods too were clothed in a still golden light. The light of the setting sun just emerged from a cloud and suddenly falling on & lighting up the needles of the white pine between you & it after a raw and louring afternoon near the beginning of winter is a memorable phenomenon. A sort of Indian summer in the day,—which thus far has been denied to the year. After a cold grey day this cheering light almost warms us by its resemblance to fire



November 23, Sunday, 1851: In San Francisco, California, at Recorder's Court, Judge Waller found the innkeeper Garrett Bell guilty of having committed an assault and battery on George Manning, and fined him \$25. The incident had arisen because Manning, a mulatto, had entered Bell's establishment and called for a drink. Bell had told him it was against the rules of the house to allow colored men to drink there, whereupon Manning had made use of insulting language, whereupon Bell had committed assault and battery by throwing a bottle and decanter at him.

RACISM



Nov. 23, Sunday: The trees (counting all 3 inches in diameter) in Conantum swamp are

Bass	6	
Black Ash	8	
Elm	16	see if all are really elms
Red? oak	2	
White ash	2	
Walnut	3	
Apple	5	
Maple	9	
Hornbeam	2	and a great many smaller still with leave still on
Swamp Wht? oak	1	covered with ivy

Dogwood also there is & cone bearing willow & what kind of winter berry with a light colored bark?
Another such a sunset to-night as the last while I was on Conantum.



November 24, Monday, 1851: In Berlin, [Giacomo Meyerbeer](#) was informed that he was being attacked by [Richard Wagner](#) in his *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft*. Meyerbeer, "deeply demoralized," located a manuscript copy of an essay Wagner had given him a decade earlier, titled "Uber den Standpunkt der Musik Meyerbeers," in which Wagner had praised Meyerbeer's music.

The federal treason trial for the accused ringleaders of the [Christiana Riot](#) began in Philadelphia before Supreme Court Justice Robert Cooper Grier, sitting in circuit. The opening argument by prosecutor John W. Ashmead was to the effect that "a great number of persons, armed and arrayed in a war-like manner, with guns, swords and other weapons, assembled and traitorously combined to oppose and prevent by intimidation and violence, the execution of the laws of the United States," whereupon defense attorney Theodore Cuyler responded by mocking the seriousness of the event: "Blessed be God that our Union has survived the shock."

[RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW](#)

When [Henry Thoreau](#) asked an obviously oblivious question of an [Irish](#) laborer who was helping him by holding the target stake during surveying sightings, this helper provided him with a full and complete answer. It would be quite impossible for an adult, with family obligations, to belatedly enter an apprenticeship system in which he would be obliged to compete for years with teenagers receiving only room and board. Let us trust that Thoreau paid full attention to the full and complete response which he received!



Nov. 24. Setting stakes in the swamp (Ministerial) Saw seven black ducks █ fly out of the peat hole. Saw there also a tortoise still stirring. The painted tortoise I believe.

[BIGELOW](#)

Found on the S side of the swamp the *Lygodium palmatum* which Bigelow calls the only climbing fern of in our latitude—an evergreen called with others—snake tongue as I find in Loudon.

The [Irishman](#) who helped me says when I ask why his country men do not learn trades – do something but the plainest & hardest work – they are too old to learn trades when they come here




November 25, Tuesday, 1851: When a consignment of brass dust arrived in [Sacramento, California](#) from New-York, allegedly for use in soldering by a tinsmith, the San Francisco Committee of Vigilance suspected that the actual purpose might be to pass this off as gold dust — a committee of 3 would lurk to take into custody anyone attempting to claim that shipment.


A railroad opened between [Moscow](#) and St. Petersburg.




November 25, Tuesday: This morning the ground is again covered with snow deeper than before

In the afternoon walked to the east part of Lincoln— Saw a tree on the turnpike full of hickory nuts which had an agreeable appearance— Saw also quite a flock of the Pine Grosbeak [**Pine Grosbeak**  *Pinicola enucleator*] a plump & handsome bird as big as a robin— When returning between Bear Hill & the RR. the sun had set & there was a very clear amber light in the west—& turning about we were surprised at the darkness in the east—the crescent of night— almost as if the air were thick a thick snowstorm were gathering — which as we had faced the west we were not prepared for—, yet the air was clear.

That kind of sunset which I witnessed on Saturday & Sunday is perhaps peculiar to the late Autumn. The sun is unseen behind a hill— Only this bright white light like a fire falls on the trembling needles of the pine.

When surveying in the swamp on the 20th last — at sundown I heard the owls [**Great Horned Owl**  *Bubo virginianus*]. Hosmer said “If you ever minded it, it is about the surest sign of rain that there is. Don’t you know that last Friday night you heard them & spoke of them—& the next day it rained?”. This time there were other signs of rain in abundance “But night before last,” said I, “when you were not here they hooted louder than ever & we have had no rain yet.”. At any rate, it rained hard the 21st and by that rain the river was raised much higher than it has been this fall.


EDMUND HOSMER

 November 26, Wednesday, 1851: French naval forces began a 2-day bombardment of the port of Salé, Morocco, in retaliation for the looting of a French cargo ship by residents of that locale.

The schooner *USRC Lawrence* was wrecked at San Francisco, California but its crew survived.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM NOVEMBER 26TH THROUGH 29TH]

 November 27, Thursday, 1851: At the completion of the French naval 2-day bombardment of the port of Salé, Morocco, both sides declared victory.

A letter from Dublin, Ireland appearing in the Limerick Chronicle offered some statistics on emigration:

Talking of immigration, it is idle to ask “Where will it end?” Why it is only beginning. In the Liffey this moment there are three vessels advertised to sail this week — the *Coronet* (Roche, Brothers) an admirable ship, capable of accommodating comfortably 300 passengers; the *Samuel* (James Miley) also about 300; and another shy looking craft, rather the worse for wear, which has been christened the *British Queen*, belonging to a third house. Here, then, this very week 1000 people will leave this port alone direct for the Model Republic. — But this affords a very imperfect idea of the depopulating drain which is going on, and which is last causing Ireland literally to sink into the bosom of the Atlantic. We have from this port alone, either direct to America or via Liverpool, an exodus of the Irish people to the tune of at least 7000 every week. A close observing friend who returned this morning from a tour in Tipperary, Limerick and Clare, assures me that if the

current of migration proceeds in the present full and rapid flood, Ireland, if inhabited at all in five years hence, will not be peopled by Irishman – at least as the south and west are concerned.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM NOVEMBER 26TH THROUGH 29TH]



November 28, Friday, 1851: By this point upscale private residences in [San Francisco, California](#) were sporting whale-oil lamps before their homes, maintained by a private company for a dollar per week.



Because of the concealment that the dark streets afforded holdup men, the Alta advised every person living on the outskirts of the town to pick up two bricks when he started home. In September there was a spasm of enforcement of the midnight closing law for saloons. The rows and fights accordingly diminished but the streets were darkened. By November 6 a company had been formed to put up posts and look after the lights at the cost of one dollar a week to each subscriber. These lights were to be erected between Battery and Dupont and Bush Street and Broadway. By November 28 many private individuals had placed lights in front of their houses. The editor of the Alta when reporting this added that he hoped to see Montgomery Street, at least, lighted – whether by public or by private enterprise he did not indicate. By December 8 lights on Montgomery Street (supplied by private funds), with some on Washington Street just below the Plaza, had improved conditions. These lamps burned whale oil which was so expensive that the editor could not understand why they were lighted on moonlit nights.

Charles C. Terry (1828-1867) of New York state had arrived in Washington with the Denny party on the schooner *Exact*, bringing with him from Portland, Oregon tools, tin ware, tobacco, whiskey, brandy, and raisins, and on or by this date had opened the 1st store on Alki Point, the future West Seattle. We know about this because on this day he recorded selling 2 axes to J.N. Low for \$6.00.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM NOVEMBER 26TH THROUGH 29TH]

1851

1851



November 29, Saturday, [1851](#): The new [Athenæum](#) in Cambridge, Massachusetts:



Phoebe Dexter Markham died at Elm Place, her family home near Rush, [New York](#), at the age of 85.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM NOVEMBER 26TH THROUGH 29TH]



November 30, Sunday, [1851](#): Per the journal of the evangelist [George Quayle Cannon](#), who had been working as a [Mormon](#) missionary in the California gold fields until, since the miners “could not work during the winter months,” it had seemed reasonable to send some of these “idle gold miners” to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, had gone among a group of Mormon missionaries to the [Sandwich Isles](#). On this day they had themselves a worthwhile Sabbath:

Bros. Hammond, [James] Hawkins from Hawaii [Hawai'i], and Winchester from Makawao [arrived]; they had come over to meeting. Bro. H. had come up from Hawaii to see us. He was lonesome and had nearly given up the idea of staying here, and had thoughts of going home; but he felt limber and wanted to do whatever the brethren thought best, he said he thought that if he were to go home now he would regret it. – We talked the matter over and he came to the conclusion to stay. – Preached this morning but we were interrupted by the rain; In afternoon had the Sacrament. I had a good flow of the spirit. Bro. W. returned to Makawao. Bros. H. & H stopped with me.



November 30, Sunday: A rather cold and windy afternoon with some snow not yet melted on the ground. Under the south side of the hill between Brown's & Tarbel's, in a warm nook—disturbed 3 large grey-squirrels & some partridges [Ruffed Grouse *Bonasa umbellus*—who had all sought out this bare and warm place. While the squirrels hid themselves in the tree tops I sat on an oak stump by an old cellar hole and mused.

This squirrel is always an unexpectedly large animal to see frisking about. My eye wanders across the valley to the pine woods which fringe the opposite side, and in their aspect my eye finds something which addresses itself to my nature. Methinks that in my mood I was asking nature to give me a sign— I do not know exactly what it was that attracted my eye— I experienced a transient gladness at any rate at something which I saw. I am sure that my eye rested with pleasure on the white pines now reflecting a silvery light—the infinite stories of their boughs—tier above tier—a sort of basaltic structure—a crumbling precipice of pine horizontally stratified. Each pine is like a great green feather stuck in the ground. A myriad white pine boughs extend themselves horizontally one above & behind another each bearing its burden of silvery sun-light—with darker seams between them—as if it were a great crumbling piny precipice thus stratified— On this my eyes pastured while the squirrels were up the trees. behind me That at any rate it was that I got by my afternoon walk—a certain recognition from the pine. some congratulation. Where is my home? It is indistinct as an old cellar hole now a faint indentation merely in a farmer's field—which he has ploughed into & rounded off its edges—years ago and I sit by the old site on the stump of an oak which once grew there. Such is the nature where we have lived— Thick birch groves stand here & there dark brown? now with white lines more or less distinct—

The *Lygodium palmatum* is quite abundant on that side of the swamp—twining round the golden rods &c &c.

WINTER 1851/1852



Winter 1851/1852: A large tract of Walden Woods was logged.



Winter 1851/1852: Henry Thoreau studied Samuel Laing's CHRONICLE OF THE KINGS OF NORWAY.

THE HEIMSKRINGLA

THE HEIMSKRINGLA

THE HEIMSKRINGLA

Winter [1851/1852](#): [Brownson's Quarterly Review](#), No. 4

CATHOLICISM

- I. *Newman on the True Basis of Theology*
- II. *Saint-Bonnet on Social Restoration*
- III. *The Hungarian Nation*
- IV. *The Edinburgh Review on Ultramontane Doubts*

MAGAZINES

ORESTES AUGUSTUS BROWNSON

Winter [1851/1852](#): The shifting ice again forced Robert John Le Mesurier McClure's *Investigator* to winter in a bay, which he named Mercy Bay because it allowed a refuge from ice pressure. *HMS Investigator* would never, however, be able to make its way out of this bay.

THE FROZEN NORTH

Winter [1851/1852](#): A Silver Gray Whig name of George F. Comstock was attacking the [Reverend Samuel Joseph May](#)'s principle of nonviolence by repudiating any problem anyone had with obeying any law merely because it happened to be unjust. That was transparently, according to Comstock, a mere excuse. According to Comstock, who was the attorney charged with the task of defending US Marshal Henry W. Allen against a frivolous kidnapping lawsuit brought by [Jerry McHenry](#)'s defenders (writing in the newspapers under the *nom de plume* "Constitution"), if one truly wanted nonviolence one would side with established authority against the mob, not vice versa. He found May's attitude to be one of "nauseating hypocrisy," in that he evidently had a "[non-resistance](#)" creed for himself while tolerating a "fighting" creed for other strivers in the same cause:

Heaven in his mercy save us from such non-resistance – such religion as that.


What the local Unitarian reverend secretly desired, this "Constitution" dittohead told his readers, was war, and the destruction of the Union:

This, sir, is your philanthropy – this is your religion.

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

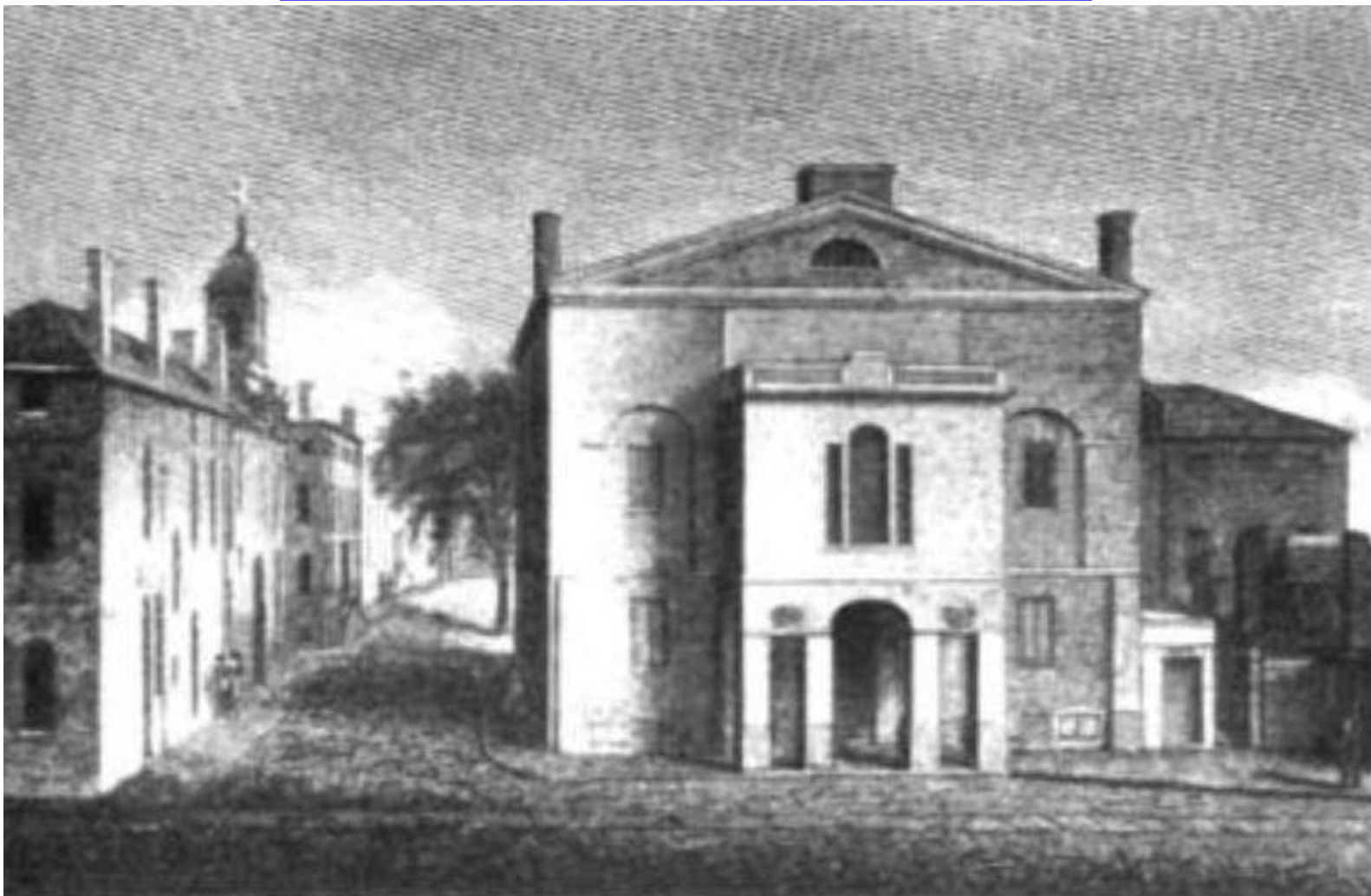
1851

1851

 Winter [1851/1852](#): Lecture Season of '51/52 at the [Odeon Hall](#) in Boston:

13th Season of [The Lowell Institute](#)

Reverend Orville Dewey, D.D. <i>Natural Religion. "Problem of Human Destiny"</i>	12 lectures
Professor Cornelius Conway Felton, LL.D. <i>Greek Poetry</i>	12 lectures
B.A. Gould, Jr., Ph.D. <i>The Progress of Astronomy in the last Half-century</i>	12 lectures
Reverend Professor Francis Bowen, A.M. <i>Origin and Development of the English and Am. Constitutions</i>	12 lectures



At the [Concord Lyceum](#), the Reverend [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#) delivered "[Mohammed](#)."

December 2, Tuesday, 1851: Lecture at the Concord Lyceum by R.W. Emerson: "Margaret Fuller De Ossoli."

December 10, Wednesday, 1851: Lecture at the Concord Lyceum by [William Willder Wheelton](#).

December 17, Wednesday, 1851: Lecture at the Concord Lyceum by the Reverend Mr. Hudson: "Falstaff."

December 24, Wednesday, 1851: Lecture at the Concord Lyceum by O.W. Holmes Esq: "Love of Nature."

1851

1851

December 31, Wednesday, 1851: Lecture at the Concord Lyceum by Mrs. [Elizabeth Oakes Smith](#): “Womanhood.”

1851: Wendell Phillips lectured before the Concord Lyceum on “Lost Arts.”

1851: Mr. Leslie lectured before the Concord Lyceum on “Caves.”

1851: George Thompson, M.P. lectured before the Concord Lyceum on “British Politics.”

1851: J. Fay Barrett read, before the Concord Lyceum, his poem “Concord.”

1851: I. Q. A. Griffin lectured before the Concord Lyceum on “Witchcraft.”

1851: Dr. Bell lectured before the Concord Lyceum on “Cuba.”

1851: Rev. Mr. Ware lectured before the Concord Lyceum on “Rome.”

1851: Dr. Reynolds lectured before the Concord Lyceum on “Geography.”

1851: I.W. Baird lectured before the Concord Lyceum on “Womans Legal Rights.”

1851: Ezra Ripley lectured before the Concord Lyceum on “Aaron Burr.”

1851: Dr. J. Bartlett lectured before the Concord Lyceum on “The Regicides.”

1851: W. Lynde lectured before the Concord Lyceum on “Hindostan.”


1851: Charles Bowers lectured before the Concord Lyceum on “Shoemakers.”

1851: Geo. Bradford lectured before the Concord Lyceum.

1851: H.D. Thoreau lectured before the Concord Lyceum on “The Wild.”

1851: Dr. E. Jarvis lectured before the Concord Lyceum on “Idiocy and Idiots.”

1851: Mr. E.V. Scherb lectured before the Concord Lyceum on “Lessing.”

 Winter [1851/1852](#): Late in the year, in rural Missouri, Maria Tomlin Burton gave birth to [Jack Burton](#)'s infant, a child who evidently would belong not to itself, not to its biological mother, not to its mother's [slave](#) pseudohusband its biological father, and not even to its mother's white master Mr. McDonald, but instead under Missouri law to Samuel Brown, the white man who owned the farm to which its mother was currently assigned — who it goes without saying owned also any and all “livestock” being born on his farm.

[JOHN ANDERSON](#)





1851

1851

DECEMBER 1851

December [1851](#): From this month until May 1853 [Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson Gaskell](#)'s [CRANFORD](#) would be appearing in 8 installments in [Charles Dickens](#)'s magazine [Household Words](#) (it would appear with minor revisions in book form in 1853, and become a successful TV bingewatch in 2007-2009).

December [1851](#): This month's issue of [Harper's New Monthly Magazine](#).

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

December [1851](#): Professor [Henry Youle Hind](#) became a member of the reorganized [Canadian](#) Institute.

[Harriet Tubman](#) arrived in [St. Catharines](#), Ontario, [Canada](#) West leading a group of 11 freedom seekers. She would rent and operate a boarding house there to resettle newly arrived refugees.

December [1851](#): In [San Francisco](#), [California](#):

The southern portion of the State, having been recently in great danger from attacks of the confederated Indian tribes, applied for aid to Gen. Hitchcock, commanding U.S. forces in [California](#). He accordingly sent as many of his troops as could be spared, and authorized the raising of two companies of mounted volunteers. Great excitement, in consequence of this permission and the previous alarming news, existed in the city, and numbers hastened to enroll themselves in the proposed companies. To the disappointment of many applicants, a selection only could be received. The two companies were placed under the respective commands of Col. John W. Geary and Capt. Daniel Aldrich, while Col. J.C. Hayes was appointed to the command in chief. Later intelligence from the south, to the effect that the Indian difficulties were being arranged, rendered it unnecessary for the volunteers to proceed thither.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



[Nathaniel Hawthorne's THE SNOW-IMAGE AND OTHER TWICE-TOLD TALES](#) (put out in two octavo volumes in blind-stamped brown cloth with gilt-lettered spine by Ticknor, Reed and Fields of Boston)¹⁸⁵ imagined, in his "Main Street," [Squaw Sachem](#) and her second husband Wappacowet as passing along a path beneath the tangled shade in what was to eventually become Salem, very falsely supposing that their own system of affairs was going to endure forever:

You perceive, at a glance, that this is the ancient and primitive wood, – the ever-youthful and venerably old, – verdant with new twigs, yet hoary, as it were, with the snowfall of innumerable years, that have accumulated upon its intermingled branches. The white man's axe has never smitten a single tree; his footstep has never crumpled a single one of the withered leaves, which all the autumns since the flood have been harvesting beneath. Yet, see! along through the vista of impending boughs, there is already a faintly-traced path, running nearly east and west, as if a prophecy or foreboding of the future street had stolen into the heart of the solemn old wood. Onward goes this hardly perceptible track, now ascending over a natural swell of land, now subsiding gently into a hollow; traversed here by a little streamlet, which glitters like a snake through the gleam of sunshine, and quickly hides itself among the underbrush, in its quest for the neighboring cove; and impeded there by the massy corpse of a giant of the forest, which had lived out its incalculable term of life, and been overthrown by mere old age, and lies buried in the new vegetation that is born of its decay. What footsteps can have worn this half-seen path? Hark! Do we not hear them now rustling softly over the leaves? We discern an Indian woman – a majestic and queenly woman, or else her spectral image does not represent her truly – for this is the great Squaw Sachem, whose rule, with that of her sons, extends from Mystic to Agawam. That red chief; who stalks by her side, is Wappacowet, her second husband, the priest and magician, whose incantations shall hereafter affright the palefaced settlers with grisly phantoms, dancing and shrieking in the woods, at midnight. But greater would be the affright of the Indian necromancer, if, mirrored in the pool of water at his feet, he could catch a prophetic glimpse of the noon-day marvels which the white man is destined to achieve; if he could see, as in a dream, the stone-front of the stately hall, which will cast its shadow over this very spot; if he could be aware that the future edifice will contain a noble Museum, where, among countless curiosities of earth and sea, a few Indian arrow-heads shall be treasured up as memorials of a vanished race!

