

CALIFORNIA



"I know histhry isn't thru, Hinnissy, because it ain't like what I see ivry day in Halsted Street. If any wan comes along with a histhry iv Greece or Rome that'll show me th' people fightin', gettin' dhrunk, makin' love, gettin' married, owin' th' grocery man an' bein' without hard coal, I'll believe they was a Greece or Rome, but not befur."



— Dunne, Finley Peter,
OBSERVATIONS BY MR. DOOLEY,
New York, 1902

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



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3,700 BCE

circa 3,700 BCE: In Mesopotamia, “Burrows’ Flood”: the Jesuit paleographer Burrows who accompanied Leonard Woolley on his 1930s archeological dig at Ur (and who later figures as the murderer in Agatha Christie’s “Murder in Mesopotamia”), has dated this Mesopotamian/Biblical flood at 3,700 BCE. (Core samples along the central [California](#) coast indicate that there have been only small deposits of laminated sediments on the continental shelf after 3,000 BCE.)

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1560

Furlani made a map of [California](#):



Over the following four decades, European cartographers would be evolving a generally accurate representation of Newfoundland as a single island, notably Desliens' Mappemonde of 1560 and Bartolomeu Lasso's manuscript charts of 1575-1590.

[CARTOGRAPHY](#)



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1564

King Philip of Spain ordered [cannabis](#) (hemp) to be grown throughout his empire, which stretched from modern-day Argentina to Oregon.

Priests brought the European grape [vine](#) to [California](#) via [Mexico](#).

PLANTS

FIGURING OUT WHAT AMOUNTS TO A “HISTORICAL CONTEXT” IS WHAT THE CRAFT OF HISTORICIZING AMOUNTS TO, AND THIS NECESSITATES DISTINGUISHING BETWEEN THE SET OF EVENTS THAT MUST HAVE TAKEN PLACE BEFORE EVENT E COULD BECOME POSSIBLE, AND MOST CAREFULLY DISTINGUISHING THEM FROM ANOTHER SET OF EVENTS THAT COULD NOT POSSIBLY OCCUR UNTIL SUBSEQUENT TO EVENT E.



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1579

Both Drakes Bay, the body of water enclosed by Point Reyes some 30 miles northwest of the Golden Gate, and San Francisco Bay, have been proposed as the site of Sir [Francis Drake](#)'s landing in [California](#) in the course of his voyage around the world. However, Drake provided no description which would indicate that he noticed or entered the gap in the coastline we know as the Golden Gate.

Chronological observations of America

Sir Francis Drake discovered Nova Albion in the South Sea. Others will have Sir Martin Frobisher's first voyage to discover the North-west passage to be this year.

From the year of the World *to the year of Christ 1673.*

BY John Josselyn Gent.

**LIFE IS LIVED FORWARD BUT UNDERSTOOD BACKWARD?
— NO, THAT'S GIVING TOO MUCH TO THE HISTORIAN'S STORIES.
LIFE ISN'T TO BE UNDERSTOOD EITHER FORWARD OR BACKWARD.**

1595

The merchant/adventurer Sebastian Rodriguez Cermeno unsuccessfully searched the [California](#) coast for an acceptable port-of-call for the Manila galleons.



THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT





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1602



Sebastian Vizcaino, in search of a good harbor, discovered Monterey Bay. His discovery set the scene for Spanish settlement of Alta [California](#).

THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT





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1622

The first **published** maps depicting [California](#) as if it were an immense island lying off the coast of the new northern continent appeared in the Dutch publisher Colijn's account of Jacob LeMaire's voyage to the Pacific, as well as in his publication of de Herrera's *DESCRIPTIO INDIAE OCCIDENTALIS*. The theory that California was an island most probably had re-entered European thought after the capture by the Dutch of an erroneous Spanish map based on theories developed by Ascensión after the Spanish expedition sent to explore California in 1602. The Spanish ship *San Francisco* had been captured by Spilbergen in 1615, and there is some speculation that the map had been found aboard it and passed on to LeMaire, and that this is what eventually returned to Europe and once again gave credibility to the island theory.

CARTOGRAPHY

DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.



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1719

Captain George Shelvocke became active as a [pirate](#) while sailing with an English expedition to prey on Spanish shipping. He defied the orders of his superior officer and began to proceed on his own. After sailing up the coast of [California](#), he crossed over to China seas and eventually returned to England, where he would be tried but acquitted. His account A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD BY WAY OF THE GREAT SOUTH SEA would be created out of the apology he made to the proprietors for his conduct on his unauthorized expedition.

The failure of the Lords Proprietors to protect their colonists from various threats resulted in a Revolutionary Assembly in which the citizens of [Carolina](#) petitioned the King of England to take over the reins of government.

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT



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1768

December 6, Tuesday: The 1st volume of the 1st edition of the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA* went on sale, in [Scotland](#). This 1st edition would continue to be supplemented in 100 weekly installments or “numbers,” into 1771. [William Smellie](#) had been hired at the age of 28 by Colin Macfarquhar and Andrew Bell to edit this initial effort, and although he would borrow liberally from the likes of Voltaire, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Pope, and Samuel Johnson, there was a whole lot that this opinionated young man knew nothing whatever about. For instance, he knew so little about the fairer sex that his entire article on “Woman” consists of four words: “the female of man.” There were engravings by Andrew Bell that King George III would characterize as “prurient,” that would need to vanish before any follow-on edition. (This 1st edition is now available in replica but believe me, even in its completed condition as of 1771 there isn’t a whole lot to be said for it. About the best that can be said is that it made everyone aware that there would need to be a 2d edition.)

Callifornia, a large country of the West Indies, lying between 116° and 138° W. long. and between 23° and 46° N. lat. It is uncertain whether it be a peninsula or an ifland.

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Daines Barrington, who had invented a format called *THE NATURALIST’S JOURNAL*, presented the Reverend [Gilbert White](#) of Selborne with a copy. The format of this book began to replace the format which the Reverend had been using for the past 17 years for his *GARDEN KALENDAR*.



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1769

Captain Gaspar de Portola began the land-based exploration and settlement of Alta [California](#).

October 10, Tuesday: Captain Gaspar de Portola's exploration of the [California](#) coast reached low hills forested by very tall trees that were red in color. This is the 1st recorded sighting (did I mention that Captain Portola was a white man?) of the coast redwoods.

BOTANIZING

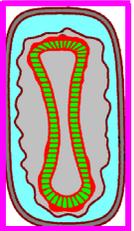
1781

July 13, Friday: The British had had a long-standing policy of promising after-war freedom to any able-bodied American black slaves who would do wartime heavy lifting for the army of occupation in what were known as "Black Pioneer" brigades. On this date General Alexander Leslie wrote to General Charles Cornwallis:

Above 700 Negroes are come down the River in the Small Pox. I shall distribute them about the Rebell Plantations.

AMERICAN REVOLUTION

For the final defeat of the besieged army under General Cornwallis at Yorktown, the revolutionary forces had made use of funds collected from people living in the area of the present states of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California, which were at that time part of Mejico. This siege at Yorktown in which the British finally were defeated had been planned by Captain Francisco de Saavedra and had involved expenditure not only of £500,000 from Cuba but also of £1,000,000 donated to the Continental Congress by King Carlos of Spain. During the withdrawal of the army, pursuing revolutionaries began to notice numbers of sick or dying blacks along the sides of the road and very correctly began to suspect that germ warfare was being conducted against them:



Within these days past, I have marched by 18 or 20 Negroes that lay dead by the way-side, putrifying with the small pox ... [abandoned by the Brits to] spread smallpox thro' the country.

VARIOLA

The comment that has been made about this by Elizabeth A. Fenn, writing on the topic of biological warfare for the New York Times on April 11, 1998, OP-ED page A25, column 5, is:

Not only did the British perpetrate biological warfare, but they used desperate slaves to commit the deed.

Dr. Thacher, surgeon in Scammel's regiment, in his description of this siege, would write: "The labor on the Virginia plantations is performed altogether by a species of the human race cruelly wrested from their native country, and doomed to perpetual bondage, while their masters are manfully contending for freedom and the natural rights of man. Such is the inconsistency of human nature." After the surrender at Yorktown, some 1,800 slaves would be collected by the revolutionary forces and restored to their American masters. Well was it said by Dr. Barnes, in his late work on Slavery: "No slave was any nearer his freedom after the surrender of Yorktown than when Patrick Henry first taught the notes of liberty to echo among the hills and vales of Virginia." On the basis of this sad history of human abuse of humans, in 1847 Friend John Greenleaf Whittier would write:

YORKTOWN.

FROM Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still,
Two lines stretch far o'er vale and hill:
Who curbs his steed at head of one?
Hark! the low murmur: Washington!

CALIFORNIA

Who bends his keen, approving glance,
Where down the gorgeous line of France
Shine knightly star and plume of snow?
Thou too art victor, Rochambeau!

The earth which bears this calm array
Shook with the war-charge yesterday,

Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof and wheel,
Shot-sown and bladed thick with steel;
October's clear and noonday sun
Paled in the breath-smoke of the gun,
And down night's double blackness fell,
Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed: the gleaming lines
Stand moveless as the neighboring pines;
While through them, sullen, grim, and slow,
The conquered hosts of England go:
O'Hara's brow belies his dress,
Gay Tarleton's troop rides bannerless:
Shout, from thy fired and wasted homes,
Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes!

Nor thou alone: with one glad voice
Let all thy sister States rejoice;
Let Freedom, in whatever clime
She waits with sleepless eye her time,
Shouting from cave and mountain wood
Make glad her desert solitude,
While they who hunt her quail with fear;
The New World's chain lies broken here!

But who are they, who, cowering, wait
Within the shattered fortress gate?
Dark tillers of Virginia's soil,
Classed with the battle's common spoil,
With household stuffs, and fowl, and swine,
With Indian weed and planters' wine,
With stolen beeves, and foraged corn, —
Are they not men, Virginian born?

Oh, veil your faces, young and brave!
Sleep, Scammel, in thy soldier grave!
Sons of the Northland, ye who set
Stout hearts against the bayonet,
And pressed with steady footfall near
The moated battery's blazing tier,
Turn your scarred faces from the sight,
Let shame do homage to the right!

Lo! fourscore years have passed; and where
The Gallic bugles stirred the air,
And, through breached batteries, side by side,
To victory stormed the hosts allied,
And brave foes grounded, pale with pain,
The arms they might not lift again,
As abject as in that old day
The slave still toils his life away.

Oh, fields still green and fresh in story,
Old days of pride, old names of glory,
Old marvels of the tongue and pen,
Old thoughts which stirred the hearts of men,
Ye spared the wrong: and over all
Behold the avenging shadow fall!
Your world-wide honor stained with shame, —
Your freedom's self a hollow name!

Where's now the flag of that old war?
Where flows its stripe? Where burns its star?

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Bear witness, Palo Alto's day,
Dark Vale of Palms, red Monterey,
Where Mexic Freedom, young and weak,
Fleshes the Northern eagle's beak;

Symbol of terror and despair,
Of chains and slaves, go seek it there!

Laugh, Prussia, midst thy iron ranks!
Laugh, Russia, from thy Neva's banks!
Brave sport to see the fledgling born
Of freedom by its parent torn!
Safe now is Spielberg's dungeon cell,
Safe drear Siberia's frozen hell:
With Slavery's flag o'er both unrolled,
What of the New World fears the Old?

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1785

The US adopted the decimal system and the “dollar,” in imitation of the Spanish system of silver coinage, became our monetary unit of exchange. Ah, dolor! Spain opened a trade with [China](#) by way of Manila, exchanging furs obtained from the Native Americans along the [California](#) coast for Chinese mercury to be used in the processing of the ore from the mines of Mexico and Peru. The Spanish fur agent was headquartered in Monterey. These Southern Californian furs, however, would prove to be unsatisfactory both in quantity and in quality.



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1795

November 17, Tuesday: Giacomo Maria Brignole replaced Giuseppe Maria Doria, Duke of Massanova as Doge of Genoa.

The opening day of the Little Falls [Canal](#), the first true canal in New York State. This canal had been dug by the Western Inland Lock Navigation Company as part of a network of artificial works and natural waterway improvements to connect the Mohawk River port at Schenectady with the Great Lakes harbor at Oswego.

Don Jose Maria Beltran, Royal Exchequer and Minister in Charge of the 2nd Naval Department, drafted a detailed plan for the fortification of Alta [California](#). Using Costanso's suggestion, he recommended establishing a new pueblo in central California to be populated by retired soldiers, skilled craftsmen and Christianized Indians. Following Viceroy Branciforte's approval, a Free Company of the Region of Arizona numbering 75 persons was dispatched to Alta California, where, upon completing their terms of enlistment, they were to become land grantees of the new pueblo.



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1797

February 25, Saturday: In Alta [California](#), Viceroy Branciforte ordered the establishment of the Pueblo de Branciforte on a bluff above the San Lorenzo River. The recruitment of settlers for the pueblo began in New Spain.

Colonel William Tate surrendered his force of 1,200-1,400 French soldiers in Wales (this has been, so far, the final time a foreign army has landed on the British mainland, the final successful time having gone down as of 1066 CE).¹

June 20, Tuesday: The initial group of colonists from Guadalajara arrived at Branciforte in Alta [California](#).

July 24, Monday: In Alta [California](#), Governor Diego de Borcia formally dedicated the Pueblo de Branciforte at the site.

1. Beware, you will be told that Colonel Tate was in his 70s. He was in his 40s.



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1801

 January 28, Wednesday: Moses Ely Ring was born in [New-York](#). As a young man he would live with his father's family in Rhinebeck, [New York](#). He would marry Anna Maria Shook at St. Peter's Lutheran Church in Rhinebeck on September 16, 1824, and in 1827 they would have their first son, Eugene Ring. Between 1835 and 1843 Moses Ring would run a leather business in [New-York](#), but the business would be dissolved when his partner objected to his reckless speculation in hides. In 1843 he would open a general store in Rhinebeck. In 1845 he would be elected Town Supervisor of Rhinebeck. When in the winter of 1848/1849 news of the gold discoveries began to arrive, Moses would join other local men in an overland expedition to [California](#). During Spring 1850 Moses would be reunited in [California](#) with his son Eugene Ring and they would begin to work together in the gold mines. In 1851 Moses would return to Rhinebeck, and he would die there on January 12, 1860.

1802

December 6, Monday: [Paul Émile Botta](#) was born in Torino. Since he was born in Italy and since his father Carlo Giuseppe Guglielmo Botta was a historian specializing in that region of the world he would sometimes be considered to be himself Italian — but as an adult, after a period as a naturalist in [California](#) and [Hawaii](#), he would be a diplomat not for Italy but for France.²

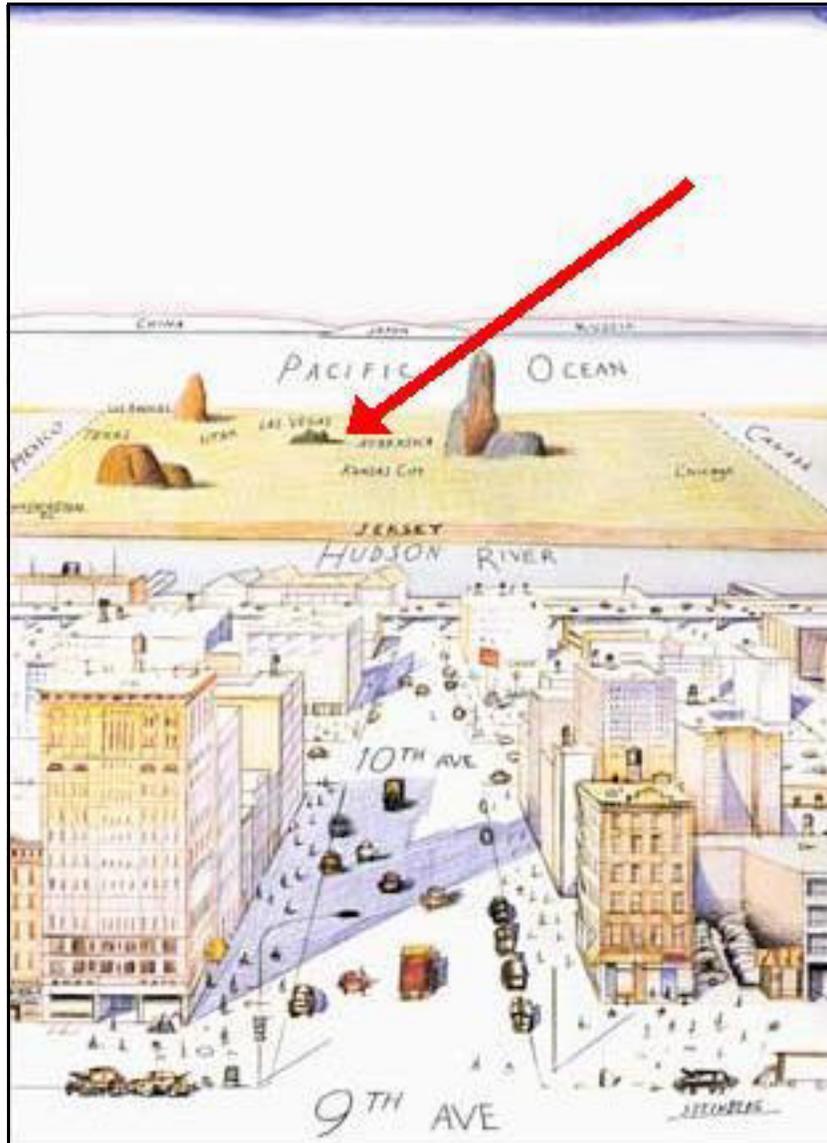
2. Botta would collect mammals, birds, and insects in California, and observe the life of native Americans, during the late 1820s. A valley pocket gopher of the southwestern United States and Mexico would be designated *Thomomys bottae*:



VALLEY POCKET GOPHER *THOMOMYS BOTTAE*

1805

 Drought in *Alta California*.³



 At this point the Arabian horses which had been introduced into *California* by the Spanish had become so numerous, that occasionally herds of them needed to be chased down and exterminated — in order to make room for the Spanish cattle.

3. According to Mike Davis (a bestselling truckdriver as famous in LA as is that bestselling taxi-driver in Boston whose book is on all the newstands), the urbanization of the Greater Los Angeles Metropolitan Area seems to have taken place during one of the most unusual episodes of climatic and seismic benignity of our Holocene era. There have been two megadroughts in Los Angeles's prehistory dwarfing anything within our experience. During the past couple of centuries, the longest drought in Southern California has lasted a mere six years, but these megadroughts, which occurred during the "Middle Ages" of Europe, held sway respectively for 140 years and for 220 years. (Generally, abundant rainfall in the Los Angeles region correlates with the El Niño ENSO phenomenon, extended drought with the La Niña ENSO phenomenon.)



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1810



Hemp, which had been introduced into *Alta California* by the government in 1804, had become so abundant that it could be relied upon as a cash crop only by farmers prepared to take a great risk. In this year, also, the olive tree was introduced, and in a few years the olive harvest would be prospering.

PLANTS



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1811



Between this year and 1815, Native American laborers and Mexican soldiers would be raising the walls of Mission San Luis Rey de Francia, near today's kind and gentle Oceanside, [California](#). As the mission brochure now puts it so nicely, "While colonists in other parts of the world tried to expropriate and exterminate the natives, the Franciscan Padres and the Spaniards sought to save them."



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1815

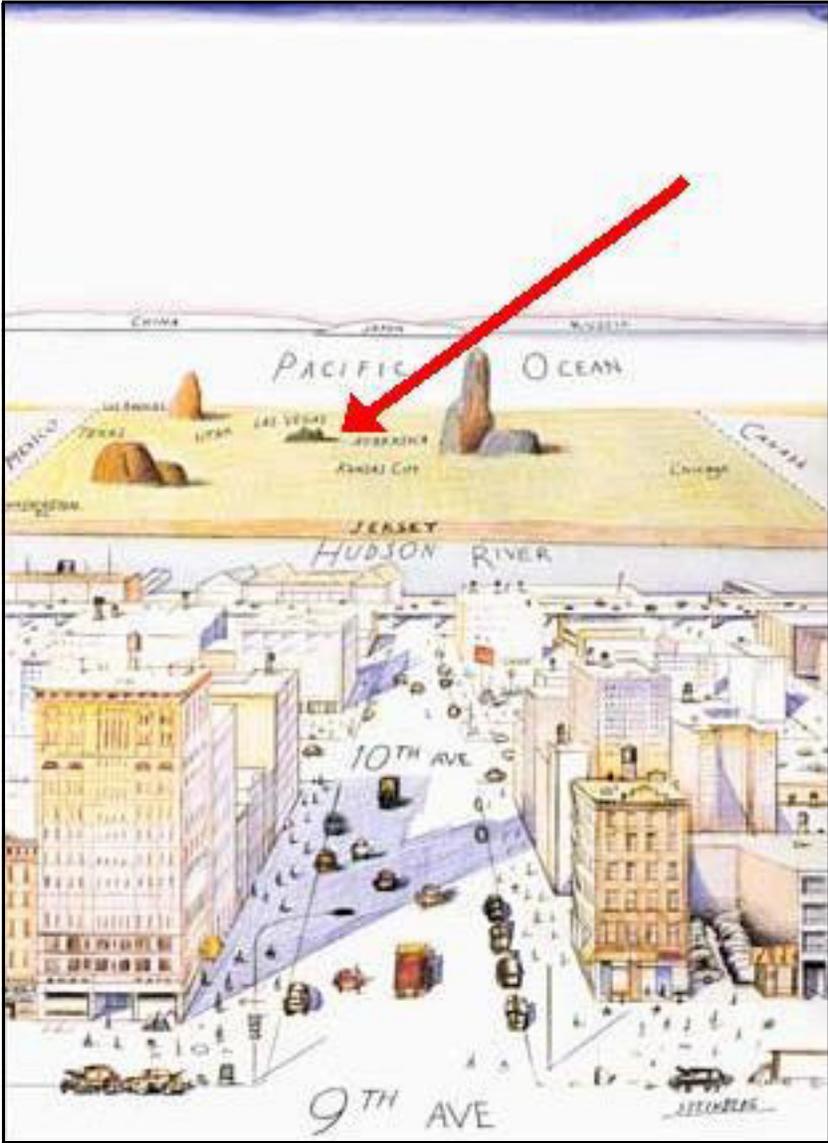


Completion of a project begun in 1811: The walls of Mission San Luis Rey de Francia near today's Oceanside stood as a memorial to the labors of native Americans, and Mexican soldiers. The current mission brochure puts the matter this way: "While colonists in other parts of the world tried to expropriate and exterminate the natives, the Franciscan Padres and the Spaniards sought to save them."

Elsewhere is to genocide as [California](#) is to salvation; we'll hold onto that idea for future reference.

1816

 In this year and the following one, there would be flooding in *Alta California*.





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1818



December 18, Friday: Heinrich replaced Frederick Ferdinand as Prince of Anhalt-Köthen-Pless as Frederick Ferdinand replaced Ludwig II as Duke of Anhalt-Köthen.

With the arrival of Army reinforcements at the Spanish/Franciscan settlement at Mission San Juan Capistrano, the soberer of the [pirates](#) lugged their drunken comrades back down to their ships. However, several of the pirates, instead of sailing off into the sunset, elected to stay ashore and go straight, among them a Scottish drummer named John Rose who would become the first Anglo resident of the district now known as Orange County, [California](#), and a man named Mateo José Pascual, who would become the first black resident of record along this coast.



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1819



December 20, Monday: Birth of John Geary, who would be the 1st Postmaster of San Francisco, [California](#), and then become the city's 1st Mayor on May 1, 1850.

An Austrian magistrate denied a 2d appeal by [Ludwig van Beethoven](#) against the order of September 17th that his nephew Karl be cared for by his mother under a court-appointed guardian.

1821

➡ As Mexico became independent from Spain, Mexican troops replaced Spanish troops at the Alamo.



REMEMBERING THE ALAMO

Mexico began to use its California province as a dumping-ground for criminals. Upon condition of their pledging that all children born in Mexico would be free—even the children of their slaves— Mexico allowed a group of United States citizens led by Stephen A. Austin to bring slaves into the “Texas” region of Mexico. The white American families emigrating with Austin were awarded large tracts of land on which to settle, and the Spanish government of Texas promised to refrain from offering freedom to the slaves of these families, so long as they were slaves of the initial generation.⁴

Between 1814 and this year, Thomson had been creating this map:



4. Later, these white USers would of course ignore the pledge they had made, and treat the new children of their slaves as a new crop of their slaves — but by that time they would be heavily armed and would have created an effective segregated militia, so the government of Mexico would be unable to bring them to honor the pledge they had made in order to obtain these grants of land.



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1824

 February 21, Saturday: The [Chumash](#) began a revolt against Spanish intrusion along the [California](#) coast.

 February 24, Tuesday: The [Chumash](#) revolt against Spanish intrusion along the [California](#) coast was crushed.

1828

➡ Publication of [Paul Émile Botta](#)'s OBSERVATIONS ON THE INHABITANTS OF [CALIFORNIA](#), 1827-1828, which contained observations on the life of its indigenous native population as well as on its birds. Meanwhile this author was getting an opportunity to observe the wild life and the wildlife of the [Hawaiian Islands](#). His "*Observations sur les habitans des iles Sandwich*" would appear in Nouvelles Annales des Voyages et des Sciences Geographiques for October-December 1831.



1830

 The early years of this decade would be marked by drought in *Alta California*.⁵

Largest Scale Global Weather Oscillations 1824-1832

	Southern Oscillation	South Pacific current reversal	Indonesian monsoon	Australian droughts	Indian monsoon	Annual Nile flood
1824	strong	warm El Niño moderate +		drought	deficient	extremely poor
1825	strong	cold La Niña		adequate	deficient	extremely poor
1826	absent	cold La Niña		adequate	adequate	adequate
1827	very strong	cold La Niña		adequate	deficient	adequate
1828	very strong	warm El Niño very strong		drought	deficient	quite weak
1829	absent	cold La Niña		adequate	adequate	adequate
1830	moderate	warm El Niño moderate		adequate	adequate	quite weak
1831	absent	cold La Niña		adequate	adequate	adequate
1832	very strong	warm El Niño moderate +		drought	deficient	low

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.

 Samuel Ringgold Ward heard, in New Haven, Connecticut, at the Temple Street Coloured Congregational Church, the Reverend Simeon S. Jocelyn preach. This white minister was able to gain his trust because:

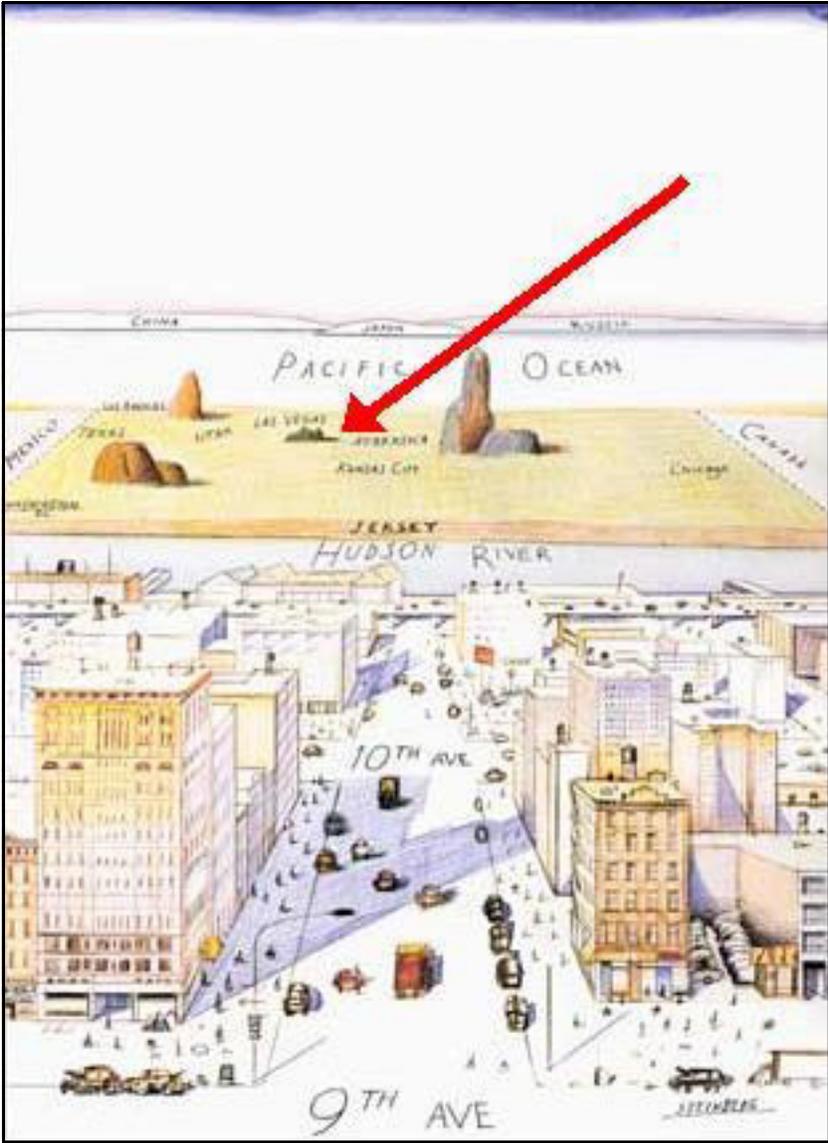
I learned that, when a young man, a bank-note engraver by trade, he studied theology and entered the ministry, on purpose to serve the coloured people.

5. According to Mike Davis (a bestselling truckdriver as famous in “LaLaLand” as is that bestselling taxi-driver in Boston whose book is on all the newstands), the urbanization of the Greater Los Angeles Metropolitan Area seems to have taken place during one of the most unusual episodes of climatic and seismic benignity of our Holocene era. There have been two megadroughts in Los Angeles’s prehistory dwarfing anything within our experience. During the past couple of centuries, the longest drought in Southern California has lasted a mere six years, but these megadroughts, which occurred during the “Middle Ages” of Europe, held sway respectively for 140 years and for 220 years. (Generally, abundant rainfall in the Los Angeles region correlates with the El Niño ENSO phenomenon, extended drought with the La Niña ENSO phenomenon.)

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Starting in this year, until 1837, Alfred Robinson (died 1895) of Massachusetts would be the [California](#) agent for Bryant, Sturgis, and Company.





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1831

 In [California](#), Francisco Rubio, a Hispanic soldier, was [put before a firing squad](#) for murder-rape.

At the Royal College of Surgeons in London, in the course of this year, there were eleven dissections of the bodies of the [hanged](#).

WOMEN HANGED IN ENGLAND DURING 1831

Date	Name	Place of execution	Crime
18/03	Margaret Mackesay	Limerick	Murder
05/08	Agnes Clarke	Downpatrick	Murder
06/08	Judith Butler	Clonmel	Murder
11/08	Mary Ann Higgins	Coventry	Murder
06/10	Mary Steel (Bryce)	Glasgow	Murder



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1833



Joseph Walker was greatly surprised when he walked up to an edge in the Sierra Nevada mountains and found himself gazing straight down into a deep, flat-bottomed valley (the white people would rename this as [Yosemite Valley](#)).

1834

➡ It was impossible to imagine that anyone could do worse with the Native Americans of the [California](#) coast, than the Franciscan fathers had done since the day of Father Junípero Serra so ready with the scourge, and therefore control of the string of concentration camps along the coast, referred to as “missions,” was passed from the church to: the Spanish army. The Spanish army would, of course, complete the job, and by the date of California’s first census, there would be not one single Native American tribe left in existence in any single coastal California county in which there had been one of these Spanish missions.

On the other hand, [Paul Émile Botta](#)’s pocket gopher would be doing just fine and thank you for asking:



VALLEY POCKET GOPHER *THOMOMYS BOTTAE*

HDT

WHAT?

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California populations of the Valley Pocket Gopher

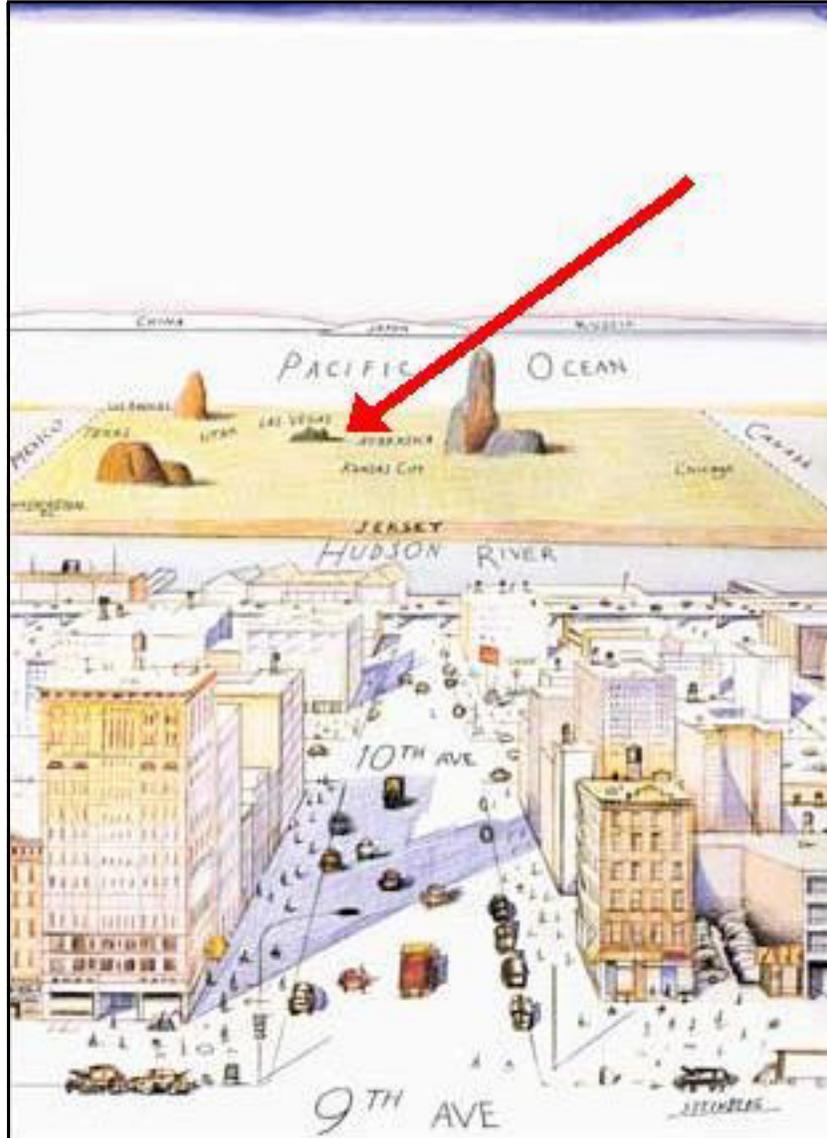
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1835

 In this year and the next, [Professor Thomas Nuttall](#), having taken leave from [Harvard College](#), would explore the flora of the [California](#) coast. [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) would meet up with him out there.



[BOTANIZING](#)



CALIFORNIA

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January 15, Thursday: According to the records of the "[Institute of 1770](#)" there was a unscheduled meeting at which [David Henry Thoreau](#) and Henry Vose were absent.

[Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) described life in Monterey, [California](#):

AND NOW, FOR SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, A REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR:⁶

Toward morning the captain put his head out of the companion-way and told the second mate, who commanded our watch, to look out for a change of wind, which usually followed a calm and heavy rain; and it was well that he did; for in a few minutes it fell dead calm, the vessel lost her steerage-way, and the rain ceased. We hauled up the trysail and courses, squared the after yards, and waited for the change, which came in a few minutes, with a vengeance, from the northwest, the opposite point of the compass. Owing to our precautions, we were not taken aback, but ran before the wind with square yards. The captain coming on deck, we braced up a little and stood back for our anchorage. With the change of wind came a change of weather, and in two hours the wind moderated into the light steady breeze, which blows down the coast the greater part of the year, and, from its regularity, might be called a trade-wind. The sun came up bright, and we set royals, skysails, and studding-sails, and were under fair way for Santa Barbara. The little *Loriotte* was astern of us, nearly out of sight; but we saw nothing of the *Ayacucho*. In a short time she appeared, standing out from Santa Rosa Island, under the lee of which she had been hove to, all night. Our captain was anxious to get in before her, for it would be a great credit to us, on the coast, to beat the *Ayacucho*, which had been called the best sailer in the North Pacific, in which she had been known as a trader for six years or more. We had an advantage over her in light winds, from our royals and skysails which we carried both at the fore and main, and also in our studding-sails; for Captain Wilson carried nothing above top-gallant-sails, and always unbent his studding-sails when on the coast. As the wind was light and fair, we held our own, for some time, when we were both obliged to brace up and come upon a taught bowline, after rounding the point; and here he had us on fair ground, and walked away from us, as you would haul in a line. He afterwards said that we sailed well enough with the wind free, but that give him a taught bowline, and he would beat us, if we had all the canvas of the *Royal George*.

The *Ayacucho* got to the anchoring ground about half an hour before us, and was furling her sails when we came up to it. This picking up your cables is a very nice piece of work. It requires some seamanship to do it, and come to at your former moorings, without letting go another anchor. Captain Wilson was remarkable, among the sailors on the coast, for his skill in doing this; and our captain never let go a second anchor during all the time that I was with him. Coming a little to the windward of our buoy, we clewed up the light sails, backed our main top-sail, and lowered a boat, which pulled off, and made fast a spare hawser to the buoy on the end of the slip-rope. We brought the other end to the capstan, and hove in upon it until we came to the slip-rope, which we took to the windlass, and walked her up to her chain, the captain helping her by backing and filling the sails. The chain is then passed through the hawse-hole and round the windlass, and bitted, the slip-rope taken round outside and brought into the stern port, and she is safe in her old berth. After we had got through, the mate told us that this was a small touch of California, the like of which we must expect to have through the winter.

After we had furled the sails and got dinner, we saw the *Loriotte* nearing, and she had her anchor before night. At sun-down we went ashore again, and found the *Loriotte*'s boat waiting on the beach. The Sandwich Islander, who could speak English, told us that he had been up to the town; that our agent, Mr. R _____, and some other passengers, were going to Monterey with us, and that we were to sail the same night. In a few minutes Captain T _____, with two gentlemen and a lady, came down, and we got ready to go off. They had a good deal of baggage, which we put into the bows of the boat, and then two of us took the senora in our arms, and waded with her through the water, and put her down safely in the stern. She appeared much amused with the transaction, and her husband was perfectly satisfied, thinking any arrangement good which saved his wetting his feet. I pulled the after oar, so that I heard the conversation, and learned that one of the men, who, as well as I could see in the darkness, was a young-looking man, in the European dress, and covered up in a large cloak, was the agent of the firm to which our vessel belonged; and the other, who was dressed in the Spanish dress of the country, was a brother of our captain, who had been many years a trader on the coast, and had married the lady who was in the boat. She was a delicate, dark complexioned young woman, and of one of the best families in California. I also found that we were to sail the same night. As soon as we got on board, the boats were hoisted up, the sails loosed, the windlass manned, the slip-ropes and gear cast off; and after about twenty minutes of heaving at the windlass, making sail, and bracing yards, we were well under weigh, and going with a fair wind up the coast to Monterey.



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6. The *Royal George*, a huge British ship of the line carrying an enormous spread of canvas, in 1782 unexpectedly and suddenly sank with all hands. When this ship of the line went down, it had taken to its watery fate also some 300 women who had been allowed aboard to service the sailors — ship captains being very careful in those days to avoid the perilous crew condition known as “Buggery Island.”



3d week in February: [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) continued with life in [California](#).

AND NOW, FOR SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, A REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR:

I looked anxiously for a boat, during the latter part of the afternoon, but none came; until toward sundown, when I saw a speck on the water, and as it drew near, I found it was the gig, with the captain. The hides, then, were not to go off. The captain came up the hill, with a man, bringing my monkey jacket and a blanket. He looked pretty black, but inquired whether I had enough to eat; told me to make a house out of the hides, and keep myself warm, as I should have to sleep there among them, and to keep good watch over them. I got a moment to speak to the man who brought my jacket.

“How do things go aboard?” said I.

“Bad enough,” said he; “hard work and not a kind word spoken.”

“What,” said I, “have you been at work all day?”

“Yes! no more Sunday for us. Everything has been moved in the hold, from stem to stern, and from the waterways to the keelson.”

I went up to the house to supper. We had frijoles, (the perpetual food of the Californians, but which, when well cooked, are the best bean in the world,) coffee made of burnt wheat, and hard bread. After our meal, the three men sat down by the light of a tallow candle, with a pack of greasy Spanish cards, to the favorite game of “treinta uno,” a sort of Spanish “everlasting.” I left them and went out to take up my bivouack among the hides. It was now dark; the vessel was hidden from sight, and except the three men in the house, there was not a living soul within a league. The coati (a wild animal of a nature and appearance between that of the fox and the wolf) set up their sharp, quick bark, and two owls, at the end of two distant points running out into the bay, on different sides of the hills where I lay, kept up their alternate, dismal notes. I had heard the sound before at night, but did not know what it was, until one of the men, who came down to look at my quarters, told me it was the owl. Mellowed by the distance, and heard alone, at night, I thought it was the most melancholy, boding sound I had ever heard. Through nearly all the night they kept it up, answering one another slowly, at regular intervals. This was relieved by the noisy coati, some of which came quite near to my quarters, and were not very pleasant neighbors. The next morning, before sunrise, the long-boat came ashore, and the hides were taken off.

We lay at San Pedro about a week, engaged in taking off hides and in other labors, which had now become our regular duties. I spent one more day on the hill, watching a quantity of hides and goods, and this time succeeded in finding a part of a volume of Scott’s *Pirate*, in a corner of the house; but it failed me at a most interesting moment, and I betook myself to my acquaintances on shore, and from them learned a good deal about the customs of the country, the harbors, etc. This, they told me, was a worse harbor than Santa Barbara, for south-easters; the bearing of the headland being a point and a half more to windward, and it being so shallow that the sea broke often as far out as where we lay at anchor. The gale from which we slipped at Santa Barbara, had been so bad a one here, that the whole bay, for a league out, was filled with the foam of the breakers, and seas actually broke over the Dead Man’s island. The *Lagoda* was lying there, and slipped at the first alarm, and in such haste that she was obliged to leave her launch behind her at anchor. The little boat rode it out for several hours, pitching at her anchor, and standing with her stern up almost perpendicularly. The men told me that they watched her till towards night, when she snapped her cable and drove up over the breakers, high and dry upon the beach.

On board the *Pilgrim*, everything went on regularly, each one trying to get along as smoothly as possible; but the comfort of the voyage was evidently at an end. “That is a long lane which has no turning”– “Every dog must have his day, and mine will come by-and-by”– and the like proverbs, were occasionally quoted; but no one spoke of any probable end to the voyage, or of Boston, or anything of the kind; or if he did, it was only to draw out the perpetual, surly reply from his shipmate– “Boston, is it? You may thank your stars if you ever see that place. You had better have your back sheathed, and your head coppered, and your feet shod, and make out your log for California for life!” or else something of this kind– “Before you get to Boston the hides will wear the hair off your head, and you’ll take up all your wages in clothes, and won’t have enough left to buy a wig with!”

**THE REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR DANA, CONTINUED:**

The flogging was seldom if ever alluded to by us, in the fore-castle. If any one was inclined to talk about it, the others, with a delicacy which I hardly expected to find among them, always stopped him, or turned the subject. But the behavior of the two men who were flogged toward one another showed a delicacy and a sense of honor, which would have been worthy of admiration in the highest walks of life. Sam knew that the other had suffered solely on his account, and in all his complaints, he said that if he alone had been flogged, it would have been nothing; but that he never could see that man without thinking what had been the means of bringing that disgrace upon him; and John never, by word or deed, let anything escape him to remind the other that it was by interfering to save his shipmate, that he had suffered.

Having got all our spare room filled with hides, we hove up our anchor and made sail for San Diego. In no operation can the disposition of a crew be discovered better than in getting under weigh. Where things are “done with a will,” every one is like a cat aloft: sails are loosed in an instant; each one lays out his strength on his handspike, and the windlass goes briskly round with the loud cry of “Yo heave ho! Heave and paw! Heave hearty ho!” But with us, at this time, it was all dragging work. No one went aloft beyond his ordinary gait, and the chain came slowly in over the windlass. The mate, between the knight-heads, exhausted all his official rhetoric, in calls of “Heave with a will!”—“Heave hearty, men!—heave hearty!”—“Heave and raise the dead!”—“Heave, and away!” etc., etc.; but it would not do. Nobody broke his back or his handspike by his efforts. And when the cat-tackle-fall was strung along, and all hands—cook, steward, and all—laid hold, to cat the anchor, instead of the lively song of “Cheerily, men!” in which all hands join in the chorus, we pulled a long, heavy, silent pull, and— as sailors say a song is as good as ten men—the anchor came to the cat-head pretty slowly. “Give us ‘Cheerily!’” said the mate; but there was no “cheerily” for us, and we did without it. The captain walked the quarterdeck, and said not a word. He must have seen the change, but there was nothing which he could notice officially.

We sailed leisurely down the coast before a light fair wind, keeping the land well aboard, and saw two other missions, looking like blocks of white plaster, shining in the distance; one of which, situated on the top of a high hill, was San Juan Capistrano, under which vessels sometimes come to anchor, in the summer season, and take off hides. The most distant one was St. Louis Rey, which the third mate said was only fifteen miles from San Diego. At sunset on the second day, we had a large and well wooded headland directly before us, behind which lay the little harbor of San Diego. We were becalmed off this point all night, but the next morning, which was Saturday, the 14th of March, having a good breeze, we stood round the point, and hauling our wind, brought the little harbor, which is rather the outlet of a small river, right before us. Every one was anxious to get a view of the new place. A chain of high hills, beginning at the point, (which was on our larboard hand, coming in,) protected the harbor on the north and west, and ran off into the interior as far as the eye could reach. On the other sides, the land was low, and green, but without trees. The entrance is so narrow as to admit but one vessel at a time, the current swift, and the channel runs so near to a low stony that the ship’s sides appeared almost to touch it. There was no town in sight, but on the smooth sand beach, abreast, and within a cable’s length of which three vessels lay moored, were four large houses, built of rough boards, and looking like the great barns in which ice is stored on the borders of the large ponds near Boston; with piles of hides standing round them, and men in red shirts and large straw hats, walking in and out of the doors. These were the hide-houses. Of the vessels: one, a short, clumsy, little hermaphrodite brig, we recognized as our old acquaintance, the *Loriotte*; another, with sharp bows and raking masts, newly painted and tarred, and glittering in the morning sun, with the blood-red banner and cross of St. George at her peak, was the handsome *Ayacucho*. The third was a large ship, with top-gallant-masts housed, and sails unbent, and looking as rusty and worn as two years’ “hide-droghing” could make her. This was the *Lagoda*. As we drew near, carried rapidly along by the current, we overhauled our chain, and dewed up the topsails. “Let go the anchor!” said the captain but either there was not chain enough forward of the windlass, or the anchor went down foul, or we had too much headway on, for it did not bring us up. “Pay out chain!” shouted the captain; and we gave it to her; but it would not do. Before the other anchor could be let go, we drifted down, broadside on, and went smash into the *Lagoda*. Her crew were at breakfast in the fore-castle, and the cook, seeing us coming, rushed out of his galley, and called up the officers and men.

**THE REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR DANA, CONTINUED:**

Fortunately no great harm was done. Her jib-boom ran between our fore and main masts, carrying away some of our rigging, and breaking down the rail. She lost her martingale. This brought us up, and as they paid out chain, we swung clear of them, and let go the other anchor; but this had as bad luck as the first, for, before any one perceived it, we were drifting on to the *Loriotte*. The captain now gave out his orders rapidly and fiercely, sheeting home the topsails, and backing and filling the sails, in hope of starting or clearing the anchors; but it was all in vain, and he sat down on the rail, taking it very leisurely, and calling out to Captain Nye, that he was coming to pay him a visit. We drifted fairly into the *Loriotte*, her larboard bow into our starboard quarter, carrying away a part of our starboard quarter railing, and breaking off her larboard bumpkin, and one or two stanchions above the deck. We saw our handsome sailor, Jackson, on the forecastle, with the Sandwich Islanders, working away to get us clear. After paying out chain, we swung clear, but our anchors were no doubt afoul of hers. We manned the windlass, and hove, and hove away, but to no purpose. Sometimes we got a little upon the cable, but a good surge would take it all back again. We now began to drift down toward the *Ayacucho*, when her boat put off and brought her commander, Captain Wilson, on board. He was a short, active, well-built man, between fifty and sixty years of age; and being nearly twenty years older than our captain, and a thorough seaman, he did not hesitate to give his advice, and from giving advice, he gradually came to taking the command; ordering us when to heave and when to pawl, and backing and filling the topsails, setting and taking in jib and trysail, whenever he thought best. Our captain gave a few orders, but as Wilson generally countermanded them, saying, in an easy, fatherly kind of way, "Oh no! Captain T_____, you don't want the jib on her," or "It isn't time yet to heave!" he soon gave it up. We had no objections to this state of things, for Wilson was a kind old man, and had an encouraging and pleasant way of speaking to us, which made everything go easily. After two or three hours of constant labor at the windlass, heaving and "Yo ho!"-ing with all our might, we brought up an anchor, with the *Loriotte*'s small bower fast to it. Having cleared this and let it go, and cleared our hawse, we soon got our other anchor, which had dragged half over the harbor. "Now," said Wilson, "I'll find you a good berth;" and setting both the topsails, he carried us down, and brought us to anchor, in handsome style, directly abreast of the hide-house which we were to use. Having done this, he took his leave, while we furled the sails, and got our breakfast, which was welcome to us, for we had worked hard, and it was nearly twelve o'clock. After breakfast, and until night, we were employed in getting out the boats and mooring ship.

After supper, two of us took the captain on board the *Lagoda*. As he came alongside, he gave his name, and the mate, in the gangway, called out to the captain down the companion-way- "Captain T_____" has come aboard, sir!" "Has he brought his brig with him?" said the rough old fellow, in a tone which made itself heard fore and aft. This mortified our captain a little, and it became a standing joke among us for the rest of the voyage. The captain went down into the cabin, and we walked forward and put our heads down the forecastle, where we found the men at supper. "Come down, shipmates! Come down!" said they, as soon as they saw us; and we went down, and found a large, high forecastle, well lighted; and a crew of twelve or fourteen men, eating out of their kids and pans, and drinking their tea, and talking and laughing, all as independent and easy as so many "wood-sawyer's clerks." This looked like comfort and enjoyment, compared with the dark little forecastle, and scanty, discontented crew of the brig. It was Saturday night; they had got through with their work for the week; and being snugly moored, had nothing to do until Monday, again. After two years' hard service, they had seen the worst, and all, of California;- had got their cargo nearly stowed, and expected to sail in a week or two, for Boston. We spent an hour or more with them, talking over California matters, until the word was passed- "Pilgrims, away!" and we went back with our captain. They were a hardy, but intelligent crew; a little roughened, and their clothes patched and old, from California wear; all able seamen, and between the ages of twenty and thirty-five. They inquired about our vessel, the usage, etc., and were not a little surprised at the story of the flogging. They said there were often difficulties in vessels on the coast, and sometimes knock-downs and fightings, but they had never heard before of a regular seizing-up and flogging. "Spread-eagles" were a new kind of bird in California.



THE REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR DANA, CONCLUDED:

Sunday, they said, was always given in San Diego, both at the hide-houses and on board the vessels, a large number usually going up to the town, on liberty. We learned a good deal from them about curing and stowing of hides, etc., and they were anxious to have the latest news (seven months old) from Boston. One of their first inquiries was for Father Taylor, the seamen's preacher in Boston. Then followed the usual strain of conversation, inquiries, stories, and jokes, which, one must always hear in a ship's fore-castle, but which are perhaps, after all, no worse, nor, indeed, more gross, than that of many well-dressed gentlemen at their clubs.

The next day being Sunday, after washing and clearing decks, and getting breakfast, the mate came forward with leave for one watch to go ashore, on liberty. We drew lots, and it fell to the larboard, which I was in. Instantly all was preparation. Buckets of fresh water, (which we were allowed in port,) and soap, were put in use; go-ashore jackets and trowsers got out and brushed; pumps, neckerchiefs, and hats overhauled; one lending to another; so that among the whole each one got a good fit-out. A boat was called to pull the "liberty men" ashore, and we sat down in the stern sheets, "as big as pay passengers," and jumping ashore, set out on our walk for the town, which was nearly three miles off.

It is a pity that some other arrangement is not made in merchant vessels, with regard to the liberty-day. When in port, the crews are kept at work all the week, and the only day they are allowed for rest or pleasure is the Sabbath; and unless they go ashore on that day, they cannot go at all. I have heard of a religious captain who gave his crew liberty on Saturdays, after twelve o'clock. This would be a good plan, if shipmasters would bring themselves to give their crews so much time. For young sailors especially, many of whom have been brought up with a regard for the sacredness of the day, this strong temptation to break it, is exceedingly injurious. As it is, it can hardly be expected that a crew, on a long and hard voyage, refuse a few hours of freedom from toil and the restraints of a vessel, and an opportunity to tread the ground and see the sights of society and humanity, because it is on a Sunday. It is too much like escaping from prison, or being drawn out of a pit, on the Sabbath day.

I shall never forget the delightful sensation of being in the open air, with the birds singing around me, and escaped from the confinement, labor, and strict rule of a vessel— of being once more in my life, though only for a day, my own master. A sailor's liberty is but for a day; yet while it lasts it is perfect. He is under no one's eye, and can do whatever, and go wherever, he pleases. This day, for the first time, I may truly say, in my whole life, I felt the meaning of a term which I had often heard— the sweets of liberty. My friend S _____ was with me, and turning our backs upon the vessels, we walked slowly along, talking of the pleasure of being our own masters, of the times past, and when we were free in the midst of friends, in America, and of the prospect of our return; and planning where we would go, and what we would do, when we reached home. It was wonderful how the prospect brightened, and how short and tolerable the voyage appeared, when viewed in this new light. Things looked differently from what they did when we talked them over in the little dark fore-castle, the night after the flogging at San Pedro. It is not the least of the advantages of allowing sailors occasionally a day of liberty, that it gives them a spring, and makes them feel cheerful and independent, and leads them insensibly to look on the bright side of everything for some time after.



End of April: The *Pilgrim*,⁷ carrying [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) collecting hides along the coast of [California](#), arrived at Mission San Juan Capistrano.

AND NOW, FOR SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, A REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR:

Coasting along on the quiet shore of the Pacific, we came to anchor, in twenty fathoms' water, almost out at sea, as it were, and directly abreast of a steep hill which overhung the water, and was twice as high as our royal-mast-head. We had heard much of this place, from the *Lagoda's* crew, who said it was the worst place in California. The shore is rocky, and directly exposed to the south-east, so that vessels are obliged to slip and run for their lives on the first sign of a gale; and late as it was in the season, we got up our slip-rope and gear, though we meant to stay only twenty-four hours. We pulled the agent ashore, and were ordered to wait for him, while he took a circuitous way round the hill to the mission, which was hidden behind it. We were glad of the opportunity to examine this singular place, and hauling the boat up and making her well fast, took different directions up and down the beach, to explore it.

San Juan is the only romantic spot in California. The country here for several miles is high table-land, running boldly to the shore, and breaking off in a steep hill, at the foot of which the waters of the Pacific are constantly dashing. For several miles the water washes the very base of the hill, or breaks upon ledges and fragments of rocks which run out into the sea. Just where we landed was a small cove, or "bight," which gave us, at high tide, a few square feet of sand-beach between the sea and the bottom of the hill. This was the only landing-place. Directly before us, rose the perpendicular height of four or five hundred feet. How we were to get hides down, or goods up, upon the table-land on which the mission was situated, was more than we could tell. The agent had taken a long circuit, and yet had frequently to jump over breaks, and climb up steep places, in the ascent. No animal but a man or monkey could get up it. However, that was not our look-out; and knowing that the agent would be gone an hour or more, we strolled about, picking up shells, and following the sea where it tumbled in, roaring and spouting, among the crevices of the great rocks. What a sight, thought I, must this be in a south-easter! The rocks were as large as those of Nahant or Newport, but, to my eye, more grand and broken. Beside, there was a grandeur in everything around, which gave almost a solemnity to the scene: a silence and solitariness which affected everything! Not a human being but ourselves for miles; and no sound heard but the pulsations of the great Pacific! and the great steep hill rising like a wall, and cutting us off from all the world, but the "world of waters!" I separated myself from the rest and sat down on a rock, just where the sea ran in and formed a fine spouting horn. Compared with the plain, dull sand-beach of the rest of the coast, this grandeur was as refreshing as a great rock in a weary land. It was almost the first time that I had been positively alone— free from the sense that human beings were at my elbow, if not talking with me— since I had left home. My better nature returned strong upon me. Everything was in accordance with my state of feeling, and I experienced a glow of pleasure at finding that what of poetry and romance I ever had in me, had not been entirely deadened by the laborious and frittering life I had led. Nearly an hour did I sit, almost lost in the luxury of this entire new scene of the play in which I had been so long acting, when I was aroused by the distant shouts of my companions, and saw that they were collecting together, as the agent had made his appearance, on his way back to our boat.

We pulled aboard, and found the long-boat hoisted out, and nearly laden with goods; and after dinner, we all went on shore in the quarter-boat, with the long-boat in tow. As we drew in, we found an ox-cart and a couple of men standing directly on the brow of the hill; and having landed, the captain took his way round the hill, ordering me and one other to follow him. We followed, picking our way out, and jumping and scrambling up, walking over briars and prickly pears, until we came to the top. Here the country stretched out for miles as far as the eye could reach, on a level, table surface; and the only habitation in sight was the small white mission of San Juan Capistrano, with a few Indian huts about it, standing in a small hollow, about a mile from where we were. Reaching the brow of the hill where the cart stood, we found several piles of hides, and Indians sitting round them.

7. The tall ship *Pilgrim* now docked among the pleasure craft of opulent Dana Point, California and owned by the Orange County Marine Institute has recently be refitted for an undisclosed fee for a starring role in the Stephen Spielberg film "Amistad," which will also feature such human actors as Anthony Hopkins and Morgan Freeman. In this film it will bear the name *Tecora* and will represent not the [La Amistad](#) itself but the slaver which had previously brought its cargo of 53 kidnap victims from Africa to [Cuba](#).



THE REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR DANA, CONCLUDED:

One or two other carts were coming slowly on from the mission, and the captain told us to begin and throw the hides down. This, then, was the way they were to be got down: thrown down, one at a time, a distance of four hundred feet! This was doing the business on a great scale.

Standing on the edge of the hill and looking down the perpendicular height, the sailors,

— That walk upon the beach,
Appeared like mice; and our tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock; her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight.”

Down this height we pitched the hides, throwing them as far out into the air as we could; and as they were all large, stiff, and doubled, like the cover of a book, the wind took them, and they swayed and eddied about, plunging and rising in the air, like a kite when it has broken its string. As it was now low tide, there was no danger of their falling into the water, and as fast as they came to ground, the men below picked them up, and taking them on their heads, walked off with them to the boat. It was really a picturesque sight: the great height; the scaling of the hides; and the continual walking to and fro of the men, who looked like mites, on the beach! This was the romance of hide-droghing!

Some of the hides lodged in cavities which were under the bank and out of our sight, being directly under us; but by sending others down in the same direction, we succeeded in dislodging them. Had they remained there, the captain said he should have sent on board for a couple of pairs of long halyards, and got some one to have gone down for them. It was said that one of the crew of an English brig went down in the same way, a few years before. We looked over, and thought it would not be a welcome task, especially for a few paltry hides; but no one knows what he can do until he is called upon; for, six months afterwards, I went down the same place by a pair of top-gallant studding-sail halyards, to save a half a dozen hides which had lodged there.

Having thrown them all down, we took our way back again, and found the boat loaded and ready to start. We pulled off; took the hides all aboard; hoisted in the boats; hove up our anchor; made sail; and before sundown, were on our way to San Diego.



October 4, Sunday: [Felix Mendelssohn](#) conducted his first performance as director of the Gewandhaus Orchestra, Leipzig. The program featured his own Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage, and the Fourth Symphony of [Ludwig van Beethoven](#).

[Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) mused upon wage slavery and upon the nature of the Sabbath as a day of rest, on arrival in the port of Santa Barbara, [California](#).

AND NOW, FOR SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, A REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR:

Sunday, Oct. 4th. This was the day of our arrival; and somehow or other, our captain always managed not only to sail, but to come into port, on a Sunday. The main reason for sailing on the Sabbath is not, as many people suppose, because Sunday is thought a lucky day, but because it is a leisure day. During the six days, the crew are employed upon the cargo and other ship's works, and the Sabbath, being their only day of rest, whatever additional work can be thrown into Sunday, is so much gain to the owners. This is the reason of our coasters, packets, etc., sailing on the Sabbath. They get six good days' work out of the crew, and then throw all the labor of sailing into the Sabbath. Thus it was with us, nearly all the time we were on the coast, and many of our Sabbaths were lost entirely to us. The Catholics on shore have no trading and make no journeys on Sunday, but the American has no national religion, and likes to show his independence

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of priestcraft by doing as he chooses on the Lord's day.

Santa Barbara looked very much as it did when I left it five months before: the long sand beach, with the heavy rollers, breaking upon it in a continual roar, and the little town, imbedded on the plain, girt by its amphitheatre of mountains. Day after day, the sun shone clear and bright upon the wide bay and the red roofs of the houses; everything being as still as death, the people really hardly seeming to earn their sun-light. Daylight actually seemed thrown away upon them. We had a few visitors, and collected about a hundred hides, and every night, at sundown, the gig was sent ashore, to wait for the captain, who spent his evenings in the town. We always took our monkey-jackets with us, and flint and steel, and made a fire on the beach with the driftwood and the bushes we pulled from the neighboring thickets, and lay down by it, on the sand. Sometimes we would stray up to the town, if the captain was likely to stay late, and pass the time at some of the houses, in which we were almost always well received by the inhabitants. Sometimes earlier and sometimes later, the captain came down; when, after a good drenching in the surf, we went aboard, changed our clothes, and turned in for the night— yet not for all the night, for there was the anchor watch to stand. This leads me to speak of my watchmate for nine months— and, taking him all in all, the most remarkable man I have ever seen— Tom Harris. An hour, every night, while lying in port, Harris and myself had the deck to ourselves, and walking fore and aft, night after night, for months, I learned his whole character and history, and more about foreign nations, the habits of different people, and especially the secrets of sailors' lives and hardships, and also of practical seamanship, (in which he was abundantly capable of instructing me,) than I could ever have learned elsewhere. But the most remarkable thing about him, was the power of his mind. His memory was perfect; seeming to form a regular chain, reaching from his earliest childhood up to the time I knew him, without one link wanting. His power of calculation, too, was remarkable. I called myself pretty quick at figures, and had been through a course of mathematical studies; but, working by my head, I was unable to keep within sight of this man, who had never been beyond his arithmetic: so rapid was his calculation. He carried in his head not only a log-book of the whole voyage, in which everything was complete and accurate, and from which no one ever thought of appealing, but also an accurate registry of all the cargo; knowing, precisely, where each thing was, and how many hides we took in at every port. One night, he made a rough calculation of the number of hides that could be stowed in the lower hold, between the fore and main masts, taking the depth of hold and breadth of beam, (for he always knew the dimension of every part of the ship, before he had been a month on board,) and the average area and thickness of a hide; he came surprisingly near the number, as it afterwards turned out. The mate frequently came to him to know the capacity of different parts of the vessel, so he could tell the sailmaker very nearly the amount of canvas he would want for each sail in the ship; for he knew the hoist of every mast, and spread of every sail, on the head and foot, in feet and inches. When we were at sea, he kept a running account, in his head, of the ship's way— the number of knots and the courses; and if the courses did not vary much during the twenty-four hours, by taking the whole progress, and allowing so many eighths southing or northing, to so many easting or westing; he would make up his reckoning just before the captain took the sun at noon, and often came wonderfully near the mark. Calculation of all kinds was his delight. He had, in his chest, several volumes giving accounts of inventions in mechanics, which he read with great pleasure, and made himself master of. I doubt if he ever forgot anything that he read. The only thing in the way of poetry that he ever read was Falconer's Shipwreck, which he was delighted with, and whole pages of which he could repeat. He knew the name of every sailor that had ever been his shipmate, and also, of every vessel, captain, and officer, and the principal dates of each voyage; and a sailor whom he afterwards fell in with, who had been in a ship with Harris nearly twelve years before, was very much surprised at having Harris tell him things about himself which he had entirely forgotten. His facts, whether dates or events, no one thought of disputing; and his opinions, few of the sailors dared to oppose; for, right or wrong, he always had the best of the argument with them. His reasoning powers were remarkable. I have had harder work maintaining an argument with him in a watch, even when I knew myself to be right, and he was only doubting, than I ever had before; not from his obstinacy, but from his acuteness. Give him only a little knowledge of his subject, and, certainly among all the young men of my acquaintance and standing at college, there was not one whom I had not rather meet, than this man. I never answered a question from him, or advanced an opinion to him, without thinking more than once. With an iron memory, he seemed to have your whole past conversation at command, and if you said a thing now which ill agreed with something said months before, he was sure to have you on the hip. In fact, I always felt, when with him, that I was with no common man.



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I had a positive respect for his powers of mind, and felt often that if half the pains had been spent upon his education which are thrown away, yearly, in our colleges, he would have been a man of great weight in society. Like most self-taught men, he over-estimated the value of an education; and this, I often told him, though I profited by it myself; for he always treated me with respect, and often unnecessarily gave way to me, from an over-estimate of my knowledge. For the intellectual capacities of all the rest of the crew, captain and all, he had the most sovereign contempt. He was a far better sailor, and probably a better navigator, than the captain, and had more brains than all the after part of the ship put together. The sailors said, "Tom's got a head as long as the bowsprit," and if any one got into an argument with him, they would call out— "Ah, Jack! you'd better drop that, as you would a hot potato, for Tom will turn you inside out before you know it." I recollect his posing me once on the subject of the Corn Laws. I was called to stand my watch, and, coming on deck, found him there before me; and we began, as usual, to walk fore and aft, in the waist. He talked about the Corn Laws; asked me my opinion about them, which I gave him; and my reasons; my small stock of which I set forth to the best advantage, supposing his knowledge on the subject must be less than mine, if, indeed, he had any at all. When I had got through, he took the liberty of differing from me, and, to my surprise, brought arguments and facts connected with the subject which were new to me, to which I was entirely unable to reply. I confessed that I knew almost nothing of the subject, and expressed my surprise at the extent of his information. He said that, a number of years before, while at a boarding-house in Liverpool, he had fallen in with a pamphlet on the subject, and, as it contained calculations, had read it very carefully, and had ever since wished to find some one who could add to his stock of knowledge on the question.

Although it was many years since he had seen the book, and it was a subject with which he had no previous acquaintance, yet he had the chain of reasoning, founded upon principles of political economy, perfect in his memory; and his facts, so far as I could judge, were correct; at least, he stated them with great precision. The principles of the steam engine, too, he was very familiar with, having been several months on board of a steamboat, and made himself master of its secrets. He knew every lunar star in both hemispheres, and was a perfect master of his quadrant and sextant. Such was the man, who, at forty, was still a dog before the mast, at twelve dollars a month. The reason of this was to be found in his whole past life, as I had it, at different times, from himself.

He was an Englishman, by birth, a native of Ilfracomb, in Devonshire. His father was skipper of a small coaster, from Bristol, and dying, left him, when quite young, to the care of his mother, by whose exertions he received a common-school education, passing his winters at school and his summers in the coasting trade, until his seventeenth year, when he left home to go upon foreign voyages. Of his mother, he often spoke with the greatest respect, and said that she was a strong-minded woman, and had the best system of education he had ever known; a system which had made respectable men of his three brothers, and failed only in him, from his own indomitable obstinacy. One thing he often mentioned, in which he said his mother differed from all other mothers that he had ever seen disciplining their children; that was, that when he was out of humor and refused to eat, instead of putting his plate away, as most mothers would, and saying that his hunger would bring him to it, in time, she would stand over him and oblige him to eat it— every mouthful of it. It was no fault of hers that he was what I saw him; and so great was his sense of gratitude for her efforts, though unsuccessful, that he determined, at the close of the voyage, to embark for home with all the wages he should get, to spend with and for his mother, if perchance he should find her alive.

After leaving home, he had spent nearly twenty years, sailing upon all sorts of voyages, generally out of the ports of New York and Boston. Twenty years of vice! Every sin that a sailor knows, he had gone to the bottom of. Several times he had been hauled up in the hospitals, and as often, the great strength of his constitution had brought him out again in health. Several times, too, from his known capacity, he had been promoted to the office of chief mate, and as often, his conduct when in port, especially his drunkenness, which neither fear nor ambition could induce him to abandon, put him back into the fore-castle. One night, when giving me an account of his life, and lamenting the years of manhood he had thrown away, he said that there, in the fore-castle, at the foot of the steps— a chest of old clothes— was the result of twenty-two years of hard labor and exposure— worked like a horse, and treated like a dog. As he grew older, he began to feel the necessity of some provision for his later years, and came gradually to the conviction that rum had been his worst enemy. One night, in Havana, a young shipmate of his was brought aboard drunk, with a dangerous gash in his head, and his money and new clothes stripped from him. Harris had seen and been in hundreds of such scenes as these, but in his then state of mind, it fixed his determination, and he resolved



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never to taste another drop of strong drink, of any kind. He signed no pledge, and made no vow, but relied on his own strength of purpose. The first thing with him was a reason, and then a resolution, and the thing was done. The date of his resolution he knew, of course, to the very hour. It was three years before I knew him, and during all that time, nothing stronger than cider or coffee had passed his lips. The sailors never thought of enticing Tom to take a glass, any more than they would of talking to the ship's compass. He was now a temperate man for life, and capable of filling any berth in a ship, and many a high station there is on shore which is held by a meaner man.

He understood the management of a ship upon scientific principles, and could give the reason for hauling every rope; and a long experience, added to careful observation at the time, and a perfect memory, gave him a knowledge of the expedients and resorts in times of hazard, which was remarkable, and for which I became much indebted to him, as he took the greatest pleasure in opening his stores of information to me, in return for what I was able to do for him. Stories of tyranny and hardship which had driven men to piracy;—of the incredible ignorance of masters and mates, and of horrid brutality to the sick, dead, and dying; as well as of the secret knavery and impositions practised upon seamen by connivance of the owners, landlords, and officers; all these he had, and I could not but believe them; for men who had known him for fifteen years had never taken him even in an exaggeration, and, as I have said, his statements were never disputed. I remember, among other things, his speaking of a captain whom I had known by report, who never handed a thing to a sailor, but put it on deck and kicked it to him; and of another, who was of the best connections in Boston, who absolutely murdered a lad from Boston that went out with him before the mast to Sumatra, by keeping him hard at work while ill of the coast fever, and obliging him to sleep in the close steerage. (The same captain has since died of the same fever on the same coast.)

In fact, taking together all that I learned from him of seamanship, of the history of sailors' lives, of practical wisdom, and of human nature under new circumstances,— a great history from which many are shut out,— I would not part with the hours I spent in the watch with that man for any given hours of my life passed in study and social intercourse.



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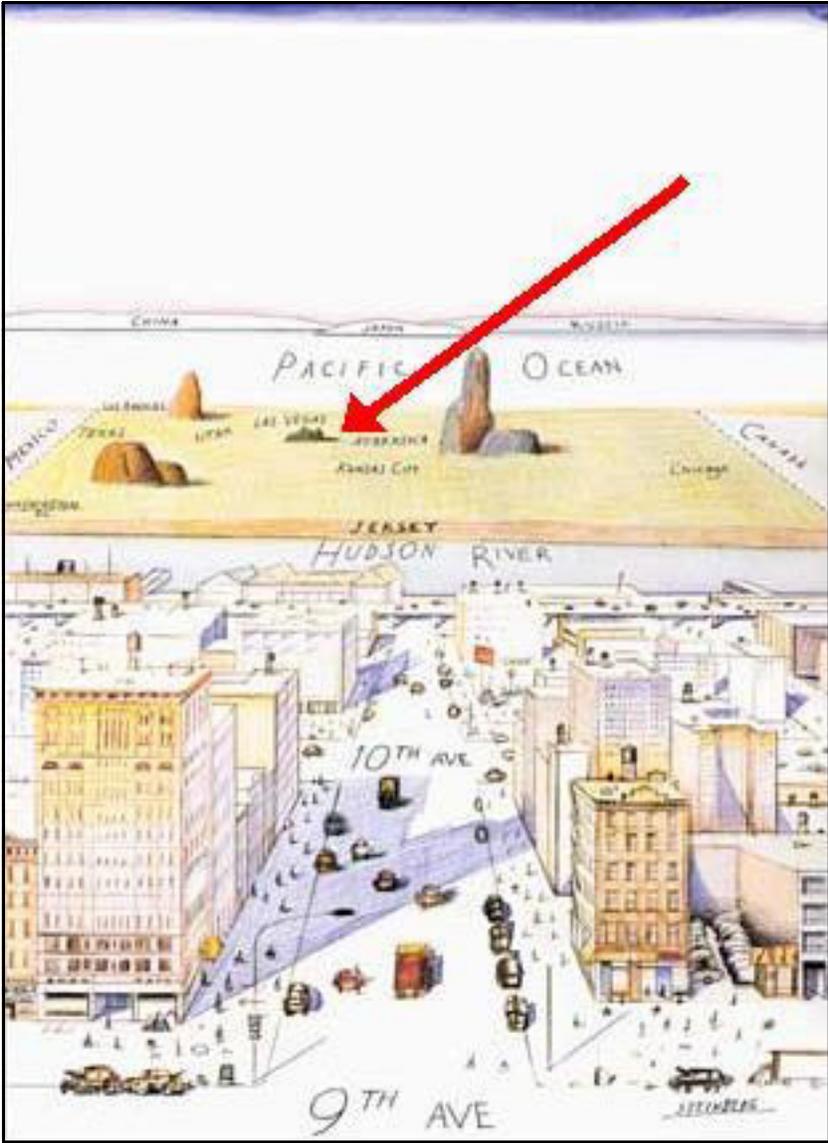
1836

The most recent big temblor to occur along the 30-mile Hayward fault, running underneath what is now heavily populated Richmond, Berkeley, Oakland, and San Leandro. To follow this fault along the surface, get a map of the area and draw connect-a-dots between the various city hospitals, fire stations, schoolhouses, and police stations, which have tended to be constructed on the cheaper land along this faultline. It is estimated, for instance, that of the 3,530 hospital beds presently available in Alameda County, only 984 would still be fully available immediately subsequent to such a temblor, while 1,208 of the beds would be made unavailable not temporarily but permanently. Under present conditions, a 6.7 temblor similar to the Northridge CA temblor of 1994 would cause approximately twice the damage that occurred during that quake, the most serious in [California](#)'s civilized history. That is, it would produce some 20,000 dead or seriously injured in the Bay Area, and some \$32,000,000,000 in property damage, or approximately 20 times the loss level of the great Orange County bankruptcy of 1995. Landsliding in the Berkeley and Oakland hills would be extensive. Some of the serious damage would be in San Francisco across the bay. If damage to the Bay Bridge is to be avoided, similar to the damage that structure sustained in the 1989 Loma Prieta temblor, prior retrofitting will be needed. Some of the damage might occur as far south as San Jose, which last had a problem with this fault in 1868, or as far north as the related Rogers Creek fault in Solano County. Settling of liquefied soil could allow salt-water intrusion into the marshes of the Sacramento-San Joaquin delta, shutting off the water supply through the California Aqueduct to Southern California for months.

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Seismologists are presently estimating the recurrence interval of a temblor such as the 1836 one at 167 years, give or take 67 years, which means that this magnitude of an earthquake should recur along this fault between 1937 and 2070, with the most probable date of recurrence being already a decade overdue.





January 17, Sunday: [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) participated in a small way in a society wedding in Santa Barbara.

AND NOW, FOR SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, A REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR:

On the day appointed for the wedding, we took the captain ashore in the gig, and had orders to come for him at night, with leave to go up to the house and see the fandango. Returning on board, we found preparations making for a salute. Our guns were loaded and run out, men appointed to each, cartridges served out, matches lighted, and all the flags ready to be run up. I took my place at the starboard after gun, and we all waited for the signal from on shore. At ten o'clock the bride went up with her sister to the confessional, dressed in deep black. Nearly an hour intervened, when the great doors of the mission church opened, the bells rang out a loud, discordant peal, the private signal for us was run up by the captain ashore, the bride, dressed in complete white, came out of the church with the bridegroom, followed by a long procession. Just as she stepped from the church door, a small white cloud issued from the bows of our ship, which was full in sight, the loud report echoed among the surrounding hills and over the bay, and instantly the ship was dressed in flags and pennants from stem to stern. Twenty-three guns followed in regular succession, with an interval of fifteen seconds between each when the cloud cleared away, and the ship lay dressed in her colors, all day. At sun-down, another salute of the same number of guns was fired, and all the flags run down. This we thought was pretty well— a gun every fifteen seconds— for a merchantman with only four guns and a dozen or twenty men.

After supper, the gig's crew were called, and we rowed ashore, dressed in our uniform, beached the boat, and went up to the fandango. The bride's father's house was the principal one in the place, with a large court in front, upon which a tent was built, capable of containing several hundred people. As we drew near, we heard the accustomed sound of violins and guitars, and saw a great motion of the people within. Going in, we found nearly all the people of the town— men, women, and children— collected and crowded together, leaving barely room for the dancers; for on these occasions no invitations are given, but every one is expected to come, though there is always a private entertainment within the house for particular friends. The old women sat down in rows, clapping their hands to the music, and applauding the young ones. The music was lively, and among the tunes, we recognized several of our popular airs, which we, without doubt, have taken from the Spanish. In the dancing, I was much disappointed. The women stood upright, with their hands down by their sides, their eyes fixed upon the ground before them, and slid about without any perceptible means of motion; for their feet were invisible, the hem of their dresses forming a perfect circle about them, reaching to the ground. They looked as grave as though they were going through some religious ceremony, their faces as little excited as their limbs; and on the whole, instead of the spirited, fascinating Spanish dances which I had expected, I found the Californian fandango, on the part of the women at least, a lifeless affair. The men did better. They danced with grace and spirit, moving in circles round their nearly stationary partners, and showing their figures to great advantage.

A great deal was said about our friend Don Juan Bandini, and when he did appear, which was toward the close of the evening, he certainly gave us the most graceful dancing that I had ever seen. He was dressed in white pantaloons neatly made, a short jacket of dark silk, gaily figured, white stockings and thin morocco slippers upon his very small feet. His slight and graceful figure was well calculated for dancing, and he moved about with the grace and daintiness of a young fawn. An occasional touch of the toe to the ground, seemed all that was necessary to give him a long interval of motion in the air. At the same time he was not fantastic or flourishing, but appeared to be rather repressing a strong tendency to motion.



THE REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR DANA, CONCLUDED:

He was loudly applauded, and danced frequently toward the close of the evening. After the supper, the waltzing began, which was confined to a very few of the “gente de razon,” and was considered a high accomplishment, and a mark of aristocracy. Here, too, Don Juan figured greatly, waltzing with the sister of the bride, (Donna Angustia, a handsome woman and a general favorite,) in a variety of beautiful, but, to me, offensive figures, which lasted as much as half an hour, no one else taking the floor. They were repeatedly and loudly applauded, the old men and women jumping out of their seats in admiration, and the young people waving their hats and handkerchiefs. Indeed among people of the character of these Mexicans, the waltz seemed to me to have found its right place. The great amusement of the evenings,— which I suppose was owing to its being carnival— was the breaking of eggs filled with cologne, or other essences, upon the heads of the company. One end of the egg is broken and the inside taken out, then it is partly filled with cologne, and the whole sealed up. The women bring a great number of these secretly about them, and the amusement is to break one upon the head of a gentleman when his back is turned. He is bound in gallantry to find out the lady and return the compliment, though it must not be done if the person sees you. A tall, stately Don, with immense grey whiskers, and a look of great importance, was standing before me, when I felt a light hand on my shoulder, and turning round, saw Donna Angustia, (whom we all knew, as she had been up to Monterey, and down again, in the *Alert*,) with her finger upon her lip, motioning me gently aside. I stepped back a little, when she went up behind the Don, and with one hand knocked off his huge sombrero, and at the same instant, with the other, broke the egg upon his head, and springing behind me, was out of sight in a moment. The Don turned slowly round, the cologne, running down his face, and over his clothes and a loud laugh breaking out from every quarter. He looked round in vain, for some time, until the direction of so many laughing eyes showed him the fair offender. She was his niece, and a great favorite with him, so old Don Domingo had to join in the laugh. A great many such tricks were played, and many a war of sharp manoeuvring was carried on between couples of the younger people, and at every successful exploit a general laugh was raised.

Another singular custom I was for some time at a loss about. A pretty young girl was dancing, named, after what would appear to us the sacrilegious custom of the country— Espiritu Santo, when a young man went behind her and placed his hat directly upon her head, letting it fall down over her eyes, and sprang back among the crowd. She danced for some time with the hat on, when she threw it off, which called forth a general shout; and the young man was obliged to go out upon the floor and pick it up. Some of the ladies, upon whose heads hats had been placed, threw them off at once, and a few kept them on throughout the dance, and took them off at the end, and held them out in their hands, when the owner stepped out, bowed, and took it from them. I soon began to suspect the meaning of the thing, and was afterwards told that it was a compliment, and an offer to become the lady’s gallant for the rest of the evening, and to wait upon her home. If the hat was thrown off, the offer was refused, and the gentleman was obliged to pick up his hat amid a general laugh. Much amusement was caused sometimes by gentlemen putting hats on the ladies’ heads, without permitting them to see whom it was done by. This obliged them to throw them off, or keep them on at a venture, and when they came to discover the owner, the laugh was often turned upon them.

The captain sent for us about ten o’clock, and we went aboard in high spirits, having enjoyed the new scene much, and were of great importance among the crew, from having so much to tell, and from the prospect of going every night until it was over; for these fandangos generally last three days. The next day, two of us were sent up to the town, and took care to come back by way of Capitan Noriego’s and take a look into the booth. The musicians were still there, upon their platform, scraping and twanging away, and a few people, apparently of the lower classes, were dancing. The dancing is kept up, at intervals, throughout the day, but the crowd, the spirit, and the elite, come in at night.



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

1st day 17th of 1 M / Our friend John Wilbur came over from Narragansett Yesterday Afternoon & lodged at our house - he was a very acceptable guest & attended both our Meetings today - his testimonies were truly pertinent & acceptable, being sound in doctrine & well seasoned With that life & spirit, without which the most sound & orthodox Sermons are no more than Sounding brass or tinkling symbols - he took tea & lodged at Henry Goulds. -

[RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS](#)



January 18, Monday: [Waldo Emerson](#) probably delivered a lecture on this date in [Salem](#), the first of a series at their [lyceum](#), for the Salem Mechanics' Institute. Although dates are available for only five lectures, the payments records in Emerson's *ms* account books and on the books of the town Lyceum, which total up to \$146, suggest that actually eight or ten lectures were delivered.

[THE LIST OF LECTURES](#)

[Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) reported the *Alert* dealing with the weather off Santa Barbara, [California](#).

AND NOW, FOR SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, A REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR:

The next night, which was the last, we went ashore in the same manner, until we got almost tired of the monotonous twang of the instruments, the drawling sounds which the women kept up, as an accompaniment, and the slapping of the hands in time with the music, in place of castanets. We found ourselves as great objects of attention as any persons or anything at the place. Our sailor dresses— and we took great pains to have them neat and shipshape— were much admired, and we were invited, from every quarter, to give them an American sailor's dance; but after the ridiculous figure some of our countrymen cut, in dancing after the Spaniards, we thought it best to leave it to their imaginations. Our agent, with a tight, black, swallow-tailed coat, just imported from Boston, a high stiff cravat, looking as if he had been pinned and skewered, with only his feet and hands left free, took the floor just after Bandini; and we thought they had had enough of Yankee grace.

The last night they kept it up in great style, and were getting into a high-go, when the captain called us off to go aboard, for, it being south-easter season, he was afraid to remain on shore long; and it was well he did not, for that very night, we slipped our cables, as a crowner to our fun ashore, and stood off before a south-easter, which lasted twelve hours, and returned to our anchorage the next day.

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

2nd day 18 of 1 M / Our friend Jn Wilbur left us today & returned homewards to Hopkinton where he lives - it was a Snow Storm when hie went over the ferrys, but otherwise a favourable time, the Wind not being high. -

[RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS](#)



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February 10, Wednesday: [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) made comments on lives of desperation as they were playing themselves out in the [California](#) scene. (He might as well have been describing today's crowd.)

AND NOW, FOR SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, A REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR:

We got under weigh on the 10th, bound up to San Pedro, and had three days of calm and head winds, making but little progress. On the fourth, we took a stiff south-easter, which obliged us to reef our topsails. While on the yard, we saw a sail on the weather bow, and in about half an hour, passed the *Ayacucho*, under doublereefed topsails, beating down to San Diego. Arrived at San Pedro on the fourth day, and came-to in the old place, a league from shore, with no other vessel in port, and the prospect of three weeks, or more, of dull life, rolling goods up a slippery hill, carrying hides on our heads over sharp stones, and, perhaps, slipping for a south-easter.

There was but one man in the only house here, and him I shall always remember as a good specimen of a California ranger. He had been a tailor in Philadelphia, and getting intemperate and in debt, he joined a trapping party and went to the Columbia river, and thence down to Monterey, where he spent everything, left his party, and came to the Pueblo de los Angelos, to work at his trade. Here he went dead to leeward among the pulperias, gambling rooms, etc., and came down to San Pedro, to be moral by being out of temptation. He had been in the house several weeks, working hard at his trade, upon orders which he had brought with him, and talked much of his resolution, and opened his heart to us about his past life. After we had been here some time, he started off one morning, in fine spirits, well dressed, to carry the clothes which he had been making to the pueblo, and saying he would bring back his money and some fresh orders the next day. The next day came, and a week passed, and nearly a fortnight, when, one day, going ashore, we saw a tall man, who looked like our friend the tailor, getting out of the back of an Indian's cart, which had just come down from the pueblo. He stood for the house, but we bore up after him; when finding that we were overhauling him, he hove-to and spoke us. Such a sight I never saw before. Barefooted, with an old pair of trowsers tied round his waist by a piece of green hide, a soiled cotton shirt, and a torn Indian hat; "cleaned out," to the last real, and completely "used up." He confessed the whole matter; acknowledged that he was on his back; and now he had a prospect of a fit of the horrors for a week, and of being worse than useless for months. This is a specimen of the life of half of the Americans and English who are adrift over the whole of California. One of the same stamp was Russell, who was master of the hide-house at San Diego, while I was there, and afterwards turned away for his misconduct. He spent his own money and nearly all the stores among the half-bloods upon the beach, and being turned away, went up to the Presidio, where he lived the life of a desperate "loafer," until some rascally deed sent him off "between two days," with men on horseback, dogs, and Indians in full cry after him, among the hills. One night, he burst into our room at the hide-house, breathless, pale as a ghost, covered with mud, and torn by thorns and briars, nearly naked, and begged for a crust of bread, saying he had neither eaten nor slept for three days. Here was the great Mr. Russell, who a month before was "Don Tomas," Capitan de la playa," "Maestro de la casa," etc., etc., begging food and shelter of Kanakas and sailors. He staid with us till he gave himself up, and was dragged off to the calabozo.

Another, and a more amusing specimen, was one whom we saw at San Francisco. He had been a lad on board the ship *California*, in one of her first voyages, and ran away and commenced Rancharo, gambling, stealing horses, etc. He worked along up to San Francisco, and was living on a rancho near there, while we were in port. One morning, when we went ashore in the boat, we found him at the landing-place, dressed in California style,— a wide hat, faded velveteen trowsers, and a blanket cloak thrown over his shoulders— and wishing to go off in the boat, saying he was going to pasear with our captain a little. We had many doubts of the reception he would meet with; but he seemed to think himself company for any one. We took him aboard, landed him at the gangway, and went about our work, keeping an eye upon the quarter-deck, where the captain was walking. The lad went up to him with the most complete assurance, and raising his hat, wished him a good afternoon. Captain T_____ turned round, looked at him from head to foot, and saying coolly, "Hallo! who the h--- are you?" kept on his walk. This was a rebuff not to be mistaken, and the joke passed about among the crew by winks and signs, at different parts of the ship.



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THE REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR DANA, CONCLUDED:

Finding himself disappointed at headquarters, he edged along forward to the mate, who was overseeing some work on the forecastle, and tried to begin a yarn; but it would not do. The mate had seen the reception he had met with aft, and would have no cast-off company. The second mate was aloft, and the third mate and myself were painting the quarter-boat, which hung by the davits, so he betook himself to us; but we looked at one another, and the officer was too busy to say a word. From us, he went to one and another of the crew, but the joke had got before him, and he found everybody busy and silent. Looking over the rail a few moments afterward, we saw him at the galley-door talking to the cook. This was a great comedown, from the highest seat in the synagogue to a seat in the galley with the black cook. At night too, when supper was called, he stood in the waist for some time, hoping to be asked down with the officers, but they went below, one after another, and left him. His next chance was with the carpenter and sail-maker, and he lounged round the after hatchway until the last had gone down. We had now had fun enough out of him, and taking pity on him, offered him a pot of tea, and a cut at the kid, with the rest, in the forecastle. He was hungry, and it was growing dark, and he began to see that there was no use in playing the caballero any longer, and came down into the forecastle, put into the “grub” in sailor’s style, threw off all his airs, and enjoyed the joke as much as any one; for a man must take a joke among sailors. He gave us the whole account of his adventures in the country,—roguery and all— and was very entertaining. He was a smart, unprincipled fellow, was at the bottom of most of the rascally doings of the country, and gave us a great deal of interesting information in the ways of the world we were in.

 February 13, Saturday: [The Liberator](#).

Due to dangerous north-easterly winds, [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) and the *Alert* sailed out and hove to in a far safer berth alee of Catalina Island.

AND NOW, FOR SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, A REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR:

Saturday, Feb. 13th. Were called up at midnight to slip for a violent north-easter, for this rascally hole of San Pedro is unsafe in every wind but a south-wester, which is seldom known to blow more than once in a half century. We went off with a flowing sheet, and hove-to under the lee of Catalina island, where we lay three days, and then returned to our anchorage.



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA



4th week of February: [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) continued with life in [California](#).

AND NOW, FOR SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, A REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR:

S _____ and myself determined to keep as much together as possible, though we knew that it would not do to cut our shipmates; for, knowing our birth and education, they were a little suspicious that we would try to put on the gentleman when we got ashore, and would be ashamed of their company; and this won't do with Jack. When the voyage is at an end, you may do as you please, but so long as you belong to the same vessel, you must be a shipmate to him on shore, or he will not be a shipmate to you on board. Being forewarned of this before I went to sea, I took no "long togs" with me, and being dressed like the rest, in white duck trowsers, blue jacket and straw hat, which would prevent my going in better company, and showing no disposition to avoid them, I set all suspicion at rest. Our crew fell in with some who belonged to the other vessels, and, sailor-like, steered for the first grog-shop. This was a small mud building, of only one room, in which were liquors, dry and West India goods, shoes, bread, fruits, and everything which is vendible in California. It was kept by a Yankee, a one-eyed man, who belonged formerly to Fall River, came out to the Pacific in a whale-ship, left her at the Sandwich Islands, and came to California and set up a "Pulperia." S _____ and I followed in our shipmates' wake, knowing that to refuse to drink with them would be the highest affront, but determining to slip away at the first opportunity. It is the universal custom with sailors for each one, in his turn, to treat the whole, calling for a glass all round, and obliging every one who is present, even the keeper of the shop, to take a glass with him. When we first came in, there was some dispute between our crew and the others, whether the new comers or the old California rangers should treat first; but it being settled in favor of the latter, each of the crews of the other vessels treated all round in their turn, and as there were a good many present, (including some "loafers" who had dropped in, knowing what was going on, to take advantage of Jack's hospitality,) and the liquor was a real (12 1/2 cents) a glass, it made somewhat of a hole in their lockers. It was now our ship's turn, and S _____ and I, anxious to get away, stepped up to call for glasses; but we soon found that we must go in order— the oldest first, for the old sailors did not choose to be preceded by a couple of youngsters; and bon gre mal gre, we had to wait our turn, with the twofold apprehension of being too late for our horses, and of getting corned, for drink you must, every time; and if you drink with one and not with another, it is always taken as an insult.

Having at length gone through our turns and acquitted ourselves of all obligations, we slipped out, and went about among the houses, endeavoring to get horses for the day, so that we might ride round and see the country. At first we had but little success, all that we could get out of the lazy fellows, in reply to our questions, being the eternal drawling "Quien sabe?" ("who knows?") which is an answer to all questions. After several efforts, we at length fell in with a little Sandwich Island boy, who belonged to Captain Wilson of the *Ayacucho*, and was well acquainted in the place; and he, knowing where to go, soon procured us two horses, ready saddled and bridled, each with a lasso coiled over the pommel. These we were to have all day, with the privilege of riding them down to the beach at night, for a dollar, which we had to pay in advance. Horses are the cheapest thing in California; the very best not being worth more than ten dollars apiece, and very good ones being often sold for three, and four. In taking a day's ride, you pay for the use of the saddle, and for the labor and trouble of catching the horses. If you bring the saddle back safe, they care but little what becomes of the horse. Mounted on our horses, which were spirited beasts, and which, by the way, in this country, are always steered by pressing the contrary rein against the neck, and not by pulling on the bit,— we started off on a fine run over the country. The first place we went to was the old ruinous presidio, which stands on a rising ground near the village, which it overlooks. It is built in the form of an open square, like all the other presidios, and was in a most ruinous state, with the exception of one side, in which the commandant lived, with his family. There were only two guns, one of which was spiked, and the other had no carriage. Twelve, half clothed, and half starved looking fellows, composed the garrison; and they, it was said, had not a musket apiece. The small settlement lay directly below the fort, composed of about forty dark brown looking huts, or houses, and two larger ones, plastered, which belonged to two of the "gente de razon." This town is not more than half as large as Monterey, or Santa Barbara, and has little or no business. From the presidio, we rode off in the direction of the mission, which we were told was three miles distant. The country was rather sandy, and there was nothing for miles which could be called a tree, but the grass grew green and rank, and there were many bushes and thickets, and the soil is said to be good. After a pleasant ride of a couple of miles, we saw the white walls of the mission, and fording a small river, we came directly before it.

**THE REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR DANA, CONTINUED:**

The mission is built of mud, or rather of the unburnt bricks of the country, and plastered. There was something decidedly striking in its appearance: a number of irregular buildings, connected with one another, and disposed in the form of a hollow square, with a church at one end, rising above the rest, with a tower containing five belfries, in each of which hung a large bell, and with immense rusty iron crosses at the tops. Just outside of the buildings, and under the walls, stood twenty or thirty small huts, built of straw and of the branches of trees, grouped together, in which a few Indians lived, under the protection and in the service of the mission.

Entering a gate-way, we drove into the open square, in which the stillness of death reigned. On one side was the church; on another, a range of high buildings with grated windows; a third was a range of smaller buildings, or offices; and the fourth seemed to be little more than a high connecting wall. Not a living creature could we see. We rode twice round the square, in the hope of waking up some one; and in one circuit, saw a tall monk, with shaven head, sandals, and the dress of the Grey Friars, pass rapidly through a gallery, but he disappeared without noticing us. After two circuits, we stopped our horses, and saw, at last, a man show himself in front of one of the small buildings. We rode up to him, and found him dressed in the common dress of the country, with a silver chain round his neck, supporting a large bunch of keys. From this, we took him to be the steward of the mission, and addressing him as "Mayordomo," received a low bow and an invitation to walk into his room. Making our horses fast, we went in. It was a plain room, containing a table, three or four chairs, a small picture or two of some saint, or miracle, or martyrdom, and a few dishes and glasses. "Hay algunas cosa de comer?" said I. "Si Senor!" said he. "Que gusta usted?" Mentioning frijoles, which I knew they must have if they had nothing else, and beef and bread, and a hint for wine, if they had any, he went off to another building, across the court, and returned in a few moments, with a couple of Indian boys, bearing dishes and a decanter of wine. The dishes contained baked meats, frijoles stewed with peppers and onions, boiled eggs, and California flour baked into a kind of macaroni. These, together with the wine, made the most sumptuous meal we had eaten since we left Boston; and, compared with the fare we had lived upon for seven months, it was a regal banquet. After despatching our meal, we took out some money and asked him how much we were to pay. He shook his head, and crossed himself, saying that it was charity:— that the Lord gave it to us. Knowing the amount of this to be that he did not sell it, but was willing to receive a present, we gave him ten or twelve reals, which he pocketed with admirable nonchalance, saying, "Dios se lo pague." Taking leave of him, we rode out to the Indians' huts. The little children were running about among the huts, stark naked, and the men were not much better; but the women had generally coarse gowns, of a sort of tow cloth. The men are employed, most of the time, in tending the cattle of the mission, and in working in the garden, which is a very large one, including several acres, and filled, it is said, with the best fruits of the climate. The language of these people, which is spoken by all the Indians of California, is the most brutish and inhuman language, without any exception, that I ever heard, or that could well be conceived of. It is a complete slabber. The words fall off of the ends of their tongues, and a continual slabbering sound is made in the cheeks, outside of the teeth. It cannot have been the language of Montezuma and the independent Mexicans.

Here, among the huts, we saw the oldest man that I had ever seen; and, indeed, I never supposed that a person could retain life and exhibit such marks of age. He was sitting out in the sun, leaning against the side of a hut; and his legs and arms, which were bare, were of a dark red color, the skin withered and shrunk up like burnt leather, and the limbs not larger round than those of a boy of five years. He had a few grey hairs, which were tied together at the back of his head; and he was so feeble that, when we came up to him, he raised his hands slowly to his face, and taking hold of his lids with his fingers, lifted them up to look at us; and being satisfied, let them drop again. All command over the lid seemed to have gone. I asked his age, but could get no answer but "Quien sabe?" and they probably did not know the age.

**THE REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR DANA, CONTINUED:**

Leaving the mission, we returned to village, going nearly all the way on a full run. The California horses have no medium gait, which is pleasant, between walking and running; for as there are no streets and parades, they have no need of the genteel trot, and their riders usually keep them at the top of their speed until they are tired, and then let them rest themselves by walking. The fine air of the afternoon; the rapid rate of the animals, who seemed almost to fly over the ground; and the excitement and novelty of the motion to us, who had been so long confined on shipboard, were exhilarating beyond expression, and we felt willing to ride all day long. Coming into the village, we found things looking very lively. The Indians, who always have a holiday on Sunday, were engaged at playing a kind of running game of ball, on a level piece of ground, near the houses. The old ones sat down in a ring, looking on, while the young ones— men, boys and girls— were chasing the ball, and throwing it with all their might. Some of the girls ran like greyhounds. At every accident, or remarkable feat, the old people set up a deafening screaming and clapping of hands. Several blue jackets were reeling about among the houses, which showed that the pulperias had been well patronized. One or two of the sailors had got on horseback, but being rather indifferent horsemen, and the Spaniards having given them vicious horses, they were soon thrown, much to the amusement of the people. A half dozen Sandwich Islanders, from the hide-houses and the two brigs, who are bold riders, were dashing about on the full gallop, hallooing and laughing like so many wild men.

It was now nearly sundown, and S_____ and myself went into a house and sat quietly down to rest ourselves before going down to the beach. Several people were soon collected to see “los Ingles marineros,” and one of them— a young woman— took a great fancy to my pocket handkerchief, which was a large silk one that I had before going to sea, and a handsomer one than they had been in the habit of seeing. Of course, I gave it to her; which brought us into high favor; and we had a present of some pears and other fruits, which we took down to the beach with us. When we came to leave the house, we found that our horses, which we left tied at the door, were both gone. We had paid for them to ride down to the beach, but they were not to be found. We went to the man of whom we hired them, but he only shrugged his shoulders, and to our question, “Where are the horses?” only answered— “Quien sabe?” but as he was very easy, and made no inquiries for the saddles, we saw that he knew very well where they were. After a little trouble, determined not to walk down,— a distance of three miles— we procured two, at four reds apiece, with an Indian boy to run on behind and bring them back. Determined to have “the go” out of the horses, for our trouble, we went down at full speed, and were on the beach in fifteen minutes. Wishing to make our liberty last as long as possible, we rode up and down among the hide-houses, amusing ourselves with seeing the men, as they came down, (it was now dusk,) some on horseback and others on foot. The Sandwich Islanders rode down, and were in “high snuff.” We inquired for our shipmates, and were told that two of them had started on horseback and had been thrown or had fallen off, and were seen heading for the beach, but steering pretty wild, and by the looks of things, would not be down much before midnight.

The Indian boys having arrived, we gave them our horses, and having seen them safely off, hailed for a boat and went aboard. Thus ended our first liberty-day on shore. We were well tired, but had a good time, and were more willing to go back to our old duties. About midnight, we were waked up by our two watchmates, who had come aboard in high dispute. It seems they had started to come down on the same horse, double-backed; and each was accusing the other of being the cause of his fall. They soon, however, turned-in and fell asleep, and probably forgot all about it, for the next morning the dispute was not renewed.

The next sound we heard was “All hands ahoy!” and looking up the scuttle, saw that it was just daylight. Our liberty had now truly taken flight, and with it we laid away our pumps, stockings, blue jackets, neckerchiefs, and other go-ashore paraphernalia, and putting on old duck trowsers, red shirts, and Scotch caps, began taking out and landing our hides. For three days we were hard at work, from the grey of the morning until starlight, with the exception of a short time allowed for meals, in this duty. For landing and taking on board hides, San Diego is decidedly the best place in California. The harbor is small and land-locked; there is no surf; the vessels lie within a cable’s length of the beach; and the beach itself is smooth, hard sand, without rocks or stones. For these reasons, it is used by all the vessels in the trade, as a depot; and, indeed, it would be impossible, when loading with the cured hides for the passage home, to take them on board at any of the open ports, without getting them wet in the surf, which would spoil them.

**THE REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR DANA, CONTINUED:**

We took possession of one of the hide-houses, which belonged to our firm, and had been used by the *California*. It was built to hold forty thousand hides, and we had the pleasing prospect of filling it before we could leave the coast; and toward this, our thirty-five hundred, which we brought down with us, would do but little. There was not a man on board who did not go a dozen times into the house, and look round, and make some calculation of the time it would require.

The hides, as they come rough and uncured from the vessels, are piled up outside of the houses, whence they are taken and carried through a regular process of pickling, drying, cleaning, etc., and stowed away in the house, ready to be put on board. This process is necessary in order that they may keep, during a long voyage, and in warm latitudes. For the purpose of curing and taking care of these hides, an officer and a part of the crew of each vessel are usually left ashore and it was for this business, we found, that our new officer had joined us. As soon as the hides were landed, he took charge of the house, and the captain intended to leave two or three of us with him, hiring Sandwich Islanders to take our places on board; but he could not get any Sandwich Islanders to go, though he offered them fifteen dollars a month; for the report of the flogging had got among them, and he was called "aole maikai," (no good,) and that was an end of the business. They were, however, willing to work on shore, and four of them were hired and put with Mr. Russell to cure the hides.

After landing our hides, we next sent ashore all our spare spars and rigging; all the stores which we did not want to use in the course of one trip to windward; and, in fact, everything which we could spare, so as to make room for hides: among other things, the pig-sty, and with it "old Bess." This was an old sow that we had brought from Boston, and which lived to get around Cape Horn, where all the other pigs died from cold and wet. Report said that she had been a Canton voyage before. She had been the pet of the cook during the whole passage, and he had fed her with the best of everything, and taught her to know his voice, and to do a number of strange tricks for his amusement. Tom Cringle says that no one can fathom a negro's affection for a pig; and I believe he is right, for it almost broke our poor darcy's heart when he heard that Bess was to be taken ashore, and that he was to have the care of her no more during the whole voyage. He had depended upon her as a solace, during the long trips up and down the coast. "Obey orders, if you break owners!" said he. "Break hearts," he meant to have said; and lent a hand to get her over the side, trying to make it as easy for her as possible. We got a whip up on the main-yard, and hooking it to a strap around her body, swayed away; and giving a wink to one another, ran her chock up to the yard. "'Vast there! 'vast!" said the mate; "none of your skylarking! Lower away!" But he evidently enjoyed the joke. The pig squealed like the "crack of doom," and tears stood in the poor darcy's eyes; and he muttered something about having no pity on a dumb beast. "Dumb beast!" said Jack; "if she's what you call a dumb beast, then my eyes a'n't mates." This produced a laugh from all but the cook. He was too intent upon seeing her safe in the boat. He watched her all the way ashore, where, upon her landing, she was received by a whole troop of her kind, who had been sent ashore from the other vessels, and had multiplied and formed a large commonwealth. From the door of his galley, the cook used to watch them in their manoeuvres, setting up a shout and clapping his hands whenever Bess came off victorious in the struggles for pieces of raw hide and half-picked bones which were lying about the beach. During the day, he saved all the nice things, and made a bucket of swill, and asked us to take it ashore in the gig, and looked quite disconcerted when the mate told him that he would pitch the 'I overboard, and him after it, if he saw any of it go into the boats. We told him that he thought more about the pig than he did about his wife, who lived down in Robinson's Alley; and, indeed, he could hardly have been more attentive, for he actually, on several nights, after dark, when he thought he would not be seen, sculled himself ashore in a boat with a bucket of nice swill, and returned like Leander from crossing the Hellespont.

**THE REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR DANA, CONCLUDED:**

The next Sunday the other half of our crew went ashore on liberty, and left us on board, to enjoy the first quiet Sunday which we had upon the coast. Here were no hides to come off, and no southeasters to fear. We washed and mended our clothes in the morning, and spent the rest of the day in reading and writing. Several of us wrote letters to send home by the *Lagoda*. At twelve o'clock the *Ayacucho* dropped her fore topsail, which was a signal for her sailing. She unmoored and warped down into the night, from which she got under way. During this operation, her crew were a long time heaving at the windlass, and I listened for nearly an hour to the musical notes of a Sandwich Islander, called Mahannah, who "sang out" for them. Sailors, when heaving at a windlass, in order that they may heave together, always have one to sing out; which is done in a peculiar, high and long-drawn note, varying with the motion of the windlass. This requires a high voice, strong lungs, and much practice, to be done well. This fellow had a very peculiar, wild sort of note, breaking occasionally into a falsetto. The sailors thought it was too high, and not enough of the boatswain hoarseness about it; but to me it had a great charm. The harbor was perfectly still, and his voice rang among the hills, as though it could have been heard for miles. Toward sundown, a good breeze having sprung up, she got under weigh, and with her long, sharp head cutting elegantly through the water, on a taught bowline, she stood directly out of the harbor, and bore away to the southward. She was bound to Callao, and thence to the Sandwich Islands, and expected to be on the coast again in eight or ten months.

At the close of the week we were ready to sail, but were delayed a day or two by the running away of F _____, the man who had been our second mate, and was turned forward. From the time that he was "broken," he had had a dog's berth on board the vessel, and determined to run away at the first opportunity. Having shipped for an officer when he was not half a seaman, he found little pity with the crew, and was not man enough to hold his ground among them. The captain called him a "soger," and promised to "ride him down as he would the main tack;" and when officers are once determined to "ride a man down," it is a gone case with him. He had had several difficulties with the captain, and asked leave to go home in the *Lagoda*; but this was refused him. One night he was insolent to an officer on the beach, and refused to come aboard in the boat. He was reported to the captain; and as he came aboard, -it being past the proper hours- he was called aft, and told that he was to have a flogging. Immediately, he fell down on the deck, calling out-"Don't flog me, Captain T _____; don't flog me!" and the captain, angry with him, and disgusted with his cowardice, gave him a few blows over the back with a rope's end and sent him forward. He was not much hurt, but a good deal frightened, and made up his mind to run away that very night. This was managed better than anything he ever did in his life, and seemed really to show some spirit and forethought. He gave his bedding and mattress to one of the *Lagoda*'s crew, who took it aboard his vessel as something which he had bought, and promised to keep it for him. He then unpacked his chest, putting all his valuable clothes into a large canvas bag, and told one of us, who had the watch, to call him at midnight. Coming on deck, at midnight, and finding no officer on deck, and all still aft, he lowered his bag into a boat, got softly down into it, cast off the painter, and let it drop silently with the tide until he was out of hearing, when he sculled ashore.

The next morning, when all hands were mustered, there was a great stir to find F _____. Of course, we would tell nothing, and all they could discover was, that he had left an empty chest behind him, and that he went off in a boat; for they saw it lying up high and dry on the beach. After breakfast, the captain went up to the town, and offered a reward of twenty dollars for him; and for a couple of days, the soldiers, Indians, and all others who had nothing to do, were scouring the country for him, on horseback, but without effect; for he was safely concealed, all the time, within fifty rods of the hide-houses. As soon as he had landed, he went directly to the *Lagoda*'s hide-house, and a part of her crew, who were living there on shore, promised to conceal him and his traps until the *Pilgrim* should sail, and then to intercede with Captain Bradshaw to take him on board the ship. Just behind the hide-houses, among the thickets and underwood, was a small cave, the entrance to which was known only to two men on the beach, and which was so well concealed that, though, when I afterwards came to live on shore, it was shown to me two or three times, I was never able to find it alone. To this cave he was carried before daybreak in the morning, and supplied with bread and water, and there remained until he saw us under weigh and well round the point.



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA



February 25, Thursday: [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) and the *Alert* sailed for Santa Barbara, [California](#).

AND NOW, FOR SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, A REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR:

Thursday, Feb. 25th. Set sail for Santa Barbara, where we arrived on Sunday, the 28th.

Samuel Colt received a US patent for a “revolver,” eventually to be colloquially referred to as a “sixshooter” (although some of them were capable only of five shots).

By arrangement of Phineas Taylor Barnum (her owner), the body of [Joyce Heth](#), the elderly slave woman he been exhibiting under a pretense that she had been our illustrious founding father [George Washington](#)'s wet-nurse was subjected to public autopsy. The autopsy was performed by a surgeon hired for the occasion, Dr. David L. Rogers, in the presence of 1,500 spectators who had paid 50¢ admission each, in [New-York](#)'s City Saloon (drinks not on the house). When this hired surgeon proclaimed that Barnum's age claim for this woman had been fraudulent, that she was nowhere near 161 years old at the time of her death, the hoaxer proclaimed that the body autopsied had not been that of Joyce Heth, that in fact she was still alive and well on tour in Europe.

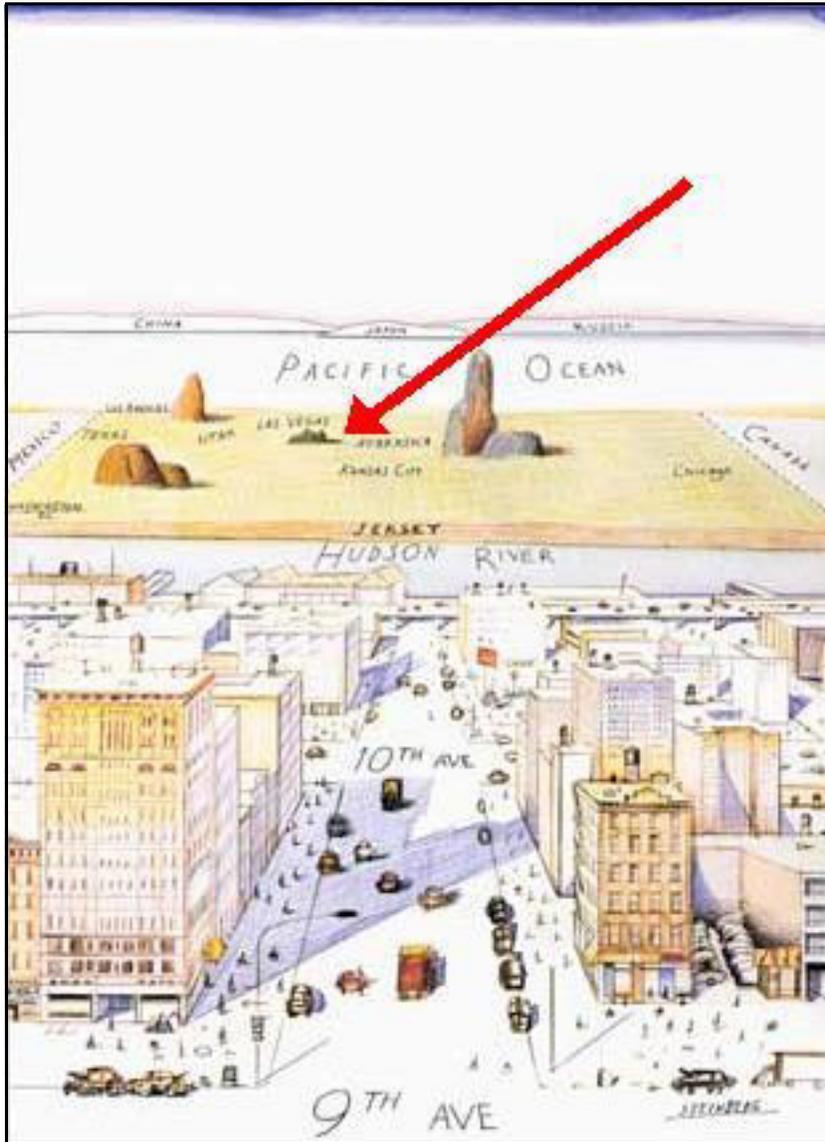
Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

5th day 25 of 2nd M / With my young friend Thomas Nichols rode to [Portsmouth](#) & attended Monthly Meeting - It was a most Violent windy day, clouds & very uncomfortable riding being very cold & a part of the way muddy & heavy traveling - The First Meeting was silent & small & not a time of much life to me. - In the last we had but little buisness & the Meeting was not detained long. - We went with Henry & Thomas Gould to Josiah Chases & dined & got home before sunset. - I have of late felt my mind engaged to write our friend Robert Comfort of Wheatland State of NYork who attended our last Yearly Meeting, he was a true & honest friend & one with whom I felt much unity & Sympathy I have also in the course of the Week written to my friends Thos Evans of Philada. - It is a time of great streight in society, & it becomes necessary for those who can to commune together.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

1837

➡ End of service as the [California](#) agent for Bryant, Sturgis, and Company for Alfred Robinson (-1895) of Massachusetts, who had been that company's agent there since 1830.



1839

➡ Charles King Whipple “came out of” (to use the idiom of the time) his orthodox church in Salem.

Johann August Sutter, abandoning his wife and five children, had become an American capitalist. After ventures in St. Louis, Santa Fe, Honolulu, Sitka, and Monterey, in this year he received the political plum of a huge land grant on the Sacramento and American Rivers from California governor Alvarado. He forced local native Americans to construct for him a frontier fortress and mounted Russian cannon salvaged from Fort Ross on its walls.



Bayard Taylor made his first visit to [California](#). Upon his return in 1849 he would find himself considerably offended by the things which had been brought there in merely one decade:

Nature here reminds one of a princess fallen into the hands of robbers, who cut off her fingers for the sake of the jewels she wears.

1840

During this decade competition with closer producers, such as Brazil and Argentina, would be driving down the price of utility grade cowhide to the point at which the Lynn trade relationship with *Alta California* for raw shoe leather would need to be abandoned. Los Angeles would no longer be our “Boston on the Pacific.” By this point fewer than 500 of the *Juaneños* of *Alta California* remained alive, with fewer than 100 still in the vicinity of the former Franciscan Mission San Juan Capistrano. On the East Coast, Harper & Brothers was paying Richard Henry Dana, Jr. the piddling sum of \$250.⁰⁰ for all rights to the “boy’s book” TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST which over the years would bring in to their coffers some \$50,000.⁰⁰,⁸ this book was going through the presses, and its author was in the process of obtaining his admission to the Massachusetts bar.

My great success -my book- was a boy's book.



8. Collins had initially offered the author 10% after the first 1,000 copies sold, and had he accepted this offer his earnings would eventually have amounted to some \$5,000.⁰⁰, which would have been the equivalent of perhaps \$400,000.⁰⁰ today. Instead the budding advocate chose a fool as his first client, and negotiated on his own behalf for immediate payment in full. He settled for one lump sum advance payment totaling \$250.⁰⁰ plus 25 to 30 freebie copies of his book to hand around among his chums.



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1841

The first train of covered Conestoga wagons arrived in [California](#).

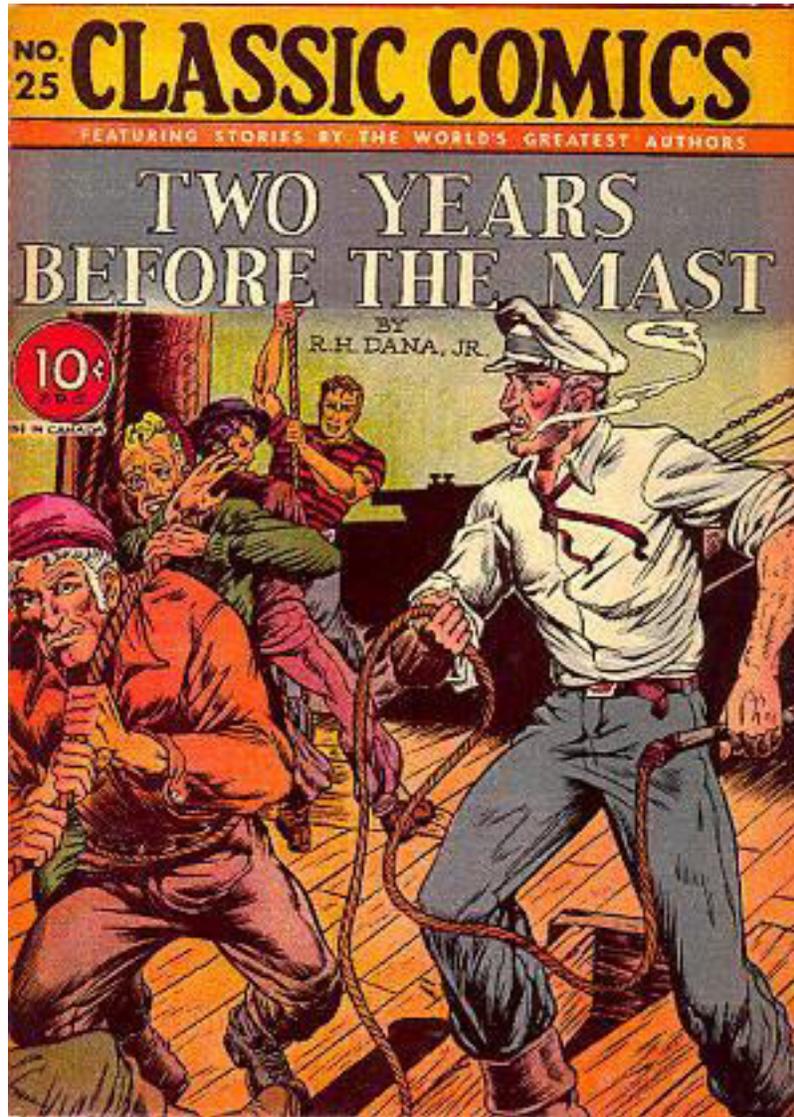


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By this point there remained merely “thirty-eight persons plus four gentiles” at the ruin of the former Franciscan Mission San Juan Capistrano of *Alta California*. On the East Coast, [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#)’s article on the cruelty toward seamen which he had observed during his two years of service before the mast along this coastline, previously published in the *American Jurist*, was being republished as part of his *THE SEAMAN’S FRIEND*.



[Henry Thoreau](#) would own a copy of one edition of this oft-republished volume.

THE SEAMAN’S FRIEND



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1842

October 20, Thursday: Earlier this year [Richard Wagner](#) had moved from Paris to Dresden. His grosse tragische Oper *[Rienzi, der Letzte der Tribunen](#)* to his own words after Bulwer Lytton was performed for the initial time, in the Dresden Hoftheater. The work was very enthusiastically received.

LISTEN TO IT NOW

Believing war to have broken out between Mexico and the United States, Commodore Thomas Jones USN sails into Monterrey harbor and demanded the town's surrender. Local defenseless officials complied, and Jones claimed [California](#) for the United States.

October 21, Friday: Commodore Thomas Jones USN learned that war has not broken out between Mexico and the United States. He lowered his flag and sailed away from [California](#): "Later, alligator." The US would apologize to Mexico: "I guess we must've jumped the gun a little bit, or something."



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1843

[James Pierson Beckwourth](#) left Pueblo, Colorado with a trading party of 15 and headed for southern [California](#), then a part of [Mexico](#).

During the summer [John Charles Frémont](#) and [Kit Carson](#) explored the Great Basin, along the Great Salt Lake into Oregon. Their agenda was to map and describe the 2d half of the Oregon Trail, from South Pass to the Columbia River. They found all the land in the Great Basin, centering on modern-day Nevada, to be in fact landlocked, a factoid which contributed greatly to our appreciation of the geography of the North American continent. They sighted Mount Rainier, Mount Saint Helens, and Mount Hood. One objective of this expedition had been to locate a fabulous “Buenaventura River,” which had been imagined as a major east-west conduit between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Ocean. Such a river was nowhere to be located. That winter the expedition became snowbound in the Sierra Nevadas and Carson’s experience averted their starvation — sustenance became so hard to come by that their mules were nibbling at each other’s tails “and the leather of the pack saddles.”

A new *governadore* of *Alta California*, Manuel Micheltorena, tried to restore Mission San Juan Capistrano to the Franciscan fathers. This attempt would fail and he would need to flee the territory. Back East, [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) the former sailor, present lawyer, and perpetual adolescent, was donning his old sailor togs in order to sample the enticements to be found in the “Five Points” district of [New-York](#) — our nation’s main slum.

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[James Pierson Beckwourth](#) traded on the Old Spanish Trail between the Arkansas River and Mexican [California](#).



January: [James Pierson Beckwourth](#) and his trading party of 15 arrived in Los Angeles, [California](#), then a part of Mexico. He would be one of the 1st non-Indian and non-Spanish persons to reside in that locale. (The valley was being referred to as the “Plain of Smokes,” and the white settlement there was being referred to as El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Ángeles de la Porciúncula.)

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January 14, Friday: Brevet Captain [John Charles Frémont](#), following the Truckee River down out of the mountains, searching for a route by which immigrants might be brought across that desert and to [California](#) coast, came to *Tupepeaha* “Stone Mother,” a large lake in the desert, and made camp. Idly looking out from his encampment upon the island of tufa rock in the saline lake which seemed like a woman giving birth, lying in a pool of her tears, his eye happened to fall on another little island, and upon a rock formation which happened to remind him of some tourist lithographs he had once looked at, of the pyramids of Egypt:

This striking feature suggested a name for the lake, and I called it Pyramid Lake.



Tupepeaha “Stone Mother” was dead, and long live the white man. Today, in the soft sands of the deserts just to the east of this water, there are 963 graves of white people who didn’t quite make it all the way to their “Pyramid Lake” campsite.

August: The expedition of Brevet Captain [John Charles Frémont](#) had moved south into the Mojave Desert, enduring attacks by native bands, with the loss of one of their expedition members. As the expedition ventured into [California](#), it had of course crossed into Mexican territory, and so the threat of military intervention had sent the expedition southeast, into Nevada to a watering hole known as Las Vegas. The party had traveled on to Bent’s Fort. In this month it made its way back into the Washington territory, more than a year after its departure. Along the route they had come across a Mexican man and boy who had survived a native ambush. The natives had killed two men, staked two women to the ground and mutilated them, and taken 30 horses. [Kit Carson](#) and another mountain man, Alex Godey, decided that they were going to take revenge, tracked the band for two days, rushed on them in an encampment, and killed two and recaptured the stolen horses.

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1845

The Reverend Walter Colton sailed to the Pacific Ocean as a chaplain of the West India Squadron of the US Navy. Soon after his arrival at the harbor of Monterey, he was appointed by Commodore Robert F. Stockton to be the "Alcalde" there. In such office he would serve as a combination of judge, sheriff, and governor over much of Northern California. He would call into being the very 1st jury ever, in this geographical region. By fining each person found guilty of gambling the sum of \$20, he would enable the erection of Colton Hall (this would serve for a period as California's 1st schoolhouse). He and Robert B. Semple would launch that coast's 1st newspaper, The Californian.

January: In New-York harbor, the *Rainbow*, the 1st clipper ship, was launched.



Elizabeth Barrett [Browning] found VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION depressing, and vowed "not to be a fully developed monkey if I could help it."



San Francisco pioneer W.C. Rae committed suicide after having constructed the 1st 2-story house in that municipality.

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At Buckingham Palace in approximately this timeframe, Prince Albert was reading VESTIGES aloud to Queen Victoria each afternoon. The people in the palace were attributing authorship at this time to Dr. William Benjamin Carpenter, the tutor for the noble Lovelace children. We do not have a record that either Prince Albert or Queen Victoria took a similar vow, not to be a fully developed monkey if they could help it — but perhaps due to their life situation this wasn't necessary.⁹

9. Of course, it might have helped somewhat had they taken a solemn oath that none of their descendants would act like fully developed monkeys.



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February 20, Thursday: When the local [Californios](#) rebelled against the Mexican officials of Governor Manuel Micheltorena, [James Pierson Beckwourth](#) joined their side for the Battle of Cahuenga. The battle really didn't amount to much. The Mexicans had three cannon and the Californios, under Pio Pico, two, and these deadly distance weapons were brought just about within range of each other in the hills above what has since become Hollywood and beautiful downtown Burbank. It seems a horse got its head blown off, and a mule was injured, but since all the people involved, like our Jim Beckwourth, were sheltering themselves against the banks of the Los Angeles River and keeping their heads well down, there don't seem to have been human injuries. On the following day when the cannonading resumed, Governor Micheltorena would find that he needed to stick up a white flag — because most of his soldiers had during the night sneaked off and joined the other side. (For many years it would be possible to find cannon balls in the dirt in the vicinity of Warner Brothers Studio.)

Documentation of the [international slave trade](#), per W.E. Burghardt Du Bois: President John Tyler sent the US Congress information about the violation of Brazilian slave-trade laws by American nationals (HOUSE JOURNAL, 28th Congress, 2d session, pages 425, 463; HOUSE DOCUMENT, 28th Congress, 2d session, IV. No. 148; cf. HOUSE DOCUMENT, 29th Congress, 1st session, III. No. 43).

W.E. Burghardt Du Bois: A somewhat more sincere and determined effort to enforce the slave-trade laws now followed; and yet it is a significant fact that not until Lincoln's administration did a slave-trader suffer death for violating the laws of the United States. The participation of Americans in the trade continued, declining somewhat between 1825 and 1830, and then reviving, until it reached its highest activity between 1840 and 1860. The development of a vast internal slave-trade, and the consequent rise in the South of vested interests strongly opposed to slave smuggling, led to a falling off in the illicit introduction of Negroes after 1825, until the fifties; nevertheless, smuggling never entirely ceased, and large numbers were thus added to the plantations of the Gulf States. Monroe had various constitutional scruples as to the execution of the Act of 1819;¹⁰ but, as Congress took no action, he at last put a fair interpretation on his powers, and appointed Samuel Bacon as an agent in Africa to form a settlement for recaptured Africans. Gradually the agency thus formed became merged with that of the Colonization Society on Cape Mesurado; and from this union [Liberia](#) was finally evolved.¹¹

Meantime, during the years 1818 to 1820, the activity of the slave-traders was prodigious. General James Tallmadge declared in the House, February 15, 1819: "Our laws are already highly penal against their introduction, and yet, it is a well known fact, that about fourteen thousand slaves have been brought into our country this last year."¹² In the same year Middleton of South Carolina and Wright of Virginia estimated illicit introduction at 13,000 and 15,000 respectively.¹³ Judge Story, in charging a jury, took occasion to say: "We have but too many proofs from unquestionable sources, that it [the slave-trade] is still carried on with all the implacable rapacity of former times. Avarice has grown more subtle in its evasions, and watches and seizes its prey with an appetite quickened rather than suppressed by its guilty vigils. American citizens are steeped to their very mouths (I can hardly use too bold a figure)

10. Attorney-General Wirt advised him, October, 1819, that no part of the appropriation could be used to purchase land in Africa or tools for the Negroes, or as salary for the agent: OPINIONS OF ATTORNEYS-GENERAL, I. 314-7. Monroe laid the case before Congress in a special message Dec. 20, 1819 (HOUSE JOURNAL, 16th Congress 1st session, page 57); but no action was taken there.

11. Cf. Kendall's Report, August, 1830: SENATE DOCUMENT, 21st Congress 2d session, I. No. 1, pages 211-8; also see below, Chapter X.

12. Speech in the House of Representatives, Feb. 15, 1819, page 18; published in Boston, 1849.

13. Jay, INQUIRY INTO AMERICAN COLONIZATION (1838), page 59, note.



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in this stream of iniquity."¹⁴ The following year, 1820, brought some significant statements from various members of Congress. Said Smith of South Carolina: "Pharaoh was, for his temerity, drowned in the Red Sea, in pursuing them [the Israelites] contrary to God's express will; but our Northern friends have not been afraid even of that, in their zeal to furnish the Southern States with Africans. They are better seamen than Pharaoh, and calculate by that means to elude the vigilance of Heaven; which they seem to disregard, if they can but elude the violated laws of their country."¹⁵ As late as May he saw little hope of suppressing the traffic.¹⁶ Sergeant of Pennsylvania declared: "It is notorious that, in spite of the utmost vigilance that can be employed, African negroes are clandestinely brought in and sold as slaves."¹⁷ Plumer of New Hampshire stated that "of the unhappy beings, thus in violation of all laws transported to our shores, and thrown by force into the mass of our black population, scarcely one in a hundred is ever detected by the officers of the General Government, in a part of the country, where, if we are to believe the statement of Governor Rabun, 'an officer who would perform his duty, by attempting to enforce the law [against the slave trade] is, by many, considered as an officious meddler, and treated with derision and contempt;' ... I have been told by a gentleman, who has attended particularly to this subject, that ten thousand slaves were in one year smuggled into the United States; and that, even for the last year, we must count the number not by hundreds, but by thousands."¹⁸ In 1821 a committee of Congress characterized prevailing methods as those "of the grossest fraud that could be practised to deceive the officers of government."¹⁹ Another committee, in 1822, after a careful examination of the subject, declare that they "find it impossible to measure with precision the effect produced upon the American branch of the slave trade by the laws above mentioned, and the seizures under them. They are unable to state, whether those American merchants, the American capital and seamen which heretofore aided in this traffic, have abandoned it altogether, or have sought shelter under the flags of other nations." They then state the suspicious circumstance that, with the disappearance of the American flag from the traffic, "the trade, notwithstanding, increases annually, under the flags of other nations." They complain of the spasmodic efforts of the executive. They say that the first United States cruiser arrived on the African coast in March, 1820, and remained a "few weeks;" that since then four others had in two years made five visits in all; but "since the middle of last November, the commencement of the healthy season on that coast, no vessel has been, nor, as your committee is informed, is, under orders for that service."²⁰ The United States African agent, Ayres, reported in 1823: "I was informed by an American officer who had been on the

14. Quoted in Friends' FACTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE SLAVE TRADE (ed. 1841), pages 7-8.

15. ANNALS OF CONGRESS, 16th Congress 1st session, pages 270-1.

16. ANNALS OF CONGRESS, 16th Congress 1st session, page 698.

17. ANNALS OF CONGRESS, 16th Congress 1st session, page 1207.

18. ANNALS OF CONGRESS, 16th Congress 1st session, page 1433.

19. Referring particularly to the case of the slaver "Plattsburg." Cf. HOUSE REPORTS, 17th Congress 1st session, II. No. 92, page 10.

20. HOUSE REPORTS, 17th Congress 1st session, II. No. 92, page 2. The President had in his message spoken in exhilarating tones of the success of the government in suppressing the trade. The House Committee appointed in pursuance of this passage made the above report. Their conclusions are confirmed by British reports: PARLIAMENTARY PAPERS, 1822, Vol. XXII., SLAVE TRADE, Further Papers, III. page 44. So, too, in 1823, Ashmun, the African agent, reports that thousands of slaves are being abducted.



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coast in 1820, that he had boarded 20 American vessels in one morning, lying in the port of Gallinas, and fitted for the reception of slaves. It is a lamentable fact, that most of the harbours, between the Senegal and the line, were visited by an equal number of American vessels, and for the sole purpose of carrying away slaves. Although for some years the coast had been occasionally visited by our cruisers, their short stay and seldom appearance had made but slight impression on those traders, rendered hardy by repetition of crime, and avaricious by excessive gain. They were enabled by a regular system to gain intelligence of any cruiser being on the coast."²¹

Even such spasmodic efforts bore abundant fruit, and indicated what vigorous measures might have accomplished. Between May, 1818, and November, 1821, nearly six hundred Africans were recaptured and eleven American slavers taken.²² Such measures gradually changed the character of the trade, and opened the international phase of the question. American slavers cleared for foreign ports, there took a foreign flag and papers, and then sailed boldly past American cruisers, although their real character was often well known. More stringent clearance laws and consular instructions might have greatly reduced this practice; but nothing was ever done, and gradually the laws became in large measure powerless to deal with the bulk of the illicit trade. In 1820, September 16, a British officer, in his official report, declares that, in spite of United States laws, "American vessels, American subjects, and American capital, are unquestionably engaged in the trade, though under other colours and in disguise."²³ The United States ship "Cyane" at one time reported ten captures within a few days, adding: "Although they are evidently owned by Americans, they are so completely covered by Spanish papers that it is impossible to condemn them."²⁴ The governor of Sierra Leone reported the rivers Nunez and Pongas full of renegade European and American slave-traders;²⁵ the trade was said to be carried on "to an extent that almost staggers belief."²⁶ Down to 1824 or 1825, reports from all quarters prove this activity in slave-trading.

The execution of the laws within the country exhibits grave defects and even criminal negligence. Attorney-General Wirt finds it necessary to assure collectors, in 1819, that "it is against public policy to dispense with prosecutions for violation of the law to prohibit the Slave trade."²⁷ One district attorney writes: "It appears to be almost impossible to enforce the laws of the United States against offenders after the negroes have been landed in the state."²⁸ Again, it is asserted that "when vessels engaged in the slave trade have been detained by the American cruisers, and sent into the slave-holding states, there appears at once a difficulty in securing the

21. Ayres to the Secretary of the Navy, Feb. 24, 1823; reprinted in FRIENDS' VIEW OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE (1824), page 31.

22. HOUSE REPORTS, 17th Congress 1st session, II. No. 92, pages 5-6. The slavers were the "Ramirez," "Endymion," "Esperanza," "Plattsburg," "Science," "Alexander," "Eugene," "Mathilde," "Daphne," "Eliza," and "La Pensée." In these 573 Africans were taken. The naval officers were greatly handicapped by the size of the ships, etc. (cf. FRIENDS' VIEW OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE (1824), pages 33-41). They nevertheless acted with great zeal.

23. PARLIAMENTARY PAPERS, 1821, Vol. XXIII., SLAVE TRADE, Further Papers, A, page 76. The names and description of a dozen or more American slavers are given: PARLIAMENTARY PAPERS, 1821, Vol. XXIII., SLAVE TRADE, Further Papers, A, pages 18-21.

24. HOUSE REPORTS, 17th Congress 1st session, II. No. 92, pages 15-20.

25. HOUSE DOCUMENT, 18th Congress 1st session, VI. No. 119, page 13.

26. PARLIAMENTARY PAPERS, 1823, Vol. XVIII., SLAVE TRADE, Further Papers, A, pages 10-11.

27. OPINIONS OF ATTORNEYS-GENERAL, V. 717.

28. R. W. Habersham to the Secretary of the Navy, August, 1821; reprinted in FRIENDS' VIEW OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE (1824), page 47.



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freedom to these captives which the laws of the United States have decreed for them."²⁹ In some cases, one man would smuggle in the Africans and hide them in the woods; then his partner would "rob" him, and so all trace be lost.³⁰ Perhaps 350 Africans were officially reported as brought in contrary to law from 1818 to 1820: the absurdity of this figure is apparent.³¹ A circular letter to the marshals, in 1821, brought reports of only a few well-known cases, like that of the "General Ramirez;" the marshal of Louisiana had "no information."³²

There appears to be little positive evidence of a large illicit importation into the country for a decade after 1825. It is hardly possible, however, considering the activity in the trade, that slaves were not largely imported. Indeed, when we note how the laws were continually broken in other respects, absence of evidence of petty smuggling becomes presumptive evidence that collusive or tacit understanding of officers and citizens allowed the trade to some extent.³³ Finally, it must be noted that during all this time scarcely a man suffered for participating in the trade, beyond the loss of the Africans and, more rarely, of his ship. Red-handed slavers, caught in the act and convicted, were too often, like La Coste of South Carolina, the subjects of executive clemency.³⁴ In certain cases there were those who even had the effrontery to ask Congress to cancel their own laws. For instance, in 1819 a Venezuelan privateer, secretly fitted out and manned by Americans in Baltimore, succeeded in capturing several American, Portuguese, and Spanish slavers, and appropriating the slaves; being finally wrecked herself, she transferred her crew and slaves to one of her prizes, the "Antelope," which was eventually captured by a United States cruiser and the 280 Africans sent to Georgia. After much litigation, the United States Supreme Court ordered those captured from Spaniards to be surrendered, and the others to be returned to Africa. By some mysterious process, only 139 Africans now remained, 100 of whom were sent to Africa. The Spanish claimants of the remaining thirty-nine sold them to a certain Mr. Wilde, who gave bond to transport them out of the country. Finally, in December, 1827, there came an innocent petition to Congress to *cancel this bond*.³⁵ A bill to that effect passed and was approved, May 2, 1828,³⁶ and in consequence these Africans remained as slaves in Georgia.

On the whole, it is plain that, although in the period from 1807 to 1820 Congress laid down broad lines of legislation sufficient, save in some details, to suppress the African slave trade to America, yet the execution of these laws was criminally lax. Moreover, by the facility with which slavers could disguise their identity, it was possible for them to escape even a vigorous enforcement of our laws. This situation could properly be met only by energetic and sincere international co-operation....³⁷

29. FRIENDS' VIEW OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE (1824), page 42.

30. FRIENDS' VIEW OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE (1824), page 43.

31. Cf. above, pages 126-7.

32. FRIENDS' VIEW OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE (1824), page 42.

33. A few accounts of captures here and there would make the matter less suspicious; these, however, do not occur. How large this suspected illicit traffic was, it is of course impossible to say; there is no reason why it may not have reached many hundreds per year.



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June 1, Sunday: Brevet Captain [John Charles Frémont](#) and 55 men left St. Louis, with [Kit Carson](#) as guide, on a 3d expedition. Although this expedition's stated goal had been to "map the source of the Arkansas River" on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, upon reaching the Arkansas River Frémont suddenly and without explanation redirected his expedition toward [California](#).

October 28, Tuesday: With the flight of Governor Manuel Micheltorena, Pio Pico had become governor of *Alta California*, and on this date he ordered the sale of the assets of Mission San Juan Capistrano and decreed that the *Juaneños* were released from their neophyte status.³⁸



October 30, Thursday: President [James Knox Polk](#) sent [US Marine 1st Lieutenant Archibald Hamilton Gillespie](#), who had lots of swash in his buckle, to [California](#) with secret orders.

I held a confidential conversation with Lt Gillespie of the Marine Corps, about 8:00 o'clock p.m. on the subject of a secret mission on which he was about to go to California. His secret instructions and the letter to Mr. Larkin, U.S. Consul at Monterey, in the Department of State, will explain the object of his mission.

34. Cf. editorial in [Niles's Register](#), XXII. 114. Cf. also the following instances of pardons: —

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON: March 1, 1808, Phillip M. Topham, convicted for "carrying on an illegal slave-trade" (pardoned twice). PARDONS AND REMISSIONS, I. 146, 148-9.

PRESIDENT MADISON: July 29, 1809, 15 vessels arrived at New Orleans from Cuba, with 666 white persons and 683 negroes. Every penalty incurred under the Act of 1807 was remitted. (Note: "Several other pardons of this nature were granted.") PARDONS AND REMISSIONS, I. 179.

Nov. 8, 1809, John Hopkins and Lewis Le Roy, convicted for importing a slave. PARDONS AND REMISSIONS, I. 184-5.

Feb. 12, 1810, William Sewall, convicted for importing slaves. PARDONS AND REMISSIONS, I. 194, 235, 240.

May 5, 1812, William Babbit, convicted for importing slaves. PARDONS AND REMISSIONS, I. 248.

PRESIDENT MONROE: June 11, 1822, Thomas Shields, convicted for bringing slaves into New Orleans. PARDONS AND REMISSIONS, IV. 15.

Aug. 24, 1822, J.F. Smith, sentenced to five years' imprisonment and \$3000 fine; served twenty-five months and was then pardoned. PARDONS AND REMISSIONS, IV. 22.

July 23, 1823, certain parties liable to penalties for introducing slaves into Alabama. PARDONS AND REMISSIONS, IV. 63.

Aug. 15, 1823, owners of schooner "Mary," convicted of importing slaves. PARDONS AND REMISSIONS, IV. 66.

PRESIDENT J.Q. ADAMS: March 4, 1826, Robert Perry; his ship was forfeited for slave-trading. PARDONS AND REMISSIONS, IV. 140.

Jan. 17, 1827, Jesse Perry; forfeited ship, and was convicted for introducing slaves. PARDONS AND REMISSIONS, IV. 158.

Feb. 13, 1827, Zenas Winston; incurred penalties for slave-trading. PARDONS AND REMISSIONS, IV. 161. The four following cases are similar to that of Winston: —

Feb. 24, 1827, John Tucker and William Morbon. PARDONS AND REMISSIONS, IV. 162.

March 25, 1828, Joseph Badger. PARDONS AND REMISSIONS, IV. 192.

Feb. 19, 1829, L.R. Wallace. PARDONS AND REMISSIONS, IV. 215.

PRESIDENT JACKSON: Five cases. PARDONS AND REMISSIONS, IV. 225, 270, 301, 393, 440.

The above cases were taken from manuscript copies of the Washington records, made by Mr. W.C. Endicott, Jr., and kindly loaned me.

35. See SENATE JOURNAL, 20th Congress 1st session, pages 60, 66, 340, 341, 343, 348, 352, 355; HOUSE JOURNAL, 20th Congress 1st session, pages 59, 76, 123, 134, 156, 169, 173, 279, 634, 641, 646, 647, 688, 692.

36. STATUTES AT LARGE, VI. 376.



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Gillespie would memorize his presidential documents and destroy them during his trip through [Mexico](#) and upon arrival would relay the memorized instructions, the gist of which was that [US Consul Thomas Oliver Larkin](#) in Monterrey, California was to intrigue peaceably to influence the Californian Anglos to secede from Mexico, and then guide these Californian Anglos into asking for annexation to the United States of America, while watching out for British or French efforts to influence the Californian Hispanics to grant them a protectorate.

37. Among interesting minor proceedings in this period were two Senate bills to register slaves so as to prevent illegal importation. They were both dropped in the House; a House proposition to the same effect also came to nothing: SENATE JOURNAL, 15th Congress 1st session, pages 147, 152, 157, 165, 170, 188, 201, 203, 232, 237; 15th Congress 2d session, pages 63, 74, 77, 202, 207, 285, 291, 297; HOUSE JOURNAL, 15th Congress 1st session, page 332; 15th Congress 2d session, pages 303, 305, 316; 16th Congress 1st session, page 150. Another proposition was contained in the Meigs resolution presented to the House, Feb. 5, 1820, which proposed to devote the public lands to the suppression of the slave-trade. This was ruled out of order. It was presented again and laid on the table in 1821: HOUSE JOURNAL, 16th Congress 1st session, pages 196, 200, 227; 16th Congress 2d session, page 238.

38. This might sound approximately like benevolence: however, the new *gobernadore* also had intentions as to who should be the sweetheart beneficiaries of such land deals.



1846

April 18, Saturday: At Los Angeles in Alta California, Pío de Jesus Pico was sworn in as Mexican governor and Colonel José Antonio Castro was made Commandante General of the Mexican army.

Thomas Carlyle wrote from Chelsea to Waldo Emerson, promising to send him his Daguerreotype as soon as the exposure had been made: "Furthermore, — yes, you shall have that Sun-shadow, a Daguerreotype likeness, as the sun shall please to paint it: there has often been talk of getting me to that establishment, but I never yet could go. If it be possible, we will have this also ready for the 3d of May. Provided you, as you promise, go and do likewise! A strange moment that, when I look upon your dead shadow again; instead of the living face, which remains unchanged within me, enveloped in beautiful clouds, and emerging now and then into strange clearness! Has your head grown greyish? On me are "grey hairs here and there," — and I do "know it." I have lived half a century in this world, fifty years complete on the 4th of December last: that is a solemn fact for me! Few and evil have been the days of the years of thy servant, — few for any good that was ever done in them. Ay de mi!"



AURORA

April 18th The morning: must remind every one of his ideal life— Then if ever we can realize the life of the Greeks We see them Aurora. The morning brings back the heroic ages.

I get up early and bathe in the pond—that is one of the best things I do—so far the day is well spent. In some unrecorded hours of solitude whether of morning or evening whose stillness was audible—when the atmosphere contained an arousal perfume the hum of a mosquito was a trumpet that recalled what I had read of most ancient history and heroic ages. There was somewhat that I fancy the Greeks meant by ambrosial about it—more than Sybilline or Delphic— It expressed the infinite fertility and fragrance and the everlastingness of the κοσμος It was θειον Only Homer could name it. The faintest is the most significant sound. I have never felt lonely or in the least oppressed by a sense of solitude but once, and that was a few weeks after I came here to live when for an hour I doubted if the near neighborhood of man was not essentially to a healthy life— To be alone was something. But I was at the same time conscious of a slight insanity—and seemed to foresee my recovery—in the midst of a gentle rain while these thoughts prevailed— There suddenly seemed such sweet and beneficent society in nature—and the very pattering of the drops—& in evry sound & sight around my house—as made the fancied advantages of human neighborhood insignificant. I was so distinctly made aware of the presence of my kindred, even in scenes which we are accustomed to call wild, that the nearest of blood to me & humanest was not a person nor a villager—that no place could be strange to me. Cheerful society is worthy employment.

The morning which is the most memorable season of the day—is the awaking hour—then there is least somnolence in us—and for an hour at least some part of us seems to awake which slumbers all the rest of the day and night— After a partial cessation of our sensual life—the soul of man, or its organs—seem to be reinvigorated each day. And the Genius tries again what noble life it can make. I know of no more encouraging fact that the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life—by a conscious endeavor. All memorable events in my experience transpire in morning time—and a morning atmosphere— Their atmosphere is auroral— Greek poetry & art are auroral to me— And the evening & the morning are one. The wood thrush sings at morning & at evening—and to him who has kept pace with the sun there is no difference

It is some thing to be able t paint a particular picture—or carve a statue—and so to make a few objects beautiful—but it is far sublimer to carve & paint the very atmosphere & medium through which we look—which morally we can do.

To affect the quality of the day that is highest of arts.

It matters not what the clocks say or the attitudes & labors of men—morning is when I am awake & there is a dawn in me.

Moral reform & improvement is the effort to throw off sleep & somnolency— How is it that men can give so poor an account of their day if they have not been slumbering— They are not such poor calculators If they had not been over come with drowsiness they would have performed some-what. The millions are awake enough for physical labor & activity—but only one in the million is awake enough for mental exertion—only one in a hundred million—spiritually—(more than intellectually) awake. To be awake is to be alive.

My thoughts which are either the memory or the expectation of my actions—are the causes which determine life & death.

Every man is tasked to make his life even in its details worthy the contemplation of his most elevated and critical hour



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THE FALLACY OF MOMENTISM: THIS STARRY UNIVERSE DOES NOT CONSIST OF A SEQUENCE OF MOMENTS. THAT IS A FIGMENT, ONE WE HAVE RECOURSE TO IN ORDER TO PRIVILEGE TIME OVER CHANGE, A PRIVILEGING THAT MAKES CHANGE SEEM UNREAL, DERIVATIVE, A MERE APPEARANCE. IN FACT IT IS CHANGE AND ONLY CHANGE WHICH WE EXPERIENCE AS REALITY, TIME BEING BY WAY OF RADICAL CONTRAST UNEXPERIENCED — A MERE INTELLECTUAL CONSTRUCT. THERE EXISTS NO SUCH THING AS A MOMENT. NO “INSTANT” HAS EVER FOR AN INSTANT EXISTED.

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May 9, Saturday: The Battle of Resaca de la Palma in [California](#) sent Mexican forces back to the Rio Grande River.

At the Maryland State Penitentiary, the Reverend Charles T. Torrey, who had been sentenced to 6 years at hard labor after being convicted of having helped fugitive slaves escape from Virginia and [Maryland](#), died of [tuberculosis](#).



May 24, Sunday: [Keturah Green Wiley](#) died.

Forces under General Zachary Taylor captured [California](#), California.

Many [tourists](#) of this era were making a pilgrimage to [Niagara Falls](#), and many of them were publishing about the experience. What follows is three days from the journal of Thomas Swann Woodcock,³⁹ one of the people who took this tour.

Left New York in the Steam Boat Albany at 7 0 Clock A.M. for the City of Albany the Distance is 145 Miles and the fare is \$3 Meals extra. there are two lines of Boats up the River, one being a day and the other a Night line, the night line leaves at 5 O'Clock and is fitted up with elegant Berths for sleeping and is certainly the most convenient way of travelling, unless as in my case the Traveller has not previously been up the river, and is desirous of seeing, its highly picturesque scenery. Our Boat though not the swiftest and most elegant of the line, is still a very handsome affair, she is upwards of 200 feet long, and has an Engine of 200 horse power, she has boilers on both

39. Woodcock had been born in Manchester, England in 1805 and had come to New-York about 1830. We know that in 1834 he did an engraving of Andrew Jackson by use of a ruling machine. After working in Philadelphia, from about 1840 to 1846 he was in Brooklyn, established as an engraver and print publisher. While there he was a director of the Brooklyn Apprentices Library. His portrait, painted by George Woodward, is in the Brooklyn Museum. In this year, coming into an inheritance, he was vacationing in American tourism and would then return to England to enjoy his inheritance.

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CHARLES TURNER TORREY
was arrested,
for aiding slaves to
regain their Liberty.

For this humane act
he was indicted as
a Criminal.
convicted by the
Baltimore City Court
and sentenced to the
Penitentiary
for six years.

While on his death bed
he was refused
a pardon
by the Governor
of Maryland,
and died of consumption
after two years
confinement.
a victim
of his sufferings.

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sides of her, the quantity of Wood consumed in a trip is enormous, and being pine, seems to burn as fast as it can be put in, unlike the steam Boats in the Irish channel, her Machinery is all on deck, and ascending a flight of steps, there is another deck called the promenade Deck, it is supported by pillars, and has an awning spread over it to keep off the rays of the Sun, as she has her Machinery on Deck, it allows her to have a cabin the whole of her length, for though some of her Machinery must unavoidably come through it is so boxed up as to be no detriment to her appearance, in the forward part, is a bar room where Gentlemen can obtain refreshments, and lounge on the settees, as it is against the rules of the Boat to lounge in the Dining Cabin, the Cabin immediately aft is the Ladies Saloon or retiring room, next is the Ladies Cabin, in which Gentlemen in Company with Ladies, may enjoy their society, the Dining Cabin which is very large fills the rest of the space, this is well fitted up. Between the windows in this Cabin are some large and very respectable oil pictures, by Native Artists, contrary to the custom prevailing in Europe the helmsman is forward instead of aft, which enables him to have a better lookout, he has a small room elevated above the Deck and entirely separate [sic] from the passengers, the helmsman or Pilot has three assistants the wheel being double and requiring two men to each wheel. After leaving New York, the first object worthy of notice is the Palisades a remarkable range of steep rocks, of the kind called by Geologists Trap, the height varies from 15 feet to 550 and extends up the River for a distance of 20 Miles. at the commencement of the highest of these rocks once stood Fort Lee, elevated above 300 feet from the River, after Washington evacuated N. Y. he drew off his Army to this place, which he had also to evacuate after the loss of the Garrison of Fort Washington, which is situated about 2 Miles higher up on the opposite Bank, and 12 Miles distant from the City of New York. Tarry Town is 27 Miles, near this place Andre the Spy was taken, he was afterwards executed at Tappan a small Village on the opposite Side of the River, the Banks of the River thus far are sprinkled with Gentlemens Houses, and all being painted white, are very much relieved by the vast profusion of trees which surround them, at the distance of 33 Miles is situated the village of Sing-sing or Mount pleasant, this is the location of the State Prison, it is plainly seen from the Steam Boat, being only a few feet from the shore, it is built of white marble and has a very handsome appearance, prisoners sent here are not allowed to converse with each other, and although they work together are not allowed to communicate even by signs, they are lodged separate [sic] and take their meals in their cell. at 43 Miles is situated the village of Peekskill, on the east side, this is the entrance to the High lands, the river is here so locked in by the land that a stranger cannot tell in what direction the River runs, the true Channel is by far the narrowest, in the war of the Revolution, a British Ship took the creek for the River and did not find her mistake until she got aground, at the top of the ___ Creek and about 2 Miles from the River Thos. Wallace has his Wire Mill.

We now enter the High Lands by a narrow passage called the Horse race, the scenery is here very beautiful, the Mountains are very lofty and completely covered with trees, here and there may be observed flats very little elevated above the present level of



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the river, and at no very remote period have been channels of the River, we pass an elevated Rock called St. Anthony's nose. The next point of attraction is the West Point Military Academy, it is situated on a level plot of ground and elevated about 188 feet above the River and is completely surrounded by mountains, at this season of the year it is a most lovely spot though very cold in the winter, the distance is 53 miles. Newburgh is the next town, and is a very thriving place, it is the first landing after passing through the high lands, and as none other is practicable it must be the depot for the country produce, the impossibility of a competitor [sic] rising up, is on account of the formidable barrier presented by nature, it is situated on the declivity of a hill, sloping gradually to the shore. I could perceive many new buildings springing up, opposite to this place is Fishkill Landing and up the creek is the Matteawan factory. it is distant 68 miles from N. Y. After passing many villages, we arrive at Catskill, behind which is the celebrated mountains, one of the peaks of which is elevated about 3,000 feet above the River, there is an hotel upon it and it is a place of resort during the summer months, the landing is 112 miles from New York. about 6 miles further up is the city of Hudson. behind this city, "Marshalls" of Manchester have a large calico printing establishment, this is the highest point to which ships can go, a whaling company [sic] fits out ships from this place. after passing here, the river becomes thickly studded with small islands, which though very picturesque render the navigation difficult.

The Overslaugh 3 miles from Albany has so many sand bars that steam boats often get aground, at 8 o'clock P. M. we arrived at Albany. it was now quite dark, consequently we could not judge of its appearance, particularly as there are no lamps in the streets, our passage it will be perceived was about 13 hours, a long one, as it has frequently been done in 10 hours. Albany is the capital of the state. The State House or Capitol occupies a very elevated and commanding situation, the assembly were in session but we had not time to listen to their discussions, the city is built on a declivity but with the exception of the public buildings there is nothing particular to admire.

June 2, Tuesday: In a wagon train heading west, there was a dispute of sorts between some families on their way to [California](#) and some families on their way to Oregon:

It was proposed in order to relieve ourselves from consequences of dispute in which we had no interest, that all Oregon emigrants should, in respectful manner and friendly spirit, be requested to separate themselves from the California, and start on in advance of us. The proposition was unanimously carried; and the spirit in which it was made prevented any bad feeling which otherwise might have resulted from it. The Oregon emigrants immediately drew their wagons from the corrals and proceeded on their way.

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June 14, Sunday: A large meeting of liberals created the Liberal Party of Belgium.

Le chant des chemins de fer for tenor, chorus and orchestra by [Hector Berlioz](#) to words of Janin was performed for the initial time, for the opening of the Northern Railroad at the Hôtel de Ville of Lille, France.

A group of Anglo settlers revolting against the rule of Mexico, under John C. Fremont, took Mexican General Mariano Vallejo prisoner in the Sonoma Valley. They forced him to sign a surrender document and then went on to declare an independent California (Bear Flag) Republic. Vallejo and his brother were taken to Sutter's Fort and imprisoned. A "[California](#) Republic" flag featuring a five-pointed star and a crude depiction of a four-legged animal, that had been painted by William L. Todd onto a piece of brown cotton cloth with reddish or brownish paint, was raised at Sonoma. Some said the animal was a pig, some a griz (we cannot now inspect the original item, for it has perished in the great San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906).



June 28, Sunday: Brevet Captain [John Charles Frémont](#) had imprisoned Alcalde José de los Santos Berreyesa, the mayor of Sonoma, two of his brothers, and others he believed were involved in the killing of two Americans who had involved themselves in the Bear Flag Revolt against the Mexican government. When the father of these brothers, José de los Reyes Berreyesa, crossed San Francisco Bay with two cousins, twin sons of Francisco de Haro, to visit his sons in jail, and landed near San Quentin, Frémont had [Kit Carson](#) and two others execute these three visitors. (Carson would later report that this was not the sole such incident, of a casual killing having been ordered by Captain Frémont.)



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July: In an act which had nothing whatever to do with St. Francis of Assisi's Canticle of the Sun, Captain James Montgomery pulled down the flag of the United States of Mexico and raised that of the United States of America at El Pueblo de San Francisco, the town of the founder of the Franciscan Order overlooking La Bahia de San Francisco, the bay of St. Francis of Assisi. By fair means or foul the US had attained its all-important port on the Pacific Ocean.

WAR ON MEXICO



August 17, Sunday: ... [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....

July 7, Tuesday: The United States of America annexed [California](#). Forces under Commodore J.S. Sloat occupied Monterey.

July 8, Wednesday: Felix Mendelssohn gave [Robert Schumann](#) a copy of Tristan und Isolde by Karl Librecht Immerman, rekindling his interest in opera.

King Christian VIII declared Denmark indivisible and the throne inheritable by women.

July 9, Thursday: Fanny Mendelssohn wrote to her brother Felix that she had decided to publish her music.

Shore parties disembarked from US warships and Captain Montgomery claimed Yerba Buena (San Francisco, [California](#)) for the US without opposition.

Mid-July: Brevet Captain [John Charles Frémont](#)'s California Battalion moved south to the Mexican provincial capital of Monterey, [California](#), where it made contact with two American warships under the command of US Commodore Robert Stockton. Commodore Stockton had laid claim to Monterey for the United States. Learning that the war with Mexico was underway, he made plans to similarly capture Los Angeles and San Diego and proceed on to Mexico City. The two officers joined their forces, and made [Kit Carson](#) a lieutenant.

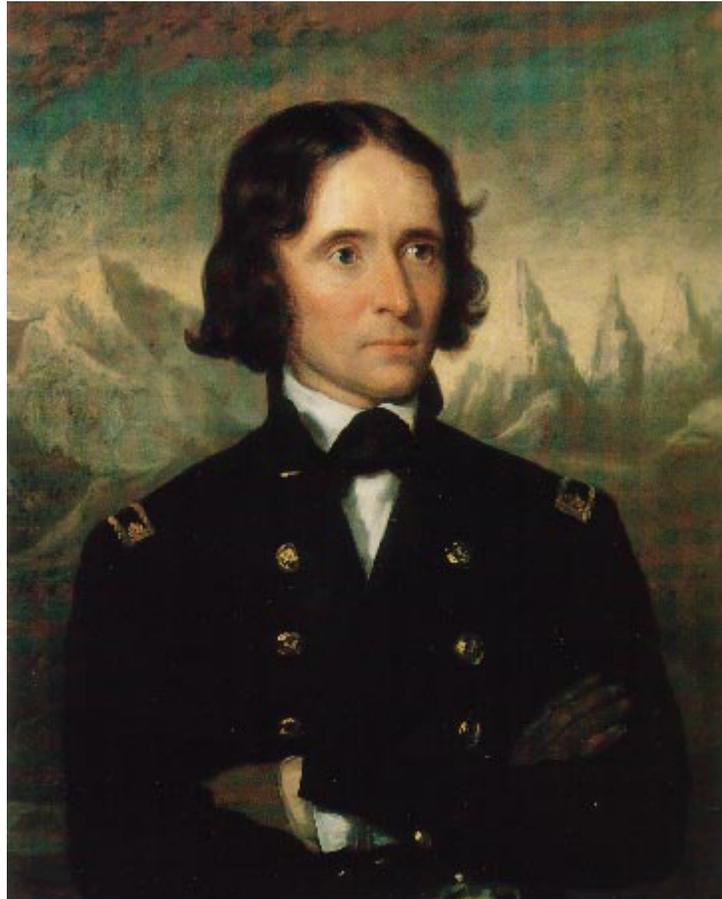
July 21, Tuesday: In the San Joaquin valley, Mormons created the initial English-speaking settlement in [California](#).

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July 29, Wednesday: The Kearney expedition, making for [California](#), ped at Bent's Fort, just north of the Mexican border on the Arkansas River (present Colorado).

Brevet Captain [John Charles Frémont](#)'s unit arrived in San Diego, [California](#), on one of US Commodore Robert Stockton's ships and took over the town without resistance. Stockton, on a separate warship, would lay claim to Santa Barbara in a similar manner a few days later. Meeting up and joining forces in San Diego, they would lead a march to Los Angeles, and claim that town also without any challenge.



At a concert to celebrate the July Revolution in the Tuileries, Joseph Henry fired a couple of shots at King Louis-Philippe who was standing with the royal family on the balcony of the palace. They missed. Henry was apprehended, would be judged insane, and would be sentenced to life at hard labor (however, in February 1848, he would be freed by the new regime).

At Gross-Gaupa, while he was composing *Lohengrin*, [Richard Wagner](#) received a 16-year-old visitor, an admirer of his work, Hans von Bülow.

July 30, Thursday: 1st Lieutenant Jacob Zeilin led a [US Marine](#) detachment ashore at [Santa Barbara, California](#).

The librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society placed on record donations from:

- George Heard
- David Pulsifer
- J.W. Thornton
- Richard Frothingham, Jr.
- William Newell



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- The [Rhode Island](#) Historical Society
- The New York Historical Society
- Reverend Joseph Hunter
- [William Allen](#)
- [Henry Thoreau](#)
- William E. Du Bois
- Joseph Blunt
- Reverend John Langdon Sibley
- [Reverend Francis Bowen](#)

August: Lord Ross, in Ireland, examined the moon by means of a powerful new [telescope](#) and informed us all that he could detect no vestiges of the sorts of architectural remnants which would indicate that our companion had ever been colonized by intelligent life. He detected no greens of vegetation or blues of water: “all seemed desolate,” reported [Scientific American](#).⁴⁰

[ASTRONOMY](#)

A minor machine politician in New-York, Jonathan Drake Stevenson, had gone to [Washington DC](#) and gotten himself appointed a Colonel to raise a detachment of troops and carry Americanism around the Horn to [California](#). The men of Stevenson’s regiment, “Stevenson’s California B’hoys” recruited from the immigrant crowds on the New-York streets, would reach California in time to desert and join the 1849 gold rush, and



would then become California’s legislators, mayors, sheriffs, judges, county clerks, customs officers, tax collectors, and millionaires. A large number of the street of San Francisco would be named after them. At this point a few companies had been formed, and were assembling on Governors Island in the harbor, being issued their muskets and their bayonets, for their journey around the Horn. Most of them were getting diarrhea. Over the next two months, on this island, desertion and recruitment would approach the 100% level, despite the fact that the men were surrounded by a perimeter of armed guards with ammunition and a password.

August 7, Friday: [US Marines](#) landed near [Los Angeles, California](#).

August 14, Friday: [Commodore Robert Field Stockton](#), with 360 [US Marines](#) and sailors, marched into [Los Angeles, California](#).

40. While this Lord had been looking up into the heavens the die-off of his [Irish](#) population was accelerating; had he directed his powerful new telescope toward one of his local potato fields all would have seemed desolate there as well — had he been utilizing instead a powerful new microscope he would have been able to watch the *Phytophthora infestans* potato blight microorganism as it multiplied itself endlessly.



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August 15, Saturday: Only a month after the American flag had been raised over Monterey, [California](#) in northern Mexico, [The Californian](#) carried the news of a declaration of war by the United States of America against that nation.

WAR ON MEXICO

General Stephen Kearney, at the head of the US Army of the West in Las Vegas, declared the annexation of [New Mexico](#).

[The Manchester Times and Gazette](#) of Manchester, England presented a miscellaneous series of extracts from books. They had mixed among these extracts two paragraphs out of [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)'s *MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE*, this initial one on "EMERSON'S STUDY," which mentions [Waldo Emerson](#) and NATURE:

There was, in the rear of the house, the most delightful little nook of a study that ever afforded its snug seclusion to a scholar. It was here that Emerson wrote *Nature*; for he was then an inhabitant of the Manse, and used to watch the Assyrian dawn and Paphian sunset and moonrise from the summit of our eastern hill. When I first saw the room its walls were blackened with the smoke of un-numbered years and made still blacker by the grim prints of Puritan ministers that hung around. These worthies looked strangely like bad angels, or at least like men who had wrestled so continually and so sternly with the devil that somewhat of his sooty fierceness had been imparted to their own visages. They had all vanished now, a cheerful coat of paint and golden-tinted paper hangings lighted up the small apartment – while the shadow of a willow tree that swept against the overhanging eaves attempered the cheery western sunshine. In place of the grim prints there was the sweet and lovely head of one of Raphael's Madonnas and two pleasant little pictures of the Lake of Como. The only other decorations were a purple vase of flowers, always fresh, and a bronze one containing graceful ferns. My books (few, and by no means choice; for they were chiefly such waifs as chance had thrown in my way) stood in order about the room, seldom to be disturbed.

plus a subsequent one on "A RIVER PICTURE," which mentions [Henry Thoreau](#):

Rowing our boat against the current, between wide meadows, we turned aside into the Assabeth. A more lovely stream than this, for a mile above its junction with the Concord, has never flowed on earth – nowhere, indeed, except to lave the interior regions of a poet's imagination. It is sheltered from the breeze by woods and a hillside; so that elsewhere there might be a hurricane, and here scarcely a ripple across the shaded water. The current lingers along so gently that the mere force of the boatman's will seems sufficient to propel his craft against it. It comes flowing softly through the midmost privacy and deepest heart of a wood which whispers it to be quiet; while the stream whispers back again from its sedgy borders, as if river and wood were hushing one another to sleep. Yes; the river sleeps along its course and dreams of the sky and of the clustering foliage, amid which fall showers of broken sunlight, imparting specks of vivid cheerfulness, in contrast with the quiet depth of the prevailing tint. Of all this scene, the slumbering river has a dream picture in its bosom. Which, after all, was the most real – the picture, or the original? – the objects palpable to our grosser senses, or their apotheosis in the stream beneath? Surely the



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disembodied images stand in closer relation to the soul. But both the original and the reflection had here an ideal charm; and, had it been a thought more wild, I could have fancied that this river had strayed forth out of the rich scenery of my companion's inner world; only the vegetation along its banks should then have had an Oriental character. Gentle and unobtrusive as the river is, yet the tranquil woods seem hardly satisfied to allow it passage. The trees are rooted on the very verge of the water, and dip their pendent branches into it. At one spot there is a lofty bank, on the slope of which grow some hemlocks, declining across the stream with outstretched arms, as if resolute to take the plunge. In other places the banks are almost on a level with the water; so that the quiet congregation of trees set their feet in the flood, and are fringed with foliage down to the surface. Cardinal flowers kindle their spiral flames and illuminate the dark nooks among the shrubbery. The pond lily grows abundantly along the margin – that delicious flower, which, as Thoreau tells me, opens its virgin bosom to the first sunlight and perfects its being through the magic of that genial kiss. He has beheld beds of them unfolding in due succession as the sunrise stole gradually from flower to flower – a sight not to be hoped for unless when a poet adjusts his inward eye to proper focus with the outward organ. Grape vines here and there twine themselves, around shrub and tree and hang their clusters over the water within reach of the boatman's hand. Oftentimes they unite two trees of alien race in an inextricable twine, marrying the hemlock and the maple against their will, and enriching them with a purple offspring of which neither is the parent. One of these ambitious parasites has climbed into the upper branches of a tall, white pine, and is still ascending from bough to bough, unsatisfied till it shall crowd the tree's airy summit with a wreath of its broad foliage and a cluster of its grapes. The winding course of the stream continually shut out the scene behind us and revealed as calm and lovely a one before. We glided from depth to depth and breathed new seclusion at every turn. The shy kingfisher flew from the withered branch close at hand to another at a distance, uttering a shrill cry of anger or alarm. Ducks that had been floating there since the preceding eve were startled at our approach and skimmed along the glassy river, breaking its dark surface with a bright streak. The pickerel leaped from among the lily pads. The turtle, sunning itself upon a rock or at the root of a tree, slid suddenly into the water with a plunge. The painted Indian who paddled his canoe along the Assabeth three hundred years ago could hardly have seen a wilder gentleness displayed upon its banks, and reflected in its bosom, than we did.

August 17, Monday: In Los Angeles, US Commodore Robert Stockton declared [California](#) to be United States territory and named himself governor.

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September 5, Saturday: US Commodore Robert Stockton and Brevet Captain [John Charles Frémont](#) were eager to announce the conquest of [California](#) to President Polk. They asked [Kit Carson](#) to carry their correspondence overland to Washington DC. Carson pledged that he would cross the continent within 60 days and immediately departed from Los Angeles with 15 European-American men and six Delaware natives.

Liberals in Portugal produced a manifesto calling for direct representation, bringing back the National Guard, reform of the upper house of the Cortes, and freedom of the press.



September 5, Saturday, 1846: Why this country not settled –9 shillings an acre–Mc Causlin hired out by his wife –15 lbs hard bread 10 lbs pork –tea –kettle –frying pan –spirits –salt matches –tent –blankets –burnt land dogs–

Little sturgeon gut a run round 3 miles from Mc. C's –Great sturgeon gut shad pond –& Tho Fowlers Millinocket⁴¹ river 8 miles from Millinocket lake 4 from Mc C: –smaller than map is shad pond. –Pam –& Thom new house window –spruce bark –Beer –fife –Fish hawk –Eagles nest –Tom hired out –Haying –rush grass and meadow clover at mouth of Millinocket, Cedar brooms sucker or eel nests –musk rats –determine rise of water –Summer duck –kingfisher –robins fish hawks –brown ash –a still river moose meadows Old Fowlers 6 miles from Mc C. last house Once lived on S side west branch where he built his house 16 year ago– first house built above five Islands –Kittens mink-cat.⁴²– Intelligence of people –just caught salmon here fresh in pickle –Salmon with us. Wolves –traps horses –carry –2 miles sled-stones building hog pen.– rocks pipe –Dine –reach river above Grand Falls at 2 to 4 thunder storm under batteau making pins & singing songs –Geo & Tom Fowler mild easy like, Geo. Melvin & Jim who was clearing entrance to Quakish lake at 2 o'clock 8 miles from Mc C. Grand Falls below Kettle Frying pan axe getting ready to lie under a log. Camps on route –poling up rapids –Ind. say river ran both ways

rowing through Quakish of a thousand acres Joe merry mt N of W –clear before sun set ducks & loon Cedar & spruce trees covered with moss like ghosts. 1st view of [Ktaadn](#) in clouds 2 miles of double lake than 1 of poling to dam –raise water 10 feet take out baggage draw up sluice. John morrison & his gang –fish poles log sluices toll pier Men of all trades camp tea & white bread tin cups –fire –no milk sweet cakes Em. Address & two converts –Westminster Rev. for 1834 & Hist. of the Erection of the Monument on the grave of Myron Holley. spring –beds benches leaves of bible –Coffee pot –devour and steal all–

This camp 11 miles from Mc. C. 1 mile of river thoroughfare & rapids N W –S of W N W –& W then 4 miles in North Twin –by moon light S twin inlet laughing loon light house island –distant shores Ghostly trees mountain veiled– pausing to hear wolves & see moose hear hooting owls –alternate rowing –rocks camp at head of N Twin at 20 to 9 o clock –probably a dozen moose looking on. Great fire sandy shore sand bed –sparks –boat tent shower in night –beautiful calm glassy lake by moon light –little rill –rousing up fire –snoring –jokes whispers remarks. moving about fire–

[Henry Thoreau](#) watched a battle between a Bald Eagle and an Osprey at Tom Fowler's homestead at the mouth of the Millinocket River:



[From THE MAINE WOODS] As we stood upon the pile of chips by the door, fish hawks were sailing overhead; and here, over Shad Pond, might daily be witnessed the tyranny of the bald eagle over that bird. Tom pointed away over the lake to a bald eagle's nest, which was plainly visible more than a mile off, on a pine, high above the surrounding forest, and was frequented from year to year by the same pair, and held sacred by him. There were these two houses only there, his low hut and the eagles' airy cartload of fagots.

41. Thoreau's route through Millinocket "Place of Islands" is now through the parking lot of the mill of the Great Northern Paper Company.

42. Here's the expansion of "Kittens mink-cat":



Kittens were exhibited which were web-footed — and the mother was said to be part mink.

I will mildly comment that one should attend Spinoza's important comment that whoever loves God truly should not expect to be loved by God in return, and insert at this point some comments by Professors Donald Ross, Jr. and Stephen Adams on Thoreau's scratch notes of his experience at the summit of Ktaadn:



Thoreau took a vacation from his life at Walden (itself a serious kind of vacation) with a trip to Maine in early September, 1846. The first record of that trip (in the Berg Journal) consists of brief field notes or transcriptions of field notes. Thoreau simply outlines his journey, jotting down names and places under the appropriate dates; for example: "to base of high peak. burnt land poplars moo blueberries thick woods moose dung bear dung rabbits dung - moose tracks browsing" (Berg 85 for Sept. 7). The outline ends with a brief list of dates for other expeditions to Ktaadn. Next come six pages of draft passages that would later appear in various sections of the completed essay. The drafting at first is fairly smooth, fluid, and confident, with few insertions and cancellations. But then the manuscript gives way to many interlinings and false starts. The special care Thoreau gave to this particular section suggests its importance to him and to "Ktaadn." The new section begins:

It is difficult to conceive
 region
 of an country uninhabited by man
 habitually presume his exaggerate his influence
 we naturally suppose them on
 presence-&
 the horizon everywhere — And yet

pure
 we have not see^ nature unless
 ^
 we have once seen her thus vast

whether in the wilderness or
 and grim and drear — for to be
 ^
 vast though in the midst of
 <but>
 cities — for to be Vast is how near

to being waste.

Coming down the Mt perhaps



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I first most fully realized that
<untamed primeval>
that this was unhanselled and ancient
or whater else men call it
Demonic Nature, *natura*, or
<name man has best applied> while coming
<s> down the Mt.
whatever man has named it.
<Titanic>
The nature primitive — powerful
<yet>
gigantic awful and beautiful,
^
Untamed forever. We were passing
burnt by lightning perchance
over burnt land^ with occasional
^
strips of timber crossing it.... (Berg 89-90)

The reader who is familiar with the "Ktaadn" essay will recognize this outburst, in a slightly tamer version, as the passage on the "Burnt Lands" which follows Thoreau's solitary climb to the peak of the mountain (MW 69-71). In its final place, the segment picks up a major theme of the essay — the disjunction of man from nature. For the first two thirds of the narrative we see Thoreau's typical posture of regretting that nature is gradually being taken over by human institutions. After his traumatic climb to the summit, Thoreau's narrative persona realizes with a shock that nature may well have the ultimate control, but that such control is not comforting and benign — it is frightening. The Berg Journal passage ends, "The main astonishment at last is that man has brought so little change — And yet man so overtops nature in his estimation" (T91).

September 23, Wednesday: The *Susan Drew*, the *Loo Choo*, and the *Thomas Perkins* departed the harbor of New-York with Colonel Jonathan Drake Stevenson's "[California B'hoys](#)" regiment, destined to bring civilization to America's Pacific coast, in the words of the chaplain a "new, distant and dubious settlement." One of the members of this group was 2d Lieutenant [George Douglas Brewerton](#). This chaplain, a Reverend John McVickar, reminded the soldiers that they represented the Anglo-Saxon race and ought to be a credit to their race, "a race that has never yet turned back, whose course has ever been onward and upward, and over whose destined empire there would seem to hang no other cloud than that which might arise from their possible unworthiness."



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An American Indian contemplating the progress of civilization.



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October 4, day: United States forces evacuated Los Angeles before a force of Californian irregulars.

October 5, day: In the Donner party, in a dispute at Iron Point, Reed killed John Snyder, the teamster for the Graves family, and was banished from the train. He went ahead to bring back supplies, accompanied by Walter Herron.

November 2, Monday: Franz Liszt gave a concert in the Great Hall of the Prefecture in Temesvár (Timisoara), beginning a concert tour of Transylvania.

November 5, Thursday: Symphony no.2 by [Robert Schumann](#) was performed for the initial time, in Leipzig, directed by Felix Mendelssohn. The response was lukewarm.

November 5, Thursday- December 5: More snow, more unsuccessful attempts to cross the mountains. The Donner emigrants slaughtered their remaining cattle, but many animals, including Sutter's mules, had wandered off in the storms and their bodies had been lost under the snow. William Eddy had but little success hunting. From the [California](#) side of the mountains, Reed and McCutchen attempted to reach their stranded companions but were forced back by the snow; they cached provisions in Bear Valley and returned to Sutter's. The Mexican War had drawn away virtually all the able-bodied men, so rescue would have to wait. Not knowing how many cattle the emigrants had lost, the men mistakenly believed that the Donner Party would have enough meat to last them several months. On November 20th, Patrick Breen began to keep a diary.

October 6, Tuesday: To combat radical demands, Queen Maria II of Portugal named João Carlos Gregório Domingues Vicente Francisco de Saldanha Oliveira e Daun, duque, marques e conde de Saldanha to replace Pedro de Sousa-Holstein, duque, marques e conde de Palmela as Prime Minister of Portugal. Elections were postponed, censorship maintained, and the National Guard suppressed.

Hugh Auld agreed to sell his escaped slave Freddy Bailey's manumission for the 150 pounds sterling (\$711.66 in American currency) that had been raised by the British admirers of the antislavery lecturer [Frederick Douglass](#) — into whom this Freddy had transformed himself. (“You have seen how a man was made a slave; you shall see how a slave was made a man.”)



[Kit Carson](#) chanced to meet Stephen W. Kearny and his 300 dragoons at the deserted village of Valverde. Kearny was under orders from the Polk Administration to subdue both New Mexico and [California](#) and set up governments there. Learning that California had already been won, he sent 200 of his men back to Santa Fe,



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and ordered Carson to guide him to the coast to stabilize the situation there. The communications from California were forwarded onward toward Washington DC by another courier. For six weeks, Lt. Carson would be guiding Kearny and his 100 dragoons west along the Gila River over rugged terrain.

Although Dr. Henry J. Bowditch of Boston had previously noticed the existence of *Trichina spiralis*, no one had suggested how this parasite might be wending its way inside a human subject. [Dr. Joseph Leidy](#) announced that while eating ham at his own breakfast table he had found larvae of *Trichina spiralis* in the flesh, coiled up inside cysts that were “oval in shape, of a gritty nature, and between the thirtieth and fortieth of an inch in length.” He noted that these worms seemed identical within the muscles of pigs and of several human cadavers he had dissected.

October 6, Tuesday-13, Tuesday: The Donner wagon train traveled along the Humboldt River. Paiute raiders wounded or drove off many of their cattle. Unable to keep up, Mr. Harcoop fell behind in the desert and no one was willing or able to go back for him. Wolfinger stayed behind to cache his wagon, and when his companions, Joseph Reinhardt and Augustus Spitzer, rejoined the company, they reported that he has been killed by the Indians.

October 8, Thursday: United States forces landed at San Pedro, [California](#) but were repulsed by Mexicans.

November: Coming down out of the mountains south of Klamath Lake into the valley of the Sacramento River in the early winter, [Brevet Captain John Charles Frémont](#) made his purpose clear by attempting to foment patriotism among the emigrants from the United States of America. He was promising one and all that if it were to come to war with Mexico his military force would be “there to protect them.” He came very close to getting a battle going against the much larger forces of Mexican General José Castro near Monterey, [California](#), and then discretion took the upper hand over valor and he fled with his expedition into the Oregon territory, making a camp at Klamath Lake.

Meanwhile an unexpected mountain snowstorm was trapping the 79 men, women, and children of the Donner Party, who had also been attempting to make their way across the final mountains and descend into the safety of the valley of the Sacramento River. By the time they got out of the snow, 34 of them would be dead, and some of the 34 would have been eaten. The pass in the Sierra Nevadas which they had attempted would eventually come to be known as the Donner Pass.

(The initial acts of cannibalism that winter were by whites upon the frozen bodies of other white members of the party, who had died natural deaths. Then the two Native American guides who were accompanying the party apparently feared that they were going to be next, for they attempted to make a run for it, and the whites caught and murdered these red deserters, and ate their bodies. It would appear therefore that white racism must have been a contributing factor in this tragedy which developed there on that Sierra summit in the deep snow.)

[FAMINE](#)



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December 5, Saturday: The governor of Massachusetts commuted the sentence of execution by [hanging](#) of John Roach, to life in prison.

[Kit Carson](#) and Kearny's 100 dragoons arrived within 25 miles of San Diego, [California](#), where they captured a Mexican courier who had been en route to Sonora, Mexico carrying letters to General Jose Castro, and in that manner learned that a Mexican revolt had retaken California from Commodore Stockton, and that all the coastal cities were back under Mexican control with the exception of San Diego, where Stockton was pinned down under siege. Kearny and his forces, reduced in number and exhausted from the trek from New Mexico, needed to decide whether to come out and confront the Mexican forces, or take their chances of survival in the desert. Approaching San Diego, Kearny sent a rancher, Edward Stokes, ahead to notify Commodore Stockton of their imminent arrival. He returned with 39 American soldiers and the military intelligence that several hundred Mexican dragoons under Capt. Andres Pico were camped at the indigenous village of San Pasqual, between Kearny and Stockton. Kearny decided to raid this Mexican encampment to capture fresh horses, and that night sent out a scouting party. This scouting party, however, caused a dog to bark at San Pasqual, putting Captain Pico's troops on the alert. Having been detected Kearny decided to go on the attack. In the ensuing battle 21 Americans were killed and many more were wounded by the long lances of the Mexican caballeros.

December 6, Sunday: [Hector Berlioz](#)'s légende dramatique La damnation de Faust for solo voices, chorus and orchestra to words of de Nerval, Gandonnière and the composer after [Johann Wolfgang von Goethe](#) was performed for the initial time, before a half-empty house at the Paris Opéra. The audience and critics were confused. This would be his greatest failure.

United States forces were defeated by Mexicans at San Pascual, [California](#) and retreated to San Diego.

Charles Stanton and Franklin Ward Graves of the Donner party made snowshoes in preparation for "another mountain scrabble."

December 7, Monday: By the end of the 2d day of battle at San Pasqual outside San Diego, [California](#), the American forces were nearly out of food and water, low on ammunition and weak from their advance along the Gila River. They dug in atop a small hill to attempt to hold out while [Kit Carson](#) and two others were to attempt to steal away and obtain reinforcements.

[Giacomo Meyerbeer](#) departed from Berlin for Vienna.

December 8, Tuesday night: [Kit Carson](#), Edward Beale, and a Native American stole away from the American perimeter at San Pasqual toward San Diego, [California](#), which was at a distance of 25 miles. To avoid noise, they did not even take with them their canteens. Because their boots were making too much noise, Carson and Beale stole along barefoot with their boots tucked under their belts. They would loose their boots and need to complete the hike through desert, rock, and cactus in their bare feet.

Gesänge zur Feier des heiligen Opfers der Messe (Deutsche Messe) D.872 for chorus, winds and organ by [Franz Schubert](#) to words of Neumann was performed for the initial time, in the Anna-Kirche, Vienna.

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December 10, Thursday: [Giacomo Meyerbeer](#) arrived in Vienna from Berlin to produce Vielka.

[Henry C. Wright](#) objected to [Frederick Douglass](#)'s having allowed English friends to purchase his freedom: "[W]hy dignify a robbery with a bill of sale?" In this, of course, he did not show much appreciation of the precariousness of Douglass's position, since the obvious answer to Wright's impertinent question would be "Until something or other like this [manumission](#) was accomplished, Mr. Douglass had been, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, 365 days of the year, at risk of being waylaid and set upon and captured by one or another band of white thugs, who could chain him and transport him back to his slavemaster, potentially to be whipped to death. This was potentially a very serious problem, since such a band of white thugs would be operating within the letter and spirit of American federal law, and could appeal for help from the local police and judicial system in the commission of such a kidnapping and torture." We can be very sure that had the righteous Mr. Wright himself been thus at risk of abuse, he would most definitely have thought and thought – until he had fabricated one or another nice-sounding justification for dignifying such a robbery with a bill of sale.⁴³



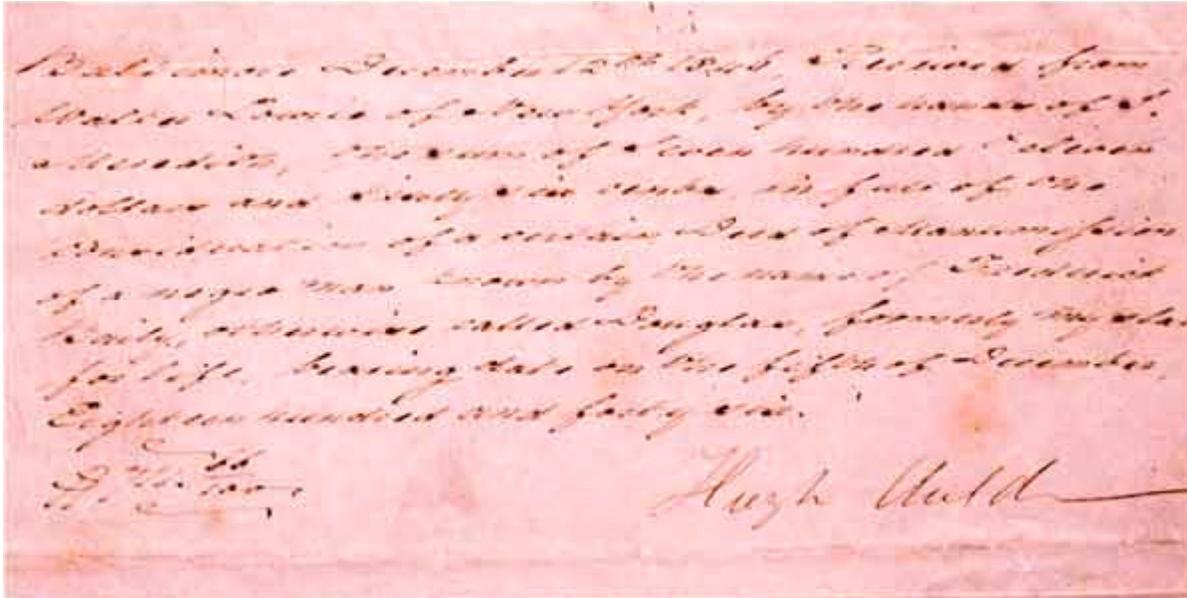
Believing all hope to be gone, Stephen W. Kearny began to plan to attempt a breakout from their entrapment at San Pasqual, scheduled for the following morning. That night, however 200 American troops on fresh horses arrived from San Diego, [California](#), summoned by [Kit Carson](#) and his scouts, and the Mexican military immediately dispersed.

43. At some point [Douglass](#) would comment that [Wright](#) had some sort of personal problem that resulted in the unfortunate fact, that he unwittingly "created against himself prejudices."

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December 12, Saturday: [Frederick Douglass](#) became potentially a free man, when Hugh Auld, Jr. filed a formal preliminary document with the [Baltimore](#) County court, identifying him as sold and paid for:



MANUMISSION

Stephen W. Kearny and his dragoons arrived in San Diego, and [California](#) was in effect again in American hands. Frémont would be appointed as the new Governor of California and would dispatch [Kit Carson](#) again to carry triumphant messages overland to Washington DC. Carson would stop in St. Louis and met with Senator Thomas Benton, who had been instrumental in getting Frémont’s expedition reports published by Congress. Upon arriving in Washington, Carson would deliver his precious messages to Secretary of State James Buchanan, and meet with Secretary of War William Marcy and President James Polk. They would dispatch him immediately back overland to California with messages, and instruct him to receive further messages there and bring those back yet again to the nation’s capital.

The US and New Granada (Colombia) conclude a trade agreement. However, one clause includes a right-of-way for the US to build a [canal](#) across the [Isthmus of Panama](#).

AMANAPLANACANALPANAMA

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT





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1847

[John Manjiro](#), who had been plucked off the active volcano Tori Shima in the Pacific Ocean (St. Peter’s Island or Hurricane Island) in 1841 as a starving 14-year-old by the whaler *John Howland*, had been living since then in the Fairhaven, Massachusetts home of the William Whitfields. At this point, turning 20 years of age, he left for points west. He would adventure via [California](#) and the gold rush, on across the Pacific first to Okinawa and then to [Nagasaki](#). He would be 1st mate on a 40-month whaling voyage around the world.



JOHN MANJIRO

March 12, Friday: While [Waldo Emerson](#) was offering the manuscript of [Henry Thoreau](#)’s [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#) to Evert Augustus Duyckinck of Wiley & Putnam for publication as part of their



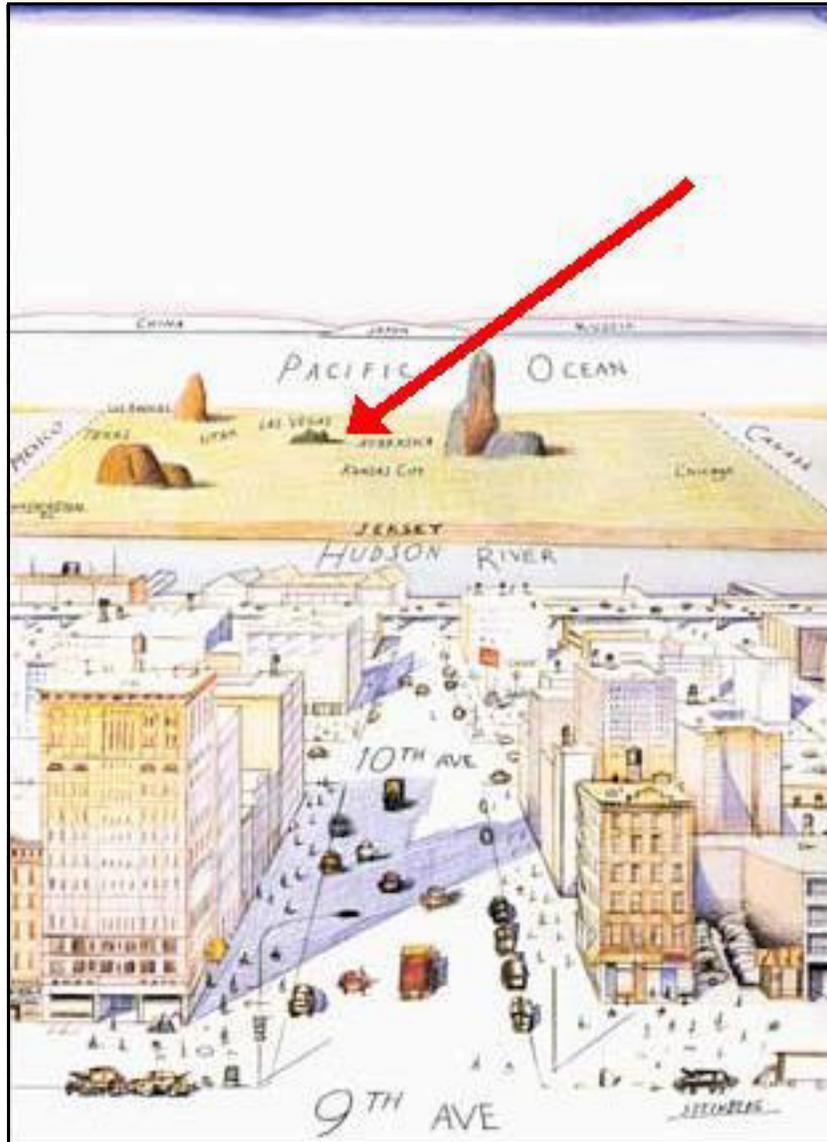
Library of American Books, but only as “a very slender thread for such big beads & ingots as are strung on it,” pointing out that its author had an article on [Thomas Carlyle](#) running in the current issues of [Graham’s American Monthly Magazine](#), Thoreau was continuing to polish his *ms* throughout the spring while busily adding yet another big bead, the captivity narrative of [Hannah Emerson Duston](#).⁴⁴

More of the “[California B’hoys](#)” of Colonel Jonathan Drake Stevenson, aboard the [TIMELINE OF A WEEK](#) Golden Gate.

44. As his source for the [Duston](#) material discussed in “Thursday” of [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#), [Henry Thoreau](#) perhaps utilized Thomas Hutchinson’s HISTORY OF THE COLONY OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY, which drew upon William Hubbard’s GENERAL HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND, the Reverend [Cotton Mather](#)’s Article XXV “A Notable Exploit; *Dux Faemina Facti*” in *MAGNALIA CHRISTI AMERICANA; OR THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF NEW-ENGLAND*, and Daniel Neal’s HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND, and perhaps utilized Benjamin L. Mirick’s HISTORY OF HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS. I do not know that he referred to [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)’s story of “The Duston Family” that now appears in SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**CALIFORNIA****CALIFORNIA****1848**

In other tourist news, this year only four ships rounded the Horn from Eastern ports, bound for the [California](#) coast.⁴⁵



During this year and the next, white militias would be staging a war of extermination of the native Americans of Northern [California](#), whom they referred to generically, and contemptuously, on account of their peaceable ways (the only “weapon” they carried being a digging stick), as “Diggers.”

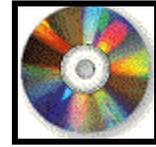
CALIFORNIA

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"...the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions."

- Declaration of Independence



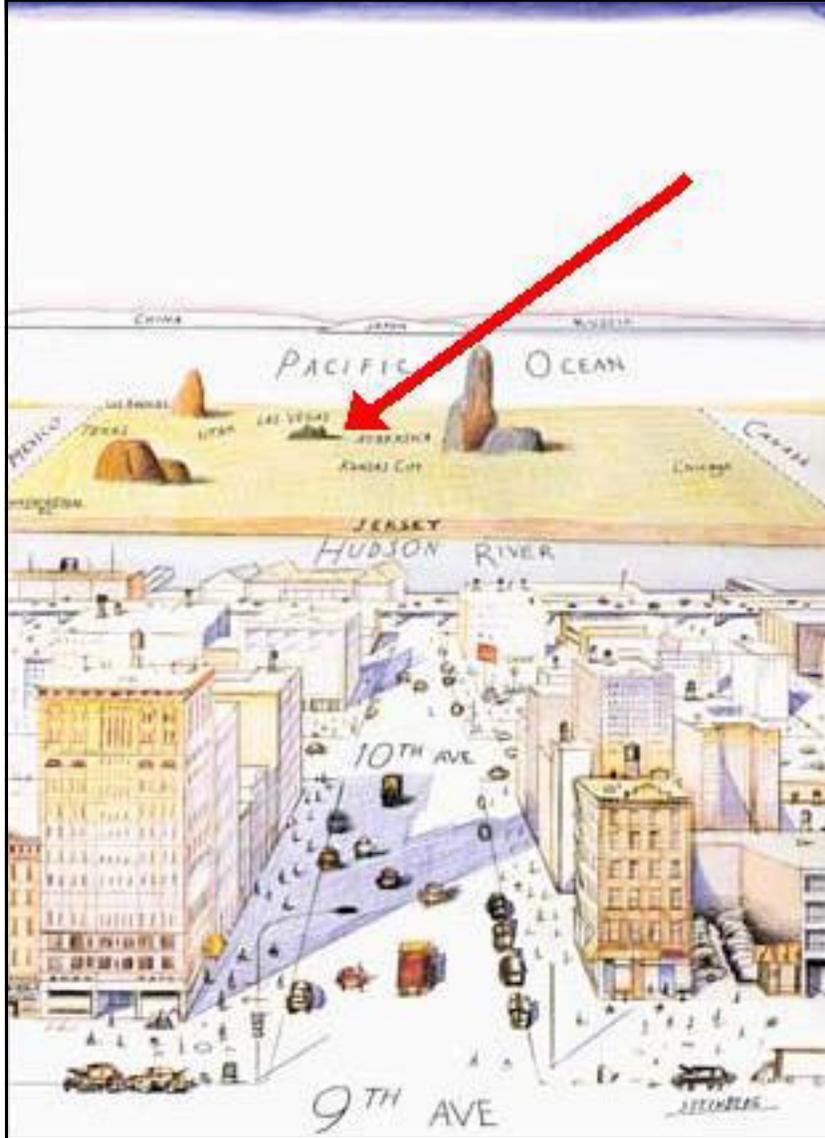
45. However, in this year, also, gold was being discovered at Sutter's Mill in California. In the next year some 770 ships would round the Horn from Eastern ports, bound for this Western seaboard.



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Since 1846 the US army had been fully involved in the Mexican War, and [Fort Niagara](#) had been standing abandoned. At this point the US Army conquered Mexico City and what would become our Southwest and our [California](#) were ceded. The garrison of this New York border fort would therefore be returning to their duties in the vicinity of the [Niagara Falls](#).



[Mexico](#) was not only fighting a national war against the United States of America, it was fighting a race war against its Maya peoples of the Yucatán peninsula. After the Armistice, a number of US soldiers enlisted in the Mexican Army to help it kill off the Maya. They were not, however, as successful as they had anticipated:

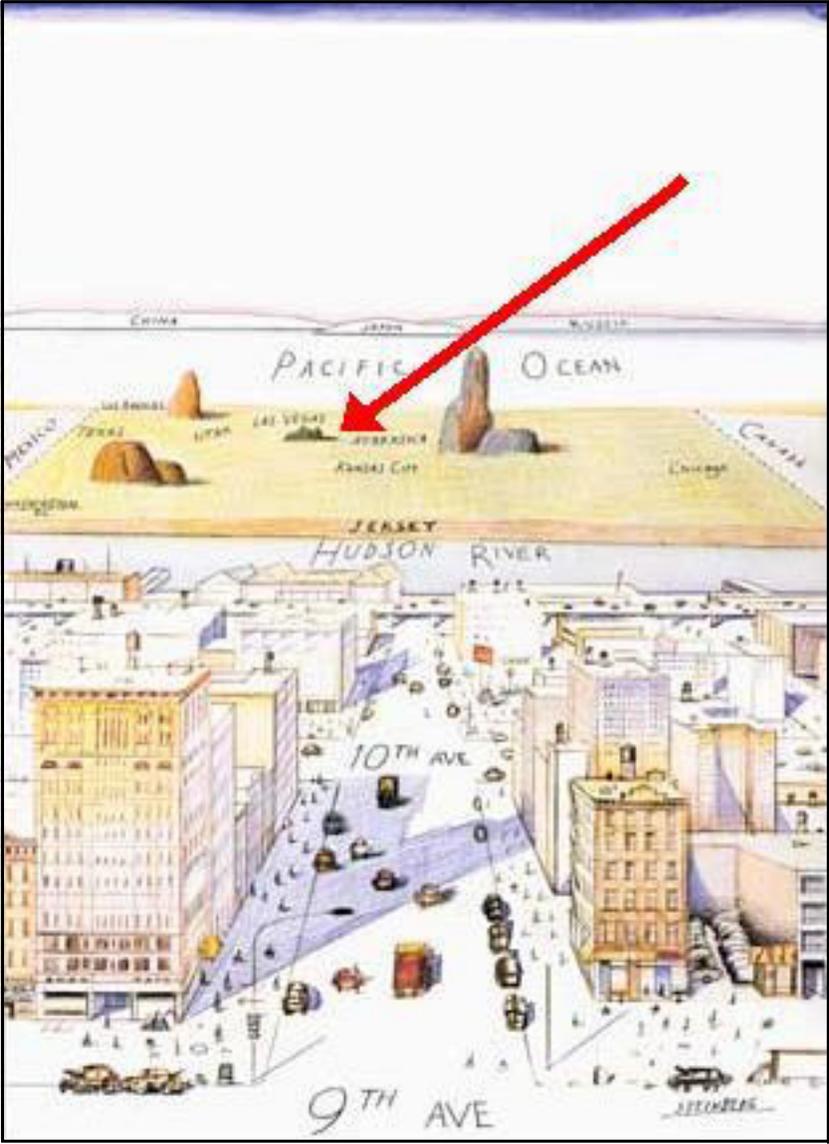


It was easy to kill the strange white men, for they were big and fought in line, as if they were marching.... We hid behind trees and rocks wherever we could, that they might not see us, and so we killed them.

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June: Word of James Wilson Marshall's discovery of a gold nugget in the millrace in [California](#) reached the United States. The discovery story would at first be generally dismissed as a hoax or an exaggeration.



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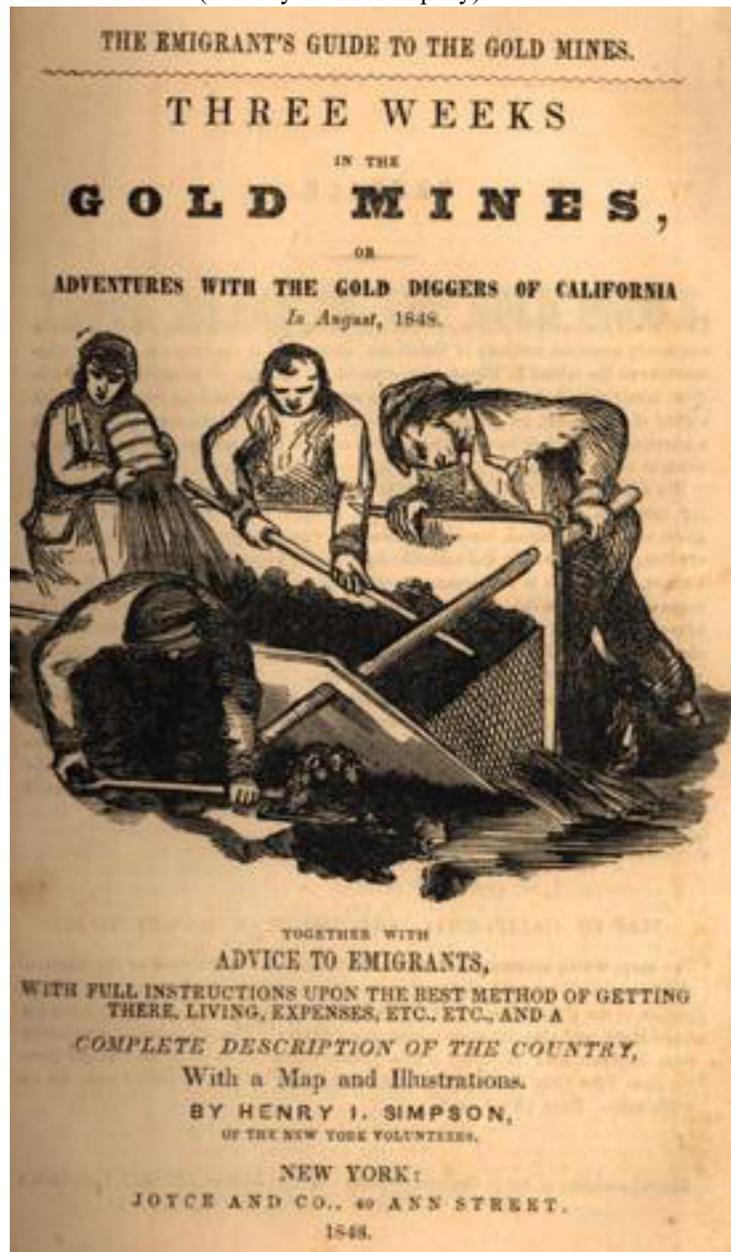
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August: Between sessions of the federal Senate, August into November, [Senator Jefferson Davis](#) would be visiting Kentucky, Mississippi, and Louisiana and attending to the business of his [slave](#) plantation “[Brierfield](#)” at Davis Bend on the Mississippi River.

[James Pierson Beckwourth](#) was hired as a guide by an official of the US War Department, and their party struck out crosscountry for Los Angeles, [California](#).

Henry I. Simpson of the New York Volunteers’s *THREE WEEKS IN THE GOLD MINES, OR, ADVENTURES WITH THE GOLD DIGGERS OF CALIFORNIA IN AUGUST, 1848: TOGETHER WITH ADVICE TO EMIGRANTS, WITH FULL INSTRUCTIONS UPON THE BEST METHOD OF GETTING THERE, LIVING, EXPENSES, ETC., ETC., AND A COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY....* (NY: Joyce and Company).



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October 25, Wednesday: [James Russell Lowell](#)'s "A Fable for Critics" was published on Broadway in Manhattan by G.P. Putnam (bearing the date October 21st).



A FABLE FOR CRITICS

He had farted our nation's first attempt at literary self-examination!⁴⁶

(Actually there is a long tradition of such literary *bavardage*, and, actually, this "Fable for Critics" thingie doesn't even get close to coming up to the lowest acceptable standard for it. For instance, a Thoreau ancestor who was a poet, [William Dunbar](#), had in the 16th Century authored a "[Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie](#)" more or less as a royal roast, or as a "doing of the numbers," and into 69 stanzas he had packed an extraordinary number of insults of the genre "Your mama is so ugly ... let me tell you how ugly your mama is." Had Henry deigned to respond to Lowell's effort, you can be sure that his retort would have been devastating — but Lowell was so notoriously thin-skinned that this wouldn't have been a good idea. If his derogatory drivell had been responded to in kind, there's no telling what his response might have been — a duel maybe, or lurking in some dark alley with a short knife.)

In this curious but far inferior piece Lowell satirized the [Margaret Fuller](#) who had had the temerity to remark on how "stereotyped" Lowell's attempts at poetry were, and who had predicted (accurately enough, it now seems!) that "posterity would not remember him" for his literary endeavors. In this curious piece Lowell also

46. His was a busy pen in this year of 1848: in one year appeared his POEMS: SECOND SERIES, his THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL, and the first series of THE BIGELOW PAPERS. It really is too bad that none of this work has survived the test of time by remaining highly regarded!



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satirized [Henry Thoreau](#) and [Ellery Channing](#), depicting them as [Waldo Emerson](#) impersonators:⁴⁷

- His dismissal of [Bronson Alcott](#) as a writer who does follow the first rule of writing—that to learn to write one must write and write—but who will never be able to write intelligibly because he lives on some other planet:

Yonder, calm as a cloud, Alcott stalks in a dream,
And fancies himself in thy groves, Academe,
With the Parthenon nigh, and the olive-trees o'er him,
And never a fact to perplex him or bore him,
With a snug room at Plato's, when night comes, to walk to,
And people from morning till midnight to talk to,
And from midnight till morning, nor snore in their listening;
So he muses, his face with the joy of it glistening,
For his highest conceit of a happiest state is
Where they'd live upon acorns, and hear him talk gratis;
And indeed, I believe, no man ever talked better—
Each sentence hangs perfectly poised to a letter—
He seems piling words, but there's royal dust hid
In the heart of each sky-piercing pyramid.
While he talks he is great, but goes out like a taper,
If you shut him up closely with pen, ink, and paper;
Yet his fingers itch for 'em from morning till night,
And he thinks he does wrong if he don't always write;
In this, as in all things, a lamb among men,
He goes to sure death when he goes to his pen.

- His uncritical adulation of [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#):

There is Hawthorne, with genius so shrinking and rare
That you hardly at first see the strength that is there;
A frame so robust, with a nature so sweet,
So earnest, so graceful, so lithe and so fleet,
Is worth a descent from Olympus to meet;
'Tis as if a rough oak that for ages had stood,
With his gnarled bony branches like ribs of the wood,
Should bloom, after cycles of struggle and scathe,
With a single anemone trembly and rathe;
His strength is so tender, his wildness so meek,
That a suitable parallel sets one to seek—
He's a John Bunyan Fouqué, a Puritan Tieck;
When Nature was shaping him, clay was not granted
For making so full-sized a man as she wanted,
So, to fill out her model, a little she spared
From some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared,
And she could not have hit a more excellent plan
For making him fully and perfectly man.

- His dismissal of [Edgar Allan Poe](#) as a man whose intellect has overruled his affect:¹

There comes Poe, with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three fifths of him genius and two fifths sheer fudge,
Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters,
In a way to make people of common-sense damn metres,
Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,
But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind,...



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- His abrupt categorical trashing of “Miranda” ([Margaret Fuller](#)):

But here comes Miranda. Zeus! where shall I flee to?
She has such a *penchant* for bothering me, too!
She always keeps asking if I don't observe a
Particular likeness 'twixt her and Minerva.
...
She will take an old notion and make it her own,
By saying it o'er in her sibylline tone;
Or persuade you 't is something tremendously deep,
By repeating it so as to put you to sleep;
And she may well defy any mortal to see through it,
When once she has mixed up her infinite *me* through it.
...
Here Miranda came up and said: Phœbus, you know
That the infinite soul has its infinite woe,
As I ought to know, having lived cheek by jowl,
Since the day I was born, with the infinite soul.

- His dismissal of [Waldo Emerson](#) as a man who worships himself in place of God:

All admire, and yet scarcely six converts he's got
To I don't (nor do they either) exactly know what;
For though he builds glorious temples, 't is odd
He leaves never a doorway to get in a god.
'T is refreshing to old-fashioned people like me
To meet such a primitive Pagan as he,
In whose mind all creation is duly respected
As parts of himself — just a little projected;
And who's willing to worship the stars and the sun,
A convert to — nothing but Emerson.

- His dismissal of [Henry Thoreau](#) as a low-rent [Waldo](#) clone:

There comes [Thoreau], for instance; to see him's rare sport,
Tread in Emerson's tracks with legs painfully short;
How he jumps, how he strains, and gets red in the face,
To keep step with the mystagogue's natural pace!
He follows as close as a stick to a rocket,
His fingers exploring the prophet's each pocket.
Fie, for shame, brother bard; with good fruit of your own,
Can't you let neighbor Emerson's orchards alone?
Besides 't is no use, you'll not find e'en a core,—
_____ has picked up all the windfalls before.

47. The year 1848 was to be, according to his biographers, his *annus mirabilis*, for in the course of the year a total of four volumes would see publication: not only his A FABLE FOR CRITICS but also his POEMS: SECOND SERIES, his THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL, and the first series of THE BIGELOW PAPERS. In one of these volumes he managed to accurately anticipate, some 14 years in advance, what would be Emerson's attitude toward the [Civil War](#):

Ez fer the war, I go agin it,—
I mean to say I kind o' du,—
Thet is, I mean thet, bein' in it,
The best way wuz to fight it thru;
Not but wut abstract war is horrid,
I sign to thet with all my heart,—
But civlyzation **doos** git forrid
Sometimes upon a powder-cart.



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CALIFORNIA

READER! walk up at once (it will soon be too late) and buy at a perfectly ruinous rate

A

FABLE FOR CRITICS:

OR, BETTER,

*(I like, as a thing that the reader's first fancy may strike,
an old-fashioned title-page,
such as presents a tabular view of the volume's contents)*

A GLANCE

AT A FEW OF OUR LITERARY PROGENIES

(Mrs. Malaprop's word)

FROM

THE TUB OF DIOGENES;

A VOCAL AND MUSICAL MEDLEY,

THAT IS,

A SERIES OF JOKES

BY A WONDERFUL QUIZ

*who accompanies himself with a rub-a-dub-dub, full of spirit and
grace, on the top of the tub.*

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“There comes Emerson first, whose rich words, every one,
 Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on,
 Whose prose is grand verse, while his verse the Lord knows,
 Is some of it pr— No, ’t is not even prose;
 I’m speaking of metres; some poems have welled
 From those rare depths of soul that have ne’er been excelled;
 They’re not epics, but that does n’t matter a pin,
 In creating, the only hard thing’s to begin;
 A grass-blade’s no easier to make than an oak,
 If you’ve once found the way, you’ve achieved the grand stroke;
 In the worst of his poems are mines of rich matter,
 But thrown in a heap with a crush and a clatter;
 Now it is not one thing nor another alone
 Makes a poem, but rather the general tone,
 The something pervading, uniting the whole,
 The before unconceived, unconceivable soul,
 So that just in removing this trifle or that, you
 Take away, as it were, a chief limb of the statue;
 Roots, wood, bark, and leaves, singly perfect may be,
 But, clapt hodge-podge together, they don’t make a tree.

“But, to come back to Emerson, (whom by the way,
 I believe we left waiting,) — his is, we may say,
 A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders, whose range
 Has Olympus for one pole, for t’ other the Exchange;
 He seems, to my thinking, (although I’m afraid
 The comparison must, long ere this, have been made,)
 A Plotinus-Montaigne, where the Egyptian’s gold mist
 And the Gascon’s shrewd wit cheek-by-jowl coexist;
 All admire, and yet scarcely six converts he’s got
 To I don’t (nor they either) exactly know what;
 For though he builds glorious temples, ’t is odd
 He leaves never a doorway to get in a god.
 ’T is refreshing to old-fashioned people like me,
 To meet such a primitive Pagan as he,
 In whose mind all creation is duly respected
 As parts of himself — just a little projected;
 And who’s willing to worship the stars and the sun,
 A convert to — nothing but Emerson.
 So perfect a balance there is in his head,
 That he talks of things sometimes as if they were dead;
 Life, nature, love, God, and affairs of that sort,
 He looks at as merely ideas; in short,
 As if they were fossils stuck round in a cabinet,
 Of such vast extent that our earth’s a mere dab in it;
 Composed just as he is inclined to conjecture her,
 Namely, one part pure earth, ninety-nine parts pure lecturer;
 You are filled with delight at his clear demonstration,
 Each figure, word, gesture, just fits the occasion,
 With the quiet precision of science he’ll sort ’em,
 But you can’t help suspecting the whole a *post mortem*.

“There are persons, mole-blind to the soul’s make and style,
 Who insist on a likeness ’twixt him and Carlyle;
 To compare him with Plato would be vastly fairer,
 Carlyle’s the more burly, but E. is the rarer;
 He sees fewer objects, but clearer, truelier,
 If C.’s as original, E.’s more peculiar;
 That he’s more of a man you might say of the one,
 Of the other he’s more of an Emerson;
 C.’s the Titan, as shaggy of mind as of limb, —
 E. the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and slim;
 The one’s two-thirds Norseman, the other half Greek,
 Where the one’s most abounding, the other’s to seek;
 C.’s generals require to be seen in the mass, —
 E.’s specialties gain if enlarged by the glass;
 C. gives nature and God his own fits of the blues,
 And rims common-sense things with mystical hues, —
 E. sits in a mystery calm and intense,
 And looks coolly around him with sharp common sense;

CALIFORNIA

C. shows you how every-day matters unite
 With the dim transdiurnal recesses of night, —
 While E., in a plain, preternatural way,
 Makes mysteries matters of mere every day;
 C. draws all his characters quite *à la* Fuseli, —
 Not sketching their bundles of muscles and thews illy,
 He paints with a brush so untamed and profuse
 They seem nothing but bundles of muscles and thews;
 E. is rather like Flaxman, lines strait and severe,
 And a colorless outline, but full, round, and clear; —
 To the men he thinks worthy he frankly accords
 The design of a white marble statue in words.
 C. labors to get at the centre, and then
 Take a reckoning from there of his actions and men;
 E. calmly assumes the said centre as granted,
 And, given himself, has whatever is wanted.

“He has imitators in scores, who omit
 No part of the man but his wisdom and wit, —
 Who go carefully o’er the sky-blue of his brain,
 And when he has skimmed it once, skim it again;
 If at all they resemble him, you may be sure it is
 Because their shoals mirror his mists and obscurities,
 As a mud-puddle seems deep as heaven for a minute,
 While a cloud that floats o’er is reflected within it.

“There comes, for instance; to see him’s rare sport,
 Tread in Emerson’s tracks with legs painfully short;
 How he jumps, how he strains, and gets red in the face,
 To keep step with the mystagogue’s natural pace
 He follows as close as a stick to a rocket,
 His fingers exploring the prophet’s each pocket.
 Fie, for shame, brother bard; with good fruit of your own,
 Can’t you let neighbor Emerson’s orchards alone?
 Besides, ’t is no use, you’ll not find e’en a core, —
 E. has picked up all the windfalls before.
 They might strip every tree, and E. never would catch ’em,
 His Hesperides have no rude dragon to watch ’em
 When they send him a dishfull, and ask him to try ’em,
 He never suspects how the sly rogues came by ’em;
 He wonders why ’t is there are none such his trees on,
 And thinks ’em the best he has tasted this season.

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Yonder, calm as a cloud, Alcott stalks in a dream,
And fancies himself in thy groves, Academe,
With the Parthenon nigh, and the olive-trees o'er him,
And never a fact to perplex him or bore him,
With a snug room at Plato's, when night comes, to walk to,
And people from morning till midnight to talk to,
And from midnight till morning, nor snore in their listening;
So he muses, his face with the joy of it glistening,
For his highest conceit of a happiest state is
Where they'd live upon acorns, and hear him talk gratis;
And indeed, I believe, no man ever talked better —
Each sentence hangs perfectly poised to a letter
He seems piling words, but there's royal dust hid
In the heart of each sky-piercing pyramid.
While he talks he is great, but goes out like a taper,
If you shut him up closely with pen, ink, and paper;
Yet his fingers itch for 'em from morning till night,
And he thinks he does wrong if he don't always write;
In this, as in all things, a lamb among men,
He goes to sure death when he goes to his pen.

The famous “Water Celebration” on Boston Common, as the first of Loammi Baldwin III’s upland water reached the Boston metropolitan area from the new Cochituate System. A jet of Lake Cochituate water rose from the fountain in [Boston](#)’s Frog Pond. For the next two generations Boston would have an adequate supply of clean water.⁴⁸

[James Pierson Beckwourth](#) and his party of travelers arrived at Los Angeles, [California](#). From there they would continue north to Monterey, which at the time was the capital of California. Jim would take on a job as a courier for a ranch near the present-day city of Santa Maria, north of Los Angeles. On his way there he would come across the remains of a massacre, of the Reed family who had been living in the old Mission of San Miguel, and would lead a posse that would apprehend the murderers.

[Niles' Register](#) published an account of the Women’s Rights Convention that had occurred in Rochester, New York:

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

A Convention appointed to be held in Rochester, (N.Y.) to advocate Women's Rights, was organized some weeks ago, in that city in the Unitarian Church. There was quite a respectable attendance, the body of the church being pretty well filled, mostly with females, some of whom seemed to have deeply at heart the professed objects of the meeting, but many more seemed to be drawn thither by motives of curiosity. Soon after the appointed hour the committee (all ladies) reported the following list of officers, who were duly appointed

Mrs. ABIGAIL BUSH, President.
Mrs. LAURA MURRAY, Vice President.
Mrs. CATHARINE A. T. STEBBENS, }
Mrs. SARAH L. HALLOWELL, }Sec'taries.
Mrs. MARY H. HALLOWELL, }

The officers being appointed, Mr. William C. Nell proposed to read an essay upon Woman's Rights, but the President said it was not then in order to do so, and one of the Secretaries commenced

48. These Framingham MA reservoirs have not been tapped by Boston since 1931. Pollution forced the metropolis to turn first to the Wachusett Reservoir, and then to the Quabban Reservoir some 65 miles inland. The Sudbury Reservoirs are, however, on a standby basis to be utilized in times of emergency, after heavy chlorination.



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reading the minutes of the preliminary meeting, but in so low a tone that she could not be heard by only a few {sic}, when a gentleman in a remote part of the house said the proceedings, to be made interesting, should be understood by all. After one or two more interruptions, Lucretia Mott, who was present, said it was not a fitting excuse for a woman to make that her voice could not be heard. The call for the Secretary to read louder was right, and, with sufficient practice, women could and would make themselves heard in a public assembly. Finally, Mrs. Burtis read the minutes, and they were adopted.

The President then called upon Mr. Nell to read his essay, which he did. After the reading, Lucretia Mott stated her objections to a portion of the paper read. She did not believe in holding up woman as a superior to man, because it was untrue -- she was only an equal. When invested with power woman as well as man was tyrannical. Mr. Nell briefly replied.

A letter was read from Gerritt Smith, assigning his bodily infirmities and private business as reasons for his non-attendance, but concurring in the objects sought to be accomplished.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stanton {Elizabeth Cady Stanton}, of Seneca Falls, read the declaration adopted at the meeting held in that village, and the discussion of this document appeared to be the principal business of the forenoon session. The President having called for remarks for and against the sentiments it embodied, one gentleman said his objection was that there was too much truth in it! Mr. Burtis approved of the declaration, and was glad to see the women asserting their rights. Mr. Colton, of New Haven, briefly stated his objections, which appeared to be of a general nature.

Lucretia Mott wished to know what the speaker considered the proper sphere of woman. It was not strange that he thought she should not be in the pulpit, he having been educated in New Haven, Connecticut. He should read his Bible again, as he may have pinned his faith upon the sleeve of some minister.

W.C. Bloss, Esq. made some very humorous remarks, which were received with much applause. He then went on to show the different tastes of male and female children, and inquired whether these were not in accordance with the instincts of nature.

Mrs. Sanford, of Michigan, made a forcible and eloquent address, in which she contended for the right of women to exercise the elective franchise, and their eligibility to office. It might, she said, be for women to break the bands of slavery, and she urged them to nerve for the effort. One of the consequences of the proposed enfranchisement of women would be less extravagance and waste in dress -- fashion would be neglected. They could be as daughters, as wives, and as mothers, dutiful, gentle, and submissive, even if we hang the domestic wreath upon the eagle's talons! Her remarks called forth considerable applause.

At the suggestion of Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth McClintock read a poetical composition, by Mrs. Chapman, of Boston.

Mr. Cutting objected to that part of the declaration which held out the idea that voting was the first right of women. He regarded education as the first right, and it was the peculiar province of women to teach. If mothers teach their sons, wives their husbands, and sisters their brothers, how to vote, it was all the same as though they voted themselves.



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Mr. Sanford deprecated the occupation of so much time by the men. He hoped the ladies would assert their rights.

Frederick Douglass went for equal rights of all classes, without regard to sex. After he had finished, the Convention adjourned till two o'clock P.M.

When we went in at the afternoon session the house was crowded, and Mrs. Owen was reading a report.

Several resolutions were adopted, of which the following was one "That, as obedience and submission to the husband is taught and enjoined in the marriage service, we will hereafter use our endeavors to have such a law entirely abrogated."

Lucretia Mott objected to them, as being too milk and water. She was not only for declaring, but for taking and maintaining her rights, and something more than these tame resolutions was necessary. In the course of her remarks, Lucretia said she was not a theologian, but yet she believed that people were as much inspired now as in former times.

Mrs. Roberts made a report in relation to the condition of females who are employed as seamstresses in the city, setting forth the hardships under which they labor, &c. She said they were compelled to work fourteen or fifteen hours a day to earn from thirty-one to thirty-eight cents; that they seldom earned fifty cents, or, if they did, it was by the most extreme exertion. It appeared that those who can endure the most are only able to save some fifty cents per week beyond their board.

Mrs. Stanton offered another resolution, asserting that it is duty of those who believe females are oppressed in their wages to pay them better prices.

Lucretia Mott thought little good would be done by efforts to improve the physical condition of woman. The axe must be laid to the root of the corrupt tree. A radical change must be effected in her civil condition before much improvement would be visible. "Overturn, overture {sic}, overturn," must be the motto, until these changes are effected, until all classes are levelled to the same common platform of equality. A slave, however treated, cannot be materially bettered until made free. It is the nature of slavery to debase. Just so it is with women; and, so long as the present usages of society prevailed, nothing would be done by passing resolutions.

Mrs. Stanton offered another resolution, asserting that it is the duty of women, whatever their complexion, to assume as soon as possible their true position of equality, in the social circle, in church and in State.

Other resolutions were also offered, when Mrs. Owen proposed the appointment of a committee to form a society for redressing the wrongs and hardships of laboring females, but Lucretia Mott thought this was foreign to the objects of the Convention.

This has been a remarkable Convention. It was composed of those holding to some one of the various "isms" of the day, and some, we should think, who embraced them all. The only practical good proposed -- the adoption of measures for the relief and amelioration of females -- was almost scouted by the leading ones composing the meeting. The great effort seemed to be to bring out some few, impracticable, absurd, and ridiculous propositions, and the greater their absurdity the better. In short, it was a regular "emeute" of a congregation of females, gathered from various quarters, who seem to be really in earnest in their aim at revolution, and who evince entire confidence



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that "the day of their deliverance" is at hand. Verily, this is a "progressive" era. -- "Rochester Democrat."

Winter: Moses Ely Ring departed with other men of Rhinebeck, New York in a joint overland expedition to the gold fields of [California](#).

[Edgar Allan Poe](#) chose to be offended, or appear to be offended, by [James Russell Lowell](#)'s A FABLE FOR CRITICS:

There comes Poe, with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three fifths of him genius and two fifths sheer fudge,
Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters,
In a way to make people of common-sense damn metres,
Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,
But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind,...

[James Pierson Beckwourth](#) near Los Angeles had also been unable to resist temptation (he seems never to have been able to resist temptation!), and had gone off to open a store in Sonoma. He would soon sell out, however, and relocate to Sacramento to get his living on the gold dust bags of the panners, as a professional gambler.



December 27, Wednesday: The 1st shipload of (specifically) [California](#) gold-rush prospectors, a dozen men, sailed out of [Boston](#) harbor.

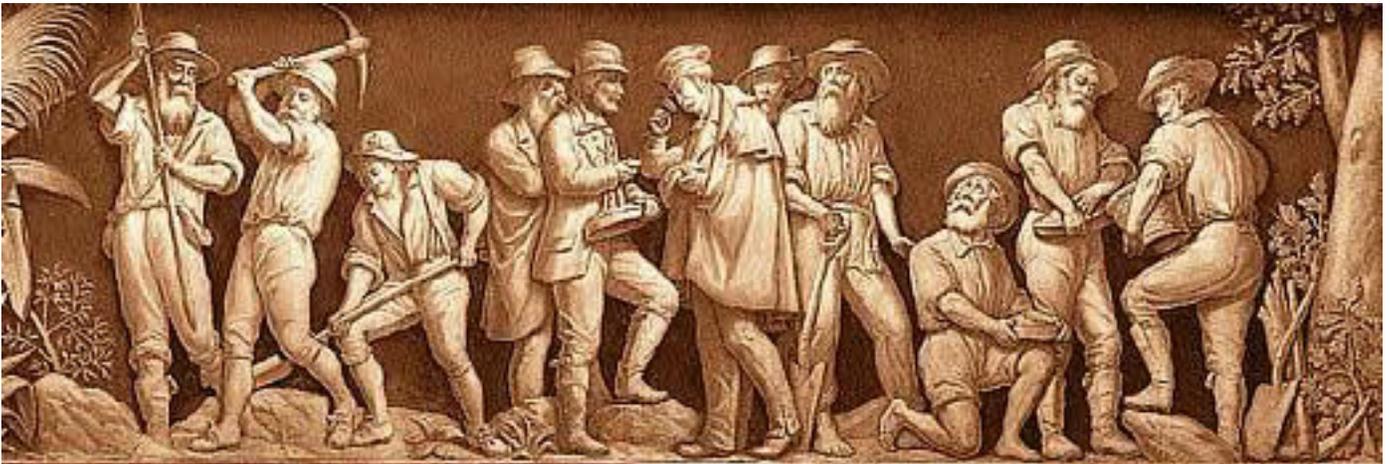
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Colton Hall hosted [California](#)'s Constitutional Convention (for a time this structure would function as a grade school, and it now houses a museum).

From the port of New-York, 99 vessels departed in this year for the [California](#) goldfields, carrying 5,719 passengers. When a local merchant forwarded a vessel carrying a large cargo of wheat flour to San Francisco, he luckily added a cargo of beans that had cost him almost nothing. When the ship arrived in port in California, there happened to be a glut on the market for flour but the venture made a large profit on the consignment of beans.



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A [cholera](#) epidemic, spread by gold-rush enthusiasts while crossing the Texas panhandle, wiped out the leadership of the Comanche tribe. A popular song was “Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie.”

News of last year’s discovery of gold at Sutter’s Mill was bringing a rush of 7,000 “Forty-Niners” to [California](#), whose white population would jump in the next 7 years from 15,000 to nearly 3,000,000.



Dr. Thomas J. Hodges was part of this population movement. Unsuccessful as a prospector, for several years he would be drifting around California as a gambler, and a doctor at times.

[Edward Sherman Hoar](#) would be part of this population movement, by taking a boat to Vera Cruz, riding mule-back across [Mexico](#), and then journeying up the coast to [California](#). He would open a law office and serve as a state district attorney, before eventually becoming a cattle trader for about 7 years in Santa Barbara.

[Josiah Gregg](#) was another of those who would participate in this gold rush.



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Not just every lady in Amherst was locking herself in her room, because in this year Louise “Shirley” Clappe of Amherst, Massachusetts went off to [California](#) with her husband, Dr. Fayette Clappe, to provide medical care to the miners at Rich Bar on the Feather River:

In the short space of twenty-four days, we have had murders, fearful accidents, bloody deaths, a mob, whippings, a [hanging](#), an attempt at suicide, and a fatal duel.

“... and a fatal duel” — For a period in California dueling would be a major source of public entertainment and private grief.⁴⁹ Dueling was regional, like the chewing of tobacco; it was associated with the South. However, an interesting exception is the association of [dueling](#) with the gold rush in California, because Southerners there played a dominant role. Although only 17% of the white population of [California](#) in 1850 had been born in a slave state, and although this might seem a relatively small %age of the population, among all the Northern states and territories this was second only to the Oregon Territory.⁵⁰

[“Charley” Parkhurst](#) went to [California](#) and got a job driving for the California Stage Lines. At some point she would lose an eye after being kicked by one of her horses.

49. Secret, William B. BLOOD AND HONOR (Fresno CA: Saga-West Publishing Company, 1970, pages 3ff)

50. REPORT OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE CENSUS FOR DECEMBER 1, 1852 (Washington: Robert Armstrong, 1853, pages 16-19)

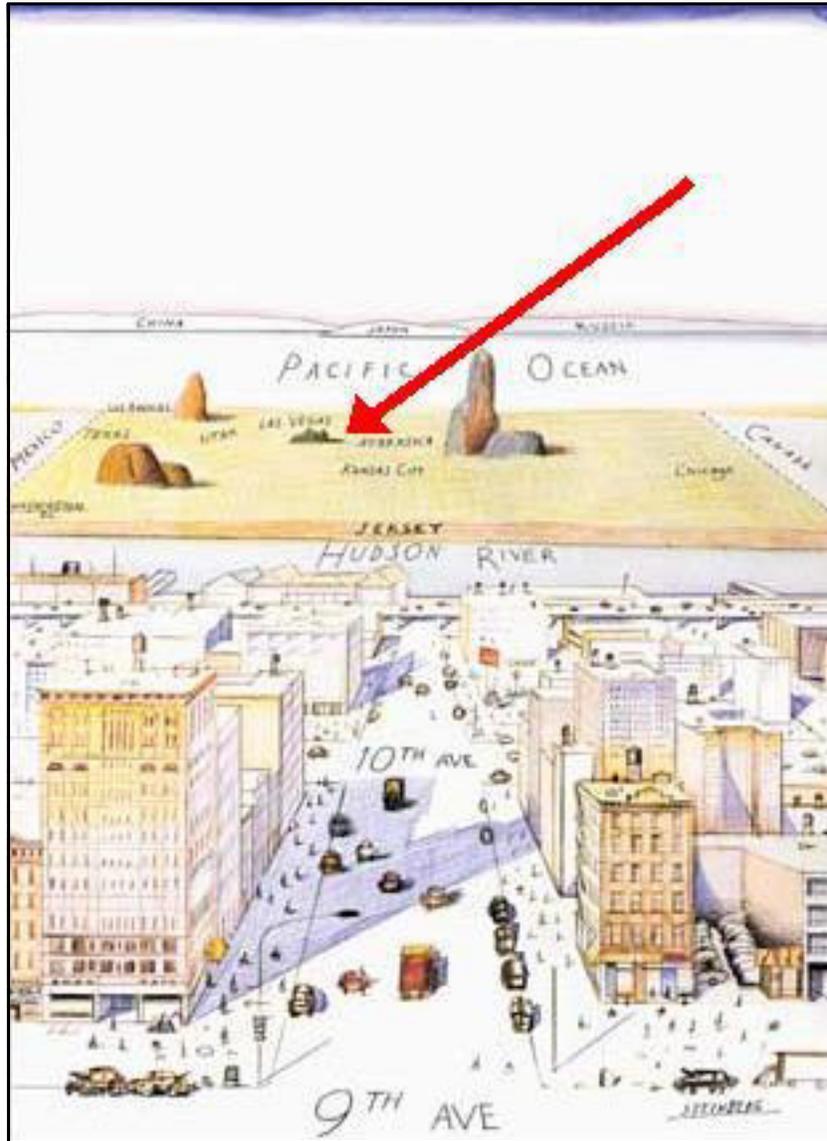
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Nathan Johnson **NATHAN JOHNSON** \$15,500 in real estate and \$3,200 in personal property, the 2d most affluent person of color in town when he abandoned [New Bedford](#) for the [California](#) gold fields. In actuality he seems to have become financially overextended and to have been hoping that a gold strike would enable him to meet his obligations.

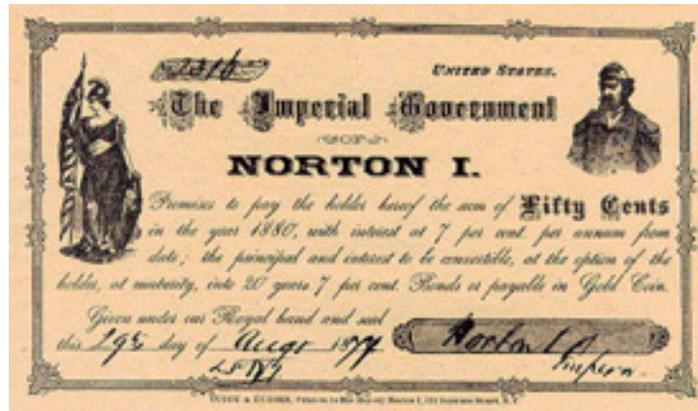
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Upon news of the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill, 77,000 "Forty-Niners" rushed Westward Ho toward the [California](#) Territory.⁵¹



The Englishman Joshua Abraham Norton, who would one day proclaim himself the Emperor of the United States, came into his inheritance at age 30 and set sail for the port of San Francisco on the [California](#) coast.



Bayard Taylor made a return visit to [California](#) and found himself considerably offended by the things which had been brought about there in merely one decade:

Nature here reminds one of a princess fallen into the hands of robbers, who cut off her fingers for the sake of the jewels she wears.

[Charles Wilkes](#)'s WESTERN AMERICA, INCLUDING [CALIFORNIA](#) AND OREGON was printed in Philadelphia.

51. The story we are told involves the idea that although Lo the Poor Indian, a sharp-eyed lover of personal decoration if every anyone had such a reputation, had lived in that Westward area of the world for lo these seven or eight thousand years, until a white man got there nobody had the sense to notice one of these shiny pebbles while digging onions out of the dirt with a digger stick – so although we presently lack evidence, we can be sure the whole story of this has not yet been revealed.

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Professor Francis Parkman's THE [CALIFORNIA](#) AND OREGON TRAIL (title later shortened to THE OREGON TRAIL).



[READ THE FULL TEXT](#)

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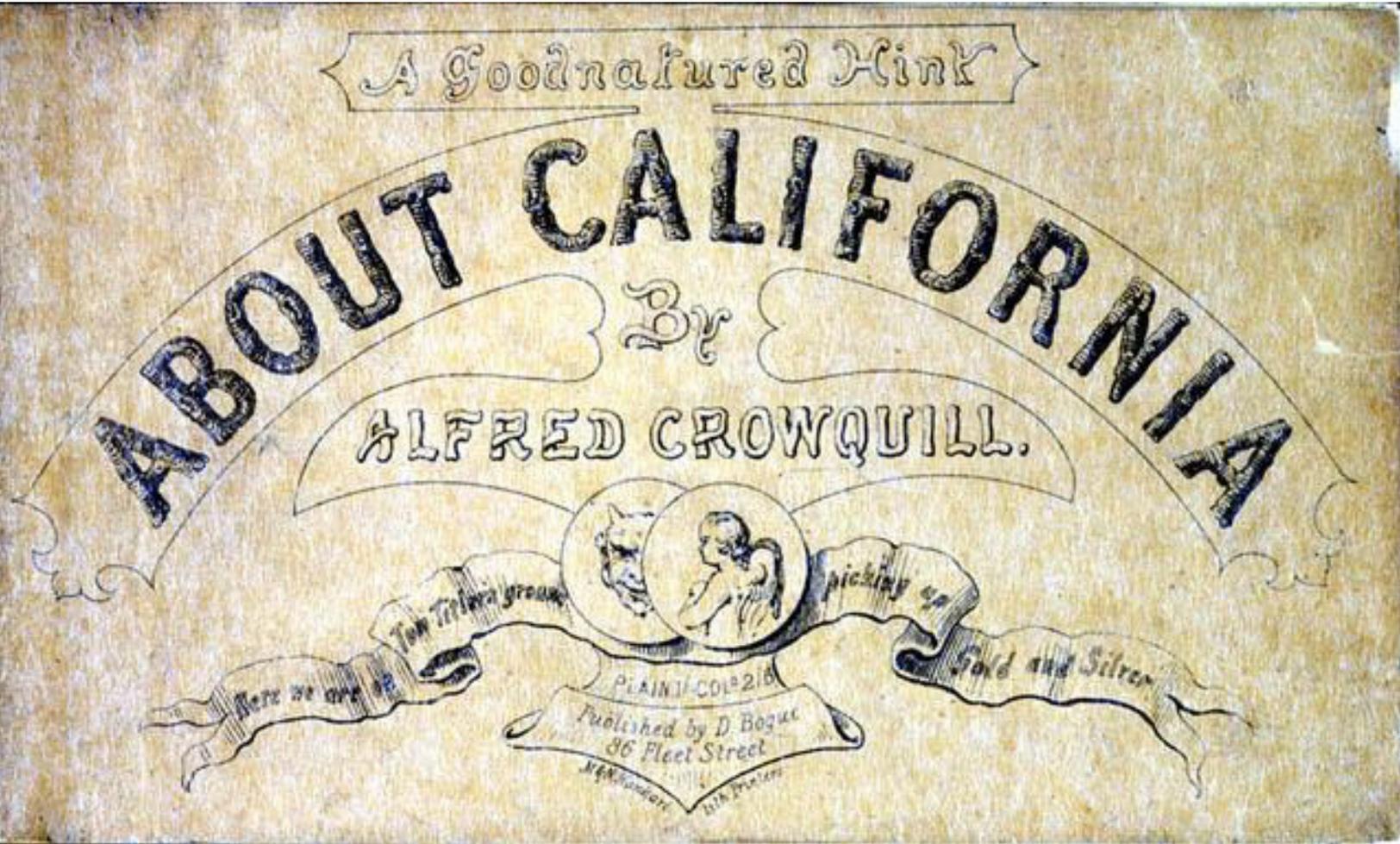
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Some were advising, go there, others were advising, don't go there:



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Back from [California](#), Edwin Bryant described what he had experienced:





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WHAT I SAW IN CALIFORNIA

**A Description of Its Soil, Climate, Productions, and Gold Mines; with the Best Routes
and Latest Information for Intending Emigrants.**

By

**EDWIN BRYANT
Late Alcalde of San Francisco.**

**To which is annexed, an Appendix
Containing official documents and letters authenticating the accounts of the
quantities of gold found, with its actual value ascertained by chemical assay.**

**Also late communications containing accounts of the highest interest and importance
from the gold districts.**

With a Map.

1849

“All which I saw, and part of which I was.”
Dryden.



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CHAPTER I.

Geographical sketch of California
Its political and social institutions
Colorado River
Valley and river of San Joaquin
Former government
Presidios
Missions
Ports and commerce.

For the general information of the reader, it will be proper to give a brief geographical sketch of California, and some account of its political and social institutions, as they have heretofore existed.

The district of country known geographically as Upper California is bounded on the north by Oregon, the forty-second degree of north latitude being the boundary line between the two territories; on the east by the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra de los Mimbres, a continuation of the same range; on the south by Sonora and Old or Lower California, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. Its extent from north to south is about 700 miles, and from east to west from 600 to 800 miles, with an area of about 400,000 square miles. A small portion only of this extensive territory is fertile or inhabitable by civilized man, and this portion consists chiefly in the strip of country along the Pacific Ocean, about 700 miles in length, and from 100 to 150 in breadth, bounded on the east by the Sierra Nevada, and on the west by the Pacific. In speaking of Upper California this strip of country is what is generally referred to.

The largest river of Upper California is the Colorado or Red, which has a course of about 1000 miles, and empties into the Gulf of California in latitude about 32 degrees north. But little is known of the region through which this stream flows. The report of trappers, however, is that the river is canoned between high mountains and precipices a large portion of its course, and that its banks and the country generally through which it flows are arid, sandy, and barren. Green and Grand Rivers are its principal upper tributaries, both of which rise in the Rocky Mountains, and within the territories of the United States. The Gila is its lowest and largest branch, emptying into the Colorado, just above its mouth. Sevier and Virgin Rivers are also tributaries of the Colorado. Mary's River rises near latitude 42 degrees north, and has a course of about 400 miles, when its waters sink in the sands of the desert. This river is not laid down on any map which I have seen. The Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers have each a course of from 300 to 400 miles, the first flowing from the north and the last from the south, and both emptying into the Bay of St. Francisco at the same point. They water the large and fertile valley lying between the Sierra Nevada and the coast range of mountains. I subjoin a description of the valley and river San Joaquin, from the pen of a gentleman (Dr. Marsh) who has explored the river from its source to its mouth.

This noble valley is the first undoubtedly in California, and one of the most magnificent in the world. It is about 500 miles long, with an average width of about fifty miles. It is bounded on the east by the



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great Snowy Mountains, and on the west by the low range, which in many places dwindles into insignificant hills, and has its northern terminus at the Strait of Carquines, on the Bay of San Francisco, and its southern near the Colorado River.

The river of San Joaquin flows through the middle of the valley for about half of its extent, and thence diverges towards the eastern mountain, in which it has its source. About sixty miles further south is the northern end of the Buena Vista Lake, which is about one hundred miles long, and from ten to twenty wide. Still farther south, and near the western side of the valley, is another and much smaller lake.

The great lake receives about a dozen tributaries on its eastern side, which all rise in the great range of the Snowy Mountains. Some of these streams flow through broad and fertile valleys within the mountain's range, and, from thence emerging, irrigate the plains of the great valley for the distance of twenty or thirty miles. The largest of these rivers is called by the Spanish inhabitants the river Reyes, and falls into the lake near its northern end; it is a well-timbered stream, and flows through a country of great fertility and beauty. The tributaries of the San Joaquin are all on the east side.

On ascending the stream we first meet with the Stanislaus, a clear rapid mountain stream, some forty or fifty yards wide, with a considerable depth of water in its lower portion. The Mormons have commenced a settlement, called New Hope, and built some two or three houses near the mouth.

There are considerable bodies of fertile land along the river, and the higher plains afford good pasturage.

Ten miles higher up is the river of the Tawalomes; it is about the size of the Stanislaus, which it greatly resembles, except that the soil is somewhat better, and that it particularly abounds with salmon.

Some thirty miles farther comes in the Merced, much the largest of the tributaries of the San Joaquin. The lands along and between the tributaries of the San Joaquin and the lake of Buena Vista form a fine pastoral region, with a good proportion of arable land, and a very inviting field for emigration. The whole of this region has been but imperfectly explored; enough, however, is known to make it certain that it is one of the most desirable regions on the continent.

In the valleys of the rivers which come down from the great Snowy Mountains are vast bodies of pine, and redwood, or cedar timber, and the streams afford water power to any desirable amount.

The whole country east of the San Joaquin, and the water communication which connects it with the lakes, is considered, by the best judges, to be particularly adapted to the culture of the vine, which must necessarily become one of the principal agricultural resources of California.

The Salinas River empties into the Pacific, about twelve miles above Monterey. Bear River empties into the Great Salt Lake. The



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other streams of California are all small. In addition to the Great Salt Lake and the Utah Lake there are numerous small lakes in the Sierra Nevada. The San Joaquin is connected with Tule Lake, or Lake Buena Vista, a sheet of water about eighty miles in length and fifteen in breadth. A lake, not laid down in any map, and known as the Laguna among the Californians, is situated about sixty miles north of the Bay of San Francisco. It is between forty and sixty miles in length. The valleys in its vicinity are highly fertile, and romantically beautiful. In the vicinity of this lake there is a mountain of pure sulphur. There are also soda springs, and a great variety of other mineral waters, and minerals.

The principal mountains west of the eastern boundary of California (the Rocky Mountains) are the Bear River, Wahsatch, Utah, the Sierra Nevada, and the Coast range. The Wahsatch Mountains form the eastern rim of the "great interior basin." There are numerous ranges in this desert basin, all of which run north and south, and are separated from each other by spacious and barren valleys and plains. The Sierra Nevada range is of greater elevation than the Rocky Mountains. The summits of the most elevated peaks are covered with perpetual snow. This and the coast range run nearly parallel with the shore of the Pacific. The first is from 100 to 200 miles from the Pacific, and the last from forty to sixty miles. The valley between them is the most fertile portion of California.

Upper California was discovered in 1548, by Cabrillo, a Spanish navigator. In 1578, the northern portion of it was visited by Sir Francis Drake, who called it New Albion. It was first colonized by the Spaniards, in 1768, and formed a province of Mexico until after the revolution in that country. There have been numerous revolutions and civil wars in California within the last twenty years; but up to the conquest of the country by the United States in 1846, Mexican authority has generally been exercised over it.

The following description of the political and social condition of Upper California in 1822 is extracted and translated from a Spanish writer of that date. I have thought that the extract would not be uninteresting:-

Government.—Upper California, on account of its small population, not being able to become a state of the great Mexican republic, takes the character of territory, the government of which is under the charge of a commandant-general, who exercises the charge of a superior political chief, whose attributes depend entirely upon the president of the republic and the general congress. But, to amplify the legislation of its centre, it has a deputation made up of seven vocals, the half of these individuals being removed every two years. The superior political chief presides at their sessions. The inhabitants of the territory are divided amongst the presidios, missions, and towns.

Presidios.—The necessity of protecting the apostolic predication was the obligatory reason for forming the presidios, which were established according to circumstances. That of San Diego was the first; Santa Barbara, Monterey, and San Francisco were built afterwards. The form of all of them is nearly the same, and this is a square, containing about two hundred yards



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in each front, formed of a weak wall made of mud-bricks. Its height may be four yards in the interior of the square, and built on to the same wall. In its entire circumference are a chapel, storehouses, and houses for the commandant, officers, and troops, having at the entrance of the presidio quarters for a corps-de-garde.

These buildings in the presidios, at the first idea, appear to have been sufficient, the only object having been for a defence against a surprise from the gentiles, or wild Indians in the immediate vicinity. But this cause having ceased, I believe they ought to be demolished, as they are daily threatening a complete ruin, and, from the very limited spaces of habitation, must be very incommodious to those who inhabit them. As to the exterior of the presidios, several private individuals have built some very decent houses, and, having evinced great emulation in this branch of business, I have no doubt but in a short time we shall see very considerable towns in California.

At the distance of one, or at the most two miles from the presidio, and near to the anchoring-ground, is a fort, which has a few pieces of artillery of small calibre. The situation of most of them is very advantageous for the defence of the port, though the form of the walls, esplanades, and other imperfections which may be seen, make them very insignificant.

The battalion of each presidio is made up of eighty or more horse soldiers, called cuera; besides these, it has a number of auxiliary troops and a detachment of artillery. The commandant of each presidio is the captain of its respective company, and besides the intervention, military and political, he has charge of all things relating to the marine department.

Missions.—The missions contained in the territory are twenty-one. They were built at different epochs: that of San Diego, being the first, was built in 1769; its distance from the presidio of the same name is two leagues. The rest were built successively, according to circumstances and necessity. The last one was founded in the year 1822, under the name of San Francisco Dolores, and is the most northern of all.

The edifices in some of those missions are more extensive than in others, but in form they are all nearly equal. They are all fabricated of mud-bricks, and the divisions are according to necessity. In all of them may be found commodious habitations for the ministers, storehouses to keep their goods in, proportional granaries, offices for soap-makers, weavers, blacksmiths, and large parterres, and horse and cattle pens, independent apartments for Indian youths of each sex, and all such offices as were necessary at the time of its institution. Contiguous to and communicating with the former is a church, forming a part of the edifices of each mission; they are all very proportionable, and are adorned with profusion.

The Indians reside about two hundred yards distant from the above-mentioned edifice. This place is called the



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rancheria. Most of the missions are made up of very reduced quarters, built with mud-bricks, forming streets, while in others the Indians have been allowed to follow their primitive customs; their dwellings being a sort of huts, in a conical shape, which at the most do not exceed four yards in diameter, and the top of the cone may be elevated three yards. They are built of rough sticks, covered with bulrushes or grass, in such a manner as to completely protect the inhabitants from all the inclemencies of the weather. In my opinion, these rancherias are the most adequate to the natural uncleanliness of the Indians, as the families often renew them, burning the old ones, and immediately building others with the greatest facility. Opposite the rancherias, and near to the mission, is to be found a small garrison, with proportionate rooms, for a corporal and five soldiers with their families. This small garrison is quite sufficient to prevent any attempt of the Indians from taking effect, there having been some examples made, which causes the Indians to respect this small force. One of these pickets in a mission has a double object; besides keeping the Indians in subjection, they run post with a monthly correspondence, or with any extraordinaries that may be necessary for government.

All the missions in this California are under the charge of religious men of the order of San Francisco. At the present time their number is twenty-seven, most of them of an advanced age. Each mission has one of these fathers for its administrator, and he holds absolute authority. The tilling of the ground, the gathering of the harvest, the slaughtering of cattle, the weaving, and everything that concerns the mission, is under the direction of the fathers, without any other person interfering in any way whatever, so that, if any one mission has the good fortune to be superintended by an industrious and discreet padre, the Indians disfrute in abundance all the real necessaries of life; at the same time the nakedness and misery of any one mission are a palpable proof of the inactivity of its director. The missions extend their possessions from one extremity of the territory to the other, and have made the limits of one mission from those of another. Though they do not require all this land for their agriculture and the maintenance of their stock, they have appropriated the whole; always strongly opposing any individual who may wish to settle himself or his family on any piece of land between them. But it is to be hoped that the new system of illustration, and the necessity of augmenting private property, and the people of reason, will cause the government to take such adequate measures as will conciliate the interests of all. Amongst all the missions there are from twenty-one to twenty-two thousand Catholic Indians; but each mission has not an equal or a proportionate part in its congregation. Some have three or four thousand, whilst others have scarcely four hundred; and at this difference may be computed the riches of the missions in proportion. Besides the number



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of Indians already spoken of, each mission has a considerable number of gentiles, who live chiefly on farms annexed to the missions. The number of these is undetermined.

The Indians are naturally filthy and careless, and their understanding is very limited. In the small arts they are not deficient in ideas of imitation but they never will be inventors. Their true character is that of being revengeful and timid, consequently they are very much addicted to treachery. They have no knowledge of benefits received, and ingratitude is common amongst them. The education they receive in their infancy is not the proper one to develop their reason, and, if it were, I do not believe them capable of any good impression. All these Indians, whether from the continual use of the sweat-house, or from their filthiness, or the little ventilation in their habitations, are weak and unvigorous; spasms and rheumatics, to which they are so much subject, are the consequences of their customs. But what most injures them, and prevents propagation, is the venereal disease, which most of them have very strongly, clearly proving that their humours are analogous to receiving the impressions of this contagion. From this reason may be deduced the enormous differences between the births and deaths, which, without doubt, is one-tenth per year in favour of the latter; but the missionaries do all in their power to prevent this, with respect to the catechumens situated near them.

The general productions of the missions are, the breed of the larger class of cattle, and sheep, horses, wheat, maize or Indian corn, beans, peas, and other vegetables; though the productions of the missions situated more to the southward are more extensive, these producing the grape and olive in abundance. Of all these articles of production, the most lucrative is the large cattle, their hides and tallow affording an active commerce with foreign vessels on this coast. This being the only means the inhabitants, missionaries, or private individuals have of supplying their actual necessities, for this reason they give this branch all the impulse they possibly can, and on it generally place all their attention.

It is now six years since they began to gather in hides and tallow for commerce. Formerly they merely took care of as many or as much as they required for their own private use, and the rest was thrown away as useless; but at this time the actual number of hides sold annually on board of foreign vessels amounts to thirty or forty thousand, and about the same amount of arrobas (twenty-five pounds) of tallow; and, in pursuing their present method, there is no doubt but in three or four years the amount of the exportation of each of these articles will be doubled. Flax, linen, wine, olive-oil, grain, and other agricultural productions, would be very extensive if there were stimulants to excite industry; but, this not being the case, there is just grain enough sown and reaped for the consumption of the



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inhabitants in the territory.

The towns contained in this district are three; the most populous being that of Angeles, which has about twelve hundred souls; that of St. Joseph's of Guadalupe may contain six hundred, and the village of Branciforte two hundred; they are all formed imperfectly and without order, each person having built his own house on the spot he thought most convenient for himself. The first of these pueblos is governed by its corresponding body of magistrates, composed of an alcalde or judge, four regidores or municipal officers, a syndic, and secretary; the second, of an alcalde, two regidores, a syndic, and secretary; and the third, on account of the smallness of its population, is subject to the commandancia of Monterey.

The inhabitants of the towns are white, and, to distinguish them from the Indians, are vulgarly called people of reason. The number of these contained in the territory may be nearly five thousand. These families are divided amongst the pueblos and presidios. They are nearly all the descendants of a small number of individuals who came from the Mexican country, some as settlers, others in the service of the army, and accompanied by their wives. In the limited space of little more than fifty years the present generation has been formed.

The whites are in general robust, healthy, and well made. Some of them are occupied in breeding and raising cattle, and cultivating small quantities of wheat and beans; but for want of sufficient land, for which they cannot obtain a rightful ownership, their labours are very limited. Others dedicate themselves to the service of arms. All the presidial companies are composed of the natives of the country, but the most of them are entirely indolent, it being very rare for any individual to strive to augment his fortune. Dancing, horse-riding, and gambling occupy all their time. The arts are entirely unknown, and I am doubtful if there is one individual who exercises any trade; very few who understand the first rudiments of letters, and the other sciences are unknown amongst them.

The fecundity of the people of reason is extreme. It is very rare to find a married couple with less than five or six children, while there are hundreds who have from twelve to fifteen. Very few of them die in their youth, and in reaching the age of puberty are sure to see their grand-children. The age of eighty and one hundred has always been common in this climate; most infirmities are unknown here, and the freshness and robustness of the people show the beneficial influence of the climate; the women in particular have always the roses stamped on their cheeks. This beautiful species is without doubt the most active and laborious, all their vigilance in duties of the house, the cleanliness of their children, and attention to their husbands, dedicating all their leisure moments to some kind of occupation that may be useful towards their maintenance. Their clothing is always clean and decent,



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nakedness being entirely unknown in either sex.

Ports and Commerce.—There are four ports, principal bays, in this territory, which take the names of the corresponding presidios. The best guarded is that of San Diego. That of San Francisco has many advantages. Santa Barbara is but middling in the best part of the season; at other times always bad. Besides the above-mentioned places, vessels sometimes anchor at Santa Cruz, San Luis Obispo, El Refugio, San Pedro, and San Juan, that they may obtain the productions of the missions nearest these last-mentioned places; but from an order sent by the minister of war, and circulated by the commandante-general, we are given to understand that no foreign vessel is permitted to anchor at any of these places, Monterey only excepted, notwithstanding the commandante-general has allowed the first three principal ports to remain open provisionally. Were it not so, there would undoubtedly be an end to all commerce with California, as I will quickly show.

The only motive that induces foreign vessels to visit this coast is for the hides and tallow which they barter for in the territory. It is well known, that at any of these parts there is no possibility of realizing any money, for here it does not circulate. The goods imported by foreign vessels are intended to facilitate the purchase of the aforesaid articles, well knowing that the missions have no interest in money, but rather such goods as are necessary for the Indians, so that several persons who have brought goods to sell for nothing but money have not been able to sell them. It will appear very extraordinary that money should not be appreciated in a country where its value is so well known; but the reason may be easily perceived by attending to the circumstances of the territory.

The quantity of hides gathered yearly is about thirty or forty thousand; and the arrobas of tallow, with very little difference, will be about the same. Averaging the price of each article at two dollars, we shall see that the intrinsic value in annual circulation in California is 140,000 dollars. This sum, divided between twenty-one missions, will give each one 6666 dollars. Supposing the only production of the country converted into money, with what would the Indians be clothed, and by what means would they be able to cover a thousand other necessities? Money is useful in amplifying speculations; but in California, as yet, there are no speculations, and its productions are barely sufficient for the absolute necessary consumption. The same comparison may be made with respect to private individuals, who are able to gather a few hides and a few arrobas of tallow, these being in small quantities.



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CHAPTER II.

Leave New Helvetia for San Francisco
Cosçumne River
Mickélemes River
Ford of the San Joaquin
Extensive plain
Tule marshes
Large droves of wild horses and elk
Arrive at Dr. Marsh's
Vineyard
Californian grape
Californian wine
Aguardiénte
Mormon settlements on the San Joaquin
Californian beef
Cattle
Grasses of California
Horses
Breakfast
Leave Dr. Marsh's
Arrive at Mr. Livermore's
Comforts of his dwelling
Large herds of cattle
Sheep
Swine
Californian senora
Slaughtering of a bullock
Fossil oyster-shells
Skeleton of a whale on a high mountain
Arrive at mission of San José
Ruinous and desolate appearance of the mission
Pedlars
Landlady
Filth
Gardens of the mission
Fruit orchards
Empty warehouses and workshops
Foul lodgings.

September 13th.—We commenced to-day our journey from New Helvetia to San Francisco. Our party consisted, including myself, of Colonel Russell, Dr. McKee of Monterey, Mr. Pickett, a traveller in the country, recently from Oregon, and an Indian servant, who had been furnished us by Captain Sutter. Starting about 3 o'clock P.M., we travelled in a south course over a flat plain until sunset, and encamped near a small lake on the rancho of Mr. Murphy, near the Cosçumne River, a tributary of the Sacramento, which heads near the foot of the Sierra Nevada. The stream is small, but the bottom-lands are extensive and rich. Mr. Murphy has been settled in California about two years, and, with his wife and several children, has resided at this place sixteen months, during which time he has erected a comfortable dwelling-house, and other necessary buildings and conveniences. His wheat crop was abundant this year; and he presented us with



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as much milk and fresh butter as we desired. The grass on the upland plain over which we have travelled is brown and crisp from the annual drought. In the low bottom it is still green. Distance 18 miles.

September 14.—We crossed the Cosçumne River about a mile from our camp, and travelled over a level plain covered with luxuriant grass, and timbered with the evergreen oak, until three o'clock, when we crossed the Mickélemes River, another tributary of the Sacramento, and encamped on its southern bank in a beautiful grove of live oaks. The Mickélemes, where we crossed it, is considerably larger than the Cosçumnes. The soil of the bottom appears to be very rich, and produces the finest qualities of grasses. The grass on the upland is also abundant, but at this time it is brown and dead. We passed through large tracts of wild oats during the day; the stalks are generally from three to five feet in length.

Our Indian servant, or vaquero, feigned sickness this morning, and we discharged him. As soon as he obtained his discharge, he was entirely relieved from the excruciating agonies under which he had affected to be suffering for several hours. Eating his breakfast, and mounting his horse, he galloped off in the direction of the fort. We overtook this afternoon an English sailor, named Jack, who was travelling towards Monterey; and we employed him as cook and hostler for the remainder of the journey.

A variety of autumnal flowers, generally of a brilliant yellow, are in bloom along the beautiful and romantic bunks of the rivulet. Distance 25 miles.

September 15.—Our horses were frightened last night by bears, and this morning, with the exception of those which were picketed, had strayed so far that we did not recover them until ten o'clock. Our route has continued over a flat plain, generally covered with luxuriant grass, wild oats, and a variety of sparkling flowers. The soil is composed of a rich argillaceous loam. Large tracts of the land are evidently subject to annual inundations. About noon we reached a small lake surrounded by tule. There being no trail for our guidance, we experienced some difficulty in shaping our course so as to strike the San Joaquin River at the usual fording place. Our man Jack, by some neglect or mistake of his own, lost sight of us, and we were compelled to proceed without him. This afternoon we saw several large droves of antelope and deer. Game of all kinds appears to be very abundant in this rich valley. Passing through large tracts of tule, we reached the San Joaquin River at dark, and encamped on the eastern bank. Here we immediately made large fires, and discharged pistols as signals to our man Jack, but he did not come into camp. Distance 35 miles.

September 16.—Jack came into camp while we were breakfasting, leading his tired horse. He had bivouacked on the plain, and, fearful that his horse would break loose if he tied him, he held the animal by the bridle all night.

The ford of the San Joaquin is about forty or fifty miles from its mouth. At this season the water is at its lowest stage. The stream at the ford is probably one hundred yards in breadth, and our animals crossed it without much difficulty, the water reaching about midway of their bodies. Oak and small willows are



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the principal growth of wood skirting the river. Soon after we crossed the San Joaquin this morning we met two men, couriers, bearing despatches from Commodore Stockton, the governor and commander-in-chief in California, to Sutter's Fort. Entering upon the broad plain, we passed, in about three miles, a small lake, the water of which was so much impregnated with alkali as to be undrinkable. The grass is brown and crisp, but the seed upon it is evidence that it had fully matured before the drought affected it. The plain is furrowed with numerous deep trails, made by the droves of wild horses, elk, deer, and antelope, which roam over and graze upon it. The hunting sportsman can here enjoy his favourite pleasure to its fullest extent.

Having determined to deviate from our direct course, in order to visit the rancho of Dr. Marsh, we parted from Messrs. McKee and Pickett about noon. We passed during the afternoon several tule marshes, with which the plain of the San Joaquin is dotted. At a distance, the tule of these marshes presents the appearance of immense fields of ripened corn. The marshes are now nearly dry, and to shorten our journey we crossed several of them without difficulty. A month earlier, this would not have been practicable. I have but little doubt that these marshes would make fine rice plantations, and perhaps, if properly drained, they might produce the sugar-cane.

While pursuing our journey we frequently saw large droves of wild horses and elk grazing quietly upon the plain. No spectacle of moving life can present a more animated and beautiful appearance than a herd of wild horses. They were divided into droves of some one or two hundred. When they noticed us, attracted by curiosity to discover what we were, they would start and run almost with the fleetness of the wind in the direction towards us. But, arriving within a distance of two hundred yards, they would suddenly halt, and after bowing their necks into graceful curves, and looking steadily at us a few moments, with loud snortings they would wheel about and bound away with the same lightning speed. These evolutions they would repeat several times, until, having satisfied their curiosity, they would bid us a final adieu, and disappear behind the undulations of the plain.

The herds of elk were much more numerous. Some of them numbered at least two thousand, and with their immense antlers presented, when running, a very singular and picturesque appearance. We approached some of these herds within fifty yards before they took the alarm. Beef in California is so abundant, and of so fine a quality, that game is but little hunted, and not much prized, hence the elk, deer, and even antelope are comparatively very tame, and rarely run from the traveller, unless he rides very near them. Some of these elk are as large as a medium-sized Mexican mule.

We arrived at the rancho of Dr. Marsh about 5 o'clock P.M., greatly fatigued with the day's ride. The residence of Dr. M. is romantically situated, near the foot of one of the most elevated mountains in the range separating the valley of the San Joaquin from the plain surrounding the Bay of San Francisco. It is called "Mount Diablo," and may be seen in clear weather a great distance. The dwelling of Dr. M. is a small one-story house, rudely constructed of adobes, and divided into two or three apartments. The flooring is of earth, like the walls. A table or two, and some benches and a bed, are all the furniture



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it contains. Such are the privations to which those who settle in new countries must submit. Dr. M. is a native of New England, a graduate of Harvard University, and a gentleman of fine natural abilities and extensive scientific and literary acquirements. He emigrated to California some seven or eight years since, after having travelled through most of the Mexican States. He speaks the Spanish language fluently and correctly, and his accurate knowledge of Mexican institutions, laws, and customs was fully displayed in his conversation in regard to them. He obtained the grant of land upon which he now resides, some ten or twelve miles square, four or five years ago; and although he has been constantly harassed by the wild Indians, who have several times stolen all his horses, and sometimes numbers of his cattle, he has succeeded in permanently establishing himself. The present number of cattle on his rancho is about two thousand, and the increase of the present year he estimates at five hundred.

I noticed near the house a vegetable garden, with the usual variety of vegetables. In another inclosure was the commencement of an extensive vineyard, the fruit of which (now ripe) exceeds in delicacy of flavour any grapes which I have ever tasted. This grape is not indigenous, but was introduced by the padres, when they first established themselves in the country. The soil and climate of California have probably improved it. Many of the clusters are eight and ten inches in length, and weigh several pounds. The fruit is of medium size, and in colour a dark purple. The rind is very thin, and when broken the pulp dissolves in the mouth immediately. Although Dr. M. has just commenced his vineyard, he has made several casks of wine this year, which is now in a state of fermentation. I tasted here, for the first time, aguardiente, or brandy distilled from the Californian grape. Its flavour is not unpleasant, and age, I do not doubt, would render it equal to the brandies of France. Large quantities of wine and aguardiente are made from the extensive vineyards farther south. Dr. M. informed me that his lands had produced a hundredfold of wheat without irrigation. This yield seems almost incredible; but, if we can believe the statements of men of unimpeached veracity, there have been numerous instances of reproduction of wheat in California equalling and even exceeding this.

Some time in July, a vessel arrived at San Francisco from New York, which had been chartered and freighted principally by a party of Mormon emigrants, numbering between two and three hundred, women and children included. These Mormons are about making a settlement for agricultural purposes on the San Joaquin River, above the rancho of Dr. Marsh. Two of the women and one of the men are now here, waiting for the return of the main party, which has gone up the river to explore and select a suitable site for the settlement. The women are young, neatly dressed, and one of them may be called good-looking. Captain Gant, formerly of the U.S. Army, in very bad health, is also residing here. He has crossed the Rocky Mountains eight times, and, in various trapping excursions, has explored nearly every river between the settlements of the United States and the Pacific Ocean.

The house of Dr. Marsh being fully occupied, we made our beds in a shed, a short distance from it. Suspended from one of the poles forming the frame of this shed was a portion of the carcass



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of a recently slaughtered beef. The meat was very fat, the muscular portions of it presenting that marbled appearance, produced by a mixture of the fat and lean, so agreeable to the sight and palate of the epicure. The horned cattle of California, which I have thus far seen, are the largest and the handsomest in shape which I ever saw. There is certainly no breed in the United States equalling them in size. They, as well as the horses, subsist entirely on the indigenous grasses, at all seasons of the year; and such are the nutritious qualities of the herbage, that the former are always in condition for slaughtering, and the latter have as much flesh upon them as is desirable, unless (which is often the case) they are kept up at hard work and denied the privilege of eating, or are broken down by hard riding. The varieties of grass are very numerous, and nearly all of them are heavily seeded when ripe, and are equal, if not superior, as food for animals, to corn and oats. The horses are not as large as the breeds of the United States, but in point of symmetrical proportions and in capacity for endurance they are fully equal to our best breeds. The distance we have travelled to-day I estimate at thirty-five miles.

September 17.—The temperature of the mornings is most agreeable, and every other phenomenon accompanying it is correspondingly delightful to the senses. Our breakfast consisted of warm bread, made of unbolted flour, stewed beef, seasoned with chile colorado, a species of red pepper, and frijoles, a dark-coloured bean, with coffee. After breakfast I walked with Dr. Marsh to the summit of a conical hill, about a mile distant from his house, from which the view of the plain on the north, south, and east, and the more broken and mountainous country on the west, is very extensive and picturesque. The hills and the plain are ornamented with the evergreen oak, sometimes in clumps or groves, at others standing solitary. On the summits, and in the gorges of the mountains, the cedar, pine, and fir display their tall symmetrical shapes; and the San Joaquin, at a distance of about ten miles, is belted by a dense forest of oak, sycamore, and smaller timber and shrubbery. The herds of cattle are scattered over the plain,—some of them grazing upon the brown but nutritious grass; others sheltering themselves from the sun under the wide-spreading branches of the oaks. The tout ensemble of the landscape is charming.

Leaving Dr. Marsh's about three o'clock P.M., we travelled fifteen miles, over a rolling and well-watered country, covered generally with wild oats, and arrived at the residence of Mr. Robert Livermore just before dark. We were most kindly and hospitably received, and entertained by Mr. L. and his interesting family. After our mules and baggage had been cared for, we were introduced to the principal room in the house, which consisted of a number of small adobe buildings, erected apparently at different times, and connected together. Here we found chairs, and, for the first time in California, saw a side-board set out with glass tumblers and chinaware. A decanter of aguardiente, a bowl of loaf sugar, and a pitcher of cold water from the spring, were set before us, and, being duly honoured, had a most reviving influence upon our spirits as well as our corporeal energies. Suspended from the walls of the room were numerous coarse engravings, highly coloured with green, blue, and crimson paints, representing the Virgin Mary, and many of



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the saints. These engravings are held in great veneration by the devout Catholics of this country. In the corners of the room were two comfortable-looking beds, with clean white sheets and pillow-cases, a sight with which my eyes have not been greeted for many months.

The table was soon set out, and covered with a linen cloth of snowy whiteness, upon which were placed dishes of stewed beef, seasoned with chile Colorado, frijoles, and a plentiful supply of tortillas, with an excellent cup of tea, to the merits of which we did ample justice. Never were men blessed with better appetites than we are at the present time.

Mr. Livermore has been a resident of California nearly thirty years, and, having married into one of the wealthy families of the country, is the proprietor of some of the best lands for tillage and grazing. An arroyo, or small rivulet fed by springs, runs through his rancho, in such a course that, if expedient, he could, without much expense, irrigate one or two thousand acres. Irrigation in this part of California, however, seems to be entirely unnecessary for the production of wheat or any of the small grains. To produce maize, potatoes, and garden vegetables, irrigation is indispensable. Mr. Livermore has on his rancho about 3500 head of cattle. His horses, during the late disturbances, have nearly all been driven off or stolen by the Indians. I saw in his corral a flock of sheep numbering several hundred. They are of good size, and the mutton is said to be of an excellent quality, but the wool is coarse. It is, however, well adapted to the only manufacture of wool that is carried on in the country,—coarse blankets and serâpes. But little attention is paid to hogs here, although the breeds are as fine as I have ever seen elsewhere. Beef being so abundant, and of a quality so superior, pork is not prized by the native Californians.

The Senora L. is the first Hispano-American lady I have seen since arriving in the country. She was dressed in a white cambric robe, loosely banded round the waist, and without ornament of any kind, except several rings on her small delicate fingers. Her complexion is that of a dark brunette, but lighter and more clear than the skin of most Californian women. The dark lustrous eye, the long black and glossy hair, the natural ease, grace, and vivacity of manners and conversation, characteristic of Spanish ladies, were fully displayed by her from the moment of our introduction. The children, especially two or three little senoritas, were very beautiful, and manifested a remarkable degree of sprightliness and intelligence. One of them presented me with a small basket wrought from a species of tough grass, and ornamented with the plumage of birds of a variety of brilliant colours. It was a beautiful specimen of Indian ingenuity.

Retiring to bed about ten o'clock, I enjoyed, the first time for four months, the luxury of clean sheets, with a mattress and a soft pillow. My enjoyment, however, was not unmixed with regret, for I noticed that several members of the family, to accommodate us with lodgings in the house, slept in the piazza outside. To have objected to sleeping in the house, however, would have been considered discourteous and offensive.

September 18.—Early this morning a bullock was brought up and slaughtered in front of the house. The process of slaughtering a beef is as follows: a vaquero, mounted on a trained horse,



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and provided with a lasso, proceeds to the place where the herd is grazing. Selecting an animal, he soon secures it by throwing the noose of the lasso over the horns, and fastening the other end around the pommel of the saddle. During the first struggles of the animal for liberty, which usually are very violent, the vaquero sits firmly in his seat, and keeps his horse in such a position that the fury and strength of the beast are wasted without producing any other result than his own exhaustion. The animal, soon ascertaining that he cannot release himself from the rope, submits to be pulled along to the place of execution. Arriving here, the vaquero winds the lasso round the legs of the doomed beast, and throws him to the ground, where he lies perfectly helpless and motionless. Dismounting from his horse, he then takes from his leggin the butcher-knife that he always carries with him, and sticks the animal in the throat. He soon bleeds to death, when, in an incredibly short space of time for such a performance, the carcass is flayed and quartered, and the meat is either roasting before the fire or simmering in the stew-pan. The lassoing and slaughter of a bullock is one of the most exciting sports of the Californians; and the daring horsemanship and dexterous use of the lariat usually displayed on these occasions are worthy of admiration. I could not but notice the Golgotha-like aspect of the grounds surrounding the house. The bones of cattle were thickly strewn in all directions, showing a terrible slaughter of the four-footed tribe and a prodigious consumption of flesh.

A carretada of fossil oyster-shells was shown to me by Mr. Livermore, which had been hauled for the purpose of being manufactured into lime. Some of these shells were eight inches in length, and of corresponding breadth and thickness. They were dug from a hill two or three miles distant, which is composed almost entirely of this fossil. Several bones belonging to the skeleton of a whale, discovered by Mr. L. on the summit of one of the highest elevations in the vicinity of his residence, were shown to me. The skeleton when discovered was nearly perfect and entirely exposed, and its elevation above the level of the sea between one and two thousand feet. How the huge aquatic monster, of which this skeleton is the remains, managed to make his dry bed on the summit of an elevated mountain, more experienced geologists than myself will hereafter determine. I have an opinion on the subject, however; but it is so contrary in some respects to the received geological theories, that I will not now hazard it.

Leaving Mr. Livermore's about nine o'clock A.M., we travelled three or four miles over a level plain, upon which immense herds of cattle were grazing. When we approached, they fled from us with as much alarm as herds of deer and elk. From this plain we entered a hilly country, covered to the summits of the elevations with wild oats and tufts or hunches of a species of grass, which remains green through the whole season. Cattle were scattered through these hills, and more sumptuous grazing they could not desire. Small streams of water, fed by springs, flow through the hollows and ravines, which, as well as the hill-sides, are timbered with the evergreen oak and a variety of smaller trees. About two o'clock, P.M., we crossed an arroyo which runs through a narrow gorge of the hills, and struck an artificial wagon-road, excavated and embanked so as to afford a passage for wheeled vehicles along the steep hill-side. A little



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farther on we crossed a very rudely constructed bridge. These are the first signs of road-making I have seen in the country. Emerging from the hills, the southern arm of the Bay of San Francisco came in view, separated from us by a broad and fertile plain, some ten or twelve miles in width, sloping gradually down to the shore of the bay, and watered by several small creeks and estuaries.

We soon entered through a narrow street the mission of San José, or St. Joseph. Passing the squares of one-story adobe buildings once inhabited by thousands of busy Indians, but now deserted, roofless, and crumbling into ruins, we reached the plaza in front of the church, and the massive two-story edifices occupied by the padres during the flourishing epoch of the establishment. These were in good repair; but the doors and windows, with the exception of one, were closed, and nothing of moving life was visible except a donkey or two, standing near a fountain which gushed its waters into a capacious stone trough. Dismounting from our mules, we entered the open door, and here we found two Frenchmen dressed in sailor costume, with a quantity of coarse shirts, pantaloons, stockings, and other small articles, together with aguardiénte, which they designed retailing to such of the natives in the vicinity as chose to become their customers. They were itinerant merchants, or pedlars, and had opened their wares here for a day or two only, or so long as they could find purchasers.

Having determined to remain here the residue of the day and the night, we inquired of the Frenchmen if there was any family in the place that could furnish us with food. They directed us to a house on the opposite side of the plaza, to which we immediately repaired. The senora, a dark-skinned and rather shrivelled and filthy specimen of the fair sex, but with a black, sparkling, and intelligent eye, met us at the door of the miserable hovel, and invited us in. In one corner of this wretched and foul abode was a pile of raw hides, and in another a heap of wheat. The only furniture it contained were two small benches, or stools, one of which, being higher than the other, appeared to have been constructed for a table. We informed the senora that we were travellers, and wished refreshment and lodgings for the night. "Esta bueno, senores, esta bueno," was her reply; and she immediately left us, and, opening the door of the kitchen, commenced the preparation of our dinner. The interior of the kitchen, of which I had a good view through the door, was more revolting in its filthiness than the room in which we were seated. In a short time, so industrious was our hostess, our dinner, consisting of two plates of jerked beef, stewed, and seasoned with chile colorado, a plate of tortillas, and a bowl of coffee, was set out upon the most elevated stool. There were no knives, forks, or spoons, on the table. Our amiable landlady apologized for this deficiency of table-furniture, saying that she was "muy pobre" (very poor), and possessed none of these table implements. "Fingers were made before forks," and in our recent travels we had learned to use them as substitutes, so that we found no difficulty in conveying the meat from the plates to our mouths.

Belonging to the mission are two gardens, inclosed by high adobe walls. After dinner we visited one of these. The area of the inclosure contains fifteen or twenty acres of ground, the whole of which was planted with fruit trees and grape-vines. There are



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about six hundred pear trees, and a large number of apple and peach trees, all bearing fruit in great abundance and in full perfection. The quality of the pears is excellent, but the apples and peaches are indifferent. The grapes have been gathered, as I suppose, for I saw none upon the vines, which appeared healthy and vigorous. The gardens are irrigated with very little trouble, from large springs which flow from the hills a short distance above them. Numerous aqueducts, formerly conveying and distributing water over an extensive tract of land surrounding the mission, are still visible, but as the land is not now cultivated, they at present contain no water.

The mission buildings cover fifty acres of ground, perhaps more, and are all constructed of adobes with tile roofs. Those houses or barracks which were occupied by the Indian families are built in compact squares, one story in height. They are generally partitioned into two rooms, one fronting on the street, the other upon a court or corral in the rear. The main buildings of the mission are two stories in height, with wide corridors in front and rear. The walls are massive, and, if protected from the winter rains, will stand for ages. But if exposed to the storms by the decay of the projecting roofs, or by leaks in the main roof, they will soon crumble, or sink into shapeless heaps of mud. I passed through extensive warehouses and immense rooms, once occupied for the manufacture of woollen blankets and other articles, with the rude machinery still standing in them, but unemployed. Filth and desolation have taken the place of cleanliness and busy life. The granary was very capacious, and its dimensions were an evidence of the exuberant fertility of the soil, when properly cultivated under the superintendence of the padres. The calaboose is a miserable dark room of two apartments, one with a small loop-hole in the wall, the other a dungeon without light or ventilation. The stocks, and several other inventions for the punishment of offenders, are still standing in this prison. I requested permission to examine the interior of the church, but it was locked up, and no person in the mission was in possession of the key. Its length I should suppose is from one hundred to one hundred and twenty feet, and its breadth between thirty and forty, with small exterior pretensions to architectural ornament or symmetry of proportions.

Returning from our rambles about the mission, we found that our landlady had been reinforced by an elderly woman, whom she introduced as "mi madre," and two or three Indian muchachas, or girls, clad in a costume not differing much from that of our mother Eve. The latter were obese in their figures, and the mingled perspiration and filth standing upon their skins were any thing but agreeable to the eye. The two senoras, with these handmaids near them, were sitting in front of the house, busily engaged in executing some needlework.

Supper being prepared and discussed, our landlady informed us that she had a husband, who was absent, but would return in the course of the night, and, if he found strange men in the house, he would be much offended with her. She had therefore directed her muchachas to sweep out one of the deserted and half-ruined rooms on the opposite square, to which we could remove our baggage, and in which we could lodge during the night; and as soon as the necessary preparations were made, we retired to our dismal apartment. The "compound of villanous smells" which



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saluted our nostrils when we entered our dormitory for the night augured unfavourably for repose. The place had evidently been the abode of horses, cattle, pigs, and foul vermin of every description. But with the aid of a dark-coloured tallow-candle, which gave just light enough to display the murkiness and filth surrounding us, we spread our beds in the cleanest places, and laid down to rest. Distance travelled, 18 miles.



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CHAPTER III.

**Armies of fleas
Leave the mission
Clover
Wild mustard
A carreta
Family travelling
Arrive at Pueblo de San José
Capt. Fisher
Description of the Pueblo
The embarcadero
Beautiful and fertile valley of the Pueblo
Absence of architectural taste in California
Town squirrels
Fruit garden
Grapes
Tropical fruits
Gaming rooms
Contrast between California and American gamesters
Leave San José
Beautiful avenue
Mission of Santa Clara
Rich but neglected lands
Effects of a bad government
A senora on the road-side
Kindness of Californian women
Fast riding
Cruel treatment of horses
Arrive at the mission of San Francisco
A poor but hospitable family
Arrive at the town of San Francisco
W.A. Leidesdorff, Esq., American vice-consul
First view of the bay of San Francisco
Muchachos and Muchachas
Capt. Montgomery
U.S. sloop-of-war, Portsmouth
Town of San Francisco; its situation, appearance, population
Commerce of California
Extortion of the government and traders.**

September 19.—Several Californians came into the mission during the night or early this morning; among them the husband of our hostess, who was very kind and cordial in his greetings. While our man Jack was saddling and packing the mules, they gathered around us to the number of a dozen or more, and were desirous of trading their horses for articles of clothing; articles which many of them appeared to stand greatly in need of, but which we had not to part from. Their pertinacity exceeded the bounds of civility, as I thought; but I was not in a good humour, for the fleas, bugs, and other vermin, which infested our miserable lodgings, had caused me a sleepless night, by goading my body until the blood oozed from the skin in countless places. These ruinous missions are prolific generators, and the nurseries of vermin of all kinds, as the hapless traveller who



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tarries in them a few hours will learn to his sorrow. When these bloodthirsty assailants once make a lodgment in the clothing or bedding of the unfortunate victim of their attacks, such are their courage and perseverance, that they never capitulate. "Blood or death" is their motto;—the war against them, to be successful, must be a war of extermination.

Poor as our hostess was, she nevertheless was reluctant to receive any compensation for her hospitality. We, however, insisted upon her receiving a dollar from each of us (dos pesos), which she finally accepted; and after shaking us cordially by the hand she bade us an affectionate adios, and we proceeded on our journey.

From the Mission of San José to the Pueblo of San José, the distance is fifteen miles, for the most part over a level and highly fertile plain, producing a variety of indigenous grasses, among which I noticed several species of clover and mustard, large tracts of which we rode through, the stalks varying from six to ten feet in height. The plain is watered by several arroyos, skirted with timber, generally the evergreen oak.

We met this morning a Californian carreta, or travelling-cart, freighted with women and children, bound on a pleasure excursion. The carreta is the rudest specimen of the wheeled vehicle I have seen. The wheels are transverse sections of a log, and are usually about 2-1/2 feet in diameter, and varying in thickness from the centre to the rim. These wheels are coupled together by an axletree, into which a tongue is inserted. On the axletree and tongue rests a frame, constructed of square pieces of timber, six or eight feet in length, and four or five in breadth, into which are inserted a number of stakes about, four feet in length. This frame-work being covered and floored with raw hides, the carriage is complete. The carreta which we met was drawn by two yokes of oxen, driven by an Indian vaquero, mounted on a horse. In the rear were two caballeros, riding fine spirited horses, with gaudy trappings. They were dressed in steeple-crowned glazed sombreros, serapes of fiery colours, velvet (cotton) calzoneros, white cambric calzoncillos, and leggins and shoes of undressed leather. Their spurs were of immense size.

The party halted as soon as we met them, the men touching their heavy sombreros, and uttering the usual salutation of the morning, "Buenos dios, senores," and shaking hands with us very cordially. The same salutation was repeated by all the senoras and senoritas in the carreta. In dress and personal appearance the women of this party were much inferior to the men. Their skins were dark, sallow, and shrivelled; and their costume, a loose gown and reboso, were made of very common materials. The children, however, were all handsome, with sparkling eyes and ruddy complexions. Women and children were seated, à la Turque, on the bottom of the carreta, there being no raised seats in the vehicle.

We arrived at the Pueblo do San José about twelve o'clock. There being no hotels in California, we were much at a loss where to apply for refreshments and lodgings for the night. Soon, however, we were met by Captain Fisher, a native of Massachusetts, but a resident of this country for twenty years or more, who invited us to his house. We were most civilly received by Senora F., who, although she did not speak English, seemed to understand it very well. She is a native of the



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southern Pacific coast of Mexico, and a lady of fine manners and personal appearance. Her oldest daughter, about thirteen years of age, is very beautiful. An excellent dinner was soon set out, with a variety of the native wines of California and other liquors. We could not have felt ourselves more happy and more at home, even at our own firesides and in the midst of our own families.

The Pueblo de San José is a village containing some six or eight hundred inhabitants. It is situated in what is called the "Pueblo Valley," about fifteen miles south of the southern shore of the Bay of San Francisco. Through a navigable creek, vessels of considerable burden can approach the town within a distance of five or six miles. The embarcadero, or landing, I think, is six miles from the Pueblo. The fertile plain between this and the town, at certain seasons of the year, is sometimes inundated. The "Pueblo Valley," which is eighty or one hundred miles in length, varying from ten to twenty in breadth, is well watered by the Rio Santa Clara and numerous arroyos, and is one of the most fertile and picturesque plains in California. For pastoral charms, fertility of soil, variety of productions, and delicious voluptuousness of climate and scenery, it cannot be surpassed. This valley, if properly cultivated, would alone produce breadstuffs enough to supply millions of population. The buildings of the Pueblo, with few exceptions, are constructed of adobes, and none of them have even the smallest pretensions to architectural taste or beauty. The church, which is situated near the centre of the town, exteriorly resembles a huge Dutch barn. The streets are irregular, every man having erected his house in a position most convenient to him. Aqueducts convey water from the Santa Clara River to all parts of the town. In the main plaza hundreds, perhaps thousands, of squirrels, whose abodes are under ground, have their residences. They are of a brownish colour, and about the size of our common gray squirrel. Emerging from their subterraneous abodes, they skip and leap about over the plaza without the least concern, no one molesting them.

The population of the place is composed chiefly of native Californian land-proprietors. Their ranchos are in the valley, but their residences and gardens are in the town. We visited this afternoon the garden of Senor Don Antonio Sugnot. He received us with much politeness, and conducted us through his garden. Apples, pears, peaches, figs, oranges, and grapes, with other fruits which I do not now recollect, were growing and ripening. The grape-vines were bowed to the ground with the luxuriance and weight of the yield; and more delicious fruit I never tasted. From the garden we crossed over to a flouring-mill recently erected by a son-in-law of Don Antonio, a Frenchman by birth. The mill is a creditable enterprise to the proprietor, and he will coin money from its operations.

The Pueblo de San José is one of the oldest settlements in Alta California. Captain Fisher pointed out to me a house built of adobes, which has been standing between 80 and 90 years, and no house in the place appeared to be more substantial or in better repair. A garrison, composed of marines from the United States' ships, and volunteers enlisted from the American settlers in the country, is now stationed here. The post is under the command of Purser Watmough, of the United States sloop-of-war Portsmouth, commanded by Captain Montgomery. During the evening



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I visited several public places (bar-rooms), where I saw men and women engaged promiscuously at the game of monte. Gambling is a universal vice in California. All classes and both sexes participate in its excitements to some extent. The games, however, while I was present, were conducted with great propriety and decorum so far as the native Californians were concerned. The loud swearing and other turbulent demonstrations generally proceeded from the unsuccessful foreigners. I could not but observe the contrast between the two races in this respect. The one bore their losses with stoical composure and indifference; the other announced each unsuccessful bet with profane imprecations and maledictions. Excitement prompted the hazards of the former, avarice the latter.

September 20.—The morning was cloudy and cool; but the clouds broke away about nine o'clock, and the sun shone from a vapourless sky, as usual. We met, at the Pueblo, Mr. Grove Cook, a native of Gerrard county, Ky., but for many years a resident of California. He is the proprietor of a rancho in the vicinity. We determined to leave our mules in charge of Mr. Cook's vaquero, and proceed to San Francisco on hired horses. The distance from the Pueblo de San José to San Francisco is called sixty miles. The time occupied in performing the journey, on Californian horses at Californian speed, is generally six or seven hours. Procuring horses for the journey, and leaving our baggage, with the exception of a change of clothing, we left the Pueblo about eleven o'clock A.M.

The mission of Santa Clara is situated about two and a half miles from the town. A broad alameda, shaded by stately trees (elms and willows), planted by the padres, extends nearly the entire distance, forming a most beautiful drive or walk for equestrians or pedestrians. The motive of the padres in planting this avenue was to afford the devout senoras and senoritas a shade from the sun, when walking from the Pueblo to the church at the mission to attend mass. A few minutes over the smooth level road, at the rapid speed of our fresh Californian horses, brought us to the mission, where we halted to make our observations. This mission is not so extensive in its buildings as that of San José, but the houses are generally in better repair. They are constructed of adobes; the church was open, and, entering the interior, I found the walls hung with coarse paintings and engravings of the saints, etc., etc. The chancel decorated with numerous images, and symbolical ornaments used by the priests in their worship. Gold-paper, and tinsel, in barbaric taste, are plastered without stint upon nearly every object that meets the eye, so that, when on festive occasions the church is lighted, it must present a very glittering appearance.

The rich lands surrounding the mission are entirely neglected. I did not notice a foot of ground under cultivation, except the garden inclosure, which contained a variety of fruits and plants of the temperate and tropical climates. From want of care these are fast decaying. Some excellent pears were furnished us by Mrs. Bennett, an American lady, of Amazonian proportions, who, with her family of sons, has taken up her residence in one of the buildings of the mission. The picture of decay and ruin presented by this once flourishing establishment, surrounded by a country so fertile and scenery so enchanting, is a most melancholy spectacle to the passing traveller, and speaks a language of loud condemnation against the government.



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Proceeding on our journey, we travelled fifteen miles over a flat plain, timbered with groves and parks of evergreen oaks, and covered with a great variety of grasses, wild oats, and mustard. So rank is the growth of mustard in many places, that it is with difficulty that a horse can penetrate through it. Numerous birds flitted from tree to tree, making the groves musical with their harmonious notes. The black-tailed deer bounded frequently across our path, and the lurking and stealthy coyotes were continually in view. We halted at a small cabin, with a corral near it, in order to breathe our horses, and refresh ourselves. Captain Fisher had kindly filled a small sack with bread, cheese, roasted beef, and a small jug of excellent schiedam. Entering the cabin, the interior of which was cleanly, we found a solitary woman, young, neatly dressed, and displaying many personal charms. With the characteristic ease and grace of a Spanish woman, she gave the usual salutation for the hour of the day, "Buenas tardes, senores caballeros;" to which we responded by a suitable salutation. We requested of our hostess some water, which she furnished us immediately, in an earthen bowl. Opening our sack of provisions, we spread them upon the table, and invited the senora to partake of them with us, which invitation she accepted without the slightest hesitation, and with much good-nature, vivacity, and even thankfulness for our politeness. There are no women in the world for whose manners nature has done so much, and for whom art and education, in this respect, have done so little, as these Hispano-American females on the coast of the Pacific. In their deportment towards strangers they are queens, when, in costume, they are peasants. None of them, according to our tastes, can be called beautiful; but what they want in complexion and regularity of feature is fully supplied by their kindness, the soul and sympathy which beam from their dark eyes, and their grace and warmth of manners and expression.

While enjoying the pic-nic with our agreeable hostess, a caballada was driven into the corral by two vaqueros, and two gentlemen soon after came into the house. They were Messrs. Lightson and Murphy, from the Pueblo, bound for San Francisco, and had stopped to change their horses. We immediately made ready to accompany them, and were soon on the road again, travelling at racehorse speed; these gentlemen having furnished us with a change of horses, in order that we might be able to keep up with them.

To account for the fast travelling in California on horseback, it is necessary to explain the mode by which it is accomplished. A gentleman who starts upon a journey of one hundred miles, and wishes to perform the trip in a day, will take with him ten fresh horses and a vaquero. The eight loose horses are placed under the charge of the vaquero, and are driven in front, at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, according to the speed that is required for the journey. At the end of twenty miles, the horses which have been rode are discharged and turned into the caballada, and horses which have not been rode, but driven along without weight, are saddled and mounted and rode at the same speed, and so on to the end of the journey. If a horse gives out from inability to proceed at this gait, he is left on the road. The owner's brand is on him, and, if of any value, he can be recovered without difficulty. But in California no one thinks of stopping on the road, on account of the loss of a horse, or



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his inability to travel at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. Horseflesh is cheap, and the animal must go as long as he can, and when he cannot travel longer he is left, and another horse is substituted.

Twenty-five miles, at a rapid gait over a level and fertile plain, brought us to the rancho of Don Francisco Sanchez, where we halted to change horses. Breathing our animals a short time, we resumed our journey, and reached the mission of San Francisco Dolores, three miles from the town of San Francisco, just after sunset. Between the mission and the town the road is very sandy, and we determined to remain here for the night, corralling the loose animals, and picketing those we rode. It was some time, however, before we could find a house to lodge in. The foreign occupants of the mission buildings, to whom we applied for accommodations for the night, gave us no satisfaction. After several applications, we were at last accommodated by an old and very poor Californian Spaniard, who inhabited a small house in one of the ruinous squares, formerly occupied by the operative Indians. All that he had (and it was but little) was at our disposal. A more miserable supper I never sat down to; but the spirit of genuine hospitality in which it was given imparted to the poor viands a flavour that rendered the entertainment almost sumptuous—in my imagination. A cup of water cheerfully given to the weary and thirsty traveller, by him who has no more to part with, is worth a cask of wine grudgingly bestowed by the stingy or the ostentatious churl. Notwithstanding we preferred sleeping on our own blankets, these poor people would not suffer us to do it, but spread their own pallets on the earth floor of their miserable hut, and insisted so strongly upon our occupying them, that we could not refuse.

September 21.—We rose at daylight. The morning was clear, and our horses were shivering with the cold. The mission of San Francisco is situated at the northern terminus of the fertile plain over which we travelled yesterday, and at the foot, on the eastern side, of the coast range of mountains. These mountains are of considerable elevation. The shore of the Bay of San Francisco is about two miles distant from the mission. An arroyo waters the mission lands, and empties into the bay. The church of the mission, and the main buildings contiguous, are in tolerable repair. In the latter, several Mormon families, which arrived in the ship Brooklyn from New York, are quartered. As in the other missions I have passed through, the Indian quarters are crumbling into shapeless heaps of mud.

Our aged host, notwithstanding he is a pious Catholic, and considers us as heretics and heathens, gave us his benediction in a very impressive manner when we were about to start. Mounting our horses at sunrise, we travelled three miles over low ridges of sand-hills, with sufficient soil, however, to produce a thick growth of scrubby evergreen oak, and brambles of hawthorn, wild currant and gooseberry bushes, rose bushes, briars, etc. We reached the residence of Wm. A. Leidesdorff, Esq., late American vice-consul at San Francisco, when the sun was about an hour high. The morning was calm and beautiful. Not a ripple disturbed the placid and glassy surface of the magnificent bay and harbour, upon which rested at anchor thirty large vessels, consisting of whalers, merchantmen, and the U.S. sloop-of-war Portsmouth, Captain Montgomery. Besides these, there were numerous small craft, giving to the harbour a commercial air,



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of which some of the large cities on the Atlantic coast would feel vain. The bay, from the town of San Francisco due east, is about twelve miles in breadth. An elevated range of hills bounds the view on the opposite side. These slope gradually down, and between them and the shore there is a broad and fertile plain, which is called the Contra Costa. There are several small islands in the bay, but they do not present a fertile appearance to the eye.

We were received with every mark of respectful attention and cordial hospitality by Mr. Leidesdorff. Mr. L. is a native of Denmark; was for some years a resident of the United States; but subsequently the captain of a merchant vessel, and has been established at this place as a merchant some five or six years. The house in which he resides, now under the process of completion, is the largest private building in the town. Being shown to a well-furnished room, we changed our travel-soiled clothing for a more civilized costume, by which time breakfast was announced, and we were ushered into a large dining-hall. In the centre stood a table, upon which was spread a substantial breakfast of stewed and fried beef, fried onions, and potatoes, bread, butter, and coffee. Our appetites were very sharp, and we did full justice to the merits of the fare before us. The servants waiting upon the table were an Indian muchachito and muchachita, about ten or twelve years of age. They had not been long from their wild rancherias, and knew but little of civilized life. Our host, however, who speaks, I believe, nearly every living language, whether of Christian, barbarian, or savage nations, seemed determined to impress upon their dull intellects the forms and customs of civilization. He scolded them with great vivacity, sometimes in their own tongue, sometimes in French, Spanish, Portuguese, Danish, German, and English, in accordance with the language in which he was thinking at the moment. It seemed to me that the little fat Indians were more confused than enlightened by his emphatic instructions. At the table, besides ourselves and host, was Lieutenant W.A. Bartlett, of the U.S. sloop-of-war Portsmouth, now acting as Alcalde of the town and district of San Francisco. The Portsmouth, Commander Montgomery, is the only United States vessel of war now lying in the harbour. She is regarded as the finest vessel of her class belonging to our navy. By invitation of Lieutenant Bartlett, I went on board of her between ten and eleven o'clock. The crew and officers were assembled on deck to attend Divine service. They were all dressed with great neatness, and seemed to listen with deep attention to the Episcopal service and a sermon, which were read by Commander Montgomery, who is a member of the church.

In the afternoon I walked to the summit of one of the elevated hills in the vicinity of the town, from which I had a view of the entrance to the bay of San Francisco and of the Pacific Ocean. A thick fog hung over the ocean outside of the bay. The deep roar of the eternally restless waves, as they broke one after another upon the beach, or dashed against the rock-bound shore, could be heard with great distinctness, although some five or six miles distant. The entrance from the ocean into the bay is about a mile and half in breadth. The waters of the bay appear to have forced a passage through the elevated ridge of hills next to the shore of the Pacific. These rise abruptly on either side of the entrance. The water at the entrance and inside



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is of sufficient depth to admit the largest ship that was ever constructed; and so completely land-locked and protected from the winds is the harbour, that vessels can ride at anchor in perfect safety in all kinds of weather. The capacity of the harbour is sufficient for the accommodation of all the navies of the world.

The town of San Francisco is situated on the south side of the entrance, fronting on the bay, and about six miles from the ocean. The flow and ebb of the tide are sufficient to bring a vessel to the anchorage in front of the town and carry it outside, without the aid of wind, or even against an unfavourable wind. A more approachable harbour, or one of greater security, is unknown to navigators. The permanent population of the town is at this time between one and two hundred,[1] and is composed almost exclusively of foreigners. There are but two or three native Californian families in the place. The transient population, and at present it is quite numerous, consists of the garrison of marines stationed here, and the officers and crews attached to the merchant and whale ships lying in the harbour. The houses, with a few exceptions, are small adobes and frames, constructed without regard to architectural taste, convenience, or comfort. Very few of them have either chimneys or fire-places. The inhabitants contrive to live the year round without fires, except for cooking. The position of San Francisco for commerce is, without doubt, superior to any other port on the Pacific coast of North America. The country contiguous and contributory to it cannot be surpassed in fertility, healthfulness of climate, and beauty of scenery. It is capable of producing whatever is necessary to the sustenance of man, and many of the luxuries of tropical climates, not taking into the account the mineral wealth of the surrounding hills and mountains, which there is reason to believe is very great. This place is, doubtless, destined to become one of the largest and most opulent commercial cities in the world, and under American authority it will rise with astonishing rapidity. The principal merchants now established here are Messrs. Leidesdorff, Grimes and Davis, and Frank Ward, a young gentleman recently from New York. These houses carry on an extensive and profitable commerce with the interior, the Sandwich Islands, Oregon, and the southern coast of the Pacific. The produce of Oregon for exportation is flour, lumber, salmon, and cheese; of the Sandwich Islands, sugar, coffee, and preserved tropical fruits.

California, until recently, has had no commerce, in the broad signification of the term. A few commercial houses of Boston and New York have monopolized all the trade on this coast for a number of years. These houses have sent out ships freighted with cargoes of dry goods and a variety of knick-knacks saleable in the country. The ships are fitted up for the retail sale of these articles, and trade from port to port, vending their wares on board to the rancheros at prices that would be astonishing at home. For instance, the price of common brown cotton cloth is one dollar per yard, and other articles in this and even greater proportion of advance upon home prices. They receive in payment for their wares, hides and tallow. The price of a dry hide is ordinarily one dollar and fifty cents. The price of tallow I do not know. When the ship has disposed of her cargo, she is loaded with hides, and returns to Boston, where the hides

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bring about four or five dollars, according to the fluctuations of the market. Immense fortunes have been made by this trade; and between the government of Mexico and the traders on the coast California has been literally skinned, annually, for the last thirty years. Of natural wealth the population of California possess a superabundance, and are immensely rich; still, such have been the extortionate prices that they have been compelled to pay for their commonest artificial luxuries and wearing-apparel, that generally they are but indifferently provided with the ordinary necessaries of civilized life. For a suit of clothes, which in New York or Boston would cost seventy-five dollars, the Californian has been compelled to pay five times that sum in hides at one dollar and fifty cents; so that a caballero, to clothe himself genteelly, has been obliged, as often as he renewed his dress, to sacrifice about two hundred of the cattle on his rancho. No people, whether males or females, are more fond of display; no people have paid more dearly to gratify this vanity; and yet no civilized people I have seen are so deficient in what they most covet.

[1] This was in September, 1846. In June, 1847, when I left San Francisco, on my return to the United States, the population had increased to about twelve hundred, and houses were rising in all directions.





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CHAPTER IV.

Climate of San Francisco
Periodical winds
Dine on board the Portsmouth
A supper party on shore
Arrival of Commodore Stockton at San Francisco
Rumours of rebellion from the south
Californian court
Trial by jury
Fandango
Californian belles
American pioneers of the Pacific
Reception of Commodore Stockton
Sitca
Captain Fremont leaves San Francisco for the south
Offer our services as volunteers.

From the 21st of September to the 13th of October I remained at San Francisco. The weather during this period was uniformly clear. The climate of San Francisco is peculiar and local, from its position. During the summer and autumnal months, the wind on this coast blows from the west and northwest, directly from the ocean. The mornings here are usually calm and pleasantly warm. About twelve o'clock M., the wind blows strong from the ocean, through the entrance of the bay, rendering the temperature cool enough for woollen clothing in midsummer. About sunset the wind dies away, and the evenings and nights are comparatively calm. In the winter months the wind blows in soft and gentle breezes from the south-east, and the temperature is agreeable, the thermometer rarely sinking below 50 deg. When the winds blow from the ocean, it never rains; when they blow from the land, as they do during the winter and spring months, the weather is showery, and resembles that of the month of May in the same latitude on the Atlantic coast. The coolness of the climate and briskness of the air above described are confined to particular positions on the coast, and the description in this respect is not applicable to the interior of the country, nor even to other localities immediately on the coast.

On the 21st, by invitation of Captain Montgomery, I dined on board of the sloop-of-war Portsmouth. The party, including myself, consisted of Colonel Russell, Mr. Jacob, Lieutenant Bartlett, and a son of Captain M. There are few if any officers in our navy more highly and universally esteemed, for their moral qualities and professional merits, than Captain M. He is a sincere Christian, a brave officer, and an accomplished gentleman. Under the orders of Commodore Sloat, he first raised the American flag in San Francisco. We spent the afternoon most agreeably, and the refined hospitality, courteous manners, and intelligent and interesting conversation of our host made us regret the rapidly fleeting moments. The wines on the table were the produce of the vine of California, and, having attained age, were of an excellent quality in substance and flavour.

I attended a supper-party given this evening by Mr. Frank Ward. The party was composed of citizens of the town, and officers of the navy and the merchant and whale ships in the harbour. In such a company as was here assembled, it was very difficult for



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me to realize that I was many thousand miles from, home, in a strange and foreign country. All the faces about me were American, and there was nothing in scene or sentiment to remind the guests of their remoteness from their native shores. Indeed, it seems to be a settled opinion, that California is henceforth to compose a part of the United States, and every American who is now here considers himself as treading upon his own soil, as much as if he were in one of the old thirteen revolutionary states. Song, sentiment, story, and wit heightened the enjoyments of the excellent entertainment of our host, and the jovial party did not separate until a late hour of the night. The guests, as may be supposed, were composed chiefly of gentlemen who had, from their pursuits, travelled over most of the world—had seen developments of human character under every variety of circumstance, and observed society, civilized, barbarous, and savage, in all its phases. Their conversation, therefore, when around the convivial board, possessed an unhackneyed freshness and raciness highly entertaining and instructive.

On the 27th of September, the U.S. frigate Congress, Captain Livingston, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Stockton, and the U.S. frigate Savannah, Captain Mervine, anchored in the harbour, having sailed from Monterey a day or two previously. The arrival of these large men-of-war produced an increase of the bustle in the small town. Blue coats and bright buttons (the naval uniform) became the prevailing costume at the billiard-rooms and other public places, and the plain dress of a private citizen might be regarded as a badge of distinction.

On the 1st of October a courier arrived from the south with intelligence that the Californians at Los Angeles had organized a force and rebelled against the authority of the Americans—that they had also captured an American merchant-vessel lying at San Pedro, the port of the city of Angels, about thirty miles distant, and robbed it of a quantity of merchandise and specie. Whether this latter report was or was not true, I do not know—the former was correct. The frigate Savannah sailed for Los Angeles immediately.

Among those American naval officers whose agreeable acquaintance I made at San Francisco, was Mr. James F. Schenck, first-lieutenant of the frigate Congress, brother of the distinguished member of congress from Ohio of that name,—a native of Dayton, Ohio,—a gentleman of intelligence, keen wit, and a most accomplished officer. The officers of our navy are our representatives in foreign countries, and they are generally such representatives as their constituents have reason to feel proud of. Their chivalry, patriotism, gentlemanlike deportment, and professional skill cannot be too much admired and applauded by their countrymen. I shall ever feel grateful to the naval officers of the Pacific squadron for their numerous civilities during my sojourn on the Pacific coast.

Among the novelties presented while at San Francisco was a trial by jury—the second tribunal of this kind which had been organized in California. The trial took place before Judge Bartlett, and the litigants were two Mormons. Counsel was employed on both sides. Some of the forms of American judicial proceedings were observed, and many of the legal technicalities and nice flaws, so often urged in common-law courts, were here argued by the learned counsel of the parties, with a vehemence



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of language and gesticulation with which I thought the legal learning and acumen displayed did not correspond. The proceedings were a mixture, made up of common law, equity, and a sprinkling of military despotism—which last ingredient the court was compelled to employ, when entangled in the intricate meshes woven by the counsel for the litigants, in order to extricate itself. The jury, after the case was referred to them, were what is called “hung;” they could not agree, and the matters in issue, therefore, remained exactly where they were before the proceedings were commenced.

I attended one evening a fandango given by Mr. Ridley, an English gentleman, whose wife is a Californian lady. Several of the senoras and senoritas from the ranchos of the vicinity were present. The Californian ladies dance with much ease and grace. The waltz appears to be a favourite with them. Smoking is not prohibited in these assemblies, nor is it confined to the gentlemen. The cigarita is freely used by the senoras and senoritas, and they puff it with much gusto while threading the mazes of the cotillion or swinging in the waltz.

I had the pleasure of being introduced, at the residence of Mr. Leidesdorff, to two young ladies, sisters and belles in Alta California. They are members of an old and numerous family on the Contra Costa. Their names are singular indeed, for, if I heard them correctly, one of them was called Donna Maria Jesus, and the other Donna Maria Conception. They were interesting and graceful young ladies, with regular features, symmetrical figures, and their dark eyes flashed with all the intelligence and passion characteristic of Spanish women.

Among the gentlemen with whom I met soon after my arrival at San Francisco, and whose acquaintance I afterwards cultivated, were Mr. E. Grimes and Mr. N. Spear, both natives of Massachusetts, but residents of this coast and of the Pacific Islands, for many years. They may be called the patriarchs of American pioneers on the Pacific. After forming an acquaintance with Mr. G., if any one were to say to me that

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,

I should not hesitate to contradict him with emphasis; for he is still living, and possesses all the charities and virtues which can adorn human nature, with some of the eccentricities of his name-sake in the song. By leading a life of peril and adventure on the Pacific Ocean for fifty years he has accumulated a large fortune, and is a man now proverbial for his integrity, candour, and charities. Both of these gentlemen have been largely engaged in the local commerce of the Pacific. Mr. S., some twenty-five or thirty years ago, colonized one of the Cannibal Islands, and remained upon it with the colony for nearly two years. The attempt to introduce agriculture into the island was a failure, and the enterprise was afterwards abandoned.

On the evening of the third of October, it having been announced that Commodore Stockton would land on the fifth, a public meeting of the citizens was called by the alcalde, for the purpose of adopting suitable arrangements for his reception, in his civic capacity as governor. The meeting was convened in the plaza (Portsmouth Square). Colonel Russell was appointed chairman, and on motion of E. Bryant a committee was appointed to make all necessary and suitable arrangements for the



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reception of his excellency, Governor Stockton. The following account of this pageant I extract from the "California" newspaper of October 24th, 1846.

Agreeable to public notice, a large number of the citizens of San Francisco and vicinity assembled in Portsmouth Square for the purpose of meeting his excellency Robert F. Stockton, to welcome his arrival, and offer him the hospitalities of the city. At ten o'clock, a procession was formed, led by the Chief Marshal of the day, supported on either hand by two aids, followed by an excellent band of music—a military escort, under command of Captain J. Zeilen, U.S.M.C.—Captain John B. Montgomery and suite—Magistracy of the District, and the Orator of the day—Foreign Consuls—Captain John Paty, Senior Captain of the Hawanian Navy—Lieutenant-Commanding Ruducoff, Russian Navy, and Lieutenant-Commanding Bonnett, French Navy. The procession was closed by the Committee of Arrangements, captains of ships in port, and a long line of citizens. General Mariano Guadalupe Valléjo, with several others who had held office under the late government, took their appropriate place in the line.

The procession moved in fine style down Portsmouth Street to the landing, and formed a line in Water Street. The Governor-General landed from his barge, and was met on the wharf by Captain John B. Montgomery, U.S.N., Judge W.A. Bartlett, and Marshal of the day (Frank Ward), who conducted him to the front of the line, and presented him to the procession, through the orator of the day, Colonel Russell, who addressed the commodore.

When the governor and commander-in-chief had closed his reply, the procession moved through the principal streets, and halted in front of Captain Leidesdorff's residence, where the governor and suite entered, and was presented to a number of ladies, who welcomed him to the shores of California. After which a large portion of the procession accompanied the governor, on horseback, to the mission of San Francisco Dolores, several miles in the country, and returned to an excellent collation prepared by the committee of arrangements, at the house of Captain Leidesdorff. After the cloth was removed, the usual number of regular toasts, prepared by the committee of arrangements, and numerous volunteer sentiments by the members of the company, were drunk with many demonstrations of enthusiasm, and several speeches were made. In response to a complimentary toast, Commodore Stockton made an eloquent address of an hour's length. The toasts given in English were translated into Spanish, and those given in Spanish were translated into English. A ball in honour of the occasion was given by the committee of arrangements in the evening, which was attended by all the ladies, native and foreign, in the town and vicinity, the naval officers attached to the three ships of war, and the captains of the merchant vessels lying in the harbour. So seductive were the festivities of the day and the pleasures of the dance, that they were not closed until a late hour of the night, or rather until an early hour in the morning. Among the numerous vessels of many nations at anchor in the



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harbour is a Russian brig from Sitca, the central port of the Russian-American Fur Company, on the northwestern coast of this continent. She is commanded by Lieutenant Ruducoff of the Russian navy, and is here to be freighted with wheat to supply that settlement with breadstuff. Sitca is situated in a high northern latitude, and has a population of some four or five thousand inhabitants. A large portion of these, I conjecture, are christianized natives or Indians. Many of the crew of this vessel are the aborigines of the country to which she belongs, and from which she last sailed. I noticed, however, from an inscription, that the brig was built at Newburyport, Massachusetts, showing that the autocrat of all the Russias is tributary, to some extent, to the free Yankees of New England for his naval equipment. On the 11th of October, by invitation of Lieutenant Ruducoff, in company of Mr. Jacob and Captain Leidesdorff, I dined on board this vessel. The Russian customs are in some respects peculiar. Soon after we reached the vessel and were shown into the cabin, a lunch was served up. This consisted of a variety of dried and smoked fish, pickled fish-roe, and other hyperborean pickles, the nature of which, whether animal or vegetable, I could not determine. Various wines and liquors accompanied this lunch, the discussion of which lasted until an Indian servant, a native of the north-pole, or thereabouts, announced dinner. We were then shown into a handsomely furnished dining-cabin, where the table was spread. The dinner consisted of several courses, some of which were peculiarly Russian or Sitcan, and I regret that my culinary knowledge is not equal to the task of describing them, for the benefit of epicures of a more southern region than the place of their invention. They were certainly very delightful to the palate. The afternoon glided away most agreeably. On the 12th of October, Captain Fremont, with a number of volunteers destined for the south, to co-operate with Commodore Stockton in the suppression of the reported rebellion at Los Angeles, arrived at San Francisco from the Sacramento. I had previously offered my services, and Mr. Jacob had done the same, to Commodore Stockton, as volunteers in this expedition, if they were necessary or desirable. They were now repeated. Although travellers in the country, we were American citizens, and we felt under obligation to assist in defending the flag of our country wherever it had been planted by proper authority. At this time we were given to understand that a larger force than was already organised was not considered necessary for the expedition.



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CHAPTER V.

Leave San Francisco for Sonoma
Sonoma creek
"Bear men."
Islands in the bay
Liberality of "Uncle Sam" to sailors
Sonoma
Beautiful country
General Valléjo
Senora Valléjo
Thomas O. Larkin, U.S. Consul
Signs of rain
The seasons in California
More warlike rumours from the south
Mission of San Rafael
An Irish ranchero
Sausolito
Return to San Francisco
Meet Lippincott
Discomfort of Californian houses.

October 13.—This morning the United States frigate Congress, Commodore Stockton, and the merchant-ship Sterling, employed to transport the volunteers under the command of Captain Fremont (one hundred and eighty in number), sailed for the south. The destination of these vessels was understood to be San Pedro or San Diego. While those vessels were leaving the harbour, accompanied by Mr. Jacob, I took passage for Sonoma in a cutter belonging to the sloop-of-war Portsmouth. Sonoma is situated on the northern side of the Bay of San Francisco, about 15 miles from the shore, and about 45 miles from the town of San Francisco. Sonoma creek is navigable for vessels of considerable burden to within four miles of the town.

Among the passengers in the boat were Mr. Ide, who acted so conspicuous a part in what is called the "Bear Revolution," and Messrs. Nash and Grigsby, who were likewise prominent in this movement. The boat was manned by six sailors and a cockswain. We passed Yerba Buena, Bird, and several other small islands in the bay. Some of these are white, as if covered with snow, from the deposit upon them of bird-manure. Tens of thousands of wild geese, ducks, gulls, and other water-fowls, were perched upon them, or sporting in the waters of the bay, making a prodigious cackling and clatter with their voices and wings. By the aid of oars and sails we reached the mouth of Sonoma creek about 9 o'clock at night, where we landed and encamped on the low marsh which borders the bay on this side. The marshes contiguous to the Bay of San Francisco are extensive, and with little trouble I believe they could be reclaimed and transformed into valuable and productive rice plantations. Having made our supper on raw salt pork and bread generously furnished by the sailors, as soon as we landed, we spread our blankets on the damp and rank vegetation and slept soundly until morning.

October 14.—Wind and tide being favourable, at daylight we proceeded up the serpentine creek, which winds through a flat and fertile plain, sometimes marshy, at others more elevated and dry, to the embarcadero, ten or twelve miles from the bay. We



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landed here between nine and ten o'clock, A.M. All the passengers, except ourselves, proceeded immediately to the town. By them we sent for a cart to transport our saddles, bridles, blankets, and other baggage, which we had brought with us. While some of the sailors were preparing breakfast, others, with their muskets, shot wild geese, with which the plain was covered. An excellent breakfast was prepared in a short time by our sailor companions, of which we partook with them. No benevolent old gentleman provides more bountifully for his servants than "Uncle Sam." These sailors, from the regular rations served out to them from their ship, gave an excellent breakfast, of bread, butter, coffee, tea, fresh beefsteaks, fried salt pork, cheese, pickles, and a variety of other delicacies, to which we had been unaccustomed for several months, and which cannot be obtained at present in this country. They all said that their rations were more than ample in quantity, and excellent in quality, and that no government was so generous in supplying its sailors as the government of the United States. They appeared to be happy, and contented with their condition and service, and animated with a patriotic pride for the honour of their country, and the flag under which they sailed. The open frankness and honest patriotism of these single-hearted and weather-beaten tars gave a spice and flavour to our entertainment which I shall not soon forget.

From the embarcadero we walked, under the influence of the rays of an almost broiling sun, four miles to the town of Sonoma. The plain, which lies between the landing and Sonoma, is timbered sparsely with evergreen oaks. The luxuriant grass is now brown and crisp. The hills surrounding this beautiful valley or plain are gentle, sloping, highly picturesque, and covered to their tops with wild oats. Reaching Sonoma, we procured lodgings in a large and half-finished adobe house, erected by Don Salvador Valléjo, but now occupied by Mr. Griffith, an American emigrant, originally from North Carolina. Sonoma is one of the old mission establishments of California; but there is now scarcely a mission building standing, most of them having fallen into shapeless masses of mud; and a few years will prostrate the roofless walls which are now standing. The principal houses in the place are the residences of Gen. Don Mariano Guadalupe Valléjo; his brother-in-law, Mr. J.P. Leese, an American; and his brother, Don Salvador Valléjo. The quartel, a barn-like adobe house, faces the public square. The town presents a most dull and ruinous appearance; but the country surrounding it is exuberantly fertile, and romantically picturesque, and Sonoma, under American authority, and with an American population, will very soon become a secondary commercial point, and a delightful residence. Most of the buildings are erected around a plaza, about two hundred yards square. The only ornaments in this square are numerous skulls and dislocated skeletons of slaughtered beeves, with which hideous remains the ground is strewn. Cold and warm springs gush from the hills near the town, and supply, at all seasons, a sufficiency of water to irrigate any required extent of ground on the plain below. I noticed outside of the square several groves of peach and other fruit trees, and vineyards, which were planted here by the padres; but the walls and fences that once surrounded them are now fallen, or have been consumed for fuel; and they are exposed to the mercies of the immense herds of



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cattle which roam over and graze upon the plain.

October 15.—I do not like to trouble the reader with a frequent reference to the myriads of fleas and other vermin which infest the rancherías and old mission establishments in California; but, if any sinning soul ever suffered the punishments of purgatory before leaving its tenement of clay, those torments were endured by myself last night. When I rose from my blankets this morning, after a sleepless night, I do not think there was an inch square of my body that did not exhibit the inflammation consequent upon a puncture by a flea, or some other equally rabid and poisonous insect. Small-pox, erysipelas, measles, and scarlet-fever combined, could not have imparted to my skin a more inflamed and sanguineous appearance. The multitudes of these insects, however, have been generated by Indian filthiness. They do not disturb the inmates of those casas where cleanliness prevails.

Having letters of introduction to General Valléjo and Mr. Leese, I delivered them this morning. General Valléjo is a native Californian, and a gentleman of intelligence and taste far superior to most of his countrymen. The interior of his house presented a different appearance from any house occupied by native Californians which I have entered since I have been in the country. Every apartment, even the main entrance-hall and corridors, were scrupulously clean, and presented an air of comfort which I have not elsewhere seen in California. The parlour was furnished with handsome chairs, sofas, mirrors, and tables, of mahogany framework, and a fine piano, the first I have seen in the country. Several paintings and some superior engravings ornamented the walls. Senora Valléjo is a lady of charming personal appearance, and possesses in the highest degree that natural grace, ease, and warmth of manner which render Spanish ladies so attractive and fascinating to the stranger. The children, some five or six in number, were all beautiful and interesting. General V. is, I believe, strongly desirous that the United States shall retain and annex California. He is thoroughly disgusted with Mexican sway, which is fast sending his country backwards, instead of forwards, in the scale of civilization, and for years he has been desirous of the change which has now taken place.

In the afternoon we visited the house of Mr. Leese, which is also furnished in American style. Mr. L. is the proprietor of a vineyard in the vicinity of the town, and we were regaled upon grapes as luscious, I dare say, as the forbidden fruit that provoked the first transgression. Nothing of the fruit kind can exceed the delicious richness and flavour, of the California grape.

This evening Thomas O. Larkin, Esq., late United States Consul for California, arrived here, having left San Francisco on the same morning that we did, travelling by land. Mr. L. resides in Monterey, but I had the pleasure of an introduction to him at San Francisco several days previously to my leaving that place. Mr. L. is a native of Boston, and has been a resident in California for about fifteen years, during which time he has amassed a large fortune, and from the changes now taking place he is rapidly increasing it. He will probably be the first American millionaire of California.

October 17.—The last two mornings have been cloudy and cool.



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The rainy season, it is thought by the weather-wise in this climate, will set in earlier this year than usual. The periodical rains ordinarily commence about the middle of November. It is now a month earlier, and the meteorological phenomena portend "falling weather." The rains during the winter, in California, are not continuous, as is generally supposed. It sometimes rains during an entire day, without cessation, but most generally the weather is showery, with intervals of bright sunshine and a delightful temperature. The first rains of the year fall usually in November, and the last about the middle of May. As soon as the ground becomes moistened, the grass, and other hardy vegetation, springs up, and by the middle of December the landscape is arrayed in a robe of fresh verdure. The grasses grow through the entire winter, and most of them mature by the first of May. The season for sowing wheat commences as soon as the ground is sufficiently softened by moisture to admit of ploughing, and continues until March or April.

We had made preparations this morning to visit a rancho, belonging to General Valléjo, in company with the general and Mr. Larkin. This rancho contains about eleven leagues of land, bordering upon a portion of the Bay of San Francisco, twenty-five or thirty miles distant from Sonoma. Just as we were about mounting our horses, however, a courier arrived from San Francisco with despatches from Captain Montgomery, addressed to Lieutenant Revere, the military commandant at this post, giving such intelligence in regard to the insurrection at the south, that we determined to return to San Francisco forthwith. Procuring horses, and accompanied by Mr. Larkin, we left Sonoma about two o'clock in the afternoon, riding at the usual California speed. After leaving Sonoma plain we crossed a ridge of hills, and entered the fertile and picturesque valley of Petaluma creek, which empties into the bay. General Valléjo has an extensive rancho in this valley, upon which he has recently erected, at great expense, a very large house. Architecture, however, in this country is in its infancy. The money expended in erecting this house, which presents to the eye no tasteful architectural attractions, would, in the United States, have raised a palace of symmetrical proportions, and adorned it with every requisite ornament. Large herds of cattle were grazing in this valley.

From Petaluma valley we crossed a high rolling country, and reached the mission of San Rafael (forty-five miles) between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. San Rafael is situated two or three miles from the shore of the bay, and commands an extensive view of the bay and its islands. The mission buildings are generally in the same ruinous condition I have before described. We put up at the house of a Mr. Murphy, a scholastic Irish bachelor, who has been a resident of California for a number of years. His casa, when we arrived, was closed, and it was with some difficulty that we could gain admission. When, however, the occupant of the house had ascertained, from one of the loopholes of the building, who we were, the doors were soon unbarred and we were admitted, but not without many sallies of Irish wit, sometimes good-natured, and sometimes keenly caustic and ironical. We found a table spread with cold mutton and cold beef upon it. A cup of coffee was soon prepared by the Indian muchachos and muchachas, and our host brought out some scheidam



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and aguardiente. A draught or two of these liquids seemed to correct the acidity of his humour, and he entertained us with his jokes and conversation several hours.

October 18.—From San Rafael to Sausolito, opposite San Francisco on the north side of the entrance to the bay, it is five leagues (fifteen miles), generally over elevated hills and through deep hollows, the ascents and descents being frequently steep and laborious to our animals. Starting at half-past seven o'clock, we reached the residence of Captain Richardson, the proprietor of Sausolito, about nine o'clock in the morning. In travelling this distance we passed some temporary houses, erected by American emigrants on the mission lands, and the rancho of Mrs. Reed, a widow. We immediately hired a whale-boat from one of the ships, lying here, at two dollars for each passenger, and between ten and eleven o'clock we landed in San Francisco.

I met, soon after my arrival, Mr. Lippincott, heretofore mentioned, who accompanied us a portion of the distance over the mountains; and Mr. Hastings, who, with Mr. Hudspeth, conducted a party of the emigrants from fort Bridger by the new route, via the south end of the Salt Lake, to Mary's River. From Mr. Lippincott I learned the particulars of an engagement between a party of the emigrants (Captain West's company) and the Indians on Mary's River, which resulted, as has before been stated, in the death of Mr. Sallee and a dangerous arrow wound to Mr. L. He had now, however, recovered from the effects of the wound. The emigrants, who accompanied Messrs. Hastings and Hudspeth, or followed their trail, had all reached the valley of the Sacramento without any material loss or disaster.

I remained at San Francisco from the 18th to the 22d of October. The weather during this time was sufficiently cool to render fires necessary to comfort in the houses; but fireplaces or stoves are luxuries which but few of the San Franciscans have any knowledge of, except in their kitchens. This deficiency, however, will soon be remedied. American settlers here will not build houses without chimneys. They would as soon plan a house without a door, or with the entrance upon its roof, in imitation of the architecture of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico.



CHAPTER VI.

Boat trip up the bay and the Sacramento to New Helvetia

An appeal to the alcalde

Kanackas

Straits of San Pueblo and Pedro

Straits of Carquinez

Town of Francisca

Feather-beds furnished by nature

Mouth of the Sacramento

Islands

Delaware Tom

A man who has forgotten his mother tongue

Salmon of the Sacramento

Indian fishermen

Arrive at New Helvetia.

October 22.-Having determined to make a trip to Nueva Helvetia by water, for the purpose of examining more particularly the upper portion of the bay and the Sacramento river, in conjunction with Mr. Larkin, we chartered a small open sail-boat for the excursion. The charter, to avoid disputes, was regularly drawn and signed, with all conditions specified. The price to be paid for a certain number of passengers was thirty-two dollars, and demurrage at the rate of twenty-five cents per hour for all delays ordered by the charter-party, on the trip upwards to Nueva Helvetia. The boat was to be ready at the most convenient landing at seven o'clock this morning, but when I called at the place appointed, with our baggage, the boat was not there. In an hour or two the skipper was found, but refused to comply with his contract. We immediately laid our grievance before the alcalde, who, after reading the papers and hearing the statements on both sides, ordered the skipper to perform what he had agreed to perform, to which decision he reluctantly assented. In order to facilitate matters, I paid the costs of the action myself, although the successful litigant in the suit. We left San Francisco about two o'clock P.M., and, crossing the mouth of the bay, boarded a Mexican schooner, a prize captured by the U.S. sloop-of-war Cyane, Captain Dupont, which had entered the bay this morning and anchored in front of Sausolito. The prize is commanded by Lieutenant Renshaw, a gallant officer of our navy. Our object in boarding the schooner was to learn the latest news, but she did not bring much. We met on board the schooner Lieutenant Hunter of the Portsmouth, a chivalrous officer, and Lieutenant Ruducoff, commanding the Russian brig previously mentioned, whose vessel, preparatory to sailing, was taking in water at Sausolito. Accepting of his pressing invitation, we visited the brig, and took a parting glass of wine with her gallant and gentlemanly commander. About five o'clock P.M., we proceeded on our voyage. At eight o'clock a dense fog hung over the bay, and, the ebb-tide being adverse to our progress, we were compelled to find a landing for our small and frail craft. This was not an easy matter, in the almost impenetrable darkness. As good-luck would have it, however, after we had groped about for some time, a light was discovered by our skipper. He rowed the boat towards it, but grounded. Hauling off, he made another attempt with better



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success, reaching within hailing distance of the shore. The light proceeded from a camp-fire of three Kanacka (Sandwich island) runaway sailors. As soon as they ascertained who we were and what we wanted, they stripped themselves naked, and, wading through the mud and water to the boat, took us on their shoulders, and carried us high and dry to the land. The boat, being thus lightened of her burden, was rowed farther up, and landed.

The natives of the Sandwich islands (Kanackas, as they are called) are, without doubt, the most expert watermen in the world. Their performances in swimming and diving are so extraordinary, that they may almost be considered amphibious in their natures and instincts. Water appears to be as much their natural element as the land. They have straight black hair, good features, and an amiable and intelligent expression of countenance. Their complexion resembles that of a bright mulatto; and, in symmetrical proportions and muscular developments, they will advantageously compare with any race of men I have seen. The crews of many of the whale and merchant ships on this coast are partly composed of Kanackas, and they are justly esteemed as most valuable sailors.

October 23.—The damp raw weather, auguring the near approach of the autumnal rains, continues. A drizzling mist fell on us during the night, and the clouds were not dissipated when we resumed our voyage this morning. Passing through the straits of San Pablo and San Pedro, we entered a division of the bay called the bay of San Pablo. Wind and tide being in our favour, we crossed this sheet of water, and afterwards entered and passed through the Straits of Carquinez. At these straits the waters of the bay are compressed within the breadth of a mile, for the distance of about two leagues. On the southern side the shore is hilly, and canoned in some places. The northern shore is gentle, the hills and table-land sloping gradually down to the water. We landed at the bend of the Straits of Carquinez, and spent several hours in examining the country and soundings on the northern side. There is no timber here. The soil is covered with a growth of grass and white oats. The bend of the Straits of Carquinez, on the northern side, has been thought to be a favourable position for a commercial town. It has some advantages and some disadvantages, which it would be tedious for me now to detail.

[Subsequently to this my first visit here, a town of extensive dimensions has been laid off by Gen. Valléjo and Mr. Semple, the proprietors, under the name of "Francisca." It fronts for two or three miles on the "Soeson," the upper division of the Bay of San Francisco, and the Straits of Carquinez. A ferry has also been established, which crosses regularly from shore to shore, conveying travellers over the bay. I crossed, myself and horses, here in June, 1847, when on my return to the United States. Lots had then been offered to settlers on favourable conditions, and preparations, I understand, were making for the erection of a number of houses.]

About sunset we resumed our voyage. The Wind having lulled, we attempted to stem the adverse tide by the use of oars, but the ebb of the tide was stronger than the propelling force of our oars. Soon, in spite of all our exertions, we found ourselves drifting rapidly backwards, and, after two or three hours of



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hard labour in the dark, we were at last so fortunate as to effect a landing in a cove on the southern side of the straits, having retrograded several miles. In the cove there is a small sandy beach, upon which the waves have drifted, and deposited a large quantity of oat-straw, and feathers shed by the millions of water-fowls which sport upon the bay. On this downy deposit furnished by nature we spread our blankets, and slept soundly.

October 24.—We proceeded on our voyage at daylight, coasting along the southern shore of the _Soeson_. About nine o'clock we landed on a marshy plain, and cooked breakfast. A range of mountains bounds this plain, the base of which is several miles from the shore of the bay. These mountains, although of considerable elevation, exhibit signs of fertility to their summits. On the plain, numerous herds of wild cattle were grazing. About two o'clock, P.M., we entered the mouth of the Sacramento. The Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers empty into the Bay of San Francisco at the same point, about sixty miles from the Pacific, and by numerous mouths or _sloughs_ as they are here called. These sloughs wind through an immense timbered swamp, and constitute a terraqueous labyrinth of such intricacy, that unskilful and inexperienced navigators have been lost for many days in it, and some, I have been told, have perished, never finding their way out. A range of low sloping hills approach the Sacramento a short distance above its mouth, on the left-hand side as you ascend, and run parallel with the stream several miles. The banks of the river, and several large islands which we passed during the day, are timbered with sycamore, oak, and a variety of smaller trees and shrubbery. Numerous grape-vines, climbing over the trees, and loaded down with a small and very acid fruit, give to the forest a tangled appearance. The islands of the Sacramento are all low, and subject to overflow in the spring of the year. The soil of the river bottom, including the islands, is covered with rank vegetation, a certain evidence of its fertility. The water, at this season, is perfectly limpid, and, although the tide ebbs and flows more than a hundred miles above the mouth of the river, it is fresh and sweet. The channel of the Sacramento is remarkably free from snags and other obstructions to navigation. A more beautiful and placid stream of water I never saw.

At twelve o'clock at night, the ebb-tide being so strong that we found ourselves drifting backwards, with some difficulty we effected a landing on one of the islands, clearing a way through the tangled brush and vines with our hatchets and knives. Lighting a fire, we bivouacked until daylight.

October 25.—Continuing our voyage, we landed, about nine o'clock, A.M., at an Indian _rancheria_, situated on the bank of the river. An old Indian, his wife, and two or three children, were all the present occupants of this _rancheria_. The woman was the most miserable and emaciated object I ever beheld. She was probably a victim of the "sweat-house." Surrounding the _rancheria_ were two or three acres of ground, planted with maize, beans, and melons. Purchasing a quantity of water and musk-melons, we re-embarked and pursued our voyage. As we ascended the stream, the banks became more elevated, the country on both sides opening into vast savannas, dotted occasionally with parks of evergreen oak.

The tide turning against us again about eleven or twelve



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o'clock, we landed at an encampment of Walla-Walla Indians, a portion of the party previously referred to, and reported to have visited California for hostile purposes. Among them was a Delaware Indian, known as "Delaware Tom," who speaks English as fluently as any Anglo-Saxon, and is a most gallant and honourable Indian. Several of the party, a majority of whom were women and children, were sick with chills and fever. The men were engaged in hunting and jerking deer and elk meat. Throwing our hooks, baited with fresh meat, into the river, we soon drew out small fish enough for dinner.

The specimens of Walla-Wallas at this encampment are far superior to the Indians of California in features, figure, and intelligence. Their complexion is much lighter, and their features more regular, expressive, and pleasing. Men and women were clothed in dressed skins. The men were armed with rifles. At sunset we put our little craft in motion again, and at one o'clock at night landed near the cabin of a German emigrant named Schwartz, six miles below the embarcadero of New Helvetia. The cabin is about twenty feet in length by twelve in breadth, constructed of a light rude frame, shingled with tule. After gaining admission, we found a fire blazing in the centre of the dwelling on the earth-floor, and suspended over us were as many salmon, taken from the Sacramento, as could be placed in position to imbibe the preservative qualities of the smoke.