185.  [Nathaniel Hawthorne. THE SNOW-IMAGE AND OTHER TWICE-TOLD TALES.](#)



No such forebodings disturb the Squaw Sachem and Wappacowet. They pass on, beneath the tangled shade, holding high talk on matters of state and religion, and imagine, doubtless, that their own system of affairs will endure for ever. Meanwhile, how full of its own proper life is the scene that lies around them! The gray squirrel runs up the trees, and rustles among the upper branches. Was not that the leap of a deer? And there is the whirr of a partridge! Methinks, too, I catch the cruel and stealthy eye of a wolf, as he draws back into yonder impervious density of underbrush. So, there, amid the murmur of boughs, go the Indian queen and the Indian priest; while the gloom of the broad wilderness impends over them, and its sombre mystery invests them as with something preternatural; and only momentary streaks of quivering sunlight, once in a great while, find their way down, and glimmer among the feathers in their dusky hair. Can it be that the thronged street of a city will ever pass into this twilight solitude, — over those soft heaps of the decaying tree-trunks, — and through the swampy places, green with water-moss, — and penetrate that hopeless entanglement of great trees, which have been uprooted and tossed together by a whirlwind! It has been a wilderness from the creation. Must it not be a wilderness for ever? ...It seems all a fable, too, that wolves have ever prowled here; and not less so, that the Squaw Sachem, and the Sagamore her son, once ruled over this region, and treated as sovereign potentates with the English settlers, then so few and storm-beaten, now so powerful. There stand some schoolboys, you observe, in a little group around a drunken Indian, himself a prince of the Squaw Sachem's lineage. He brought hither some beaver-skins for sale, and has already swallowed the larger portion of their price, in deadly draughts of firewater. Is there not a touch of pathos in that picture? and does it not go far towards telling the whole story of the vast growth and prosperity of one race, and the fated decay of another? — the children of the stranger making game of the great Squaw Sachem's grandson!

1851

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➡ Early December 1851: Early in the month, the [Reverend Samuel Joseph May](#) defended his principle of nonviolence in the public newspaper, in response to the “nauseating hypocrisy” allegation of George F. Comstock (the attorney who was defending US Marshal Henry W. Allen against a kidnapping lawsuit brought by [Jerry McHenry](#)’s defenders), that any problem anyone had with obedience to unjust laws was a mere excuse. He pointed out that our Founding Fathers’ moral of 1776 (that Americans might turn to violence to free themselves from domination and be honored in memory for having so done) would be rather more legitimate as a moral principle applied by black slaves, than as one applied by free white citizens:

It is no more fair in you to charge me with desiring to plunge my country into the horrors of servile and civil war, than it would be to charge, that I was eager to be engulfed in the ocean, because I have said that I would rather be drowned than burned to death.

☰ According to May, it was no matter of choosing between the continued existence of war and the continued existence of servitude. It was, rather, a matter of our resolving to enter upon a state of existence far more just than either of these alternatives. Meanwhile, he recognized that there were differences between personal circumstances, and although he would seek to hold the free citizen to a higher standard, he could not find it in his heart to focus upon the abject slave’s inability immediately to rise to such a “higher principle.”

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW



Read [Henry Thoreau’s Journal for December 1851 \(æf. 34\)](#)

1851

1851



December 1, Monday, 1851: Clara Schumann gave birth to a 7th child, Eugenie, in Düsseldorf.

This article on the [Christiana Riot](#) and its aftermath appeared in the New-York [Times](#):

The Christiana Treason Trials.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT.—Before Judges GRIER and KANE.
SIXTH DAY . . . PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 1, 1851.

The Court met this morning pursuant to adjournment.

As usual there was a considerable throng. The attendance of ladies was rather larger than on any former occasion. On the opening of the Court, the Clerk stated that he had in his possession certain indictments that had been remitted from the District Court, against all the prisoners.

Mr. John W. Ashmead, said that in one of the bills, Hannaway, Lewis and Scarlet are charged jointly; and in another, all the prisoners are joined.

The first witness called to the stand was Miller Nott. Before his examination was proceeded with, Mr. D. P. Brown stated that Collister Wilson and Jacob Moore, of the prisoners, are quite sick, and asked that the Marshal be directed to provide such accommodations for them as was necessary.

The Marshal was so directed.

Examination of Mr. Nott by Mr. Brent—I was induced to go to Parker's on the morning of the occurrence by some sharp halloo; my boy started and ran in the direction of the noise, and I ran after him; I saw a man on horseback, could not identify him; he had his back to me; I saw Dickinson Gorsuch on the ground, and a number of blacks on the ground in an angry manner; I said men take care what you are about, or look what is before you; I asked an old black what they were doing; he said, "Did you not hear the horns blow?" I said no, that I did not. I saw Scarlet there, his horse was sweating; I did not see in what direction he went.

By Mr. J. W. Ashmead—The man I first saw on horseback, whom I could not recognize, was in his shirt-sleeves, I think; I do not remember the color of his horse.

John Nott, the lad examined on Saturday, was recalled. He said that he got to the ground about ten minutes before his father; they (the blacks) were firing tremendously; I saw the blacks running along the lane, and shooting; I did not see any blacks on horseback; I saw several horses hitched to a fence; don't know who they belonged to; I have seen a negro about there who was said to be a slave of Mr. Gorsuch; he went by the name of John Beer; I saw him about two months before this occurrence at the mill of Castner Hannaway; I have not seen him since.

Mr. Brent asked him when his father said something about killing the man, what was said exactly, and he replied, his words were—"They will kill him."

By Mr. Brent—I saw a white man on horseback; it was Castner Hannaway; I saw some niggers shooting behind him.

J. Franklin Reigert affirmed—I am an Alderman of the city of Lancaster; Hannaway and Lewis were first arrested; when they were brought to the hotel Kline said, you white livered scoundrels, when I wanted you to stop the blacks firing, you said you would not; Lewis replied, I could not stop them, I had to fly for my life; Kline was very much excited, and I was fearful he would create a difficulty; I had to separate him from the prisoners.

Cross-examined by Mr. J. M. Reed—Kline had a large pair of whiskers and a moustache at the time; I did not see him shake his fist in the prisoners' faces; his precise words to them as near as I recollect, were: "You white-livered scoundrels, when I plead with you yesterday like a dog, to save my men from being shot down, you said you would not."

William Proutfoot, sworn—I am a constable; I arrested Hannaway and Lewis at Frederick Zecher's house; Alderman Reigert was present on that occasion; Hannaway and Lewis came to Christiana, and I went to them and took them into custody; Kline said—"You white-livered scoundrel, you might have saved my men if you had told them not to shoot, instead of telling them to shoot; Lewis said I did not; Hannaway said nothing it may have taken an hour to write the deposition; I don't know whether Hannaway and Lewis knew they were to be arrested or not.

Charles Smith, affirmed—I reside about two miles from Christiana; the morning Kline and others came up, a colored man came to my house and said—

Objected to by the defence, and argued pro and con.
Judge Kane—If it was an act of pre-concerted treason, and the Government can show it by a train of circum- stances, and that the defendant was there in pursuance of a concerted purpose, it is proper.

Judge Grier concurred.
Charles Smith proceeded, that Williams called at his house and said he had been at Christiana with the names of several slaves to give them notice, he mentioned the name of Nelson and several others.

Dr. Augustine Cain affirmed—I remember the 10th September last: on the afternoon of the 10th, Joseph Washington, a colored man, presented a paper to me containing the name of Josh and Ford; a colored man named Clark was present.

Mr. Ashmead (to the Court), Washington and Clark, are the two men who had escaped from Prison.

By Mr. Brent—On the day of the battle I extracted balls from the two colored men; the witness gave the names of the blacks. The witness had attended a meeting at West Chester.

I attended a meeting at West Chester, at which the Fugitive Slave Law was discussed; it is at least 20 miles from Christiana; speeches were made disapproving of the law; I can't tell exactly when the meeting was held; I think it was in the Spring; I speak of the Annual Convention of the Anti-Slavery Society; I don't know if Mr. Hannaway was present or not; I am not aware of the proceedings having been published in any paper of West Chester; I can't say positively who were there from Sadsbury; I dressed John Long's wound in a tenant house of mine; I think he was not a fugitive slave; he was a light man, and rather thin; I can't say how long he remained.

Henry C. Hopkins occupied the house; he was the other man wounded; the day of the murder was the last I ever saw of them; I presume they left the neighborhood soon after the murder; I found my house tenantless; I don't know where John Long lived.

No Cross-Examination.

John Roberts, colored boy, sworn—I reside about a mile from Smyrna; three miles from Parker's house; have been in the Debtors apartment 71 days; Joseph Washington and John Clark, were confined there; it has been three weeks since I saw them; they escaped from Prison; I don't know how; did not break locks that I saw; on the 11th of September last, Joseph Scarlet came to my house; just about sun up; he was on horseback; he asked for my father; my mother told him that at Wm. Whitsons, she asked him what was the

matter, and he said there were kidnappers at Parker's, and asked her to tell the colored people; I went to Joseph Cooper's, and none of his colored people were there; I went to Jacob Townsends, and got a gun; I told him that kidnappers were at Parker's; Townsend loaded the gun for me.

No cross-examination.
Mr. Brent was proceeding to re-examine the witness to same part about which there was some confusion, when some little sparring took place between him and Mr. J. M. Reed.

The witness was allowed to explain, but nothing of importance was elicited.

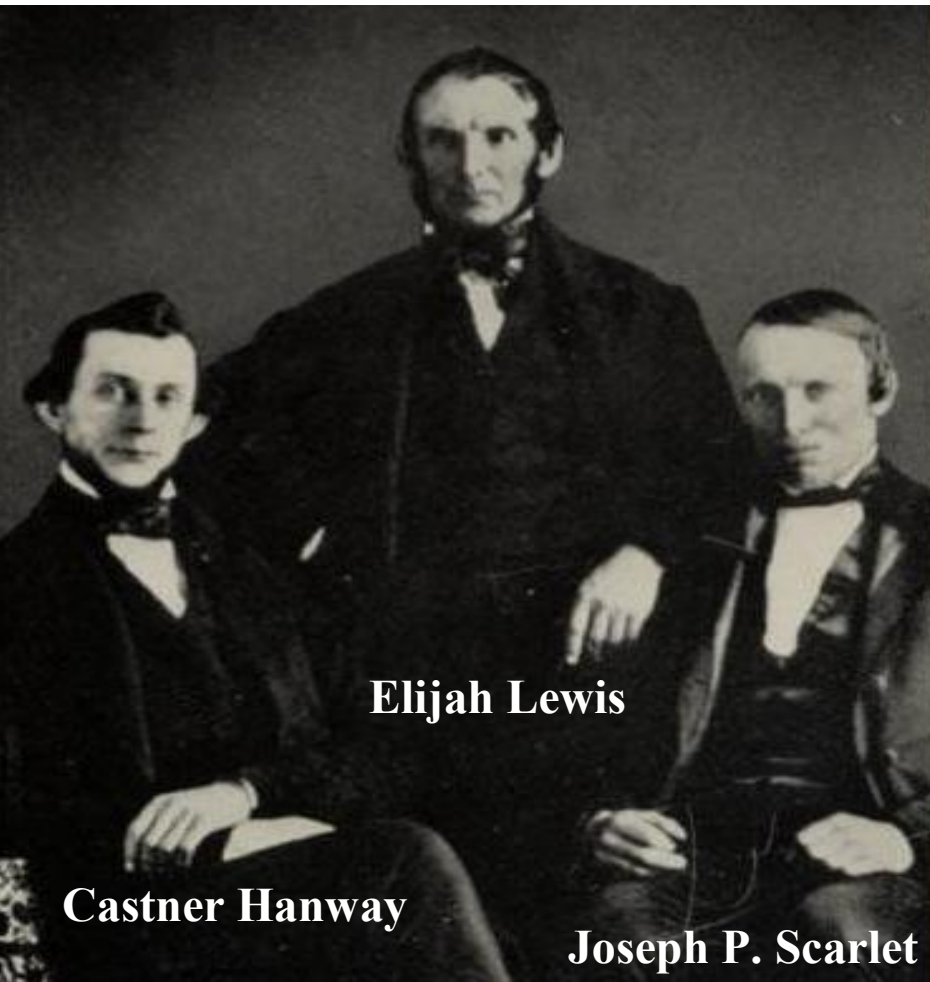
Jacob Woods, colored, sworn—I resided at Jacob Moore's, where I made my home, but I worked at Mr. Cooper's; I recollect the morning of the battle at Christiana; Mr. Lewis told me that Wm. Parker's house was all surrounded by kidnappers; it was before breakfast; after sun was up; told me no time to take up potatoes, when Mr. Parker's house all surrounded by kidnappers; I went over to Parker's, the first I saw was the Marshal and Mr. Hannaway, standing together; I suspect they were talking; did not hear what was said; I heard firing and saw the smoke; when I first saw the Marshal and Hannaway together it was at the end of a short land; I did not take notice of the bars; I went across the cornfield and came out in the woods by the road; I went straight over to Jacob Moore's, where I got my washing done.

No cross-examination.
Dickinson Gorsuch recalled—The coat worn by Edward Gorsuch was shown to the witness, and identified by him; also a hat worn by Dr. Pearce, and a vest worn by witness; all of which were shown to the jury.

The evidence for the Government being all in, Mr. Read said he and his colleagues would be pleased if the Court would adjourn, and defer the opening on the part of the defence until to-morrow morning. He desired that Mr. Stevens, now in Washington, should be present. The Court consented to the adjournment, which then took place, to meet again this morning at 10 o'clock.

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

This is what some of the principals looked like after their treason trial:



Elijah Lewis

Castner Hanway

Joseph P. Scarlet



Samuel Hopkins

Peter Woods



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM DECEMBER 1ST TO 11TH]



December 2, Tuesday, 1851: [Henri-Frédéric Amiel](#), who would be referred to as the “Swiss [Thoreau](#),” wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: “Let mystery have its place in you; do not be always turning up your whole soil with the plowshare of self-examination, but leave a little fallow corner in your heart ready for any seed the winds may bring, and reserve a nook of shadow for the passing bird; keep a place in your heart for the unexpected guests, an altar for the unknown God. Then if a bird sing among your branches, do not be too eager to tame it. If you are conscious of something new — thought or feeling, wakening in the depths of your being — do not be in a hurry to let in light upon it, to look at it; let the springing germ have the protection of being forgotten, hedge it round with quiet, and do not break in upon its darkness; let it take shape and grow, and not a word of your happiness to any one! Sacred work of nature as it is, all conception should be enwrapped by the triple veil of modesty, silence and night.

Kindness is the principle of tact, and respect for others the first condition of savoir-vivre. He who is silent is forgotten; he who abstains is taken at his word; he who does not advance, falls back; he who stops is overwhelmed, distanced, crushed; he who ceases to grow greater becomes smaller; he who leaves off, gives up; the stationary condition is the beginning of the end — it is the terrible symptom which precedes death. To live, is to achieve a perpetual triumph; it is to assert one’s self against destruction, against sickness,

against the annulling and dispersion of one's physical and moral being. It is to will without ceasing, or rather to refresh one's will day by day.

It is not history which teaches conscience to be honest; it is the conscience which educates history. Fact is corrupting, it is we who correct it by the persistence of our ideal. The soul moralizes the past in order not to be demoralized by it. Like the alchemists of the middle ages, she finds in the crucible of experience only the gold that she herself has poured into it."

On the 47th anniversary of the coronation of [Napoléon I](#) as the Emperor of France and the 46th anniversary of the Battle of Austerlitz, [French](#) President Louis-[Napoléon](#) Bonaparte staged his *coup d'état* against the 2d French Republic. The National Assembly was dissolved, with nearly all political leaders of the Republic taken into custody. There was but sporadic resistance.

An Englishman named Bainbridge was visiting the [Niagara Falls](#) in the off season and, while on the icy catwalk to the Terrapin Tower, slipped under the railing. He was able to hang onto a rock for a half an hour in the torrent until someone noticed him down there and summoned two tour guides, J. Davy and H. Brewster. By tying together their horse reins they were able to make a lifeline long enough to reach Bainbridge on his rock — and he got pulled to safety.

Miss [Mary Moody Emerson](#) was such a rigid defender of the sanctity of the Sabbath day that often she would spend the day in solitude, refusing to profane it by church and sermon:

Pulpits & all the wonders dark & light of nature are but means — not the end of existing — that is for God!

Note that this sort of ultra-pious attitude, rather than distancing her from such non-observers of the Sabbath as [Margaret Fuller](#) and [Henry Thoreau](#), actually served to bring her closer to them.

On this day [Thoreau](#) made no entry in his journal, clearly because he was too busy beginning the survey of a line between Carlisle and Concord that would continue to occupy him on the 3d, 4th, 5th, 10th, and 13th (there had been a lot of controversy about this line for years; the Town Report for 1851/1852 says that Henry was paid \$42.⁰⁰ for setting this line; Henry's measurements would not resolve the issue), and lotting off a 40-acre "Ministerial lot" in the southeast part of Concord between Cambridge Turnpike and Walden Streets so the lots could be sold to John McKeen, [Nathan Brooks](#), Aaron A. Kelsey, [Daniel Shattuck](#), [Reuben Brown](#), [Richard Barrett](#), [Charles B. Davis](#), Moses Prichard, the Reverend [Addison Grant Fay](#), Patrick MacManners, [Dr. Josiah Bartlett](#), Colonel Charles Holbrook, R.A. Messer, and Jonathan Farwell. (He would continue on this project during the following month.)

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/89.htm




[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM DECEMBER 1ST TO 11TH]





1851

1851

 December 2, Tuesday, 1851: President [Charles-Louis Napoléon Bonaparte](#) finally staged the coup [Louis Auguste Blanqui](#) had so long predicted: dissolving the Chamber, arresting all the party leaders, and convening a new assembly to extend his term of office, allegedly for 10 years. A subsequent referendum, held on December 20th-21st, would apparently demonstrate 92% approval.

[Victor Hugo](#) left hastily for Brussels.

Henry William Edmund Petty FitzMaurice Lansdowne (6th Marquis of) would prepare for G.P. Putnam's Sons in London a book entitled [THE SECRET OF THE COUP D'ÉTAT: UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON, MM. DE MORNAY, DE FLAHAULT, AND OTHERS, 1848 TO 1852.](#)

At the request of Barthélemy, [Blanqui](#) smuggled out of the Belle-Île prison a brief "Warning to the People" dated February 10th 1851, one that he had intended to serve as a speech or toast at an émigré banquet in London; this was something that, its uncompromising critique of Louis Blanc and Ledru-Rollin along with other members of the 1848 Provisional Council, would divide opinion among the exile community ([Karl Marx](#) would reproduce the text in a leaflet published later that month).

[Dr. Thaddeus William Harris](#), [Harvard College](#)'s librarian, received materials that he had purchased out of funds bequeathed to the [Harvard Library](#) by Horace A. Haven of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, an alumni of the Class of 1842. Among these materials was a copy of the 1832 edition of [Luke Howard](#)'s 1803 pamphlet ESSAY ON THE MODIFICATIONS OF CLOUDS, a pamphlet of 39 pages.¹⁸⁶ (This copy of the pamphlet had been inscribed by the author to its original owner on 28 June 1842 in Manchester, England.)

B Sept. 1856

[BOOKPLATE WITH OLD HARVARD SEAL] "Christo et Ecclesiæ" "Bought / with the Fund bequeathed by Horace A. Haven / of Portsmouth, N.H. / (Class of 1842.) / Rec^d. Dec. 2, 1851."

[ON TITLE PAGE] "From the Author - Manchester / 28 June 1842."

HOWARD PUBLICATIONS

The attacking groups of native Americans had eventually reunited in Los Coyotes Canyon in Southern [California](#). Antonio Garra, Sr. wrote to Cahuilla leader Juan Antonio asking for support: "If we lose this war, all will be lost – the world. If we gain this war, then it is forever; never will it stop; this war is for a whole life." Antonio Garra, Jr. denied any connections to Garra Sr. but returned a letter to Garra suggesting that they met at the village of Razon. When they met, Antonio captured Garra and delivered him to American authorities. The native forces at Los Coyotes Canyon then dispersed. Father and son Garra surrendered to Juan Antonio. When Antonio insulted Garra, Jr., Garra, Sr. pulled a knife and stabbed Juan Antonio in the side.

 December 3, Wednesday, 1851: In Paris, royalist soldiers fired into a crowd of mostly women and children – there was a [Napoléon](#) in charge again (what [French](#) republicans were left unarrested were fleeing their nation).

[Representative Joshua Reed Giddings](#) was pushing the US House of Representatives toward amending the Act of 1807.

Mr. Giddings gave notice of a bill to repeal §§ 9 and 10 of the act to prohibit the importation of slaves, etc. from and after Jan. 1, 1808. HOUSE JOURNAL, 32nd Congress, 1st session, page 42.

186. On page 31, the author expresses a desire that we not "be accused of building a castle in the air by attempting further conjectures" in regard to the Cumulus modification.

1851

1851

Cf. HOUSE JOURNAL, 33rd Congress, 1st session, page 147.

INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM DECEMBER 1ST TO 11TH]



December 4, Thursday, 1851: The Chinese Christian ruler Hung Hsiu Ch'üan 洪秀全, invested in his newly conquered city of Yongan in the Guangxi province of China, created an entire set of highly imaginative hereditary titles for his Taiping officers and officials. There were not only going to be brutal physical punishments in the 太平天國 Kingdom of Heaven on earth, there were going to be flowery verbal rewards as well.