Our host, Mr. Schwartz, is one of those eccentric human phenomena rarely met with, who, wandering from their own nation into foreign countries, forget their own language without acquiring any other. He speaks a tongue (language it cannot be called) peculiar to himself, and scarcely intelligible. It is a mixture, in about equal parts, of German, English, French, Spanish, and rancheria Indian, a compounded polyglot or lingual pi—each syllable of a word sometimes being derived from a different language. Stretching ourselves on the benches surrounding the fire, so as to avoid the drippings from the pendent salmon, we slept until morning.

October 26.—Mr. Schwartz provided us with a breakfast of fried salmon and some fresh milk. Coffee, sugar, and bread we brought with us, so that we enjoyed a luxurious repast.

Near the house was a shed containing some forty or fifty barrels of pickled salmon, but the fish, from their having been badly put up, were spoiled. Mr. Schwartz attempted to explain the particular causes of this, but I could not understand him. The salmon are taken with seines dragged across the channel of the river by Indians in canoes. On the bank of the river the Indians were eating their breakfast, which consisted of a large fresh salmon, roasted in the ashes or embers, and a kettle of atole, made of acorn-meal. The salmon was four or five feet in length, and, when taken out of the fire and cut open, presented a most tempting appearance. The Indians were all nearly naked, and most of them, having been wading in the water at daylight to set their seines, were shivering with the cold whilst greedily devouring their morning meal.

We reached the embarcadero of New Helvetia about eleven o'clock, A.M., and, finding there a wagon, we placed our baggage in it, and walked to the fort, about two and a half miles.



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CHAPTER VII.

Disastrous news from the south
Return of Colonel Fremont to Monterey
Call for volunteers
Volunteer our services
Leave New Helvetia
Swimming the Sacramento
First fall of rain
Beautiful and romantic valley
Precipitous mountains
Deserted house
Arable land of California
Fattening qualities of the acorn
Lost in the Coast Mountains
Strange Indians
Indian women gathering grass-seed for bread
Indian guide
Laguna
Rough dialogue
Hunters' camp
"Old Greenwood"
Grisly bear meat
Greenwood's account of himself
His opinion of the Indians and Spaniards
Retrace our steps
Severe storm
Nappa valley
Arrive at Sonoma
More rain
Arrive at San Francisco
Return to New Helvetia.

I remained at the fort from the 27th to the 30th of October. On the 28th, Mr. Reed, whom I have before mentioned as belonging to the rear emigrating party, arrived here. He left his party on Mary's River, and in company with one man crossed the desert and the mountains. He was several days without provisions, and, when he arrived at Johnson's, was so much emaciated and exhausted by fatigue and famine, that he could scarcely walk. His object was to procure provisions immediately, and to transport them with pack-mules over the mountains for the relief of the suffering emigrants behind. He had lost all of his cattle, and had been compelled to _cache_ two of his wagons and most of his property. Captain Sutter generously furnished the requisite quantity of mules and horses, with Indian vaqueros, and jerked meat and flour. This is the second expedition for the relief of the emigrants he has fitted out since our arrival in the country. Ex-governor Boggs and family reached Sutter's Fort to-day. On the evening of the 28th, a courier arrived with letters from Colonel Fremont, now at Monterey. The substance of the intelligence received by the courier was, that a large force of Californians (varying, according to different reports, from five to fifteen hundred strong) had met the marines and sailors, four hundred strong, under the command of Captain Mervine, of the U.S. frigate Savannah, who had landed at San Pedro for the



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purpose of marching to Los Angeles, and had driven Captain Mervine and his force back to the ship, with the loss, in killed, of six men. That the towns of Angeles and Santa Barbara had been taken by the insurgents, and the American garrisons there had either been captured or had made their escape by retreating. What had become of them was unknown.[2] Colonel Fremont, who I before mentioned had sailed with a party of one hundred and eighty volunteers from San Francisco to San Pedro, or San Diego, for the purpose of co-operating with Commodore Stockton, after having been some time at sea, had put into Monterey and landed his men, and his purpose now was to increase his force and mount them, and to proceed by land for Los Angeles.

[2] The garrison under Captain Gillespie, at Los Angeles, capitulated. The garrison at Santa Barbara, under Lieutenant Talbot, marched out in defiance of the enemy, and after suffering many hardships arrived in safety at Monterey.

On the receipt of this intelligence, I immediately drew up a paper, which was signed by myself, Messrs Reed, Jacob, Lippincott, and Grayson, offering our services as volunteers, and our exertions to raise a force of emigrants and Indians which would be a sufficient reinforcement to Colonel Fremont. This paper was addressed to Mr. Kern, the commandant of Fort Sacramento, and required his sanction. The next morning (29th) he accepted of our proposal, and the labour of raising the volunteers and of procuring the necessary clothing and supplies for them and the Indians was apportioned.

It commenced raining on the night of the twenty-eighth, and the rain fell heavily and steadily until twelve o'clock, P.M., on the twenty-ninth. This is the first fall of rain since March last. About one o'clock, P.M., the clouds cleared away and the weather and temperature were delightful.

About twelve o'clock, on the 30th, accompanied by Mr. Grayson, I left New Helvetia. We crossed the Sacramento at the embarcadero, swimming our horses, and passing ourselves over in a small canoe. The method of swimming horses over so broad a stream as the Sacramento is as follows. A light canoe or "dug-out" is manned by three persons, one at the bow one at the stern and one in the centre; those at the bow and stern have paddles, and propel and steer the craft. The man in the centre holds the horses one on each side, keeping their heads out of water. When the horses are first forced into the deep water, they struggle prodigiously, and sometimes upset the canoe; but, when the canoe gets fairly under way, they cease their resistance, but snort loudly at every breath to clear their mouths and nostrils of the water.

Proceeding ten miles over a level plain, we overtook a company of emigrants bound for Nappa valley, and encamped with them for the night on Puta creek, a tributary of the Sacramento. Five of the seven or eight men belonging to the company enrolled their names as volunteers. The grass on the western side of the Sacramento is very rank and of an excellent quality.

It commenced raining about two o'clock on the morning of the 31st, and continued to rain and mist all day. We crossed from Puta to Cache creek, reaching the residence of Mr. Gordon (25 miles) about three o'clock P.M. Here we enrolled several additional emigrants in our list of volunteers, and then travelled fifteen miles up the creek to a small log-house,



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occupied temporarily by some of the younger members of the family of Mr. Gordon, who emigrated from Jackson county, Mo., this year, and by Mrs. Grayson. Here we remained during the night, glad to find a shelter and a fire, for we were drenched to our skins.

On the morning of the 1st of November the sun shone out warm and pleasant. The birds were singing, chattering, and flitting from tree to tree, through the romantic and picturesque valley where we had slept during the night. The scenery and its adjuncts were so charming and enticing that I recommenced my travels with reluctance. No scenery can be more beautiful than that of the small valleys of California. Ascending the range of elevated mountains which border the Cache creek, we had a most extensive view of the broad plain of the Sacramento, stretching with islands and bays of limber far away to the south as the eye could penetrate. The gorges and summits of these mountains are timbered with largo pines, firs, and cedars, with a smaller growth of magnolias, manzanitas, hawthorns, etc., etc. Travelling several miles over a level plateau, we descended into a beautiful valley, richly carpeted with grass and timbered with evergreen oak. Proceeding across this three or four miles, we rose another range of mountains, and, travelling a league along the summit ridge, we descended through a crevice in a steep rocky precipice, just sufficient in breadth to admit the passage of our animals. Our horses were frequently compelled to slide or leap down nearly perpendicular rocks or stairs, until we finally, just after sunset, reached the bottom of the mountain, and found ourselves in another level and most fertile and picturesque valley.

We knew that in this valley, of considerable extent, there was a house known as "Barnett's," where we expected to find quarters for the night. There were numerous trails of cattle, horses, deer, and other wild animals, crossing each other in every direction through the live oak-timber. We followed on the largest of the cattle trails until it became so blind that we could not see it. Taking another, we did the same, and the result was the same; another and another with no better success. We then shouted so loud that our voices were echoed and re-echoed by the surrounding mountains, hoping, if there were any inhabitants in the valley, that they would respond to us. There was no response—all was silent when the sound of our voices died away in the gorges and ravines; and at ten o'clock at night we encamped under the wide-spreading branches of an oak, having travelled about 40 miles. Striking a fire and heaping upon it a large quantity of wood, which blazed brightly, displaying the Gothic shapes of the surrounding oaks, we picketed our animals, spread our blankets, and slept soundly.

It rained several hours during the night, and in the morning a dense fog filled the valley. Saddling our animals, we searched along the foot of the next range of mountains for a trail, but could find none. Returning to our camp, we proceeded up the valley, and struck a trail, by following which two miles, we came to the house (Barnett's). The door was ajar, and entering the dwelling we found it tenantless. The hearth was cold, and the ashes in the jambs of the large fire-place were baked. In the corners of the building there were some frames, upon which beds had been once spread. The house evidently had been abandoned by its former occupants for some time. The prolific



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mothers of several families of the swinish species, with their squealing progenies, gathered around us, in full expectation, doubtless, of the dispensation of an extra ration, which we had not to give. Having eaten nothing but a crust of bread for 24 hours, the inclination of our appetites was strong to draw upon them for a ration; but for old acquaintance' sake, and because they were the foreshadowing of the "manifest destiny," they were permitted to pass without molestation. There were two or three small inclosures near the house, where corn and wheat had been planted and harvested this year; but none of the product of the harvest could be found in the empty house, or on the place. Dismounting from our horses at a limpid spring-branch near the house, we slaked our thirst, and made our hydropathical breakfast from its cool and delicious water.

Although the trail of the valley did not run in our course, still, under the expectation that it would soon take another direction, we followed it, passing over a fertile soil, sufficiently timbered and watered by several small streams. The quantity of arable land in California, I believe, is much greater than has generally been supposed from the accounts of the country given by travellers who have visited only the parts on the Pacific, and some few of the missions. Most of the mountain valleys between the Sierra Nevada and the coast are exuberantly fertile, and finely watered, and will produce crops of all kinds, while the hills are covered with oats and grass of the most nutritious qualities, for the sustenance of cattle, horses, and hogs. The acorns which fall from the oaks are, of themselves, a rich annual product for the fattening of hogs; and during the period of transition (four or five weeks after the rains commence falling) from the dry grass to the fresh growth, horses, mules, and even horned cattle mostly subsist and fatten upon these large and oleaginous nuts.

We left the valley in a warm and genial sunshine, about 11 o'clock, and commenced ascending another high mountain, timbered as those I have previously described. When we reached the summit, we were enveloped in clouds, and the rain was falling copiously, and a wintry blast drove the cold element to our skins. Crossing this mountain three or four miles, we descended its steep sides, and entered another beautiful and romantic hollow, divided as it were into various apartments by short ranges of low conical hills, covered to their summits with grass and wild oats. The grass and other vegetation on the level bottom are very rank, indicating a soil of the most prolific qualities. In winding through this valley, we met four Indians on foot, armed with long bows, and arrows of corresponding weight and length, weapons that I have not previously seen among the Indians. Their complexions were lighter than those of the rancheria Indians of California. They evidently belonged to some more northern tribe. We stopped them to make inquiries, but they seemed to know nothing of the country, nor could we learn from them from whence they came or where they were going. They were clothed in dressed skins, and two of them were highly rouged.

Ascending and descending gradually over some low hills, we entered another circular valley, through which flows a stream, the waters of which, judging from its channel, at certain seasons are broad and deep. The ground, from the rains that have recently fallen and are now falling, is very soft, and we had

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difficulty in urging our tired animals across this valley. We soon discovered fresh cattle signs, and afterwards a large herd grazing near the stream. Farther on, we saw five old and miserably emaciated Indian women, gathering grass-seed for bread. This process is performed with two baskets, one shaped like a round shield, and the other having a basin and handle. With the shield the lop of the grass is brushed, and the seed by the motion is thrown into the deep basket held in the other hand. The five women appeared at a distance like so many mowers cutting down the grass of a meadow. These women could give us no satisfaction in response to inquiries, but pointed over the river indicating that we should there find the _casa_ and _rancheria_. They then continued their work with as much zeal and industry as if their lives were dependent upon the proceeds of their labour, and I suppose they were.

Crossing the river, we struck a trail which led us to the _casa_ and _rancheria_, about two miles distant. The _casa_ was a small adobe building, about twelve feet square, and was locked up. Finding that admission was not to be gained here, we hailed at the _rancheria_, and presently some dozen squalid and naked men, women, and children, made their appearance. We inquired for the _mayor domo_, or overseer. The chief speaker signified that he was absent, and that he did not expect him to return until several suns rose and set. We then signified we were hungry, and very soon a loaf made of pulverized acorns, mingled with wild fruit of some kind, was brought to us with a basket of water. These Indians manufacture small baskets which are impervious to water, and they are used as basins to drink from, and for other purposes.

I knew that we had been travelling out of our course all day, and it was now three o'clock, P.M. Rain and mist had succeeded each other, and the sun was hidden from us by dark and threatening masses of clouds. We had no compass with us, and could not determine the course to Nappa Valley or Sonoma. Believing that the Indian would have some knowledge of the latter place, we made him comprehend that we wished to go there, and inquired the route. He pointed in a direction which he signified would take us to Sonoma. We pointed in another course, which it seemed to us was the right one. But he persisted in asserting that he was right. After some further talk, for the shirt on my back he promised to guide us, and, placing a ragged skin on one of our horses, he mounted the animal and led the way over the next range of hills. The rain soon poured down so hard upon the poor fellow's bare skin, that he begged permission to return, to which we would not consent; but, out of compassion to him, I took off my over-coat, with which he covered his swarthy hide, and seemed highly delighted with the shelter from the pitiless storm it afforded him, or with the supposition that I intended to present it to him.

Crossing several elevated and rocky hills, just before sunset, we had a view of a large timbered valley and a sheet of water, the extent of which we could not compass with the eye, on account of the thickness of the atmosphere. When we came in sight of the water, the Indian uttered various exclamations of pleasure; and, although I had felt but little faith in him as a pilot from the first, I began now to think that we were approaching the Bay of San Francisco. Descending into the valley, we travelled along a small stream two or three miles, and were continuing on in the



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twilight, when we heard the tinkling of a cow-bell on the opposite side of the stream. Certain, from this sound, that there must be an encampment near, I halted and halloooed at the top of my voice. The halloo called forth a similar response, with an interrogation in English, "Who the d—l are you—Spaniards or Americans?" "Americans." "Show yourselves, then, d—n you, and let us see the colour of your hide," was the answer.

"Tell us where we can cross the stream, and you shall soon see us," was our reply.

"Ride back and follow the sound of my voice, and be d—d to you, and you can cross the stream with a deer's jump."

Accordingly, following the sound of the voice of this rough colloquist, who shouted repeatedly, we rode back in the dark several hundred yards, and, plunging into the stream, the channel of which was deep, we gained the other side, where we found three men standing ready to receive us. We soon discovered them to be a party of professional hunters, or trappers, at the head of which was Mr. Greenwood, a famed mountaineer, commonly known as "Old Greenwood." They invited us to their camp, situated across a small opening in the timber about half a mile distant. Having unsaddled our tired animals and turned them loose to graze for the night, we placed our baggage under the cover of a small tent, and, taking our seats by the huge camp fire, made known as far as was expedient our business. We soon ascertained that we had ridden the entire day (about 40 miles) directly out of our course to Nappa Valley and Sonoma, and that the Indian's information was all wrong. We were now near the shore of a large lake, called the Laguna by Californians, some fifty or sixty miles in length, which lake is situated about sixty or seventy miles north of the Bay of San Francisco; consequently, to-morrow we shall be compelled to retrace our steps and find the trail that leads from Harriett's house to Nappa, which escaped us this morning. We received such directions, however, from Mr. Greenwood, that we could not fail to find it.

We found in the camp, much to our gratification after a long fast, an abundance of fat grisly bear-meat and the most delicious and tender deer-meat. The camp looked like a butcher's stall. The pot filled with bear-flesh was boiled again and again, and the choice pieces of the tender venison were roasting, and disappearing with singular rapidity for a long time. Bread there was none of course. Such a delicacy is unknown to the mountain trappers, nor is it much desired by them.

The hunting party consisted of Mr. Greenwood, Mr. Turner, Mr. Adams, and three sons of Mr. G., one grown, and the other two boys 10 or 12 years of age, half-bred Indians, the mother being a Crow. One of these boys is named "Governor Boggs," after ex-governor Boggs of Missouri, an old friend of the father. Mr. Greenwood, or "Old Greenwood," as he is familiarly called, according to his own statement, is 83 years of age, and has been a mountain trapper between 40 and 50 years. He lived among the Crow Indians, where he married his wife, between thirty and forty years. He is about six feet in height, raw-boned and spare in flesh, but muscular, and, notwithstanding his old age, walks with all the erectness and elasticity of youth. His dress was of tanned buckskin, and from its appearance one would suppose



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its antiquity to be nearly equal to the age of its wearer. It had probably never been off his body since he first put it on. "I am," said he, "an old man—eighty-three years—it is a long time to live;—eighty-three years last—. I have seen all the Injun varmints of the Rocky Mountains,—have fout them—lived with them. I have many children—I don't know how many, they are scattered; but my wife was a Crow. The Crows are a brave nation,—the bravest of all the Injuns; they fight like the white man; they don't kill you in the dark like the Black-foot varmint, and then take your scalp and run, the cowardly reptiles. Eighty-three years last—; and yet old Greenwood could handle the rifle as well as the best on 'em, but for this infernal humour in my eyes, caught three years ago in bringing the emigrators over the de_sart." (A circle of scarlet surrounded his weeping eyeballs.) "I can't see jist now as well as I did fifty years ago, but I can always bring the game or the slinking and skulking Injun. I have jist come over the mountains from Sweetwater with the emigrators as pilot, living upon bacon, bread, milk, and sich like mushy stuff. It don't agree with me; it never will agree with a man of my age, eighty-three last —; that is a long time to live. I thought I would take a small hunt to get a little exercise for my old bones, and some good fresh meat. The grisly bear, fat deer, and poultry and fish—them are such things as a man should eat. I came up here, where I knew there was plenty. I was here twenty years ago, before any white man see this lake and the rich land about it. It's filled with big fish. That's beer-springs here, better than them in the Rocky Mountains; thar's a mountain of solid brimstone, and thar's mines of gold and silver, all of which I know'd many years ago, and I can show them to you if you will go with me in the morning. These black-skinned Spaniards have rebelled again. Wall, they can make a fuss, d-m 'em, and have revolutions every year, but they can't fight. It's no use to go after 'em, unless when you ketch 'em you kill 'em. They won't stand an' fight like men, an' when they can't fight longer give up; but the skared varmints run away and then make another fuss, d-m 'em." Such was the discourse of our host.

The camp consisted of two small tents, which had probably been obtained from the emigrants. They were pitched so as to face each other, and between them there was a large pile of blazing logs. On the trees surrounding the camp were stretched the skins of various animals which had been killed in the hunt; some preserved for their hides, others for the fur. Bear-meat and venison enough for a winter's supply were hanging from the limbs. The swearing of Turner, a man of immense frame and muscular power, during our evening's conversation, was almost terrific. I had heard mountain swearing before, but his went far beyond all former examples. He could do all the swearing for our army in Mexico, and then have a surplus.

The next morning (Nov. 3rd), after partaking of a hearty breakfast, and suspending from our saddles a sufficient supply of venison and bear-meat for two days' journey, we started back on our own trail. We left our miserable Indian pilot at his rancheria. I gave him the shirt from my back, out of compassion for his sufferings—he well deserved a dressing of another kind. It rained all day, and, when we reached Barnett's (the empty house) after four o'clock, P.M., the black masses of clouds which hung over the valley portended a storm so furious,



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that we thought it prudent to take shelter under a roof for the night. Securing our animals in one of the inclosures, we encamped in the deserted dwelling. The storm soon commenced, and raged and roared with a fierceness and strength rarely witnessed. The hogs and pigs came squealing about the door for admission; and the cattle and horses in the valley, terrified by the violence of elemental battle, ran backwards and forwards, bellowing and snorting. In comfortable quarters, we roasted and enjoyed our bear-meat and venison, and left the wind, rain, lightning, and thunder to play their pranks as best suited them, which they did all night.

On the morning of the fourth, we found the trail described to us by Mr. Greenwood, and, crossing a ridge of mountains, descended into the valley of Nappa creek, which empties into the Bay of San Francisco just below the Straits of Carquinez. This is a most beautiful and fertile valley, and is already occupied by several American settlers. Among the first who established themselves here is Mr. Yount, who soon after erected a flouring-mill and saw-mill. These have been in operation several years. Before reaching Mr. Yount's settlement we passed a saw-mill more recently erected, by Dr. Bale. There seems to be an abundance of pine and red-wood (a species of fir), in the canadas. No lumber can be superior for building purposes than that sawed from the red-wood. The trees are of immense size, straight, free from knots and twists, and the wood is soft, and easily cut with plane and saw. Arriving at the residence of Dr. Bale, in Nappa Valley, we were hospitably entertained by him with a late breakfast of coffee, boiled eggs, steaks, and tortillas, served up in American style. Leaving Nappa, after travelling down it some ten or twelve miles, we crossed another range of hills or mountains, and reached Sonoma after dark, our clothing thoroughly drenched with the rain, which, with intermissions, had fallen the whole day. I put up at the same quarters as when here before. The house was covered with a dilapidated thatch, and the rain dripped through it, not leaving a dry spot on the floor of the room where we slept. But there was an advantage in this—the inundation of water had completely discomfited the army of fleas that infested the building when we were here before.

It rained incessantly on the fifth. Col. Russell arrived at Sonoma early in the morning, having arrived from San Francisco last night. Procuring a boat belonging to Messrs. Howard and Mellus, lying at the embarcadero, I left for San Francisco, but, owing to the storm and contrary winds, did not arrive there until the morning of the seventh, being two nights and a day in the creek, and churning on the bay. Purchasing a quantity of clothing, and other supplies for volunteers, I sailed early on the morning of the eighth for New Helvetia, in a boat belonging to the sloop-of-war Portsmouth, manned by U.S. sailors, under the command of Midshipman Byres, a native of Maysville, Ky. We encamped that night at the head of "Soeson," having sailed about fifty miles in a severe storm of wind and rain. The waves frequently dashed entirely over our little craft. The rain continued during the ninth, and we encamped at night about the mouth of the Sacramento. On the night of the tenth we encamped at "Meritt's camp," the rain still falling, and the river rising rapidly, rendering navigation up-stream impossible, except with the aid of the tide. On the night of the eleventh we encamped fifteen miles below New Helvetia, still raining. On the morning



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of the twelfth the clouds cleared away, and the sun burst out warm and spring-like. After having been exposed to the rain for ten or twelve days, without having the clothing upon me once dry, the sight of the sun, and the influence of his beams, were cheering and most agreeable. We arrived at New Helvetia about twelve o'clock.

**CHAPTER VIII.**

Leave New Helvetia
Pleasant weather
Meet Indian volunteers
Tule boats
Engagement between a party of Americans and Californians
Death of Capt. Burroughs and Capt. Foster
Capture of Thomas O. Larkin
Reconnaissance
San Juan Bautista
Neglect of the dead
Large herds of Cattle
Join Col. Fremont.

On my arrival at New Helvetia, I found there Mr. Jacob. Mr. Reed had not yet returned from the mountains. Nothing had been heard from Mr. Lippincott, or Mr. Grayson, since I left the latter at Sonoma. An authorized agent of Col. Fremont had arrived at the fort the day that I left it, with power to take the *caballada* of public horses, and to enroll volunteers for the expedition to the south. He had left two or three days before my arrival, taking with him all the horses and trappings suitable for service, and all the men who had previously *rendezvoused* at the fort, numbering about sixty, as I understood. At my request messengers were sent by Mr. Kern, commandant of the fort, and by Captain Sutter, to the Indian chiefs on the San Joaquin River and its tributaries, to meet me at the most convenient points on the trail, with such warriors of their tribes as chose to volunteer as soldiers of the United States, and perform military service during the campaign. I believed that they would be useful as scouts and spies. On the 14th and 15th eight men (emigrants who had just arrived in the country, and had been enrolled at Johnson's settlement by Messrs. Reed and Jacob) arrived at the fort; and on the morning of the 16th, with these, we started to join Colonel Fremont, supposed to be at Monterey; and we encamped at night on the Cosçumne River.

The weather is now pleasant. We are occasionally drenched with a shower of rain, after which the sun shines warm and bright; the fresh grass is springing up, and the birds sing and chatter in the groves and thickets as we pass through them. I rode forward, on the morning of the 17th, to the Mickelemes River (twenty-five miles from the Cosçumne), where I met Antonio, an Indian chief, with twelve warriors, who had assembled hero for the purpose of joining us. The names of the warriors were as follows;—Santiago, Masua, Kiubu, Tocosó, Nonelo, Michael, Weala, Arkell, Nicolas, Heel, Kasheano, Estephen. Our party coming up in the afternoon, we encamped here for the day, in order to give the Indians time to make further preparations for the march. On the 18th we met, at the ford of the San Joaquin River, another party of eighteen Indians, including their chiefs. Their names were—José Jesus, Filipe, Ray-mundo, and Carlos, chiefs; Huligario, Bonefasio, Francisco, Nicolas, Pablo, Feliciano, San Antonio, Polinario, Manuel, Graviano, Salinordio, Romero, and Merikeeldo, warriors. The chiefs and some of the warriors of these parties were partially clothed, but most of them were naked, except a small garment around the loins. They were armed with bows and arrows. We encamped with

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our sable companions on the east bank of the San Joaquin. The next morning (Nov. 19), the river being too high to ford, we constructed, by the aid of the Indians, tule-boats, upon which our baggage was ferried over the stream. The tule-boat consists of bundles of tule firmly bound together with willow withes. When completed, in shape it is not unlike a small keel-boat. The buoyancy of one of these craft is surprising. Six men, as many as could sit upon the deck, were passed over, in the largest of our three boats, at a time. The boats were towed backwards and forwards by Indian swimmers—one at the bow, and one at the stern as steersman, and two on each side as propellers. The poor fellows, when they came out of the cold water, trembled as if attacked with an ague. We encamped near the house of Mr. Livermore (previously described), where, after considerable difficulty, I obtained sufficient beef for supper, Mr. L. being absent. Most of the Indians did not get into camp until a late hour of the night, and some of them not until morning. They complained very much of sore feet, and wanted horses to ride, which I promised them as soon as they reached the Pueblo de San José.

About ten o'clock on the morning of the 20th, we slaughtered a beef in the hills between Mr. Livermore's and the mission of San José; and, leaving the hungry party to regale themselves upon it and then follow on, I proceeded immediately to the Pueblo de San José to make further arrangements, reaching that place just after sunset. On the 21st I procured clothing for the Indians, which, when they arrived with Mr. Jacob in the afternoon, was distributed among them.

On my arrival at the Pueblo, I found the American population there much excited by intelligence just received of the capture on the 15th, between Monterey and the mission of San Juan, of Thos. O. Larkin, Esq., late U.S. Consul in California, by a party of Californians, and of an engagement between the same Californians and a party of Americans escorting a caballada of 400 horses to Colonel Fremont's camp in Monterey. In this affair three Americans were killed, viz.: Capt. Burroughs, Capt. Foster, and Mr. Eames, late of St. Louis, Mo. The mission of San Juan lies on the road between the Pueblo de San José and Monterey, about fifty miles from the former place, and thirty from the latter. The skirmish took place ten miles south of San Juan, near the Monterey road. I extract the following account of this affair from a journal of his captivity published by Mr. Larkin:—

On the 10th of November, from information received of the sickness of my family in San Francisco, where they had gone to escape the expected revolutionary troubles in Monterey, and from letters from Captain Montgomery requesting my presence respecting some stores for the Portsmouth, I, with one servant, left Monterey for San Francisco, knowing that for one month no Californian forces had been within 100 miles of us. That night I put up at the house of Don Joaquin Gomez, sending my servant to San Juan, six miles beyond, to request Mr. J. Thompson to wait for me, as he was on the road for San Francisco. About midnight I was aroused from my bed by the noise made by ten Californians (unshaved and unwashed for months, being in the mountains) rushing into my chamber with guns, swords, pistols, and torches



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in their hands. I needed but a moment to be fully awake and know my exact situation; the first cry was, 'Como estamos, Senor Consul.' 'Vamos, Senor Larkin.' At my bedside were several letters that I had re-read before going to bed. On dressing myself, while my captors were saddling my horse, I assorted these letters, and put them into different pockets. After taking my own time to dress and arrange my valise, we started, and rode to a camp of seventy or eighty men on the banks of the Monterey River; there each officer and principal person passed the time of night with me, and a remark or two. The commandante took me on one side, and informed me that his people demanded that I should write to San Juan, to the American captain of volunteers, saying that I had left Monterey to visit the distressed families of the river, and request or demand that twenty men should meet me before daylight, that I could station them, before my return to town, in a manner to protect these families. The natives, he said, were determined on the act being accomplished. I at first endeavoured to reason with him on the infamy and the impossibility of the deed, but to no avail; he said my life depended on the letter; that he was willing, nay, anxious to preserve my life as an old acquaintance, but could not control his people in this affair. From argument I came to a refusal; he advised, urged, and demanded. At this period an officer called out * * * * (Come here, those who are named.) I then said, 'In this manner you may act and threaten night by night; my life on such condition is of no value or pleasure to me. I am by accident your prisoner -make the most of me -write, I will not; shoot as you see fit, and I am done talking on the subject.' I left him, and went to the camp fire. For a half-hour or more there was some commotion around me, when all disturbance subsided.

At daylight we started, with a flag flying and a drum beating, and travelled eight or ten miles, when we camped in a low valley or hollow. There they caught with the lasso three or four head of cattle belonging to the nearest rancho, and breakfasted. The whole day their outriders rode in every direction, on the look-out, to see if the American company left the mission of San Juan, or Lieutenant-Colonel Fremont left Monterey; they also rode to all the neighbouring ranches, and forced the rancheros to join them. At one o'clock, they began their march with one hundred and thirty men (and two or three hundred extra horses); they marched in four single files, occupying four positions, myself under charge of an officer and five or six men in the centre. Their plan of operation for the night was, to rush into San Juan ten or fifteen men, who were to retreat, under the expectation that the Americans would follow them, in which case the whole party outside was to cut them off. I was to be retained in the centre of the party. Ten miles south of the mission, they encountered eight or ten Americans, a part of whom retreated into a low ground covered with oaks, the others returned to the house of Senor Gomez, to alarm their companions. For



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over one hour the hundred and thirty Californians surrounded the six or eight Americans, occasionally giving and receiving shots. During this period, I was several times requested, then commanded, to go among the oaks and bring out my countrymen, and offer them their lives on giving up their rifles and persons. I at last offered to go and call them out, on condition that they should return to San Juan or go to Monterey, with their arms; this being refused, I told the commandante to go in and bring them out himself. While they were consulting how this could be done, fifty Americans came down on them, which caused an action of about twenty or thirty minutes. Thirty or forty of the natives leaving the field at the first fire, they remained drawn off by fives and tens until the Americans had the field to themselves. Both parties remained within a mile of each other until dark. Our countrymen lost Captain Burroughs of St. Louis, Missouri, Captain Foster, and two others, with two or three wounded. The Californians lost two of their countrymen, and José Garcia, of Val., Chili, with seven wounded.

The following additional particulars I extract from the "Californian" newspaper of November 21, 1846, published at Monterey: "Burroughs and Foster were killed at the first onset. The Americans fired, and then charged on the enemy with their empty rifles, and ran them off. However, they still kept rallying, and firing now and then a musket at the Americans until about eleven o'clock at night, when one of the Walla-Walla Indians offered his services to come into Monterey and give Colonel Fremont notice of what was passing. Soon after he started he was pursued by a party of the enemy. The foremost in pursuit drove a lance at the Indian, who, trying to parry it, received the lance through his hand; he immediately, with his other hand, seized his tomahawk, and struck his opponent, splitting his head from the crown to the mouth. By this time the others had come up, and, with the most extraordinary dexterity and bravery, the Indian vanquished two more, and the rest ran away. He rode on towards this town as far as his horse was able to carry him, and then left his horse and saddle, and came in on foot. He arrived here about eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, December 17th."

The Americans engaged in this affair were principally the volunteer emigrants just arrived in the country, and who had left New Helvetia a few days in advance of me.

Colonel Fremont marched from Monterey as soon as he heard of this skirmish, in pursuit of the Californians, but did not meet with them. He then encamped at the mission of San Juan, waiting there the arrival of the remaining volunteers from above.

Leaving the Pueblo on the afternoon of the 25th, in conjunction with a small force commanded by Captain Weber, we made an excursion into the hills, near a rancho owned by Captain W., where were herded some two or three hundred public horses. It had been rumoured that a party of Californians were hovering about here, intending to capture and drive off these horses. The next day (November 26th), without having met any hostile force, driving these horses before us, we encamped at Mr. Murphy's rancho. Mr. Murphy is the father of a large and respectable family, who emigrated to this country some three or four years



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since from, the United States, being originally from Canada. His daughter, Miss Helen, who did the honours of the rude cabin, in manners, conversation, and personal charms, would grace any drawing-room. On the 28th, we proceeded down the Pueblo valley, passing Gilroy's rancho, and reaching the mission of San Juan just before dark. The hills and valleys are becoming verdant with fresh grass and wild oats, the latter being, in places, two or three inches high. So tender is it, however, that it affords but little nourishment to our horses.

The mission of San Juan Bautista has been one of the most extensive of these establishments. The principal buildings are more durably constructed than those of other missions I have visited, and they are in better condition. Square bricks are used in paving the corridors and the ground floors. During the twilight, I strayed accidentally through a half-opened gate into a cemetery, inclosed by a high wall in the rear of the church. The spectacle was ghastly enough. The exhumed skeletons of those who had been deposited here lay thickly strewn around, showing but little respect for the sanctity of the grave, or the rights of the dead from the living. The cool damp night-breeze sighed and moaned through the shrubbery and ruinous arches and corridors, planted and reared by those whose neglected bones were now exposed to the rude insults of man and beast. I could not but imagine that the voices of complaining spirits mingled with these dismal and mournful tones; and plucking a cluster of roses, the fragrance of which was delicious, I left the spot, to drive away the sadness and melancholy produced by the scene. The valley contiguous to the mission is extensive, well watered by a large arroyo, and highly fertile. The gardens and other lands for tillage are inclosed by willow hedges. Elevated hills, or mountains, bound this valley on the east and west. Large herds of cattle were scattered over the valley, greedily cropping the fresh green herbage, which now carpets mountain and plain. Colonel Fremont marched from San Juan this morning, and encamped, as we learned on our arrival, ten miles south. Proceeding up the arroyo on the 29th, we reached the camp of Colonel F. about noon. I immediately reported, and delivered over to him the men and horses under my charge. The men were afterwards organized into a separate corps, of which Mr. R.T. Jacob, my travelling companion, was appointed the captain by Colonel Fremont.



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CHAPTER IX.

California battalion
Their appearance and costume
List of the officers
Commence our march to Los Angeles
Appearance of the country in the vicinity of San Juan
Slaughter of beeves
Astonishing consumption of beef by the men
Beautiful morning
Ice
Salinas river and valley
Californian prisoners
Horses giving out from fatigue
Mission of San Miguel
Sheep
Mutton
March on foot
More prisoners taken
Death of Mr. Stanley
An execution
Dark night
Capture of the mission of San Luis Obispo
Orderly conduct and good deportment of the California battalion.

November 30.—The battalion of mounted riflemen, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Fremont, numbers, rank and file, including Indians, and servants, 428. With the exception of the exploring party, which left the United States with Colonel F., they are composed of volunteers from the American settlers, and the emigrants who have arrived in the country within a few weeks. The latter have generally furnished their own ammunition and other equipments for the expedition. Most of these are practised riflemen, men of undoubted courage, and capable of bearing any fatigue and privations endurable by veteran troops. The Indians are composed of a party of Walla-Wallas from Oregon, and a party of native Californians. Attached to the battalion are two pieces of artillery, under the command of Lieutenant McLane, of the navy. In the appearance of our small army there is presented but little of "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." There are no plumes nodding over brazen helmets, nor coats of broadcloth spangled with lace and buttons. A broad-brimmed low-crowned hat, a shirt of blue flannel, or buckskin, with pantaloons and mocassins of the same, all generally much the worse for wear, and smeared with mud and dust, make up the costume of the party, officers as well as men. A leathern girdle surrounds the waist, from which are suspended a bowie and a hunter's knife, and sometimes a brace of pistols. These, with the rifle and holster-pistols, are the arms carried by officers and privates. A single bugle (and a sorry one it is) composes the band. Many an embryo Napoleon, in his own conceit, whose martial spirit has been excited to flaming intensity of heat by the peacock-plumage and gaudy trappings of our militia companies, when marching through the streets to the sound of drum, fife, and brass band, if he could have looked upon us, and then consulted the state of the military thermometer within him, would probably have discovered that the mercury of his heroism had fallen several degrees below



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zero. He might even have desired that we should not come

“Between the wind and his nobility.”

War, stripped of its pageantry, possesses but few of the attractions with which poetry and painting have embellished it. The following is a list of the officers composing the California Battalion:—Lieut.-colonel J.G. Fremont, commanding; A.H. Gillespie, major; P.B. Reading, paymaster; H. King, commissary; J.R. Snyder, quartermaster, since appointed a land-surveyor by Colonel Mason; Wm. H. Russell, ordnance officer; T. Talbot, lieutenant and adjutant; J.J. Myers, sergeant-major, appointed lieutenant in January, 1847.

Company A.—Richard Owens, captain; Wm. N. Loker, 1st lieutenant, appointed adjutant, Feb. 10th, 1847; B.M. Hudspeth, 2d lieutenant, appointed captain, Feb. 1847, Wm. Findlay, 2d lieutenant, appointed captain, Feb. 1847.

Company B.—Henry Ford, captain; Andrew Copeland, 1st lieutenant.

Company C.—Granville P. Swift, captain; Wm. Baldrige, 1st lieutenant; Wm. Hartgrove, 2d do.

Company D.—John Sears, captain; Wm. Bradshaw, 1st lieutenant.

Company E.—John Grigsby, captain; Archibald Jesse, 1st lieutenant.

Company F.—L.W. Hastings, captain (author of a work on California); Wornbough, 1st lieutenant; J.M. Hudspeth, 2d do.

Company G.—Thompson, captain; Davis 1st lieutenant; Rock, 2d do.

Company H.—R.T. Jacobs, captain; Edwin Bryant, 1st lieutenant (afterwards alcalde at San Francisco); Geo. M. Lippincott, 2d do., of New York.

Artillery Company.—Louis McLane, captain (afterwards major); John. K. Wilson, 1st lieutenant, appointed captain in January, 1847; Wm. Blackburn, 2d do. (now alcalde of Santa Cruz).

Officers on detached Service and doing Duty at the South.—S. Hensley, captain; S. Gibson, do. (lanced through the body at San Pascual); Miguel Pedorena, do., Spaniard (appointed by Stockton); Stgo. Arguello, do., Californian (appointed by do.); Bell, do. (appointed by do.), old resident of California (Los Angeles); H. Rhenshaw, 1st lieutenant, (appointed by do.); A. Godey, do. (appointed by do.); Jas. Barton, do. (appointed by do.); L. Arguello, do., Californian (appointed by do.).

After a march of six or eight hours, up the valley of the arroyo, through a heavy rain, and mud so deep that several of our horses gave out from exhaustion, we encamped in a circular bottom, near a deserted adobe house. A caballada, of some 500 or 600 loose horses and mules is driven along with us, but many of them are miserable sore-backed skeletons, having been exhausted with hard usage and bad fare during the summer campaign. Besides these, we have a large number of pack-mules, upon which all our baggage and provisions are transported. Distance 10 miles.

We did not move on the 1st and 2d of December. There being no cattle in the vicinity of our camp, a party was sent back to the



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mission, on the morning of the 1st, who in the afternoon returned, driving before them about 100 head, most of them in good condition. After a sufficient number were slaughtered to supply the camp with meat for the day, the remainder were confined in a corral prepared for the purpose, to be driven along with us, and slaughtered from day to day. The rain has continued, with short intermissions, since we commenced our march on the 30th of November. The ground has become saturated with water, and the small branches are swollen into large streams. Notwithstanding these discomforts, the men are in good spirits, and enjoy themselves in singing, telling stories, and playing monte.

December 3.—The rain ceased falling about 8 o'clock this morning; and, the clouds breaking away, the sun cheered us once more with his pleasant beams. The battalion was formed into a hollow square, and, the order of the day being read, we resumed our march. Our progress, through the deep mud, was very slow. The horses were constantly giving out, and many were left behind. The young and tender grass upon which they feed affords but little nourishment, and hard labour soon exhausts them. We encamped on a low bluff, near the arroyo, timbered with evergreen oak. Distance 8 miles.

December 4.—I was ordered with a small party in advance this morning. Proceeding up the valley a few miles, we left it, crossing several steep hills sparsely timbered with oak, from which we descended into another small valley, down which we continued to the point of its termination, near some narrow and difficult mountain gorges. In exploring the gorges, we discovered the trail of a party of Californians, which had passed south several days before us, and found a horse which they had left in their march. This, doubtless, was a portion of the party which captured Mr. Larkin, and had the engagement between Monterey and St. Juan, on the 17th ult. The main body coming up, we encamped at three o'clock. The old grass around our camp is abundant; but having been so much washed by the rains, and consequently exhausted of its nutritious qualities, the animals refused to eat it. The country over which we have travelled to-day, and as far as I can see, is mountainous and broken, little of it being adapted to other agricultural purposes than grazing.

Thirteen beeves are slaughtered every afternoon for the consumption of the battalion. These beeves are generally of good size, and in fair condition. Other provisions being entirely exhausted, beef constitutes the only subsistence for the men, and most of the officers. Under these circumstances, the consumption of beef is astonishing. I do not know that I shall be believed when I state a fact, derived from observation and calculation, that the average consumption per man of fresh beef is at least ten pounds per day. Many of them, I believe, consume much more, and some of them less. Nor does this quantity appear to be injurious to health, or fully to satisfy the appetite. I have seen some of the men roast their meat and devour it by the fire from the hour of encamping until late bed-time. They would then sleep until one or two o'clock in the morning, when, the cravings of hunger being greater than the desire for repose, the same occupation would be resumed, and continued until the order was given to march. The Californian beef is generally fat,



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juicy, and tender, and surpasses in flavour any which I ever tasted elsewhere. Distance 10 miles.

December 5_.—I rose before daylight. The moon shone brightly. The temperature was cold. The vapour in the atmosphere had congealed and fallen upon the ground in feathery flakes, covering it with a white semi-transparent veil, or crystal sheen, sparkling in the moonbeams. The smoke from the numerous camp-fires soon began to curl languidly up in graceful wreaths, settling upon the mountain summits. The scene was one for the pencil and brush of the artist; but, when the envious sun rose, he soon stripped Madam Earth of her gauzy holiday morning-gown, and exposed her every-day petticoat of mud.

Our march to-day has been one of great difficulty, through a deep brushy mountain gorge, through which it was almost impossible to force the field-pieces. In one place they were lowered with ropes down a steep and nearly perpendicular precipice of great height and depth. We encamped about three o'clock, P.M., in a small valley. Many of the horses gave out on the march, and were left behind by the men, who came straggling into camp until a late hour of the evening, bringing their saddles and baggage upon their shoulders. I noticed, while crossing an elevated ridge of hills, flakes of snow flying in the air, but melting before they reached the ground. The small spring-branch on which we encamped empties into the Salinas River. The country surrounding us is elevated and broken, and the soil sandy, with but little timber or grass upon it. Distance 12 miles.

December 6_.—Morning clear and cool. Crossed an undulating country, destitute of timber and water, and encamped in a circular valley surrounded by elevated hills, through which flows a small tributary of the Salinas. The summits of the mountains in sight are covered with snow, but the temperature in the valleys is pleasant. Distance 15 miles.

December 7_.—Ice, the first I have seen since entering California, formed in the branch, of the thickness of window-glass. We reached the valley of the Salinas about eleven o'clock A.M., and encamped for the day. The river Salinas (laid down in some maps as Rio San Buenaventura) rises in the mountains to the south, and has a course of some sixty or eighty miles, emptying into the Pacific about twelve miles north of Monterey. The valley, as it approaches the ocean, is broad and fertile, and there are many fine ranchos upon it. But, higher up, the stream becomes dry in the summer, and the soil of the valley is arid and sandy. The width of the stream at this point is about thirty yards. Its banks are skirted by narrow belts of small timber. A range of elevated mountains rises between this valley and the coast. A court-martial was held to-day, for the trial of sundry offenders. Distance 8 miles.

December 8_.—Morning cool, clear, and pleasant. Two Californians were arrested by the rear-guard near a deserted rancho, and brought into camp. One of them turned out to be a person known to be friendly to the Americans. There has been but little variation in the soil or scenery. But few attempts appear to have been made to settle this portion of California. The thefts and hostilities of the Tular Indians are said to be one of the causes preventing its settlement. Distance 15 miles.



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December 9.—The mornings are cool, but the middle of the day is too warm to ride comfortably with our coats on. Our march has been fatiguing and difficult, through several brushy ravines and over steep and elevated hills. Many horses gave out as usual, and were left, from inability to travel. Our caballada is diminishing rapidly. Distance 10 miles.

December 10.—Our march has been on the main beaten trail, dry and hard, and over a comparatively level country. We passed the mission of San Miguel about three o'clock, and encamped in a grove of large oak timber, three or four miles south of it. This mission is situated on the upper waters of the Salinas, in an extensive plain. Under the administration of the padres it was a wealthy establishment, and manufactures of various kinds were carried on. They raised immense numbers of sheep, the fleeces of which were manufactured by the Indians into blankets and coarse cloths. Their granaries were filled with an abundance of maize and frijoles, and their store-rooms with other necessaries of life, from the ranchos belonging to the mission lands in the vicinity. Now all the buildings, except the church and the principal range of houses contiguous, have fallen into ruins, and an Englishman, his wife, and one small child, with two or three Indian servants, are the sole inhabitants. The church is the largest I have seen in the country, and its interior is in good repair, although it has not probably been used for the purpose of public worship for many years. The Englishman professes to have purchased the mission and all the lands belonging to it for 300 dollars.

Our stock of cattle being exhausted, we feasted on Californian mutton, sheep being more abundant than cattle at this mission. The wool, I noticed, was coarse, but the mutton was of an excellent quality. The country over which we have travelled to-day shows the marks of long drought previous to the recent rains. The soil is sandy and gravelly, and the dead vegetation upon it is thin and stunted. About eighty of our horses are reported to have given out and been left behind. Distance 20 miles.

December 12.—To relieve our horses, which are constantly giving out from exhaustion, the grass being insufficient for their sustenance while performing labour, the entire battalion, officers and men, were ordered to march on foot, turning their horses, with the saddles and bridles upon them, into the general caballada, to be driven along by the horse-guard. The day has been drizzly, cold, and disagreeable. The country has a barren and naked appearance; but this, I believe, is attributable to the extreme drought that has prevailed in this region for one or two years past. We encamped near the rancho of a friendly Californian—the man who was taken prisoner the other day and set at large. An Indian, said to be the servant of Tortoria Pico, was captured here by the advance party. A letter was found upon him, but the contents of which I never learned. This being the first foot-march, there were, of course, many galled and blistered feet in the battalion. My servant obtained, with some difficulty, from the Indians at the rancho, a pint-cup of pinole, or parched corn-meal, and a quart or two of wheat, which, being boiled, furnished some variety in our viands at supper, fresh beef having been our only subsistence since the commencement of the march from San Juan. Distance 12 miles.

December 13.—A rainy disagreeable morning. Mr. Stanley, one



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of the volunteers, and one of the gentlemen who so kindly supplied us with provisions on Mary's River, died last night. He has been suffering from an attack of typhoid fever since the commencement of our march, and unable most of the time to sit upon his horse. He was buried this morning in a small circular opening in the timber near our camp. The battalion was formed in a hollow square surrounding the grave which had been excavated for the final resting-place of our deceased friend and comrade. There was neither bier, nor coffin, nor pall—

“Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note.”

The cold earth was heaped upon his mortal remains in silent solemnity, and the ashes of a braver or a better man will never repose in the lonely hills of California.

After the funeral the battalion was marched a short distance to witness another scene, not more mournful, but more harrowing than the last. The Indian captured at the rancho yesterday was condemned to die. He was brought from his place of confinement and tied to a tree. Here he stood some fifteen or twenty minutes, until the Indians from a neighbouring rancheria could be brought to witness the execution. A file of soldiers were then ordered to fire upon him. He fell upon his knees, and remained in that position several minutes without uttering a groan, and then sank upon the earth. No human being could have met his fate with more composure, or with stronger manifestations of courage. It was a scene such as I desire never to witness again.

A cold rain fell upon us during the entire day's march. We encamped at four o'clock, P.M.; but the rain poured down in such torrents that it was impossible to light our camp-fires and keep them burning. This continued nearly the whole night, and I have rarely passed a night more uncomfortably. A scouting party brought in two additional prisoners this evening. Another returned, and reported the capture of a number of horses, and the destruction of a rancho by fire. Distance 12 miles.

December 14.—The battalion commenced its march on foot and in a heavy rain. The mud is very deep, and we have been compelled to wade several streams of considerable depth, being swollen by the recent rains. At one o'clock a halt was ordered, and beef slaughtered and cooked for dinner. The march was resumed late in the afternoon, and the plain surrounding the mission of San Luis Obispo was reached in the pitch darkness of the night, a family in the canada having been taken prisoners by the advance party to prevent them from giving the alarm. The battalion was so disposed as to surround the mission and take prisoners all contained within it. The place was entered in great confusion, on account of the darkness, about nine o'clock. There was no military force at the mission, and the few inhabitants were greatly alarmed, as may well be supposed, by this sudden invasion. They made no resistance, and were all taken prisoners except one or two, who managed to escape and fled in great terror, no one knew where or how. It being ascertained that Tortoria Pico, a man who has figured conspicuously in most of the Californian revolutions, was in the neighbourhood, a party was despatched immediately to the place, and he was brought in a prisoner. The night was rainy and boisterous, and the soldiers were quartered to the best advantage in the miserable mud houses, and no acts of violence or outrage of any kind were committed.



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The men composing the Californian battalion, as I have before stated, have been drawn from many sources, and are roughly clad, and weather-beaten in their exterior appearance; but I feel it but justice here to state my belief, that no military party ever passed through an enemy's country and observed the same strict regard for the rights of its population. I never heard of an outrage, or even a trespass being committed by one of the American volunteers during our entire march. Every American appeared to understand perfectly the duty which he owed to himself and others in this respect, and the deportment of the battalion might be cited as a model for imitation. Distance 18 miles.



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CHAPTER X.

Tremendous rain
Mission of San Luis Obispo
Gardens
Various fruits
Farm
Cactus tuna
Calinche
Pumpkins
Trial of Tortoria Pico
Procession of women
Pico's pardon
Leave San Luis
Surf of the Pacific
Captain Dana
Tempestuous night
Mission of St. Ynes
Effects of drought
Horses exhausted
St. Ynes Mountain
View of the plain of Santa Barbara and the Pacific
A wretched Christmas-day
Descent of St. Ynes Mountain
Terrible storm
Frightful destruction of horses
Dark night
What we are fighting for
Arrive at Santa Barbara
Town deserted.

December 15.—The rain fell in cataracts the entire day. The small streams which flow from the mountains through, and water the valley of, San Luis Obispo, are swollen by the deluge of water from the clouds into foaming unfordable torrents. In order not to trespass upon the population at the mission, in their miserable abodes of mud, the church was opened, and a large number of the soldiers were quartered in it. A guard, however, was set day and night, over the chancel and all other property contained in the building, to prevent its being injured or disturbed. The decorations of the church are much the same as I have before described. The edifice is large, and the interior in good repair. The floor is paved with square bricks. I noticed a common hand-organ in the church, which played the airs we usually hear from organ-grinders in the street. Besides the main large buildings connected with the church, there are standing, and partially occupied, several small squares of adobe houses, belonging to this mission. The heaps of mud, and crumbling walls outside of these, are evidence that the place was once of much greater extent, and probably one of the most opulent and prosperous establishments of the kind in the country. The lands surrounding the mission are finely situated for cultivation and irrigation if necessary. There are several large gardens, inclosed by high and substantial walls, which now contain a great variety of fruit-trees and shrubbery. I noticed the orange, fig, palm, olive, and grape. There are



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also large inclosures hedged in by the prickly-pear (cactus), which grows to an enormous size, and makes an impervious barrier against man or beast. The stalks of some of these plants are of the thickness of a man's body, and grow to the height of fifteen feet. A juicy fruit is produced by the prickly-pear, named tuna, from which a beverage is sometimes made, called calinche. It has a pleasant flavour, as has also the fruit, which, when ripe, is blood-red. A small quantity of pounded wheat was found here, which, being purchased, was served out to the troops, about a pound to the man. Frijoles and pumpkins were also obtained, delicacies of no common order.

December 16.—A court-martial was convened this morning for the trial of Pico, the principal prisoner, on the charge, I understood, of the forfeiture of his parole which had been taken on a former occasion. The sentence of the court was, that he should be shot or hung, I do not know which. A rumour is current among the population here, that there has been an engagement between a party of Americans and Californians, near Los Angeles, in which the former were defeated with the loss of thirty men killed.

December 17.—Cool, with a hazy sky. While standing in one of the corridors this morning, a procession of females passed by me, headed by a lady of fine appearance and dressed with remarkable taste and neatness, compared with those who followed her. Their rebosos concealed the faces of most of them, except the leader, whose beautiful features, dare say, she thought (and justly) required no concealment. They proceeded to the quarters of Colonel Fremont, and their object, I understood, was to petition for the reprieve or pardon of Pico, who had been condemned to death by the court-martial yesterday, and whose execution was expected to take place this morning. Their intercession was successful, as no execution took place, and in a short time all the prisoners were discharged, and the order to saddle up and march given. We resumed our march at ten o'clock, and encamped just before sunset in a small but picturesque and fertile valley timbered with oak, so near the coast that the roar of the surf breaking against the shore could be heard distinctly. Distance seven miles.

December 18.—Clear, with a delightful temperature. Before the sun rose the grass was covered with a white frost. The day throughout has been calm and beautiful. A march of four miles brought us to the shore of a small indentation in the coast of the Pacific, where vessels can anchor, and boats can land when the wind is not too fresh. The surf is now rolling and foaming with prodigious energy—breaking upon the beach in long lines one behind the other, and striking the shore like cataracts. The hills and plains are verdant with a carpet of fresh grass, and the scattered live-oaks on all sides, appearing like orchards of fruit-trees, give to the country an old and cultivated aspect. The mountains bench away on our left, the low hills rising in gentle conical forms, beyond which are the more elevated and precipitous peaks covered with snow. We encamped about three o'clock near the rancho of Captain Dana, in a large and handsome valley well watered by an arroyo. Captain Dana is a native of Massachusetts, and has resided in this country about thirty years. He is known and esteemed throughout California for his intelligence and private virtues,



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and his unbounded generosity and hospitality. I purchased here a few loaves of wheat bread, and distributed them among the men belonging to our company as far as they would go, a luxury which they have not indulged in since the commencement of the march. Distance 15 miles.

December 19.—The night was cold and tempestuous, with a slight fall of rain. The clouds broke away after sunrise, and the day became warm and pleasant. We continued our march up the valley, and encamped near its head. The table-land and hills are generally gravelly, but appear to be productive of fine grass. The soil of the bottom is of the richest and most productive composition. We crossed in the course of the day a wide flat plain, upon which were grazing large herds of brood-mares (manadas) and cattle. In the distance they resembled large armies approaching us. The peaks of the elevated mountains in sight are covered with snow. A large number of horses gave out, strayed, and were left behind to-day, estimated at one hundred. The men came into camp bringing their saddles on their backs, and some of them arriving late in the evening. Distance 18 miles.

December 20.—Parties were sent back this morning to gather up horses and baggage left on the march yesterday, and it was one o'clock before the rear-guard, waiting for the return of those, left camp. The main body made a short march and encamped early, in a small hollow near the rancho of Mr. Faxon, through which flows an arroyo, the surrounding hills being timbered with evergreen oaks. The men amused themselves during the afternoon in target-shooting. Many of the battalion are fine marksmen with the rifle, and the average of shots could not easily be surpassed. The camp spread over an undulating surface of half a mile in diameter, and at night, when the fires were lighted, illuminating the grove, with its drapery of drooping Spanish moss, it presented a most picturesque appearance. Distance 3 miles.

December 21.—Clear and pleasant. A foot march was ordered, with the exception of the horse and baggage guard. We marched several miles through a winding hollow, passing a deserted rancho, and ascending with much labour a steep ridge of hills, descending which we entered a handsome valley, and encamped upon a small stream about four miles from the mission of St. Ynes. The banks of the arroyo are strewn with dead and prostrate timber, the trees, large and small, having been overthrown by tornados. The plain has suffered, like much of the country we have passed through, by a long-continued drought, but the composition of the soil is such as indicates fertility, and from the effects of the late rains the grass is springing up with great luxuriance, from places which before were entirely denuded of vegetation. A party was sent from camp to inspect the mission, but returned without making any important discoveries. Our horses are so weak that many of them are unable to carry their saddles, and were left on the road as usual. A man had his leg broken on the march to-day, by the kick of a mule. He was sent back to the rancho of Mr. Faxon. Distance 15 miles.

December 22.—Clear and pleasant. Being of the party which performed rear-guard duty to-day, with orders to bring in all stragglers, we did not leave camp until several hours after the main body had left. The horses of the caballada and the pack-



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animals were continually giving out and refusing to proceed. Parties of men, exhausted, lay down upon the ground, and it was with much urging, and sometimes with peremptory commands only, that they could be prevailed upon to proceed. The country bears the same marks of drought heretofore described, but fresh vegetation is now springing up and appears vigorous. A large horse-trail leading into one of the canadas of the mountains on our left was discovered by the scouts, and a party was dispatched to trace it. We passed one deserted rancho, and reached camp between nine and ten o'clock at night, having forced in all the men and most of the horses and pack-mules. Distance 15 miles.

December 23.—Rain fell steadily and heavily the entire day. A small party of men was in advance. Discovering in a brushy valley two Indians armed with bows and arrows, they were taken prisoners. Learning from them that there was a caballada of horses secreted in one of the canadas, they continued on about ten miles, and found about twenty-five fresh fat horses, belonging to a Californian now among the insurgents below. They were taken and delivered at the camp near the eastern base of the St. Ynes Mountain. Passed this morning a rancho inhabited by a foreigner, an Englishman.

December 24.—Cloudy and cool, with an occasional sprinkling rain. Our route to-day lay directly over the St. Ynes Mountain, by an elevated and most difficult pass. The height of this mountain is several thousand feet. We reached the summit about twelve o'clock, and, our company composing the advance-guard, we encamped about a mile and a half in advance of the main body of the battalion, at a point which overlooks the beautiful plain of Santa Barbara, of which, and the ocean beyond, we had a most extended and interesting view. With the spy-glass, we could see, in the plain far below us, herds of cattle quietly grazing upon the green herbage that carpets its gentle undulations. The plain is dotted with groves, surrounding the springs and belting the small water-courses, of which there are many flowing from this range of mountains. Ranchos are scattered far up and down the plain, but not one human being could be seen stirring. About ten or twelve miles to the south, the white towers of the mission of Santa Barbara raise themselves. Beyond is the illimitable waste of waters. A more lovely and picturesque landscape I never beheld. On the summit of the mountain, and surrounding us, there is a growth of hawthorn, manzanita (in bloom), and other small shrubbery. The rock is soft sandstone and conglomerate, immense masses of which, piled one upon another, form a wall along the western brow of the mountain, through which there is a single pass or gateway about eight or ten feet in width. The descent on the western side is precipitous, and appears almost impassable. Distance 4 miles.

December 25.—Christmas-day, and a memorable one to me. Owing to the difficulty in hauling the cannon up the steep acclivities of the mountain, the main body of the battalion did not come up with us until twelve o'clock, and before we commenced the descent of the mountain a furious storm commenced, raging with a violence rarely surpassed. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew almost with the force of a tornado. This fierce strife of the elements continued without abatement the entire afternoon, and until two o'clock at night. Driving our horses



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before us, we were compelled to slide down the steep and slippery rocks, or wade through deep gullies and ravines filled with mud and foaming torrents of water, that rushed downwards with such force as to carry along the loose rocks and tear up the trees and shrubbery by the roots. Many of the horses falling into the ravines refused to make an effort to extricate themselves, and were swept downwards and drowned. Others, bewildered by the fierceness and terrors of the storm, rushed or fell headlong over the steep precipices and were killed. Others obstinately refused to proceed, but stood quaking with fear or shivering with cold, and many of these perished in the night from the severity of the storm. The advance party did not reach the foot of the mountain and find a place to encamp until night—and a night of more impenetrable and terrific darkness I never witnessed. The ground upon which our camp was made, although sloping from the hills to a small stream, was so saturated with water that men as well as horses sunk deep at every step. The rain fell in such quantities, that fires with great difficulty could be lighted, and most of them were immediately extinguished.

The officers and men belonging to the company having the cannon in charge laboured until nine or ten o'clock to bring them down the mountain, but they were finally compelled to leave them. Much of the baggage also remained on the side of the mountain, with the pack-mules and horses conveying them, all efforts to force the animals down being fruitless. The men continued to straggle into the camp until a late hour of the night;—some crept under the shelving rocks and did not come in until the next morning. We were so fortunate as to find our tent, and after much difficulty pitched it under an oak-tree. All efforts to light a fire and keep it blazing proving abortive, we spread our blankets upon the ground and endeavoured to sleep, although we could feel the cold streams of water running through the tent and between and around our bodies.

In this condition we remained until about two o'clock in the morning, when the storm having abated I rose, and shaking from my garments the dripping water, after many unsuccessful efforts succeeded in kindling a fire. Near our tent I found three soldiers who had reached camp at a late hour. They were fast asleep on the ground, the water around them being two or three inches deep; but they had taken care to keep their heads above water, by using a log of wood for a pillow. The fire beginning to blaze freely, I dug a ditch with my hands and a sharp stick of wood, which drained off the pool surrounding the tent. One of the men, when he felt the sensation consequent upon being "high and dry," roused himself, and, sitting upright, looked around for some time with an expression of bewildered amazement. At length he seemed to realize the true state of the case, and exclaimed, in a tone of energetic soliloquy,—

"Well, who wouldn't be a soldier and fight for California?"

"You are mistaken," I replied.

Rubbing his eyes, he gazed at me with astonishment, as if having been entirely unconscious of my presence; but, reassuring himself, he said:

"How mistaken?"

"Why," I answered, "you are not fighting for California."



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"What the d—l, then, am I fighting for?" he inquired.

"For TEXAS."

"Texas be d—d; but hurrah for General Jackson!" and with this exclamation he threw himself back again upon his wooden pillow, and was soon snoring in a profound slumber.

Making a platform composed of sticks of wood upon the soft mud, I stripped myself to the skin, wringing the water from each garment as I proceeded. I then commenced drying them by the fire in the order that they were replaced upon my body, an employment that occupied me until daylight, which sign, above the high mountain to the east, down which we had rolled rather than marched yesterday, I was truly rejoiced to see. Distance 3 miles.

December 26.—Parties were detailed early this morning, and despatched up the mountain to bring down the cannon, and collect the living horses and baggage. The destruction of horse-flesh, by those who witnessed the scene by daylight, is described as frightful. In some places large numbers of dead horses were piled together. In others, horses half buried in the mud of the ravines, or among the rocks, were gasping in the agonies of death. The number of dead animals is variously estimated at from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty, by different persons. The cannon, most of the missing baggage, and the living horses, were all brought in by noon. The day was busily employed in cleansing our rifles and pistols, and drying our drenched baggage.

December 27.—Preparations were commenced early for the resumption of our march; but such was the condition of everything around us, that it was two o'clock, P.M., before the battalion was in readiness; and then so great had been the loss of horses in various ways, that the number remaining was insufficient to mount the men. One or two companies, and portions of others, were compelled to march on foot. We were visited during the forenoon by Mr. Sparks, an American, Dr. Den, an Irishman, and Mr. Burton, another American, residents of Santa Barbara. They had been suffered by the Californians to remain in the place. Their information communicated to us was, that the town was deserted of nearly all its population. A few houses only were occupied. Passing down a beautiful and fertile undulating plain, we encamped just before sunset in a live-oak grove, about half a mile from the town of Santa Barbara. Strict orders were issued by Col. Fremont, that the property and the persons of Californians, not found in arms, should be sacredly respected. To prevent all collisions, no soldier was allowed to pass the lines of the camp without special permission, or orders from his officers.

I visited the town before dark, but found the houses, with few exceptions, closed, and the streets deserted. After hunting about some time, we discovered a miserable dwelling, occupied by a shoemaker and his family, open. Entering it, we were very kindly received by its occupants, who, with a princely supply of civility, possessed but a beggarly array of comforts. At our request they provided for us a supper of tortillas, frijoles, and stewed carne seasoned with chile colorado, for which, paying them dos pesos for four, we bade them good evening, all parties being well satisfied. The family consisted, exclusive of the shoemaker, of a dozen women and children, of all ages.



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The women, from the accounts they had received of the intentions of the Americans, were evidently unprepared for civil treatment from them. They expected to be dealt with in a very barbarous manner, in all respects; but they were disappointed, and invited us to visit them again. Distance 8 miles.



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CHAPTER XI.

Santa Barbara
Picturesque situation
Fertility of the country
Climate
Population
Society
Leave Santa Barbara
Rincon
Grampus
Mission of St. Buenaventura
Fine gardens
Meet a party of mounted Californians
They retreat before us
Abundance of maize
Arrival of couriers from Com. Stockton
Effects of war upon the country
More of the enemy in sight
News of the capture of Los Angeles, by Gen. Kearny and Com. Stockton
Mission of San Fernando
The Maguey
Capitulation of the Californians
Arrive at Los Angeles
General reflections upon the march
Meet with old acquaintances.

The battalion remained encamped at Santa Barbara, from the 27th of December to the 3rd of January, 1847. The U.S. flag was raised in the public square of the town the day after our arrival. The town of Santa Barbara is beautifully situated for the picturesque, about one mile from the shore of a roadstead, which affords anchorage for vessels of any size, and a landing for boats in calm weather. During stormy weather, or the prevalence of strong winds from the south-east, vessels, for safety, are compelled to stand out to sea. A fertile plain extends some twenty or thirty miles up and down the coast, varying in breadth from two to ten miles, and bounded on the east by a range of high mountains. The population of the town I should judge, from the number of houses, to be about 1200 souls. Most of the houses are constructed of adobes, in the usual architectural style of Mexican buildings. Some of them, however, are more Americanized, and have some pretensions to tasteful architecture, and comfortable and convenient interior arrangement. Its commerce, I presume, is limited to the export of hides and tallow produced upon the surrounding plain; and the commodities received in exchange for these from the traders on the coast. Doubtless, new and yet undeveloped sources of wealth will be discovered hereafter that will render this town of much greater importance than it is at present.

On the coast, a few miles above Santa Barbara, there are, I have been told, immense quantities of pure bitumen or mineral tar, which, rising in the ocean, has been thrown upon the shore by the waves, where in a concrete state, like resin, it has accumulated in inexhaustible masses. There are, doubtless, many valuable minerals in the neighbouring mountains, which, when developed by enterprise, will add greatly to the wealth and



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importance of the town. For intelligence, refinement, and civilization, the population, it is said, will compare advantageously with any in California. Some old and influential Spanish families are residents of this place; but their *casas*, with the exception of that of Senor Don José Noriega, the largest house in the place, are now closed and deserted. Senor N. is one of the oldest and most respectable citizens of California, having filled the highest offices in the government of the country. One of his daughters is a resident of New York, having married Alfred Robinson, Esq., of that city, author of "Life in California."

The climate, judging from the indications while we remained here, must be delightful, even in winter. With the exception of one day, which was tempestuous, the temperature at night did not fall below 50°, and during the day the average was between 60° and 70°. The atmosphere was perfectly clear and serene, the weather resembling that of the pleasant days of April in the same latitude on the Atlantic side of the continent. It is a peculiarity of the Mexicans that they allow no shade or ornamental trees to grow near their houses. In none of the streets of the towns or missions through which I have passed has there been a solitary tree standing. I noticed very few horticultural attempts in Santa Barbara. At the mission, about two miles distant, which is an extensive establishment and in good preservation, I was told that there were fine gardens, producing most of the varieties of fruits of the tropical and temperate climates.

Several Californians came into camp and offered to deliver themselves up. They were permitted to go at large. They represented that the Californian force at the south was daily growing weaker from dissensions and desertions. The United States prize-schooner Julia arrived on the 30th, from which was landed a cannon for the use of the battalion. It has, however, to be mounted on wheels, and the gear necessary for hauling it has to be made in the camp. Reports were current in camp on the 31st, that the Californians intended to meet and fight us at San Buenaventura, about thirty miles distant. On the 1st of January, the Indians of the mission and town celebrated new-year's day, by a procession, music, etc., etc. They marched from the mission to the town, and through most of the empty and otherwise silent streets. Among the airs they played was "Yankee Doodle."

January 3.—A beautiful spring-like day. We resumed our march at 11 o'clock, and encamped in a live-oak grove about ten miles south of Santa-Barbara. Our route has been generally near the shore of the ocean. Timber is abundant, and the grass and other vegetation luxuriant. Distance 10 miles.

January 4.—At the "Rincon," or passage between two points of land jutting into the ocean, so narrow that at high tides the surf dashes against the neatly perpendicular bases of the mountains which bound the shore, it has been supposed the hostile Californians would make a stand, the position being so advantageous to them. The road, if road it can be called, where all marks of hoofs or wheels are erased by each succeeding tide, runs along a hard sand-beach, with occasional projections of small points of level ground, ten or fifteen miles, and the surf, even when the tide has fallen considerably, frequently reaches to the bellies of the horses. Some demonstration has been



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confidently expected here, but we encamped in this pass the first day without meeting an enemy or seeing a sign of one. Our camp is close to the ocean, and the roar of the surf, as it dashes against the shore, is like that of an immense cataract. Hundreds of the grampus whale are sporting a mile or two distant from the land, spouting up water and spray to a great height, in columns resembling steam from the escape-pipes of steam-boats. Distance 6 miles.

January 5.—The prize-schooner Julia was lying off in sight this morning, for the purpose of co-operating with us, should there be any attempt on the part of the enemy to interrupt the march of the battalion. We reached the mission of San Buenaventura, and encamped a short distance from it at two o'clock. Soon after, a small party of Californians exhibited themselves on an elevation just beyond the mission. The battalion was immediately called to arms, and marched out to meet them. But, after the discharge of the two field-pieces, they scampered away like a flock of antelopes, and the battalion returned to camp, with none killed or wounded on either side. Under the belief that there was a larger force of Californians encamped at a distance of some five or six miles, and that during the night they might attempt a surprise, or plant cannon on the summit of a hill about a mile from camp, so as to annoy us, a party, of which I was one, was detached, after dark, to occupy the hill secretly. We marched around the mission as privately as possible, and took our position on the hill, where we remained all night without the least disturbance, except by the tempestuous wind, which blew a blast so cold and piercing as almost to congeal the blood. When the sun rose in the morning, I could see, far out in the ocean, three vessels scudding before the gale like phantom ships. One of these was the little schooner that had been waiting upon us while marching along the "Rincon." Distance 14 miles.

January 6.—The wind has blown a gale in our faces all day, and the clouds of dust have been almost blinding. The mission of San Buenaventura does not differ, in its general features, from those of other establishments of the same kind heretofore described. There is a large garden, inclosed by a high wall, attached to the mission, in which I noticed a great variety of fruit-trees and ornamental shrubbery. There are also numerous inclosures, for cultivation, by willow hedges. The soil, when properly tilled, appears to be highly productive. This mission is situated about two miles from the shore of a small bay or indentation of the coast, on the edge of a plain or valley watered by the Rio Santa Clara, which empties into the Pacific at this point. A chain of small islands, from ten to twenty miles from the shore, commences at Santa Barbara, and extends south along the coast, to the bay of San Pedro. These islands present to the eye a barren appearance. At present the only inhabitants of the mission are a few Indians, the white population having abandoned it on our approach, with the exception of one man, who met us yesterday and surrendered himself a prisoner. Proceeding up the valley about seven miles from the mission, we discovered at a distance a party of sixty or seventy mounted Californians, drawn up in order on the bank of the river. This, it was conjectured, might be only a portion of a much larger force stationed here, and concealed in a deep ravine which runs



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across the valley, or in the canadas of the hills on our left. Scouting-parties mounted the hills, for the purpose of ascertaining if such was the case. In the mean time, the party of Californians on our right scattered themselves over the plain, prancing their horses, waving their swords, banners, and lances, and performing a great variety of equestrian feats. They were mounted on fine horses, and there are no better horsemen, if as good, in the world, than Californians. They took especial care, however, to keep beyond the reach of cannon-shot. The battalion wheeled to the left for the purpose of crossing a point of hills jutting into the plain, and taking the supposed concealed party of the enemy on their flank. It was, however, found impracticable to cross the hills with the cannon; and, returning to the plain, the march was continued, the Californians still prancing and performing their antics in our faces. Our horses were so poor and feeble that it was impossible to chase them with any hope of success. As we proceeded, they retreated. Some of the Indian scouts, among whom were a Delaware named Tom, who distinguished himself in the engagement near San Juan, and a Californian Indian named Gregorio, rode towards them; and two or three guns were discharged on both sides, but without any damage, the parties not being within dangerous gun-shot distance of each other. The Californians then formed themselves in a body, and soon disappeared behind some hills on our right. We encamped about four o'clock in the valley, the wind blowing almost a hurricane, and the dust flying so as nearly to blind us. Distance 9 miles.

January 7.—Continuing our march up the valley, we encamped near the rancho of Carrillo, where we found an abundance of corn, wheat, and frijoles. The house was shut up, having been deserted by its proprietor, who is said to be connected with the rebellion. Californian scouts were seen occasionally to-day on the summits of the hills south of us. Distance 7 miles.

January 8.—Another tempestuous day. I do not remember ever to have experienced such disagreeable effects from the wind and the clouds of dust in which we were constantly enveloped, driving into our faces without intermission. We encamped this afternoon in a grove of willows near a rancho, where, as yesterday, we found corn and beans in abundance. Our horses, consequently, fare well, and we fare better than we have done. One-fourth of the battalion, exclusive of the regular guard, is kept under arms during the night, to be prepared against surprises and night-attacks. Distance 12 miles.

January 9.—Early this morning Captain Hamley, accompanied by a Californian as a guide, came into camp, with despatches from Commodore Stockton. The exact purport of these despatches I never learned, but it was understood that the commodore, in conjunction with General Kearny, was marching upon Los Angeles, and that, if they had not already reached and taken that town (the present capital of California), they were by this time in its neighbourhood. Captain Hamley passed, last night, the encampment of a party of Californians in our rear. He landed from a vessel at Santa Barbara, and from thence followed us to this place by land. We encamped this afternoon at a rancho, situated on the edge of a fertile and finely watered plain of considerable extent, where we found corn, wheat, and frijoles in great abundance. The rancho was owned and occupied by an aged



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Californian, of commanding and respectable appearance; I could not but feel compassion for the venerable old man, whose sons were now all absent and engaged in the war, while he, at home and unsupported, was suffering the unavoidable inconveniences and calamities resulting from an army being quartered upon him. As we march south there appears to be a larger supply of wheat, maize, beans, and barley in the granaries of the ranchos. More attention is evidently given to the cultivation of the soil here than farther north, although neither the soil nor climate is so well adapted to the raising of crops. The Californian spies have shown themselves at various times to-day, on the summits of the hills on our right. Distance 12 miles.

January 10.—Crossing the plain, we encamped, about two o'clock P.M., in the mouth of a canada, through which we ascend over a difficult pass in a range of elevated hills between us and the plain of San Fernando, or Couenga. Some forty or fifty mounted Californians exhibited themselves on the summit of the pass during the afternoon. They were doubtless a portion of the same party that we met several days ago, just below San Buenaventura. A large number of cattle were collected in the plain and corralled, to be driven along to-morrow for subsistence. Distance 10 miles.

January 11.—The battalion this morning was divided into two parties; the main body, on foot, marching over a ridge of hills to the right of the road or trail; and the artillery, horses and baggage, with an advance-guard and escort, marching by the direct route. We found the pass narrow, and easily to be defended by brave and determined men against a greatly superior force; but when we had mounted the summit of the ridge there was no enemy, nor the sign of one, in sight. Descending into a canada on the other side, we halted until the main body came up to us, and then the whole force was again reunited, and the march continued.

Emerging from the hills, the advance party to which I was attached met two Californians, bareheaded, riding in great haste. They stated that they were from the mission of San Fernando; that the Californian forces had met the American forces under the command of General Kearny and Commodore Stockton, and had been defeated after two days' fighting; and that the Americans had yesterday marched into Los Angeles. They requested to be conducted immediately to Colonel Fremont, which request was complied with. A little farther on we met a Frenchman, who stated that he was the bearer of a letter from General Kearny, at Los Angeles, to Colonel Fremont. He confirmed the statement we had just heard, and was permitted to pass. Continuing our march, we entered the mission of San Fernando at one o'clock, and in about two hours the main body arrived, and the whole battalion encamped in the mission buildings.

The buildings and gardens belonging to this mission are in better condition than those of any of these establishments I have seen. There are two extensive gardens, surrounded by high walls; and a stroll through them afforded a most delightful contrast from the usually uncultivated landscape we have been travelling through for so long a time. Here were brought together most of the fruits and many of the plants of the temperate and tropical climates. Although not the season of flowers, still the roses were in bloom. Oranges, lemons, figs,



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and olives hung upon the trees, and the blood-red *tuna*, or prickly-pear, looked very tempting. Among the plants I noticed the American aloe (*argave Americana*), which is otherwise called *maguey*. From this plant, when it attains maturity, a saccharine liquor is extracted, which is manufactured into a beverage called *pulque*, and is much prized by Mexicans. The season of grapes has passed, but there are extensive vineyards at this mission. I drank, soon after my arrival, a glass of red wine manufactured here, of a good quality.

The mission of San Fernando is situated at the head of an extensive and very fertile plain, judging from the luxuriance of the grass and other vegetation now springing up. I noticed in the granary from which our horses were supplied with food many thousand bushels of corn. The ear is smaller than that of the corn of the Southern States. It resembles the maize cultivated in the Northern States, the kernel being hard and polished. Large herds of cattle and sheep were grazing upon the plain in sight of the mission.

January 12.—This morning two Californian officers, accompanied by Tortaria Pico, who marched with us from San Luis Obispo, came to the mission to treat for peace. A consultation was held and terms were suggested, and, as I understand, partly agreed upon, but not concluded. The officers left in the afternoon.

January 13.—We continued our march, and encamped near a deserted rancho at the foot of Couenga plain. Soon after we halted, the Californian peace-commissioners appeared, and the terms of peace and capitulation were finally agreed upon and signed by the respective parties. They were as follows:—

ARTICLES OF CAPITULATION,

Made and entered into at the Ranch of Couenga, this thirteenth day of January, eighteen hundred and forty-seven, between P.B. Reading, major; Louis McLane, junr., commanding 3rd Artillery; William H. Russell, ordnance officer—commissioners appointed by J.C. Fremont, Colonel United States Army, and Military Commandant of California; and José Antonio Carillo, commandant esquadron; Augustin Olivera, deputado—commissioners appointed by Don Andres Pico, Commander-in-chief of the Californian forces under the Mexican flag.

Article 1st. The Commissioners on the part of the Californians agree that their entire force shall, on presentation of themselves to Lieutenant-Colonel Fremont, deliver up their artillery and public arms, and that they shall return peaceably to their homes, conforming to the laws and regulations of the United States, and not again take up arms during the war between the United States and Mexico, but will assist and aid in placing the country in a state of peace and tranquillity.

Art. 2nd. The Commissioners on the part of Lieutenant-Colonel Fremont agree and bind themselves, on the fulfilment of the 1st Article by the Californians, that they shall be guaranteed protection of life and property, whether on parole or otherwise.

Article 3rd. That until a Treaty of Peace be made and signed between the United States of North America and the Republic of Mexico, no Californian or other Mexican citizen shall be bound to take the oath of allegiance.



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Article 4th. That any Californian or citizen of Mexico, desiring, is permitted by this capitulation to leave the country without let or hinderance.

Article 5th. That, in virtue of the aforesaid articles, equal rights and privileges are vouchsafed to every citizen of California, as are enjoyed by the citizens of the United States of North America.

Article 6th. All officers, citizens, foreigners or others, shall receive the protection guaranteed by the 2nd Article.

Article 7th. This capitulation is intended to be no bar in effecting such arrangements as may in future be in justice required by both parties.

ADDITIONAL ARTICLE.

Ciudad de Los Angeles, Jan. 16th, 1847.

That the paroles of all officers, citizens and others, of the United States, and naturalized citizens of Mexico, are by this foregoing capitulation cancelled, and every condition of said paroles, from and after this date, are of no further force and effect, and all prisoners of both parties are hereby released.

P.B. READING, Maj. Cal'a. Battalion. LOUIS McLANE, Com'd. Artillery. WM. H. RUSSELL, Ordnance Officer. JOSE ANTONIO CARILLO, Comd't. of Squadron. AUGUSTIN OLIVERA, Deputado.

Approved,

J.C. FREMONT, Lieut.-Col. U.S. Army, and Military Commandant of California.

ANDRES PICO, Commandant of Squadron and Chief of the National Forces of California.

The next morning a brass howitzer was brought into camp, and delivered. What other arms were given up I cannot say, for I saw none. Nor can I speak as to the number of Californians who were in the field under the command of Andres Pico when the articles of capitulation were signed, for they were never in sight of us after we reached San Fernando. Distance 12 miles.

January 14.—It commenced raining heavily this morning. Crossing a ridge of hills, we entered the magnificent undulating plain surrounding the city of Angels, now verdant with a carpet of fresh vegetation. Among other plants I noticed the mustard, and an immense quantity of the common pepper-grass of our gardens. We passed several warm springs which throw up large quantities of bitumen or mineral tar. Urging our jaded animals through the mud and water, which in places was very deep, we reached the town about 3 o'clock.

A more miserably clad, wretchedly provided, and unprepossessing military host, probably never entered a civilized city. In all, except our order, department, and arms, we might have been mistaken for a procession of tatterdemalions, or a tribe of Nomades from Tartary. There were not many of us so fortunate as to have in our possession an entire outside garment; and several were without hats or shoes, or a complete covering to their bodies. But that we had at last reached the terminus of a long and laborious march, attended with hardships, exposure, and privation rarely suffered, was a matter of such heartfelt congratulation, that these comparatively trifling



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inconveniences were not thought of. Men never, probably, in the entire history of military transactions, bore these privations with more fortitude or uttered fewer complaints.

We had now arrived at the abode of the celestials, if the interpretation of the name of the place could be considered as indicative of the character of its population, and drenched with rain and plastered with mud, we entered the "City of the Angels," and marched through its principal street to our temporary quarters. We found the town, as we expected, in the possession of the United States naval and military forces under the command of Commodore Stockton and General Kearny, who, after two engagements with six hundred mounted Californians on the 8th and 9th, had marched into the city on the 10th. The town was almost entirely deserted by its inhabitants, and most of the houses, except those belonging to foreigners, or occupied as quarters for the troops, were closed. I met here many of the naval officers whose agreeable acquaintance I had made at San Francisco. Among others were Lieutenants Thompson, Hunter, Gray and Rhenshaw, and Captain Zeilin of the marines, all of whom had marched from San Diego. Distance 12 miles.



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CHAPTER XII.

City of Angels
Gardens
Vineyards
Produce of the vine in California
General products of the country
Reputed personal charms of the females of Los Angeles
San Diego
Gold and quicksilver mines
Lower California
Bituminous springs
Wines
A Kentuckian among the angels
Missions of San Gabriel and San Luis Rey
Gen. Kearny and Com. Stockton leave for San Diego
Col. Fremont appointed Governor of California by Com. Stockton
Com. Shubrick's arrival
Insurrection in the northern part of California suppressed
Arrival of Col. Cooke at San Diego.

La Ciudad de los Angeles is the largest town in California, containing between fifteen hundred and two thousand inhabitants. Its streets are laid out without any regard to regularity. The buildings are generally constructed of adobes one and two stories high, with flat roofs. The public buildings are a church, quartel, and government house. Some of the dwelling-houses are frames, and large. Few of them, interiorly or exteriorly, have any pretensions to architectural taste, finish, or convenience of plan and arrangement. The town is situated about 20 miles from the ocean, in a extensive undulating plain, bounded on the north by a ridge of elevated hills, on the east by high mountains whose summits are now covered with snow, on the west by the ocean, and stretching to the south and the south-east as far as the eye can reach. The Rio St. Gabriel flows near the town. This stream is skirted with numerous vineyards and gardens, inclosed by willow-hedges. The gardens produce a great variety of tropical fruits and plants. The yield of the vineyards is very abundant; and a large quantity of wines of a good quality and flavour, and aguardiente, are manufactured here. Some of the vineyards, I understand, contain as many as twenty thousand vines. The produce of the vine in California will, undoubtedly, in a short time form an important item, in its exports and commerce. The soil and climate, especially of the southern portion of the country, appear to be peculiarly adapted to the culture of the grape.

We found in Los Angeles an abundance of maize, wheat, and frijoles, showing that the surrounding country is highly productive of these important articles of subsistence. There are no mills, however, in this vicinity, the universal practice of Californian families being to grind their corn by hand; and consequently flour and bread are very scarce, and not to be obtained in any considerable quantities. The only garden vegetables which I saw while here were onions, potatoes, and chile colorado, or red pepper, which enters very largely into the cuisine of the country. I do not doubt, however, that every description of garden vegetables can be produced here, in



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perfection and abundance.

While I remained at Los Angeles, I boarded with two or three other officers at the house of a Mexican Californian, the late alcalde of the town, whose political functions had ceased. He was a thin, delicate, amiable, and very polite gentleman, treating us with much courtesy, for which we paid him, when his bill was presented, a very liberal compensation. In the morning we were served, on a common deal table, with a cup of coffee and a plate of tortillas. At eleven o'clock, a more substantial meal was provided, consisting of stewed beef, seasoned with chile colorado, a rib of roasted beef, and a plate of frijoles with tortillas, and a bottle of native wine. Our supper was a second edition of the eleven o'clock entertainment. The town being abandoned by most of its population, and especially by the better class of the female portion of it, those who remained, which I saw, could not, without injustice, be considered as fair specimens of the angels, which are reputed here to inhabit. I did not happen to see one beautiful or even comely-looking woman in the place; but, as the fair descendants of Eve at Los Angeles have an exalted reputation for personal charms, doubtless the reason of the invisibility of the examples of feminine attractions, so far-famed and so much looked for by the sojourner, is to be ascribed to their "unavoidable absence," on account of the dangers and casualties of war. At this time, of course, everything in regard to society, as it usually exists here, is in a state of confusion and disorganization, and no correct conclusions in reference to it can be drawn from observation under such circumstances.

The bay of San Pedro, about twenty-five miles south of Los Angeles, is the port of the town. The bay affords a good anchorage for vessels of any size; but it is not a safe harbour at all times, as I have been informed by experienced nautical men on this coast. San Gabriel River empties into the bay. The mission of San Gabriel is about twelve miles east of Los Angeles. It is represented as an extensive establishment of this kind, the lands surrounding and belonging to it being highly fertile. The mission of San Luis Rey is situated to the south, about midway between Los Angeles and San Diego. This mission, according to the descriptions which I have received of it, is more substantial and tasteful in its construction than any other in the country; and the gardens and grounds belonging to it are now in a high state of cultivation.

San Diego is the most southern town in Upper California. It is situated on the Bay of San Diego, in latitude 33° north. The country back of it is described by those who have travelled through it as sandy and arid, and incapable of supporting any considerable population. There are, however, it is reported on authority regarded as reliable, rich mines of quicksilver, copper, gold, and coal, in the neighbourhood, which, if such be the fact, will before long render the place one of considerable importance. The harbour, next to that of San Francisco, is the best on the Pacific coast of North America, between the Straits of Fuca and Acapulco.

For the following interesting account of Lower California I am indebted to Rodman M. Price, Esq., purser of the U.S. sloop-of-war Cyane, who has been connected with most of the important events which have recently taken place in Upper and Lower California, and whose observations and opinions are valuable and



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reliable. It will be seen that the observations of Mr. Price differ materially from the generally received opinions in reference to Lower California.

Burlington, N.J., June 7, 1848.

Dear Sir,—It affords me pleasure to give you all the information I have about Lower California, derived from personal observation at several of its ports that I have visited, in the U.S. ship *Cyane*, in 1846-47.

Cape St. Lucas, the southern extremity of the peninsula of Lower California, is in lat. 22° 45' N., has a bay that affords a good harbour and anchorage, perfectly safe nine months in the year; but it is open to the eastward, and the hurricanes which sometimes occur during July, August, and September, blow the strongest from the southeast, so that vessels will not venture in the bay during the hurricane season. I have landed twice at the Cape in a small boat, and I think a breakwater can be built, at small cost, so as to make a safe harbour at all seasons. Stone can be obtained with great ease from three cones of rocks rising from the sea, and forming the extreme southerly point of the Cape, called the Frayles. Looking to the future trade and commerce of the Pacific Ocean, this great headland must become a most important point as a *dépôt* for coal and merchandise, and a most convenient location for vessels trading on that coast to get their supplies. Mr. Ritchie, now residing there, supplies a large number of whale-ships that cruise off the Cape, annually, with fresh provisions, fruits, and water. The supplies are drawn from the valley of San José twenty miles north of the Cape, as the land in its immediate vicinity is mountainous and sterile; but the valley of San José is extensive and well cultivated, producing the greatest variety of vegetables and fruits. The sweet and Irish potato, tomato, cabbage, lettuce, beans, peas, beets, and carrots are the vegetables; oranges, lemons, bananas, plantains, figs, dates, grapes, pomegranates, and olives are its fruits. Good beef and mutton are cheap. A large amount of sugar-cane is grown, from which is made *panoche*, a favourite sugar with the natives; it is the syrup from the cane boiled down, and run into cakes of a pound weight, and in appearance is like our maple-sugar.

Panoche, cheese, olives, raisins, dried figs, and dates, put up in *ceroons* of hide, with the great staples of the Californians—hides and tallow—make the export of San José, which is carried to San Blas and Mazatlan, on the opposite coast. This commerce the presence of the *Cyane* interrupted, finding and capturing in the Bay of La Paz, just after the receipt of the news of war on that coast in September, 1846, sixteen small craft, laid up during the stormy season, engaged in this trade.

I cannot dismiss the valley of San José, from which the crew of the *Cyane* have drawn so many luxuries, without alluding to the never-failing stream of excellent water that runs through it (to which it owes its productiveness) and empties into the Gulf here, and is



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easily obtained for shipping when the surf is low. It is now frequented by some of our whale ships, and European vessels bound to Mazatlan with cargoes usually stop here to get instructions from their consignees before appearing off the port; but vessels do not anchor during the three hurricane months. The view from seaward, up this valley, is beautiful indeed, being surrounded by high barren mountains, which is the general appearance of the whole peninsula, and gives the impression that the whole country is without soil, and unproductive. When your eye gets a view of this beautiful, fertile, cultivated, rich, green valley, producing all the fruits and vegetables of the earth, Lower California stock rises. To one that has been at sea for months, on salt grub, the sight of this bright spot of cultivated acres, with the turkeys, ducks, chickens, eggs, vegetables, and fruit, makes him believe the country an Eldorado. Following up the coast on the Gulf side, after passing Cape Polmo, good anchorage is found between the peninsula and the island of Cerralbo. Immediately to the north of this island is the entrance to the great and beautiful bay of La Paz. It has two entrances, one to the north and one to the south of the island of Espiritu Santo. The northern one is the boldest and safest for all craft drawing over twelve feet. The town of La Paz is at the bottom or south side of the bay, about twenty miles from the mouth. The bay is a large and beautiful sheet of water. The harbour of Pichelinque, of perfect mill-pond stillness, is formed inside of this bay. The Cyane lay at this quiet anchorage several days.

Pearl-fishing is the chief employment of the inhabitants about the bay, and the pearls are said to be of superior quality. I was shown a necklace, valued at two thousand dollars, taken in this water. They are all found by diving. The Yake Indians are the best divers, going down in eight-fathom water. The pearl shells are sent to China, and are worth, at La Paz, one dollar and a half the arroba, or twenty-five pounds. Why it is a submarine diving apparatus has not been employed in this fishery, with all its advantages over Indian diving, I cannot say. Yankee enterprise has not yet reached this new world. I cannot say this either, as a countryman of ours, Mr. Davis, living at Loretta, has been a most successful pearl-fisher, employing more Indians than any one else engaged in the business. I am sorry to add that he has suffered greatly by the war. The country about La Paz is a good grazing country, but very dry. The mountains in the vicinity are said to be very rich in minerals. Some silver mines near San Antonio, about forty miles south, are worked, and produce well. La Paz may export one hundred thousand dollars a-year of platapina. Gold-dust and virgin gold are brought to La Paz. The copper and lead mines are numerous and rich. To the north of La Paz are numerous safe and good harbours. Escondida, Loretta, and Muleje are all good harbours, formed by the islands in front of the main land.



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The island of Carmen, lying in front of Loretta, has a large salt lake, which has a solid salt surface of several feet thickness. The salt is of good quality, is cut out like ice, and it could supply the world. It has heretofore been a monopoly to the governor of Lower California, who employed convicts to get out the salt and put it on the beach ready for shipping. It is carried about a quarter of a mile, and is sent to Mazatlan and San Blas. A large quantity of salt is used in producing silver. To the north of Muleje, which is nearly opposite Guymas, the gulf is so much narrower that it is a harbour itself. No accurate survey has ever been made of it—indeed, all the peninsula, as well as the coast of Upper California, is laid down wrong on the charts, being about twelve miles too far easterly. The English Government now have two naval ships engaged in surveying the Gulf of California.

On the Pacific coast of the peninsula there is the great Bay of Magdalena, which has fine harbours, but no water, provisions, or inhabitants. Its shores are high barren mountains, said to possess great mineral wealth. A fleet of whale-ships have been there during the winter months of the last two years, for a new species of whale that are found there, represented as rather a small whale, producing forty or fifty barrels of oil; and, what is most singular, I was assured, by most respectable whaling captains, that the oil is a good paint-oil (an entire new quality for fish-oil). Geographically and commercially, Lower California must become very valuable. It will be a constant source of regret to this country, that it is not included in the treaty of peace just made with Mexico. We have held and governed it during the war, and the boundary of Upper California cuts the head of the Gulf of California, so that Lower California is left entirely disconnected with the Mexican territory.

Cape St. Lucas is the great headland of the Pacific Ocean, and is destined to be the Gibraltar and entrepot of that coast, or perhaps La Paz may be preferred, on account of its superior harbour. As a possession to any foreign power, I think Lower California more valuable than the group of the Sandwich Islands. It has as many arable acres as that group of islands, with rich mines, pearl-fishing, fine bays and harbours, with equal health, and all their productions. As a country, it is dry, mountainous, and sterile, yet possessing many fine valleys like San José, as the old mission establishments indicate. I have heard Todas Santos, Commondee, Santa Guadalupe, and others, spoken of as being more extensive, and as productive as San José.

I am, most faithfully and truly, yours,
RODMAN M. PRICE.

In the vicinity of Los Angeles there are a number of warm springs which throw out and deposit large quantities of bitumen or mineral tar. This substance, when it cools, becomes hard and brittle like resin. Around some of these springs many acres of ground are covered with this deposit to the depth of several feet. It is a principal material in the roofing of houses. When



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thrown upon the fire, it ignites immediately, emitting a smoke like that from turpentine, and an odour like that from bituminous coal. This mineral, so abundant in California, may one day become a valuable article of commerce.

There are no reliable statistics in California. The traveller is obliged to form his estimate of matters and things chiefly from his own observation. You can place but little reliance upon information derived from the population, even when they choose to answer your questions; and most generally the response to your inquiries is—"_Quien sabe?_" (who knows?) No Californian troubles his brains about these matters. The quantity of wines and aguardiente produced by the vineyards and distilleries, at and near Los Angeles, must be considerable—basing my estimate upon the statement of Mr. Wolfskill, an American gentleman residing here, and whose house and vineyard I visited. Mr. W.'s vineyard is young, and covers about forty acres of ground, the number of vines being 4,000 or 5,000. From the produce of these, he told me, that last year he made 180 casks of wine, and the same quantity of aguardiente. A cask here is sixteen gallons. When the vines mature, their produce will be greatly increased. Mr. W.'s vineyard is doubtless a model of its kind. It was a delightful recreation to stroll through it, and among the tropical fruit-trees bordering its walks. His house, too, exhibited an air of cleanliness and comfort, and a convenience of arrangement not often met with in this country. He set out for our refreshment three or four specimens of his wines, some of which would compare favourably with the best French and Madeira wines. The aguardiente and peach-brandy, which I tasted, of his manufacture, being mellowed by age, were of an excellent flavour. The quantity of wine and aguardiente produced in California, I would suppose, amounted to 100,000 casks of sixteen gallons, or 1,600,000 gallons. This quantity by culture can be increased indefinitely.

It was not possible to obtain at Los Angeles a piece of woollen cloth sufficiently large for a pair of pantaloons, or a pair of shoes, which would last a week. I succeeded, after searching through all the shops of the town, in procuring some black cotton velvet, for four yards of which I paid the sum of 12 dollars. In the United States the same article would probably have cost 1.50 dollar. For four dollars more I succeeded in getting the pantaloons made up by an American tailor, who came into the country with General Kearny's forces. A Rocky Mountain trapper and trader (Mr. Goodyear), who has established himself near the Salt Lake since I passed there last year, fortunately arrived at Los Angeles, bringing with him a quantity of dressed deer and elk skins, which were purchased for clothing for the nearly naked soldiers.

Among the houses I visited while here, was that of Mr. Pryor, an American, and a native of Louisville, Ky. He has been a resident of the country between twenty and thirty years, but his Kentucky manners, frankness, and hospitality still adhere to him.

I remained at Los Angeles from the 14th to the 29th of January. During this time, with the exception of three days, the weather and temperature were pleasant. It rained one day, and during two days the winds blew strong and cold from the north-west. The nights are cool, but fires are not requisite to comfort. The snow-clad mountains, about twenty-five or thirty miles to the



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east of us, contrast singularly with the brilliant fresh verdure of the plain.

On the 18th of January General Kearny, with the dragoons, left for San Diego. There was understood to be a difference between General Kearny and Commodore Stockton, and General Kearny and Colonel Fremont, in regard to their respective powers and duties; which, as the whole subject has subsequently undergone a thorough investigation, and the result made public, it is unnecessary for me to allude to more particularly. I did not converse with General Kearny while he was at Los Angeles, and consequently possessed no other knowledge of his views and intentions, or of the powers with which he had been invested by the President, than what I derived from report.

On the 19th, Commodore Stockton and suite, with a small escort, left for San Diego. Soon after his departure the battalion was paraded, and the appointment of Colonel Fremont as governor of California, and Colonel W.H. Russell, as secretary of state, by Commodore Stockton, was read to them by Colonel Russell. It was announced, also, that, although Colonel Fremont had accepted the office of chief civil magistrate of California, he would still retain his military office, and command the battalion as heretofore.

Commodore Shubrick, however, arrived at Monterey on the 23rd of January, in the U.S. ship *Independence*, and, ranking above Commodore Stockton, assumed the chief command, as appears by the date of a general order published at Monterey, and written on board the United States ship *Independence*, on February 1st, thanking the volunteers for their services, and announcing the restoration of order. For I should state that an insurrection, headed by Don Francisco Sanchez, had broken out in the upper portion of California some time towards the last of December, which had been put down by a detachment of marines and volunteers. The insurgents had committed some outrages, and among other acts had taken prisoner Lieutenant W.A. Bartlett, acting Alcalde of San Francisco, with some other Americans. An account of the suppression of this affair I find in the "Californian" newspaper of February 6th, 1847, from which it appears, "that a party of one hundred and one men, commanded by Captain Ward Marston, of the United States marines, marched from San Francisco on the 29th December in search of the enemy, whom they discovered on the 2nd of January, about one hundred in number, on the plains of Santa Clara, under the command of Francisco Sanchez. An attack was immediately ordered. The enemy was forced to retire, which they were able to do in safety, after some resistance, in consequence of their superior horses. The affair lasted about an hour, during which time we had one marine slightly wounded in the head, one volunteer of Captain Weber's command in the leg; and the enemy had one horse killed, and some of their forces supposed to be killed or wounded. In the evening the enemy sent in a flag of truce, with a communication, requesting an interview with the commanding officer of the expedition the next day, which was granted, when an armistice was entered into, preparatory to a settlement of the difficulties. On the 3rd, the expedition was reinforced by the mounted Monterey volunteers, fifty-five men, under the command of Captain W.A.T. Maddox, and on the 7th, by the arrival of Lieutenant Grayson with fifteen men, attached to Captain Maddox's company. On the 8th a treaty was concluded, by which



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the enemy surrendered Lieutenant Bartlett, and the other prisoners, as well as all their arms, including one small field-piece, their ammunition and accoutrements, and were permitted to return peaceably to their homes, and the expedition to their respective posts."

A list of the expedition which marched from San Francisco is given as follows:—Captain Ward Marston, commandant; Assistant-surgeon J. Duval, aide-de-camp. A detachment of United States marines, under command of Lieutenant Tansil, thirty-four men; artillery, consisting of one field-piece, under the charge of Master William F. De Iongh, assisted by Mid. John M. Kell, ten men; Interpreter John Pray; mounted company of San José volunteers, under command of Captain C.M. Weber, Lieutenant John Murphy, and acting Lieutenant John Reed, thirty-three men; mounted company of Yerba Buena volunteers, under command of Captain William M. Smith, Lieutenant John Rose, with a small detachment under Captain J. Martin, twelve men.

Thus ended the insurrections, if resistance against invasion can properly be so called, in Upper California.

On the 20th January, the force of sailors and marines which had marched with Commodore Stockton and General Kearny left Los Angeles, to embark at San Pedro for San Diego. On the 21st a national salute was fired by the artillery company belonging to the battalion, in honour of Governor Fremont. On the 22nd, letters were received from San Diego, stating that Colonel Cooke, who followed General Kearny from Santa Fé with a force of four hundred Mormon volunteers, had reached the neighbourhood of that place. Having applied for my discharge from the battalion as soon as we reached Los Angeles, I received it on the 29th, on which day, in company with Captain Hastings, I set out on my return to San Francisco, designing to leave that place on the first favourable opportunity for the United States.



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CHAPTER XIII.

Leave Los Angeles for San Francisco

Don Andres Pico

A Californian returning from the wars

Domestic life at a rancho

Women in favour of peace

Hospitable treatment

Fandango

Singular custom

Arrive at Santa Barbara

Lost in a fog

Valley of the Salinas

Californians wanting Yankee wives

High waters

Arrive at San Francisco.

We left Los Angeles late in the afternoon of the 29th of January, with two Indian vaqueros, on miserable broken-down horses (the best we could obtain), and encamped at the deserted rancho at the foot of Couenga plain, where the treaty of peace had been concluded. After we had been here some time, two Indians came to the house, who had been sent by the proprietor of the rancho to herd the cattle. Having nothing to eat with us, a tempting offer prevailed upon the Indians to milk one of the cows; and we made our supper and our breakfast next morning on milk. Both of our Indian vaqueros deserted in the night, carrying with them sundry articles of clothing placed in their charge. A few days have made a great change in the appearance of the country. The fresh grass is now several inches in height, and many flowers are in bloom. The sky is bright, and the temperature is delightful.

On the 30th of January, leaving the mission of San Fernando on our right, at a distance of eight or ten miles, we followed the usually travelled trail next to the hills, on the western side of the plain. As we were passing near a rancho, a well-dressed Californian rode out to us, and, after examining the horses of our miserable *_caballada_*, politely claimed one of them as his property. He was told that the horse was drawn from the public *_caballada_*, at Los Angeles, and could not be given up. This seemed to satisfy him. After some further conversation, he informed us, that he was Don Andres Pico, the late leader and general of the Californians. The expression of his countenance is intelligent and prepossessing, and his address and manners courteous and pleasing. Shaking hands, and bidding us a very earnest *_adios_*, he put spurs to his horse and galloped away.

We were soon after overtaken by a young Californian, who appeared at first rather doubtful whether or not he should make our acquaintance. The ice being broken, however, he became very loquacious and communicative. He stated that he was returning to his home near Santa Barbara, from the wars, in which he had been engaged against his will. The language that he used was, that he, with many others of his acquaintances, were forced to take up arms by the leading men of the country. He was in the two battles of the 8th and 9th of January, below Los Angeles; and he desired never to be in any more battles. He was heartily rejoiced that there was peace, and hoped that there would never



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be any more wars. He travelled along with us until afternoon, when he fell behind, and we did not see him again until the next day.

After passing two or three deserted houses, we reached an inhabited rancho, situated at the extremity of a valley, and near a narrow gorge in the hills, about four o'clock, and, our jaded animals performing duty with reluctance, we determined to halt for the night, if the prospect of obtaining anything to eat (of which we stood in much need) was flattering. Riding up to the house, a small adobe, with one room, and a shed for a kitchen, the ranchero and the ranchera came out and greeted us with a hearty "Buenas tardes, Senores, paisanos amigos," shaking hands, and inviting us at the same time to alight and remain for the night, which invitation we accepted. The kind-hearted ranchera immediately set about preparing supper for us. An Indian muchacha was seated at the metate (hand-mill), which is one of the most important articles of the Californian culinary apparatus. While the muchacha ground, or rather crushed, the wheat between the stones, the ranchera, with a platter-shaped basket, cleansed it of dust, chaff, and all impure particles, by tossing the grain in the basket. The flour being manufactured and sifted through a cedazo, or coarse sieve, the labour of kneading the dough was performed by the muchacha. An iron plate was then placed over a rudely-constructed furnace, and the dough, being beaten by hand into tortillas (thin cakes), was baked upon this. What would American housewives say to such a system as this? The viands being prepared, they were set out upon a small table, at which we were invited to seat ourselves. The meal consisted of tortillas, stewed jerk beef, with chile seasoning, milk, and quesadillas, or cheesecakes, green and tough as leather. However, our appetites were excellent, and we enjoyed the repast with a high relish.

Our host and hostess were very inquisitive in regard to the news from below, and as to what would be the effects of the conquest of the country by the Americans. The man stated that he and all his family had refused to join in the late insurrection. We told them that all was peaceable now; that there would be no more wars in California; that we were all Americans, all Californians—hermanos, hermanas, amigos. They expressed their delight at this information by numerous exclamations.

We asked the woman how much the dress which she wore, a miserable calico, cost her? She answered, "Seis pesos" (six dollars). When we told her that in a short time, under the American government, she could purchase as good a one "por un peso," she threw up her hands in astonishment, expressing by her features at the same time the most unbounded delight. Her entire wardrobe was soon brought forth, and the price paid for every article named. She then inquired what would be the cost of similar clothing under the American government, which we told her. As we replied, exclamation followed upon exclamation, expressive of her surprise and pleasure, and the whole was concluded with "Viva los Americanos—viva los Americanos!" I wore a large coarse woollen pea-jacket, which the man was very desirous to obtain, offering for it a fine horse. I declined the trade.

In the evening several of the brothers, sisters, and brothers and sisters-in-law of the family collected, and the guitar and violin, which were suspended from a beam in the house, were taken



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down, and we were entertained by a concert of instrumental and vocal music. Most of the tunes were such as are performed at fandangos. Some plaintive airs were played and sung with much pathos and expression, the whole party joining in the choruses. Although invited to occupy the only room in the house, we declined it, and spread our blankets on the outside.

The next morning (January 31st), when we woke, the sun was shining bright and warm, and the birds were singing gayly in the grove of evergreen oaks near the house. Having made ready to resume our journey, as delicately as possible we offered our kind hostess compensation for the trouble we had given her, which she declined, saying, that although they were not rich, they nevertheless had enough and to spare. We however insisted, and she finally accepted, with the condition that we would also accept of some of her quesadillas and tortillas to carry along with us. The rancho mounted his horse and rode with us about three or four miles, to place us on the right trail, when, after inviting us very earnestly to call and see him again, and bidding us an affectionate adios, he galloped away.

Travelling over a hilly country, and passing the ruins of several deserted ranchos, the grounds surrounding which were strewn with the bones of slaughtered cattle, we reached, about five o'clock P.M., a cluster of houses in the valley of Santa Clara River, ten miles east of the mission of San Buenaventura. Here we stopped at the house of a man named Sanchez. Our arrival was thought to be worthy of notice, and it was accordingly celebrated in the evening by a fandango given at one of the houses, to which we were invited. The company, to the number of some thirty or forty persons, young and old, were assembled in the largest room of the house, the floor being hard clay. The only furniture contained in the room was a bed and some benches, upon which the company seated themselves when not engaged in dancing.

Among the senoritas assembled were two daughters of an American named Chapman, who has been a resident of the country for many years. They were fair-skinned, and might be called handsome. An elder and married sister was also present. They called themselves Americans, although they did not speak our language, and seemed to be more proud of their American than their Spanish blood.

A singular custom prevails at these fandangos. It is this: during the intervals between the waltzes, quadrilles, and other dances, when the company is seated, a young lady takes the floor solus, and, after showing off her graces for general observation a few minutes, she approaches any gentleman she may select, and performs a variety of pirouettes and other Terpsichorean movements before him for his especial amusement and admiration, until he places on her head his hat or cap, as the case may be, when she dances away with it. The hat or cap has afterwards to be redeemed by some present, and this usually is in money. Not dancing ourselves, we were favoured with numerous special exhibitions of this kind, the cost of each of which was un peso. With a long journey before us, and with purses in a nearly collapsed condition, the drafts upon us became so frequent, that at an early hour, under a plea of fatigue and want of rest, we thought it prudent to beat a retreat, leaving our fair and partial fandangueras to bestow their favours upon others better able to bear them. The motions



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of the Californian females of all classes in the dance are highly graceful. The waltz is their favourite measure, and in this they appear to excel as much as the men do in horsemanship. During the progress of the dance, the males and females improvise doggerel rhymes complimentary of the personal beauties and graces of those whom they admire, or expressive of their love and devotion, which are chanted with the music of the instruments, and the whole company join in the general chorus at the end of each verse. The din of voices is sometimes almost deafening.

Our host accompanied us to our lodgings on the opposite side of the way. Beds were spread down under the small porch outside, and we laid our bodies upon them, but not to sleep, for the noise of the fandango dancers kept us awake until broad daylight, at which time it broke up.

Hiring fresh horses here, and a vaquero to drive our tired animals after us, we started about 9 o'clock in the morning, and, passing through San Buenaventura, reached Santa Barbara, 45 miles, a little after two in the afternoon. We stopped at the house of Mr. Sparks, who received us with genuine hospitality. Santa Barbara presented a more lively appearance than when we passed here on our way down, most of its population having returned to their homes. Procuring fresh but miserably poor horses, we resumed our journey on the afternoon of the 2nd of February, and encamped at the rancho of Dr. Deu, situated on the plain of Santa Barbara, near the sea shore. The soil of this plain is of the most fertile composition. The fresh grass is now six or eight inches high, and the varieties are numerous. Many of the early flowers are in bloom. I noticed a large wheat field near the house, and its appearance was such as to promise a rich harvest.

The rain fell heavily on the morning of the 3rd, but continuing our journey we crossed the St. Ynes Mountain, and, passing the mission by that name, reached the rancho of Mr. Faxon after dark, where we halted for the night. Around the mission of St. Ynes I noticed, as we passed, immense quantities of cattle bones thickly strewn in all directions. Acres of ground were white with these remains of the immense herds belonging to this mission in the days of its prosperity, slaughtered for their hides and tallow. We met two or three elegantly dressed Californians to-day, who accosted us with much civility and apparent friendliness.

Mr. Faxon is an Englishman by birth, and has resided in California about thirty years. He is married to a Californian lady, and has a family of interesting and beautiful children. A large portion of the land belonging to his rancho is admirably adapted to agriculture, and he raises crops of corn and vegetables as well as wheat without irrigation. He informed me that the yield of wheat on his rancho was fully seventy bushels to the acre. Mr. F. showed me specimens of lead ore from which he moulds his bullets, taken from an inexhaustible mine in the Tular Valley, some fifty miles distant from this. It is certainly the richest ore that I have ever seen, appearing almost like the pure metal. He also showed me a caustic alkali, produced by burning a plant or shrub which grows in great abundance in the Tular Valley. This substance is used by him in the manufacture of soap.

About noon on the 4th, we halted at the rancho of Captain Dana,



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where we procured fresh horses, leaving our wretchedly lean and tired animals, and, proceeding on, stopped for the night at the rancho of Mr. Branch, an intelligent American, originally from the state of New York, who has been settled in the country a number of years. His rancho is situated on what is called the arroyo grande, a small stream which empties into the Pacific some two or three miles from the house. The house is new, and constructed after American models of farm-houses, with neat and comfortable apartments, chimneys and fireplaces. The arable lands here are finely adapted to the culture of maize, wheat, and potatoes.

Our horses straying, it was twelve o'clock on the 5th before we found them. The rain had fallen steadily and heavily all night, and during the forenoon, and was pouring down when we started. We passed through the mission of San Luis Obispo just before sunset, intending to halt at a rancho about three miles distant in a canada. But, the storm increasing in strength, it became suddenly so dark in the mountain-gorge, that we could not distinguish the trail, and, after wandering about some time, vainly attempting to find the house, we were compelled to bivouac, wet to our skins, without fire or shelter, and the rain pouring down in torrents.

The next morning (Feb. 6.), in hunting up our loose horses, we discovered the house about half a mile distant from our camp. Continuing our journey, we halted about nine o'clock at a rancho near the ruins of Santa Margarita. A solitary Indian was the only occupant of the house, and only inhabitant of the place; and he could furnish us with no food. Passing two or three other deserted ranches, we reached the house of a Mexican about one o'clock, where we obtained a meal of fried eggs and tortillas, after having been without food thirty hours. Late in the afternoon we arrived at the mission of San Miguel, now occupied by an Englishman named Reed, his mestiza wife, and one child, with two or three Indian vaqueros. Crossing the Salinas in the morning (Feb. 7), we continued down its eastern side, and encamped in a wide bottom under a large live oak. A quesadilla was all we had to eat. This was divided, one-half being reserved for breakfast. The fresh vegetation has so much changed the face of the country on this river since we passed along here in December, that I scarcely recognise it. The grass is six or eight inches high in the bottom, the blades standing so thick as to present a matted appearance, and the hills are brilliant with flowers—pink, purple, blue, and yellow.

On the 8th we continued down the eastern bank of the Salinas, passing through several large and fertile bottoms, and reaching the rancho of San Lorenzo about twelve o'clock. This rancho, as we learned from the proprietors, is owned by two bachelor brothers, one of whom told me that he had not been off his lands but once or twice for several years. Large herds of fat cattle and horses were grazing upon the luxuriant grasses of the plain, and there were several extensive inclosures sowed in wheat, which presented all the indications of an abundant harvest. But, with all these natural resources surrounding him the elder brother told us that he had nothing to eat in his house but fresh beef. A quantity of the choice pieces of a fat beef was roasted by an Indian boy, which we enjoyed with all the relish of hungry men. Our host, a gentleman of intelligence and politeness, made apology after apology for his rude style of living, a principal



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excuse being that he had no wife. He inquired, with apparent earnestness, if we could not send him two pretty accomplished and capable American women, whom they could marry; and then they would build a fine house, have bread, butter, cheese, and all the delicacies, luxuries, and elegancies of life in abundance. He appeared to be well pleased with the conquest of the country by the Americans, and desirous that they should not give it up. When we resumed our journey in the afternoon, he rode with us four or five miles to show us the way, and, on taking his leave, invited us to return again, when he said he hoped his accommodations would be much improved. Riding 15 miles, we halted at a tule-cabin, where we remained until two o'clock in the morning, when, the moon shining brightly, we mounted our horses, and continued our journey.

We reached the Monterey road just at daylight. My intention had been to visit Monterey; but the Salinas being unfordable, and there being no ferry, it was not possible to do it without swimming the river, which I did not feel inclined to do. Monterey is situated on the bay by that name, about 90 miles by water south of San Francisco. The bay affords a good anchorage and landing in calm weather, being exposed only to the northers, which blow violently. The town contains about 1500 inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing in wealth and population. Arriving at the rancho of Don Joaquin Gomez, we found no one but a mestiza servant at home, and could obtain nothing to eat but a quesadilla. All the streams, large and small, are much swollen by late heavy rains, and the travelling is consequently very laborious and difficult. Resting our horses a short time, we crossed the mountains, and reached the mission of San Juan Bautista about noon.

At San Juan we met with Messrs. Grayson, Boggs, and a party of volunteers returning from Monterey to San Francisco, having been discharged since the suppression of the rebellion in this part of California, headed by Francisco Sanchez. Here we learned, for the first time, the arrival at Monterey of Commodore Shubrick in the ship Independence, and of the Lexington with Captain Tomkins's company of artillery, and freighted otherwise with munitions, stores, and tools necessary to the erection and defence of durable fortifications at Monterey and San Francisco. Seven or eight miles beyond San Juan, we found that the waters of the arroyo had risen so as to inundate a wide valley which we were compelled to cross. After making several ineffectual attempts to reach the opposite side, wading through the water, and sometimes falling into deep holes from which it was difficult for either men or horses to extricate themselves, we encamped for the night on a small elevation in the valley, entirely surrounded by water. Our condition was miserable enough. Tired, wet, and hungry, we laid down for the night on the damp ground.

The next day (Feb. 10), about eleven o'clock, we succeeded in finding a ford across the valley and stream, and procured dinner at a soap-factory on the opposite side, belonging to T.O. Larkin, Esq. Continuing on, we encamped at a rancho occupied by an Englishman as mayor domo. He was very glad to see us, and treated us with unbounded hospitality, furnishing a superabundance of beef and frijoles for our consumption. On the 11th, about three P.M., we arrived at the Pueblo de San José, and, finding there a launch employed by Messrs. Howard and



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Mellus in collecting hides, bound for San Francisco, we embarked in her, and on the morning of the 13th arrived at that place. We found lying here the U.S. sloop Warren, and Lieutenant Radford politely furnished us with a boat to land. In the afternoon the Cyane, Commander Dupont, with Gen. Kearny on board, and the store-ship Erie, with Col. Mason on board, arrived in the harbour. Col. Mason is from the United States direct, via Panama, and brings late and interesting intelligence.

The Cyane and Warren have just returned from a cruise on the southern Pacific coast of Mexico. The town of Guymas had been taken by bombardment. The Cyane had captured, during her cruize, fourteen prizes, besides several guns at San Blas. The boats of the Warren, under the command of Lieut. Radford, performed the gallant feat of cutting out of the harbour of Mazatlan the Mexican schooner Malek Abdel.

Landing in San Francisco, I found my wardrobe, which I had deposited in the care of Capt. Leidesdorff, and the first time for nearly five months dressed myself in a civilized costume. Having been during that time almost constantly in motion, and exposed to many hardships and privations, it was, as may be supposed, no small satisfaction to find once more a place where I could repose for a short time at least.



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CHAPTER XIV.

Progress of the town of San Francisco

Capt. Dupont

Gen. Kearny

The presidio

Appointed Alcalde

Gen. Kearny's proclamation

Arrival of Col. Stevenson's regiment

Horse-thief Indians

Administration of justice in California

Sale of lots in San Francisco.

Wherever the Anglo-Saxon race plant themselves, progress is certain to be displayed in some form or other. Such is their "go-ahead" energy, that things cannot stand still where they are, whatever may be the circumstances surrounding them. Notwithstanding the wars and insurrections, I found the town of San Francisco, on my arrival here, visibly improved. An American population had flowed into it; lots, which heretofore have been considered almost valueless, were selling at high prices; new houses had been built, and were in progress; new commercial houses had been established; hotels had been opened for the accommodation of the travelling and business public; and the publication of a newspaper had been commenced. The little village of two hundred souls, when I arrived here in September last, is fast becoming a town of importance. Ships freighted with full cargoes are entering the port, and landing their merchandise to be disposed of at wholesale and retail on shore, instead of the former mode of vending them afloat in the harbour. There is a prevailing air of activity, enterprise, and energy; and men, in view of the advantageous position of the town for commerce, are making large calculations upon the future; calculations which I believe will be fully realized.

On the 15th I dined on board the sloop-of-war Cyane, with Commander Dupont, to whom I had the good fortune to be the bearer from home of a letter of introduction. I say "good fortune," because I conceive it to be one of the greatest of social blessings, as well as pleasures, to be made acquainted with a truly upright and honourable man—one whose integrity never bends to wrongful or pusillanimous expediency;—one who, armed intellectually with the panoply of justice, has courage to sustain it under any and all circumstances;—one whose ambition is, in a public capacity, to serve his country, and not to serve himself;—one who waits for his country to judge of his acts, and, if worthy, to place the laurel wreath upon his head, disdaining a self-wrought and self-assumed coronal. Capt. Dupont is a native of Delaware; and that gallant and patriotic state should feel proud of such a son. He is one of whom all men, on sea or on land, with whom his duties as an officer or citizen of our republic brings him in contact, speak well; and whose private virtues, as well as professional merits, are deserving of the warmest admiration and the highest honours.

Although I have long known Gen. S.W. Kearny from reputation, and saw him at Los Angeles, I was here introduced to him for the first time. Gen. K. is a man rising fifty years of age. His height is about five feet ten or eleven inches. His figure is all that is required by symmetry. His features are regular,



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almost Grecian; his eye is blue, and has an eagle-like expression, when excited by stern or angry emotion; but, in ordinary social intercourse, the whole expression of his countenance is mild and pleasing, and his manners and conversation are unaffected, urbane, and conciliatory, without the slightest exhibition of vanity or egotism. He appears the cool, brave, and energetic soldier; the strict disciplinarian, without tyranny; the man, in short, determined to perform his duty, in whatever situation he may be placed, leaving consequences to follow in their natural course. These, my first impressions, were fully confirmed by subsequent intercourse, in situations and under circumstances which, by experience, I have found an unfailing alembic for the trial of character—a crucible wherein, if the metal be impure, the drossy substances are sure to display themselves. It is not my province to extol or pronounce judgment upon his acts; they are a part of the military and civil history of our country, and as such will be applauded or condemned, according to the estimate that may be placed upon them. But I may be allowed to express the opinion, that no man, placed under the same circumstances, ever aimed to perform his duty with more uprightness and more fidelity to the interests and honour of his country, or who, to shed lustre upon his country, ever braved greater dangers, or endured more hardships and privations, and all without vaunting his performances and sacrifices.

On the 16th, in company of Gen. Kearny, Capt. Turner, and Lieuts. Warner and Hallock, of the U.S. Engineer Corps, I rode to the Presidio of San Francisco, and the old fortification at the mouth of the bay. The presidio is about three miles from the town, and consists of several blocks of adobe buildings, covered with files. The walls of most of the buildings are crumbling for the want of care in protecting them from the annual rains; and without this care they will soon become heaps of mud. The fort is erected upon a commanding position, about a mile and a half from the entrance to the bay. Its walls are substantially constructed of burnt brick, and are of sufficient thickness and strength to resist heavy battering. There are nine or ten embrasures. Like everything else in the country belonging to the public, the fort is fast falling into ruins. There has been no garrison here for several years; the guns are dismounted, and half decomposed by long exposure to the weather, and from want of care. Some of them have sunk into the ground.

On the 20th I was waited upon by Gen. Kearny, and requested to accept the office of alcalde, or chief magistrate, of the district of San Francisco. There being no opportunity of returning to the United States immediately, I accepted of the proposed appointment, and on the 22d was sworn into office, my predecessor, Lieut. W.A. Bartlett, of the navy, being ordered to his ship by the commanding officer of the squadron.

The annual salute in celebration of the birthday of the immortal and illustrious founder of our republic, required by law from all the ships of the navy in commission, in whatever part of the world they may be at the time, strikes us more forcibly when in a far-off country, as being a beautiful and appropriate tribute to the unapproachable virtues and heroism of that great benefactor of the human race, than when we are nearer home, or upon our own soil. The U.S. ships in the harbour, at twelve o'clock on the 22d, each fired a national salute; and the day



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being calm and beautiful, the reports bounded from hill to hill, and were echoed and re-echoed until the sound died away, apparently in the distant gorges of the Sierra Nevada. This was a voice from the soul of WASHINGTON, speaking in majestic and thunder-tones to the green and flowery valley, the gentle hills and lofty mountains of California, and consecrating them as the future abode of millions upon millions of the sons of liberty. The merchant and whale ships lying at anchor, catching the enthusiasm, joined in the salute; and for a time the harbour and bay in front of the town were enveloped in clouds of gunpowder smoke.

General Kearny left San Francisco, in the frigate Savannah, Captain Mervine, on the 23d, for Monterey, and soon after his arrival at that place issued the following proclamation:-

PROCLAMATION TO THE PEOPLE OF CALIFORNIA.

The President of the United States having instructed the undersigned to take charge of the civil government of California, he enters upon his duties with an ardent desire to promote, as far as he is able, the interests of the country and the welfare of its inhabitants.

The undersigned has instructions from the President to respect and protect the religious institutions of California, and to see that the religious rights of the people are in the amplest manner preserved to them, the constitution of the United States allowing every man to worship his Creator in such a manner as his own conscience may dictate to him.

The undersigned is also instructed to protect the persons and property of the quiet and peaceable inhabitants of the country against all or any of their enemies, whether from abroad or at home; and when he now assures the Californians that it will be his duty and his pleasure to comply with those instructions, he calls upon them all to exert themselves in preserving order and tranquillity, in promoting harmony and concord, and in maintaining the authority and efficiency of the laws.

It is the wish and design of the United States to provide for California, with the least possible delay, a free government, similar to those in her other territories; and the people will soon be called upon to exercise their rights as freemen, in electing their own representatives, to make such laws as may be deemed best for their interest and welfare. But until this can be done, the laws now in existence, and not in conflict with the constitution of the United States, will be continued until changed by competent authority; and those persons who hold office will continue in the same for the present, provided they swear to support that constitution, and to faithfully perform their duty.

The undersigned hereby absolves all the inhabitants of California from any further allegiance to the republic of Mexico, and will consider them as citizens of the United States; those who remain quiet and peaceable will be respected in their rights and protected in them. Should any take up arms against or oppose the government of this territory, or instigate others to do so, they will be considered as enemies, and treated accordingly.

When Mexico forced a war upon the United States, time did not



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permit the latter to invite the Californians as friends to join her standard, but compelled her to take possession of the country to prevent any European power from seizing upon it, and, in doing so, some excesses and unauthorized acts were no doubt committed by persons employed in the service of the United States, by which a few of the inhabitants have met with a loss of property; such losses will be duly investigated, and those entitled to remuneration will receive it.

California has for many years suffered greatly from domestic troubles; civil wars have been the poisoned fountains which have sent forth trouble and pestilence over her beautiful land. Now those fountains are dried up; the star-spangled banner floats over California, and as long as the sun continues to shine upon her, so long will it float there, over the natives of the land, as well as others who have found a home in her bosom; and under it agriculture must improve, and the arts and sciences flourish, as seed in a rich and fertile soil.

The Americans and Californians are now but one people; let us cherish one wish, one hope, and let that be for the peace and quiet of our country. Let us, as a band of brothers, unite and emulate each other in our exertions to benefit and improve this our beautiful, and which soon must be our happy and prosperous, home.

Done at Monterey, capital of California, this first day of March, A.D. 1847, and in the seventy-first year of independence of the United States.

S.W. KEARNY Brig.-Gen., U.S.A., and Governor of California.

The proclamation of General Kearny gave great satisfaction to the native as well as the emigrant population of the country. Several of the alcaldes of the district of my jurisdiction, as well as private individuals (natives of the country), expressed, by letter and orally, their approbation of the sentiments of the proclamation in the warmest terms. They said that they were heartily willing to become Americans upon these terms, and hoped that there would be the least possible delay in admitting them to the rights of American citizenship. There was a general expectation among natives as well as foreigners, that a representative form of territorial government would be immediately established by General Kearny. Why this was not done, is explained by the recent publication of General Scott's letter to General Kearny, dated November 3rd, 1846, of which Colonel Mason was the bearer, he having left the United States on the 7th November. In this letter General Scott says:-

As a guide to the civil governor of Upper California, in our hands, see the letter of June 3rd (last), addressed to you by the Secretary of War. You will not, however, formally declare the province to be annexed. Permanent incorporation of the territory must depend on the government of the United States.

"After occupying with our forces all necessary points in Upper California, and establishing a temporary civil government therein, as well as assuring yourself of its internal tranquillity, and the absence of any danger of reconquest on the part of Mexico, you may charge Colonel Mason, United States first dragoons, the bearer of this



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open letter, or land officer next in rank to your own, with your several duties, and return yourself, with a sufficient escort of troops, to St. Louis, Missouri; but the body of the United States dragoons that accompanied you to California will remain there until further orders.

The transport ships Thomas H. Perkins, Loo Choo, Susan Drew, and Brutus, with Colonel Stevenson's regiment, arrived at San Francisco during the months of March and April. These vessels were freighted with a vast quantity of munitions, stores, tools, saw-mills, grist-mills, etc., etc., to be employed in the fortification of the principal harbours on the coast—San Francisco, Monterey, and San Diego. The regiment of Col. Stevenson was separated into different commands, portions of it being stationed at San Francisco, Sonoma, Monterey, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles; and some companies employed against the horse-thief Indians of the Sierra Nevada and the Tulares. As good an account of these horse-thief Indians, and their depredations, as I have seen, I find in the "California Star," of March 28th, 1847, written by a gentleman who has been a resident of California for a number of years, and who has been a sufferer. It is subjoined:—

During the Spanish regime, such a thing as a horse-thief was unknown in the country; but as soon as the Mexicans took possession, their characteristic anarchy began to prevail, and the Indians to desert from the missions. The first Indian horse-thief known in this part of the country was a neophyte of the mission of Santa Clara, George, who flourished about twenty years ago. He absconded from his mission to the river of Stanislaus, of which he was a native. From thence he returned to the settlements, and began to steal horses, which at that time were very numerous. After pursuing his depredations for some time, he was at last pursued and killed on his return from one of his forages. The mission of Santa Clara has been, from that time to the present day, the greatest nursery for horse thieves, as the Stanislaus river has been and is their principal rendezvous. I have taken some pains to inquire among some of the most intelligent and respectable of the native inhabitants, as to the probable number of horses that have been stolen between Monterey and San Francisco within the last twenty years, and the result has been that more than one hundred thousand can be distinctly enumerated, and that the total amount would probably be double that number. Nearly all these horses have been eaten! From the river of Stanislaus, as a central point, the evil has spread to the north and south, and at present extends from the vicinity of the Mickélemes River on the north, to the sources of the St. Joaquin on the south. These Indians inhabit all the western declivity of the great snowy mountains, within these limits, and have become so habituated to living on horseflesh, that it is now with them the principal means of subsistence.

In past time they have been repeatedly pursued, and many of them killed, and whole villages destroyed, but, so



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far from being deterred, they are continually becoming more bold and daring in their robberies, as horses become scarcer and more carefully guarded. About twenty persons have been killed by them within the knowledge of the writer. Among others, Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Wilson were killed by them not long ago. Only about one month since, they shot and dangerously wounded four persons employed on the farm of Mr. Weber, near the Pueblo of St. Joseph, and at the same time stole the horses of the farm, and those also from the farms of Captain Fisher and Mr. Bernal, in the same vicinity; in all, about two hundred head. Within the last ten days numerous parties of them have been committing depredations on many of the farms in the jurisdiction of the Contra Costa, and scarcely a night passes but we hear of their having stolen horses from some one. Three days ago, a party of them were met by some young men who had been out catching wild horses on the plains of the St. Joaquin, but as they were mounted on tired animals, they were only able to recapture the stolen horses, but could not overtake the thieves.

It has not been within the scope of my design, in writing out those notes, to enter into the minute details of the conquest and occupation of California by the forces of the United States. To do so would require more space than I have allowed myself, and the matter would be more voluminous than interesting or important. My intention has been to give such a sketch of the military operations in California, during my residence and travels in the country, as to afford to the reader a general and correct idea of the events transpiring at the time. No important circumstance, I think, has escaped my attention.

Among the officers of the army stationed at San Francisco, with whom I became acquainted, were Major Hardie, in command of the troops, Captain Folsom, acting quartermaster-general in California, and Lieutenant Warner, of the engineer corps. Lieutenant Warner marched with General Kearny from the United States, and was at the battle of San Pasqual. I have seen the coat which he wore on that occasion, pierced in seven different places by the lances of the enemy. He did not make this exhibition himself; and I never heard him refer to the subject but once, and then it was with the modesty of a veteran campaigner.

The corps of topographical engineers accompanying General Kearny, under the command of Captain Emory, will, doubtless, furnish in their report much interesting and valuable information. Mr. Stanley, the artist of the expedition, completed his sketches in oil, at San Francisco; and a more truthful, interesting, and valuable series of paintings, delineating mountain scenery, the floral exhibitions on the route, the savage tribes between Santa Fe and California—combined with camp-life and marches through the desert and wilderness—has never been, and probably never will be, exhibited. Mr. Stanley informed me that he was preparing a work on the savage tribes of North America and of the islands of the Pacific, which, when completed on his plan, will be the most comprehensive and descriptive of the subject of any that has been published.

Legal proceedings are much less complex in California than in



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the United States. There is no written statute law in the country. The only law books I could find were a digested code entitled, "Laws of Spain and the Indies," published in Spain about a hundred years ago, and a small pamphlet defining the powers of various judicial officers, emanating from the Mexican government since the revolution. A late Mexican governor of California, on being required by a magistrate to instruct him as to the manner in which he should administer the law within his jurisdiction, replied, "_Administer it in accordance with the principles of natural right and justice_," and this is the foundation of Californian jurisprudence. The local _bandos_, or laws, are enacted, adjudicated, and executed by the local magistrates, or *alcaldes*. The *alcalde* has jurisdiction in all municipal matters, and in cases for minor offences, and for debt in sums not over one hundred dollars. In cases of heinous or capital offences, the *alcalde* has simply an examining power, the testimony being taken down in writing, and transmit-to the *juez de primera instancia*, or first judge of the district, before whom the case is tried. Civil actions, for sums over one hundred dollars, must also be tried before the *juez de primera instancia*, and from him there is an appeal to the prefect, or the governor of the province. The trial by *hombres buenos*, or good men, is one of the established legal tribunals when either of the parties demand it, and is similar to our trial by jury; the difference being in the number, the *hombres buenos* usually consisting of three or five, as they may be ordered by the magistrate, or requested by the litigants, and our jury of twelve. With honest and intelligent magistrates, the system operates advantageously, as justice is speedy and certain; but the reverse of this, with corrupt and ignorant magistrates, too frequently in power, the consequences of the system are as bad as can well be imagined.

The policy of the Mexican government has been to encourage in certain localities the erection of *pueblos*, or towns, and for this purpose they have made grants of land to the local authorities, or municipalities, within certain defined limits, to be regranted upon application, in lots of fifty or one hundred *varass*, as the case may be, to persons declaring their intention to settle and to do business in the town. For these grants to individuals a certain sum of money is paid, which goes into the treasury of the municipality. The magistrates, however, without special permission, have no power to grant lots of land within a certain number of feet of or below high-water mark. The power is reserved to be exercised by the governor of the province. It being necessary for the convenient landing of ships, and for the discharging and receiving of their cargoes, that the beach in front of the town of San Francisco should be improved with wharfs, etc., etc., and that titles should be granted to individuals who otherwise would make no durable improvements. As magistrate of the town, in compliance with the request of numerous citizens, I solicited from General Kearny, the acting governor, a relinquishment, on the part of the general government, of the beach lands in front of the town in favour of the municipality, under certain conditions. This was granted by the Governor, who issued a decree dated 10th March, permitting the sales by auction of all such grounds adjacent to the water-side as might be found adapted to commercial purposes, with the exception of such lots as might be selected for the use



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of the United States government, by its proper officers. The sales accordingly took place, the lots were eagerly purchased, and the port has already become a place of considerable commercial activity.



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**CHAPTER XV.
GENERAL OBSERVATIONS UPON THE COUNTRY.**

First settlement of the missionaries
Population
Characteristics of white population
Employments
Pleasures and amusements
Position of women
Soil
Grasses
Vegetable productions
Agriculture
Fruits
Cattle
Horses
Wild animals
Minerals
Climate
Flora
Water-power
Timber
Religion.

It was during the month of November, 1602, the sun just retiring behind the distant high land which forms the background of a spacious harbour at the southernmost point of Alta California, that a small fleet of vessels might have been seen directing their course as if in search of a place of anchorage; their light sails drawn up, while the larger ones, swelling now and then to the action of the breeze, bore them majestically along, forcing their way through the immense and almost impenetrable barrier of sea-weed, to a haven which, at the remote period stated, was considered the unexplored region of the North. The fleet referred to hauled their wind to the shore, and, passing a bluff point of land on their left, soon came to anchor; but not until the shades of night had cast a gloom over the scene so recently lighted up with the gorgeous rays of a setting sun.

This was the commencement, or rather preliminary mark, of civilization in this country, by the Spaniards, (if so it can be called,) and on the following morning a detachment was landed, accompanied by a friar, to make careful investigation of the long ridge of high land which serves as a protection to the harbour from the heavy north-west gales. They found, as reported, an abundance of small oak and other trees, together with a great variety of useful and aromatic herbs; and from its summit they beheld the extent and beauty of the port, reaching, as they said, full three leagues from where the vessel lay at anchor. A large tent was erected on the sandy beach, to answer the purposes of a church, where the friar might perform mass, and by directions of the commanding officers, the boats were drawn up for repairing, wells were dug, parties were sent off to cut wood, while guards were placed at convenient distances to give notice of the approach of any hostile force. The latter precaution was hardly carried into effect, ere a large body of naked Indians were seen moving along the shore, armed with bows and arrows. A friar, protected by six soldiers, was dispatched



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to meet them, who, making signs of peace by exhibiting a white flag and throwing handfuls of sand high into the air, influenced them to lay aside their arms, when, affectionately embracing them, the good old friar distributed presents of beads and necklaces, with which they eagerly adorned their persons. This manifestation of good feeling induced them to draw near to where the commander had landed with his men, but perceiving so large a number, they retreated to a neighbouring knoll, and from thence sent forward to the Spaniards ten aged females, who, possessing apparently so much affability, were presented immediately with gifts, and instructed to go and inform their people of the friendly disposition cherished for them by the white strangers. This was sufficient to implant a free intercourse with the Indians, who daily visited the Spaniards, and bartered off their skins and furs in exchange for bread and trinkets. But at length the time arrived for the fleet to depart, and they proceeded northward, visiting in their course Monterey and Mendocino, where the same favourable result attended the enterprise as at other places, and they returned in safety to New Spain.

So successful had been the character of this expedition throughout the entire period of its execution, that an enthusiasm prevailed in the minds of the Spaniards, which could only be assuaged by an attempt to conquer and christianize the inhabitants of that distant portion of the American continent. Many were the fruitless results of the Spanish adventurer—numerous were the statements of his toil and labour, till at length a formidable attempt, under the patronage and direction of Don Gaspar de Portala and Father Junipero Serra, successfully achieved the desired object for which it was planned and executed.

At San Diego, where, a century and a half before, the primitive navigators under Cortez communed with the rude and unsophisticated native—there, where the zealous devotee erected his altar on the burning sand, and with offerings of incense and prayer hallowed it to God, as the birthplace of Christianity in that region—upon that sainted spot commenced the spiritual conquest, the cross was erected, and the holy missionaries who accompanied the expedition entered heart and soul upon their religious duties. Successful in all they undertook, their first establishment in a short time was completed, and drawing around it the converted Indians in large numbers, the rude and uncultivated fields gave place to agricultural improvement—the arts and sciences gradually obtained foundation where before all was darkness, and day after day hundreds were added to the folds of the holy and apostolic church. Thus triumphantly proceeded the labours of the Spanish conquerors! In course of time other institutions were founded at Santa Barbara, Monterey, and San Francisco, where at each place a military fortress was erected, which served for their protection, and to keep in check such of the natives who were disinclined to observe the regulations of the community.

The natives formed an ardent and almost adorable attachment for their spiritual fathers, and were happy, quite happy, under their jurisdiction. Ever ready to obey them, the labour in the field and workshop met with ready compliance, and so prosperous were the institutions that many of them became wealthy, in the increase of their cattle and great abundance of their granaries.



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It was no unusual sight to behold the plains for leagues literally spotted with bullocks, and large fields of corn and wheat covering acres of ground. This state of things continued until the period when Mexico underwent a change in its political form of government, which so disheartened the feelings of the loyal missionaries, that they became regardless of their establishments, and suffered them to decline for want of attention to their interests. At length, civil discord and anarchy among the Californians prepared a more effective measure for their destruction, and they were left to the superintendence of individuals who plundered them of all that was desirable or capable of removal. Thus, the government commenced the robbery, and its hirelings carried it out to the letter, destroying and laying waste wherever they were placed. In order to give the inhabitants a share of the spoils, some of them were permitted to slaughter the cattle by contract, which was an equal division of the proceeds, and the contractors were careful, when they delivered one hide to a mission, to reserve two for themselves, in this way following up the example of their superiors.

This important revolution in the systematic order of the monastic institutions took place in 1836, at which period the most important of them possessed property, exclusive of their lands and tenements, to the value of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. At the present day they have but a little more than dilapidated walls and restricted boundaries of territory. Notwithstanding this wanton devastation of property, contrary to the opinion of many who were strongly in favour of supporting these religious institutions, the result proved beneficial to the country at large. Individual enterprise succeeded as the lands became distributed, so that the Californian beheld himself no longer dependent on the bounty of his spiritual directors, but, on the contrary, he was enabled to give support to them, from the increase and abundance of his own possessions.

Subsequent to the expulsion of the Mexicans, numbers of new farms were created, and hundreds of Americans were scattered over the country. Previous to 1830, the actual possessions of horned cattle by the rancheros did not exceed one hundred thousand; but in 1842, according to a fair estimate, made by one on the spot, the number had increased to four hundred thousand; so that the aggregate is equal to that held by the missions when in their most flourishing condition. The present number is not much, if any, short of one million.

Presuming a statistical knowledge of this country, before and after the missionary institutions were secularized, may be interesting, I will insert the following returns of 1831 and 1842, to contrast the same with its present condition:-

1st. In 1832 the white population throughout Alta-California did not exceed 4,500, while the Indians of the twenty-one missions amounted to 19,000; in 1842, the former had increased to 7,000, and the latter decreased to about 5,000.

2nd. In the former year, the number of horned cattle, including individual possessions, amounted to 500,000; in the latter, to 40,000.

3rd. At the same period, the number of sheep, goats, and pigs, was 321,000; at the latter, 32,000.



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4th. In 1831 the number of horses, asses, mules, etc., was 64,000; in 1842 it was 30,000.

5th. The produce in corn, etc., had decreased in a much greater proportion—that of seventy to four.

The amount of duties raised at the customhouse in Monterey, from 1839 to 1842, was as follows, viz.:—

1839	85,613 dollars.	1840	72,308 dollars	1841
101,150 dollars	1842	73,729 dollars.		

The net amount of revenue seldom exceeding in any year eighty thousand dollars; so that, when a deficiency took place, to supply the expenditures of government, it had been usual to call upon the missions for aid.

The value of the hides and tallow derived from the annual matanzas may be estimated at 372,000 dollars. These two commodities, with the exception of some beaver, sea-otter, and other furs, comprise the most important part of the exportations, which in addition, would augment the value of exports to 400,000 dollars.

The permanent population of that portion of Upper California situated between the Sierra Nevada and the Pacific, I estimate at 25,000. Of this number, 8,000 are Hispano-Americans, 5,000 foreigners, chiefly from the United States, and 12,000 christianized Indians. There are considerable numbers of wild or Gentile Indians, inhabiting the valley of the San Joaquin and the gorges of the Sierra, not included in this estimate. They are probably as numerous as the Christian Indians. The Indian population inhabiting the region of the Great Salt Lake, Mary's River, the oases of the Great Desert Basin, and the country bordering the Rio Colorado and its tributaries, being spread over a vast extent of territory, are scarcely seen, although the aggregate number is considerable.

The Californians do not differ materially from the Mexicans, from whom they are descended, in other provinces of that country. Physically and intellectually, the men, probably, are superior to the same race farther south, and inhabiting the countries contiguous to the city of Mexico. The intermixture of blood with the Indian and negro races has been less, although it is very perceptible.

The men, as a general fact, are well made, with pleasing sprightly countenances, and possessing much grace and ease of manners, and vivacity of conversation. But hitherto they have had little knowledge of the world and of events, beyond what they have heard through Mexico, and derived from the supercargoes of merchant-ships and whalers touching upon the coast. There are no public schools in the country—at least I never heard of one. There are but few books. General Valléjo has a library with many valuable books, and this is the only one I saw, although there are others; but they are rare, and confined to a few families.

The men are almost constantly on horseback, and as horsemen excel any I have seen in other parts of the world. From the nature of their pursuits and amusements, they have brought horsemanship to a perfection challenging admiration and exciting astonishment. They are trained to the horse and the use of the lasso (riata, as it is here called) from their infancy. The first act of a child, when he is able to stand alone, is to throw



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his toy lasso around the neck of a kitten; his next feat is performed on the dog; his next upon a goat or calf; and so on, until he mounts the horse, and demonstrates his skill upon horses and cattle. The crowning feat of dexterity with the riata, and of horsemanship, combined with daring courage, is the lassoing of the grisly bear. This feat is performed frequently upon this large and ferocious animal, but it is sometimes fatal to the performer and his horse. Well drilled, with experienced military leaders, such as would inspire them with confidence in their skill and prowess, the Californians ought to be the finest cavalry in the world. The Californian saddle is, I venture to assert, the best that has been invented, for the horse and the rider. Seated in one of these, it is scarcely possible to be unseated by any ordinary casualty. The bridle-bit is clumsily made, but so constructed that the horse is compelled to obey the rider upon the slightest intimation. The spurs are of immense size, but they answer to an experienced horseman the double purpose of exciting the horse, and of maintaining the rider in his seat under difficult circumstances. For the pleasures of the table they care but little. With his horse and trappings, his sarape and blanket, a piece of beef and a tortilla, the Californian is content, so far as his personal comforts are concerned. But he is ardent in his pursuit of amusement and pleasure, and these consist chiefly in the fandango, the game of monte, horse-racing, and bull and bear-baiting. They gamble freely and desperately, but pay their losses with the most strict punctuality, at any and every sacrifice, and manifest but little concern about them. They are obedient to their magistrates, and in all disputed cases decided by them, acquiesce without uttering a word of complaint. They have been accused of treachery and insincerity. Whatever may have been the grounds for these accusations in particular instances, I know not; but, judging from my own observation and experience, they are as free from these qualities as our own people.

While the men are employed in attending to the herds of cattle and horses, and engaged in their other amusements, the women (I speak of the middle classes on the ranchos) superintend and perform most of the drudgery appertaining to housekeeping, and the cultivation of the gardens, from whence are drawn such vegetables as are consumed at the table. These are few, consisting of frijoles, potatoes, onions, and chiles. The assistants in these labours are the Indian men and women, legally reduced to servitude.

The soil of that portion of California between the Sierra Nevada and the Pacific will compare, in point of fertility, with any that I have seen elsewhere. As I have already described such portions of it as have come under my observation, it is unnecessary for me here to descend to particulars. Wheat, barley, and other small grains, with hemp, flax, and tobacco, can be produced in all the valleys, without irrigation. To produce maize, potatoes, and other garden vegetables, irrigation is necessary. Oats and mustard grow spontaneously, with such rankness as to be considered nuisances upon the soil. I have forced my way through thousands of acres of these, higher than my head when mounted on a horse. The oats grow to the summits of the hills, but they are not here so tall and rank as in the valleys.



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The varieties of grasses are greater than on the Atlantic side of the continent, and far more nutritious. I have seen seven different kinds of clover, several of them in a dry state, depositing a seed upon the ground so abundant as to cover it, which is lapped up by the cattle and horses and other animals, as corn or oats, when threshed, would be with us. All the grasses, and they cover the entire country, are heavily seeded, and, when ripe, are as fattening to stock as the grains which we feed to our beef, horses, and hogs. Hence it is unnecessary to the sustenance or fattening of stock to raise corn for their consumption.

Agriculture is in its rudest state. The farming implements which have been used by the Californians, with few exceptions, are the same as were used three hundred years ago, when Mexico was conquered by Cortez. A description of them would be tedious. The plough, however, which merely scratches the ground, is the fork of a small tree. It is the same pattern as the Roman plough, two thousand years ago. Other agricultural implements are of the same description. The Americans, and other foreigners, are, however, introducing the American plough, and other American farming tools, the consequence of which has already been, to some extent, to produce a revolution in agriculture. The crops of wheat and barley, which I saw about the 1st of June, while passing through the country on my journey to the United States, exceeded in promise any which I have seen in the United States. It was reported to me that Captain Sutter's crop of wheat, for 1847, would amount to 75,000 bushels.

The natural vegetable productions of California have been sufficiently noticed in the course of this work, for the reader to form a correct estimate of the capabilities of the soil and climate. It is supposed by some, that cotton, sugar, and rice, could be produced here. I do not doubt but there are portions of the country where these crops would thrive; but I question whether, generally, they could be cultivated to advantage. Nearly all the fruits of the temperate and tropical climates are produced in perfection in California, as has before been stated. The principal product of the country has been its cattle and horses. The cattle are, I think, the largest and finest I ever saw, and the beef is more delicious. There are immense herds of these, to which I have previously referred; and their hides and tallow, when slaughtered, have hitherto composed the principal exports from the country. If I were to hazard an estimate of the number of hides annually exported, it would be conjectural, and not worth much. I would suppose, however, at this time (1847), that the number would not fall much short of 150,000, and a corresponding number of arrobas (25 pounds) of tallow. The average value of cattle is about five dollars per head.

The horses and mules are correspondingly numerous with the cattle; and although the most of them are used in the country, considerable numbers are driven to Sonora, New Mexico, and other southern provinces, and some of them to the United States, for a market. They are smaller than American horses, and I do not think them equal for continuous hard service; but on short trips, for riding, their speed and endurance are not often, if ever, equalled by our breed of horses. The value of good horses is from ten to twenty-five dollars; of mares, five dollars. The prices have, however, since the Americans came into the country, become fluctuating, and the value of both horses and cattle is



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increasing rapidly.

The wild animals of California are the wild-horse, the elk, the black-tailed deer, antelope, grizzly bear, all in large numbers. Added to these are the beaver, otter, coyote, hare, squirrel, and the usual variety of other small animals. There is not so great a variety of small birds as I have seen elsewhere. I do not consider that the country presents strong attractions for the ornithologist. But what is wanting in variety is made up in numbers. The bays and indentations on the coast, as well as the rivers and lakes interior, swarm with myriads of wild geese, ducks, swans, and other water birds. The geese and ducks are a mongrel race, their plumage being variegated, the same as our barn-yard fowls. Some of the islands in the harbour, near San Francisco, are white with the guano deposited by these birds; and boat-loads of eggs are taken from them. The pheasant and partridge are abundant in the mountains.

In regard to the minerals of California, not much is yet known. It has been the policy of the owners of land upon which there existed minerals to conceal them as much as possible. A reason for this has been, that the law of Mexico is such, that if one man discovers a mine of any kind upon another man's land, and the proprietor does not work it, the former may denounce the mine, and take possession of it, and hold it so long as he continues to work it. Hence the proprietors of land upon which there are valuable mineral ores conceal their existence as much as possible. While in California I saw quicksilver, silver, lead, and iron ores, and the specimens were taken from mines said to be inexhaustible. From good authority I learned the existence of gold and copper mines, the metals being combined; and I saw specimens of coal taken from two or three different points, but I do not know what the indications were as to quality. Brimstone, saltpetre, muriate and carbonate of soda, and bitumen, are abundant. There is little doubt that California is as rich in minerals of all kinds as any portion of Mexico. I have taken much pains to describe to the reader, from day to day, and at different points during my travels in California, the temperature and weather. It is rarely so cold in the settled portions of California as to congeal water. But twice only while here I saw ice, and then not thicker than window-glass. I saw no snow resting upon the ground. The annual rains commence in November, and continue, with intervals of pleasant springlike weather, until May. From May to November, usually, no rain falls. There are, however, exceptions. Rain sometimes falls in August. The thermometer, at any season of the year, rarely sinks below 50° or rises above 80°. In certain positions on the coast, and especially at San Francisco, the winds rise diurnally, and blowing fresh upon the shore render the temperature cool in midsummer. In the winter the wind blows from the land, and the temperature at these points is warmer. These local peculiarities of climate are not descriptive of the general climate of the interior.

For salubrity I do not think there is any climate in the world superior to that of the coast of California. I was in the country nearly a year, exposed much of the time to great hardships and privations, sleeping, for the most part, in the open air, and I never felt while there the first pang of disease, or the slightest indication of bad health. On some portions of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, where vegetation is rank, and



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decays in the autumn, the malaria produces chills and fever, but generally the attacks are slight, and yield easily to medicine. The atmosphere is so pure and preservative along the coast, that I never saw putrified flesh, although I have seen, in midsummer, dead carcasses lying exposed to the sun and weather for months. They emitted no offensive smell. There is but little disease in the country arising from the climate.

The botany and flora of California are rich, and will hereafter form a fruitful field of discovery to the naturalist. There are numerous plants reported to possess extraordinary medical virtues. The "soap-plant" (amole) is one which appears to be among the most serviceable. The root, which is the saponaceous portion of the plant, resembles the onion, but possesses the quality of cleansing linen equal to any "oleic soap" manufactured by my friends Cornwall and Brother, of Louisville, Ky.

There is another plant in high estimation with the Californians, called canchalagua, which is held by them as an antidote for all the diseases to which they are subject, but in particular for cases of fever and ague. For purifying the blood, and regulating the system, I think it surpasses all the medicinal herbs that have been brought into notice, and it must become, in time, one of the most important articles in the practice of medicine. In the season for flowers, which is generally during the months of May and June, its pretty pink-coloured blossoms form a conspicuous display in the great variety which adorn the fields of California.

The water-power in California is ample for any required mill purposes. Timber for lumber is not so convenient as is desirable. There is, however, a sufficiency of it, which, when improvements are made, will be more accessible. The timber on the Sierra Nevada, the most magnificent in the world, cannot be, at present, available. The evergreen oak, that grows generally in the valleys, is not valuable, except for fuel. But in the canadas of the hills, and at several places on the coast, particularly at Santa Cruz and Bodega, there is an amount of pine and fir, adapted for lumber, that will not be consumed for a long time.

The religion of the Californians is the Roman Catholic, and, like the people of all Roman Catholic countries, they appear to be devotedly attached to the forms of their religion. That there are some, I will not say how many, paganish grafts upon the laws, formalities, and ceremonies, as prescribed by the "Holy Church Universal" for its government and observance, is undeniable, but these probably do not materially affect the system. The females, I noticed, were nearly all devoutly attached to their religious institutions. I have seen, on festival or saint days, the entire floor of a church occupied by pious women, with their children, kneeling in devout worship, and chanting with much fervency some dismal hymn appertaining to the service. There are but few of the Jesuit fathers who established the missions now remaining in the country. The services are performed at several of the churches that I visited, by native Indians, educated by the padres previous to their expulsion by the Mexican government.



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CHAPTER XVI. OFFICIAL REPORT ON THE GOLD MINES.

The following is an official account of a visit paid to the gold region in July by Colonel Mason, who had been appointed to the military command in California, and made his report to the authorities at Washington. It is dated from head-quarters at Monterey, August 17, 1848.

Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that, accompanied by Lieut. W.T. Sherman, 3rd Artillery, A.A.A. General, I started on the 12th of June last to make a tour through the northern part of California. We reached San Francisco on the 20th, and found that all, or nearly all, its male inhabitants had gone to the mines. The town, which a few months before was so busy and thriving, was then almost deserted. Along the whole route mills were lying idle, fields of wheat were open to cattle and horses, houses vacant, and farms going to waste.

On the 5th we arrived in the neighbourhood of the mines, and proceeded twenty-five miles up the American Fork, to a point on it now known as the Lower Mines, or Mormon Diggings. The hill sides were thickly strewn with canvas tents and bush-harbours; a store was erected, and several boarding shanties in operation. The day was intensely hot, yet about 200 men were at work in the full glare of the sun, washing for gold—some with tin pans, some with close woven Indian baskets, but the greater part had a rude machine known as the cradle. This is on rockers, six or eight feet long, open at the foot, and its head had a coarse grate, or sieve; the bottom is rounded, with small cleets nailed across. Four men are required to work this machine; one digs the ground in the bank close by the stream; another carries it to the cradle, and empties it on the grate; a third gives a violent rocking motion to the machine, whilst a fourth dashes on water from the stream itself. The sieve keeps the coarse stones from entering the cradle, the current of water washes off the earthy matter, and the gravel is gradually carried out at the foot of the machine, leaving the gold mixed with a heavy fine black sand above the first cleets. The sand and gold mixed together are then drawn off through auger holes into a pan below, are dried in the sun, and afterwards separated by blowing off the sand. A party of four men, thus employed at the Lower Mines, average 100 dollars a-day. The Indians, and those who have nothing but pans or willow baskets, gradually wash out the earth, and separate the gravel by hand, leaving nothing but the gold mixed with sand, which is separated in the manner before described. The gold in the Lower Mines is in fine bright scales, of which I send several specimens.

As we ascended the south branch of the American fork, the country became more broken and mountainous, and twenty-five miles below the lower washings the hills rise to about 1000 feet above the level of the Sacramento Plain. Here a species of pine occurs, which



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led to the discovery of the gold. Captain Sutter, feeling the great want of lumber, contracted in September last with a Mr. Marshall to build a saw-mill at that place. It was erected in the course of the past winter and spring—a dam and race constructed; but when the water was let on the wheel, the tail race was found to be too narrow to permit the water to escape with sufficient rapidity. Mr. Marshall, to save labour, let the water directly into the race with a strong current, so as to wash it wider and deeper. He effected his purpose, and a large bed of mud and gravel was carried to the foot of the race. One day Mr. Marshall, as he was walking down the race to this deposit of mud, observed some glittering particles at its upper edge; he gathered a few, examined them, and became satisfied of their value. He then went to the fort, told Captain Sutter of his discovery, and they agreed to keep it secret until a certain grist-mill of Sutter's was finished. It, however, got out and spread like magic. Remarkable success attended the labours of the first explorers, and, in a few weeks, hundreds of men were drawn thither. At the time of my visit, but little more than three months after its first discovery, it was estimated that upwards of four thousand people were employed. At the mill there is a fine deposit or bank of gravel, which the people respect as the property of Captain Sutter, though he pretends to no right to it, and would be perfectly satisfied with the simple promise of a pre-emption on account of the mill which he has built there at a considerable cost. Mr. Marshall was living near the mill, and informed me that many persons were employed above and below him; that they used the same machines as at the lower washings, and that their success was about the same—ranging from one to three ounces of gold per man daily. This gold, too, is in scales a little coarser than those of the lower mines. From the mill Mr. Marshall guided me up the mountain on the opposite or north bank of the south fork, where in the bed of small streams or ravines, now dry, a great deal of coarse gold has been found. I there saw several parties at work, all of whom were doing very well; a great many specimens were shown me, some as heavy as four or five ounces in weight; and I send three pieces, labelled No. 5, presented by a Mr. Spence. You will perceive that some of the specimens accompanying this hold mechanically pieces of quartz—that the surface is rough, and evidently moulded in the crevice of a rock. This gold cannot have been carried far by water, but must have remained near where it was first deposited from the rock that once bound it. I inquired of many if they had encountered the metal in its matrix, but in every instance they said they had not; but that the gold was invariably mixed with wash-gravel, or lodged in the crevices of other rocks. All bore testimony that they had found gold in greater or less quantities in the numerous small gullies or ravines that occur in that mountainous region. On the 7th of July I left the mill, and crossed to a small stream emptying into the American



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fork, three or four miles below the saw-mill. I struck the stream (now known as Weber's Creek) at the washings of Sunol and Company. They had about thirty Indians employed, whom they pay in merchandise. They were getting gold of a character similar to that found in the main fork, and doubtless in sufficient quantities to satisfy them. I send you a small specimen, presented by this Company, of their gold. From this point we proceeded up the stream about eight miles, where we found a great many people and Indians, some engaged in the bed of the stream, and others in the small side valleys that put into it. These latter are exceedingly rich, two ounces being considered an ordinary yield for a day's work. A small gutter, not more than 100 yards long by four feet wide, and two or three deep, was pointed out to me as the one where two men (W. Daly and Percy McCoon) had a short time before obtained. 17,000 dollars' worth of gold. Captain Weber informed me, that he knew that these two men had employed four white men and about 100 Indians, and that, at the end of one week's work, they paid off their party, and had left 10,000 dollars' worth of this gold. Another small ravine was shown me, from which had been taken upwards of 12,000 dollars' worth of gold. Hundreds of similar ravines, to all appearances, are as yet untouched. I could not have credited these reports had I not seen, in the abundance of the precious metal, evidence of their truth. Mr. Neligh, an agent of Commodore Stockton, had been at work about three weeks in the neighbourhood, and showed me, in bags and bottles, 2000 dollars' worth of gold; and Mr. Lyman, a gentleman of education, and worthy of every credit, said he had been engaged with four others, with a machine, on the American fork, just below Sutter's Mill, that they worked eight days, and that his share was at the rate of fifty dollars a-day, but hearing that others were doing better at Weber's Place, they had removed there, and were then on the point of resuming operations.

The country on either side of Weber's Creek is much broken up by hills, and is intersected in every direction by small streams or ravines which contain more or less gold. Those that have been worked are barely scratched, and, although thousands of ounces have been carried away, I do not consider that a serious impression has been made upon the whole. Every day was developing new and richer deposits; and the only impression seemed to be, that the metal would be found in such abundance as seriously to depreciate in value. On the 8th July I returned to the lower mines, and eventually to Monterey, where I arrived on the 17th of July. Before leaving Sutter's, I satisfied myself that gold existed in the bed of the Feather River, in the Yubah and Bear, and in many of the small streams that lie between the latter and the American fork; also, that it had been found in the Consummes, to the south of the American fork. In each of these streams the gold is found in small scales, whereas in the intervening mountains it occurs in coarser lumps.



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Mr. Sinclair, whose rancho is three miles above Sutter's on the north side of the American, employs about fifty Indians on the north fork, not far from its junction with the main stream. He had been engaged about five weeks when I saw him, and up to that time his Indians had used simply closely-woven willow baskets. His net proceeds (which I saw) were about 16,000 dollars' worth of gold. He showed me the proceeds of his last week's work—14 lbs. avoirdupois of clean-washed gold.

The principal store at Sutter's fort, that of Brannan and Co., had received in payment for goods 36,000 dollars' worth of this gold from the 1st of May to the 10th of July. Other merchants had also made extensive sales. Large quantities of goods were daily sent forward to the mines, as the Indians, heretofore so poor and degraded, have suddenly become consumers of the luxuries of life. I before mentioned that the greater part of the farmers and rancheros had abandoned their fields to go to the mines. This is not the case with Captain Sutter, who was carefully gathering his wheat, estimated at 40,000 bushels. Flour is already worth, at Sutter's, 36 dollars a-barrel, and will soon be 50. Unless large quantities of breadstuffs reach the country much suffering will occur; but as each man is now able to pay a large price, it is believed the merchants will bring from Chili and the Oregon a plentiful supply for the coming winter.

The most moderate estimate I could obtain from men acquainted with the subject was, that upwards of 4,000 men were working in the gold district, of whom more than one-half were Indians, and that from 30,000 to 50,000 dollars' worth of gold, if not more, were daily obtained. The entire gold district, with very few exceptions of grants made some years ago by the Mexican authorities, is on land belonging to the United States. It was a matter of serious reflection to me, how I could secure to the Government certain rents or fees for the privilege of securing this gold; but upon considering the large extent of country, the character of the people engaged, and the small scattered force at my command, I resolved not to interfere, but permit all to work freely, unless broils and crimes should call for interference.

The discovery of these vast deposits of gold has entirely changed the character of Upper California. Its people, before engaged in cultivating their small patches of ground, and guarding their herds of cattle and horses, have all gone to the mines, or are on their way thither. Labourers of every trade have left their work-benches, and tradesmen their shops; sailors desert their ships as fast as they arrive on the coast; and several vessels have gone to sea with hardly enough hands to spread a sail. Two or three are now at anchor in San Francisco, with no crew on board. Many desertions, too, have taken place from the garrisons within the influence of these mines; twenty-six soldiers have deserted from the post of Sonoma, twenty-four from that of San Francisco, and twenty-four from



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Monterey. I have no hesitation now in saying, that there is more gold in the country drained by the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers than will pay the cost of the present war with Mexico a hundred times over. No capital is required to obtain this gold, as the labouring man wants nothing but his pick and shovel and tin pan, with which to dig and wash the gravel, and many frequently pick gold out of the crevices of rocks with their knives, in pieces of from one to six ounces.

Gold is also believed to exist on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada; and, when at the mines, I was informed by an intelligent Mormon that it had been found near the Great Salt Lake by some of his fraternity. Nearly all the Mormons are leaving California to go to the Salt Lake; and this they surely would not do unless they were sure of finding gold there, in the same abundance as they now do on the Sacramento.

I have the honour to be,

Your most obedient Servant,

R.B. MASON, Colonel 1st Dragoons, commanding.

Brigadier-General R. Jones, Adjutant-General, U.S.A.,
Washington, D.C.



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CHAPTER XVII.

Rate of Wages
Mode of procuring the Gold
Extent of Gold Region
Price of Provisions.

It will be seen, from the later accounts that each new report continues to realize the wildest expectation. The following letter dated Monterey, November 16th, is highly interesting—

We can now call ourselves citizens of the United States. We have now only to go by law, as we formerly went by custom; that is, when Congress gives us a government and code. The old foreign residents of California, having done very well ten or twenty years without law, care but very little whether Congress pays early or late attention to the subject. Those who have emigrated from the Atlantic States within the last three or four years deem the subject an important one; I only call it difficult. The carrying out a code of laws, under existing circumstances, is far from being an easy task. The general Government may appoint governors, secretaries, and other public functionaries; and judges, marshals, collectors, etc., may accept offices with salaries of 3000 or 4000 dollars per annum; but how they are to obtain their petty officers, at half these sums, remains to be seen. The pay of a member of Congress will be accepted here by those alone who do not know enough to better themselves. Mechanics can now get 10 to 16 dollars per day; labourers on the wharfs or elsewhere, 5 to 10 dollars; clerks and storekeepers, 1000 to 3000 dollars per annum—some engage to keep store during their pleasure at 8 dollars per day, or 1 lb. or 1-1/2 lb. of gold per month; cooks and stewards, 60 to 100 dollars per month. In fact, labour of every description commands exorbitant prices.

The Sandwich Islands, Oregon, and Lower California are fast parting with their inhabitants, all bound for this coast, and thence to the great 'placer' of the Sacramento Valley, where the digging and washing of one man that does not produce 100 troy ounces of gold, 23 carats, from the size of a half spangle to one pound in a month, sets the digger to 'prospecting,' that is, looking for better grounds. Your 'Paisano' can point out many a man who has, for fifteen to twenty days in succession, bagged up five to ten ounces of gold a-day. Our placer, or gold region, now extends over 300 or 400 miles of country, embracing all the creeks and branches on the east side of the river Sacramento and one side of the San Joaquin. In my travels I have, when resting under a tree and grazing my horse, seen pieces of pure gold taken from crevices of the rocks or slate where we were stopping. On one occasion, nooning or refreshing on the side of a stream entirely unknown to diggers or 'prospectors,' or rather, if known not attended to, one of my companions, while rolling in the sand, said, 'Give me a tin pan; why should we not be cooking in gold sand?' He took a pan, filled it with sand, washed it out, and



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produced in five minutes two or three dollars' worth of gold, merely saying, as he threw both pan and gold on the sand, 'I thought so.' Perhaps it is fair that your readers should learn, that, however plenty the Sacramento Valley may afford gold, the obtaining of it has its disadvantages. From the 1st of July to the 1st of October, more or less, one half of the people will have fever and ague, or intermittent fever. In the winter, it is too cold to work in the water. Some work in the sand by washing from the surface in a wooden bowl, or tin pan; some gouge it out from the rocks or slate; the more lazy ones roll about and pick up the large pieces, leaving the small gold for the next emigration. The extent of the gold region on the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers extends a distance of 800 miles in length by 100 in width. It embraces not only gold, but quantities of quicksilver in almost general abundance. It is estimated that a small population actively engaged in mining operations in that region could export 100,000,000 dollars in gold in every year, and that an increased population might increase that amount to 300,000,000 dollars annually. You may believe me when I say that for some time to come California will export, yearly, nearly or quite 500,000 ounces of gold, 22 to 24 carats fine; some pieces of that will weigh 16 lbs., very many 1 lb. Many men who began last June to dig gold with a capital of 50 dollars can now show 5000 to 15,000 dollars. I saw a man to-day making purchases of dry goods, etc., for his family, lay on the counter a bag of raw hide, well sewed up, containing 109 ounces. I observed, 'That is a good way to pack gold dust.' He very innocently replied, 'All the bags I brought down are that way; I like the size!' Five such bags in New York would bring nearly 10,000 dollars. This man left his family last August. Three months' digging and washing, producing four or five bags, of 100 ounces each, is better than being mate of a vessel at 40 dollars per month, as the man formerly was. His companion, a Mexican, who camped and worked with him, only had two or three cow-hide bags of gold. In this tough, but true, golden tale, you must not imagine that all men are equally successful. There are some who have done better, even to 4000 dollars in a month; many 1000 dollars during the summer; and others, who refused to join a company of gold-washers who had a cheap-made machine, and receive one ounce per day, that returned to the settlement with not a vest pocket-full of gold. Some left with only sufficient to pay for a horse and saddle, and pay the physician six ounces of gold for one ounce of quinine, calomel, and jalap in proportion. An ounce of gold for advice given, six ounces a visit, brings the fever and ague to be rather an expensive companion. A 'well' man has his proportionate heavy expenses also, to reduce his piles or bags of gold. Dry beef in the settlements, at 4 cents per lb., at the Placer, 1 to 2 dollars per lb.; salt beef and pork, 50 to 100 dollars per barrel; flour, 30 to 75 dollars per barrel; coffee, sugar, and rice, 50 cents to 1 dollar



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per lb. As washing is 50 cents to 1 dollar a garment, many prefer throwing away their used-up clothes to paying the washerwoman; that is, if they intend returning to the settlements soon, where they can purchase more. As to shaving, I have never seen a man at the Placer who had time to perform that operation. They do not work on Sundays, only brush up the tent, blow out the emery or fine black sand from the week's work. Horses that can travel only one day, and from that to a week, are from 100 to 300 dollars. Freight charge by launch owners for three days' run, 5 dollars per barrel. Wagoners charge 50 to 100 dollars per load, 20 to 50 miles, on good road. Corn, barley, peas, and beans, 10 dollars a-bushel. Common pistols, any price; powder and lead very dear. I know a physician who, in San Francisco, purchased a common made gold-washer at 20 or 30 dollars, made of 70 or 80 feet of boards. At a great expense he boated it up to the first landing on the Sacramento, and there met a wagoner bound to one of the diggings with an empty wagon, distant about 50 miles. The wagoner would not take up the machine under 100 dollars. The doctor had to consent, and bided his time. June passed over, rich in gold; all on that creek did wonders, when the wagoner fell sick, called on his friend the doctor, whose tent was in sight; the doctor came, but would not administer the first dose under the old sum of 100 dollars, which was agreed to, under a proviso that the following doses should be furnished more moderate. When a man's time is worth 100 dollars a-day, to use a spade and tin pan, neither doctors nor wagoners can think much of a pound of gold, and you may suppose merchants, traders, and pedlars are not slow to make their fortunes in these golden times. In San Francisco there is more merchandize sold now, monthly, than before in a year. Vessels after vessels arrive, land their cargoes, dispose of them, and bag up the dust and lay up the vessel, as the crew are soon among the missing. The cleanest clear out is where the captain follows the crew. There are many vessels in San Francisco that cannot weigh anchor, even with the assistance of three or four neighbouring vessels. Supercargoes must land cargo on arriving, or have no crew to do it for them. Some vessels continue to go to sea, with small crews, at 50 dollars per month for green hands. Old hands are too wise for them, and prefer digging an ounce or two a-day, and drinking hock and champagne at half an ounce a-bottle, and eating bad sea bread at 1 dollar per pound. I have seen a captain of a vessel, who, by his old contract in the port whence he sailed, was getting 60 dollars per month, paying his cook 75 dollars, and offering 100 dollars per month for a steward; his former crew, even to his mates, having gone a 'prospecting.' Uncle Sam's ships suffer a little the same way, although they offer from 200 to 500 dollars for the apprehension of a deserter. The Ohio, however, laid in the port of Monterey about a month, and lost only 20 or 30 men. Colonel Stevenson's regiment is disbanded, 99 out of 100 of whom have also gone



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'prospecting,' including the colonel, who arrived in Monterey last month, from his last post, and was met by his men at the edge of the town, to escort and cheer him into the town. The captains, etc., have bought up country carts and oxen, turned drivers, and gone to the Placer. Our worthy governor, Colonel of the 1st Dragoons, etc., having plenty of carts, wagons, horses, and mules, with a few regulars left, has also gone, but under better advantages, for the second or third time, to see the Placer and the country, and have justice done to his countrymen or himself. Commodore Jones, lately arrived in Monterey, supposed it to be the capital, head-quarters, etc., but found not even the Governor left. Where head-quarters are may be uncertain, whether in Monterey, Sutter's Fort, or in a four-mule wagon travelling over the gold region. Now, whether headquarters are freighted with munitions of war, etc., or whether the cargo consists of blankets, shirts, etc., to clothe the suffering Indians, for the paltry consideration of gold, no one cares or knows; but the principle should be, that, if privates can or will be off making their thousands, those who are better able should not go goldless.

The Washington Union contains a letter from Lieutenant Larkin, dated Monterey, November 16, received at the State Department, containing further confirmation of the previous despatches, public and private, and far outstripping all other news in its exciting character. The gold was increasing in size and quality daily. Lumps were found weighing from one to two pounds. Several had been heard of weighing as high as 16 pounds, and one 25 pounds. Many men, who were poor in June, were worth 30,000 dollars, by digging and trading with the Indians. 100 dollars a-day is the average amount realized daily, from July to October. Half the diggers were sick with fevers, though not many deaths had occurred among them. The Indians would readily give an ounce of gold for a common calico shirt; others were selling for ten dollars each in specie. The gold region extends over a track of 300 miles, and it was not known that it did not extend 1000. A letter from Commodore Jones states that many of the petty officers and men had deserted and gone in search of the gold. He adds, the Indians were selling gold at 50 cents the ounce. Many vessels were deserted by captain, cook, and seamen. The ship Isaac Walton offered discharged soldiers 50 dollars per month to go to Callao, which was refused. She was supplied by government sailors. All the naval vessels on the coast were short of hands. Nearly the whole of the 3rd Artillery had deserted. Provisions were scarce and high; board, 4 dollars a-day; washing, 6 dollars a-dozen. Merchants' clerks get from 2000 to 3000 dollars a-year.



CHAPTER XVIII.

**Route by land
Outfit, etc., and advice to intending Emigrants.**

The route via Independence or St. Joseph, Mo., to Fort Laramie, South Pass, Fort Hall, the Sink of Mary's River, etc., etc., the old route. Let no emigrant, carrying his family with him, deviate from it, or imagine that he can find a better road. This road is the best that has yet been discovered, and to the Bay of San Francisco and the Gold Region it is much the shortest. The Indians, moreover, on this route, have, up to the present time, been so friendly as to commit no acts of hostility on the emigrants. The trail is plain and good where there are no physical obstructions, and the emigrant, by taking this route, will certainly reach his destination in good season and without disaster. From our information we would most earnestly advise all emigrants to take this trail, without deviation, if they would avoid the fatal calamities which almost invariably have attended those who have undertaken to explore new routes.

The lightest wagon that can be constructed, of sufficient strength to carry 2500 pounds' weight, is the vehicle most desirable. No wagon should be loaded over this weight, or if it is, it will be certain to stall in the muddy sloughs and crossings on the prairie in the first part of the journey. This wagon can be hauled by three or four yokes of oxen or six mules. Oxen are usually employed by the emigrants for hauling their wagons. They travel about 15 miles per day, and, all things considered, are perhaps equal to mules for this service, although they cannot travel so fast. They are, however, less expensive, and there is not so much danger of their straying and of being stolen by the Indians.

Pack-mules can only be employed by parties of men. It would be very difficult to transport a party of women and children on pack-mules, with the provisions, clothing, and other baggage necessary to their comfort. A party of men, however, with pack-mules, can make the journey in less time by one month than it can be done in wagons—carrying with them, however, nothing more than their provisions, clothing, and ammunition.

For parties of men going out, it would be well to haul their wagons, provisions, etc., as far as Fort Laramie, or Fort Hall, by mules, carrying with them pack-saddles and alforjases, or large saddle-bags, adapted to the pack-saddle, with ropes for packing, etc., when, if they saw proper, they could dispose of their wagons for Indian ponies, and pack into California, gaining perhaps two or three weeks' time.

The provisions actually necessary per man are as follows:—

150 lbs. of flour.	150 do. bacon.	25 do. coffee.	30 do. sugar.
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Added to these, the main items, there should be a small quantity of rice, 50 or 75 lbs. of crackers, dried peaches, etc., and a keg of lard, with salt, pepper, etc., and such other luxuries of light weight as the person outfitting chooses to purchase. He will think of them before he starts.

Every man should be provided with a good rifle, and, if convenient, with a pair of pistols, five pounds of powder, and ten pounds of lead. A revolving belt-pistol may be found useful. With the wagon, there should be carried such carpenter's tools



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as a hand-saw, auger, gimlet, chisel, shaving-knife, etc., an axe, hammer, and hatchet. This last weapon every man should have in his belt, with a hunter's or a bowie-knife.

From Independence to the first settlement in California, which is near the gold region, it is about 2050 miles—to San Francisco, 2290 miles.

The accounts that have been received and published in regard to the wealth and productiveness of the gold mines, and other mines in California, are undoubtedly true. They are derived from the most authentic and reliable sources, and from individuals whose veracity may be undoubtingly believed.

When a young man arrives there, he must turn his attention to whatever seems to promise the largest recompense for his labour. It is impossible in the new state of things produced by the late discoveries, and the influx of population, to foresee what this might be. The country is rich in agricultural resources, as well as in the precious metals, and, with proper enterprise and industry, he could scarcely fail to do well.

Families, as well as parties going out, should carry with them good tents, to be used after their arrival as houses. The influx of population will probably be so great that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to obtain other shelter for some time after their arrival. The climate of the country, however, even in winter, is so mild that, with good tents, comfort is attainable. They should be careful, also, to carry as much subsistence into the country as they can; as what they purchase there, after their arrival, they will be compelled to pay a high price for.

The shortest route to California is unquestionably by the West India Mail Packets, which leave Southampton on the 17th of every month. The point to which they take passengers is Chagres. This voyage is usually accomplished in about 22 to 26 days. From thence passengers proceed across the Isthmus, a distance of about 52 miles (say three or four days' journey) to Panama, and thence 3500 miles by sea in the Pacific to St. Francisco. From the vast number of eager emigrants that it is expected will assemble at Panama, it is very probable that great delay will be occasioned from there not being sufficient number of vessels to convey them to their destination. Unless such adventurers are abundantly supplied with money, they will not be able to live in the hot desolation of the tropics, where life is but little valued, and where death is even less regarded. The entire route by sea (round Cape Horn) cannot be less than 18,500 miles, and generally occupies from five to six months, yet this route is much cheaper, safer, and in the end (from the delay that will occur at Panama) quite as short. This route, particularly to parties from England, is universally allowed to be the best many, dangers and difficulties that attend the route across the Isthmus of Panama (not noticing the probable delay) will be avoided, and many a one will bitterly regret that he was ever induced to attempt (as he perceives ship after ship sailing gallantly on to these favoured regions) what he considered a shorter route, from the want of the means of transit, while he is himself compelled idly to waste his time, a prey to pestilence and to the "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick."



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APPENDIX.

The following are letters addressed to the Government at Washington, and other communications, all of which, it will be seen, are fully confirmatory of the accounts given in the preceding pages; with other details of interest relative to the state of the gold districts:

Extract from a Letter from Mr. Larkin, United States Consul at Monterey, to Mr. Buchanan, Secretary of State at Washington.

San Francisco (Upper California), June 1, 1848.

Sir: * * * I have to report to the State Department one of the most astonishing excitements and state of affairs now existing in this country, that, perhaps, has ever been brought to the notice of the Government. On the American fork of the Sacramento and Feather River, another branch of the same, and the adjoining lands, there has been within the present year discovered a placer, a vast tract of land containing gold, in small particles. This gold, thus far, has been taken on the bank of the river, from the surface to eighteen inches in depth, and is supposed deeper, and to extend over the country.

On account of the inconvenience of washing, the people have, up to this time, only gathered the metal on the banks, which is done simply with a shovel, filling a shallow dish, bowl, basket, or tin pan, with a quantity of black sand, similar to the class used on paper, and washing out the sand by movement of the vessel. It is now two or three weeks since the men employed in those washings have appeared in this town with gold, to exchange for merchandise and provisions. I presume nearly 20,000 dollars of this gold has as yet been so exchanged. Some 200 or 300 men have remained up the river, or are gone to their homes, for the purpose of returning to the Placer, and washing immediately with shovels, picks, and baskets; many of them, for the first few weeks, depending on borrowing from others. I have seen the written statement of the work of one man for sixteen days, which averaged 25 dollars per day; others have, with a shovel and pan, or wooden bowl, washed out 10 dollars to even 50 dollars in a day. There are now some men yet washing who have 500 dollars to 1,000 dollars. As they have to stand two feet deep in the river, they work but a few hours in the day, and not every day in the week.

A few men have been down in boats to this port, spending twenty to thirty ounces of gold each—about 300 dollars. I am confident that this town (San Francisco) has one-half of its tenements empty, locked up with the furniture. The owners—storekeepers, lawyers, mechanics, and labourers—all gone to the Sacramento with their families. Small parties, of five to fifteen men, have sent to this town and offered cooks ten to fifteen dollars per day for a few weeks. Mechanics and teamsters, earning the year past five to eight dollars per day, have struck and gone. Several U.S. volunteers have deserted. U.S. barque Anita, belonging to the Army,



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now at anchor here, has but six men. One Sandwich Island vessel in port lost all her men; and was obliged to engaged another crew at 50 dollars for the run of fifteen days to the Islands.

One American captain having his men shipped on this coast in such a manner that they could leave at any time, had them all on the eve of quitting, when he agreed to continue their pay and food; leaving one on board, he took a boat and carried them to the gold regions—furnishing tools and giving his men one-third. They have been gone a week. Common spades and shovels, one month ago worth 1 dollar, will now bring 10 dollars, at the gold regions. I am informed 50 dollars has been offered for one. Should this gold continue as represented, this town and others would be depopulated. Clerks' wages have risen from 600 dollars to 1000 per annum, and board; cooks, 25 dollars to 30 dollars per month. This sum will not be any inducement a month longer, unless the fever and ague appears among the washers. The Californian, printed here, stopped this week. The Star newspaper office, where the new laws of Governor Mason, for this country, are printing, has but one man left. A merchant, lately from China, has even lost his China servants. Should the excitement continue through the year, and the whale-ships visit San Francisco, I think they will lose most all their crews. How Col. Mason can retain his men, unless he puts a force on the spot, I know not.

I have seen several pounds of this gold, and consider it very pure, worth in New York 17 dollars to 18 dollars per ounce; 14 dollars to 16 dollars, in merchandise, is paid for it here. What good or bad effect this gold mania will have on California, I cannot foretell. It may end this year; but I am informed that it will continue many years. Mechanics now in this town are only wailing to finish some rude machinery, to enable them to obtain the gold more expeditiously, and free from working in the river. Up to this time, but few Californians have gone to the mines, being afraid the Americans will soon have trouble among themselves, and cause disturbance to all around. I have seen some of the black sand, as taken from the bottom of the river (I should think in the States it would bring 25 to 50 cents per pound), containing many pieces of gold; they are from the size of the head of a pin to the weight of the eighth of an ounce. I have seen some weighing one-quarter of an ounce (4 dollars). Although my statements are almost incredible, I believe I am within the statements believed by every one here. Ten days back, the excitement had not reached Monterey. I shall, within a few days, visit this gold mine, and will make another report to you. Inclosed you will have a specimen.

I have the honour to be, very respectfully,
THOMAS O. LARKIN.

P.S. This placer, or gold region, is situated on public land.

Mr. Larkin to Mr. Buchanan.



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Monterey, California, June 28, 1848.

SIR: My last dispatch to the State Department was written in San Francisco, the 1st of this month. In that I had the honour to give some information respecting the new 'placer,' or gold regions lately discovered on the branches of the Sacramento River. Since the writing of that dispatch I have visited a part of the gold region, and found it all I had heard, and much more than I anticipated. The part that I visited was upon a fork of the American River, a branch of the Sacramento, joining the main river at Sutter's Fort. The place in which I found the people digging was about twenty-five miles from the fort by land.

I have reason to believe that gold will be found on many branches of the Sacramento and the Joaquin rivers. People are already scattered over one hundred miles of land, and it is supposed that the 'placer' extends from river to river. At present the workmen are employed within ten or twenty yards of the river, that they may be convenient to water. On Feather river there are several branches upon which the people are digging for gold. This is two or three days' ride from the place I visited.

At my camping place I found, on a surface of two or three miles on the banks of the river, some fifty tents, mostly owned by Americans. These had their families. There are no Californians who have taken their families as yet to the gold regions; but few or none will ever do it; some from New Mexico may do so next year, but no Californians.

I was two nights at a tent occupied by eight Americans, viz., two sailors, one clerk, two carpenters, and three daily workmen. These men were in company; had two machines, each made from one hundred feet of boards (worth there 150 dollars, in Monterey 15 dollars—being one day's work), made similar to a child's cradle, ten feet long, without the ends.

The two evenings I saw these eight men bring to their tents the labour of the day. I suppose they made each 50 dollars per day; their own calculation was two pounds of gold a-day—four ounces to a man—64 dollars. I saw two brothers that worked together, and only worked by washing the dirt in a tin pan, weigh the gold they obtained in one day; the result was 7 dollars to one, 82 dollars to the other. There were two reasons for this difference; one man worked less hours than the other, and by chance had ground less impregnated with gold. I give this statement as an extreme case. During my visit I was an interpreter for a native of Monterey, who was purchasing a machine or canoe. I first tried to purchase boards and hire a carpenter for him. There were but a few hundred feet of boards to be had; for these the owner asked me 50 dollars per hundred (500 dollars per thousand), and a carpenter washing gold dust demanded 50 dollars per day for working. I at last purchased a log dug out, with a riddle and sieve made of willow boughs on it, for 120 dollars, payable in gold dust at 14 dollars per ounce. The owner excused himself for the



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price, by saying he was two days making it, and even then demanded the use of it until sunset. My Californian has told me since, that himself, partner, and two Indians, obtained with this canoe eight ounces the first and five ounces the second day.

I am of the opinion that on the American fork, Feather River, and Copimes River, there are near two thousand people, nine-tenths of them foreigners. Perhaps there are one hundred families, who have their teams, wagons, and tents. Many persons are waiting to see whether the months of July and August will be sickly, before they leave their present business to go to the 'Placer.' The discovery of this gold was made by some Mormons, in January or February, who for a time kept it a secret; the majority of those who are working there began in May. In most every instance the men, after digging a few days, have been compelled to leave for the purpose of returning home to see their families, arrange their business, and purchase provisions. I feel confident in saying there are fifty men in this 'Placer' who have on an average 1,000 dollars each, obtained in May and June. I have not met with any person who had been fully employed in washing gold one month; most, however, appear to have averaged an ounce per day. I think there must, by this time, be over 1,000 men at work upon the different branches of the Sacramento; putting their gains at 10,000 dollars per day, for six days in the week, appears to me not overrated.

Should this news reach the emigration of California and Oregon, now on the road, connected with the Indian wars, now impoverishing the latter country, we should have a large addition to our population; and should the richness of the gold region continue, our emigration in 1849 will be many thousands, and in 1850 still more. If our countrymen in California, as clerks, mechanics, and workmen, will forsake employment at from 2 dollars to 6 dollars per day, how many more of the same class in the Atlantic States, earning much less, will leave for this country under such prospects? It is the opinion of many who have visited the gold regions the past and present months, that the ground will afford gold for many years, perhaps for a century. From my own examination of the rivers and their banks, I am of opinion that, at least for a few years, the golden products will equal the present year. However, as neither men of science, nor the labourers now at work, have made any explorations of consequence, it is a matter of impossibility to give any opinion as to the extent and richness of this part of California. Every Mexican who has seen the place says throughout their Republic there has never been any "placer like this one."

Could Mr. Polk and yourself see California as we now see it, you would think that a few thousand people, on 100 miles square of the Sacramento valley, would yearly turn out of this river the whole price our country pays for the acquired territory. When I finished my first letter I doubted my own writing, and, to be better satisfied, showed it to one of the principal merchants of San



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Francisco, and to Captain Fulson, of the Quartermaster's Department, who decided at once I was far below the reality. You certainly will suppose, from my two letters, that I am, like others, led away by the excitement of the day. I think I am not. In my last I inclosed a small sample of the gold dust, and I find my only error was in putting a value to the sand. At that time I was not aware how the gold was found; I now can describe the mode of collecting it.

A person without a machine, after digging off one or two feet of the upper ground, near the water (in some cases they take the top earth), throws into a tin pan or wooden bowl a shovel full of loose dirt and stones; then placing the basin an inch or two under water, continues to stir up the dirt with his hand in such a manner that the running water will carry off the light earths, occasionally, with his hand, throwing out the stones; after an operation of this kind for twenty or thirty minutes, a spoonful of small black sand remains; this is on a handkerchief or cloth dried in the sun, the emerge is blown off, leaving the pure gold. I have the pleasure of inclosing a paper of this sand and gold, which I from a bucket of dirt and stones, in half-an-hour, standing at the edge of the water, washed out myself. The value of it may be 2 dollars or 3 dollars. The size of the gold depends in some measure upon the river from which it is taken; the banks of one river having larger grains of gold than another. I presume more than one half of the gold put into pans or machines is washed out and goes down the stream; this is of no consequence to the washers, who care only for the present time. Some have formed companies of four or five men, and have a rough-made machine put together in a day, which worked to much advantage, yet many prefer to work alone, with a wooden bowl or tin pan, worth fifteen or twenty cents in the States, but eight to sixteen dollars at the gold region. As the workmen continue, and materials can be obtained, improvements will take place in the mode of obtaining gold; at present it is obtained by standing in the water, and with much severe labour, or such as is called here severe labour.

How long this gathering of gold by the handful will continue here, or the future effect it will have on California, I cannot say. Three-fourths of the houses in the town on the bay of San Francisco are deserted. Houses are sold at the price of the ground lots. The effects are this week showing themselves in Monterey. Almost every house I had hired out is given up. Every blacksmith, carpenter, and lawyer is leaving; brick-yards, saw-mills and ranches are left perfectly alone. A large number of the volunteers at San Francisco and Sonoma have deserted; some have been retaken and brought back; public and private vessels are losing their crews; my clerks have had 100 per cent. advance offered them on their wages to accept employment. A complete revolution in the ordinary state of affairs is taking place; both of our newspapers are discontinued from want of workmen and the loss of their agencies; the Alcaldes



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have left San Francisco, and I believe Sonoma likewise; the former place has not a Justice of the Peace left. The second Alcalde of Monterey to-day joins the keepers of our principal hotel, who have closed their office and house, and will leave to-morrow for the golden rivers. I saw on the ground a lawyer who was last year Attorney-General of the King of the Sandwich Islands, digging and washing out his ounce and a half per day; near him can be found most all his brethren of the long robe, working in the same occupation.

To conclude; my letter is long, but I could not well describe what I have seen in less words, and I now can believe that my account may be doubted. If the affair proves a bubble, a mere excitement, I know not how we can all be deceived, as we are situated. Governor Mason and his staff have left Monterey to visit the place in question, and will, I suppose, soon forward to his department his views and opinions on this subject. Most of the land, where gold has been discovered, is public land; there are on different rivers some private grants. I have three such purchased in 1846 and 1847, but have not learned that any private lands have produced gold, though they may hereafter do so. I have the honour, dear sir, to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
THOMAS O. LARKIN.

DESERTION FROM THE SHIPS.—We collate from other sources several other interesting letters and documents, and which will be found well worth perusal.

Monterey, Sept. 15, 1848.

Messrs. Grinnell, Minturn, and Co.:

Sirs—I embrace this opportunity to inform you of my new situation, which is bad enough. All hands have left me but two; they will stay till the cargo is landed and ballast in, then they will go. Both mates will leave in a few days, and then I will have only the two boys, and I am fearful that they will run. I have got all landed but 900 barrels; on Monday I shall get off ballast if the weather is good. There's no help to be got at any price. The store-ship that sailed from here ten days ago took three of my men at 100 dollars per month; there is nothing that anchors here but what loses their men. I have had a hard time in landing the cargo; I go in the boat every load. If I can get it on shore I shall save the freight. As for the ship she will lay here for a long time, for there's not the least chance of getting a crew. The coasters are giving 100 dollars per month. All the ships at San Francisco have stripped and laid up. The Flora, of New London, is at San Francisco; all left. You probably have heard of the situation of things here. A sailor will be up at the mines for two months, work on his own account, and come down with from two to three thousand dollars, and those that go in parties do much better. I have been offered 20 dollars per day to go, by one of the first men here, and work one year. It is impossible for me to give you any idea of the gold that is got here. Yours respectfully,
CHRISTOPHER ALLEN, Captain of the ship Isaac Walton.



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Another letter dated St. Francisco, September 1st, contains the following:—

A day or two ago the Flora, Captain Potter, of New London, anchored in Whaleman's Harbour, on the opposite side of the Bay. Yesterday the captain, fearing he would lose all his men, weighed anchor, intending to go to sea. After getting under weigh, the crew, finding the ship was heading out, refused to do duty, and the captain was forced to return and anchor here. Last night nine of the crew gagged the watch, lowered one of the boats, and rowed off. They have not been heard of since, and are now probably half way to the gold region. The Flora is twenty-six months out, with only 750 bbls. of oil. Every vessel that comes in here now is sure to lose her crew, and this state of things must continue until the squadron arrives, when, if the men-o'-war-men do not run off too, merchant-men may retain their crews.

The whale-ship Euphrates, of New Bedford, left here a few weeks since, for the United States, to touch on the coast of Chili to recruit. The Minerva, Captain Perry, of New Bedford, has abandoned the whaling business, and is now on his way hence to Valparaiso for a cargo of merchandise. Although two large ships, four barks, and eight or ten brigs and schooners have arrived here since my return from the mineral country, about four weeks since, with large cargoes of merchandise, their entire invoices have been sold. Vessels are daily arriving from the islands and ports upon the coast, laden with goods and passengers, the latter destined for the gold-washings.

Much sickness prevails among the gold-diggers; many have left the ground sick, and many more have discontinued their labours for the present, and gone into more healthy portions of the country, intending to return after the sickly season has passed. From the best information I can obtain, there are from two to three thousand persons at work at the gold-washings with the same success as heretofore.

THE DIGGINGS.—Extract of a letter from Monterey, Aug. 29.

At present the people are running over the country and picking it out of the earth here and there, just as a thousand hogs, let loose in a forest, would root up ground-nuts. Some get eight or ten ounces a-day, and the least active one or two. They make the most who employ the wild Indians to hunt it for them. There is one man who has sixty Indians in his employ; his profits are a dollar a-minute. The wild Indians know nothing of its value, and wonder what the pale-faces want to do with it; they will give an ounce of it for the same weight of coined silver, or a thimbleful of glass beads, or a glass of grog. And white men themselves often give an ounce of it, which is worth at our mint 18 dollars, or more, for a bottle of brandy, a bottle of soda-powders, or a plug of tobacco.

As to the quantity which the diggers get, take a few facts as evidence. I know seven men who worked seven weeks and two days, Sundays excepted, on Feather River;



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they employed on an average fifty Indians, and got out in these seven weeks and two days 275 pounds of pure gold. I know the men, and have seen the gold, and know what they state to be a fact—so stick a pin there. I know ten other men who worked ten days in company, employed no Indians, and averaged in these ten days 1500 dollars each; so stick another pin there. I know another man who got out of a basin in a rock, not larger than a wash-bowl, two pounds and a half of gold in fifteen minutes; so stick another pin there! Not one of these statements would I believe, did I not know the men personally, and know them to be plain matter-of-fact men—men who open a vein of gold just as coolly as you would a potato-hill."

ASSAY OF THE GOLD.—Lieutenant Loeser having arrived at Washington with specimens of the gold from the diggings, the following account of its quality appeared in the "Washington Union," the government organ:—

Understanding last evening that the lieutenant had arrived in this city, and had deposited in the War Office the precious specimens he had brought with him, we called to see them, and to free our mind from all hesitation as to the genuineness of the metal. We had seen doubts expressed in some of our exchange papers; and we readily admit that the accounts so nearly approached the miraculous, that we were relieved by the evidence of our own senses on the subject. The specimens have all the appearance of the native gold we had seen from the mines of North Carolina and Virginia, and we are informed that the Secretary would send the small chest, called a caddy, containing about 3,000 dollars' worth of gold, in lumps and scales, to the mint, to be melted into coins and bars. The specimens have come to Washington as they were extracted from the materials of the placer. The heaviest piece brought by Lieutenant Loeser weighs a little more than two ounces; but the varied contents of the casket (as described in Colonel Mason's schedule) will be sent off to-day, by special messenger, to the mint at Philadelphia for assay, and early next week we hope to have the pleasure of laying the result before our readers." The assay was subsequently made, and the result officially announced. The gold is declared to be from 3 to 8 per cent. purer than American standard gold coin.

ANOTHER ASSAY.—The following is the report of an assay of Californian gold dust, received by Mr. T.O. Larkin, United States consul at Monterey.

New York, Dec. 8, 1848.

Sir,—I have assayed the portion of gold dust, or metal, from California, which you sent me, and the result shows that it is fully equal to any found in our Southern gold mines. I return you 10-3/4 grains out of the 12 which I have tested, the value of which is 45 cents. It is 21-1/2 carats fine—within half a carat of the quality of English sovereigns or American eagles—and is almost ready to go to the mint. The finest gold metal we get



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is from Africa, which is 22-1/2 to 23 carats fine. In Virginia we have mines where the quality of the gold is much inferior—some of it so low as 19 carats—and in Georgia the mines produce it nearly 22 carats fine. The gold of California, which I have now assayed, is fully equal to that of any, and much superior to some produced from the mines in our Southern States.

JOHN WARWICK, Smelter and refiner, 17, John-Street.

INCONVENIENCES OF TOO MUCH GOLD.—The following letter (January 12) from Captain Fulson, of the United States Service, writing from San Francisco, confirms the fact of the difficulty of procuring servants, or indeed manual assistance of any description:—

All sorts of labour is got at enormous rates of compensation. Common clerks and salesmen in the stores about town often receive as high as 2500 dollars and their board. The principal waiter in the hotel where I board is paid 1700 dollars per year, and several others from 1200 to 1500 dollars! I fortunately have an Indian boy, or I should be forced to clean my own boots, for I could not employ a good body servant for the full amount of my salary as a government officer. I believe every army officer in California, with one or two exceptions, would have resigned last summer could they have done it, and been free at once to commence for themselves. But the war was not then terminated, and no one could hope to communicate with Washington correspondents, to get an answer in less than six, and perhaps ten, months. For some time last summer (August and July) the officers at Monterey were entirely without servants; and the governor (Colonel Mason) actually took his turn in cooking for his mess.

EFFECTS OF THIS DISCOVERY ON THE UNITED STATES.—The following remarks upon the influence of this immense discovery, which appeared in a popular New York journal on the 23rd January, proves the extent of impression produced upon society in the States by the intelligence of this new source of natural wealth:—

The news (February 12) from California will attract the observation of the whole community, A spirit is generated from those discoveries, which is more active, more intense, and more widely spread, than that which agitated Europe in the time of Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro. There seems to be no doubt that, in a short time—probably less than two years—those mines can be made to produce 100,000,000 dollars per year. The region is the most extensive of the kind in the world, being 800 miles in length, and 100 in width, with every indication that gold exists in large native masses, in the rocks and mountains of the Sierra Nevada. But these vast gold mines are not the only mineral discoveries that have been made. The quicksilver in the same region seems to be as abundant as the gold, so that there are approximated to each other two metals, which will have a most important effect and utility in making the gold mines more valuable. Heretofore the gold and silver mines of Mexico and Peru have been valuable to Spain, because she possessed a monopoly of the quicksilver mines at Almaden in the Peninsula.



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This is surpassed by California. According to the last accounts now given to the public, emigrants were crowding in from every port in the Pacific to California—from Mexico, Peru, the Sandwich Islands, Oregon; and we have no doubt by this time the British possessions in the East, China, and everywhere else in that region, are furnishing emigrants to the wonderful regions of California. In less than a year there will probably be a population of 100,000 to 200,000 souls, all digging for gold, and capable of producing from 100,000,000 dollars to 300,000,000 dollars worth per annum of pure gold, to be thrown on the commerce of the world at one fell swoop.

What is to be the effect of such vast discoveries on the commerce of the world—on old communities, on New York, London, and other great commercial cities? Such a vast addition to the gold currency of the world will at once disturb the prices and value of all productions and merchandise to a similar extent to that which we see in Monterey and San Francisco. The prices of every commodity will therefore rise extravagantly during the next few years, according to the produce of gold from that region. Now, in a rising market everything prospers; every one gets rich, civilisation expands, industry increases, and all orders of society are benefited. As soon as the first crop of gold from California reaches New York, the impulse which it will give to commercial enterprise, and the advance in the price of everything which it will cause, will be tremendous. The bank currency will be expanded, for the basis will be abundant; real estate will increase in value, agricultural productions and agricultural labour will advance at once 10, 15, 20, 30, or 40 per cent., even to as great an extent, perhaps, as was witnessed when the demand came from Ireland for the food of this country to feed the starving Irish. New York and her sister cities will be the centre of all those revolutionary movements which are certain to spring from the gold productions of California, on the commerce of the whole civilized world. Ship-building will increase in value, steam-boats will be wanted, the railroads projected across the Isthmus in various places, in Mexico and Central America will be pushed to completion, and we should not be surprised to see an active attempt made, under the auspices of the Federal Government, to construct a railroad across the continent, through the South Pass, from St. Louis, or some other point on the Mississippi, to San Francisco. The discovery of these great gold mines will no doubt form the agent of the greatest revolution in the commercial centres of the world and on the civilisation of the human race that has ever taken place since the first dawn of history. New York will henceforth, from its position to the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, probably in less than a quarter of a century, present a population greater than that of Paris, and display evidences of wealth, grandeur, magnificence, and industry, in an equal if not greater degree than what we see in London at this day. We expect that, in the next twenty-five years, we shall make as rapid a march in this metropolis, and in the neighbouring cities, as any city has done during the last twenty-five centuries. There is no necessity for all going to California. Those who remain, and will raise produce, manufacture goods, build ships, construct steam-engines, and advance the Fine Arts, will enjoy the benefits of those discoveries to as great an extent as those who go to the Sacramento to dig for gold. All the results of the labours of



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those diggers must come to this metropolis, swell its magnificence, and increase the intensity of its action in commercial affairs. Even in a political point of view the discovery of these wonderful gold mines in California, under the Government of the United States, will have a wonderful and astounding effect. We should not be surprised to see, in a short time, all the old provinces of Mexico, as far as the Isthmus of Darien, knocking for admission into this union; while, on the other side, the British provinces of Canada, and even the Spanish island of Cuba, may be begging and praying to be let in at the same time, and be permitted to enjoy some of the vast advantages, and participate a little in the energy, which this vast confederacy will exhibit to the astonished world."

DISORDERS IN THE GOLD DISTRICT.—Up to the close of the year the accounts were with few exceptions favourable to the morals and habits of the masses of adventurers congregated on the banks of the San Francisco and the vicinity; subsequently the statements on these points began to change, and every letter noticed some robbery or murder, generally both, as of frequent occurrence, and at length they became so common that there was neither protection for life nor property. The following ominous intelligence, which appeared in the Washington Union (the organ of government), created an immense sensation. It was the substance of a letter from San Francisco, dated the end of December, addressed to Commodore Jones. "This letter (according to the Union) presents a desperate state of affairs as existing in California. Everything is getting worse as regards order and government. Murders and robberies were not only daily events, but occurring hourly. Within six days more than twenty murders had been perpetrated. The people were preparing to organise a provisional government in order to put a stop to these outrages. Within five days three men have been hung by Lynch Law. The United States revenue laws are now in force, and will yield 400,000 dollars the first year. The inhabitants are opposed to paying taxes."

LATEST ACCOUNTS (from the New York Press.)—The desperate state of affairs in California is fully confirmed. Murders and robberies were occurring daily. The following are particulars supplied by Lieutenant Lanman, of the United States navy, who had returned to New York, after having acted for a year past as collector at Monterey:—

Only about an hour before he left, he saw a man on board the flag-ship, just arrived from the mines, who confirmed the previous reports in regard to the discoveries on the river Staneslow, where he had seen a single lump of gold weighing nine pounds, and heard of one that weighed twenty pounds. The gold excitement in Monterey had entirely abated, the immense mineral wealth of the country being looked upon as an established fact. There was no disposition (except among the landholders) to exaggerate. For a year past Lieutenant Lanman has been performing the duties of collector at the port of Monterey; and, having seen every man who had returned from a visit to the mines, his opportunities for obtaining authentic information were better than if he had visited the mines in person. He informs us that no large amounts of gold dust or ore



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were selling at a sacrifice; he does not believe that one hundred ounces of the gold dust could have been purchased at the reported rate of eight dollars, the ordinary prices ranging from ten to twelve dollars per ounce. The weekly receipts of gold at San Francisco were estimated at from thirty to fifty thousand dollars, and Lieutenant Lanman knew of one individual who had in his possession thirty thousand dollars' worth of pure ore and dust. The current value of gold in trade was sixteen dollars per ounce. There was a scarcity of coin throughout the country; but when Lieutenant Lanman arrived at Panama, he was informed that 600,000 dollars had just been shipped for California by certain Mexican gentlemen, and that the American consul at Paita (Mr. Ruden) had in charge coin of the value of 118,000 dollars, which he intends to exchange for ore and dust. Peru and Chili are not behind the United States in regard to the gold excitement, no less than twenty vessels having sailed from these two countries within a short time bound to San Francisco. They were all well laden with provisions and other necessaries of life, and their arrival would probably reduce the prices, which have heretofore been so exorbitant. The whole amount of gold collected at the washings since the excitement first broke out is variously estimated—some put it down as high as 4,000,000 of dollars, but this I think is a little too high.

A private letter says the produce of a vineyard of 1,000 vines brought 1,200 dollars; the vegetables of a garden of one acre, near San Francisco, 1,500 dollars. A snow-storm had covered the gold-diggings, and the people were leaving, on account of sickness, intending to return in the spring, which is said to be the best season for the gold harvest. Labourers, according to one letter-writer, demanded a dollar an hour! Adventurers continued to arrive at San Francisco from all parts of the world; and several persons, who were reported to be laden down with gold, were anxious to return to the United States, but could not very readily find a conveyance, as the sailors deserted the ships immediately on their arrival in port.

CALIFORNIAN GOLD 250 YEARS AGO.—Pinkerton, in an account of Drake's discovery of a part of California, to which he gave the name of New Albion, states:—"The country, too, if we can depend upon what Sir Francis Drake or his chaplain say, may appear worth the seeking and the keeping, since they assert that the land is so rich in gold and silver, that upon the slightest turning it up with a spade or pick-axe, these rich metals plainly appear mixed with the mould. It may be objected that this looks a little fabulous; but to this two satisfactory answers may be given: the first is, that later discoveries on the same coast confirm the truth of it, which for anything I can see ought to put the fact out of question; but if any doubts should remain, my second answer should overturn these. For I say next, that the country of New Mexico lies directly behind New Albion, on the other side of a narrow bay, and in that country are the mines of Santa Fé, which are allowed to be the richest in the world; here, then, is a valuable country, to which we have a very fair title."



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EFFECTS OF THE CALIFORNIAN NEWS IN ENGLAND.—A glance at the advertisements in the daily papers (says the Examiner) will show that the public appetite for California is likely to be promptly met. The burden of the various vessels already announced as ready for immediate departure amounts to about 5,000 tons, distributed in ships ranging from 190 to 700 tons, to say nothing of the West India mail-steamer, which leaves on the 17th, carrying goods and passengers to Chagres, or of a "short and pleasant passage" advertised to Galveston, in Texas, as a cheap route to the Pacific. The rates range from £25 upwards to suit all classes. Thus far, however, we have only the arrangements for those who are able to move. The opportunities provided for those who wish to share the advantages of the new region without its dangers are still more ample. Indeed, so imposing are the plans for an extensive investment of capital for carrying on the trade in shares of £5 each, that it would seem as if the first effect of the affair would be to cause a scarcity of money rather than an abundance. About a million and a quarter sterling is already wanted, and the promoters stipulate for the power of doubling the proposed amounts as occasion may offer. There is a "California Gold-Coast Trading Association;" a "California Gold Mining, Streaming, and Washing Company;" a "California Steam Trading Company," a "California Gold and Trading Company;" and a "California Gold Mining, etc., Trading Company." The last of these alone will require £600,000 for its objects, but as half the shares are "to be reserved for the United States of America," the drain upon our resources will be lessened to that extent. Some of the concerns propose to limit their operations to trading on the coast, sending out at the same time "collecting and exploring parties" whenever the prospect may be tempting. Others intend at once to get a grant from the legislature at Washington of such lands "as they may deem necessary," while others intend to trust to chance, simply sending out a "practical" manager, accompanied by an adequate number of men "accustomed to the extraction of gold in all its forms." Along with these advertisements are some of a modified nature, to suit parties who may neither wish to go out with a batch of emigrants, nor to stay at home and wait the results of a public company. One "well-educated gentleman" seeks two others "to share expenses with him." Another wishes for a companion who would advance £200, "one half to leave his wife, and the other half for outfit;" a third tells where "any respectable individuals with small capital" may find persons willing to join them; a fourth states that respectable persons having not less than £100 are wanted to complete a party; and a fifth, that a "seafaring man is ready to go equal shares in purchasing a schooner to sail on speculation." What number may be found to answer those appeals it is impossible to conjecture. Common sense would say not one, but experience of what has been practised over and over again reminds us that the active parties on the present occasion are not calculating too largely upon the credulity of their countrymen. That the country will be a pandemonium long before any one can reach it from this side is hardly to be doubted, unless, indeed, the United States government shall have been able to establish a blockade and cordon, in which case the new arrivals will have to get back as well as they can.

PROBABLE EFFECT ON THE CURRENCY IN EUROPE.—In the description



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of gold mines, and rivers flowing over golden sands, we must be prepared for a little over-colouring. Such discoveries have always excited sanguine hopes, and dreams of exhaustless wealth; but if the accounts—and they really appear well authenticated—of the golden treasures of California be true, quantities of the most precious of all metals are found—not buried in mines, but scattered on the surface of the earth, and the fortunate adventurer may enrich himself beyond the dreams of avarice, almost without labour, without capital, and with no care but that which cupidity generates. The principle that the value of the precious metals, like other products of industry, is determined primarily by the cost of production, and then by scarcity, ideas of utility, and convenience, seems to be neutralized by this new discovery; and it becomes a curious question, how far it may affect the value of gold and silver in Europe. If the abundance of gold flowing from America be such as to exceed the demand, the value of gold will fall, and the price of all other commodities relatively rise, and the relative proportion between gold and silver be disturbed so as to affect the standards of value in each country and the par of exchange between one and another. The productiveness of the silver mines, there is no doubt, is greater and more regular than those of gold; but the enormous increase of the silver currency on the Continent, in the United States, and even in India, and our own colonies, has kept the price of silver a little below five shillings an ounce. On the other hand the English standard of value being gold only, the drain of gold is generally towards England, while that of silver is towards the Continent. We do not doubt that the English Mint price of gold, £3 17s. 10-1/2d. an ounce, and the price at which the Bank of England are compelled to purchase, £3 17s. 9d. an ounce, are causes which not only regulate, but, within certain limits, determine, the price of gold throughout the world. Suppose, for a moment, the circulation of England, exceeding thirty millions and the Bank store of fifteen millions, to be thrown on the markets of Europe, by an alteration of the standard of value—how material would be the fall in price! It is equally obvious that England would be first and most materially affected by any large and sudden production of her standard of value; for though America would be enriched by the discovery of the precious metals within her own territories, it is only because she would possess a larger fund to exchange for more useful and necessary products of labour. The value of silver would not fall, assuming the supply and demand to be equalised, but gold would fall in relation to silver, and the existing proportion (about 15 to 1) could no longer be maintained. Then prices would rise of all articles now estimated in our currency—i.e. an ounce of gold would exchange for less than at present. And, assuming the price of silver to keep up as heretofore, about 5s. an ounce, our sovereign would be valued less in other countries, and all exchange operations would be sensibly affected. The only countervailing influence in the reduction of gold to, say, only double the price of silver, would be an increased consumption in articles of taste and manufacture, which, however, can only be speculative and uncertain. It is said by accounts from California that five hundred miles lie open to the avarice of gold-hunters, and that some adventurers have collected from 1,200 to 1,800 dollars a day; the probable average of each man's earnings being from 8



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to 10 dollars a-day, or, let us say, £2. The same authority avers there is room and verge enough for the profitable working, to that extent, of a hundred thousand persons. And it is likely enough before long that such a number may be tempted to seek their easily acquired fortune in the golden sands of El Sacramento and elsewhere. Now two pounds a-day for each man would amount to £200,000, which, multiplied by 300 working days, will give £60,000,000 a-year! That is, £600,000,000 in ten years! A fearful amount of gold dust, and far more than enough to disturb the equanimity of ten thousand political economists. The gold utensils found among the simple-minded and philosophic Peruvians (who wondered at the eager desire of Christians for what they scarcely valued), will be esteemed trifles with our golden palaces, and halls paved with gold, when California shall have poured this vast treasure into Europe. Assuming in round numbers each 2,000 lbs., or troy ton, to be equivalent to £100,000 sterling, the above amount in one year would represent six hundred tons, and in ten years six thousand tons of gold! The imagination of all-plodding industrious England is incapable of grasping so great an idea! Can there be any doubt, then, of a revolution in the value of the precious metals?

PROHIBITION FROM THE GOVERNMENT.—It would seem that the government have at length taken measures to preserve the gold districts from the bands of foreign adventurers who are daily pouring in from every quarter. Towards the end of January we learn that General Smith had been sent out by the United States government, with orders to enforce the laws against all persons, not citizens of the States, who should be found trespassing on the public lands. Official notice to this effect was issued to the American consul at Panama and other places, in order that emigrants on their way to California might be made aware of the determination of the government previous to their arrival. The punishment for illegal trespassing is fine and imprisonment. It was not known, at the date of the last intelligence from California how this notification, which makes such an important change in the prospects of the numerous bodies now on their way thither, has been received by the population assembled at the land of promise.



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JOURNEY FROM ARKANSAS TO CALIFORNIA.

The following general view of the nature of the country which divides the United States from California is taken from a narrative, published by Lieutenant Emory, of a journey from the Arkansas to the newly annexed territory of the United States.

"The country," says the lieutenant, "from the Arkansas to the Colorado, a distance of over 1200 miles, in its adaptation to agriculture, has peculiarities which must for ever stamp itself upon the population which inhabits it. All North Mexico, embracing New Mexico, Chihuahua, Sonora, and the Californias, as far north as the Sacramento, is, as far as the best information goes, the same in the physical character of its surface, and differs but little in climate and products. In no part of this vast tract can the rains from heaven be relied upon, to any extent, for the cultivation of the soil. The earth is destitute of trees, and in great part also of any vegetation whatever. A few feeble streams flow in different directions from the great mountains, which in many places traverse this region. These streams are separated, sometimes by plains, and sometimes by mountains, without water and without vegetation, and may be called deserts, so far as they perform any useful part in the sustenance of animal life.

The whole extent of country, except on the margin of streams, is destitute of forest trees. The Apaches, a very numerous race, and the Navajoes, are the chief occupants, but there are many minor bands, who, unlike the Apaches and Navajoes, are not nomadic, but have fixed habitations. Amongst the most remarkable of these are the Soones, most of whom are said to be Albinos. The latter cultivate the soil, and live in peace with their more numerous and savage neighbours. Departing from the ford of the Colorado in the direction of Sonora, there is a fearful desert to encounter. Alter, a small town, with a Mexican garrison, is the nearest settlement. All accounts concur in representing the journey as one of extreme hardship, and even peril. The distance is not exactly known, but it is variously represented at from four to seven days' journey. Persons bound for Sonora from California, who do not mind a circuitous route, should ascend the Gila as far as the Pimos village, and thence penetrate the province by way of Tucson. At the ford, the Colorado is 1,500 feet wide, and flows at the rate of a mile and a half per hour. Its greatest depth in the channel, at the ford where we crossed, is four feet. The banks are low, not more than four feet high, and, judging from indications, sometimes, though not frequently, overflowed. Its general appearance at this point is much like that of the Arkansas, with its turbid waters and shifting sand islands.

The narrative of Lieut. Emory, of his journey from this point across the Desert of California, becomes highly interesting and characteristic.

November 26.—The dawn of day found every man on



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horseback, and a bunch of grass from the Colorado tied behind him on the cantle of his saddle. After getting well under way, the keen air at 26° Fahrenheit made it most comfortable to walk. We travelled four miles along the sand butte, in a southern direction; we mounted the buttes and found a firmer footing covered with fragments of lava, rounded by water, and many agates. We were now fairly on the desert.

Our course now inclined a few degrees more to the north, and at 10, A.M., we found a large patch of grama, where we halted for an hour, and then pursued our way over the plains covered with fragments of lava, traversed at intervals by sand buttes, until 4, P.M., when, after travelling 24 miles, we reached the Alamo or cotton-wood. At this point, the Spaniards informed us, that, failing to find water, they had gone a league to the west, in pursuit of their horses, where they found a running stream. We accordingly sent parties to search, but neither the water nor their trail could be found. Neither was there any cotton-wood at the Alamo, as its name would signify; but it was nevertheless the place, the tree having probably been covered by the encroachments of the sand, which here terminates in a bluff 40 feet high, making the arc of a great circle convexing to the north. Descending this bluff, we found in what had been the channel of a stream, now overgrown with a few ill-conditioned mesquite, a large hole where persons had evidently dug for water. It was necessary to halt to rest our animals, and the time was occupied in deepening this hole, which, after a strong struggle, showed signs of water. An old champagne basket, used by one of the officers as a pannier, was lowered in the hole, to prevent the crumbling of the sand. After many efforts to keep out the caving sand, a basket-work of willow twigs effected the object, and, much to the joy of all, the basket, which was now 15 or 20 feet below the surface, filled with water. The order was given for each mess to draw a kettle of water, and Captain Turner was placed in charge of the spring, to see fair distribution.

When the messes were supplied, the firmness of the banks gave hopes that the animals might be watered, and each party was notified to have their animals in waiting; the important business of watering then commenced, upon the success of which depended the possibility of their advancing with us a foot further. Two buckets for each animal were allowed. At 10, A.M., when my turn came, Captain Moore had succeeded, by great exertions, in opening another well, and the one already opened began to flow more freely, in consequence of which, we could afford to give each animal as much as it could drink. The poor brutes, none of which had tasted water in forty-eight hours, and some not for the last sixty, clustered round the well and scrambled for precedence. At 12 o'clock I had watered all my animals, thirty-seven in number, and turned over the well to Captain Moore. The animals still had an aching void to fill, and all night was heard the munching of sticks, and their



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piteous cries for more congenial food.

November 27 and 28.-To-day we started a few minutes after sunrise. Our course was a winding one, to avoid the sand-drifts. The Mexicans had informed us that the waters of the salt lake, some thirty or forty miles distant, were too salt to use, but other information led us to think the intelligence was wrong. We accordingly tried to reach it; about 3, P.M., we disengaged ourselves from the sand, and went due (magnetic) west, over an immense level of clay detritus, hard and smooth as a bowling-green. The desert was almost destitute of vegetation; now and then an Ephedra, Oenothera, or bunches of Aristida were seen, and occasionally the level was covered with a growth of Obione canescens, and a low bush with small oval plaited leaves, unknown. The heavy sand had proved too much for many horses and some mules, and all the efforts of their drivers could bring them no further than the middle of this desert. About 8 o'clock, as we approached the lake, the stench of dead animals confirmed the reports of the Mexicans, and put to flight all hopes of being able to use the water. The basin of the lake, as well as I could judge at night, is about three-quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide. The water had receded to a pool, diminished to one half its size, and the approach to it, was through a thick soapy quagmire. It was wholly unfit for man or brute, and we studiously kept the latter from it, thinking that the use of it would but aggravate their thirst. One or two of the men came in late, and, rushing to the lake, threw themselves down and took many swallows before discovering their mistake; but the effect was not injurious except that it increased their thirst. A few mezquite trees and a chenopodiaceous shrub bordered the lake, and on these our mules munched till they had sufficiently refreshed themselves, when the call to saddle was sounded, and we groped silently our way in the dark. The stoutest animals now began to stagger, and when day dawned scarcely a man was seen mounted.

With the sun rose a heavy fog from the south-west, no doubt from the gulf, and, sweeping towards us, enveloped us for two or three hours, wetting our blankets and giving relief to the animals. Before it had disappeared we came to a patch of sun-burned grass. When the fog had entirely dispersed we found ourselves entering a gap in the mountains, which had been before us for four days. The plain was crossed, but we had not yet found water. The first valley we reached was dry, and it was not till 12 o'clock, M., that we struck the Cariso (cane) creek, within half a mile of one of its sources, and although so close to the source, the sands had already absorbed much of its water, and left but little running. A mile or two below, the creek entirely disappears. We halted, having made fifty-four miles in the two days, at the source, a magnificent spring, twenty or thirty feet in diameter, highly impregnated with sulphur, and medicinal in its properties.

The desert over which we had passed, ninety miles from



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water to water, is an immense triangular plain, bounded on one side by the Colorado, on the west by the Cordilleras of California, the coast chain of mountains which now encircles us, extending from the Sacramento river to the southern extremity of Lower California, and on the north-east by a chain of mountains, running southeast and northwest. It is chiefly covered with floating sand, the surface of which in various places is white, with diminutive spinelas, and everywhere over the whole surface is found the large and soft muscle shell. I have noted the only two patches of grass found during the 'jornada.' There were scattered, at wide intervals, the *Palafoxia linearis*, *Atriplex*, *Encelia farinosa*, *Daleas*, *Euphorbias*, and a *Simsia*, described by Dr. Torrey as a new species.

The southern termination of this desert is bounded by the Tecaté chain of mountains and the Colorado; but its northern and eastern boundaries are undefined, and I should suppose from the accounts of trappers, and others, who have attempted the passage from California to the Gila by a more northern route, that it extends many days' travel beyond the chain of barren mountains which bound the horizon in that direction. The portal to the mountains through which we passed was formed by immense buttes of yellow clay and sand, with large flakes of mica and seams of gypsum. Nothing could be more forlorn and desolate in appearance. The gypsum had given some consistency to the sand buttes, which were washed into fantastic figures. One ridge formed apparently a complete circle, giving it the appearance of a crater; and although some miles to the left, I should have gone to visit it, supposing it to be a crater, but my mule was sinking with thirst, and water was yet at some distance. Many animals were left on the road to die of thirst and hunger, in spite of the generous efforts of the men to bring them to the spring. More than one was brought up, by one man tugging at the halter and another pushing up the brute, by placing his shoulder against its buttocks. Our most serious loss, perhaps, was that of one or two fat mares and colts brought with us for food; for, before leaving camp, Major Swords found in a concealed place one of the best pack mules slaughtered, and the choice bits cut from his shoulders and flanks, stealthily done by some mess less provident than others.

Nov. 29.—The grass at the spring was anything but desirable for our horses, and there was scarcely a ration left for the men. This last consideration would not prevent our giving the horses a day's rest wherever grass could be found. We followed the dry sandy bed of the Cariso nearly all day, at a snail's pace, and at length reached the 'little pools' where the grass was luxuriant but very salt. The water strongly resembled that at the head of the Cariso creek, and the earth, which was very tremulous for many acres about the pools, was covered with salt. This valley is not more than half a mile wide, and on each side are mountains of grey granite and pure quartz, rising from 1,000 to 3,000 feet



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above it.

We rode for miles through thickets of the centennial plant, *Agave Americana*, and found one in full bloom. The sharp thorns terminating every leaf of this plant were a great annoyance to our dismounted and wearied men, whose legs were now almost bare. A number of these plants were cut by the soldiers, and the body of them used as food. The day was intensely hot, and the sand deep; the animals, inflated with water and rushes, gave way by scores; and although we advanced only sixteen miles, many did not arrive at camp until 10 o'clock at night. It was a feast day for the wolves, which followed in packs close on our track, seizing our deserted brutes, and making the air resound with their howls as they battled for the carcasses.

December 12.—We followed the *Solidad* through a deep fertile valley in the shape of a cross. Here we ascended to the left a steep hill to the table lands, which, keeping for a few miles, we descended into a waterless valley, leading into False Bay at a point distant two or three miles from San Diego. At this place we were in view of the fort overlooking the town of San Diego and the barren waste which surrounds it.

The town consists of a few adobe houses, two or three of which only have plank floors. It is situated at the foot of a high hill on a sand flat, two miles wide, reaching from the head of San Diego Bay to False Bay. A high promontory, of nearly the same width, runs into the sea four or five miles, and is connected by the flat with the main land. The road to the hide-houses leads on the east side of this promontory, and abreast of them the frigate *Congress* and the sloop *Portsmouth* are at anchor. The hide-houses are a collection of store-houses where the hides of cattle are packed before being shipped, this article forming the only trade of the little town.

The bay is a narrow arm of the sea indenting the land some four or five miles, easily defended, and having twenty feet of water at the lowest tide. The rise is five feet, making the greatest water twenty-five feet. Standing on the hill which overlooks the town, and looking to the north-east, I saw the mission of San Diego, a fine large building now deserted. The Rio San Diego runs under ground in a direct course from the mission to the town, and, sweeping around the hill, discharges itself into the bay. Its original debouche was into False bay, where, meeting the waters rolling in from the seaward, a bar was formed by the deposit of sand, making the entrance of False Bay impracticable.

January 2.—Six and a half miles' march brought us to the deserted mission of San Luis Rey. The keys of this mission were in charge of the alcalde of the Indian village, a mile distant. He was at the door to receive us and deliver up possession. There we halted for the day, to let the sailors, who suffered dreadfully from sore feet, recruit a little. This building is one which, for magnitude, convenience, and durability of architecture, would do honour to any country.



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The walls are adobe, and the roofs of well-made tile. It was built about sixty years since by the Indians of the country, under the guidance of a zealous priest. At that time the Indians were very numerous, and under the absolute sway of the missionaries. These missionaries at one time bid fair to christianize the Indians of California. Under grants from the Mexican government, they collected them into missions, built immense houses, and began successfully to till the soil by the hands of the Indians for the benefit of the Indians. The habits of the priests, and the avarice of the military rulers of the territory, however, soon converted these missions into instruments of oppression and slavery of the Indian race. The revolution of 1836 saw the downfall of the priests, and most of these missions passed by fraud into the hands of private individuals, and with them the Indians were transferred as serfs of the land. This race, which, in our country, has never been reduced to slavery, is in that degraded condition throughout California, and does the only labour performed in the country. Nothing can exceed their present degradation.

The general closing remarks of Lieutenant Emory are as follow:

The region extending from the head of the Gulf of California to the parallel of the Pueblo, or Ciudad de los Angeles, is the only portion not heretofore covered by my own notes and journal, or by the notes and journals of other scientific expeditions fitted out by the United States. The journals and published accounts of these several expeditions combined will give definite ideas of all those portions of California susceptible of cultivation or settlement. From this remark is to be excepted the vast basin watered by the Colorado, and the country lying between that river and the range of Cordilleras, represented as running east of the Tulare lakes, and south of the parallel of 36°, and the country between the Colorado and Gila rivers. Of these regions nothing is known except from the reports of trappers, and the speculations of geologists. As far as these accounts go, all concur in representing it as a waste of sand and rock, unadorned with vegetation, poorly watered, and unfit, it is believed, for any of the useful purposes of life. A glance at the map will show what an immense area is embraced in these boundaries; and, notwithstanding the oral accounts in regard to it, it is difficult to bring the mind to the belief in the existence of such a sea of waste and desert; when every other grand division of the earth presents some prominent feature in the economy of nature, administering to the wants of man. Possibly this unexplored region may be filled with valuable minerals.

Where irrigation can be had in this country, the produce of the soil is abundant beyond description. All the grains and fruits of the temperate zones, and many of those of the tropical, flourish luxuriantly. Descending from the heights of San Barnardo to the Pacific one



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meets every degree of temperature. Near the coast, the winds prevailing from the south-west in winter, and from the north-west in summer, produce a great uniformity of temperature, and the climate is perhaps unsurpassed in salubrity. With the exception of a very few cases of ague and fever of a mild type, sickness is unknown. The season of the year at which we visited the country was unfavourable to obtaining a knowledge of its botany. The vegetation, mostly deciduous, had gone to decay, and no flowers nor seeds were collected. The country generally is entirely destitute of trees. Along the principal range of the mountains are a few live oaks, sycamore and pine; now and then, but very rarely, the sycamore and cotton-wood occur in the champaign country, immediately on the margins of the streams. Wild oats everywhere cover the surface of the hills, and these, with the wild mustard and carrots, furnish good pasturage to the immense herds of cattle which form the staple of California. Of the many fruits capable of being produced with success, by culture and irrigation, the grape is perhaps that which is brought nearest to perfection. Experienced wine-growers and Europeans, pronounce this portion of California unequalled for the quality of its wines.

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January 6, Saturday: The gazettes were full of news of the glorious gold of California:



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February 18, Sunday: 1st regular steamboat service from New-York to [California](#) started with the arrival of the *California*.



February 28, Wednesday: 1st steamship entered San Francisco Bay, [California](#).



[Sophia Peabody Hawthorne](#) wrote to her sister, [Mrs. Mary Peabody Mann](#), describing how [Henry Thoreau](#)'s great blue eyes offset his uncomely nose:

This evening Mr. Thoreau is going to lecture, and will stay with us. His lecture before was so enchanting; such a revelation of nature in all its exquisite details of wood-thrushes, squirrels, sunshine, mists and shadows, fresh, vernal odors, pine-tree ocean melodies, that my ear rang with music, and I seemed to have been wandering through copse and dingle! Mr. Thoreau has risen above all his arrogance of manner, and is as gentle, simple, ruddy, and meek as all geniuses should be; and now his great blue eyes fairly outshine and put into shade a nose which

I once thought must make him uncomely forever.



This was either Henry's 1st, or his 3d, lecture, lecture on the general topic of his life in the woods, and it took place at Salem — either "Economy" or "Where I lived" (per a review quoted by Holtje), or "White Beans."



His [Aunt Maria Thoreau](#) wrote to Miss Prudence Ward, "He is preparing his Book for the press, and the title is to be, Waldien (I don't know how to spell it) or Life in the Woods":

Today Henry has gone to Salem to read another lecture they seem to be wonderfully taken with him there, and next month he is to go to Portland [Maine], to deliver the same, and George wants him to keep on to Bangor they want to have him there, and if their funds will hold out they intend to send for him, they give 25 dollars, and at Salem and Portland 20 — he is preparing his Book for the press and the title is to be, Waldien (I don't know how to spell it) or life in the Woods. I think the title will take if the Book don't. I was quite amused with what Sophia told me her mother said about it the other day, she poor girl was lying in bed with a sick head ache when she heard Cynthia (who has grown rather nervous of late) telling over her troubles to Mrs. Dunbar, after speaking of her own and Helen's sickness, she says, and there's Sophia she's the greatest trial I've got, for she has complaints she never will get rid of, and Henry is putting things into his Book that never ought to be there, and



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Mr. Thoreau has faint turns and I don't know what ails him, and so she went on from one thing to another hardly knew where to stop, and tho it is pretty much so, I could not help smiling at Sophia's description of it. As for Henry's book, you know I have said, there were parts of it that sounded to me very much like blasphemy, and I did not believe they would publish it, on reading it to Helen the other day Sophia told me she made the same remark, and coming from her, Henry was much surprised, and said she did not understand it, but still I fear they will not persuade him to leave it out.

CYNTHIA DUNBAR THOREAU

JOHN THOREAU, SR.

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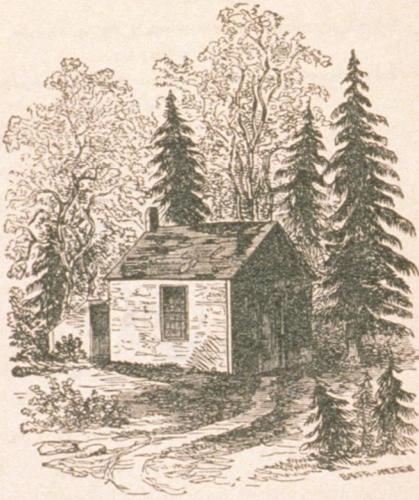
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WALDEN;
OR,
LIFE IN THE WOODS.

By HENRY D. THOREAU,
AUTHOR OF "A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS."



I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake my neighbors up. — Page 92.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.
M DCCC LIV.

TIMELINE OF WALDEN

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Here is [Sophia Elizabeth Thoreau](#)'s famous drawing:



Here is Charles H. Overly's version of Sister Sophia's drawing:



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April: Hundreds of Conestoga wagons left Missouri for [California](#). In the crowded conditions along the Mississippi River, [cholera](#) ran rampant.



For instance, in the 2d, and most serious, [cholera](#) epidemic to strike St. Louis, more than 4,000 died.

Unbeknownst to these people, this month would turn out to have been the peak of the [cholera](#) epidemic in Ireland. We don't know precisely how many people were starving to death or, weakened by starvation, were succumbing to diarrhea and fever or to cholera on the island during this [famine](#) period, and the table prepared after the fact by the Census Commissioners, presented below, in all probability has underestimated mortality because of the manner in which they were tabulating such data: for a family all of whose members succumbed, zero deaths would of course have been reported. Of the total number of deaths, which would be between 500,000 and 1,500,000, the percentage of that total which would had been occurring in each year probably worked out to something like this:

IRISH

Mortality, expressed as %ages of the 1841 Population

Year	%
1842	5.1%
1843	5.2%
1844	5.6%
1845	6.4%
1846	9.1%
1847	18.5%
1848	15.4%
1849	17.9%

Mortality, expressed as %ages of the 1841 Population

Year	%
1850	12.2%

This would be decimation even in the etymological sense of that term. The figures shown for 1849 are the result not only of the general starvation but also of this outbreak of cholera as it spread in Connacht, Leinster, and Munster.

March 29, Thursday: Nathan Johnson went with his step-grandson George Page to New Bedford’s Custom House to take out a seaman’s protection paper. He had already formally given his wife power of attorney to manage his assets in his absence, and was preparing to go to the California gold fields. Evidently he had been attempting to carry more mortgage debt than his business income could cover.

James Russell Lowell described the grave of two Army soldiers at the Battle Bridge in Concord in “Lines (Suggested by the Graves of Two English Soldiers on Concord Battle Ground)” in The Anti-Slavery Standard. It is the last quatrain of the poem’s third stanza (there are seven stanzas in all) that now graces the graven stone tablet there:



Point of interest: it’s not the job description of the soldier to keep the past upon its throne — soldiers are people who get paid to kill people. Actually the job of keeping the past upon its thrones is one that is always being volunteered for by enthusiasts, amateur identity politicians, people with one or another self-serving agenda, etc. (People of the ilk of this Lowell poetaster.)

Further afield even than this: it’s the job of the professional historian to keep knocking the past off its thrones.

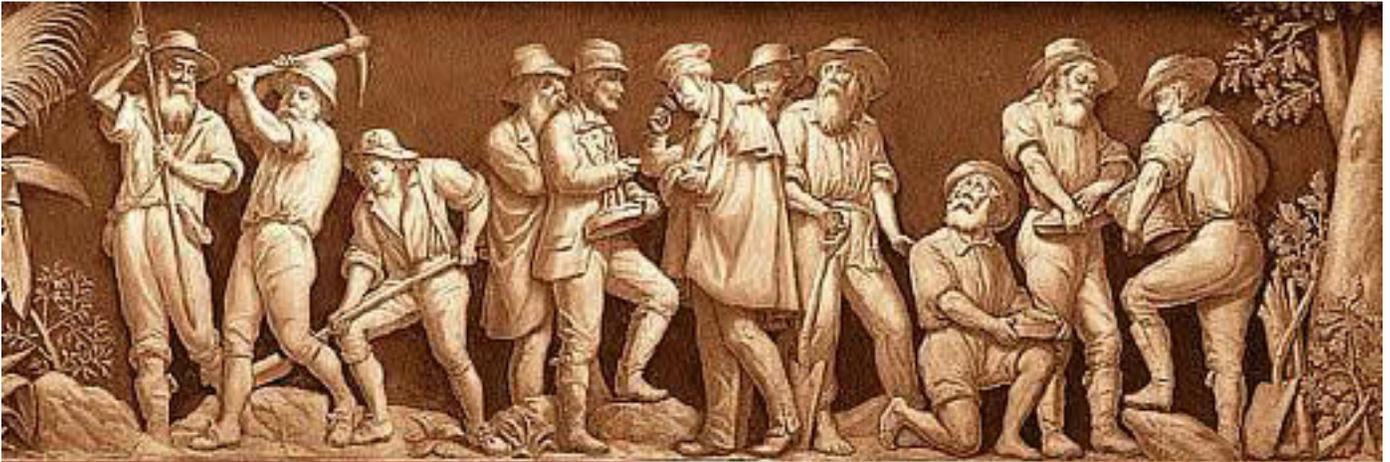
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March 31, Saturday: It is probably on this day that Nathan Johnson left [New Bedford](#), bound for the [California](#) gold fields. (Between December 1848 and April 1850, at least a dozen other New Bedford men of color were reaching this same decision — evidently they were all trusting that a gold strike would enable them to pay off debts.)

[Abraham Lincoln](#) returned to Springfield, [Illinois](#) and abandoned politics for the private practice of law.

Spring: The big [California](#) gold rush was on in real earnest. 151 shiploads of 49ers sailed out of Boston harbor for San Francisco Bay bound for the other side of the continent — and 214 out of the harbor of New-York.



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Mortality, expressed as %ages of the 1841 Population

Year	%
1850	12.2%

This would be decimation even in the etymological sense of that term. The figures shown for 1849 are the result not only of the general starvation but also of this outbreak of [cholera](#) as it spread in Connacht, Leinster, and Munster.

June 10, Sunday: Frédéric Kalkbrenner died at Enghien-les-Bains in the midst of a [cholera](#) epidemic, at 63 years of age.

The song “Susannah” was already wearing at people’s nerves. Here is a 49er diary entry, by Andy Gordon:

I have heard “Susannah” sung at least forty times today, and now it’s bedtime and Tommy Plunkett is picking out the tune on his banjo and singing it loud enough to keep most of us awake. Don’t he ever get tired of it? I used to like that song, but enough is enough, and I believe it will drive me crazy before we get to [California](#).

[Margaret Fuller](#) wrote to [Waldo Emerson](#):

Rome, June 10, 1849.

I received your letter amid the round of cannonade and musketry. It was a terrible battle fought here from the first to the last light of day. I could see all its progress from my balcony. The Italians fought like lions. It is a truly heroic spirit that animates them. They make a stand here for honor and their rights, with little ground for hope that they can resist, now they are betrayed by France.

Since the 30th of April, I go almost daily to the hospitals, and though I have suffered, for I had no idea before how terrible gun-shot wounds and wound-fevers are, yet I have taken pleasure, and great pleasure, in being with the men. There is scarcely one who is not moved by a noble spirit. Many, especially among the Lombards, are the flower of the Italian youth. When they begin to get better, I carry them books and flowers; they read, and we talk.

The palace of the Pope, on the Quirinal, is now used for convalescents. In those beautiful gardens I walk with them, one with his sling, another with his crutch. The gardener plays off all his water-works for the defenders of the country, and gathers flowers for me, their friend.

A day or two since, we sat in the Pope’s little pavilion, where he used to give private audience. The sun was going gloriously down over Monte Mario, where gleamed the white tents of the French light-horse among the trees. The cannonade was heard at intervals. Two bright-eyed boys sat at our feet, and gathered up eagerly every word said by the heroes of the day. It was a beautiful hour, stolen from the midst of ruin and sorrow, and tales were told as full of grace and pathos as in the gardens of Boccaccio, only in a very different spirit, – with noble hope for man, and reverence for woman.

The young ladies of the family, very young girls, were filled

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with enthusiasm for the suffering, wounded patriots, and they wished to go to the hospital, to give their services. Excepting the three superintendents, none but married ladies were permitted to serve there, but their services were accepted. Their governess then wished to go too, and, as she could speak several languages, she was admitted to the rooms of the wounded soldiers, to interpret for them, as the nurses knew nothing but Italian, and many of these poor men were suffering because they could not make their wishes known. Some are French, some Germans, many Poles. Indeed, I am afraid it is too true that there were comparatively few Romans among them. This young lady passed several nights there.

Should I never return, and sometimes I despair of doing so, it seems so far off, — so difficult, I am caught in such a net of ties here, — if ever you know of my life here, I think you will only wonder at the constancy with which I have sustained myself, — the degree of profit to which, amid great difficulties, I have put the time, — at least in the way of observation. Meanwhile, love me all you can. Let me feel that, amid the fearful agitations of the world, there are pure hands, with healthful, even pulse, stretched out toward me, if I claim their grasp.

I feel profoundly for Mazzini. At moments I am tempted to say, "Cursed with every granted prayer," — so cunning is the demon. Mazzini has become the inspiring soul of his people. He saw Rome, to which all his hopes through life tended, for the first time as a Roman citizen, and to become in a few days its ruler. He has animated, he sustains her to a glorious effort, which, if it fails this time, will not in the age. His country will be free. Yet to me it would be so dreadful to cause all this bloodshed, — to dig the graves of such martyrs!

Then, Rome is being destroyed; her glorious oaks, — her villas, haunts of sacred beauty, that seemed the possession of the world for ever, — the villa of Raphael, the villa of Albani, home of Winckelmann and the best expression of the ideal of modern Rome, and so many other sanctuaries of beauty, — all must perish, lest a foe should level his musket from their shelter. I could not, could not!

I know not, dear friend, whether I shall ever get home across that great ocean, but here in Rome I shall no longer wish to live.

O Rome, *my* country! could I imagine that the triumph of what I held dear was to heap such desolation on thy head!

Speaking of the republic, you say, "Do you not wish Italy had a great man?" Mazzini is a great man. In mind, a great, poetic statesman; in heart, a lover; in action, decisive and full of resource as Cæsar. Dearly I love Mazzini. He came in, just as I had finished the first letter to you. His soft, radiant look makes melancholy music in my soul; it consecrates my present life, that, like the Magdalen, I may, at the important hour, shed all the consecrated ointment on his head. There is one, Mazzini, who understands thee well, — who knew thee no less when an object of popular fear than now of idolatry, — and who, if the pen be not held too feebly, will help posterity to know thee too!



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[Margaret Fuller](#) reported to the New-York [Tribune](#) from Rome on the latest negotiations and the latest betrayals:

Rome, June 10, 1849.

What shall I write of Rome in these sad but glorious days? Plain facts are the best; for my feelings I could not find fit words. When I last wrote, the French were playing the second act of their farce.

In the first, the French government affected to consult the Assembly. The Assembly, or a majority of the Assembly, affected to believe the pretext it gave, and voted funds for twelve thousand men to go to Civita Vecchia. Arriving there, Oudinot proclaimed that he had come as a friend and brother. He was received as such. Immediately he took possession of the town, disarmed the Roman troops, and published a manifesto in direct opposition to his first declaration.

He sends to Rome that he is coming there as a friend; receives the answer that he is not wanted and cannot be trusted. This answer he chooses to consider as coming from a minority, and advances on Rome. The pretended majority on which he counts never shows itself by a single movement within the walls. He makes an assault, and is defeated. On this subject his despatches to his government are full of falsehoods that would disgrace the lowest pickpocket, — falsehoods which it is impossible he should not know to be such.

The Assembly passed a vote of blame. M. Louis Bonaparte writes a letter of compliment and assurance that this course of violence shall be sustained. In conformity with this promise twelve thousand more troops are sent. This time it is not thought necessary to consult the Assembly. Let us view the SECOND ACT.

Now appears in Rome M. Ferdinand Lesseps, Envoy, &c. of the French government. He declares himself clothed with full powers to treat with Rome. He cannot conceal his surprise at all he sees there, at the ability with which preparations have been made for defence, at the patriotic enthusiasm which pervades the population. Nevertheless, in beginning his game of treaty-making, he is not ashamed to insist on the French occupying the city. Again and again repulsed, he again and again returns to the charge on this point. And here I shall translate the letter addressed to him by the Triumvirate, both because of its perfect candor of statement, and to give an idea of the sweet and noble temper in which these treacherous aggressions have been met.

LETTER OF THE TRIUMVIRS TO MONSIEUR LESSEPS.

"May 25, 1849.

"We have had the honor, Monsieur, to furnish you, in our note of the 16th, with some information as to the unanimous consent which was given to the formation of the government of the Roman Republic. We to-day would speak to you of the actual question, such as it is debated in fact, if not by right, between the French government and ours. You will allow us to do it with the frankness demanded by the urgency of the situation, as well as the sympathy which ought to govern all relations between France and Italy. Our diplomacy is the truth, and the character given to your mission is a guaranty that the best possible interpretation will be given to what we shall say to you.

"With your permission, we return for an instant to the cause of



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the present situation of affairs.

"In consequence of conferences and arrangements which took place without the government of the Roman Republic ever being called on to take part, it was some time since decided by the Catholic Powers, - 1st. That a modification should take place in the government and institutions of the Roman States; 2d. That this modification should have for basis the return of Pius IX., not as Pope, for to that no obstacle is interposed by us, but as temporal sovereign; 3d. That if, to attain that aim, a continuous intervention was judged necessary, that intervention should take place.

"We are willing to admit, that while for some of the contracting governments the only motive was the hope of a general restoration and absolute return to the treaties of 1815, the French government was drawn into this agreement only in consequence of erroneous information, tending systematically to depict the Roman States as given up to anarchy and governed by terror exercised in the name of an audacious minority. We know also, that, in the modification proposed, the French government intended to represent an influence more or less liberal, opposed to the absolutist programme of Austria and of Naples. It does none the less remain true, that under the Apostolic or constitutional form, with or without liberal guaranties to the Roman people, the dominant thought in all the negotiations to which we allude has been some sort of return toward the past, a compromise between the Roman people and Pius IX. considered as temporal prince.

"We cannot dissemble to ourselves, Monsieur, that the French expedition has been planned and executed under the inspiration of this thought. Its object was, on one side, to throw the sword of France into the balance of negotiations which were to be opened at Rome; on the other, to guarantee the Roman people from the excess of retrograde, but always on condition that it should submit to constitutional monarchy in favor of the Holy Father. This is assured to us partly from information which we believe we possess as to the concert with Austria; from the proclamations of General Oudinot; from the formal declarations made by successive envoys to the Triumvirate; from the silence obstinately maintained whenever we have sought to approach the political question and obtain a formal declaration of the fact proved in our note of the 16th, that the institutions by which the Roman people are governed at this time are the free and spontaneous expression of the wish of the people inviolable when legally ascertained. For the rest, the vote of the French Assembly sustains implicitly the fact that we affirm.

"In such a situation, under the menace of an inadmissible compromise, and of negotiations which the state of our people no way provoked, our part, Monsieur, could not be doubtful. To resist, - we owed this to our country, to France, to all Europe. We ought, in fulfilment of a mandate loyally given, loyally accepted, maintain to our country the inviolability, so far as that was possible to us, of its territory, and of the institutions decreed by all the powers, by all the elements, of the state. We ought to conquer the time needed for appeal from France ill informed to France better informed, to save the sister republic the disgrace and the remorse which must be hers if, rashly led on by bad suggestions from without, she became, before she was aware, accomplice in an act of violence to which



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we can find no parallel without going back to the partition of Poland in 1772. We owed it to Europe to maintain, as far as we could, the fundamental principles of all international life, the independence of each people in all that concerns its internal administration. We say it without pride, – for if it is with enthusiasm that we resist the attempts of the Neapolitan monarchy and of Austria, our eternal enemy, it is with profound grief that we are ourselves constrained to contend with the arms of France, – we believe in following this line of conduct we have deserved well, not only of our country, but of all the people of Europe, even of France herself.

"We come to the actual question. You know, Monsieur, the events which have followed the French intervention. Our territory has been invaded by the king of Naples.

"Four thousand Spaniards were to embark on the 17th for invasion of this country. The Austrians, having surmounted the heroic resistance of Bologna, have advanced into Romagna, and are now marching on Ancona.

"We have beaten and driven out of our territory the forces of the king of Naples. We believe we should do the same by the Austrian forces, if the attitude of the French here did not fetter our action.

"We are sorry to say it, but France must be informed that the expedition of Civita Vecchia, said to be planned for our protection, costs us very dear. Of all the interventions with which it is hoped to overwhelm us, that of the French has been the most perilous. Against the soldiers of Austria and the king of Naples we can fight, for God protects a good cause. But we *do not wish to fight* against the French. We are toward them in a state, not of war, but of simple defence. But this position, the only one we wish to take wherever we meet France, has for us all the inconveniences without any of the favorable chances of war.

"The French expedition has, from the first, forced us to concentrate our troops, thus leaving our frontier open to Austrian invasion, and Bologna and the cities of Romagna unsustained. The Austrians have profited by this. After eight days of heroic resistance by the population, Bologna was forced to yield. We had bought in France arms for our defence. Of these ten thousand muskets have been detained between Marseilles and Civita Vecchia. These are in your hands. Thus with a single blow you deprive us of ten thousand soldiers. In every armed man is a soldier against the Austrians.

"Your forces are disposed around our walls as if for a siege. They remain there without avowed aim or programme. They have forced us to keep the city in a state of defence which weighs upon our finances. They force us to keep here a body of troops who might be saving our cities from the occupation and ravages of the Austrians. They hinder our going from place to place, our provisioning the city, our sending couriers. They keep minds in a state of excitement and distrust which might, if our population were less good and devoted, lead to sinister results. They do *not* engender anarchy nor reaction, for both are impossible at Rome; but they sow the seed of irritation against France, and it is a misfortune for us who were accustomed to love and hope in her.

"We are besieged, Monsieur, besieged by France, in the name of a protective mission, while some leagues off the king of Naples, flying, carries off our hostages, and the Austrian slays our



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brothers.

"You have presented propositions. Those propositions have been declared inadmissible by the Assembly. To-day you add a fourth to the three already rejected. This says that France will protect from foreign invasion all that part of our territory that may be occupied by her troops. You must yourself feel that this changes nothing in our position.

"The parts of the territory occupied by your troops are in fact protected; but if only for the present, to what are they reduced? and if it is for the future, have we no other way to protect our territory than by giving it up entirely to you?

"The real intent of your demands is not stated. It is the occupation of Rome. This demand has constantly stood first in your list of propositions. Now we have had the honor to say to you, Monsieur, that is impossible. The people will never consent to it. If the occupation of Rome has for its aim only to protect it, the people thank you, but tell you at the same time, that, able to defend Rome by their own forces, they would be dishonored even in your eyes by declaring themselves insufficient, and needing the aid of some regiments of French soldiers. If the occupation has otherwise a political object, which God forbid, the people, who have given themselves freely these institutions, cannot suffer it. Rome is their capital, their palladium, their sacred city. They know very well, that, apart from their principles, apart from their honor, there is civil war at the end of such an occupation. They are filled with distrust by your persistence. They foresee, the troops being once admitted, changes in men and in actions which would be fatal to their liberty. They know that, in presence of foreign bayonets, the independence of their Assembly, of their government, would be a vain word. They have always Civita Vecchia before their eyes.

"On this point be sure their will is irrevocable. They will be massacred from barricade to barricade, before they will surrender. Can the soldiers of France wish to massacre a brother people whom they came to protect, because they do not wish to surrender to them their capital?

"There are for France only three parts to take in the Roman States. She ought to declare herself for us, against us, or neutral. To declare herself for us would be to recognize our republic, and fight side by side with us against the Austrians. To declare against us is to crush without motive the liberty, the national life, of a friendly people, and fight side by side with the Austrians. France *cannot* do that. She *will not* risk a European war to depress us, her ally. Let her, then, rest neutral in this conflict between us and our enemies. Only yesterday we hoped more from her, but to-day we demand but this.

"The occupation of Civita Vecchia is a fact accomplished; let it go. France thinks that, in the present state of things, she ought not to remain distant from the field of battle. She thinks that, vanquishers or vanquished, we may have need of her moderative action and of her protection. We do not think so; but we will not react against her. Let her keep Civita Vecchia. Let her even extend her encampments, if the numbers of her troops require it, in the healthy regions of Civita Vecchia and Viterbo. Let her then wait the issue of the combats about to take place. All facilities will be offered her, every proof of frank and cordial sympathy given; her officers can visit Rome, her soldiers have all the solace possible. But let her



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neutrality be sincere and without concealed plans. Let her declare herself in explicit terms. Let her leave us free to use all our forces. Let her restore our arms. Let her not by her cruisers drive back from our ports the men who come to our aid from other parts of Italy. Let her, above all, withdraw from before our walls, and cause even the appearance of hostility to cease between two nations who, later, undoubtedly are destined to unite in the same international faith, as now they have adopted the same form of government."

In his answer, Lesseps appears moved by this statement, and particularly expresses himself thus: -

"One point appears above all to occupy you; it is the thought that we wish forcibly to impose upon you the obligation of receiving us as friends. *Friendship and violence are incompatible.* Thus it would be *inconsistent* on our part to begin by firing our cannon upon you, since we are your natural protectors. *Such a contradiction enters neither into my intentions, nor those of the government of the French republic, nor of our army and its honorable chief.*"

These words were written at the head-quarters of Oudinot, and of course seen and approved by him. At the same time, in private conversation, "the honorable chief" could swear he would occupy Rome by "one means or another." A few days after, Lesseps consented to conditions such as the Romans would tolerate. He no longer insisted on occupying Rome, but would content himself with good positions in the country. Oudinot protested that the Plenipotentiary had "exceeded his powers," - that he should not obey, - that the armistice was at an end, and he should attack Rome on Monday. It was then Friday. He proposed to leave these two days for the few foreigners that remained to get out of town. M. Lesseps went off to Paris, in great seeming indignation, to get *his* treaty ratified. Of course we could not hear from him for eight or ten days. Meanwhile, the *honorable* chief, alike in all his conduct, attacked on Sunday instead of Monday. The attack began before sunrise, and lasted all day. I saw it from my window, which, though distant, commands the gate of St. Pancrazio. Why the whole force was bent on that part, I do not know. If they could take it, the town would be cannonaded, and the barricades useless; but it is the same with the Pincian Gate. Small-parties made feints in two other directions, but they were at once repelled. The French fought with great bravery, and this time it is said with beautiful skill and order, sheltering themselves in their advance by movable barricades. The Italians fought like lions, and no inch of ground was gained by the assailants. The loss of the French is said to be very great: it could not be otherwise. Six or seven hundred Italians are dead or wounded. Among them are many officers, those of Garibaldi especially, who are much exposed by their daring bravery, and whose red tunic makes them the natural mark of the enemy. It seems to me great folly to wear such a dress amid the dark uniforms; but Garibaldi has always done it. He has now been wounded twice here and seventeen times in Ancona.

All this week I have been much at the hospitals where are these noble sufferers. They are full of enthusiasm; this time was no treason, no Vicenza, no Novara, no Milan. They had not been given up by wicked chiefs at the moment they were shedding their blood, and they had conquered. All were only anxious to get out again and be at their posts. They seemed to feel that those who died so gloriously were fortunate; perhaps they were, for if Rome is

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obliged to yield, – and how can she stand always unaided against the four powers? – where shall these noble youths fly? They are the flower of the Italian youth; especially among the Lombards are some of the finest young men I have ever seen. If Rome falls, if Venice falls, there is no spot of Italian earth where they can abide more, and certainly no Italian will wish to take refuge in France. Truly you said, M. Lesseps, "Violence and friendship are incompatible."

A military funeral of the officer Ramerino was sadly picturesque and affecting. The white-robed priests went before the body singing, while his brothers in arms bore the lighted tapers. His horse followed, saddled and bridled. The horse hung his head and stepped dejectedly; he felt there was something strange and gloomy going on, – felt that his master was laid low. Ramerino left a wife and children. A great proportion of those who run those risks are, happily, alone. Parents weep, but will not suffer long; their grief is not like that of widows and children. Since the 3d we have only cannonade and skirmishes. The French are at their trenches, but cannot advance much; they are too much molested from the walls. The Romans have made one very successful sortie. The French availed themselves of a violent thunderstorm, when the walls were left more thinly guarded, to try to scale them, but were immediately driven back. It was thought by many that they never would be willing to throw bombs and shells into Rome, but they do whenever they can. That generous hope and faith in them as republicans and brothers, which put the best construction on their actions, and believed in their truth as far as possible, is now destroyed. The government is false, and the people do not resist; the general is false, and the soldiers obey.

Meanwhile, frightful sacrifices are being made by Rome. All her glorious oaks, all her gardens of delight, her casinos, full of the monuments of genius and taste, are perishing in the defence. The houses, the trees which had been spared at the gate of St. Pancrazio, all afforded shelter to the foe, and caused so much loss of life, that the Romans have now fully acquiesced in destruction agonizing to witness. Villa Borghese is finally laid waste, the villa of Raphael has perished, the trees are all cut down at Villa Albani, and the house, that most beautiful ornament of Rome, must, I suppose, go too. The stately marble forms are already driven from their place in that portico where Winckelmann sat and talked with such delight. Villa Salvage is burnt, with all its fine frescos, and that bank of the Tiber shorn of its lovely plantations.

Rome will never recover the cruel ravage of these days, perhaps only just begun. I had often thought of living a few months near St. Peter's, that I might go as much as I liked to the church and the museum, have Villa Pamfili and Monte Mario within the compass of a walk. It is not easy to find lodgings there, as it is a quarter foreigners never inhabit; but, walking about to see what pleasant places there were, I had fixed my eye on a clean, simple house near Ponte St. Angelo. It bore on a tablet that it was the property of Angela – – ; its little balconies with their old wooden rails, full of flowers in humble earthen vases, the many bird-cages, the air of domestic quiet and comfort, marked it as the home of some vestal or widow, some lone woman whose heart was centred in the ordinary and simplest pleasures of a home. I saw also she was one having the most limited income, and



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I thought, "She will not refuse to let me a room for a few months, as I shall be as quiet as herself, and sympathize about the flowers and birds." Now the Villa Pamfili is all laid waste. The French encamp on Monte Mario; what they have done there is not known yet. The cannonade reverberates all day under the dome of St. Peter's, and the house of poor Angela is levelled with the ground. I hope her birds and the white peacocks of the Vatican gardens are in safety; - but who cares for gentle, harmless creatures now?

I have been often interrupted while writing this letter, and suppose it is confused as well as incomplete. I hope my next may tell of something decisive one way or the other. News is not yet come from Lesseps, but the conduct of Oudinot and the formation of the new French ministry give reason to hope no good. Many seem resolved to force back Pius IX. among his bleeding flock, into the city ruined by him, where he cannot remain, and if he come, all this struggle and sorrow is to be borne over again. Mazzini stands firm as a rock. I know not whether he hopes for a successful issue, but he *believes* in a God bound to protect men who do what they deem their duty. Yet how long, O Lord, shall the few trample on the many?

I am surprised to see the air of perfect good faith with which articles from the London Times, upon the revolutionary movements, are copied into our papers. There exists not in Europe a paper more violently opposed to the cause of freedom than the Times, and neither its leaders nor its foreign correspondence are to be depended upon. It is said to receive money from Austria. I know not whether this be true, or whether it be merely subservient to the aristocratical feeling of England, which is far more opposed to republican movements than is that of Russia; for in England fear embitters hate. It is droll to remember our reading in the class-book.

"Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are"; - to think how bitter the English were on the Italians who succumbed, and see how they hate those who resist. And their cowardice here in Italy is ludicrous. It is they who run away at the least intimation of danger, - it is they who invent all the "fe, fo, fum" stories about Italy, - it is they who write to the Times and elsewhere that they dare not for their lives stay in Rome, where I, a woman, walk everywhere alone, and all the little children do the same, with their nurses. More of this anon.

ARTHUR FULLER'S BOOK

June 22, Friday: The tiny body of Elizabeth DeForest was retrieved from a rock below the always-deadly American Falls of [Niagara Falls](#).

SUICIDE

Stephen C. Massett opened at the San Francisco courthouse as its 1st professional entertainer, utilizing what was allegedly the only piano yet to have arrived in [California](#).

[The Liberator](#) carried the following obituary of [Helen Louisa Thoreau](#), apparently by [William Lloyd Garrison](#):

ANOTHER FRIEND OF THE SLAVE GONE



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Died, in Concord, on Thursday, June 14th, Miss HELEN THOREAU, aged 36 years.

Our friend, Miss Thoreau, was an abolitionist. Endowed by nature with tender sensibilities, quick to feel for the woes of others, the cause of the slave met with a ready response in her heart. She had a mind of fine native powers, enlarged and matured by cultivation. She had the patience to investigate truth, the candor to acknowledge it when sufficient evidence was presented to her mind, and the moral courage to act in conformity with her convictions, however unpopular these convictions might be to the community around her. The cause of the slave did not come before her in its earliest beginnings; but as soon as it was presented, she set herself to inquire how it was, that a system which imbrutes man so cruelly, which tears asunder all the tenderest ties so ruthlessly, which puts out the life of the soul, by denying it the means of growth and progress so effectually, was supported. She saw the religious denominations with which she had been connected vehemently crying out against the Catholics for denying the BIBLE to the people, and yet one-sixth part of the people of the Protestant United States were legally deprived of the right to read God's word, nay, worse than the Catholics, the right of learning to read. She ascertained that the actual number of slaveholders in the land was not more than two hundred and fifty or three hundred thousand. How, she said, can these keep three millions of people in bondage? Why do not the slaves rise, as did our fathers in the revolution, and demand their rights at the point of the bayonet? She ascertained that the bayonets of the North were pledged to unite with those of the Southern tyrants, in case of any attempt at insurrection, and put down the poor crushed bondman, if, in his agony, he would strike down the oppressor. She saw that the nation had written in the Constitution the grievousness it had prescribed to turn aside the needy from judgment, and to take away the right from the poor of the people, that widows might be its prey, and that it might rob the fatherless. This Constitution, every man, either by himself or his deputy, held up his hand to heaven, and swore, So help me God, I will sustain. She saw that in the same Constitution, they agreed, by the same solemn oath, if the poor victim of oppression should flee to any of the so-called free States, braving incredible danger, facing death in its most terrible forms, to obtain deliverance from his oppressors, and appeal to Northern men for protection, being pursued by his enslaver, they must perjure themselves, or allow his being delivered up to his pursuers, and sent back again to the most cruel bondage, without lifting a finger in his defence — thus stifling the noblest feelings of their natures.

In despair, she turned to the church. Surely, she said, the church of Christ is free from these abominations. But she found the church made up of men from all the political parties, alike pledged to the support of the accursed institution. In keeping with this, she saw the church, almost universally, giving to the slaveholder or his abettor, the right hand of Christian fellowship — calling him dear brother in Christ. She saw the pulpits of the North open to Southern divines, while the advocates of the slave knocked in vain for admission at the door of almost every church in the land. She said to herself, Is this the church of Christ, and has it come down so low? She repudiated

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such a church. Immediately did she turn her back upon its communion, and if she went to the house of prayer, as she occasionally did, she went to see if the spirit of Christ and humanity might not be rising among them. Again and again has she called upon the writer of this notice, when returning from church, and said, with strong emotion, it is all darkness and gloom. It was not eloquent declamation which led her from the church; but it was the array of strong, incontrovertible facts, which impelled her to the course she felt called upon to pursue and she knew that the eloquence of anti-slavery owed its source to these same facts, and endowed with eloquence the most ungifted tongues. To her, as to many others, it was pleasant to go to the church on the Sabbath, and worship with her friends; and nothing but an entire conviction of its wrongfulness, in her case, would have prevented her constant attendance upon the institutions of religion. But the call to her was imperative — "Come out of her, that ye be not partaker of her plagues," and she obeyed. This obedience brought peace in health, and peace in sickness. Not an hour of gloom did she experience during her protracted illness. Though constitutionally timid, the gloom of death was all taken away, and the king of terrors became to her an angel of hope and joy, opening before her bright visions of beauty; to use her own expression. One day, in conversation, she expressed her gratitude for what anti-slavery had done for her, in opening new and juster views of God, and truth, and duty, and exclaimed — "O how much has anti-slavery done for me, and how little have I done for it! I wanted health, that I might keep school, and in this way do something for the cause I so much love. But it is ordered otherwise."

She experienced in its fullest extent the fulfilment of the promise — "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord shall be with him upon his bed of languishing, and make all his bed in his sickness." Her long continued illness made the suffering virtues, patience and resignation, to shine brightly, and smoothed away the sharp edges of her character, fitting her, we doubt not, for a polished stone in the great temple above.

The abolitionists of Concord will mourn deeply her loss; for, few and feeble as they are, they can ill afford to lose one so intelligent and so true. But they feel, that though no longer present with them in the flesh, she will still be a co-laborer with them in the great and good cause in which they have so long been associated.

[ABOLITIONISM](#)



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 Our national birthday, Wednesday the 4th of July:⁵² William Johnson of Natchez, a free black man who was himself a slavemaster (!) as well as being a barber and a successful businessman, kept a diary of short entries, hardly missing a day between 1836 and 1851. This diary has seen publication as William Johnson's NATCHEZ, THE ANTE-BELLUM DIARY OF A FREE NEGRO, ed. William Ransom Hogan and Edwin Adams Davis (1951, 1979, and a Louisiana State UP paperback in 1993). Here is one of a series of Johnson's 4th-of-July entries, made after describing what sounds like a full business day: "*I was out to the Race tract to day and Saw the Race between the Mardice Fily and Dorkertys Filly & ... The Mardice Filly won Easy in 1.51...*"

In Sacramento, [California](#), this was the first 4th of July celebration ever.

CELEBRATING OUR B-DAY



August 20, Monday: Eugene Ring arrived in San Francisco, [California](#).

Fall: [John Adams](#), a '49er, reached Los Angeles, [California](#).

September: Eugene Ring learned that his father Moses Ely Ring and an uncle had arrived in [California](#). Several weeks later, he moved to Sacramento, where he joined his uncle in the family business. Benjamin Ely Watson, the uncle, had come to Sacramento by way of Panama earlier in the year and was opening a general store. An advertisement for the store would appear in the [Placer Times](#) on September 28, 1849:

At the Miner's Store, Corner of Third and K streets may at all times be found a complete assortment of articles suitable for a miner's use, such as pork, hams, flour, cheese, sugar, tea, coffee, hardware, clothing, mining implements, blankets, cigars, tobacco, spices, beans, pilot bread, buckets, saucepans, &c &c which are offered to purchasers at the lower market prices.

20 4t B E WATSON & CO Dried Apples! In quantities to suit purchasers, for sale at the Miner's store, Third street near K street, 20 4t B E WATSON & CO.

In the next year Watson would return to New-York, where he would have a long career in banking.

November 13: Peter Burnett was elected 1st governor of [California](#).

52. This was [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)'s 45th birthday.

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November 23, Friday: Joshua Abraham Norton, arriving in [California](#) from England, would invest in land and become business agent for several mercantile operations.



December 5, Wednesday: On its front page, [Elizur Wright, Jr.](#)'s Boston [Daily Chronotype](#) made a final mention of [Henry Thoreau](#) while remarking the “irrepressible good humor and wit” to be found in James Russell Lowell’s review in the [Massachusetts Quarterly Review](#) of a “pleasant book on the Concord and Merrimack.”

The [Frolic](#) sailed one last time from the port of [Hong Kong](#) on the coast of [China](#) to the port of Bombay on the coast of [India](#) to pick up a cargo of [opium](#). The plan was that after this last trip she would be loaded with luxury items, taken to [California](#), and, if the proper opportunity arose, sold there as no longer large enough or fast enough for the opium trade.⁵³

53. The plan to grant Captain [Edward H. Faucon](#) power of attorney to sell the [Frolic](#) once it had reached San Francisco and been unloaded did not take account, of course, of a fact not known either to the firm members in Asia or to the firm members in Boston, that the Golden Gate was clogged at this point with vessels which had been abandoned by their crews so the crews could participate in the frenzy of gold digging. (It seems clear that the coming wreck of the vessel was not a staged thing, not intended merely for collection of [insurance](#) money.)

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1850

[John Rollin Ridge](#) (*Chee-squa-ta-law-my*, “Yellow Bird”) went to Shasta County, [California](#), to participate briefly in the gold rush. The Marysville, California [Herald](#) published his poem “Yuba City.” His wife Elizabeth Wilson Ridge and daughter Alice Ridge joined him. In those years, in his own later words, he had been obliged to work “harder than any slave I ever owned.”



Having been referred to by editor Conmy of the [Trinity National](#) as a “Cayuse,” in Andy Cusick’s saloon in the gold country he “reached out, and with one hand dipped Conmy’s nose into the top of his glass, then bathed his either cheek in the fluid that had escaped on the bar.” He was not a half-breed that anyone could mess with.

[California](#) was admitted to the Union as the 31st state ([Edward Sherman Hoar](#) was serving as a state district attorney for this new state’s 4th Judicial District). Lawmakers legalized forcing native children into white custody, and barred California natives from voting, giving evidence against whites in criminal cases, and serving as jurors, steps that would render it exceedingly unlikely that any white man would ever be convicted of any violent offense against a native.

Over and above all the lynchings by committees of vigilance (vigilantees), between 1850 and 1890 the elected sheriffs of San Francisco would conduct 26 official hangings.

A gold miner from Chile brought in some alfalfa (*Medicago sativa*) seed (this plant would thrive in [California](#) as a forage crop).

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At the age of 24, [John Manjiro](#) determined to return from Fairhaven, Massachusetts to [Japan](#), despite the good likelihood that as a Japanese who had made contact with foreigners, he would simply be beheaded by the officials of the Shogunate under what had been the national policy for several centuries. He traveled across the USA to [California](#) and would work in a gold mine there for a year, accumulating \$600, and then go on to the Hawaiian Islands to rejoin his fellow shipwrecked fishermen.



JOHN MANJIRO

[James Pierson Beckwourth](#) discovered the lowest mountain pass through the Sierra Nevada toward [California](#), now known as the Beckwourth Pass.⁵⁴



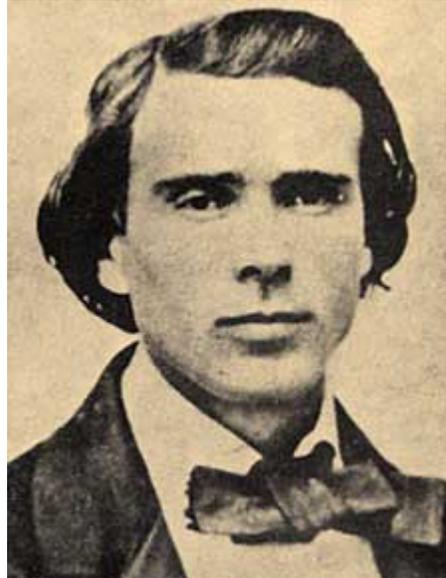
54. State Route 70 now crosses the Sierras along the Feather River route east of Portola, [California](#) at an elevation of 5,221 feet, making it one of the lowest crossings of the Sierra Nevadas. This was the route that the Western Pacific Railroad track would follow (a track now owned by Union Pacific).

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February 25, Monday: [Robert Schumann](#)'s *Conzertstück op.86* for 4 horns and orchestra was performed for the initial time, on a program with the *Overture to Genoveva* at an orchestra pension fund concert in Leipzig.

[Josiah Gregg](#) died of starvation and exposure.



Weakened by his [tuberculosis](#), he had been left behind by the other six members of an emergency expedition out of a snowbound gold-mining camp (A) while attempting a 150-mile winter trek toward the life-sustaining Pacific seashore (B).⁵⁵



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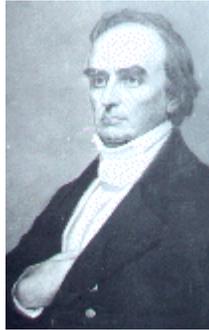
February 28th heard blue birds & saw a striped squirrel –and a caterpillar
He is a happy man who is assured that the animal is dying out in him day by day & the spiritual being established.

What a strange alliance of the divine & brutish there is in a man
Man has a gross animal & unreasoning nature which puts to shame his spiritual.
We would fain esteem a person for what he is absolutely & not relatively to us alone, –and be so esteemed ourselves. There is no safety or progress in the love which is identical with partiality.
We would love universal and absolute qualities, all other love is transient & factitious & impure

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March 7, Thursday: On January 25th, Senator Henry Clay had submitted a series of resolutions on human enslavement in connection with the acquisition by the US of real estate previously held by [Mexico](#), and there had been protracted debate. On March 6th Senator Walker of Wisconsin had been so repeatedly interrupted that he had been unable to finish. At this point it became generally understood that Senator [Daniel Webster](#) of Massachusetts would soon seize the opportunity to contemplate the dangers posed for the federal union by the existing agitation, and propose an acceptable compromise.



Expecting to hear what he might propose, at an early hour an extensive audience began to assemble. Not only the Senate gallery but also the antechambers and the floor itself were so fully packed that it was difficult for Senators to reach their seats.



55. After abandoning their incapacitated leader [Josiah Gregg](#) in the interior in October to die of starvation and exposure, the other members of this expedition had struggled on and arrived at the California coast, finding the 2d largest enclosed deep-water bay of California (sighted by some Russians during June 1806, this locale had subsequently been lost track of). The rediscovery would result in its settlement as "[Eureka](#)" on "[Humboldt Bay](#)."



Of course, the Wiyot people had had no inclination to shout "[I have found it!](#)" in their Algonquian language, as these six desperate white refugees had unexpectedly lurched onstage. On the [early morning of February 25, 1860](#) they would be exterminated in their camps such as on Indian Island, mostly by businessmen of the town who chose to employ hatchets, clubs, and knives rather than attract attention with a lot of noisy gunfire (mostly women, children, and elders, the natives were of course utterly defenseless).

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At noon, when the Vice-President formally invited Senator Walker of Wisconsin to return to the lectern to complete his presentation, that gentleman rose as expected to declare:

Mr. President, this vast audience has not come together to hear me, and there is but one man, in my opinion, who can assemble such an audience. They expect to hear him, and I feel it to be my duty, therefore, as it is my pleasure, to give the floor to the Senator from Massachusetts. I understand it is immaterial to him upon which of these questions he speaks, and therefore I will not move to postpone the special order.

It was Senator Webster who then addressed the chamber on the unfortunate constitutionality of slavery and the dire need for preservation of the Union. He called for enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law, admission of [California](#) into the Union as a free state, self-determination in the territories of Utah and New Mexico, and the end to the slave trade in the District of Columbia: putting the best possible face on it, one might say he was merely trying to put some sort of compromise package together that would go through—a “Compromise of 1850” inclusive of a “Fugitive Slave Law”—in a culture polarized into virtual deadlock.⁵⁶



Mr. President,—I wish to speak to-day, not as a Massachusetts man, nor as a Northern man, but as an American, and a member of the Senate of the United States; a body not yet moved from its propriety, not lost to a just sense of its own dignity and its own high responsibilities, and a body to which the country looks, with confidence, for wise, moderate, patriotic, and healing counsels. It is not to be denied that we live in the midst of strong agitations, and are surrounded by very considerable dangers to our institutions and government. The imprisoned winds are let loose. The East, the North, and the stormy South combine to throw the whole sea into commotion, to toss its billows to the skies, and disclose its profoundest depths. I do not affect to regard myself, Mr. President, as holding, or as fit to hold, the helm in this combat with the political elements; but I have a duty to perform, and I mean to perform it with fidelity, not without a sense of existing dangers, but not without hope. I have a part to act, not for my own security or safety, for I am looking out for no fragment upon which to float away from the wreck, if wreck there must be, but for the good of the whole, and the preservation of all; and there is that which will keep me to my duty during this struggle, whether the sun and the stars shall appear, or shall not appear, for many days. I speak to-day for the preservation of the Union. “Hear me for my cause.” I speak to-day, out of a solicitous and anxious heart, for the restoration to the country of that quiet

56. Edwin P. Whipple’s *THE GREAT SPEECHES AND ORATIONS OF DANIEL WEBSTER WITH AN ESSAY ON DANIEL WEBSTER AS A MASTER OF ENGLISH STYLE* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1879).



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and that harmony which make the blessings of this Union so rich, and so dear to us all. These are the topics that I propose to myself to discuss; these are the motives, and the sole motives, that influence me in the wish to communicate my opinions to the Senate and the country; and if I can do any thing, however little, for the promotion of these ends, I shall have accomplished all that I expect.

Mr. President, it may not be amiss to recur very briefly to the events which, equally sudden and extraordinary, have brought the country into its present political condition. In May, 1846, the United States declared war against Mexico. Our armies, then on the frontiers, entered the provinces of that republic, met and defeated all her troops, penetrated her mountain passes, and occupied her capital. The marine force of the United States took possession of her forts and her towns, on the Atlantic and on the Pacific. In less than two years a treaty was negotiated, by which Mexico ceded to the United States a vast territory, extending seven or eight hundred miles along the shores of the Pacific, and reaching back over the mountains, and across the desert, until it joins the frontier of the State of Texas. It so happened, in the distracted and feeble condition of the Mexican government, that, before the declaration of war by the United States against Mexico had become known in California, the people of California, under the lead of American officers, overthrew the existing Mexican provincial government, and raised an independent flag. When the news arrived at San Francisco that war had been declared by the United States against Mexico, this independent flag was pulled down, and the stars and stripes of this Union hoisted in its stead. So, Sir, before the war was over, the forces of the United States, military and naval, had possession of San Francisco and Upper California, and a great rush of emigrants from various parts of the world took place into California in 1846 and 1847. But now behold another wonder. In January of 1848, a party of Mormons made a discovery of an extraordinarily rich mine of gold, or rather of a great quantity of gold, hardly proper to be called a mine, for it was spread near the surface, on the lower part of the south, or American, branch of the Sacramento. They attempted to conceal their discovery for some time; but soon another discovery of gold, perhaps of greater importance, was made, on another part of the American branch of the Sacramento, and near Sutter's Fort, as it is called. The fame of these discoveries spread far and wide. They inflamed more and more the spirit of emigration towards California, which had already been excited; and adventurers crowded into the country by hundreds, and flocked towards the Bay of San Francisco. This, as I have said, took place in the winter and spring of 1848. The digging commenced in the spring of that year, and from that time to this the work of searching for gold has been prosecuted with a success not heretofore known in the history of this globe. You recollect, Sir, how incredulous at first the American public was at the accounts which reached us of these discoveries but we all know, now, that these accounts received, and continue to receive, daily confirmation, and down to the present moment I suppose the assurance is as strong, after the experience of these several months, of the existence of deposits of gold apparently inexhaustible in the regions near San Francisco, in California, as it was at any period of the earlier dates of the accounts.



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It so happened, Sir, that although, after the return of peace, it became a very important subject for legislative consideration and legislative decision to provide a proper territorial government for California, yet differences of opinion between the two houses of Congress prevented the establishment of any such territorial government at the last session. Under this state of things, the inhabitants of California, already amounting to a considerable number, thought it to be their duty, in the summer of last year, to establish a local government. Under the proclamation of General Riley, the people chose delegates to a convention, and that convention met at Monterey. It formed a constitution for the State of California, which, being referred to the people, was adopted by them in their primary assemblages. Desirous of immediate connection with the United States, its Senators were appointed and Representatives chosen, who have come hither, bringing with them the authentic constitution of the State of California; and they now present themselves, asking, in behalf of their constituents, that it may be admitted into this Union as one of the United States. This constitution, Sir, contains an express prohibition of slavery, or involuntary servitude, in the State of California. It is said, and I suppose truly, that, of the members who composed that convention, some sixteen were natives of, and had been residents in, the slave-holding States, about twenty-two were from the non-slaveholding States, and the remaining ten members were either native Californians or old settlers in that country. This prohibition of slavery, it is said, was inserted with entire unanimity.

It is this circumstance, Sir, the prohibition of slavery, which has contributed to raise, I do not say it has wholly raised, the dispute as to the propriety of the admission of California into the Union under this constitution. It is not to be denied, Mr. President, nobody thinks of denying, that, whatever reasons were assigned at the commencement of the late war with Mexico, it was prosecuted for the purpose of the acquisition of territory, and under the alleged argument that the cession of territory was the only form in which proper compensation could be obtained by the United States, from Mexico, for the various claims and demands which the people of this country had against that government. At any rate, it will be found that President Polk's message, at the commencement of the session of December, 1847, avowed that the war was to be prosecuted until some acquisition of territory should be made. As the acquisition was to be south of the line of the United States, in warm climates and countries, it was naturally, I suppose, expected by the South, that whatever acquisitions were made in that region would be added to the slave-holding portion of the United States. Very little of accurate information was possessed of the real physical character, either of California or New Mexico, and events have not turned out as was expected. Both California and New Mexico are likely to come in as free States; and therefore some degree of disappointment and surprise has resulted. In other words, it is obvious that the question which has so long harassed the country, and at some times very seriously alarmed the minds of wise and good men, has come upon us for a fresh discussion,—the question of slavery in these United States.

Now, Sir, I propose, perhaps at the expense of some detail and consequent detention of the Senate, to review historically this



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question, which, partly in consequence of its own importance, and partly, perhaps mostly, in consequence of the manner in which it has been discussed in different portions of the country, has been a source of so much alienation and unkind feeling between them.

We all know, Sir, that slavery has existed in the world from time immemorial. There was slavery, in the earliest periods of history, among the Oriental nations. There was slavery among the Jews; the theocratic government of that people issued no injunction against it. There was slavery among the Greeks; and the ingenious philosophy of the Greeks found, or sought to find, a justification for it exactly upon the grounds which have been assumed for such a justification in this country; that is, a natural and original difference among the races of mankind, and the inferiority of the black or colored race to the white. The Greeks justified their system of slavery upon that idea, precisely. They held the African and some of the Asiatic tribes to be inferior to the white race; but they did not show, I think, by any close process of logic, that, if this were true, the more intelligent and the stronger had therefore a right to subjugate the weaker.

The more manly philosophy and jurisprudence of the Romans placed the justification of slavery on entirely different grounds. The Roman jurists, from the first and down to the fall of the empire, admitted that slavery was against the natural law, by which, as they maintained, all men, of whatsoever clime, color, or capacity, were equal; but they justified slavery, first, upon the ground and authority of the law of nations, arguing, and arguing truly, that at that day the conventional law of nations admitted that captives in war, whose lives, according to the notions of the times, were at the absolute disposal of the captors, might, in exchange for exemption from death, be made slaves for life, and that such servitude might descend to their posterity. The jurists of Rome also maintained, that, by the civil law, there might be servitude or slavery, personal and hereditary; first, by the voluntary act of an individual, who might sell himself into slavery; secondly, by his being reduced into a state of slavery by his creditors, in satisfaction of his debts; and, thirdly, by being placed in a state of servitude or slavery for crime. At the introduction of Christianity, the Roman world was full of slaves, and I suppose there is to be found no injunction against that relation between man and man in the teachings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ or of any of his Apostles. The object of the instruction imparted to mankind by the Founder of Christianity was to touch the heart, purify the soul, and improve the lives of individual men. That object went directly to the first fountain of all the political and social relations of the human race, as well as of all true religious feeling, the individual heart and mind of man.

Now, Sir, upon the general nature and influence of slavery there exists a wide difference of opinion between the northern portion of this country and the southern. It is said on the one side, that, although not the subject of any injunction or direct prohibition in the New Testament, slavery is a wrong; that it is founded merely in the right of the strongest; and that it is an oppression, like unjust wars, like all those conflicts by which a powerful nation subjects a weaker to its will; and that, in its nature, whatever may be said of it in the modifications



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which have taken place, it is not according to the meek spirit of the Gospel. It is not "kindly affectioned"; it does not "seek another's, and not its own"; it does not "let the oppressed go free." These are sentiments that are cherished, and of late with greatly augmented force, among the people of the Northern States. They have taken hold of the religious sentiment of that part of the country, as they have, more or less, taken hold of the religious feelings of a considerable portion of mankind. The South, upon the other side, having been accustomed to this relation between the two races all their lives, from their birth, having been taught, in general, to treat the subjects of this bondage with care and kindness, and I believe, in general, feeling great kindness for them, have not taken the view of the subject which I have mentioned. There are thousands of religious men, with consciences as tender as any of their brethren at the North, who do not see the unlawfulness of slavery; and there are more thousands, perhaps, that, whatsoever they may think of it in its origin, and as a matter depending upon natural right, yet take things as they are, and, finding slavery to be an established relation of the society in which they live, can see no way in which, let their opinions on the abstract question be what they may, it is in the power of the present generation to relieve themselves from this relation. And candor obliges me to say, that I believe they are just as conscientious, many of them, and the religious people, all of them, as they are at the North who hold different opinions.

The honorable Senator from South Carolina [Mr. Calhoun] the other day alluded to the separation of that great religious community, the Methodist Episcopal Church. That separation was brought about by differences of opinion upon this particular subject of slavery. I felt great concern, as that dispute went on, about the result. I was in hopes that the difference of opinion might be adjusted, because I looked upon that religious denomination as one of the great props of religion and morals throughout the whole country, from Maine to Georgia, and westward to our utmost western boundary. The result was against my wishes and against my hopes. I have read all their proceedings and all their arguments; but I have never yet been able to come to the conclusion that there was any real ground for that separation; in other words, that any good could be produced by that separation. I must say I think there was some want of candor and charity. Sir, when a question of this kind seizes on the religious sentiments of mankind, and comes to be discussed in religious assemblies of the clergy and laity, there is always to be expected, or always to be feared, a great degree of excitement. It is in the nature of man, manifested by his whole history, that religious disputes are apt to become warm in proportion to the strength of the convictions which men entertain of the magnitude of the questions at issue. In all such disputes, there will sometimes be found men with whom every thing is absolute; absolutely wrong, or absolutely right. They see the right clearly; they think others ought so to see it, and they are disposed to establish a broad line, of distinction between what is right and what is wrong. They are not seldom willing to establish that line upon their own convictions of truth and justice; and are ready to mark and guard it by placing along it a series of dogmas, as lines of boundary on the earth's surface are marked by posts and stones. There are men who, with



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clear perceptions, as they think, of their own duty, do not see how too eager a pursuit of one duty may involve them in the violation of others, or how too warm an embracement of one truth may lead to a disregard of other truths equally important. As I heard it stated strongly, not many days ago, these persons are disposed to mount upon some particular duty, as upon a war-horse, and to drive furiously on and upon and over all other duties that may stand in the way. There are men who, in reference to disputes of that sort, are of opinion that human duties may be ascertained with the exactness of mathematics. They deal with morals as with mathematics; and they think what is right may be distinguished from what is wrong with the precision of an algebraic equation. They have, therefore, none too much charity towards others who differ from them. They are apt, too, to think that nothing is good but what is perfect, and that there are no compromises or modifications to be made in consideration of difference of opinion or in deference to other men's judgment. If their perspicacious vision enables them to detect a spot on the face of the sun, they think that a good reason why the sun should be struck down from heaven. They prefer the chance of running into utter darkness to living in heavenly light, if that heavenly light be not absolutely without any imperfection. There are impatient men; too impatient always to give heed to the admonition of St. Paul, that we are not to "do evil that good may come"; too impatient to wait for the slow progress of moral causes in the improvement of mankind. They do not remember that the doctrines and the miracles of Jesus Christ have, in eighteen hundred years, converted only a small portion of the human race; and among the nations that are converted to Christianity, they forget how many vices and crimes, public and private, still prevail, and that many of them, public crimes especially, which are so clearly offences against the Christian religion, pass without exciting particular indignation. Thus wars are waged, and unjust wars. I do not deny that there may be just wars. There certainly are; but it was the remark of an eminent person, not many years ago, on the other side of the Atlantic, that it is one of the greatest reproaches to human nature that wars are sometimes just. The defence of nations sometimes causes a just war against the injustice of other nations. In this state of sentiment upon the general nature of slavery lies the cause of a great part of those unhappy divisions, exasperations, and reproaches which find vent and support in different parts of the Union.

But we must view things as they are. Slavery does exist in the United States. It did exist in the States before the adoption of this Constitution, and at that time. Let us, therefore, consider for a moment what was the state of sentiment, North and South, in regard to slavery, at the time this Constitution was adopted. A remarkable change has taken place since; but what did the wise and great men of all parts of the country think of slavery then? In what estimation did they hold it at the time when this Constitution was adopted? It will be found, Sir, if we will carry ourselves by historical research back to that day, and ascertain men's opinions by authentic records still existing among us, that there was then no diversity of opinion between the North and the South upon the subject of slavery. It will be found that both parts of the country held it equally an evil,—a moral and political evil. It will not be found that, either



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at the North or at the South, there was much, though there was some, invective against slavery as inhuman and cruel. The great ground of objection to it was political; that it weakened the social fabric; that, taking the place of free labor, society became less strong and labor less productive; and therefore we find from all the eminent men of the time the clearest expression of their opinion that slavery is an evil. They ascribed its existence here, not without truth, and not without some acerbity of temper and force of language, to the injurious policy of the mother country, who, to favor the navigator, had entailed these evils upon the Colonies. I need hardly refer, Sir, particularly to the publications of the day. They are matters of history on the record. The eminent men, the most eminent men, and nearly all the conspicuous politicians of the South, held the same sentiments,—that slavery was an evil, a blight, a scourge, and a curse. There are no terms of reprobation of slavery so vehement in the North at that day as in the South. The North was not so much excited against it as the South; and the reason is, I suppose, that there was much less of it at the North, and the people did not see, or think they saw, the evils so prominently as they were seen, or thought to be seen, at the South.

Then, Sir, when this Constitution was framed, this was the light in which the Federal Convention viewed it. That body reflected the judgment and sentiments of the great men of the South. A member of the other house, whom I have not the honor to know, has, in a recent speech, collected extracts from these public documents. They prove the truth of what I am saying, and the question then was, how to deal with it, and how to deal with it as an evil. They came to this general result. They thought that slavery could not be continued in the country if the importation of slaves were made to cease, and therefore they provided that, after a certain period, the importation might be prevented by the act of the new government. The period of twenty years was proposed by some gentleman from the North, I think, and many members of the Convention from the South opposed it as being too long. Mr. Madison especially was somewhat warm against it. He said it would bring too much of this mischief into the country to allow the importation of slaves for such a period. Because we must take along with us, in the whole of this discussion, when we are considering the sentiments and opinions in which the constitutional provision originated, that the conviction of all men was, that, if the importation of slaves ceased, the white race would multiply faster than the black race, and that slavery would therefore gradually wear out and expire. It may not be improper here to allude to that, I had almost said, celebrated opinion of Mr. Madison. You observe, Sir, that the term **slave**, or **slavery**, is not used in the Constitution. The Constitution does not require that "fugitive slaves" shall be delivered up. It requires that persons held to service in one State, and escaping into another, shall be delivered up. Mr. Madison opposed the introduction of the term **slave**, or **slavery**, into the Constitution; for he said that he did not wish to see it recognized by the Constitution of the United States of America that there could be property in men.

Now, Sir, all this took place in the Convention in 1787; but connected with this, concurrent and contemporaneous, is another important transaction, not sufficiently attended to. The Convention for framing this Constitution assembled in



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Philadelphia in May, and sat until September, 1787. During all that time the Congress of the United States was in session at New York. It was a matter of design, as we know, that the Convention should not assemble in the same city where Congress was holding its sessions. Almost all the public men of the country, therefore, of distinction and eminence, were in one or the other of these two assemblies; and I think it happened, in some instances, that the same gentlemen were members of both bodies. If I mistake not, such was the case with Mr. Rufus King, then a member of Congress from Massachusetts. Now, at the very time when the Convention in Philadelphia was framing this Constitution, the Congress in New York was framing the Ordinance of 1787, for the organization and government of the territory northwest of the Ohio. They passed that Ordinance on the 13th of July, 1787, at New York, the very month, perhaps the very day, on which these questions about the importation of slaves and the character of slavery were debated in the Convention at Philadelphia. So far as we can now learn, there was a perfect concurrence of opinion between these two bodies; and it resulted in this Ordinance of 1787, excluding slavery from all the territory over which the Congress of the United States had jurisdiction, and that was all the territory northwest of the Ohio. Three years before, Virginia and other States had made a cession of that great territory to the United States; and a most munificent act it was. I never reflect upon it without a disposition to do honor and justice, and justice would be the highest honor, to Virginia, for the cession of her northwestern territory. I will say, Sir, it is one of her fairest claims to the respect and gratitude of the country, and that, perhaps, it is only second to that other claim which belongs to her,—that from her counsels, and from the intelligence and patriotism of her leading statesmen, proceeded the first idea put into practice of the formation of a general constitution of the United States. The Ordinance of 1787 applied to the whole territory over which the Congress of the United States had jurisdiction. It was adopted two years before the Constitution of the United States went into operation; because the Ordinance took effect immediately on its passage, while the Constitution of the United States, having been framed, was to be sent to the States to be adopted by their conventions; and then a government was to be organized under it. This Ordinance, then, was in operation and force when the Constitution was adopted, and the government put in motion, in April, 1789.

Mr. President, three things are quite clear as historical truths. One is, that there was an expectation that, on the ceasing of the importation of slaves from Africa, slavery would begin to run out here. That was hoped and expected. Another is, that, as far as there was any power in Congress to prevent the spread of slavery in the United States, that power was executed in the most absolute manner, and to the fullest extent. An honorable member [Mr. Calhoun], whose health does not allow him to be here to-day—

A SENATOR. He is here.

I am very happy to hear that he is; may he long be here, and in the enjoyment of health to serve his country! The honorable member said, the other day, that he considered this Ordinance as the first in the series of measures calculated to enfeeble



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the South, and deprive them of their just participation in the benefits and privileges of this government. He says, very properly, that it was enacted under the old Confederation, and before this Constitution went into effect; but my present purpose is only to say, Mr. President, that it was established with the entire and unanimous concurrence of the whole South. Why, there it stands! The vote of every State in the Union was unanimous in favor of the Ordinance, with the exception of a single individual vote, and that individual vote was given by a Northern man. This Ordinance prohibiting slavery for ever northwest of the Ohio has the hand and seal of every Southern member in Congress. It was therefore no aggression of the North on the South. The other and third clear historical truth is, that the Convention meant to leave slavery in the States as they found it, entirely under the authority and control of the States themselves.

This was the state of things, Sir, and this the state of opinion, under which those very important matters were arranged, and those three important things done; that is, the establishment of the Constitution of the United States with a recognition of slavery as it existed in the States; the establishment of the ordinance for the government of the Northwestern Territory, prohibiting, to the full extent of all territory owned by the United States, the introduction of slavery into that territory, while leaving to the States all power over slavery in their own limits; and creating a power, in the new government, to put an end to the importation of slaves, after a limited period. There was entire coincidence and concurrence of sentiment between the North and the South, upon all these questions, at the period of the adoption of the Constitution. But opinions, Sir, have changed, greatly changed; changed North and changed South. Slavery is not regarded in the South now as it was then. I see an honorable member of this body paying me the honor of listening to my remarks [Mr. Mason of Virginia]; he brings to my mind, Sir, freshly and vividly, what I have learned of his great ancestor, so much distinguished in his day and generation, so worthy to be succeeded by so worthy a grandson, and of the sentiments he expressed in the Convention in Philadelphia.⁵⁷ Here we may pause. There was, if not an entire unanimity, a general concurrence of sentiment running through the whole community, and especially entertained by the eminent men of all parts of the country. But soon a change began, at the North and the South, and a difference of opinion showed itself; the North growing much more warm and strong against slavery, and the South growing much more warm and strong in its support. Sir, there is no generation of mankind whose opinions are not subject to be influenced by what appear to them to be their present emergent and exigent interests. I impute to the South no particularly selfish view in the change which has come over her. I impute to her certainly no dishonest view. All that has happened has been natural. It has followed those causes which always influence the human mind and operate upon it. What, then, have been the causes which have created so new a feeling in favor of slavery in the South, which have changed the whole nomenclature of the South on that subject, so that, from being thought and described in the terms I have mentioned and will not repeat, it has now become an institution, a cherished institution, in that quarter; no

57. See MADISON PAPERS, Volume III. pages 1390, 1428, *et seq.*



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evil, no scourge, but a great religious, social, and moral blessing, as I think I have heard it latterly spoken of? I suppose this, Sir, is owing to the rapid growth and sudden extension of the COTTON plantations of the South. So far as any motive consistent with honor, justice, and general judgment could act, it was the COTTON interest that gave a new desire to promote slavery, to spread it, and to use its labor. I again say that this change was produced by causes which must always produce like effects. The whole interest of the South became connected, more or less, with the extension of slavery. If we look back to the history of the commerce of this country in the early years of this government, what were our exports? Cotton was hardly, or but to a very limited extent, known. In 1791 the first parcel of cotton of the growth of the United States was exported, and amounted only to 19,200 pounds.⁵⁸

It has gone on increasing rapidly, until the whole crop may now, perhaps, in a season of great product and high prices, amount to a hundred millions of dollars. In the years I have mentioned, there was more of wax, more of indigo, more of rice, more of almost every article of export from the South, than of cotton. When Mr. Jay negotiated the treaty of 1794 with England, it is evident from the twelfth article of the treaty, which was suspended by the Senate, that he did not know that cotton was exported at all from the United States.

Well, Sir, we know what followed. The age of cotton became the golden age of our Southern brethren. It gratified their desire for improvement and accumulation, at the same time that it excited it. The desire grew by what it fed upon, and there soon came to be an eagerness for other territory, a new area or new areas for the cultivation of the cotton crop; and measures leading to this result were brought about rapidly, one after another, under the lead of Southern men at the head of the government, they having a majority in both branches of Congress to accomplish their ends. The honorable member from South Carolina [Mr. Calhoun] observed that there has been a majority all along in favor of the North. If that be true, Sir, the North has acted either very liberally and kindly, or very weakly; for they never exercised that majority efficiently five times in the history of the government, when a division or trial of strength arose. Never. Whether they were outgeneralled, or whether it was owing to other causes, I shall not stop to consider; but no man acquainted with the history of the Union can deny that the general lead in the politics of the country, for three fourths of the period that has elapsed since the adoption of the Constitution, has been a Southern lead.

In 1802, in pursuit of the idea of opening a new cotton region, the United States obtained a cession from Georgia of the whole of her western territory, now embracing the rich and growing States of Alabama and Mississippi. In 1803 Louisiana was purchased from France, out of which the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri have been framed, as slave-holding States. In 1819 the cession of Florida was made, bringing in another region adapted to cultivation by slaves. Sir, the honorable member from South Carolina thought he saw in certain

58. Bear in mind that in early periods the Southern states of the United States of America produced no significant amount of [cotton](#) fiber for export — such production not beginning until 1789. In fact, according to page 92 of Seybert's STATISTICS, in 1784 a small parcel of cotton that had found its way from the US to Liverpool had been refused admission to England, because it was the customs agent's opinion that this involved some sort of subterfuge: it could not have originated in the United States.



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operations of the government, such as the manner of collecting the revenue, and the tendency of measures calculated to promote emigration into the country, what accounts for the more rapid growth of the North than the South. He ascribes that more rapid growth, not to the operation of time, but to the system of government and administration established under this Constitution. That is matter of opinion. To a certain extent it may be true; but it does seem to me that, if any operation of the government can be shown in any degree to have promoted the population, and growth, and wealth of the North, it is much more sure that there are sundry important and distinct operations of the government, about which no man can doubt, tending to promote, and which absolutely have promoted, the increase of the slave interest and the slave territory of the South. It was not time that brought in Louisiana; it was the act of men. It was not time that brought in Florida; it was the act of men. And lastly, Sir, to complete those acts of legislation which have contributed so much to enlarge the area of the institution of slavery, Texas, great and vast and illimitable Texas, was added to the Union as a slave State in 1845; and that, Sir, pretty much closed the whole chapter, and settled the whole account. That closed the whole chapter and settled the whole account, because the annexation of Texas, upon the conditions and under the guaranties upon which she was admitted, did not leave within the control of this government an acre of land, capable of being cultivated by slave labor, between this Capitol and the Rio Grande or the Nueces, or whatever is the proper boundary of Texas; not an acre. From that moment, the whole country, from this place to the western boundary of Texas, was fixed, pledged, fastened, decided, to be slave territory for ever, by the solemn guaranties of law. And I now say, Sir, as the proposition upon which I stand this day, and upon the truth and firmness of which I intend to act until it is overthrown, that there is not at this moment within the United States, or any territory of the United States, a single foot of land, the character of which, in regard to its being free territory or slave territory, is not fixed by some law, and some irrevocable law, beyond the power of the action of the government. Is it not so with respect to Texas? It is most manifestly so. The honorable member from South Carolina, at the time of the admission of Texas, held an important post in the executive department of the government; he was Secretary of State. Another eminent person of great activity and adroitness in affairs, I mean the late Secretary of the Treasury [Mr. Walker], was a conspicuous member of this body, and took the lead in the business of annexation, in co-operation with the Secretary of State; and I must say that they did their business faithfully and thoroughly; there was no botch left in it. They rounded it off, and made as close joiner-work as ever was exhibited. Resolutions of annexation were brought into Congress, fitly joined together, compact, efficient, conclusive upon the great object which they had in view, and those resolutions passed.

Allow me to read a part of these resolutions. It is the third clause of the second section of the resolution of the 1st of March, 1845, for the admission of Texas, which applies to this part of the case. That clause is as follows:—

“New States, of convenient size, not exceeding four in number, in addition to said State of Texas, and having



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sufficient population, may hereafter, by the consent of said State, be formed out of the territory thereof, which shall be entitled to admission under the provisions of the Federal Constitution. And such States as may be formed out of that portion of said territory lying south of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes north latitude, commonly known as the Missouri Compromise line, shall be admitted into the Union with or without slavery, as the people of each State asking admission may desire; and in such State or States as shall be formed out of said territory north of said Missouri Compromise line, slavery or involuntary servitude (except for crime) shall be prohibited."

Now what is here stipulated, enacted, and secured? It is, that all Texas south of 36° 30', which is nearly the whole of it, shall be admitted into the Union as a slave State. It was a slave State, and therefore came in as a slave State; and the guaranty is, that new States shall be made out of it, to the number of four, in addition to the State then in existence and admitted at that time by these resolutions, and that such States as are formed out of that portion of Texas lying south of 36° 30' may come in as slave States. I know no form of legislation which can strengthen this. I know no mode of recognition that can add a tittle of weight to it. I listened respectfully to the resolutions of my honorable friend from Tennessee [Mr. Bell]. He proposed to recognize that stipulation with Texas. But any additional recognition would weaken the force of it; because it stands here on the ground of a contract, a thing done for a consideration. It is a law founded on a contract with Texas, and designed to carry that contract into effect. A recognition now, founded not on any consideration, or any contract, would not be so strong as it now stands on the face of the resolution. I know no way, I candidly confess, in which this government, acting in good faith, as I trust it always will, can relieve itself from that stipulation and pledge, by any honest course of legislation whatever. And therefore I say again, that, so far as Texas is concerned, in the whole of that State south of 36° 30', which, I suppose, embraces all the territory capable of slave cultivation, there is no land, not an acre, the character of which is not established by law; a law which cannot be repealed without the violation of a contract, and plain disregard of the public faith.

I hope, Sir, it is now apparent that my proposition, so far as it respects Texas, has been maintained, and that the provision in this article is clear and absolute; and it has been well suggested by my friend from Rhode Island [Mr. Greene], that that part of Texas which lies north of 36° 30' of north latitude, and which may be formed into free States, is dependent, in like manner, upon the consent of Texas, herself a slave State. Now, Sir, how came this? How came it to pass that within these walls, where it is said by the honorable member from South Carolina that the free States have always had a majority, this resolution of annexation, such as I have described it, obtained a majority in both houses of Congress? Sir, it obtained that majority by the great number of Northern votes added to the entire Southern vote, or at least nearly the whole of the Southern vote. The aggregate was made up of Northern and Southern votes. In the House of Representatives there were about



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eighty Southern votes and about fifty Northern votes for the admission of Texas. In the Senate the vote for the admission of Texas was twenty-seven, and twenty-five against it; and of those twenty-seven votes, constituting the majority, no less than thirteen came from the free States, and four of them were from New England. The whole of these thirteen Senators, constituting within a fraction, you see, one half of all the votes in this body for the admission of this immeasurable extent of slave territory, were sent here by free States.

Sir, there is not so remarkable a chapter in our history of political events, political parties, and political men as is afforded by this admission of a new slave-holding territory, so vast that a bird cannot fly over it in a week. New England, as I have said, with some of her own votes, supported this measure. Three fourths of the votes of liberty-loving Connecticut were given for it in the other house, and one half here. There was one vote for it from Maine, but, I am happy to say, not the vote of the honorable member who addressed the Senate the day before yesterday [Mr. Hamlin], and who was then a Representative from Maine in the House of Representatives; but there was one vote from Maine, ay, and there was one vote for it from Massachusetts, given by a gentleman then representing, and now living in, the district in which the prevalence of Free Soil sentiment for a couple of years or so has defeated the choice of any member to represent it in Congress. Sir, that body of Northern and Eastern men who gave those votes at that time are now seen taking upon themselves, in the nomenclature of politics, the appellation of the Northern Democracy. They undertook to wield the destinies of this empire, if I may give that name to a republic, and their policy was, and they persisted in it, to bring into this country and under this government all the territory they could. They did it, in the case of Texas, under pledges, absolute pledges, to the slave interest, and they afterwards lent their aid in bringing in these new conquests, to take their chance for slavery or freedom. My honorable friend from Georgia [Mr. Berrien], in March, 1847, moved the Senate to declare that the war ought not to be prosecuted for the conquest of Territory, or for the dismemberment of Mexico. The whole of the Northern Democracy voted against it. He did not get a vote from them. It suited the patriotic and elevated sentiments of the Northern Democracy to bring in a world from among the mountains and valleys of California and New Mexico, or any other part of Mexico, and then quarrel about it; to bring it in, and then endeavor to put upon it the saving grace of the Wilmot Proviso. There were two eminent and highly respectable gentlemen from the North and East, then leading gentlemen in the Senate, (I refer, and I do so with entire respect, for I entertain for both of those gentlemen, in general, high regard, to Mr. Dix of New York and Mr. Niles of Connecticut,) who both voted for the admission of Texas. They would not have that vote any other way than as it stood; and they would have it as it did stand. I speak of the vote upon the annexation of Texas. Those two gentlemen would have the resolution of annexation just as it is, without amendment; and they voted for it just as it is, and their eyes were all open to its true character. The honorable member from South Carolina who addressed us the other day was then Secretary of State. His correspondence with Mr. Murphy, the Chargé d'Affaires of the United States in Texas, had been published.



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That correspondence was all before those gentlemen, and the Secretary had the boldness and candor to avow in that correspondence, that the great object sought by the annexation of Texas was to strengthen the slave interest of the South. Why, Sir, he said so in so many words—

MR. CALHOUN. Will the honorable Senator permit me to interrupt him for a moment?

Certainly.

MR. CALHOUN. I am very reluctant to interrupt the honorable gentleman; but, upon a point of so much importance, I deem it right to put myself *rectus in curia*. I did not put it upon the ground assumed by the Senator. I put it upon this ground: that Great Britain had announced to this country, in so many words, that her object was to abolish slavery in Texas, and, through Texas, to accomplish the abolition of slavery in the United States and the world. The ground I put it on was, that it would make an exposed frontier, and, if Great Britain succeeded in her object, it would be impossible that that frontier could be secured against the aggressions of the Abolitionists; and that this government was bound, under the guaranties of the Constitution, to protect us against such a state of things.

That comes, I suppose, Sir, to exactly the same thing. It was, that Texas must be obtained for the security of the slave interest of the South.

MR. CALHOUN. Another view is very distinctly given.

That was the object set forth in the correspondence of a worthy gentleman not now living [Mr. Upshur], who preceded the honorable member from South Carolina in the Department of State. There repose on the files of the Department, as I have occasion to know, strong letters from Mr. Upshur to the United States Minister in England, and I believe there are some to the same Minister from the honorable Senator himself, asserting to this effect the sentiments of this government; namely, that Great Britain was expected not to interfere to take Texas out of the hands of its then existing government and make it a free country. But my argument, my suggestion, is this: that those gentlemen who composed the Northern Democracy when Texas was brought into the Union saw clearly that it was brought in as a slave country, and brought in for the purpose of being maintained as slave territory, to the Greek Kalends. I rather think the honorable gentleman who was then Secretary of State might, in some of his correspondence with Mr. Murphy, have suggested that it was not expedient to say too much about this object, lest it should create some alarm. At any rate, Mr. Murphy wrote to him that England was anxious to get rid of the constitution of Texas, because it was a constitution establishing slavery; and that what the United States had to do was to aid the people of Texas in upholding their constitution; but that nothing should be said which should offend the fanatical men of the North. But, Sir, the honorable member did avow this object himself, openly, boldly, and manfully; he did not disguise his conduct or his



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motives.

MR. CALHOUN. Never, never.

What he means he is very apt to say.

MR. CALHOUN. Always, always.

And I honor him for it.

This admission of Texas was in 1845. Then in 1847, *flagrante bello* between the United States and Mexico, the proposition I have mentioned was brought forward by my friend from Georgia, and the Northern Democracy voted steadily against it. Their remedy was to apply to the acquisitions, after they should come in, the Wilmot Proviso. What follows? These two gentlemen [Messrs. Niles of Connecticut and Dix of New York], worthy and honorable and influential men, (and if they had not been they could not have carried the measure,) these two gentlemen, members of this body, brought in Texas, and by their votes they also prevented the passage of the resolution of the honorable member from Georgia, and then they went home and took the lead in the Free Soil party. And there they stand, Sir! They leave us here, bound in honor and conscience by the resolutions of annexation; they leave us here, to take the odium of fulfilling the obligations in favor of slavery which they voted us into, or else the greater odium of violating those obligations, while they are at home making capital and rousing speeches for free soil and no slavery. And therefore I say, Sir, that there is not a chapter in our history, respecting public measures and public men, more full of what would create surprise, more full of what does create in my mind, extreme mortification, than that of the conduct of the Northern Democracy on this subject.

Mr. President, sometimes, when a man is found in a new relation to things around him and to other men, he says the world has changed, and that he has not changed. I believe, Sir, that our self-respect leads us often to make this declaration in regard to ourselves when it is not exactly true. An individual is more apt to change, perhaps, than all the world around him. But under the present circumstances, and under the responsibility which I know I incur by what I am now stating here, I feel at liberty to recur to the various expressions and statements, made at various times, of my own opinions and resolutions respecting the admission of Texas, and all that has followed. Sir, as early as 1836, or in the early part of 1837, there was conversation and correspondence between myself and some private friends on this project of annexing Texas to the United States; and an honorable gentleman with whom I have had a long acquaintance, a friend of mine, now perhaps in this chamber, I mean General Hamilton, of South Carolina, was privy to that correspondence. I had voted for the recognition of Texan independence, because I believed it to be an existing fact, surprising and astonishing as it was, and I wished well to the new republic; but I manifested from the first utter opposition to bringing her, with her slave territory, into the Union. I happened, in 1837, to make a public address to political friends in New York, and I then stated my sentiments upon the subject. It was the first time that I had occasion to advert to it; and I will ask a friend near me to have the kindness to read an extract from the speech made by me on that occasion. It was delivered in Niblo's Saloon, in 1837.

Mr. Greene then read the following extract from the



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speech of Mr. Webster to which he referred:-

"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....

"I see, therefore, no political necessity for the annexation of Texas to the Union; no advantages to be derived from it; and objections to it of a strong, and, in my judgment, decisive character."

I have nothing, Sir, to add to, or to take from, those sentiments. That speech, the Senate will perceive, was made in 1837. The purpose of immediately annexing Texas at that time was abandoned or postponed; and it was not revived with any vigor for some years. In the mean time it happened that I had become a member of the executive administration, and was for a short period in the Department of State. The annexation of Texas was a subject of conversation, not confidential, with the President and heads of departments, as well as with other public men. No serious attempt was then made, however, to bring it about. I left the Department of State in May, 1843, and shortly after I learned, though by means which were no way connected with official information, that a design had been taken up of bringing Texas, with her slave territory and population, into this Union. I was in Washington at the time, and persons are now here who will remember that we had an arranged meeting for conversation upon it. I went home to Massachusetts and proclaimed the existence of that purpose, but I could get no audience and but little attention. Some did not believe it, and some were too much engaged in their own pursuits to give it any heed. They had gone to their farms or to their merchandise, and



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it was impossible to arouse any feeling in New England, or in Massachusetts, that should combine the two great political parties against this annexation; and, indeed, there was no hope of bringing the Northern Democracy into that view, for their leaning was all the other way. But, Sir, even with Whigs, and leading Whigs, I am ashamed to say, there was a great indifference towards the admission of Texas, with slave territory, into this Union.

The project went on. I was then out of Congress. The annexation resolutions passed on the 1st of March, 1845; the legislature of Texas complied with the conditions and accepted the guaranties; for the language of the resolution is, that Texas is to come in "upon the conditions and under the guaranties herein prescribed." I was returned to the Senate in March, 1845, and was here in December following, when the acceptance by Texas of the conditions proposed by Congress was communicated to us by the President, and an act for the consummation of the union was laid before the two houses. The connection was then not completed. A final law, doing the deed of annexation ultimately, had not been passed; and when it was put upon its final passage here, I expressed my opposition to it, and recorded my vote in the negative; and there that vote stands, with the observations that I made upon that occasion.⁵⁹ Nor is this the only occasion on which I have expressed myself to the same effect. It has happened that, between 1837 and this time, on various occasions, I have expressed my entire opposition to the admission of slave States, or the acquisition of new slave territories, to be added to the United States. I know, Sir, no change in my own sentiments, or my own purposes, in that respect. I will now ask my friend from Rhode Island to read another extract from a speech of mine made at a Whig Convention in Springfield, Massachusetts, in the month of September, 1847.

Mr. Greene here read the following extract:—

"We hear much just now of a *panacea* for the dangers and evils of slavery and slave annexation, which they call the 'Wilmot Proviso.' That certainly is a just sentiment, but it is not a sentiment to found any new party upon. It is not a sentiment on which Massachusetts Whigs differ. There is not a man in this hall who holds to it more firmly than I do, nor one who adheres to it more than another.

"I feel some little interest in this matter, Sir. Did not I commit myself in 1837 to the whole doctrine, fully, entirely? And I must be permitted to say that I cannot quite consent that more recent discoverers should claim the merit and take out a patent.

"I deny the priority of their invention. Allow me to say, Sir, it is not their thunder....

"We are to use the first and the last and every occasion which offers to oppose the extension of slave power.

"But I speak of it here, as in Congress, as a political question, a question for statesmen to act upon. We must so regard it. I certainly do not mean to say that it is less important in a moral point of view, that it is not more important in many other points of view; but as a legislator, or in any official capacity, I must look at it, consider it, and decide it as a matter of political

59. See the remarks on the admission of Texas in WEBSTER'S WORKS, Volume V, page 55.



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action.”

On other occasions, in debates here, I have expressed my determination to vote for no acquisition, cession, or annexation, north or south, east or west. My opinion has been, that we have territory enough, and that we should follow the Spartan maxim, “Improve, adorn what you have,” seek no further. I think that it was in some observations that I made on the three-million loan bill that I avowed this sentiment. In short, Sir, it has been avowed quite as often, in as many places, and before as many assemblies, as any humble opinions of mine ought to be avowed.

But now that, under certain conditions, Texas is in the Union, with all her territory, as a slave State, with a solemn pledge, also, that, if she shall be divided into many States, those States may come in as slave States south of 36° 30', how are we to deal with this subject? I know no way of honest legislation, when the proper time comes for the enactment, but to carry into effect all that we have stipulated to do. I do not entirely agree with my honorable friend from Tennessee [Mr. Bell], that, as soon as the time comes when she is entitled to another representative, we should create a new State. On former occasions, in creating new States out of territories, we have generally gone upon the idea that, when the population of the territory amounts to about sixty thousand, we would consent to its admission as a State. But it is quite a different thing when a State is divided, and two or more States made out of it. It does not follow in such a case that the same rule of apportionment should be applied. That, however, is a matter for the consideration of Congress, when the proper time arrives. I may not then be here; I may have no vote to give on the occasion; but I wish it to be distinctly understood, that, according to my view of the matter, this government is solemnly pledged, by law and contract, to create new States out of Texas, with her consent, when her population shall justify and call for such a proceeding, and, so far as such States are formed out of Texan territory lying south of 36° 30', to let them come in as slave States. That is the meaning of the contract which our friends, the Northern Democracy, have left us to fulfil; and I, for one, mean to fulfil it, because I will not violate the faith of the government. What I mean to say is, that the time for the admission of new States formed out of Texas, the number of such States, their boundaries, the requisite amount of population, and all other things connected with the admission, are in the free discretion of Congress, except this; to wit, that, when new States formed out of Texas are to be admitted, they have a right, by legal stipulation and contract, to come in as slave States. Now, as to California and New Mexico, I hold slavery to be excluded from those territories by a law even superior to that which admits and sanctions it in Texas. I mean the law of nature, of physical geography, the law of the formation of the earth. That law settles for ever, with a strength beyond all terms of human enactment, that slavery cannot exist in California or New Mexico. Understand me, Sir; I mean slavery as we regard it; the slavery of the colored race as it exists in the Southern States. I shall not discuss the point, but leave it to the learned gentlemen who have undertaken to discuss it; but I suppose there is no slavery of that description in California now. I understand that **peonism**, a sort of penal servitude, exists

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there, or rather a sort of voluntary sale of a man and his offspring for debt; an arrangement of a peculiar nature known to the law of Mexico. But what I mean to say is, that it is as impossible that African slavery, as we see it among us, should find its way, or be introduced, into California and New Mexico, as any other natural impossibility. California and New Mexico are Asiatic in their formation and scenery. They are composed of vast ridges of mountains, of great height, with broken ridges and deep valleys. The sides of these mountains are entirely barren; their tops capped by perennial snow. There may be in California, now made free by its constitution, and no doubt there are, some tracts of valuable land. But it is not so in New Mexico. Pray, what is the evidence which every gentleman must have obtained on this subject, from information sought by himself or communicated by others? I have inquired and read all I could find, in order to acquire information on this important subject. What is there in New Mexico that could, by any possibility, induce anybody to go there with slaves? There are some narrow strips of tillable land on the borders of the rivers; but the rivers themselves dry up before midsummer is gone. All that the people can do in that region is to raise some little articles, some little wheat for their *tortillas*, and that by irrigation. And who expects to see a hundred black men cultivating tobacco, corn, cotton, rice, or any thing else, on lands in New Mexico, made fertile only by irrigation?

I look upon it, therefore, as a fixed fact, to use the current expression of the day, that both California and New Mexico are destined to be free, so far as they are settled at all, which I believe, in regard to New Mexico, will be but partially for a great length of time; free by the arrangement of things ordained by the Power above us. I have therefore to say, in this respect also, that this country is fixed for freedom, to as many persons as shall ever live in it, by a less repealable law than that which attaches to the right of holding slaves in Texas; and I will say further, that, if a resolution or a bill were now before us, to provide a territorial government for New Mexico, I would not vote to put any prohibition into it whatever. Such a prohibition would be idle, as it respects any effect it would have upon the territory; and I would not take pains uselessly to reaffirm an ordinance of nature, nor to re-enact the will of God. I would put in no Wilmot Proviso for the mere purpose of a taunt or a reproach. I would put into it no evidence of the votes of superior power, exercised for no purpose but to wound the pride, whether a just and a rational pride, or an irrational pride, of the citizens of the Southern States. I have no such object, no such purpose. They would think it a taunt, an indignity; they would think it to be an act taking away from them what they regard as a proper equality of privilege. Whether they expect to realize any benefit from it or not, they would think it at least a plain theoretic wrong; that something more or less derogatory to their character and their rights had taken place. I propose to inflict no such wound upon anybody, unless something essentially important to the country, and efficient to the preservation of liberty and freedom, is to be effected. I repeat, therefore, Sir, and, as I do not propose to address the Senate often on this subject, I repeat it because I wish it to be distinctly understood, that, for the reasons stated, if a proposition were now here to establish a government for New



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Mexico, and it was moved to insert a provision for a prohibition of slavery, I would not vote for it.

Sir, if we were now making a government for New Mexico, and anybody should propose a Wilmot Proviso, I should treat it exactly as Mr. Polk treated that provision for excluding slavery from Oregon. Mr. Polk was known to be in opinion decidedly averse to the Wilmot Proviso; but he felt the necessity of establishing a government for the Territory of Oregon. The proviso was in the bill, but he knew it would be entirely nugatory; and, since it must be entirely nugatory, since it took away no right, no describable, no tangible, no appreciable right of the South, he said he would sign the bill for the sake of enacting a law to form a government in that Territory, and let that entirely useless, and, in that connection, entirely senseless, proviso remain. Sir, we hear occasionally of the annexation of Canada; and if there be any man, any of the Northern Democracy, or any one of the Free Soil party, who supposes it necessary to insert a Wilmot Proviso in a territorial government for New Mexico, that man would of course be of opinion that it is necessary to protect the everlasting snows of Canada from the foot of slavery by the same overspreading wing of an act of Congress. Sir, wherever there is a substantive good to be done, wherever there is a foot of land to be prevented from becoming slave territory, I am ready to assert the principle of the exclusion of slavery. I am pledged to it from the year 1837; I have been pledged to it again and again; and I will perform those pledges; but I will not do a thing unnecessarily that wounds the feelings of others, or that does discredit to my own understanding.

Now, Mr. President, I have established, so far as I proposed to do so, the proposition with which I set out, and upon which I intend to stand or fall; and that is, that the whole territory within the former United States, or in the newly acquired Mexican provinces, has a fixed and settled character, now fixed and settled by law which cannot be repealed,—in the case of Texas without a violation of public faith, and by no human power in regard to California or New Mexico; that, therefore, under one or other of these laws, every foot of land in the States or in the Territories has already received a fixed and decided character.

Mr. President, in the excited times in which we live, there is found to exist a state of crimination and recrimination between the North and South. There are lists of grievances produced by each, and those grievances, real or supposed, alienate the minds of one portion of the country from the other, exasperate the feelings, and subdue the sense of fraternal affection, patriotic love, and mutual regard. I shall bestow a little attention, Sir, upon these various grievances existing on the one side and on the other. I begin with complaints of the South. I will not answer, further than I have, the general statements of the honorable Senator from South Carolina, that the North has prospered at the expense of the South in consequence of the manner of administering this government, in the collecting of its revenues, and so forth. These are disputed topics, and I have no inclination to enter into them. But I will allude to other complaints of the South, and especially to one which has in my opinion just foundation; and that is, that there has been found at the North, among individuals and among legislators, a disinclination to perform fully their constitutional duties in



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regard to the return of persons bound to service who have escaped into the free States. In that respect, the South, in my judgment, is right, and the North is wrong. Every member of every Northern legislature is bound by oath, like every other officer in the country, to support the Constitution of the United States; and the article [Article IV, Section 2, § 2] of the Constitution which says to these States that they shall deliver up fugitives from service is as binding in honor and conscience as any other article. No man fulfils his duty in any legislature who sets himself to find excuses, evasions, escapes from this constitutional obligation. I have always thought that the Constitution addressed itself to the legislatures of the States or to the States themselves. It says that those persons escaping to other States "shall be delivered up," and I confess I have always been of the opinion that it was an injunction upon the States themselves. When it is said that a person escaping into another State, and coming therefore within the jurisdiction of that State, shall be delivered up, it seems to me the import of the clause is, that the State itself, in obedience to the Constitution, shall cause him to be delivered up. That is my judgment. I have always entertained that opinion, and I entertain it now. But when the subject, some years ago, was before the Supreme Court of the United States, the majority of the judges held that the power to cause fugitives from service to be delivered up was a power to be exercised under the authority of this government. I do not know, on the whole, that it may not have been a fortunate decision. My habit is to respect the result of judicial deliberations and the solemnity of judicial decisions. As it now stands, the business of seeing that these fugitives are delivered up resides in the power of Congress and the national judicature, and my friend at the head of the Judiciary Committee [Mr. Mason] has a bill on the subject now before the Senate, which, with some amendments to it, I propose to support, with all its provisions, to the fullest extent. And I desire to call the attention of all sober-minded men at the North, of all conscientious men, of all men who are not carried away by some fanatical idea or some false impression, to their constitutional obligations. I put it to all the sober and sound minds at the North as a question of morals and a question of conscience. What right have they, in their legislative capacity or any other capacity, to endeavor to get round this Constitution, or to embarrass the free exercise of the rights secured by the Constitution to the persons whose slaves escape from them? None at all; none at all. Neither in the forum of conscience, nor before the face of the Constitution, are they, in my opinion, justified in such an attempt. Of course it is a matter for their consideration. They probably, in the excitement of the times, have not stopped to consider of this. They have followed what seemed to be the current of thought and of motives, as the occasion arose, and they have neglected to investigate fully the real question, and to consider their constitutional obligations; which, I am sure, if they did consider, they would fulfil with alacrity. I repeat, therefore, Sir, that here is a well-founded ground of complaint against the North, which ought to be removed, which it is now in the power of the different departments of this government to remove; which calls for the enactment of proper laws authorizing the judicature of this government, in the several States, to do



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all that is necessary for the recapture of fugitive slaves and for their restoration to those who claim them. Wherever I go, and whenever I speak on the subject, and when I speak here I desire to speak to the whole North, I say that the South has been injured in this respect, and has a right to complain; and the North has been too careless of what I think the Constitution peremptorily and emphatically enjoins upon her as a duty. Complaint has been made against certain resolutions that emanate from legislatures at the North, and are sent here to us, not only on the subject of slavery in this District, but sometimes recommending Congress to consider the means of abolishing slavery in the States. I should be sorry to be called upon to present any resolutions here which could not be referable to any committee or any power in Congress; and therefore I should be unwilling to receive from the legislature of Massachusetts any instructions to present resolutions expressive of any opinion whatever on the subject of slavery, as it exists at the present moment in the States, for two reasons: first, because I do not consider that the legislature of Massachusetts has any thing to do with it; and next, because I do not consider that I, as her representative here, have any thing to do with it. It has become, in my opinion, quite too common; and if the legislatures of the States do not like that opinion, they have a great deal more power to put it down than I have to uphold it; it has become, in my opinion, quite too common a practice for the State legislatures to present resolutions here on all subjects and to instruct us on all subjects. There is no public man that requires instruction more than I do, or who requires information more than I do, or desires it more heartily; but I do not like to have it in too imperative a shape. I took notice, with pleasure, of some remarks made upon this subject, the other day, in the Senate of Massachusetts, by a young man of talent and character, of whom the best hopes may be entertained. I mean Mr. Hillard. He told the Senate of Massachusetts that he would vote for no instructions whatever to be forwarded to members of Congress, nor for any resolutions to be offered expressive of the sense of Massachusetts as to what her members of Congress ought to do. He said that he saw no propriety in one set of public servants giving instructions and reading lectures to another set of public servants. To his own master each of them must stand or fall, and that master is his constituents. I wish these sentiments could become more common. I have never entered into the question, and never shall, as to the binding force of instructions. I will, however, simply say this: if there be any matter pending in this body, while I am a member of it, in which Massachusetts has an interest of her own not adverse to the general interests of the country, I shall pursue her instructions with gladness of heart and with all the efficiency which I can bring to the occasion. But if the question be one which affects her interest, and at the same time equally affects the interests of all the other States, I shall no more regard her particular wishes or instructions than I should regard the wishes of a man who might appoint me an arbitrator or referee to decide some question of important private right between him and his neighbor, and then **instruct** me to decide in his favor. If ever there was a government upon earth it is this government, if ever there was a body upon earth it is this body, which should consider itself as composed by agreement of all, each member



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appointed by some, but organized by the general consent of all, sitting here, under the solemn obligations of oath and conscience, to do that which they think to be best for the good of the whole.

Then, Sir, there are the Abolition societies, of which I am unwilling to speak, but in regard to which I have very clear notions and opinions. I do not think them useful. I think their operations for the last twenty years have produced nothing good or valuable. At the same time, I believe thousands of their members to be honest and good men, perfectly well-meaning men. They have excited feelings; they think they must do something for the cause of liberty; and, in their sphere of action, they do not see what else they can do than to contribute to an Abolition press, or an Abolition society, or to pay an Abolition lecturer. I do not mean to impute gross motives even to the leaders of these societies; but I am not blind to the consequences of their proceedings. I cannot but see what mischiefs their interference with the South has produced. And is it not plain to every man? Let any gentleman who entertains doubts on this point recur to the debates in the Virginia House of Delegates in 1832, and he will see with what freedom a proposition made by Mr. Jefferson Randolph for the gradual abolition of slavery was discussed in that body. Every one spoke of slavery as he thought; very ignominious and disparaging names and epithets were applied to it. The debates in the House of Delegates on that occasion, I believe, were all published. They were read by every colored man who could read; and to those who could not read, those debates were read by others. At that time Virginia was not unwilling or afraid to discuss this question, and to let that part of her population know as much of the discussion as they could learn. That was in 1832. As has been said by the honorable member from South Carolina, these Abolition societies commenced their course of action in 1835. It is said, I do not know how true it may be, that they sent incendiary publications into the slave States; at any rate, they attempted to arouse, and did arouse, a very strong feeling; in other words, they created great agitation in the North against Southern slavery. Well, what was the result? The bonds of the slaves were bound more firmly than before, their rivets were more strongly fastened. Public opinion, which in Virginia had begun to be exhibited against slavery, and was opening out for the discussion of the question, drew back and shut itself up in its castle. I wish to know whether anybody in Virginia can now talk openly as Mr. Randolph, Governor McDowell, and others talked in 1832, and sent their remarks to the press? We all know the fact, and we all know the cause; and every thing that these agitating people have done has been, not to enlarge, but to restrain, not to set free, but to bind faster, the slave population of the South.⁶⁰

Again, Sir, the violence of the Northern press is complained of.

60. Letter from Mr. Webster to the editors of the National Intelligencer, enclosing extracts from a letter of the late Dr. Channing.

Washington, February 15, 1851.

MESSRS. GALES AND SEATON:—

Having occasion recently to look over some files of letters written several years ago, I happened to fall on one from the late Rev. Dr. W.E. Channing. It contains passages which I think, coming from such a source, and written at such a time, would be interesting to the country. I have therefore extracted them, and send them to you for publication in your columns.

Yours respectfully,

DANIEL WEBSTER.



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The press violent! Why, Sir, the press is violent everywhere. There are outrageous reproaches in the North against the South, and there are reproaches as vehement in the South against the North. Sir, the extremists of both parts of this country are violent; they mistake loud and violent talk for eloquence and for reason. They think that he who talks loudest reasons best. And this we must expect, when the press is free, as it is here, and I trust always will be; for, with all its licentiousness and all its evil, the entire and absolute freedom of the press is essential to the preservation of government on the basis of a free constitution. Wherever it exists there will be foolish and violent paragraphs in the newspapers, as there are, I am sorry to say, foolish and violent speeches in both houses of Congress. In truth, Sir, I must say that, in my opinion, the vernacular tongue of the country has become greatly vitiated, depraved, and corrupted by the style of our Congressional debates. And if it were possible for those debates to vitiate the principles of the people as much as they have depraved their tastes, I should cry out, "God save the Republic!"

Well, in all this I see no solid grievance, no grievance presented by the South, within the redress of the government, but the single one to which I have referred; and that is, the want of a proper regard to the injunction of the Constitution for the delivery of fugitive slaves.

There are also complaints of the North against the South. I need not go over them particularly. The first and gravest is, that the North adopted the Constitution, recognizing the existence of slavery in the States, and recognizing the right, to a certain extent, of the representation of slaves in Congress, under a state of sentiment and expectation which does not now exist; and that, by events, by circumstances, by the eagerness of the South to acquire territory and extend her slave population, the North finds itself, in regard to the relative influence of the South and the North, of the free States and the slave States, where it never did expect to find itself when they agreed to the compact of the Constitution. They complain, therefore, that, instead of slavery being regarded as an evil, as it was then, an evil which all hoped would be extinguished gradually, it is now regarded by the South as an institution to be cherished, and preserved, and extended; an institution which the South has already extended to the utmost of her power by the acquisition of new territory.

Well, then, passing from that, everybody in the North reads; and everybody reads whatsoever the newspapers contain; and the newspapers, some of them, especially those presses to which I have alluded, are careful to spread about among the people every reproachful sentiment uttered by any Southern man bearing at all against the North; every thing that is calculated to exasperate and to alienate; and there are many such things, as everybody will admit, from the South, or some portion of it, which are disseminated among the reading people; and they do exasperate, and alienate, and produce a most mischievous effect upon the public mind at the North. Sir, I would not notice things of this sort appearing in obscure quarters; but one thing has occurred in this debate which struck me very forcibly. An honorable member from Louisiana addressed us the other day on this subject. I suppose there is not a more amiable and worthy gentleman in this chamber, nor a gentleman who would be more



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slow to give offence to anybody, and he did not mean in his remarks to give offence. But what did he say? Why, Sir, he took pains to run a contrast between the slaves of the South and the laboring people of the North, giving the preference, in all points of condition, and comfort, and happiness, to the slaves of the South. The honorable member, doubtless, did not suppose that he gave any offence, or did any injustice. He was merely expressing his opinion. But does he know how remarks of that sort will be received by the laboring people of the North? Why, who are the laboring people of the North? They are the whole North. They are the people who till their own farms with their own hands; freeholders, educated men, independent men. Let me say, Sir, that five sixths of the whole property of the North is in the hands of the laborers of the North; they cultivate their farms, they educate their children, they provide the means of independence. If they are not freeholders, they earn wages; these wages accumulate, are turned into capital, into new freeholds, and small capitalists are created. Such is the case, and such the course of things, among the industrious and frugal. And what can these people think when so respectable and worthy a gentleman as the member from Louisiana undertakes to prove that the absolute ignorance and the abject slavery of the South are more in conformity with the high purposes and destiny of immortal, rational human beings, than the educated, the independent free labor of the North?