CHINESE CIVIL WAR
MILLENNIALISM

A conductor on the Hudson River Railroad stopped his train to the north of Croton-on-Hudson to put off 2 passengers for not paying their fares. The train was run into by another engine, injuring several passengers. An express on another track stopped to give assistance and was run into by a 4th train, causing more injuries.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM DECEMBER 1ST TO 11TH]

Kizan's jisei farewell poem to life:

*When I am gone
will someone care for
the chrysanthemum I leave?*

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

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




October 12, 1333	Giun	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>All doctrines split asunder Zen teaching cast away— Fourscore years and one, The sky now cracks and falls The earth cleaves open— In the heart of the fire Lies a hidden spring.</i>
February 26, 1370	Daido Ichi'i	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>A tune of non-being Filling the void: Spring sun Snow whiteness Bright clouds Clear wind.</i>
February 20, 1387	Bassui Tokushō	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>“Look straight ahead. What’s there? If you see it as it is You will never err.”</i>
1415	John Huss	being burned at the stake	<i>“O, holy simplicity!”</i>
June 27, 1428	Kaso Sodon	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>A drop of water freezes instantly— My seven years and seventy. All changes at a blow Springs of water welling from the fire.</i>
May 30, 1431	Joan of Arc	being burned at the stake	<i>“Hold the cross high so I may see it through the flames.”</i>
November 21, 1481	Ikkyū Sōjun	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>In all the kingdom southward From the center of the earth Where is he who understands my Zen? Should the master Kido himself appear He wouldn’t be worth a worn-out cent.</i>
May 4, 1534	Father John Houghton	as he was being disemboweled	<i>“And what wilt thou do with my heart, O Christ?”</i>
July 6, 1535	Sir Thomas More	being beheaded	<i>“The King’s good servant, but God’s First.”</i>
1536	Anne Boleyn	being beheaded	<i>“Oh God, have pity on my soul.”</i>
February 18, 1546	Martin Luther	found on his chamber table	<i>“We are beggars: this is true.”</i>
July 16, 1546	Anne Askew	being burned at the stake	<i>“There he misseth, and speaketh without the book”</i>
June 24, 1548	Kogaku Soko	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>My final words are these: As I fall I throw all on a high mountain peak— Lo! All creation shatters; thus it is That I destroy Zen doctrine.</i>
January 27, 1568	Dairin Soto	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>My whole life long I’ve sharpened my sword And now, face to face with death I unsheathe it, and lo— The blade is broken— Alas!</i>
1601	Tycho Brahe	unsolicited comment	<i>“Let me not seem to have lived in vain.”</i>
1618	Sir Walter Raleigh	his wife would embalm his head and keep it near her in a red leather bag	<i>“Strike, man, strike.”</i>



1851

1851

October 1, 1643	Kogetsu Sogan	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Katsu!</i> <i>Katsu!</i> <i>Katsu!</i> <i>Katsu!</i>
1649	Charles I	the chopper was to wait for a signal that the king had prepared himself	"Stay for the sign."
1659	Friend Marmaduke Stevenson and Friend William Robinson	unsolicited comments made over the muting roll of a drum intended to prevent such remarks from being heard	<i>Friend Marmaduke: "We suffer not as evil-doers but for conscience' sake." Friend William: "I die for Christ."</i>
1660	Friend Mary Dyer	asked at her execution whether they should pray for her soul	"Nay, first a child; then a young man; then a strong man, before an elder of Christ Jesus."
October 1, 1661	Gudō Toshoku	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	"I have finished my task. It is now up to my followers to work for mankind."
July 16, 1669	Daigu Sōchiku	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Needles pierce my ailing body, and my pain grows greater. This life of mine, which has been like a disease — what is its meaning? In all the world I haven't a single friend to whom I can unburden my soul. Truly all that appears to the eye is only a flower that blooms in a day.</i>
1681	Headman Ockanickon of the Mantas	the Mantas are the "Leaping Frogs" group of the Lenape tribe	"Be plain and fair to all, both Indian and Christian, as I have been."
May 15, 1688	Mukai Chine	her <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>It lights up as lightly as it fades: a firefly.</i>
1692	Massachusetts Bay colonist Giles Corey	being pressed to death for refusing to cooperate in his trial for witchcraft	"Add more weight that my misery may be the sooner ended."
October 12, 1694	Matsuo Chūemon Munefusa (Bashō)	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>On a journey, ill: my dream goes wandering over withered fields.</i>
January 10, 1696	Gesshū Sōko	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Inhale, exhale Forward, back Living, dying: Arrows, let flown each to each Meet midway and slice The void in aimless flight— Thus I return to the source.</i>
January 4, 1718	Aki no Bo	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>The fourth day of the new year: what better day to leave the world?</i>
October 6, 1721	Dōkyō Etan	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Here in the shadow of death it is hard To utter the final word. I'll only say, then, "Without saying," Nothing more, Nothing more.</i>
1777	John Bartram	during a spasm of pain	"I want to die."

December 25, 1783	Yosa no Buson	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life (he would die on January 17, 1784)	<i>Of late the nights are dawning plum-blossom white.</i>
1790	Benjamin Franklin	unsolicited comment	<i>"A dying man can do nothing easy."</i>
July 24, 1792	Bufo	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Oh, I don't care where autumn clouds are drifting to.</i>
1793	Louis Capet, King Louis XVI of France	being beheaded in the Place de la Concorde	<i>"I die innocent of all the crimes laid to my charge; I Pardon those who have occasioned my death; and I pray to God that the blood you are going to shed may never be visited on France."</i>
1793	Jean-Paul Marat	reviewing a list of names  	<i>"They shall all be guillotined."</i>
1793	Citizen Marie Antoinette	stepping on the foot of her executioner	<i>"Pardonnez-moi, monsieur."</i>
1794	George Jacques Danton	he had been convicted of not having made adequate use of the guillotine	<i>"Show my head to the people. It is worth seeing."</i>
December 24, 1794	Chirin	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>In earth and sky no grain of dust— snow on the foothills.</i>
1798	Giovanni Casanova	having spent his life collecting sequentially and in tandem 132 pubic scalps	<i>"I have lived as a philosopher and died as a Christian."</i>
1799	George Washington	fearing being buried alive (a common fear for that period), he was being heartily reassured by his physician	<i>"'Tis well."</i>
August 25, 1804	Gengen'ichi	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Morning glory even though you wither dawn will break anew.</i>
1806	Charles Dickinson	he was dueling with Andrew Jackson	<i>"Why have you put out the lights?"</i>
September 3, 1806	Chogo	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>I long for people— then again I loathe them: end of autumn.</i>
1809	Thomas Paine	his physician asked whether he wished to believe Jesus to be the son of God	<i>"I have no wish to believe on that subject."</i>
June 28, 1820	Seisetsu Shucho	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>My hour draws near and I am still alive. Drawn by the chains of death I take my leave. The King of Hades has decreed Tomorrow I shall be his slave.</i>
1821	John Keats	dying of TB in Rome	<i>"Severn ... I am dying ... I shall die easy ... don't be frightened ... be firm and thank God it has come."</i>
May 2, 1823	Kiko	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>That which blossoms falls, the way of all flesh in this world of flowers.</i>





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1825	Phebe Walker Bliss Emerson Ripley	died in Concord	<i>"Don't call Dr. Ripley his boots squeak so, Mr. Emerson used to step so softly, his boots never squeaked."</i>
November 27, 1825	Gazen	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>I lean against the stove and lo! eternity.</i>
1826	Thomas Jefferson	died at 12:50PM	<i>"Is it the 4th? —Ah."</i>
August 25, 1826	Retsuzan	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>The night I understood this is a world of dew, I woke up from my sleep.</i>
1826	John Adams	died at 5: 30PM — Jefferson actually had, in Virginia, predeceased him	<i>"Thomas Jefferson still surv..."</i>
November 19, 1827	Kobayashi Issa	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>What matters if I live on— a tortoise lives a hundred times as long.</i>
1830	King George IV	early one morning in Windsor Castle	<i>"Good God, what is this? — My boy, this is death."</i>
January 6, 1831	Ryokan	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Now it reveals its hidden side and now the other — thus it falls, an autumn leaf.</i>
1832	Sam Sharpe	being hanged after an unsuccessful slave revolt on the island of Jamaica	<i>"I would rather die on yonder gallows than live in slavery."</i>
May 12, 1835	Hanri	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>My life: echoes of a clucking tongue above pure waters.</i>
1836	James Madison	unsolicited comment	<i>"I always talk better lying down."</i>
October 7, 1837	Sengai Gibon	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>He who comes knows only his coming He who goes knows only his end. To be saved from the chasm Why cling to the cliff? Clouds floating low Never know where the breezes will blow them.</i>
1846	Benjamin Robert Haydon	final entry in 38-year journal before offing himself	<i>"Stretch me no longer on this tough world. — Lear"</i>
October 31, 1847	Kyohaku	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>I am not worthy of this crimson carpet: autumn maple leaves.</i>
1848	John Quincy Adams	had just voted "no" on war on Mexico	<i>"This is the last of earth. I am composed."</i>
December 5, 1848	Shofu	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>One moon— one me— snow-covered field path.</i>
1849	Washington Goode	offered a cup of water before being hanged in Boston	<i>"This is the last Cochituate water that I shall ever drink."</i>
1849	Edgar Allan Poe	in bad shape in Baltimore	<i>"Lord help my poor soul."</i>



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April 12, 1849	Katsushika Hokusai	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Now as a spirit I shall roam the summer fields.</i>
1849	Frederic Chopin	dying of tuberculosis	<i>"Swear to make them cut me open, so that I won't be buried alive."</i>
1850	John Caldwell Calhoun	unsolicited comment	<i>"The South! The poor South! God knows what will become of her."</i>
1851	John James Audubon	shooting at sitting ducks on his estate, at age 66 despite stroke and senility	<i>"You go down that side of Long Pond and I'll go down this side and we'll get the ducks!"</i>
December 4, 1851	Kizan	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>When I am gone will someone care for the chrysanthemum I leave?</i>
1852	Daniel Webster	his attendant was tardy in administering some brandy	<i>"I still live!"</i> 
July 15, 1855	Enryo	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Autumn waters of this world wake me from my drunkenness.</i>
1857	Auguste Comte	he had been making himself the pope of a religion of science, "Positivism"	<i>"What an irreparable loss!"</i>
August 16, 1858	Namagusai Tazukuri	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>In fall the willow tree recalls its bygone glory.</i>
October 12, 1858	Utagawa Hiroshiga	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>I leave my brush in the East And set forth on my journey. I shall see the famous places in the Western Land.</i>
March 23, 1859	Hakuen	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>What is it but a dream? The blossoming as well lasts only seven cycles.</i>
1859	John Brown	request	<i>"I am ready at any time — do not keep me waiting."</i>
July 27, 1860	Kinko	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Within the vast and empty autumn night dawn breaks.</i>
1862	Henry David Thoreau	he was editing manuscript	<i>"moose ... Indian"</i>
June 11, 1863	Bairyu	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>O hydrangea— you change and change back to your primal color.</i>
1864	General John Sedgwick	Battle of Spotsylvania	<i>"They couldn't hit an elephant at this distance."</i>
1865	Abraham Lincoln	on stage, an actor ad-libbed a reference to the presence of the President	The President laughed
1865	John Wilkes Booth	with his leg broken, surrounded by relentlessly angry armed men, in a burning barn	<i>"Useless ... useless."</i>



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November 5, 1868	Amano Hachiro	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Lightning flickers only in the north: the moon is overcast.</i>
1872	Samuel F.B. Morse	doctor tapped on his chest and said: "This is the way we doctors telegraph, Professor."	"Very good, very good."
October 29, 1872	Otsuchi	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>O white chrysanthemum— man, too, passes his prime.</i>
1872	Horace Greeley	Whitelaw Reid took over the Tribune	"You son of a bitch, you stole my newspaper!"
March 28, 1878	Gizan Zenrai	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>I was born into this world I leave it at my death. Into a thousand towns My legs have carried me, And countless homes— What are all these? A moon reflected in the water A flower floating in the sky. Ho!</i>
1881	Billy the Kid	in the dark, he heard Pat Garrett enter	"Who is it?"
August 16, 1881	Rokushi	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>I wake up from a seventy-five-year dream to millet porridge.</i>
1882	Charles Darwin	fundamentalists tell lying stories of his abandoning his heretical theories in favor of Christ Jesus and His salvation	"I am not the least afraid to die."
January 4, 1882	Hankai	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>The year is ending: I have not left my heart behind.</i>
1883	Sojourner Truth	advice for us all	"Be a follower of the Lord Jesus."
1883	Karl Marx	his housekeeper asked him whether he had any last words	"Last words are for fools who haven't said enough."
1886	Emily Dickinson	unsolicited comment	"I must go in, the fog is rising."
April 11, 1886	Fuso	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Upon the lotus flower morning dew is thinning out.</i>
1887	Henry Ward Beecher	unsolicited comment	"Now comes the mystery."
1888	Louisa May Alcott	unsolicited comment	"Thus far the Lord has led me on."
1890	Joseph Cary Merrick	the actor John Hurt, pretending to be The Elephant Man in a movie	"Nothing ever dies."
August 25, 1890	Okyo	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>This phantasm of falling petals vanishes into moon and flowers....</i>
1891	Phineas Taylor Barnum	inquiry	"How were the circus receipts today at Madison Square Garden?"


January 2, 1893	Nakamichi	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>At the crossroad of my life and death a cuckoo cries.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Ice in a hot world my life melts.</i></p>
1894	George Inness	witnessing the sunset, he threw his hands into the air and fell	<i>"My God! oh, how beautiful!"</i>
February 1903	Baiko	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Plum petals falling I look up — the sky, a clear crisp moon.</i>
1910	Leo Tolstòy	asked to reconcile with the church	<i>"Even in the valley of the shadow of death, two and two do not make six."</i>
1912	Robert Scott	freezing to death at the South Pole	<i>"It seems a pity, but I do not think that I can write more."</i>
November 29, 1914	Bokusui	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>A parting word? The melting snow is odorless.</i>
January 29, 1919	Getsurei	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Stumble, fall, slide down the snow slope.</i>
August 31, 1920	Koson	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>I die the evening of the day the hibiscus blooms.</i>
August 2, 1922	Alexander Graham Bell	When his deaf wife pleaded "Aleck, please don't leave me," he spelled "no" in her hand.	<i>"No."</i>
1923	Pancho Villa	retired with a general's salary, he visited the local bank and was ambushed on July 23, 1923 in Parral, Chihuahua	<i>"Don't let it end like this. Tell them I said something."</i>
April 27, 1923	Saruo	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>Cherry blossoms fall on a half-eaten dumpling.</i>
1926	Luther Burbank	Three months before he had admitted that he did not believe in an afterlife; he died in a frenzy of daily hate-mail.	<i>"I don't feel good."</i>
February 20, 1926	Meisetsu	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>My only hope against the cold— one hot-water bottle.</i>
1927	Isadora Duncan	The long white scarf around her neck got caught in the wheel of her car.	<i>"Adieu, mes amis, je vais à l'amour."</i>
July 24, 1927	Ryūnosuke Akutagawa, "Gaki"	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>One spot, alone left glowing in the dark: my snotty nose.</i>
March 14, 1932	George Eastman	Suicide note — he shot himself.	<i>"My work is done. Why wait?"</i>



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May 31, 1935	Oto	his <i>jisei</i> farewell poem to life	<i>At night my sleep embraces the summer shadows of my life.</i>
1936	George V, King of England	It was suggested that he might recuperate at Bogner Regis	" <i>Bugger Bogner.</i> "
1945	Franklin Delano Roosevelt	having a massive cerebral hemorrhage	" <i>I have a terrific headache.</i> "
1945	Adolf Hitler 	as hypothesized by Kurt Vonnegut 	" <i>I never asked to be born in the first place.</i> " 
1946	Alfred Rosenberg	hangman asked if he had last words	" <i>No.</i> "
November 22, 1963	Aldous Huxley	dying of throat cancer	" <i>LSD, 100 µg, intramuscular</i> "
January 24, 1965	Winston Churchill	slipping into a 9-day coma	" <i>I'm bored with it all.</i> "
1977	Gary Gilmore	being inventively executed	" <i>Let's do it.</i> "
1997	Diana, Princess of Wales	per French police records	" <i>My God. What's happened?</i> "
1998	Richard Feynman	unsolicited comment	" <i>I'd hate to die twice, It's so boring.</i> "
1998	Karla Fay Tucker	Governor George W. Bush refused requests from Christian organizations based upon her alleged conversion	" <i>I am going to be face to face with Jesus now... I will see you all when you get there. I will wait for you.</i> "

 December 5, Friday, 1851: [Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte](#) was in complete control over [France](#). He had succeeded in eliminating opposition to his *coup d'état*.


In the [White House](#), [President Millard Fillmore](#) was feting [Lajos Kossuth](#).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM DECEMBER 1ST TO 11TH]

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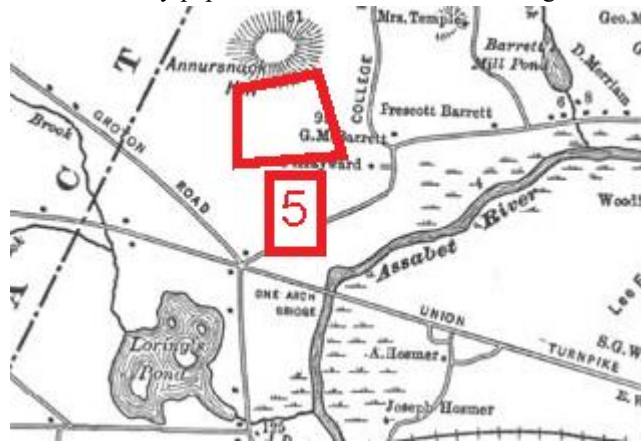
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 December 6, Saturday, 1851: In Rennes, France the trial of the domestic servant [Hélène Jégado](#) began, who was suspected of having poisoned with arsenic as many as 36 people she fed during the 18 years from 1833 to 1851 (because of the state of the evidence and because of the statutes of limitations, and for convenience, she was being tried for only a few of the more obvious of these poisonings, but that would prove to be enough to obtain from the jury a guilty verdict, and a sentence to be beheaded).

The group of about 100 armed white men under the leadership of Lieutenant Thomas Sweeny, who had been besieged in their Camp Independence since November 12th, at this point made their move out of the native American controlled territory and back to the white settlements.

WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE

In [Concord](#), [Henry Thoreau](#) was surveying a 6-acre woodlot near Annursnack Hill for [Samuel Barrett](#), the sawmill and gristmill owner at Barrett's Pond (Gleason D5), and did not make an entry in his journal. This woodlot had belonged to the Lorings and was being sold to George Brooks. The bill for the survey was \$3.⁰⁰. Neighbors mentioned on the survey papers are Prescott, Barrett, Billings,¹⁸⁷ and Easterbrook.



According to an undated letter from [Horace Rice Hosmer](#) to [Alfred Winslow Hosmer](#), at the Concord Free Public Library:

It was Mr. Samuel Barrett of Barrett's Mill Road who used to experiment with the frogs. We would be at work in the hay field raking hay by hand rake ... when he would show me how Thoreau made the frogs jump. He would take the rake and run it along in the grass t[o]ward a frog who would think a snake was after it and jump near twenty feet sometimes and yet neither Mr. Barrett or Thoreau would kill a snake, frog, or mouse.

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/5.htm

187. I imagine this is not Boston's illustrator and architect [Hammatt Billings](#), but perhaps the home of Nathaniel and John Billings on Old Concord Road?

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Meanwhile, in New-York, [Walt Whitman](#) was witnessing the landing of [Lajos Kossuth](#), with cannon salutes, a grand parade down Broadway, a banquet for 400 at the Irving House, and a torchlit procession. This great white advocate of liberty was here in our great whitman land of liberty at last! Whitman wished courage “To a Foil’d European Revolutionaire.”

REVOLUTION

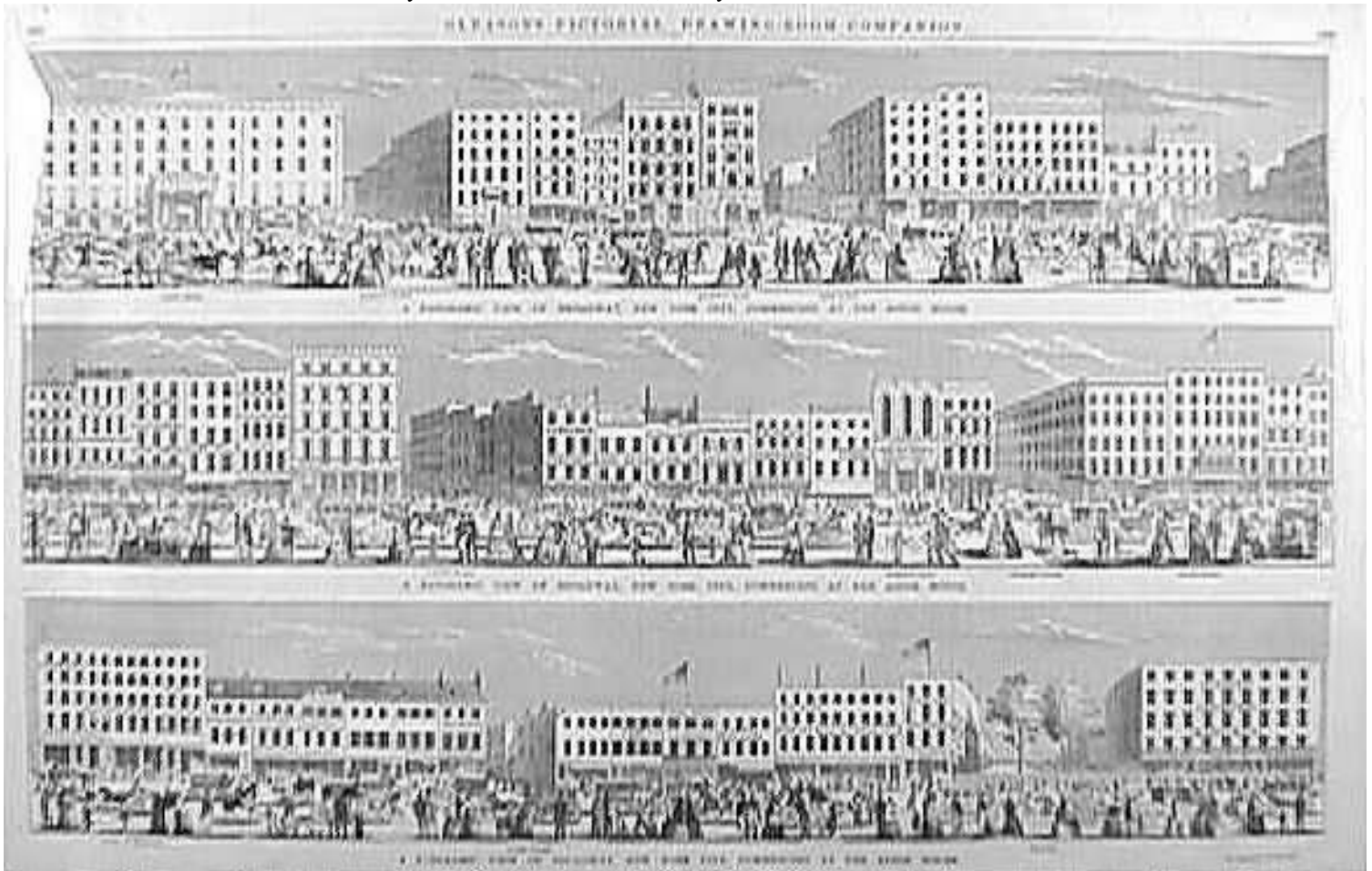


Incidentally, note the “Kossuth hat.” Although it doesn’t show in this particular illustration, such a hat sported an ostrich plume.

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This is what Broadway Avenue would look like, nine years later:



Meanwhile, in Philadelphia, a ceremony of an entirely different order was being transacted. William Parker's 3 white neighbors, as well as all black men that armed posses could hunt "like partridges upon the mountain" (as one person described the event), that is, culprits who had been singled out merely by their availability and the color of their pelt regardless of whether they were anywhere near that home on that night in September, were being arraigned for treason against the United States of America, on the allegation that refusal to assist Gorsuch and his marshall, equally with resisting the marshall, amounted to making war. It seems that the nonos the nation derived from this incident were not "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world" but "something has gone seriously awry when white men refuse to side with their own race," and not "resist not evil" but "we can't let niggers know how to use guns." [Friend Lucretia Mott](#) and her associates were in the courtroom "knitting furiously." Each man wore a red, white, and blue knitted scarf around his neck.

This charge of conspiring to make war could of course not be sustained, but Judge John Kane made a remark about "itinerant female agitators" that indicated he would have found the defendants guilty if there had been



any way to do so. This case became central in the ongoing debate within the antislavery movement over resort to violence in the face of injustice. [Friend Lucretia Mott](#) summed up her position with the thought that we all know, of course, that good is of God, and therefore we must be mistaken if we ever suppose it can come from our doing evil. I am bringing this incident to your attention because it bears on the issue of whether Thoreau was a nonviolenter. Mott holds unimpeached credentials as a nonviolenter, and Thoreau's credentials as a nonviolenter have been attacked by his biographer Richardson on the basis of his reaction to the Harper's Ferry raid of 1859, and yet it is clear that had the black activist William Parker been captured and put on trial for the murder of this white master, Mott would have reacted in exactly the same way Thoreau reacted to John Brown's conduct. In fact Mott's deportment and words in the case of this charge of treason in the "Christiana riot" in 1851 exactly parallel Thoreau's deportment and words in the case of John Brown.