There is a more tangible and irritating cause of grievance at the North. Free blacks are constantly employed in the vessels of the North, generally as cooks or stewards. When the vessel arrives at a Southern port, these free colored men are taken on shore, by the police or municipal authority, imprisoned, and kept in prison till the vessel is again ready to sail. This is not only irritating, but exceedingly unjustifiable and oppressive. Mr. Hoar's mission, some time ago, to South Carolina, was a well-intended effort to remove this cause of complaint. The North thinks such imprisonments illegal and unconstitutional; and as the cases occur constantly and frequently, they regard it as a great grievance.

Now, Sir, so far as any of these grievances have their foundation in matters of law, they can be redressed, and ought to be redressed; and so far as they have their foundation in matters of opinion, in sentiment, in mutual crimination and recrimination, all that we can do is to endeavor to allay the agitation, and cultivate a better feeling and more fraternal sentiments between the South and the North.

Mr. President, I should much prefer to have heard from every member on this floor declarations of opinion that this Union could never be dissolved, than the declaration of opinion by anybody, that, in any case, under the pressure of any circumstances, such a dissolution was possible. I hear with distress and anguish the word "secession," especially when it falls from the lips of those who are patriotic, and known to the country, and known all over the world, for their political services. Secession! Peaceable secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without ruffling the surface! Who is so foolish, I beg everybody's pardon, as to expect to see any such thing? Sir, he who sees these States, now revolving in



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harmony around a common centre, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres, and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without causing the wreck of the universe. There can be no such thing as a peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility. Is the great Constitution under which we live, covering this whole country,—is it to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows on the mountain melt under the influence of a vernal sun, disappear almost unobserved, and run off? No, Sir! No, Sir! I will not state what might produce the disruption of the Union; but, Sir, I see as plainly as I see the sun in heaven what that disruption itself must produce; I see that it must produce war, and such a war as I will not describe, **in its twofold character.**

Peaceable secession! Peaceable secession! The concurrent agreement of all the members of this great republic to separate! A voluntary separation, with alimony on one side and on the other. Why, what would be the result? Where is the line to be drawn? What States are to secede? What is to remain American? What am I to be? An American no longer? Am I to become a sectional man, a local man, a separatist, with no country in common with the gentlemen who sit around me here, or who fill the other house of Congress? Heaven forbid! Where is the flag of the republic to remain? Where is the eagle still to tower? or is he to cower, and shrink, and fall to the ground? Why, Sir, our ancestors, our fathers and our grandfathers, those of them that are yet living amongst us with prolonged lives, would rebuke and reproach us; and our children and our grandchildren would cry out shame upon us, if we of this generation should dishonor these ensigns of the power of the government and the harmony of that Union which is every day felt among us with so much joy and gratitude. What is to become of the army? What is to become of the navy? What is to become of the public lands? How is each of the thirty States to defend itself? I know, although the idea has not been stated distinctly, there is to be, or it is supposed possible that there will be, a Southern Confederacy. I do not mean, when I allude to this statement, that any one seriously contemplates such a state of things. I do not mean to say that it is true, but I have heard it suggested elsewhere, that the idea has been entertained, that, after the dissolution of this Union, a Southern Confederacy might be formed. I am sorry, Sir, that it has ever been thought of, talked of, or dreamed of, in the wildest flights of human imagination. But the idea, so far as it exists, must be of a separation, assigning the slave States to one side and the free States to the other. Sir, I may express myself too strongly, perhaps, but there are impossibilities in the natural as well as in the physical world, and I hold the idea of a separation of these States, those that are free to form one government, and those that are slave-holding to form another, as such an impossibility. We could not separate the States by any such line, if we were to draw it. We could not sit down here to-day and draw a line of separation that would satisfy any five men in the country. There are natural causes that would keep and tie us together, and there are social and domestic relations which we could not break if we would, and which we should not if we could.



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Sir, nobody can look over the face of this country at the present moment, nobody can see where its population is the most dense and growing, without being ready to admit, and compelled to admit, that ere long the strength of America will be in the Valley of the Mississippi. Well, now, Sir, I beg to inquire what the wildest enthusiast has to say on the possibility of cutting that river in two, and leaving free States at its source and on its branches, and slave States down near its mouth, each forming a separate government? Pray, Sir, let me say to the people of this country, that these things are worthy of their pondering and of their consideration. Here, Sir, are five millions of freemen in the free States north of the river Ohio. Can anybody suppose that this population can be severed, by a line that divides them from the territory of a foreign and an alien government, down somewhere, the Lord knows where, upon the lower banks of the Mississippi? What would become of Missouri? Will she join the *arrondissement* of the slave States? Shall the man from the Yellowstone and the Platte be connected, in the new republic, with the man who lives on the southern extremity of the Cape of Florida? Sir, I am ashamed to pursue this line of remark. I dislike it, I have an utter disgust for it. I would rather hear of natural blasts and mildews, war, pestilence, and famine, than to hear gentlemen talk of secession. To break up this great government! to dismember this glorious country! to astonish Europe with an act of folly such as Europe for two centuries has never beheld in any government or any people! No, Sir! no, Sir! There will be no secession! Gentlemen are not serious when they talk of secession.

Sir, I hear there is to be a convention held at Nashville. I am bound to believe that, if worthy gentlemen meet at Nashville in convention, their object will be to adopt conciliatory counsels; to advise the South to forbearance and moderation, and to advise the North to forbearance and moderation; and to inculcate principles of brotherly love and affection, and attachment to the Constitution of the country as it now is. I believe, if the convention meet at all, it will be for this purpose; for certainly, if they meet for any purpose hostile to the Union, they have been singularly inappropriate in their selection of a place. I remember, Sir, that, when the treaty of Amiens was concluded between France and England, a sturdy Englishman and a distinguished orator, who regarded the conditions of the peace as ignominious to England, said in the House of Commons, that, if King William could know the terms of that treaty, he would turn in his coffin! Let me commend this saying of Mr. Windham, in all its emphasis and in all its force, to any persons who shall meet at Nashville for the purpose of concerting measures for the overthrow of this Union over the bones of Andrew Jackson! Sir, I wish now to make two remarks, and hasten to a conclusion. I wish to say, in regard to Texas, that if it should be hereafter, at any time, the pleasure of the government of Texas to cede to the United States a portion, larger or smaller, of her territory which lies adjacent to New Mexico, and north of 36° 30' of north latitude, to be formed into free States, for a fair equivalent in money or in the payment of her debt, I think it an object well worthy the consideration of Congress, and I shall be happy to concur in it myself, if I should have a connection with the government at that time.

I have one other remark to make. In my observations upon slavery



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as it has existed in this country, and as it now exists, I have expressed no opinion of the mode of its extinguishment or melioration. I will say, however, though I have nothing to propose, because I do not deem myself so competent as other gentlemen to take any lead on this subject, that if any gentleman from the South shall propose a scheme, to be carried on by this government upon a large scale, for the transportation of free colored people to any colony or any place in the world, I should be quite disposed to incur almost any degree of expense to accomplish that object. Nay, Sir, following an example set more than twenty years ago by a great man [Mr. Rufus King], then a Senator from New York, I would return to Virginia, and through her to the whole South, the money received from the lands and territories ceded by her to this government, for any such purpose as to remove, in whole or in part, or in any way to diminish or deal beneficially with, the free colored population of the Southern States. I have said that I honor Virginia for her cession of this territory. There have been received into the treasury of the United States eighty millions of dollars, the proceeds of the sales of the public lands ceded by her. If the residue should be sold at the same rate, the whole aggregate will exceed two hundred millions of dollars. If Virginia and the South see fit to adopt any proposition to relieve themselves from the free people of color among them, or such as may be made free, they have my full consent that the government shall pay them any sum of money out of the proceeds of that cession which may be adequate to the purpose.

And now, Mr. President, I draw these observations to a close. I have spoken freely, and I meant to do so. I have sought to make no display. I have sought to enliven the occasion by no animated discussion, nor have I attempted any train of elaborate argument. I have wished only to speak my sentiments, fully and at length, being desirous, once and for all, to let the Senate know, and to let the country know, the opinions and sentiments which I entertain on all these subjects. These opinions are not likely to be suddenly changed. If there be any future service that I can render to the country, consistently with these sentiments and opinions, I shall cheerfully render it. If there be not, I shall still be glad to have had an opportunity to disburden myself from the bottom of my heart, and to make known every political sentiment that therein exists.

And now, Mr. President, instead of speaking of the possibility or utility of secession, instead of dwelling in those caverns of darkness, instead of groping with those ideas so full of all that is horrid and horrible, let us come out into the light of day; let us enjoy the fresh air of Liberty and Union; let us cherish those hopes which belong to us; let us devote ourselves to those great objects that are fit for our consideration and our action; let us raise our conceptions to the magnitude and the importance of the duties that devolve upon us; let our comprehension be as broad as the country for which we act, our aspirations as high as its certain destiny; let us not be pygmies in a case that calls for men. Never did there devolve on any generation of men higher trusts than now devolve upon us, for the preservation of this Constitution and the harmony and peace of all who are destined to live under it. Let us make our generation one of the strongest and brightest links in that golden chain which is destined, I fondly believe, to grapple the



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people of all the States to this Constitution for ages to come. We have a great, popular, constitutional government, guarded by law and by judicature, and defended by the affections of the whole people. No monarchical throne presses these States together, no iron chain of military power encircles them; they live and stand under a government popular in its form, representative in its character, founded upon principles of equality, and so constructed, we hope, as to last for ever. In all its history it has been beneficent; it has trodden down no man's liberty; it has crushed no State. Its daily respiration is liberty and patriotism; its yet youthful veins are full of enterprise, courage, and honorable love of glory and renown. Large before, the country has now, by recent events, become vastly larger. This republic now extends, with a vast breadth, across the whole continent. The two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore. We realize, on a mighty scale, the beautiful description of the ornamental border of the buckler of Achilles:-

“Now, the broad shield complete, the artist crowned
With his last hand, and poured the ocean round;
In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.”

April: Eugene Ring went off to be a gold miner. His friends Henry H. and John M. Tappan went along with him, and would remain (their names would be registered in the US Census of Population for Mariposa County, [California](#) on November 9th, 1850).

April 1, Monday: Charles Gounod signed his 1st contract to produce an opera, with librettist Emile Augier and Nestor Roqueplan, director of the Paris Opéra. This would be Sapho.

In the case *in re* the Commonwealth of Massachusetts v. [John White Webster](#), a jury of his peers having found him guilty of the crime of murder in the first degree, the convicted man was sentenced to be [hanged](#) by the neck at a time and a place to be approved by the authorities, until he be dead.

President Jared Sparks of Harvard College, and Professor Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, would visit the prisoner in his cell in the Leverett Street lockup (since demolished).

John C. Hays was elected Sheriff of San Francisco, [California](#).



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May 7, Tuesday: The steamer *Creole*, with Narciso López and about 650 men, left [New Orleans](#), ostensibly headed for [California](#) by way of Chagres.⁶¹

[Nathaniel Hawthorne](#), who was a frequenter of a saloon-restaurant known as “Parker’s” in downtown Boston, there made an observation which he entered into his journal, which he would find useful in constructing “Old Moodie,” one of the characters in his *THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE*:

Walking the side-walk, in front of this grog shop of Parkers, (or, sometimes, in cold or rainy days, taking his station inside) there is generally to be observed an elderly ragamuffin, in a dingy and battered hat, an old surtout, and a more than shabby general aspect; a thin face and red-nose, a patch over one eye, and the other half-drowned in moisture; he leans in a slightly stooped posture on a stick, forlorn and silent, addressing nobody, but fixing his one moist eye on you with a certain intentness. He is a man who has been in decent circumstances at some former period of life, but, falling into decay, (perhaps by dint of too frequent visits at Parker’s bar) he now haunts about the place, (as a ghost haunts the spot where he was murdered) to “collect his rents,” as Parker says – that is, to catch an occasional ninepence from some charitable acquaintance, or a glass of liquor at the bar. The word “ragamuffin,” which I have used above, does not accurately express the man; because there is a sort of shadow or delusion of respectability about him; and a sobriety, too, and kind of decency, in his groggy and red-nosed destitution.

61. By going to Chagres, López was expecting to evade the Neutrality law of 1818, which had interdicted military expeditions against powers at peace with the United States of America from being launched from the actual soil of the United States of America.



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One is left, by the general tone of the above, with an estimate that [Nathaniel](#) would not himself have been among the “charitable acquaintances” paying an occasional ninepence rent to such a person — but let us hope at the very least that he was not in the habit of fending off his character with an umbrella.

Old Moodie

THE evening before my departure for Blithedale, I was returning to my bachelor-apartments, after attending the wonderful exhibition of the Veiled Lady, when an elderly-man of rather shabby appearance met me in an obscure part of the street...

“Mr. Coverdale! — Mr. Coverdale!” said he, repeating my name twice, in order to make up for the hesitating and ineffectual way in which he uttered it — “I ask your pardon, sir — but I hear you are going to Blithedale tomorrow?”

I knew the pale, elderly face, with the red-tipt nose, and the patch over one eye, and likewise saw something characteristic in the old fellow’s way of standing under the arch of a gate, only revealing enough of himself to make me recognize him as an acquaintance. He was a very shy personage, this Mr. Moodie; and the trait was the more singular, as his mode of getting his bread necessarily brought him into the stir and hubbub of the world, more than the generality of men.

“Yes, Mr. Moodie,” I answered, wondering what interest he could take in the fact, “it is my intention to go to Blithedale tomorrow. Can I be of any service to you, before my departure?”

“If you pleased, Mr. Coverdale,” said he, “you might do me a very great favor.”

August 13, Tuesday: The Cincinnati [Gazette](#) printed [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#)’s letter explaining his ill health and expressing a desire that no fuss be made about his arrival in America.

[Senator Jefferson Davis](#) voted against the admission of [California](#) to our federal union. (Nobody was going to get away with sneaking in racial justice –not under this man’s nose –no siree Bob!)



1851

June 11, Wednesday: 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 a noose about his neck](#).

[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.



June 11, Wednesday: Last night –a beautiful summer night not too warm moon not quite full⁶² –after 2 or 3 rainy days. Walked to Fair Haven by RR returning by Potter’s pasture & Sudbury Road. I feared at first that there would be too much white light –like the pale remains of day light –and not a yellow gloomy dreamier light –that it would be like a candle light by day but when I got away from the town & deeper into the night, it was better. I hear whipporwills & see a few fire flies in the meadow
I saw by the shadows cast by the inequalities of the clayey sand-bank in the Deep Cut, that it was necessary to see objects by moon light –as well as sunlight –to get a complete notion of them– This bank had looked much more flat by day when the light was stronger, but now the heavy shadows revealed its prominences. The prominences are light made more remarkable by the dark shadows which they cast.
When I rose out of the deep Cut into the old Pigeon place field, I rose into a warmer stratum of air it being lighter. It told of the day, of sunny noon tide hours, an air in which work had been done –which men had breathed. It still remembered the sunny banks –of the laborer wiping his brow –of the bee humming amid flowers –the hum of insects Here is a puff of warmer air which has taken its station on the hills which has come up from the sultry plains of noon
I hear the nighthawks uttering their squeaking notes high in the air now at nine o’clock PM –and occasionally what I do not remember to have heard so late –their booming note. It sounds more as if under a cope than by day –the sound is not so fugacious going off to be lost amid the spheres but is echoed hollowly to earth –making the low roof of heaven vibrate– a sound is more confused & dissipated by day.
The whipporwill suggests how wide asunder the woods & the town– Its note is very rarely heard by those who live on the street, and then it is thought to be of ill omen –only the dwellers on the outskirts of the village –hear it occasionally– It sometimes comes into their yards– But go into the woods in a warm night at this season – & 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.

62. The moon would be full on the night of the 12th.



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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 enclosed 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.⁶³

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.⁶⁴

My shadow has the distinctness of a 2nd person —a certain black companion bordering on the imp —and I ask “Who is this?” Which I see dodging behind me as I am about to sit down on a rock

No one to my knowledge has observed the minute differences in the seasons— Hardly two nights are alike— The rocks do not feel warm tonight for the air is warmest —nor does the sand particularly. A Book of the seasons — each page of which should be written in its own season & out of doors or in its own locality wherever it may be— When you get into the road though far from the town & feel the sand under your feet —it is as if you had reached your own gravel-walk —you no longer hear the whipporwill nor regard your shadow —for here you expect a fellow traveller— You catch yourself walking merely The road leads your steps & thoughts alike to the town— You see only the path & your thoughts wander from the objects which are presented to your senses— You are no longer in place.

In [Charles Darwins](#) Voyage of a Naturalist round the World —commenced in 1831— He gave to Ehrenberg some of an impalpably fine dust which filled the air at sea near the Cape de Verd Islands & he found it to consist in great part of “infusoria with siliceous shields, and of the siliceous tissue of plants” —found in this 67 dif organic forms.— The infusoria with 2 exceptions inhabitants of fresh water. Vessels have even run on shore owing to the obscurity. Is seen a thousand miles from Africa— 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 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

63. This appears to be Thoreau's first mention of the mysterious night warbler.



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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

64. William M. White’s version of the journal entry is:

*So still and moderate is the night!
No scream is heard, whether of fear or joy.
No great comedy nor tragedy is being enacted.
The chirping of crickets is the most universal,
If not the loudest, sound.
There is no French Revolution in Nature,
No excess.
She is warmer or colder by a degree or two.*

*By night no flowers,
At least no variety of colors.
The pinks are no longer pink;
They only shine faintly,
Reflecting more light.
Instead of flowers underfoot,
Stars overhead.*

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these great beds occur, nothing else can now live. – – I doubt whether any case is on record of an invasion on so grand a scale of one plant over the aborigines.”

Horses first landed at the La Plata in 1535 Now these, with cattle & sheep have altered the whole aspect of the country vegetation &c.– “The wild pig in some parts probably replaces the peccari; packs of wild dogs may be heard howling on the wooded banks of the less frequented streams; and the common cat, altered into a large and fierce animal, inhabits rocky hills.”

At sea eye being 6 ft above level horizon is $2\frac{4}{5}$ miles dist. “In like manner, the more level the plain, the more nearly does the horizon approach within these narrow limits; and this, in my opinion, entirely destroys that grandeur which one would have imagined that a vast level plain would have possessed.”

Darwin found a tooth of a *native horse* contemporary with the mastodon –on the Pampas of Buenos Ayres – though he says there is good evidence against any horse living in America at the time of Columbus– He speaks of their remains being common in N America. Owen has found Darwin’s tooth similar to one Lyell brought from the U States –but unlike any other fossil or living & named this American horse *equus curvidens* –from a slight but peculiar curvature in it.

The great table land of Southern Mexico makes the division between N & S America with ref. to the migration of animals

Quotes Capt. Owen’s Surveying voyage for saying that at the town of Benguela on the west coast of Africa in a time of great drought a number of elephants entered in a body to possess themselves of the wells, after a desperate conflict & the loss of one man the inhabitants –3000 –drove them off. During a great drought in India says Dr Malcomson, “a hare drank out of a vessel held by the adjutant of the regiment.”

The Guanacos wild llama –& other animals of this genus –have the habit of dropping their dung from day to day in the same heap– The Peruvian Indians use it for fuel and are thus aided in collecting it.

Rowing up a stream which takes its rise in a mountain you meet at last with pebbles which have been washed down from it when many miles distant. I love to think of this kind of introduction to it.

The only quadruped native to the Falkland Islands is a large wolf-like fox. As far as he is aware, “there is no other instance in any part of the world of so small a mass of broken land, distant from a continent, possessing so large an aboriginal quadruped peculiar to itself.”

In the Falkland Isles where other fuel is scarce they frequently cook their beef with the bones from which the meat has been scraped

Also They have “a green little bush about the size of common heath, which has the useful property of burning while fresh & green.”

Saw a cormorant play with its fishy prey as a cat with a mouse, 8 times let it go & dive after it again.

Seminal propagation produces a more original individual than that by buds layers & grafts.

Some inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego having got some putrid whale’s blubber in time of famine “an old man cut off thin slices and muttering over them, broiled them for a minute, and distributed them to the famished party, who during this time preserved a profound silence.” This was the only evidence of any religious worship among them. It suggests that even the animals may have something divine in them & akin to revelation. Some inspiration, allying them to man as to God.

“Nor is it easy to teach them our superiority except by striking a fatal blow. Like wild beasts they do not appear to compare numbers; for each individual, if attacked, instead of retiring, will endeavor to dash your brains out with a stone, as certainly as a tiger under similar circumstances would tear you.”

“We were well clothed, and though sitting close to the fire, were far from too warm; yet these naked savages, though further off, were observed, to our great surprise, to be streaming with perspiration 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



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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.

July 11, Friday: 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.⁶⁵ 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 our walking in the fields –and on other accounts that direction is not so attractive. We go toward Bear Garden Hill.⁶⁶ 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

65. Actually, this was the night of the full moon. At 7PM there was no flatness whatever on the eastern side:



66. In recent years Bear Garden Hill has been proposed for a condo complex, to accompany the office development that had been proposed for Brister's Hill (but which has since been defeated).



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& preserves a distinct existence –& in his absence he reflects & represents him –not without adding some new quality to his light –not servile & never rival– As the master withdraws himself the disciple who was a pale cloud before begins to emit a silvery light –acquiring at last a tinge of golden as the darkness deepens, but not enough to scorch the seeds which have been planted or to dry up the fertilising dews which are falling.

BAKER FARM

Passing now near Well meadow head toward Bakers orchard– The sweet fern & Indigo weed fill the path up to ones middle wetting us with dews so high The leaves are shining & flowing– We wade through the luxuriant vegetation seeing no bottom– Looking back toward the cliffs some dead trees in the horizon high on the rocks make a wild New Hampshire prospect. There is the faintest possible mist over the pond holes, where the frogs are eructating –like the falling of huge drops –the bursting of mephitic air bubbles rising from the bottom –a sort of blubbering Such conversation as I *have* heard between men.– a belching conversation expressing a sympathy of stomachs & abdomens. The peculiar appearance of the Indigo weed, its misty massiveness is striking. In Baker’s Orchard the thick grass looks like a sea of mowing in this weird moonlight –a bottomless sea of grass– our feet must be imaginative –must know the earth in imagination only as well as our heads. We sit on the fence, & where it is broken & interrupted the fallen & slanting rails are lost in the grass (really thin & wiry) as in water. We ever see our tracks a long way behind, where we have brushed off the dew. The clouds are peculiarly wispy wispy tonight some what like fine flames –not massed and dark nor downy –not thick but slight thin wisps of mist–

BAKER FARM

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–

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 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. And now at half past 10 o’clock I hear the cockrils crow in Hubbard’s barns.– and morning is already anticipated. It is the feathered wakeful thought in us that anticipates the following day. This sound is wonderfully exhilarating at all times. These birds are worth far more to me for their crowing & cackling –than for their drumsticks & eggs. How singular the connexion of the hen with man, that she leaves her eggs in his barns always –she is a domestic fowl though still a little shyish of him– I cannot looking at the whole as an experiment still and wondering that in each case it succeeds. There is no doubt at last but hens may be kept – they will put there eggs in your barn –by a tacit agreement– They will not wander far from your yard.

JAMES BAKER

August 19, Tuesday: 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, [California](#) 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

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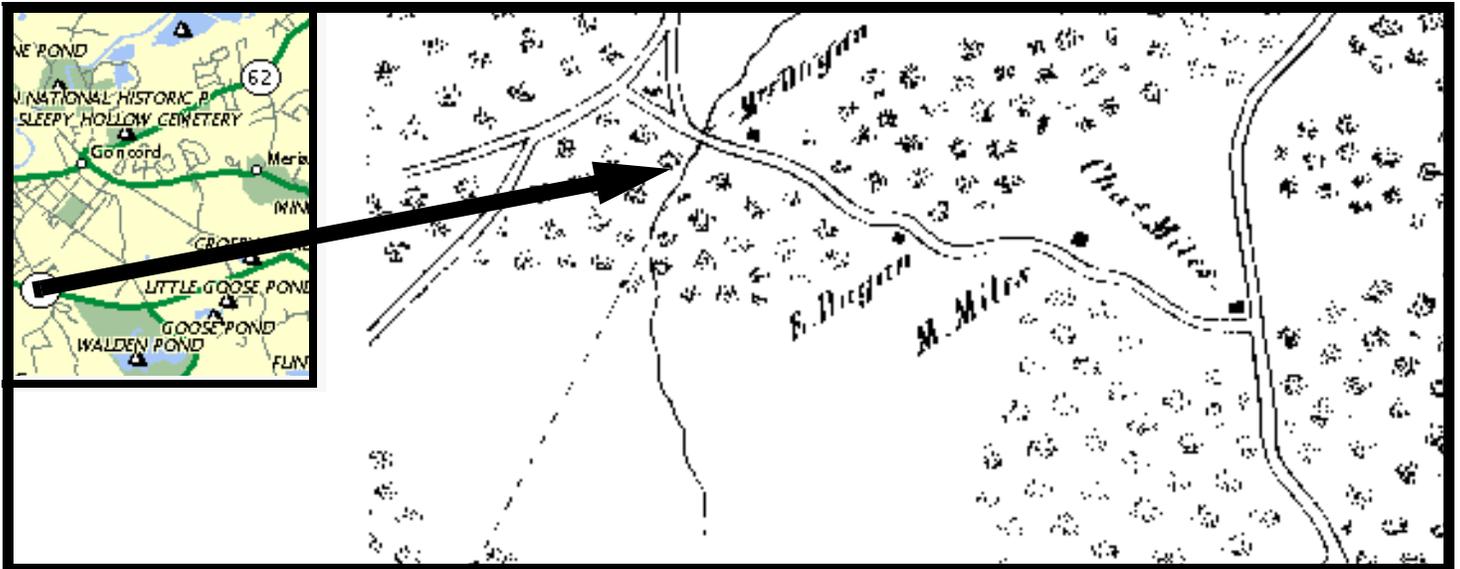
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reminds me of those monkeys which cling by their tails –aye whose tails contract about the limbs –even the dead limbs of the forest and they hang suspended beyond the hunters reach long after they are dead It is of no use to argue with such men They 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.”

CUVIER

PM to Marlboro Road via Clamshell Hill –Jenny Dugan’s –Round Pond Canoe Birch road (Dea Dakins) & White Pond.–



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



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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**  *Carduelis 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 & there are tufts pulled up as if by the mouth of cows.

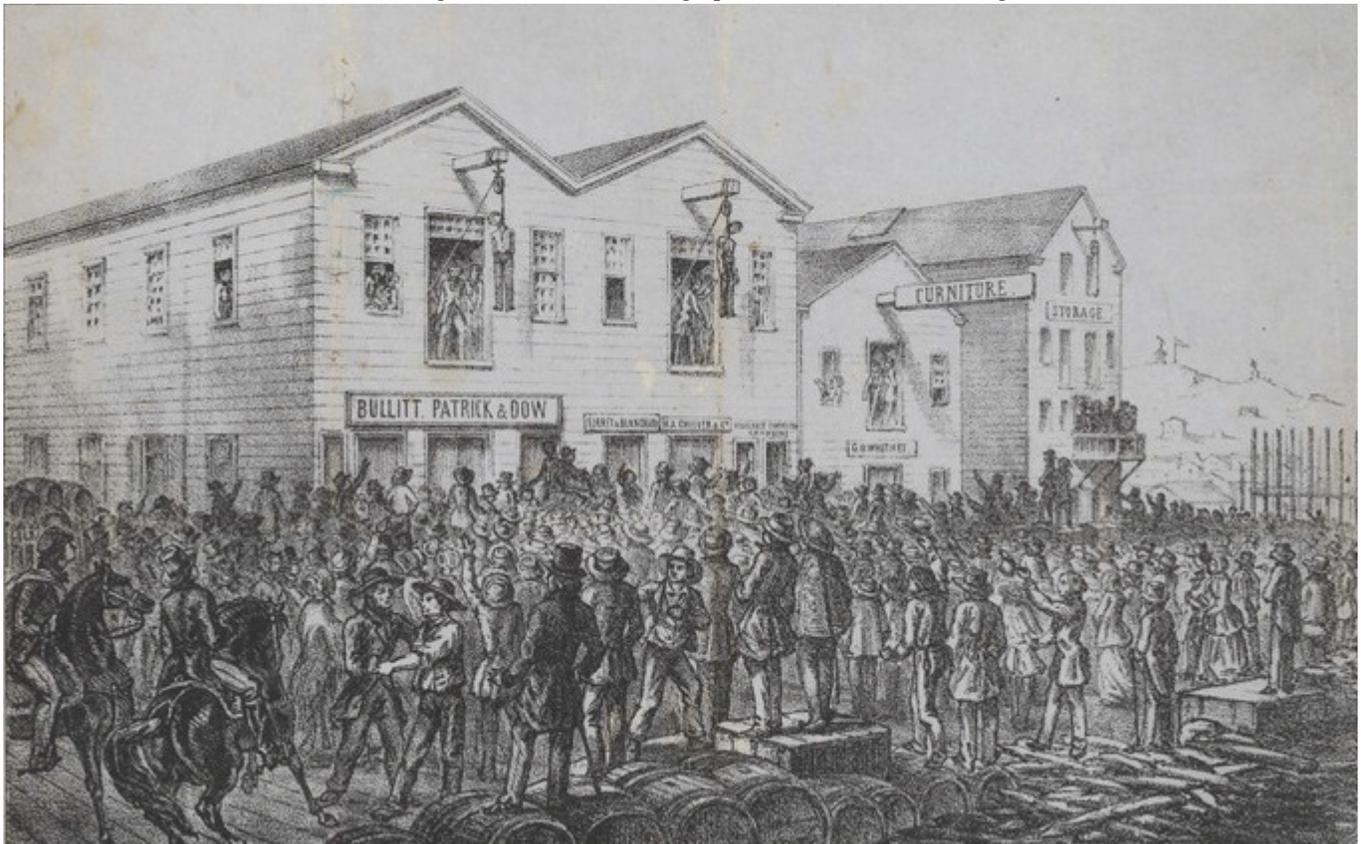
Small rough sunflower by side of road between Canoe birch & white pond. *Helianthus divaricatus*.

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Lespedeza capitata, shrubby Lespedeza White pond road & Marl. road
 “ Polystachya, Hairy “ Corner Road beyond Hub’s Bridge.⁶⁷

August 24, Sunday: 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.



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

67.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.



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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!



—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 be found. Where the chokeberries 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.

Fall: The Hutchinson Family Singers started on what was to be their grandest tour yet. But Judson Hutchinson's behavior became quite erratic, finally bringing the westward trip to an early close. Judson's mental illness became a matter of public discussion. It was at this time that Abby Hutchinson retired from her career as a touring musician. "Gifted, earnest, noble, true, with a magnificent voice, the light of our lives, the joy of our hearts, does any one wonder that it was a crushing blow to her brothers –a life-long sorrow– when one who did so much to make the family's work successful was compelled by her devotion to the man to whom she had given her heart to withdraw from it?" That was the official explanation of Abby's retirement, as recorded by John W. Hutchinson; but available evidence leads to a conclusion that her chronic poor health was likely the main consideration. A few weeks later, Jesse wrote the lyrics for a reform anthem that would remain in the family's repertoire into the 20th Century. Like many of the Hutchinsons' best originals, "Right Over Wrong" wed Jesse Hutchinson's verses to Judson's music.

Behold the day of promise comes, Full of inspiration:
The blessed day by prophets sung For the healing of the nation.
Old midnight errors flee away, They soon will all be gone,
While heavenly angels seem to say The good time's coming on.
The good time, the good time, The good time's coming on,
The good time, the good time, The good time's coming on.



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Jesse Hutchinson had gone spiritualist. Asa Hutchinson and John W. Hutchinson were so fearful that this preoccupation of Jesse's would destabilize Judson Hutchinson's precarious mental condition, which, although it once had contributed to the whimsical, eccentric charm of his comic and musical work, had led to troubling behavior, that they discontinued Jesse as their business agent. Jesse therefore went to [California](#) with another touring musical group — and would die of Panama fever on the way back home.

This musical family's main thing had always been temperance and, in general, faith-inspired moral reform, the ultimate PC causes with which there could be no disagreement, but their following had begun to include so many abolitionists, and they were being asked for "Get Off the Track!" so very often, that Asa became adamant that they were going to sing antislavery before any and all audiences, friendly or hostile, come what may — and once they started singing against slavery and discovered both that they could get away with this and that this was profitable to them, other crusades began to come to their attention as well. They would use their talent and fame to promote, among many causes, woman suffrage and even the Abraham Lincoln presidential campaign.

September 3, Wednesday: 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, [California](#), and would serve until June 17, 1853.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was reading James Wilkinson.⁶⁸



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

68. 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.



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& 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 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 mans 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. 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 not withstanding 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 spurge Euphorbia Maculata apparently out of blossom— Shepherd's purse & 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

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seated! Can they be said to be inhabitants of this globe. Will they be content to inhabit heaven thus partially?

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October 17, Thursday: [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote something in his journal on this day that Dr. Alfred I. Tauber would come to consider relevant to an understanding of his attitude toward time and eternity: "In all my travels I never came to the abode of the present."



TIME AND ETERNITY

The journal indicates that Thoreau had been reading in a book new to that year from Stacy's Circulating Library of Concord, *THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA*. BY [REV. WALTER COLTON](#), U.S.N. LATE ALCALDE OF MONTEREY; AUTHOR OF "DECK AND PORT," ETC., ETC. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS. (New York: Published by A.S. Barnes & Co., No. 51 John-street; Cincinnati:—H.W. Derby & Co.).



A United States deserter, from the fort at Monterey, on his way to the mines, upon the back of a mule which the Vulture claims.

3 YEARS IN CALIFORNIA



October 17: I observed today (Oct 17th) the small blueberry bushes by the path side –now blood red –full of white blossoms as in the spring. The blossoms of spring contrasting strangely with the leaves of autumn.– The former seemed to have expanded from sympathy with the maturity of the leaves.
[Walter Colton](#) in his California says “age is no certain evidence of merit–, since folly runs to seed as fast as wisdom”.

The imagination never forgives an insult.

October 25, Friday: Eugene Ring returned to San Francisco, [California](#).

November 8, Friday: Eugene Ring decided to spend the winter in Panama, and to return in the spring to the mines in [California](#). He embarked in San Francisco on the barque *Powhatten*.

[Caroline H. Dall](#)’s open letter to Mrs. [Paulina Wright Davis](#), president of the Worcester Convention, appeared in [The Liberator](#):

Every thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigor for its characteristics;
nothing is safe but mediocrity.

— Sydney Smith

I do not know, my dear Mrs. Davis, whether you will thank me for addressing to you the words of encouragement which I find it necessary to give to the movement lately commenced at Worcester. But it is because I feel grateful to you, whom I do not personally know, that I find it necessary to do so. I thank you for the able, prudent and graceful address with which you opened the Convention. It is of immense importance that an effort of this kind should be made in a spirit of gentleness, which shall give the immediate lie to the slanders most probable concerning it. The popular idea of such a movement is, that woman expects



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to be reinstated in her rights by trampling upon man's – that nothing can be claimed for her but what is stolen from him. The truth is, that woman desires merely to be left free to act according to the demands of her nature, as man is; and she desires this, not for her sake, merely, but for his. She desires it for no individual and selfish gratification, but because well convinced that the great work of civilization cannot, otherwise, go on; that the world will suffer, and its spirit grow blustering and 'mannish' for lack of the feminine elements. What she wants is not woman's rights, but human rights; not power for herself, but for her race. The popular idea is, that the women immediately engaged in this reform expect to reap personal advantages from it. The truth is, that a more thankless task was never undertaken than theirs.

Women are shocked at those of their own sex, who speak freely of the social evils which grow out of the present condition of affairs, and husbands, brothers and lovers talk to those who love them best, as if no better motive than the love of notoriety could ever lead to such a result. No – it is our stern duty to insist upon the privilege of an education for women yet to be born, which we can never share; to claim that control over our own earning which we are, few of us, in a condition to profit by; to bear witness to an influence which the world needs, without ever hoping for a wide opportunity to exert it. And I am well aware that, in spite of the womanly tone that I desire we should preserve in doing this, there will be moments when, for the sake of our down-trodden and suffering sisters, we must needs speak stern and bitter truth. I am especially anxious that those who feel as if bound to speak in this matter should show themselves womanly and delicate, and capable of fulfilling, as they should be fulfilled, the duties of mother, wife and sister. Let no slattern seek the public gaze, claiming for a wider sphere of duty, when it may be easily seen that she is not faithful to the narrow field lying just about her. Let no scolding wife, nor impatient mother, bring her neglected home and moaning little ones before our view, by crying out for a license that she has already taken.

It does not seem to be generally understood that a woman's duty is determined by what are popularly called her rights. Men are little aware how much woman would help them bear the burden of life, if they had not themselves prescribed for her so low an ideal. It is the low ideal of woman's nature which prevails in society, that lies at the bottom of the most serious evils in it. I do not mean at this moment, snatched from hours of suffering which unfit me for any thorough discussion of the subject, to speak at length of woman's possibilities; to assert that her intellect may climb like Lucifer, yet never fall; that her voice may quell a political storm, yet never grow harsh or noisy; for I hold such questions to be of small importance. When we have given to women all the advantages of education, and the same freedom of action which are given to men, it will be time enough to discuss what they may naturally become. We cannot contravene the laws of God. Let us leave woman free; and if, in her first efforts to go alone, she trip like the nursling just out of her arms, there is no fear that she will perserveringly attempt a work for which she is too weak, or desire a field of action unsuited to her natural powers. Those who are contented with the present condition of the sex, need not dread any thing



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that may come after. Many women who have no desire for political influence, might be driven to exert it, if they found they could defeat a Fugitive Slave Bill, but no harm can come of investing them with open and sacred responsibility in regard to matters over which they now have a secret and dangerous power.

First of all, I am desirous that the women of this country should claim fitting provision for their own education. It is a stale truth now, that the safety of a republic depends upon the intelligence of its citizens; for the time is coming when the means of education, being wholly inefficient, the welfare of this republic, and the character of its citizens, will depend chiefly upon its mothers. Few persons know how difficult it is for a woman to procure an education. What is barely possible to wealth, is wholly impossible to poverty. Even men who teach mathematics and the languages to both sexes, teach them superficially to women, and take no pains to lay a solid foundation for such superstructures as they may afterward wish to rear. I speak from experience, for no money was spent on my own education, and I am, to this hour, daily mortified by its insufficiency, and the bad modes of investigation into which I was allowed to fall. If the poorer class of females in a community could receive a good education, they would be able to earn a living more successfully than they are now, and many of them would be spared lives of ignominy and sin. Now that the laws of Massachusetts have been somewhat altered with regard to property, I think that the subject next in importance is that of the rates of remuneration paid to women. It seems to me that the men and women in this country should imperatively demand, that when women do the same work as men, and are even acknowledged to do it better, they should be paid at the same rate. Why I feel particularly interested in this matter, will partly appear from the following remarks.

In every large city, there is a class of women, whose existence is a terror and reproach to the land in which they are born; whose name no modest woman is supposed to know; whose very breath is thought to poison the air of the sanctuary. I pass over the fact, so generally ignored, that there is a class of men corresponding to these women, and far viler in the sight of God, I doubt not. I avoid dwelling on the social death which is the lot of these miserable creatures, and which is often the reward of their first efforts for a better life. I know that many whom I love will blame me bitterly for speaking on this subject at all, but that blame I must bear as God permits, for I feel bound to draw your attention to a few facts. Whatever elevates woman will diminish this class; but proper remuneration for her labor would draw many from it at once, almost all, in fact, who had not reached the lowest deep. Most women, -if they dare to think about them at all,- suppose that these miserable creatures are always the victims of their own bad natures, or want of principle; that they find their life a life of pleasure, and that they would not forsake it if they could, unless under the influence of religious conviction. If such thinkers would study their own unpolluted natures more closely, they would understand the position of the despised class far better than they do; and the more intelligent and religious they themselves become, the more distinctly will they perceive, that to undertake the regeneration of such, is imperatively the duty of the women rather than the men of the community.



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The facts of the matter, for which I refer you to Duchatelet in Paris, and James Talbot and Dr. Ryan in London, are these: — Nine-tenths of the women of this class in any community will be found to consist of two sub-divisions. First, those who are born to this life as naturally and inevitably as the robin is born to cleave the air. Of such are foundlings, orphans, and the children of the extremely poor, whose habits of lodging are fatal to modesty, in most instances. Second, those who began life honestly, but were compelled to sell themselves for bread. Of such are young exposed persons afraid to die, widows with large families dependent upon them, and single women burdened with the care of the infirm or aged. Many of this class have been known to leave this wretched life for months together, when it became possible for them to earn what is called an honest livelihood. Again, instead of leading a life of pleasure, such women suffer intensely, and twelve out of every fifteen examined testify, that they could not sustain its physical horrors without their daily dram. It is stated on good authority, that the strongest constitutions sink under this life in less than three years, and the cases are numerous in which, after a much shorter period, the victim commits suicide.

I have stated these facts to show that no woman will remain in this life who can quit it, that there is hope for those who will hold out hope to them, and to show that inadequate remuneration for honest labor is one great reason why their number is so large. In making this statement, I depend not merely on the statistics published at Paris and London, but on my own observation in New England. Many persons imagine that the horrors detailed of foreign cities find no parallel here. This is not true. The public sense of decorum in Boston drives vice into close corners, but terrible indeed would be the revelation that a Duchatelet of our own must make. Passing the other evening through a street at the North end of the city, I saw three children, under ten years of age, cuddled close together for warmth, and sound asleep on the brick pavement, at the base of building erected to store flour. Returning, at a late hour, I found, not far from them, three of the most wretched of the women alluded to. They were scantily clothed and starving. Their breaths bore witness that, even in this extremity, they had preferred their daily dram to their daily bread; yet such was their eagerness for food and rest, that they almost clutched the garments of passers by.

These children slept and these women walked within the compass of the Swedish singer's voice [Jenny Lind], and many times that night, as the latter trod their dreary round, her clear notes swelled full upon their ears, the waves of her spiritual song floated round their dishonored heads, like dreams of their far-gone childhood, and the wonderful echo of the Herdsman's Song thrilled through the soul of more than one, I doubt not, like the cattle-call of her early companions, or the twittering of the swallows under the eaves of her home. These women had no roof to call their own, and the children who slept under God's unwinking eye on that cold stone, inherit their homelessness and their sin. Such women are redeemable, and better wages or a better education would save thousands from their fate. Need I say any more to induce women to strain every nerve to secure these two ends, at least?

It has been no small satisfaction to see that the presses which



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had least sympathy with the late movement, have reported respectfully the proceedings of the Convention. It has pained me not a little to find that a paper like the Christian Inquirer should take a different tone in this matter, and refuse to believe that any lofty motive could have brought the pioneers in this work together. The Inquirer says that woman has 'long possessed' an equality with man. I commend that sentence to the serious consideration of the editor whose superscription it bears. It seems to me that he never could have written it, if he had seen as much of human misery as I have, if he had known what are the rights and duties of the women of the lower classes. I can understand how a woman, delicately reared and carefully protected from the rough blasts of this world, may feel, in her selfish life, but little sympathy with me in this matter; but how a minister of the gospel, or any Christian man, conversant with the bitter realities of New York and Boston, can speak harshly of any honest effort for a change, I know not. Least of all do I understand how one, who has heard the voice of Lucretia Mott or Elizabeth Fry, can believe that every woman who speaks in public weakens the position and influences of her sex. Why can he not understand the injustice of one sex prescribing the sphere and duties of the other? What would be thought of the woman, I wonder, who should so prescribe for man? Nay, God made Elizabeth Barrett to write poetry; Jenny Lind He marvelously gifted to sing it; but Lucretia Mott He just as much gifted to urge on an erring race the doctrines of personal holiness, the duty of personal philanthropy.

Forgive me if I intrude upon your time, and continue to help all who are interested in this matter to be at once true to themselves and generous to others; acting calmly and quietly, yet nevertheless energetically, according to their highest convictions.

CAROLINE W.H. DALL
Boston, Nov. 2, 1850.



November 8 -50: The stillness of the woods & fields is remarkable at this season of the year. There is not even the chirp (creak) of a cricket to be heard. Of myriads of dry shrub-oak leaves, not one rustles. Your own breath can rustle them, yet the breath of heaven does not suffice to.— The trees have the aspect of waiting for winter. The autumnal leaves have lost their color—they are now truly sere & dead—and the woods wear a somber color. Summer & harvest are over. The hickories—birches—chestnuts, no less than the maples have lost their leaves— The sprouts which had shot up so vigorously to repair the damage which the choppers had done have stopped short for the winter— Everything stands silent and expectant. If I listen I hear only the note of a chickadee—our most common and I may say native bird—most identified with our forests—or perchance the scream of a jay—or perchance from the solemn depths of these woods—I hear tolling far away the knell of one departed. Thought comes to fill the vacuum— As you walk however the partridge [Ruffed Grouse ■ *Bonasa umbellus* (Partridge)] still bursts away. The silent dry almost leafless—certainly fruitless woods. You wonder what cheer that bird can find in them. The partridge bursts away from the root of a shrub-oak like its own dry fruit, immortal bird! This sound still startles us. Dry golden rods now turned grey & white lint our clothes as We walk. And the drooping downy seed vessels of the epilobium remind us of the summer— Perchance you will meet with a few solitary asters in the dry fields with a little color left. The sumack is

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stripped of everything but its cone of red berries



This is a peculiar season –peculiar for its stillness –the crickets have ceased their song. The few birds are well nigh silent– The tinted & gay leaves are now sere and dead and the woods wear a sombre aspect. A carpet of snow under the pines & shrub-oaks will make it look more cheerful– Very few plants have now their spring But thoughts still spring in man’s brain. There are no flowers nor berries to speak of. The grass begins to die at top– In the morning it is stiff with frost. Ice has been discovered in somebody’s tub very early this morn of the thickness of a dollar. The flies are betwixt life & death. The wasps come into the houses & settle on the walls & windows All insects go into crevices. The fly is entangled in a web and struggles vainly to escape –but there is no spider to secure him– The corner of the pane is a deserted camp.

When I lived in the woods the wasps came by thousands to my lodge in November –as to winter quarters, and settled on my –windows & on the walls over my head sometimes deterring visitors from entering– Each morning when they were numbed with cold I swept some of them out. But I did not trouble myself to get rid of them they never molested me, though they bedded with me –and they gradually disappeared into what crevices I do not know.– avoiding winter

I saw a squash-bug go slowly behind a clapboard to avoid winter –as some of these melon-seeds come up in the garden again in the spring –so some of these squash bugs come forth– The flies are for a long time in a somnambolic state– They have too littl energy or vis vitae to clean their wings or heads which are covered with dust. They buzz and bump their heads against the windows or lie on their backs and that is all –two or three short spurts– One of these mornings we shall hear that Mr Minot had to break the ice to water his cow. And so it will go on till the ground freezes. If the race had never lived through a winter what would they think was coming?

Walden Pond has at last fallen a little– It has been so high over the stones quite into the bushes that walkers have been excluded from it. There has been no accessible shore– All Ponds have been high– The water stood higher than usual in the distant ponds which I visited & had never seen before. It has been a peculiar season. At Goose-Pond I notice that the birches of one years growth from the stumps standing in the water are all dead apparently killed by the water –unless like the pine they die down after springing from the stump.

It is warm somewhere anyday in the year– You will find some nook in the woods generally at midforenoon of the most blustering day where you may forget the cold. I used to resort to the North east shore of Walden where the sun reflected from the pine woods on the stoney shore made it as warm as a fireside. It is so much pleasanter and wholsomer to be warmed by the sun when you can than by a fire.

I saw today a double reflection on the pond of the cars passing –one beneath the other –occasioned –by a bright rippled streak on the surface of the water from which a second reflection sprang.

One who would study lichens must go into a new country where the rocks have not been burned.

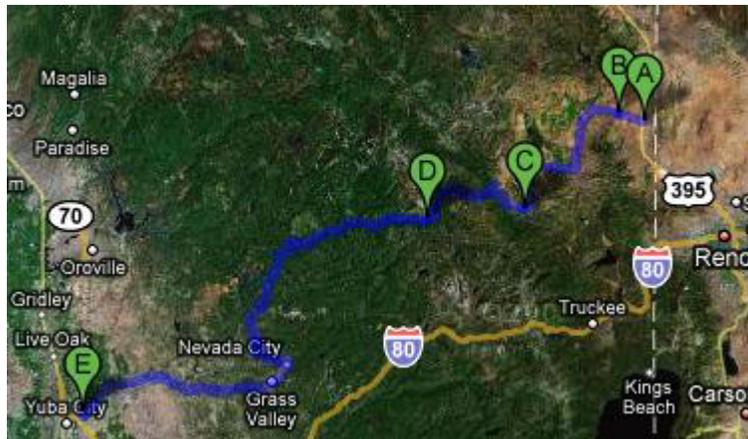
Therien says that the Canadians say March-donc to their horses–

And that the acid fruit must be spelled painbéna– He says that the French acre or arpent is 10 perches by 10 of 18 ft each

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.⁶⁹ 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

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

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Beckwourth, [California](#).



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

January 14, Tuesday: 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



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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.)

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

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

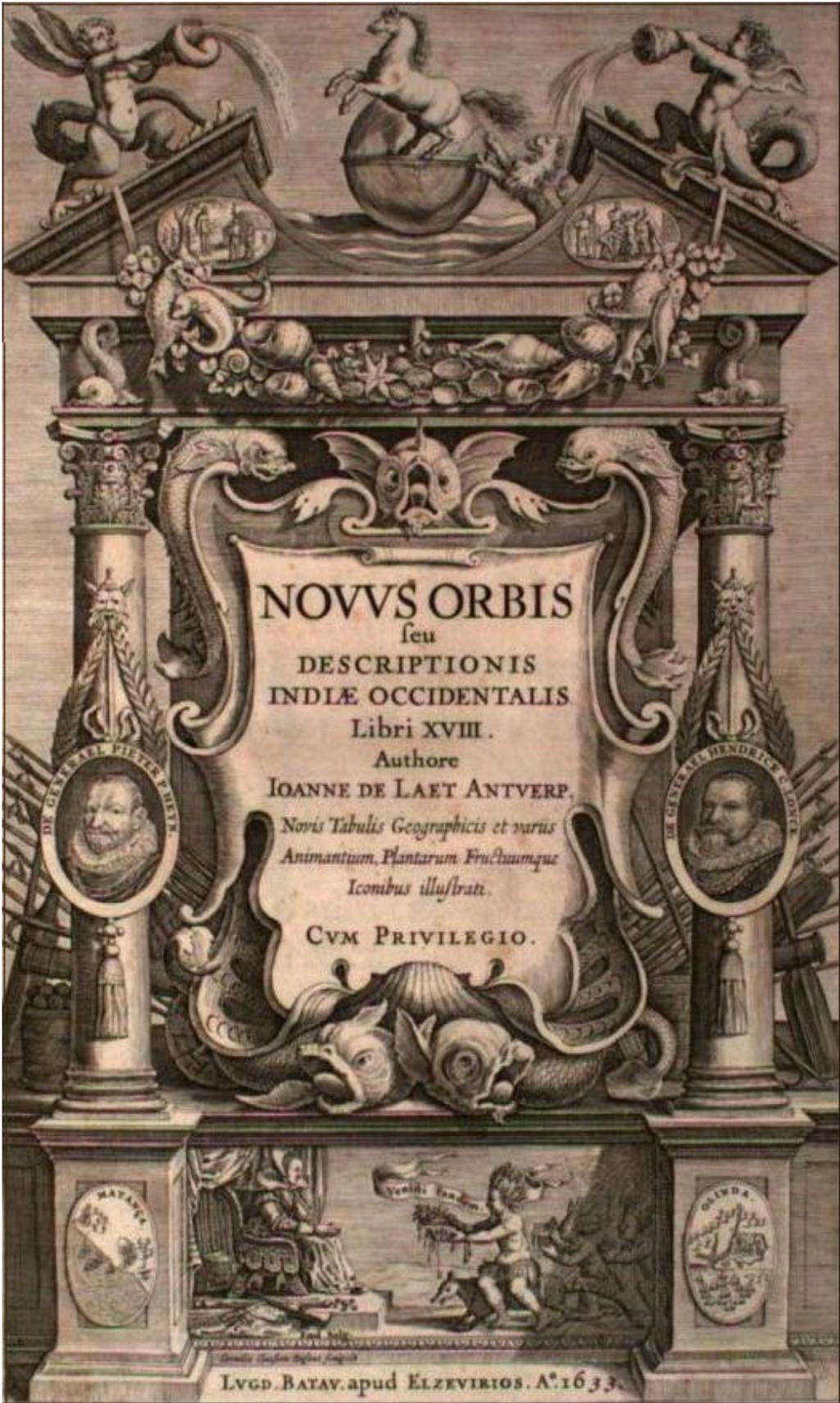


NOVIS ORBIS

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



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

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

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

FRANÇOIS ANDRÉ MICHAUX

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



New-Englands Rarities.

The Figure of the Walnut.



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

PEOPLE OF A WEEK

NEW-ENGLAND'S RARITIES

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

JOHN JOSSELYN

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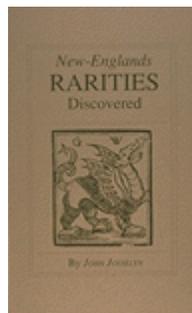
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A WEEK: The Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus*, the swiftest, wariest, and most ravenous of fishes, which Josselyn calls the Fresh-Water or River Wolf, is very common in the shallow and weedy lagoons along the sides of the stream. It is a solemn, stately,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

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.

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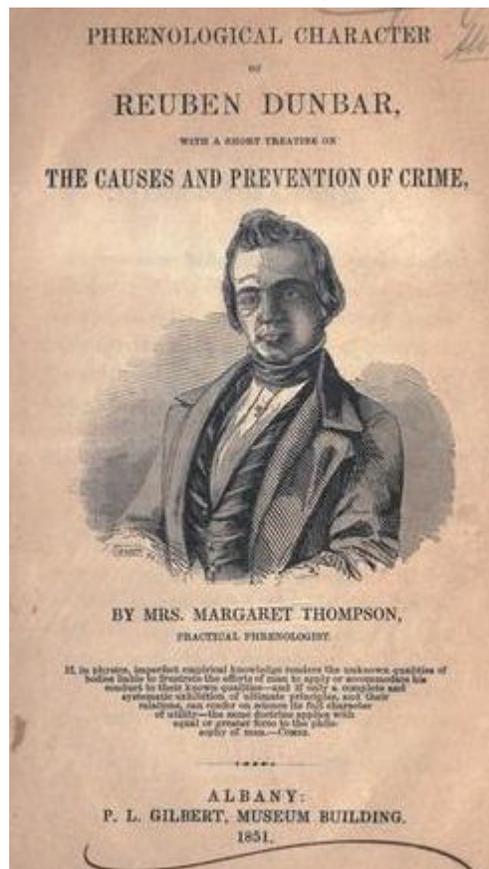
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January 31, Friday: The San Francisco Orphan's Asylum, 1st in [California](#), was founded.

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



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"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).

March 27, Thursday: 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 obviously left behind 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." 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.

Paul Marie Théodore Vincent d'Indy was born in Paris, the 1st child born to Antonin d'Indy, a wealthy aristocrat, and Matilde de Chabrol-Crousol, also of an aristocratic family. Matilde, age 21, would not survive the birth. Antonin d'Indy would marry again in 1855, a union which would produce 3 more children.



March 27: Walden is ²/₃ broken up It will probably be quite open by to-morrow night.

March 29, Saturday: The Marysville, California [Herald](#) printed one of [John Rollin Ridge \(Chee-squa-ta-law-ny, "Yellow Bird"\)](#)'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

HDT

WHAT?

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THE MOST FOUL AND UNPARALLELED MURDER
IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME.

LIFE AND CONFESSION
OF
REUBEN A. DUNBAR,
CONVICTED AND EXECUTED



FOR THE
MURDER

OF
STEPHEN V. AND DAVID L. LESTER,

(Aged 8 and 10 Years.)

IN WESTERLO, ALBANY COUNTY,

September 28, 1850.

Second Edition.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN D. PARSONS.

WEED, PARSONS & Co., PRINTERS.

1851.



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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.

June: Hinton Rowan Helper, ever a believer in "lawn order," participated in a [California](#)-frontier lynch mob that [hanged](#) two men who were by popular acclamation being suspected of having robbed a third man. "Such proceedings as these," he would comment, "produced order throughout the state."

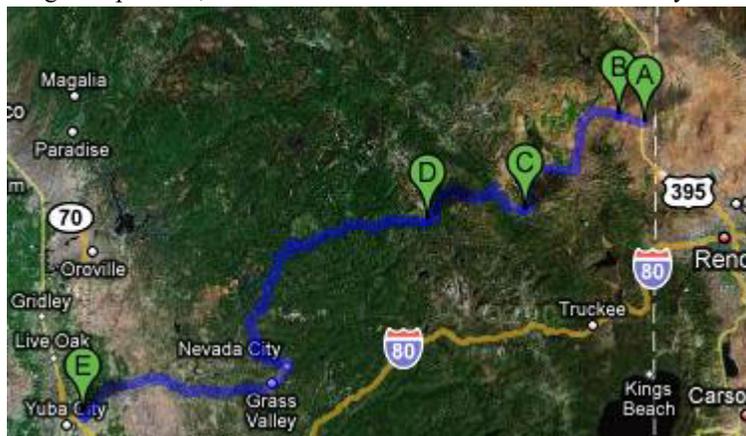
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August: The treaty of Mendota. Between this treaty and the treaty of Traverse des Sioux that had been entered into in July of this year, the Dakota territories of [Minnesota](#) had been reduced by 24,000,000 acres. The bands had remaining only a ten-mile 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.



August 20, Wednesday: 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 sought refuge in the jail of the local police.



August 20, Wednesday: 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 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?

The willow reach by Lees bridge has been stripped for powder –none escapes. This morning hearing a cart

BAKER FARM
JAMES BAKER

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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.

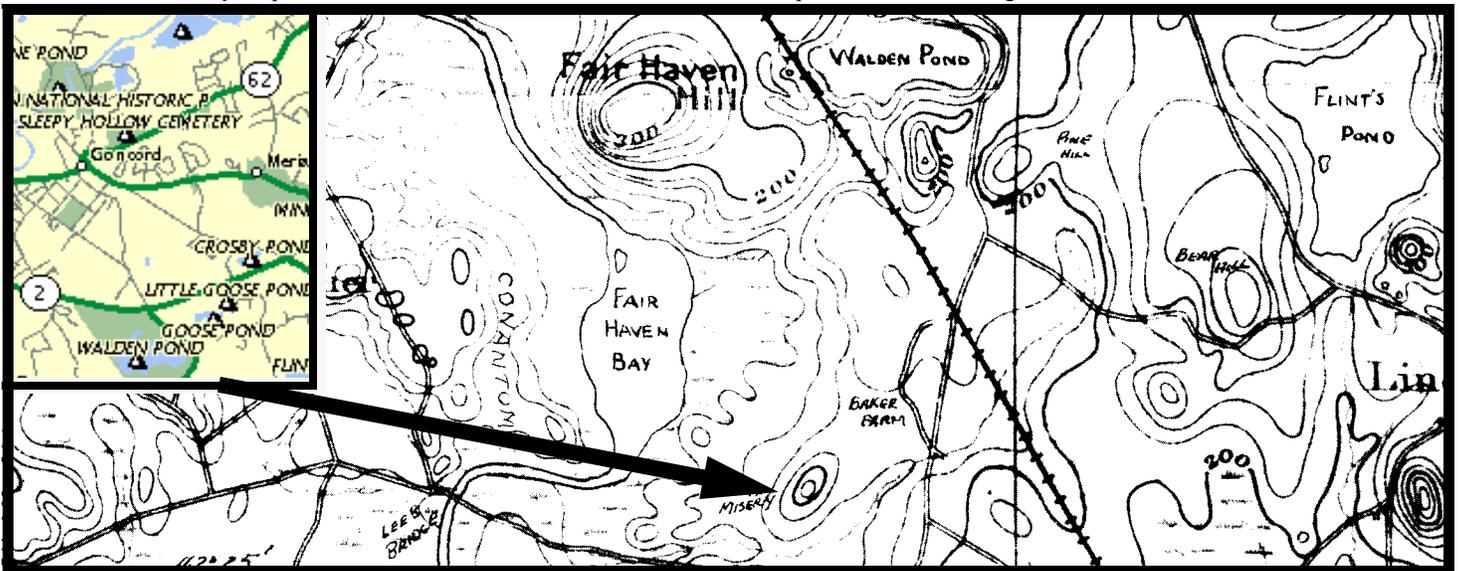
Apios tuberosa or *Glycine apios* Ground nut

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.



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.

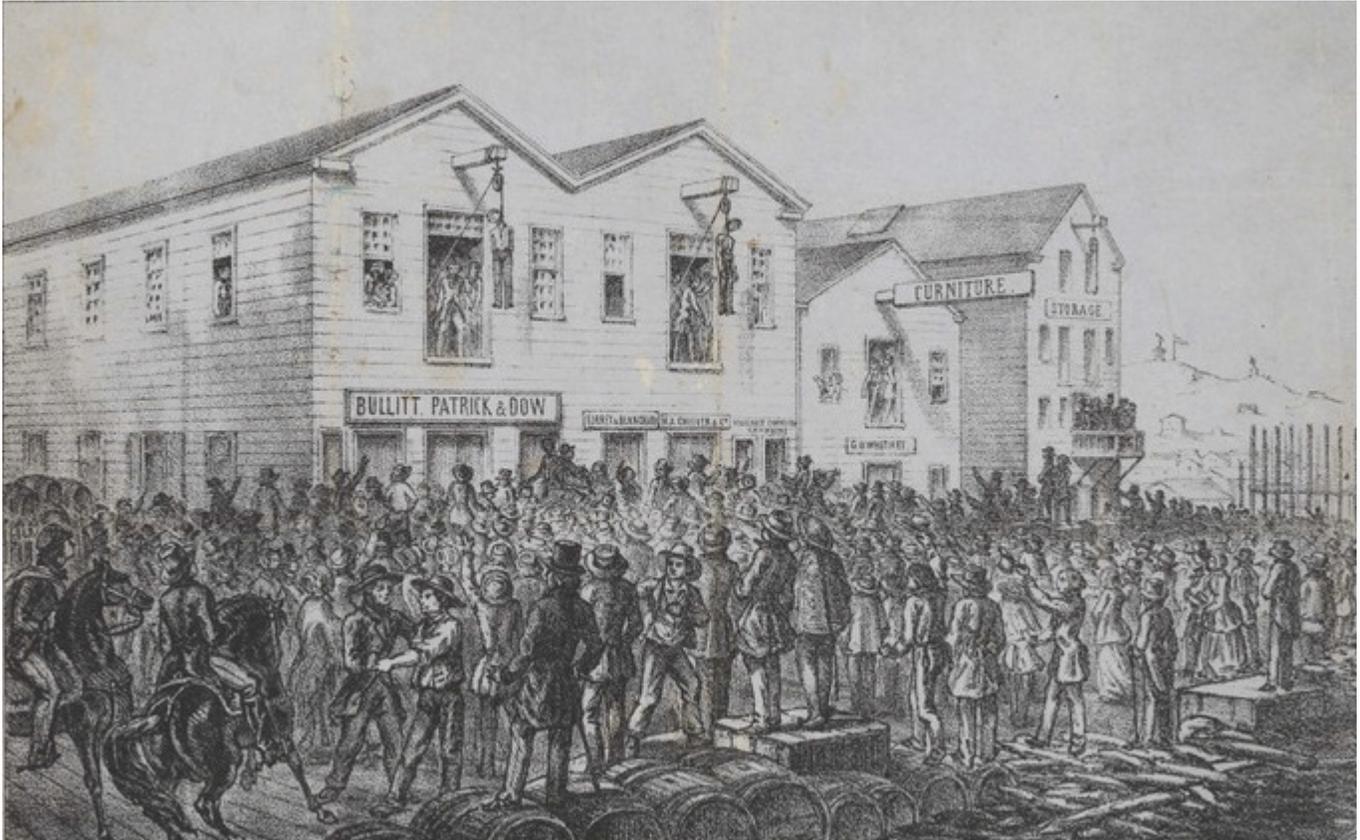
Sium lineare a kind of water parsnip whose blossom resembles the *Cicuta maculata* The flowers of the blue vervain have now nearly reached the summit of their spikes.

A traveller who looks at things with an impartial eye may see what the oldest inhabitant has not observed.

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August 24, Sunday: 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.



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!

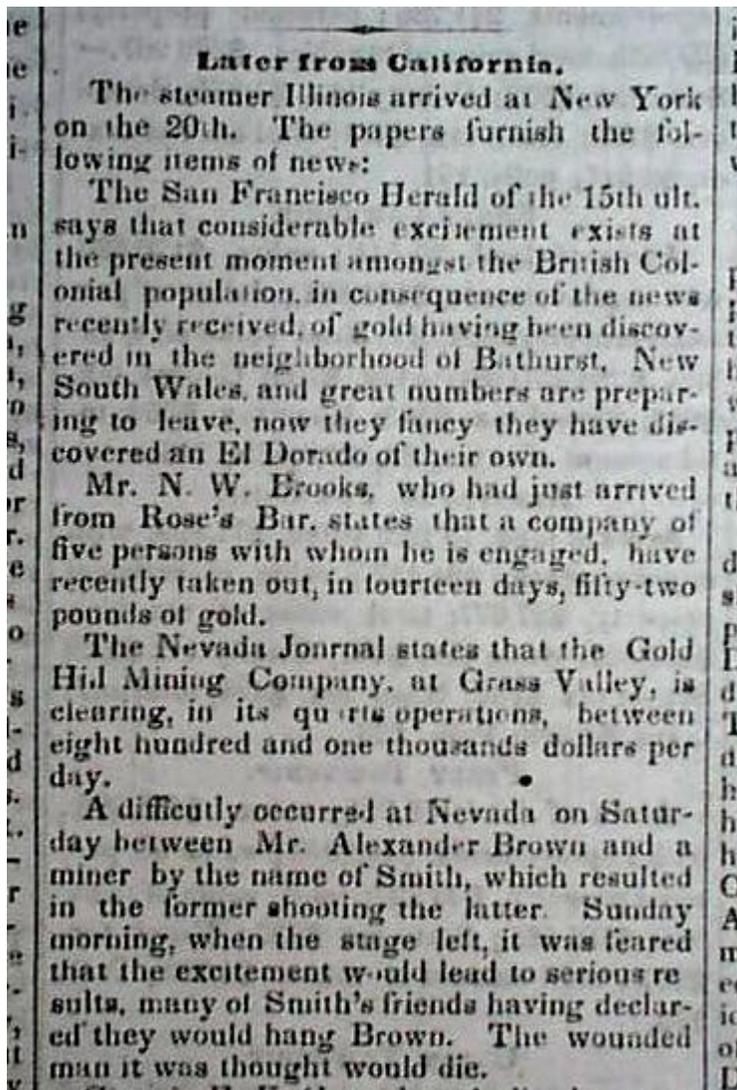


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–Those of the *Asclepias Syriaca* hang down. The interregnum in the blossoming of flowers being well over Many small flowers blossom now in the low grounds having just reached their summer– It is now dry enough– & they feel the heat their tenderness 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 be found. Where the chokeberries 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.

October 9, Thursday: 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 three weeks:



October 9, Thursday: Heard 2 Screech owls in the night Boiled a quart of acorns for breakfast–but



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DOG

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 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.

1852

The governor of [California](#) opinioned that the most valuable of the immigrants were the [Chinese](#), on account of their great industry.

A GLIMPSE OF THE GOLDEN LAND: EMERSON’S CELEBRATED [CALIFORNIA](#) PAINTINGS, a pamphlet apparently meant to accompany an exhibit of the paintings of L. Eaton Emerson:



[Lola Montez](#) went on tour in America with what has been called “early docudrama,” a story about her escapades with King Ludwig I of Bavaria, who had referred to her as his *Lolitta*. She would live for a couple of years in roaring Grass Valley, [California](#), heart of gold country.

THE TASK OF THE HISTORIAN IS TO CREATE HINDSIGHT WHILE INTERCEPTING ANY ILLUSION OF FORESIGHT. NOTHING A HUMAN CAN SEE CAN EVER BE SEEN AS IF THROUGH THE EYE OF GOD. THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO’S CENTER OF THE AMERICAN WEST HAS AS ITS OFFICIAL MOTTO “TURNING HINDSIGHT INTO FORESIGHT” —



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**WHICH INDICATES THAT ONLY PANDERERS ARE WELCOME THERE.
IN A BOOK THAT IS SUPPOSED TO BE ABOUT HISTORY, ISSUED BY
RANDOM HOUSE IN 2016, I FIND THE PHRASE “LOOKED UPON FROM
THE BIRD’S-EYE VIEW OF HISTORY,” ONLY A MERE STORYTELLER,
NEVER A HISTORIAN, COULD HAVE PENNED SUCH A PHRASE —
BECAUSE NO BIRD HAS EVER FLOWN OVER HISTORY.**

The frankfurter was invented by a butcher’s guild in Frankfort, [Germany](#).

[George William Curtis](#)’s LOTUS-EATING: A SUMMER BOOK and THE HOWADJI IN SYRIA.

TRA-LA, TRA-LA, ETC.

TRAIPE ALONG WITH ME

Lola Montez went on tour in America with what has been called “early docudrama,” a story about her escapades with King Ludwig I of Bavaria, who had referred to her as his *Lolitta*. She would live for a couple of years in roaring Grass Valley, [California](#), heart of gold country.

Lieutenant Tredwell Moore and soldiers of the 2d Infantry (part of the “Mariposa Battalion” of about 200 armed white men) pursued *Ten-ie-ya*’s tribe from [Yosemite Valley](#) through Bloody Canyon and across the Sierra Nevada range of mountains. Old *Ten-ie-ya* and his people surrendered at a high lake and were marched to a reservation in the flatlands. When informed that the white men were naming that lake in his honor, Lake *Tenaya*, the old man tried to explain to them that the lake already had a name. It was *Py-we-ack* “Shining Rocks”! (Of course –this goes without saying– these white people ignored the old man they were thus attempting to “honor.”)

January 1, Thursday: During the previous year [California](#) had exported \$34,492,000 worth of gold. In San Francisco, members of the Sansome Hook and Ladder Company and the Howard Engine Company paraded to celebrate the new year.

[Hector Berlioz](#) was appointed librarian of the Paris Conservatoire.

Lowell Mason and his wife arrived in Liverpool on their 2d European trip.

Gamaliel Bailey sent an unsigned letter from Washington DC to [The National Era](#) about “Mrs. Stowe’s Story,” which would be given the title UNCLE TOM’S CABIN; OR LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY:

This story is to be published in a separate form by Jewett & Co., of Boston. Orders for it should be sent to them. They are stereotyping it, as it appears in the [Era](#), so that it will be issued by them, so soon as completed in our paper. Could Mrs. Stowe see the hundreds of warm, hearty compliments paid her in our letters, she would be convinced that she is doing a good work.



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We observe that this publication is attracting attention on the other side of the Atlantic. Richard D. Webb, an able correspondent of the New York Anti-Slavery Standard, writing from Dublin, says:

I have lately had an opportunity of seeing the National Era, and am greatly struck by the ability of a story now publishing in its columns. I do not know whether you have looked over it. It is called "Uncle Tom's Cabin; or Life among the Lowly." In point of fact, it gives sketches of life among negroes, planters, Quakers, in the taverns, in New Orleans, and all sorts of places, and these are drawn with remarkable vigor and effect. I anticipate great popularity for the book when completed.



January 1, Thursday: Mr Frost did not like Miss Smith's lecture last night – did not like what she said about the clergy. Said it was too **transcendental** for him. This is the profane swearing of such men.

I have observed that one mood is the natural critic of another.

When possessed with a strong feeling on any subject foreign to the one I may be writing on—I know very well what of good & what of bad I have written on the latter— It looks to me now as it will 10 years hence My life is then earnest and will tolerate no make-shifts nor nonsense. What is tinsel or Euphuism or irrelevant is revealed to such a touch-stone. In the light of a strong feeling all things take their places and truth of every kind is seen for such. Now let me read my verses and I will tell you if the God has had a hand in them. I wish to survey my composition for a moment from the least favorable point of view. I wish to be translated to the future—& look at my work as it were at a structure on the plain, to observe what portions have crumbled under the influence of the elements

9¹/₂ Pm to Fair Haven Moon little more than ¹/₂ full— Not a cloud in the sky—a remarkably warm night for the season, the ground almost entirely bare. The stars dazzlingly bright. The fault may be in my own barrenness, but methinks there is a certain poverty about the winter nights sky. The stars of higher magnitude are more bright & dazzling and therefore appear more near & numerable, while those that appear indistinct and infinitely remote in the Summer – imparting the impression of unfathomability to the sky – are scarcely seen at all. The front halls of heaven are so dazzlingly lighted that they quite eclipse the more remote. The sky has fallen many degrees.

The river has risen and flooded the meadows again. The white pines now seen against the moon, with their **single** foliage look thin.

These are some of the differences between this and the autumn or summer nights.

The stiffened—glebe under my feet – the dazzle and seeming nearness of the stars – the duller gleam from ice on rivers & ponds— the white spots in the fields & streaks by the wall sides where are the remains of drifts, yet unmelted. Perhaps the only thing that spoke to me in this walk, was the bare lichen covered grey rock at the cliff, in the moonlight – naked and almost warm as in summer.

I have so much faith in the power of truth to communicate itself, that I should not believe a friend if he should tell me that he had given credit to an unjust rumor concerning me.

Suspect— Ah! yes you may suspect a thousand things, but I well know that that which you suspect most confidently of all, is just the truth. Your other doubts but flavor this your main suspicion—they are the condiments which taken alone do simply bite the tongue.

Mc'kean has sawed another of the pines under Fair Haven. He says it made 82 feet in length of mill logs, and was so straight that it would have made a first-rate mast 80 feet long.

I told him that Nathan Hosmer had told me that he once helped saw down a pine 3 feet in diameter, that they sawed it clean through & it still stood on the stump, and it took 2 men to push it over. Mackean could understand how this might be done by wedging. He says that he often runs his saw straight through a tree without wedges & without its pinching to within an eighth of an inch of the other side before it breaks. To do this you must begin on the side toward which the tree leans. Of course it does not lean any more so as to pinch the saw till you have got beyond the heart; it will then make room for itself—& be relieved by the tipping of the tree. A green hand would begin on the other side & so either split the tree up the middle,

The worst kind of *chico*? or tick to get under your skin is yourself in an irritable mood.

I believe it was Chalmers who said, speaking of Coleridge, that for his part we wanted ideas which he could see all round and not such as he must look at away up in the heavens— Such a man, one would say, would never look at the moon because she never turns her other side to us, but holds it steadily toward the heavens beyond— And the light which comes from ideas which have their orbit as distant from the earth, and which is no less cheering & enlightening to the benighted traveller than that of the moon & stars – is naturally reproached – or nicknamed – as moon-shine by such. Ideas that soar above the earth cannot be seen all round, but ever have one side turned toward the heavens.

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They are moon shine, are they? Very well then, do your night travelling when there is no moon to light you. but I will be thankful for the light that reaches me from the star of least magnitude. I will be thankful that I see so much as one side of a celestial idea – one side of the rain bow & the sunset-sky – the **face** of God alone.⁷⁰

 January 12, Monday: Ex-Governor of [California John McDougal](#) dueled with A.C. Russell, editor of the San Francisco [Picayune](#), striking him on the hand (it was not a serious wound). **DUELING**



January 12: C. [\[Ellery Channing\]](#) says that he studied lichens a little while, but he found that if you pursued that study you must give up man. It was so thin, and there was so little of man in it! Why the whole of it was 'nt more than an inch thick.

He went to hear Noggs the other night. It was the poorest lecture he ever heard. Did'nt know why he did'nt come out. But then he found himself in a handsome hall well lighted & warmed, and thought it would be cheaper to spend the evening there than to go home.

I sometimes think that I may go forth and walk hard and earnestly and live a more substantial life-& get a genuine experience. Be much abroad in heat and cold, day and night, Live more-expend more atmospheres, be weary often. &c &c. But then swiftly the thought comes to me- Go not so far out of your way for a truer life-keep strictly onward in that path alone which your genius points out. Do the things which lie nearest to you but which are difficult to do. Live a purer a more thoughtful and laborious life-more true to your friends & neighbors, more noble and magnanimous-and that will be better than a wild walk. To live in relations of truth & sincerity with men is to dwell in a frontier country. What a wild and unfrequented wilderness that would be! What Saguenays of magnanimity that might be explored. Men talk about travelling this way or that as if seeing were all in the eyes, and a man could sufficiently report what he stood bodily before.- When the seeing depends ever on the living. All report of travel is the report of victory or defeat-of a contest with every event and phenomenon & how you came out of it. A blind man who possesses inward truth & consistency will see more than one who has faultless eyes but no serious & laborious astronomer to look through them. As if the eyes were the only part of a man that travelled.

Men convert their property into cash- Ministers fall sick to obtain the assistance of their parishes-all chaffer with sea-captains &c as if the whole object were to get conveyed to some part of the world a pair of eyes merely. A telescope conveyed to & set up at the Cape of Good Hope at great expense-& only a Bushman to look through it. Nothing like a little internal activity called life-if it were only walking much in a day-to keep the eyes in good order-no such collyrium.

January 15, Thursday: The estate inventory of William Mason Smith at Smithfield Plantation on the Combahee River near Colleton, South Carolina listed the following possessions: Moses, Minty, Mike, Eliza, Nanny, Primus, Nat, Bella, Tommy, O Hagar, Dorset, Hannah, Bess, Libby, Sarah, Affey, John, Hester, Infant, Renty, Susy, Cuffy, Daphne, Blake, Washington, Paul, Cain, Binky, Lavinia, Andrew, Phoebe, Emanuel, Polly, Pinckney, Susannah, Nelly, Harry, Anson, Josiah, Isaac, Rhina, Simon, Vincent, January, Pino, anson, Jeffy, Judy, Lucy, Frank, Philander, Dinah, Julia, Fanny, Betty, Jerry, Ishmael, Kate, Hannah, Robert, Witter, Cate, Billy, O Charles, Cook Renty, Caroline, and Handy.

Charles E. Pickett began publication of the [Western American](#), a daily newspaper.

CALIFORNIA



January 15, Thursday: We have heard a deal about English comfort. But may you not trace these stories
70.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
335	Opinions and Beliefs	One mood is the natural critic of another. When possessed with a strong feeling on any subject foreign to the one I may be writing on, I know very well what of good and what of bad I have written on the latter.



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home to some wealthy Sardanapalus who was able to pay for obsequious attendance and for every luxury. How far does it describe merely the tact & selfishness of the wealthy class. Ask the great mass of Englishmen & travellers, whose vote alone is conclusive, concerning the comfort they enjoyed in 2nd & third class accommodations in steam boats & rail roads & eating & lodging houses. Lord Somebody or Other may have made himself comfortable, but the very style of his living makes it necessary that the great majority of his countrymen should be uncomfortable.

Are the 2nd class cars – the 2nd class accommodations on board steam boats &c i.e. the only class that can be compared with our own – remarkable for their comfort

I do not know but the poet is he who generates poems. By continence he rises to creation on a higher level – a supernatural level.

When King Olaf the Saint is about to fight with the bonders to recover his lost kingdom his scalds, who stood about him, composed songs about the events which would soon be taking place– Thormod’s song concluded thus,

“One viking cheer! –then, stead of words,
We’ll speak with our death-dealing swords.”

“These songs,” says the chronicler, “were immediately got by heart by the army”. Surely the scald’s office was a significant & an honorable one then.

“This night the king lay with his army around him on the field, – – and lay long awake in prayer to God, and slept but little. Towards morning a slumber fell on him, and when he awoke daylight was shooting up. The king thought it too early to awaken the army, and asked where Thormod the scald was. Thormod was at hand, and asked what was the king’s pleasure. “Sing us a song,” said the king. Thormod raised himself up, and sang so loud that the whole army could hear him. He began to sing the old Biarkamal [composed & sung by Biarke before an old battle]–

*

*

“Then the troops awoke, and when the song was ended the people thanked him for it;
and it pleased many, as it was suitable to the time and occasion,
and they called it the house-carle’s whet.”

For the first time this winter I notice snow-fleas this afternoon in Walden wood– Wherever I go they are to be seen – especially in the deepest ruts & foot tracks. Their number is almost infinite. It is a rather warm & moist afternoon–& feels like rain. I suppose that some peculiarity in the weather has called them forth from the bark of the trees.

GEORGE MINOTT

It is good to see Minotts hens pecking & scratching the ground What never failing health they suggest! Even the sick hen is so naturally sick – like a green leaf turning to brown. No wonder men love to have hens about them & hear their creaking note. They are even laying eggs from time to time still – the undespairing race!

Minott was telling me today about his going across lots on snow-shoes– Why do they not use them now? He thinks the snows are not so deep.

It is a good school the farmer’s sons go to these afternoons loading & hauling great mill logs bigger than any cannons – a sort of battle in the forest. I think there must be an excitement derived from their labor such as they cannot tell. After reading of the life & battles of the northmen in [Snorro Sturleson](#)’s Chronicle – these labors most remind me of that. Some of these logs are for pumps– Most are for boards & timbers & spiles for bridges. I met one old pupil of mine stretched at his length upon a vast balista or battering ram of a log – while one yoke & loaded sled went on alone before & another followed behind. How they renew and wear out the paths through the woods! They think I’m loafing. I think they are drudging for gain. But no doubt our employment is more alike than we suspect – and we are each serving the great Master’s ends more than our own– I have my work in the woods where I meet them, though my logs do not go to the same mill. I make a different use of skids

These men too who are sledding wood & sawing the logs into lengths in the woods, appear to me employed more after the old northman fashion than the mechanics in their shops or the merchants behind their counters. There are many more men now in the woods than in the summer.

The weather has been moderate for a fortnight. The overlapping snow-drifts by the path sides remind me of some marble tombs & carving I have seen. I see where from time to time the teamster has laid his whip in them.– He stains the spotless purity of the snow with his tobacco juice.

In an account of a chinese funeral it is said the friends who attended “observed no particular order in their march”. That seems a more natural & fitter way – more grief-like. The ranks should be broken.

What must be the state of morals in that country where custom requires the chief mourner to put on the outward signs of extreme grief when he does not feel it – to throw himself on the ground & sob & howl though not a tear is shed – & require the support of others as he walks – what refuge can there be for truth in such a country?

January 20, Tuesday: W.J. Sperry surveyed, for a Lieutenant Maynard, Lot No. 898 at the intersection of California Street and Battery Street in San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA

January 20, Tuesday: Walked down the Boston road. It was good to look off over the great unspotted fields of snow the walls & fences almost buried in it—& hardly a turf or stake left bare for the starving crows [American Crow  *Corvus brachyrhynchos*] to alight on. There is no track nor mark to mar its purity beyond the single sled track—except where once in half a mile some traveller has stepped aside for a sleigh to pass. The farmers now a days can cart out peat & muck over the frozen meadows. Somewhat analogous methinks the scholar does—drives in with tight traced energy & winter cheer—onto his now firm meadowy grounds—& carts hauls off the virgin loads of fertilizing soil which he threw up in the warm soft summer. We now bring our muck out of the meadows, but it was thrown up first in summer. The scholars & the farmers work are strictly analogous.

Easily he now conveys sliding over the snow clad ground—great loads of fuel & of lumber which have grown in many summers—from the forest to the town. **He** deals with the dry hay & cows—the spoils of summer meads & fields—stored in his barns doling it out from day to day, & manufactures milk for men.

When I see the farmer driving into his barn yard with a load of muck—whose blackness contrasts strangely with the white snow, I have the thought which I have described. He is doing like myself. My barn-yard is my journal. I do not know but it is too much to read one newspaper in a week, for I now take the weekly Tribune—& for a few days past it seems to me I have not dwelt in Concord— The sun the clouds the snow the trees say not so much to me— You cannot serve two masters. It requires more than a days devotion to know & to possess the wealth of a day. To read of things distant & sounding betrays us into slighting these which are then apparently near & small (trifling) We learn to look abroad for our mind & spirit’s daily nutriment—& what is this dull town to me?— what are these plain fields & the aspects of the snow & the skies!⁷¹

All summer and far into the fall I unconsciously went by the newspapers & the news—& now I find it was because the morning & 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 Concord fields.

To see the sun rise or go down every day—would preserve us sane forever—so to relate ourselves for our mind’s & body’s health to a universal fact.

Last Spring our new Stone bridge was said to be about to fall— The selectmen got a bridge architect to look at it—& acting on his advice put up a barrier & warned aye forbad travellers (not) to cross it. Of course I believed with the rest of my neighbors that there was no **immediate** danger—for there it was standing—& the barrier knocked down that travellers might go over as they did with few exceptions. But one day riding that way with another man—& reflecting that I had never looked into the condition of the bridge myself—and if it should fall with us on it, I should have reason to say what I fool I was to go over when I was warned—I made him stop on this side merely for principles sake and walked over while he rode before, & I got in again at the other end.. I paid that degree of respect to the advice of the bridge architect & the warning of the selectmen.— It was my companion’s daily thoroughfare.

Greeley says of London—“The morning to sleep, the afternoon to business, & the evening to enjoyment, seems the usual routine with the favored classes”. They have no morning life then. They are afternoon men. To begin the day at noon!!

The days are now sensibly longer & 1/2 past 5 is as light as 5 was.

71. [Henry Thoreau](#) would later copy this into his early lecture “WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT” as:

 [Paragraph 74] I do not know but it is too much to read one newspaper a week. I have tried it recently, and for so long, it seems to me, that I have not dwelt in my native region. The sun, the clouds, the snow, the trees, say not so much to me. **You cannot serve two masters.** It requires more than a day’s devotion to know and to possess the wealth of a day. To read of things distant and sounding betrays us into slighting those which are near and therefore apparently trifling. We learn to look abroad for our mind and spirits’ daily nutriment, and what is this dull town to me? What are these plain fields—and the aspects of this earth and these skies?



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January 25, Sunday: At the Holy Trinity Church in Brighton in England, the [Reverend Frederick William Robertson](#), who had over the years grown disillusioned with the fruits of [evangelicalism](#), preached on “The Law of Christian Conscience” and suggested to his congregation that they might as well be forgiving toward those of sincere [Quaker](#) tradition, deluded as such persons might be: “The words, and garb, and customs of that sect of Christians called Quakers may be formal enough; founded, no doubt, as in the former case, upon a mistaken interpretation of a passage in the Bible. But they are at least harmless; and have long been associated with the simplicity, and benevolence, and Christian humbleness of this body of Christians — the followers of one who, three hundred years ago, set out upon the glorious enterprise of making all men friends. Now would it be Christian, or would it not rather be something more than unchristian — would it not be gross rudeness and coarse unfeelingness to treat such words, and habits, and customs, with anything but respect and reverence?”

The Reverend Flavel S. Mines preached at the opening of the new Trinity church in Pine Street in San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA



January 25, Sunday: The snow has been for some time more than a foot deep on a level, and some roads drifted quite full. and the cold for some weeks has been intense—as low as 20 & 21° in the early morning—A Canadian winter. Some say that we have not had so long a spell of cold weather since '31, when they say it was not seen to thaw for 6 weeks. But last night & today the weather has moderated. It is glorious to be abroad this afternoon. The snow melts on the surface. The warmth of the sun reminds me of summer— The dog runs before us on the R R cause way & appears to enjoy it as much as ourselves. C. remarks truly that most people do not distinguish between a pup & a dog—& treat both alike though the former may not yet have a tooth in his head.

ELLERY CHANNING

DOG

SOPHIA THOREAU

When Sophia told R Rice that Dr B said that Foster was an infidel—and was injuring the young men & “Did he?” He observed. “Well he is a great man. He swims in pretty deep water, but it is ’nt very extensive.” When she added Mr Frost says that Garrison had to apologize for printing Foster’s sermon—He said—“Did he? Well they may set as many back fires as they please, they won’t be of any use”.

She said the selectmen were going to ask 7 dolls instead of 5 for the Hall. But he said that he would build them a hall if they would engage to give him 5 dolls steadily—. To be sure it would not be quite so handsome as the present, but it should have the same kind of seats.

AEOLIAN HARP

The Clay in the Deep Cut is melting & streaming down—glistening in the sun. It is I that melts. While the harp sounds on high— And the snow drifts on the west side look like clouds.

We turned down the brook at Heywood’s meadow. It was worth the while to see how the water even in the marsh where the brook is almost stagnant sparkled in this atmosphere—for though warm it is remarkably clear. Water which in summer would look dark & perhaps turbid now sparkles like the lakes in November. This water is the more attractive since all around is deep snow. The brook here is full of cat tails Typha latifolia Reed Mace—I found on pulling open or breaking in my hand, as one would break bread the still nearly perfect spikes of this fine reed—that the flowers were red or crimson at their base where united to the stem. When I rubbed off thus what was at first but a thimble full of these dry flowerets, they suddenly took in air & flushed up like powder expanding like feathers & foam filling & overflowing my hand, to which they imparted a sensation of warmth quite remarkable. I was astonished to see how a small quantity was expanded and inflated on being released & given to the air—and I could not be tired with repeating the experiment I think a single one would more than fill a half peck measure if they lay as light as at first in the air. It is something magical to one who tries it for the first time like a puff of powder it flashes up You do not know at first where they all come from. It is the conjurer’s trick in nature, equal to taking feathers enough to fill a bed out of a hat. When you had done—but still will scrape the almost bare stem—still they overflow your hand as before. See it again & try the combustibility of the pollen.

As the flowerets are opening & liberating themselves showing their red extremities, it has the effect of a **changeable color**

Ah then the brook beyond—its rippling waters & its sunny sands.— They made me forget that it was winter—where springs oozed out of the soft bank over the dead leaves & the green sphagnum they had melted the snow or the snow had melted as it fell perchance—and the rabbits had sprinkled the mud about on the snow. The sun reflected from the sandy gravelly bottom, sometimes a bright sunny streak no bigger than your finger reflected from a ripple as from a prism—and the sunlight reflected from a hundred points of the surface of the rippling brook—enabled me to realize summer. But the dog partly spoiled the transparency of the water by running in the brook. A pup that had never seen a summer brook.

I am struck & attracted by the parallelism of the twigs of the hornbeam, **fine parallelism**

Having gone $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile beyond the bridge—where C. calls this his Spanish Brook I looked back from the top of the hill on the S. into this deep dell. Where the white pines stood thick rising one above another reflecting the sunlight—so soft and warm by contrast with the snow—as never in summer—for the idea of warmth prevailed

ELLERY CHANNING



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over the cold which the snow suggested—though I saw through & between them to a distant snow clad hill— & also to oaks red with their dry leaves. And maple limbs were mingled with the pines. I was on the verge of seeing something but I did not. If I had been alone & had had more leisure I might have seen something to report. Now we are on Fair Haven, still but a snow plain. Far down the river the shadows on Conantum are bluish— somewhat like the holes in the snow perchance.

The sun is half an hour high perhaps Standing near the outlet of the pond I look up & down the river with delight—it is so warm & the air is notwithstanding so clear. When I invert my head & look at the woods $\frac{1}{2}$ mile down the stream they suddenly sink lower in the horizon and are removed full two miles off— Yet the air is so clear that I seem to see every stem & twig with beautiful distinctness— The fine tops of the trees are so relieved against the sky—that I never cease to admire the minute subdivisions. It is the same when I look up the stream. A bare hickory under Lees Cliff seen against the sky becomes an interesting even beautiful object to behold. I think where have I been staying all these days— I will surely come here again.

When I first paddled a boat on Walden it was completely surrounded by thick & lofty pine woods, and in some of its coves grape vines had run over the trees & formed bowers under which a boat could pass. The hills which form its shores are so steep & the woods on them were then so high, that as you looked down the pond from west to east—it looked like an amphitheater—for some kind of forest spectacle I have spent many an hour floating over its surface as the zephyr willed lying on my back across the seats of my boat, in a summer forenoon— & looking into the sky above dreaming awake—until I was aroused by my boat touching the sand and I arose to see what shore my fates had impelled me to— When idleness was the most attractive & productive industry. Many a forenoon have I stolen away thus—preferring thus to spend the most valued part of the day. For I was rich—if not in money, in sunny hours and summer-days & spent them lavishly. Nor do I regret that I did not spend more of them behind a counter or in the workshop or the teacher's desk, in which last two places I have spent so many of them.

About 2 o'clock Pm these days after a fair forenoon there is wont there is wont to blow up from the N W. a squally cloud spanning the heavens—but before it reaches the S E horizon— it has lifted above the N.W. & so it leaves the sky clear there for sunset — while it has sunk low & dark in the SE.

The men on the freight train who go over the whole length of the road bow to me as to an old acquaintance they pass me so often —and I think they take me for an “employe”— & am I not?

The flowing clay on the E side is still richer today. I know of nothing so purgative of winter fumes & indigestions And then there is heard the harp high over head—a new Orpheus modulating moulding the earth— & making the sands to follow its strains. Who is not young again. What more wonderful than that a simple string or wire stretched between two posts on which the breezes play — can so excite the race of man with its vibrations — producing sounds kindred with the song of bards — & the most admirable works of art.

Thaw with his gentle persuasion is more powerful than Thor. with his hammer. The one melts the other but breaks in pieces. In these fresh designs there is more than the freedom of Grecian art — more than acanthus leaves

It flows even over the snow.

The vibrations of that string will surely remind a man of all that is most glorious in his experience. Will more than realize to him the stories of the Delphic oracle. Will take him captive —make him mad.— The distant is brought near to him through hearing. He abides in the body still — his soul is not quite ravished away, but news from other spheres than he lives in reaches him. It is evident that his life does not pass on that level.

February 11, Wednesday: The [Rhode Island](#) General Assembly abolished [capital punishment](#) even for such crimes as murder and arson. (In 1872, the General Assembly would re-enact the penalty of death by [hanging](#), for a murder committed while under sentence of life imprisonment.)

READ EDWARD FIELD TEXT

In [California](#), Candelario Valencia laid claim to lands at the Mission Dolores.



February 11: When the thermometer is down to 20° in the morning, as last month, I think of the poor dogs who have no masters.

If a poor dog has no master, every body will throw a billet of wood at him. it never rains but it pours It now rains—a drizzling rain mixed with mist—which ever and anon fills the air to the height of 15 or 20 feet— It makes what they call an old fashioned mill-privelege in the streets—i.e. I suppose a privelege on a small stream good only for a part of the year.

Perhaps the best evidence of an amelioration of the climate—at least that the snows are less deep than formerly—

DOG



CALIFORNIA

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is the snow-shoes which still lie about in so many garrets—now useless—though the population of this town has not essentially increased for 75 years past—and the travelling within the limits of the town accordingly not much facilitated. No man ever uses them now—yet the old men used them in their youth.

I have lived some 30 odd years on this planet and I have yet to hear the first syllable of valuable or even earnest advice from my seniors. They have told me nothing and probably can tell me nothing to the purpose. There is life—an experiment untried by me—& it does not avail me that you have tried it. If I have any valuable experience I am sure to reflect that this my mentors said nothing about. What were mysteries to the child, remain mysteries to the old man

It is a mistake to suppose that in a country where rail roads & steamboats the printing press and the church and the usual evidences of what is called civilization exists the condition of a very large body of the inhabitants cannot be as degraded as that of savages. Savages have their high & their low estate—& so have civilized nations. To know this I should not need to look further than the shanties which everywhere line our rail roads—that last improvement in civilization. But I will refer you to Ire Land, which is marked as one of the white or enlightened spots on the map— Yet I have no doubt that that nations rulers are as wise as the averaged of civilized rulers.

February 17, Tuesday: S.O. Johnson & Company began publication of the San Francisco Shipping List and Prices Current.

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Henry Thoreau wrote to Benjamin Marston Watson presumably.

[February 17, 1852]

I have not yet seen Mr. Channing, though I believe he is in town, — having decided to come to Plymouth myself,— but I will let him know that he is expected. Mr. Daniel Foster wishes me to say that he accepts your invitation, and that he would like to come Sunday after next. I will take the Saturday afternoon train. I shall be glad to get a winter view of Plymouth Harbor, and see where your garden lies under the snow.



February 17, Tuesday: Perhaps the peculiarity of those western vistas was partly owing to the shortness of the days when we naturally look to the heavens & make the most of the little light.— When we live an arctic life. When the woodchopper's axe reminds us of twilight at 3 o'clock. P m. When the morning & the evening literally make the whole day—

When I travelled as it were between the portals of the night—& the path was narrow as well as blocked with snow.

Then too the sun has the last opportunity to fill the air with vapor.

I see on the Walden road that the wind through the wall is cutting **through** the drifts leaving a portion adhering to the stones.

It is hard for the traveller when in a cold & blustering day the sun and wind come from the same side— Today the wind is North W. or W by N & the sun from the S W.

The apothecia of lichens appears to be a fungus.— all fruit.

I saw Patrick Riorden carrying home an armful of faggots from the woods to his shanty on his shoulder. How much more interesting an event is that man's supper who has just been forth in the snow to hunt or perchance to steal the fuel to cook it with. His bread & meat must be sweet. It was something to hear that the women of Waltham used the *Parmelia saxatilis*? in dying

If you would read books on botany go to the fathers of the science— Read Linnaeus at once, & come down from him as far as you please— I lost much time reading the Florists. It is remarkable how little the mass of those interested in botany are acquainted with Linnaeus. His *Philosophia Botanica* which Rousseau Sprengel & others praised so highly — I doubt if it has ever been translated into English.— It is simpler more easy to understand & more comprehensive — than any of the hundred manuals to which it has given birth— A few pages of cuts representing the different parts of plants with the botanical names attached — is worth whole volumes

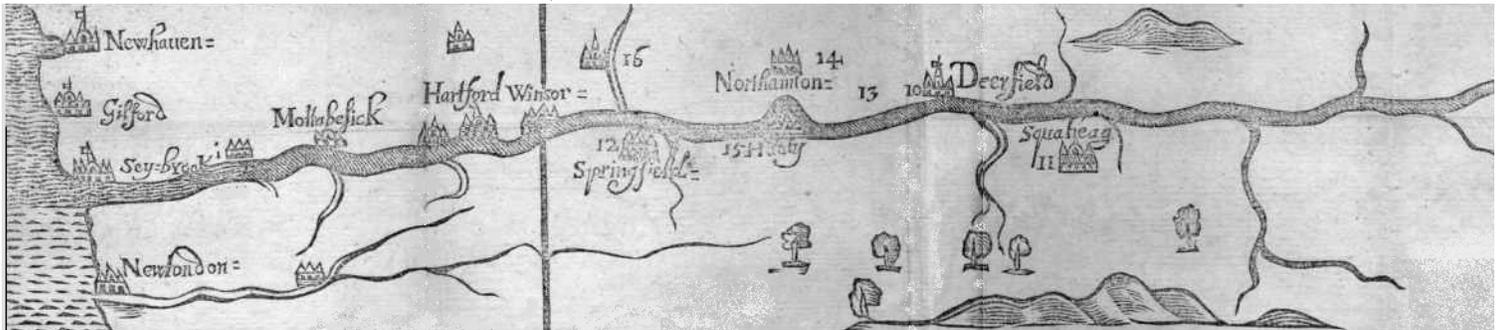
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of explanation.

According to [Linnaeus](#)'s classification, I come under the head of the **Miscellaneous** Botanophilists. "Botanophili sunt, qui varia de vegetabilibus tradiderunt, licet ea non proprie ad scientiam Botanicam spectant" – either one of the *Biologi* (Panegyrica plerumque exclamarunt) or *Poetae*.

February 24, Tuesday: In recognition of the importance of [silk](#) to the community, the collection of houses to the north-west of the village of [Northampton](#) assumed the name "[Florence](#)"⁷² (an ancillary proposal, to rename the Mill River as the "Arno," was tabled).



In San Francisco, Germans held a concert to benefit Grace Church.

CALIFORNIA

ONE COULD BE ELSEWHERE, AS ELSEWHERE DOES EXIST.
 ONE CANNOT BE ELSEWHEN SINCE ELSEWHEN DOES NOT.
 (TO THE WILLING MANY THINGS CAN BE EXPLAINED,
 THAT FOR THE UNWILLING WILL REMAIN FOREVER MYSTERIOUS.)

California

"Stack of the Artist of Kouroo" Project

72. The Nonotuck Silk Company, in the [Association of Industry and Education](#)'s factory building, would become the first to produce a twisted silk thread that could be utilized in [sewing](#) machines (and many of these sewing machines themselves would be produced right there, by the Florence Sewing Machine Company).



March 2, Tuesday: Henry Thoreau made a journal entry that he would copy into "WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT" as:

[Paragraph 8] The history of one farm from a state of nature to the highest state of cultivation — in other words, the history of such a life as we imagine to have been lived on it, comes nearer to being the true subject for a modern epic, than the siege of Jerusalem, or any such paltry resource as some have thought the poet reduced to at present.¹ (As if the poet were ever a man in reduced circumstances.) The Works and Days of Hesiod, the Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil, are but leaves out of that epic.

[Paragraph 9] The turning of a swamp into a garden, though I do not always think it an improvement, is at any rate an enterprise interesting to all men. The farmer increases the extent of the habitable earth. He makes soil² — and to a certain extent, is grading the way for civilization.

1. In SPECIMENS OF THE TABLE-TALK OF THE LATE SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (New York: Harpers, 1835), entry of 28 April 1832, Coleridge asserts that the "destruction of Jerusalem is the only subject now remaining for an epic poem."
2. A scatological pun.

RALPH WINTERTON'S POETÆ

During a voyage from San Francisco to Panama by the Pacific Mail S.S. Co. steamship Northerner commanded by Captain Henry Randall, Stephen C. Massett published BOUND HOME; OR, THE GOLD-HUNTERS' MANUAL.

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March 2, Tuesday, 1852: If the sciences are protected from being carried by assault by the mob by a palisade or chevaux de frise of technical terms — so also the learned man may sometimes ensconce himself & conceal his little true knowledge behind hard names— Perhaps the value of any statement may be measured by its susceptibility to be expressed in popular language. The greatest discoveries can be reported in the newspapers.— I thought it was a great advantage both to speakers & hearers when at the meetings of scientific gentlemen at the Marlboro chapel — the representatives of all departments of science were required to speak intelligibly to those of other departments — therefore dispensing with the most peculiarly technical terms— A man may be permitted to state a very meager truth to a fellow student using technical terms — but when he stands up before the mass of men he must have some distinct & important truth to communicate — and the most important it will always be the most easy to communicate to the vulgar.

If anybody thinks a thought how sure we are to hear of it — though it be only a half thought or half a delusion it gets into the newspapers and all the country rings with it—

But how much clearing of land & plowing and planting & building of stone wall is done every summer — without being reported in the newspapers or in literature. ⁷³ Agricultural literature is not as extensive as the fields—& the farmer's almanac is never a big book. And yet I think that the History (or poetry) of one farm from a state of nature to the highest state of cultivation comes nearer to being the true subject of a modern epic than the seige of Jerusalem or any such paltry & ridiculous resource to which some have thought men reduced. Was it Coleridge? the works & Days of Hesiod — The Eclogues & Georgics of Virgil— are but leaves out of that epic. The turning a swamp into a garden — though the poet may not think it an improvement — is at any rate an enterprise interesting to all men.

HESIOD
VIRGIL

A wealthy farmer who has money to let was here yesterday, who said that 14 years ago a man came to him to hire 200 dollars for 30 days— He told him that he should have it if he would give proper security — but the other thinking it exorbitant to require security for so short a term — went away— But he soon returned & gave the security.— & said the farmer — he has punctually paid me twelve dollars a year ever since— I have never said a word to him about the principal.

It will soon be forgotten, in these days of stoves, that we used to roast potatoes in the ashes — after the Indian fashion of cooking.

The farmer increases the extent of the habitable earth. He makes soil. That is an honorable occupation.

March 12, Friday: The San Francisco Evening Picayune was sold at auction, fetching \$15.

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March 12, Friday: According to Linnaeus very many plants become perennial & arborescent in warm regions, which with us are annual as *Tropaeolum*, *Beta*, *Majorana*, *Malva arborea*, &c.—for duration often depends more on the locality than on the plant. So is it with men. Under more favorable conditions the human plant that is short-lived & dwarfed — becomes perennial & arborescent.

Linnaeus thus classifies *Solum* as it respects plants. I omit the explanation &c

- 1st Mare
- 2nd Littora maris
- 3d Fontes
- 4 Fluvii—
- 5th Ripae fluviorum et Lacuum
- 6th Lacus aqua pura repleti, fundo consistenti gaudent. Walden & others?
- 7th Stagna & Fossae fundo limoso & aqua quieta sunt repleta.
- 8 *Paludes* humo lutoso laxa et aqua referta, aestate siccescunt.
(very wet meadows?)
- 9 *Cespitosae Paludes*, refertae humo mixta Sphagno, tectae tuberibus
(hummocks?), cinctae aqua limosa, profunda. (Peat meadows?)
- 10 Inundata loca hyeme repleta aqua, aestate putrida exsiccata, imbribus interdum suffusa. (Round Pond on Marlboro road—& Goose Pond?)
- 11 *Uliginosa mihi sunt loca spongiosa, aqua putrida laborantia, colonis invisae, nec segetis, nec foeni proventui apta, innotescuntia propriis plantis.* (swamps?)
- 12 Alpes—
- 13 *Rupes* (Cliffs &c?)
- 14 *Montes & Colles sabulosi, aridi, steriles, aquam vix admittunt.*
- 15 *Campi aprici ventis expositi, sicci, asperi sunt.* (Most of our pastures?)
(Parts of Cape Cod?)
- 16 *Sylvae umbrosae terra sabulosa sterili refertae.* (Most of our woods?)
- 17 *Nemora ad radices montium, inter lucos, humo spongiosa tecta, umbrosa semper, exhalantia continuo aerem humidiusculum; ventis minime expositum, plantas vernaes, frigoris & caloris impatientes, alunt.* (our primitive woods?)
- 18 *Prata herbis luxuriantia, campis depressis, convallibusque constant.*
(Low rich grass grounds?)
- 19 *Pascua differunt a pratis., quod steriliora; sicciora et magis sabulosa.*

73. [Thoreau](#) would later combine this with an entry made on January 28, 1853 (JOURNAL ■ 4:483) to form the following paragraph for his early lecture “WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT”:

[Paragraph 23] If any body thinks a thought, how sure we are to hear of it! Though it be only a half thought, or half a delusion it gets into the newspapers, and all the country rings with it at last. But how much clearing of land, and plowing and planting and building of stone wall is done every summer without being heard of out of the district! A man may do a great deal of bogging without becoming illustrious — when if he had done comparatively little work in some intellectual or spiritual bog — we should not have willingly let it die. Agricultural literature is not as extensive as the fields, and the farmer’s almanac is never a big book. The exploits of the farmer are not often reported even in the agricultural papers, nor are they handed down by tradition from father to son, praiseworthy and memorable as so many of them are. But if he ran away from hard work once in his youth and chanced to be present at one short battle, he will, even in his old age, love to dwell on this, “shoulder his crutch, and” — with cruel satire — “show how fields are won.”¹

**BRAD DEAN’S
COMMENTARY**

1. [Oliver Goldsmith](#)’s “[The Deserted Village](#),” line 158.



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- (A low pasture?)
- 20 Arva fields at rest
 - 21 Agri terra subacta laeta gaudent (cultivated fields?)
 - 22 Versurae s. Margines agrorum, tanquam prata (!) stercorata considerantur.
 - 23 Culta (rich soil in Gardens?)
 - 24 Fimeta (Dung heaps?)
 - 25 Rudirata.

NB (He gives examples of the plants which grow in each locality)

I have learned in a shorter time & more accurately the meaning of the technical terms used in Botany from a few plates of figures at the end of the Phil. Bot. with the names annexed – than a volume of explanations or glossaries could teach.

And that the alternate pages (to the plates may not be left blank – he has given on them very concise & important instruction to learners of Botany.

This lawgiver of Science – this systematizer – this methodist – carries his system in to his studies in the field. On one of these little pages he gives some instruction concerning Herbario or what the French called Herbarisationes – we say Botanizing– Into this he introduces law & order & system – and describes with the greatest economy of words what some would have required a small volume to tell – all on a small page.

Tells what dress you shall wear – what instruments – you shall carry – what season & hour you shall observe – viz “from the leafing of the trees, Sirius excepted, to the fall of the leaf.– twice a week in summer – once in spring – from 7 in the morning till 7 at night.” When you shall dine–& take your rest &c – in a crowd or dispersed &c – how far you shall go 2 miles & a half at most. What you you shall collect & what kind of observations make &c &–

March 23, Tuesday: U.S. Senator William McKendree Gwin urged his colleagues to support the establishment of a navy yard and depot in the bay of San Francisco.

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The justices of the Missouri Supreme Court ruled 2-to-1 that the Scotts were still enslaved. From the majority opinion we learn that: “We are almost persuaded that the introduction of slavery among us was, in the providence of God, who makes the evil passions of men subservient to His own glory, a means of placing that unhappy race within the pale of civilized nations.”

DRED SCOTT

HARRIET ROBINSON SCOTT

MRS. IRENE EMERSON



March 23, Tuesday: I heard this forenoon a pleasant jingling note from the slate colored snow bird [Dark-eyed Junco  *Junco hyemalis*] on the oaks in the sun on Minot’s hill-side. Apparently they sing with us in the pleasantest days before they go northward.

GEORGE MINOTT

Minot thinks that the farmers formerly cured their meadow hay better, gave it more sun so that the cattle liked it as well as the English now.

As I cannot go upon a north west passage then I will find a passage round the actual world where I am. Connect the Berring Straits & Lancaster Sounds of thought. Winter on Melville Island & make a chart of Bank’s Land– Explore the northward trending Wellington Inlet–where there is said to be a perpetual open sea–cutting my way through floes of ice ... {³/₅ths page blank}

Spring: [Augustus Truman Dowd](#) was chasing a bear in the Sierra Nevada mountains of [California](#) when he came upon what is now known as the “North Grove” of Calaveras State Park. Gigantic trees like he couldn’t believe! Just wait until he told somebody!

"HUCKLEBERRIES": Many public speakers are accustomed, as I think foolishly, to talk about what they call little things in a patronising way sometimes, advising, perhaps, that they be not wholly neglected; but in making this distinction they really use no juster measure than a ten-foot pole, and their own ignorance. According to this rule a small potatoe is a little thing, a big one a great thing. A hogshead-full of anything – the big cheese which it took so many oxen to draw – a national salute – a state-muster – a fat ox – the horse Columbus – or Mr. Blank – the Ossian Boy – there is no danger that any body will call these little things. A cartwheel is a great thing – a snow flake a little thing. The *Wellingtonia gigantea* – the famous California tree, is a great thing – the seed from which it sprang a little thing – scarcely one traveller has noticed the seed at all – and so with all the seeds or origins of things. But Pliny said – *In minimis Natura praestat* – Nature excels in the least things.

PLINY

WELLINGTONIA GIGANTEA

April 8, Thursday: In San Francisco, the Vigilant Engine Co. No. 9 was organized on Ohio Street between Pacific Street and Broadway Street. One of the organizers was James P. Casey. A new ordinance created a Board of Fire Wardens consisting of the 3 assistant chiefs and headed by the Chief Engineer, to oversee the fire districts and to allow the inspection of all locations where fire was used.



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April 8, Thursday: To day I hear the croak of frogs in small pond-holes in the woods–and see dimples on the surface which I suppose that they make–for when I approach they are silent & the dimples are no longer seen. They are very shy.– I notice the Alder, the *A. serrulata*–in blossom its reddish-brown catkins now lengthened & loose– What mean the apparently younger small red (catkins?)? **They** are the female aments I see a light of fishermen I suppose spearing tonight on the river– Though half the ground is covered with snow.

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April 19, Monday: The ice on the St. Lawrence waterway broke up. In Montréal, [Waldo Emerson](#) delivered “England” as a preliminary to the “Conduct of Life” series of lectures that he would put into his last book, CONDUCT OF LIFE. In [Concord](#) it was raining, and [Henry Thoreau](#) went with [Ellery Channing](#) at 2PM over Wood’s or South Bridge along Sudbury Road to Lee’s Bridge over the Sudbury River, and back by Baker Farm near Mount Misery. That night there was a great storm.



The [California](#) Historical Society was founded.



April 19, Monday: 6 Am rain still, a fine rain. The robin sang early this morning over the bare ground – an hour ago, nevertheless. ushering in the day. Then the guns were fired & the bells rung to commemorate the anniversary of the birth of a nation’s liberty. The birds must live on expectation now. There is nothing in nature to cheer them yet

That last flock of geese [[Canada Goose](#) [Branta canadensis](#)] yesterday is still in my eye– After hearing their clangor, looking S W we saw them just appearing over a dark pine wood in an irregular waved line one abreast of the other – as it were breasting the air & pushing it before them. It made you think of the streams of Cayster &c &c. They carry weight – such a weight of metal in the air. Their dark waved outline as they disappear– The grenadiers of the air. Man pigmifies himself at sight of these inhabitants of the air. These stormy days they do not love to fly – they alight in some retired marsh or river. From their lofty path-way they can easily spy out the most extensive and retired swamp. How many there must be that one or more flocks are seen to go over almost every farm in New Eng. in the spring.

That oak by Darbys is a grand object seen from any side– It stands like an athlete & defies the tempests in every direction. It has not a weak point. It is an agony of strength. Its branches look like stereotyped gray lightning on the sky. But I fear a price is set upon its sturdy trunk & roots – for ship timber – for knees to make stiff the sides of ships against the atlantic billows. Like an athlete it shows its well developed muscles.

I saw yesterday that the farmers had been out to save their fencing stuff from the flood – and every where it was drawn above high water mark. The north-river had fallen nearly a foot – which I cannot account for unless some of the dams above had broken away or been suddenly raised. This slight difference in the character of the tributaries of a river – & their different histories & adventures is interesting.– all making one character at last. The willow catkin might be the emblem of Spring. The buds of the lilack look ready to take advantage of the first warm day.

The skin of my nose has come off in consequence of that burning of the sun reflected from the snow.

A stormy day



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2 PM with C. over Wood's Bridge to Lee's and back by Baker Farm.

It is a violent N E storm in which it is very difficult & almost useless to carry an umbrella. I am soon wet to my skin over half my body – at first – & for a long time I feel cold and as if I had lost some vital heat by it – but at last the water in my clothes feels warm to me & I know not but I am dry. It is a wind to turn umbrellas. The meadows are higher – more wild & angry & the waves run higher with more white to their caps than before this year. I expect to hear of ship wrecks – & of damage done by the tide. This wind too keeps the water in the river. It is worth the while to walk today to hear the rumbling roar of the wind – as if it echoed through the hollow chambers of the air. It even sounds like thunder sometimes– And when you pass under trees oaks or elms that overhang the road – the sound is more grand & stormy still– The wind sounds even in open fields as if on a roof over our heads. It sounds as if amid sails. The mists against the woods are seen driving by in upright columns or sections – as if separated by waves of air.– drifting by they make a dimly mottled landscape. What comes flapping low with heavy wing over the middle of the flood– Is it an eagle [**Bald Eagle**] *Haliaeetus leucocephalus*] or a fish-hawk [**Osprey** *Pandion haliaetus*]– Ah, now he is betrayed, I know not by what motion – a great gull [**Herring Gull** *Larus argentatus*] .– right in the eye of the storm– He holds not a steady course – but suddenly he dashes upward even like the surf of the sea which he frequents – showing the under sides of his long, pointed wings – on which do I not see 2 white spots? He suddenly beats upward thus as if to surmount the airy billows by a slanting course as the teamster surmounts a slope. The swallow too flies fantastically & & luxuriously & leisurely – doubling some unseen corners in the sky. Here is a gull then long after ice in the river. It is a fine sight to see this noble bird leisurely advancing right in the face of the storm.

How sweet is the perception of a new natural fact! – suggesting what worlds remain to be unveiled. That phenomenon of the Andromeda seen against the sun cheers me exceedingly When the phenomenon was not observed – It was not – at all. I think that no man ever takes an original or detects a principle without experiencing an inexpressible as quite infinite & sane pleasure which advertises him of the dignity of that truth he has perceived.

The thing that pleases me most within these three days is the discovery of the andromeda phenomenon– It makes all those parts of the country where it grows more attractive & elysian to me. It is a natural magic. These little leaves are the stained windows in the cathedral of my world. At sight of any redness I am excited like a cow.– To-day you can find arrowheads for every stone is washed bright in the rain.

On the Miles road – the beomyces roseus is now in perfection. Seen on the clay-like surface, amid the dark dead birch & pine leaves it looks like a minute dull pinkish bloom.– a bloom on the earth – & passes for a terrene flower. It impresses me like a mildew passing into a higher type. It covers large tracts of ground there a pink color.– C. calls it flesh colored, but it is high-colored for that

Observed the thistle again covered with the beads of rain drops & tinged with purple on the edges of the leaves. It impressed me again as some rich fruit of the tropics ready to be eaten with a spoon.– it suggests pine apples – custard-apples or what is it? The pasture thistle.

All the farmers cart paths – for their meadow hay – are now seen losing themselves in the water. In the midst of this storm I see & hear the robin still & the songsparrow [**Melospiza** *melodia*] – and see the blue-bird [**Eastern Bluebird** *Sialia sialis*] also. & the crow [**American Crow** *Corvus brachyrhynchos*] – and a hawk – a bunting – (a marsh-hawk (?)) & a blue woodpecker I thought about the size of the hairy. The meadow from Lee's Causeway looking N E against the storm looks dark & as C. says slate-colored. I observe that to get the dark color of the waves you must not only look in the direction whence they come, but stand as low & nearly on a level with them as possible. If you are on the top of a hill, light is reflected upward to you from their surface. In all this storm & wet, see a muskrat's head in the meadow – as if someone thrust up a mop from below – literally a drowned rat. Such independence to the moods of nature. He does not care if he knows when it rains. Saw a woodchuck out in the storm. The elder buds are forward. I stood by Clematis Brook – hearing the wind roar in the woods & the water – in the brook & trying to distinguish between these sounds– I at last concluded that the first was a drier sound, the last a wetter– There is a slight dry hum to the wind blowing on the twigs of the forest – a softer & more liquid splashing sound to the water falling on rocks. Scared up 3 blue herons in the little pond close by – quite near us. It was a grand sight to see them rise. So slow & stately – so long & limber with an undulating



motion. from head to foot undulating also their huge wings – undulating in 2 directions & looking warily about them. With this graceful limber undulating motion they arose– as if so they got under way–their two legs trailing parallel far behind like an earthy residuum to be left behind.– They are large like birds of Syrian lands & seemed to oppress the earth – & hush the hill-side to silence as they winged their way over it– looking back toward us It would affect our thoughts – deepen & perchance darken our reflections if such huge birds flew in numbers in our sky. They are few & rare. Among the birds of celebrated flight – Storks – cranes, Geese [**Canada Goose** *Branta canadensis*] – & ducks. The legs hang down



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like a weight which they raise, to pump up as it were with its wings & convey out of danger. The mist today makes those near distances which [Gilpin](#) tells of. I saw looking from the R R to Fair Haven Hill soon after we started – 4 such – the wood on E. Hubbards meadow – dark but open – that of Hubbards Grove showing the branches of the trees – Potter’s Pitch pines perhaps one solid black mass with outline only distinct – Browns on the Cliff but dimly seen through the mist. – One above & beyond the other. – with vales of mist between.

To see the larger & wilder birds you must go forth in the great storms like this. At such times they frequent our neighborhood & trust themselves in our midst. A life of fair weather walks **might** never show you the goose sailing on our waters, or the Great Heron feeding here. When the storm increases then these great birds that carry the mail of the seasons lay to. To see wild life – you must go forth at a wild season. When it rains & blows keeping men in-doors then the lover of nature must forth. Then returns nature to her wild estate. In pleasant sunny weather you may catch butterflies – but only when the storm rages that lays prostrate the forest & wrecks the mariner, do you come upon the feeding grounds of wildest fowl – of heron & geese. The light buff (?) colored hazel catkins – some three inches long are conspicuous now.

Beside the direct & steady rain large drops fall from the trees & dimple the water. Stopped in the Barn on the Baker Farm. Sat in the dry meadow hay – where the mice nest. To sit there rustling the hay just beyond reach of the rain while the storm roars without – it suggested an inexpressible dry stillness – the quiet of the hay-mow in a rainy day – such stacks of quiet & undisturbed thought – when there is not even a cricket to stir in the hay. – but all without is wet & tumultuous, & all within is dry & quiet⁷⁴ O what reams of thought one might have here– The crackling of the hay makes silence audible. It is so deep a bed, it makes one dream to sit on it. to think of it. The never failing jay [[Blue Jay](#), [Cyanocitta cristata](#)]

74. William M. White’s version of this storm is:

*Sat in the dry meadow-hay,
Where the mice nest.*

*To sit there,
Rustling the hay,
Just beyond reach of the rain
While the storm roars without,
It suggested an inexpressible dry stillness,
The quiet of the haymow in a rainy day;
Such stacks of quiet and undisturbed thought,
When there is not even a cricket to stir in the hay,
But all without is wet and tumultuous,
And all within is dry and quiet.*



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still screams. Standing in Pleasant Meadow Conantum shore seen through the mist & rain looks dark & heavy – & without perspective like a perpendicular upon its edge

Crossed by the chain of ponds to Walden. The first, looking back, appears elevated high above Fair Haven between the hills above the swamp – & the next higher yet. Each is distinct, a wild and interesting pond with its musquash house. The 2nd the simplest perhaps – with decayed spruce (?) trees rising out of the island of Andromeda in its midst – draped with usnea & the mists now driving between them. Saw the *Veratrum viride* 7 or 8 inches high in Well meadow swamp – The greatest growth of the season – at least above water, if not above or below.– I doubt if there is so much recent vegetable matter pushed above ground elsewhere – certainly there is not unless of pads under water– Yet it did not start so early as it has grown fast. Walden is clear of ice. The ice left it yesterday then the 18th Trilium Woods make a lea 30 or 40 rods off though you are raised 20 feet on the causeway.

WALDEN: I set out one afternoon to go a-fishing to Fair-Haven, through the woods, to eke out my scanty fare of vegetables. My way led through Pleasant Meadow, an adjunct of the Baker Farm, that retreat of which a poet has since sung, beginning, –

“Thy entry is a pleasant field,
Which some mossy fruit trees yield
Partly to a ruddy brook,
By gliding musquash undertook,
And mercurial trout,
Darting about.”

I thought of living there before I went to Walden. I “hooked” the apples, leaped the brook, and scared the musquash and the trout. It was one of those afternoons which seem indefinitely long before one, in which many events may happen, a large portion of our natural life, though it was already half spent when I started. By the way there came up a shower, which compelled me to stand half an hour under a pine, piling boughs over my head, and wearing my handkerchief for a shed; and when at length I had made one cast over the pickerel-weed, standing up to my middle in water I found myself suddenly in the shadow of a cloud, and the thunder began to rumble with such emphasis that I could do no more than listen to it. The gods must be proud, thought I, with such forked flashes to rout a poor unarmed fisherman.

April 21, Wednesday: Signora Elisa Biscaccianti sang at a benefit for the San Francisco Firemen’s Fund Association.

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In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) and [Ellery Channing](#) took a walk in the rain to the 1775 Battle-Ground across Old North Bridge over the Concord River.



April 21, Wednesday: The storm still continues. When I walked in the storm day before yesterday, I felt very cold when my clothes were first wet through but at last they being saturated with water were tight & kept out the air & fresh wet like a thicker & closer garment & the water in them being warmed by my person – I felt warmer & even drier.

The color of the water changes with the sky. It is as dull & sober as the sky today.

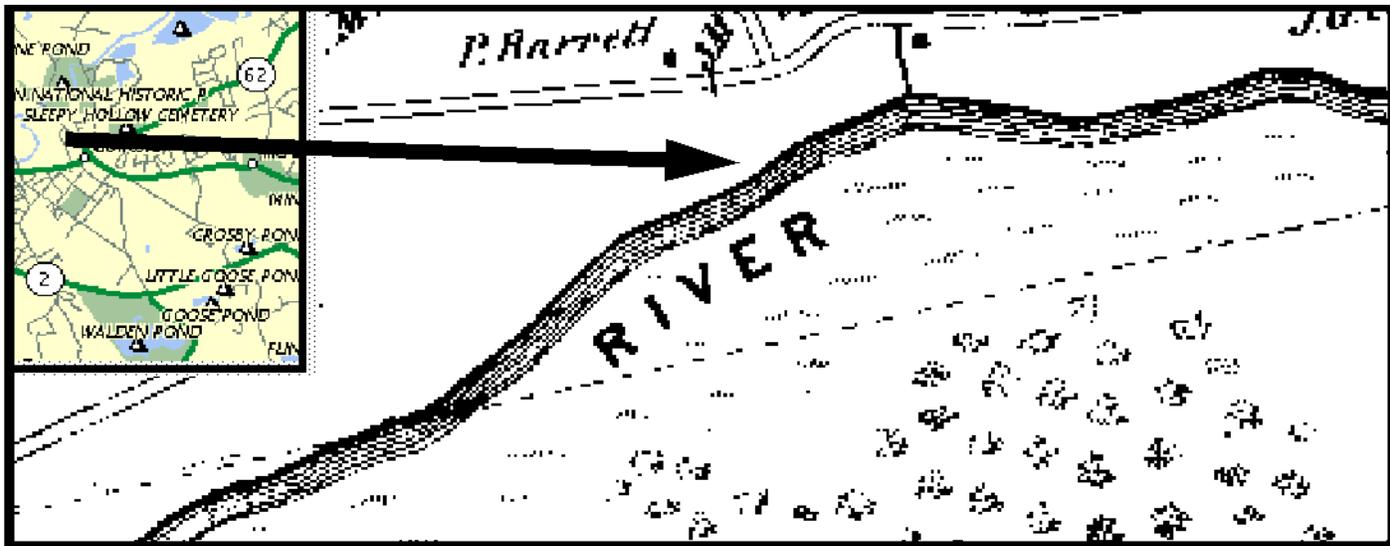
The woodchuck has not far to go to his home. In foul weather if he chooses he can turn in any where. He lives on & in the earth. A little parasite on the skin of the earth. – that knows the taste of clover & bean-leaves & beetles.

2 PM another walk in the rain.

The river is remarkably high – Nobody remembers when the water came into so many cellars The water is up to the top of the easternmost end of the easternmost iron truss on the S side of the Stone bridge – It is over the union turnpike that was west of the bridge – so that it is impassible to a foot traveller – & **just over** the road west of Woods bridge –

Of eight carriage roads leading into Concord the water to my knowledge is now over six – *viz* – Lees Bridge – the Corner Road – Wood’s Bridge – Stone Bridge – Red bridge on both sides full half a mile in all over the walls – & the Turnpike. All of these are impassible to foot travellers except Woods’ Bridge where only a lady would be stopped. – I should think that 9 inches more would carry it over Flint’s Bridge Road – How it is at the East Quarter school house I dont know – nor at the further Stone Bridge & above – nor at Derby’s Bridge It is probably over the road near Mile’s in the Corner and in 2 places on the Turnpike – perhaps between J P Browns & C. Miles. This may suggest how low Concord is situated. Most of the cellars on both sides of the main street E of our house have water in them – and some that are on high ground. All this has been occasioned by the repeated storms of snow & rain for a month or 6 weeks past especially the melting of the deep snow of April 13 and added to this the steady rain from Sunday morning Ap 18 to this moment 8 Pm Ap. 21st. The element of water is in the ascendant. From the Poplar Hill the expanse of water looks about as large on the S W as the N E. many new islands are made – of grassy & sometimes rocky knolls & clumps of trees and bushes where there is no dry land. Straight willow hedges rising above the water in some places marking the boundaries of some man’s improvements look prettily – Some of the bushy islands on the Great meadows are distinctly red at this distance even a mile off from the stems of some bush not red (distinctly in fair weather – wet now – Is it cornel? In front of Peters. The grass has been springing in spite of the snow & rain & the earth has an increased greenish tinge – though it is still decidedly tawny. – Men are out in boats in the rain for muskrats – ducks & geese [**Canada Goose** █ *Branta canadensis*]. It appears to me as I stand on this hill that the white houses of the village seen through the whitish misty storm and rain are a very suitable color & harmonize well with the scenery – like concentrations of the mist. It is a cheerful color in stormy weather. A few patches of snow are still left. – The robins sing through the ceaseless rain and the song sparrows [*Melospiza* █ *melodia*] & I hear a lark’s [**Eastern Meadowlark** █ *Sturnella magna*] plaintive strain –

I am glad that men are so dispersed over the earth. The need of fuel causes woods to be left – and the use of cattle and horses requires pastures – and hence men live far apart & the walkers of every town have this wide range over forest & field. Sitting behind the wall on the height of the road beyond N. Barretts – (for we have



come down the N bank of the river) – I love in this weather to look abroad & let my eye fall on some sandy hill clothed with pitch pines on its sides, & covered on its top with the whitish cladonia lichen – usually so dry – but now saturated with water – It reminds me of northern Regions. I am thinking of the hill near Tarbells – ^{3/4} of a mile from me. They are agreeable colors to my eye – the green pine & on the summit the patches of whitish moss like mildew seen through the mist & rain. – for I think perhaps how much moisture that soil can bear, how grateful it is to it.

Proceed toward Hubbards Black birch Hill – the grass is greenest in the hollows where some snow & ice are still left – melting showing by its greenness how much space they recently covered. On the E side of Ponkawtasset I hear a robin singing cheerily from some perch in the wood – in the midst of the rain. – where the scenery is now wild & dreary – His song a singular antagonism & offset to the storm – As if nature said “have faith, these **two** things I can do.” It sings with power – like a bird of great faith – that sees the bright future through the dark present – to reassure the race of man – like one to whom many talents were given & who will



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improve its talents. They are sounds to make a dying man live. They sing not their despair. It is a pure immortal melody. The side of the hill is covered first with tall birches rising from a reddish ground – just above a small swamp – then comes a white pine wood whose needles covered with the fine rain drops have a light sheen on them. – I see one pine that has been snapped off half way up in the storm & seen against the misty back ground it is a distinct yellow mark. The sky is not one homogeneous color – but some what mottled with darker clouds & white intervals – & anon it rains harder than before. (I saw the other day the rootlets which spring from the alder above the ground – so tenacious of the earth is it) Was that a large shad bush where fathers mill used to be.? There is quite a water fall beyond. where the old dam was Where the rapids commence at the outlet of the pond, the water is singularly creased as it rushes to the fall – like braided hair as the poet has it. I did not see any inequalities in the rock it rushed over which could make it so plaited. Here is enough of that suds which in warm weather disperses such a sense of coolness through the air –

Sat under the dark hemlocks – gloomy hemlocks on the hill-side beyond. In a stormy day like this there is the gloom of night beneath them. The ground beneath them almost bare with wet rocks & fine twigs – without leaves (but hemlock leaves) or grass. The birds are singing in the rain about the small pond in front – The inquisitive chickadee [**Black-capped Chickadee**  *Parus atricapillus*] that has flown at once to the alders to reconnoitre as the black birds – the song-sparrow [*Melospiza*  *melodia*] telling of expanding buds. But above all the robin sings here too – I know not at what distance in the wood. Did he sing thus in Indian days?, I ask myself – for I have always associated this sound with the village & the clearing, but now I do detect the aboriginal wildness in his strain – & can imagine him a woodland bird – and that he sang thus when there was no civilized ear to hear him – a pure forest melody even like the wood thrush. Every genuine thing retains this wild tone – which no true culture displaces – I heard him even as he might have sounded to the Indian singing at evening upon the elm above his wigwam – with which was associated in the red-man's mind the events of an Indian's life. – his childhood. Formerly I had heard in it only those strains which tell of the white man's village life – now I heard those strains which remembered the red-man's life – such as fell on the ears of Indian children. – as he sang when these arrow-heads which the rain has made shine so on the lean stubble field – were fastened to their shaft. Thus the birds sing round this piece of water – some on the alders which fringe – some farther off & higher up the hills – It is a centre to them. Here stand buttonwoods an uncommon tree in the woods. naked to look at & now covered with little tufts of twigs on the sides of the branches in consequence of the disease which has attacked them. The singing of birds implies fair weather. I see where some farmer has been at pains to knock to pieces the manure which his cattle have dropped in the pasture so to spread it over the sward. The yellow birch is to me an interesting tree from its remarkable & peculiar color – like a silvery gold – In the pasture beyond the brook where grow the barberries – huckleberries – creeping juniper &c are half a dozen huge boulders which look grandly now in the storm covered with greenish gray lichens alternating with the slateish colored rock. Slumbering – silent like the exuviae of Giants – some of their cattle left. From a height I look down on some of them as on the backs of oxen. A certain personality or at least brute life they seem to have. C. [**Ellery Channing**] calls it boulder field. There is a good prospect Southward over the pond – between the two hills – even to the **river meadows** now. – As we stand by the Mt on the Battleground – I see a white pine dimly in the horizon just north of Lee's Hill – at 5¹/₂ Pm, its upright stem & straight horizontal feathered branches – while at the same time I hear a robin sing. each enhances the other. That tree seems the emblem of my life – it stands for the west – the wild. The sight of its grateful to me as to a bird whose perch it is to be at the end of a weary flight. I not sure whether the music I hear is most in the robins' song or in its boughs. My money should be all in pine tree shillings. The pine tree that stands on the verge of the clearing – whose boughs point westward. Which the villager does not permit to grow on the common or by the road side. – which is banished from the village. – In whose boughs the crow [**American Crow**  *Corvus brachyrhynchos*] and the hawk have their nests.

We have heard enough none sense about the pyramids – If Congress should vote to rear such structures on the prairies today, I should not think it worth the while nor be interested in the enterprise. It was the foolish undertaking of some tyrant – But says my neighbor – when they were built all men believed in them & were inspired to build them. Nonsense nonsense – I believe that they were built essentially in the same spirit in which the public works of Egypt – of England & America are built today – The Mahmoudi-canal – the Tubular bridge & the Washington monument. The inspiring motive in the actual builders of these works is garlic – or beef – or potatoes – – for meat & drink – & the necessities of life men can be hired to do many things. Ah, says my neighbor, but the stones are fitted with such nice joints! But the joints were nicer yet before they were disjointed in the quarry. Men are wont to speak as if it was a noble work to build a pyramid. – to see forsooth a hundred thousand Irishmen at work at 50 cents a day – to piling stone. As if the good joints could ennoble it, if a noble motive was wanting. To ramble round the world to see that pile of stones which ambitious Mr Cheops & Egyptian booby – like some **Lord Timothy Dexter** – caused a hundred thousand poor devils to pile up for low wages. – Which contained for all treasure the thigh bone of a cow. The tower of Babel has been a good deal laughed at – It was just as sensible an undertaking as the pyramids which because they were completed & have stood to this day are admired. I dont believe they made a better joint than Mr Crab – the joiner can. I have not this season heard more robins sing than this rainy day.

[“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT” Paragraph 31] Most men would feel insulted, if it were proposed to employ them



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in throwing stones over a wall, and then in throwing them back, merely that they might earn their wages. But many are no more worthily employed now. For instance: just after sunrise, one summer morning, I noticed Hayden⁷⁵ walking beside his team, which was slowly drawing a heavy hewn stone swung under the axle, surrounded by an atmosphere of industry, — his day's work begun, — his brow commenced to sweat, — a reproach to all sluggards and idlers, — pausing abreast the shoulders of his oxen, and half turning round with a flourish of his merciful whip, while they gained their length on him. And I thought, Such is the labor which the American Congress exists to protect, — honest, manly toil, — honest as the day is long, — that makes his bread taste sweet, and keeps society sweet, — which all men respect and have consecrated: one of the sacred band, doing the needful, but irksome drudgery. Indeed, I felt a slight reproach, because I observed this from the window, and was not abroad and stirring about a similar business. The day went by, and at evening I passed a rich man's yard,⁷⁶ who keeps many servants, and spends much money foolishly, while he adds nothing to the common stock, and there I saw Hayden's stone⁷⁷ lying beside a whimsical structure intended to adorn this [Lord Timothy Dexter](#)'s premises, and the dignity forthwith departed from Hayden's labor,⁷⁸ in my eyes. In my opinion, the sun was made to light worthier toil than this.

75. It is odd that Thoreau uses Eldridge G. Hayden's last name in the lecture, for his usual practice was to preserve the anonymity of individuals. It is clear from the Nantucket [Inquirer](#) report of the lecture, however, that Thoreau read either the form "H." — which is the form in the [Inquirer](#) — or "Hayden." Bradley Dean's decision to emend the essay copy-text from 'one of my neighbors' to 'Hayden' was based on the assumption that Thoreau would not have read "H." in his lecture.

76. Bradley Dean emended the essay copy-text from 'the yard of another neighbor' to 'a rich man's yard' on authority of the Nantucket [Inquirer](#) summary of the lecture. The rich man was Samuel G. Wheeler [See [JOURNAL](#) and the last sentence in "LIFE MISSPENT" 6; Wheeler "ran off" in December 1856 after borrowing money from, among others perhaps, Captain Elwell, who "was obliged to take [Wheeler's] farm to save himself."]

77. Bradley Dean emended the essay copy-text from 'the stone of the morning' to 'Hayden's stone' on authority of the Nantucket [Inquirer](#) summary, which reads "H.'s stone."

78. Bradley Dean emended the essay copy-text from 'the teamster's labor' to 'Hayden's labor' on authority of the Nantucket [Inquirer](#), which reads "H.'s labor."

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May 4, Tuesday: On the 3d anniversary of the 2d Great Fire, the San Francisco Fire Department was exceedingly careful to have its apparatuses on the ready, and put extra men on duty.

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Ellery Channing arrived in Provincetown intending to walk Cape Cod alone (however, he would change his mind and stay right there).

Henry Thoreau made an entry in his journal "This excitement about Kossuth is not interesting to me, it is so superficial..." that he was later to copy into his early lecture "WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT" as:

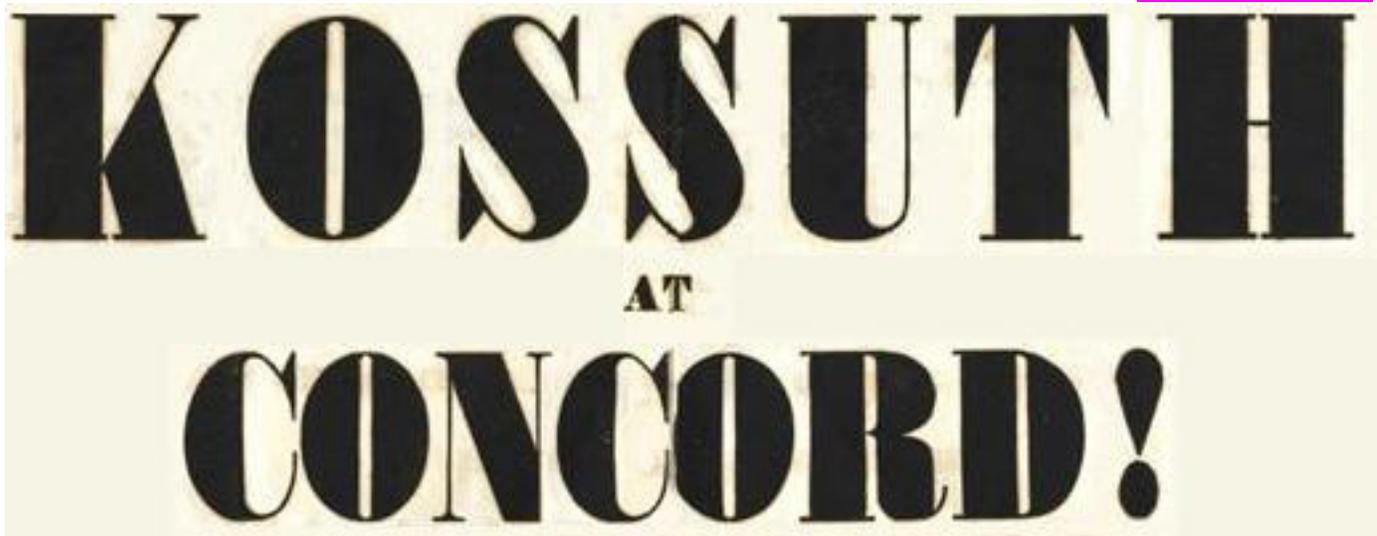


[Paragraph 71] That excitement about Kossuth, consider how characteristic, but superficial, it was! — only another kind of politics or dancing. Men were making speeches to him all over the country, but each expressed only the thought, or the want of thought, of the multitude. No man stood on truth. They were merely banded together, as usual, one leaning on another, and all together on nothing; as the Hindoos made the world rest on an elephant, the elephant on a tortoise, and the tortoise on a serpent, and had nothing to put under the serpent. For all fruit of that stir we have the Kossuth hat.

Brad Dean's Commentary



LAJOS KOSSUTH





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Thoreau also made an entry that he was later to use in his lecture “WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT” in combination with an entry made on November 10th, 1851:

[Paragraph 64] You come from attending the funeral of mankind to attend to a natural phenomenon. A little thought is sexton to all the world.



May 20, Thursday: At the City Observatory atop Telegraph Hill in San Francisco, they began to drop a time-ball each noon except Sunday as a service to mariners.

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[Edward Horatio Faucon](#) embarked upon the broad sea of matrimony with Martha Williams Weld. They would have a son, Gorham Paltrey Faucon, in 1854, and a daughter, Catherine Whalley Faucon, in 1855. Faucon would travel extensively as a marine salvage specialist for Boston [insurance](#) underwriters.



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

May 22, Saturday: An ordinance of the San Francisco Board of Alderman decreed a fixed fire district in the area enclosed by Union, Powell, Post, Second and Folsom streets.

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The [Chinese Christian Army](#) took Hsingan.

[Henry Thoreau](#) checked out, from [Harvard Library](#), the [Reverend William Gilpin](#)'s REMARKS ON FOREST SCENERY, AND OTHER WOODLAND VIEWS, RELATIVE CHIEFLY TO PICTURESQUE BEAUTY ILLUSTRATED BY THE SCENES OF NEW FOREST IN HAMPSHIRE. IN THREE BOOKS ... THE THIRD EDITION, IN TWO VOLUMES (London: Printed for T. Cadell and W. Davies, Strand. 1808).

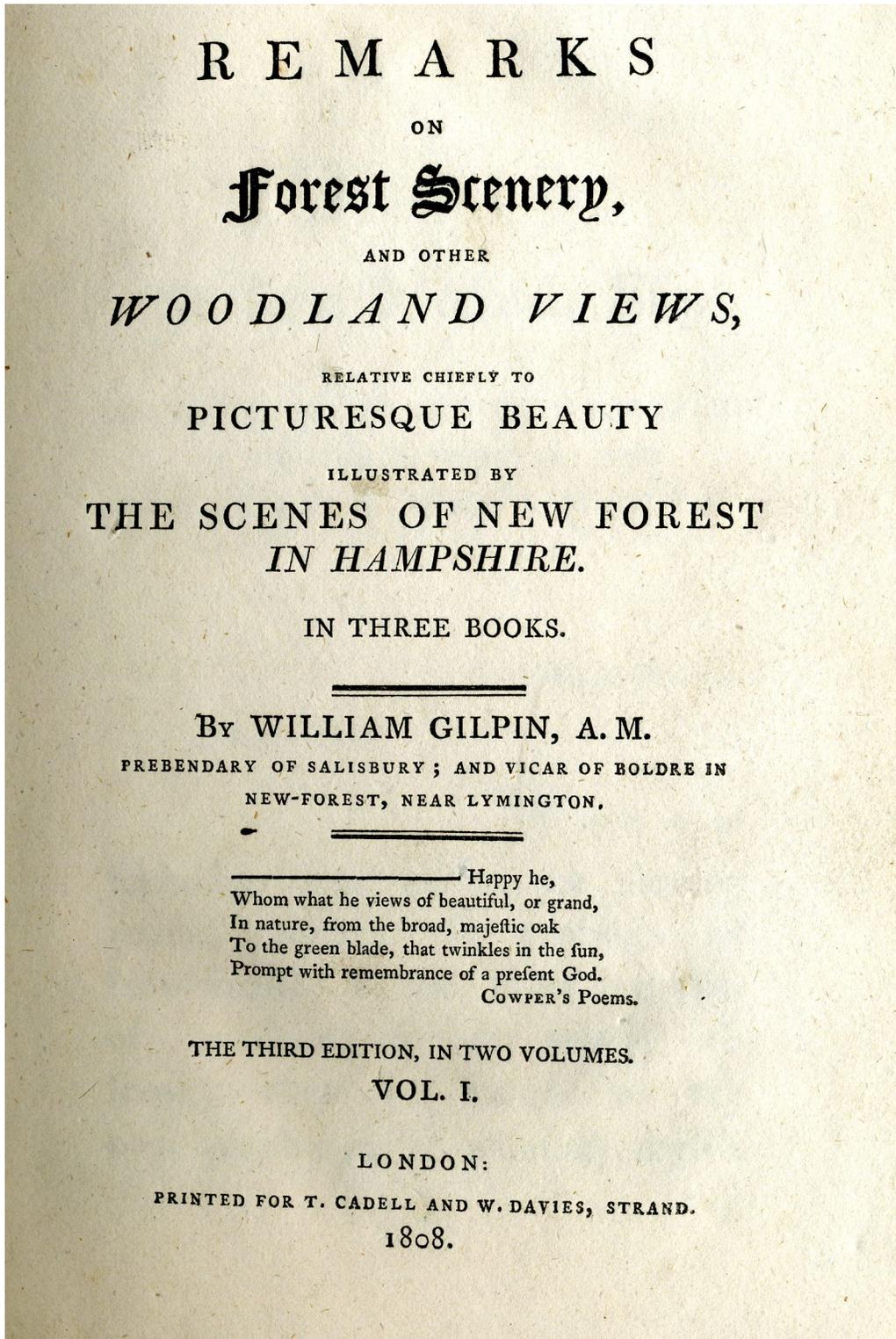
Per [Chambers's Edinburgh Journal](#), Vol. 17 New Series, No. 438, issued on this date:

The authoress of WOMAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, known also in this country by her PAPERS ON LITERATURE AND ART, occupied among her own people a station as notable as that of De Staël among the French, or of Rahel von Ense in Germany. Mystic and transcendental as she was, her writings teem with proof of original power, and are the expression of a thoughtful and energetic, if also a wayward and undisciplined, mind. One of the two compilers of these MEMOIRS (Emerson and W.H. Channing) observes, that his first impression of her was that of a 'Yankee Corinna;' and such is not unlikely to be the last impression of ordinary readers, ourselves among the number. In a letter, dated 1841, we find her saying: 'I feel all Italy glowing beneath the Saxon crust' – an apt illustration of her mental structure and tone of sentiment, compounded of New Worldedness, as represented by [Margaret Fuller](#), and of the feelings of Southern Europe, as embodied in



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the Marchesa Ossoli. Without at this time pausing to review her literary position, and her influence upon contemporary minds,



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we proceed to draw from these interesting, but frequently eccentric and extravagantly worded Memoirs, a sketch of her remarkable life-history.

Margaret Fuller was born at Cambridge-Port, Massachusetts, in May 1810. Her father was a shrewd, practical, hard-headed lawyer, whose love for his wife 'was the green spot on which he stood apart from the commonplaces of a mere bread-winning, bread-bestowing existence.' That wife is described as a fair and flower-like nature, bound by one law with the blue sky, the dew, and the frolic birds. 'Of all persons whom I have known, she had in her most of the angelic – of that spontaneous love for every living thing, for man, and beast, and tree, which restores the Golden Age.'⁷⁹ Mr Fuller, in undertaking the education of his daughter, committed the common error of excessive stimulation – thinking to gain time by forwarding the intellect as early as possible. He was himself a scholar, and hoped to make her the heir of all he knew, and of as much more as might be elsewhere attained. He was a severe and exacting disciplinarian, and permanently marred the nervous system of his child by the system he adopted of requiring her to recite her tasks on his return home at night, which was frequently very late. Hence a premature development of the brain, which, while it made her a youthful prodigy by day – one such youthful prodigy, it has been justly said, is often the pest of a whole neighbourhood – rendered her the nightly victim of spectral illusions, somnambulism, &c.; checked her growth; and eventually brought on continual headaches, weakness, and various nervous affections. As soon as the light was removed from her chamber at night, this ill-tended girl was haunted by colossal faces, that advanced slowly towards her, the eyes dilating, and each feature swelling loathsomely as they came; till at last, when they were about to close upon her, she started up with a shriek, which drove them away, but only to return when she lay down again. 'No wonder the child arose and walked in her sleep, moaning all over the house, till once, when they heard her, and came and waked her, and she told what she had dreamed, her father sharply bade her "leave off thinking of such nonsense, or she would be crazy" – never knowing that he was himself the cause of all these horrors of the night.' Her home seems to have been deficient in the charms and associations appropriate to childhood. Finding no relief from without, her already overexcited mind was driven for refuge from itself to the world of books. She tells us she was taught Latin and English grammar at the same time; in Latin, which she began to read at six years old, her father, and subsequently a tutor, trained her to a high degree of precision, expecting her to understand the mechanism of the language thoroughly, and to translate it tersely and unhesitatingly, with the definite clearness of one perfectly *au fait* in the philosophy of the classics. Thus she became imbued with an abiding interest in the genius of old Rome – 'the power of will, the dignity of a fixed purpose' – where man takes a 'noble bronze in camps and battle-fields,' his brow well furrowed by the 'wrinkles of council,' and his eye 'cutting its way like the sword;' and thence she loved to escape, at Ovid's behest, to the enchanted gardens of the Greek mythology, to the gods and nymphs born of the sunbeam,

79. MEMOIRS OF MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI. 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1852.

Mr Fuller's AUTOBIOGRAPHY, which comprises the first sixty pages of these MEMOIRS.



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the wave, the shadows on the hill – delighted to realise in those Greek forms the faith of a refined and intense childhood. Reading was now to her a habit and a passion. Its only rival attraction was the 'dear little garden' behind the house, where the best hours of her lonely child-life were spent. Within the house, everything, she says, was socially utilitarian; her books told of a proud world, but in another temper were the teachings of the little garden, where her thoughts could lie callow in the nest, and only be fed and kept warm, not called to fly or sing before the time. A range of blue hills, at about twelve miles' distance, allured her to reverie, and bred within her thoughts not too deep for tears. The books which exercised most power over her at this period were Shakspeare, Cervantes, and Molière – all three students of the 'natural history of man,' and inspired by fact, not fancy; reconstructing the world from materials which they collected on every side, not spinning from the desires of their own special natures; and accordingly teaching her, their open-eyed disciple, to distrust all invention which is not based on a wide experience, but, as she confesses, also doing her harm, since the child, fed with meat instead of milk, becomes too soon mature. For a few months, this bookish life was interrupted, or varied, by the presence of an English lady, whom Margaret invested with ideal perfections as her 'first friend,' and whom she worshipped as a star from the east – a morning-star; and at whose departure she fell into a profound depression. Her father sought to dispel this rooted melancholy, by sending her to school – a destiny from which her whole nature revolted, as something alien to its innermost being and cherished associations. To school, however, she went, and at first captivated, and then scandalised her fellow-pupils by her strange ways. Now, she surprised them by her physical faculty of rivalling the spinning dervishes of the East – now, by declaiming verses, and acting a whole *répertoire* of parts, both laughter-raising and tear-compelling – now, by waking in the night, and cheating her restlessness by inventions that alternately diverted and teased her companions. She was always devising means to infringe upon the school-room routine. This involved her at last in a trouble, from which she was only extricated by the judicious tenderness of her teacher – the circumstances attending which 'crisis' are detailed at length in her story of 'Mariana.'

Her personal appearance at this time, and for some following years, is described by one of her friends as being that of a blooming girl of a florid complexion and vigorous health, with a tendency to robustness, which she unwisely endeavoured to suppress or conceal at the price of much future suffering. With no pretensions to beauty then, or at any time, her face was one that attracted, but baffled physiognomical art. 'She escaped the reproach of positive plainness, by her blond and abundant hair, by her excellent teeth, by her sparkling, busy eyes, which, though usually half-closed from near-sightedness, shot piercing glances at those with whom she conversed, and, most of all, by the very peculiar and graceful carriage of her head and neck.' In conversation she was already distinguished, though addicted to 'quizzing' – the not unreasonable ground of unpopularity with her female friends. Emerson alludes to her dangerous reputation for satire, which, in addition to her great scholarship, made

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the women dislike one who despised them, and the men cavil at her as 'carrying too many guns.' A fragment from a letter in her sixteenth year will illustrate her pursuits at that period: — 'I rise a little before five, walk an hour, and then practise on the piano till seven, when we breakfast. Next, I read French — Sismondi's *Literature of Southern Europe* — till eight; then, two or three lectures in Brown's *Philosophy*. About half-past nine, I go to Mr Perkins's school, and study Greek till twelve, when, the school being dismissed, I recite, go home, and practise again till dinner, at two. Sometimes, if the conversation is very agreeable, I lounge for half an hour over the dessert, though rarely so lavish of time. Then, when I can, I read two hours in Italian, but I am often interrupted. At six, I walk, or take a drive. Before going to bed, I play or sing, for half an hour or so, to make all sleepy, and, about eleven, retire to write a little while in my journal, exercises on what I have read, or a series of characteristics which I am filling up according to advice.' Greek, French, Italian, metaphysics, and private authorship — pretty well for a miss in her teens, and surely a promissory-note on the *bas bleu* joint-stock company! — a note which she discharged in full when it became due. Next year (1826), we find her studying M^{me} de Staël, Epictetus, Milton, Racine, and Spanish ballads, 'with great delight.' Anon she is engrossed with the elder Italian poets, from Berni down to Pulci and Politian; then with Locke and the ontologists; then with the *opera omnia* of Sir William Temple. She pursued at this time no systematic study, but 'read with the heart, and was learning more from social experience than from books.' The interval of her life, between sixteen and twenty-five, is characterised by one of her biographers as a period of 'preponderating sentimentality, of romance and dreams, of yearning and of passion.' While residing at Cambridge, she suffered from profound despondency — conscious of the want of a home for her heart. A sterner schooling awaited her at Groton, whither her father removed in 1833. Here he died suddenly of cholera in 1835. Now she was taught the miserable perplexities of a family that has lost its head, and was called to tread a path for which, as she says, she had no skill and no call, except that it must be trodden by some one, and she alone was ready. In 1836 she went to Boston, to teach Latin and French in an academy of local repute; and in the ensuing year she accepted a 'very favourable offer,' to become 'lady-superior' in an educational institution at Providence, where she seems to have exercised an influence analogous to that of Dr Arnold at Rugby — treating her pupils as ladies, and thus making them anxious to prove that they deserved to be so treated.

By this time, she had attracted around her many and devoted friends. Her conversational powers were of a high order, by common consent. Mr Hedge describes her speech as remarkably fluent and correct; but deriving its strength not from fluency, choice diction, wit, or sentiment, but from accuracy of statement, keen discrimination, and a certain weight of judgment; together with rhetorical finish, it had an air of spontaneity which made it seem the grace of the moment: so that he says, 'I do not remember that the vulgar charge of talking "like a book" was ever fastened upon her, although, by her precision, she might seem to have incurred it.' The excitement

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of the presence of living persons seems to have energised her whole being. 'I need to be called out,' are her words, 'and never think alone, without imagining some companion. It is my habit, and bespeaks a second-rate mind.' And again: 'After all, this writing,' she says in a letter, 'is mighty dead. Oh, for my dear old Greeks, who talked everything – not to shine as in the Parisian saloons, but to learn, to teach, to vent the heart, to clear the head!' Mr Alcott of Boston considered her the most brilliant talker of the day. Miss Martineau was fascinated by the same charm. It is thus characterised by the author of *Representative Men*: 'Talent, memory, wit, stern introspection, poetic play, religion, the finest personal feeling, the aspects of the future, each followed each in full activity, and left me, I remember, enriched and sometimes astonished by the gifts of my guest.' Her self-complacency staggered many at first – as when she spoke, in the quietest manner, of the girls she had formed, the young men who owed everything to her, the fine companions she had long ago exhausted. 'I now know,' she has been heard to say in the coolest style, 'all the people worth knowing in America, and I find no intellect comparable to my own.' Well may Mr Emerson talk of her letting slip phrases that betrayed the presence of 'a rather mountainous ME.' Such phrases abound in her conversation and correspondence – mountainous enough to be a hill of offence to the uninitiated and untranscendental. At anyrate, there was no affectation in this; she thoroughly believed in her own superiority; her subscription to *that* creed was implicit and *ex animo*. Nor do we detect affectation in her most notable vagaries and crotchets. She loved the truth, and spoke it out – we were about to write, manfully; and why not? At heart, she was, to use the words of an intimate and discerning friend, a right brave and heroic woman – shrinking from no duty because of feeble nerves. Numerous illustrations of this occur in the volumes before us. Thus we find her going from a bridal of passing joyfulness to attend a near relative during a formidable surgical operation – or drawing five hundred dollars to bestow, on a New-York 'ne'er-do-weel,' half-patriot, half-author, always in such depths of distress, and with such squadrons of enemies that no charity could relieve, no intervention save him.

In 1839, she removed from Groton, with her mother and family, to Jamaica Plain, a few miles from Boston; and thence, shortly, to Cambridge and New York. Boston, however, was her *point d'appui*, and in it she formed acquaintances of every class, the most utilitarian and the most idealistic. In 1839, she published a translation of Goethe's *Conversations with Eckermann*; in 1841, the *Letters of Bettina*; in 1843, the *Summer on the Lakes* – a narrative of her tour to Lake Superior and Michigan. During the same period she was editor of the *Dial*, since conducted by Emerson and Ripley, and in which appeared her papers on Goethe and Beethoven, the Rhine, the Romaic Ballads, John Sterling's Poems, &c.

Exhausted by continuous exertion in teaching and writing for the press, Miss Fuller, in 1844, sought refreshment and health in change of scene; and, desiring rather new employments than cessation from work, she accepted a liberal offer from Mr Horace Greeley of New York, to become a regular contributor to the

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Tribune; and for that purpose to take up her abode in his house, first spending some time in the Highlands of the Hudson. At New York, she took an active interest, after Mrs Fry's manner, in the various benevolent institutions, and especially the prisons on Blackwell's Island. For more than a year she wrote regularly for the *Tribune*, 'always freshly, vigorously, but not always clearly.' The notice attracted by her articles insured fresh hosts of acquaintances, and she became a distinguished character at Miss Lynch's réunions, and at literary soirées of a similar order. In 1846, she left her native land — for ever, as the melancholy event proved — to join Mr and Mrs Spring in a European tour. Her letters home contain much pleasant gossip about some of the Old-World notabilities. Thus she records her interviews with Wordsworth in his Rydal retreat, with Dr Chalmers, Dr Andrew Combe, Mr De Quincey, the Howitts, &c. She visited Paris in the winter, and became acquainted with Lamennais, Béranger, M^{me} Dudevant, and others. Thence, in the spring of 1847, she went to Italy, where she remained until she embarked in 1850 on board that doomed ship, the *Elizabeth*. As a resident in Rome, her safety was seriously imperiled during the French siege of 1849. She was appointed by the 'Roman Commission for the succour of the wounded,' to the superintendence of an hospital, and all along took the liveliest interest in the fortunes of Mazzini and the republic. She was then a wife and a mother, having been married privately to the Marquis Ossoli, a Roman, 'of a noble but impoverished house,' whom she described, in a letter to her mother, as 'not in any respect such a person as people in general would expect to find with her,' being a man 'absolutely ignorant of books, and with no enthusiasm of character,' but endowed with excellent practical sense, a nice sense of duty, native refinement, and much sweetness of temper. The peculiar circumstances attending the marriage in that country, and at that agitated crisis, involved Margaret in numerous afflictions, and taxed her powers of endurance to the very uttermost.

She had to suffer compulsory separation from husband and child — the one in hourly peril of a bloody death, the other neglected and pining away in the hands of strangers: penury, loneliness, prostrating sickness, and treachery on the part of those around her, were meanwhile her own lot in the land of strangers. How this season of trial affected her character, may be inferred from the remarks of her friend Mrs Story, then sojourning in Italy, who says, that in Boston she had regarded Margaret as a person on intellectual stilts, with a large share of arrogance, and little sweetness of temper; and adds: 'How unlike to this was she now! — so delicate, so simple, confiding, and affectionate; with a true womanly heart and soul, sensitive and generous, and, what was to me a still greater surprise, possessed of so broad a charity, that she could cover with its mantle the faults and defects of all about her.' Her devotion to her husband, and her passionate attachment to her little Angelo, were exhibited in the liveliest colour: the influence she exercised, too, by love and sympathy, over Italians of every class with whom she came in contact, appears of a kind more tender, chastened, and womanly than that which previously characterised her. When the republican cause at Rome left no hope of present restoration, Margaret found a tranquil refuge in Florence, devoting her mornings to literary labours, and her

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evenings to social intercourse with cultivated natives and a few foreign visitors, among whom the Brownings occupied a distinguished place. Greatly straitened in means at this time, the repose she and her husband enjoyed at Florence, in their small and scantily-furnished room, seems to have been peculiarly grateful to both. Soon, however, arrangements were made for their departure to the United States; for Margaret was heart-weary at the political reaction in Europe, and the pecuniary expediency of publishing to advantage her chronicles of the revolution, seconded by a yearning to see her family and friends once more, constrained to this step.

From motives of economy, they took passage in a merchantman from Leghorn, the *Elizabeth*, the expense being one-half what a return by way of France would have been. The remonstrances of her acquaintance, founded on the fatigues of a two months' voyage – the comparative insecurity of such a bark – the exposed position of the cabin (on deck) – and so on, were not unaided by Margaret's own presentiments. Ossoli, when a boy, had been told by a fortune-teller, to 'beware of the sea,' and this was the first ship he had ever set his foot in. In a letter where she describes herself 'suffering, as never before, all the horrors of indecision,' his wife expresses a fervent prayer that it 'may not be my lot to lose my boy at sea, either by unsoled illness, or amid the howling waves; or if so, that Ossoli, Angelo, and I may go together, and that the anguish may be brief.' That 'or if so' is affecting – and was realised, except, indeed, that the anguish was *not* brief, for it lasted twelve terrible hours – a long communion face to face with Death! The bark sailed May 17, 1850. Captain Hasty, 'so fine a model of the New-England seaman,' inspired the passengers with cheerful confidence, and for a few days all went prosperously. But early in June, Captain Hasty died of confluent small-pox. The child Angelino caught it, but recovered, and won all hearts by his playful innocence, loving especially to be walked up and down in the arms of the steward, who had just such a boy at home waiting his arrival. On Thursday, July 15, the *Elizabeth* was off the Jersey coast: at evening-tide, a breeze sprang up, which by midnight had become a hurricane. About four o'clock next morning, she struck on Fire Island beach, and lay at the mercy of the maddened ocean. Mr Channing's description of the wreck is a most picturesque narrative, but too long for quotation. Very touching is the sketch of the Ossoli group, remaining on board after nearly all the passengers and crew had perished or escaped to land, which was distant only a few hundred yards – the infant crying passionately, shivering in the wet, till soothed and lullabied to sleep by his mother, a calm expectant of death; and Ossoli tranquillising by counsel and prayer their affrighted handmaid from Italy; all exchanging kindly partings, and sending messages home, if any should survive to be their bearer. Though persons were busy gathering into carts, on the shore, whatever spoil was stranded, no life-boat appeared; and the few remaining on the wreck were now fain to trust themselves to the rioting surf. Margaret would not go alone. With her husband and attendant (Celeste), she was just about to try the planks prepared by four seamen, and the steward had just taken little Nino in his arms, pledged to save him or die, 'when a sea struck the fore-castle, and the fore-mast fell, carrying with it the deck and all upon

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it. The steward and Angelino were washed upon the beach, both dead, though warm, some twenty minutes after. Celeste and Ossoli were caught for a moment by the rigging, but the next wave swallowed them up. Margaret sank at once. When last seen, she had been seated at the foot of the foremast, still clad in her white night-dress, with her hair fallen loose upon her shoulders.' No trace was found of her manuscript on Italy: her love-correspondence with Ossoli was the only relic – the last memorial of that howling hurricane, pitiless sea, wreck on a sand-bar, an idle life-boat, beach-pirates, and not one friend!

With the exception of certain sections of laboured, writhing wordiness, the feverish restlessness and hectic symptoms of which are but too familiar to persons read in the literature of second-rate transcendentalism, these volumes comprise a large amount of matter that will well repay perusal, and portray a character of no ordinary type – a "large-brained woman and large-hearted man."

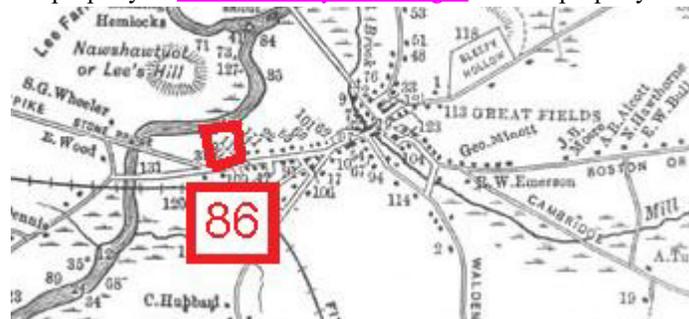


May 22. Saturday. On my way to Plymouth, looked at Audubon in the State-House. Saw painted the red berries of the *Arum triphyllum*. The pigeon is more red on the breast and more blue than the turtle dove. The female (and male?) wood thrush spotted the whole length of belly; the hermit thrush not so. The seringo-bird cannot be the Savannah sparrow. The piping plover has a big head, white breast, and ring neck. Two kinds of bluets in New York Report.

5 P.M. — Plymouth.

The hill whence Billington discovered the pond. The field plantain in blossom and abundant here. A chickweed in bloom in Watson's garden. Is it the same that was so early? A yellow flower, apparently a hieraceum, just ready to blossom. The four-leaved loosestrife, with dark leaves, shows its flower-buds on the ends of its threads. The mayweed is ready to blossom. [Was it not whiteweed?] The German forget-me-not reminded me of my little blue flower in the brook.

May 25, Tuesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed, for J. Bernard McKay (T. Bernard MacKay?), a plot on Main Street in [Concord](#) between the property of [William Ellery Channing II](#) and the property of Frances Monroe.



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

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

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

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



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http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/86.htm

[Waldo Emerson](#)'s 49th birthday.



[Charles Theodore Russell](#)'s AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR FIRST ANNIVERSARY, IN PARK STREET CHURCH, BOSTON, TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 25, 1852 (George C. Rand, Printer, No. 3 Cornhill, Boston)

MAY 25, 1852 AT THE YMCA

In San Francisco, Pinkham Gee & Company began publication of an Evening Journal.

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

June 1, Tuesday-4, Friday: In [Baltimore](#), 600 Democrats met to select a slate. They had a rule that only a 2/3rds vote could confirm a candidate. Since there were 288 voting delegations, that meant that to win, a candidate would need the approval of 197 of them.

This, as it would turn out, was a recipe for disaster.

Publication of a manual of the corporation of the city of San Francisco, containing the charters of this city, certain laws relating particular to it, a city map, the constitution of the state of [California](#), the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States of America. A newspaper in French, *L'Echo du Pacifique*, was instituted.

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June 2, Wednesday: Father [Isaac Hecker](#), CSSR wrote to [Orestes Augustus Brownson](#), Esq.

It was reported in San Francisco that a total of 10,641 immigrants had arrived by boat during the month of May. That night the city experienced an earthquake.

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The [Boston Medical Surgical Journal](#) (46:359-360) announced, in regard to the controversy over the discovery of Anæsthesia, that the members of the French Academy had, on the representation of [Charles Thomas Jackson](#)'s friend Elie de Beaumont, awarded to him one of the Mouthyon prizes, involving a Gold Medal of Merit (it seems they had made no inquiry whatever into the validity of his claims and were unaware of the existence of a dispute). Here is Jackson proudly sporting his French award:



*Respectfully
Yours Oth Servt.
Charles T. Jackson*



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June 8, Tuesday: Charles Wesley Slack wrote an account of his travel in Virginia, from Mechums River, Virginia to Eva Evelina E. Vannevar Slack in Boston.

On his 42nd birthday, in Düsseldorf, [Robert Schumann](#) suffered a fit of convulsive coughing.

Walter Lowell died in Rome.

The 1st known labor strike in San Francisco: Chinese laborers working on the Parrott granite building demanded a wage increase.

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June 18, Friday: Liebes-Lieder op.114, a waltz by Johann Strauss, was performed for the initial time, in the Volksgarten, Vienna.

Incidental music to Ponsard's play Ulysse was performed for the initial time, at the Comédie-Française, Paris, on its composer Charles Gounod's 34th birthday.

[Lola Montez](#), Countess de Landsfeldt arrived in San Francisco.

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June 30, Wednesday: Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka arrived in Strasbourg having traveled up the Rhine from Cologne.

A new constitution calling for representative government in New Zealand was enacted by the British Parliament.

[California](#) elected Colonel John B. Weller to the US federal Senate, to succeed John C. Frémont.

[Henry Thoreau](#) made an entry in his journal which Professor Lawrence Buell considers to have been merely an anthropocentric echo of his mentor [Emerson](#):

Nature must be viewed humanly to be viewed at all; that is, her scenes must be associated with humane affections, such as are associated with one's native place, for instance. She is most significant to a lover. A lover of Nature is pre-eminently a lover of man. If I have no friend, what is Nature to me? She ceases to be morally significant.

Professor Buell's fervid environmental imagination, on page 125 of THE ENVIRONMENTAL IMAGINATION, caused him to assert that

He could not get past the Emersonian axiom that
"nature must be viewed humanly to be viewed at all."

One might have supposed that a proof text ought to be derived from the writings of the supposed mentor rather than from the writings of the supposed mentee — but I can discover by Boolean search through Emerson's corpus no point at which this "mentor" has ever in any context deployed any "Emersonian axiom" containing such terminology as "viewed humanly" or "viewed at all." In fact, there's nothing remotely close to this!

TIMELINE OF WALDEN

June 30. Nature must be viewed humanly to be viewed at all; that is, her scenes must be associated with humane affections, such as are associated with one's native place, for instance. She is most significant to a lover. A lover of Nature is preeminently a lover of man. If I have no friend, what is Nature to me? She ceases to be morally significant.

7.30 P.M. — To stone bridge over Assabet. Moon nearly full; rose a little before sunset. Cat-mint (*Nepeta cataria*) in bloom. The lower shoots of the *Andromeda calyculata* are now six inches long, the upper from two to four. [Here Thoreau has placed a question mark in the margin.] The fruit is on the extremities of last year's shoots in the midst of the persistent small leaves. The shrub oak acorns are as big as peas; principally cup.

The moon appears full. At first a mere white cloud. As soon as the sun sets, begins to grow brassy or obscure golden in the gross atmosphere. It is starlight -bout half an hour after sunset to-night; *i.e.* the first stars appear. The moon is now brighter, but not so yellowish. Ten or fifteen minutes after, the fireflies are observed, at first about the willows on the Causeway, where the evening is further advanced. Sparrows quite generally, and occasionally a robin sings. (I heard a bobolink this afternoon.) The creak of the crickets is more universal and loud, and becomes a distinct sound. The oily surface of the river in which the moon is reflected looks most attractive at this hour. I see the bright curves made by the water-bugs in the moonlight, and a muskrat crossing the river, now at 9 o'clock. Finally the last traces of day disappear, about 9.30 o'clock, and the night fairly sets in. The color of the moon is more silvery than golden, or silvery with a slight admixture of golden, a *sort of burnished cloud*.

The bass tree is budded. Haying has commenced. Some think the foliage of the trees is not so thick as last year, that the leaves have suffered from the wind.

Is not this period more than any distinguished for flowers, when roses, swamp-pinks, morning-glories, arethusas, pogonias, orchises, blue flags, epilobiums, mountain laurel, and white lilies are all in blossom at once?

July 1, Thursday: Treaty with the Apache. The treaty was entered into, as per usual, in good faith.

READ THE FULL TEXT

In San Francisco, Protection Engine Company No. 2 changed its name to Lady Washington Engine Co.

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July 1: 9 1/2 Am to Sherman's Bridge by land & water.

A cloudy and slightly showery morning—following a thunder shower the previous afternoon. One object to see the white lilies in blossom. The trifolium arvense or rabbits Foot Clover is just beginning to show its color—& in the same state is the (I think) *Lysimachia stricta* or upright Loosestrife? by the Back Road. The mulleins generally now begin to show their pure yellow in road-side fields—and the white cymes of the elder are conspicuous on the edges of the copses. I perceive the meadow fragrance still— From the bridge I see a bearm's nest in soft sand on the edge of deeper water— scooped out quite deep with very sharp edges sloping both ways. Some peetweets which probably have eggs in Conants cornfield make a great ado twittering & circling about the dog.

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The path by the woodside is red with the effoete staminiferous flowers of the white pine.

It is more agreeable walking this cloudy day with a few harmless sun showers— than it would be in a glaring sunny day— It is pleasant to behold so much of the landscape in the shadow of the clouds.— especially to look off from the top of conantum— under shady walnut boughs to larger shades in vallies— all Nine acre corner in the cool & shade of a cloud. Roses are in their prime now— growing amid huckleberry bushes— ferns— & sweet ferns— especially about some dry pond hole— some paler some more red. Methinks they must have bloomed in vain while only wild men roamed— Yet now they only adorn these cows' pasture— How well behaved are cows!— When they approach me reclining in the shade— from curiosity— or to receive a whisp of grass or to share the shade— or to lick the dog held up— like a calf— though just now they ran at him to toss him— they do not obtrude their company is acceptable for they can endure the longest pause— they have not got to be entertained⁸⁰— They occupy the most eligible lots in the town. I love to see some pure white about them— they suggest the more neatness. Borrowed Brigham the wheel wright's boat at the Corner Bridge— He was quite ready to lend it— and took pains to shave down the handle of a paddle for me, conversing the while on the subject of spiritual knocking— which he asked if I had looked into— which made him the slower— An obliging man who understands that I am abroad viewing the works of Nature & not loafing— though he makes the pursuit a semi-religious one— as are all more serious ones to most men. All that is not sporting in the field— as hunting & fishing— is of a religious or else love-cracked character. Another hard featured but talkative character at the bridge— inquired as I was unlocking the boat— if I knew anything that was good for the rheumatism— but I answered that I had heard of so many & had so little faith in any that I had forgotten them all. (on Conantum

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I had found *Krigia Virginica*, one of the smallest compound flowers.) The white lilies were in all their splendor—fully open—sometimes their lower petals lying flat on the surface— The largest appeared to grow in the shallower water—where some stood 5 or 6 inches out of water—& were 5 inches in diameter— Two which I examined had 29 petals **each**. We pushed our boat into the midst of some shallow bays—where the water not more than a foot deep was covered with pads—& spotted white with many hundreds of lilies which had just expanded—yet perhaps there was not one open which had not an insect in it—and most had some hundreds of small gnats—which however we shook out without much trouble instead of drowning them out which makes the petals close. The freshly opened lilies were a pearly white, and though the water amid the pads was quite unrippled—the passing air gave a slight oscillating boat like motion to & fro to the flowers—like boats held fast by their cables. Some of the lilies had a beautiful rosaceous tinge—most conspicuous in the half opened flower—extending through the calyx to the 2nd row of petals—on those parts of the petals between the calyx leaves which were most exposed to the influence of the light. They were tinged with red—as they are very commonly tinged with green—as if there were a gradual transition from the stamens to the petals. It seemed to be referred to the same coloring principle which is seen in the under-sides of the pads as well as the calyx leaves. Yet these rosaceous ones are chiefly interesting to me for variety—& I am contented that lilies should be white & leave those higher colors to the land— I wished to breathe the atmosphere of lilies—& get the full impression which lilies are fitted to make. The form of this flower is also very perfect the petals are so distinctly arranged at equal intervals & at all angles from nearly a perpendicular to horizontal about the centre.—And buds that were half expanded were interesting—showing the regularly notched outline of the points of the petals above the erect green calyx leaves—

Some of these bays contained a quarter of an acre—through which we with difficulty forced our boat. 1st there is the low smooth green surface of the pads—some of the *Kalmianas* purplish—then the higher level of the pickerel weed just beginning to blossom—& rising a little higher in the rear—often extensive fields of **pipes** (*Equisetum*) making a very level appearance.

Mingled with the white lilies were the large yellow ones & the smaller & here at least much more common *Nuphar lutea* (var *Kalmiana*),—and the floating heart also still in blossom—& the *Brasenia petata* water target or shield—not yet in bloom—the petiole attached to its teat—like a boys string to his sucking leather— The rich violet purple of the *pondederias* was the more striking as the blossoms were still rare— Nature will soon be very lavish of this blue along the river sides— It is a rich spike of blue flowers with yellowish spots.— Over all these flowers hover devils needles—in their zig-zag flight— On the edge of the meadow I see blushing roses—& cornels (probably the panicked) The woods ring with the veery—this cloudy day—& I also hear the red-eye—oven bird—maryland yellow throat &c— In shallow places the river is for long distances filled quite bridged over with the leaves of the *potamogeton natans*—the direction of whose stems at least may show which way the sluggish water is inclined— You frequently see a blue devil's needle resting on a *potamogeton* flower—(raceme?) You will see one red wing in the midst of many dusky females making a great chattering over some particular part of the meadow—or else chasing a female in zig-zag? **curves**— What are those taller grasses—now beaded—in the meadow?

After eating our lunch at Rice's landing—we observed that every white lily in the river was shut—and they remained so all the afternoon—though it was no more sunny nor cloudy than the forenoon—except some which I had plucked before noon & cast into the river—which floating down lodged amid the pondweed—which continued fresh—but had not the power to close their petals— It would be interesting to observe how instantaneously these lilies close at noon—I only observed that though there were myriads fully open before I ate my lunch at noon—after dinner I could not find one open anywhere for the rest of the day. Continuing up the

80. William M. White's version is:

*How well-behaved are cows!
When they approach me reclining in the shade,
From curiosity,
Or to receive a whisp of grass,
Or to share the shade,
Or to lick the dog held up, like a calf, —
Though just now they ran at him to toss him,—
They do not obtrude.
Their company is acceptable,
For they can endure the longest pause:
They have not got to be entertained.*

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river—we saw the Comarum palustre marsh cinquefoil in blossom— Its leaf is more noticeable than its flower— The last incloses a strawberry-like fruit. These leaves make very rich & rare looking beds alternating with the pontederia & button bush— It is so foreign looking a leaf— Opposite the mouth of the pantry brook or a little more w. I saw the leaves & flower buds of the Peltandra Virginica— (Calla) Though Gray says its leaves have “shorter & more obtuse lobes” than the Sagittaria. Being made thirsty with our herring we left our boat at the great bend & went inland to the fine cool spring near the Jenkins House— Found the Polygonum sagittatum Scratch Grass just blossoming in the meadows. & an abundance of the marsh speedwell & of pogonias (adder’s tongue arethusas) The erect scaped pyrola— The jersey tea almost in bloom and close by the Jenkins House in Wayland the privet ligustrum vulgare— At the spring where much forget me not grows now in bloom —I found ripe of a dark red color —what I think must be Grays rubus triflorus Dwarf raspberry —though it was in a **meadow** —a pleasant lively acid fruit— It was running over some sand cast out in digging a ditch —& I observed none so large or edible elsewhere— This is the 4th kind of berry I have found ripe this season. I must see it again. It tastes & looks like a cross between a raspberry & a blackberry. It may be this whose flowers I observed so early in Hubbard’s Grove swamp—? I drank some high colored water from a little stream in the meadow —for I love to drink the water of the meadow or the river I pass the day on —& so get eyes to see it with— The potamogeton leaves redden the stream in shoal places & retard the progress of our boat— The lowest front ranks of the riparial plants beyond the pad are the smaller leaved polygonum beds not yet in bloom —then the Pontederia —or perchance (in some places the marsh cinquefoil— — then the meadow-grass —or pipes —or sweet flag —or button bushes —with their lower limbs & stems covered —is it with a parasitic moss-like plant? This might be called the potamogeton river. The leaves now both on land & in water are eaten by insects —& have been for some weeks. There is hardly a whole pad or potamogeton leaf— They are curiously eaten —often only half through —often in direct straight lines across the pads —as it were skippingly —or as if they had been raked with shot. Their under sides are covered with eggs of insects as on land. Counted 21 fishes nests by the shallow shore just beyond Sherman’s bridge within less than 1/2 rod —edg to edge —with each a bream poised in it —in some cases the fish had just cleared away the mud or frog spittle exposing the yellow sand or pebbles —(16 to 24 inches in diameter)— My early rubus has a much wrinkled leaf. The morning glory which I bring home opens the next morning in a pitcher Is it the Hypericum spicatum now in blossom in the river meadows about a foot high. The Lobelia spicata pale L. like a snapdragon— (Is it the Erigeron annuum) (strigosum of Big) now beginning? Rice says the earliest flower the honey bee is found on is that of the skunk cabbage —before the frost is out of the meadows — also he gets his first honey from the maple & walnut stumps that have been cut in the winter as soon as the sap begins to flow.

A young man in Sudbury told me he had heard wood chucks whistle.



Our national birthday, Sunday the 4th of July: To avoid having a bunch of public drunkenness and carousal on the Lord's Day, Marblehead, Massachusetts had already celebrated its 4th as of the 3rd.

What Cheer House was opened on Sacramento Street in San Francisco by Robert B. Woodward.

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In Rochester, New York, Frederick Douglass laid it on the line. Listen up, you people: "To me the American slave-trade is a terrible reality. When a child, my soul was often pierced with a sense of its horrors. I lived on Philpot St., Fells Point, Baltimore, and have watched from the wharves the slave-ships in the basin, ... with their cargoes of human flesh, ... There was at that time a grand slave-mart kept at the head of Pratt street, by Austin Woolfolk. His agents were sent into every town and county in Maryland announcing their arrival through the papers, and on flaming 'handbills,' header, Cash for Negroes. These men were generally well dressed, and very captivating in their manners, ever ready to drink, to treat, and to gamble. The fate of many a slave has depended upon the turn of a single card; and many a child has been snatched from the arms of its mother, by bargains arranged in a state of brutal drunkenness." ... "What, to the American slave, is your Fourth of July? I answer, a day that reveals to him, more than all other days in the year, the gross injustice and cruelty to which he is the constant victim. To him, your celebration is a sham; your boasted liberty, an unholy license; your national rejoicing are empty and heartless; your denunciations of tyrants, brass-fronted impudence; your shouts of liberty and equality, hollow mockery; your prayers and hymns, your sermons and thanksgivings, with all your religious bombast, fraud, deception, impiety, and hypocrisy — a thin veil to cover up crimes that would disgrace a nation of savages."⁸¹

CELEBRATING OUR B-DAY



81. This was Nathaniel Hawthorne's 48th birthday.



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Fifteen of Douglass's relatives had been sold south. To illustrate Douglass's childhood memories of Austin Woolfolk's activities in Baltimore, Maryland, here is one of Woolfolk's actual ship manifests, depicting him in the process of shipping south for sale a coffle of 26 black Americans in 1821:

MANIFEST of Negros, Mulattos, and persons of Color, taken on board the *Schooner Gustavus of Duxbury, Mass.* whereof *Solomon Basset* is Master, burthen $79\frac{15}{15}$ tons, to be transported to the Port of *Savannah, Geo.* in the District of *Savannah* — for the purpose of being sold or disposed of as Slaves, or to be held to service or Labour.

NUMBER OF ENTRY.	NAMES.	SEX.		AGE.	HEIGHT.		Whether Negro, Mulatto, or person of Color.	Owner or Shipper's Name and Residence.
		MALE.	FEMALE.		FEET.	INCHES.		
1	Stephen	Man		21	5	5 3/4	dark complexion	Austin Woolfolk sent of Augusta, Georgia owner, Shipper & Consignee
2	Samuel	"		31	5	6	do.	
3	Isaac	"		25	5	8	do.	
4	Frederick	"		22	5	11 1/4	black	
5	Sam	"		20	6	00	black	
6	Samon	"		30	5	8	do.	
7	Robert	"		30	5	5 1/4	dark	
8	Susan	Woman		20	5	2 1/2	do.	
9	Harriet	do.		18	5	3	black	
10	Delilah	do.		20	5	3	yellow	
11	Benny	do.		19	5	2	do.	
12	Ann	do.		20	5	2	dark	
13	Eliza	do.		18	5	1 1/4	black	
14	Sarah	do.		36	5	0 1/2	dark	
15	Maria	do.		20	5	4 1/4	do.	
16	Seacler	do.		19	5	5 1/4	black	
17	Maria	girl		13	4	5 1/2	do.	
18	Ellen	do.		9	4	1 1/2	dark	
19	Emmetine	do.		16	3	4 1/2	black	
20	Martha	do.		9	4	1 1/2	do.	
21	Louisa	do.		14	3	1 1/4	dark	
22	Charles	child		2	2	2	yellow	
23	Abraham	child		2	2	2	dark	
24	John	infant		12 Mo.	2	1 1/2	yellow	
25	Polly	Woman		30	5	2 1/4	do.	
26	Isaac	infant		2 months			do.	

District of Baltimore, Port of Baltimore, the *6th* day of *October* 1821 of the persons named and particularly described in the above Manifest, and *Solomon Basset* Master of the *Schooner Gustavus* do solemnly, sincerely, and truly swear, each of us to the best of our knowledge and belief, that the above described Slaves have not been imported into the United States since the first day of January, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eight; and that under the Laws of the State of Maryland, they are held to Service or Labour, as Slaves and are not entitled to freedom under these Laws, at a certain time, and after a known period of service.—So Helping God.

Sworn to this *6* day of *October* 1821 before

J. W. C. [Signature] COLLECTOR.

Austin Woolfolk
Jabam on Basset



July 4, Sunday: 3 Am. To Conantum, —to see the lilies open— I hear an occasional crowing of cocks in distant barns as has been their habit for how many thousand years. It was so when I was young; and it will be so when I am old— I hear the croak of a tree toad as I am crossing the yard— I am surprised to find the dawn so far advanced There is a yellowish segment of light in the east paling a star —& adding sensibly to the light of the waning & now declining moon. There is very little dew on the uplands I hear a little twittering & some clear singing from the seringo & the song sparrow [*Melospiza melodia*] —as I go along the Back Road —and now and then the note of a bull frog from the river— The light in the east has acquired a reddish tinge near the horizon Small wisps of cloud are already fuscous & dark seen against the light as in the W at evening. It being Sunday morning I hear no early stirring farmer driving over a bridge— The crickets are not remarkably loud at this season— The sound of a whipporwill is wafted from the woods— Now on the Corner Road the hedges are alive with twittering sparrows —a blue bird [*Eastern Bluebird Sialia sialis*] or two &c. The day light now balances the moonlight. How short the nights. The last traces of day have not disappeared much before 10 o'clock or perchance 9 1/2 and before 3 Am you see them again in the East. (probably 2 1/2) leaving about 5 hours of solid night— The sun so soon coming round again. The robins [*American Robin Turdus migratorius*] sing —but not so loud & long as in the spring— I have not been awakened by them latterly in the

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mornings— Is it my fault —ah! those mornings when you are awakened in the dawn by the singing the matins of the birds. I hear the dumping sound of frogs now on the causeway. Some small clouds in the east are reddish fuscous. There is no fog on the river nor in the meadows. The king-bird twitters? on the Black willows. Methinks I saw the not yet extinguished lights of one or two fireflies in the darker ruts in the grass in Conant's meadow. The moon yields to the sun —she pales even in the presence of his **dawn**. It is chiefly the spring birds that I hear at this hour —& in each dawn the spring is thus revived— The notes of the sparrows & the blue-birds [**Eastern Bluebird**  *Sialia sialis*] —& the robin [**American Robin**  *Turdus migratorius*] have a prominence now which they have not by day The light is more & more general & some low bars begin to look bluish as well as reddish. (Elsewhere the sky wholly clear of clouds)

The dawn is at this stage far lighter than the brightest moonlight I write by it —yet the sun will not rise for some time. Those bars are reddening more above one spot. They grow purplish or lilac rather. White & whiter grows the light in the eastern sky— (And now descending to the Cliff by the river side I cannot see the low horizon & its phenomena) I love to go through these old apple orchards so irregularly set out. Sometimes two trees standing alone together— The rows of grafted fruit will never tempt me to wander amid them like these A bittern leaves the shore at my approach— I suppose it is he whose excrement has whitened the rocks —as if a mason had spilled his whitewash— A night hawk squeaks & booms —before sunrise. The insects shaped like shad flies (some which I see are larger & yellowish) begin to leave their cases (and selves?) on the stems of the grasses & the rushes in the water. I find them so weak they can hardly hold on. I hear the blackbirds' carqueree & the king-fisher darts away with his alarum —& outstretched neck. Every lily is shut Sunrise —I see it gilden the top of the hill behind me but the sun itself is concealed by the hills & woods on the E shore. a very slight fog begins to rise now in one place on the river. There is something serenely glorious & memorable to me in the sight of the first cool sun light now gilding the eastern extremity of the bushy island in Fair Haven that wild lake the subdued light —& the repose remind me of Hades. In such sunlight there is no air —it is such an innocent pale yellow as the spring flowers It is the pollen of the sun —fertilizing plants. The color of the earliest spring flowers is as cool and innocent as the first rays of the sun in the morning falling on woods & hills. The fog not only rises up ward (about 2 feet) but at once there is a motion from the sun over the surface— What means this endless motion of water bugs collected in little groups on the surface —and ceaselessly circling about their centre— (as if they were a family hatched from the eggs on the under side of a pad.) Is not this motion intended partly to balk the fishes? Methinks they did not begin to move till sun rise —where were they? And now I see an army of skaters advancing in loose array —of chasseurs —or scouts as Indian allies are drawn in old books— Now the rays of the sun have reached my seat a few feet above the water —flies begin to buzz —mosquitoes to be less troublesome A humming bird hums by over the pads up the river as if looking like myself to see if lilies have blossomed (The birds begin to sing generally —& if not loudest at least most noticeably on account of the quietness of the hour —just before a few minutes before sun rise— They do not sing so incessantly & earnestly as a regular thing half an hour later). Carefully looking both up & down the river I could perceive that the lilies began to open about 15 minutes after the sun from over the opposite bank fell on them —which was perhaps 3/4 of an hour after sun rise (which is about 4 1/2) and one was fully expanded about 20 minutes later— When I returned over the bridge about 6 1/4 there were perhaps a dozen open ones in sight. It was very difficult to find one not injured by insects —even the buds which were just about to expand were frequently bored quite through —and the water had rotted them. You must be on hand early to anticipate insects. (One thimbleberry which will be quite ripe by tomorrow Indigo almost expanded. I perceive the meadow fragrance on the causeway. Bobolinks still.

I bring home a dozen **perfect** lily buds —all I can find within many rods —which have never yet opened— I prepare a large pan of water— I cut their stems quite short I turn back their calyx leaves with my finger, so that they may float upright I touch the points of their petals —& breathe or blow on them & toss them in. They spring open rapidly or gradually expand in the course of an hour —all but one or two —

At 12 1/2 Pm I perceive that the lilies in the river have begun to shut up The water has gone down so much that I can stand on the shore and pluck as many as I want and they are the fairest ones —concealed by the pickerel weed often the whole plant high & dry. I go again to the river at 2 1/2 PM & every lily is shut.

I will here tell the history of my rosaceous lilies plucked the 1st of July. They were buds at the bottom of a pitcher of water all the 2nd (having been kept in my hat part of the day before) On the morning of the third I assisted their opening & put them in water as I have described —but they did not shut up at noon like those in the river but at dark —their petals at least quite tight & close— They all opened again in the course of the forenoon of the 4th but had not shut up at 10 o'clock Pm —though I found them shut in the morning of the 5th. May it be that they can bear only a certain amount of light —and these being in the shade remained open longer — (I think not for they shut up in the river that quite cloudy day July 1st) or is their vitality too little to permit to perform their regular functions— Can that meadow fragrance come from the purple summits of the eupatorium? I look down on the river behind Dod's at 2 1/2 PM a slate colored stream with a scarcely perceptible current with a male & female shore —the former more abrupt of button bushes & willows —the other flat of grass & pickerel weed alone. Beyond the former the water being deep extends a border or fringe of green and purplish pads lying perfectly flat on the surface —but on the latter side the pads extend a half a rod or a rod beyond the pickerel weed —shining pads reflecting the light dotted with white or yellow lilies This sort of ruff does the river wear & so the land is graduated off to water A tender place in nature —an exposed vein —& nature making a feint to bridge



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it quite over with a paddy film –with red-wing black birds [**Red-winged Blackbird**  *Agelaius phoeniceus*] liquidly warbling & whistling on the willows & king-birds on the elms & oaks. These pads, if there is any wind rippling with the water –& helping to smooth and allay it. –It looks tender & exposed as if it were naturally subterranean –& now with these sheilds of pads –held scale-like by long threads from the bottom –she makes a feint to bridge it– So floats the musketaquid over its segment of the sphere. Methinks there is not even a lily –white or yellow in Walden.

I see perfectly formed pouts by the shore of the river one inch long. The great spatterdock lily is a rich yellow at a little distance & seen lying on its great pads it is an indispensable evidence of the fertility of the river. The gratiola begins to yellow the mud by the river-side. The *Lysimachia lanceolata* var. *hybrida* is out in the meadows

The *Rosa nitida*? appears to be now out of bloom

July 12, Monday: [Alfred Russel Wallace](#)'s ship sailed from South America on his return to England, with an abundance of collected biological specimens.

Leland Stanford of Wisconsin settled in San Francisco.

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[Henry Thoreau](#) for the 3d time (Dr. Bradley P. Dean has noticed) deployed in his journal a weather term that had been originated by [Luke Howard](#): “The clouds –**cumuli** lie in high piles along the Southern horizon – glowing downy or cream colored –broken into irregular summits in the form of bears erect –or demigods or rocking stones –infant Herculeses –and still we think that from their darker bases a thunder shower may issue. In other parts of the heavens are long stratified whitish clouds –and in the NW floating isles –white above & darker beneath.”⁸²



July 12, Monday: I observed this morning a row of several dozen swallows perched on the telegraph wire by the bridge –& ever & anon a part of them would launch forth as with one consent –circle a few moments over the water or meadow and return to the wire again.

2 Pm to the Assabet.

82. William M. White has incorporated some of this talk of the clouds in his “found poetry” based on Thoreau’s journal entries:

*In other parts of the heavens
Are long stratified whitish clouds,
And in the northwest floating isles,
White above and darker beneath.*

*The kingbird is active over the causeway,
Notwithstanding the heat,
And near the woods
I hear the huckleberry-bird
And the song sparrow.*

*The turtle dove flutters before you
In shady wood-paths,
Or looks out with extended neck,
Losing its balance,
Slow to leave its perch.*

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Still no rain— The clouds —cumuli lie in high piles along the Southern horizon —glowing downy or cream colored —broken into irregular summits in the form of bears erect —or demigods or rocking stones —infant Herculeses — and still we think that from their darker bases a thunder shower may issue. In other parts of the heavens are **long** stratified whitish clouds —and in the NW floating isles —white above & darker beneath. The king bird is active over the causeway notwithstanding the heat. & near the woods I hear the huckleberry bird [**Field Sparrow *Spizella pusilla***] —& the song sparrow. The Turtle dove [**Mourning Dove *Zenaida macroura***] flutters before you in shady wood paths or looks out with extended neck —losing its balance —slow to leave its perch. Now for another fluvial walk. There is always a current of air above the water blowing up or down the course of the river —so that this is the coolest highway. Divesting yourself of all clothing but your shirt & hat which are to protect your exposed parts from the sun —you are prepared for the fluvial excursion. You choose what depth you like —tucking your toga higher or or lower —as you take the deep middle of the road or the shallow side-walks. Here is a road where no dust was ever known —no intolerable drouth. Now your feet expand on a smooth sandy bottom —now contract timidly on pebbles —now slump in genial fatty greasy saponaceous mud amid the pads. You scare out whole schools of small breams & perch & sometimes a pickerel which have taken shelter from the sun under the pads. This river is so clear compared with the South branch or main stream —that all their secrets are betrayed to you. Or you meet with & interrupt a turtle taking a more leisurely walk up the stream. Ever and anon you cross some furrow in the sand made by a muskrat leading off to right or left to their galleries in the bank —& you thrust your foot into the entrance which is just below the surface of the water —& is strewn with grass & rushes of which they make their nests. In shallow water near the shore your feet at once detect the presence of springs in the bank emptying in —by the sudden coldness of the water —& there if you are thirsty you dig a little well in the sand with your hands, and when you return after it has settled & clarified itself get a draught of pure cold water their—⁸³ The fishes are very forward to find out such places— And I have observed that a frog will occupy a cool spring however small. The most striking phenomenon in this stream is the heaps of small stones about the size of a walnut —more or less —which line the shore —in shallow water —one every rod or two. The recent ones frequently rising by more than 1/2 their height above the water at present ie a foot or 1 1/2 feet —& sharply conical —the older flattened by the elements and greened over with the thread like stem of ranunculus filiformis with its minute bright yellow flowers Some of these heaps contain two cartloads of stones —and as probably the creature that raised them took up one at a time It must have been a stupendous task— They are from the size of a hen's egg down to the smallest gravel —and some are so perfect that I cannot believe they were made before the river fell. Now you walk through fields of the small Potamogeton (heterophyllus or hybridus) now in flower.— Now through the glossy pads of the white or the yellow water-lily —stepping over the now closed buds of the latter —nowpause in the shade of a swamp white oak (—up to your middle in the cool element) to which the very skaters and water-bugs confine themselves for the most part It is an objection to

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

*Ever and anon you cross some furrow in the sand,
Made by a muskrat,
Leading off to right or left
To their galleries in the bank,
And you thrust your foot into the entrance,
Which is just below the surface of the water
And is strewn with grass and rushes,
Of which they make their nests.*

*In shallow water near the shore,
Your feet at once detect the presence of springs
In the bank emptying in,
By the sudden coldness of the water,
And there, if you are thirsty,
You dig a little well in the sand with your hands,
And when you return,
After it has settled and clarified itself,
Get a draught of pure cold water there.*



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walking in the mud that from time to time you have to pick the leaches off you The stinkpots shell covered with mud & fine green weeds –gives him exactly the appearance of a stone on the bottom –& I noticed a large snapping turtle on one of the dark brown rocks in the middle of the river– (apparently for coolness in company with a painted tortoise) so completely the color of the rock –that if it had not been for his head curved upwards to a point from anxiety I should not have detected him. Thus nature subjects them to the same circumstances with the stones & paints them alike as with one brush for their safety.

What art can surpass the rows of maples & elms & swamp white oaks which the water plants along the river – I mean in variety & gracefulness –conforming to the curves of the river–

Excepting those fences which are mere boundaries of individual property –the walker can generally perceive the reason for those which he is obliged to get over– This wall runs along just on the edge of the hill & following all its windings to separate the more level & cultivateable summit from the slope which is only fit for pasture – or woodlot –& that other wall below divides the pasture or woodlot –from the richer low grass ground or potatoe field. &c– Even these crooked walls are not always unaccountable & lawless.

The mower perchance cuts some plants which I have never seen in flower. I hear the toads still at night together with bull frogs but not so universally nor loud as formerly. I go to walk at twilight –at the same time that toads go to their walks and are seen hopping about the sidewalks or the pump. Now a quarter after nine –as I walk along the river bank long after starlight –and perhaps an hour or more after sunset I see some of those high pillared clouds of the day in the SW still reflecting a downy light from the regions of day they are so high. It is a pleasing reminiscence of the day in the midst of the deepening shadows of the night. –The daw bugs hum around me as I sit on the river bank beyond the ash-tree– Warm as is the night –one of the warmest in the whole year –there is an aurora a low arch of a circle in the north. The twilight endstonight apparently about 1/4 before 10. There is no moon

“The Iron Horse” was appearing in Sartain’s Union Magazine (related to “Sounds,” paragraphs 5-13):

A stereotyped but unconscious despair is concealed under what are called the games and amusements of mankind. There is no play in them, for this comes after work.

It is worth the while to remember always that whether we are well or sick rich or poor virtuous or vicious, we are equally and continuously invited to pursue the only right way –& that this is always glorious beyond conception– Indeed to forget this to lose our faith is really the greatest misfortune that can befall us.

How much stereotyped & what is worst of all unconscious despair is concealed under what are called the games & amusements of mankind. [Undecipherable words] have given up or indeed have never taken up or been taken up by Hope – They not only [undecipherable words] but they have the slenderest expectations on the future. They are moral bankrupts. (Shanley 53)

I was also serenaded by a hooting owl. Near at hand you could fancy it the most melancholy sound in Nature, as if she meant by this to stereotype and make permanent in her choir the dying moans of a human being, –some poor weak relic of mortality who has left hope behind, and howls like an animal, yet with human sobs, on entering the dark valley, made more awful by a certain gurgling melodiousness,– I find myself beginning with the letters gl and I try to imitate it, –expressive of a mind which has reached the gelatinous mildewy stage in the mortification of all healthy and courageous thought. It reminded me of ghouls and idiots and insane howlings. But now one answers from far woods in a strain made really melodious by distance, –*Hoo hoo hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo*; and indeed for the most part it suggested only pleasing associations, whether heard by day or night, summer or winter. (125)

I rejoice that there are owls. Let them do the idiotic and



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maniacal hooting for men. It is a sound admirably suited to swamps and twilight woods which no day illustrates, suggesting a vast and undeveloped nature which men have not recognized. They represent the stark twilight and unsatisfied thoughts which all have. All day the sun has shone on the surface of some savage swamp, where the double spruce stands hung with usnea lichens, and small hawkscirculate above, and the chicadee [Black-capped Chicadee *Parus atricapillus*] lisp amid the evergreens, and the partridge [Ruffed Grouse *Bonasa umbellus*] and rabbit skulk beneath; but now a more dismal and fitting day dawns, and a different race of creatures awakes to express the meaning of Nature there. (126)

I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and played their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think about it, the less the difference. (230)

July 23, Friday: The 1st interment in the new US National Cemetery at the Presidio, on San Francisco peninsula in [California](#).



July 23, Friday: Pm to Anursnuck Herbage is drying up –even weeds are wilted & the corn rolls. Agriculture isa good school in which to drill a man Successful farming admits of no idling. Now is the haying season– How active must these men be all the country over that they may get through this work in season. A few spoiled windrows –all black and musty have taught them that they must make hay while the sun shines & get it in before it rains.

Much that I had taken to be the lanceceolate loose strife –is the heart-leaved –especially by the corner road. *Pycnanthemum muticum* **mt** mint Have I not mistaken this for the other species heretofore?

The dwarf choke-cherry is ripe now long before the rum-cherry. Also the *pyrus arbutifolia*. *Cnicus pumilum* –pasture thistle. *Chenopodium hybridum* maple-leaved goose foot.

What is that is that white hairy plant –with lanceolate leaves –& racemes now with flat burs 1 to 3 & a long spine in the midst –& 5 ovate calyx leaves left –these turned to one side of the peduncle— — burrs very adhesive –close to road in meadow just beyond Stone bridge on right. long out of bloom

Every man says his dog will not touch you– Look out nevertheless.

20 ms after 7 I sit at my window to observe the sun set. The lower clouds in the north & S W grow gradually darker as the sun goes down –since we now see the side opposite to the sun –but those high over head whose under sides we see reflecting the day are light. The small clouds low in the W sky were at first dark also, but as the sun descends they are lit up and a-glow all but their cores– Those in the E though we see their sunward sides are a dark blue –presaging night –only the highest faintly glowing. A roseate redness clear as amber suffuses the low western sky –in which the small clouds are mostly melted only their golden edges still revealed The atmosphere there is like some kinds of wine perchance –or molten cinnabar –if that is red –in which also all kinds of pearls & precious stones are melted. Clouds generally near the horizon except near the sun are now a dark blue. (The sun sets) It is half past 7. The roseate glow deepens to purple– The low western sky is now & has been for some minutes a splendid map where the fancy can trace islands continents & cities beyond compare– The glow forsakes the high E clouds, the uppermost clouds in the West now darken the glow having forsaken them too –they become a dark blue –and anon their under sides reflect a deep-red –like heavy damask curtains –after they had already been dark– The general redness gradually fades into a pale reddish tinge in the horizon & with a clear white light above it –in which the clouds grow more conspicuous & darker & darker blue –appearing to follow in the wake of the sun and it is now 1/4 to 8 or 15 ms after sunset. 25 ms from the first. A quarter of an hour later or 1/2 hour after sunset the white light grows cream colored above the increasing horizon redness –passing through white into blue above. The w clouds high & low are now dark fuscous not dark blue but the E clouds are not so dark as the W. Now about 20 ms after the first glow left the clouds above the sun's place –there is a 2nd faint fuscous or warm brown glow on the edges of the dark clouds there –sudden and



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distinct –& it fades again and it is early star-light –but the tops of the E clouds still are white reflecting the day– The cream color grows more yellowish or amber About 3/4 of an hour after sunset the evening red is deepest –i.e. a general atmospheric redness close to the W horizon. There is more of it after all than I expected –for the day has been clear & rather cool –& the evening red is what was the blue haze by day. The moon now in her first quarter now begins to preside –her light to prevail –though for the most part eclipsed by clouds. As the light in the W fades the sky then seen between the clouds has a singular clarity & serenity.

August 1, Sunday: The Black Methodists of San Francisco established their 1st church, Zion Methodist Episcopal.

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August 5, Thursday: In San Francisco, the Reverend Flavel S. Mines, A.M., rector of Trinity Church, died.

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August 9, Monday: City property in San Francisco was sold by Theodore Payne & Company, by order and under the direction of the Commissioners of the Funded Debt of the city.

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On this day and the following one [Bronson Alcott](#) was visiting Concord from Boston.

August 10, Tuesday: French President [Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte](#) conferred on Giuseppe Verdi the title of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He dispatched the publisher Leon Escudier to present the honor to Verdi, who was at the time in Italy.

After two weeks of “daily suffering” in Toulouse, Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka abandoned his intention to make a 2d trip to Spain and boarded a coach for Paris.

Hommage à Lesueur, a cantata by Ambroise Thomas to words of Praron, was performed for the initial time, in Abbeville.

Ogden Hoffman, Jr., delivered an oration during the celebration of the obsequies of Henry Clay by the citizens of San Francisco, and proceedings of the United States Court on the reception of the mournful intelligence of his death.

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August 12, Thursday: Dense smoke was seen from San Francisco, as vast fires blackened hills near Contra Costa.

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Still at Lancy, [Henri-Frédéric Amiel](#), who would be referred to as the “Swiss [Thoreau](#),” continued in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: “Each sphere of being tends toward a higher sphere, and has already revelations and presentiments of it. The ideal under all its forms is the anticipation and the prophetic vision of that existence, higher than his own, toward which every being perpetually aspires. And this higher and more dignified existence is more inward in character, that is to say, more spiritual. Just as volcanoes reveal to us the secrets of the interior of the globe, so enthusiasm and ecstasy are the passing explosions of this inner world of the soul; and human life is but the preparation and the means of approach to this spiritual life. The degrees of initiation are innumerable. Watch, then, disciple of life, watch and labor toward the development of the angel within thee! For the divine Odyssey is but a series of more and more ethereal metamorphoses, in which each form, the result of what goes before, is the condition of those which follow. The divine life is a series of successive deaths, in which the mind throws off its imperfections and its symbols, and yields to the growing attraction of the ineffable center of gravitation, the sun of intelligence and love. Created spirits in the accomplishment of their destinies tend, so to speak, to form constellations and milky ways within the empyrean of the divinity; in becoming gods, they surround the throne of the sovereign with a sparkling court. In their greatness lies their homage. The divinity with which they are invested is the noblest glory of God. God is the father of spirits, and the constitution of the eternal kingdom rests on the vassalship of love.”

Fall: As he had done with his brother John Thoreau at the beginning of fall in 1839, at the beginning of this fall season [Henry Thoreau](#) went river-sailing. This time he went with [Ellery Channing](#) to Peterboro and Mount Monadnock and returned from Troy, New Hampshire by train (when Ellery would return to Concord he would find his wife preparing to take their children and separate from him).



[Lysander Spooner](#)'s TRIAL BY JURY attempted to make it the duty of the juror to produce justice. What justice these legal professionals, the judges and lawyers, are unwilling to provide, the people must produce on their own behalf — an argument in favor of that ever-proscribed and always-punished behavior, juror nullification.

[John Adams](#) went up into the mountains of [California](#) in an old wagon pulled by two oxen, armed with a pistol and two rifles, plus bowie knives. Despite his maimed condition after having been mauled by a Bengal tiger, he would be able to catch bears in log traps and construct cages in which to transport them for sale. He would venture eventually as far as eastern Washington. He would contribute mightily to the extinction of the grizzly, so that the only bear that now remains in this mountain range is the smaller brown bear.

[Kate Fox](#) left for school and [Maggie Fox](#), in the company of her mother, traveled to Philadelphia and set up shop in the bridal suite of Webb's Union Hotel. It was there that the young and handsome [Dr. Elisha Kent Kane](#), still grieving from the recent death of his youngest brother Willie, would come one November morning to investigate the “Spiritual Manifestations” that enthralled the nation (whether this is properly to be described as “love at first sight” as Margaret would later assert is a matter for speculation).

SPIRITUALISM



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September 1, Wednesday: Heinrich August Marschner's *Natur und Kunst*, allegorisches Festspiel zur Einweihung des neuen hannoverschen Hoftheaters 1852 to words of Waterford-Perglass was performed for the initial time, in Hanover. It was staged as an intermezzo with [Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's](#) Tasso.



\$29,195,965 worth of gold dust had been shipped toward the East from the port of San Francisco so far this year.

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[Henry Thoreau](#) extrapolated material from the [Reverend William Gilpin's](#) 1808 edition of *OBSERVATIONS ON SEVERAL PARTS OF GREAT BRITAIN, PARTICULARLY THE HIGH-LANDS OF SCOTLAND, RELATIVE CHIEFLY TO PICTURESQUE BEAUTY, MADE IN THE YEAR 1776*, that he would use in [WALDEN](#).

WALDEN: William Gilpin, who is so admirable in all that relates to landscapes, and usually so correct, standing at the head of Loch Fyne, in Scotland, which he describes as "a bay of salt water, sixty or seventy fathoms deep, four miles in breadth," and about fifty miles long, surrounded by mountains, observes, "If we could have seen it immediately after the diluvian crash, or whatever convulsion of Nature occasioned it, before the waters gushed in, what a horrid chasm it must have appeared!"

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

WILLIAM GILPIN



September 1. Wednesday. Some tragedy, at least some dwelling on, or even exaggeration of, the tragic side of life is necessary for contrast or relief to the picture. The genius of the writer may be such a colored glass as [Gilpin](#) describes, the use of which is "to give a greater depth to the shades; by which the effect is shown with more force." The whole of life is seen by some through this darker medium, - partakes of the tragic, - and its bright and splendid lights become thus lurid.

4 P. M. —To Walden.

Paddling over it, I see large schools of perch only an inch long, yet easily distinguished by their transverse bars. Great is the beauty of a wooded shore seen from the water, for the trees have ample room to expand on that side, and each puts forth its most vigorous bough to fringe and adorn the pond. It is rare that you see so natural an edge to the forest. Hence a pond like this, surrounded by hills wooded down to the edge of the water, is the best place to observe the tints of the autumnal foliage. Moreover, such as stand in or near to the water change earlier than elsewhere.

This is a very warm and serene evening, and the surface of the pond is perfectly smooth except where the skater; dimple it, for at equal intervals they are scattered over its whole extent, and, looking west, they make a fine sparkle in the sun. Here and there is a thistle(?)—down floating on its surface, which the fishes dart at, and dimple the water, — delicate hint of approaching autumn, when the first thistle-down descends on some smooth lake's surface, full of reflections, in the woods, sign to the fishes of the ripening year. These white fairy vessels are annually wafted over the cope of their sky. Bethink thyself, O man, when the first thistle-down is in the air. Buoyantly it floated high in air over hills and fields all day, and now, weighed down with evening dews, perchance, it sinks gently to the surface of the lake. Nothing can stay the thistle-down, but with September winds it unfaillingly sets sail. The irresistible revolution of time. It but comes down upon the sea in its ship, and is still perchance wafted to the shore with its delicate sails. The thistle-down is in the air. Tell me, is thy fruit also there? Dost thou approach maturity? Do gales shake windfalls from thy tree? But I see no dust here as on the river.

Some of the leaves of the rough hawkweed are purple now, especially beneath.

I see a yet smoother, darker water, separated from this abruptly, as if by an invisible cobweb resting on the surface. I view it from Heywood's Peak. How rich and autumnal the haze which blues the distant hills and fills the valleys. The lakes look better in this haze, which confines our view more to their reflected heavens and makes the shore-line more indistinct. Viewed from the hilltop, it reflects the color of the sky. Some have referred the vivid greenness next the shores to the reflection of the verdure, but it is equally green there against the railroad sand-bank and in the spring before the leaves are expanded. Beyond the deep reflecting surface, near the shore, where the bottom is seen, it is a, vivid green. I see two or three small maples already scarlet, across the pond, beneath where the white stems of three birches diverge, at the point of a promontory next the water, a distinct scarlet tint a quarter of a mile off. Ah, many a tale their color tells of Indian times — and autumn wells



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[?] — primeval dells. The beautifully varied shores of Walden, — the western indented with deep bays, the bold northern shore, the gracefully sweeping curve of the eastern, and above all the beautifully scalloped southern shore, where successive capes overlap each other and suggest unexplored coves between. Its shore is just irregular enough not to be monotonous. From this peak I can see a fish leap in almost any part of the pond, for not a pickerel or shiner picks an insect from this smooth surface but it manifestly disturbs the equilibrium of the lake. It is wonderful with what elaborateness this simple fact is advertised. This piscine murder will out, and from my distant perch I distinguish the circling undulations when they are now half a dozen rods in diameter. Methinks I distinguish Fair Haven Pond from this point, elevated by a mirage in its seething valley, like a coin in a basin. [At this point Thoreau placed a question mark in the margin.] They cannot fatally injure Walden with an axe, for they have done their worst and failed. We see things in the reflection which we do not see in the substance. In the reflected woods of Pine Hill there is a vista through which I see the sky, but I am indebted to the water for this advantage, for from this point the actual wood affords no such vista.

Bidens connata (?) not quite out. I see the *Hieracium venosum* still, but, slightly veined. Have I not made another species of this variety? *Aster undulatus* (?), like a many-flowered *amplexicaulis*, with leaves narrowed below, a few days. *Amphicarpæa monoica*, like the ground-nut, but ternate, out of July or August. Pods just forming. *Desmodium rotundifolium* just going out of bloom. Last two, side of Heywood's Peak.

[Gilpin](#), who is usually so correct, standing at the head of Loch Fyne in Scotland, which he describes as "a bay of salt water, sixty or seventy fathoms deep, four miles in breadth," and about fifty miles long, surrounded by mountains, observes: "If we could have seen it immediately, after the diluvian crash, or whatever convulsion of nature occasioned it, before the waters gushed in, what a horrid chasm must it have appeared!

"So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad, and deep,
Capacious bed of waters——."

But if we apply these proportions to Walden, which, as we have seen, appears already in a *transverse* section like a shallow plate, it will appear four times as shallow. So much for the increased horrors of the emptied chasm of Loch Fyne. No doubt many a smiling valley with its extended fields of corn occupies exactly such a "horrid chasm," from which the waters have receded, though it requires the insight of the geologist to convince the unsuspecting inhabitants of the fact. Most ponds, being emptied, would leave a meadow no more hollow than we frequently see. I have seen many a village situated in the midst of a plain which the geologist has at length affirmed must have been levelled by water, where the observing eye might still detect the shores of a lake in the horizon, and no subsequent elevation of the plain was necessary to conceal the fact.

Thus it is only by emphasis and exaggeration that real effects are described. What [Gilpin](#) says in other place is perfectly applicable to this case; though he says that that which he is about to disclose is so bold a truth, "that it ought only, perhaps, to be opened to the initiated." "In the exhibition of distant mountains on paper, or canvas," says he, "unless you make them exceed their *real* or *proportional* size, they have no effect. It is inconceivable how objects lessen by distance. Examine any distance, closed by mountains, in a camera, and you will easily see what a poor, diminutive appearance the mountains make. By the power of perspective they are lessened to nothing. Should you represent them in your landscape in so (diminutive a. form, all dignity, and grandeur of idea would be lost."

October 19, Tuesday: In San Francisco, Herman C. Leonard sold the brig *Emma Preston* to J. Truman Rufus and H.B. Tichinor.

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[Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed for John Raynolds some land between the homes of Abel Brooks and Deacon David Wheeler on Sudbury Road that Raynolds had bought from Cyrus Stow.



When he saw *Gentiana crinita* he made reference to a poem "To the Fringed Gentian" by [William Cullen Bryant](#):



Oct. 19. I see the dandelion blossoms in the path. The buds of the skunk-cabbage already show themselves in the meadow, the pointed involucre (?).

At 5 P.M. I found the fringed gentian now somewhat stale and touched by frost, being in the meadow toward Peter's. (*Gentiana crinita* in September, Bigelow and Gray.) Probably on high, moist ground it is fresher. It may have been in bloom a month. It has been cut off by the mower, and apparently has put out in consequence a mass of short branches full of flowers. This may make it later. I doubt if I can find one naturally grown. At this hour the blossoms are tightly rolled and twisted, and I see that the bees have gnawed round holes in their sides to come at the nectar. They have found them, though I had not. "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen" by



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man. An hour ago I doubted if fringed gentians were in Concord now, but, having found these, they as it were surrender, and I hear of them at the bottom of N. Barrett's orchard toward the river, and by Tuttle's (?). They are now, at 8 P.M., opening a little in a pitcher. It is too remarkable a flower not to be sought out and admired each year, however rare. It is one of the errands of the walker, as well as of the bees, for it yields him a more celestial nectar still. It is a very singular and agreeable surprise come upon this conspicuous and handsome and withal blue flower at this season, when flowers have passed out of our minds and memories; the latest of all to begin to bloom, unless it be the witch-hazel, when, excepting the latter, flowers are reduced to that small Spartan cohort, hardy, but for the most part unobserved, which linger till the snow buries them, and those interesting reappearing flowers which, though fair and fresh and tender, hardly delude us with the prospect of a new spring, and which we pass by indifferent, as if they only bloomed to die. *Vide* Bryant's verses on the Fringed Gentian. There are a few bulrushes, lances of the pigmies or the cranes, still green in the brooks. I brought home one big as my finger and almost six feet high. Most are now yellowed and dry.

It is remarkable how tightly the gentians roll and twist up at night, as if that were their constant state. Probably those bees were working late that found it necessary to perforate the flower.

To the Fringed Gentian

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night,

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frost and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

October 20, Wednesday: The San Francisco Town Council purchased the Jenny Lind Theatre for use as its city hall.

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WHAT?

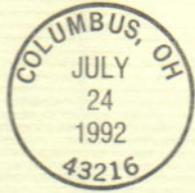
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*Wildflowers Series
Fringed Gentian*



FIRST DAY OF ISSUE

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November: At the [Hopedale](#) community, the Reverend John Murray Spear (medium) was seized by the spirit of [Thomas Jefferson](#), which had become an antislavery spirit.



In Oregon and then [California](#), white settlers led by a former Indiana [Quaker](#), Captain Ben Wright (who while on the way by wagon train from [Kansas](#) to the West Coast in 1847 had transformed himself into a notorious Indian hunter, complete with explanatory narrative that he had fallen for a pretty young thing who had then been killed by Indians), after calling for a “peace parley” massacred 41 Modoc natives who had thus been ensnared (Dan L Thrapp, *ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FRONTIER BIOGRAPHY*, U of Nebraska P, 1991; Jeff C. Davis Riddle, *THE INDIAN HISTORY OF THE MODOC WAR AND THE CAUSES THAT LED TO IT*, Marnell and Company, 1914).



An Indiana native named Benjamin Wright had been born on October 10, 1770, so would that have been the father? Ben himself had been born in about 1827 and would die on February 23, 1856. Whatever he had acquired of the spirit, of the light, during his childhood in a Friends meeting, he quickly forgot. Reaching Oregon, Wright enlisted in a militia to put down the Cayuse tribe. After being discharged, he settled along Cottonwood Creek in California, 20 miles north of Yreka, where he continued to kill native Americans, the local Modocs, for the government bounty money. He affected a frontier appearance: buckskins, long hair, a soul patch on his chin. As a serial killer, Wright was of the trophy-collecting type: scalps, fingers, ears, noses, removed from still-living victims. He was fond of alcohol, and



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kept native women as his sexual slaves. When Yreka's gold prospectors raised a militia of 65 men, Ben Wright again enlisted. Peter Burnett, California's 1st civilian governor, had declared that "a war of extermination will continue ... until the Indian race becomes extinct," and the state legislature appropriated \$500,000 to pay for these militia raids. After receiving his bounty money, Wright recruited 20 men for a return to Modoc territory. In a dawn raid on the principal Lost River village of the Modocs, their guns killed more than 12 of these natives who had only bows and spears with which to defend themselves and their families. Then they attacked an island village, where Lost River flowed into Tule Lake, and killed 15 more. When the survivors of the two attacks took shelter in a large cave on the far side of Tule Lake. Wright and his posse piled brush at the cave's mouth and set it afire. After 24 hours of smoke and flames, Wright and his men rode back to Yreka, presuming that they had cooked or smothered the people inside the cave. The following summer Wright took another party into the Tule Lake country and attacked a group of Modocs, killing 30 to 35. When Wright and some other mounted militiamen spotted a couple of Indian women running away, they rode them down, killing one by gunshot. The other, shot only in an arm, Wright finished off with his knife. He then raised a white flag to let it be understood that he sought to negotiate. A large group of Modocs camped nearby to talk. All remained peaceful until on the dawn of the 6th day, the white men encircled the camp. Wright walked into the camp with two revolvers under his serape, and when he came to the native leader, began to shoot and run zigzag through the Indians. His men opened fire with rifles from the periphery. Not a single white was killed, and the number of native fatalities has been variously estimated at 30 to 90, most likely about 50. The California legislature was paying these militiamen at the rate of \$4 a day, which was about 8 times more than the pay of a private in the Army. Captain Wright himself received \$744. His success against the Modocs was rewarded with appointment as Indian agent along Oregon's southern coast, but then in the muddy main street of Port Orford, while drunk, he stripped naked the government interpreter who was his mistress of the moment, Chetcoe Jennie, and whipped her through the town. After being treated in such manner, Jennie formed an alliance with a group of natives under Enos, a Shoshone guide and scout who had previously worked for Wright. In the early hours of February 23, 1856, close to the mouth of the Rogue River, Enos killed Wright with an axe. Several months later when Enos would be hanged by a lynch party, Chetcoe Jennie would be nowhere to be found.

November 2, Tuesday: [Dr. John Aitken Carlyle](#) got married with Phoebe Elizabeth Hough Fowler Watts (1814?-1854), a daughter of John Fowler of Horton Hall in north Staffordshire — who was a widow with four sons, and also happened to be rich.

The Democratic candidate, [Franklin Pierce](#), was elected as the United States president over the Whig candidate, General Winfield Scott (William R. King was elected vice-president).

Robert G. Crozier was again appointed City Marshal of San Francisco, replacing David W. Thompson.

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November 4, Thursday: [Camillo Benso, Count of Cavour](#) became the prime minister of Piedmont-Sardinia (which would soon expand and, with [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) handing over southern Italy and Sicily to King Victor Emmanuel II in Naples in 1861, would become [Italy](#)).

Samuel Langhorn Clemens, Mark Twain confided to his Hannibal journal the sentiment “What a world of trouble those who never marry escape! There are many happy matches, it is true, and sometimes “my dear,” and “my love” come from the heart; but what sensible bachelor, rejoicing in his freedom and years of discretion, will run the tremendous risk?”

In San Francisco, Crescent Engine Co. No. 10, Columbian Engine Co. No. 11, and Pennsylvania Engine Co. No. 12 were organized.

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In Vermont the Reverend Alpheus Bigelow confided to his diary that “Election returns already received by telegraph in Burlington render it almost certain that the State of New York has gone Democratic by a large majority, and that the Pierce-King electoral ticket prevails nearly without exception.”



Nov. 4. Autumnal dandelion and yarrow.

Must be out-of-doors enough to get experience of wholesome reality, as a ballast to thought and sentiment. Health requires this relaxation, this aimless life. This life in the present. Let a man have thought what he will of Nature in the house, she will still be novel outdoors. I keep out of doors for the sake of the mineral, vegetable, and animal in me.

How precious a fine clay early ill the spring!-less so in the fall; less still in the summer and winter. Chimaphila sheds its pollen now. Saw witch-hazels out of bloom, some still fresh.

The winds of autumn draw a few strains from the telegraph, after all. At this post it is only a musical hum, but at the next it attains to clearness and reminds me of the isles of Greece. I put my ear to the post. Every fibre responded with the increasing inflatus, but when it rose into a more melodious and tenser tone it seemed to retire and concentrate itself in the pith of the wood.

There was also Thorer of Steige, in Magnus Barefoot’s reign, who was “old and heavy.” He gained some victories, but when it went against him could not run. He told his foe, “I am well in hands, but ill on my feet.” He “was a man exceedingly stout, both high of stature and thick.” So that, when he was hung, his neck gave way and his body fell to the ground. The poet sings: —

“How the king’s thralls hung on the gallows
Old Thorer and his traitor-fellows.”

My thought is a part of the meaning of the world, and hence I use a part of the world as a symbol to express my thought.⁸⁴



November 5, Friday: In San Francisco, a couple of days of heavy waves caused 60 feet of Law’s Wharf at Clark’s Point to be carried away.

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November 7, Sunday: The San Francisco Bible Society celebrated its 3d anniversary in the First Baptist Church on Washington Street.

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84. Clearly, [Henry Thoreau](#) had been continuing to study in [Samuel Laing](#)’s CHRONICLE OF THE KINGS OF NORWAY. He was placing the bulk of his notes in his Indian Notebooks #5 and #7, in his Fact Book, and in his 2d Commonplace Book.



November 9, Tuesday: The Knickerbocker Engine house on Merchant Street in San Francisco was destroyed by fire.

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[Henri-Frédéric Amiel](#), who would be referred to as the “Swiss [Thoreau](#),” wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: “A few pages of the Chrestomathie Française and Vinet’s remarkable letter at the head of the volume, have given me one or two delightful hours. As a thinker, as a Christian, and as a man, Vinet occupies a typical place. His philosophy, his theology, his esthetics, in short, his work, will be, or has been already surpassed at all points. His was a great soul and a fine talent. But neither were well enough served by circumstances. We see in him a personality worthy of all veneration, a man of singular goodness and a writer of distinction, but not quite a great man, nor yet a great writer. Profundity and purity, these are what he possesses in a high degree, but not greatness, properly speaking. For that, he is a little too subtle and analytical, too ingenious and fine-spun; his thought is overladen with detail, and has not enough flow, eloquence, imagination, warmth, and largeness. Essentially and constantly meditative, he has not strength enough left to deal with what is outside him. The casuistries of conscience and of language, eternal self-suspicion, and self-examination, his talent lies in these things, and is limited by them. Vinet wants passion, abundance, entraînement, and therefore popularity. The individualism which is his title to glory is also the cause of his weakness.

We find in him always the solitary and the ascetic. His thought is, as it were, perpetually at church; it is perpetually devising trials and penances for itself. Hence the air of scruple and anxiety which characterizes it even in its bolder flights. Moral energy, balanced by a disquieting delicacy of fibre; a fine organization marred, so to speak, by low health, such is the impression it makes upon us. Is it reproach or praise to say of Vinet’s mind that it seems to one a force perpetually reacting upon itself? A warmer and more self-forgotten manner; more muscles, as it were, around the nerves, more circles of intellectual and historical life around the individual circle, these are what Vinet, of all writers perhaps the one who makes us think most, is still lacking in. Less reflexivity and more plasticity, the eye more on the object, would raise the style of Vinet, so rich in substance, so nervous, so full of ideas, and variety, into a grand style. Vinet, to sum up, is conscience personified, as man and as writer. Happy the literature and the society which is able to count at one time two or three like him, if not equal to him!”



Nov. 9. Tuesday. ... Fore part of November time for walnutting.

All around Walden, both in the thickest wood and where the wood has been cut off, there can be traced a meandering narrow shelf on the steep hillside, the footpath worn by the feet of Indian hunters, and still occasionally trodden by the white man, probably as old as the race of man here. And the same trail may be found encircling all our ponds. Near the sandy eastern shore, where the water is eight or ten feet deep, I have seen from a boat, in calm weather, broad circular heaps of small stones on the bottom, half a dozen feet in diameter by a foot or more in height, where it] around was bare sand, probably the work of some kind of fish. The French call dragon-flies “demoiselles.”

November 12, Friday: Arthur Hugh Clough, [James Russell Lowell](#), and William Makepeace Thackeray arrived in Boston on the steamship *Canada*.

[John Wedderburn Halkett](#) died in London at the age of 84. The body would be interred at Petersham.

[Henri-Frédéric Amiel](#), who would be referred to as the “Swiss [Thoreau](#),” wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: “St. Martin’s summer is still lingering, and the days all begin in mist. I ran for a quarter of an hour round the garden to get some warmth and suppleness. Nothing could be lovelier than the last rosebuds, or than the delicate gaufréd edges of the strawberry leaves embroidered with hoar-frost, while above them Arachne’s delicate webs hung swaying in the green branches of the pines, little ball-rooms for the fairies carpeted with powdered pearls and kept in place by a thousand dewy strands hanging from above like the chains of a lamp and supporting them from below like the anchors of a vessel. These little airy edifices had all the fantastic lightness of the elf-world and all the vaporous freshness of dawn. They recalled to me the poetry of the north, wafting



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to me a breath from Caledonia or Iceland or Sweden, Frithiof and the Edda, Ossian and the Hebrides. All that world of cold and mist, of genius and of reverie, where warmth comes not from the sun but from the heart where man is more noticeable than nature — that chaste and vigorous world in which will plays a greater part than sensation and thought has more power than instinct — in short the whole romantic cycle of German and northern poetry, awoke little by little in my memory and laid claim upon my sympathy. It is a poetry of bracing quality, and acts upon one like a moral tonic. Strange charm of imagination! A twig of pine wood and a few spider-webs are enough to make countries, epochs, and nations live again before her.”

Poles for the 1st electric telegraph service were installed at Montgomery and Merchant streets in San Francisco. This telegraph would connect San Francisco with San Jose, Stockton, Sacramento, and Marysville.

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November 22, Monday: At approximately 11PM a severe earthquake created a fissure a half-mile wide and 300 yards long in a sand bank, through which the top 30 feet of the waters of [Lake Merced](#) just south of San Francisco began to plunge to the Pacific Ocean.

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November 24, Wednesday: [Waldo Emerson](#) departed on a major lecture tour of the midwest, arriving in Cincinnati on or about December 9th.

Mayor C.J. Brenham addressed the Common Council of San Francisco.

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November 26, Friday: A series of earthquakes in the lower part of California shook the ground for several days.

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December 6, Monday: In San Francisco, Fire Chief Engineer Hossefross was re-elected.

A law was enacted to forbid the construction of any further wood-frame structures within densely built sections of town as of July 1st, 1853.

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December 6. Though foul weather yesterday, this is the warmest and pleasantest day yet. Cows are turned out to pasture again. On the Corner causeway fine cobwebs glimmer in the air, covering the willow twigs and the road, and sometimes stretching from side to side above my head. I see many little gnat-like insects in the air there. Tansy still fresh, and I saw autumnal dandelion a few days since. In the evening I see the spearer's light on the river. Saw a great slate-colored hawk sail away from the Cliffs.

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December 10, Friday: 10,000 citizens turned out to watch Jose Forni (AKA Jose Forner y Brugada) get hanged from a gallows that had been erected on the slope of Russian Hill. He had confessed to the stabbing murder of Jose Rodriguez and the confession had been printed on a lettersheet for sale by Bonestell & Williston, Clay Street, San Francisco along with a drawing of Forni sitting in his cell. Sheriff John C. Hays, who officiated at this hanging, "cut the rope which held up the 'drop'" (this wouldn't be the 1st hanging in San Francisco, but it would be something to watch because it would be the 1st legal one).

HANGING

CALIFORNIA



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 10th]

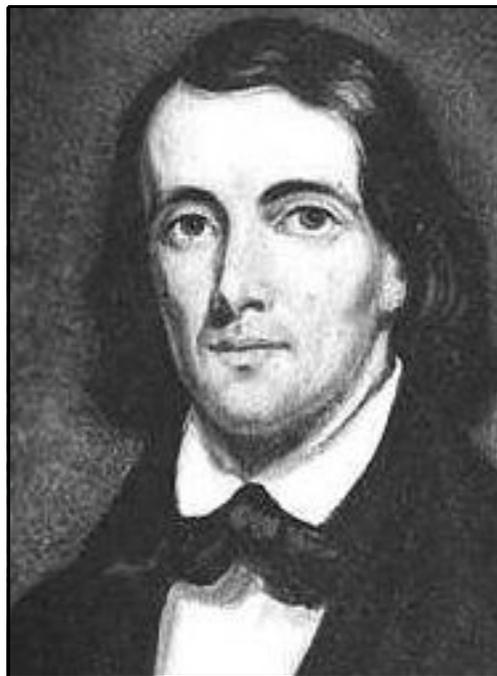
December 19, Sunday: The establishment of a literary weekly, Golden Era.

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[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 19th]

December 21, Tuesday: When Elery Channing took the 9AM train to Boston, the station agent, Mr. Wild, telegraphed ahead to the Reverend Thomas Wentworth Higginson as he had promised, warning of this. There was to be no attempt to kidnap the Channing children. (Since the despairing Channing in fact did nothing, the security arrangements and the surveillance placed on him by this conspiracy of friends and neighbors were gradually relaxed.)



Huge wind and rain storm did immense damage to shipping at San Francisco wharves.

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[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 21st]



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December 22, Wednesday: At the American Theatre in San Francisco, the Reverend T. Dwight Hunt addressed the New England Society of San Francisco.

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December 22. Wednesday. Surveying the Hunt Farm this and the 20th. C. says that Flint's Pond was frozen *over* yesterday. A rambling, rocky, wild, moorish pasture, this of Hunt's, with two or three great white oaks to shade the cattle, which the farmer would not take fifty dollars apiece for, though the ship-builder wanted them. The snow balled so badly to-day while I was working in the swamp, that I was set up full four inches. It is pleasant, cutting a path through the bushes in a swamp, to see the color of the different woods, — the yellowish dogwood, the green prinios (?), and, on the upland, the splendid yellow barberry. The squirrel, rabbit, fox tracks, etc., attract the attention in the new-fallen snow; and the squirrel nests, bunches of grass and leave high in the trees, more conspicuous if not larger now, or the glimpse of a meadow (?) mouse, give occasion for a remark. You cannot go out so early but you will find the track of some wild creature. Returning home just after the sun had sunk below the horizon, I saw from N. Barrett's a fire made: by boys on the ice near the Red Bridge, which looked like a bright reflection of a setting sun from the water under the bridge, so clear, so little lurid, in this winter evening air.

December 23, Thursday: A [Chinese](#) theater in San Francisco offered its 1st performance.

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The [Chinese Christian Army](#) held Hanyang and Hankou.



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

December 24, day: The San Francisco Hall opened, at Washington Street between Kearny and Montgomery.

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[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 24th]



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1853

The Reverend Professor [Edward Hitchcock](#)'s OUTLINE OF THE [GEOLOGY](#) OF THE GLOBE AND OF THE UNITED STATES IN PARTICULAR WITH SKETCHES OF CHARACTERISTIC AMERICAN FOSSILS.

THE SCIENCE OF 1853

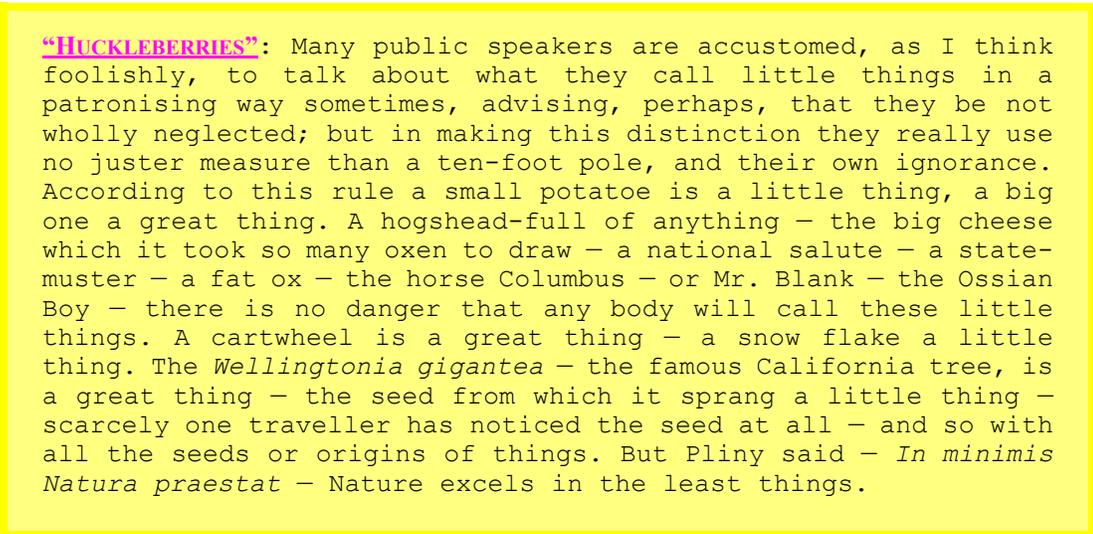
[Gregor Mendel](#) returned to Brno, and published the first of two short papers in the journal of the *Zoologisch-botanischer Verein* in Vienna, where he is a member. The papers each concerned crop damage by insects, and one dealt specifically with the *Bruchus pisi* species of beetle that a few years later would undermine some of Mendel's *Pisum* experiments.

In this year the physicist Christian Johann Doppler, whose lectures on experimental physics Mendel had attended at the University of Vienna, died in Venice.

Eucalyptus was introduced into [California](#) from [Australia](#).

Albert Kellogg (a South Carolinian who had studied at Kentucky's Transylvania College, and then gone to San Francisco and opened a pharmacy) and six colleagues established the [California](#) Academy of Sciences. He brought to a meeting of the group some specimens and stories he had heard from A.T. Dowd about a giant new conifer in the foothills of the Sierra range, southeast of Sacramento. William Lobb, who was at the meeting, left immediately for the area, collecting seed, mature cones, vegetative shoots, and two seedlings. He returned to San Francisco and quickly left for England. The two saplings were planted at the Veitch nursery in Exeter. John Lindley described the new species that December in [Gardener's Chronicles](#) as *Wellingtonia gigantea*. The name eventually accepted for this tree was *Sequoiadendron giganteum*.

PLANTS



"HUCKLEBERRIES": Many public speakers are accustomed, as I think foolishly, to talk about what they call little things in a patronising way sometimes, advising, perhaps, that they be not wholly neglected; but in making this distinction they really use no juster measure than a ten-foot pole, and their own ignorance. According to this rule a small potatoe is a little thing, a big one a great thing. A hogshead-full of anything – the big cheese which it took so many oxen to draw – a national salute – a state-muster – a fat ox – the horse Columbus – or Mr. Blank – the Ossian Boy – there is no danger that any body will call these little things. A cartwheel is a great thing – a snow flake a little thing. The *Wellingtonia gigantea* – the famous California tree, is a great thing – the seed from which it sprang a little thing – scarcely one traveller has noticed the seed at all – and so with all the seeds or origins of things. But Pliny said – *In minimis Natura praestat* – Nature excels in the least things.

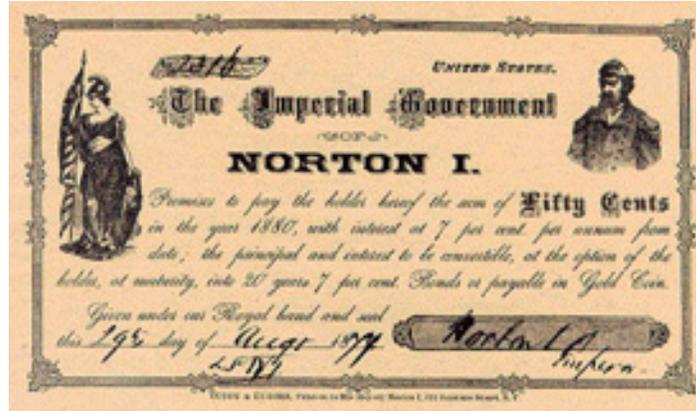
PLINY

WELLINGTONIA GIGANTEA

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By this point the new Californian Joshua Abraham Norton had parlayed his English inheritance into a fortune through [California](#) business dealings. He was being termed an empire builder and some had taken to referring to him as “Emperor.” Then in a bad investment in rice he lost it all, and disappeared from the public eye.



John M. Studebaker was making wheelbarrows for gold miners in [California](#).

January 1, Saturday: Prohibition went into effect in New Brunswick but would soon be repealed.

Gold exports for the year 1852 amounted to \$45,587,803.

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[Henry Thoreau](#) recorded in his journal that [Professor Louis Agassiz](#) considered [Dr. Thaddeus William Harris](#) to be the greatest [entomologist](#):



January 1, Saturday, 1853: This morning we have something between ice & frost on the trees, &c. The whole earth as last night but much more is encased in ice, which on the plowed fields makes a singular icy coat a quarter of an inch or more in thickness. About 9 o'clock Am I go to Lees via Hubbards wood & Holdens Swamp & the river side – for the middle is open. The stones & cow dung & the walls too are all cased in ice on the north side– The latter look like alum rocks. This – not frozen mist or frost but frozen drizzle collected around the slightest cores gives prominence to the least withered herbs & grasses– Where yesterday was a plain smooth field appears now a teeming crop of fat icy herbage. The stems of the herbs on their north sides are enlarge from 10 to 100 times. The addition is so universally on the north side that a traveller could not lose the points of compass today though it should never so dark – for every blade of grass would serve to guide him – telling from which side the storm came yesterday. Mere straight stems of grasses stand up like white batons or scepters and make conspicuous foreground to the landscape, – from 6 inches to 3 feet high. C. thought that these fat icy branches on the withered grass & herbs had no nucleus but looking closer I showed him the fine black wiry threads on which they impinged – which made him laugh with surprise.– The very cowdung is incrustated & the clover & sorrel send up a dull green gleam through their icy coat like strange plants– The pebbles in the ploughed land are seen as through a transparent coating of gum. Some weeds bear the ice in masses – some like the trumpet weed & tansy in balls for each dried flower. What a crash of jewells as you walk. The most careless walker who never deigned to look at these humble weeds before cannot help observing them now. This is why the the herbage is left to stand dry in the fields all winter. Upon a solid foundation of ice stand out pointing in all directions between NW & NE or within the limits of 90 degrees little spicula or crystalized points half an inch or more in length.

Upon the dark glazed plowed ground where a mere wiry stem rises its north side is thickly clad with these snow white spears like some Indian's head dress as if it had attracted all the frost. I saw a Prinos bush full of large berries by the wall in Hubbards field– Standing on the west side the contrast of the red berries with their white incrustation or prolongation on the north – was admirable. I thought I had never seen the berries so dazzlingly bright. The whole north side of the bush berries & stock was beautifully incrustated. And when I went round to the N side the redness of the berries came softend through & tinging the allied snow white bush – like an evening sky beyond. These adjoined snow or ice berries being beset within the limits of 90 degrees on the N with those icy prickles or spicula between which the red glow & some times the clear red itself appeared gave it the appearance of a raspberry bush full of over ripe fruit.

Standing on the north side of a bush – or tree looking against the sky – you see only a white ghost of a tree

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without a mote of earthiness, but as you go round it the dark core comes into view. It makes all the odds imaginable whether you are travelling N or S.— The drooping birches along the edges of woods are the most feathery fairy-like ostrich plumes of the trees, and the color of their trunks increases the delusion. The weight of the ice gives to the pines the forms which northern trees like the firs constantly wear. Bending & twisting the branches – for the twigs & plumes of the pines being frozen remain as the wind held them—& new portions of the trunk are exposed. Seen from the N. there is no greenness in the pines—& the character of the tree is changed. The willows along the edge of the river look like sedge in meadows.

The sky is overcast and a fine snowy hail & rain is falling—& these ghostlike trees make a scenery which reminds you of Spitzbergen. I see now the beauty of the causeway by the bridge – alders below swelling into the road overtopped by willows & maples. The fine grasses & shrubs in the meadow rise to meet & mingle with the drooping willows & the whole make an indistinct impression like a mist & between this the road runs toward those white ice-clad ghostly or fairy trees in the distance – toward spirit-land. The pines are as white as a counterpane with raised embroidery & white tassels & fringes. Each fascicle of leaves or needles is held apart by an icy club surrounded by a little snowy or icy ball. Finer than the saxon arch is this path running under the pines roofed not with crossing boughs but drooping ice-covered twigs in irregular confusion. See in the midst of this stately pine towering like the solemn ghost of a tree – the white ice-clad boughs of other trees appearing, of a dif. character. Sometimes oaks with leaves –incrusted– or fine sprayed maples or walnuts. But finer than all this red oak – its leaves incrusted like shields 1/4 of an inch thick—& a thousand fine spicula like long serrations at right angles with their planes upon their edges. It has an indescribably rich effect – with color of the leaf coming softened through the ice a delicate fawn color.—of many shades. Where the plumes of the pitch pines are short & spreading close upon the trunk – sometimes perfect cups or rays are formed. Pitch pines present rough massy grenadier plumes – with each a darker spot or cavity in the end where you look in to the buds. I listen to the booming of the pond as if it were a reasonable creature. I return at last in a rain and am coated with a glaze like the fields.

Being at Cambridge day before yesterday – Sibley told me that [Agassiz](#) told him that [Harris](#) was the greatest [entomologist](#) in the world, and gave him permission to repeat his remark. As I stood on the top of a ladder he came along with his hand full of papers—& inquired do you value autographs? – No, I do not, I answered slowly & gravely.— Oh – I didn't know but you did– I had some of Governor Dunlap.—said he retreating

After talking with uncle Charles the other night about the worthies of this country Webster & the rest as usual considering who were geniuses & who not – I showed him up to bed & when I had got into bed myself I heard his chamber door opened – after 11 'oclock – and he called out in an earnest stenterian voice loud enough to wake the whole house– “Henry! Was John Quincy Adams a genius”? – No, I think not” was my reply– Well I did n't think he was answered he.





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January 2, Sunday: A moderate earthquake was experienced in San Francisco.

U.S. Land Commission began hearings in San Francisco to decide on the validity of claims of those holding, or attempting to hold, land under the old "Spanish grants."

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

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

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

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



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



January 2nd: 9 Am Down RR to Cliffs.

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

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



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linnet.

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

January 16, Sunday: [André Jules Michelin](#) was born.

J.L.L. Warren began an agricultural paper, the [Weekly California Farmer](#).

In the Tabernacle of Great Salt Lake City, [Brigham Young](#) discoursed on Salvation:



The plan of salvation, or, in other words, the redemption of fallen beings, is a subject that should occupy the attention of all intelligence that pertains to fallen beings. I do not like the term fallen beings, but I will say, subjected intelligence, which term suits me better – subjected to law, order, rule, and government. All intelligences are deeply engaged in this grand object; not, however, having a correct understanding of the true principle thereof, they wander to and fro, some to the right, and some to the left. There is not a person in this world, who is endowed with a common share of intellect, but is laboring with all his power for salvation. Men vary in their efforts to obtain that object, still their individual conclusions are, that they will ultimately secure it. The merchant, for instance, seeks with unwearied diligence, by night and by day, facing misfortunes with a determined and persevering resistance, enduring losses by sea and by land, with an unshaken patience, to amass a sufficient amount of wealth to enable him to settle calmly down in the midst of plenty in some opulent city, walk in the higher classes of society, and perchance receive a worldly title, or worldly honor, and enjoy a freedom from all anxiety of business, and constraint by poverty, throughout the remainder of his life. He then supposes he has obtained salvation.

Descend from the busy, wealth-seeking middle classes, to the humbler grade of society, and follow them in their various occupations and pursuits, and each one of them is seeking earnestly that which he imagines to be salvation. The poor, ragged, trembling mendicant, who is forced by hunger and cold to drag his feeble body from under some temporary shelter, to seek a bit of bread, or a coin from his more fortunate fellow mortal, if he can only obtain a few crusts of bread to satisfy the hunger-worm that gnaws his vitals, and a few coppers to pay his lodgings, he has attained to the summit of his expectations, to what he sought for salvation, and he is comparatively happy, but his happiness vanishes with the shades of night, and his



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misery comes with the morning light. From the matchmaker up to the tradesman, all have an end in view, which they suppose will bring to them salvation. King, courtier, commanders, officers, and common soldiers, the commodore, and sailor before the mast, the fair-skinned Christian, and the dark-skinned savage, all, in their respective grades and spheres of action, have a certain point in view, which, if they can obtain, they suppose will put them in possession of salvation.

The Latter-day Saint, who is far from the bosom of the Church, whose home is in distant climes, sighs, and earnestly prays each day of his life for the Lord to open his way, that he may mingle with his brethren in Zion, for he supposes that his happiness would then be complete, but in this his expectations will be in a measure vain, for happiness that is real and lasting in its nature cannot be enjoyed by mortals, for it is altogether out of keeping with this transitory state.

If a man's capacity be limited to the things of this world, if he reach no further than he can see with his eyes, feel with his hands, and understand with the ability of the natural man, still he is as earnestly engaged in securing his salvation, as others are, who possess a superior intellect, and are also pursuing the path of salvation, in their estimation, though it result in nothing more than a good name, or the honors of this world. Each, according to his capacity – to the natural organization of the human system, which is liable to be operated upon by the circumstances and influences by which it is surrounded, is as eager to obtain that which he supposes is salvation, as I am to obtain salvation in the Eternal world.

The object of a true salvation, correctly and minutely understood, changes the course of mankind. Persons who are taught by their teachers, friends, and acquaintances, are traditionated, from their youth up, into the belief that there is no God, or intelligent beings, other than those that they see with the natural eye, or naturally comprehend; that there is no hereafter; that at death, all life and intelligence are annihilated. Such persons are as firm in their belief, and as strenuous in argument, in support of those doctrines, as others are in the belief of the existence of an Eternal God. The early customs and teachings of parents and friends, to a greater or less degree, influence the minds of children, but when they are disposed to inquire at the hands of Him who has eternal intelligence to impart to them, when their understandings are enlarged, when their minds are enlightened by the Spirit of truth, so that they can see things that are unseen by the natural eye, they may then be corrected in their doctrine and belief, and in their manner of life, but not until then.

How difficult it is to teach the natural man, who comprehends nothing more than that which he sees with the natural eye! How hard it is for him to believe! How difficult would be the task to make the philosopher, who, for many years, has argued himself into the belief that his spirit is no more after his body sleeps in the grave, believe that his intelligence came from eternity, and is as eternal, in its nature, as the elements, or as the Gods. Such doctrine by him would be considered vanity and foolishness, it would be entirely beyond his comprehension. It is difficult, indeed, to remove an opinion or belief into which he has argued himself from the mind of the natural man. Talk to him about angels, heavens, God, immortality, and eternal lives,



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and it is like sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal to his ears; it has no music to him; there is nothing in it that charms his senses, soothes his feelings, attracts his attention, or engages his affections, in the least; to him it is all vanity. To say that the human family are not seeking salvation, is contrary to my experience, and to the experience of every other person with whom I have any acquaintance. They are all for salvation, some in one way, and some in another; but all is darkness and confusion. If the Lord does not speak from heaven, and touch the eyes of their understanding by His Spirit, who can instruct or guide them to good? Who can give them words of eternal life? It is not in the power of man to do it; but when the Lord gives His Spirit to a person, or to a people, they can then hear, believe, and be instructed. An Elder of Israel may preach the principles of the Gospel, from first to last, as they were taught to him, to a congregation ignorant of them; but if he does not do it under the influence of the Spirit of the Lord, he cannot enlighten that congregation on those principles, it is impossible. Job said that, "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." Unless we enjoy that understanding in this probation, we cannot grow or increase, we cannot be made acquainted with the principles of truth and righteousness so as to become exalted. Admit that the Spirit of the Lord should give us understanding, what would it prove to us? It would prove to me, at least, and what I may safely say to this congregation, that Zion is here. Whenever we are disposed to give ourselves perfectly to righteousness, to yield all the powers and faculties of the soul (which is the spirit and the body, and it is there where righteousness dwells); when we are swallowed up in the will of Him who has called us; when we enjoy the peace and the smiles of our Father in Heaven, the things of His Spirit, and all the blessings we are capacitated to receive and improve upon, then are we in Zion, that is Zion. What will produce the opposite? Harkening and giving way to evil, nothing else will.

If a community of people are perfectly devoted to the cause of righteousness, truth, light, virtue, and every principle and attribute of the holy Gospel, we may say of that people, as the ancient Apostle said to his brethren, "Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates;" there is a throne for the Lord Almighty to sit and reign upon, there is a resting place for the Holy Ghost, there is a habitation of the Father and the Son. We are the temples of God, but when we are overcome of evil by yielding to temptation, we deprive ourselves of the privilege of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, taking up their abode and dwelling with us. We are the people, by our calling and profession, and ought to be by our daily works, of whom it should be truly said, "Ye are the temples of our God." Let me ask, what is there to prevent any person in this congregation from being so blessed, and becoming a holy temple fit for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost? Has any being in heaven or on earth done aught to prevent you from becoming so blessed? No, but why the people are not so privileged I will leave you to judge. I would to God that every soul who professes to be a Latter-day Saint was of that character, a holy temple for the indwelling of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, but it is not so. Is there any individual within the sound of my voice today, that has received



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the Holy Ghost through the principles of the Gospel, and at the same time has not received a love for them? I will answer that question. Wait and see who it is that falls out by the way; who it is in whom the seed of truth has been sown, but has not taken root; and then you will know the individuals who have received the truth, but have never received a love of it – they do not love it for itself. What a delightful aspect would this community present if all men and women, old and young, were disposed to leave off their own sins and follies, and overlook those of their neighbors; if they would cease watching their neighbors for iniquity, and watch that they themselves might be free from it! If they were trying with all their powers to sanctify the Lord in their hearts, and would prove, by their actions, that they had received the truth and the love of it! If all individuals would watch themselves, that they do not speak against the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost, nor in short against any being in heaven or on earth. Strange as this may appear, there have been men in this Church that have done it, and probably will be again! If this people would be careful not to do anything to displease the spirits of those who have lived on the earth, and have been justified, and have gone to rest, and would so conduct themselves, that no reasonable being upon the face of the earth could find fault with them, what kind of society should we have? Why every man's mouth would be filled with blessings, every man's hand would be put forth to do good, and every woman and child in all their intercourse would be praising God, and blessing each other. Would not Zion be here? It would. What hinders you from doing this? What is the Lord or the people doing to cause this one and that one to commit sin with a high hand, in secret and in the open streets?

If Elders of Israel use language which is not proper for the lips of a Saint, such Elders are under condemnation, and the wrath of God abides upon them, those who do it have not the love of truth in their hearts, they do not love and honor the truth because it is the truth, but because it is powerful, and they wish to join with the strongest party. Do they love light because it is light? Virtue because it is virtue? Righteousness because it is righteousness? No. But these principles are almighty in their influence, and like the tornado in the forest, they sweep all before them, no argument can weigh against them, all the philosophy, knowledge, and wisdom of men may be set in array against them, but they are like chaff before a mighty wind, or like the morning dew before the sun in its strength such Elders embrace truth because it is all-powerful. When a man of God preaches the principles of the Gospel, all things give way before it, and some embrace it because it is so mighty. But by and by those characters will fall out by the way, because the soil has not depth to nourish the seeds of truth. They receive it, but not the love of it; it dies, and they turn away. If every person who has embraced the Gospel would love it as he loves his life, would not society wear a different aspect from that of the present?

I do not intend to enter into a detailed account of the acts of the people, they are themselves acquainted with them; people know how they themselves talk, and how their neighbors talk; how husband and wife agree in their own houses, and with their neighbors; and how parents and children dwell together. I need not tell these things, but if every heart were set upon doing



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right, we then should have Zion here. I will give you my reason for thinking so. It is because I have had it with me ever since I was baptized into this kingdom. I have not been without it from that day to this. I have, therefore, a good reason for the assertion I have made. I live and walk in Zion every day, and so do thousands of others in this Church and kingdom, they carry Zion with them, they have one of their own, and it is increasing, growing, and spreading continually. Suppose it spreads from heart to heart, from neighborhood to neighborhood, from city to city, and from nation to nation, how long would it be before the earth would become revolutionized, and the wheat gathered from among the tares? The wheat and tares, however, must grow together until harvest. I am not, therefore, disposed to separate them yet, for if we pluck up the tares before the harvest, we may destroy some of the good seed, therefore let them grow together, and by and by the harvest will come.

There is another thing, brethren, which I wish you to keep constantly before your minds, that is with regard to your travels in life. You have read, in the Scriptures, that the children of men will be judged according to their works, whether they be good or bad. If a man's days be filled up with good works, he will be rewarded accordingly. On the other hand, if his days be filled up with evil actions, he will receive according to those acts. This proves that we are in a state of exaltation, it proves that we can add to our knowledge, wisdom, and strength, and that we can add power to every attribute that God has given us. When will the people realize that this is the period of time in which they should commence to lay the foundation of their exaltation for time and eternity, that this is the time to conceive, and bring forth from the heart fruit to the honor and glory of God, as Jesus did – grow as he did from the child, become perfect, and be prepared to be raised to salvation? You will find that this probation is the place to increase upon every little we receive, for the Lord gives line upon line to the children of men. When He reveals the plan of salvation, then is the time to fill up our days with good works. Let us fill up our days with usefulness, do good to each other, and cease from all evil. Let every evil person forsake his wickedness. If he be wicked in his words, or in his dealings, let him forsake those practices, and pursue a course of righteousness. Let every man and woman do this, and peace and joy will be the result.

A few words more upon the subject of the eternal existence of the soul. It is hard for mankind to comprehend that principle. The philosophers of the world will concede that the elements of which you and I are composed are eternal, yet they believe that there was a time when there was no God. They cannot comprehend how it is that God can be eternal. Let me ask this congregation, Can you realize the eternity of your own existence? Can you realize that the intelligence which you receive is eternal? I can comprehend this, just as well as I can that I am now in possession of it. It is as easy for me to comprehend that it will exist eternally, as that anything else will. I wish to impress upon your minds the reality that when the body which is organized for intelligence to dwell in, dies, and returns to its mother earth, all the feelings, sensibilities, faculties, and powers of the spirit are still alive, they never die, but in the absence of the body are more acute. They are organized for an



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eternal existence. If this congregation could comprehend that the intelligence that is in them is eternal in its nature and existence; if they could realize that when Saints pass through the veil, they are not dead, but have been laying the foundation in these tabernacles for exaltation, laying the foundation to become Gods, even the sons of God, and for crowns which they will yet receive – they would receive the truth in the love of it, live by it, and continue in it, until they receive all knowledge and wisdom, until they grow into eternity, and have the veil taken from before their eyes, to behold the handiworks of God among all people, His goings forth among the nations of the earth, and to discover the rule and law by which He governs. Then could they say of a truth, We acknowledge the hand of God in all things, all is right, Zion is here, in our own possession. I have thus summed up, in a broken manner, that which I desired to speak. We are not able to comprehend all things, but we can continue to learn and grow, until all will be perfectly clear to our minds, which is a great privilege to enjoy – the blessing of an eternal increase. And the man or woman who lives worthily is now in a state of salvation.

Now, brethren, love the truth, and put a stop to every species of folly. How many there are who come to me to find fault with, and enter complaints against, their brethren, for some trifling thing, when I can see, in a moment, that they have received no intentional injury! They have no compassion on their brethren, but, having passed their judgment, insist that the criminal shall be punished. And why? Because he does not exactly come up to their standard of right and wrong! They feel to measure him by the "Iron Bedstead principle" – "if you are too long, you must be cut off; if too short, you must be stretched." Now this is the height of folly. I find that I have enough to do to watch myself. It is as much as I can do to get right, deal right, and act right. If we all should do this, there would be no difficulty, but in every man's mouth would be "May the Lord bless you." I feel happy, as I always told you. Brother Kimball has known me thirty years, twenty one of which I have been in this Church; others have known me twenty years; and there are some here who knew me in England; I had Zion with me then, and I brought it with me to America again, and I now appeal to every man and woman if I have not had Zion with me from first entering into the Church, to the present time! Light cleaves to light, and truth to truth. May God bless you. Amen.



January 16th 53: Cold with blustering winds drifting the snow. Yesterday the hounds were heard– It was a hunters day– All tracks were fresh– The snow deep & light– I met Melvin with his bag full.

Trench says that "Rivals", in the primary sense of the word, are those who dwell on the banks of the same stream" or "on opposite banks" but as he says, in many words, since the use of water rights is a fruitful source of contention between such neighbors, the word has acquired this secondary sense.

My friends are my **rivals** on the Concord – in the primitive sense of the word– There is no strife between us respecting the use of the stream. The Concord offers many privileges but none to quarrel about. It is a peaceful not a brawling stream– It has not made **Rivals** out of neighbors **that lived on its banks** – but friends. My friends are my **Rivals** we dwell on opposite banks of the stream – but that stream is the Concord – which flows without a ripple or a murmur – without a fall or a brawl & offers no petty priveleges to quarrel about. Bailey I find has it "Rival [**Rivalis** L. q. d. qui juxta eundem rivum pascit.]" my friends my rivals are

NATHAN BAILEY

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

BAILEY'S DICTIONARY

CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

January 27, Thursday: Marietta Alboni appeared in the title role of Bellini's *Norma* at Metropolitan Hall on Manhattan.



Edward Neufville Tailer, Jr. complained in his diary at the age of 20 that someone had just attempted to correct his attitude by charging that he "lacked energy, and wanted that bustling, and go ahead spirit."

"The Pioneer, a monthly West Coast magazine, was begun by the firm of Lecount & Strong.

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January 27th: Trench says a wild man—is a **willed** man. Well then a man of will who does what he wills—or wishes—a man of hope and of the future tense—for not only the obstinate is willed but far more the constant & persevering— The obstinate man properly speaking is one who will not. The perseverance of the saints is positive willedness—not a mere passive willingness— The fates are wild for they **will**—& the Almighty is wild above all.

What are our fields but felds or felled woods—they bear a more recent name than the woods suggesting that previously the earth was covered with woods. Always in the new country A field is a clearing.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

February 13, Sunday: The Emperor Franz Joseph II ordered the confiscation of all property belonging to the Milan conspirators and ordered that the city of Milan provide for those Austrians wounded in the uprising and provide for the families of those killed.

A former missionary serving in Canton in China, the Reverend William Speer, began a Chinese Mission House in San Francisco.

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February 13: In the midst of the snow-storm on Sunday (to-day), I was called to window to see a dense flock of snowbirds on and under the pigweed in the garden. (Probably tree sparrows.) It was so in the other storm. It is to be remarked that I have not observed them in the garden at any other time this winter. They come with the storm, the falling and driving snow. I *suspect* they were my chestnut-fronted ones. (Not linarias.)

February 15, Tuesday: The Curiosity Shop, a humorous illustrated weekly, was begun in San Francisco.

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[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 15th]



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February 17, Thursday: On Roebuck Street in Bridgetown on the Caribbean island of Barbados, tenement buildings burned, killing 97.

The *Monumental City* departed from San Francisco heading for Sydney, Australia.

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The [Chinese Christian Army](#) took Kiukang.

CHINESE CIVIL WAR



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 17th]



February 22, Tuesday: In San Francisco, celebration of the 2d anniversary of the organization of a Fire Department was combined with celebration of the birthday of George Washington.

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While fishing in Walden Pond, George Melvin saw shiners. He would inform [Henry Thoreau](#) of this.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 22d]

March 1, Tuesday: The Mercantile Library Association of the City of San Francisco was opened on the 2d floor of the [California](#) Exchange.

San Francisco experienced a sharp earthquake shock.

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In the Mary Joseph “Hannah” Corcoran riots in front of St. Mary’s [Catholic](#) Church on Richmond Street in [Charlestown, Massachusetts](#), threats were made to tear down that church, and the building needed to be defended from the local Baptists by the city police force. Refer to the Reverend Thomas Ford Caldicott, D.D.’s [HANNAH CORCORAN, AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF HER CONVERSION FROM ROMANISM, HER ABDUCTION FROM CHARLESTOWN, AND THE TREATMENT SHE RECEIVED DURING HER ABSENCE](#) (Boston: Gould and Lincoln, 59 Washington Street).



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

March 2, Wednesday: Mr. Gwin of [California](#) addressed the US Senate on the topic of the transportation of United States mail from San Francisco to Shanghai.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 2d]

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March 14, Monday: [Daniel Shattuck Surette](#) was born in [Concord](#) to [Louis A. Surette](#) and [Frances Jane Shattuck Surette](#). This infant would survive only until October 2d.

At groundbreaking ceremonies at Presidio Hill in San Francisco just north of Lake Street and 13th Avenue, for piping a municipal water supply from Mountain Lake, Lieutenant Governor Purdy and Acting Mayor Haven delivered addresses. Water would begin to flow during September.

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March 14. P.M. — Repairing my boat.

High winds, growing colder and colder, ground stiffening again. My ears have not been colder the past winter. Lowell Fay tells me that he overtook with a boat and killed last July a woodchuck which was crossing the river at Hollowell Place. He also says that the blacksmith of Sudbury has two otter skins taken in that town. March is rightly famous for its winds.

March 16, Wednesday: The builders and contractors of San Francisco met at the Mountaineer House and elected Captain E.F. Lupton as their President and William Craine as their Secretary.

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In Constantinople, Russian emissary Prince A.S. Menshikov demanded that the Ottoman Empire agree to a treaty enshrining Russia's right to protect Christians living in Ottoman territories.

[Theodore Sedgwick Fay](#) was nominated as Minister Resident for [Switzerland](#) and Liechtenstein. He would present his credentials in [Berne](#) on June 29th, and would serve until 1861.

Theodore S. Fay.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 16th]



March 17. Thursday: In San Francisco, [The Wide West](#) was instituted by Bonestell & Williston as a Sunday literary newspaper.

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March 17. Channing says he saw blackbirds, yesterday; F.C. Brown, that they were getting ice out of Loring's Pond yesterday.

P.M. — Rode to Lexington with Brown.

Saw, on the corner of a wall by a house about three quarters of a mile from the monument on the Bedford road, a stone apparently worn by water into the form of a rude bird-like idol, which I thought, as I rode by, to be the work of the Indians. It was probably discovered and used by them. It was as near as nature might come by accident to an eagle, with a very regular pedestal such as busts have, on which it stood, — in all about two and a half feet high. Whitewashed as well as the wall. Found not near water. It is one of those stones which Schoolcraft describes as found among the Chippeways.

The ways are mostly settled, frozen dry.

March 24, Thursday: The white overseer William Brent reported [Anthony Burns](#) to the Richmond, Virginia authorities as a slave missing from his place of obligation.

In San Francisco, Governor Bigler delivered a special message about the extension of the Water Front.

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March 24, 1853: 6 A.M. — By river to Hemlocks.

I see where the muskrats opened clams, probably last evening, close to the water's edge, or in the fork of fir or a willow, or on a tussock just covered with water, the shells remaining, for they bring the clam to the air to eat it. The downy (?) woodpeckers are quite numerous this morning, the skirts of their coats barred with white and a large, long white spot on their backs. They have a smart, shrill peep or whistle, somewhat like a robin, but more metallic. Saw two gray squirrels coursing over the trees on the Rock Island. The forest is to them a vast web over which they run with as little hesitation as a spider across his net. They appear to have planned or to be familiar with their course before they start. The Island has several bunches of leaves in its trees, probably their nests. For several mornings the water has been perfectly smooth at six o'clock, but by seven the wind has risen with the ascending sun and the waves with the wind, and the day assumed a new and less promising respect.

I think I may consider the shepherd's-purse in bloom to-day, for its flowers are nearly as conspicuous as those of the stellaria, which had its spring opening some days since, both being the worse for the frost this morning. Since the cold snap of the 14th, 15th, etc., have walked for the most part with unbuttoned coat, and for the most part without mittens.

I find the arrow-headed character on our plains, older than the written character in Persia.

Now are the windy days of March drying up the superabundant moisture. The river does not yet preserve a smooth reflecting surface far into the day. The meadows are mostly bare, the water going down, but perchance the April rains will fill them again.

Last afternoon was moist and cloudy and still, and the robin sang faintly, as if to usher in a warm rainstorm, but it cleared off at evening.

There are very slight but white mists on the river these mornings.

It spits a little snow this afternoon.

P. M. - To Second Division Brook.

The white pine wood, freshly cut, piled by the side of the Charles Miles road, is agreeable to walk beside. I like the smell of it, all ready for the borers, and the rich light-yellow color of the freshly split wood and the purple color of the sap at the ends of the quarters, from which distill perfectly clear and crystalline tears, colorless and brilliant as diamonds, tears shed for the loss of a forest in which is a world of light and purity, its life oozing out. These beautiful accidents that attend on man's works! Fit pendants to the ears of the Queen of Heaven! How full of interest is one of these wrecks of a wood! C. declares that Miss Ripley spent one whole season studying the lichens on a stick of wood they were about to put on the fire. I am surprised to find that these terebinthine (?) tears have a hard (seemingly soft as water) not film but transparent skin over them. How many curiosities are brought to us with our wood! The trees and the lichens that clothe them, the forest warrior and his shield adhering to him.

I have heard of two skeletons dug up in Concord within twenty years, one, at least, undoubtedly an Indian. This was as they were digging away the bank directly behind I. Moore's house. Dr. Jarvis pronounced it an Indian. The other near the jail.

I tied a string round what I take to be the *Alnus incana*, two or three rods this side Jenny's Road, on T. Wheeler's ditch. The bark is of a more opaque and lighter color, the fruit more orbicular, but the most sure difference was that a part of the pistillate catkins were upright. It was not quite in bloom, but neither were some of those whose fertile catkins drooped, nor could I yet see a difference in the color of the opened catkins.

At Second Division, saw pollywogs again, full grown with long tails. The cowslip leaves are in many places above water, and I see what I suppose is that slender rush two inches high at the bottom of the water like a fine grass. What is that foliaceous plant amid the mosses in the wet which resembles the algæ? I find nothing like it in [Hooker](#) under head of Algæ. In many cases I find that the willow cones are a mere dense cluster of loose leaves, suggesting that the scales of cones of all kinds are only modified leaves, a crowding and stinting, of the leaves, as the stem becomes a thorn; and in this view those conical bunches of leaves of so many of the pine family have relation to the cones of the tree as well in origin as in form. The leaf, perchance, becomes calyx, cone, husk, and nutshell.

The past has been a remarkable winter; such a one as I do not remember. The ground has been bare almost all the time, and the river has been open about as much. I got but one chance to take a turn on skates over half an acre. The first snow more than an inch deep fell January 13th, but probably was not a foot deep and was soon gone. There was about as much more fell February 13th, and no more to be remembered, *i.e.* only two or three inches since. I doubt if there has been one day when it was decidedly better sleighing than wheeling. I have hardly heard the sound of sleigh-bells. A yellow lily bud already yellow at, the Tortoise Ditch Nut Meadow.

Those little holes in sandy fields and on the sides of hills, which I see so numerous as soon as the snow is off and the frost off the ground, are probably made by the skunk in search of bugs and worms, as Rice says. His tracks in the winter are very numerous, considering how rarely he is seen at that season. Probably the tortoises do not lay their eggs so early as I thought. The skunk gets them too.



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March 26, Saturday: Here is how the city of New-York was depicted, in the pages of [Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion](#), as viewed looking west from the Brooklyn shore and as viewed looking east from the New Jersey shore (the lines in the sky are mere artifacts of the modern copying process):



[CONSULT THE WIKIPEDIA](#)

The slave Miriam Dobbins had reached [Oberlin, Ohio](#) after fleeing [Kentucky](#) with her children and grandchildren, including a small foster child, but this 4-year-old had become too wasted with [consumption](#) to continue on with the group to safety in Canada. The child was left in the care of a local couple who sheltered the group, and died on this day. In 1st Church, there was a funeral for him. The tombstone, to protect it, is now being stored in the archives of [Oberlin College](#):



LET SLAVERY PERISH
LEE HOWARD DOBBINS
A FUGITIVE SLAVE ORPHAN
BROUGHT HERE BY AN
ADOPTED MOTHER IN HER
FLIGHT TO LIBERTY
MARCH 17, 1853
LEFT HERE WASTED WITH
CONSUMPTION
FOUND A REFUGE IN DEATH
MARCH 26, 1853
AGED 4 YRS.

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD



[Henry Thoreau](#) began to use the word “honk,” not before of record in English. (All any duck had ever been able to say in English was “quack.”) Thoreau may have borrowed this from the Narragansett or Wampanoag term for “Canada goose,” which is *Honck*, or he may merely have been being his usual inventive self. (The origin of the term “honkey” is also still in doubt.)



GEORGE MINOTT

March 26: Saw about 10 A.M. a gaggle of geese [Canada Goose Branta canadensis], forty-three in number, in a very perfect harrow flying northeasterly. one side [of] the harrow was a little longer than the other. They appeared to be four or five feet apart. At first I heard faintly, as I stood by Minott's gate, borne to me from the southwest through the confused sounds of the village, the indistinct honking of geese. I was somewhat surprised to find that Mr. Loring at his house should have heard and seen the same flock. I should think that the same flock was commonly seen and heard from the distance of a mile east and west. It is remarkable that we commonly see geese go over in the spring about 10 o'clock in the morning, as if they were accustomed to stop for the night at some place southward whence they reached us at that time.



March 28, Monday: Henry Thoreau lectured.

The lighthouse structure on Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay was completed, awaiting arrival of the latest revolving lantern from France.

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March 28, Monday: The woods ring with the cheerful jingle of the F. hyemalis [Dark-eyed Junco Junco hyemalis]. This is a very trig and compact little bird, and appears to be in good condition. The straight edge of slate on their breasts contrasts remarkably with the white from beneath; the short, light-colored bill is also very conspicuous amid the dark slate: and when they fly from you, the two white feathers in their tails are very distinct at a good distance. They are very lively, pursuing each other from bush to bush.

My Aunt Maria asked me to read the life of Dr. Chalmers which, however, I did not promise to do. Yesterday, Sunday, she was heard through the Partition shouting to my Aunt Jane, who is deaf, "Think of it! He stood half an hour today to hear the frogs croak, and he wouldn't read the life of Chalmers."



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April 4, Monday: Oldenburg and Hanover joined the German Zollverein.

Marietta Alboni appeared as Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*.

[Abraham Lincoln](#)'s and Mary Todd Lincoln's 4th son Thomas "Tad" Lincoln was born.

There was a meeting at 129 Montgomery Street in San Francisco to discuss the founding of a [California](#) Academy of Sciences. Dr. Andrew Randall became chairman and Lewis W. Sloat, son of the commodore, secretary. They resolved to draw up a constitution.

William M. White's version of a portion of Henry Thoreau's journal entry is:

*I hear the hollow sound of drops
Falling into the water under Hubbard's Bridge,
And each one makes a conspicuous bubble
Which is floated down-stream.
Instead of ripples
There are a myriad dimples on the stream.*

The lichens remember the sea to-day.

*The usually dry cladonias,
Which are so crisp under the feet,
Are full of moist vigor.*

*The rocks speak and tell the tales inscribed on them.
Their inscriptions are brought out.
I pause to study their geography.*

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White's version of another portion of the journal entry is:

*The other day,
When I had been standing perfectly still
Some ten minutes,
Looking at a willow which had just blossomed,
Some rods in the rear of Martial Miles's house, felt eyes on my back and,
Turning round suddenly,
Saw the heads of two men
Who had stolen out of the house
And were watching me over a rising ground
As fixedly as I the willow.*

*They were studying man,
Which is said to be the proper study of mankind,
I nature,
And yet, when detected,
They felt the cheapest of the two.*

MARTIAL MILES



April 4. Last night, a sugaring of snow, which goes off in an hour or two in the rain. Rains all day. The steam-cloud from the engine rises but slowly in such an atmosphere, and makes a small angle with the earth. It is low, perhaps, for the same reason that the clouds are. The robins [**American Robin**  **Turdus migratorius**] sang this morning, nevertheless, and now more than ever hop about boldly in the garden in the rain, with full, broad, light cow-colored breasts.

P. M. — Rain, rain. To Clematis Brook *via* Lee's Bridge.

Again I notice that early reddish or purplish grass that lies flat on the pools, like a warm blush suffusing the youthful face of the year. A warm, dripping rain, heard on one's umbrella as on a snug roof, and on the leaves without, suggests comfort. We go abroad with a slow but sure contentment, like turtles under their shells. We never feel so comfortable as when we are abroad in a storm with satisfaction. Our comfort is positive then. We are all compact, and our thoughts collected. We walk under the clouds and mists as under a roof. Now we seem to hear the ground a-soaking up the rain, and not falling [*sic*] ineffectually on a frozen surface. We, too, are penetrated and revived by it. Robins still sing, and song sparrows more or less, and blackbirds, and the unfailing jay screams. How the thirsty grass rejoices! It has pushed up so visibly since morning, and fields that were completely russet yesterday are already tinged with green. We rejoice with the grass.

I hear the hollow sound of drops falling water under Hubbard's Bridge, and each one makes a conspicuous bubble which is floated down-stream. Instead of ripples there are a myriad dimples on the stream. The lichens remember the sea to-day. The usually dry cladonias, which are so crisp under the feet, are full of moist vigor. The rocks speak and tell the tales inscribed on them. Their inscriptions are brought out. I pause to study their geography.

At Conantum End I saw a red-tailed hawk [**Red-tailed Hawk**  **Buteo jamaicensis**] launch himself away from an oak by the pond at my approach, — a heavy flier, flapping even like the great bittern at first, — heavy forward. After turning Lee's Cliff I heard, methinks, more birds singing even than in fair weather, — tree sparrows, whose song has the character of the canary's, *F. hyemalis*'s [**Dark-eyed Junco**  **Junco hyemalis**], *chill-lill*, the sweet strain of the fox-colored sparrow, song sparrows, a nuthatch, jays, crows, bluebirds, robins, and a large congregation of blackbirds. They suddenly alight with great din in a stubble-field just over the wall, not perceiving me and my umbrella behind the pitch pines, and there feed silently; then, getting uneasy or anxious, they fly up on to an apple tree, where being reassured, commences a rich but deafening concert, *o-gurgle-ee-e, o-gurgle-ee-e*, some of the most liquid notes ever heard, as if produced by some of the water of the Pierian spring, flowing through some kind of musical water-pipe and at the same time setting in motion a multitude of fine vibrating metallic springs. Like a shepherd merely meditating most enrapturing glees on such a water-pipe. A more liquid bagpipe or clarinet, immersed like bubbles in a thousand sprayey notes, the bubbles half lost in the spray. When I show myself, away they go with a loud harsh *charr-r; charr-r*. At first I had heard an inundation of blackbirds approaching, some beating time with a loud *chuck, chuck*, while the rest



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placed a hurried, gurgling fugue.

Saw a sucker washed to the shore at Lee's Bridge, its tail gone, large fins standing out, purplish on top of head and snout. Reminds me of spring, spearing, and gulls.

A rainy day is to the walker in solitude and retirement like the night. Few travellers are about, and they half hidden under umbrellas and confined to the highways. One's thoughts run in a different channel from usual. It is somewhat like the dark day; it is a light night.

How cheerful the roar of a brook swollen by the rain, especially if there is no sound of a mill in it!

A woodcock went off from the shore of Clematis or Nightshade Pond with a few slight rapid sounds like a watchman's rattle half revolved.

A clustering of small narrow leaves cone-like on the shrub oak. Some late, low, remarkably upright alders (*serrulata*), short thick catkins, at Clematis Brook. The hazel bloom is about one tenth of an inch long (the stigmas) now. A little willow (*Salix Muhlenbergiana?*) nearly ready to bloom, not larger than a sage willow.

All *our* early willows with catkins appearing before the leaves must belong to the group of "The Sallows. Cinerea. Borrer," and that of the "Two-colored Willows. Discolores. Borrer," as adopted by Barratt; or, in other words, to the first § of Carey in Gray.⁸⁵

The other day, when I had been standing perfectly still some ten minutes, looking at a willow which had just blossomed, some rods in the rear of Martial Miles's house, I felt eyes on my back and, turning round suddenly, saw the heads of two men who had stolen out of the house and were watching me over a rising ground as fixedly as I the willow. They were studying man, which is said to be the proper study of mankind, I nature, and yet, when detected, they felt the cheapest of the two.

I hear the twitter of tree sparrows from fences and shrubs in the yard and from alders by meadows and the riverside every day.

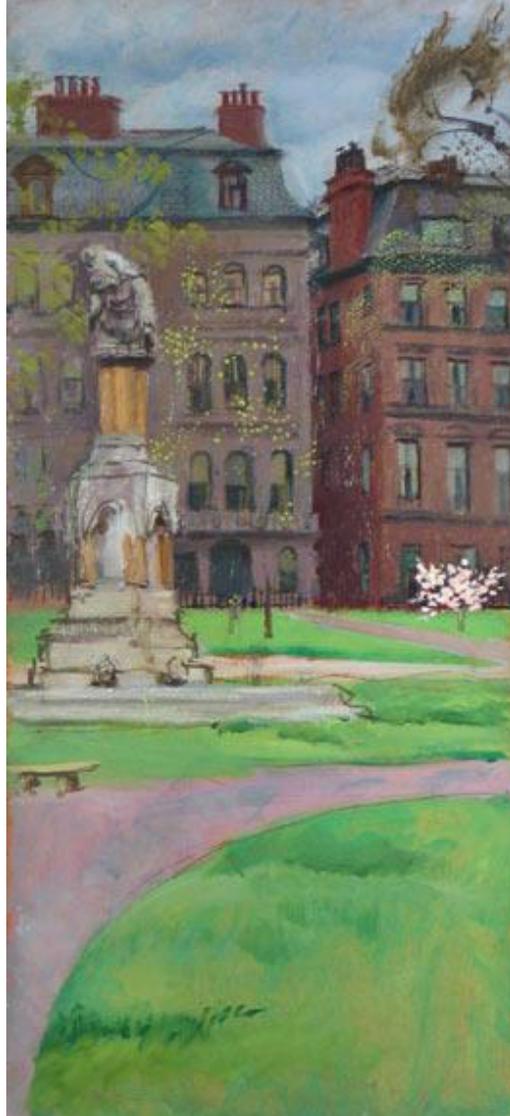
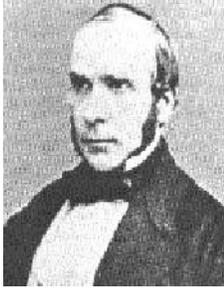
85. [Professor Asa Gray](#). A MANUAL OF THE [BOTANY](#) OF THE NORTHERN UNITED STATES, FROM NEW ENGLAND TO WISCONSIN AND SOUTH TO OHIO AND PENNSYLVANIA INCLUSIVE (THE MOSSES AND LIVERWORTS BY WM. S. SULLIVANT), ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE NATURAL SYSTEM (Boston: J. Munroe and company).

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April 7, Thursday: Dr. John Snow used [chloroform](#) on [Queen Victoria](#) for the birth of Prince Leopold. This event would effectively remove much of the stigma then associated with pain relief in childbirth in Great Britain.

[ANESTHESIA](#)

The cornerstone for a US Marine Hospital was set in place at Rincon Point in San Francisco.

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April 7: 6 A.M. — I (lid not notice any bees on the willows I looked at yesterday, though so many on the cabbage.

The white-bellied swallows advertise themselves this morning, dashing up the street, and two ba.ve already cone to disturb the bluebirds at our box. Saw and heard this morning, on a small elm and the wall by Badger's, a sparrow (?), seemingly somewhat slaty-brown and lighter beneath, whose note began loud and clear, *twee-tooai*, etc., etc., ending much like the field sparrow. Was it a female *F. hyemalis*? Or a field, or a swamp, sparrow? Saw no white in tail. Also saw a small, plain, warbler-like bird for a moment, which I (lid not recognize.

10 A.M. — Down river in boat to Bedford, with C.

A windy, but clear, sunny day; cold wind from northwest. Notice a white maple with almost all the staminate flowers above or on the top, most of the stamens now withered, before the red maple has blossomed. Another

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maple, all or nearly all female. The stamiferous flowers look light yellowish, the female dark crimson. These white maples' lower branches droop quite low, striking the head of the rower, and curve gracefully upward at the ends. Another sucker, the counterpart of the one I saw the other clay, tail gone, but not purpled snout, being fresher. Is it the work of a gull or of the spearer? Do not the suckers chiefly attract the gulls at this season?

River has risen from last rains, and we cross the Great Meadows, scaring up many ducks at a great distance, some partly white, some apparently black, some brownish(?). It is Fast-Day, and many gunners are about the shore, which makes them shy. I never cross the meadow at this season without seeing clucks. That is probably a marsh hawk, flying low over the water and then skirting the meadow's copsy edge, when abreast, from its apparently triangular wings, reminding me of a smaller gull. Saw more afterward. A hawk above Ball's Hill which, though with a distinct white rump, I think was not the harrier but sharp-shinned, from its broadish, mothlike form, light and slightly spotted beneath, with head bent downward, watching for prey. A great gull, though it is so fair and the wind northwest, fishing over the flooded meadow. He slowly circles round and hovers with flapping wings in the air over particular spots, repeated] *v returning there and sailing quite low over the water, with long, narrow, pointed wings, trembling throughout their length. Hawks much about water at this season.

If you make the least correct observation of nature this year, you will have occasion to repeat it with illustrations the next, and the season and life itself is prolonged.

I am surprised to see how much in warm places the high blueberry buds are started, some reddish, some greenish, earlier now than any gooseberries I have noticed. Several painted tortoises; no doubt have been out a long time.

Walk in and about Tarbell's Swamp. Heard in two distinct places a slight, more prolonged croak, somewhat like the toad. This? Or a frog? It is a warmer sound than I have heard yet, as if dreaming outdoors were possible.

Many spotted tortoises are basking amid the dry leaves in the sun, along the side of a still, Avarm ditch cut through the swamp. They make a great rustling a rod ahead, as they make haste through the leaves to tumble into the water. The flower-buds of the andromeda here are ready to open, almost. Yet three or four rods off from all this, on the edge of the swamp, under a north hillside, is a long strip of ice five inches thick for ten or twelve rods. The first striped snake crawling off through leaves in the sun.

Crossed to Bedford side to see where [they] had been digging out (probably) a woodchuck. How handsome the river from those hills! The river southwest over the Great Meadows a sheet of sparkling molten silver, with broad lagoons parted from it by curving lines of low bushes; to the right or northward now, at 2 or 3 P.M., a dark blue, with small smooth, light edgings, firm plating, under the lee of the shore. Fly-like bees buzzing about, close to the dry, barren hillside.

The only large catkins I notice along the riverside are on the recent yellow-green shoots from the stump of what looks like the ordinary early swamp willow, which is common, — near by almost wholly grayish and stunted and scarcely opening yet. Small bee-like wasps (?) and flies are numerous on them, not flying when you stand never so close. A large leech in the water, serpentine this wise, as the snake is not. Approach near to Simon Brown's clucks, on river. They are continually bobbing their more under water than above. I infer that the wild employ themselves likewise. You are most struck with the apparent ease with which they glide away, — not seeing the motion of their feet, — as by their wills.



As we stand on Nawshawtuct at 5 P.M., looking over the meadows, I doubt if there is a town more adorned by its river than ours. Now the sun is low in the west, the northeasterly water is of a peculiarly ethereal light blue, more beautiful than the sky, and thus broad water — with innumerable bays and inlets running up into the land on either side and often divided by bridges and causeways, as if it were the very essence and richness of the havens distilled and poured over the earth, contrasting; with the clear russet land and the paler slay from which it has been subtracted, — nothing can be more elysian. Is not the blue more ethereal when the sun is at this angle? The river is but a long, chain of flooded meadows. I think our most distant extensive low horizon must be that northeast from this hill over Ball's hill, — to what town is it? It is down the river valley, partly at least toward the Merrimack, as it should be.

What is that plant with a whorl of four, five, or six reddish cornel-like leaves, seven or eight inches from the ground, with the minute relics of small dried flowers left, and a large pink bud now springing, just beneath its leaves? [Large cornel (*Canadensis*.)] It is a true evergreen, for it dries soon in the house, as if kept fresh by the root.

April 9, Saturday (4 mo., 9th, 7th day): The Red Cedar Monthly Meeting in Iowa, choosing the name "Fairview" but later to be known as "[Springdale](#)," was established in the 2d house erected in Cedar County for religious purposes with Brinton Darlington as clerk:

The Friends of Lynn and Jones counties request the privilege of holding a meeting for worship ... and a preparative meeting.... To be known by the name of Fairview.



The composite nature of this new center of [Quakerism](#) in Iowa and the rapidity with which it grew are well shown by the records of the Monthly Meeting for the initial 8 months of its existence. At the inception there had been no fewer than 34 adult male members of the meeting but, by the close of the year, the Monthly Meeting would have received 66 certificates representing 322 men, women, and children. The newbies had arrived from Maine, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Canada. This immigration surge would continue for 4 or 5 years.

There are now about 20 families, and some others have purchased land, and are expecting to move here this spring... Friends here are situated in two settlements, about 9 miles apart. We get no established meetings, but hold one for worship in each settlement regularly twice a week. The upper or northern settlement is near the northern line of the county. The meeting there is held at the house of Tristram Allen, an approved minister from the State of Michigan. Our meeting in this settlement is held at the house of Ansel Rogers, also an approved minister from Michigan.

Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion depicted a [Japanese](#) wedding (next page).

The *S.S. Lewis* ran aground at Bolinas after overrunning San Francisco Bay (its 385 passengers were safe).

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April 9. P.M. — To Second Division.

The chipping sparrow, with its ashy-white breast and white streak over eye and undivided chestnut crown, holds up its head and pours forth its *che che che che che che*. On a pitch [pine] on side of J. Hosmer's river hill, a pine warbler, by ventriloquism sounding farther off than it was, which was seven or eight feet, hopping and flitting from twig to twig, apparently picking the small flies at and about the base of the needles at the extremities of the twigs. Saw two afterward on the walls by roadside.

A warm and hazy but breezy day. The sound of the laborers' striking the iron rails of the railroad with their sledges, is as in the sultry days of summer, — resounds, as it were, from the hazy sky as a roof, — a more confined and, in that sense, domestic sound echoing along between the earth and the low heavens. The same strokes would produce a very different sound in the winter. Men fishing for trout. Small light-brown lizards, about five inches long, with somewhat darker tails, and some a light line along back, are very active, wiggling off, in J. P. Brown's ditch, with pollywogs.

Beyond the desert, hear the hooting owl, which, as formerly, I at first mistook for the hounding of a dog. — a squealing eee followed by *hoo hoo hoo* deliberately, and particularly sonorous and ringing. This at 2 P.M. Now mated. Pay their addresses by day, says Brooks. Winkle lichens, some with greenish bases, on a small white oak, near base. Also large white earlike one higher up. A middling-sized orange-copper butterfly on the mill road, at the clearing, with deeply scalloped leaves [*sic*]. You see the buff-edged and this, etc., in warm, sunny southern exposures on the edge of woods or sides of rocky hills and cliffs, above dry leaves and twigs, where the wood has been lately cut and there are many dry leaves and twigs about. An ant-hill covered with a firm sward except at top. The cowslips are well out, — the first conspicuous herbaceous flower, for the cabbage is concealed in its spathe.

The *Populus tremuliformis*, just beyond, *resound* with the hum of honey-bees, flies, etc. These male trees are frequently at a great distance from the females. Do not the bees and flies alone carry the pollen to the latter? I did not know at first whence the humming of bees proceeded. At this comparatively still season, before the crickets begin, the hum of bees is a very noticeable sound, and the least hum or buzz that fills the void is detected. Here appear to be more bees than on the willows. On the last, where I can see them better, are not only bees with pellets of pollen, but more flies, small bees, and a lady-bug. What do flies get here on male flowers, if not nectar? Bees also in the female willows, of course without pellets. It must be nectar alone there. That willow by H.'s Bridge is very brittle at base of stem, but hard to break above. The more I study willows, the more I am confused. The epigæa will not be out for some days.

Elm blossoms now in prime. Their tops heavier against the sky, a rich brown; their outlines further seen. Most alders done. Some small upright ones still fresh.

Evening. — Hear the snipe a short time at early starlight.

I hear this evening for the first time, from the partially flooded meadow across the river, I standing on this side,

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fontinalis. What sound do the tortoises make beside hissing? There were the mutilated *Rana palustris* seen in the winter, the hylodes, the small or middling-sized croakers in pools (a shorter, less stuttering note than this tonight), and next the note of the 7th, and tonight the last, the first I have heard from the river. I occasionally see a little frog jump into a brook.

The whole meadow resounds, probably from one end of the river to the other, till evening, with this faint, stertorous breathing. It is the waking up of the meadows. Louder than all is heard the shrill peep of the hylodes and the haverin1; note of the snipe, circling invisible above them all.

Vide again in [Howitt](#), pp. 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 37, 49, 54, 95.

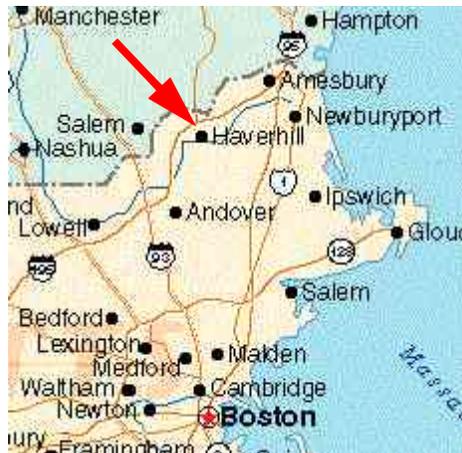
THE BOOK OF THE SEASONS

Is it the red-eye or white-eye whose pensile nest is so common?

April 11, Monday: In [California](#) waters, the steamer *Jenny Lind* exploded with heavy loss of life.



[Henry Thoreau](#) went to Haverhill to do extended surveying for James H. Duncan.



[Thoreau](#) began to access materials relating to spiders prepared by [Nicholas Marcellus Hentz](#) for the [Boston Journal of Natural History](#):



April 11: I hear the clear, loud whistle — of a purple finch — somewhat like & nearly as loud as the robin from the elm by Whitings. The maple, which I think is a red one, just this side of Wheildons is just out this morning.

9 Am to Haverhill via Cambridge & Boston.

[Dr Harris](#) says that that early blackwinged-buffedged butterfly is the Vanessa Antiopa — & is introduced from Europe — & is sometimes found in this state alive in winter.

The orange brown one with scolloped wings & smaller somewhat is vanessa-progne.

The early pestle shaped bug or beetle is a cicindela — of which there are 3 species one of them named from a semicolon-like mark on it. V. [Hassley](#) on spiders in Bost Journal of Nat Hist.

At Nat Hist Rooms — saw the Female Red-wing striped white & ash Female Cow-bird ashy brown.

1st The Swamp-sparrow is ferruginous brown (spotted with black) & ash above about neck; brownish-white beneath; undivided chestnut crown.

2nd The Grass-bird [[Vesper Sparrow](#) [Pooecetes gramineus](#)] — grayish brown-mingled with ashy whitish above; light pencilled with dark brown beneath — no marked crown outer tail-feathers whitish, — perhaps a faint bar on wing.

3rd Field sparrow, smaller than either — marked like first, with less black, & less distinct ash on neck, & less ferruginous & no distinct crown.

4th Savannah Sparrow much like second; with more black, but not noticeable white in tail, and a little more brown — no crown marked.

Emberiza Rniliaria (What is it in Nuttal?) Gmel. appears to be my young of purple Finch.

One Maryland Yellow Throat — probably female. has no black on side head, & is like a summer yellow bird — except that the last has ends of the wings & tail black.

The yellow swmp warbler (what is it in Nuttal?) is bluish gray with 2 white bars on wings — a bright yellow crown — side breasts & rump— Female less distinct.



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Black burnian — is orange-throated.

American red-start, male, is black — forward — coppery orange beneath & stripe on wings & near base of tail.

Female dark ashy fainter marks.

J.E. Cabot thought my small hawk might be Cooper's " Says that Gould an Englishman is the best authority on birds.

April 25, Monday: At the opening of the new Normal Musical Institute in New-York, the introductory address was delivered by its director, Lowell Mason.

There was a blaze on the [California](#) Wharf at the corner of Drumm Street in San Francisco, resulting in a loss of \$22,000. At another fire, on Stockton Street near Union Street, there was a loss of \$20,000.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 25th]

April 28, Thursday: In San Francisco, the [Golden Hills News](#), published in Chinese, was established by Howard & Hudson.

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[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 28th]

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May 1, Sunday: [Lucy Stone](#), the 1st woman from Massachusetts to complete a BA degree (from Oberlin College) got married with Henry Blackwell, a brother of the 1st woman in the United States to hold a medical diploma. The Reverend Thomas Wentworth Higginson, presiding, read off the couple’s protest “against the radical injustice of present laws” governing the relationship between husband and wife.



She would retain her own name, becoming Mrs. Lucy Stone instead of Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell (this was Unheard-Of and would be Much-Commented-Upon).

J.C. Christian Russ invited the Germans of San Francisco to celebrate May Day at his property, Russ Gardens, at 6th and Harrison streets. Emma Jane Swasey was crowned as San Francisco’s 1st Queen of May.

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A convention meeting in Santa Fe approved a constitution for Argentina, without Buenos Aires.

Veilchen-Polka op.132 by Johann Strauss was performed for the initial time, in the Sperl Ballroom of Vienna.

The Reverend Frederic Dan Huntington (1819-1904) delivered a eulogy at his South Congregational Church of [Boston](#) in the memory of [Manlius Stimson Clarke](#) that would be printed as a 32-page pamphlet by Crosby, Nichols, and Company, 111 Washington Street, THE CHARACTER OF MANLIUS STIMSON CLARKE. A DISCOURSE DELIVERED IN THE SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, MAY 1, 1853. BY F.D. HUNTINGTON.

FREDERIC D. HUNTINGTON



May 1. Sunday. A cold northwest wind. Now, on my return to Concord, I am struck by the increased greenness of the country, or landscape.

I find that since I left Concord, April 11th, there have blossomed here, probably nearly in the following order, these plants, including those I saw in Haverhill: dandelion, field horse-tail, *Antennaria plantaginifolia*, sweet-gale, epigaea, *Populus grandidentata*, *Salix tristis*, *Viola ovata*, (Ellen Emerson found it April 20th), *Potentilla Canadensis*, comptonia, *Thalictrum anemonoides*, *Anemone nemorosa*, *V. blanda*, *P. balsamifera*, *Aquilegia Canadensis*, *Hedyotis cœrulea*, andromeda, *Fragaria Virginiana* (?) (distinguished from the other species in fruit), *Salix alba*, benzoin, *Amelanchier Canadensis* var. *Botryapium*. Peach, cultivated cherry, and the following apparently just begun: *Viola pedata*, *Ostrya Virginica*, *V. cucullata*, (Ellen Emerson says she saw it the 30th ult.; it is to be looked for at Depot Field Brook). And *Rumex Acetosella* shows red and is eight inches high on Columbine Cliff.

The expanding leaves of the sugar maples now make small crosses against the sky. Other conspicuous green leaves are the gooseberry, currant, elder, the willows just beginning, and alder, and apple trees and high blackberry, amelanchier, meadow-sweet, beside many herbaceous plants. Drosera (round-leaved) leaves now. Sedge-grass (early sedge) very abundant still. The *Vaccinium Pennsylvanicum* is just ready to bloom and also the *vacillans* nearly. These things observed on way—
To Cliffs.

The oak leaves on the plain are fallen. The colors are now: light blue above (where is my cyanometer? Saussure invented one, and [Humboldt](#) used it in his travels); landscape russet and greenish, spotted with fawn-colored plowed lands, with green pine and gray or reddish oak woods intermixed, and dark-blue or slate-colored water here and there. It is greenest in the meadows and where water has lately stood, and a strong, invigorating scent comes up from the fresh meadows. It is like the greenness of an apple faintly or dimly appearing through the russet.



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A ph[oe]be's nest and one cream-colored white egg at the spring-house; nest of mud, lined with grass and edged with hypnum. Channing has seen a robin's nest and eggs. I hear a black and white creeper at the Cliffs, and a chewink.

The shrub oaks are well budded. The young ivy leaves are red on Cliffs. Oaks and hickory buds just ready to open. How aromatic the balm-of-Gilead buds now!

The large woolly ferns and others stand up a foot on banks. The skunk-cabbage leaves green the warm, springy meads.

Was it not the black and yellow or spotted warbler [*Vide* May 10th.] I saw by the Corner Spring? Apparently black, brown-striped, with a yellow rump and also yellow wing, shoulders, and sides of breast, with a large black spot on breast; size of ph[oe]be nearly; note somewhat like yellowbird. Yet I think it much too dark for the myrtle-bird.

Columbine Cliff a place to look for early rue anemones and *nemorosa* and dandelions. The columbines have been out some days. How ornamental to these dark-colored perpendicular cliffs, nodding from the clefts and shelves!

The barn swallow is about.

Have we the *Viola lanceolata*? [Yes. *Vide* Hubbard's meadow, by willows.] Is not the *Botryapium* our earliest variety of arnelanchier, and what difference in the fruit?

Channing says he has heard the wood thrush, brown thrasher, and stake-driver (?), since I have been gone. This and last page for birds which I find come in the interval. Did I not see the oven-bird yesterday?

May 16, Monday: The new constitution and bylaws prepared for the [California](#) Academy of Sciences was approved.

May 17, Tuesday: [California](#) dealt with mental illness by providing for the involuntary confinement of persons diagnosed with mental illness and by providing state funding for the care of indigents. California's 1st such facility would be an Insane Asylum of California opened in Stockton in 1853, later to be known as Stockton State Hospital.⁸⁶

PSYCHOLOGY

The 1st performance of [Robert Schumann](#)'s Fest-Overture op.123 for tenor, chorus, and orchestra to words of Müller and Claudius closed the Lower Rhine Music Festival in Düsseldorf.

The New York Central Railroad was incorporated, a merger of 10 previously existing railroad companies.

[Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed some land belonging to John Reynolds (Reynolds) in the southwest part of Concord near John Potter and E.J. Hayden, probably on Fair Haven Road near Sudbury Road.

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/99a.htm

In a sheaf of Thoreau's notes titled "The Moon" extracts from which had been utilized by someone as the basis for the short article "Night and Moonlight" ascribed to Thoreau in [The Atlantic Monthly](#) in November 1863, and afterward republished in the EXCURSIONS volume (a sheaf that was delivered to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. along with the 39 ms volumes of Thoreau's journal) we find some notes from this date, informing us that "Large insects begin to fly at night. [Dumping](#) of frogs at eve begun, telling the weather is warm. First nighthawk [seen](#) May 17th, '53."

86. Street, W.R. A CHRONOLOGY OF NOTEWORTHY EVENTS IN AMERICAN [PSYCHOLOGY](#). Washington DC: American Psychological Association, 1994

May 17. 5 A.M. — To Island by boat.

Everything has sensibly advanced during the warm and moist night. Some, trees, as the small maples in the street, already look verdurous. The air has not sensibly cooled much. The chimney swallows are busily skimming low over the river and just touching the water without regard to me, as a week ago they did, i. t3m° circle back overhead to repeat the experiment, I hear a sharp snap or short rustling of their wings. The button-bush now shows the first signs of life, on a close inspection, in its small round, smooth, greenish buds. The polygonums and pontederias are getting above water, the latter like spoons on long handles. The *Cornus florida* is blossoming; will be fairly out to-day. [Involucre not spread and true flowers not open till about May 20th.] The *Polygonatum pubescens*; one on the Island has just opened. This is the smaller Solomon's-seal. A thorn there will blossom to-day. The *Viola palmata* is out there, in the meadow. Everywhere the huckleberry's sticky leaves are seen expanding, and the *high blueberry* is in blossom. Now is the time to admire the very young and tender leaves. The blossoms of the red oak hang down under its young leaves as under a canopy. The petals have already fallen from the *Amelanchier Botryapium*, and young berries are plainly forming. I hear the wood pewee, *pe-a-wai*. The heat of yesterday has brought him on.

P.M. — To Corner Spring and Fair Haven Cliffs.

Myosotis laxa is out a day or two. At first does not run; is short and upright like *M. stricta*. Golden senecio will be out by to-morrow at least. The early cinquefoil is now in its prime and spots the banks and hillsides and dry meadows with its dazzling yellow. How lively! It is one of the most interesting yellow flowers. The fields are also now whitened, perhaps as much as ever, with the houstonia. The buck-bean is out, apparently to-day, the singularly fuzzy-looking blossom. How inconspicuous its leaves now! The rhodora is peculiar for being, like the peach, a profusion of pink blossoms on a leafless stem. This shrub is, then, a late one to leaf out. The bobolink skims by before the wind how far without motion of his wings! sometimes borne sidewise as he turns his head -for thus he can fly- and tinkling, *linking*, incessantly all the way. How very beautiful, like the fairest flowers, the young black oak shoots with leaves an inch long now! like red velvet on one side and downy white on the other, with only a red edge. Compare this with the pinker white oak. The *Salix nigra* just in bloom. The trientalis, properly called star-flower, is a white star, single, double, or treble. The fringed polygala surprises us in meadows or in low woods as a rarer, richer, and more delicate color, with a singularly tender or delicate-looking leaf. As you approach midsummer, the color of flowers is more intense and fiery. The reddest flower is the flower especially. Our blood is not white, nor is it yellow, nor even blue. The nodding trillium has apparently been out a day or two. Metbinks it smells like the lady's-slipper. Also the *Ranunculus recurvatus* for a day or two. The small two or three leaved Solomon's seal is just out. The *Viola cucullata* is sometimes eight inches high, and leaves in proportion. It must be the largest of the violets except perhaps the yellow. The *V. blanda* is almost entirely out of bloom at the spring.

Returning toward Fair Haven, I perceive at Potter's fence the first whiff of that ineffable fragrance from the ~l'hecler meadow,-as it were the promise of strawberries, pineapples, etc., in the aroma of their flowers, so blandly sweet,-aroma that fitly fore-runs the sunnier and the autumn's most delicious fruits. It would certainly restore all such sick as could be conscious of it. The odors of no garden are to be named with it. It is wafted from the garden of gardens. It appears to blow from the river meadow from the west or southwest, here about forty rods wide or more. If the air here always possessed this bland sweetness, this spot would become famous and be visited by sick and well from all parts of the earth. It would be carried off in bottles and become an article of traffic which kings would strive to monopolize. The air of Elysium cannot be more sweet.

Cardamine hirsuta out some time by the ivy tree. The *Viola lanceolata* seems to pass into the *cucullata* insensibly, but can that small round-leaved white violet now so abundantly in blossom in open low ground be the same with that large round-leaved one now about out of blossom in shady low ground *Arabis rhomboidea* just out by the willow on the Corner causeway. The *Ranunculus repens* perhaps yesterday, with its spotted leaves and its not recurved calyx though furrowed stem. Was that a very large *Veronica serpyllifolia* by the Corner Spring? Who shall keep with the lupines? They will apparently blossom within a week under Fair Haven. The *Viola sagittata*, of which *Viola ovata* is made a variety, is now very marked there. The *V. pedata* there presents the greatest array of blue of any flower as yet. The flowers are so raised above their leaves, and so close together, that they make a more indelible impression of blue on the eye; it is almost dazzling. I blink as I look at them, they seem to reflect the blue rays so forcibly, with a slight tinge of lilac. To be sure, there is no telling what the redder *ovata* might not do if they grew as densely, so many elves or scales of blue side by side, forming; small shields of that color four or five inches in diameter. The effect and intensity is very much increased by the numbers.

I hear the first unquestionable nighthawk squeak and see him circling far off high above the earth. It is now about 5 o'clock P.M. The tree-toads are heard in the rather moist atmosphere, as if presaging rain. I hear the dumping sound of bull(?)frogs, telling the weather is warm. The paddocks, as if too lazy to be disturbed, say now to the intruder, "don't, don't, don't, don't;" also in the morning after the first sultry night.

The chinquapin oak may be said to flower and leave out at the same time with the *ilicifolia*. It is distinguished as well by its yellow catkins as by its leaves. *Pyrus arbutifolia* is out, to-day or yesterday. A *cratægus* just out. I sit now on a rock on the west slope of Fair Haven orchard, an hour before sunset, this warm, almost sultry evening, the air filled with the sweetness of apple blossoms (this is blossom week),-or I think it is mainly that meadow fragrance still, — the sun partly concealed behind a low cloud in the west, the air cleared by last

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evening's thunder-shower, the river now beautifully smooth (though a warm, bland breeze blows up here), full of light and reflecting the placid western sky and the dark woods which overhang it. I was surprised, on turning round, to behold the serene and everlasting beauty of the world, it was so soothing. I saw that I could not go home to supper and lose it. It was so much fairer, serener, more beautiful, than my mood had been. The fields beyond the river have unexpectedly a smooth, lawn-like beauty, and in beautiful curves sweep round the edge of the woods. The rapidly expanding foliage of the deciduous [trees] (last evening's rain or moisture has started them) lights up with a lively yellow green the dark pines which we have so long been used to. Some patches (I speak of woods half a mile or more off) are a lively green, some gray or reddish-gray still, where white oaks stand. With the stillness of the air comes the stillness of the water. The sweetest singers among the birds are heard more distinctly now, as the reflections are seen more distinctly in the water, — the veery [Veery  *Catharus fuscescens*] constantly now. Methinks this serene, ambrosial beauty could hardly have been but for last evening's thundershower, which, to be sure, barely touched us, but cleared the air and gave a start to vegetation. The elm on the opposite side of the river has now a thin but dark verdure, almost as dark as the pines, while, as I have said, the prevailing color of the deciduous woods is a light yellowish and sunny green. The woods rarely if ever present a more beautiful aspect from afar than now. Methinks the black oak at early leafing is more red than the red oak. Ah, the beauty of this last hour of the day — when a power stills the air and smooths all waters and all minds — that partakes of the light of the day and the stillness of the night!

Sit on Cliffs. The Shrub Oak Plain, where are so many young white oaks, is now a faint rose-color, almost like a distant peach orchard in bloom and seen against sere red ground. What might at first be taken for the color of some sere leaves and bare twigs still left, its tender red expanding leaves. You might say of the white oaks and of many black oaks at least, "When the oaks are in the red." The perfect smoothness of Fair Haven Pond, full of light and reflecting the wood so distinctly, while still occasionally the sun shines warm and brightly from behind a cloud, giving the completest contrast of sunshine and shade, is enough to make this hour memorable. The red pincushion gall is already formed on the new black oak leaves, with little grubs in them, and the leaves, scarcely more than two inches long, are already attacked by other foes.

Looking clown from these rocks, the black oak has a very light hoary or faint silvery color; the white oak, though much less advanced, has a yet more hoary color; but the red oaks (as well as the hickories) have a lively, glossy aspen green, a shade lighter than the birch now, and their long yellowish catkins appear further advanced than the black. Some black as well as white oaks are reddish still.

The new shoots now color the whole of the juniper (creeping) with a light yellow tinge. It appears to be just in blossom, and those little green berries must be already a year old; and, as it is called dioecious, these must be the fertile blossoms. This must be *Krigia Virginica* now budded, close by the juniper [This is queried in pencil.] and will blossom in a day or two. [Out on Nobscot the 22d.] The low blackberry, apparently, on Cliffs is out, earlier than elsewhere, and *Veronica arvensis* (?), very small, obscure pale-blue flower, and, to my surprise, *Linaria Canadensis*.

Returning slowly, I sit on the wall of the orchard by the white pine. Now the cows begin to low, and the river reflects the golden light of the sun just before his setting. The sough of the wind in the pines is more noticeable, as if the air were otherwise more still and hollow. The wood thrush [Wood Thrush  *Catharus mustelina*] has sung for some time. He touches a depth in me which no other bird's song does. He has learned to sing, and no thrumming of the strings or tuning disturbs you. Other birds may whistle pretty well, but he is a master of a finer-toned instrument. His song is musical, not from association merely, not from variety, but the character of its tone. It is all divine, — a Shakespeare among birds, and a Homer too.

This sweetness of the air, does it not always first succeed a thunder-storm? Is it not a general sweetness, and not to be referred to a particular plant?

He who cuts down woods beyond a certain limit exterminates birds. How red are the scales of some hickory buds, now turned back! The fragrance of the apple blossom reminds me of a pure and innocent and unsophisticated country girl bedecked for church. The purple sunset is reflected from the surface of the river, as if its surface were tinged with *lake*. Here is a field sparrow that varies his strain very sweetly.

Coming home from Spring by Potter's Path to the Corner road in the dusk, saw a dead-leaf-colored hylodes; detected it by its expanding and relapsing bubble, nearly twice as big as its head, as it sat on an alder twig six inches from ground and one rod from a pool.

The beach plum is out to-day. [Apparently same with that by red house and Jenny Dugan's and probably not beach plum.] The whip-poor-will sings. Large insects now fly at night. This is a somewhat sultry night. We must begin now to look out for insects about the candles. The lilac out.

Genius rises above nature; in spite of heat, in spite of cold, works and lives.



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May 18, Wednesday: Benicia was made the capital of [California](#).

Members of a secret society, the Triad, rose in [Amoy](#) and, with the help of local citizenry, took over the port. They proceeded to execute Imperial Chinese officials and moneylenders.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk departed New Orleans aboard the steamboat *Magnolia*, for a concert tour.

May 21, Saturday: After a Russian demand was rejected by Turkey, that it be designated as protector of Orthodox Christians in the Ottoman Empire, Russian emissary Prince A.S. Menshikov left Constantinople, precipitating a break in relations.

[Lola Montez](#), Countess of Landsfeldt, arrived in San Francisco with a dog and a manager. She would appear at the American Theatre on Sansome Street (newly renovated to hold an audience of 3,000) in “School for Scandal,” and later perform the initial performances of her notorious Spider Dance.

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YOUR GARDEN-VARIETY ACADEMIC HISTORIAN INVITES YOU TO CLIMB ABOARD A HOVERING TIME MACHINE TO SKIM IN METATIME BACK ACROSS THE GEOLOGY OF OUR PAST TIMESLICES, WHILE OFFERING UP A GARDEN VARIETY OF COGENT ASSESSMENTS OF OUR PROGRESSION. WHAT A LOAD OF CRAP! YOU SHOULD REFUSE THIS HELICOPTERISH OVERVIEW OF THE HISTORICAL PAST, FOR IN THE REAL WORLD THINGS HAPPEN ONLY AS THEY HAPPEN. WHAT THIS SORT WRITES AMOUNTS, LIKE MERE “SCIENCE FICTION,” MERELY TO “HISTORY FICTION”: IT’S NOT WORTH YOUR ATTENTION.

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May 26, Thursday: The Senate approved the appointment of [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) as US consul at the port of Liverpool, England. When he became sure of this income, Hawthorne settled an income of \$200.⁰⁰ upon his surviving sister Elizabeth.⁸⁷

There was a fire on Merchant Street near Kearny Street in San Francisco, for which the loss would amount to some \$8,000.

[CALIFORNIA](#)

A view was published, of the towns of Amesbury MA and Salisbury NH:



May 27, Friday: [Henry C. Wright](#) acknowledged to the readers of [The Liberator](#) that, checking up on his brother Chester who had been claimed by a medium to be dead at a specific time and place of a specific thing, he had discovered that his brother was still quite alive and kicking. There had been “a mistake, somewhere.” However, Wright continued, he still believed in spiritualism despite your occasional extraneous mistake such as this one. Those who refused to believe in spiritualism, he suggested, were “hunkers,” people who automatically scoffed at any novel idea.

[SPIRITUALISM](#)

The clipper ship *Northern Light* arrived in Boston, 76 days and 5 hours out of San Francisco.

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87. Approximately the sum one could obtain in those years by working full time at woman’s wages as a seamstress.



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May 28, Saturday: [Lysander Spooner](#) had been providing pro bono counsel and advice in escaped-slave cases. In this year, he informed [Gerrit Smith](#), he sent to Lewis Tappan some arguments to use in the case of Jane Trainer (abolitionists in New York were hoping to save this minor from enslavement by arguing that since all God's children are born free, it is logically preposterous that she had inherited a status such as slavery from the social predicament of her mother).

Sheppard's Asylum, an early private mental hospital, was founded on this day by Moses Sheppard and others. Actual construction of a facility for this institution outside [Baltimore](#) would be delayed, however, by lack of funding and then by the outbreak of civil war although a groundbreaking would take place on May 25, 1862. In 1898 the name would be changed to recognize a major benefactor, to the Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospital.⁸⁸

[PSYCHOLOGY](#)

In San Francisco, the members of Columbian Engine Co. No. 11 celebrated the arrival of their new very decorated fire engine.

[CALIFORNIA](#)

Mrs. [Lucy Stone](#), the 1st woman from Massachusetts to complete a BA degree, was pioneering the Bloomer

88. Street, W.R. A CHRONOLOGY OF NOTEWORTHY EVENTS IN AMERICAN [PSYCHOLOGY](#). Washington DC: American Psychological Association, 1994

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June 1, Wednesday: [Normal College](#) in Randolph County, [North Carolina](#) awarded its first B.A. degrees.

Marietta Alboni sailed for France, where she would marry an Italian count. By 1863 she would have abandoned her singing career, except for special appearances at which she would apologize for both her growing obesity and her somewhat diminishing vocal talents by making the smiling comment “I am the shadow of my former self.”



In Pest, two works for piano and orchestra by Franz Liszt were performed for the initial time: *Fantasie über Motive aus [Beethovens](#) Ruinen von Athen* and *Fantasie über Ungarische Volksmelodien*.

Some Frenchmen in San Francisco, [California](#) organized Lafayette Hook & Ladder Co. No. 2 on Broadway Avenue between Dupont and Stockton, modeled after fire companies in Paris.

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[Lola Montez](#) discarded the “manager” with whom she had arrived in San Francisco and got “married” with Patrick Purdy Hull, owner of the San Francisco [Whig](#), whom she had met aboard that ship, and moved to Grass Valley, [California](#) to perform around the Gold Country. During a stay of several years in Grass Valley she would accumulate a number of pets, including a bear cub which she kept tethered in her yard.

When US Senator Gwin engaged in a duel in San Francisco with J.W. McCorkle, there were no injuries.

DUELING

[Arthur Buckminster Fuller](#), pastor of the Unitarian Society in Manchester, New Hampshire, was installed to minister over the New North Church in [Boston](#).



[Jefferson Davis](#) began to serve, for a period of 15 days, as acting Secretary of the Navy.



June 1. Walking up this side-hill, I disturbed a nighthawk [[Common Nighthawk](#) [Chordeiles minor](#)] eight or ten feet from me, which went, half-fluttering, half hopping, the mottled creature, like a winged toad, as [Nuttall](#) says the French of Louisiana(?) call them, down the hill as far as I could see. Without moving, I looked about and saw its two eggs on the bare ground, on a slight shelf of the hill, on the dead pine-needles and sand, without any cavity or nest whatever, very obvious when once you had detected them, but not easily detected from their color, a coarse gray formed of white spotted with a bluish or slaty brown, or umber, –a stone – granite-color, like the places it selects. I advanced and put my hand on them, and while I stooped, seeing a shadow on the ground, looked up and saw the bird, which had fluttered down the hill so blind and helpless, circling low and swiftly past over my head, showing the white spot on each wing in true nighthawk fashion. When I had gone a dozen rods, it appeared again higher in the air, with its peculiar flitting, limping kind of flight, all the while noiseless, and suddenly descending, it dashed at me within ten feet of my head, like an imp of darkness, then swept away high over the pond, dashing now to this side, now to that, on different tacks, as if, in pursuit of its prey, it had already forgotten its eggs on the earth. I can see how it might easily come to be regarded



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with superstitious awe.

“HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE” BEING A VIEW FROM A PARTICULAR POINT IN TIME (JUST AS THE PERSPECTIVE IN A PAINTING IS A VIEW FROM A PARTICULAR POINT IN SPACE), TO “LOOK AT THE COURSE OF HISTORY MORE GENERALLY” WOULD BE TO SACRIFICE PERSPECTIVE ALTOGETHER. THIS IS FANTASY-LAND, YOU’RE FOOLING YOURSELF. THERE CANNOT BE ANY SUCH THINGIE, AS SUCH A PERSPECTIVE.

June 16, Thursday: In San Francisco, [Dr. Edward Alexander Theller](#)—a revolutionary Irishman so short and stout that he had almost failed in 1838 in Quebec to wiggle through a jail window the bars of which had been sawed by the prisoners—began a daily newspaper to be named [Present and Future](#) (this was not the Doctor’s 1st newspaper nor would it be his last).

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In his journal, [Henry Thoreau](#) mentioned that he heard the “me ow” of a peacock, very loud, and instanced this peacock as belonging to a Shaw. Who was Shaw? Can we learn more about this peacock?



June 16. Coming down the river, heard opposite the new houses, where I stopped to pluck the tall grass, a sound as of young blackbirds amid the button-bushes. After a long while gazing, standing on the roots of the button bushes, I detected a couple of meadow or mud hens (*Rallus Virginianus*) [[Virginia Rail](#)  *Rallus limicola*] gliding about under the button-bushes over the mud and through the shallow water, and uttering a squeaking or squawking note, as if they had a nest there or young. Bodies about the size of a robin; short tail; wings and tail white-edged; bill about one and a half inches long, orange beneath in one bird; brown, deepening into black spots above; turtle-dove color on breasts and beneath; ashy about eyes and cheeks. Seemed not willing to fly, and for a long time unwilling to pass me, because it must come near to keep under the button-bushes.

...

We sailed all the way back from the Baker Farm though the wind blew very nearly at right angles with the river much of the way — ... The dog swam for long distances behind us... We taste at each cool spring with which we are acquainted in the bank — making haste to reach it before the dog — who otherwise is sure to be found cooling himself in it. We some times use him on board to sit in the stern & trim the boat while we both row — for he is heavy and other wise we sink the bows too much in the water — but he has a habit of standing too near the rower — & each time receiving a filip under the chin from the rowers fists — So at last he tumbles himself overboard & takes a riparial excursion — And we are amused to see how judiciously he selects his points for crossing the river from time to time in order to avoid long circuits made by bays & meadows & keep as near us as possible.

DOG

June 27, Monday: There was a hay fire on the vessel *Edwin Forrest* off Happy Valley, [California](#), in which the loss would be estimated at \$2,000.

The [California](#) Academy of Sciences was incorporated, meetings of which were to be held in the office of the Superintendent of Common Schools, Colonel Nevins, at 622 Clay Street in San Francisco.

California

“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project



June 27: The cuckoo's [Black-billed Cuckoo] Coccyzus erythrophthalmus nest is robbed, or perhaps she broke her egg because I found it. Thus three out of half a dozen nests which I have revisited have been broken up. It is a very shallow nest, six or eight inches in diameter by two and a half or three deep, on a low bending willow, hardly half an inch deep within; concealed by overhanging leaves of a swamp white oak on the edge of the river meadow, two to three feet from the ground, made of slender twigs which are prettily ornamented with much ramalina lichen, lined with hickory catkins and pitch pine needles.

June 28, Tuesday: Henry Thoreau surveyed some land and buildings for John B. Moore.

In the Volksgarten of Vienna, a waltz by Johann Strauss, Vermählungs-Toaste op.136, was performed for the initial time.

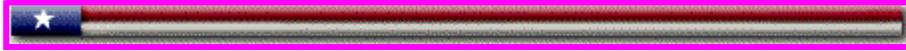
At the Stockton Street Presbyterian Church in San Francisco, the Reverend William Speer, who had been a Presbyterian minister in Canton, addressed the issue of the relations, past and present, of China and California,

July 2, Saturday: The wedding of local newspaperman Patrick Purdy Hull with Lola Montez, at the Mission Dolores in San Francisco, California. Lola's show opened at the American Theatre.

Russian forces crossed the River Prut into Turkish territory, occupying Moldavia and Wallachia.



July 2: Cooler to-day. Polygonum Persicaria. The Ranunculus Purshii is very rarely seen now. I hear a harsh keow from a bittern flying over the river. The peewees [Spotted Sandpiper] Actitis macularia are quite noisy about the rocks in Merrick's pasture when I approach; have eggs or young there, which they are anxious about. The tall anemone in blossom, and no doubt elsewhere much earlier, — a week or ten days before this, — but the drought has checked it here. Saw on a maple leaf floating on the Assabet a kind of large aphides, thickly covering it. It was thickly coated with a mass of down, for their tails were like swan's-down, and, as they were constantly in motion, just stirring at least, it was as if there was a wind on it. Thimble-berries probably a day or two.



→ Our national birthday, Monday the 4th of July: [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)'s 49th birthday.



There was a fire at the corner of Clay Street and Kearny Street in San Francisco, in which the loss would be estimated at \$6,000.

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At a celebration dinner at Washington Hall in Springfield, Massachusetts, everyone stood up and cheered for one of the aged guests: the Reverend Jonathan Smith, who in the army of the Revolution had been a chaplain.

In Abington, Massachusetts there was a “Know Nothing Anti-Slavery celebration.”

In Norwalk, Connecticut, P.T. Barnum began the celebrations by delivering an address before a crowd of 10,000.

In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, the cornerstone of the West Philadelphia Institute was set into place. Some 10,000 citizens visited Independence Hall, with each celebrant entitled to sit for a moment in the chair of John Hancock. At the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, the comedietta “My [Uncle Sam](#)” was performed.

In New-York, a 95-year-old, Daniel Spencer, “an old patriot of the Revolution, hailing from Canajoharie, New York,” was an honored participant in the celebration.

In Williamsburg, Virginia, Captain Taft’s Company of Light Artillery fired off a national salute of 32 guns.

Some 500 residents of [Baltimore](#) went on an excursion to nearby Annapolis, where a fight occurred between them and a group of local Annapolis people, resulting in two deaths and several injuries.

CELEBRATING OUR B-DAY



July 4: The cotton-grass at Beck Stowe’s. Is it different from the early one? High blueberries begin. The oval-leaved drosera in bloom. *Campanula aparinoides*. I see now a later (?) rose in lower, wetter ground. *Polygala sanguinea*. The weeds are now so thick in the river — potamogetons, heart-leaf, *Ranunculus Purshii*, eel-grass, etc., etc. — as almost to conceal the stream and seriously to obstruct the passage of my boat. *Polygonum sagittatum*. The cymbidium now perhaps in its prime. I am attracted by the peculiar glaucous leaves of the rhodora. Noli-metangere. The beauty of some butterflies,— dark steel-blue with a light-blue edge. *Circaea*, some time, the small one, at Corner Spring. Parsnips. The bass appears now — or a few trees— to have bloomed here and there prematurely. The gall on the leaves of the slippery elm is like fruit. The greater plantain, a few clays. The fine feathery tail of the *Equisetum sylvaticum* (?) nowadays in damp woods, near Corner

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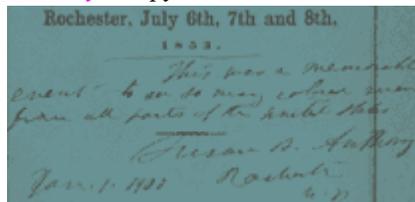
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Spring. The *Potamogeton hybridus* (?) in fruit and flower; though the spike is cylindrical like *P. heterophyllus*, yet the petioles are shorter than the floating leaves. What is the apparently wholly immersed potamogeton, upright with linear-lanceolate leaves? (No flower nor fruit now.) Also what is that small upright, round, tapering plant, three inches high, at bottom of river, with apparently bristle-formed leaves arranged alternately crosswise, visibly cellular? At Lee's Cliff, under the slippery elm, *Parietaria Pennsylvanicum*, American pellitory, in flower, and near by *Anychia dichotoma*, forked chickweed (*Queria [sic]*) also in flower.

July 6, Wednesday: The Wisconsin state legislature incorporated the [Fox and Wisconsin River Improvement Company](#).

[Lola Montez](#) performed in Sacramento, [California](#).

The 10th national National Convention of Colored Men began in Rochester, New York. [William Cooper Nell](#) was in attendance as a representative from Massachusetts, and was appointed Vice President pro-tem and member of the Business Committee. [Frederick Douglass](#) would publish the proceedings.⁸⁹ Below is Douglass's neighbor [Susan B. Anthony](#)'s copy:⁹⁰



July 6: I can sound the swamps and meadows on the line of the new road to Bedford with a pole, as if they were water. It may be hard to break through the crust, but then it costs a very slight effort to force it down, sometimes nine or ten feet, where the surface is dry. Cut a straight sapling, an inch or more in [diameter]; sharpen and peel it that it may go down with the least obstruction. The larch grows in both Moore's and Pedrick's swamps. Do not the trees that grow there indicate the depth of the swamp? I drink at the black and sluggish run which rises in Pedrick's Swamp and at the clearer and cooler one at Moore's Swamp, and, as I lie on my stomach, I am surprised at the quantity of decayed wood continually borne past. It is this process which, carried on for ages, formed this accumulation of soil. The outlets of a valley being obstructed, the decayed wood is no longer carried off but deposited near where it grew.

July 14, Thursday: Commodore [Matthew Calbraith Perry](#) of the United States Navy made the Lord of Toda, [Japan](#) an offer which he was supposing they couldn't refuse, "a commercial and friendship treaty" (this would be categorically rejected and Major Jacob Zeilin of the [US Marines](#) would have to climb back on board the USS *Mississippi* and this Commodore would need to sail away emptyhanded).

[US MILITARY INTERVENTIONS](#)

President [Franklin Pierce](#) opened the World's Fair at the [New-York](#) Crystal Palace Exhibition. Adjacent to this, at the Latting Observatory, Elisha Graves Otis would be demonstrating his steam-powered passenger elevator.



July 14: Heavy fog. I see a rose, now in its prime, by the river, in the water amid the willows and button-bushes, while others, lower on shore, are nearly out of bloom. Is it not the R. Carolina? Saw something blue, or glaucous, ill Beck Stow's Swamp to-day; approached and discovered the *Andromeda Polifolia*, in the midst of [lie swamp at the north end, not long since out of bloom. This is another instance of a common experience. When I am shown from abroad, or hear of, or in any [way] become interested in, some plant or other thing, I am pretty sure to find it

89. PROCEEDINGS OF THE COLORED NATIONAL CONVENTION HELD IN ROCHESTER JULY 6TH, 7TH, AND 8TH, 1853. Rochester: Frederick Douglass, 1853.

90. At some point during this year [Susan B. Anthony](#) requested transfer from the Easton, New York Monthly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends (Hicksite) to the Rochester Monthly Meeting (Hicksite). Despite this [Quaker](#) affiliation, she would be during her adult life a long-term attender at the Unitarian Church in Rochester.

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soon. Within a week R.W.E. showed me a slip of this in a botany, as a great rarity which George Bradford brought from Watertown. I had long been interested in it by Linnæus's account. I now find it in abundance. It is a neat and tender-looking plant, with the pearly new shoots now half a dozen inches long and the singular narrow revolute leaves. I suspect the flower does not add much to it.

There is an abundance of the buck-bean there also. [lolly berries are beginning to be ripe. The Polygonum Hydropiper, by to-morrow. Sparganium angustifolium gone to seed and in flower. A very tall ragged orchis by the Heywood Brook, two feet high, almost like a white fringed one. Lower ones I have seen some time.

The clematis there (near the water-plantain) will open in a day or two. Mallows gone to seed and in bloom. Erigeron Canadensis, butter-weed.

July 15, Friday: Tanzi Bären op.134, a polka by Johann Strauss, was performed for the initial time, in Vienna's Volksgarten.

Pledges were taken to erect a Congregational Church at Mission Dolores.

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July 15: Common form of arrowhead. The *Rumex obtusifolius* shows its single grain now. Near Loring's ram that coarse mustard-like branched plant, one or two feet high, with racemes of small yellow flowers, — perhaps Gray's *Nasturtium palustre* or Bigelow's *Sisymbrium amphibium*, — in seed and in blossom.

July 17, Sunday: Bishop Alemany laid the cornerstone of St. Mary's Church at the corner of California Street and Dupont Street in San Francisco.

The term of John C. Hays as Sheriff of San Francisco, California was completed.



Dedication of the First Unitarian Church at 805 Stockton Street near Sacramento Street in San Francisco.

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July 17: The common amaranth. Young toads not half an inch long at Walden shore. The smooth sumach resounds with the hum of bees, wasps, etc., at Water-target Pond. I see two great devil's-needles, three inches long, with red abdomens and bodies as big as hummingbirds, sailing round this pond, round and round, and ever and anon darting aside suddenly; probably to seize some prey. Here and there the water-targets look red, perhaps their under sides. A duck at Goose Pond. Rank weeds begin to block up low wood-paths, — goldenrods, asters, etc. The pearly everlasting. *Lobelia inflata*. The *Solidago nemoralis* (?) in a day or two, — gray goldenrod. I think we have no *Hieracium Gronovii*, though one not veined always and sometimes with two or more leaves on stem. No grass balls to be seen.

July 20, Wednesday: While attempting to evict a squatter from a house on Mission Street in San Francisco, undersheriff John A. Freaner was wounded.