We note especially the words that Thoreau would have read about John Brown as a moral hero in the presence of the widow Brown, over the grave at [North Elba](#) on July 4, 1860:

John Brown's career for the last six weeks of his life was meteor-like, flashing through the darkness in which we live. I know of nothing so miraculous in our history.

If any person, in a lecture or conversation at that time, cited any ancient example of heroism, such as Cato or Tell or Winkelried, passing over the recent deeds and words of Brown, it was felt by any intelligent audience of Northern men to be tame and inexcusably far-fetched.

For my own part, I commonly attend more to nature than to man, but any affecting human event may blind our eyes to natural objects. I was so absorbed in him as to be surprised whenever I detected the routine of the natural world surviving still, or met persons going about their affairs indifferent. It appeared strange to me that the "little dipper" should be still diving quietly in the river, as of yore; and it suggested that this bird might continue to dive here when Concord should be no more. I felt that he, a prisoner in the midst of his enemies and under sentence of death, if consulted as to his next step or resource, could answer more wisely than all his countrymen beside. He best understood his position; he contemplated it most calmly. Comparatively, all other men, North and South, were beside themselves. Our thoughts could not revert to any greater or wiser or better man with whom to contrast him, for he, then and there, was above them all. The man this country was about to hang appeared the greatest and best in it.

Years were not required for a revolution of public opinion; days, nay hours, produced marked changes in this case. Fifty who were ready to say, on going into our meeting in honor of him in Concord, that he ought to be hung, would not say it when they came out. They heard his words read; they saw the earnest faces of the congregation; and perhaps they joined at last in singing the hymn in his praise.

The order of instructors was reversed. I heard that one preacher, who at first was shocked and stood aloof, felt obliged at last, after he was hung, to make him the subject of a sermon, in which, to some extent, he eulogized the man, but said that his act was a failure. An influential class-teacher thought it necessary, after the services, to tell his grown-up pupils that at first he thought as the preacher did then, but now he thought that John Brown was right. But it was understood that his pupils were as much ahead of the teacher as he was ahead of the priest; and I know for a certainty that very little boys at home had already asked their parents, in a tone of surprise, why God did not interfere to save him. In each case, the constituted



teachers were only half conscious that they were not leading, but being dragged, with some loss of time and power.

The more conscientious preachers, the Bible men, they who talk about principle, and doing to others as you would that they should do unto you – how could they fail to recognize him, by far the greatest preacher of them all, with the Bible in his life and in his acts, the embodiment of principle, who actually carried out the golden rule? All whose moral sense had been aroused, who had a calling from on high to preach, sided with him. What confessions he extracted from the cold and conservative! It is remarkable, but on the whole it is well, that it did not prove the occasion for a new sect of Brownites being formed in our midst.

They, whether within the Church or out of it, who adhere to the spirit and let go the letter, and are accordingly called infidel, were as usual foremost to recognize him. Men have been hung in the South before for attempting to rescue slaves, and the North was not much stirred by it. Whence, then, this wonderful difference? We were not so sure of their devotion to principle. We made a subtle distinction, forgot human laws, and did homage to an idea. The North, I mean the living North, was suddenly all transcendental. It went behind the human law, it went behind the apparent failure, and recognized eternal justice and glory. Commonly, men live according to a formula, and are satisfied if the order of law is observed, but in this instance they, to some extent, returned to original perceptions, and there was a slight revival of old religion. They saw that what was called order was confusion, what was called justice, injustice, and that the best was deemed the worst. This attitude suggested a more intelligent and generous spirit than that which actuated our forefathers, and the possibility, in the course of ages, of a revolution in behalf of another and an oppressed people.

Most Northern men, and a few Southern ones, were wonderfully stirred by Brown's behavior and words. They saw and felt that they were heroic and noble, and that there had been nothing quite equal to them in their kind in this country, or in the recent history of the world. But the minority were unmoved by them. They were only surprised and provoked by the attitude of their neighbors. They saw that Brown was brave, and that he believed that he had done right, but they did not detect any further peculiarity in him. Not being accustomed to make fine distinctions, or to appreciate magnanimity, they read his letters and speeches as if they read them not. They were not aware when they approached a heroic statement, – they did not know when they burned. They did not feel that he spoke with authority, and hence they only remembered that the law must be executed. They remembered the old formula, but did not hear the new revelation. The man who does not recognize in Brown's words a wisdom and nobleness, and therefore an authority, superior to our laws, is a modern Democrat. This is the test by which to discover him. He is not willfully but constitutionally blind on this side, and he is consistent with himself. Such has been his past life; no doubt of it. In like manner he has read history and his Bible, and he accepts, or seems to accept, the last only as an established formula, and not because he has been convicted by it. You will not find kindred sentiments in his commonplace book, if he has one.



When a noble deed is done, who is likely to appreciate it? They who are noble themselves. I was not surprised that certain of my neighbors spoke of John Brown as an ordinary felon, for who are they? They have either much flesh, or much office, or much coarseness of some kind. They are not ethereal natures in any sense. The dark qualities predominate in them. Several of them are decidedly pachydermatous. I say it in sorrow, not in anger. How can a man behold the light who has no answering inward light? They are true to their right, but when they look this way they see nothing, they are blind. For the children of the light to contend with them is as if there should be a contest between eagles and owls. Show me a man who feels bitterly toward John Brown, and let me hear what noble verse he can repeat. He'll be as dumb as if his lips were stone.

It is not every man who can be a Christian, even in a very moderate sense, whatever education you give him. It is a matter of constitution and temperament, after all. He may have to be born again many times. I have known many a man who pretended to be a Christian, in whom it was ridiculous, for he had no genius for it. It is not every man who can be a freeman, even.

Editors persevered for a good while in saying that Brown was crazy; but at last they said only that it was "a crazy scheme," and the only evidence brought to prove it was that it cost him his life. I have no doubt that if he had gone with five thousand men, liberated a thousand slaves, killed a hundred or two slaveholders, and had as many more killed on his own side, but not lost his own life, these same editors would have called it by a more respectable name. Yet he has been far more successful than that. He has liberated many thousands of slaves, both North and-South. They seem to have known nothing about living or dying for a principle. They all called him crazy then; who calls him crazy now?

All through the excitement occasioned by his remarkable attempt and subsequent behavior the Massachusetts Legislature, not taking any steps for the defense of her citizens who were likely to be carried to Virginia as witnesses and exposed to the violence of a slaveholding mob, was wholly absorbed in a liquor-agency question, and indulging in poor jokes on the word "extension." Bad spirits occupied their thoughts. I am sure that no statesman up to the occasion could have attended to that question at all at that time - a very vulgar question to attend to at any time!

When I looked into a liturgy of the Church of England, printed near the end of the last century, in order to find a service applicable to the case of Brown, I found that the only martyr recognized and provided for by it was King Charles the First, an eminent scamp. Of all the inhabitants of England and of the world, he was the only one, according to this authority, whom that church had made a martyr and saint of; and for more than a century it had celebrated his martyrdom, so called, by an annual service. What a satire on the Church is that!

Look not to legislatures and churches for your guidance, nor to any soulless incorporated bodies, but to inspirited or inspired ones.

What avail all your scholarly accomplishments and learning, compared with wisdom and manhood? To omit his other behavior, see what a work this comparatively unread and unlettered man wrote within six weeks. Where is our professor of belles-



lettres, or of logic and rhetoric, who can write so well? He wrote in prison, not a History of the World, like Raleigh, but an American book which I think will live longer than that. I do not know of such words, uttered under such circumstances, and so copiously withal, in Roman or English or any history. What a variety of themes he touched on in that short space! There are words in that letter to his wife, respecting the education of his daughters, which deserve to be framed and hung over every mantelpiece in the land. Compare this earnest wisdom with that of Poor Richard.

The death of [Washington] Irving, which at any other time would have attracted universal attention, having occurred while these things were transpiring, went almost unobserved. I shall have to read of it in the biography of authors.

Literary gentlemen, editors, and critics think that they know how to write, because they have studied grammar and rhetoric; but they are egregiously mistaken. The art of composition is as simple as the discharge of a bullet from a rifle, and its masterpieces imply an infinitely greater force behind them. This unlettered man's speaking and writing are standard English. Some words and phrases deemed vulgarisms and Americanisms before, he has made standard American; such as "It will pay." It suggests that the one great rule of composition -and if I were a professor of rhetoric I should insist on this- is, to speak the truth. This first, this second, this third; pebbles in your mouth or not. This demands earnestness and manhood chiefly.

We seem to have forgotten that the expression, a liberal education, originally meant among the Romans one worthy of free men; while the learning of trades and professions by which to get your livelihood merely was considered worthy of slaves only. But taking a hint from the word, I would go a step further, and say that it is not the man of wealth and leisure simply, though devoted to art, or science, or literature, who, in a true sense, is liberally educated, but only the earnest and free man. In a slaveholding country like this, there can be no such thing as a liberal education tolerated by the State; and those scholars of Austria and France who, however learned they may be, are contented under their tyrannies have received only a servile education.

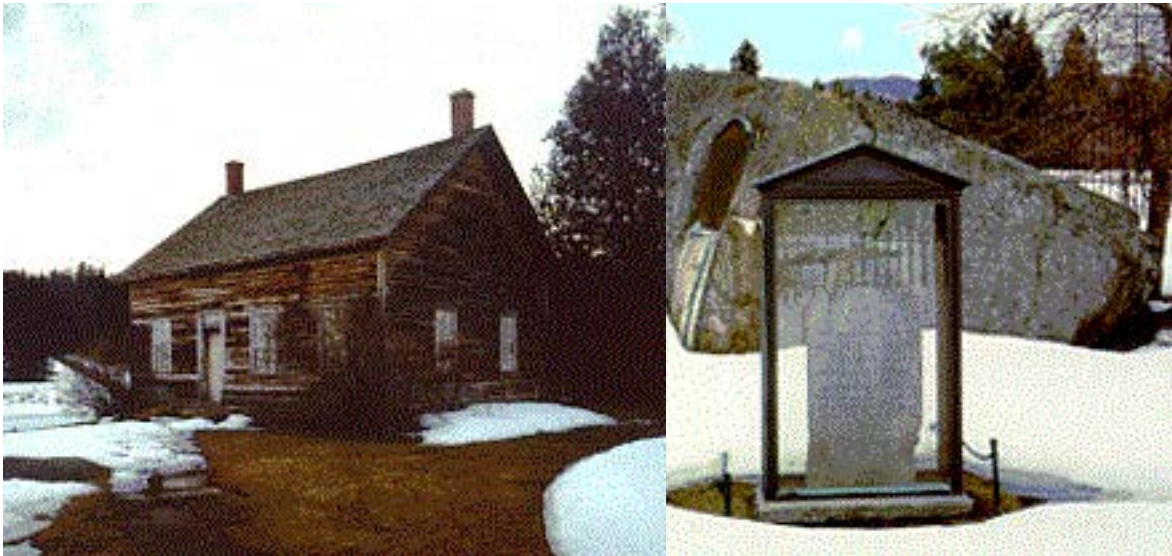
Nothing could his enemies do but it redounded to his infinite advantage - that is, to the advantage of his cause. They did not hang him at once, but reserved him to preach to them. And then there was another great blunder. They did not hang his four followers with him; that scene was still postponed; and so his victory was prolonged and completed. No theatrical manager could have arranged things so wisely to give effect to his behavior and words. And who, think you, was the manager? Who placed the slave-woman and her child, whom he stooped to kiss for a symbol, between his prison and the gallows?

We soon saw, as he saw, that he was not to be pardoned or rescued by men. That would have been to disarm him, to restore to him a material weapon, a Sharps' rifle, when he had taken up the sword of the spirit - the sword with which he has really won his greatest and most memorable victories. Now he has not laid aside the sword of the spirit, for he is pure spirit himself, and his sword is pure spirit also.

"He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,

Nor called the gods with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down as upon a bed.”

What a transit was that of his horizontal body alone, but just cut down from the gallows-tree! We read, that at such a time it passed through Philadelphia, and by Saturday night had reached New York. Thus like a meteor it shot through the Union from the Southern regions toward the North! No such freight had the cars borne since they carried him Southward alive. On the day of his translation, I heard, to be sure, that he was hung, but I did not know what that meant; I felt no sorrow on that account; but not for a day or two did I even hear that he was dead, and not after any number of days shall I believe it. Of all the men who were said to be my contemporaries, it seemed to me that John Brown was the only one who had not died. I never hear of a man named Brown now -and I hear of them pretty often-I never hear of any particularly brave and earnest man, but my first thought is of John Brown, and what relation he may be to him. I meet him at every turn. He is more alive than ever he was. He has earned immortality. He is not confined to North Elba nor to Kansas. He is no longer working in secret. He works in public, and in the clearest light that shines on this land.



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And it is also worthy of note that on October 25-26, 1860 (published November 3) [Friend Lucretia Mott](#), the foremost spokesperson for nonviolence in the abolitionist movement in America, brought forward the position she had originally taken in regard to the “Christiana riot” near Philadelphia in 1851 by declaring

It is not John Brown the soldier we praise, it is John Brown the moral hero.



We might be tempted to declare that [Thoreau](#) 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 [Friend Lucretia](#), and (despite what was said in the heat of the Civil War by [Horace Greeley](#)’s newspaper in New-York, in mockery of her) there is no shadow of a doubt that [Friend Lucretia](#) was for the totality of her life a convinced disbeliever in all violence.

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM DECEMBER 1ST TO 11TH]



December 7, Sunday, [1851](#): The navigation of the Neponset River in [Dorchester](#) was ordinarily being interrupted during about 2 months each year by freezing. On this date in this year, that river froze:

Frozen Over	Cleared of Ice
December 13, 1837	March 17, 1838
November 26, 1838	February 26, 1839
December 20, 1839	February 21, 1840
December 24, 1840	February 28, 1841
December 22, 1842	opened and closed several times
February 6, 1843	March 30, 1843
January 5, 1844	March 11, 1844
December 17, 1844	February 26, 1845
December 13, 1845	March 14, 1846



Frozen Over	Cleared of Ice
January 12, 1847	March 8, 1847
December 27, 1847	February 22, 1848
December 31, 1848	March 18, 1849
December 27, 1849	February 10, 1850
December 25, 1850	February 15, 1851
December 7, 1851	March 12, 1852
December 30, 1852	February 17, 1853
January 23, 1854	March 9, 1854
February 5, 1855	March 4, 1855
January 1, 1856	April 5, 1856
December 10, 1856	March 10, 1857
February 12, 1858	March -, 1858.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM DECEMBER 1ST TO 11TH]



December 8, Monday, 1851: [Henry Thoreau](#) was occupied with surveying the Ministerial lots SE.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM DECEMBER 1ST TO 11TH]

ROYAL GAZETTE, December 8, 1851.

The body of a man, supposed to be an American fisherman, was found near Tracadie Harbour, about three weeks since, with a mark on his right shin bone, about six inches above the ankle, supposed to have been caused by the blow of an axe. Two other bodies came on shore at Savage Harbour, on or about the 28th ult., on the arm of one of them was marked, in black ink, William Wallace and Mary Wallace. They were both decently interred in the Presbyterian Churchyard at St. Peter's, by order of James Coffin, Esq., J.P.


On the 14th inst. (sic), the body of a man was discovered on the beach on the North side of Malpeque Harbour, by Messers. Andrew and Benjamin Bell, who brought it across in their boat to Malpeque side, where they requested Benj. Bearisto, Esq., to take charge, and he having done



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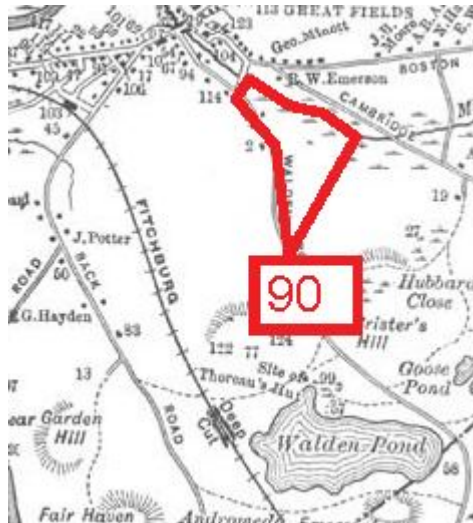
so, caused it to be conveyed to a house near the Burial-ground, where he made arrangements to have it decently interred as soon as possible. — There were no marks by which deceased could be identified; the flesh was altogether gone off his hands and face; the supposition by all who saw him, was that he was an American seaman, as was his clothing, shoes, etc., were all of that kind.

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 December 9, Tuesday, 1851: [Joseph Mallord William Turner \(J.M.W. Turner\)](#) died at the age of 76 at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, London.

The 1st YMCA (Young Men’s Christian Association) was established in North America, at Montréal, Canada.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was still busy surveying the Ministerial lots SE.




After this 40-acre plot between Cambridge Turnpike and Walden Streets was lotted off, the wood would be sold to: John McKeen, [Nathan Brooks](#), Aaron A. Kelsey, George Brooks, [Col. Daniel Shattuck](#), [Reuben Brown](#), [Richard Barrett](#), [Charles B. Davis](#), Moses Prichard, the Reverend [Addison Grant Fay](#), Patrick MacManners, [Dr. Josiah Bartlett](#), Col. Charles Holbrook, R.A. Messer, and Jonathan Farwell.

Before a woodlot can be sold, its acreage must be measured so that its commodity value as a fuel can be accurately estimated. He did this dozens of times, especially for his townsmen thereby contributing to local deforestation. Before a farm can be subdivided for housing, a survey was legally required. Before an upland swamp can be redeemed for tillage, it must be drained. And with large drainage projects, accurate surveys were needed to determine the best pathways and gradients for flow. Thoreau helped kill several of the swamps he otherwise claimed to cherish.

In short, Thoreau personally and significantly contributed to the intensification of private capital development throughout the valley. Additionally, he surveyed for roads, cemeteries, and public buildings, which required the cutting away of hills and the filling of wetlands. Like the bankers, lawyers, builders, farmers, and elected officials who were his clients, Thoreau was an instrument of change. He knew it, and it make him uncomfortable. But he kept doing it anyway, because he needed the money.

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



In France, a *coup d'état* orchestrated by President Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and Count Morny (his half-brother) had brought an end to the “Second Republic” — in 1852 Louis Napoleon would begin his reign as



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Napoleon III and proclaim a 2d French Empire. Therefore on this day [Hector Berlioz](#) wrote of [Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte](#) "this *coup d'état* was the work of a master; indeed, it was a veritable masterpiece." Lord Palmerston would also congratulate Louis Napoleon on his *coup d'état*. This would upset Lord John Russell and other radical members of the Whig party, and this time he would accept the advice of [Queen Victoria](#) and sack Palmerston (six weeks later Palmerston would take revenge by helping bring down Russell's government).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM DECEMBER 1ST TO 11TH]

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 December 10, Wednesday, 1851: [Melville Louis Kossuth “Melvil” Dewey](#) was born.

The *Ch'ing* forces counterattacked against the [Chinese Christian Army](#) in the city of Yongan in Guangxi province.

This was Zheng Guo-fan, the loyalist [Civil War](#) general:



The lecture at the Concord Lyceum was by [William Willder Wheildon](#).



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM DECEMBER 1ST TO 11TH]

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December 11, Thursday, 1851: Spain informed the American minister in Madrid that it would pardon all Americans held in Spain and Cuba.


In a field near the small village of Easton, west of Norwich, England, a coarse urn was turned up by a plow. It contained about 4,000 small brass coins of the Lower Empire. The earliest among them were of the period of the infamous emperor Publius Licinius Egnatius Gallienus (253-268CE) and there were about 2,500 of the Constantines (306-337CE); nearly 600 had the wolf and twins, and about 800 bore the victory with spear and shield.



(This was not the 1st time Easton had been famous, for it had been the birthplace of the Benedictine Cardinal Adam Easton who had been imprisoned in Italy for conspiring against Pope Urban VI and had been spared execution during Fall 1385CE through the intervention of King Richard II.) Mr. Goddard Johnson made a descriptive list of these interesting new/old historical objects.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FROM DECEMBER 1ST TO 11TH]

 December 12, Friday, 1851: [Joel Roberts Poinsett](#) died near Statesburg, South Carolina. A wasted life. It requires more than this to make a human being.

In an attempt to settle a controversy of long standing, during this month [Henry Thoreau](#) was proposing a boundary line between Concord and [Carlisle](#). The Town Report for 1851-1852 says he was paid \$42.⁰⁰. Scale of 50 rods to the inch. Var. 9 7/8. This shows the relation of a line A B continued to the boundary lines and homes taking the black from the Map of Concord, the red from original observations coinciding with the map and line A B. The map shows Kibbe Place, Westford Road, Carlisle Road, Old Carlisle Road, Cedar Swamp, Perez Blood, F. Devens, J. Hodgman, J. Mason, and S. Conant.¹⁸⁸



[Moncure Daniel Conway](#) wrote [Waldo Emerson](#) a 2d time, expressing the conceit that though he had many correspondents, Emerson's was the only Letter (letter with a capital L) he had ever received.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY | **VOLUME II**

Well, he was but 19 years of age, a swimmer, played chess and whist, was fond of billiards — we shouldn't expect that much conversational facility. Here is how, much later on in life, the Reverend Conway would characterize this period of youthful soulsearching among the [Quakers](#) of Sandy Spring, [Maryland](#):

I had no friend who could help me on the intellectual, moral, and philosophical points involved. Roger Brooke and [William Henry Farquhar](#) were rationalists by birthright; they had never had any dogmas to unlearn, nor had they to suffer the pain of being sundered from relatives and friends. In my loneliness I stretched appealing hands to Emerson. After his death my friend Edward Emerson sent me my letters to his father, and the first is dated at Rockville, November 4, 1851. Without any conventional opening (how could I call my prophet "Dear Sir"!) my poor trembling letter begins with a request to know where the "Dial" can be purchased, and proceeds: —

I will here take the liberty of saying what nothing but

188. Subsequent to [Thoreau](#)'s work this line would be still in dispute.



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a concern as deep as Eternity should make me say. I am a minister of the Christian Religion, — the only way for the world to reënter Paradise, in my earnest belief. I have just commenced that office at the call of the Holy Ghost, now in my twentieth year. About a year ago I commenced reading your writings. I have read them all and studied them sentence by sentence. I have shed many burning tears over them; because you gain my assent to Laws which, when I see how they would act on the affairs of life, I have not courage to practise. By the Law sin revives and I die. I sometimes feel as if you made for me a second Fall from which there is no redemption by any atonement.

To this there came a gracious response: —

Concord, Mass., 13th November, 1851.

Dear Sir, — I fear you will not be able, except at some chance auction, to obtain any set of the "Dial." In fact, smaller editions were printed of the later and latest numbers, which increases the difficulty.