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July 20: To Nawshawtuct at moonrise with Sophia, by boat. Moon apparently full yesterday. A low mist in-crusts the meadow, — not so perceptible when we are on the water. Now we row through a thin low mist about as high as one's head, now we come to a place where there is no mist on the river or meadow, apparently where a slight wind stirs. The gentle susurrus from the leaves of the trees on shore is very enlivening, as if Nature were freshening, awakening to some enterprise. There is but little wind, but its sound, incessantly stirring the leaves at a little distance along the shore, heard not seen, is very inspiring. It is like an everlasting dawn or awakening of nature to some great purpose. As we go up the hill we smell the sweet-briar. The trees are now heavy, dark masses without tracery, not as in spring or early in June; but I forgot to say that the moon was at first eclipsed by a vast black bank of cloud in the east horizon, which seemed to rise faster than it, and threatened to obscure it all the night. But suddenly she rose above it, and when, a few moments after, we thought to look again for the threatening cloud-bank, it had vanished, or a mere filmy outline could be faintly traced beneath her. It was the eclipse of her light behind it that made this evil look so huge and threatening, but now she had triumphed over it and eclipsed it with her light. It had vanished, like an ugly dream. So is it ever with evils triumphed over, which we have put behind us. What was



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at first a huge dark cloud in the east which threatened to eclipse the moon the livelong night is now suddenly become a filmy vapor, not easy to be detected in the sky, lit by her rays. She comes on thus, magnifying her dangers by her light, at first displaying, revealing them in all their hugeness and blackness, exaggerating, then casting them behind her into the light concealed. She goes on her way triumphing through the clear sky like a moon which was threatened by dark clouds at her rising but rose above them. [Excursions, page 329; Riv. 405.] That black, impenetrable bank which threatened to be the ruin of all our hopes is now a filmy dash of vapor with a faint-purplish tinge, far in the orient sky. From the hilltop we see a few distant lights in farmhouses down below, hard to tell where they are, yet better revealing *where* they are than the sun does. But cottage lights are not conspicuous now as in the autumn. As we looked, a bird flew across the disk of the moon. Saw two skunks carrying their tails about some rocks. Singular that, of all the animated creation, chiefly these skunks should be abroad in this moonlight. This is the midsummer night's moon. We have come round the east side of the hill to see the moon from amid the trees. I like best to see its light falling far in amid the trees and along the ground before me, while itself is hidden behind them or one side. It is cool, methinks with a peculiar coolness, as it were from the luxuriance of the foliage, as never in June. At any rate we have had no such sultry nights this month as in June. There is a greater contrast between night and day now, reminding me that even in Hindostan they freeze ice in shallow vessels at night in summer (?). There is a mist very generally dispersed, which gives a certain mellowness to the light, a waviness apparently, a creaminess. Yet the light of the moon is a cold, almost frosty light, white on the ground.

There [are] a few fireflies about. Green, their light looks sometimes, and crickets are heard. You are pretty sure also to hear some human music, vocal or instrumental, far or near. The masses of the trees and bushes would be called black, if our knowledge that they are leaves did not make us call them dark-green. Here is the *Pyenanthemum lanceolatum* near the boat's place, which I scented in the dark. It has been out some days, for some flowers are quite withered. I hear from tire copses or bushes along the shore, returning, a faint everlasting fine song from some small cricket, or rather locust, which it required the stillness of night to reveal. A bat hovers about us. How oily smooth the water in this moonlight! And the apparent depth where stars are reflected frightens Sophia. These Yankee houses and gardens seen rising beyond this oily moon-lit water, on whose surface the circling insects are like sparks of fire, are like Italian dwellings on the shores of Italian lakes. When we have left the boat and the river, we are surprised, looking back from the bank, to see that the water is wholly concealed under a white mist, though it was scarcely perceptible when we were in its midst. The few bullfrogs are the chief music. I do not know but walnuts are peculiarly handsome by moonlight, — seeing the moon rising through them, and the form of their leaves. I felt some nuts. They have already their size and that bracing, aromatic scent.

July 25, Monday: Anton Bruckner applied for a position in the civil service.

Fire consumed the barks *Manco*, *Bacchus*, *Herbert*, and *Juno* that had been moored at the wharf at the foot of Market Street in San Francisco, with a loss estimated at \$50,000.

Allegedly, the bandit "[Joaquin Murieta](#)" ([Joaquin Murrieta](#) or [Murieta](#) or [Murietta Carrillo](#)) was shot dead. The white men who had gunned down this person, whoever he had been, when they followed smoke to a campfire in the San Joaquin Valley, asserted that his last words had been "No tire mass. Yo soy muerto."

The Riggers' and Stevedores' Union of San Francisco was organized, after longshoremen struck for higher pay and better working conditions.

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July 25: Dodder, probably the 21st. Blue-curls. Burdock, probably yesterday.

P.M. — To Le Grosse's.

Cerasus Virginiana, — choke-cherry, — just ripe. White and red huckleberries said to be in Le Grosse's or Wetherbee's pasture. Could not find them. Cynoglossum Morisoni, beggar's-lice, roadside between Sam Barrett's mill and the next house east, in flower and fruiting probably ten days. Probably the same with plant found beyond the stone bridge, gone to seed, last year.

I have for years had a great deal of trouble with my shoe-strings, because they get untied continually. They are leather, rolled and tied in a hard knot. But some days I could hardly go twenty rods before I was obliged to stop and stoop to tie my shoes. My companion and I speculated on the distance to which one tying would carry you,—the length of a shoe-tie,—and we thought it nearly as appreciable and certainly a more simple and natural measure of distance than a stadium, or league, or mile. Ever and anon we raised our feet on whatever fence or wall or rock or stump we chanced to be passing, and drew the strings once more, pulling as hard as we could.

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It was very vexatious, when passing through low scrubby bushes, to become conscious that the strings were already getting loose again before we had fairly started. What should we have done if pursued by a tribe of Indians? My companion sometimes went without strings altogether, but that loose way of proceeding was not [to] be thought of by me. One shoemaker sold us shoestrings made of the hide of a South American jackass, which he recommended; or rather he gave them to us and added their price to that of the shoes we bought of him. But I could not see that these were any better than the old. I wondered if anybody had exhibited a better article at the World's Fair, and whether England did not bear the palm from America in this respect. I thought of strings with recurved prickles and various other remedies myself. At last the other day it occurred to me that I would try an experiment, and, instead of tying two simple knots one over the other the same way, putting the end which fell to the right over each time, that I would reverse the process, and put it under the other. Greatly to my satisfaction, the experiment was perfectly successful, and from that time my shoe-strings have given me no trouble, except sometimes in untying them at night.

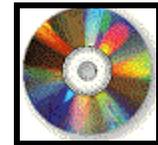
On telling this to others I learned that I had been all the while tying what is called a granny's knot, for I had never been taught to tie any other, as sailors' children are; but now I had blundered into a square knot, I think they called it, or two running slip-nooses. Should not all children be taught this accomplishment, and an hour, perchance, of their childhood be devoted to instruction in tying knots?

Those New-Hampshire-like pastures near Asa Melvin's are covered or dotted with bunches of indigo, still in bloom, more numerous than anywhere that I remember.

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

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>





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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>			

August 4, Thursday: There was a fire at the Steam Bakery on Chesnut Street near Stockton Street, at which the loss would be estimated as \$20,000.

The Ladies' Protection and Relief Society was founded in San Francisco.

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August 19, Friday: When a severed human head asserted to be that of the bandit "[Joaquin Murieta](#)" ([Joaquin Murrieta or Murieta or Murietta Carrillo](#)) was displayed in a jar of whiskey at a San Francisco saloon, well, as you can imagine, any number of people paid \$1 for an opportunity for a glimpse.

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The white men who had gunned down this person, whoever he had been, when they followed smoke to a campfire in the San Joaquin Valley, asserted that his last words had been "No tire mass. Yo soy muerto." When no further escapades would be attributed to this bandit they would collect a state reward of \$5,000, despite the fact that his sister said "No, that's not him, it doesn't have his face scar." The jar of whiskey containing this human head may or may not have been lost during the great San Francisco fire of 1907, but at the present time does not seem to be locatable.

THE MARKET FOR HUMAN BODY PARTS

September: In the Table Rock Treaty, native tribes of southwestern Oregon surrendered their lands in exchange for a reservation and annuities.

The Manns arrived in Yellow Springs, Ohio.

[Lola Montez](#)'s "marriage" with San Francisco newspaperman Patrick Purdy Hull was over and done with. He sued for divorce naming a German doctor as co-respondent, and a few days later the corpse of that doctor was found in near-by [California](#) hills, shot to death.

**ESSENCES ARE FUZZY, GENERIC, CONCEPTUAL;
ARISTOTLE WAS RIGHT WHEN HE INSISTED THAT ALL TRUTH IS
SPECIFIC AND PARTICULAR (AND WRONG WHEN HE CHARACTERIZED**



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TRUTH AS A GENERALIZATION).

September 1, Thursday: In San Francisco, William Cornell Jewett purchased a South Beach water property bounded generally by the bay, by Harris Street, by Harrison Street, and by Spear Street.

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Le nabab, an opéra comique by Fromental Halévy to words of Scribe and Saint-Georges, was performed for the initial time, at the Théâtre Favart of Paris. It enjoyed a moderate success (this was to be the last collaboration of Halévy with Eugène Scribe).

The mother of Samuel Ringgold Ward died while he was in England:

Like my father, she was converted in early life, and was a member of the Methodist denomination (though a lover of all Christian denominations) until her death. This event, one of the most afflictive of my life, occurred on the first day of September, 1853, at New York. Since my father's demise I had not seen her for nearly a year; when, being about to sail for England, at the risk of being apprehended by the United States' authorities for a breach of their execrable republican Fugitive Slave Law, I sought my mother, found her, and told her I was about to sail at three p.m., that day (April 20th, 1853), for England. With a calmness and composure which she could always command when emergencies required it, she simply said, in a quiet tone, "To England, my son!" embraced me, commended me to God, and suffered me to depart without a murmur. It was our last meeting. May it be our last parting! For the kind sympathy shown me, upon my reception of the melancholy news of my mother's decease, by many English friends, I shall ever be grateful: the recollection of that event, and the kindness of which it was the occasion, will dwell together in my heart while reason and memory shall endure. In the midst of that peculiarly bereaved feeling inseparable from realizing the thought that one is both fatherless and motherless, it was a sort of melancholy satisfaction to know that my dear parents were gone beyond the reach of slavery and the Fugitive Law. Endangered as their liberty always was, in the free Northern States of New York and New Jersey – doubly so after the law of 1851 – I could but feel a great deal of anxiety concerning them. I knew that there was no living claimant of my parents' bodies and souls; I knew, too, that neither of them would tamely submit to re-enslavement: but I also knew that it was quite possible there should be creditors, or heirs at law; and that there is no State in the American Union wherein there were not free and independent democratic republicans, and soi-disant Christians, "ready, aye ready" to aid in overpowering and capturing a runaway, for pay. But when God was pleased to take my father in 1851, and my mother in 1853, I felt relief from my greatest earthly anxiety. Slavery had denied them education, property, caste, rights, liberty; but it could not deny them the application of Christ's blood, nor an admittance to the rest prepared for the righteous. They could not be buried in the same part of a common graveyard, with whites, in their native

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country; but they can rise at the sound of the first trump, in the day of resurrection. Yes, reader: we who are slaveborn derive a comfort and solace from the death of those dearest to us, if they have the sad misfortune to be BLACKS and AMERICANS, that you know not. God forbid that you or yours should ever have occasion to know it!

[Henry Thoreau](#) made an entry in his journal that he was later to copy into his early lecture “WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT” as:

[Paragraph 53] Pickering, in his work on Races, says that “The missionaries [at the Sandwich Islands]¹ regarded as one main obstacle to improvement, the extremely limited views of the natives in respect to style of living; ‘a little fish, and a little poi, and they were content.’ A native, I was assured,” says he, “‘could be supported for less than two cents a day.’”²

[Paragraph 54] But this is putting the cart before the horse, the real obstacle being their limited views in respect, not to the skill, but to the object of living. There are two kinds of simplicity; that of the simpleton and that of the wise man. A philosopher has equally limited views in their sense, but he is not content with material comforts, nor is it quite necessary that he first be glutton with them in order to become wise. Wisdom is not the fruit of a surfeit of nuts and raisins.

1. Thoreau’s brackets.

2. Charles Pickering, *THE RACES OF MAN AND THEIR GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION* (London: John Chapman, 1849), page 89. Thoreau silently omits the beginning of the second sentence, the whole of which reads: “By adopting the use of coin, they had placed themselves in many respects in the condition of indigence; and in conformity with the new standard of value, a native, I was assured, ‘could be supported for less than two cents a day.’” Bradley P. Dean has emended the manuscript copy-text by restoring the commas after ‘improvement’ and ‘poi’ in the first sentence, and by restoring and regularizing the quotation marks in Thoreau’s rendering of the 2d sentence.



Sept. 1. P.M. — To Dugan Desert and Ministerial Swamp.

The character of the past month, as I remember, has been, at first, very thick and sultry, dogdayish, the height of summer, and throughout very rainy, followed by crops of toadstools, and latterly, after the dogdays and most copious of the rains, autumnal, somewhat cooler, with signs of decaying or ripening foliage. The month of green corn and melons and plums and the earliest apples, — and now peaches, — of rank weeds. As July, perchance, has its spring side, so August has its autumnal side.

Was that the cackling of hens I heard, or the clicking of a very distant hand-organ?

Methinks the silvery cinquefoil is of late much more abundant. Is there any cessation to it? The green-briar berries begin to turn. Some large maples along the river are beginning to redden. I observe the stillness of the air and the smoothness of the water of late. The *Hieracium Canadense* is, methinks, the largest and handsomest flower of its genus, large as the fall dandelion; the *paniculatum* the most delicate. To-day and yesterday quite warm, or hot, again.

I am struck again and again by the richness of the meadow-beauty lingering, though it will last some time, in little dense purple patches by the sides of the meadows. It is so low it escapes the scythe. It is not so much distinct flowers (it is so low and dense), but a colored patch on the meadow. Yet how few observe it! How, in one sense, it is wasted! How little thought the mower or the cranberry-raker bestows on it! How few girls or boys come to see it!

That small aster which I call *A. Tradescanti*, with crowded racemes, somewhat rolled or cylindrical to appearance, of small white flowers a third of an inch in diameter, with yellow disks turning reddish or purplish, is very pretty by the low roadsides, resounding with the hum of honey-bees; which is commonly despised for its smallness and commonness, — with crowded systems of little suns. The *Polygonum articulatum*, apparently not for some time yet. The large epilobium still plenty in flower in Tarbell’s cleared swamp. Hazel bushes are now browned or yellowed along wall-sides in pastures; blackberry vines also are reddening. The *Solidago nemoralis* has commonly a long, sharply triangular head of small crowded flowers, evenly convex and often, if not commonly, recurved through a quarter of a circle, very handsome, solid-looking, recurved golden spear-heads. But frequently it is more erect and branched. What is that alga-like plant covering the ground in Tarbell’s Swamp where lately burnt over, with close mats a rod in diameter, with fruit now two or three inches high, star-like, and little cups on the green thallus? [*Marchantia polymorpha*] I see now puffballs, now four inches

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through, turned dark from white, and ripe, fill the air with dust four or five feet high when I kick them. Saw a red squirrel cutting off white pine cones. He had strewn the ground with them, as yet untouched, under the tree. He has a *chirrup* exactly like a partridge. Have made out *Aster multiflorus* by roadside beyond Badger house; probably not long out. It is distinguished by its hoariness, and its large herbaceous spreading calyx-tips and its crowded, somewhat rigid linear leaves, not tapering at base, low with a stout stem. A solidago by Marlborough road (*S. puberula?* or *neglecta?*), *stricta*-like, but panicle upright with short erectish racemes and lower leaves serrate, and five or six inches long; not long out. Should think it *stricta* if not for form of head; more like *puberula*, though this an imperfect one, in press. I think my white daisy, which is still quite fresh in some places, must be *Erigeron strigosus*, for the hairs are minute and appressed, though the rays are not twice as long as the calyx-scales. I have seen no purplish ones since spring. *Aster undulatus* begins to be common. Johnswort, the large and common, is about done. That is the common polypody whose single fronds, six or eight inches long, stand thick in moss on the shelving rock at the Island.

The river nowadays is a permanent mirror stretching without end through the meadows, and unfaillingly when I look out my window across the dusty road, I see it at a distance with the herbage of its brink reflected in it. There it lies, a mirror untracked, unsoiled.

Plants or weeds very widely dispersed over the globe command a certain respect, like *Sonchus oleraceus*, Oregon, New Zealand, Peru, Patagonia, etc.; *Sicyos angulatus*, New Zealand, [Australia](#), Hawaiian Islands, etc.; *Polygonum aviculare*, *Chenopodium album*, and *Polygonum Persicaria*, Oregon and Egypt; also many others, according to Pickering.

Pickering says that "the missionaries [at the [Hawaiian Islands](#)] regarded as one main obstacle to improvement the extremely limited views of the natives in respect to style of living; 'a little fish and a little poi, and they were content.'" But this is putting the cart before the horse, the real obstacle being their limited views in respect to the object of living. A philosopher has equally limited views in their sense, but then he is not content with material comforts, nor is it, perhaps, quite necessary that he first be glutted with them in order to become wise. "A native, I was assured, 'could be supported for less than two cents a day.'" (They had adopted the use of coin.) The savage lives simply through ignorance and idleness or laziness, but the philosopher lives simply through wisdom. In the case of the savage, the accompaniment of simplicity is idleness with its attendant vices, but in the case of the philosopher, it is the highest employment and development. The fact for the savage, and for the mass of mankind, is that it is better to plant, weave, and build than do nothing or worse; but the fact for the philosopher, or a nation loving wisdom, is that it is most important to cultivate the highest faculties and spend as little time as possible in planting, weaving, building, etc. It depends upon the height of your standard, and no doubt through manual labor as a police men are educated up to a certain level. The simple style is bad for the savage because he does worse than to obtain the luxuries of life; it is good for the philosopher because he does better than to work for them. The question is whether you can bear freedom. At present the vast majority of men, whether black or white, require the discipline of labor which enslaves them for their good. If the Irishman did not shovel all day, he would get drunk and quarrel. But the philosopher does not require the same discipline; if he shovelled all day, we should receive no elevating suggestions from him.

What a literary fame is that of Æsop, — an Æsopian fame! Pickering says: "A little to the west of Celebes, the literature of the Malay nation contains a translation of the Fables of Æsop; who, according to the unsatisfactory accounts we have of him, was one of the earliest of the Greek writers. And further, the fact may be noted, that the Æsopian style of composition is still in vogue at Madagascar. (See [Ellis's](#) Madagascar.)" A fame on its way round eastward with the Malay race to this western continent! A fame that travels round the world from west to east. P. gives California to the Malay race!

There are two kinds of simplicity, — one that is akin to foolishness, the other to wisdom. The philosopher's style of living is only outwardly simple, but inwardly complex. The savage's style is both outwardly and inwardly simple. A simpleton can perform many mechanical labors, but is not capable of profound thought. It was their limited view, not in respect to *style*, but to the *object* of living. A man who has equally limited views with respect to the end of living will not be helped by the most complex and refined style of living. It is not the tub that makes Diogenes, the Jove-born, but Diogenes the tub.

ÆSOP

September 4, Sunday: William Gorham was elected Sheriff of San Francisco, [California](#), and would serve in that capacity until September 5th, 1855.



September 4: In Potter's dry pasture I saw the ground black with black-birds (troopials?) [**Brown-headed Cowbird** ■ *Molothrus ater*]. As I approach the front rank rises and flits a little further back into the midst of the flock, —it rolls up on the edges, —and, being then alarmed, they soon take flight, with a loud rippling rustle, but soon alight again. the rear wheeling swiftly into place like well-drilled soldiers. Instead of being an irregular and disorderly crowd, they appear to know and keep their places and wheel with the precision of drilled troops.



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September 6, Tuesday: Hannah Tucker Shearman Taber died in [New Bedford](#), Massachusetts at the age of 52 (the widower [William Congdon Taber](#) would remarry, with Rhonda or Rhoda Howland).

Captain William T. Sherman resigned his US Army commission to take up banking in San Francisco.

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On this day and the following one a gang from an athletic club in the pay of the Democratic organization in New-York (Tammany Hall⁹¹), dressed in uniform white panama hats, pantaloons, polished boots, and heavy gold chains, twice totally disrupted a woman's rights convention at the Tabernacle building that was being presided over by Friend [Lucretia Mott](#). [Sojourner Truth](#) spoke:

That man over there says that women need to be helped into carriages and lifted over ditches, and to have the best place everywhere. Nobody ever helps me into carriages or over mud puddles or gives me the best place, and ain't I a woman? ... I know it feels kind of hissin' and ticklin' like to see a colored woman get up and tell you about things, and woman's rights. We have all been thrown down so low that nobody thought we'd ever get up again, but we have been down long enough now; we will come up again, and here I am.

Legend has it that Friend Lucretia simply took the arm of the ringleader of the gang and asked him to escort them safely from the building and that—unable to cope with this unexpected reaction to the situation—he did so.

[Now here is something I believe that you and I should pay careful attention to, since you probably first learned of this period of our nation's history in about the same manner in which I first learned about it, and in all probability the scars this has left on your consciousness of race and gender issues are similar to the scars this has left on my own. What I am suggesting that you and I should pay careful attention to, is succinctly encapsulated in the fact that the historian Alan Nevins, writing for us in 1947, described the above incident only briefly. The sum total of what Nevins had to offer us was:

At the Tabernacle a colored woman stirred up a tempest by making a speech.

“At the Tabernacle a colored woman stirred up a tempest by making a speech.” We may usefully contrast this history-writing by Nevins, on which you and I cut our teeth, with other forms of description such as “In a red brick building, Sojourner Truth stirred up a tempest by making a speech” in which **the place** is allowed to remain categorical rather than **the person**, and such as “At the Tabernacle, a vivid oration stirred the delegates” in which the event is described as Nevins might easily have described that stirring speech, had it issued from the mouth of **some white male running for political office** rather than originating with some generic citizen who, because **not white and not male**, is obviously nothing but a troublemaker who has “stirred up a tempest” in a teapot.]

91. It had two names at the same time. It was named Columbia Hall in honor of that mass-murdering founding father Christopher Columbus, but also, wouldn't you know, named after the late 17th Century Delaware chief Tamanend, the idea being that American tribalists are stereotypically generous in their care for needy members of their same tribe, and that such kindness translates, in civilized public life, into benevolent public associations of graft and mutual backscratching. This was well before “Boss Tweed” became the Grand Sachem of the Tammany Society in 1868, but the benevolent fraternity had already clearly degenerated into something of a *cosa nostra*. Nevertheless, the Tammany Society had lost all patience with real American tribalists when most of us sided with Great Britain during the [War of 1812](#). The society finally sold all the collections of Native American artifacts it had been keeping in its central “Wigwam” building, to P.T. Barnum for use in his “Greatest Show on Earth.”—In the latest episode of such racial and ethnic stereotyping, just the other day when Mafia *don* John Gotti was convicted on 13 counts of murder and racketeering, his daughter commented proudly “My father is the last of the Mohicans.”



She was evidently a full-blooded African, and though now aged and worn with many hardships, still gave the impression of a physical development which in early youth must have been as fine a specimen of the torrid zone as Cumberworth's celebrated statuette of the Negro Woman at the Fountain.

-Harriet Beecher Stowe

According to a report entitled "Address by a Slave Mother" in the New-York Tribune in the following day's issue, the evening discourse delivered by Sojourner Truth at the First Congregational Church on 6th Street between 3rd and 4th Avenues had been of considerable interest:

Mrs. Truth, in consequence of her unhappy situation in early life, is totally uneducated, but speaks very fluently in tolerably correct and certainly very forcible style, and the latter quality of her address is rather enhanced by her occasional homely and therefore natural expressions. The audience was not so numerous as was expected, owing probably to a misdescription of the locality in the announcement, but those present (principally colored, with a sprinkling of white folks,) made a decent display in the body of the church, and listened with attention to the address and the proceedings. These were opened by a Hymn well sung to the accompaniment of the organ, after which the Pastor of the Church, Rev. Mr. Tillon, offered a very excellent and appropriate Prayer. Mrs. Truth being



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introduced to the meeting expressed some disappointment at the thinness of the meeting, but hoped a blessing would be extended to it by Him who had promised where two or three were gathered together in His name He would be in the midst. She felt thankful that she had lived to see the day she stood before her own people. She had held a great many meetings, and it seemed to her that the spirit of God had come upon her and enabled her to plead to her race, and not only to her race but to the slave owners. She had always felt this difficulty: What was she to say to her own race on the subject of Slavery? They were the sufferers, and as strangers in the land, who had had little of God's footstool under their control. She had been robbed of education – her rights, robbed of her children, her father, mother, sister and brother; yet she lived; and not only lived, but God lived in her. [Applause] Why was her race despised? What had they done that they should be hated? She had frequently asked this question, but never had received any answer. Was it because they were black? They had not made themselves black, and if they had done anything wrong why not let them know, that they might repent of that wrong. It had been said that the colored people were careless, and regardless of their rights and liberties; and this was partly true, though she hoped for better things in future. And why had they been careless and unheard? It was indeed hard that their oppressors should bind them hand and foot, and ask they why did they not run. She was about 24 [i.e. 32?] years of age when she came to New-York, ignorant, and could not speak English very well; but she would not bow to the filth of the City. As a slave she had never been allowed to go anywhere, but then she went round with the lady who brought her here, and she was determined if she was despised she would go among the white people and learn all she could. She had known nothing of religion a few months before – not even that Jesus Christ was the Son of God. She found her religion as she was at her work, as she washed her dishes, and all she could say or think was Jesus. She wanted to get among her own colored people and teach them this, but they repulsed and shoved her off, yet she felt she wanted to be doing. She used to go and hold prayer meetings at the houses of the people in the Five Points, then Chapel st, but she found they were always more inclined to hear great people, and she instanced the case of one colored woman who declined her prayers, said she had two or three ministers about. She (the Speaker) went off weeping while her dying sister was looked upon as a "glory of Zion." She had learnt of Jesus and had become strengthened, and if they all had learned religion of Jesus and had were of one mind, what would become of the slave-holder? How stood the case between them? The colored people had given to the whites all their labor, their children, husbands, and all. She used to say, "why was I black, when if I was white I could have plenty of food and clothes?" But now she gloried in her color. She rejoiced in the color that God had been pleased to give



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her, and she was well satisfied with it. She used to say she wished God would kill all the white people and not leave one for seed. Her mother had taught her to pray to make her master good, and she did so, but she was tied up and whipped till the blood trickled down her back and she used to think if she was God she would made them good, and if God were she, she would not allow it. Such were her ideas, and how could she, or how could slaves be good while masters and mistresses were so bad? What she said to the whites she said to her own people. She had been tied up and flogged; her husband's blood had flowed till it could be traced for a mile on the snow; and her father had been allowed to freeze to death. What could they say on the Day of Judgment in reply to the question "why do they hate us?" She did not wish unduly to ridicule the whites, but the blood and sweat and tears drawn from the black people were sufficient to cover the earth all over the United States. Still she desired to advocate their cause in a Christian spirit and in one of forgiveness, and had high hopes of their success; but she exhorted the people to stir and not let the white people have it all to themselves in their World's Conventions. She deprecated the people who were satisfied with their enslaved lot, and as a colored woman, she wanted **all** the rights she was entitled to. Her address occupied a considerable time, and at its conclusion an interesting narrative of hers was handed round, and several copies sold for her benefit. She intended to hold other meetings in New-York, and bids fair to excite considerable interest and popularity.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR SEPTEMBER 6th]

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September 7, Wednesday: In North Africa, [Heinrich Barth](#) reached Timbuktu.



In San Francisco, Thomas W. Freelon was elected as the County Judge.

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When members of the Small Sword Society the approval of the populace and took over [Shanghai](#) they immediately halted trade in [opium](#).



Sept. 7. R.W.E. brought from Yarmouth this week *Chrysopsis falcata* in bloom and *Vaccinium stamineum*, deerberry, or squaw huckleberry, — the last with green berries, some as large as cranberries, globular (not pear-shaped), on slender peduncles, not edible, in low ground.

Yesterday and to-day and day before yesterday, some hours of very warm weather, as oppressive as any in the year, one's thermometer at 93°.

September 9, Friday: In San Francisco, Pacific Fire Engine Co. No. 8 was organized because Monumental Engine 8 withdrew. This company would be quartered on Front Street between Jackson and Pacific.

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Sept. 9. Half a bushel of handsome pears on the ground under the wild pear tree on Pedrick's land; some ripe, many more on tree. J. Wesson, who is helping me survey to-day, says that, when they dug the cellar of Stacy's shop, he saw where they cut through (with the spade) birches six inches in diameter, on which the Mill-Dam had been built; also that Nathan Hosmer, Sr., since dead, told him that he had cut meadow-grass between the bakehouse and the Middlesex Hotel. I find myself covered with green and winged lice from the birches.

September 11, Sunday: In California, the 1st electric telegraph came into use, between Merchant's Exchange and Point Lobos.

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Sept. 11. Cool weather. Sit with windows shut, and many by fires. A great change since the 6th, when the heat was so oppressive. The air has got an autumnal coolness which it will not get rid of again .

P. M. — To Dugan's.

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I think I can correct somewhat my account of the goldenrods of September 4th, [two] pages back. No. 2 m,ry be *S. stricta*, after all. (*Vide* the one at Hosmer's ditch.) Is not the *puberula* of September 4th same with No. 2 ? Is not No. 3 one form of *S. altissima*? Doubt if I have seen *S. ulmifolia*. Is not No. 4 the true *S. puberula*? It is the same with that by Marlborough road, September 1st. The *speciosa* may not open for a week yet. The present appearance of the solidago in Hosmer's ditch which may be *S. stricta* [*Vide* November 3d and 4th.] is a stout erect red stern with entire, lanceolate, thick, fleshy, smooth sessile leaves above, gradually increasing in length downward till ten inches long and becoming toothed. [Not sharply.] All parts very smooth. Not, yet out. This apparently same with No. 2. The *S. nemoralis* is not as fresh as a week ago. Perhaps that was the date for the goldenrods generally . Perhaps this is the time for asters. The conspicuous and handsome bluish masses of *A. puniceus*, erect or fallen, stretch in endless rows along the brook, often as high as your head ; sometimes make islands in the meadow. *Polygonum articulatum* out, many of them, at the Desert. None out September 1st. Say, then, September 5th . *A. undulatus* is now in prime, very abundant along path-sides . The branches of its panicle are commonly of about equal length on different sides the stem, and as the flowers are crowded and stand vertically on the sides as well as horizontally above, they form one (or sometimes more) conical or pyramidal or cylindrical hollow panicles of middle-sized purplish flowers, roundly bunched . Signs of frost last night in M. Miles's cleared swamp. Potato vines black. How much farther it is back to frost from the greatest heat of summer, i. e. from the 6th [of this month] back to the 1st of June, three months, than forward to it, four days! Checkerberries are full-grown, but green. They must have been new mitchella berries, then, that I saw some time ago. River cornel berries have begun to disappear. In a stubble-field, I go through a very fine, diffusely branching grass now going to seed, which is like a reddish mist to my eyes, two feet deep, and trembling around me. There is an aster in Hosmer's ditch, like *longifolius*, with linear leaves remotely toothed, red stern, „smooth, three or four feet high, but scales not recurved and flowers much smaller, with many purplish disks.

September 14, Wednesday: Brand Sequine was appointed as the City Marshal of San Francisco.

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Sept. 14. [THIS MATERIAL IN THOREAU'S JOURNAL IS ALMOST IDENTICALLY TRANSCRIBED INTO HIS ACCOUNT OF HIS 2D EXPEDITION INTO THE MAINE WOODS, "CHESUNCOOK."]

September 16, Friday: Money was appropriated in San Francisco to erect a fence around the cemetery at Yerba Buena.

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Sept. 16. [THIS MATERIAL IN THOREAU'S JOURNAL IS ALMOST IDENTICALLY TRANSCRIBED INTO HIS ACCOUNT OF HIS 2D EXPEDITION INTO THE MAINE WOODS, "CHESUNCOOK." IN THE JOURNAL THE NAME OF HIS GUIDE IS GIVEN AS "Ateon," AND THOREAU WAS SUPPOSING THAT IT MIGHT BE THE FRENCH "Étienne," THOUGH JOE WAS PRONOUNCING IT "Ateon." IN THE MAINE WOODS THE NAME IS TRANSCRIBED AS "Aitteon."]

He said the stone-heaps (though we saw none) were made by chub.

September 19, Monday: Luis José Sartorius, conde de San Luis replaced Francisco de Lersundi y Hormaechea as prime minister of Spain.

There was a fire on Pine Street near Clay Street in San Francisco that resulted in a loss of approximately \$7,000.

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Sept. 19. I looked very narrowly at the vegetation as we glided along close to the shore, and now and then made Joe turn aside for me to pluck a plant, that I might see what was primitive about our Concord River.

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October 1, Saturday: The California State Telegraph Co. line opened between San Francisco and San Jose. The line all the way to Marysville would be completed by November 1st.

San Francisco Fire Chief Engineer Hossefross resigned to return to the East.

San Francisco Sheriff T.P. Johnson attached the Mission College building at the head of Mission Spring to satisfy a debt of \$267.77 (a suit had been brought by George Scarpa against the Reverend Flavius Fontain for provisions supplied).

The Schumann family was visited in Düsseldorf by a young friend of Joseph Joachim, Johannes Brahms. Brahms played extensively for them. Robert Schumann recorded this in his diary: "Visit from Brahms, a genius."

The Ottoman Sultan demanded that Russia evacuate his Romanian principalities.

In Syracuse NY, the 2d annual "Jerry Celebration" honoring the freeing of Jerry McHenry from federal marshals who had been seeking on October 1, 1851 to "return" him to his "owner."



RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

In Missouri that night, the fugitive slave Jack Burton was stealing a boat and crossing the Mississippi to the free soil of Illinois. Since he was still vulnerable to slavecatchers and bounty hunters, he would need to continue his difficult procedure of moving only during hours of darkness.

JOHN ANDERSON



Oct. 1. Went a-barberrying by boat to Conantum, carrying Ellen, Edith, and Eddie. Grapevines, curled, crisped, and browned by the frosts, are now more conspicuous than ever. Some grapes still hang on the vines. Got three pecks of barberries. Huckleberries begin to redden. Robins and bluebirds collect and flit about. Flowers are scarce.

October 12, Wednesday: Hector Berlioz and Marie Recio departed Paris for Brunswick.

In San Francisco, there was a testimonial dinner at Wilson's Exchange and Hotel in honor of General Hiram Walbridge, Congressman-elect of New York.

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Henry Thoreau circulated a petition in Concord, in regard to abusive treatment Michael Flannery had received from the Concord citizen for whom he was working as a hired hand:

Concord Oct 12th '53
We, the Undersigned, contribute the following sums, in order to make up to Michael Flannery the sum of four dollars, being the amount of his premium for spading on the 5th ult., which was received and kept by his employer, Abiel H. Wheeler.



October 12: To-day I have had the experience of borrowing money for a poor Irishman who wishes to get his family to this country. One will never know his neighbors till he has carried a subscription paper among them. Ah! it reveals many and sad facts to stand in this relation to them. To hear the selfish and cowardly excuses some make, –that *if* they help any they must help the Irishman who lives with them, –and him they are sure never to help: others with whom public opinion weighs, will think of it, trusting you will never raise the sum and so they will not be called on again; who give stingily after all. What a satire in the fact that you are much more inclined to call on a certain slighted and so-called crazy woman in moderate circumstances rather than on the president of the bank: But some are generous and save the town from the distinction which threatened it, and *some* even who do not lend, plainly would if they could.

THOREAU ON THE IRISH

October 16, Sunday: In a performance of the Gesangverein in Düsseldorf, [Robert Schumann](#) continued conducting well after the performers had completed the music. Members of the Gesangverein announced that in the future they would refuse to be led by Schumann.

William Walker had chartered the vessel *Caroline*. He and his 48 followers departed from San Francisco for Guaymas, Mexico to establish a “Republic of Lower [California](#).”



Oct. 16. The third pleasant day. Hunter's Moon. Walked to White Pond. The *Polygonum dumetorum* in Tarbell's Swamp lies thick and twisted, rolled together, over the loose raised twigs on the ground, as if woven over basketwork, though it is now all sere. The *Marchantia polymorpha* is still erect there. *Viola ovata* out. The *Lysimachia stricta*, with its long bulblets in the axils, how green and fresh by the shore of the pond!



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October 22, Saturday: Naval forces of Great Britain and France entered the Dardanelles.

On this night and on October 25th, [Hector Berlioz](#) conducted wildly successful performances before full houses in Brunswick.

The St. Francis Hotel at Clay Street and Dupont Street in San Francisco was destroyed by fire. James Coleman, foreman of the San Francisco [Herald](#), was killed and several firemen were injured.

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[Henry Thoreau](#) made an entry in his journal about how “One-eyed John Goodwin, the fisherman, was loading into a hand-cart and conveying home the piles of driftwood which of late he had collected with his boat,”

that he was later to copy into his early lecture "What Shall It Profit?" as:

Brad Dean's Commentary

[Paragraph 85] One afternoon late last fall I took my boat and dropt down the Concord River. One of my neighbors, a jolly fisherman,¹ was loading into a handcart and conveying home the piles of drift wood which he had collected with his skiff during the previous month. It was a beautiful evening, and a clear amber sunset lit up all the eastern shore, and that man's employment, though he is regarded by most as a vicious character—so simple and direct—whose whole motive was so easy to fathom—thus to obtain his winter's wood—charmed me unspeakably. So much do we love actions that are simple. They are all poetic.

[Paragraph 86] Consider how the broker collects his winter's wood—what sport he makes of it—what are his boat and hand-cart! Postponing instant life, he makes haste to Boston in the cars, and there deals in stocks, not quite relishing his employment, and so earns the money with which he buys his fuel; and when perchance I meet him about this indirect and complicated business, I am not struck with the beauty of his employment. It does not harmonize with the sunset.

[Paragraph 87] How much more the former consults his genius, or some genius! I should be glad to get my fuel so—indeed, have got some of it so. I know very well that if I buy one necessary of life, I cheat myself to some extent. I deprive myself of the inexpressible pleasure which is the unfailing reward of satisfying any want of our nature simply and truly. Consider how far this division of labor is a division of life,—so that you get only a fraction for your share!

[Paragraph 88] All trade goes fatally against the grain. It postpones life and substitutes death. If the first generation does not die of it, the third or fourth does. In face of all statistics, I will never believe that it is the descendants of tradesmen who keep the state alive, but of simple yeomen and laborers. Indeed statistics tell us that the city is continually reinforced by the country. The oldest and wisest trader or politician grows not more human so. He makes a habit of disregarding the moral right—the rights of his own nature—sacrificing them to the conventional or legal—commits a slow suicide, in short, and thinks to recover by retiring on to a farm one day—but he becomes merely a gray wharf-rat at last, and if he does go into the country—I put it to him—if it is not with the habits and aims of such vermin?

[Paragraph 89] It is the simple life of the other and the vigor it imparts—that enable him, vagabond as he is, though he does get drunk and is sent to the house of correction so often, to hold up his head still among men.

[Paragraph 90] The merchant says to himself—"If I go to Boston every day and sell tape from morning till night—which I will admit is not a beautiful action—I shall be able to buy the best of fuel without stint." Yes, but not the pleasure of picking it up by the river side which I may say is of more value than the warmth it yields—for when on the fire it keeps the vital heat in us only that we may repeat such pleasing exercises. It warms us twice and the first warmth is the most wholesome² and memorable, compared with which the other is mere coke.

[Paragraph 91] That fisherman stood on the solid earth—it looked solider under him. For such as he, no political economies with their profit and loss, supply and demand, need ever be written, for he will not need to use any policy.³ There is no secret in his trade more than in the sun's. It is no mystery how he gets his living—no, not even when he steals it. But there is less double dealing in his thieving even than in the other's trade.

[Paragraph 92] As for these complex ways of living I love them not, however much I practise them, and in as many places as possible I will get my feet down to the earth.

1. The fisherman is identified in the journal source of this passage as "One-eyed John Goodwin."

2. The manuscript copy-text reads 'wholsome'.

3. This word is underscored twice in the manuscript copy-text.

John Goodwin



Oct. 22. A week or more of fairest Indian summer ended last night, for to-day it rains. It was so warm day before yesterday, I worked in my shirt-sleeves in the woods.

I cannot easily dismiss the subject of the fallen leaves. How densely they cover and conceal the water for several feet in width, under and amid the alders and button-bushes and maples along the shore of the river, - still light,



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tight, and dry boats, dense cities of boats, their fibres not relaxed by the waters, undulating and rustling with every wave, of such various pure and delicate, though fading, tints, -of hues that might make the fame of teas, - dried on great Nature's coppers. And then see this great fleet of scattered leaf boats, still tight and dry, each one curled up on every side lay the sun's skill, like boats of hide, scarcely moving in the sluggish current, - like the great fleets with which You mingle on entering some great. mart, some New York which we are all approaching together. Or else they are slowly moving round in some great eddy which the river makes, where the water is deep and the current is wearing into the bank. How gently each has been deposited on the water! No violence has been used toward them yet. But next the shore, as thick as foam they float, and when you turn your prow that way, list! what a rustling of the crisped waves! Wet grounds about the edges of swamps look dry with them, and many a wet foot you get in consequence.

Consider what a vast crop is thus annually shed upon the earth. This, more than any mere grain or seed, is the great harvest of the year. This annual decay and death, this dying by inches, before the whole tree at last lies down and turns to soil. As trees shed their leaves, so deer their horns, and men their hair or nails. The year's great crop. I am more interested in it than in the English grass alone or in the corn. It prepares the virgin mould for future cornfields on which the earth fattens. They teach us how to die. How many flutterings before they rest quietly in their graves! A myriad wrappers for germinating seeds. By what subtle chemistry they will mount up again, climbing by the sap in the trees. The ground is all parti-colored with them.

For beautiful variety can any crop be compared with them? The dogwood (poison sumach) blazing its sins as scarlet, the early-blushing maple, the rich chrome (?) yellow of the poplar, the mulberry ash, the brilliant red huckleberry with which the hills' backs are painted like sheep's, - not merely the plain flavidness of corn, but all the colors of the rainbow. The salmon-colored oaks, etc., etc. The frost touches them, and, with the slightest breath of day or jarring of earth's axle, see in what showers they come floating down, at the first earnest touch of autumn's wand. They stoop to rise, to mount higher in coming years by subtler chemistry, and the sapling's first fruits, thus shed, transmuted at last, may adorn its crown, when, in after years, it has become the monarch of the forest. [Excursions, pages 265, 270; Riv. 324-331.]

Yesterday, toward night, gave Sophia and mother a sail as far as the Battle-Ground. One-eyed John Goodwin, the fisherman, was loading into a hand-cart and conveying home the piles of driftwood which of late he had collected with his boat. It was a beautiful evening, and a clear amber sunset lit up all the eastern shores; and that man's employment, so simple and direct, - though lie is regarded by most as a vicious character, -whose whole motive was so easy to fathom, - thus to obtain his winter's wood, - charmed me unspeakably. So much do we love actions that are simple. They are all poetic. We, too, would fain be so employed. So unlike the pursuits of most men, so artificial or complicated. Consider how the broker collects his winter's wood, what sport he makes of it, what is his boat and hand-cart! Postponing instant life, he makes haste to Boston in the cars, and there deals in stocks, not quite relishing his employment, — and so earns the money with which he buys his fuel. And when, by chance, I meet him about this indirect and complicated business, I am not struck with the beauty of his employment. It does not harmonize with the sunset. How much more the former consults his genius, some genius at any rate! Now I should love to get my fuel so, - I have got some so,- but though I may be glad to have it, I do not love to get it in any other way less simple and direct. For if I buy one necessary of life, I cheat myself to some extent, I deprive myself of the pleasure, the inexpressible joy, which is the unfailling reward of satisfying any want of our nature simply and truly.

No *trade* is simple, but artificial and complex. It postpones life and substitutes death. It goes against the grain. If the first generation does not die of it, the third or fourth does. In face of all statistics, I will never believe that it is the descendants of tradesmen who keep the state alive, but of simple yeomen or laborers. This, indeed, statistics say of the city reinforced by the country. The oldest, wisest politician grows not more human so, but is merely a gray wharf rat at last. He makes a habit of disregarding the moral right and wrong for the legal or political, commits a slow suicide, and thinks to recover by retiring on to a farm at last. This simplicity it is, and the vigor it imparts, that enables the simple vagabond, though he does get drunk and is sent to the house of correction so often, to hold up his head among men.

“If I go to Boston every day and sell tape from morning till night,” says the merchant (which we will admit is not a beautiful action), “some time or other I shall be able to buy the best of fuel without stint.” Yes, but not the pleasure of picking it up by the riverside, which, I may say, is of more value than the warmth it yields, for it but keeps the vital heat in us that we may repeat such pleasing exercises. It warms us twice, axed the first warmth is the most wholesome and memorable, compared with which the other is mere coke. It is to give no account of my employment to say that I cut wood to keep me from freezing, or cultivate beans to keep me from starving. Oh, no, the greatest value of these labors is received before the wood is teamed home, or the beans are harvested (or winnowed from it). Goodwin stands on the solid earth. The earth looks solider under him, and for such as he no *political* economies, with *their* profit and loss, supply and demand, need ever be written, for they will need to use no policy. As for the complex ways of living, I love them not, however much I practice them. In as many places as possible, I will get my feet clown to the earth. There is no secret in his trade, more than in the sun's. It is no mystery how he gets his living; no, not even when he steals it. But there is less double-dealing in his living than in your trade. Goodwin is a most constant fisherman. He must well know the taste of pickerel by this time. He will fish, I would not venture to say how many days in succession. When I can remember to have seen him fishing almost daily for some time, if it rains, I am surprised on looking out to see him slowly wending his way to the river in his oilcloth coat, with his basket and pole. I saw him the other day fishing in the middle

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of the stream, the day after I had seen him fishing on the shore, while by a kind of magic I sailed by him; and he said he was catching minnow for bait in the winter. When I was twenty rods off, he held up a pickerel that weighed two and a half pounds, which he had forgot to show me before, and the next morning, as he afterward told me, he caught one that weighed three pounds. If it is ever necessary to appoint a committee on fish-ponds and pickerel, let him be one of them. Surely he is tenacious of life, hard to scale.

October 28, Friday: [Robert Schumann](#)'s article "Neue Bahnen," extolling the virtues of the unheralded [Johannes Brahms](#) appeared in [Neue Zeitschrift für Musik](#), offering Brahms as "one of the elect."

At the Schumann home in Düsseldorf, Joseph Joachim and Clara Schumann performed the 1st movement of a violin sonata written by Albert Dietrich, a scherzo by [Johannes Brahms](#), and an intermezzo and finale by Robert Schumann.

Pépito, an opéra-comique by Jacques Offenbach to words of Monaux and Battu, was performed for the initial time, in Paris's Variétés.

The [Reverend William Ingraham Kip](#) had been nominated by his old friend Bishop Wainwright to be the Episcopal missionary bishop to [California](#). On this day he was consecrated by Bishops Jackson Kemper, Alfred Lee, and William Jones Boone.

James Munroe & Company returned the 706 unbound, unsold copies of [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#) from the printing of 1,000, providing [Henry Thoreau](#)'s attic chamber with an instant library.⁹²



Oct. 28. Rain in the night and this morning, preparing for winter.

We noticed in a great many places the narrow paths by which the moose came down to the river, and sometimes, where the bank was steep and somewhat clayey, they had slid down it. The holes made by their feet in the soft bottom in shallow water are visible for a long time. Joe told me that, though they shed their horns annually, each new pair has an additional prong. They are sometimes used as an ornament in front entries, for a hat-tree (to hang hats on). Cedar bark appeared to be their commonest string.

.....

These first beginnings of commerce on a lake in the wilderness are very interesting, — these larger white birds that come to keep company with the gulls, — if they only carry a few cords of wood across the lake.

.....

Just saw in the garden, in the drizzling rain, little sparrow-sized birds flitting about amid the dry cornstalks and the weeds, — one, quite slaty with black streaks and a bright-yellow crown and rump, which I think is the yellow-crowned warbler, but most of the other, much more brown, with yellowish breasts and no yellow on crown to be observed, which I think the young of the same. One flew up fifteen feet and caught an insect. They uttered a faint *chip*. Some of the rest were sparrows. I did not get good sight of the last. I suspect the former may be my *tull-hulls* of the Moosehead Carry. (Annotation: "No, they were.")

For a year or two past, my *publisher*, falsely so called, has been writing from time to time to ask what disposition should be made of the copies of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers" still on hand, and at last suggesting that he had use for the room they occupied in his cellar. So I had them all sent to me here, and they have arrived to-day by express, filling the man's wagon, — 706 copies out of an edition of 1000 which I bought of Munroe four years ago and have been ever since paying for, and have not quite paid for yet. The wares are sent to me at last, and I have an opportunity to examine my purchase. They are something more substantial than fame, as my back knows, which has borne them up two flights of stairs to a place similar to that to which they trace their origin. Of the remaining two hundred and ninety and odd, seventy-five were given away, the rest sold. I have now a library of nearly nine hundred volumes, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself. Is it not well that the author should behold the fruits of his labor? My works are piled up on one side of my chamber half as high as my head, my *opera omnia*. This is authorship; these are the work of my brain. There was just one piece of good luck in the venture. The unbound were tied up by the printer four years ago in stout paper wrappers, and inscribed, —

92. "Of all the ways of acquiring books, writing them oneself is regarded as the most praiseworthy method." —Walter Benjamin, "Unpacking My Library: A talk about Book Collecting," page 61 in ILLUMINATIONS (NY: Schocken, 1969).



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H.D. Thoreau's
Concord River
50 cops.

So Munroe had only to cross out "River" and write "Mass." and deliver them to the expressman at once. I can see now what I write for, the result of my labors.

Nevertheless, in spite of this result, sitting beside the inert mass of my works, I take up my pen to-night to record what thought or experience I may have had, with as much satisfaction as ever. Indeed, I believe that this result is more inspiring and better for me than if a thousand lead bought my wares. It affects my privacy less and leaves me freer. [Channing, page 84.]

November 3, Thursday: When lawyer-publisher-adventurer William Walker arrived in La Paz, Baja California with 45 followers from San Francisco he proclaimed Baja California to be the Republic of Lower California and immediately moved the capital to Ensenada.

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[Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed, for Amos and Noah Wheeler, some property near the north part of Nut Meadow Brook on Sudbury and Old Marlborough Roads.



Nov. 3. 6.30 A.M. — To Swamp Bridge Brook by river.

Considerable thin mist, high as two houses.

Just as the sun is rising, many undoubtedly of the same white-in-tail sparrows [**Vesper Sparrow**  *Pooecetes gramineus*] described four pages back are flying high over my head west and northwest, above the thin mist, perchance to where they see the sun on the wood-side; with that peculiar shelly note. I think it was the 27th October I saw a goldfinch. There are two or three tree sparrows flitting and hopping along amid the alders and willows, with their fine silvery *tchip*, unlike the dry loud chip of the song sparrow.

The *Aster puniceus* by brook is still common, though the worse for the wear, — low and more recent ones, — so that this, though a week ago it was less prevalent, must be set down as later than the *A. undulatus*. It beaus the frosts much better, though it has been exposed to more severe ones from its position. And with this must be included that smooth and narrower-leaved kind, in other respects the same, one of which, at least, I think I have called *A. longifolius*. They seem to run into each other. I am inclined to think it a smoother *A. longifolius*.

Now is the time to observe the radical leaves of many plants, which put forth with springlike vigor and sure so unlike the others with which we are familiar that it is sometimes difficult to identify them. What is that huge circular green and reddish one, flat in the grass of upland which I have seen for a fortnight? [It is the great primrose. There are none (but by chance) about the base of this year's stalks, *i.e.* perhaps unless there is an offshoot.]



I love to see a man occasionally from whom the usnea will hang as naturally as from a spruce. Cultivation exterminates the pine, but preserves the elm. Our front-yard evergreens are puny and trimmed up.

Heard a bluebird about a week ago.

There are very few phenomena which can be described indifferently as occurring at different seasons of the year, for they will occur with some essential difference.

P. M. — To Ministerial Swamp.

A warm westerly wind, the sky concealed and a storm gathering. A sober, cloudy afternoon. To-day I see yarrow, very bright; red clover; autumnal dandelion; the silvery potentilla, and one *Canadensis* and the *Norvegica*; and a dandelion; *Veronica arvensis*; and gnawel; one *Aster laevis* (!) by the Hosmer Ditch; and, to my surprise, that solidago of September 11th, still showing some fresh yellow petals and a very fresh stem and leaves. It must be later than the *speciosa*, and this makes me doubt if it can be the *strictor*. It has a very angled stem and erect narrow pyramidal corymb. Also *S. nemoralis* by roadside. This, though it was not so prevalent as the *S. caesia* three weeks ago, is still to be seen, while I have not seen the other for some days. It may outlast



it, as the *A. puniceus* does the *A. undulatus*, though, by the way, I saw a very fresh *A. undulatus* this afternoon. I hear a few crickets and locusts (?) and see a very small brown beetle. The thistle radical leaves and fragrant everlasting not to be forgotten. Perhaps I have made the everlastings too late! A small gyrenid in Nut Meadow Brook. Since the change and fall of the leaf a remarkable prominence is given to the evergreens; their limits are more distinctly defined as you look at distant woods, since the leaves of deciduous trees ceased to be green and fell. Very small pollywogs in pools, one and a half or two inches long. I see many white pine cones fallen and open, with a few seeds still in them. The cones of the spruce are nearly empty, hanging downward; [Probably old ones.] those of the larch are also open, but, being upright, appear to have a few more seeds in them. I make it my business to extract from Nature whatever nutriment she can furnish me, though at the risk of endless iteration. I milk the sky and the earth. The potamogeton seeds in Nut Meadow Brook have partly the stem. I hear the sound of the woodchopper's axe.

November 8, Tuesday: When a fireman was arrested, members of Crescent Engine Co. No. 10 of San Francisco fought the police.

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Nov. 8. Mayweed and shepherd's-purse.

10 A.M. — Our first snow, the wind southerly, the air chilly and moist; a very fine snow, looking like a mist toward the woods or horizon, which at 2 o'clock has not whitened the ground. The children greet it with a shout when they come out at recess.

P. M. To riverside as far down as near Peter's, to look at the water-line before the snow covers it. By Merrick's pasture it is mainly a fine, still more or less green, thread-like weed or grass of the river bottom (?), sedges, utricularias (that coarse one especially, whose name I am not sure of, with tassels (?)), (*Utricularia vulgaris*?) yellow water ranunculus, potamogeton's translucent leaves, a few flags and pontederia stems. By Peter's there was much of that coarse triangular cellular stem mentioned yesterday as sparganium (?). I would not have thought it so common. There is not so much meadow grass or hay as I expected, for that has been raked and carried off. The pads, too, have wasted away and the pontederias' leaves, and the stems of the last for the most part still adhere to the bottom.

Three larks [**Eastern Meadowlark**  *Sturnella magna*] rise from the sere grass on Minott's Hill before me, the white of their outer tail-feathers very conspicuous, reminding me of arctic snowbirds by their size and form also. The snow begins to whiten the plowed ground now, but it has not overcome the russet of the grass ground. Birds generally wear the russet dress of nature at this season. They have their fall no less than the plants; the bright tints depart from their foliage or feathers, and they flit past like withered leaves in rustling flocks. The sparrow is a withered leaf.

The *Stellaria media* still blooms in Cheney's garden, and the shepherd's[-purse] looks even fresher. This must be near the end of the flower season. Perchance I heard the last cricket of the season yesterday. They chirp here and there at longer and longer intervals, till the snow quenches their song. And the last striped squirrel, too, perchance, yesterday. They, then, do not go into winter quarters till the ground is covered with snow.

The partridges [**Ruffed Grouse**  *Bonasa umbellus* (Partridge)] go off with a whir, and then sail a long way level and low through the woods with that impetus they have got, displaying their neat forms perfectly.

The yellow larch leaves still hold on, — later than those of any of our pines.

I noticed the other day a great tangled and netted mass of an old white pine root lying upon the surface, nearly a rod across and two feet or more high, too large even to be turned up for a fence. It suggested that the roots of trees would be an interesting study. There are the small thickly interwoven roots of the swamp white oaks on the Assabet.

At evening the snow turned to rain, and the sugaring soon disappeared.



November 14, Monday: Folsom Street was opened in San Francisco, as a planked road (this had been constructed by the San Francisco and Mission Dolores Plank Road Company).

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Nov. 14. Methinks I have not seen any of those white-in-tail birds for a week (?); but I see a little sparrow or two to-day, maybe a song sparrow? Mallows still in bloom, and hedge-mustard.

P.M. — To Annursnack and Cedar Swamp.

There is a clear air and a strong northwest wind drying up the washed earth after the heavy rain of yesterday. The road looks smooth and white as if washed and swept. It is surprising how rapidly our sandy soil dries up. We walls dry-shod the day after a rain which raises the river three feet. I am struck by the dark blue of the



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agitated river.

Saw yarrow apparently just opened and tansy still fresh, but the fringed gentian in P. Barrett's meadow has long since withered. It falls before the first severe frosts. It is remarkable how short a career it has, in our meadows at least. Its stem and leaves never conspicuous, it is not to be detected at all, perhaps, before the middle of September, and by about the middle of October with us it has already succumbed to the frosts. It came very near not being an inhabitant of our latitude, perhaps our globe, at all. The witch-hazel lasts much longer. However, I have seen it in November on a high hillside in Weston. When the flower season is over, when the great company of flower-seekers have ceased their search, this just raises its blue face above the withering grass beside the brooks for a moment, having at the eleventh hour made up its mind to join this planet's floral exhibition. [Excursions, page 251; Riv. 307.]

I climb Annursnack. Under this strong wind more dry oak leaves are rattling down. All winter is their fall. A distinction is to be made between those trees whose leaves fall as soon as the bright autumnal tints are gone and they are withered and those whose leaves are rustling and falling all winter even into spring.

October is the month of painted leaves, of ripe leaves, when all the earth, not merely flowers, but fruits and leaves, are ripe. With respect to its colors and its season, it is the sunset month of the year, when the earth is painted like the sunset sky. This rich glow flashes round the world. This light fades into the clear, white, leafless twilight of November, and whatever more glowing sunset or Indian summer we have then is the afterglow of the year. [Channing, page 105.] In October the man is ripe even to his stalk and leaves; he is pervaded by his genius, when all the forest is a universal harvest, whether he possesses the enduring color of the pines, which it takes two years to ripen and wither, or the brilliant color of the deciduous trees, which fade the first fall.

From this hill I am struck with the smoothness and washed appearance of all the landscape. All these russet fields and swells look as if the withered grass had been combed by the flowing water. Not merely the sandy roads, but the fields are swept. All waters — the rivers and ponds and swollen brooks — and many new ones are now seen through the leafless trees — are blue as indigo, reservoirs of dark indigo amid the general russet and reddish-brown and gray. [Channing, page 108.]

October answers to that period in the life of man when he is no longer dependent on his transient moods, when all his experience ripens into wisdom, but every root, branch, leaf of him glows with maturity. What he has been and done in his spring and summer appears. He bears his fruit.

Now for the bare branches of the oak woods, where hawks have nested and owls perched, the sinews of the trees, and the prattling (?) of the wind in their midst. For, now their leaves are off, they've bared their arms, thrown off their coats, and, in the attitude of fencers, await the onset of the wind, to box or wrestle with it. Such high winds would have done much Harm six weeks ago. The top of Annursnack has been burned, and sown with winter rye, and the green blade contrasts with the black ground there. It is the most conspicuous radical leaf.

Went through the white cedar swamp. There are white cedars, larch (now bare), spruce, etc.; cedars two feet through, the only ones I know in Concord. It was here were cut the cedar posts which Alcott put into Emerson's summer-house. They could not be spared even for that. It is a stout tree here, tapering with singular abruptness. Its small flattish leaves, dispersed crosswise and at other or different angles with each other, give it a peculiarly light, fantastic look. Myriads of little ones are springing in the more open parts of the swamp. They are turned a reddish green now. The large trees have a very rough bark, regularly furrowed perpendicularly, and a bright-yellow resin between the furrows. I find that the inner bark makes a good lye. Is this used by the Indians? Methinks these are flower-buds which are formed at the ends of the leafless and will open early in the spring. This swamp must be visited in midsummer. You see great shelf-shaped fungi, handsomely buttressed and perfectly horizontal, on the under side of slanting dead trees, at different stages one above another. Do lichens or fungi grow on you? Sometimes the one side of a man is pasture for fungi while the other is clothed with lichens, he being partially rotten.

Our arbor-vitas cones are full of broadly winged seeds.

6.30 P.M. — To Baker Farm by boat.

It is full moon, and a clear night, with a strong northwest wind; so C. and I must have a sail by moonlight. The river has risen surprisingly, to a spring height, owing to yesterday's rain, higher than before since spring. We sail rapidly upward. The river apparently, almost actually, as broad as the Hudson. Venus remarkably bright, just ready to set. Not a cloud in the sky, only the stars here and there, and from time to time a meteor. The waters washes against our bows with the same sound that one hears against a vessel's prow by night on the ocean. If you had waked up here, you would not know at first but you were there. The shore-lines are concealed; you look seemingly over an almost boundless waste of waters on either hand. The hills are dark, vast, lumpish. Some near, familiar hill appears as a distant bold mountain, for its base is indefinitely removed. It is very pleasant to make our way thus rapidly but mysteriously over the black waves, black as ink and dotted with round foam-spots with a long moonlight sheen on one side — to make one's way upward thus over the waste of waters, not knowing where you are exactly, only avoiding shores. The stars are few and faint in this bright light. How well they wear! C. thought a man could still get along with them who was considerably reduced in his circumstances, that they were a kind of bread and cheese that never failed. [Excursions, page 328; Riv. pages 403, 404] Fair Haven Hill never looked more grand and mountain-like than now that all its side is dark and we only see its bold outline at an indefinite distance. Under the lee of the Holden wood we found unexpectedly smooth and pleasant



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water and stillness, where we heard the wind roar behind us. The night is cool and not damp, and methinks you can be abroad with more impunity than in summer nights even. The walls on Conantum are merely black streaks, inky lines running over the hill. The wind goes down somewhat. The features of the landscape are simpler and lumped. We have the moon with a few stars above, a waste of black, dashing waves around, reflecting the moon's sheen on one side, and the distant shore in dark swelling masses, dark floating isles between the water and the sky, on either hand. Moored our boat under Fair Haven Hill. The light is so strong that colors of objects are not much changed from the day. The water seen from the hill is still blue, and the fields are russet. How can we omit to go forth on the water these windy days and nights, to be tossed by the waves? It is some such novelty to a landsman as an earthquake. To take the hand of Nature and be shaken. Heard one cricket to-night.

November 17, Thursday: [Johannes Brahms](#) arrived in Leipzig to find that city all atwitter about “the new genius” whose arrival had been trumpeted by Schumann’s article “Neue Bahnen.”

Street signs were authorized to be placed at San Francisco, California intersections.

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Nov. 17. I notice that many plants about this season Of the year or earlier, after they have died down at top, put forth fresh and conspicuous radical leaves against another spring. So some human beings in the November of their dabs exhibit some fresh radical greenness, which, though the frosts may soon nip it, indicates and confirms their essential vitality. When their summer leaves have faded and fallen, they put forth fresh radical leaves which sustain the life in their root still, against a new spring. The dry fields have for a long time been spotted with the small radical leaves of the fragrant life-everlasting, not to mention the large primrose, johnswort, etc., etc. And almost every plant, although it may show no greenness above ground, if you dig about it, will be found to have fresh shoots already pointing upward and ready to burst forth in the spring. Are not more birds crushed under the feet of oxen than of horses?

November 20, Sunday: The Russian fleet destroyed a Turkish squadron in the harbor of Sinope.

During this night an earthquake was felt in San Francisco (there had been more than 30 shocks since January).

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[Henry Thoreau](#) referred in his journal to an anonymous article “Does the Dew Fall?” that was appearing in [Harper’s New Monthly Magazine](#) for September, that he was currently perusing:⁹³

“DOES THE DEW FALL?”

93. It is presumably safe to infer from such a reference, and from the fact that we also know that Thoreau read an article in the August issue, that an omnivorous reader such as himself would have been familiar with the contents of all the issues of [Harper’s Magazine](#) from June to November of this year at least — and therefore all the contents of this particular series of issues of this particular monthly magazine that have come to be bound together as “Volume VII” will be included in this Kouroo Contecture.

- HARPER’S FOR JUNE ’53
- HARPER’S FOR JULY ’53
- HARPER’S FOR AUG ’53
- HARPER’S FOR SEP ’53
- HARPER’S FOR OCT ’53
- HARPER’S FOR NOV ’53

Nov. 20. 7.30 A.M. — To Hubbard's meadow, cranberrying. Still quite warm as yesterday. I wear no greatcoat. There has been no freezing in the night. I hear a single hylodes in the wood by the water, while I am raking the cranberries. This warmth has aroused him. While raking, I disturbed two bullfrogs, one quite small. These, too, the warm weather has perhaps aroused. They appear rather stupid. Also I see one painted tortoise, but with no bright markings. Do they fade? I observe on some muskrat-cabins much of that bleached and withered long grass, strewn as if preparatory to raising them, for almost all are covered with water now. It apparently is used as a binder. I find, washed up with the cranberries and also floating over the meadow and about the cabins, many fragments of a root, often with that green, somewhat pellucid, roundish pad attached. This appears to be the muskrats' principal vegetable food now. It is not flagroot, but either yellow lily, pontederia, white lily, — or can it be heart-leaf root? The shore is so reddened with cranberries that I perceive them fifteen rods off, tingeing it. Many of them being frost-bitten, they have now the pleasant taste of spring cranberries, which many prefer. They, as well as the wreck generally, are covered, as if peppered, with the skipping snow-fleas. In the wreck I find also the common little trumpet-shaped cockle, and some caddis-worms out of their cases. There is an abundance of chaff, *i. e.* broken meadow-grass and cranberry leaves, in it now.

Minott said he heard geese going south at daybreak the 17th, before he came out of the house, and heard and saw another large flock at 10 A.M. Those I heard this afternoon were low and far in the western horizon. I did [not] distinctly see them, but heard them farther and farther in the southwest, the sound of one which did the honking guiding my eyes. I had seen that a storm was brewing before, and low mists already gathered in the northeast. It rained soon after I got home. The 18th was also a drizzling day. Methinks the geese are wont to go south just before a storm, and, in the spring, to go north just after one, say at the end of a long April storm. I have not seen any tree sparrows of late, nor white-in-tails. Would it not be worth the while while to flood a cranberry meadow just before the frosts come, and so preserve them plump and fresh till spring? I once came near speculating in cranberries. Being put to it to raise the wind to pay for "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," and having occasion to go to New York to peddle some [pencils](#) which I had made, as I passed through Boston I went to Quincy Market and inquired the price of cranberries. The dealers took me down cellar, asked if I wanted wet or dry, and showed me them. I gave them to understand that I might want an indefinite quantity. It made a slight sensation among them and for aught I know raised the price of the berry for a time. I then visited various New York packets and was told what would be the freight, on deck and in the hold, and one skipper was very anxious for my freight. When I got to New York, I again visited the markets as a purchaser, and "the best of Eastern Cranberries" were offered me by the barrel at a cheaper rate than I could buy them in Boston. I was obliged to manufacture a thousand dollars' worth of pencils and slowly dispose of and finally sacrifice them, in order to pay an assumed debt of a hundred dollars.

What enhances my interest in dew — I am thinking of the summer — is the fact that it is so distinct from rain, formed most abundantly after bright, starlit nights, a product especially of the clear, serene air. The manna of fair weather; the upper side of rain, as the country above the clouds. That nightly rain called dew, which gathers and falls in so low a stratum that our heads tower above it like mountains in an ordinary shower. It only consists with comparatively fair weather above our heads. Those warm volumes of air, forced high up the hillsides in summer nights, are driven thither to drop their dew there, like kine to their yards to be milked; that the moisture they hold may be condensed and so dew formed before morning on the tops of the hills. A writer in *Harper's Magazine* (vol. vii, page 505) says that the mist at evening does not rise, "but gradually forms higher up in the air." He calls it the moisture of the air become visible. Says there is most dew in clear nights, because clouds prevent the cooling down of the air; they radiate the heat of the earth back to it; and that a strong wind, by keeping the air in motion, prevents its heat from passing off. Therefore, I proceed, for a plentiful dew it must not only be clear but calm. The above writer says bad conductors of heat have always most dew on them, and that wool or swan's-down is "good for experimenting on the quantity of dew falling," — weight before and after. Thinks it not safe to walk in clear nights, especially after midnight, when the dew is most abundantly forming; better in cloudy nights, which are drier. Also thinks it not prudent to venture out until the sun begins to rise and warms the air. But methinks this prudence begets a tenderness that will catch more cold at noonday than the opposite hardness at midnight.

November 21, Monday: Jerome Van Crowninshield Smith wrote to the Citizen's Union, accepting its having nominated him to be Mayor of Boston.

San Francisco experienced yet another earthquake shock.

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Cassius M. Clay wrote from Cincinnati, Ohio in response to an invitation from [WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON](#), President of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and from [WENDELL PHILLIPS](#), Edmund Quincy, and Sydney Howard Gay, Secretaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society, that he address their annual convention at Boston:



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Gentlemen:

Your kind letter of the 10th inst., inviting me to attend the Twentieth Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, is received. I should be proud to be with the pioneers of the cause of Liberty, on such a day, did time allow; but it does not. There is something significant in your going South. You have "conquered a peace" in Boston. When you were driven from New York, a few years ago, you immediately came in close sympathy with a large class of stern men and women, who before stood aloof in their countenance of your movement. New York is now won; and Philadelphia must now determine whether gracefully, or no, she will submit to the unconquerable truth, and the progress of the age! You are right when you class me with those who contend for "the speedy and eternal overthrow of Slavery in our land, by all rightful instrumentalities." I value it above all other questions. You fight outside of the Union; I within. So long as we agree in purpose, we will agree to disagree in the means. I love "the Union" as much as the "Silver Grays" or Southern canters; but I love it not for itself. I love it as the means to an end. I love it as the exponent and conservator of the principles of man's equality and self-government. I love it as the legacy of fathers who avowed that government had only its authority from the consent of the governed. I love it as the guardian also of religious liberty, and the true Christianity—that religion is between man and his god, and that no man can rightfully, in this respect, exercise censorship over others. I love the Union as the banner-bearer of the aspirants of Freedom of all lands and nations—lovely in order to be loved. But when it fails in these "glorious" ends—and in these only "glorious"—then, say I, let it perish for ever!

And as I thus love it, I shall make eternal war upon all those canting scoundrels, whether in Church or State, who would pervert its true prestige to the retainment of Slavery, and its extension and perpetuity. I return the war of lynchers and "respectable" mobs! I return the war of those, however powerful, whose main business it is in these States to "crush out Abolitionism!" I return the war of those who would, by sermons, tracts, or literature, aid the reaction of anti-revolutionary avowals. I return the war of those, who, under the hallowed names of Democracy and Republicanism, stand by foreign despotisms, and who, amid blood and prisons, bear banners described with "law and order!" I return the war of the supreme Courts of the United States, who, under the pretence of devotion to law, pervert every principle of justice; of the President, of the slave Power, and of a servile congress! With a manly heart, which may be beaten down, but never conquered, I shall stand by you and all true men; and my voice shall ever be, "Don't give up the ship."

I am, truly, your friend, C.M. Clay



Nov. 21. A five misty rain all night and to-day.

Raking so many cranberries has made me quite conversant with the materials of the river wreck. There are many middle-sized living black dor-bugs in it, as well as bugle-horn shells, as I find on washing out my cranberries in the kitchen to-day. I have got about two and a half bushels of clear cranberries, and added those of Saturday afternoon makes about three and a half. I find my best way of getting cranberries is to go forth in time of flood, just before the water begins to fall and after strong winds, and, choosing the thickest places, let one, With an instrument like a large coarse dung-fork, hold down the floating grass and other coarser part of the wreck mixed with [it], while another, with as common iron garden rake, rakes them into the boat, there being just enough



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chaff left to enable you to get them into the boat, yet with little water. When I get them home, I filled a half-bushel basket a quarter full and set it in a tub of water, and, stirring the cranberries, the coarser part of the chaff was held beneath by the berries rising to the top. Then, raising the basket, draining it, and upsetting it into as bread-trough, the main part of the chaff fell uppermost and was cast aside. Then, draining off the water, I jarred the cranberries alternately to this end and then to that of the trough, each time removing the fine chaff — cranberry leaves and bits of grass — which adhered to the bottom, on the principle of gold-washing, except that the gold was what was thrown away, and finally I spread and dried and winnowed them. It would have been better if the basket had been a very coarse riddle and the trough had had a rough bottom.

The last two nights, at least, there has been no freezing.

Is not the dew but a humbler, gentler rain, the nightly rain, above which we raise our heads and unobstructedly behold the stars? The mountains are giants which tower above the rain, as we above the dew in the grass; it only wets their feet.

December 1, Thursday: In [Concord](#), [Henry Thoreau](#) heard [Waldo Emerson](#) lecture on “The Anglo-American.”

[THE LIST OF LECTURES](#)

At about this point [Bronson Alcott](#) began to return to the East from [Cincinnati, Ohio](#), lecturing as he came.

Charles P. Duane was elected Fire Chief Engineer of San Francisco.

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La fuite en Egypte, a mystère ancien for tenor, chorus and orchestra by Hector Berlioz to his own words, was performed completely for the initial time, in Leipzig conducted by the composer. A young pianist-composer named [Johannes Brahms](#) was in the audience.



December 1: To Cliffs.

We may infer that every withered culm of grass or sedge, or weed that still stands in the fields, answers some purpose by standing.

Those trees and shrubs which retain their withered leaves through the winter – shrub oaks and young white, red, and black oaks, the lower branches of larger trees of the last-mentioned species, hornbeam, etc., and young hickories – seem to form an intermediate class between deciduous and evergreen trees. They may almost be called the ever-reds. Their leaves, which are falling all winter long, serve as a shelter to rabbits and partridges [[Ruffed Grouse](#) [Bonasa umbellus](#) (Partridge)] and other winter quadrupeds and birds. Even the little chickadees love to skulk amid them and peep out from behind them. I hear their faint, silvery, lispings notes, like tinkling glass, and occasionally a sprightly *day-day-day*, as they inquisitively hop nearer and nearer to me. They are our most honest and innocent little bird, drawing yet nearer to us as the winter advances, and deserve best of any of the walker.



December 11, Sunday: Great Britain annexed Nagpur, one of the Maratha States in India.

Amidst a very successful round of concertizing in Leipzig, [Hector Berlioz](#) was at a dinner to celebrate his 50th birthday. He was asked “Why don’t you speak German, M. Berlioz? It should be your language—you were German.”

A light earthquake was experienced in San Francisco and at the Mission Dolores.

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December 11. P.M. —To Heywood’s Pond and up brook.

Almost a complete Indian-summer day, clear and warm. I am without greatcoat. Channing says he saw larks yesterday, a painted tortoise day before yesterday under ice at White Pond, and a ground-robin (?) last week. We find Heywood’s Pond frozen five inches thick. There have been some warm suns on it, and it is handsomely marbled. I find, on looking closely, that there is an indistinct and irregular crack or cleavage in the middle of



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each dark mark, and I have no doubt the marbling is produced thus, viz., the pond, at first all dark cracks under a change of temperature, it is expanded and cracked in a thousand directions, and at the same time it gradually grows white as the air-bubbles expand, but wherever there is a crack in it, it interferes with the rays of heat, and the ice for a short distance on each side of it retains its original color. The forms into which the ice first cracks under a higher temperature determine the character of the marbling. This pond is bordered on the northeast with much russet sedge (?) grass beneath the bushes, and the sun, now falling on the ice, seems to slide or glance off into this grass and light it up wonderfully, filling it with yellowish light. This ice being whitened and made partially opaque by heat, while the surface is quite smooth, perhaps from new freezings then, it reflects the surrounding trees, their forms and colors, distinctly like water. The white air-bubbles are the quicksilver on the back of the mirror.

R.W.E. told me that W.H. Channing conjectured that the landscape looked fairer when we turned our heads, because we beheld it with nerves of the eye unused before. Perhaps this reason is worth more for suggestion than explanation. It occurs to me that the reflection of objects in still water is in a similar manner fairer than the substance, and yet we do not employ unused nerves to behold it. Is it not that we let much more light into our eyes, — which in the usual position are shaded by the brows, — in the first case by turning them more to the sky, and in the case of the reflections by having the sky placed under our feet? i.e. in both cases we see terrestrial objects with the sky or heavens for a background or field. Accordingly they are not dark and terrene, but lit and elysian.

Saw a mink at Clamshell Hill on ice. They show the back in swimming.

December 19, Monday: Cornelius Yager of Santa Clara deeded of one square foot of land and right of way to the Pacific and Atlantic Rail Road Company for construction of a railroad from San Jose to San Francisco.

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Sometime after the incident of the spading competition, [Michael Flannery](#) had quit working for Abiel H. Wheeler and become a field laborer instead for Elijah Wood. At this point he discussed this new job with [Henry Thoreau](#) and told of his continuing efforts to get his family from Ireland. That evening Thoreau wrote to [H.G.O. Blake](#):

An Irishman came to see me to-day, who is endeavoring to get his family out to this New World. He rises at half past four, milks twenty-eight cows (which has swollen the joints of his fingers), and eats his breakfast, without any milk in his tea or coffee, before six; and so on, day after day, for six and a half dollars a month; and thus he keeps his virtue in him, if he does not add to it; and he regards me as a gentleman able to assist him; but if I ever get to be a gentleman, it will be by working after my fashion harder than he does.

THOREAU ON THE IRISH

From this day into December 21st, Thoreau would be surveying a Corner Spring woodlot that James P. Brown was selling to William Wheeler, which was cut in 1853-1854. (Brown lived near Nut Meadow Brook, and according to the Concord Town Report for 1851-1852, Thoreau had laid out a town road near his house and had been paid \$4.⁰⁰ for this by the town.)

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

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

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

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



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http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/13.htm

Thoreau wrote to [Spencer Fullerton Baird](#) in regard to [Louis Agassiz](#)'s American Association for the Advancement of Science, to withdraw his name, pleading that he would be unable to attend meetings and explaining that the kind of science he was attracted to was the science of the Reverend [Gilbert White](#)'s

THE NATURAL HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF SELBORNE

and [Alexander von Humboldt](#)'s

ASPECTS OF NATURE

— as he understood very well that this was bound suitably to render him unattractive to them.⁹⁴

In this letter Thoreau made reference to a poem that had been published anonymously in Punch, or the London Charivari, by [Thomas Hood](#), entitled "[The Song of the Shirt](#)."

In this letter, also, Thoreau made reference to pamphlet of 10 pages of blue paper just put out by the Smithsonian Institution that was going to become part of his personal library, [Spencer Fullerton Baird](#)'s DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING COLLECTIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY, PREPARED FOR THE USE OF THE PARTIES ENGAGED IN THE EXPLORATION OF A ROUTE FOR THE PACIFIC RAILROAD ALONG THE 49TH PARALLEL.

GOD IN CONCORD by Jane Langton © 1992

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*If you are going into that line, —going to besiege
the city of God, —you must not only be strong
in engines, but prepared with provisions to
starve out the garrison.*

Thoreau, Letter to Harrison Blake,
December 19, 1853

Homer took his convictions about Pond View to Police
Chief James Flower.

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Concord Dec 19th 53
Mr Blake,

94. Harding and Bode, CORRESPONDENCE, pages 309-10. He gave quite a different reason for not becoming a member in his JOURNAL: "*The fact is I am a mystic, a transcendentalist, and a natural philosopher to boot.*" Although it has been alleged many times that this reading had great influence on [Henry Thoreau](#), quite frankly I have been unable myself to verify that Thoreau took this species of nature writing as [Waldo Emerson](#) had, with any seriousness.



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My debt has accumulated so that I should have answered your last letter at once, if I had not been the subject of what is called a press of engagements, having a lecture to write for last Wednesday, and surveying more than usual besides. – It has been a kind of running fight with me – the enemy not always behind me, I trust.

True, a man cannot lift himself by his own waist-bands, because he cannot get out of himself, but he can expand himself, (which is better, there being no up nor down in nature) and so split his waist-bands, being already within himself.

You speak of doing & being – & the vanity real or apparent of much doing – The suckers, I think it is they, make nests in our river in the spring of more than a cart-load of small stones, amid which to deposit their ova. The other day I opened a muskrats' house. It was made of weeds, five feet broad at base & 3 feet high, and far and low within it was a little cavity, only a foot in diameter where the rat dwelt. It may seem trivial – this piling up of weeds, but so the race of muskrats is preserved. We must heap up a great pile of doing for a small diameter of being. – Is it not imperative on us that we do something – if we only work in a tread-mill? and, indeed, some sort of revolving is necessary to produce a centre & nucleus of being.

What exercise is to the body – employment is to the mind & morals. Consider what an amount of drudgery must be performed – how much hum-drum & prosaic labor goes to any work of the least value. There are so many layers of mere white lime in every shell to that thin inner one so beautifully tinted. Let not the shell fish think to build his house of that alone; and pray what are its tints to him? Is it not his smooth close-fitting shirt merely? whose tints are not to him, being in the dark, but only when he is gone or dead, and his shell is heaved up to light a wreck upon the beach, do they appear. With him too it is a song of the shirt – “work – work – work” – & this work is not merely a police in the gross sense, but in the higher sense, a discipline. If it is surely the means to the highest end we know, can any work be humble or disgusting? Will it not rather elevate as a ladder – the means by which we are translated?

How admirably the artist is made to accomplish his self culture by devotion to his art! The woodsawyer through his effort to do his work well, becomes not merely a better woodsawyer, but measurably a better man. Few are the men that can work on their navels – only some Brahmens that I have heard of. To the painter is given some paint & canvass instead. – to the Irishman a bog, – typical of himself. – In a thousand apparently humble ways men busy themselves to make some right take the place of some wrong, – if it is only to make a better paste-blackening – and they are themselves so much the better morally for it.

You say that you sit & aspire, but do not succeed much. Does it concern you enough that you do not? Do you work hard enough at it— Do you get the benefit of discipline out of it? If so, persevere. Is it a more serious thing than to walk a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours? Do you get any corns by it? Do you ever think of



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hanging yourself on account of failure?

If you are going into that line – going to besiege the city of God – you must not only be strong in engines – but prepared with provisions to starve out the garrison. An Irishman came to see me today who is endeavoring to get his family out to this New World. He rises at half past 4 & milks 28 cows – (which has swollen the joints of his fingers) & eats his breakfast, without any milk in his tea or coffee, before 6 – & so on day after day for six & a half dollars a month – & thus he keeps his virtue in him – if he does not add to it – & he regards me as a gentleman able to assist him – but if I ever get to be a gentleman, it will be by working after my fashion harder than he does – If my joints are not swollen, it must be because I deal with the teats of celestial cows before break-fast, (and the milker in this case is always allowed some of the milk for his breakfast) to say nothing of the flocks & herds of Admetus afterward.

It is the art of mankind to polish the world, and every one who works is scrubbing in some part.

If the mark is high & far, you must not only aim aright, but draw the bow with all your might. You must qualify your self to use a bow which no humbler archer can bend.

Work – work – work!

Who shall know it for a bow? It is not of yew-tree. It is straighter than a ray of light – flexibility is not known for one of its qualities.

Dec 22nd

So far I had got when I was called off to survey. – Pray read the Life of Haydon the painter – if you have not. It is a small revelation for these latter days – a great satisfaction to know that he has lived – though he is now dead. Have you met with the letter of a Turkish cadi at the end of Layard's "Nineveh & Babylon" that also is refreshing & a capital comment on the whole book which preceeds it – the oriental genius speaking through him.

Those Brahmins put it through, they come off – or rather stand still, conquerors, with some withered arms or legs at least to show – & they are said to have cultivated the faculty of abstraction to a degree unknown to Europeans, – If we cannot sing of faith & triumph – we will sing our despair. We will be that kind of bird. There are day owls & there are night owls – and each is beautiful & even musical while about its business.

Might you not find some positive work to do with your back to Church & State – letting your back do all the rejection of them? Can you not go upon your pilgrimage, Peter, along the winding mountain path whither you face? A step more will make those funereal church bells over your shoulder sound far and sweet as a natural sound

Work – work – work!

Why not make a very large mud pie & bake it in the sun! Only put no church nor state into it, nor upset any other pepper -box that way. – Dig out a wood-chuck for that has nothing to do with rotting institutions – Go ahead.



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*Whether a man spends his day in an extacy or despondency – he must do some work to show for it – even as there are flesh & bones to show for him. We are superior to the joy we experience. Your last 2 letters methinks have more nerve & will in them than usual – as if you had erected yourself more – Why are not they good work – if you only had a hundred correspondents to tax you? Make your failure tragical – by the earnestness & steadfastness of your endeavor – & then it will not differ from success – Prove it to be the inevitable fate of mortals – of one mortal – if you can. You said that you were writing on immortality – I wish you would communicate to me what you know about that – you are sure to live while that is your theme – Thus I write on some text which a sentence of your letters may have furnished. I think of coming to see you as soon as I get a new coat – if I have money enough left – I will write to you again about it.
Henry D. Thoreau*

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 19th]

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December 20, Tuesday, 2PM: The steamer *George Law* left [New-York](#) harbor, bound for Aspinwall on the Isthmus of Panama. The [Reverend William Ingraham Kip](#)'s brother Leonard Kip had already visited [California](#) during the Gold Rush, but by the time Kip would arrive at San Francisco aboard the steamer *Golden Gate*, that brother would have left to return to New-York. He would make the mule-train transit across the Isthmus of Panama accompanied by his wife Maria Elizabeth Lawrence Kip and their younger son William "Willie" Kip, Jr. Initially he was to have only two or three California congregations under his charge, but the Episcopalian population there would soon be on the increase.



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

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December 23, Friday: When the Metropolitan Theater opened on Washington Street in San Francisco, this was the city's 1st theater to be lit by gas.

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At this time a black could be bought on the coast of Africa for 40 duros and then sold on the island for 700 duros, so "negreros" were very willing to risk the established British blockade in order to surreptitiously deposit fresh crops of slaves in the hidden harbors along Cuba's long and broken coastline, at great profit.



INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE

The Marquis Juan de la Pezuela issued the 1st of his several decrees as Captain-General of Cuba: Negroes "known by the name of 'emancipados' are all free"; anyone caught importing any more new African slaves would be heavily fined plus banished from the island for 2 years; all governors and lieutenant governors who failed to advise their Captain General of clandestine landings in their respective provinces would be summarily removed from their offices.



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

December 23-24, Friday and Saturday: The steamer *San Francisco* was wrecked 300 miles out of New-York harbor, but its passengers were rescued:

TIMELINE OF ACCIDENTS

I understand the large hearts of heroes,
 The courage of present times and all times;
 How the skipper saw the crowded and rudderless wreck of the steam-ship,
 and Death chasing it up and down the storm,
 How he knuckled tight and gave not back an inch, and was faithful of days
 and faithful of nights,
 And chalk'd in large letters on a board, *Be of good cheer; We will not desert you;*
 How he saved the drifting company at last,
 How the lank loose-gowned women look'd when boated from the side of



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their prepared graves,
How the silent old-faced infants and the lifted sick, and the sharp-lipp'd
unshaved men;
All this I swallow, it tastes good, I like it well, it becomes mine,
I am the man, I suffer'd, I was there.

— [Walt Whitman](#)

On the stage of [Concord](#)'s Town Hall, Caroline Downes Brooks Hoar set up a [Christmas](#) tree for the children of Concord, decorating it with candles and gifts. 700 children and their teachers formed a semicircle in front of the stage, a hymn was sung — and St. Nicholas appeared. While he addressed the assembly presents were passed out and bags of candy were tossed into the crowd. A box had been prepared for residents of the poor farm, and there were specific gifts for Concord notables such as Josiah Bartlett and Waldo Emerson.

This is the [Christmas](#) season on which Ellen Emerson in boarding school at age 14 had written home to her father Ralph Waldo Emerson and her mother Lidian Emerson, asking for specific presents:

Dear Mother, This is only a despatch about presents which I am writing in haste.... I want presents for nine girls, pretty little ornaments and trifles of that kind are fashionable here.... May I have in my Christmas box some candy of various kinds, some macaroons ... and cocoa-nut cakes and some apples?... Two cakes of "Chocolat Perfectionné", some almond candy, some vanilla cream candy and particularly I want a whole quantity of barley candy....

We note that it is clear from this note what is the state of development of the commercialized [Christmas](#) gift-giving tradition at this point in time: Ellen has received Christmas presents before and expects Christmas presents again, and she is thinking at least primarily of items to be purchased in stores rather than items to be made at home.

Santa Claus, or Saint Nicholas, was definitely a presence by this year, or, at least, he rated a mention in the [New Hampshire Gazette](#):

The genuine New England article for the reception of all the Christmas and New Year's gifts which the good Santa Claus chooses to bestow upon children [is] an article wonderfully characteristic of our thrift and also of our want of poetic taste, ... the woolen stocking, red or blue.... by the least imaginative among the young folks, suspended at the head of the bed, but by those whose intuitive belief in the marvelous is stronger, as near the fireplace as possible, in order to make sure that Saint Nicholas will not overlook it.



December 24. The rain of yesterday concluded with a whitening of snow last evening, the third thus far. Today is cold and quite windy.

P.M. — To the field in Lincoln which I surveyed for Weston the 17th.

Walden almost entirely open again. Skated across Flint's Pond; for the most part smooth but with rough spots where the rain had not melted the snow. From the hill beyond I get an arctic view northwest. The mountains are of a cold slate-color. It is as if they bounded the continent toward Behring's Straits.

In Weston's field, in springy land on the edge of a swamp, I counted thirty-three or four of those large silvery-brown cocoons within a rod or two, and probably there many more about a foot from the ground, commonly on the main stem — though sometimes on a branch close to the stem— of the alder, sweet-fern, brake, etc., etc. The largest are four inches long by two and a half, bag-shaped and wrinkled and partly concealed by dry leaves, — alder, ferns, etc., — attached as if sprinkled over them. This evidence of cunning in so humble a creature is affecting, for I am not ready to refer it to an intelligence which the creature does not share, as much as we do the prerogatives of reason. This radiation of the brain. The bare silvery cocoons would otherwise be too obvious. The worm has evidently said to itself: "Man or some other creature may come by and see my casket. I will disguise it, will hang a screen before it." Brake and sweet-fern and alder leaves are not only loosely sprinkled



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over it and dangling from it, but often, as it were, pasted close upon and almost incorporated into it. Saw Therien yesterday afternoon chopping for Jacob Baker in the rain. I heard his axe half a mile off, and also saw the smoke of his fire, which I mistook for a part of the mist which was drifting about. I asked him where he boarded. At Shannon's. He asked the price of board and said I was a grass boarder, i. e. not a regular one. Asked him what time he started in the morning. The sun was up when he got out of the house that morning. He heard Flint's Pond whooping like cannon the moment he opened the door, but sometimes he could see stars after he got to his chopping-ground. He was working with his coat off in the rain. He said he often saw gray squirrels running about and jumping from tree to tree. There was a large nest of leaves close by. That morning he saw a large bird of some kind. He took a French paper to keep himself in practice,—not for news; he said he did n't want news. He had got twenty-three or twenty-four of them, had got them bound and paid a dollar for it, and would like to have me see it. He had n't read it half; there was a great deal of reading in it, by gorry. He wanted me to tell him the meaning of some of the hard words. How much had he cut? He was n't a-going to kill himself. He had got money enough. He cut enough to earn his board. [Walden, page 161; Riv. 226.] A man could not do much more in the winter. He used the dry twigs on the trees to start his fire with, and some shavings which he brought in his pocket. He frequently found sonic fire still in the morning. He laid his axe by a log and placed another log the other side of it. I said he might have to dig it out of a snowdrift, but he thought it would not snow. Described a large hawk killed at Smith's (which had eaten some hens) its legs "yellow as a sovereign;" apparently a goshawk. He has also his beetle and wedges and whetstone. In the town hall this evening, my white spruce tree, [see page 22.] one of the small ones in the swamp, hardly a quarter the size of the largest, looked double its size, and its top had been cut off for want of room. It was lit with candles, but the starlit sky is far more splendid to-night than any saloon.

December 25, Christmas, Sunday: Heavy frost this morning covered the ground this Christmas morning in San Francisco, [California](#).

In Grass Valley, [Lola Montez](#) threw a party for the little neighborhood girls. One of these little neighborhood girls would grow up to be a performer: 6-year-old Lotta Crabtree, whose mother Mary Ann Crabtree was running a boarding house in the neighborhood.

Edwin Booth appeared in "Richard the Third" at the new Metropolitan Theatre in San Francisco.

Russian and Turkish forces clashed at Cetate on the Danube near Craiova without strategic result.

[Henry Thoreau](#) delivered himself of one of his more interesting remarks about [Boston](#) as a city of barrels and about the Long Wharf in Boston Harbor:



December 25, Sunday, 1853: When I go to Boston, I go naturally straight through the city down to the end of Long Wharf and look off, for I have no cousins in the back alleys. The water and the vessels are novel and interesting. What are our maritime cities but the shops and dwellings of merchants, about a wharf projecting into the sea, where there is a convenient harbor, on which to land the produce of other climes and at which to load the exports of our own? Next in interest to me is the market where the produce of our own country is collected. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Charleston, New Orleans, and many others are the names of wharves projecting into the sea. They are good places to take in and to discharge a cargo. Everybody in Boston lives at No. so-and-so, Long Wharf. I see a great many barrels and fig-drums and piles of wood for umbrella-sticks and blocks of granite and ice, etc., and that is Boston. Great piles of goods and the means of packing and conveying them, much wrapping-paper and twine, many crates and hogsheads and trucks, that is Boston. The more barrels, the more Boston. The museums and scientific societies and libraries are accidentals. They gather around the barrels, to save carting. [Cape Cod, page 268; Riv. 324, 325.]



Apparently the ice is held down on the sides of the river by being frozen to the shore and the weeds, and so is overflowed there, but in the middle it is lifted up and makes room for the tide. I saw, just above Fair Haven Pond, two or three places where, just before the last freezing, when the ice was softened and partly covered with sleet, there had been a narrow canal, about eight inches wide, quite across the river from meadow to meadow.

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I am constrained to believe, from the peculiar character of it on the meadow end, where in one case it divided and crossed itself, that it was made either by muskrats or otters or minks repeatedly crossing there. One end was for some distance like an otter trail in the soft upper part of the ice, not worn through.



December 26, Monday: [Henry Thoreau](#) saw a **Horned Grebe** [Podiceps auritus](#) for the first time, on Concord River.



In the pages of [The Commonwealth](#) of Boston, the events of that [Christmas](#) celebration in [Concord](#) were described by “A.M.W.” (presumably it was Anna Maria Whiting). In particular the Christmas tree was described, huge and decorated with presents and candles — and this is of interest to us because we know from [Thoreau](#)’s journal entry for December 22d “Got a white spruce for a Christmas-tree for the town out of the spruce swamp opposite J. Farmer’s” that he had personally cut and brought this in for the town.

There was an auction at the Music Hall on Bush Street in San Francisco, of 122 water lot properties on each side of Central Wharf between Clay Street and Sacramento Street, and between Davis Street and East Street. The lots in question had been surveyed by James J. Gardiner, City and County Surveyor.

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December 26. This forenoon it snowed pretty hard for some hours, the first snow of any consequence thus far. It is about three inches deep. I go out at 2.30, just as it ceases. Now is the time, before the wind rises or the sun has shone, to go forth and see the snow on the trees. The clouds have lifted somewhat, but are still spitting snow a little. The vapor of the steam-engine does not rise high in the misty air. I go around Walden via the almshouse. The branches of deciduous trees, -oaks and maples, etc., -especially the gray oaks of Hubbard's Close on the side-hill, support long lightning-like arms of snow, many times their own thickness. It has fallen so gently that it forms an upright wall on the slenderest twig. The agreeable maze which the branches make is more obvious than ever. And every twig thus laden is as still as the hillside itself. The pitch pines are covered with rich globular masses. The effect, of the snow is to press down the forest, confound it with the grasses, and create a new surface to the earth above, shutting us in with it, and we go along somewhat like moles through our galleries. The sight of the pure and trackless road up Brister's Hill, with branches and trees supporting snowy burdens bending over it on each side, would tempt us to begin life again. The ice is covered up, and skating gone. The bare hills are so white that I cannot see their outlines against the misty sky. The snow lies handsomely on the shrub oaks, like a coarse braiding in the air. They have so many small and zigzag twigs that it comes near to filling up with a light snow to that depth. The hunters are already out with dogs to follow the first beast that makes a track.

Saw a small flock of tree sparrows in the sproutlands under Bartlett's Cliff. Their metallic chip is much like the

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lisp of the chickadee, All weeds, with their seeds, rising dark above the snow, are now remarkably conspicuous, which before were not observed against the dark earth.

I passed by the pitch pine that was struck by lightning. I was impressed with awe on looking up and seeing that broad, distinct spiral mark, more distinct even than when made eight years ago, as one might groove a walking-stick, — mark of an invisible and intangible power, a thunderbolt, mark where a terrific and resistless bolt came down from heaven, out of the harmless sky, eight years ago. It seemed a sacred spot. I felt that we had not learned much since the days of Tullus Hostilius. It at length shows the effect of the shock, and the woodpeckers have begun to bore it on one side.

Walden still open. Saw in it a small diver, probably a grebe or dobchick, dipper, or what-not, with the markings, as far as I saw, of the crested grebe, but smaller. It had a black head, a white ring about its neck, a white breast, black back, and apparently no tail. It dove and swam a few rods under water, and, when on the surface, kept turning round and round warily and nodding its head the while. This being the only pond hereabouts that is open. Was overtaken by an Irishman seeking work. I asked him if he could chop wood. He said he was not long in this country; that he could cut one side of a tree well enough, but he had not learned to change hands and cut the other without going around it, — what we call crossing the carf. They get very small wages at this season of this year; almost give up the ghost in the effort to keep soul and body together. He left me on the run to find a new master.

December 28, Wednesday: Selover, Sinton & Co sold more water lot property in San Francisco by order of the State Land Commissioners. This sale covered 22 lots bounded by Jackson Street, the Bay, Washington Street, and Front Street.

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[Michael Flannery](#)'s predicament was still on [Henry Thoreau](#)'s mind, for he wrote in his journal:



E.W., who got the premium on farms this year, keeps twenty-eight cows, which are milked before breakfast, or 6 o'clock, his hired men rising at 4.30 A.M.; but he gives them none of the milk in their coffee.

A year later Thoreau would use a slightly revised version of this passage about local farmer "E.W." or Elijah Wood Jr. in a lecture he delivered before the [Nantucket](#) Athenaeum, "WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT" as one of several illustrations of money-grubbing.

[Paragraph 14] I know another farmer who keeps twenty-eight cows—whose hired man and boy rise daily at half past four in mid winter, and milk the cows before breakfast, which is at six o'clock by candlelight—and they get none of the milk in their coffee.

(The boy mentioned was in all likelihood [Michael](#)'s son [Johnny Flannery](#).)

THOREAU ON THE IRISH



December 28. Perhaps the coldest night. The pump is slightly frozen.

I hear and see tree sparrows about the weeds in the garden. They seem to visit the gardens with the earliest snow; or is it that they are more obvious against the white ground? By their sharp silvery chip, perchance, they inform each other of their whereabouts and keep together.

Joe Brown owned those pigs I saw to root up the old pasture behind Paul Adams's. N. Stow tells me this morning that he has sold and brought to the butcher's three loads of pork containing twenty-five hundred pounds each, the least; at eight cents per pound amounting to more than \$600.

E.W.—, who got the premium on farms this year, keeps twenty-eight cows, which are milked before breakfast, or 6 o'clock, his hired men rising at 4.30 A.M.; but he gives them none of the milk in their coffee.

I noticed the other day that the ice on the river and pond was cracked very coarsely, and lay in different planes a rod or two in diameter. It being very smooth and the light differently reflected from the different surfaces, this arrangement was very obvious. In one place where the river was open yesterday, the water, tossed into waves, looked exceedingly dark and angry.



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1854

At some point during this year [Emerson](#) noticed that [Thoreau](#) considered the gold rush immoral:

Thoreau thinks 'tis immoral to dig gold in California; immoral to leave creating value, & go to augmenting the representative of value, & so altering & diminishing real value, & that, of course, the fraud will appear. I conceive that work to be as innocent as any other speculating. Every man should do what he can; & he was created to augment some real value, & not for a speculator. When he leaves or postpones (as most men do) his proper work, & adopts some short or cunning method, as of watching markets, or farming in any manner the ignorance of people, as, in buying by the acre to sell by the foot, he is fraudulent, he is malefactor, so far; & is bringing society to bankruptcy. But nature watches over all this, too, & turns this malfeasance to some good. For, California gets peopled, subdued, civilised, in this fictitious way, & on this fiction a real prosperity is rooted & grown.

The recent [California](#) emigrant [John Rollin Ridge](#) (*Chee-squa-ta-law-ny*, “Yellow Bird”) produced a fiction entitled THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF [JOAQUIN MURIETA](#), THE CELEBRATED CALIFORNIA BANDIT. Of course there was no such person in California, actually, as this *bandito desesperado* Joaquin Murieta, but of course there were *banditos desesperados* aplenty in the territory to which Ridge had arrived in 1850, and this native author quite like his fictional character had been driven there by a white-man goldrush of sorts⁹⁵ — except that in Ridge’s real case as a native American, the “goldrush” in question had been the State-of-Georgia-sponsored rush of white citizens into the hilly [Cherokee](#) homelands. In the fiction in question, events have a catastrophic impact upon “Joaquin Murieta” and the author expresses this in a distinctively Emersonian spatial metaphor:

His soul swelled beyond its former boundaries, and the barriers of honor, rocked into atoms by the strong passion which shook his heart like an earthquake, crumbled around him. Then it was he declared ... [that] he would live henceforth for revenge and that his path should be marked with blood.

Because this book did not sell well, Ridge would need to write for the Sacramento [Bee](#) and the San Francisco [Herald](#). While editing the [Bee](#) he would advise his Indian relatives to trust in the federal government to protect their rights (he didn’t have any advice for the California natives, who in his view were an inferior people).

So, now, here below, I will supply you with the extrapolation which has been made upon this theme recently by a scholar named John Lowe in “‘I am Joaquin!’ Space and Freedom in Yellow Bird’s THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOAQUIN MURIETA, THE CELEBRATED CALIFORNIA BANDIT,” which is to be found as pages 104-21 in Helen Jaskoski’s EARLY NATIVE AMERICAN WRITING: NEW CRITICAL ESSAYS (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1996):

Joaquin’s circle of self, thwarted in its effort to grow via the traditional American way (hard work, enterprise, and democratic

95. A gold nugget weighing in at a full 162 pounds was discovered in the diggings in this year. This real event would have made a better story, of course, if for instance the guy who discovered it had weighed less than it did — but he didn’t.



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leadership), has burst through into a new and larger circle through the passion of anger. His vow to cut a "bloody path" through the state as he avenges the wrongs done to him and his family presages ever-widening circles of spatial/criminal conquest. His path echoes several principles set down in the 1840s  by [Ralph Waldo Emerson](#) in his seminal essay "CIRCLES". In one of literary [Transcendentalism](#)'s prime expressions, Emerson gives space and confinement elemental circular forms, first in the human eye and then, significantly, in nature, for the "horizon" formed by the eyes is the second circle man knows, a "primary figure" that is repeated "without end" in nature. Here and in his other essays, Emerson maps out an imperial self that properly seeks expansion and power, a process generated from and paralleled by nature itself. The concept of the self expressed by ever-expanding concentric circles has a demonic side as well; at one point in "Circles," Emerson relates his expanding circles of self to explosive anger, the kind Ridge's readers see expressed by Joaquin Murieta: "But the heart refuses to be imprisoned; in its first and narrowest pulses it already tends outward with a vast force and to immense and innumerable expansions." Theories of "self-reliance" and the "imperial self" fed into the ideology of manifest destiny. These ideas would find magnificent expression in other key works of the period, particularly in [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)'s exploration of the "magic circles" of the self in *THE SCARLET LETTER* (1850 ) and in [Herman Melville](#)'s critique of unleashed darker elements of Emersonian and capitalist ideology, *MOBY-DICK* (1851 ) , books published only a few years before *JOAQUIN*. Although it is beyond the scope of this essay, *THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOAQUIN MURIETA*, *THE CELEBRATED CALIFORNIA BANDIT* surely demands to be studied alongside these books and other masterworks of what we have called the "American Renaissance," as well as with the works of newer members of the canon such as [Frederick Douglass](#), Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Harriet Jacobs.



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American pugilism appeared in [California](#) during the mid-1850s (well-known pugilists such as Chris Lilly, John Morrissey, and Yankee Sullivan made the tour). For extra drama, John Morrissey had his seconds threaten his competition with pistols and clubs.

It was not unheard of, in [California](#), for the noose of a man being [hanged](#) to come untied. That happened spectacularly in this year in El Dorado County, when both nooses of two men being hanged together, James Logan and William Lipsey, came untied during the drop, necessitating a “do over.”

[Chinese](#) miners waved homemade spears and swords at one another in Trinity County, [California](#). While reputed killers had been hired by both sides in this mining dispute, the only actual casualties were drunken American and European spectators who shot or stabbed one another while attempting to collect or avoid paying side bets (so the first killing to be clearly attributed to North American Chinese would not be in this year, but would only arrive during November 1857 with the robbery and murder of the bank clerk M.V.B. Griswold).

In [China](#), meanwhile, a 2d child was born to the Reverend [Issachar J. Roberts](#) 罗孝全 and Mrs. [Virginia Young Roberts](#).

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 Taipings)

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January 1, Sunday: Lincoln University was chartered in Oxford, Pennsylvania, initially as the Ashmun Institute. This would be one of America's earliest "Negro colleges."

At the Cruz Bay Battery on the Caribbean island of St. John, Judge (Landfoged) Carl Henschell was advised of the death of a 7-year-old at the Cinnamon Bay plantation on the island's north shore, from what appeared to be [cholera](#) (by the following year the epidemic would eliminate almost one out of every four of the human inhabitants of this island).

[California](#)'s gold exports for the year 1853 amounted to a total of \$56,390,812.

Young America Engine Co. No. 13 was organized in San Francisco with quarters at 144 Second St.

At 9PM the steamer *S.S. Golden Gate*, "probably the most magnificent sea steamer afloat," built in 1851 for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, sailed under Captain J.B.G. Isham from Panama for San Diego, [California](#) carrying 750 passengers such as the 3-person [Kip](#) family.



[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Waldo Emerson](#):

1 Jan^y 1854

Dear Henry,

I meant to have seen you, but for delays that grew out of the snowbanks, to ask your aid in these following particulars. On the 8 February, Professor Horsford is to lecture at the Lyceum; on the 15th Feb^y, [Theodore Parker](#). They are both to come to my house for the night. Now I wish to entreat your courtesy & counsel to receive these lonely pilgrims, when they arrive, to guide them to our house, & help the alarmed wife to entertain them, & see that they do not lose the way to the Lyceum, nor the hour. For, it seems pretty certain that I shall not be at home until perhaps the next week following these two. If you shall be in town, & can help these gentlemen so far, you will serve the whole municipality as well as

Yours faithfully,

R.W. Emerson

H.D. Thoreau.

[Thoreau](#) was reading [Father Paul Le Jeune](#) on American and Canadian natives.

January 1. [Le Jeune](#), describing the death of a young Frenchwoman who had devoted her life to the savages of Canada, uses the expression: "Finally this beautiful soul detached itself from its body the 15th of March," etc.

The drifts mark the standstill or equilibrium between the currents of air or particular winds. In our greatest snow-storms, the wind being northerly, the greatest drifts are on the south sides of the houses and fences and accordingly on the left-hand side of the street going down it. The north tract: of the railroad was not open till a day or more later than the south. I notice that in the angle made by our house and shed, a southwest exposure, the snow-drift does not lie close about the pump, but is a foot off, forming a circular bowl, showing that there was an eddy about it. It shows where the wind has been, the form of the wind. The snow is like a mould, showing the form of the eddying currents of air which have been impressed on it, while the drift and all the rest is that which fell between the currents or where they counterbalanced each other. These boundary lines are mountain barriers.

The white-in-tails, or grass finches [[Vesper Sparrow](#) [Poocetes gramineus](#)], linger pretty late, flitting in flocks before, but they come so near winter only as the white in their tails indicates. They let it come near enough to whiten their tails, perchance, and they are off. The snow buntings and the tree sparrows are the true spirits of the snow-storm; they are the animated beings that ride upon it and have their life in it.

The snow is the great betrayer. It not only shows the tracks of mice, otters, etc., etc., which else we should rarely if ever see, but the tree sparrows are more plainly seen against its white ground, and they in turn are attracted by the dark weeds which it reveals. It also drives the crows and other birds out of the woods to the villages for food. We might expect to find in the snow the footprint of a life superior to our own, of which no zoology takes cognizance. Is there no trace of a nobler life than that of an otter or an escaped convict to be looked for in the snow? Shall we suppose that that is the only life that has been abroad in the night? It is only the savage that can see the track of no higher life than an otter. Why do the vast snow plains give us pleasure, the twilight of the bent and half-buried woods? Is not all there consonant with virtue, justice, purity, courage, magnanimity? Are we not cheered by the sight? And does not all this amount to the track of a higher life than the otter's, a life which has not gone by and left a footprint merely,⁹⁶ but is there with its beauty, its music, its perfume, its sweetness, to exhilarate and recreate us? Where there is a perfect government of the world according to the highest laws, is there no trace of intelligence there, whether in the snow or the earth, or in ourselves? No other trail but, such as a dog can smell? Is there none which an angel can detect and follow? None to guide a man on his pilgrimage, which water will not conceal? Is there no odor of sanctity to be perceived? Is its trail too old? Have mortals lost the scent? The great game for mighty hunters as soon as the first snow, falls is Purity, for, earlier than any rabbit or fox, it is abroad, and its trail may be detected by curs of lowest degree. Did this great snow come to reveal the track merely of some timorous hare, or of the Great Hare, whose track no hunter has seen? Is there no trace nor suggestion of Purity to be detected? If one could detect the meaning of the snow, would he not be on the trail of some higher life that has been abroad in the night? Are there not hunters who seek for something higher than foxes, with judgment more discriminating than the senses of foxhounds, who rally to a nobler music than that of the hunting-horn? As there is contention among the fishermen who shall be the first to reach the pond as soon as the ice will bear, in spite of the cold, as the hunters are forward to take the field as soon as the first snow has fallen, so the observer, or lie who would make the most of his life for discipline, must be abroad early and late, in spite of cold and wet, in pursuit of nobler game, whose traces are then most distinct. A life which, pursued, does not earth itself, does not burrow downward but upward, which takes not to the trees but to the heavens as its home, which the hunter pursues with winged thoughts and aspirations, — these the dogs that tree it, — rallying his pack with the bugle notes of undying faith, and returns with some worthier trophy than a fox's tail, a life which we seek, not to destroy it, but to save our own. Is the great snow of use to the hunter only, and not to the saint, or him who is earnestly building up a life? Do the Indian and hunter only need snow-shoes, while the saint sits indoors in embroidered slippers?

The Indians might have imagined a large snow bunting to be the genius of the storm.

This morning it is snowing again fast, and about six inches has already fallen by 10 A.M., of a moist and heavy snow. It is about six inches in all this day. This would [be] two feet and a half in all, if it has not settled, — but it has.

I would fain be a fisherman, hunter, farmer, preacher, etc., but fish, hunt, farm, preach other things than usual. When, in 1641, the five hundred Iroquois in force brought to Three Rivers two French prisoners (whom they had taken), seeking peace with the French, - I believe this preceded any war with them, -at the assembling for this purpose, they went through the form of tying their prisoners, that they might pass for such; then, after a speech, they broke their bonds and cast them into the river that it might carry them so far that they might never be remembered. The speaker "then made many presents, according to the custom of the country where the word for presents is speech (*où le mot de présents se nomme parole*), to signify that the present speaks more strongly than the mouth." ([Le Jeune](#).)

Our orators might learn much from the Indians. They are remarkable for their precision; nothing is left at loose ends. They address more senses than one, so as to preclude misunderstanding. A present accompanies each proposition. In delivering one present, the speaker said, "This is the house which we shall have at Three Rivers when we come here to treat with you," etc. This is in [Paul Le Jeune's](#) Relation for '40 and '41, page 156.

96. But all that we see is the impress of its spirit.

January 3, Tuesday: Police raided the Hung Gate Society on Jackson Street in San Francisco and arrested 159 Celestials on charges of extortion.

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In the PM, Henry Thoreau noticed that fishermen were on the ice at Walden Pond, which had only frozen over on December 31st. He noted also that with luck the fishermen could get 15-20 pounds of fish, although the average size of a Walden Pond fish was 2-3 pounds.



January 3. It is now fairly winter. We have passed the line, have put the autumn behind us, have forgotten what these withered herbs that rise above the snow here and there are, what flowers they ever bore. They are fishing on Walden this P.M. The fisherman gets fifteen or twenty pounds thus, when he has pretty good luck. Two to three pounds is a common size there. From the Peak, I looked over the wintry landscape. First there is the white ground, then the dark, dulled green of evergreens, then the reddish (?) brown or leather-color of the oaks, which generally retain their leaves, then the gray of maples and other trees, which are bare. They are modest Quaker colors that are seen above the snow. The twilight appears to 1854] SNOW-FLEAS 49 linger in the snow. This it is makes the days seem suddenly longer. The sun has set, shorn of its disk [sic] in dun, red clouds. The young moon and the evening star are seen. The partridge has come forth to bud on some wayside apple tree. The woodchopper's task is clone; he puts his axe under a log and sets out for home. For an hour the fisherman's lines have been freezing in, and now he, too, has commenced his retreat. That large round track forming nearly a straight line Goodwin thinks a fox. A thaw appears to be commencing. We hear the eaves run in the evening.

January 9, Monday: In the afternoon Henry Thoreau led William Tappan to Heywood's Pond. Thoreau spent that evening at the Channing's, and Ellery got out a map of Rome and showed Thoreau where he had walked during his stay. At one point during the evening Ellery Channing's cat was purring loudly, and Thoreau noticed that Channing's response to this was to punch the cat with the poker.

In San Francisco, the mechanics, merchants, traders, and bankers converged on the Merchants' Exchange to oppose a licensing law.

On this day the city felt a slight shock of earthquake.

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Jan. 9. P.M. — To Heywood's Pond with Tappan. We were looking for rainbow-tinted clouds, small whiffs of vapor which form and disperse, this clear, cold afternoon, when we saw to our surprise a star, about half past three or earlier, a mere round white dot. Is the winter then such a twilight? I wonder if the savages ever detected one by day. This was about an hour and a half before sunset. T. said he had lost fowls by the owls. They selected the roosters and took off their heads and ate their insides. Found many snow-fleas, apparently frozen, on the snow. [Vide below, the following day.] T. has a singularly elastic step. He will run through the snow, lifting his knees like a child who enjoys the motion. When he slumped once through to water and called my attention to it, with an indescribable flash of his eye, he reminded me forcibly of Hawthorne's little son Julian. He uses the greatest economy in speech of any man I know. Speaks low, beside, and without emphasis; in monosyllables. I cannot guess what the word was for a long time. His language is different from the Algonquin.



January 10, Tuesday: "Description of The Seasons," a composition by Joseph Haydn with an oratorio about the short life of the composer by Henry C. Watson, was performed by The Philharmonic Society of San Francisco at that metropolis's Musical Hall, under the direction of Mr. R. Herold.

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Jan. 10. I cannot thaw out to life the snow-fleas which yesterday covered the snow like pepper, in a frozen state. How much food they must afford to small birds, — chickadees, etc. The snow went off remarkably



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fast in the thaw before the 7th, but it is still deep, lying light in swamps and sprout-lands, somewhat hollow beneath. The thaw produced those yellowish pools in hollows in the fields, where water never stands else, and now perhaps there is a bottom of snow; and now for the last three days they have afforded good sliding. You got a start by running over the snow-crust. In one place, where the depression was inconsiderable but more extensive than usual, I found that it was mere glazed snow on which I slid, it having rapidly frozen dry.

The sportsmen chose the late thaw to go after quails. They come out at such times to pick the horse-dung in the roads, and can be traced thence to their haunts.

When we were walking last evening, Tappan admired the soft rippling of the Assabet under Tarbell's bank. One could have lain all night under the oaks there listening to it. Westward forty rods, the surface of the stream reflected a silvery whiteness, but gradually darkened thence eastward, till beneath us it was almost quite black. What you can recall of a walk on the second day will differ from what you remember on the first day, as the mountain chain differs in appearance, looking back the next day, from the aspect it wore when you were at its base, or generally, as any view changes to one who is journeying amid mountains when he has increased the distance.

With Tappan, his speech is frequently so frugal and reserved, in monosyllables not fairly uttered clear of his thought, that I doubt if he did not cough merely, or let it pass for such, instead of asking what he said or meant, for fear it might turn out that he coughed merely.

Channing showed me last night on a map where, as he said, he "used to walk" in Rome. He was there sixteen days.

I mistook the creaking of a tree in the woods the other day for the scream of a hawk. How numerous the resemblances of the animate to the inanimate!

January 26, Thursday, early morning: The [Kip](#) family boarded the steamer *Columbia* to complete their voyage to San Francisco, [California](#). This steamer was greatly overloaded and during the dark boarding, one of the passengers fell down an open hatch, suffering injuries that would prove fatal.

[Henry Thoreau](#) spent the day in court in Cambridge.



Jan. 26. All day at court at Cambridge.

January 29, Sunday, morning: The steamer *Columbia* delivered the [Kip](#) family to its [California](#) destination, the community of San Francisco.

It was 18 below zero, Fahrenheit. In Boston, the Reverend [Alexander Young](#) preached his last sermon (because soon after, he would catch a cold that would turn into pleurisy). In Concord, [Henry Thoreau](#) stayed home and read [Marcus Terentius Varro](#).



Jan. 29. A very cold morning. Thermometer, or mercury, 18° below zero.

[Varro](#) says that *gluma* seems to be *a glubendo* because the grain is shelled from its follicle (*deglubitur*). *Arista*, the beard of grain, is so called because it dries first (*quod arescit prima*). The grain, *granum*, is a *gerendo*, for this is the object of planting, that this maybe borne. "But the *spica* (or ear), which the rustics call *specca*, as they have received it from their forefathers, seems to be named from *spes* (hope), since they plant because they *hope* that *this* will be hereafter (*cam enim quod sperant fore*)."

The village is the place to which the roads tend, a sort of expansion of the highway, as a lake of a river, the thoroughfare and ordinary of travellers, a trivial or quadrivial place. It is the body of which roads are the arms and legs. It is from the Latin *villa*, which, together with *via* (a way), or more anciently *vea* and *vella*, Varro derives from *veho* (to carry), because the villa is the place to and from which things are carried. The steward or overseer of the villa was a *vilicus*, and those who got their living by teaming (?) (*vecturis*) were said *vellaturam facere*. And whence the Latin *vilis* and our word *villain* (?). The inhabitants are way-worn by the travel that goes by and over them without travelling themselves.

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February 5, Sunday: In the morning, [Henry Thoreau](#) was looking at some old account books from 1741-1750 kept by the storekeeper Ephraim Jones. In the afternoon he walked in Hubbard's blueberry swamp woods [Ebenezer or George Hubbard??] and James P. Brown's woods. William M. White's version of a journal entry is:

*Shall we not have sympathy with the muskrat
 Which gnaws its third leg off,
 Not as pitying its sufferings,
 But through our kindred mortality,
 Appreciating its majestic pains and its heroic virtue?
 Are we not made its brothers by fate?*

*For whom are psalms sung and mass said,
 If not for such worthies as these?*

*When I hear the church organ peal,
 Or feel the trembling tones of the bass viol,
 I see in imagination the musquash gnawing off his leg,
 I offer up a note that his affliction may be sanctified
 To each and all of us.*

An earthquake shock was felt in San Francisco.

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Feb. 5. Have two more old account-books of Ephraim Jones, running from 1741 to 1750 and further, — what are called ledgers, I think. Some of the items of the waste-book are here collected, each man's purchases and credit brought together.

I think he must have kept in the store which Goodnow & How first kept in. Some remember when an Ephraim Jones, probably his grandson, kept there. There appears to have been an Ephraim Jones keeping the jail then (probably a son of the first), in the Revolution. There is said to have been a public house with the sign of a black horse where Mr. Brooks's house stands, and hence the society that worshipped there were called the Black Horse Church.

He sold a few religious books as well as almanacs and primers. In 1745, "to Inchwoods Glimpse of Glory and Mr. (or Wm.) Row's Meditation well Bound," so much. In another place, "to Glimpse of Glory and sundry." Sometimes "a sermon book."

Whitefield was here first in 1741, and there were exciting revivals under Mr. Bliss at this time, says the History. Yet it is a dreary and ghastly life suggested, when you come upon a man's bill for a lock to the Burying Gate, and that is so nearly all that has come down. I picture to myself a rude, straggling village with a wide-open burying-ground gate.

Hezekiah Stratton has credit in 1743, "Feb. 7 by ½ a Catt skin 0-1-4½," — of course a wildcat.

Gingerbread is bought several times, flour once or twice, and credit given for butter once or twice. Several times one nutmeg is bought. Credit given for weaving; also for a load of bark and tar and turpentine from Groton. The lime-kiln and iron mine are frequently named. Credit given for so much "mine," meaning apparently iron ore. Stephen Parks has credit in 1746, "Aug 2. Cr by one wampum belt 0-15-0." To another, in 1744, "Cr by Dressing 50 squirrel skins 0-6-3." Credit is also given for fox skins and a few deer skins. But above all Jones gives credit for timber brought to the store, or, more commonly, carted to Menotomy, Mistick, Medford, or Charlestown. Some customers live in Nisstissit (?). Credit is given by "digging mine." (Probably iron, after called "mine.") For example of the quantity of rum and the like bought, *vide* pages 128-193 of No. 2. Long columns run down the page, of nothing but flip, flip, mug flip, mug flip, toddy, toddy, punch, punch, bowl of tody, brandy punch, etc., etc.; sometimes charges for the breaking of the glass, also for sugar and limes and flip for himself and company. Jones appears to have kept a public house, for he frequently charges for entertainment.

The animal merely makes him a bed, which he warms with his body in a sheltered place. He does not make a house. But man, having discovered fire, warms a spacious apartment up to the same temperature with his body,

and without robbing it, so that he can divest himself of cumbersome clothing, — not keeping his bed, — maintain a kind of summer in the midst of winter, and, by means of windows, even admit the light. It was his invention to box up some air and warm it, make that his bed, and in this live and move and have his being still, and breathe as in a congenial climate or summer, without taking to his bed. Thus he goes a step or two beyond instinct and secures a little time for the fine arts.

Though I began to grow torpid when exposed a long time to the pinching winter air, — my hands and feet grew numb, and my ears and face stiffened, — when I had reached the genial atmosphere of my house, I soon recovered my faculties. I did not squat in a form, or lie in a burrow or ensconced in a nest of leaves or grass, like the squirrels, nor become quite dormant in any hole, like the woodchuck. I ameliorated the winter climate with fire, and lengthened out the day with a lamp.

Even Varro, to prove that the ancients did not shave (or that there were no barbers), is obliged to refer his readers to their bearded statues. “Olim tonsores non fuisse adsignificat antiquorum statuae, quod pleraeque habent capillum, et barbam magnam.” Yet it was true of the old statues only “for the most part.”

P.M. — To walk.

Begins to snow.

At Hubbard’s blueberry swamp woods, near the bathing-place, came across a fox’s track, which I think was made last night or since. The tracks were about two inches long, or a little less, by one and a half wide, shaped thus where the snow was only half an inch deep on ice:



generally from nine to fifteen inches apart longitudinally and three to four inches apart transversely. It came from the west. I followed it back. At first it was difficult to trace, to *investigate* it, amid some rabbit tracks, of which I did not know whether they had been made before or since. It soon led out of the woods on to the ice of the meadow to a slight prominence, then turned and followed along the side of the wood, then crossed the meadow directly to the riverside just below the mouth of Nut Meadow Brook, visited a muskrat-house there and left its mark, — watered, — for, dog-like, it turned aside to every muskrat-house or the like prominence near its route and left its mark there. You could easily scent it there. It turned into the meadow eastward once or twice as it went up the riverside, and, after visiting another muskrat’s house, where it left its manure, large and light-colored, as if composed of fir, crossed the river and John Hosmer’s meadow and potato-field and the road south of Nut Meadow Bridge. (If it had been a dog it would have turned when it reached the road.) It was not lost then, but led straight across, through J. Hosmer’s field and meadow again, and over ditch and up sidehill in the woods; and there, on the side of the hill, I could see where its tail had grazed the snow. It was then mixed with rabbit-tracks, but was easily unravelled. Passed out of the wood into J.P. Brown’s land, over some mice or mole tracks, then over the middle of Brown’s meadows westward, to Tarbell’s meadows, till at last, by the brook, I found that it had had a companion up to that point, which turned off. Then I saw the large tracks of hounds on the trail. Still it held on, from straight across the road again, some way on an old dog’s trail; had trodden and nosed very much about some hardbacks in the field beyond, where were a few mice-tracks, as if for food, the hound’s tracks numerous with it; and so I traced it into the Ministerial Swamp, where, the snow-storm increasing; I left it, having traced it back more than a mile westward in a pretty direct course. What expeditions they make in a night in search of food! No doubt the same one crosses the river many times.

Shall we not have sympathy with the muskrat which gnaws its third leg off, not as pitying its sufferings, but, through our kindred mortality, appreciating its majestic pains and its heroic virtue? Are we not made its brothers by fate? For whom are psalms sung and mass said, if not for such worthies as these? When I hear the church organ peal, or feel the trembling tones of the bass viol, I see in imagination the musquash gnawing off his leg, I offer up a note that his affliction may be sanctified to each and all of us. Prayer and praise fitly follow such exploits. I look round for majestic pains and pleasures. They have our sympathy, both in their joys and in their pains. When I think of the tragedies which are constantly permitted in the course of all animal life, they make the plaintive strain of the universal harp which elevates us above the trivial. When I think of the muskrat gnawing off his leg, it is as the plectrum on the harp or the bow upon the viol, drawing forth a majestic strain or psalm, which immeasurably dignifies our common fate. Even as the worthies of mankind are said to recommend human life by having lived it, so I could not spare the example of the muskrat.

That sand foliage! It convinces me that Nature is still in her youth, -that florid fact about which mythology merely mutters, -that the very soil can fabulate as well as you or I. It stretches forth its baby fingers on every side. Fresh curls spring forth from its bald brow. There is nothing inorganic. This earth is not, then, a mere fragment of dead history, strata upon strata, like the leaves of a book, an object for a museum and an antiquarian, but living poetry, like the leaves of a tree, — not a fossil earth, but a living specimen. 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. The very earth, as well as the institutions upon it, is plastic like potter’s clay in the hands of the artist. These florid heaps lie along the bank like the slag of a furnace, showing that nature is in full blast within; but there is no admittance except on business. Ye dead and alive preachers, ye have no business here.



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Ye will enter only to your tomb.

I fear only lest my expressions may not be extravagant enough, — may not wander far enough beyond the narrow limits of our ordinary insight and faith, so as to be adequate to the truth of which I have been convinced. I desire to speak somewhere without bounds, in order that I may attain to an expression in some degree adequate to truth of which I have been convinced. From a man in a waking moment, to men in their waking moments. Wandering toward the more distant boundaries of a wider pasture. Nothing is so truly bounded and obedient to law as music, yet nothing so surely breaks all petty and narrow bonds. Whenever I hear any music I fear that I may have spoken tamely and within bounds. And I am convinced that I cannot exaggerate enough even to lay the foundation of a true expression. As for books and the adequateness of their statements to the truth, they are as the tower of Babel to the sky.

In Jones's account there is a paper headed —
“funerel Charges.

4 P Shug...

¼ of alspice

tobackoo

11 yd Cyprus

4 goze; hankerchiefs

4 Par of women black gloves

The prices mostly cut off.

1 ½ yd Lutestring

silk feret

12 pair of mens white gloves

6 yards of allomode

silk”

There was plainly much cooping done in those days.

How dangerous to the foxes and all wild animals is a light snow, accompanied and succeeded by calm weather, betraying their course to the hunters! Here was one track that crossed the road, — did not turn in it like a dog, — track of a wilder life. How distinct from the others! Such as was made before roads were, as if the road were [a] more recent track. This traveller does not turn when he strikes the trail of man. The fox that invaded the farmer's poultry-yard last night came from a great distance.

I followed on this trail so long that my thoughts grew foxy; though I was on the back track, I drew nearer and nearer to the fox each step. Strange as it may seem, I thought several times that I scented him, though I did not stoop.

February 7, Tuesday: Marianne Marschner, third wife of Heinirch August Marschner, dies in Berlin, probably of pneumonia. She was 50 years old.

Schallwellen op.148, a waltz by Johann Strauss, was performed for the initial time, in the Sophiensaal, Vienna.

In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) walked down river with [Ellery Channing](#) and they made a fire on the snow-covered ice half a mile below Ball's Hill.

Arguments were heard before the Supreme Court in the case of Isaac N. Thorne against the City of San Francisco, over land grants.

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February 7: Under the waves of the snowy ocean yesterday, roads and rivers, pastures and cultivated fields, all signs of man's occupancy of the globe were for the most part concealed. Water and sand also assume this same form under the influence of wind. And I have seen, on the surface of the Walden ice, great sweeping, waving lines, somewhat like these. It is the track of the wind, the impress which it makes on flowing materials.

P.M. — Down river with C.

The river has not been so concealed by snow before. The snow does not merely lie level on it and on the land, so many inches deep, but great drifts, perchance beginning on the land, stretch quite across it, so that you cannot always tell where it is, for there is no greater levelness than elsewhere to betray it. In some places, where the ice is exposed, little bunches of hoar frost have formed, with perfect ribbed leaves one inch in diameter. This morning was one of the coldest in the winter. Does the whistle of the locomotive sound differently, tear the air any more, this weather? I see the prinus berries turned now a dark, coppery brown, looking blackish at a little distance. We crossed the Great Meadows lengthwise, a broad level plain, roughened only by snowy waves, about two miles long and nearly half as wide. Looking back over it made me dunk of what I have read of Arctic explorers traveling over snow-covered ice. Saw a few crows. Some green-briar berries quite fresh.



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Made a fire on the snow-covered ice half a mile below Ball's Hill. Cut first a large bundle of green oak twigs with leaves on them, laid them on sticks, then sprinkled on fine dead maple and alder and poplar twigs, and then dry cat-sticks of the same material. We broke up some larger pine trees by striking them on the ice, at the same time letting go to save our hands. Made a large warm fire, whose flame went up straight, there being no wind, and without smoke. Stayed half an hour, and when we took our departure, felt as if we had been in a house all the while, for we had been warm and had looked steadily at the fire instead of looking off. The fire made a large circular cavity in the snow and ice, three feet in diameter and four or five inches deep, with water at the bottom. We had often sailed over this very spot. Sticks in a circle on their ends and slanted over a common centre make a perfect fire. Such is the earliest hearth, with a hole in the roof above it. Our chimney fires are only semicircles or half-fires, or what is worse, oblong squares, or, in the case of stoves, mere boxes full of fire, without symmetry or form.

Observed in some large cakes of ice left on the river, I thought, the faintest possible tinge of green, also a white, leafy internal frostwork along the planes of the irregular flaring cleavages, — or call them deep conchoidal sometimes.

These afternoons the shadows of the woods have already a twilight length by 3 or 4 P.M. We made our fire in the shadow of a wood rather than in the sun, that the flame might show better, and the sun went down before we left it. Not till we had left our fire many rods behind did we observe the narrow column of blue smoke rising straight from it against the wood. It had appeared to its pure flame, producing merely that boiling of the air above it through which you see objects confusedly.

February 11, Saturday: [Henry Thoreau](#) noted at 7:30 AM that on the ice which had frozen the previous night, the snow fleas were lying in dark patches 3-4 inches in diameter about the grass-stems or willows.

John Mitchel wrote in his [The Citizen](#) that abolitionism was an English import, with on it “the slime and trail of Exeter Hall” (a large antislavery rally had been held in a hall of that name in London in 1841). He responded the Reverend [Henry Ward Beecher](#)'s remarks about him that “You belong to a sect and a school of social reformers that I have always kept at arm's length.”

On this night the San Francisco Gas Company turned on the 1st coal gas lamps. The occasion was celebrated at a grand banquet at the Oriental Hotel — the coal gas illuminated 86 lamps, and also the Metropolitan Theatre.

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February 11: 7.30 A.M. — Snow-fleas lie in black patches like some of those dark rough lichens on rocks, or like ink-spots three or four inches in diameter, about the grass-stems or willows, on the ice which froze last night. When I breathe on them I find them all alive and ready to skip. Also the water, when I break the ice, arouses them. I saw yesterday, in a muddy spring in Tarbell's meadow, many cockle-shells on the bottom, with their feet out, and marks as if they had been moving.

When I read of the catkins of the alder and the willow, etc., scattering their yellow pollen, they impress me as a vegetation which belongs to the earliest and most innocent dawn of nature; as if they must have preceded other trees in the order of creation, as they precede them annually in their blossoming and leafing. In [lie winter we so value the semblance of fruit that even the dry black female catkins of the alder are an interesting sight, not to mention, on shoots rising a foot or two above these, the red or mulberry male catkins, in little parcels, dangling at a less than right angle with the stems, and the short female ones at their bases. For how many æons did the willow shed its yellow pollen annually before man was created!

Apparently I read Cato and Varro from the same motives that Virgil did, and as I read the almanac, *New England Farmer*, or *Cultivator*, or Howitt's “Seasons.”

February 25, Saturday: Sacramento became the capital of [California](#).

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[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to his cousin [George Thatcher](#) in Maine:

Concord Feb. 25th '54

Dear Cousin,

I should have answered you earlier if a wood-merchant whom I



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engaged had kept his appointment. Measuring on Mr. Hubbard's plans of '36 and '52, which I enlarged, I make the whole area wanted for a cemetery 16 acres & 114 rods. This includes a path one rod wide on the north side of the wood next the meadow, and is all of the Brown Farm north of the New Road, except the meadow of about 7 acres and a small triangle of about a dozen rods next the Agricultural Land. The above result is probably accurate within half an acre; nearer I cannot come with certainty without a resurvey. 9 acres & 9 rods are woodland, whose value I have got Anthony Wright, an old Farmer & now measurer of wood at the Depot,

Page 2
to assist me in determining. This is the result.

Oak chiefly 4A 53 rd	156 Cords at \$2.75 ^{pr}	cord standing	small
429		large &	
[Whit]e & Pitch Pine 3A	30rd	143½ Cords 2	287
Pitch Pine	146rd	16½ Cords 2	41.25
Young P. Pine	100rd	5 cord 2	10.
			<hr/>
			\$767.
25			

Merchantable green oak wood, piled on the cars, brings here \$4.75 pr cord.
Pitch Pine 4.25
White 2.50

An acquaintance in Boston applied to me last October for a small farm in Concord, but the small amount of land & the want of a good house may prevent his thinking of the Dutch House place, & beside circumstances have transpired which I fear will prevent his coming here; however I will inform him at once that it is on the market. I do not know about the state of his funds, only that he was in no hurry, though in earnest, & limited me to \$2000.

All well-
Yrs
Henry D. Thoreau

Page 3
Postage: pd
PAID
3
Postmark: CONCORD
MASS
Address: Geo. A. Thatcher
Bangor
ME

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(Miss Sarah Bartlett of the Concord Free Public Library indicated, in the 20th Century, that the land Thoreau surveyed was probably land intended for Sleepy Hollow Cemetery and that it was probably the plan of Cyrus Hubbard that Thoreau had accessed. She indicated that the farm in question was that of Deacon Reuben Brown.)



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 25th]

IT IS NO COINCIDENCE THAT IT IS MORTALS WHO CONSUME OUR HISTORICAL ACCOUNTS, FOR WHAT WE ARE ATTEMPTING TO DO IS EVADE THE RESTRICTIONS OF THE HUMAN LIFESPAN. (IMMORTALS, WITH NOTHING TO LIVE FOR, TAKE NO HEED OF OUR STORIES.)

March 1, Wednesday: The [California](#) Steam Navigation Company was organized.

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[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [Harvard Library](#) Librarian [Thaddeus William Harris](#). He was able to offer this “Politeness of Mr. Gerrish,” the deliverer of the books being Charles Pickering Gerrish of Harvard’s Class of 1854.



Dear Sir, I return here-with — three volumes viz. Price on the Picturesque 1st vol.
M'Culloh's Researches, and Josselyn's Voyages.

Yrs
Henry D. Thoreau

JOHN JOSSELYN



In the afternoon [Thoreau](#) walked over to visit the [Waldo Emersons](#) and then went on to Walden Pond. In reading the following entry in his journal, we need to bear in mind that “phlegm,” like “poison,” was during that period a pronouncedly ambivalent term. Just as “poison” might refer to a strong antidote or corrective, rather than to a murder device, as in Waldo Emerson’s phrase “the Thoreau poison, working for good or for ill,” so also “phlegm” might refer as it does now to bronchial mucus, an irritant to be coughed up and spit out and gotten rid of, or it might merely be a deployment of the archaic term for the distilled water which is used in chemical experiments in order to avoid prejudicing the outcome with distracting side reactions. By introducing such a term, Thoreau is suggesting that the description he is creating of his authorial process can be read in two distinct manners, that it can be read not only in a sense in which he is ruthlessly excising his writing mistakes, with sufficient **affect**, but also in a sense in which he is objectively re-evaluating and sifting previous materials, with dispassionate **judgment**:



March 1: In correcting my manuscripts, which I do with sufficient phlegm, I find that I invariably turn out much that is good along with the bad, which is then impossible for me to distinguish — so much for keeping bad company; but after the lapse of time, having purified the main body and thus created a distinct standard for comparison, I can review the rejected sentences and easily detect those which deserve to be readmitted.

In the journal he spoke of this day as the beginning of spring, although that had not been the case per the previous year 1853’s almanac:

BEGINNING AND LENGTH OF THE SEASONS.

Sun enters ♋	(Winter begins)	1852, Dec. 21st,	h. m.	
“ “ ♌	“ (Spring “	1853, March 20th,	10 8 M.	} Mean Time at Washing- ton Obser- vatory.
“ “ ♍	“ (Summer “	“ June 21st,	11 17 M.	
“ “ ♎	“ (Autumn “	“ Sept. 22d,	8 16 M.	
“ “ ♏	“ (Winter “	“ Dec. 21st,	10 29 A.	
			4 4 A.	



March 1. Here is our first spring morning according to the almanac. It is remarkable that the spring of the almanac and of nature should correspond so closely. The morning of the 26th was good winter, but there came a plentiful rain in the afternoon, and yesterday and today are quite spring like. This morning the air is still, and, though clear enough, a yellowish light is widely diffused throughout the east, now just after sunrise. The sunlight looks and feels warm, and a one vapor fills the lower atmosphere. I hear the phoebe or spring note of the chickadee, and the scream of the jay is perfectly repeated by the echo from a neighboring wood. For some days past the surface of the earth, covered with water, or with ice where the snow is washed off, has shone in the sun as it does only at the approach of spring, me thinks. And are not the frosts in the morning more like the early frosts in the fall, — common white frosts? As for the birds of the past winter: I have seen but three hawks, — one early in the winter and two lately; have heard the hooting owl pretty often late in the afternoon. Crows have not been numerous, but their cawing was heard chiefly in pleasanter mornings. Blue jays have blown the trumpet of winter as usual, but they, as all birds, are most lively in spring like days. The chickadees have been the prevailing bird. The partridge common enough. one ditcher tells me that he saw two robins in Moore’s Swamp a month ago. I have not seen a quail, though a few have been killed in the thaws. Four or five downy woodpeckers. The white-breasted nuthatch four or five times. Tree sparrows one or more at a time, oftener than any bird that comes to us from the north. Two pigeon woodpeckers, I think, lately. one dead shrike, and perhaps one or two live ones. Have heard of two white owls, — one about Thanksgiving time and one in midwinter. one short-eared owl in December. Several flocks of snow buntings for a week in the severest storm, and in December, last part. one grebe in Walden just before it froze completely. And two brown creepers once in middle of February. Channing says he saw a little olivaceous-green bird lately. I have not seen an F. Linaria, nor a pine grosbeak, nor an F. hyemalis this winter, though the first was the prevailing bird last winter. In correcting my manuscripts, which I do with sufficient phlegm, I find that I invariably turn out much that is good along with the bad, which it is then impossible for me to distinguish — so much for keeping bad company; but after the lapse of time, having purified the main body and thus created a distinct standard of comparison, I can review the rejected sentences and easily detect those which deserve to be readmitted.

P. M. — To Walden via R.W.E.’s. I am surprised to see how bare Minott’s hillside is already. It is already spring there, and Minott is pattering outside in the sun. How wise in his grandfather to select such a site for a house,



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the summers he has lived have been so much longer! How pleasant the calm season and the warmth — the sun is even like a burning-glass on my back — and the sight and sound of melting snow running down the hill! I look in among the withered grass blades for some starting greenness. I listen to hear the first bluebird in the soft air. I hear the dry clucking of hens which have come abroad. The ice at Walden is softened, — the skating is gone; with a stick you can loosen it to the depth of an inch, or the first freezing, and turn it up in cakes. Yesterday you could skate here; now only close to the south shore. I notice the redness of the andromeda leaves, but not so much as once. The sand foliage is now in its prime.

March 2, Thursday: A Corner man told [Henry Thoreau](#) that Witherell had seen a bluebird. Although Thoreau remembered that Martial Miles had recently told him he thought he had heard one, nevertheless he doubted the reports and considered it to be too early for a bluebird to arrive.

In San Francisco, a light earthquake caused doors and windows to rattle.

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March 2. A Corner man tells me that Witherell has seen a bluebird, and Martial Miles thought that he heard one. I doubt it. It may have been given to Witherell to see the first bluebird, so much has been withheld from him. What produces the peculiar softness of the air yesterday and today, as if it were the air of the south suddenly pillowed amid our wintry hills? We have suddenly a different sky,—a different atmosphere. It is as if the subtlest possible soft vapor were diffused through the atmosphere. Warm air has come to us from the south, but charged with moisture, which will yet distill in rain or congeal into snow and hail. The sand foliage is vital in its form, reminding me [of] what are called the vitals of the animal body. I am not sure that its arteries are ever hollow. They are rather meandering channels with remarkably distinct sharp edges, formed instantaneously as by magic. How rapidly and perfectly it organizes itself! The material must be sufficiently cohesive. I suspect that a certain portion of clay is necessary. Mixed sand and clay being saturated with melted ice and snow, the most liquid portion flows downward through the mass, forming for itself instantly a perfect canal, using the best materials the mass affords for its banks. It digs and builds it in a twinkling. The less fluid portions clog the artery, change its course, and form thick stems and leaves. The lobe principle,—lobe of the ear (labor, lapsus?). On the outside all the life of the earth is expressed in the animal or vegetable, but make a deep cut in it and you find it vital; you find in the very sands an anticipation of the vegetable leaf. No wonder, then, that plants grow and spring in it. The atoms have already learned the law. Let a vegetable sap convey it upwards and you have a vegetable leaf. No wonder that the earth expresses itself outwardly in leaves, which labors with the idea thus inwardly. The overhanging leaf sees here its prototype. The earth is pregnant with law. The various shades of this sand foliage are very agreeable to the eye, including all the different colors which iron assumes,—brown, gray, yellowish, reddish, and clay-color. Perhaps it produces the greater effect by arranging the sands of the same color side by side, bringing them together.

March 9, Thursday: Auction sales! By Selover & Sinton, real estate auctioneers and agents. Public auction of real estate in the City of San Francisco by the Board of [California](#) Land Commissioners. Covered the area bounded by Jackson St., the Bay, and Washington St.,

In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) walked to the Great Meadows, and conducted an experiment to verify an account he had seen in "[Captain](#)" [Mayne Reid](#)'s THE YOUNG VOYAGEURS; OR, THE BOY HUNTERS IN THE NORTH, an American edition of which had just been published in Boston.



March 9. A.M.— Clearing up.

Water is fast taking place of ice on the river and meadows, and morning and evening we begin to have some smooth water prospects. Saw this morning a muskrat sitting "in a round form on the ice" or, rather, motionless like the top of a stake or a mass of muck on the edge of the ice. He then dove for a clam, whose shells he left on the ice beside him.

Boiled a handful of rock-tripe (*Umbilicaria Muhlenbergii*) — which [Tuckerman](#) says "was the favorite Rock-Tripe in Franklin's Journey" — for more than an hour. It produced a *black* pulp, looking *somewhat* like boiled tea leaves, and was insipid like rice or starch. The dark water in which it was boiled had a bitter taste and was slightly gelatinous. The pulp was not positively disagreeable to the palate. The account in "[The Young Voyageurs](#)" is correct.

P.M.— To Great Meadows. Peter H. says that he saw gulls (?) and sheldrakes about a month ago, when the



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meadow was flooded. I detect the trout minnows not an inch long by their quick motions or quirks, soon concealing themselves. The river channel is open, but there is a very *thin* ice of recent formation over the greater part of the meadows. It is a still, moist, luring day, and the water is smooth. Saw several flocks of large grayish and whitish or speckled ducks, — I suppose the same that P. calls sheldrakes. They, like ducks commonly, incline to fly in a line about an equal distance apart. I hear the common sort of quacking from them. It is pleasant to see them at a distance alight on the water with a slanting flight, launch themselves, and sail along so stately. The pieces of ice, large and small, drifting along, help to conceal them, supply so many objects on the water. There is this last night's ice on the surface, but the old ice still at the bottom of the meadows. In the spaces of still open water I see the reflection of the hills and woods, which for so long I have not seen, and it gives expression to the face of nature. The face of nature is lit up by these reflections in still water in the spring. Sometimes you see only the top of a distant hill reflected far within the meadow, where a dull-gray field of ice intervenes between the water and the shore.

DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.

March 10, Friday: In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) walked the C. Miles road by way of Clamshell Hill. He saw a skunk on Corner Road and followed it for 60 rods or more.

Dr. Dickson of the Marine Hospital died in a duel in Sacramento, California.

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March 10, Misty rain, rain,—the third day of more or less rain.

P. M.--C. Miles road via Clamshell Hill. Misty and mizzling. The radical leaves of the shepherd's-purse are common and fresh, also that early thistle by Nut Meadow Brook, with much down webbed, holding the mist in drops. Each alder cat kin has a clear drop at the end, though the air is filled with mist merely, which from time to time is blown in my face and I put up my umbrella. The bæomyces is very perfect and handsome to-day. It occurs to me that heavy rains and sudden meltings of the snow, such as we had a fortnight ago (February 26th), before the ground is thawed, so that all the water, instead of being soaked up by the ground, flows rapidly into the streams and ponds, is necessary to swell and break them up. If we waited for the direct influence of the sun on the ice and the influence of such water as would reach the river under other circumstances, the spring would be very much delayed. In the violent freshet there is a mechanic force added to the chemic, The willow catkins on the Miles [road] I should say had decidedly started since I was here last, and are all peeping from under their scales conspicuously, At present I should say that the vegetable kingdom showed the influence of the spring as much in the air as in the water,—that is, in the flowing of the sap, the skunk cabbage buds, and the swelling of the willow catkins. I have detected very little, if anything, starting in brooks or ditches, for the first have far overflowed their banks and [are] full of rapid and sandy water, and the latter are still frequently full of ice. But probably that depends on the year, whether open or not. Saw a skunk in the Corner road, which I followed sixty rods or more. out now about 4 P. M.,— partly because it is a dark, foul day. It is a slender black (and white) animal, with its back remarkably arched, standing high behind and carrying its head low; runs, even when undisturbed, with a singular teeter or undulation, like the walking of a Chinese lady. Very slow; I hardly have to run to keep up with it. It has a long tail, which it regularly erects when I come too near and prepares to



discharge its liquid. It is white at the end of the tail, and the hind head and a line on the front of the face,—the rest black, except the flesh-colored nose (and I think feet). The back is more arched and the fore and hind feet nearer together than in my sketch. It tried repeatedly to get into the wall, and did not show much cunning.



Finally it steered, apparently, for an old skunk or woodchuck hole under a wall four rods off, and got into it,-- or under the wall, at least--for it was stopped up,--and there I view at leisure close to. It has a remarkably long, narrow, pointed head and snout, which enable it to make those deep narrow holes in the earth by which it probes

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for insects. Its eyes have an innocent, childlike, bluish-black expression. It made a singular loud patting sound repeatedly, on the frozen ground under the wall, undoubtedly with its fore feet (I saw only the upper part of the animal), which reminded me of what I have heard about your stopping and stamping in order to stop the skunk. Probably it has to do with its getting its food,--patting the earth to get the insects or worms. Though why it did so then I know not. Its track was small, round, showing the nails, a little less than an inch in diameter, alternate five or six inches by two or two and a half, sometimes two feet together. There is something pathetic in such a sight,--next to seeing one of the human aborigines of the country. I respect the skunk as a human being in a very humble sphere. I have no doubt they have begun to probe already where the ground permits,--or as far as it does. But what have they eat all winter? The weather is almost April-like. We always have much of this rainy, drizzling, misty weather in early spring, after which we expect to hear geese.

In what would become a test of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, and only a few days before the meeting in the little white schoolhouse in Ripon, Wisconsin that would launch the new “[Republican Party](#),”  Missouri slavemaster Benjamin S. Garland procured a process in the United States District Court and proceeded to a shanty at a sawmill near Racine, Wisconsin in company with two deputy United States marshals. His runaway slave Joshua Glover was in his shanty playing cards with the other lumbermen. One of the deputies knocked him down with a club and put a pistol to his head, and they handcuffed him.⁹⁷ Sherman M. Booth’s newspaper The Free Democrat or the American Freeman (different sources tell different stories) would report that Glover was “dumped mangled and bleeding into a democrat wagon, and with a marshal’s foot on his neck taken to Milwaukee and thrust into the county jail.” Pursuit having been anticipated, the officers made their way back into Milwaukee by a circuitous route. Booth, who took a leading part in the courthouse meeting, according to popular account of the affair charged up and down the streets on a white horse shouting “Freemen, to the rescue!” (In federal court, Booth would deny this, claiming to have been shouting only nonincendiary stuff such as “All freemen who are opposed to being made slaves or slave-catchers turn out to a meeting in the courthouse square at 2 o’clock!”) A hundred white activists came over by boat from Racine and marched to the city center in formation. Great crowds congregated and an indignation meeting was held. The meeting adopted resolutions having to do with Glover’s right to a writ of habeas corpus and a trial by jury. A local judge issued such a writ, but the federal officers inside the jail refused to acknowledge its validity. This led to a battering in of the jail door with pickaxes, and the forwarding of Glover to safety in Canada.



We send greetings to the Free States of the Union, that,
 in Wisconsin, the Fugitive Slave Law is repealed!
 The first attempt to enforce the law, in the state,...
 has failed! NO MORE COMPROMISE WITH SLAVERY!... PERISH
 ALL ENACTMENTS ESTABLISHING SLAVERY ON FREE SOIL!

March 11, Saturday: Mayor G.K. Garrison hosted a dinner for the Common Council and Executive Officers of San Francisco at Robb’s “Court Block,” T.P. Robb, H.H. Doty, W.B. Gould Proprietors (and we may trust that a good time was had by all).

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In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) walked to the Cliffs.



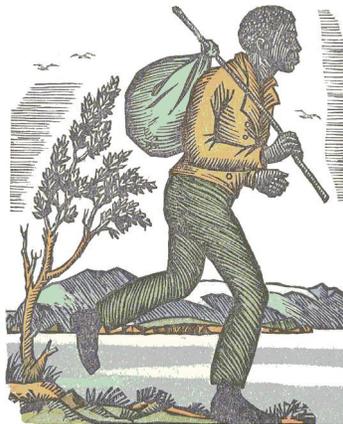
March 11: Fair weather after three rainy days. Air full of birds,— bluebirds, song sparrows, chickadee (phoebe notes), and blackbirds. Song sparrows toward the water, with at least two kinds of variations of their

97. Although Garland would be charged with assault and battery, he would successfully defend himself by pointing out that, as a slave owner, he was entitled to use whatever level of violence he considered necessary to secure himself in his property.

strain hard to imitate. Ozit, ozit, ozit. psa te-te-te-te ter ewe ter is one; the other began chip chip eke we, etc., etc. Bluebirds' [Eastern Bluebird  *Sialia sialis*] warbling curls in elms. Shall the earth be regarded as a graveyard, a necropolis, merely, and not also as a granary filled with the seeds of life? Is not its fertility increased by this decay? A fertile compost, not exhausted sand. on Tuesday, the 7th, I heard the first song sparrow chirp, and saw it flit silently from alder to alder. This pleasant morning after three days' rain and mist, they generally forth burst into sprayey song from the low trees along the river. The developing of their song is gradual but sure, like the expanding of a flower. This is the first song I have heard.

P. M.--To Cliffs. River higher than any time in the winter, I think, yet, there being some ice on the meadows and the tops of reflected trees being seen along its edges, Aunt thought the river had gone down and that this was the ground. Muskrats are driven out of their holes. Heard one's loud plash behind Hubbard's. It comes up, brown striped with wet. I could detect its progress beneath in shallow water by the bubbles which came up. I believe I saw to-day, and have for some time seen, lizards in water, wiggling away more swiftly than tadpoles or frogs. From the hill the river and meadow is about equally water and ice,-- rich blue water and islands or continents of white ice--no longer ice in place--blown from this side or that. The distant mountains are all white with snow while our landscape is nearly bare. Another year I must observe the alder and willow sap as early as the middle of February at least. Fair Haven covered with ice. Saw a hawk. Goodwin saw a ground squirrel a fortnight ago and heard robin this morning. He has caught skunks in traps set for minks with a piece of muskrat. Says the fox and skunk eat huckleberries, etc. Nowadays, where snow-banks have partly melted against the banks by the roadside in low ground, I see in the grass numerous galleries where the mice or moles have worked in the winter.

Incited by an editorial in Sherman M. Booth's Free Democrat, a mob battered down the door of the jail in Milwaukee, Wisconsin to free Joshua Glover, a runaway slave from Missouri. Although Booth would later allege that his newspaper had been advocating an entirely peaceable protest, federal authorities would seek to hold him responsible.



The feds used the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 as their basis for arresting the newspaper editor, so the state government moved immediately to declare that legislation void in Wisconsin and to release the political prisoner on a writ of habeas corpus. Here is the story as it has been telescoped by William Raney in WISCONSIN: A STORY OF PROGRESS (Perin Press, 1963, pages 148-49):

For the next six years Sherman M. Booth was the center of legal proceedings initiated by the federal authorities under the Fugitive Slave Act. He was arrested, and while in the custody of the United States marshal was released on a writ of habeas corpus issued by a judge of the Wisconsin Supreme Court. The whole court reviewed the case and on July 19, 1854 upheld the habeas corpus. Arrested again and tried by a federal court, Booth was sentenced to a month's imprisonment and a fine of \$1,000 in January, 1855. He was again set at liberty by a writ of habeas corpus issuing from the state supreme court. At this time the full court declared the Fugitive Slave Act unconstitutional and void. When the Supreme Court of the United States asked for a copy of the record in order to review the case, the Supreme Court of Wisconsin took no notice of the request. In March, 1857, the United States assumed jurisdiction,



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procured a copy of the record, and on March 7, 1859, gave judgment reversing that of the Wisconsin Supreme Court. In March, 1860, Booth was again arrested by federal authorities and released by friends and rearrested, and the case was finally ended when President Buchanan pardoned him in March, 1861.

In writing the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case (*Ableman v Booth*, 62 US 506), a decision cited as a precedent as late as the 1950s, Chief Justice Roger Taney would argue that the Wisconsin courts had no jurisdiction over what was a constitutional issue, and therefore that Booth's conviction would have to stand. His argument would cite the court's essential role in arbitrating conflicts between states, a specter that would become actuality only two years later:

[L]ocal interests, local passions or prejudices, incited and fostered by individuals for sinister purposes, would lead to acts of aggression and injustice by one State upon the rights of another, which would ultimately terminate in violence and force unless there was a common arbiter between them, armed with power enough to protect and guard the rights of all by appropriate laws to be carried into execution peacefully by its judicial tribunals.

Booth's sympathizers would take matters into their own hands. A group led by Professor Edward Daniels, who was not only a faculty member at Brockway College in Ripon but also a regent of Wisconsin's normal schools, would "rescue" the editor from his cell at the Milwaukee federal Custom House on August 1, 1860.



John Mitchel wrote in his *The Citizen* that:

The concluding lecture of the Anti-Slavery course was delivered on Tuesday evening, by no less a person than Ralph Waldo Emerson. There was considerable curiosity to hear how this practiced elaborator of exquisite sentences would set about composing such sentences as should fit the taste of the Tabernacle. We had certainly formed no high estimate of Mr. Emerson as a thinker, that is to say a coherent reasoner; yet we did expect that he would give us either fancy or logic, either poetry or vigor, either rhyme or reason. We declare that we were disappointed in this very reasonable alternative anticipation.... Two things, indeed, the Lecturer forbore to do. He did not anathematize the American Union: he did not abuse the unfortunate wight, John Mitchel. So much the worse: his lecture was less piquant.

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March 16, Thursday: [Henry Thoreau](#) signed an indenture for the publication of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#).



That the said Thoreau agrees to give, and by these presents give to said Ticknor & Co., the right to publish for the term of five years, a certain book, entitled "Walden, a Life in the Woods" of which, said Thoreau is the Author and Proprietor.

TIMELINE OF WALDEN



[Alexander Young](#) died of pleurisy in [Boston](#) at the age of 53, leaving the widow Mrs. Caroline James Young with 8 surviving children (4 of their 12 had died but the oldest, Edward James Young, had arrived at 24 years of age and was a graduate of Harvard College). The Reverend Ezra Stiles Gannett would deliver the discourse at his funeral. Eventually he would be succeeded in the pulpit of the New South Church, located on "Church Green" at the corner of Summer Street and Bedford Street, by the Reverend Orville Dewey.⁹⁸

On this night an earthquake was felt in San Francisco.

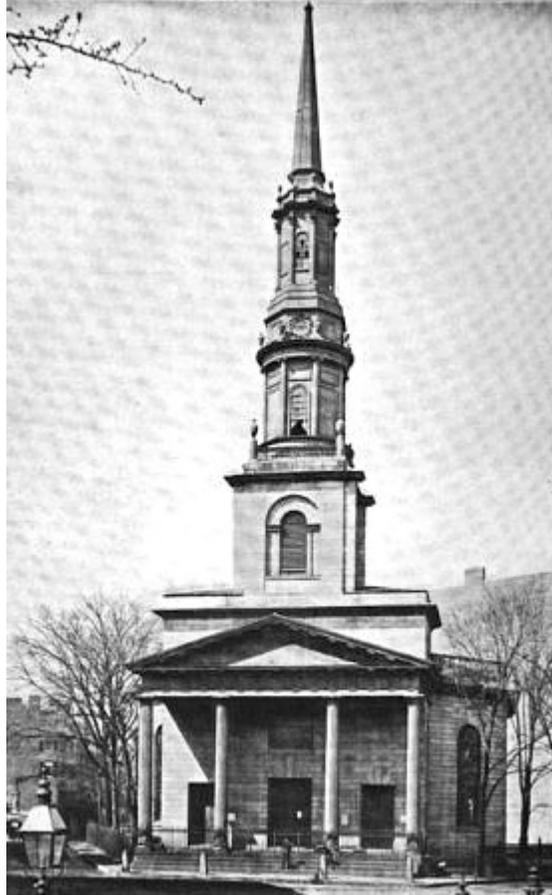
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98. In the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, among the Benjamin Loring Young papers under call number Ms. N-504, has been found a "photomechanical" of a painting on the verso of which is the notation "Rev. Alexander Young, D.D. Born in Boston, Sept. 22, 1800. Pastor of Church on Church Green, 1825-1854. Died, March 16, 1854."

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This Daguerreotype of the edifice, which had been designed in 1814 by Charles Bulfinch and would be demolished in 1868, would be exposed as of 1858:



This deceased reverend'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 would be appearing in Thoreau's new book, albeit in somewhat submerged form:

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.

ALEXANDER YOUNG
THE BEANFIELD
SQUANTO

In transit from Vevey to Geneva, **Professor Henri-Frédéric Amiel**, who would be referred to as the “Swiss **Thoreau**,” wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: “What message had this lake for me, with its sad serenity, its soft and even tranquility, in which was mirrored the cold monotonous pallor of mountains and clouds? That disenchanted disillusioned life may still be traversed by duty, lit by a memory of heaven. I was visited by a clear and profound intuition of the flight of things, of the fatality of all life, of the melancholy which is below the surface of all existence, but also of that deepest depth which subsists forever beneath the fleeting wave.”



March 16, A.M. — Another fine morning.

Willows & alders along watercourses all alive these mornings & ringing with the trills & jingles & warbles of birds even as the waters have lately broken loose & tinkle below — song-sparrows blackbirds — not to mention robins &c &c

The song sparrows are very abundant peopling each bush-willow or alder for ¼ of a mile & pursuing each other as if now selecting their mates— It is their song which especially fills the air — made an incessant & undistinguishable trill & jingle by their numbers— I see ducks afar sailing on the meadow leaving a long furrow in the water behind them— Watch them at leisure without scaring them with my glass; observe their free & undisturbed motions— Some dark-brown partly on water alternately dipping with their tails up partly on land— These I think may be summer ducks. [Were they not females of the others?] Others with bright white breasts &c & black heads about same size or larger which may be Golden Eyes — i e Brass-eyed Whistlers They dive

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& are gone some time & come up a rod off- At first I saw but one — then a minute after 3- The first phœbe near the water is heard.

Saw & heard honey-bees about my boat in the yard — attracted probably by the beeswax in the grafting-wax which was put on it a year ago. It is warm weather. A thunder-storm in the evening.

[Thaddeus William Harris](#) of Cambridge, Massachusetts wrote in regard to the LARVÆ OF THE CRANE FLY to Simon Brown, Esq. via page 210 of the New England Farmer, as follows:

Dear Sir — Yesterday, Mr. Flint brought to me the bottle of grubs, which you sent by him. He said that they were found in considerable numbers, on snow in Concord lately, and that they were alive when taken; but they were dead when received.

They are of a livid or pale brownish color, about half an inch long, thickest at the hinder end of the body, and tapering towards the other end. Above the vent, there is a kind of coronet of short spines, four of which are longer than the others, and the latter are black at the points. These grubs are the larvæ or young of some kind of crane-fly or *Tipula*, and resemble the figures of the larvæ of the European *Tipula corniciva* and *Tipula oleracea*, two species vulgarly called daddy long-legs, in England, and well known for their injury, in the larvæ state, to the grass-roots of meadows. In the volume of "Insect Transformations" belonging to the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," will be found a short account of the European insects above named, pages 252 to 255 inclusive, to which I beg to refer you. The Concord grubs, like their European prototypes, probably lived in the ground upon the roots of grasses. How they came to be dislodged from their quarters I cannot tell.



CHAPTER X.

Voracity of Caterpillars, Grubs, and Maggots; — concluded.

MAGGOTS.

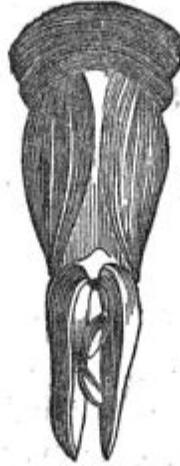
ADHERING to the distinction of terming those larvæ which are destitute of feet, *maggots*, we shall notice here a very destructive one, which is sometimes popularly called *the grub*, and sometimes confounded with the wire worm.* We allude to the larvæ of one or two common species of crane flies (*Tipulidæ*), well known by the provincial names of father-long-legs, Jenny-spinners, and tailors. These insects are so common in some meadows, that, being very shy and fearful of danger, they rise in swarms at every step—some of them flying high, others only skipping over the grass, and others running and using their long legs as the inhabitants of marshy countries use stilts, and employing their wings like the ostrich to aid their limbs.

These flies deposit their eggs in the earth; sometimes in grass fields or moist meadows, and sometimes in the tilled ground of gardens and farms. For this purpose the female is provided with an ovipositor well adapted to the operation, consisting of a sort of pincers or forceps of a horny consistence, and sharp at the point. By pressure, as Réaumur says, the eggs may be extruded from this in the same way as the stone can be easily squeezed out of a ripe cherry as in the following figure.

* See Stickney's Observ. on the grub, 8vo. Hull, 1800.

MAGGOTS OF CRANE FLIES.

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Ovipositor and eggs of the crane fly (*Tipula*).

The eggs are exceedingly small and black, like grains of gunpowder, and each female lays a good many hundreds. The position which she assumes appears somewhat awkward, for she raises herself perpendicularly on her two hind legs, using her ovipositor as a point of support, and resting with her fore-legs upon the contiguous herbage. She then thrusts her ovipositor into the ground as far as the first ring of her body, and leaves one or more eggs in the hole; and next moves onwards to another place, but without bringing herself into a horizontal position. The maggot, when hatched from the egg, immediately attacks the roots of the grass and other herbage which it finds nearest to it; and of course the portion of the plant above ground withers for lack of nourishment.

The maggots of this family which seem to do most injury are those of *Tipula oleracea* and *T. cornicina*. In the summer of 1828, we observed more than an acre of ground, adjoining the Bishop of Oxford's garden, at Blackheath, as entirely stripped, both of grass and every thing green, as if the turf had been



Crane fly ovipositing, and the larva beneath, in the earth, feeding upon grass roots.

pared off from the surface, the only plant untouched being the tiny bird tare (*Ornithopus perpusillus*). On digging here to learn the cause, we found these larvæ already full-fed, and about to pass into pupæ, after having left nothing upon which they could subsist. It was not a little remarkable that they seemed to be altogether confined to this spot; for we did not meet with a single foot of turf destroyed by them in any other part of the heath, or in the adjacent fields. So

very complete, however, was their destruction of the roots on the spot in question, that even now, at the distance of two years, it is still visibly thinner of herbage than the parts around it.*

Réaumur gives a similar account of their ravages in Poitou, where, in certain seasons, the grass of the low moist meadows has been so parched up in consequence, as not to afford sufficient provender for the cattle. He describes the soil in Poitou as a black peat mould; and it was the same in which we found them at Blackheath, with this difference, that the spot was elevated and dry. According to M. Réaumur, also, their only food is this sort of black mould, and not the roots of grass and herbage, which he thinks are only loosened by their burrowing.† This view of the matter appears strongly corroborated by the fact that several species of the family feed upon the mould in the holes of decaying trees, particularly the larva of a very beautiful one (*Ctenophora flaveolata*, MEIGEN), which is very rare in Britian. It is proper to mention, however, that Mr Stickney's experiments,‡ contrary to the conclusions of Réaumur, indicate that these larvæ devour the roots of grass; and Stewart says they 'feed on the roots of plants, corn, and grasses, and are thence destructive to gardens, fields, and meadows. They prevailed in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and other places in Scotland, in the spring of 1800, when they laid waste whole fields of oats and other grain.'§

In many districts of England these insects cut off a large proportion of the wheat crop, particularly, it would appear, when it had been sown on clover leys. 'In the rich district,' say Kirby and Spence, 'of Sunk Island, in Holderness, in the spring of 1813, hundreds of acres of pasture have been entirely de-

* J. R.