I am interested by your kind interest in my writings, but you have not let me sufficiently into your own habit of thought, to enable me to speak to it with much precision. But I believe what interests both you and me most of all things, and whether we know it or not, is the morals of intellect; in other words, that no man is worth his room in the world who is not commanded by a legitimate object of thought. The earth is full of frivolous people, who are bending their whole force and the force of nations on trifles, and these are baptized with every grand and holy name, remaining, of course, totally inadequate to occupy any mind; and so sceptics are made. A true soul will disdain to be moved except by what natively commands it, though it should go sad and solitary in search of its master a thousand years. The few superior persons in each community are so by their steadiness to reality and their neglect of appearances. This is the euphrasy and rue that purge the intellect and ensure insight. Its full rewards are slow but sure; and yet I think it has its reward in the instant, inasmuch as simplicity and grandeur are always better than dapperness. But I will not spin out these saws farther, but hasten to thank you for your frank and friendly letter, and to wish you the best deliverance in that contest to which every soul must go alone.

Yours, in all good hope,

R.W. EMERSON.

This letter I acknowledged with a longer one (December 12, 1851), in which I say: "I have very many correspondents, but I might almost say yours is the only Letter that was ever written to me."



December 12, Friday: In regard to my friends I feel that I know & have communion with a finer & subtler part of themselves which does not put me off when they put me off — which is not cold to me — when they are cold — not till I am cold. I hold by a deeper and stronger tie than absence can sunder.



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Ah dear nature — the mere remembrance, after a short forgetfulness, of the pine woods! I come to it as a hungry man to a crust of bread.

I have been surveying for 20 or 30 days — living coarsely — even as respects my diet — for I find that that will always alter to suit my employment— Indeed leading a quite trivial life — & tonight for the first time had made a fire in my chamber & endeavored to return to myself. I wished to ally myself to the powers that rule the universe— I wished to dive into some deep stream of thoughtful & devoted life — which meandered through retired & fertile meadows far from towns. I wished to do again — or for once, things quite congenial to my highest inmost and most sacred nature — To lurk in crystalline thought like the trout under verdurous banks — where stray mankind should only see my bubble come to the surface.

I wished to live ah! as far away as a man can think. I wished for leisure & quiet to let my life flow in its proper channels — with its proper currents. When I might not waste the days — might establish daily prayer & thanksgiving in my family. Might do my own work & not the work of Concord & Carlisle — which would yield me better than money. (How much forbearance — aye sacrifice & loss, goes to every accomplishment! I am thinking by what long discipline and at what cost a man learns to speak simply at last) I bethought myself while my fire was kindling to open one of Emerson's books which it happens that I rarely look at — to try what a chance sentence out of that could do for me. Thinking at the same time of a conversation I had with him the other night — I finding fault with him for the stress he had laid on some of Margaret Fuller's whims & superstitions — But he declaring gravely that she was one of those persons whose experience warranted her attaching importance to such things — as the *sortes Virgilianae* for instance of which her numerous friends could tell remarkable instances—

At any rate I saw that he was disposed regard such things more seriously than I. The first sentence which I opened upon in his book was this.— “If, with a high trust, he can thus submit himself, he will find that ample returns are poured into his bosom, out of what seemed hours of obstruction and loss. Let him not grieve too much on account of unfit associates in society of perfect sympathy, no word, no act, no record, would be. He will learn, that it is not much matter what he reads, what he does. Be a scholar, and he shall have the scholar's part of everything. &c &c”

Most of this corresponded well enough to my mood — and this would be as good an instance of the *sortes virgilianae* as most to quote. But what makes this coincidence very little if at all remarkable to me is the fact — of the obviousness of the moral — so that I had perhaps *thought* the same thing myself 20 times during the day — & yet had not been *contented* with that account of it — leaving me thus to be amused by the coincidence rather than impressed as by an intimation out of the deeps. The Irishman (MacCarty) who helped me survey day before yesterday would not sit on a rock with me to eat his dinner (there being snow on the ground) from a notion that there was nothing so deadly as sitting on a rock — sure to give you a cold in the back. He would rather stand. So the doctors said — down in the Province of New Brunswick— But I warranted him that he would not get a cold in his back & so he minded me as a new doctor. A grey headed boy good for nothing but to eat his dinner. These Irishmen have no heads. Let me inquire strictly into a man's descent, and if his remotest ancestors were Erse let me not have him to help me survey. One or two I have seen — handy men — but I learned that their fathers who came from Ireland were of the Scotch Irish. This fellow was sure to do the wrong thing from the best motives — & the only time he was spry was when he was running to correct his own blunders out of his own head — then I saw the broad red soles of his new cowhide boots — alternately rising & falling like the buckets of a waterwheel.— When he had lost his plum & went to get it — then he showed the red soles of his boots.

Nothing is so sure to make itself known as the truth — for what else waits to be known?

MARGARET FULLER

1851



December 13, Saturday, 1851: In [Edinburgh](#), [Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson](#) was baptized.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk gave his initial public concert in Madrid, at the Coliseo del Circo. His concerts were very successful with the public and would become a symbol of Spain-United States reconciliation.



Dec. 13, Saturday. While surveying today saw much Mt Laurel for this neighborhood in Mason's pasture – just over the line in Carlisle. Its bright yellowish green shoots are agreeable to my eye We had one hour of almost Indian summer weather in the middle of the day. I felt the influence of the sun– It melted my stoniness a little. The pines looked like old friends again. Cutting a path through a swamp where was much brittle dogwood &c &c I wanted to know the name of every shrub. This varied employment to which my necessities compel me serves instead of foreign travel & the lapse of time– If it makes me forget some things which I ought to remember, it no doubt enables me to forget many things which it is well to forget. By stepping aside from my chosen path so often I see myself better and am enabled to criticise myself. Of this nature is the only true lapse of time. It seems an age since I took walks & wrote in my journal– And when shall I revisit the glimpses of the moon? To be able to see ourselves –not merely as others see us –but as we are –that service a *variety* of absorbing employments does us.

I would not be rude to the fine intimations of the Gods for fear of incurring the reproach of superstition.

When I think of the Carlisle man whom I saw today –& the filthiness of his house– I am reminded that there are all degrees of barbarism even in this so called civilized community. Carlisle too belongs to the 19th century.

Saw [Perez Blood](#) in his frock. A stuttering sure – unpretending man. Who does not speak without thinking, does not guess– When I reflected how different he was from his neighbors Conant –Mason –Hodgman– I saw that it was not so much outwardly –but that I saw an inner form.– We do indeed see through & through each other –through the veil of the body –& see the real form & character – in spite of the garment –any coarseness or tenderness is seen and felt under whatever garb. How nakedly men appear to us –for the spiritual assists the natural eye.

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT



December 14, Sunday, [1851](#): [Frances Aldene Miller Seward](#) wrote to her 11-year-old youngest son [William Henry Seward Jr.](#):




I leave you my dear Willie very reluctantly– You are too young to be left to your own direction– With a very generous and affectionate heart you combine some qualities which require watchfulness and restraint– The alarming illness which I had on Sunday has made me feel that I may be called suddenly away– Should this be the case you must remember that your will be required to be more watchful of yourself when your Mother is gone– Strive to do what is right– seek direction from your father

& brothers and ask strength from God.
 May He forever bless & keep you— your affectionate
 Mother—



Dec. 14. The boys have been skating for a week, but I have had no time to skate for surveying. I have hardly realized that there was ice—though I have walked over it about my business. As for the weather, all seasons are pretty much alike to one who is actively at work in the woods. I should say—that there were two or three remarkably warm days—& as many cold ones in the course of a year—but the rest are all alike—in respect to temperature— This is my answer to my acquaintances who ask me if I have not found it very cold being out all day.

Mc.Kean tells me of hardy horses left to multiply on the Isle of Sable— His father had one—(for the shipwrecked to eat) Can they be descendants of those beasts Champlain or L Escarbot refers to?

I hear the small wood-pecker whistle as he flies toward the leafless wood on Fair Haven—doomed to be cut this winter. The chickadees [**Black-capped Chickadee**  **Parus Atricapillus**] remind me of Hudson's Bay for some reason— I look on them as natives of a more northern latitude.

The now dry & empty but clean-washed cups of the blue curls spot the half snow covered grain fields. Where lately was a delicate blue flower now all the winter are held up these dry chalice. What mementoes to stand above the snow!

The fresh young spruces in the swamp are free from moss—but it adheres especially to the bare & dead masts of spruce trees often times half destitute of bark. They look like slanting maypoles with drooping or withered garlands & festoons hanging to them.

For an emblem of stillness—a spruce swamp with hanging moss now or at any season.

I notice that hornet's nests are hardly deserted by the insects—than they look as if a truant boy had fired a charge of shot through them—all ragged & full of holes— It is the work either of the insects themselves or else of other insects or birds.

It is the Andromeda (panicled?) that has the fine barked stem—& the green wood in the swamps.

Why not live out more yet — & have my friends & relations altogether in nature—only my acquaintances among the villagers? That way diverges from this I follow not at a sharp but a very wide angle. Ah nature is serene and immortal. Am I not one of the Zincahi???

There is a beautifully pure greenish blue sky under the clouds now in the S.W. just before sunset.— I hear the ice along the edge of the river cracking as the water settles. It has settled about 2 feet leaving ice for the most part without water on the meadows—all uneven & cracked over the hummocks—so that you cannot run straight for sliding. The ice takes the least hint of a core to eke out a perfect plant—the wrecks of bullrushes & meadow grass—are expanded into palm leaves & other luxuriant foliage. I see delicate looking green pads frozen into the ice. And here & there where some tender & still green weeds from the warm bottom of the river have lately been cast up. onto the ice. There are certain places where the river will always be open—where perchance warmer springs come in. There are such places in every character genial & open in the coldest days.

I come from contact with certain acquaintance whom ever I am disposed to look toward as possible friends It oftenest happens that I come from them wounded. Only they can wound me seriously—and that perhaps without their knowing it.



December 15, Monday, 1851: A group of evangelicals from Boston churches founded the 1st Young Men's Christian Association in the United States of America, on the model of such a YMCA in London. Their intent was to safeguard young men who came to Boston from the vices of city life, by offering a safe gathering place, opportunities for exercise and socializing, Bible-study classes, and prayer meetings.

Emily Dickinson wrote her brother Austin Dickinson:

Did you think I was *tardy*, Austin? For two Sunday afternoons,
 it has been so cold and cloudy that I did'nt feel in my very
 happiest mood, and so I did not write until next monday morning,
 determining in my heart never to write you in any but cheerful



spirits.

Even this morning Austin, I am not in merry case, for it snows slowly and solemnly, and hardly an outdoor thing can be seen a stirring - now and then a man goes by, with a large cloak wrapped around him and shivering at that, and now and then a stray kitten out some urgent errand creeps thro' the flakes, and crawls so fast as *may* crawl half frozen away. I am glad for the sake of your body that you are not here this morning, for it is a trying time for fingers and toes, for the heart's sake, I would verily have you here - you know there are winter mornings when the cold *without* only adds to the warm *within*, and the more it snows the harder it blows, brighter the fires blaze, and chirps more merrily the "cricket on the hearth"; it is hardly cheery enough for such a scene this morning, and yet methinks it *would* be if you were only here. The future full of sleigh-rides would chase the gloom from our minds, which only deepens and darkens with every flake that falls.

Black Fanny would "toe the mark" if you should be here tomorrow, but as the prospects are, I presume Black Fanny's hoofs will not attempt to fly. Do you have any snow in Boston? Enough for a ride, I hope, for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne." Perhaps the "Ladie" of curls, would not object to a drive. So you took Miss Mary to The Mercantile - Vinnie is quite excited about her going to Boston, and things are turning out "just as she expected." Father remarked "he was very glad of it - he thought it would please the *old folks* to have the school master pay respect to their darter." I think that "heavy cold" must be making progress as that devoted family have not yet been seen, or what is more suspicious, heard of.

I am glad you like Miss Nichols, it must be so pleasant for you to have somebody to care for, in such a cheerless place - dont shut yourself away from anyone whom you like, in order to keep the faith to those you leave behind! Your friends here are much happier in fancying you happy, than if in a pledge so stern you should refuse all friendliness. Truth to the ones you leave does not demand of you to refuse those whom you find, or who would make your exile a less desolate thing in their cheerful circles. On the contrary, Austin, I am very sure that seclusion from everyone there would make an ascetic of you, rather than restore you brighter and truer to them. We miss you more and more, we do Nott become accustomed to separation from you. I almost wish sometimes we need'nt miss you so much, since duty claims a year of you entirely to herself, and then again I think that it is pleasant to miss you if you must go away, and I would not have it otherwise, not even if I could. In every pleasure and pain you come up to your minds so wishfully, we know you'd enjoy our joy, and if you were with us Austin, we could bear little trials more cheerfully - then when we have any dainty, someone is sure to say "it is such as *Austin* loves." When I know of anything funny, I am just as apt to cry, far more so than to *laugh*, for I know who *loves jokes best*, and who is not here to enjoy them. We dont have many jokes tho' now, it is pretty much all sobriety, and we do not have much poetry, father having made up his mind that its pretty much all *real life*. Father's real life and *mine* sometimes come into collision, but as yet, escape unhurt! I give all your messages to Mat - she seems to enjoy every one more than the one before - she was here three afternoons last week, one evening she took tea here with Abby and Abiah Root, and we



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had such a pleasant time; how I did wish you were here, and so did all the girls - every one of them spoke of it. Did you know that Jane Humphrey's sister [Martha], that you saw at S. Hadley once was dead? They have sent for Jane to come home, I dont know whether she will, she is so far from home. I am so glad you are well, and in such happy spirits - both happy and well is a great comfort to us when you are far away.

Emilie.

Thank you for the music Austin, and thank you for the books. I have enjoyed them very much. I shall learn my part of the Duett, and try to have Vinnie her's. She is very much pleased with Charity.

She would write you now but is busy getting her lesson.

Mother is frying Doughnuts - I will give you a little platefull to have warm for you tea! *Imaginary* ones - how I'd love to send you *real* ones.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 15TH AND 16TH]

ROYAL GAZETTE, December 15, 1851.

Picked up at Dead Man's Cove, Harding's Capes, New London, on Sunday the 30th ult., by Mr. Hugh Macleod, a Body supposed to be that of an American Fisherman, drowned in the gale of October last. The body was destitute of clothes, excepting a pair of boots and socks. On the inside of the boots was marked 8-27. The socks worsted, clouded, blue and white. The body was carefully examined by J. Pidgeon, Esq., J.P. and the only marks visible were a cross on the back of the left arm near the wrist, and on the inside thereof the letter T, and further towards the wrist was what appeared to be an anchor, but the flesh being off above the wrists, together with the hands and head, no other marks could be distinguished. He appeared to be about 20 years of age, and 5 feet 8 inches in height. A coffin was made by Mr. McLeod and George M'Kenzie, and the body wrapped in a sheet, was placed therein, and on Tuesday following interred by the inhabitants in the Church-yard at New London Harbour.

On Thursday the 4th instant, another Body was picked up by Mr. John Macleod, about a Quarter of a mile westward of Cape Tryon. There was on the body when found, a pair of American homespun trowsers, white flannel drawers, twilled striped cotton shirt, and red flannel do., new with about four inches joined to the bottom on both sides, a pair of coarse boots, with sparrowbills around the toes, and a pair of blue and white socks, cotton and worsted. The body was much mutilated, all the flesh being off the head, together with the lower jaw, hands also off by the wrists, and the flesh off the arms halfway to the elbows, no marks visible. He also appeared to be an American, about 35 years of age, and 5 feet 7 inches high. A coffin was made by Messrs. Mcleod and the body placed therein on the shore, having



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been previously wrapped in a sheet provided by Mrs. J. Mcleod, and then hoisted up the cliff by means of ropes. The body was interred the same evening, in the before mentioned church-yard by the side of his fellow fisherman. In both instances, the burial service was read by Mr. Pidgeon.

ROYAL GAZETTE, December 15, 1851.
MEMORANDA


A letter dated GASPE, Oct. 29, 1851, and addressed to the Postmaster, Charlottetown, has been handed us, wherein it is stated, that the Schr. *Barbeanne*, (*Barbara Anne*), Francois Candee, master, sailed from the above place, for Malpeque or Cascumpeque, P.E. Island, on the 28th of September last, having on board, beside the crew, the following passengers: Mr. M'Donnell, Mr. M'Carthy and family, and Miss McInnes, and that since her departure no tidings have been heard of her; and it is feared that she may have foundered at sea in the disastrous gale of the 3rd October last. Should any person have heard of either vessel or crew, they are requested to communicate the same to the Post Office at Charlottetown.



YANKEE GALE

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 December 16, Tuesday, 1851: The very public and very nasty action for divorce commenced before Justice Oakley in the New York Superior court, in the case of the actress Catharine Sinclair vs. the very popular and very wealthy Americanist actor Edwin Forrest. The very unsavory ramifications of this would severely damage the husband's standing in the eyes of his fans. The court would be unpersuaded that he had any ground to put his Catherine aside in favor of a live-in mistress, and so he would be constructing legal appeal after legal appeal, unable to take no for an answer, from his dark mansion in Philadelphia, for all of the following 18 years.



SPLITSVILLE		
<u>1843</u>	<u>Dr. Christopher C. Yates</u>	<u>Emma Hart Willard Yates</u>
<u>1849</u>	<u>Fanny Kemble Butler</u>	<u>Pierce Mease Butler</u>
<u>1851</u>	<u>Edwin Forrest</u>	<u>Catherine Sinclair</u>



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 15TH AND 16TH]



December 17, Wednesday, 1851: The full-masted sailing ship *British Queen*, Captain Christopher Conway, was one of the many “Coffin Ships” or “Famine Ships” transporting struggling [Irish](#) refugees from Dublin to North America during the years of the “[Potato Famine](#).” It had been blown off course on its way to New-York harbor and, in a snowy blizzard, had gone aground in shallow icy water 12 miles out from [Nantucket Island](#). To stabilize the vessel in the roaring wind, the sails had been stowed. Seawater was washing over the ship and invading the passenger hold. More than 200 immigrants who had endured a 3,000-mile trip during an unexpected 2 months at sea were faced with imminent death by drowning. A fire watchman in a Nantucket church tower, however, spotted the vessel in its distress. After the *British Queen* had been grounded for some 36 hours a rescue effort would save the lives of all but 2 on board (2 of the passengers, seriously ill, could not be moved). Two schooners and the paddle-wheel steamer *Telegraph* were put into service as rescue craft. The passengers and crew were harnessed in ropes and lowered them onto the rescue craft, which deposited them on Straight Wharf. After a 6-day stay on Nantucket, most of the Irish would continue aboard the *Telegraph* to New-York on Christmas Day. A few of the refugees would elect to remain on Nantucket Island, happy to settle there rather than venture further. Prominent among descendants of these survivors is the present-day Mooney family, descended from Robert Mooney and his recent bride Julia Mooney, who would become the parents of 7 children and prosper as local farmers. One of the physical remnants of the wreck, the quarter-board of the *British Queen*, owned by the Mooney family, has become a museum exhibit.

The lecture at the Concord Lyceum was by the Reverend Mr. Hudson: “Falstaff.”



REUBEN RICE

Dec. 17. The Pitch pine woods on the right of the Corner road. A piercing cold afternoon—wading in the snow— R. Rice was going to Sud. to put his bees into the cellar for fear they would freeze— He had a small hive—not enough to keep each other warm. The Pitch pines hold the snow well. It lies now in balls on their plumes—and in streaks on their branches—their low branches rising at a small angle and meeting each other —A certain dim religious light comes through this roof of pine leaves & snow—it is a sombre twilight—yet in some places the sun streams in—producing the strongest contrasts of light and shade.

The winter morning is the time to see the woods & shrubs in their perfection wearing their snowy & frosty dress. Even he who visits them half an hour after sunrise will have lost some of their most delicate & fleeting beauties. The trees wear their snowy burden but coarsely after mid day—and it no longer expresses the character of the tree I observed that early in the morning every pine needle was covered with a frosty sheath—but soon after sunrise it was all gone. You walk in the Pitch pine wood as under a penthouse The stems & branches of the trees look black by contrast You wander zigzag through the aisles of the wood—where stillness & twilight reign.

Improve every opportunity to express yourself in writing as if it were your last

I do not know but a pine wood is as substantial and as memorable a fact as a friend. I am more sure to come away from it cheered than from those who come nearest to being my friends. It is unfortunate for the chopper & the walker when the cold wind comes from the same side with the sun for then he cannot find a warm recess in which to sit. It is pleasant to walk now through open & stately white pine woods. Their plumes do not hold so much snow commonly—unless where their limbs rest or are weighed down onto a neighboring tree. It is cold but still in their midst—where the snow is untracked by man—and ever & anon you see the snow dust shone on by the sun falling from their tops & as it strikes the lower limbs producing innumerable new showers. For as after a rain there is a second rain in the woods so after a light snow there is a second snow in the woods when the wind rises.¹⁸⁹ The branches of the white pine are more horizontal than those of the pitch—and the white streaks of snow on them look accordingly. I perceive that the young black oaks and the red oaks too methinks still keep their leaves as well as the white. This piercing wind is so nearly from the west this afternoon that to stand at once in a sheltered and a sunny place you must seek the SSE S S E side of the woods.

What slight but important distinctions between one creature & another—what little but essential advantages one enjoys over another— I noticed this after noon a squirrels nest high in the fork of a white pine. Thither he easily ascends—but many creatures strive in vain to get there.

The lower branches of the hemlock point down & even trail on the ground The whole tree making a perfect canopy.

When they who have aspired to be friends cease to sympathize it is the part of religion to keep




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asunder.

One of the best men I know often offends me by uttering made words—the very best words of course or dinner speeches—most smooth and gracious & fluent repartee a sort of talking to Buncomb— a dash of polite conversation—a graceful bending—as if I were master Slingsby of promising parts from the University. O would you but be simple & downright. Would you but cease your palaver— It is the misfortune of being a gentleman & famous. The conversation of gentlemen after dinner. One of the best of men & wisest to whom this diabolical formality will adhere. Repeating himself— Shampooing himself. Passing the time of day as if he were just introduced. No words are so tedious. Never a natural or simple word or yawn. It produces an appearance of phlegm & stupidity in me the auditor. I am suddenly the closest & most phlegmatic of mortals. And the conversation comes to naught. Such speeches as an ex member of Congress might make to an ex member of Parliament. To explain to a friend is to suppose that you are not intelligent of one another. If you are not, to what purpose will you explain?

My acquaintances will sometimes wonder why I will impoverish myself by living aloof from this or that company—but greater would be the impoverishment if I should associate with them.

 December 18, Thursday, [1851](#): According to the [Daily Alta California](#) of [San Francisco](#):

Arrival of the Sea Bird. LATER FROM SAN DIEGO.

BILL MARSHALL AND JUAN BERA EXECUTED BY THE PEOPLE OF SAN DIEGO. — THE RUMOR OF THE CAPTURE OF ANTONIO GARRA CONFIRMED. — DEPARTURE OF MAJOR HEINTZELMAN AND U.S. SOLDIERS FOR AQUAS CALIENTES, &C. &C.

The fine steamer *Sea Bird*, Capt. Robert Haley, arrived in our

189. [William M. White](#)'s version of the journal entry is:

*It is pleasant to walk now
Through open and stately white pine woods.
Their plumes do not hold so much snow commonly,
Unless where their limbs rest
Or are weighed down on to a neighboring tree.*

*It is cold but still in their midst,
Where the snow is untracked by man,
And ever and anon you see the snow-dust,
Shone on by the sun,
Falling from their tops
And, as it strikes the lower limbs,
Producing innumerable new showers.*

*For, as after a rain
There is a second rain in the woods,
So after a light snow
There is a second snow in the woods,
When the wind rises.*



harbor from San Diego at half past eleven last night. We are indebted to Capt. Haley for kindly stopping his boat to allow Commodore Martin, our indefatigable Marine Reporter to board her in the lower bay. We are also under many obligations to Purser Wilkinson for delivering late papers, our correspondence, and other information.

The *Sea Bird* has had fine weather on her trip up and down the coast, except that at Santa Barbara in going down she encountered a southeaster, that prevented her from delivering her cargo at that place until she returned from San Diego.

The *Sea Bird* brings 35 passengers, whose names will be found under the proper head. Among them we notice those of Major Fitzgerald, Hon. P.A. Roach, Hon. A.F. Hinchman and J.P. Leese, Esq.

The *Sea Bird* brings dates from San Diego and Los Angeles to the 13th. The former intelligence of the suppression of the Indian disturbances is fully confirmed, but it is feared that the peace is only temporary. Antonio Garra, the chief who has organized the hostile Indians, has been taken prisoner, and will as soon as possible be tried by the civil authorities. He had not reached Los Angeles yet, but there was no doubt that he would be tried, condemned and executed. It is thought that his execution will cause a more serious outbreak on the part of the Indians.

Bill Marshall and the Californian, Bera, who went on trial at our latest advices from San Diego, were found guilty and condemned to death. They were executed on the 13th inst.

It is said that Garra, the chief who has been captured, charges certain Californians with instigating him to the revolt. His object was, as he is reported to have asserted, to destroy those who impose the enormous taxes.

Mr. Warner, whose Rancho was attacked a short time since, declares that he has lost everything. His house was burnt and his cattle driven off.

The troops who left this city in the *Sea Bird* on the 8th inst. were safely landed at San Diego on the morning of the 13th, under command of Lt. Hamilton. Maj. Heintzelman at the request of Dr. Wozencraft immediately procured a guide for the party, and through the zealous activity of Maj. McKinstry, the troops were well equipped and in marching order on the night of that day.

Major Heintzelman with eighty soldiers, including the fifty taken down on the *Sea Bird*, was to leave San Diego early on the morning of the 14th for Aguas Calientes. The Indian Commissioner Dr Wozencraft would accompany him, to try the effect of peaceful overtures. The general impression is, however, that there can be no lasting peace until the Indians are soundly beaten.

The San Diego Herald of the 11th inst. publishes the following letter from the Indian chief Garra. This is the second one he has written, and was received on the 6th inst:

MR. JOAQUIN ORTEGO: — I salute you. Some time I have been waiting here the answer, to know clearly. For that is not my will; it is for all in one. We have got to help with our lives, because we are invited to lose our lives. I sent a letter to Jose Estudillo — as yet he sends no answer. I also sent a letter above. I am here with the Cahuillas, and for this I say to you that you hasten to animate the Captains, before many Americans



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can arrive. Because here is Politano, also the *people of Razon*, [this may be interpreted in two ways: either the natives of the country, or of the Indian Captain called Razon] and they are hurrying me to go there. For that, I say to you, that you will arrange quickly, because it is for ALL that the damage has been done. They do not rise for anything but the Taxes – not for the mere wish of revolting. Nothing more.

I am here in the Callotes. ANTONIO GARRA.

Nov. 28th, 1851.

The above is a literal translation.

GEORGE H. DAVIS.

The same paper publishes a letter from Lieut. Murray, of the U.S. post on the Colorado, dated Nov. 18th. It states that the Indians are very troublesome, and have made several attempts to penetrate into the fort under the cover of darkness. They had stolen two of the ferry boats used in crossing the river.

SANTA BARBARA. – Don Pablo de la Guerra, Senator elect from the counties of Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, has written to Governor McDougal, announcing his intention not to take his seat. A new election will probably be ordered to fill the vacancy.

LOS ANGELES. – In the Star of the 13th, we find the following:

THE INDIAN TROUBLES. – The insurrection, which has occasioned so much alarm in this county within the last few weeks, if not entirely quelled, has received such a blow as will restore a feeling of security to the community. The details of Antonio Garra's capture will be found in another column. What disposition will be made of him is a matter of uncertainty. He will probably be given over to the civil authorities, Juan Antonio appearing to be impressed with the conviction that he has authority to "catch bad men, but not to hurt them." This is what he says, in one of his recent letters. Gen. Beau and his volunteers left San Bernardino yesterday morning, and proceeded towards Gorgonia, where Antonio Garra is held prisoner. We delay publication to a late hour, hoping to hear from the volunteers this evening. The Mormons sent a delegation of fourteen of their number to Chino, to unite with the volunteer forces.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 18TH]



December 19, Friday, 1851: [Joseph Mallord William Turner](#) died of cholera in London at the age of 76 (the tale that his last words were "The Sun is God" may be apocryphal).

Also dying on this day was Karl Friedrich Christian Ludwig Freiherr Drais von Sauerbronn, inventor of the [draisienne](#) or [Laufmaschine](#) that you can view in the movie [La Amistad](#).



December 19, Friday: In all woods is heard now far & near the sound of the woodchopper's



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axe—a twilight sound now in the night of the year— Men having come out for fuel to the forests— As if men had stolen forth in the arctic night to get fuel to keep their fires agoing. Men go to the woods now for fuel who never go there at any other time. Why should it be so pleasing to look into a thick pine wood where the sunlight streams in & gilds it? The sound of the axes far in the horizon sounds like the dropping of the eaves. Now the sun sets suddenly without a cloud—& with scarcely any redness following so pure is the atmosphere—only a faint rosy blush along the horizon

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 December 20, Saturday, 1851: The proclaimed result of a plebiscite in France was that by an overwhelming majority of 92%, a 10-year term had been approved for Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte.

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[Gilbert Van Zandt](#) was born at Port William, Ohio.




Soon after General Bean appeared on the scene he made a treaty with Juan Antonio and the Cahuilla Nation. With Antonio Garra Sr. and Antonio Garra Jr. in custody the treaty was signed on this day, and the US Army



left Santa Ysabel in order to confront the native forces at Los Coyotes Canyon in Southern [California](#) (they were unaware that this group had already dispersed). On their way to the canyon the Army confronted a group of Indians led by Chapuli and exchanged shots, killing Chapuli. With Garra Sr. and Jr. in custody awaiting trial, and Chapuli dead, the uprising had been quelled. While awaiting trial, Garra Sr. would issue a statement at Rancho del Chino:

I am a St. Louis Rey [San Luis Rey] Indian, was baptized in Mission of St. Louis Rey, and from my earliest recollection have been connected with the St. Louis Rey Indians. Have had authority over only a portion of the St. Louis Indians. Never had any connections with the Cahuillas. Was appointed by Gen. Kearney, U.S. Army, commander-in-chief of the St. Louis Indians, in the year 1847. I was advised by Joaquin Orteg[a] and Jose Antonio Estudillo, to take up arms against the Americans. They advised me secretly, that if I could effect a juncture with the other Indian tribes of California, and commence an attack upon all the Americans wherever we could find them that the Californians would join with us and help me driving the Americans from the country. They advised me to this course that I might revenge myself for the payment of taxes, which has been demanded of the Indian tribes. The Indians think the collection of taxes from them to be a very unjust measure.



December 20, Saturday: 2 Pm to Fair Haven Hill & plain below– Saw a large hawk  circling over a pine wood below me—and screaming apparently that he might discover his prey by their flight— Travelling ever by wider circles What a symbol of the thoughts now soaring now descending—taking larger and larger circles or smaller and smaller— It flies not directly whither it is bound but advances by circles like a courtier of the skies No such noble progress—how it comes round as with a wider sweep of thought— But the majesty is in the imagination of the beholder for the bird is intent on its prey. Circling & ever circling you cannot divine which way it will incline—till perchance it dives down straight as an arrow to its mark. It rises higher above where I stand and I see with beautiful distinctness its wings against the sky—primaries & secondaries and the rich tracery of the outline of the latter? its inner wings within the outer—like a great moth seen against the sky. A Will-o-’the wind. Following its path as it were through the vortices of the air. the poetry of motion—not as preferring one place to another but enjoying each as long as possible. Most gracefully so surveys new scenes & revisits the old. As if that hawk were made to be the symbol of my thought how bravely he came round over those parts of the wood which he had not surveyed—taking in a new segment.— annexing new territories

Without heave yo! it trims its sail,— It goes about without the creaking of a block— That America Yacht of the air that never makes a tack—though it rounds the globe itself—takes in and shakes out its reefs without a flutter.— its sky scrapers all under its control— Holds up one wing as if to admire—and sweeps off this way then holds up the other & sweeps that. If there are two concentrically circling, it is such a regatta as South hampton waters never witnessed.

Flights of imagination – [Coleridgean](#) thoughts. So a man is said to soar in his thought— Ever to fresh woods & pastures new. Rises as in thought

Snow squawls pass obscuring the sun—as if blown off from a larger storm.

Since last monday the ground has covered half a foot or more with snow & the ice also before I have had a skate Hitherto we had had mostly bare frozen ground— Red—white—green—& in the distance dark brown are the colors of the winter landscape. I view it now from the Cliffs. The red shrub oaks on the white ground of the plain beneath make a pretty scene. Most walkers are pretty effectually shut up by the snow.

I observe that they who saw down trees in the woods with a cross-cut saw carry a mat to kneel on. It is no doubt a good lesson for the woodchopper the long day alone in the woods & he gets more than his half dollar a cord.

Say the thing with which you labor—it is a waste of time for the writer to use his talents merely. Be faithful to your genius—write in the strain that interests you most— Consult not the popular taste.

The red oak leaves are even more fresh & glossy than the white.



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
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A clump of white pines seen far westward over the shrub oak plain which is now lit up by the setting sun a soft feathery grove with their grey stems indistinctly seen—like human beings come to their cabin door standing expectant on the edge of the plain—impress me with a mild humanity. The trees indeed have hearts. With a certain affection the sun seems to send its farewell ray far and level over the copses to them. & they silently receive it with gratitude like a group of settlers with their children. The pines impress me as human. A slight vaporous cloud floats high over them—while in the west the sun goes down apace behind glowing pines & golden clouds like mountains skirt the horizon—

Nothing stands up more free from blame in this world than a pine tree.

The dull and blundering behavior of clowns will as surely polish the writer at last as the criticism of men of thought.

It is wonderful—wonderful—the unceasing demand that Christendom makes on you—that you speak **from a moral point of view**. Though you be a babe the cry is repent—repent. The christian world will not admit that a man has a just perception of any truth—unless at the same time he cries Lord be merciful to me a sinner.

What made the hawk  mount? Did you perceive the manoever? Did he fill himself with air? Before you were aware of it he had mounted by his spiral path into the heavens.

Our County is broad and rich—for here within 20 miles of Boston I can stand in a clearing in the woods and look a mile or more over the shrub oaks to the distant pine copses and horizon of uncut woods without a house or road or cultivated field in sight.

Sunset in winter from a clearing in the woods. about well meadow head They say that the Indians of the Great Basin live on the almonds of the pine. Have not I been fed by the pine for many a year? Go out before sun-rise or stay out till sun-set.



December 21, Sunday, 1851: Lowell Mason and his wife sailed for Liverpool, on their 2d European trip.

In San Francisco, California:

This day was remarkable for an unusually severe storm of wind and rain, which continued during the night, and lasted several days without abatement. The tide was several feet higher than ordinary, and the swell from the bay rolled in so heavily as to wash away the sand from many of the newly-piled water lots. Several vessels dragged from their moorings and came in collision with others. Store-ships, that had long been imbedded in the sand, were set afloat and drifted to other quarters. The water at Jackson street rose so high as to cross Montgomery street, causing, at their junction, a lake of no inconsiderable dimensions. The cellars in the lower part of the city were inundated.

ANNALS OF SAN FRAN...



December 21, Sunday: My difficulties with my friends are such as no frankness will settle There is no precept in the New Testament that will assist me. My nature it may is secret— Others can confess & explain. I can not. It is not that I am too proud, but that is not what is wanted.

Friendship is the unspeakable joy & blessing that results to two or more individuals who from constitution sympathise— And natures are liable to no mistakes but will know each other through thick & thin— Between two by nature alike & fitted to sympathize there is no veil & there can be no obstacle. Who are the estranged? Two friends explaining.

I feel sometimes as if I could say to my friends—My friends I am aware how I have outraged you how I have seemingly preferred hate to love—seemingly treated others kindly & you unkindly—sedulously concealed my love—& sooner or later expressed all and more than all my hate— I can imagine how I might utter something like this in some moment never to be realized— But let me say frankly that at the same time I feel it may be with too little regret— That I am under an awful necessity to be what



I am. If the truth were known, which I do not know, I have no concern with those friends whom I misunderstand or who misunderstand me.


The fates only are unkind that keep us asunder—but my friend is ever kind. I am of the nature of Stone. It takes the summer's sun to warm it.


My acquaintances sometimes imply that I am too cold—but each thing is warm enough for its kind—Is the stone too cold which absorbs the heat of the summer sun and does not part with it during the night? Crystals though they be of ice are not too cold to melt—but it was in melting that they were formed. Cold! I am most sensible of warmth in winter days. It is not the warmth of fire that you would have—but everything is warm & cold according to its nature. It is not that I am too cold—but that our warmth & coldness are not of the same nature—hence when I am absolutely warmest, I may be coldest to you. Crystal does not complain of crystal anymore than the dove of its mate. You who complain that I am cold—find Nature cold— To me she is warm. My heat is latent to you. Fire itself is cold to whatever is not of a nature to be warmed by it. A cool wind is warmer to a feverish man than the blast of a furnace. That I am cold means that I am of another nature.

The dogwood & its berries in the **swamp** by the R.R. just above the red house—pendant on long stems which hang short down as if broken—betwixt yellowish? & greenish? white ovoid pearly? or waxen? berries— What is the color of them? Ah give me to walk in the dogwood swamp—with its few coarse branches— Beautiful as satan.

The Prinors or Black Alder berries appear to have been consumed—only the skins left for the most part sticking to the twigs—so that I thought there were fewer than usual. Is it that our woods have had to entertain arctic visitors in unusual numbers? Who have exhausted their stores—

Sunlight on pine needles is an event of a winter day.

Whoever saw a partridge [**Ruffed Grouse**  **Bonasa umbellus**] soar over the fields— To every creature its own nature. They are very wild—but are they scarce? or can you exterminate them for that?

As I stand by the edge of the swamp (Ministerial) a heavy winged hawk  flies home to it at sundown just over my head in silence

I cross some mink or muskrat's devious path in the snow—with mincing feet and trailing body.

Tonight—as so many nights within the year—the clouds arrange themselves in the East at sunset in long converging bars—according to the simple tactics of the sky— It is the melon rind jig.— It would serve for a permanent description of the sunset— Such is the morning & such the evening.— Converging bars inclose the day at each end as within a melon rind & the morning & evening are one day.

Long after the sun has set & downy clouds have turned darked—& the shades of night have taken possession of the east—some rosy clouds will be seen in the upper sky over the portals of the darkening west.

How swiftly the earth appears to revolve at sunset—which at midday appears to rest on its axle.



December 22, Monday, 1851: **India**'s 1st freight train began operations, at Roorkee in the flat terrain under the Sivalik Hills of the Himalayas.

HISTORY OF RR



December 22, Monday: If I am thus seemingly cold compared with my companion's warm—who knows but mine is a less transient glow—a steadier & more equable heat like that of the earth in spring—in which the flowers spring & expand.

It is not words that I wish to hear or to utter—but relations that I seek to stand in—and it oftener happens methinks that I go away unmet unrecognized—ungreeted in my offered relation—than that you are disappointed of words.

If I can believe that we are related to one another as truly and gloriously as I have imagined, I ask nothing more and words are not required to convince me of this. I am disappointed of relations, you of words.

I have seen in the form in the expression of face of a child 3 years old the tried magnanimity—and grave nobility of ancient & departed worthies. Just saw a little Irish boy come from the distant shanty in the woods over the bleak rail-road to school this morning—take his last step—from his last snow

drift onto the school house door-step—floundering still saw not his face or his profile only his mien & imagined—saw clearly in imagination his old worthy face behind the sober visor of his cap— Ah! this little Irish boy I know not why—revives to my mind the worthies of antiquity—he is not drawn he never was drawn in a willow wagon—he progresses by his own brave steps— Has not the world waited for such a generation. Here he condescends to his abc without one smile who has the lore of worlds uncounted in his brain— He speaks not of the adventures of the causeway— What was the bravery of Leonidas & his 300 boys at the pass of Thermopylae to this infants!— They but dared to die—he dares to live.— And take his “reward of merit” perchance without relaxing his face in to a smile—that overlooks his unseen & unregardable merits. Little Johnny Riaden. Who faces cold & routs it like a Persian army— Who yet innocent carries in his knees the strength of a thousand Indras.— That do not reward the thousandth part of his merit— While the charitable waddle about cased in furs—he lively as a cricket passes them on his way to school.

An innocent child is a man who has repented once for all, and is born again. Has entered into the joy of his Lord.

Almost the whole world is orthodox—and look upon you as in a state of nature— In conversation with people of more than average wit, I find that the common assumption is that they have experienced a new birth but—you are in a state of nature.



December 23, Tuesday, [1851](#): The Savannah [Republican](#) and the Memphis [Enquirer](#) reported the [flogging](#) of a man named Atkins at Vicksburg who had been “tampering with negroes” by forging passes, for \$10 each, which hopefully might help them escape to a free state:

LYNCHED.—A man named Atkins was detected at Vicksburg a few days ago, tampering with negroes, offering to sell them passes, for \$10 each, which he assured them would guarantee their safe escape to a free state. He was punished with between 300 and 400 lashes and turned loose. There is reason to believe that there are some rascals of the same stripe with Atkins prowling about Memphis. Our police should be on the alert, and if any of them should be caught, they may be assured of a still more condign punishment than even that which Atkins received at Vicksburg.—*Memphis Enquirer.*

Canandaigua, [New York](#)’s Blossom House hotel, that had been built in 1814 as a tavern and had in 1825 hosted a reception for the Marquis de Lafayette on his US tour, burned to the ground.

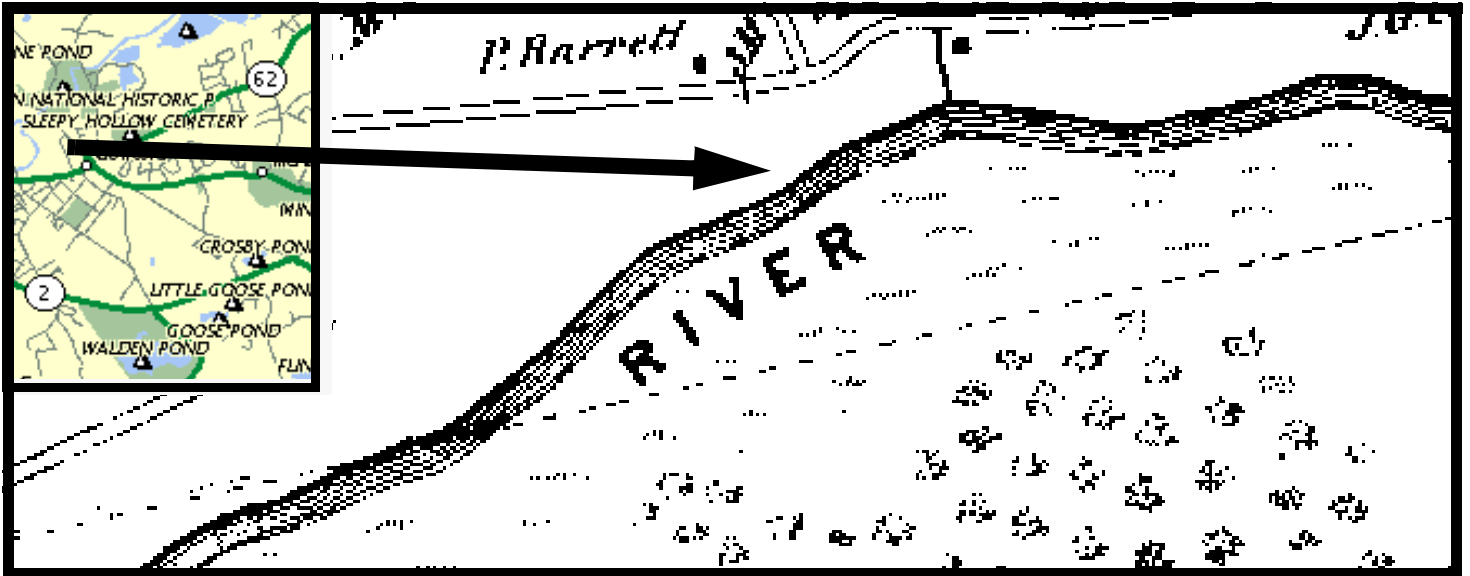


December 23, Tuesday: It would give me such joy to know that a friend had come to see me and yet that pleasure I seldom if ever experience. It is a record of the mellow & ripe moments that I would keep. I would not preserve the husk of life – but the kernel. When the cup of life is full and flowing over – preserve some drops as a specimen-sample. When the intellect enlightens the heart & the heart warms the intellect. Thoughts will sometimes possess our heads when we are up and about our business which are the exact counterpart of the bad dreams which we sometimes have by night. And I think that the intellect is equally inert in both cases. Very frequently, no doubt – the thoughts men have are the consequence of something which they have eaten or done. Our waking **moods** and **humors** are our dreams but whenever we are truly awake & serene – and healthy in all our senses we have memorable visions. Who that takes up a book wishes for the report of the clogged bowels – or the impure blood? Yesterday afternoon I walked to the Stone bridge over the Assabet and thence down the river on the ice to the leaning hemlocks – and then crossed the other branch to the house– Do I not see two kinds of black alder – one blotched the other lighter colored – the former with many small berries crowded

1851

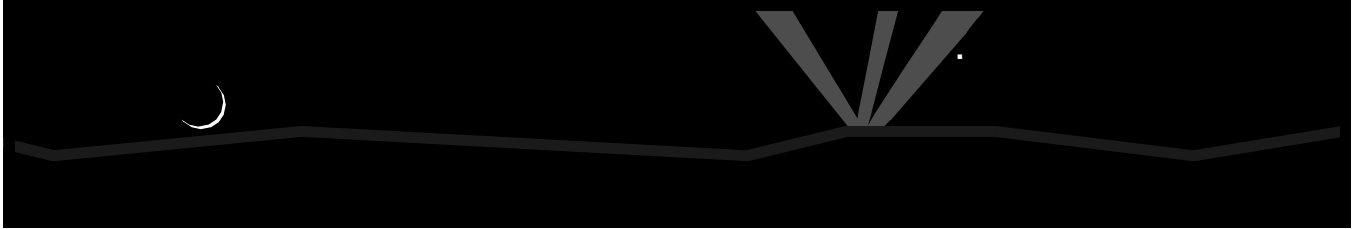
1851


– the latter larger & single? Scared up partridges [Ruffed Grouse █ *Bonasa umbellus*] into the tops of the hemlocks where they thought to conceal themselves—
 Observed where a woodchopper had come to the river & cut a hole for water some days before. The river frozen unexpectedly even – but few open places – had gone down since it froze – & the ice was accordingly bulged up over the rocks in its channel with many fine cracks in all directions. It was a good opportunity to examine the fluviate trees. I was struck by the amount of small interlaced roots – making almost a solid mass – of some red? oaks – on the bank which the water had undermined – opposite Sam. Barrets. Observed by a wall beneath Nawshawtuct where many rabbits appeared to



have played and nearly half a pint of dung was dropped in one pile on the snow.
 This morning when I woke I found it snowing – the snow fine & driving almost horizontally as if it had set in for a long storm – but a little after noon it ceased snowing & began to clear up—& I set forth for a walk. The snow which we have had for the last week or 10 days has been remarkably light & dry. It is pleasant walking in the woods now when the sun is just coming out & shining on the woods freshly covered with snow— At a distance the oak woods look very venerable – a fine hale wintry aspect things wear – and the pines all snowed up even suggest comfort. Where boughs cross each other much snow is caught – which now in all woods is gradually tumbling down— By half past 3 the sun is fairly out. I go to the cliffs. There is a narrow ridge of snow a white line on the storm side of the stem of every exposed tree. I see that there is to be a fine clear sunset. & make myself a seat in the snow on the cliff to witness it. Already a few clouds are glowing like a golden sierra just above the horizon— From a low arch the clear sky has rapidly spread eastward over the whole heavens – and the sun shines serenely – and the air is still – and the spotless snow covers the fields. The snow storm is over – the clouds have departed – the sun shines serenely – the air is still – a pure & trackless white napkin covers the ground – and a fair evening is coming to conclude all— Gradually the sun sinks – the air grows more dusky & I perceive that if it were not for the light reflected from the snow it would be quite dark— The wood chopper has started for home. I can no longer distinguish the color of the red oak leaves against the snow – but they appear black. The partridges [Ruffed Grouse █ *Bonasa umbellus*] have come forth to bud on the apple trees. Now the sun has quite disappeared – but the after-glow as I may call it – apparently the reflection from the cloud beyond which the sun went down from the thick atmosphere of the horizon – is unusually bright & lasting – Long broken clouds in the horizon in the dun atmosphere (as if the fires of day were still smoking there) hang with red & golden edging like the saddle cloths of the steeds of the sun. Now all the clouds grow black—& I give up to night— But unexpectedly half an hour later when I look out having got home I find that [the evening star](#) is shining brightly & beneath all the west horizon is glowing red – that dun atmosphere instead of clouds reflecting the sun – and




I detect just above the horizon the narrowest imaginable white sickle of the new moon.¹⁹⁰



 December 24, Wednesday, 1851: The [Library of Congress](#) was almost totally destroyed in an accidental fire which consumed a significant portion of the nation's capital city. More than 6 books out of every 10 were lost (more than 35,000 volumes, including most of the 6,487-volume personal library that had been purchased from Thomas Jefferson in 1815 as disguised welfare, in order to keep him financially afloat despite the profligacy of his life). In addition, many paintings, portraits, and busts of the famous and eponymous were lost, such as portraits of John Adams, George Washington, James Monroe, and Thomas Jefferson by Gilbert Stuart which had been loaned to the federal government by Mr. Phelps of Boston.¹⁹¹

The lecture at the Concord Lyceum was by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Esquire, on "Love of Nature."



December 24, Wednesday: It spits snow this afternoon. Saw a flock of snowbirds on the Walden road— I see them so commonly when it is beginning to snow that I am inclined to regard them as a sign of a snowstorm— The snow bunting *Emberiza nivalis* methinks it is—so white & arctic. Not the slate colored [Dark-eyed Junco  *Junco hyemalis* (Slate-colored Sparrow or Snow-bird)]. Saw also some Pine gross-beaks [Pine Grosbeak  *Pinicola enucleator*—magnificent winter birds—among the weeds & on the apple trees—like large Cat birds [Gray Catbird  *Dumetella carolinensis*] at a distance—but nearer at hand some of them when they flit by are seen to have gorgeous heads breasts & rumps? with red or crimson reflections—more beautiful than a steady bright red would be. The note I heard a rather faint & innocent whistle of two bars. Now & long since the birds nests have been full of snow.

I had looked in vain into the west for nearly half an hour to see a red cloud blushing in the sky— The few clouds were dark—and I had given up all to night but when I had got home & chanced to look out the window from the upper—I perceived that all the west horizon was glowing with a rosy border, and that dun atmosphere had been the cloud this time which made the days adieu. But half an hour before that dun atmosphere hung over all the western woods & hills—precisely as if the fires of the day had just been put out in the west and the burnt territory was sending out volumes of dun & lurid smoke to heaven As if Phaeton had again driven the chariot of the sun so near as to set fire to earth.

190. December 22nd and 23rd had been the nights of no moon, so this would be the barest sliver.

191. The marble bust of General Lafayette which was destroyed in this fire has since been replaced by one by P.J. David d'Angers which had been crafted in 1830.

1851

1851



December 25, Thursday, 1851: During this week the 1st Fugitive Case in Connecticut was taking place, as 3 runaway apprentices from New York appeared before US Commissioner Charles R. Ingersoll. A certificate would be issued to Mr. John Russell, who was asserting that they were bound to serve him, and the apprentices would be returned to New York in accordance with the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850.

During this week, also, a devastating fire at the Library of Congress destroyed over 35,000 books, including 2/3ds of the collection of former president Thomas Jefferson.

During this week, also, Louis Napoleon was appealing to the French people and the army to allow a new Constitution.

The American nation was amused to note that during this Christmas season, on a particularly boisterous evening in Boston, 120 Sons of the Pilgrims observed the anniversary of the landing of their fathers by partaking of a sumptuous repast accompanied by numerous and excellent toasts. They raised their glasses, among other things, to Plymouth Rock as the threshold of Freedom and the door stone of the Republic. They raised their glasses, among other things, to the *Mayflower*, remarking that while Time was wrecking that noble bark, history had snatched away and saved its passenger list. They raised their glasses, among other things, to Religion and Law, as the Pilgrims' best legacy to their children — hoping that this part of the patrimony would never go out of the family. They also raised their glasses to California, as the youngest, most comely, and best dowered of the sisters. This prolonged their festivities until an early hour of the morning.



December 25. Via Spruce swamp on Conantum to hill top returning across river over shrub oak plain to Cliffs.

A wind is now blowing the light snow which fell a day or two ago into drifts—especially on the lee now the south side of the walls—the outlines of the drifts corresponding to the chinks in the walls and the eddies of the wind. The snow glides unperceived for the most part over the open fields without rising into the air (unless the ground is elevated) until it reaches an opposite wall which it sifts through and is blown over—blowing off from it like steam when seen in the sun. As it passes through the chinks it does not drive straight onward but curves gracefully upwards into fantastic shapes—somewhat like the waves which curve as they break upon the shore— That is, as if, the snow that passes through a chink were one connected body detained by the friction of its lower side. It takes the form of saddles & shells & porringers— It builds up a fantastic alabaster wall behind the first—a snowy sierra. It is wonderful what sharp turrets it builds up—i.e. by accumulation—not by attrition—though the curves upward to a point like the prows of ancient vessels look like sharp carving—or as if the material had had been held before the blow-pipe. So what was blown up into the air gradually sifts down into the road or field & forms the slope of the sierra— Astonishingly sharp & thin overhanging eaves it builds even this dry snow—where it has the least suggestion from a wall or bank—less than a mason ever springs his brick from. This is the architecture of the snow. On high hills exposed to wind & sun it curls off like the steam from a damp roof in the morning. Such sharply defined forms it takes as if the core had been the flames of gass lights.

I go forth to see the sun set. Who knows how it will set—even half an hour before hand? Whether it will go down in clouds or a clear sky? I feel that it is late when the mountains in the north and north-west have ceased to reflect the sun. The shadow is not partial but universal

In a winter day the sun is almost all in all.

I witness a beauty in the form or coloring of the clouds which addresses itself to my imagination—for which you account scientifically to my understanding—but do not so account to my imagination. It is what it suggests & is the symbol of that I care for—and if by any trick of science you rob it of its symbolicalness you do me no service & explain nothing.

I standing twenty miles off see a crimson cloud in the horizon— You tell me it is a mass of vapor which absorbs all other rays & reflects the red—but that is nothing to the purpose—for this red vision excites me, stirs my blood—makes my thoughts flow—& I have new & indescribable fancies and you have not touched the secret of that influence. If there is not something mystical in your explanation—something unexplainable—some element of mystery, it is quite insufficient. If there is nothing in it which speaks to my imagination—what boots it. What sort of science is that which enriches the understanding but robs the imagination. Not merely robs Peter to pay Paul—but takes from Peter



more than it ever gives to Paul.

That is simply the way in which it speaks to the understanding and that is the account which the understanding gives of it—but that is not the way it speaks to the Imagination & that is not the account which the Imagination gives of it. Just as inadequate to a pure mechanic would be a poet's account of a steam engine.

HISTORY OF RR

If we knew all things thus mechanically merely—should we know anything really?

It would be a truer discipline for the writer to take the least film of thought that floats in the twilight sky of his mind for his theme—about which he has scarcely one idea (that would be teaching his ideas how to shoot) faintest intimations—shadowiest subjects—make a lecture on this—by assiduity and attention get perchance two views of the same—increase a little the stock of knowledge—clear a new field instead of manuring the old— Instead of making a lecture out of such obvious truths—hacknied to the minds of all thinkers— We see too soon to ally the perceptions of the mind to the experience of the hand—to prove our gossamer truths practical—to show their connexion with our every day life (better show their distance from our every day life) to relate them to the cider mill and the banking institution. Ah give me pure mind—pure thought. Let me not be in haste to detect the **universal law**, let me see more clearly a particular instance. Much finer themes I aspire to—which will yield no satisfaction to the vulgar. mind—not one sentence for them— Perchance it may convince such that there are more things in heaven & earth than are dreamed of in their philosophy. Dissolve one nebula—& so destroy the nebular system & hypothesis. Do not seek expressions—seek thoughts to be expressed. By perseverance you get two views of the same rare truth.

That way of viewing things you know of—least insisted on by you however—least remembered—take that view—adhere to that—insist on that—see all things from that point of view— Will you let these intimations go unattended to and watch the door bell or knocker? That is your text. Do not speak for other men— Speak for yourself. They show you as in a vision the kingdoms of this world—and of all the worlds—but you prefer to look in upon a puppet-show. Though you should only speak to one kindred mind in all time—though you should not speak to one—but only utter aloud that you may the more completely realize & live in the idea which contains the reason of your life—that you may build yourself up to the height of your conceptions—that you may remember your creator—and justify his ways to man—that the end of life may not be its amusement— Speak though your thought presupposes the non existence of your hearers.— thoughts that transcend life & death. though mortal ears are not fitted to hear absolute truth.— Thoughts that blot out the earth are best conceived in the night when darkness has already blotted it out from sight.

We look upward for inspiration.



December 26, Friday, 1851: As a warship of the British Royal Navy bombarded [Lagos Island](#) on this day and the following one to induce him to abandon his participation in the [transatlantic slave trade](#), [Oba Kosoko](#) was wounded. He would flee to Epe.



December 26, Friday: I observed this afternoon that when Edmund Hosmer came home from sledding wood and unyoked his oxen—they made a business of stretching and scratching themselves with their horns & rubbing against the posts—and licking themselves in those parts which the yoke had prevented their reaching all day— The human way in which they behaved affected me even pathetically. They were too serious to be glad that their day's work was done—they had not spirits enough left for that. They behaved as a tired wood-chopper might. This was to me a new phase in the life of the laboring ox. It is painful to think how they may sometimes be overworked. I saw that even the ox could be weary with toil.

EDMUND HOSMER



1851

1851



December 27, Saturday, 1851: The New Brunswick Courier provided an eye-witness's account of a deadly unexplained struggle that had taken place the previous morning near Lands End in Westfield Parish:

The Westfield Tragedy!

Eye Witness Account: On Sunday 7th inst., about 2 o'clock in the morn., William KERRIGAN residing near Lands End, Westfield Parish (Kings Co.) sent his sons to the house of William WAGONER with a message desiring his wife who was staying there to return home and also requesting John C. McGLAUGHLIN to accompany her, assigning as a reason that he was unwell. He had previously sent a person named CARR to his wife and daughter as also to the widow of William McCLUSKEY requesting them to come to his house. On the arrival of the above persons at KERRIGAN's house, he appeared highly pleased, shook hands with them and said that they were good neighbours. He asked McGLAUGHLIN to sing a hymn, which was complied with; after which KERRIGAN proceeded to prayer and while so engaged, kissed the ground several times. He was then observed to take from a cupboard a large draw-knife with which he instantly rushed upon McGLAUGHLIN inflicting a large wound on the head. McGLAUGHLIN succeeded in escaping from the house and the maniac then turned upon WAGONER. WAGONER also ran from the house, followed by his wife, son and daughter and the widow McCLUSKEY. The murderer instantly persued them and cut down his own wife and son. He then rushed upon Mr. WAGONER and inflicting a wound on the side of the head, he turned upon the widow McCLUSKY and cut her down. KERRIGAN turned in pursuit of his daughter and came up with the hapless victim at a fence and killed her on the spot. The murderer ran back to the widow McCLUSKEY who lay extended on the ground and on seeing him she cried out, "Oh William, spare my life and let me go to my poor little children." KERRIGAN answered "Get up and go, you devil!" "She did so, upon which he immediately killed her saying that he would kill all those who came before him. KERRIGAN then returned to where his wounded wife and son lay and killed them. Meanwhile William WAGONER had proceeded to his own house and informed his son Richard WAGONER who was in bed that KERRIGAN had killed his mother. The youth immediately dressed himself and seeing from the window KERRIGAN approaching the house, armed himself with a gun and went out to meet him. KERRIGAN, having come up, aimed a blow with the knife at the elder WAGONER who avoided it and closed in with the murderer. Richard WAGONER then struck KERRIGAN two blows on the head with the gun which prostrated him and in doing so the barrell became seperated from the stock of the piece. Unfortunately KERRIGAN succeeded in rising and ran at the boy Richard with the dreadful knife. The boy defended himself with the barrel of the gun but not without receiving a severe wound in one of the fingers. KERRIGAN, somewhat disconcerted by the resistance offered, jumped back when the boy Richard succeeded in inflicting a heavy blow with the gun barrel on the side of KERRIGAN's head which brought him to the earth. In this position KERRIGAN shouted to the elder WAGONER "Will you let him kill me?" adding "Richard, you think you are a d___ smart fellow, but I am smarter than you are." KERRIGAN then rose from the ground and on finding that his arm was fractured exclaimed "Oh Lord, I am done forever! He then ran off towards the residence of Alexander LONG, seeing which, Wm WAGONER informed LONG of the fact and directed him to procure



an axe. LONG did so, and KERRIGAN seeing the probable nature of his reception, turned and ran towards the River. Some neighbours having by this time collected, proceeded to carry Mrs. WAGONER to her house and the bodies of the other four victims were conveyed to KERRIGAN's house. Search was now made for the murderer and at 8 o'clock the same morn., KERRIGAN was found near the River leaning over a fence. His hands and feet were badly frozen. He was bare-headed and his clothing consisted of only a cotton shirt, trousers and drawers. KERRIGAN requested to be taken to a fire, but desired his captors not to put him too near it. He was then conveyed to his own house, and his wounds having been dressed, he was put into a bed near the fire, a strong guard having been appointed to watch him. KERRIGAN died on the same eve. It is reported that Mrs. Wagoner died Saturday 11th inst. and William WAGONER could not live.



Dec. 27. Saturday: Sunset from Fair Haven Hill. This evening there are many clouds in the west into which the sun goes down so that we have our visible or apparent sunset and red evening sky as much as 15 minutes before the real sunset. You must be early on the hills to witness such a sunset by half past 4 at least. Then all the vales even to the horizon are full of a purple vapor – which half veils the distant mts – and the windows of undiscoverable farm houses – shine like an early candle or a fire– After the sun has gone behind a cloud – there appears to be a gathering of clouds around his setting and for a few moments his light in the amber sky seems more intense brighter & purer than at noon day.

I think you never see such a brightness in the noonday heavens as in the western sky sometimes just before the sun goes down in clouds, like the extasy which we told sometimes lights up the face of a dying man – that is a *serene* or evening death – like the end of the day. Then at last through all the grossness which has accumulated in the atmosphere of day – is seen a patch of serene sky fairer by contrast with the surrounding dark than midday – and even the gross atmosphere of the day is gilded and made pure as amber by the setting sun as if the days sins were forgiven it. The man is blessed who every day is permitted to behold anything so pure & serene as the western sky at sunset – while revolutions vex the world.


There is no winter necessarily in the sky though the snow covers the earth. The sky is always ready to answer to our moods– We can see summer there or winter. Snow & drifts on the earth – it swiftly descends from the heavens & leaves them pure. The heavens present perhaps pretty much the same aspect summer & winter.

It is remarkable that the sun rarely goes down without a cloud.

Venus – I suppose it is – is now the evening star – and very bright she is immediately after sun set in the early twilight.

1851

1851

 December 28, Sunday, 1851: A warship of the British Royal Navy had been bombarding Lagos Island to induce Oba Kosoko to abandon his participation in the transatlantic slave trade. Having been wounded, on this day he fled to Epe.

In North Africa, Heinrich Barth viewed Musgu.



Horatio Greenough wrote Waldo Emerson from Washington DC, using his customary dashes rather than periods. This was Emerson's 1st opportunity to learn the nature of Greenough's thoughts about architectural style, his own preferred style being referred to as the "Yankee Doric."

Here is my theory of structure. A scientific arrangement of spaces & forms to functions & to site. An emphasis on features proportioned to their *gradated* importance in function; — color & ornament to be decided on strictly organic laws— having a distinct reason for each decision— The entire & immediate banishment of all make-shift and make believe—

Now I wish you to hear me read what I have prepared on this subject & I beg you in the interim to reflect that this Godlike human body has no ornament for no reason that men do not gild gold, — that the painted flowers are tinted to enable them to take their respective doses of sunlight, & that even the mottled & pearly shells are stained for the myriads of the deep,—not to charm the idle eye as they are here & there one tossed in ruin on the shore.

This theory is too lovely not to be hated by those who are not loving & strong. It is a true theory,—& will do for all structure, from a bed-stead to a cathedral,—what the Doric law did for the Parthenon. It will produce harmony,—for all machines have a family likeness & are blood relations. It will not be monotonous, for the wants on which it will wait are varied. It will be expressive,—for a guillotine & a rocking-chair both speak English. It will be as much more beautiful than what we now possess, as a naked Apollo is more beautiful than a tattooed & blanketed savage.

I wish to strike a blow for this style now, because the aesthetical world abhors a vacuum, & ours is just sucking in hostile elements,—I mean the excremental corruptions of foreign & hostile systems.



1851

1851

[Emerson](#) would reply to this on September 6, 1852 with:

Your letter was a beam of sunlight however and happiest-timed. For I was just now reading Garbett's little Essay- Garbett, Ruskin's scholar, and I find the pupil better teacher than the master- then I had read the "Seven Lamps," the "Stones" and I was proud to find that the doctrine they urge with so much energy you had been teaching long already... Well, joy, & the largest unfolding of your theory! which I shall faithfully attend....

So right & high minded as it is, I am only the more sorry that it should confound things on the negro question, put weapons on the hands of the base & greedy partisan.... That the negro was a preAdamite, I early discovered, but now that he too reads books, the courtesy to present company seems to require that it be a little parliamentarily stated.... I require of every Saxon man not to hold slaves or praise the holding- because he belongs by blood & bone to another party & nature has not a Saxon ounce to spare. There is plenty of Celtic or Roman blood that can hold slaves as innocently as sharks bite & the grand harmonies of nature round them all admirably in: *yet we are all pained when either quits his order, when a Turk unturks himself to be a democrat, or a Saxon unsaxonizes himself for accidental sympathy.*

[Greenough](#) would respond:

So far as the negro himself is concerned I fully believe & roundly declare that I believe he *can exist here* only as a bondsman-



December 28, Sunday: All day a drizzling rain - ever & anon holding up with driving mists- A January thaw- The snow rapidly dissolving, in all hollows a pond forming - unfathomable water beneath the snow. Went into Tommy Wheelers house - where still stands the spinning wheel and even the loom home made. Great pitch pine timbers overhead 15 or 16 inches in diameter - telling of the primitive forest here. The white pines look greener than usual in this gentle rain - and every needle has a drop at the end of it- There is a mist in the air which partially conceals them and they seem of a piece with it. Some one has cut a hole in the ice at Jenny's Brook - and set a steel trap under water, and suspended a large piece of meat over it for a bait for a mink apparently.

JENNY DUGAN



December 29, Monday, [1851](#): Maria Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert (Lola Montez), former mistress of Ludwig I of Bavaria, made her US stage debut in "Betley" at [New-York](#)'s Broadway Theatre.

(During this year the 1st "[Lola Montez](#)" fictionized autobiography was appearing, in Germany.)

The 1st [YMCA](#) (Young Men's Christian Association) in the United States of America opened, in Boston.

On this night in New England there was a very bright [aurora borealis](#) arch at 6PM, 5° in width, stretching across the north from northeast to northwest, with its highest point about 30°. There was a smaller arch below it, about 15° high, with a space between these two arches, and within the lower arch the sky was dark.

1851



December 29, Monday: The sun just risen. The ground is almost entirely bare. The water is the puddles are not skimmed over—it is warm as an April morning. There is a sound as of [blue birds](#) [[Eastern Bluebird](#) [Sialia sialis](#)] in the air, and the cocks crow as in the spring. The steam curls up from the roofs & the ground. You walk with open cloak— It is exciting behold the smooth glassy surface of water where the melted snow has formed large puddles & ponds—and to see it running in the sluices.— In the clear atmosphere I saw far in the eastern horizon the steam from the steam engine like downy clouds above the woods I think even beyond Weston.

By school-time you see the boys in the streets playing with the sluices—and the whole population is inspired with new life.

In the afternoon to Saw Mill Brook with [W.E.C.](#) Snow all gone from [Minott's](#) hill side— The willow at the red house shines in the sun. The boys have come out under the hill to pitch coppers Watts sits on his door step. It is like the first of April. The wind is west. At the turnpike bridge water stands a foot or two deep over the ice— Water spiders have come out and are skating against the stream. How much they depend on January thaws! Now for the frozen thawed apples. This is the first chance they have had to thaw this winter. It feels as warm as in summer— You sit on any fence rail and vegetate in the sun & realize that the earth may produce peas again. Yet they say that this open & mild weather is unhealthy—that is always the way with them. How admirable it is that we can never foresee the weather—that that is always novel. Yesterday nobody dreamed of to-day—nobody dreams of tomorrow— Hence the weather is ever the news. What a fine & measureless joy the gods grant us thus— letting us know nothing about the day that is to dawn. This day yesterday was as incredible as any other miracle— Now all creatures feel—it even the cattle chewing stalks in the barn yards. & perchance it has penetrated even to the lurking places of the crickets under the rocks.

The artist is at work in the deep cut. The telegraph harp sounds.

HISTORY OF RR

ELLERY CHANNING

GEORGE MINOTT

TELEGRAPHY

1851



December 30, Tuesday, [1851](#): [Henry Thoreau](#) lectured on his excursion to Canada, at Lincoln. On this night in New England there was an [aurora borealis](#) arch at 4AM. Diffused sheets of light were continually rushing upward toward the zenith, vanishing before they reached the height of 25°.




December 30, Tuesday: Mem. Go to the Deep Cut. The flies now crawl forth from the



crevices all covered with dust, dreaming of summer – without life or energy enough to clean their wings

This afternoon being on fair Haven Hill I heard the sound of a saw – and soon after from the cliff saw two men sawing down a noble pine beneath about 40 rods off. I resolved to watch it till it fell – the last of a dozen or more which were left when the forest was cut and for 15 years have waved in solitary majesty over the sproutland. I saw them like beavers or insects gnawing at the trunk of this noble tree, the diminutive mannikins with their crosscut saw which could scarcely span it. It towered up a hundred feet as I afterward found by measurement – one of the tallest probably now in the township & straight as an arrow, but slanting a little toward the hill side.– its top seen against the frozen river & the hills of Conantum. I watch closely to see when it begins to move. Now the sawers stop – and with an axe open it a little on the side toward which it leans that it may break the faster. And now their saw goes again– Now surely it is going – it is inclined one quarter of the quadrant, and breathless I expect its crashing fall– But no I was mistaken it has not moved an inch, it stands at the same angle as at first. It is 15 minutes yet to its fall. Still its branches wave in the wind as if it were destined to stand for a century, and the wind soughs through its needles as of yore; it is still a forest tree – the most majestic tree that waves over Musketaquid.– The silvery sheen of the sunlight is reflected from its needles – it still affords an inaccessible crotch for the squirrel’s nest – not a lichen has forsaken its mastlike stem–its raking mast – the hill is the hull. Now’ now’s the moment – the mannikins at its base are fleeing from their crime – they have dropped the guilty saw & axe. How slowly & majestically it starts – as if it were only swayed by a summer breeze and would return without a sigh to its location in the air–& now it fans the hill side with its fall and it lies down to its bed in the valley from which it is never to rise, as softly as a feather, folding its green mantle about it like a warrior – as if tired of standing it embraced the earth with silent joy.– returning its elements to the dust again – but hark! there you only saw – but did not hear– There now comes up a deafening crash to these rocks – advertising you that even trees do not die without a groan. It rushes to embrace the earth, & mingle its elements with the dust. And now all is still once more & forever both to eye & ear.¹⁹²

I went down and measured it. It was about 4 feet in diameter where it was sawed – about 100 feet long. Before I had reached it – the axemen had already half divested it of its branches. Its gracefully spreading top was a perfect wreck on the hill side as if it had been made of glass–& the tender cones of one years growth upon its summit appealed in vain & too late to the mercy of the chopper. Already he has measured it with his axe – and marked out the mill logs it will make. And the space it occupied in upper air is vacant for the next 2 centuries. It is lumber He has laid waste the air. When the fish hawk [Osprey  *Pandion haliaetus* (Fish Eagle or Fish Hawk)] in the spring revisits the banks of the Musketaquid, he will circle in vain to find his accustomed perch.– & the henhawk will mourn for the pines lofty enough to protect her brood. A plant which it has taken two centuries to perfect rising by slow stages into the heavens – has this afternoon ceased to exist. Its sapling top had expanded to this January thaw as the forerunner of summers to come. Why does not the village bell sound a knell. I hear no knell tolled – I see no procession of mourners in the streets – or the woodland aisles– The squirrel has leapt to another tree – the hawk has circled further off–¹⁹³ & has now settled upon a new eyre but the woodman is preparing lay his axe at the root of that also.



192. [William M. White](#)'s version of the journal entry is:

*How slowly and majestically it starts!
As if it were only swayed by a summer breeze,
And would return without a sigh
To its location in the air.*

*And now it fans the hillside with its fall,
And it lies down to its bed in the valley,
From which it is never to rise,
As softly as a feather,
Folding its green mantle about it like a warrior,
As if, tired of standing, it embraced the earth
With silent joy, returning its elements to the dust again.*


*But hark!
There you only saw, but did not hear.*

*There now comes up a deafening crash to these rocks,
Advertising you that even trees do not die
Without a groan.
It rushes to embrace the earth,
And mingle its elements with the dust.*

*And now all is still once more and forever,
Both to eye and ear.*

1851

1851

 December 31, Wednesday, 1851: In North Africa, [Heinrich Barth](#) viewed Ngaljam Demmo.



The Austrian constitution was abolished by order of the Emperor. All political reforms, except the end of serfdom, were rescinded. A patent was issued declaring Emperor Franz Joseph II an absolute monarch.

193. [William M. White](#)'s version of the journal entry continues:

*When the fish hawk in the spring
Revisits the banks of the Musketaquid,
He will circle in vain to find his accustomed perch,
And the hen-hawk will mourn for the pines
Lofty enough to protect her brood.
A plant which it has taken two centuries to perfect,
Rising by slow stages into the heavens,
Has this afternoon ceased to exist.*

*Its sapling top had expanded to this January thaw
As the forerunner of summers to come.
Why does not the village bell sound a knell?*

*I hear no knell tolled.
I see no procession of mourners in the streets,
Or the woodland aisles.
The squirrel has leaped to another tree;
The hawk has circled further off....*

— and we note that to find poetry in this White has been prepared to discard [Henry Thoreau](#)'s bloody-minded prediction, that the hawk which has now settled upon a new eyre had best be preparing to fly away once again because “the woodman is preparing [to] lay his axe at the root of that also.”



1851

1851

In a battle at [Loncomilla](#) the [Chilean](#) rebels were defeated, ending their revolution.

[Henry Thoreau](#) observed the thawing sand/clay bank in the “Deep Cut” of the railroad leading to Walden Pond and for the first time linked it to his [botanical](#) studies. He saw “perfect leopard paws,” the springing forth of the earth, in the bank. “There is nothing inorganic.”

[Douglas R. Anderson](#), on page 309 of his *A HOUSE UNDIVIDED*, has pointed out in regard to Thoreau’s experience of the thawing railroad embankment “Deep Cut” on this day, that Thoreau here is not to be conceptualized as being in Nature’s *cloaca*, watching the formation of excrement, but **in her womb**, watching the formation of the forms of leaves, the forms of fingers, of the “great central life” to which “all animal and vegetable life is merely parasitic.” If Thoreau the artist here is anything, Anderson points out, he is midwife, he is stationed at the deeply cleft portal through which new life emerges.¹⁹⁴

194.  [Douglas R. Anderson](#). *A HOUSE UNDIVIDED: DOMESTICITY AND COMMUNITY IN AMERICAN LITERATURE*. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1990



WALDEN: Few phenomena gave me more delight than to observe the forms which thawing sand and clay assume in flowing down the sides of a deep cut on the railroad through which I passed on my way to the village, a phenomenon not very common on so large a scale, though the number of freshly exposed banks of the right material must have been greatly multiplied since railroads were invented. The material was sand of every degree of fineness and of various rich colors, commonly mixed with a little clay. When the frost comes out in the spring, and even in a thawing day in the winter the sand begins to flow down the slopes like lava, sometimes bursting out through the snow and overflowing it where no sand was to be seen before. Innumerable little streams overlap and interlace one with another, exhibiting a sort of hybrid product, which obeys half way the law of currents, and half way that of vegetation. As it flows it takes the forms of sappy leaves or vines, making heaps of pulpy sprays a foot or more in depth, and resembling, as you look down on them, the lacinated lobed and imbricated thalluses of some lichens; or you are reminded of coral, of leopards' paws or birds' feet, of brains or lungs or bowels, and excrements of all kinds. It is a truly grotesque vegetation, whose forms and color we see imitated in bronze, a sort of architectural foliage more ancient and typical than acanthus, chiccory, ivy, vine, or any vegetable leaves; destined perhaps, under some circumstances, to become a puzzle to future geologists. The whole cut impressed me as if it were a cave with its stalactites laid open to the light. The various shades of the sand are singularly rich and agreeable, embracing the different iron colors, brown, gray, yellowish, and reddish. When the flowing mass reaches the drain at the foot of the bank it spreads out flatter into *strands*, the separate streams losing their semi-cylindrical form and gradually becoming more flat and broad, running together as they are more moist, till they form an almost flat *sand*, still variously and beautifully shaded, but in which you can trace the original forms of vegetation; till at length, in the water itself, they are converted into *banks*, like those formed off the mouths of rivers, and the forms of vegetation are lost in the ripple marks on the bottom.

The whole bank, which is from twenty to forty feet high, is sometimes overlaid with a mass of this kind of foliage, or sandy rupture, for a quarter of mile on one or both sides, the produce of one spring day. What makes this sand foliage remarkable is its springing into existence thus suddenly. When I see on the one side the inert bank, -for the sun acts on one side first,- and on the other this luxuriant foliage, the creation of an hour, I am affected as if in a peculiar sense I stood in the laboratory of the Artist who made the world and me, -had come to where he was still at work, sorting on this bank, and with excess of energy strewing his fresh designs about. I feel as if I were nearer to the vitals of the globe, for this sandy overflow is something such a foliaceous mass as the vitals of the animal body. You find thus in the



very sands an anticipation of the vegetable leaf. No wonder that the earth expresses itself outwardly in leaves, it so labors with the idea inwardly. The atoms have already learned this law, and are pregnant by it. The overhanging leaf sees here its prototype. *Internally* whether in the globe or animal body, it is a moist thick lobe, a word especially applicable to the liver and lungs and the leaves of fat, λειβο, labor, lapsus, to flow or slip downward, a lapsing; λοβος, globus, lobe, globe, also lap, flap, and many other words,) externally a dry thin leaf, even as the *f* and *v* are a pressed and dried *b*. The radicals of lobe *lb*, the soft mass of the *b* (single lobed, or *B*, double lobed,) with a liquid *l* behind it pressing it forward. In globe, *glb*, the guttural *g* adds to the meaning the capacity of the throat. The feathers and wings of birds are still drier and thinner leaves. Thus, also, you pass from the lumpish grub in the earth to the airy and fluttering butterfly. The very globe continually transcends and translates itself, and becomes winged in its orbit. Even ice begins with delicate crystal leaves, as if it had flowed into moulds which the fronds of water plants have impressed on the watery mirror. The whole tree itself is but one leaf and rivers are still vaster leaves whose pulp is intervening earth, and towns and cities are the ova of insects in their axils.

When the sun withdraws the sand ceases to flow, but in the morning the streams will start once more and branch and branch again into a myriad of others. You here see perchance how blood vessels are formed. If you look closely you observe that first there pushes forward from the thawing mass a stream of softened sand with a drop-like point, like the ball of the finger, feeling its way slowly and blindly downward, until at last with more heat and moisture, as the sun gets higher, the most fluid portion, in its effort to obey the law to which the most inert also yields, separates from the latter and forms for itself a meandering channel or artery within that, in which is seen a little silvery stream glancing like lightning from one stage of pulpy leaves or branches to another, and every and anon swallowed up in the sand. It is wonderful how rapidly yet perfectly the sand organizes itself as it flows, using the best material its mass affords to form the sharp edges of its channel. Such are the sources of rivers. In the silicious matter which the water deposits is perhaps the bony system, and in the still finer soil and organic matter the fleshy fibre or cellular tissue. What is man but a mass of thawing clay? The ball of the human finger is but a drop congealed. The fingers and toes flow to their extent from the thawing mass of the body. Who knows what the human body would expand and flow out to under a more genial heaven? Is not the hand a spreading palm leaf with its lobes and veins? The ear may be regarded, fancifully, as a lichen, *umbilicaria*, on the side of the head, with its lobe or drop. The lip (*labium* from labor (?)) laps or lapses from the sides of the cavernous mouth. The nose is a manifest congealed drop or stalactite. The chin is a still larger drop, the confluent drippings of the face.

The cheeks are a slide from the brows into the valley of the face, opposed and diffused by the cheek bones. Each rounded lobe of the vegetable leaf, too, is a thick and now loitering drop, larger or smaller; the lobes are the fingers of the leaf; and as many lobes as it has, in so many directions it tends to flow, and more heat or other genial influences would have caused it to flow yet farther. Thus it seemed that this one hillside illustrated the principle of all the operations of Nature. The Maker of this earth but patented a leaf. What Champollion will decipher this hieroglyphic for us, that we may turn over a new leaf at last? This phenomenon is more exhilarating to me than the luxuriance and fertility of vineyards. True, it is somewhat excrementitious in its character, and there is no end to the heaps of liver lights and bowels, as if the globe were turned wrong side outward; but this suggests at least that Nature has some bowels, and there again is mother of humanity. This is the frost coming out of the ground; this is Spring. It precedes the green and flowery spring, as mythology precedes regular poetry. I know of nothing more purgative of winter fumes and indigestions. It convinces me that Earth is still in her swaddling clothes, and stretches forth baby fingers on every side. Fresh curls springs from the baldest brow. There is nothing inorganic. These foliaceous heaps lie along the bank like the slag of a furnace, showing that Nature is "in full blast" within. The earth is not a mere fragment of dead history, stratum upon stratum like the leaves of a book, to be studied by geologists and antiquaries chiefly, but living poetry like the leaves of a tree, which precede flowers and fruit, -not a fossil earth, but a living earth; compared with whose great central life all animal and vegetable life is merely parasitic. Its throes will heave our exuvia from their graves. You may melt your metals and cast them into the most beautiful moulds you can; they will never excite me like the forms which this molten earth flows out into. And not only it, but the institutions upon it, are plastic like clay in the hands of the potter.

JEAN-FRANÇOIS CHAMPOLLION

A few days after what Eric Wilson¹⁹⁵ has referred to as this experience of an "aqueous epiphany" (marked by his conclusion "True as [Thales](#) said -The world was made out of water- that is the principle of all things") Thoreau would get out his [WALDEN](#) manuscript and begin what we regard as his 4th or "D" draft.

WALDEN A → G



Since Thoreau was to lecture on [AN EXCURSION TO CANADA](#) on this evening in Lincoln, it is plausible to surmise -though we do not know- that his experience of the flowing forms of the Deep Cut may have occurred while he was walking up the railroad tracks from Concord toward Lincoln to deliver this lecture.

TIMELINE OF CANADA

195. "Thoreau, [Thales](#), and the Distribution of Water" in [The Concord Saunterer](#), New Series, Volume 6, 1998: 27-44

Well, there seems to be confusion here. Did Thoreau lecture in Lincoln on December 30th or on December 31st? I have another note, that on the 31st he heard [Elizabeth Oakes Smith](#) lecture on “Womanhood” at the Concord lyceum, that she asked him to carry her lecture to the hall with the result that afterward his pocket smelled like cologne and he commented disapprovingly in his journal that “she was a woman in the too common sense after all.”



December 31, Wednesday: The 3d warm day. now overcast and beginning to drizzle. Still it is inspiring as the brightest weather – though the sun surely is not agoing to shine, There is a latent light in the mist – as if there were more electricity than usual in the air. These are warm foggy days in winter which excite us.

It reminds me this thick spring like weather, that I have not enough valued and attended to the pure clarity & brilliancy of the winter skies– Consider in what respects the winter sunsets differ from the summer ones. Shall I ever in summer evenings see so celestial a reach of blue sky contrasting with amber as I have seen a few days since– The day sky in winter corresponds for clarity to the night sky in which the stars shine & twinkle so brightly in this latitude.

I am too late perhaps, to see the sand foliage in the deep cut – should have been there day before yesterday – it is now too wet & soft.

Yet in some places it is perfect. I see some perfect leopard’s paws

These things suggest – that there is motion in the earth as well as on the surface; it lives & grows. It is warmed & influenced by the sun – just as my blood by my thoughts. I seem to see some of the life that is in the spring bud & blossom more intimately nearer its fountain head – the fancy sketches & designs of the artist. It is more simple & primitive growth. As if for ages sand and clay might have thus flowed into the forms of foliage – before plants were produced to clothe the earth. The earth I tread on is not a dead inert mass. It is a body – has a spirit – is organic – and fluid to the influence of its spirit – and to whatever particle of that spirit is in me. She is not dead but sleepeth. It is more cheering than the fertility & luxuriance of vineyards – this fundamental fertility near to the principle of growth. To be sure it is somewhat foecal and stercoral–. So the poet’s creative moment is when the frost is coming out in the spring – but as in the case of some too easy poets – if the weather is too warm & rainy or long continued it becomes mere diarrhea – mud & clay relaxed. The poet must not have something pass his bowels merely – that is women’s poetry.– He must have something pass his brain & heart and bowels too, it may be, altogether.– so he gets delivered– There is no end to the fine bowels here exhibited – heaps of liver – lights & bowels. Have you no bowels? Nature has some bowels. and there again she is mother of humanity. Concord is a worthier place to live in – the globe is a worthier place for these creations This slumbering life – that may wake. Even the solid globe is permeated by the living law. It is the most living of creatures. No doubt all creatures that live on its surface are but parasites.

I observed this afternoon the old Irish woman at the shanty in the woods – sitting out on the hill side bare headed in the rain & on the icy though thawing ground – knitting. She comes out like the ground squirrel at the least intimation of warmer weather. She will not have to go far to be buried – so close she lives to the earth. – While I walk still in a great coat & under an umbrella– Such Irish as these are naturalizing themselves at a rapid rate – and threaten at last to displace the Yankees – as the latter have the Indians– The process of acclimation is rapid with them they draw long breaths in the sick room. What must be the philosophy of life to that woman – ready to flow down the slope with the running sand! Ah what would I not give for her point of view. She does not use any ths in her style– Yet I fear that even she may have learned to lie.

There is a low mist in the woods— It is a good day to study lichens. The view so confined – it compels your attention to near objects – & the white background reveals the disks of the lichens distinctly— They appear more loose – flowing – expanded – flattened out – the colors brighter – for the damp— The round greenish yellow lichens on the white pines loom through the mist (or are seen dimly) like shields – whose devices you would fain read. The trees appear all at once covered with this crop – of lichens & mosses of all kind – flat – & tearful are some – distended by moisture— This is their solstice – and your eyes run swiftly through the mist to these things only. On every fallen twig even that has lain under the snows – as well as on the trees, they appear erect & now first to have attained their full expansion. Nature has a day for each of her creatures – her creations. To day it is an exhibition of lichens at forest Hall— The livid green of some – the fruit of others. They eclipse the trees they cover.— And the red – club pointed – (baobab tree like) on the stumps – the **erythrean** stumps.— ah beautiful is decay. True as [Thales](#) said – The world was made out of water – that is the principle of all things.

I do not lay myself open to my friends!?! The owner of the casket locks it, and unlocks it.

Treat your friends for what you know them to be – regard no surfaces— Consider not what they did, but what they intended. Be sure as you know them, you are known of them again. Last night I treated my dearest friend ill. Though I could find some excuse for myself, it is not such excuse as under the circumstances could be pleaded in so many words— Instantly I blamed myself – & sought an opportunity to make atonement—; but the friend avoided me, and with kinder feelings even than before I was obliged to depart— And now this morning I feel that it is too late to speak of the trifle – and besides I doubt now in the cool morning, if I have a right to suppose such intimate & serious relations as afford a basis for the apology I had conceived – for even magnanimity must ask this poor earth for a field. The virtues even wait for invitation. Yet I am resolved to know that one centrally – through thick & thin – and though we should be cold to one another – though we should never speak to one another – I will know that inward & essential love may exist even under a superficial cold – & that the law of attraction speaks louder than words. My true relation this instant shall be my apology for my false relation the last instant.

I made haste to cast off my injustice as scurf— I own it least of anybody for I have absolutely done with it. Let the idle & wavering & apologizing friend appropriate it. Methinks our estrangement is only like the divergence of the branches which unite in the stem.

Last night I heard Mrs Oakes Smith lecture on Womanhood. The most important fact about the lecture was that a woman said it – and in that respect it was suggestive.



Went to see her afterward. But the interview added nothing to the previous impression, rather subtracted. She was a woman in the too common sense after all. You had to fire small charges— I did not have a finger in once, for fear of blowing away all her works & so ending the game. You had to substitute courtesy for sense & argument It requires nothing less than a chivalric feeling to sustain a conversation with a lady. I carried her lecture for her in my pocket wrapped in her handkerchief – my pocket exhales cologne to this moment. The championness of womans rights still asks you to be a ladies' man— I can't fire a salute even for fear some of the guns may be shotted. I had to unshot all the guns in truth's battery and fire powder & wadding only. Certainly the heart is only for rare occasions – the intellect affords the most unfailing entertainment. It would only do to let her feel the wind of the ball. I fear that to the last woman's lectures will demand mainly courtesy from man.

How deceptive the size of a large pine— Still as you approach it – even within a rod or two it looks only like a reasonable stick – fit for a string piece perchance – the average size of trees one foot in diameter – big as a keg or a half barrel it may be. Fit for the sill or the beams of an old fashioned house.— This you think is a generous appreciation & allowance. Not till you stand close to its foot,



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upon one of its swelling insteps & compare its diameter with the diameter of your own eyeballs, do you begin to discover its width. Stand by its side & see how it shuts out a hemisphere from you. Why it is as wide as a front door. What a slender arrow – a light shaft now that you stand a rod or two off– What a ballista – a battering ram – a mighty vegetable monster – a cannon, near at hand! Now set a barrel aye a hogshead beside it. You apply your measures– The foot rule seems suddenly shrunk. Your umbrella is but half as long as it was–

The pine I saw fall yesterday measured today 105 feet – & was about 94 years old– There was one still larger lying beside it. 115 feet long – 96 yrs old – 4 feet diam– the longest way. The tears were streaming from the sap wood – about 20 circles – of each. pure amber or pearly tears. Through the drizzling fog now just before night-fall I see from the Cliffs the dark cones of pine trees that rise above the level of the tree tops – and can trace a few elm tree tops where a farm house hides beneath.

Denuded pines stand in the clearings with no old cloak to wrap about them. only the apexes of their cones entire – telling a pathetic story of the companions that clothed them. So stands a man. It is clearing around him. He has no companions on the hills– The lonely traveller looking up wonders why he was left when his companions were taken.

Thoreau's organicist poetics assumed that language has the capacity to convey the truths of nature in a form manifesting principles of growth and development homologous with those of nature itself. Thoreau believed that such isomorphism between the dynamics of nature and the dynamics of language could be accomplished by "writers whose language was based in nature's primal power." Philip F. Gura has shown that Thoreau's "profound interest in [the] contemporary philological theories" of Charles Kraitsir and Richard Trench was motivated by his dream "to return to the primitive analogical and derivative sense of words." The most celebrated example of Thoreau's attempt to translate nature's tawny grammar into human language is the "deep cut" passage in the "Spring" chapter of WALDEN, in which Thoreau discusses floral-shaped sand flows emerging from a thawing sand bank next to the railroad. This passage was largely composed in 1853, and so was informed by the considerations and accomplishments of Thoreau's later career, although as part of WALDEN it was integrated into a springtime context. The deep cut passage is the most striking instance of Thoreau's application of glossology in his writing (glossology being the language theory according to which the phonetic qualities of words replicate with semantic significance the qualities and principles of the natural objects of which they are signs).



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



1851

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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



Prepared: December 24, 2020

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, someone has requested that we pull it out of the hat of a pirate who has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (as above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture (this is data mining). To respond to such a request for information we merely push a button.

Commonly, the first output of the algorithm has obvious deficiencies and we need to go back into the modules stored in



the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and recompile the chronology – but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary “writerly” process 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 requests with <Kouroo@kouroo.info>. Arrgh.

General Events of 1851

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



Following the death of [Jesus Christ](#) there was a period of readjustment that lasted for approximately one million years.

-[Kurt Vonnegut](#), THE SIRENS OF TITAN

GO ON TO EVENTS OF 1852