‡ Obs. on the Grub.

† R aumur, v. 12, &c.

§ Elements, ii, 267.



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April 1, Saturday: [Dr. Thaddeus William Harris](#)'s "Larvae of the Crane Fly" was appearing in this month's issue of the [New England Farmer](#).

Having found prospecting for gold to involve a whole lot of hard work in what looked suspiciously like dirt, and being of the personal attitude that to do hard work was to be suspected of the dreadfully slavish and contemptible "strong back weak mind" syndrome, Hinton Rowan Helper had abandoned the gold fields of [California](#). On this date he arrived at a port on the Caribbean coast of Central America and embarked for the final legs of his journey home to North Carolina. Did he remember the dirt of North Carolina as being less dirty, the work of North Carolina as being less hard? Well, but maybe he could make some easy clean money by writing to warn others that the streets of California were not exactly paved with gold. Note carefully how his attitude about writing correlated with his attitude about labor correlated with his attitude about persons of color. For Helper, to be pro-slavery was to be pro-Negro and to be pro-Negro was to be pro-slavery. Because these loathsome blacks were being used for manual labor, manual labor itself had acquired an irremovable taint, and even a white man, if he was so situated as to need to work for his living, was being treated "as if he was a loathsome beast, and shunned with the utmost disdain." Writing about the loathsome black man and how he is wronging us became for Helper a way of avoiding being condemned as equally loathsome on account of his unrelenting poor-boy need to obtain money in order to live.

In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) went on the Assabet River to Dodge's Brook and thence to Jacob B. Farmer's.

In San Francisco, an ordinance for the suppression of houses of ill-fame went into effect. This ordinance abolished the erotic dance known as the fandango, and shuttered the dancing and bawdy houses along Dupont Street, Jackson Street, and Pacific Street.

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Ap. 1st The tree sparrows — *hyemalis* — & song sparrows are particularly lively & musical in the yard this rainy & truly April day. The air rings with them. The robin *now* begins to sing sweet powerfully— Pm up Assabet to Dodge's Brook — thence to Farmer's.

April has begun like itself. It is warm & showery — while I sail away with a light SW wind toward the Rock— Sometimes the sun seems just ready to burst out — yet I know it will not— The meadow is becoming bare It resounds with the spray notes of blackbirds— The birds sing this warm showery day after a fortnight's cold (yesterday was wet too), with a universal burst & flood of melody. Great flocks of *hyemalis* [**Dark-eyed Junco**  *Junco hyemalis*] &c pass overhead like schools of fishes in the water many abreast. The white maple stamens are beginning to peep out from the wet & weather-beaten buds. The earliest alders are just ready to bloom — to show their yellow — on the first decidedly warm & sunny day. The water is smooth at last and dark. Ice no longer forms on the oars. It is pleasant to paddle under the dripping hemlocks this dark day. They make more of a wilderness impression than pines. The lines of saw dust from Barrets mill at different heights on the steep wet bank under the hemlocks — rather enhance the impression of freshness & wildness, as if it were a new country. Saw a painted tortoise on the bottom— The bark of Poplar boughs which have been held in the ice along the sides of the river the past winter are gnawed probably by muskrats. Saw floating a good-sized rooster without a head the red stump sticking out — probably killed by an owl. Heard a bird whose note was very much like that of the purple finch — loud & clear. First *smelled* the musk-rat.

Yesterday & to-day I hear the cackle of the flicker so agreeable from association. It brings the year about. From afar, on some blasted tree, it makes all the vale ring its swelling flicker (?). Saw at farmer his snow-grubs (the same I had seen v. back) [Harris](#) in this weeks NE Farmer thinks on comparing them with *Eng.* plates, that they are the larvae of one of the species of Crane-fly *Tipula*. I saw some — still in F's pasture. Did they not come out from the roots of the grass prematurely in the winter & so become food for birds? The ground in Farmer's garden was in some places whitened with the droppings of the snowbirds after seeds of weeds — *F. hyemalis* & others. The *hyemalis* is in the largest flocks of any at this season— You see them come drifting over a rising ground just like snowflakes before a north-east wind.

I was surprised to see how Farmers young pears 3 or 4 feet high on quince stocks had been broken down by the snow-drifts broken over & over apparently the snow freezing over them and then at last by its weight breaking them down.



I hear the jingle of the *hyemalis* from within the house — sounding like a trill.



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April 3, Monday: The 1st US Mint was opened on Commercial Street in San Francisco.

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[John Brown](#) wrote from Akron, Ohio to [John Brown, Jr.](#)

Dear Son John,
We received your letter of the 24th March two or three days since, and one from Henry, dated 25th March, about the same time. They had got on well so far, but had to go by stage the balance of the way. Father got home well, and was with us over night Friday last. We have all been middling well of late, but very busy, having had the care of the whole concern at Mr. Perkins's place until Friday night. I had a most comfortable time settling last year's business, and dividing with Mr. Perkins, and have to say of his dealing with me that he has shown himself to be every inch a gentleman. I bring to my new home five of the red cows and ten calves; he to have \$100 out of my share of the last year's wool, to make us even on last year's business; after dividing all crops, he paying me in hand \$28.55, balance due me on all except four of the five cows. I am going now to work with a cheap team of two yoke oxen, on which I am indebted, till I can sell my wool, \$89; \$46 I have paid towards them. I would like to have all my children settle within a few miles of each other and of me, but I cannot take the responsibility of advising you to make any forced move to change your location. Thousands have to regret that they did not let middling "well alone." I should think you ought to get for your place another \$125; and I think you may, if you are not too anxious. That would buy you considerable of a farm in Essex or elsewhere, and we may get the Homestead Law passed yet. It has been a question with me whether you would not do better to hire all your team work done than to have your little place overstocked possibly, after some trouble about buying them, paying taxes, insurance, and some expense for implements to use them with. If you get a little overstocked, everything will seem to do poorly. Frederick is very much better, but both he and Owen have been having the ague lately. They leave the Hill farm soon. I do not at this moment know of a good opening for you this way. One thing I do not fear to advise and even urge; and that is the habitual "fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom." Commending you all to his mercy, I remain

Your affectionate father,
John Brown.

In the afternoon, [Henry Thoreau](#) went to the Cliffs by boat.



April 3. Saw from window with glass seven ducks on meadow-water, — only one or two conspicuously white, — these, black heads, white throats and breasts and along sides, — the rest of the ducks, brownish, probably young males and females. Probably the golden-eye. [Jardine](#) says it is rare to see more than one full-plumaged male in a flock.

P.M. — To Cliffs by boat.

Did I see crow blackbirds with the red-wings [[Red-winged Blackbird](#) [Agelaius phoeniceus](#)] and hear their harsher chattering?

The water has gone down so much that I have to steer carefully to avoid the thick hummocks left here and there on the meadow by the ice. I see the deep holes they were taken out of. A muskrat has just built a small cabin, — apparently a bushel of mouthfuls on one. No clams up yet. I see a very little snow ice still, at a distance on the north sides of hills and walls. The wind is southeasterly. This is methinks the first hazy day, though not so warm as the 17th of Mardi. The aspect of the woods reminds me of landscapes, and the sough of the wind in

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the pines sounds warmer, whispering of summer. I think I may say that Flint's broke up entirely on the first wet (lay after the cold spell, — i.e. the 31st of March, — though I have not been there lately. Fair Haven will last some days yet.

April 4, Tuesday: A week after declaration of war, Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka left Paris for Russia.

The 2d Regiment of Dragoons under Lieutenant Colonel Philip St. George Cooke defeated the Jicarilla Apaches at the canyon of Ojo Caliente.



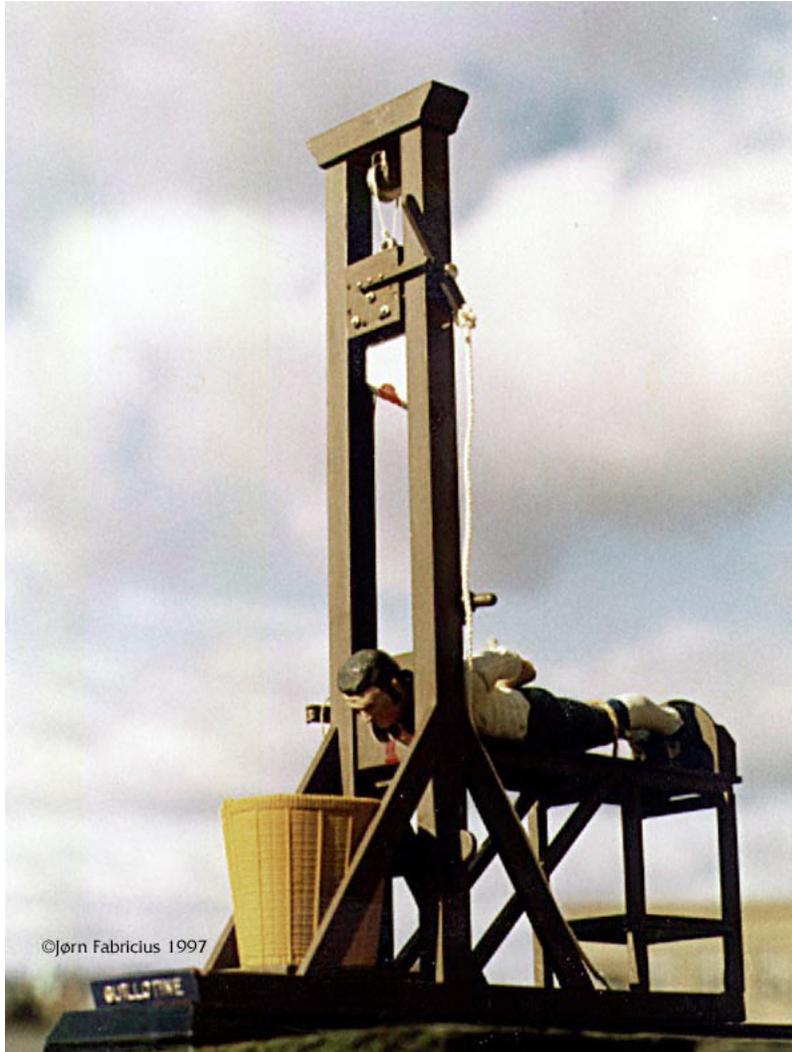
The police raided a fandango house on Pacific Street between Stockton Street and Dupont Street in San Francisco, and arrested 11 men and 14 women under this municipality's new anti-prostitution ordinance (evidently these people were suspected of having been up to no good).

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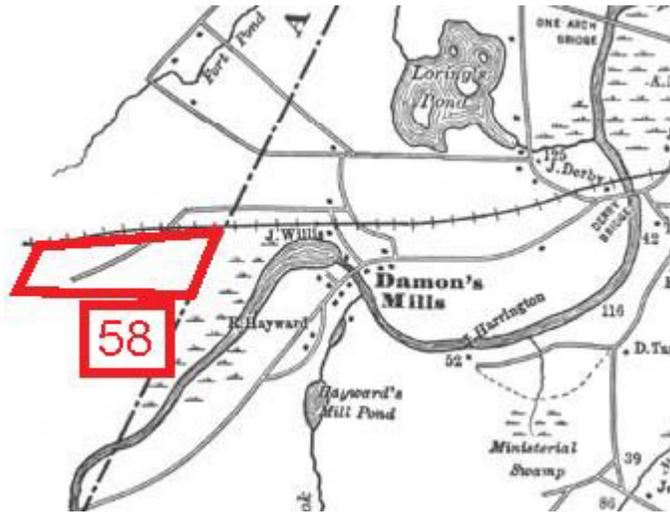
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Joseph Tussaud returned to London with a head-chopping machine that he had procured from Clément Sanson. This “[guillotine](#)” was to become a part of Madame Tussaud’s Waxworks.



HEADCHOPPING

[Henry Thoreau](#) spent all day surveying an Acton woodlot belonging to Abel Hosmer near the railroad and the road to Stow, Jessie Willis, George Wright, Joel Conant, (?) Adams, Asa Parker and the area just west of the Damon Mill land.



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/58a.htm

An article by [John Russell Bartlett](#) appeared in the New York Herald, on pages 5 and 6, entitled "The Aboriginal Semi-civilization of the Great California Basin, with a Refutation of the popular theory of the Northern Origin of the Aztecs of Mexico," on the migration of Aztecs and the distribution of Native Americans in the Great Basin region, from which [Thoreau](#) would copy into his eighth Indian Notebook.

American and English ships began to land forces at [Shanghai](#) to protect American interests during Chinese civil strife. This would continue until June 17th.

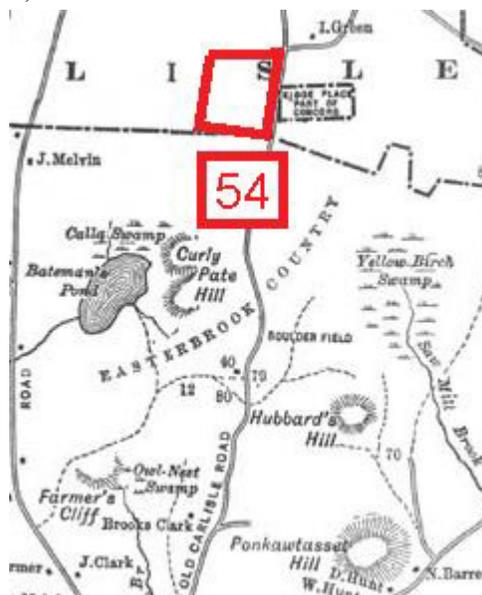
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April 5, Wednesday, evening, 1854: [Waldo Emerson](#) was delivering “France” at the Concord Lyceum. Meanwhile the disintegrating body of a man was being discovered in the river between Fair Haven Pond and Lee’s. [Henry Thoreau](#) had spent all day surveying woodlots in Concord and [Carlisle](#), near Hitchinson’s property and near [I.??] Green’s property, for Samuel Hoar, and had made two maps.



The Poplar Hill map was for land on the hill behind the Bullet Hole House and opposite the Old Manse on Monument Street in Concord, near Great Meadows.



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The other map was of the North part of the present Easterbrook Woods area.



Thousands of people had gathered at the Plaza in San Francisco for dedication of a new City Hall bell. Fire Chief Engineer Duane broke a bottle of champagne over the bell, because it was also to peal out alarms of fire (the bell tower itself was to be used by fire spotters).

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That night,



Spring: "Who shall distinguish between the **law** by which a brook finds its river, the **instinct** a bird performs its migrations, and the **knowledge** by which a man steers his ship round the globe?" [VI, 148 or VI, 278 (?)]

April 10, Monday: In the afternoon, [Henry Thoreau](#) went to Great Meadows by boat, and sailed back.

Two earthquake shocks, one at 10:30 AM local time and another 15 minutes later, were experienced in San Francisco. The 2d of these was the more severe, and at Point Lobos was more violent.

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April 10: April rain. How sure a rain is to bring the tree sparrows into the yard, to sing sweetly, canary-like!

I bought me a spy-glass some weeks since. I buy but few things, and those not till long after I begin to want them, so that when I do get them I am prepared to make a perfect use of them and extract their whole sweet.

I bought me a spy-glass some weeks since. I buy but few things, and those not till long after I begin to want them, so that when I do get them I am prepared to make a perfect use of them and extract their whole sweet.

Saw a dead sucker yesterday.

P. M. - To Great Meadows by boat, and sail back.

There are many snipes now feeding in the meadows, which you come close upon, and then they go off with hoarse *cr-r-r-ack cr-r-r-ack*. They dive down suddenly from a considerable height sometimes when they alight.

A boy fired at a blue-winged teal a week ago. A great many red-wings [**Red-winged Blackbird**  *Agelaius phoeniceus*] along the water's edge in the meadow. Some of these blackbirds quite black, and some *apparently larger* than the rest. Are they all red-wings? The crimson stigmas, like the hazel, of the white maple, generally by themselves, make handsome show.



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April 12, Wednesday: Arthur Sullivan was enrolled as a chorister in the Chapel Royal.

At the US Bonded Warehouse at Battery and Union in San Francisco, the walls collapsed. There had been a rash of such collapses recently.

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[Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed 20 acres of woodlot in Lincoln for Schuyler Parks.



http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_surveys/97.htm



April 12. Wednesday. Surveying for Parks in Lincoln. A white frost this morning, after the clear moonlight. Parks says he saw a buff-edged butterfly a month ago, *i.e.* before the 17th of March. The hazels are well out to-day, and their pollen yellows my clothes, it being a warm (off-coat) day. When I went to Mr. P.'s house at noon, he addressed me, "Now, what will you have to drink?" and soon appeared stirring a glass of gin for himself. Waited at Lincoln depot an hour and a half. Heard the telegraph harp. I perceived distinctly that man melts at the sound of music, just like a rock exposed to a furnace heat. They need not have fabled that Orpheus moved the rocks and trees, for there is nothing more insensible than man; he sets the fashion to the rocks, and it is as surprising to see him melted, as when children see the lead begin to flow in a crucible. I observe that it is when I have been intently, and it may be laboriously, at work, and am somewhat listless or abandoned after it, reposing, that the muse visits me, and I see or hear beauty. It is from out the shadow of my toil that I look into the light. The music of the spheres is but another name for the Vulcanic force. May not such a record as this be kept on one page of the Book of Life: "A man was melted to-day."

April 14, Friday: San Franciscans experienced 2 earthquake shocks.

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[Henry Thoreau](#) left at 6 AM for Nawshawtuct.



April 14. Friday. 6 A.M. — To Nawshawtuct. There is a general tinge of green now discernible through the russet on the bared meadows and the hills, the green blades just peeping forth amid the withered ones. Can they be red-wings which I have seen for some time with the red-wings [**Red-winged Blackbird** [Agelaius phoeniceus](#)], — without red or buff? They have a split note, perhaps no *gurgle-ee!* There are spider-webs on the meadow lately bared. It is difficult to find the snipe, though you stand near where he alights. Saw yellow redpolls, on Cheney's elm, — a clear metallic chip and jerks of the tail.

April 20, Thursday: In the morning [Henry Thoreau](#) went to Nawshawtuct, in the afternoon he went to Island and Hill, and at 4 PM he went to Moore's Swamp.

Austria and [Russia](#) signed a defensive alliance in Berlin and remained neutral in the [Crimean War](#).

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel [James Duncan Graham](#) of the US Army's Corps of Topographical Engineers was placed in general supervision of the Harbor Improvements on Lake Michigan.

[Alfred Russel Wallace](#) disembarked in Singapore for his collecting expedition in the Malay Archipelago. (He wouldn't be back until February 20, 1862 — eight years and about 14,000 miles of travel.)

When Captain Creesy arrived in San Francisco harbor from New-York harbor on the 88th day, this was a new record.

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April 28, Friday: Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka arrived in Warsaw on his way home from Paris.

The United States informed the British minister in Washington of its neutrality in the [Crimean War](#).

It rained all day, making the grass look green. [Henry Thoreau](#) transplanted some black spruce trees.

There were 25,000 [Chinese](#) in [California](#) and almost all who were adults could read in Chinese. On this day was issued the 1st issue of the 1st San Francisco newspaper in the Chinese language, titled [Gold Hills News](#).

May 3, Wednesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) went in the morning rain by boat to Nawshawtuct.

He wrote to a Hosmer, we believe to [Edmund Hosmer](#) (although we do not have this letter but only a narrow strip torn from a draft of the letter).

C.H. Tracy surveyed the town of Ravenswood, near San Francisco.

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May 6, Saturday: More than a year after its disastrous premiere, La Traviata by Giuseppe Verdi was produced once again in Venice, this time at the Teatro San Benedetto, with different singers. It was a complete success.

The 1st issue of a publication of the Catholic Church, the [Weekly Catholic Standard](#).

In Sacramento, there was a convention for the organization of the Grand Chapter of [California](#) Freemasons.

A comment in [Scientific American](#) helps us understand [Henry Thoreau](#)'s remark in [WALDEN](#), "often the richest freight will be discharged upon a Jersey shore":

The late terrific shipwrecks on the Jersey shores, by which so



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many lost their lives....

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TIMELINE OF SHIPWRECKS

WALDEN: I have always endeavored to acquire strict business habits; they are indispensable to every man. If your trade is with the Celestial Empire, then some small counting house on the coast, in some Salem harbor, will be fixture enough. You will export such articles as the country affords, purely native products, much ice and pine timber and a little granite, always in native bottoms. These will be good ventures. To oversee all the details yourself in person; to be at once pilot and captain, and owner and underwriter; to buy and sell and keep the accounts; to read every letter received, and write or read every letter sent; to superintend the discharge of imports night and day; to be upon many parts of the coast almost at the same time; -often the richest freight will be discharged upon a Jersey shore;- to be your own telegraph, unweariedly sweeping the horizon, speaking all passing vessels bound coastwise; to keep up a steady despatch of commodities, for the supply of such a distant and exorbitant market; to keep yourself informed of the state of the markets, prospects of war and peace every where, and anticipate the tendencies of trade and civilization, -taking advantage of the results of all exploring expeditions, using new passages and all improvements in navigation;- charts to be studied, the position of reefs and new lights and buoys to be ascertained, and ever, and ever, the logarithmic tables to be corrected, for by the error of some calculator the vessel often splits upon a rock that should have reached a friendly pier, -there is the untold fate of La Perouse;- universal science to be kept pace with, studying the lives of all great discoverers and navigators, great adventurers and merchants, from Hanno and the Phoenicians down to our day; in fine, account of stock to be taken from time to time, to know how you stand. It is a labor to task the faculties of a man, - such problems of profit and loss, of interest, of tare and tret, and gauging of all kinds in it, as demand a universal knowledge.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

JEAN-FRANÇOIS DE GALOUP

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In the afternoon Henry Thoreau went to a location where there was epigaea, by way of Clamshell Hill. He made an entry in his journal that he was later to copy into his early lecture "WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT" It would be combined with an entry made on March 7, 1852 to form the following:

[Paragraph 76] We may well be ashamed to tell what things we have read or heard in our day. I do not know why my news should be so trivial,—considering what one's dreams and expectations are, why the developments should be so paltry. The news I hear for the most part is not news to my genius. It is the stalest repetition. How many a man continues his daily paper because he cannot help it, which is the case with all vicious habits?¹ *Communication from Heaven* is a journal still published, which never reprints the President's Message, but rather the higher law.² These facts appear to float in the atmosphere, insignificant as the sporules of fungi—and impinge on some neglected thallus or surface of my mind, which affords a basis for them—and hence a parasitic growth. We should wash ourselves clean of such news. Methinks that in a sane moment a man would bear with indifference if a trustworthy messenger were to inform him that the sun drowned himself last night. Of what consequence though our own planet explode, if there is no character involved in the explosion?

1. This and the following sentence were drawn from the Nantucket Inquirer summary. Their placement at this point in the paragraph is indicated by the arrangement of the sentences in the Inquirer and by a caret in the copy-text manuscript.

2. Bradley P. Dean has emended the Nantucket Inquirer forms "'Communication from Heaven'" and "'higher law'" by dropping the quotation marks from both and italicizing the former.

May 8, Monday: In the morning [Henry Thoreau](#) went to Nawshawtucl and in the afternoon he went by boat to Fair Haven.

Colonel William Walker, who once upon a time had been a newspaper editor in San Francisco, and 33 of his adventurous followers, surrendered to soldiers of the US Army near Tia Juana after having spent 6 months failing in an attempt to establish in northern [Mexico](#) a republic to be known as "[Lower California](#)."

May 11, Thursday: The newspaper [California Temperance Organ](#) renamed itself [Star of the West](#).

[Henry Thoreau](#) left at 6 AM for Laurel Hillside by Walden Pond. In the afternoon he went to Saw Mill Brook to check out the gooseberries.



May 11. The true poet will ever live aloof from society, wild to it, as the finest singer is the wood thrush [*Catharus* ■ *mustelina*], a forest bird.



May 11: Over meadows in boat at sunset to Island. Now at last I see crow blackbirds without doubt. They have probably been here before, for they are put down under April in the bird book (for '37). They fly as if carrying or dragging their precious long tails, broad at the end, through the air. Their note is like a great rusty spring, and also a hoarse chuck...

While at the Falls, I feel the air cooled and hear the mutterings of distant thunder in the northwest and see a dark cloud in that direction indistinctly through the wood. That distant thunder-shower very much cools our atmosphere. And I make haste through the woods homeward via Hubbard's Close. Hear the evergreen-forest note. The true poet will ever live aloof from society, wild to it, as the finest singer is the wood thrush, a forest bird. The shower is apparently going by on the north. There is a low, dark, blue-black arch, crescent-like, in the



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horizon, sweeping the distant earth there with a dusky, rainy brush, and all men, like the earth, seem to wear an aspect of expectation. There is an uncommon stillness here, disturbed only by a rush of the wind from time to time. In the village I meet men making haste to their homes, for, though the heavy cloud has gone quite by, the shower will probably strike us with its tail. Rock maple keys, etc., now two inches long, probably been out some days. Those by the path on Common not out at all. Now I have got home there is at last a still cooler wind with a rush, and at last a smart shower, slanting to the ground, without thunder. My errand this afternoon was chiefly to look at the gooseberry at Saw Mill Brook.

May 19, Friday: [Henry Thoreau](#) left at 5:30 AM for Nawshawtuct and the Island.

In [California](#), F.A. Bonnard's [Daily Sun](#) began to be published as a weekly.

May 22, Monday: The San Francisco Board of Engineers made a report to the Town Council of local street grades.

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[William Cooper Nell](#)'s "Equal School Rights."

[Henry Thoreau](#) left at 5:30 AM to go up the Assabet River. At 10 AM he went by boat to Fair Haven.



May 22, 1854: A hummingbird [[Ruby-throated Hummingbird](#) *Archilochus colubris*] dashes by like a loud bumblebee.

Senator Clayton proposed:

"Resolved, That the Committee on Foreign Relations be instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for such restrictions on the power of American consuls residing in the Spanish West India islands to issue sea letters on the transfer of American vessels in those islands, as will prevent the abuse of the American flag in protecting persons engaged in the African slave trade." On June 26, 1854, this committee would report "a bill (Senate, No. 416) for the more effectual suppression of the slave-trade in American built vessels." This would pass the Senate but be postponed in the House. SENATE JOURNAL, 33rd Congress, 1st session, pages 404, 457-8, 472-3, 476; HOUSE JOURNAL, 33rd Congress, 1st session, pages 1093, 1332-3; CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 33rd Congress, 1st session, pages 1257-61, 1511-3, 1591-3, 2139.

INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE

May 23, Tuesday: An earthquake was felt in San Francisco.

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In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) sailed up the Assabet River to Cedar Swamp.



May 23. Tuesday. P.M. —To Cedar Swamp by Assabet.

The cobwebs, apparently those I saw on the bushes the morning of the 12th, are now covered with insects, etc. (small gnats, etc.), and are much dilapidated where birds have flown through them. As I paddle up the Assabet, off the Hill, I hear a loud rustling of the leaves and see a large scared tortoise sliding and tumbling down the high steep bank a rod or more into the water. It has probably been out to lay its eggs. The old coal-pit heap is a favorite place for them. The wood pewee [[Eastern Wood-Pewee](#) *Contopus virens*] sings now in the woods behind the spring in the heat of the clay (2 P.M.), sitting on a low limb near me, *pe-a-wee, pe-a-wee*, etc., five or six times at short and regular intervals, looking about all the while, and then, naively, *pee-a-oo*, emphasizing the first syllable, and begins again. The last is, in emphasis, like the scream of a hen-hawk. It flies off



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occasionally a few feet, and catches an insect and returns to its perch between the bars, not allowing this to interrupt their order. Scare up a splendid wood (?) duck, alternate blue and chestnut (?) forward, which flew into and lit in the woods; or was it a teal? Afterward two of them, and my diver of yesterday.

The bent grass now lies on the water (commonly light-colored) for two feet. When I first saw this on a pool this spring, with the deep dimple where the blade emerges from the surface, I suspected that the water had risen gently in calm weather and was heaped about the dry stem as against any surface before it is wetted. But now the water is rapidly falling, and there is considerable wind. Moreover, when my boat has passed over these blades, I am surprised on looking back to see the dimple still as perfect as before. I lift a blade so as to bring a part which was under water to the surface, and still there is a perfect dimple about it; the water is plainly repelled from it. I pull one up from the bottom and passing it over my lips am surprised to find that the front side is perfectly dry from the root upward and cannot be wet, but the back side is wet. It has sprung and grown in the water, and yet one of its surfaces has never been wet. What an invaluable composition it must be coated with! The same was the case with the other erect grasses which I noticed growing in the water, and with those which I plucked on the bank and thrust into it. But the flags were wet both sides. [*Vide* scrap-book.] The one surface repels moisture perfectly.

The barbarea has been open several days. The first yellow dor-bug struggling in the river. The white cedar has now grown quite *perceptibly*, and is in advance of any red cedar which I have seen. Saw a hummingbird [**Ruby-throated Hummingbird**, **Archilochus colubris**] on a white oak in the swamp. It is strange to see this minute creature, fit inhabitant of a parterre, on an oak in the great wild cedar swamp. The clustered andromeda appears just ready to open; say to-morrow. [Rather the 25th.] The smilacina is abundant and well out here now. A new warbler (?).

We soon get through with Nature. She excites an expectation which she cannot satisfy. The merest child which has rambled into a copsewood dreams of a wilderness so wild and strange and inexhaustible as Nature can never show him. The red-bird which I saw on my companion's string on election days I thought but the outmost sentinel of the wild, immortal camp, — of the wild and dazzling infantry of the wilderness, — that the deeper woods abounded with redder birds still; but, now that I have threaded all our woods and waded the swamps, I have never yet met with his compeer, still less his wilder kindred. [Cf. Week, pp. 56, 57; Riv. 70, 71.] The red-bird which is the last of Nature is but the first of God. The White Mountains, likewise, were smooth molehills to my expectation. We *condescend* to climb the crags of earth. It is our weary legs alone that praise them. That forest on whose skirts the red-bird flits is not of earth. I expected a fauna more infinite and various, birds of more dazzling colors and more celestial song. How many springs shall I continue to see the common sucker (*Catostomus Bostoniensis*) floating dead on our river! Will not Nature select her types from a new fount? The vignette of the year. This earth which is spread out like a map around me is but the lining of my inmost soul exposed. In me is the sucker that I see. No wholly extraneous object can compel me to recognize it. I am guilty of suckers. I go about to look at flowers and listen to the birds. There was a time when the beauty and the music were all within, and I sat and listened to my thoughts, and there was a song in them. I sat for hours on rocks and wrestled with the melody which possessed me. I sat and listened by the hour to a positive though faint and distant music, not sung by any bird, nor vibrating any earthly harp. When you walked with a joy which knew not its own origin. When you were an organ of which the world was but one poor broken pipe. I lay long on the rocks, foundered like a harp on the seashore, that knows not how it is dealt with. You sat on the earth as on a raft, listening to music that was not of the earth, but which ruled and arranged it. Man *should be* the harp articulate. When your cords were tense.⁹⁹

Think of going abroad out of one's self to hear music, — to Europe or Africa! Instead of so living as to be the lyre which the breath of the morning causes to vibrate with that melody which creates worlds — to sit up late and hear Jane Lind!

You may say that the oaks (all but the chestnut oak I have seen) were in bloom yesterday; *i.e.*, shed pollen more or less. Their blooming is soon over. Waterbugs and skaters coupled. Saw in Dakin's land, near the road, at the bend of the river, fifty-nine bank swallows' holes in a small upright bank within a space of twenty by one and a half feet (in the middle), part above and part below the sand-line. This would give over a hundred birds to this bank. They continually circling about over the meadow and river in front, often in pairs, one pursuing the other, and filling the air with their twittering.

Mulberry out to-day.

JENNY LIND

AEOLIAN HARP



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May 27, Saturday: The Marine Telegraph from Fort Point to San Francisco was completed.

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US Commissioner Robert McLane visited the rebel kingdom at Nanjing in his warship, the *Susquehanna*. The Reverend [Issachar J. Roberts](#) 罗孝全 had asked to be taken along to respond to his standing invitation from his old friend [Hung Hsiu Ch'üan](#) 洪秀全 who had proclaimed himself the real emperor, but the

99. William M. White's version of the journal entry is:

*There was a time when the beauty and the music
Were all within,
And I sat and listened to my thoughts,
And there was a song in them.*

*I sat for hours on rocks
And wrestled
With the melody which possessed me.*

*I sat and listened by the hour
To a positive
Though faint and distant music,
Not sung by any bird,
Nor vibrating any earthly harp.*

*When you walked with a joy
Which knew not its own origin.
When you were an organ
Of which the world
Was but one poor broken pipe.*

*I lay long on the rocks,
Foundered like a harp on the seashore,
That knows not how it is dealt with.*

*You sat on the earth
As on a raft,
Listening to music
That was not of the earth,
But which ruled and arranged it.*

Walter Roy Harding pointed out that in his [JOURNAL](#) for May 23, 1854, in speaking of blue flags, Thoreau has a footnote saying "Vide scrap-book." Professor Harding was wanting to know to what scrap-book [Henry Thoreau](#) was referring, and where it is now.

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Commissioner had refused this.



Meanwhile, the [Chinese Christian Army](#) invading North China had been encircled by *Qing* troops loyal to the emperor of Beijing, and by mobilized corvee labor of peasants an entire river had been redirected into their camp to swamp them, and they had elected to make a last stand in the city of Lianzhen — where in a siege that would last fully eight months they were being slowly annihilated.

THE TAEPING REBELLION

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This was Zheng Guo-fan, the loyalist general:



May 30, Tuesday: In [California](#), Lone Mountain Cemetery was dedicated.

Kibrisli Mehmed Pasha replaced Mustafa Naili Pasha as Grand Vizier of the Ottoman Empire.

The [Kansas/Nebraska Act](#) was passed by the United States Congress. This left the question of slavery in these territories open to popular vote. Those opposed to slavery would perceive this as a supremely dangerous incursion of slavery into the north.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

Within a month of the organization of the [Kansas and Nebraska territories](#), President [Franklin Pierce](#) appointed [Physic Rush Elmore](#), the owner of 14 slaves, as an associate judge of the supreme court for the territory of [Kansas](#).

In [Boston](#), the New England Anti-Slavery Society met to try to figure out what to do, while the presser of the Brattle Street tailor shop, [Anthony Burns](#), was on trial in the courthouse, on the charge of being a fugitive from enslavement. Behind barricades of ropes stretched across Courthouse Square, the courthouse was being guarded by regiments of US troops. The night was so cold that Thoreau had to go out and cover his watermelon plants.

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

The [Boston Post](#), a Democratic mouthpiece, was editorializing that “What these bold, bad men [the paper instances the Reverend [Theodore Parker](#) and aristocrat [Wendell Phillips](#) by name] are doing, is nothing more

nor less than committing treason.”

A false report had appeared in the [Boston Daily Times](#), on Monday, May 29th, that Friend [John Greenleaf Whittier](#) had offered “any aid, by money or muscle,” to effect a violent rescue of Anthony Burns. (Whittier had in fact incautiously commented in a message that had become generally known, that “anything” would be preferred to sending Burns “out of Boston as a slave.”) On this day Whittier wrote to the newspaper, offering as further explanation of the attitude he was seeking to express, that “I regard all violence as evil and self-destructive.”

In [Concord](#) in the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) went to Clintonia swamp and Pond.



May 30. Tuesday. Whiteweed. *Spergularia rubra*, apparently a day or two, side of railroad above red house. Yarrow. P.M. — To Clintonia Swamp and Pond.

Saw a black snake, dead, four feet three inches long, slate-colored beneath. Saw what was called a California cat which a colored man brought home from California, — an animal at least a third smaller than a cat and shaped more like a polecat or weasel, brown-gray, with a cat-like tail of alternate black and white rings, very large ears, and eyes which were prominent, long body like a weasel, and sleeps with its head between its fore paws, curling itself about; a rank smell to it. It was lost several days in our woods, and was caught again in a tree; about a crow’s nest.¹⁰⁰

Ranunculus repens, perhaps a day or two; channelled peduncle and spreading calyx and conspicuously spotted leaves. The leaves of the tall buttercup are much larger and finely cut and, as it were, peltate. Pickerel are not easily detected, — such is their color, — as if they were transparent. Vetch. I see now green high blueberries, and gooseberries in Hubbard’s Close, as well as shad-bush berries and strawberries.

In this dark, cellar-like maple swamp are scattered at pretty regular intervals tufts of green ferns, *Osmunda cinnamomea*, above the dead brown leaves, broad, tapering fronds, curving over on every side from a compact centre, now three or four feet high. Wood frogs skipping over the dead leaves, whose color they resemble. Clintonia. Medeola. The last may be earlier. I am surprised to find arethusas abundantly out in Hubbard’s Close, maybe two or three days, though not yet at Arethusa Meadow, probably on account of the recent freshet. It is so leafless that it shoots up unexpectedly. It is all color, a little hook of purple flame projecting from the meadow into the air. Some are comparatively pale. This high-colored plant shoots up suddenly, all flower, in meadows where it is wet walking. A superb flower. Cotton-grass here also, probably two or three days for the same reason. *Eriophorum polystachyon* var. *latifolium*, having rough peduncles.

The twigs of the dwarf willow, now gone to seed, are thickly invested with cotton, containing little green seed-vessels, like excrement of caterpillars, and the shrubs look at a little distance like sand cherries in full bloom. These are among the downy seeds that fly.

Found a ground-robin’s nest, under a tuft of dry sedge which the winter had bent clown, in sprout-land on the side of Heywood Peak, perfectly concealed, with two whitish eggs very thickly sprinkled with brown; made of coarse grass and weed stems and lined with a few hairs and stems of the mahogany moss.

The pink is certainly one of the finest of our flowers and deserves the place it holds in my memory. It is now in its prime on the south side of the Heywood Peak, where it grows luxuriantly in dense rounded tufts or hemispheres, raying out on every side and presenting an even and regular surface of expanded flowers. I count in one such tuft, of an oval form twelve inches by eight, some three hundred fully open and about three times as many buds, — more than a thousand in all. Some tufts consist wholly of white ones with a very faint tinge of pink. This flower is as elegant in form as in color, though it is not fragrant. It is associated in my mind with the first heats of summer, or [those] which announce its near approach. Few plants are so worthy of cultivation. The shrub oak pincushion (?) galls are larger, whiter, and less compact than those of the white oak. I find the linnaea, and budded, in Stow’s Wood by Deep Cut.

Sweet flag. Waxwork to-morrow. I see my umbrella toadstool on the hillside has already pierced the ground.

100. Ringtail (*Bassariscus astutus*) http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ring-tailed_Cat

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June 2, "Bad Friday": [Louis D'Entremont Surette](#) was born in [Concord](#) to [Louis A. Surette](#) and [Frances Jane Shattuck Surette](#).

By 6AM, crowds were already beginning to accumulate outside the [Boston](#) courthouse.



At 7:30AM, to maintain order and to make some sort of gesture that this is after all America, a brace of horses dragged a cannon onto the square before the courthouse and a squad of [U.S. Marines](#) trained its load of 6 pounds of grapeshot on the crowd.

At 8AM a martial law notice was posted, which someone read aloud to the crowd:

TO THE CITIZENS OF BOSTON.

To secure order throughout the city this day, Major-General Edmands and the Chief of Police will make such disposition of the respective forces under their commands as will best promote that important object; and they are clothed with full discretionary power to sustain the laws of the land. All well-disposed citizens and other persons are urgently requested to leave those streets which it may be found necessary to clear temporarily, and under no circumstances to obstruct or molest any officer, civil or military, in the lawful discharge of his duty.

J.V.C. SMITH, Mayor.

BOSTON, June 2, 1854.



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At 8:45AM the defendant's attorney, [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#), entered the courtroom, and was startled to observe his client [Anthony Burns](#) attired in a stylish new suit.

At 9AM Judge of Probate Edward Greeley Loring entered the chamber, and the troops outside began to drive the citizenry out of the courthouse square. The Marines began ostentatiously to "train" by going through the motions of loading, firing, and reloading their cannon, while the police began to make arrests. Judge Loring, in regard to the objection that was being raised that his rôle as a Fugitive Slave Bill Commissioner of the United States of America was an unconstitutional one for judges to play, commented mildly that his duties as a Fugitive Slave Commissioner were "ministerial rather than judicial."

[Horace Mann, Sr.](#) and E.G. Loring were old buddies from the Litchfield Law School. It had been just a brief period since Loring, who was an officer of Harvard College, had been rejected as a candidate for a law professorship because of his favoring the Fugitive Slave Law as written by [James Murray Mason](#) of Virginia.

To prove to the court what everyone knew to be the fact, the slavemaster and his attorney displayed to the judge a copy of the Revised Code of Virginia.

"On the law and facts of the case, I consider the claimant entitled to the certificate from me which he claims."

Judge Loring then signed the certificate and outside upon a signal the bells of Boston's churches began to toll. In response to the pealing of the bells, the townspeople began to hang black bunting, and women's black shawls and mantles, out of their windows. The streets of Boston were being patrolled by the National Guard, and by US Army cavalry, and by marines, and by artillery brigades, totaling some 2,000 soldiers—President Pierce having ordered that no expense be spared—but no quantity of mere soldiering could force local citizens to raise their flags above half-mast or take down their drapings of black bunting.

At 2:30PM the procession of troops, each with pistol by his left hand and drawn cutlass in his right, began to move toward the waterfront and, eventually, the government revenue cutter *Morris* that was being kept at a safe distance in the harbor, out at the mooring at Minot's Light. Burn was moved along quick-step by the troops "down that sworded street" from the Boston courthouse in the custody of US Marshall Asa O. Butman. The Marine Band attempted to incite the crowds of citizens lining the streets to riot by playing the tune "Carry Me Back to Old Virginy," so that the army would have an opportunity to do what it does best, but could not get a firefight started. The colored man was heard to comment,

There was a lot of folks to see a colored man walk through the streets.

The New England Woman's Rights Convention was getting little done, for the delegates were out on State Street watching the colored man in the new suit being marched past. [William Lloyd Garrison](#) and the Reverend [Moncure Daniel Conway](#) watched together from the window of a law office (this would get Conway in big trouble in his home town in Virginia). On the way down to Dock T, it seems that by coincidence a druggist's stockboy from Roxbury, William Ela, who had been sent into town that afternoon to procure a bottle of ink, was in the vicinity lugging his bottle — and the troops presumed that the bottle he was carrying contained vitriol which he intended to hurl at them. The bottle of ink was smashed and the boy would be brain-damaged from being assaulted with the butts of muskets (later there would be a lawsuit for his maintenance: *Ela v. J.V.C. Smith*). The nervous troops also bayoneted a cart horse that happened to get in their way as Anthony Burns was being marched to the dock. There was a dock, and there was a street leading down to it; the cutter was at the end of the dock, and sometimes a cart driver does not mean to get in the way. What to do? Where a human being means nothing, what the hell is a horse supposed to mean? The white soldiers, having gotten all keyed up to bayonet citizens, of course bayoneted the horse. The driver of the cart was lucky they didn't bayonet him as well.

At 3:20PM, after the troops had loaded their black captive and their brass cannon aboard the steamer *John*



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Taylor at Dock T, the steamer pulled away from the dock and began to make its way through the massed small craft in the harbor toward Minot's Light, where the federal revenue cutter *Morris* was waiting.

That afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) had taken his mother [Cynthia Dunbar Thoreau](#) and sister [Sophia Elizabeth Thoreau](#) in his boat up the Assabet River to Castilleja and Annursnack. They wouldn't return until about 7 PM.

By 8:30PM, [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) had finished writing out a version of the closing argument which he had offered, and had sent it off to the Boston [Traveller](#) to be published in their next edition. When he met Anson Burlingame, the 9PM omnibus to Cambridge having already departed, Burlingame offered to escort Dana home. As they walked together on Court Street, however, Dana was struck from behind. The lawyer's glasses flew off and shattered. His eye was blackened and some of his teeth were chipped.¹⁰¹

Friend [John Greenleaf Whittier](#) would turn the Anthony Burns episode into one of his occasional poems, but –poetry to the contrary notwithstanding– the man of color's wrists had not been in handcuffs as he had been quick-stepped “hand-cuffed down that sworded street” of sordid downtown Boston:

The Rendition, by [John Greenleaf Whittier](#).

I HEARD the train's shrill whistle call,
I saw an earnest look beseech,
And rather by that look than speech
My neighbor told me all.

And, as I thought of Liberty
Marched handcuffed down that sworded street,
The solid earth beneath my feet
Reeled fluid as the sea.

I felt a sense of bitter loss, —
Shame, tearless grief, and stifling wrath,
And loathing fear, as if my path
A serpent stretched across.

All love of home, all pride of place,
All generous confidence and trust,
Sank smothering in that deep disgust
And anguish of disgrace.

Down on my native hills of June,
And home's green quiet, hiding all,
Fell sudden darkness like the fall
Of midnight upon noon!

And Law, an unloosed maniac, strong,
Blood-drunken, through the blackness trod,
Hoarse-shouting in the ear of God
The blasphemy of wrong.

“O Mother, from thy memories proud,
Thy old renown, dear Commonwealth,
Lend this dead air a breeze of health,
And smite with stars this cloud.

“Mother of Freedom, wise and brave,
Rise awful in thy strength,” I said;
Ah me! I spake but to the dead;
I stood upon her grave!

101. The men were later identified as Luigi Varelli and Henry Huxford, who had been serving that day as part of the marshal's guard and who were celebrating their earnings at Allen's Saloon when they recognized Richard Henry Dana, Jr. as he passed on the sidewalk. Anthony Burns would turn out to be the last escapee from slavery to be returned from Massachusetts. His owner would not, as was feared at the time, torture him to death. He would be kept in the traders' jail in Richmond VA until sold to a white man from North Carolina. This man would then retail him to a Massachusetts minister at Barnum's Hotel in [Baltimore](#) in February 1855 for the sum of \$1,325.⁰⁰. On March 7, 1855 Burns would be feted at Tremont Temple and handed [manumission](#) papers. He would attend the School of Divinity at [Oberlin College](#) and, bless him, he would become a minister of the gospel.



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June 2: ... I would fain be present at the birth of shadow. It takes place with the first expansion of the leaves....

The following commentary on Thoreau's journal entry for this day is from H. Daniel Peck's *THOREAU'S MORNING WORK: MEMORY AND PERCEPTION IN A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS, THE JOURNAL, AND WALDEN* (Yale UP, 1994):

To "improve these seasons as much as a farmer his" is to cultivate them richly through perception and to fix them in enduring phenomenological categories. One of the most obvious signs of Thoreau's ongoing revision of the traditional calendar in the Journal is his unceasing recording of first-observed appearances of seasonal phenomena. These observations cluster in the spring, when their myriad occurrences signify the vigorous rebirth of nature celebrated in the climatic chapter of *WALDEN*. Yet a close reading of the Journal reveals that Thoreau was closely attentive to "first facts" at all seasons. There are hundreds of such observations in the Journal, recorded at all times of the year and usually without commentary. In part, they are an expression of Thoreau's deep preoccupation with origins. By searching the world for the first visible appearances of natural growth, he hopes to participate through observation in the creativity of nature – to be there at the moment of genesis. A passage from a Journal entry of June 2, 1854, expresses this desire poignantly: "I would fain be present at the birth of shadow. It takes place with the first expansion of the leaves." But as this example shows, the concept of beginning as it is usually expressed in the Journal is defined not by pure origination but by repetition. The necessary context for observing the "first" appearance of a seasonal phenomenon is the natural cycle; any "first" in nature is recognizable only because it has happened before. That is, Thoreau has already prepared, or recognized, a category for anticipating it; he is keyed for the observation of first facts. In the spring of 1860, we find him "on the alert for several days to hear the first birds" (March 9, 1860). Reporting the appearance of these "first birds" to his Journal is an act of confirmation as much as an act of origination; the beginning, in Thoreau, always pivots between memory and anticipation. As he puts it in a Journal entry of June 6, 1857, "Each annual phenomenon is a reminiscence and prompting." But even the most vigilant of nature's observers cannot "be present at the birth of shadow," and Thoreau is acutely aware of this, as he shows in an entry of March 17, 1857: "No mortal is alert enough to be present at the first dawn of the spring."

The new lighthouse on Bird Island in San Francisco Bay (also known as Alcatraz Island, due to its *alcatraces* or pelicans), its new lens finally in position, was illuminated for the 1st time. The light could be seen 12 miles at sea.

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June 4, Sunday: At 8 AM [Henry Thoreau](#), [H.G.O. Blake](#), and [Theophilus Brown](#) went up the Assabet River to Barbarea Shore, and thence to Walden Pond.

20,000 [nativists](#) invaded the Irish districts of Brooklyn, injuring scores before troops arrived.

A Chapel for [Chinese](#) was founded at Sacramento Street and Stockton Street in San Francisco. H.C. Beales was one of the trustees.

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At the base of Fisher's Peak in the Raton Range, the column of cavalrymen led by Lieutenant Philip St. George Cooke managed to surprise a camp of 22 lodges of the Jicarilla Apache.

In Worcester, the Reverend [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#), minister of the Worcester Free Church, preached a sermon entitled "Massachusetts in Mourning" which would first be published in the Worcester Daily Spy and then reprinted as a pamphlet by James Munroe and Company of Boston at the press of Prentiss and Sawyer of No. 19, Water Street.

Massachusetts in Mourning.

Shall the iron break the Northern iron and the steel? — Jeremiah xv. 12.

You have imagined my subject beforehand, for there is but one subject on which I could preach, or you could listen, to-day. Yet, how hard it is to say one word of that. You do not ask, at a funeral, that the bereaved mourners themselves should speak, but you call in one a little farther removed, to utter words of comfort, if comfort there be. But to-day is, or should be, to every congregation in Massachusetts, a day of funeral service — we are all mourners — and what is there for me to say?

Yet, even in this gloom, the faculty of wonder is left; as at funerals, men ask in a low tone, around the coffin, what was the disease that smote this fair form, and are we safe from the infection? So we now ask, what is lost, and how have we lost it, and what have we left? Is it all gone, (men say,) that old New England heroism and enthusiasm? Is there any disinterested love of Freedom left in Massachusetts? And then they think with joy, (as I do,) that, at least, Freedom did not die without a struggle, and that it took thousands of armed men to lay her in the grave at last.

I am thankful for all this. Words are nothing — we have been surfeited with words for twenty years. I am thankful that this time there was action also ready for Freedom. God gave men bodies, to live and work in; the powers of those bodies are the first things to be consecrated to the Right. He gave us higher powers, also, for weapons, but, in using those, we must not forget to hold the lower ones also ready; else we miss our proper manly life on earth, and lay down our means of usefulness before we have outgrown them. "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God the things which are God's." Our souls and bodies are both God's, and resistance to tyrants is obedience to Him.

If you meet men whose souls are contaminated, and have time enough to work on them, you can deal with them by the weapons of the soul alone; but if men array brute force against Freedom — pistols, clubs, drilled soldiers, and stone walls — then the body also has its part to do in resistance. You must hold yourself above men, I own, yet not too far above to reach them. I do not like even to think of taking life, only of giving it;

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but physical force that is forcible enough, acts without bloodshed. They say that with twenty more men at hand, that Friday night, at the Boston Court House, the Slave might have been rescued without even the death of that one man – who was perhaps killed by his frightened companions, then and there. So you see force may not mean bloodshed; and calm, irresistible force, in a good cause, becomes sublime. The strokes on the door of that Court House that night for instance – they may perchance have disturbed some dreamy saint from his meditations, (if dreamy saints abound in Court Square,) – but I think they went echoing from town to town, from Boston to far New Orleans, like the first drum beat of the Revolution – and each reverberating throb was a blow upon the door of every Slave-prison of this guilty Republic.

That first faint throb of Liberty was a proud thing for Boston; Boston which was a scene so funereal a week after. Men say the act of one Friday helped prepare for the next; I am glad if it did. If the attack on the Court House had no greater effect than to send that Slave away under a guard of two thousand men, instead of two hundred, it was worth a dozen lives. If we are all Slaves indeed – if there is no law in Massachusetts except the telegraphic orders from Washington—if our own military are to be made Slave-catchers—if our Governor is a mere piece of State ceremony, permitted only to rise at a military dinner and thank his own soldiers for their readiness to shoot down his own constituents, without even the delay of a riot act—if Massachusetts is merely a conquered province and under martial law—then I wish to know it, and I am grateful for every additional gun and sabre that forces the truth deeper into our hearts. Lower, Massachusetts, lower, kneel still lower! Serve, Irish Marines! the kidnappers, your masters; down in the dust, citizen soldiery! before the Irish Marines, and for you, O Governor, a lower humility yet, and your homage must be paid, at second hand, before the stained and soiled “citizen soldiery.”

I remember the great trades-procession in Boston, a few years since, in honor of the visitors from the North, from the free soil of Canada. Then all choice implements, which Massachusetts had invented to supply the industry of the world, were brought forth for exhibition, and superb was the show. This time we had visitors from the South – the South which uses tools also – and imports them all, “hoes, spades, axes, politicians, and ministers.” So the last new implements, for her use, were to be exhibited now. There were twenty-one specimens of Boston military companies. There were the two hundred more confidential bullies, for whom the city was ransacked, men so vile, that it was said the police had no duties left, for all the dangerous persons were employed as policemen themselves,— men whom a Police Judge having inspected, recognized criminal after criminal, who had been sentenced by himself to the House of Correction; these came next. Truly as there is joy in heaven over one sinner who repenteth, so there was joy in Boston that day, over one sinner who had not repented, – over every man in whom the powers of hell were strong enough, aided by public brandy, to fit him for that terrible service. Those were the tools marshalled forth for exhibition. But why were these only shown? Why were the finer, the more precious implements kept invisible that day, the real engines of that Slaveholder's



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triumph? Why not make the picture perfect? Place, O Chief Marshal, between the Slave and the guardian cannon, the crowning glory of that sad procession, the Slaveholder in his carriage, and chain) on the one side, the Mayor of Boston, and, on the other side, the Governor of the Commonwealth, with the motto, "The Representative Men of Massachusetts, - These tools she gives, Virginia, to thee!"

I mean no personality. The men who occupy these offices, are men who (I have always thought) did them honor. I suppose that neither would own a Slave, nor (personally) catch one. No doubt they favorably represent the average of Massachusetts men. But I introduce them for precisely this reason, to show the tragedy of our American institutions, that they take average Massachusetts men, put them into public office, and then, demanding more of them than their education gives them manliness to meet, - use them, crush them, and drop them, into the dishonor with which these hitherto honored men are suddenly overwhelmed to-day.

If such be the influence of our national organization, what good do our efforts do? Our labor to reform the North, with the whole force of nationalized Slavery to resist, is like the effort of Sir John Franklin; on his first voyage, to get north-ward by travelling on the ice. He travelled toward the pole for six weeks, no doubt of that; but at the end of the time he was two hundred miles farther from it than when he started. The ice had floated southward - and our ice floats southward also. And so it will be, while this Union concentrates power in the hands of Slaveholders, and gives the North only commercial prosperity, the more thoroughly to enervate and destroy it.

Here, for instance, is the Nebraska Emigration Society; it is indeed, a noble enterprise; and I am proud that it owes its origin to a Worcester man - but where is the good of emigrating to Nebraska; if Nebraska is to be only a transplanted Massachusetts, and the original Massachusetts has been tried and found wanting? Will the stream rise higher than its source? Settle your Nebraska ten years, and you will have your New England harvest of corn and grain, more luxuriant in that virgin soil;- ah, but will not the other Massachusetts crop come also, of political demagogues and wire-pullers, and a sectarian religion, which will insure the passage of the greatest hypocrite to heaven, if he will join the right church before he goes? And give the emigrants twenty years more of prosperity, and then ask them, if you dare, to break law and disturb order, and risk life, merely to save their State from the shame that has just blighted Massachusetts?

In view of these facts, what stands between us and a military despotism? "Sure guarantees," you say. So has every nation thought until its fall came. "The outward form of Roman institutions stood uninjured till long after [Caligula](#) had made his horse consul." What is your safeguard? Nothing but a parchment Constitution, which has been riddled through and through whenever it pleased the Slave Power; which has not been able to preserve to you the oldest privileges of Freedom - Habeas Corpus and Trial by Jury! Stranger still, that men should think to find a security in our material prosperity, and our career of foreign conquest, and our acquisition of gold mines, and forget that these have been precisely the symptoms which have prophesied the decline of every powerful commercial state -



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Rome, Carthage, Tyre, Venice, Spain, Holland, and all the rest. In the third century after the birth of Jesus, Terullian painted that brilliant picture of the Roman power, which describes us, as if it were written for us:

"Certainly," says he, "the world becomes more and more our tributary; none of its secret recesses have remained inaccessible, all are known, frequented, and all have become the scene or the object of traffic. Who now dreads an unknown island? who trembles at a reef? our ships are sure to be met with everywhere—everywhere is a people, a state; everywhere is life. We crush the world beneath our weight — onerosi sumus mundo." And Rome perished, almost when the words were uttered!

How simple the acts of our tragedy may be! Let another Fugitive Slave case occur, and more blood be spilt (as might happen another time;)— let Massachusetts be declared insurrectionary, and placed under martial law, (as it might;)— let the President be made Dictator, with absolute power; let him send his willing Attorney General to buy up officers of militia, (which would be easy,) and frighten Officers of State, (which would be easier;)— let him get half the press, and a quarter of the pulpits, to sustain his usurpation, under the name of "law and order";— let the flame spread from New England to New York, from New York to Ohio, from Ohio to Wisconsin;— and how long would it take for some future [Franklin Pierce](#) to stand where Louis Napoleon stands, now? How much would the commercial leaders of the East resist, if an appeal were skilfully made to their pockets?— or the political demagogues of the West, if an appeal were made to their ambition? It seems inconceivable! Certainly—so did the coup d' etat of Louis Napoleon, the day before it happened!

"Do not despair of the Republic," says some one, remembering the hopeful old Roman motto. But they had to despair of that one in the end,— and why not of this one also? Why, when we were going on, step by step, as older Republics have done, should we expect to stop just as we reach the brink of Niagara? The love of Liberty grows stronger every year, some think, in some places. Thirty years ago, it cost only \$25 to restore a Fugitive Slave from Boston, and now it costs \$100,000;—but still the Slave is restored. I know there are thousands of hearts which stand pledged to Liberty now, and these may save the State, in spite of her officials and her military; but can they save the Nation? They may give us disunion instead of despotism, but can they give us anything better? Can they even give us anything so good? We talk of the Anti-Slavery sentiment as being stronger; but in spite of your Free Soil votes, your Uncle Tom's Cabin, and your New York Tribunes, here is the simple fact: the South beats us more and more easily every time. So chess-players, when they have once or twice overcome a weak antagonist, think it safe, next time, to give up to him a half dozen pieces by way of odds;— and after all gain the victory. Compare this Nebraska game with the previous ones. The Slave Power could afford to give us the Whig party on our side, this time—could give up to us the commercial influence of Boston and New York, so strong an ally before—it has not had the name and presence of Daniel Webster to help it now, nor the voices of clergymen, nor the terror of disunion, nor the weariness after a long Anti-Slavery excitement: it has dispensed with all these;— nay, the whole contest was on our own sail, to defend the poor little landmark we had retreated to long before;— and for all this, the Slave



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Power has conquered us, just as easily as it conquered us on Texas, Mexico, and the compromises of 1850.

No wonder that this excitement is turning Whigs and Democrats into Free Soilers, and Free Soilers into disunionists. But this is only the eddy, after all; the main current sets the wrong way. The nation is intoxicated and depraved. It takes all the things you count as influential,— all the “spirit of the age,” and the moral sentiment of Christendom,” and the best eloquence and literature of the time,— to balance the demoralization of a single term of Presidential patronage. Give the offices of the nation to be controlled by the Slave Power, and I tell you that there is not one in ten, even of professed Anti-Slavery men, who can stand the fire in that furnace of sin; and there is not a plot so wicked, but it will have, like all its predecessors, a sufficient majority when the time comes.

Do you doubt this? Name, if you can, a victory of Freedom, or a defeat of the Slave Power, within twenty years, except on the right of petition, and even that was only a recovery of lost ground. Do you say, the politicians are false, but the people mark the men who betray them! True, they mark them, but as merchants mark goods, with the cost price, that they may raise the price a little, when they want to sell the same article again. You must go back to the original Missouri Compromise, if you wish to prove that even Massachusetts punishes traitors to Freedom, by any severer penalty than a seat on her Supreme Bench. For myself, I do not believe in these Anti-Slavery spasms of our people, for the same reason that Coleridge did not believe in ghosts, because I have seen too many of them myself. I remember when our Massachusetts delegation in Congress, signed a sort of threat that the State would withdraw from the Union if Texas came in, but it never happened. I remember the State Convention at Faneuil Hall in 1845, where the lion and the lamb lay down together, and George T. Curtis and John G. Whittier were Secretaries; and the Convention solemnly pronounced the annexation of Texas to be the “over-throw of the Constitution, the bond of the existing Union.” I remember how one speaker boasted that if Texas was voted in by joint resolution, it might be voted out by the same. But somehow, we have never mustered that amount of resolution; and when I hear of State Street petitioning for the repeal of its own Fugitive Slave Law, I remember the lesson.

For myself, I do not expect to live to see that law repealed by the votes of politicians at Washington. It can only be repealed by ourselves, upon the soil of Massachusetts. For one, I am glad to be deceived no longer. I am glad of the discovery—(no hasty thing, but gradually dawning upon me for ten years)— that I live under a despotism. I have lost the dream that ours is a land of peace and order. I have looked thoroughly through our Fourth of July,” and seen its hollowness; and I advise you to petition your City Government to revoke their appropriation for its celebration, (or give the same to the Nebraska Emigration Society,) and only toll the bells in all the churches, and hang the streets in black from end to end. O shall we hold such ceremonies when only some statesman is gone, and omit them over dead Freedom, whom all true statesmen only live to serve!

At any rate my word of counsel to you is to learn this lesson thoroughly—a revolution is begun! not a Reform, but a Revolution. If you take part in politics henceforward, let it



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be only to bring nearer the crisis which will either save or sunder this nation—or perhaps save in sundering. I am not very hopeful, even as regards you; I know the mass of men will not make great sacrifices for Freedom, but there is more need of those who will. I have lost faith forever in numbers; I have faith only in the constancy and courage of a "forlorn hope." And for aught we know, a case may arise, this week, in Massachusetts, which may not end like the last one.

Let us speak the truth. Under the influence of Slavery, we are rapidly relapsing into that state of barbarism in which every man must rely on his own right hand for his protection. Let any man yield to his instinct of Freedom, and resist oppression, and his life is at the mercy of the first drunken officer who orders his troops to fire. For myself, existence looks worthless under such circumstances; and I can only make life worth living for, by becoming a revolutionist. The saying seems dangerous; but why not say it if one means it, as I certainly do. I respect law and order, but as the ancient Persian sage said, "always to obey the laws, virtue must relax much of her vigor." I see, now, that while Slavery is national, law and order must constantly be on the wrong side. I see that the case stands for me precisely as it stands for Kossuth and Mazzini, and I must take the consequences.

Do you say that ours is a Democratic Government, and there is a more peaceable remedy? I deny that we live under a Democracy. It is an oligarchy of Slaveholders, and I point to the history of a half century to prove it. Do you say, that oligarchy will be propitiated by submission? I deny it. It is the plea of the timid in all ages. Look at the experience of our own country. Which is most influential in Congress—South Carolina, which never submitted to anything, or Massachusetts, with thrice the white population, but which always submits to everything? I tell you, there is not a free State in the Union which would dare treat a South Carolinian as that State treated Mr. Hoar; or, if it had been done, the Union would have been divided years ago. The way to make principles felt is to assert them—peaceably, if you can; forcibly, if you must. The way to promote Free Soil is to have your own soil free; to leave courts to settle constitutions, and to fall back (for your own part,) on first principles: then it will be seen that you mean something. How much free territory is there beneath the Stars and Stripes? I know of four places—Syracuse, Wilkesbarre, Milwaukie, and Chicago: I remember no others. "Worcester," you say. Worcester has not yet been tried. If you think Worcester County is free, say so and act accordingly. Call a County Convention, and declare that you leave legal quibbles to lawyers, and parties to politicians, and plant yourselves on the simple truth that God never made a Slave, and that man shall neither make nor take one here! Over your own city, at least, you have power; but will you stand the test when it comes? Then do not try to avoid it. For one thing only I blush—that a Fugitive has ever fled from here to Canada. Let it not happen again, I charge you, if you are what you think you are. No longer conceal Fugitives and help them on, but show them and defend them. Let the Underground Railroad stop here! Say to the South that Worcester, though a part of a Republic, shall be as free as if ruled by a Queen! Hear, O Richmond! and give ear, O Carolina! henceforth Worcester is Canada to the Slave! And what will Worcester be to the



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kidnapper? I dare not tell; and I fear that the poor sinner himself, if once recognized in our streets, would scarcely get back to tell the tale.

I do not discourage more peaceable instrumentalities; would to God that no other were ever needful. Make laws, if you can, though you have State processes already, if you had officers to enforce them; and, indeed, what can any State process do, except to legalize nullification? Use politics, if you can make them worth using, though a coalition administration proved as powerless, in the Sims case, as a Whig administration has proved now. But the disease lies deeper than these remedies can reach. It is all idle to try to save men by law and order, merely, while the men themselves grow selfish and timid, and are only ready to talk of Liberty, and risk nothing for it. Our people have no active physical habits; their intellects are sharpened, but their bodies, and even their hearts, are left untrained; they learn only (as a French satirist once said,) the fear of God and the love of money; they are taught that they owe the world nothing, but that the world owes them a living, and so they make a living but the fresh, strong spirit of Liberty droops and decays, and only makes a dying. I charge you, parents, do not be so easily satisfied; encourage nobler instincts in your children, and appeal to nobler principles; teach your daughter that life is something more than dress and show, and your son that there is some nobler aim in existence than a good bargain, and a fast horse, and an oyster supper. Let us have the brave, simple instincts of Circassian mountaineers, with-out their ignorance; and the unfaltering moral courage of the Puritans, without their superstition; so that we may show the world that a community may be educated in brain without becoming cowardly in body; and that a people without a standing army may yet rise as one man, when Freedom needs defenders.

May God help us so to redeem this oppressed and bleeding State, and to bring this people back to that simple love of Liberty, without which it must die amidst its luxuries, like the sad nations of the elder world. May we gain more iron in our souls, and have it in the right place;— have soft hearts and, hard wills, not as now, soft wills and hard hearts. Then will the iron break the Northern iron and the steel no longer; and "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" will be at last a hope fulfilled.

June 9, Friday: In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) went to Well Meadow. At 7 PM he went up the Assabet River.

In San Francisco there was rioting, precipitated by squatters, on Green Street near Stockton Street. Several arrests were made.

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June 9: I should like to know the birds of the woods better. what birds inhabit our woods? I hear their various notes ringing through them. What musicians compose our woodland quire? They must be forever strange and interesting to me.

Thoreau as
Ornithologist



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June 10, Saturday: The new Crystal Palace opened in Sydenham, London, having not only been moved from its 1851 Hyde Park location, but also enlarged. It had come to comprise 150,000 square meters of rough sheet-rolled glass. The gardens had come to cover more than 80 hectares. The ceremonies were overseen by Queen Victoria.

In San Francisco there was a mass meeting to prevent squatting on anyone else's property, but Judge Freelon of the Court of Sessions issued an order preventing action being taken against these squatters.

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[Henry Thoreau](#) walked to Conantum. He was being written to by [William Davis Ticknor](#) of [Ticknor & Co.](#) in Boston, to advise that Mr. [James Thomas Fields](#) would be carrying proof sheets of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) to England in order to secure the English copyright.¹⁰²

TIMELINE OF WALDEN

Boston June 10/54

Dear Sir

Our Mr. Fields who left by the Steamer of the 7th for England took the proof sheets of Walden, — In order to secure a Cop't in England the book must be published there as soon as here, and at least 12 Copies published and offered for Sale. If Mr. F. succeeds in making a sale of the Early sheets, it will doubtless be printed in London so as to cause very little delay here but if it be necessary to print and send out the Copies it will delay us 3 or 4 weeks. Probably not more than three weeks. You will probably prefer to delay the publication that you may be sure of your Cop't in England.

Truly Yours

W.D. Ticknor & Co.

Henry D. Thoreau Esq

June 16, Friday: The Reverend Doctor William Andrew Scott lectured before the Mercantile library Association, at Musical Hall in San Francisco, on the topic of the influence of great cities.

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At 5 AM [Henry Thoreau](#) went to Hill. In the afternoon he went to the almshouse, and from there to Walden Pond and Cliffs.

He asked in his journal “What signifies the beauty of nature when men are base? We walk to lakes to see our serenity reflected in them. When we are not serene, we go not to them. Who can be serene in a country where both rulers and ruled are without principle? The remembrance of the baseness of politicians spoils my walks.”

102. Actually, this wouldn't happen because [Fields](#) would be so seasick as to turn back. [WALDEN](#) would not see publication in England until 1886. 

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June 20, Tuesday: In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) went to Shad-bush Meadow.

In San Francisco, Volunteer Engine Co. No. 7 was organized and quartered on Pine Street between Montgomery Street and Sansome Street.

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The Reverend Samuel Joseph May wrote to his son Joseph May:



The most angry, warlike passions have at times been stirred within me. But I know these are not right and so I have been in conflict with myself.





June 28, Wednesday: The 1st interment in San Francisco's Laurel Hill Cemetery.

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Generals D. Dulce and Leopoldo O'Donnell launched a right-wing revolt against the Spanish crown and its liberal ministry.

The following item has been extracted from page 3, column 4 of the Worcester Palladium of this date by Bradley P. Dean, to add to our understanding of the context for Henry Thoreau's delivery of a portion of "SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS" on a mourning-crepe-draped platform of the 4th of July commemoration at the Harmony Grove in Framingham:

Meeting for True Freedom ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society invite, without distinction of party or sect, and without reference to varieties of opinion, ALL who mean to be known as on LIBERTY'S side, in the great struggle which is now upon us, to meet in full and earnest convention, at THE GROVE IN FRAMINGHAM, on the approaching FOURTH OF JULY, there to pass the day in no idle and deceptive glorying in our country's liberties, but in deep humiliation for her Disgrace and Shame, and in resolute purpose –God being our leader– to rescue old Massachusetts at least from being bound forever to the car of Slavery.

SPECIAL TRAINS will run on that day, to the Grove, from Boston, Worcester, and Milford – leaving each place at 9.25 A.M. Returning – leave the Grove about 5 1-2 P.M. FARE, by all these Trains, to the Grove and back, FIFTY CENTS.

The beauty of the Grove, and the completeness and excellence of its accommodations, are well known. Eminent Speakers, from different quarters of the State, will be present.

In the morning of this Wednesday Thoreau went by boat to the Island. On this day Senator Charles Sumner was speechifying, quite falsely, that "In all her annals, no person was ever born a slave on the soil of Massachusetts."¹⁰³ In fact, it had been in the Bay Colony, in 1639, that there had occurred one of the earliest –if not the very earliest– project on this continent for the breeding of slaves. As the honest historian George H. Moore would point out in 1866, although there were no longer any slaves in Massachusetts, slavery was **still** theoretically possible as a point of Massachusetts law as of the very day of the passage of the XIIIth Amendment to the US Constitution in 1865.

103. How could someone get elected who was this ignorant, or this obtuse? According to Bliss Perry, it had been Friend John Greenleaf Whittier the behind-the-scenes political manipulator who had "sent Sumner to the US Senate." According to Claude M. Fuess, it was this Quaker single-issue-advocate politician's "avowed aim to extort from the Massachusetts Congressmen every concession to anti-slavery principles which could be secured by any kind of strategy short of criminal methods."



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June 29, Thursday: The US federal congress ratified the [Gadsden Purchase](#), adding to the United States of America parts of present-day New Mexico and Arizona. In connection with this purchase a Delegate Elect, Sylvester Mowry, had written a Memoir of the Proposed Territory of Arizona:

READ THE FULL TEXT

[President Franklin Pierce](#), a proslavery white man, appointed [Andrew Horatio Reeder](#), a Democrat and therefore another proslavery white man, to the office of the governor of the [Kansas Territory](#). Let's make sure what goes down in this venue, shall we?

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) walked to the limekiln.

The Surveyor General's Office completed its survey of the southern portion of the De Haro Rancho near San Francisco.

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July 11, Tuesday: In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) took his boat to Fair Haven.

[Ellen Channing](#) recorded that subsequent to her separation from [Ellery Channing](#) due to her fear of him in his mental condition ("Oh Wentworth I am really **afraid of him**") and her resettlement with their children in Dorchester, Massachusetts, the forlorn husband had been writing letters replete with affectionate regard:

*He really persuades himself that he has been
a fond & devoted father.*

Commodore Matthew Perry signed an agreement with the "King of the Lew Chew (Ryukyu) Islands" recognizing the islands as independent of [Japan](#) and [China](#) and opening them to western trade.

An armed [nativist](#) mob attacked the Irish district of Lawrence, Massachusetts.

William T. Sherman completed the construction of a bank building for Lucas, Turner & Company at 800 Montgomery Street in San Francisco.

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July 13, Thursday: At 2PM [Henry Thoreau](#) went along the Fitchburg Railroad tracks and then to Bare or Pine Hill in Lincoln (Gleason J9).

Abbas I, Turkish Viceroy of [Egypt](#), was murdered by 2 of his slaves. He was succeeded by Mohammed Said.

Having been sent by [President Franklin Pierce](#) to demand reparations from the town of San Juan del Norte, Nicaragua for an alleged slight of the US Minister to that country, the USS *Cyane* began bombarding the town. Over the course of 7 hours they fired over 200 rounds into San Juan, which consisted of about 50-60 thatched huts. At the end of the bombardment, [U.S. Marines](#) were sent ashore. They looted what they could find, including a large cache of liquor, and burned the rest. Merchants of 6 countries demand \$2,000,000 compensation for their destroyed goods, which of course would never be paid.

In San Francisco, the Lady Washington Engine Company changed its name to Manhattan Engine Company No. 2.

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July 17, Monday: In San Francisco, the Calvary Presbyterian Church was organized.

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As Madrid rose in revolt, Queen Isabella dismissed the liberal prime minister Luis José Sartorius Tapia, conde de San Luis and appointed the Fernando Fernández de Córdoba y Valcárcel (before this point the districts of Barcelona, Valencia, St. Sebastian, and Valladolid had already declared against the government).

At 11 AM [Henry Thoreau](#) went up the Sudbury River to Fair Haven Bay (Gleason J7).



July 17: The cuckoo [**Black-billed Cuckoo** [Coccyzus erythrophthalmus](#)] is a very neat, slender, and graceful bird. It belongs to the nobility of birds. It is elegant.

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July 28, Friday: Charles Henry Branscomb, a lawyer from Holyoke, Massachusetts serving as a general agent for the Emigrant Aid Society in the [Kansas Territory](#), traveled up the [Kansas River](#) as far as Fort Riley with a pioneer party of 30 persons to select a location for an antislavery town. He and Dr. Charles Robinson of Fitchburg would agree on the site of Lawrence.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



William B. Sheppard, who had hoped to get married with his boss Henry C. Day's daughter, had, when his employer had refused to consent, stabbed him to death. On this day Sheriff William Gorham officiated over the [hanging](#) of the murderer on "Government Reserve property" near the Presidio in [San Francisco](#), before a crowd of 10,000 citizens. The body of the executed man would hang for an hour before Sheriff Gorham would permit it to be cut down.



FAMOUS LASTS		
February 23, 1848	Louis Philippe I	King of the French
July 28, 1854	William B. Sheppard	last public open-air hanging in San Francisco attended by a huge crowd, at the Presidio before a crowd of not less than 10,000
March 8, 1862	Captain Nathaniel Gordon	had been smuggling fresh slaves into the USA, hanged for this (classified as piracy)

Also, in San Francisco on this day, [California](#) Freemasons adopted a constitution and installed officers.

A pre-publication announcement of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) titled "Life in the Woods. Former Inhabitants" appeared on the 4th page of the Boston [Daily Evening Traveller](#), in columns 1 and 2.

EXTRACT FROM MR. THOREAU'S "WALDEN." (In press, by Ticknor & Fields.)

**[Reprints "Former Inhabitants; and Winter Visitors,"
pages 256.1-264.3.]**

TIMELINE OF WALDEN

July 31, Monday: US Army Captain Ulysses S. Grant resigned his commission at Fort Humboldt, [California](#) because his commanding officer considered his weakness for liquor to be sufficient cause for court martial or resignation. Captain Grant then came to San Francisco, where he would reside at the What Cheer House.



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August 17, Thursday: Haute-volée-Polka op.155 by Johann Strauss was performed for the initial time, in the Volksgarten, Vienna.

Sale at public auction by Selover & Sinton of water lot property in the city of San Francisco.

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A review of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) appeared on page 2, column 3 of Worcester's Daily Transcript:

This is the result of the Authors' [sic] experience while living alone in the woods, and during a Sojourn of two years and two months on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Mass. His object in going there was, in his own words, "not to live cheaply nor dearly; but to transact some private business with the fewest obstacles; to be at once Pilot, captain and owner; to be hindered from accomplishing which for want of a little energy and business talent, appeared not so sad as foolish." Though we cannot readily yield to many of the Author's opinions, yet we will not with[h]old from him our share of the praise which the work merits. It is neatly issued by Ticknor & Co.

Another review of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) has been turned up, in the Burlington, Vermont Sentinel, page 3, column 1, quite recently, by Richard E. Winslow III (and the total number of known reviews during [Henry Thoreau](#)'s lifetime is now up to 69):



This is altogether a very remarkable book, and will attract much attention. It is devoted to a detailed account of the most interesting features of the life of a hermit, "in the woods," and is at once scholarly, philosophical, agricultural, statistical, satirical and poetical. The writers themes are as various and unique as could be desired - such as "Economy," "Where I lived and what I lived for," "Reading," "Sounds," "Solitude," "Visitors," "The Bean-field," "Higher Laws," "Brute Neighbors," "House-Warming," "Winter Animals," &c., &c. It is something to say of "Walden" in these days of abject and drivelling imitations, that the work is thoroughly original both in its faults and excellencies, and will be found a very readable and spicy volume. It is neatly printed, -contains 356 pages, and is sold by SAML. B. NICHOLS.

TIMELINE OF WALDEN



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

*I have just been through the process of killing
The cistudo
For the sake of science;
But I cannot excuse myself for this murder,
And see that such actions are inconsistent
With the poetic perception,
However they may serve science,
And will affect the quality of my observations.*

*I pray that I may walk more innocently
And serenely through nature.
No reasoning whatever reconciles me to this act.
It affects my day injuriously.
I have lost some self-respect.
I have a murderer's experience in a degree.*

August 26, Saturday: [President Franklin Pierce](#) appointed a proslavery Democrat, [John Calhoun \(1806-1859\)](#), as Surveyor General of the [Kansas Territory](#) so that land surveys might begin (during the frequent absences of the territorial governor, the surveyor general would hold the gubernatorial power).

[THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION](#)

The chair that had emptied at the Institute was granted to Antoine Clapisson, rather than [Hector Berlioz](#).

A few days after a minor railway accident, [Phoebe Elizabeth Hough Fowler Watts Carlyle](#) gave birth. The infant was stillborn and the mother did not survive.

In San Francisco, under Commercial Street between Montgomery Street and Kearny Street, workmen discovered the coffin of city pioneer W.C. Rae. Thomas O. Larkin not only identified the body but related that Rae had committed [suicide](#) during January 1845 after having constructed the 1st 2-story house in the

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municipality.

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The new USS *Constellation* was launched at the Gosport Navy Yard in Virginia.



[Henry Thoreau](#) reported that he “Opened one of my snapping turtle’s eggs. The egg was not warm to the touch. The young is now larger and darker-colored, shell and all, more than a hemisphere, and the yolk which maintains it is much reduced.... These eggs, not warm to the touch, buried in the ground, so slow to hatch, are like the seeds of vegetable life.” Tortoise Eggs William M. White’s version of a portion of the journal entry in



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regard to the eggs is:

*We unconsciously step over the eggs of snapping turtles
Slowly hatching the summer through.
Not only was the surface perfectly dry and trackless there,
But blackberry vines had run over the spot
Where these eggs were buried
And weeds had sprung up above.*

*If Iliads are not composed in our day,
Snapping turtles are hatched and arrive at maturity.*

*It already thrusts forth its tremendous head, —
For the first time in this sphere,—
And slowly moves from side to side, —
Opening its small glistening eyes
For the first time to the light,—
Expressive of dull rage,
As if it had endured the trials of this world
For a century.*

A review titled “The Battle of the Ants” appeared in the Portland [Transcript](#), 157:1.

From Thoreau’s “Life in the Woods,” we extract the following interesting account of a curious scene in insect life.

[Reprints “Brute Neighbors,” pages 228.25-231.26.]



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Also, a review of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#), by the [Reverend Thomas Starr King](#) of the Universalist Church in [Charlestown, Massachusetts](#), under the heading "New Publications" in the [Christian Register](#), 135:5-6.

A young man, eight years out of college, of fine scholarship and original genius, revives, in the midst of our bustling times, the life of an anchorite. By the side of a secluded pond in Concord, he builds with his own hands a hut which cost him twenty-eight dollars and twelve and a half cents; and there he lived two and a half years, "cultivating poverty," because he "wanted to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and suck out all its marrow." Here he found that the labor of six weeks would support him through the year; and so he had long quiet days for reading, observation, and reflection, learning to free himself from all the hollow customs and false shows of the world, and to pity those who by slavery to inherited property seemed to be doing incredible and astonishing penance. In the account he gives us of his clothes, house, food, and furniture, we find mingled many acute and wise criticisms upon modern life; while in his descriptions of all living things around him, birds, fishes, squirrels, mice, insects, trees, flowers, weeds, it is evident that he had the sharpest eye and the quickest sympathy. One remarkable chapter is given to the sounds that came to his ear, with suggestions, full of poetry and beauty, of the feelings which these sounds awakened. But nothing interested him so much as the Pond, whose name gives the title to his book. He describes it as a clear sheet of water, about a mile in circumference; he bathed in it every morning; its cool crystal depths were his well, ready dug; he sailed upon its bosom in summer, he noted many curious facts pertaining to its ice in winter; in short, it became to him a living thing, and he almost worshipped it. But we must not describe the contents of this book any farther. Its opening pages may seem a little caustic and cynical; but it mellows apace, and playful humor and sparkling thought appear on almost every page. We suppose its author does not reverence many things which we reverence; but this fact has not prevented our seeing that he has a reverential, tender, and devout spirit at bottom. Rarely have we enjoyed a book more, or been more grateful for many and rich suggestions. Who would have looked to Walden Pond for a [Robinson Crusoe](#), or for an observer like the author of the [Natural History of Selbo\[u\]rne](#), or for a moralist like the writer of [Religio Medici](#)? Yet paragraphs in this book have reminded us of each of these. And as we shut the book up, we ask ourselves,

TIMELINE OF WALDEN



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will the great lesson it teaches of the freedom and beauty of a simple life be heeded? Shall this struggle for wealth, and this bondage to the *impedimenta* of life, continue forever? Will the time ever come when it will be fashionable to be poor, that is, when men will be so smitten with a purpose to seek the true ends of life that they will not care about laying up riches on the earth? Such times we know there have been, and thousands listened reverently to the reply, given in the last of these two lines, to the inquiry contained in the first;

"O where is peace, for thou its path hast trod?"

"In poverty, retirement, and with God."

Who can say that it is impossible that such a time may come round, although the fashion of this world now runs with such a resistless current in the opposite direction.



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Also, on this date, a review of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) under the heading “New Publications” on the 2d page of the Philadelphia [Saturday Evening Post](#), column 3:

We have, now and then, in this jostling, civilized world, an unmistakable human oddity, and the author of this strange, but interesting book, is one of that class. He is evidently a gentleman of educated and refined tastes; but, before he had attained to middle age, he appears—after having summed up and weighed the matter—to have come to the conclusion that Modern Civilization is a delusion and a sham. He, therefore, hied to the woods—a mile from any neighbor—on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Mass., where he had previously built himself a house—which house cost him not quite thirty dollars—and earned his living by the labor of his hands. Here he dwelt—(subsisting on rye and Indian meal without yeast, potatoes, rice, green corn, peas, a little salt pork, and less molasses and salt)—for two years and two months, and then returned to civilized life again, where he is at present a sojourner—probably a wiser, if not a better, man. While thus “alone in his glory,” our eccentric author worked a little, visited now and then, roamed about in the woods, (watching the ways of the birds, squirrels, and coons) by day, and in the evening gazed upon the moon and stars, until he chose to retire to his lonely rest. He does not like the restraints of social life, saying that “it is hard to have a Southern overseer— worse to have a Northern one—and worst of all, when you are the slave-driver of yourself.” In his humble dwelling, he had three pieces of limestone on his table—for ornament, we suppose—but finding, to his horror, that they wanted dusting every morning, he threw them out of the window. He is no believer in either expensive houses, furniture, clothes, food, or anything else—neither does he like to be crowded, and he is a little selfish, withal; for he remarks, “I would rather sit on a pumpkin, and have it all to myself, than be crowded on a velvet cushion.” He grieves for the good old days of Adam and Eve—yea, he sighs, not for the good time coming, but for the good time long since past and gone. He appears to envy the lot of the birds, beasts, and wild Indians, and to entertain strong doubts whether our boasted Civilization is a real advance in the condition of man. He would much prefer the tub of Diogenes to the palace of a monarch—the costume of a South Sea Islander to the robes of a Prince—the simplest and plainest repast to the most delicious and sumptuous banquet. Pity it is, that he was not born a turtle, that his shell might be his shelter, as he styles a house—or a bear, and then his furry hide would serve him both for shelter and raiment. Nevertheless, his ‘Life in the Woods’ is a most fascinating book.



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September 15, Friday: The 1st proceedings of the [California](#) Academy of Sciences were published.

Bradley P. Dean indicates that it was in this timeframe probably that [Henry Thoreau](#) finished searching through his journal for passages about moonlit nights.

**Brad Dean's
Commentary**

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September 16, Saturday: [Cynthia Dunbar Thoreau](#) and [Sophia Elizabeth Thoreau](#) returned from Wachusett.

In the afternoon Thoreau went to Fringed Gentian Meadow over the Assabet River and to Dugan Desert (Gleason 39/H4), where he found the mud turtle's eggs all hatched. Tortoise Eggs Review of WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS under the heading "News" in the Portland ME [Transcript](#), 179:3.

Thoreau in his recently published work "Walden" thus hits off the popular eagerness for news:-

[Reprints "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For," pages 93.24-94.2.]

The book was also reviewed on the second page of the Rochester NY [Daily American](#).

Commander David Glasgow Farragut assumed command of the Navy yard at Mare Island.

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Joshua Abraham Norton appeared in the office of the San Francisco [Call](#) attired in a comic-opera uniform, with a document in hand that proclaimed him to be the Emperor of the United States and the Protector of Mexico.¹⁰⁴



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September 19, Tuesday: San Francisco began the paving of Montgomery Street at California Street.

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On this day and the following one, [Emily Dickinson](#) and her sister [Lavinia](#) again visited [Josiah Gilbert Holland](#) and [Elizabeth Holland](#) in Springfield, Massachusetts.



In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) went to Conantum (Gleason J6). That day he mused on the writing of his new lecture “What Shall It Profit?”:

Thinking this afternoon of the prospect of my writing lectures and going abroad to read them the next winter, I realized how incomparably great the advantages of obscurity and poverty which I have enjoyed so long (and may still perhaps enjoy). I thought with what more than princely, with what poetical, leisure I had spent my years hitherto, without care or engagement, fancy-free... Ah, how I have thriven on solitude and poverty! I cannot overstate this advantage. I do not see how I could have enjoyed it, if the public

Thoreau completed his searching through the journal for passages about walking in the moonlight, and accepted Marston Watson’s invitation to deliver a lecture to “a small and private audience of friends” in Plymouth, Massachusetts on October 1st (scheduling difficulties caused postponement). The full title of the lecture he would deliver in Plymouth on October 8th would be “Moonlight (Introductory to an Intended Course of Lectures)” (this is part of a pencil jotting at the top of what is apparently the first leaf of Thoreau’s working draft of the lecture, preserved at Middlebury College in Vermont, evidently a part he did not read to his audience).

[Thoreau](#) wrote to Benjamin Marston Watson, accepting his invitation from to deliver on October 1st a lecture to “a small and private audience of friends” in Plymouth.

Concord Mass Sep 19th '54

Dear Sir

I am glad to hear from you & the Plymouth men again. The world still holds together between Concord and Plymouth, it seems. I

104. Refer to ZANIES: THE WORLD’S GREATEST ECCENTRICS by Jay Robert Nash (New Century Publishers, 1982, pages 267-74).

“Son – they say there isn’t any royalty in this country, but do you want me to tell you how to be king of the United States of America? Just fall through the hole in a privy and come out smelling like a rose.”



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*should like to be with you while Mr Alcott is there, but I cannot come next Sunday. I will come Sunday after next, that is Oct 1st, if that will do, – and look out for you at the Depot.
I do not like to promise now more than one discourse. Is there a good precedent for 2?
Yrs Concordially
Henry D. Thoreau.*

That evening, in Plymouth, [Bronson Alcott](#) read from a criticism of [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#) that he had entered in his journal of 1847, and read other passages of his diary from the family’s “Hillside” period in Concord.



Sept. 19. Tuesday. P.M. — To Conantum.

Viburnum Lentago berries now perhaps in prime, though there are but few blue ones.

Thinking this afternoon of the prospect of my writing lectures and going abroad to read them the next winter, I realized how incomparably great the advantages of obscurity and poverty which I have enjoyed so long (and may still perhaps enjoy). I thought with what more than princely, with what poetical, leisure I had spent my years hitherto, without care or engagement, fancy-free. I have given myself up to nature, I have lived so many springs and summers and autumns and winters as if I had nothing else to do but *live* them, and imbibe whatever nutriment they had for me; I have spent a couple of years, for instance, with the flowers chiefly, having none other so binding engagement as to observe when they opened; I could have afforded to spend a whole fall observing the changing tints of the foliage. Ah, how I have thriven on solitude and poverty! I cannot overstate this advantage. I (to not see how I could have enjoyed it, if the public had been expecting as much of me as there is danger now that they will. If I go abroad lecturing, how shall I ever recover the lost winter?

It has been my vacation, my season of growth and expansion, a prolonged youth.

An upland plover goes off from Conantum top (though with a white belly), uttering a sharp *white, tu white*. That drought was so severe that a few trees here and there –birch, maple, chestnut, apple, oak– have lost nearly all their leaves. I see large flocks of robins with a few flickers, the former keeping up their familiar peeping mid chirping.

Many pignuts have fallen. Hardhack is very commonly putting forth new leaves where it has lost the old. They are half in inch or three quarters long, and green the stems well. The stone-crop fruit has for a week or more had a purplish or pinkish (?) tinge by the roadside. Fallen acorns in a few days acquire that wholesome shining dark chestnut (?) color. Did I see a returned yellow redpoll fly by?

I saw, some nights ago, a great deal of light reflected from a fog-bank over the river upon Monroe’s white fence, malting it conspicuous almost as by moonlight from my window.

Scarlet oak acorn (commonly a broader cup with more shelf). [Vide another figure in fall of ’58.]





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September 23, Saturday: In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) went to Gowing's Swamp (Gleason F9) and then Great Meadows (Gleason D8).

Frederick Billings officiated at the dedication of a schoolhouse in the Fifth District of San Francisco.

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WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS was reviewed in the [Daily Alta California](#), 5:264.

Walden; or Life in the Wood. By Henry D. Thoreau. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. This is a very strange book, the history of a philosopher living in the woods, a sort of Robinson Crusoe life. It shows the simplicity with which life can be conducted, stripped of some of its conventionalities, and the whole narrative is imbued with a deep philosophic spirit. All together besides being beautifully written, it has an air of originality which is quite taking. We commend it to our reader.

TIMELINE OF WALDEN

Father [Isaac Hecker](#), CSSR, wrote to [Orestes Augustus Brownson](#).

Arthur Martineau Alger was born at Roxbury. (He would study for the law at Boston University, and then in the office of the Honorable N.B. Bryant.)

September 25, Monday: In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) went up the Sudbury River by boat to the Cliffs of Fair Haven Hill (Gleason 26/J7) and then opposite Bittern or Tupelo Cliff. (Gleason J6).

In San Francisco, A.J. Lafontaine started the German newspaper *Abend Zeitung*.

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October 2, Monday: The Academy of Music in New-York opened at 14th street and Irving Place with a season of opera.

In San Francisco, John W. McKenzie was appointed as the City Marshal.

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[William Jackman](#) took a land patent for 40 acres, and for 123.89 acres, in St. Croix and Pierce Counties in Wisconsin. An existing undated handbill printed in River Falls, Wisconsin asserts:

"A Lecture by Wm. Jackman giving an account of His Shipwreck, Life among the Natives, their Manners and Customs, and his Final Escape"

...

Will deliver ___ Lecture AT ___ ON ___.

Admittance 25 cents.





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Children under 12 years, 15 cents.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER 2d]

October 6, Friday: In San Francisco “Honest Henry” Meiggs, prominent citizen, was accused of forging city warrants, whereupon he fled.

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“[Henry D. Thoreaux](#)” was written to by William Thomas in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania to set the date for a lecture as November 21st.

*Phil Oct. 6th. 1854[]
 Henry D Thoreaux Esq
 Dear Sir
 You will please accept our thanks for your prompt response to our invitation. We have entered you for the 21st Nov.
 Please inform us as early as possible upon what subject you will speak
 Yours Truly
 W^mB Thomas
 Chairman*

October 8, Sunday: The Reverend Albert Williams resigned as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, and delivered a farewell sermon.

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A review of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#), titled “Letter from a Lady Correspondent” and presumably by Elizabeth Barstow Stoddard, appeared in the [Daily Alta California](#), 5:279.

TIMELINE OF WALDEN

In Plymouth, Massachusetts, Thoreau for the 1st time delivered his lecture “MOONLIGHT”. Well, actually, the full title of the lecture Thoreau delivered at Leyden Hall on this occasion was:



“Moonlight (Introductory to an Intended Course of Lectures)”

According to Pliny, there is a stone in Arabia called Selenites, “wherein is a white, which decreases and increases with the moon.” My journal for the last year or two has been selenitic in this sense.

PLINY

In his “Moonlight” lecture, [Henry Thoreau](#) made a reference to [Augustine](#):

As S Augustine says, “Deus regit inferiora corpora per

superioria”



Although he would continue to work on this essay for a few days, Thoreau would begin to pay more attention to “Walking, or the Wild.” The two new lectures he planned to generate from this earlier lecture presumably were to become the 2d and 3d lectures in his “Intended Course of Lectures” (refer to William L. Howarth’s “Successor to WALDEN? Thoreau’s ‘Moonlight–An Intended Course of Lectures’,” page 101).

October 14, Saturday: [Japan](#) concluded a treaty with Great Britain.

Captain E.O.C. Ord got married with Mary Mercer Thompson in San Francisco.

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

*Concord Sat. Pm. Oct 14th '54
Blake,*

*I have just returned
from Plymouth, where I have
been detained surveying much
longer than I expected.
What do you say to visiting
Wachusett next Thursday?
I will start at 7. 1/4 A.m. unless
there is a prospect of a stormy day,
go by cars to Westminster, & thence
on foot 5 or 6 miles to the
Mt top, where I may engage to*

*Page 2
meet you at (or before) 12.M.
If the weather is unfavorable,
I will try again—on Friday,—&
again on Monday.
If a storm comes on after starting,
I will seek you at the tavern*

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*in Princeton Center, as soon
as circumstances will permit.
I shall expect an answer [at once]
to clinch the bargain.
Yrs*

Henry D. Thoreau. <not HDT>

Thoreau, who had at this point arrived back in Concord, was being written to by an abolitionist and businessman and abolitionism coordinator, [Asa Fairbanks](#), in [Rhode Island](#), representing the [Providence Lyceum](#):



Providence Oct 14[.] [1854]

Henry D Thoreau

Dear Sir

*Our Course of Independent[,] or
reform Lectures (ten in number) we propose
to commence [N]ext [M]onth. Will you give me
the liberty to put your name in program, and
say when it will suit your [convenience] to come.
every Lecturer will choose his own subject,
but we expect all[,] whether [Anti[S]lavery] or
what else, will be of a reformatory [Character]*

who

*We have engaged Theodore Parker[,] ^will give
the Introductory Nov. 1st[.] (Garrison, W. Phillips
[Thomas] W. Higginson Lucy Stone (Mrs Rose of New York[]
Antoinett L[Brown and hope to [have] Cassius [M.]
Clay, & Henry Ward Beecher, (we had a course
of these lectures last year and the receipts from*



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[] tickets at a low price paid expenses and [#]
fifteen to twenty dollars to the Lecturers — we
think we shall do as well this year as last, and
perhaps better[,] the Anthony [Burns affair] and the
of [S]lavery Nebraska bill, and other outrages has done much
to awaken the feeling of a class of [M]inds
heretofore [quiet,] on all questions of reform

Page 2

*In getting up these popular Lectures [we]
thought [at] first, it would not do us well to have [them] too radical,
or it would be best to have a part of
the speakers of the conservative class, but experience
has shown us [St] in Providence surely, that the
[M]asses who attend such Lectures are better suited
with reform lectures than with the old
school conservatives[.] I will thank you for an
early reply
Yours Respectfully for [true freedom]
A. Fairbanks*

<misc nature notes on remainder of page, reading from opposite direction>

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

THEODORE PARKER

October 16, Sunday: [Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde](#) was born in Dublin.

The Sheriff of San Francisco, [California](#), William R. Gorham, auctioned off the College House at the Mission Dolores to satisfy its debts. John Nobille was the high bidder.

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October 21, Friday: The severest earthquake since 1851 struck San Francisco at 7:30 PM.

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The Lawrence, [Kansas Territory Herald of Freedom](#) appeared (it would be generally antigovernment and [anti-slavery](#)).

Review of [Henry Thoreau](#)'s [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#), by "D'A" on the 1st page of the Boston [Atlas](#):

It is a sorrowful surprise that a constant communion with so much beauty and beneficence was not able to kindle one spark of genial warmth in this would-be savage. Pithy sarcasm, stern judgement, cold condemnation – all abound in the pages of this volume.... There is not a page, a paragraph giving one sign of liberality, charitableness, kind feeling, generosity, in a word – heart.

TIMELINE OF WALDEN

October 26, Thursday: In San Francisco, there was a public auction by Selover & Sinton at 11 AM, to sell the interest of the state of [California](#) in water lot property, by order of the California Land Commission. Another earthquake shock was felt. This was followed, around midnight, by a swell in San Francisco Bay.

In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) went to Conantum.

C.B. Bernard of Akron, Ohio wrote to [Thoreau](#) as a potential lecturer — if and when he got that far west.

*Akron Oct 26, 1854
Henry D. Thoreau Esq
Concord Mass— Dear Sir
Seeing your name announced as a Lecturer, I write you a line to see if your services could be secured to give a Lecture before the Library Association of this place.
We can give #50—
Thinking you might have other calls this way, we thought we would add our solicitation with the rest
Yours Respectfully
C B Bernard
Cor Sec*

November 2, Thursday: The city of San Francisco began to pave Washington Street, between Dupont Street and Kearny Street, with cobblestones.

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In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) was paddling up the Sudbury River to Clamshell Bank or Hill (Gleason 23/G5).

Felix Mendelssohn's incomplete oratorio Christus to words of von Bunsen after the Bible was performed for the initial time, in Leipzig 2 days before the 7th anniversary of the composer's death.

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November 12, Sunday: [Henry Thoreau's "SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS"](#) ["SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS"](#) appeared in [The National Anti-Slavery Standard](#).



In San Francisco, William H. Mantz & Company began publication of [Town Talk](#).

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November 22, Wednesday: When [Henry Thoreau](#) had returned from lecturing in Philadelphia, by boat to Tacony and by train through Bristol, Trenton, the vicinity of Princeton, New Brunswick, Rahway, and Newark, New Jersey to [New-York](#), he went to see the Crystal Palace of Industry on Reservoir Square and then “[Greeley](#) carried me to the new opera-house, where I heard Grisi and her troupe” (the performance of [Vincenzo Bellini](#)’s final opera [I puritani](#) featured dramatic soprano [Madame the Marquise Giulia Grisi](#) as the Puritan roundhead revolutionary daughter Elvira and her husband or consort the tenor [Sir Giovanni Matteo de Candia](#) as Lord Arthur Talbot, one of [King Charles I](#)’s cavalier loyalists; this is the only operatic performance Thoreau is known to have attended and he did not comment on the experience).

[CHARLES I](#)

In San Francisco, at a mass meeting of saloon keepers, a decision was reached to preserve their tradition of offering a free lunch despite the high expenses involved in this sort of business promotion.

[CALIFORNIA](#)

There’s no such thing as a free lunch, except in 19th-Century San Francisco.

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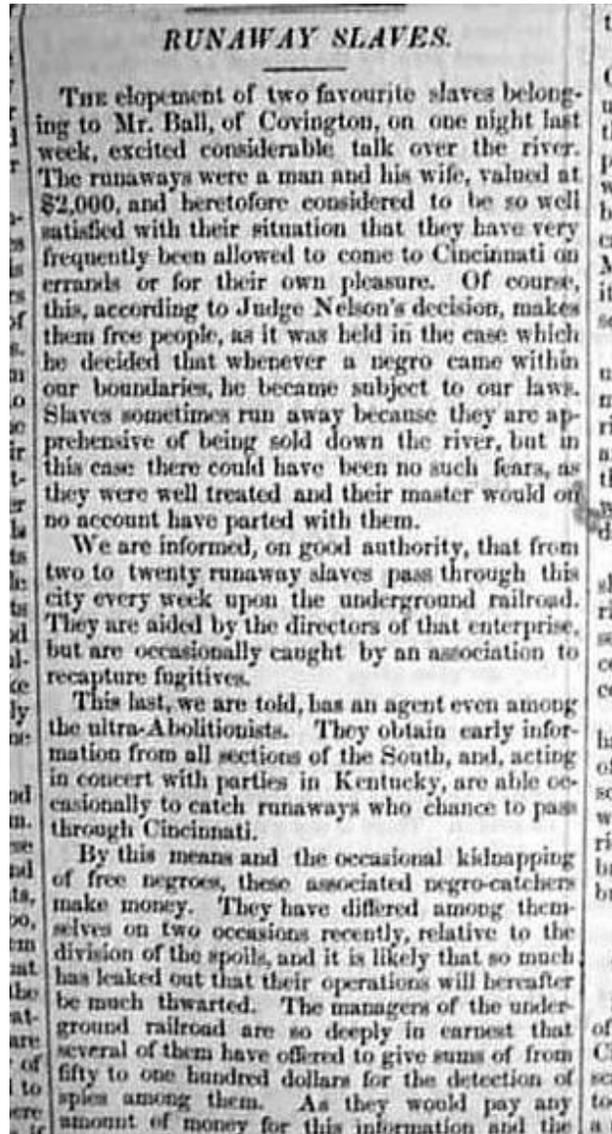
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December 23, Saturday, 1854: An earthquake in the harbor at Simoda, [Japan](#) produced a sea wave that after 12 hours and 38 minutes registered on the tide gauge of San Francisco.

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Meanwhile, guess what: [underground](#), what was going around was coming around:



December 25, Monday: In San Francisco, Bishop Kip led Episcopal services at Grace Church.

St. Mary's Church was dedicated on California Street at Dupont Street.

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The diary of Nathaniel Arbuckle, a farmer of Delhi, New York, indicates that [Christmas](#) day was just another workday:

25 On the 21th of this month James Came home from John Murray's Sick but he went to work this morning again this is Christmas and a mild Day it is Thomas an

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Margarete is going Over to uncles Walters on a Visit it is good Sleighing wind South Sold to Samuel S Smith this day 151 Bushells of Oats Price 5/ Per Bushell Need Payment

[Henry Thoreau](#) visited his literary admirer and correspondent [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) at his home "Brooklawn," stopping off at [Harvard Library](#) along the way to check out William Wood's NEW-ENGLAND'S PROSPECT; BEING A TRUE, LIVELY, AND EXPERIMENTAL DESCRIPTION OF THAT PART OF AMERICA, COMMONLY CALLED NEW ENGLAND (London: John Dawson, 1639).



He also checked out Gabriel Sagard-Théodat's *LE GRAND VOYAGE DU PAYS DES HURONS* (Paris: Denys Moreau, 1632).



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[Friend Daniel](#)'s estate "Brooklawn," with his shanty¹⁰⁵ to the left:



"There is no Frigate like a Book
To take us Lands away"
— Emily Dickinson

105. "D.R.'s Shanty is about half a dozen rods S.W. of his house ... is 12 x 14 feet, with 7 feet posts, with common pent roof. The roof is shingled, and the sides made of matched boards, and painted a light clay color, with chocolate colored blinds. Within it is not plastered and is open to the roof, showing the timbers and rafters. ... In front of the east window is a small box stove. ... Against the stove is a rude settle with a small cushion and pillow; and on the opposite side a large desk with some bookshelves above it. ... R. or one of his guests swept the Shanty each morning. The West and N.W. side is well-nigh covered with slips of paper on which are written some sentences or paragraphs from R.'s favorite books — many quotations celebrating retirement, country life, simplicity, humanity, sincerity etc. from Cowper and other English poets."

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By prearrangement, [Thoreau](#) was to be met at the Tarkiln Hill station in New Bedford, but evidently it was not [Friend Daniel](#) who met him, for on the following page is "By no means a bad likeness ... of the plain and upright Thoreau," a sketch by Ricketson of his first impressions of Thoreau coming up the walk at Brooklawn, while Ricketson was shoveling the snow off of it.



My first interview with him was so peculiar that I will venture to state it. The season was winter, a snow had lately fallen, and I was engaged in shovelling the accumulated mass from the entrance to my house, when I perceived a man walking toward me bearing an umbrella in one hand and a leather travelling-bag in the other. So unlike my ideal Thoreau, whom I had fancied, from the robust nature of his mind and habits of life, to be a man of unusual vigor and size, that I did not suspect, although I had expected him in the morning, that the slight, quaint-looking person before me was the Walden philosopher. There are few persons who had previously read his works that were not disappointed by his personal appearance. As he came near to me I gave him the usual salutation, and supposing him to be either a pedler or some way-traveller, he at once remarked, "You don't know me." The truth flashed on my mind, and concealing my own surprise I at once took him by the hand and led him to the room already prepared for him, feeling a kind of disappointment - a disappointment, however, which soon passed off, and never again obtruded itself to the philosopher's disadvantage. In fact, I soon began to see that Nature had dealt kindly by him, and that this apparently slender personage was physically capable of enduring far more than the ordinary class of men, although he had then begun to show signs of failure of strength in his knees.

According to [Friend Daniel](#)'s journal, from which he has abstracted above, they spent the evening chatting about various matters such as the climate, et cetera, of England and America, et cetera:

H.D. Thoreau arrived this P.M., spent evening conversing upon various matters, the climate, &c., of England and America, &c.



December 25: To New Bedford via Cambridge.

I think that I never saw a denser growth than the young white cedars in swamps on the Taunton and New Bedford Railroad. In most places it looked as if there was not room for a man to pass between the young trees. That part of the country is remarkably level and wooded. The evergreen prinios very commonly in the low ground. At New Bedford saw the casks of oil covered with seaweed to prevent fire; the weed holds moisture. Town not lively. Whalers abroad at this season.

Ricketson has "Bewick's British Birds," two vols.; "Æsop's Fables," one vol.; "Select Fables," one vol. (partly the same); "Quadrupeds," one vol.

Has taken pains to obtain them. The tail-pieces were the attraction to him. He suggested to Howitt to write his

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Abodes of the Poets.¹⁰⁶

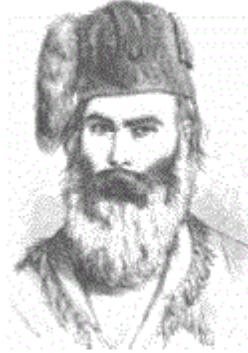
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scalp and leave a permanent depression about the size of a silver dollar in his skull. The scalp it was possible to reattach, but the bone injury would be permanent. Then while wrestling with General Fremont, a grizzly he had retained for his own display, the injury would be re-opened and this time brain tissue would be exposed.

You're going to need to keep your hat on, guy:



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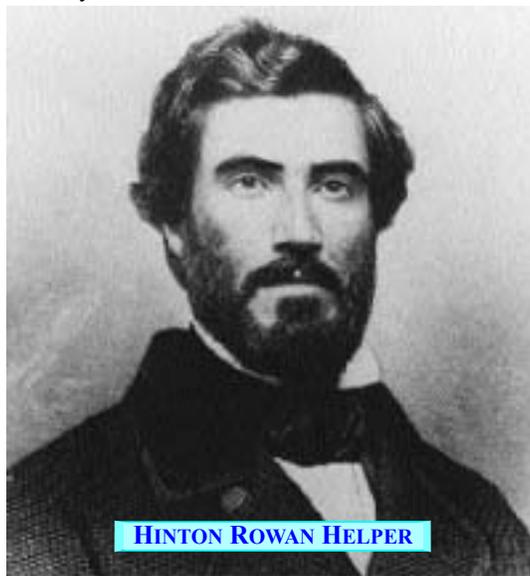
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Hinton Rowan Helper's first book was THE LAND OF GOLD. REALITY VERSUS FICTION, which warned against



white men going to [California](#) with any great expectations. Since the book was being published in [Maryland](#) and had been paid for in advance, the printer using his own political judgment simply did not set into type from the manuscript with which he had been provided any of the references to Helper's controversial attitude of antislavery racism. Helper was of course enraged at these unexpected deletions, but he could do nothing — the printer already had his money.



HINTON ROWAN HELPER

Cassius M. Clay, by virtue of his contention that the slaveholder was the natural enemy not of the [slave](#) but of the yeomanry of poor whites, had actually been a forerunner of Helper's attitude that the slavemasters actually were worse moral cases than the two supposed thieves he had helped lynch in [California](#): "Thieves practice deceit on the wise; slaveholders take advantage of the ignorant." Helper's THE IMPENDING CRISIS OF THE SOUTH: HOW TO MEET IT would be begun out of these antislavery and antislavery diatribes which the [Baltimore](#) printer had culled out of THE LAND OF GOLD. REALITY VERSUS FICTION as impossible of publication in the South: "I have ceased to be the submissive victim of an unmitigated despotism." By way of this Baltimore

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printer, the slavemasters were attempting to dictate to Helper what he would and what he would not be allowed to think — and Helper wasn't about to put up with such a suppression of his thought.

In the mid-1850s [James Shepherd Pike](#), another white racist abolitionist opportunist of the ilk of Hinton Rowan Helper, joined the [Republican Party](#) out of a “sincere belief that the Negro could not and should not be incorporated into the American democratic system.” He desired to have the Gulf States set aside as a reservation for the black tribe from Africa. He desired also, he said, that the black man immediately be allowed to vote — so that early on he would demonstrate, for all to see, his utter incapacity to take part in a civilized process. (Later, in 1871 when the prospect of black voters became more imminent, he would withdraw from this idea of allowing the black man to vote.)

January 12, Friday: Felipe Alvitre was [hanged](#) in Los Angeles, [California](#).

Calvin Carver Damon died of consumption in Concord, Massachusetts at the age of 50.

[Dorcas Honorable Esop](#), last of the Nantucket native Americans, died. She had been born in 1776.



January 12: Perhaps what moves us in winter is some reminiscence of far-off summer. How we leap by the side of the open brooks! What beauty in the running brooks! What life! What society! The cold is merely superficial; it is summer still at the core, far, far within. It is in the cawing of the crow [[American Crow](#) [Corvus Brachyrhynchos](#)], the cawing of the cock, the warmth of the sun on our backs. I hear faintly the cawing of a crow far, far away, echoing from some unseen wood-side, as if deadened by the spring-like vapor which the sun is drawing from the ground. It mingles with the slight murmur of the village, the sound of children at play, as one stream empties gently into another, and the wild and tame are one. What a delicious sound! It is not merely crow calling to crow, for it speaks to me too. I am part of one great creature with him; if

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he has voice, I have ears. I can hear what he calls, and have engaged not to shoot nor stone him if he will caw to me each spring. On the other hand, it may be, is the sound of children at school saying their a, b, ab's, on the other, far in the wood-fringed horizon, the cawing of crows from their blessed eternal vacation, out at their long recess, children who have got dismissed! While the vaporous incense goes up from all fields of the spring, -if it were spring. Ah, bless the Lord, O my soul! bless him for wildness, for crows that will not alight within gunshot! and bless him for hens, too, that croak and cackle in the yard! (VII, 112-3)



GOD IN CONCORD by Jane Langton © 1992

66

*Ah, bless the Lord, O my soul! bless him for
wildness, for crows that will not alight
within gunshot!*
Journal, January 12, 1855

Viking Penguin **Penguin Books USA Inc.**

**It was mid-autumn in Concord. Sugar maples flamed along
Walden Street. The swam maples had already lost their**

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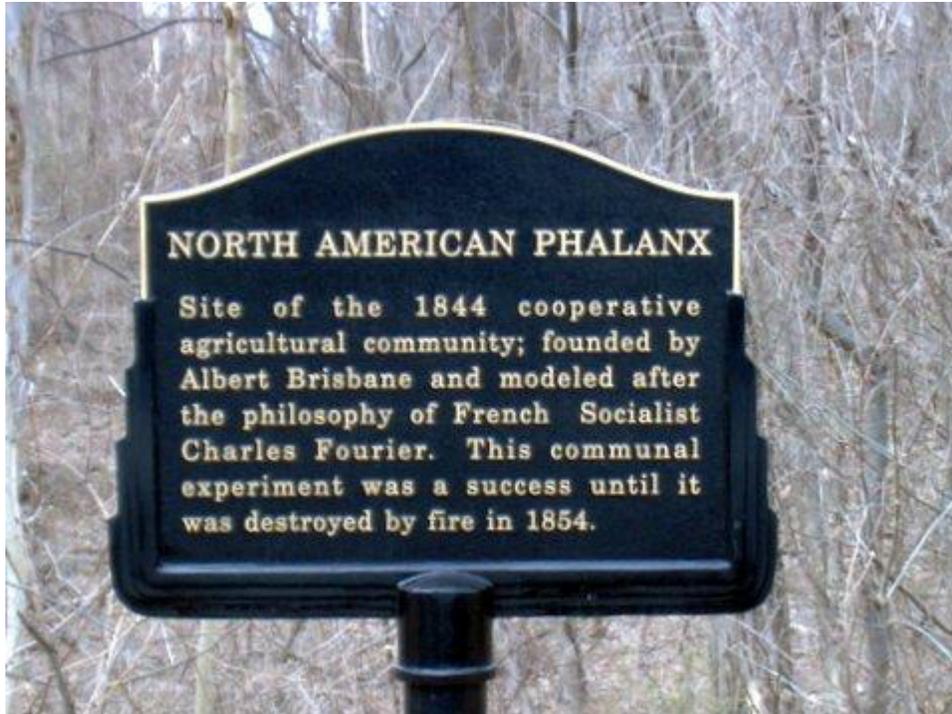
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June: [Lola Montez](#) and her manager Augustus Noël Follin sailed from [California](#) for Sydney, [Australia](#) in the *Fanny Major*, with their own company.

[Jefferson Davis](#) was visiting Mississippi.

The [North American Phalanx](#) had not been able to deal with the \$10,000 in damages caused by its 1854 fire. At this point the community voted to put its assets on the open market. In early 1856 operations would cease. On January 1, 1857 the association would officially cease to exist. There is now a roadside sign on Phalanx Road in Colt's Neck, [New Jersey](#) to inform us:



NORTH AMERICAN PHALANX
Site of the 1844 cooperative agricultural community; founded by Albert Brisbane and modeled after the philosophy of French Socialist Charles Fourier. This communal experiment was a success until it was destroyed by fire in 1854.



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June 11, Monday: [Queen Victoria](#) and [Prince Albert](#) attended the 6th of [Richard Wagner](#)'s 7 philharmonic concerts in London. The composer visited with the royal couple in their box at intermission. They requested an encore to the overture to *Tannhäuser*.

Since 1833, when the giant sequoias of the [California](#) mountains had been first sighted and described by white men, there had been considerable confusion. Some presumed that the measurements, given in feet, were misprints, and that what had been meant was inches. The trees were called *Sequoia* in honor of native representative to the United States federal government *Sequoyah*, using the latinized version of that Cherokee name. However, in 1853 some specimens of the mountain giant version of this tree reached England and botanist John Lindley created as a new genus *Wellingtonia gigantea* in honor of the just-deceased Duke of Wellington. Some Americans immediately protested that as this was a gigantic American tree, it ought by rights to be named after that gigantic American, General/President George Washington (and indeed, eventually this species would come to be recognized as the *Sequoiadendron giganteum*). On this day, however, the issue was still undecided, and the [Daily Alta California](#) therefore carried a most intriguing botany article:

Wellington Gigantea, or the Great Tree and the Great Man.

The above was the title of a very interesting lecture, delivered recently in England, on California Trees, by J[ames] Bateman, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., of Biddulph Grange, in the Assembly Room, Congleton. It is worth while to call the attention of readers to it both as a matter of science and State pride.

Mr. Bateman commenced the lecture by observing that perhaps some present would be already acquainted with the extraordinary tree which had recently been discovered in North America, and to which had been given the name of a still more extraordinary man. The subject of the lecture might strike some as strange and curious, but he hoped that, as they proceeded, they would find that it opened out into interesting and profitable trains of thought. The arrangement of the lecture would be briefly this: — He should first give some information as to the district in which the *Wellingtonia* was discovered; then he should describe the tree itself, and afterwards make some allusions to the great man from whom the great tree had derived its name; and, in conclusion offer some general reflections, which it would be seen that the subject naturally suggested. If they were to ask for a detailed description of the scene in which the subject of the lecture was laid, it would be requisite that he should refer to an atlas published within the last four or five years, as on the maps issued previously to that time, they would find the country described under the vague designation of 'unknown.' But how great a change had taken place within those few years! Where at that time stretched a wild and unknown desert, now stood a magnificent city; and in the Bay of Sao Francisco, which was then scarcely ruffled by the oars of a solitary canoe, now floated vessels from all countries. The magician that had waved his hand over the desert and the waters, and produced this fairy change, was gold. They would already have discovered that he alluded to California. (Loud applause.) The discovery of gold in California caused a great tide of emigration to set in that way, and, as might have been expected, a large proportion of those who immigrated from all countries were characters of the very worst description. Then followed those scenes of rapine, violence and blood, the recitation of which made Europe shudder; and what should have been the inauguration of the "golden age" more nearly resembled the breaking loose of hell. These scenes, he said, were occurring on one side of the great range of hills

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dividing the California coast from the inland territories of North America; and at the foot of the hills on the other side was going on a spectacle equally strange and deplorable. For on the other side of those hills lay Utah, the great Salt Lake, around which swarmed a great Mormon population, under the rule of that licentious potentate, Mr. Brigham Young. He would not, however, dwell upon these painful scenes, but alike leave the Mammonites and the Mormonites, and turn to the calm and peaceful solitudes of primeval nature.

Among the travelers who visited California when the gold discoveries began to attract the attention of Europe, was Mr. Lobb, who traveled as the agent of the most enterprising nurseryman this country ever produced – he alluded to Messrs. Veitch of Exeter and London, who sent him out not to carry away auriferous spoils from the country, but to examine into its vegetable productions. Mr. Lobb made numerous interesting Discoveries, and after ascending the hills to a height of about 3000 feet, his eye first rested on these monarchs of all trees, which were afterwards named Wellingtonia Gigantea. They towered to a majestic stature, some among them rising to a height of 400 to 500 feet, or three or four times the height of the tallest factory chimneys in Congleton, and with a proportionate girth, in some instances having a circumference of 90 feet, and a diameter of 30 feet, thus capable of furnishing single planks so large that one only would be sufficient to floor that room. Of course it was out of the question to think of bringing to this country an actual specimen of this monster tree, but Mr. Lobb made an accurate drawing of it, from which he (Mr. Bateman) had copied the diagram to which he then directed their attention. He very lucidly explained a diagram representing a Wellingtonia, 300 feet high, and 3000 years old, which had been drawn on a scale of 1 foot to 10 yards. For the purpose of affording means of comparison, he had inserted in the drawing a ladder, of a common length, leaning against the trunk, and a man ascending it. The gigantic size of the tree dwarfed the ladder to an appearance like that of a walking-stick, and the man half way upon it seemed about the size of a beetle. He had also drawn a Scotch Fir and an Oak tree on the same scale; but, by comparison they both sank into the appearance of insignificant shrubs; still, however, he said, the eye had a difficulty in comprehending its astounding dimensions, and he had adopted another means of comparison. He had drawn sketches of the tallest buildings in the world, selecting the pyramids of Egypt, St. Peter's at Rome, Salisbury Cathedral and St. Paul's at London. They would, however, see that the Wellingtonia left St. Paul's far behind; it was some feet higher than Salisbury Cathedral, the highest building in England; it contested the palm with St. Peters, and was but a small distance below the Pyramid. He then compared it with drawings of other trees, and, in comparison he said, the Palm tree appeared only like a Sugar Cane, the Spruce Fir like Juniper, and even the famed Cedar of Lebanon only as a bush. To convey a more perfect idea of of astonishing size, he related several anecdotes concerning it. The method by which these trees were felled, he said, was to bore them through with immense augurs [sic], and then wait for a strong wind to complete the work. He described the great violence which attended the fall, and mentioned that, on one occasion, a traveler on horseback rode up in the trunk of one



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of the felled trees, to a distance of nearly a hundred yards. Some of the hollow trunks of these trees, he said, would have served for the smaller tubes of the Britannia Bridge, and here was a hint for railway contractors. If they were to bridge over a stream, they had only to plant one of these trees on the bank, and when it was full grown, fell it so as to reach across unto the other side, and there would be a bridge already made. The only difficulty in the way was one which he would confess was rather a strong objection – that they would have to wait for 3000 years before the tree had matured itself, that being the period it occupied in attaining to its full growth. He then directed attention to a specimen of the bark of the Wellingtonia, which he produced, and which was of an astonishing thickness. He said it had a cocoa-fibre texture, and gave forth a pungent smell. He related an amusing story of a clever practitioner in the land of Barnum, where he told there were men always ready to turn an honest or dishonest penny, who stripped one of these trees of its bark, and then joined the bark together and produced an actual representation of the Wellingtonia, and made a show of it in San Francisco, furnishing it inside with a pianoforte and carpets, and receiving parties in it. The interior of one of these trees, he said, would furnish an area large enough to contain all the wives of Mr. Brigham Young, and all the husbands of Lola Montes, who, by the way, was at present in San Francisco. He then pointed attention to a diagram representing the lower portion of the trunk of a young Wellingtonia, about 1000 years old! He proceeded to explain the general characteristics of the tree, and placed it as a distinct genus between the Pine and the Juniper, having the cone of the pine, though proportionably smaller, and the foliage of the Juniper. It belonged, he said, to that most useful race to which we were indebted for Deal or Pine, and for masts for our shipping; which also furnished rosin, pitch, turpentine, and many other useful articles. It was also stated that from the bark of this class of trees the wretched Russian serfs obtained a sort of bark bread, which, of necessity, must be a very disagreeable compound. And while on this topic, he would mention that a writer in the Quarterly Review says, that it is possible, by skilful manipulation, to manufacture a respectable loaf out of a deal board, and as it is well known that sawdust contained some grains of albumen, it was possible that, as the writer wittily remarked, "bread" and "board" might come to be synonymous terms. The Wellingtonia, it would be seen, was valuable from considerations of utility, and, in addition, it was a magnificent ornament to the landscape.

Considering the fitness of the name which had been given to the tree, he reminded the audience that figures of trees were often emblematically used in Scripture to represent great or good men. He drew a distinction betwixt the senses in which the Palm and the Cedar were employed in the Bible, and read a lengthy passage in illustration from Ezekiel (chap xxxi.) These authorities, he said, would justify the title of the lecture, altho' they destroyed all claims to originality on that point, when it was seen that, twenty-five centuries ago, Scriptural writers had compared the great tree with the great man.

He then explained the method by which they arrived at the age of the Wellingtonia, by counting the number of eccentric rings in the trunk, it having been ascertained that these rings were



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formed annually, and that each circle stood for a year. He explained in a very simple manner the process of restoration and growth taking place annually in the vegetable kingdom, by the circulation of the sap, which enabled them to arrive at the results above mentioned. This, he said, related to what they might term "arboreal" time, of which nature regulated her proceedings in the vegetable world, and which was at times useful in checking the vagaries of antiquarians. He related an instance in which naturalists had been able to indicate the age of ruins in Central America, by ascertaining the period of their desertion by the age of the trees that had grown over their walls. To prove the correctness of the principle by which they thus measured the existence of trees, he produced a wedge cut out of a Scotch Fir tree, grown on the Knypersley estate, and, being able by the aid of other circumstances to fix the date when it was planted by a former occupant of the estate, he counted the concentric circles, and found that they exactly agreed with the number of years which had intervened. He then applied this reasoning in the case of the Wellingtonia, and by a diagram on which spaces were marked, representing each 100 rings, which he said were found to exist in the specimen on the scale of 25 rings to the inch, and by calculating the diameter they ascertained that the age of the tree could not be less than 3000 years. He observed to what a remote period of time the existence of one of these trees led them. Pointing to the wand with which he explained the diagrams, he said, when that tree was but the thickness of this wand, there occurred a siege which was then as important, and had since been as famous in history as would be the present siege of Sebastopol – he alluded to the memorable siege of Troy. He would however add, that he hoped it would not occupy Lord Raglan 10 years in reducing Sebastopol. To turn to Scriptural history, they found that the tree began to live in the days of the Judges – it would be quite a youth in the time of David. At the period of our blessed Lord's incarnation it would be about 1200 years old, and it completed its second millennium during the dark ages of the Papacy. When it was about 2600 years old, a sad event, as far as concerned itself, occurred – viz: the discovery of America; for it was certain that when the enterprising European set foot on the shores of the New World, the tree would not remain "monarch of all it surveyed." That period was the most remarkable of preceding history. Then Constantinople was captured by the Turks, and artillery for the first time made an appliance of war. Also about that time the printing press was discovered, and soon followed by the circulation of Bibles, which led to the glorious Reformation. At the time of that event, in the 16th century, the tree would be in a green old age, and so it continued until the 19th century so remarkable in history, as being inimical to crowned heads, and then this monarch of the American woods fell before the axe of European aggression. But the tree was as yet without a name. They would be aware already, he remarked, that botanists frequently gave the names of princes, nobles and great men to their discoveries. He mentioned several instances in illustration, and said that this had been carried out until, for some time past, there had scarcely been a family of note which had not furnished a name for some plant. But it strangely happened that in this particular the Great Duke had been omitted. But about the time that we lost our great man,



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the great tree was discovered; and a specimen was submitted to Professor Lindley, who, finding that it belonged to a new genus, proceeded to name it, selecting for that purpose the title of the great Duke. He read the dedication as made by the Professor, which concluded by saying that the most appropriate name for the greatest tree was the title of our greatest man, and, therefore, it should be henceforth known as Wellingtonia Gigantea. He did not know but we should have to go to war with America about this choice of name. He read an extract from an article in the *California Farmer*, in which Dr. Winslow, writing on this subject, complained vehemently of an English name having been given to an American tree, and characterized it as indicating scientific arrogance and indelicacy, to select the name of Wellington is that of the greatest of trees, when the name of Washington would have been in every way more suitable. And the Doctor, in magniloquent language, proposed that the name of the tree could be changed, and it should henceforth be called "Washingtonia Californica." He observed that both law and equity, however, were against the Doctor — equity, because the Americans were at full liberty to have discovered the tree themselves, if they could, and to name it after Washington, if they chose; and they were now at liberty to discover, if they could, a tree still more magnificent, and might designate that by the name of their great founder. Botanical law was also against him, for it was a principle established by scientific men, for their own convenience, that, unless it could be shown that the discoverer was wrong as regarded the structure of a plant or tree, the name that he had given to it would continue to designate it to the end of time.



June 11. How's morus, staminate flowers apparently only a day or two (pollen); the pistillate a long time. The locust apparently two or three days open.

When I would go a visiting I find I that I go off the fashionable street — not being inclined to change my dress — to where man meets man & not polished shoe meets shoe.

Ac to [Holland's](#) Hist of Western Mass — In Westfield "In 1721, it was voted that the pews next the pulpit should be highest in dignity. The next year it was voted that persons should be seated in the meeting house according to their age & estate, and that so much as any man's estate increased by his negros, 'that shall be left out.' If a man lived on a hired farm, 'or hath obtained his property by marrying a widow, it shall be reckoned only one-third,' that is, he shall have only 1/3 as much dignity as if he owned his farm, or had acquired his money by his own industry."

— What if we feel a yearning to which no breast answers? I walk alone — My heart is full — feelings impede the current of my thoughts — I knock on the earth for my friend — I expect to meet him at every turn — but no friend appears — & perhaps none is dreaming of me. I am tired of frivolous society — in which silence is for ever the most natural & the best manners. I would fain walk on the deep waters but my companions will only walk on shallows & puddles. I am naturally silent in the midst of from day to day — from year to year — I am rarely reminded of their presence — yards of politeness do not make society for me. One complains that I do not take his jokes — I took them before he had done uttering them & went my way. One talks to me of his apples & pears & I depart with my secrets untold. His are not the apples that tempt me.

(and then this note, inserted later)

Now (Sep 16th 55) after 4 or 5 months of invalidity & worthlessness I begin to feel some stirrings of life in me

— Is not that carex, *Pennsylvanica*-like, with a long spike (one inch long by one half-inch wide), *C. bullata*?

What a difference between one red-wing blackbird's egg and another's! *C.* finds one long as a robin's, but narrow, with large black spots on larger end and on side, on or between the bushes by riverside; another much shorter, with a large black spot on the side. Both pale-blue ground. [Red-winged Blackbird] [Agelaius phoeniceus](#)]

The early willows at the bridge are apparently either *S. discolor* or *eriocephala*, or both.

I have noticed the green oak-balls some days. Now observe the dark *evergreen* of June.

The target leaf is eaten above.

In order to get the deserted tanager's nest at the top [of] a pitch pine which was too weak to climb, we carried



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a rope in our pockets and took three rails a quarter of a mile into the woods, and there rigged a derrick, by which I climbed to a level with the nest, and I could see if there were eggs in it. I have the nest. Tied the three tops together and spread the bottoms.

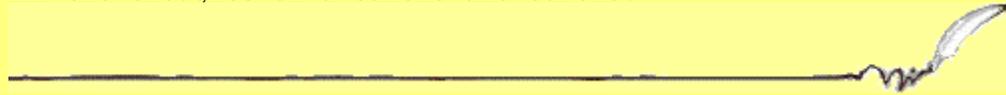
Carex cephalophora (?) on Heywood's Peak. That fine, dry, wiry wild grass in hollows in woods and sproutlands, never mown, is apparently the *C. Pennsylvanica*, or early sedge. There are young bluebirds.

August: Native Americans of the Takelmas and Tututnis groups, known to the whites as "the Rogue Indians," attacked the miners along the Klamath River, killing 10 or 11 of them. In retaliation, whites of the Oregon-California border sought out and killed on the basis of race some 25 native Americans. This would touch off a period of conflict now known as the Rogue River War.

Kamiakin's nephew Qualchin took a band of five warriors on the warpath and killed 6 white prospectors. When the local Indian agent came out to investigate, he also was killed. Lamiakin, learning of this, felt his hand had been forced, and threatened death to all whites who came east of the Cascade range.

September 5, Wednesday: [Waldo Emerson](#) recorded in his journal that:

All the thoughts of a turtle are turtle.



From this what may we infer? –That Waldo has given up all hope for transcendence? If you are nothing but a turtle and therefore can think no thoughts other than turtle thoughts, then, presumably, if you are nothing but a negro you won't be able to think any thoughts other than negro thoughts, and, presumably, if you're nothing but a woman you won't be able to think any thoughts other than woman thoughts, and, presumably, if you're nothing but a child you won't be able to think any thoughts other than child thoughts — and, presumably, if you're nothing but a white man (such as, for one fine example, Waldo), you won't be able to think any thoughts other than white man thoughts — thoughts such as this one?



David Scannell was elected as Sheriff of [San Francisco, California](#), and would serve until September 4, 1857. Scannell's term in office would be one of the most controversial, as the Committee on Vigilance of 1856 took 2 prisoners (Cora and Casey) from the jail on Broadway and [hung](#) them, believing that the local authorities would not secure a conviction or impose punishment. Toward the beginning of his time in office, during April 1856, the City and the County were "consolidated" by State legislation, making David Scannell the 1st "Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco." Scannell would relocate these executions from a public venue into the yard of the county jail on Broadway Street.

On this day and the following one, at a political convention at the Big Springs in the [Kansas Territory](#), a "Free State Party" was being brought into existence.

[THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION](#)

1856

Charles Doane had been the Grand Marshall of the Committee on Vigilance in San Francisco, California, which made him the head of their armed units. He was a no-nonsense guy. In this year he led the armed takeover of the county jail to take custody of Cora and Casey prior to their hanging. He would be formally elected Sheriff in 1857 and then re-elected in 1859.

Thomas D. Bonner, a guest at the hotel created by [James Pierson Beckwourth](#) in Sierra Valley, [California](#), having heard the story of Beckwourth's life, had written it up and obtained a publishing contract from Harper & Brothers in New York. Beckwourth was to receive half the royalties for THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JAMES P. BECKWOURTH, MOUNTAINEER, SCOUT, AND PIONEER, AND CHIEF OF THE CROW NATION OF INDIANS. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS. WRITTEN FROM HIS OWN DICTATION, BY T.D. BONNER (he would receive not a cent).



5 1/4 inches, \$30, on the internet

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

([Henry Thoreau](#) would read this new book, making entries in his Indian Notebook #10 and in his Fact Book for the year 1856.)



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Public [hangings](#) in San Francisco, [California](#) had become a spectator sport. Sheriff David Scannell therefore moved the executions to a gallows in the enclosed yard of the county jail on Broadway Avenue. Several hundred spectators, mostly public officials, the press and civic leaders, were invited. There were still opportunities to gawk, however, as citizens could congregate on Telegraph Hill and on nearby rooftops behind the jailyard. As many as 1,000 would gather in the street in front of the jail, despite the fact that they would be able to see nothing except perhaps the body being removed.

Due to increase in the Episcopal population, [California](#) became a diocese in its own right and the [Reverend William Ingraham Kip](#) was elected as its Episcopal Bishop.

Pierre Pellier, who has recently immigrated from France, introduced the Agen plum. This would become the basis for a large prune industry in the Santa Clara Valley.



"The only lesson of history is that there are no lessons of history."

— A.J.P. Taylor



[Papermaking](#) began in [California](#).

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)

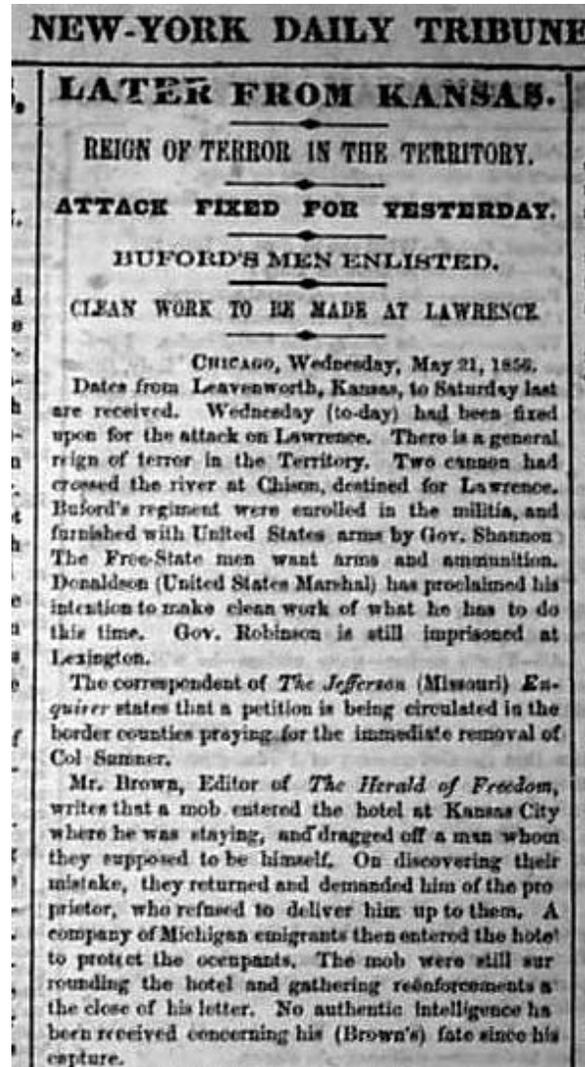
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May 22, Thursday: [Lola Montez](#) and her manager Frank Folland (previously known as Augustus Noël Follin) sailed from [Australia](#) for [San Francisco, California](#).

In San Francisco, [California](#), Charles Cora was [hanged](#) by a Committee of Vigilance for the murder of Federal Marshal William Richardson. Cora perhaps shot Richardson because Richardson had insulted Cora's lover, or perhaps fired in self-defense. James P. Casey, a member of the Board of Supervisors, was [hanged](#) by a Committee of Vigilance for having murdered James King of William, editor of [The Daily Evening Bulletin](#), because he had exposed Casey's criminal record.

The news from [Kansas](#):



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

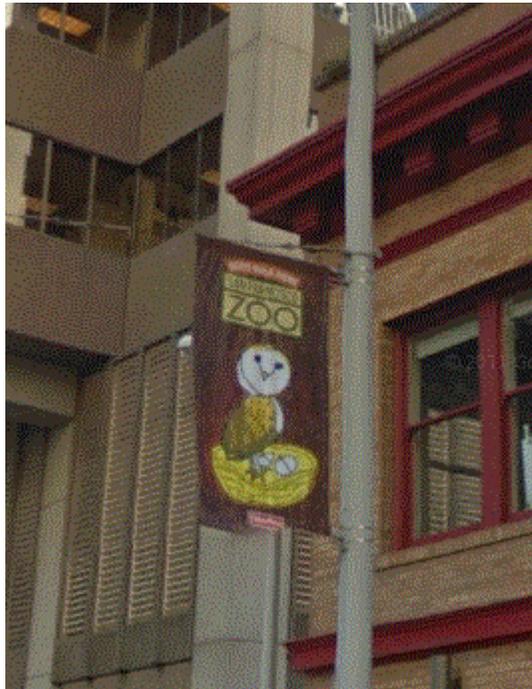
May 30, Friday: For having stabbed Joseph Brooks, a shipmate, to death on January 18th, 1856, Nicholas Graham was [hanged](#) in the yard of the county jail on Broadway Avenue in San Francisco. Graham admitted the stabbing but had offered a defense of drunkenness. The execution was conducted by Sheriff of [San Francisco, California](#) David Scannell in the presence of about 100 witnesses.

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July 29, Tuesday: For convenience, a [San Francisco, California](#) Committee of Vigilance conducted a tandem [hanging](#): Philander Brace and Joseph Hetherington, who had not been either arrested or tried, went to the gallows as murderers. Philander Brace was [hung](#) for the murder of Joseph. B. West while, next to him, Joseph Hetherington was [hung](#) for the murder of Dr. Andrew Randall and Dr. Baldwin. Earlier on, Philander Brace had been “banished” from San Francisco for a year-old murder, but had come back and had been nabbed in a pub in June by Committee of Vigilance members who had recognized him. He had been taken to Committee of Vigilance headquarters and “tried” on July 16th. Hetherington, also having committed an earlier murder (in 1853) got in a shoot-out with a physician on July 24th. He was immediately arrested by a police officer but the cop was persuaded to turn him over to the Committee of Vigilance rather than taking him to a station house. Hetherington was tried 2 days later and [hanged](#) 5 days after his arrest.

Late in the year: [Theodore Henry Hittell](#) had become a reporter for the San Francisco [Bulletin](#). When he interviewed [“Grizzly” Adams](#) in his [California](#) Menagerie at 142 Clay Street near its intersection with Leidesdorff Street (very near where the Transamerica Pyramid is now, and according to the signage, pictured below, there remains some sort of zoo there even now), where Adams was exhibiting two chained grizzlies and a caged



grizzly in a basement, that showman initially represented himself as William Adams, then “confessed” that he was [James Capen Adams](#) (actually, James was his younger brother). Hittell immediately noticed that hair had been worn off the backs of the three bears by their being used as beasts of burden. Although he had been born in a Boston suburb on October 22, 1812, Adams informed Hittell that he had been born in Maine on October 20, 1807.

December 8, Monday: After a couple of months at the 142 Clay Street location in San Francisco, [“Grizzly” Adams](#) relocated his animals to the [California](#) Exchange at the corner of Clay and Kearny Streets and reopened as the “Pacific Museum.”



Dec. 8. Thermometer at 8 A.M. 8°above zero. Probably the coldest day yet.

Bradford, in his “History of the Plymouth Plantation,” remembering the condition of the Pilgrims on their arrival in Cape Cod Bay the 11th of November, 1620, O. S. (page 79): “Which way soever they turned their eyes (save upward to the heavens) they could have little solace or content in respect of any outward objects. For



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summer being done, all things stand upon them with a weather-beaten face; and the whole country, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage hue.” Such was a New England November in 1620 to Bradford's eyes, and such, no doubt, it would be to his eyes in the country still. However, it required no little courage to found a colony here at that season of the year.

The earliest mention of anything like a glaze in New England that I remember is in Bradford's “History of the Plymouth Plantation,” page 83, where he describes the second expedition with the shallop from Cape Cod Harbor in search of a settlement, the 6th of December, O.S. “The weather was very cold, and it froze so hard as the spray of the sea lighting on their coats, they were as if they had been glazed.” Bradford was one of the ten principal ones. That same night they reached the bottom of the bay and saw the Indians cutting up a blackfish. Nature has not changed one iota.



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1857

In [California](#), Tokay, Zinfandel, and Shiraz grapes (all from Hungary) were first planted, and Italian honeybees were introduced. This was the beginning of the US wine and honey industries.

January 4, Sunday morning: In [California](#), at about 8:20AM local time, the southern portion of the San Andreas fault ruptured, badly damaging most of the buildings at [Fort Tejon](#) (estimated at 7.9, this earthquake was similar in intensity to the Great San Francisco Earthquake of April 18, 1906, although there was lesser damage due to the area being so sparsely populated).

HENRY OFTEN
MENTIONS THE
GREAT SNOW



January 4: this morning it is a good deal drifted. It did not freeze together, or crust, as you might have expected. You would not suppose it had been moist when it fell. About eight inches have fallen, yet there is very little on the river. It blows off, unless where water has oozed out at the sides or elsewhere, and the rough, flowing, scaly mass is frozen into a kind of batter, like mortar, or bread that has spewed out in the oven. Deep and drifted as the snow is, I found, when I returned from my walk, some dry burs of the burdock adhering to the lining of my coat. Even in the middle of winter, aye, in middle of the [Great Snow](#), Nature does not forget these her vegetable economies.

It does look sometimes as if the world were on its last legs. How many there are whose principal employment it is nowadays to eat their meals and go to the post-office!

After spending four or five days surveying and drawing a plan incessantly, I especially feel the necessity of putting myself in communication with nature again, to recover my tone, to withdraw out of the wearying and unprofitable world of affairs. The things I have been doing have but a fleeting and accidental importance, however much men are immersed in them, and yield very little valuable fruit. I would fain have been wading through the woods and fields and conversing with the sane snow. Having waded in the very shallowest stream of time, I would now bathe my temples in eternity. I thus from time to time break off my connection with eternal truths and go with the shallow stream of human affairs, grinding at the mill of the Philistines; but when my task is done, with never-failing confidence I devote myself to the infinite again. It would be sweet to deal with men more, I can imagine, but where dwell they? Not in the fields which I traverse.

January 16, Friday: [Jefferson Davis](#)'s namesake son Jefferson Davis, Jr. was born.

A visitor to "[Grizzly Adams](#)'s "Pacific Museum" at the corner of Clay and Kearny Streets in San Francisco, [California](#) would at this point have been able to be entertained not only by the sight of massive grizzlies, but also by a road-runner (*Geococcyx californianus*), a collection of snakes, some monkeys, and "a fine brass band" that played every evening. For a year and a half, [Theodore Henry Hittell](#) would visit this stinky place each afternoon after the [Bulletin](#) had gone to press, to absorb the endless tales of the picturesque proprietor (surely he was not paying the 50¢ admission each time?). The "museum" would remain open in San Francisco for a total of about three and a half years, and in addition to the three bears, exhibited elks, cougars, a tiger, a panther, some eagles, deer, a baboon, a vulture, etc.

[Francis Ellingwood Abbot](#) wrote in his journal about Katie Loring, the 17-year-old charmer he had met at a party in Concord on January 7th:

Katie is in my head the whole while,

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and I cannot bear to think of never seeing her again.



Jan. 16. P.M. — Up Assabet.

This morning was one of the coldest. It improves the walking on the river, freezing the overflow beneath the snow. As I pass the Island (Egg Rock), I notice the ice-foot adhering to the rock about two feet above the surface of the ice generally. The ice therefor a few feet in width slants up to it, and, owing to this, the snow is blown off it. This edging of ice revealed is peculiarly green by contrast with the snow, methinks. So, too, where the ice, settling, has rested on a rock which has burst it and now holds it high above the surrounding level. The same phenomena, no doubt, on a much larger scale occur at the north.

I observe that the holes which I bored in the white maples last spring were nearly grown over last summer, commonly to within a quarter or an eighth of an inch, but in one or two instances, in very thriftily growing trees, they were entirely closed.

When I was surveying Shattuck's [and] Merrick's pasture fields the other day, McManus, who was helping me, said that they would be worth a hundred or two hundred dollars more if it were not for the willow-rows which bound and separate them, for you could not plow parallel with them within five rods on account of the roots, you must plow at right angles with them. Yet it is not many years since they were set out, as I remember. However, there should be a great amount of root to account for their wonderful vivaciousness, making seven or eight feet in a year when trimmed.



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July 12, Sunday: There had been no [Catholic](#) church in the parish of Carrigaholt in West Clare, [Ireland](#) because, with the landlords being Protestant, there was nowhere to erect such an edifice. For years Father Michael Meehan celebrated Mass in a makeshift tent, and conducted marriages, baptized children, offered religious education, and administered the Last Sacrament to Catholics dying of cholera. In 1852, perhaps inspired by a Bathing Box on the beach in Killkee, he schemed to replace this tent with a wooden box on four wheels. Timber was obtained from Limerick and Owen Collins constructed what would come to be known as “the little ark,” covered over with tarred canvas. Windows ran along both sides and inside was a low altar with a statue of the Sacred Heart with above this a crucifix. Since the beach in Kilbaha was public, the box could be parked there. Finally a suitable piece of land was provided at Moneen and on this day the first stone for a church of “Our Lady, Star of the Sea” was laid and the little ark rolled to the site to be used until that edifice was ready. The new building would be dedicated on October 10, 1858 at a ceremony attended by 3,000 worshipers, and the little ark placed inside the church doors (it can be seen in the church at Moneen today).

In Belfast on this evening, confrontations began between crowds of Catholic and crowds of Protestant citizens. This would continue into 10 days of violent rioting (many local policemen would unite with the Protestant side and only a minority attempt to provide a police function).

An interesting article appeared on the front page of the [Daily Alta California](#):

Gross Misconduct by a Government Official.

EDITORS ALTA: I would like to inquire of you, whether a Custom House official is empowered to strike an inoffensive Chinaman, because he dared to ask the reason why he insulted his wife?

The facts of the case are these: The ship “Winged Arrow” arrived from China on Friday, July 10th, having Chow Sanis (a respectable Chinese merchant, residing in San Francisco for the last five years) and wife and family on board. He had them removed from the ship shortly after they arrived, and landed them at Pacific wharf. As the Chinaman and his family came on to the wharf, the above-named petty official very rudely caught hold of the Chinaman’s wife, and handled her roughly, without even stating who he was. The Chinaman very naturally wanted to know from the official the reason why he insulted his wife, when the cowardly ruffian struck him a severe blow on the face. There were a half a dozen white men, good citizens, that witnessed the whole affair. If the Collector, Mr. Washington, does his duty, he will give the contemptible coward his walking papers; as no true American citizen will insult any person, even an equal, much less those who have no remedy by an appeal on their own testimony in our courts of law.

A BOATMAN.

CHINESE

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July 26, Sunday: Colonel Richard Rust resigned the editorial chair of the California Express of Marysville, California to [John Rollin Ridge \(Chee-squa-ta-law-ny, "Yellow Bird"\)](#).



July 26, Sunday, Morning: The note of the white-throated sparrow, a very inspiring but almost wiry sound, was the first heard in the morning, and with this all the woods rang. ... I told the Indian that we would go to church to Chesuncook this (Sunday) morning, some fifteen miles. It was settled weather at last. ... The Indian thought that we should lie by on Sunday. Said he, "We come here lookum things, look all round; but come Sunday, lock up all that, and then Monday look again." He spoke of an Indian of his acquaintance who had been with some ministers to Ktaadn, and had told him how they conducted. This he described in a low and solemn voice. "They make a long prayer every morning and night, and at every meal. Come Sunday," said he, "they stop 'em, no go at all that day, — keep still, — preach all day, — first one then another, just like church. O, ver good men." "One day," said he, "going along a river, they came to the body of a man in the water, drowned good while, all ready fall to pieces. They go right ashore, — stop there, go no farther that day, — they have meeting there, preach and pray just like Sunday. Then they get poles and lift up the body, and they go back and carry the body with them. O, they ver good men." ... However, the Indian added, plying the paddle all the while, that if we would go along, he must go with us, he our man, and he suppose that if he no takum pay for what he do Sunday, then ther 's no harm, but if he takum pay, then wrong. I told him that he was stricter than white men. Nevertheless, I noticed that he did not forget to reckon in the Sundays at last.

We soon passed the island where I had camped four years before, and I recognized the very spot. ... When we passed the Moose-horn, he said that it had no name. What Joe Aitteon had called Ragmuff, he called *Pay tay te quick*, and said that it meant Burnt Ground Stream. We stopped there, where I had stopped before, and I bathed in this tributary. It was shallow but cold, apparently too cold for the Indian, who stood looking on. As we were pushing away again, a white-headed eagle sailed over our heads. A reach some miles above Pine Stream, where there were several islands, the Indian said was *Nonglangyis*, dead-water. Pine Stream he called Black River, and said that its Indian name was *Karsaootuk*. He could go to Caribou Lake that way...



July 26, Sunday, Noon: ... Thus far only I had been before. About noon we turned northward, up a broad kind of estuary, and at its northeast corner found the Caucomgomoc River, and after going about a mile from the lake, reached the Umbazookskus, which comes in on the right at a point where the former river, coming from the west, turns short to the south. Our course was up the Umbazookskus, but as the Indian knew of a good camping-place, that is, a cool place where there were few mosquitoes, about half a mile farther up the Caucomgomoc, we went thither. The latter river, judging from the map, is the longer and principal stream, and, therefore, its name must prevail below the junction. So quickly we changed the civilizing sky of Chesuncook for the dark wood of the Caucomgomoc. On reaching the Indian's camping-ground, on the south side, where the bank was about a dozen feet high, I read on the trunk of a fir-tree blazed by an axe an inscription in charcoal which had been left by him. It was surmounted by a drawing of a bear paddling a canoe, which he said was the sign which had been used by his family always. The drawing, though rude, could not be mistaken for anything but a bear, and he doubted my ability to copy it.... This was one of his homes. I saw where he had sometimes stretched his moose-hides on the opposite or sunny north side of the river, where there was a narrow meadow. ...



July 26, Sunday, Evening: ... Being curious to see what kind of fishes there were in this dark, deep, sluggish river, I cast in my line just before night, and caught several small somewhat yellowish sucker-like fishes, which the Indian at once rejected, saying that they were **Michigan** fish (i. e. **soft** and **stinking** fish) and good for nothing. ... Just before night we saw a *musquash*, (he did not say muskrat,) the only one we saw in this voyage, swimming downward on the opposite side of the stream. The Indian, wishing to get one to eat, hushed us, saying, "Stop, me call 'em"; and sitting flat on the bank, he began to make a curious squeaking, wiry sound with his lips, exerting himself considerably. I was greatly surprised, — thought that I had at last got into the wilderness, and that he was a wild man indeed, to be talking to a musquash! I did not know which of the two was the strangest to me. He seemed suddenly to have quite forsaken humanity, and gone over to the musquash side. The musquash, however, as near as I could see, did not turn aside, though he may have hesitated a little, and the Indian said that he saw our fire; but it was evident that he was in the habit of calling the musquash to him, as he said. An acquaintance of mine who was hunting moose in the woods a month after this, tells me that his Indian in this way repeatedly called the musquash within reach of his paddle in the moonlight, and struck at them.

The Indian said a particularly long prayer this Sunday evening, as if to atone for working in the morning.



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September 4, Friday: Charles Doane was elected as Sheriff of San Francisco, [California](#) and would serve through October 7, 1861.



September 4. P.M. –To Bateman’s Pond.
Rudbeckia laciniata (?) by Dodge’s Brook, north of the road; how long? Cornus sericea berries begin to ripen. The leaves of the light-colored spruce in the spruce swamp are erect like the white!
Penetrating through the thicket of that swamp, I see a great many very straight and slender upright shoots, the slenderest and tallest that I ever saw. They are the Prinos laevigatus. I cut one and brought it home in a ring around my neck, –it was flexible enough for that, –and found it to be seven and a half feet long and quite straight, eleven fortieths of an inch in diameter at the ground and three fortieths [in] diameter at the other end, only the last foot or so of this year’s growth. It had a light-grayish bark, roughdotted. Generally they were five or six feet high and not bigger than a pipe-stem anywhere. This comes of its growing in dense dark swamps, where it makes a good part of the underwood.
At the cleft rock by the hill just west of this swamp, –call it Cornel Rock, –I found apparently Aspidium cristatum (?), q. v. That is an interesting spot. There is the handsomest and most perfect Cornus circinata there that I know, now apparently its fruit in prime, hardly light-blue but delicate bluish-white. It is the richest-looking of the cornels, with its large round leaf and showy cymes; a slender bush seven or eight feet high. There is quite a collection of rare plants there, –petty morel, Thalictrum dioicum, witchhazel, etc., Rhus radicans, maple-leaved viburnum, polypody, Polygonum dumetorum, anychia. There was a strawberry vine falling over the perpendicular face of the rock, –or more than perpendicular, –which hung down dangling in the air five feet, not yet reaching the bottom, with leaves at intervals of fifteen inches. Various rocks scattered about in these woods rising just to the surface with smooth rounded surfaces, showing a fine stratification on its edges.
The sides of Cornus florida Ravine at Bateman’s Pond are a good place for ferns. There is a Woodsia Ilvensis, a new one to Concord. Petty morel in the ravine, and large cardinal-flowers.
I see prenanthes radical leaf turned pale-yellow. Arum berries ripe.
Already, long before sunset, I feel the dew falling in that cold calla swamp.

September 11, Friday: At Mountain Meadows in what is now southwestern Utah, during the Utah War between Mormons and the United States government over non-Mormon settlement of Utah, Mormons and allied native tribes killed 120 emigrants bound from Arkansas for [California](#) across the transverse ranges of the high desert.

This had been a wagon train of rather wealthy farming families, the Baker/Fancher party, perhaps the wealthiest such group ever, and at first seemed to have been intercepted by a warrior band of Paiute native Americans. However, the attackers had been surprisingly heavily armed with rifles and pistols and had an unusual abundance of shot and powder, rather than being equipped as was ordinarily the case with mere bows and arrows plus an occasional decrepit firearm with minuscule quantities of lead and gunpowder! These wealthy travelers had even been sporting personal jewelry, and had brought with them 1,000 head of longhorns, the first such to be seen in the vicinity of the Great Salt Lake. They had made themselves a most tempting target. After a 4-day standoff the people of the wagon train had agreed to a truce and to a surrender of their arms. This had turned out to be a ploy and, after being disarmed, on this day the Baker/Fancher party was attacked at close range with clubs, knives, and guns at point-blank range. In less than five minutes 120 of them lay dead. There were 17 under the age of eight (the age of innocence in the [Mormon](#) religion) and these were spared for adoption into Mormon families. As the bodies of their parents were being stripped of clothing and jewelry the children watched some of these attackers wipe off their paint, revealing themselves as white men. (The members of the Paiute tribe who had participated would soon disband and aggregate themselves to other tribal groups to evade detection and punishment for their participation. In December, [Brigham Young](#)

would cynically invoice the United States federal government for \$3,527.⁴³ for “articles furnished sundry



bands of Indians near Mountain Meadows” by Salt Lake City merchant Levi Stewart in a distribution that Lee and Dimick Huntington, certified “on honor” that they had personally witnessed –171 pairs of pants, 135 shirts, 39½ pounds of gunpowder, 109 pounds of lead, 14,000 firing caps, steers, clothing, and butcher knives—that had in fact been mere spoils gathered up after the slaughter.) It is probable that this action had been directly ordered by Young himself, who had sent his adopted son John D. Lee to create an incident that would point out to the US government that Utah was not part of its national domain. Over the following years the children, adopted by local Mormon families, would see various items of their relatives’ clothing and various pieces of their relatives’ jewelry being worn by Mormons. (Finally the children would be repatriated to surviving relatives, and John D. Lee would be executed by [firing squad](#). Geoffrey Ward would term this massacre “the most hideous example of the human cost exacted by religious fanaticism in American history until 9/11.”)

Commander [William Lewis Herndon](#) had been in charge of the mail steamboat that had come to bear the name [SS Central America](#) for a total of 18 voyages. On the 19th, one that had begun at the port of Colón, Panama on September 3d, at 9AM, beginning the 2d day of enduring an Atlantic hurricane, the old vessel sprang multiple leaks. Passengers would assist the crew in bailing, to no avail.



September 11, Friday. Up railroad and to Clamshell.

Solidago puberula apparently in prime, with the *S. stricta*, near *gerardia* oaks. Red choke-berry ripe; how long? On the east edge of Dennis Swamp, where I saw the strange warbler once.

To my surprise I find, by the black oaks at the sandhole east of Clamshell, the *Solidago rigida*, apparently in prime or a little past. The heads and rays were so large I thought at first it must be a *hieracium*. The rays are from ten to fourteen, and three to three and a half fortieths of an inch wide. The middle leaves are *clasping* by a heart-shaped base. The heads are seven fortieths of an inch wide and seventeen fortieths long, in recurved panicles, –*these*. [Eaton](#) says truly, “Scales of the calyx round-obtuse, nerved, membranous at the edges.” My old *S. stricta* (early form) must be *S. aryuta* var. *juncea*. It is now done.¹⁰⁷

November 6, Friday: W.F. Hicks and Company became the proprietors of the [California Express](#) of Marysville, California and continued [John Rollin Ridge \(Chee-squa-ta-law-ny, “Yellow Bird”\)](#) in editorial control of this publication.



November 6: Very warm but rather cloudy weather, after rain in the night. Wind southwest. Thermometer on north of the house 70° at 12 M. Indian summer. The cocks crow in the soft air. They are very sensitive to atmospheric changes. P.M. –To Curly-pate via old Carlisle road.

Stedman Buttrick tells me that Dr. Ripley used to have his pork packed with the best pieces at the top of the barrel, and when some parishioner wondered at it, that he should thus eat these first, he answered that when packed thus the topmost were the best all the way through.

He said that his grandfather lived in the Jarvis house, and that the other old house whose upper story projected over the lower like the Hunt house, and which I saw in the picture of Concord Fight, stood close to his own

107. The 5th edition of Professor Eaton’s [A MANUAL OF BOTANY FOR THE NORTHERN STATES](#), published in 1829, was what was available to Henry Thoreau in the library of Waldo Emerson.

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house, and he pulled it down when he was sixteen.

I passed through that chestnut wood in the hollow southeast of Curly-pate. Turning over the wet chestnut leaves in the hollows, looking for nuts, I found a red-backed salamander, between three and four inches long, bluish-gray beneath (*Salamandra erythronota*). It jerked itself about in a lively manner, trying to hide itself under the leaves, and would quickly slip out of my fingers. Its motions appeared to partake of those of a snake and a frog, –between a squirm and a hop. It was not particularly swift, yet, from the character of the motion and its glossiness, it was glancing. A dozen rods further I turned [up] another, very similar but without a red back, but rather slightly clay-colored. I did not observe any transverse bands; else it might be the *S. fasciata*.

When I came out on to the old Carlisle road in the dusk on my return, I saw Brooks Clark coming homeward, with his axe in his hand and both hands behind his back, being bent almost double. He said he was over eighty. Some years ago he bought some land up that way, and, the birches having sprung up there, he called it his birch pasture. There was enough birch wood there to carry him through the winter, and he was now cutting it. He remembered when they began to burn lime there, and bought the right to get out stone of Easterbrooks more than sixty years ago. It was Peter Barrett that began it. The lime sold for \$5.00 a cask (larger casks than now). But the stone was difficult to get out. He remembers seeing the mowers at work in the meadow where Stedman Buttrick's handsome pine and maple wood is, seventy years ago, and where there was a large old chestnut by the roadside there, which being cut, two sprouts came up which have become the largest chestnut trees by the wall now. As for the yellow birch cellar-hole, Ephraim Brown told him that old Henry Flint (an ancestor of Clark's wife) dug it, and erected the frame of a house there, but never finished it, selling out, going to live by the river. It was never finished. Clark's father told him that he remembered when there were no fences between his house and Lawrence's; it was all open. This road was the new one; the bridle-road the old one.

Minott is a very pleasing figure in nature. He improves every scenery, –he and his comrades, Harry Hooper, John Wyman, Oliver Williams, etc. If he gets into a pond-hole he disturbs it no more than a water-spirit for me.

LIME KILNS**GEORGE MINOTT**



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John M. Studebaker returned from the [California](#) goldfields with \$8,000 in his Levis, just in time to help his Hoosier brothers expand their cash-poor South Bend wagon and carriage business. The company would be able to profit greatly from war contracts with the Union Army.

January 9, Saturday: [Waldo Emerson](#) was visited by [Henry Thoreau](#) and by the Reverend Moses G. Thomas of New Bedford, Massachusetts (they discussed the natural history of Cape Cod).

The 1st issue of the [California Daily News](#) of Marysville, [California](#).



January 9: Snows again.
P. M.—To Deep Cut.

The wind is southwest, and the snow is very moist, with large flakes. Looking toward Trillium Wood, the nearer flakes appear to move quite swiftly, often making the impression of a continuous white line. They are also seen to move directly and nearly horizontally, but the more distant flakes appear to loiter in the air, as if uncertain how they will approach the earth, or even to cross the course of the former, and are always seen as simple and distinct flakes. I think that this difference is simply owing to the fact that the former pass quickly over the field of view, while the latter are much longer in it.

This moist snow has affected the yellow sulphur pamelias and others. They have all got a green hue, and the fruit of the smallest lichen looks fresh and fair. And the wet willow bark is a brighter yellow.

Some chickadees come flitting close to me, and one utters its spring note, phe-be, for which I feel under obligations to him.

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March 5, Friday: [William Cooper Nell](#) sponsored a celebration of the anniversary of the beginning of the American Revolution with an elaborate program entitled BOSTON MASSACRE, MARCH 5TH, 1770: THAT DAY WHICH HISTORY SELECTS AS THE DAWN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. COMMEMORATIVE FESTIVAL, AT FANEUIL HALL FRIDAY MARCH 5, 1848. PROTEST AGAINST THE DRED SCOTT DECISION (published in Boston by E.L. Balach).



Charlotte L. Forten wrote "Went to Boston, to Mr Nell's 'Attucks Celebration'." [Crispus Attucks]

Great news from [California](#):

Arrest of "Archy" and his Master.

Deputy Sheriff D. W. C. Thompson, and officers Lees and Ellis, having in their possession a warrant, issued by Judge Freelon as County Judge, for the arrest of the alleged slave "Archy," went this morning on the *Orizaba* and proceeded with it down the Bay. When opposite Angel Island, a small boat with six persons in it, was observed putting out from the direction of the Island. When it reached the steamer it was found that Archy, C. H. Stovall, his master, and several of Stovall's friends were in it. Officer Lees jumped into the boat; but considerable confusion occurred, and in a few moments all the parties came on board the steamer. As soon as they had done so the warrant was served, and Archy taken into custody.

It appears that a warrant for kidnapping had also been issued by Justice Austin, against Mr. Stovall, which the officers had in their possession, and as soon as "Archy" was secured, the warrant for kidnapping was served upon Stovall, and he too was taken into custody. When the officers attempted to serve their writs, Stovall and his friends drew pistols and made resistance. Stovall said "that the boy Archy had been given to him by the Supreme Court, and he'd be G—d d—d if any Court in the State should take him away from him." He and his friends, however, found that there would be no use in continuing their resistance, and accordingly, after considerable excitement among the passengers on board the steamer, the officers came away with their prisoners in boats which they had provided for the purpose. They returned at half past 1 o'clock, and took Archy before Judge Freelon immediately, who, by consent of all parties, remanded him to the custody of the Sheriff, and continued the case till next Monday, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

There is great excitement in the city in relation to the matter. The colored population are all out, and Archy is the observed of all observers. He is now in the County Jail.

Archy says that he was taken away from Stockton on Monday and brought by land to Oakland, where he stayed last night. He was taken this morning in the boat to the steamer.

[Henry Thoreau](#) went to hear a lecture by a man of the Ojibwa tribe ("Chippeway Indian").



March 5: We read the English poets; we study botany and zoölogy and geology, lean and dry as they are; and it is rare that we get a new suggestion. It is ebb-tide with the scientific reports, Professor _____ in the chair. We would fain know something more about these animals and stones and trees around us. We are ready to skin the animals alive to come at them. Our scientific names convey a very partial information only: they suggest certain thoughts only. It does not occur to me that there are other names for most of these objects, given by a people who stood between me and them, who had better senses than our race. How little I know of that *arbor-vitæ* when I have learned only what science can tell me! It is but a word. It is not a **tree of life**. But there are twenty words for the tree and its different parts which the Indian gave, which are not in our botanies, which imply a more practical and vital science. He used it every day. He was well acquainted with its wood, and its bark, and its leaves. No science does more than arrange what knowledge we have of any class of objects. But, generally speaking, how much more conversant was the Indian with any wild animal or plant than we are, and in his language is implied all that intimacy, as much as ours is expressed in our language. How many words in his language about a moose, or birch bark, and the like! The Indian stood nearer to wild nature than we. The wildest and noblest quadrupeds, even the largest fresh-water fishes, some of the wildest and noblest birds and the fairest flowers have actually receded as we advanced....¹⁰⁸

Thoreau sent off his “Maine Story” under cover letter to Professor James Russell Lowell, for the new The Atlantic Monthly magazine.

Concord Mar. 5th 1858

Dear Sir,

I send you this morning, by the Concord & Cambridge expresses, some 80 pages of my Maine Story. There are about 50 pages more of it.

I think that it is best divided thus. If, however, this is too long for you, there is a tolerable stopping place after the word “mouse” p 74, which is about the middle of the whole.

If there is no objection you can print the whole date 1853.

108. Robert D. Richardson, Jr., the self-described “intellectual biographer” of Thoreau, has had a remark to make about this:

Thoreau is no longer looking for the bravery of science, or scientist, no longer open to the scientist’s new methods, new languages, and new discoveries. Instead he asserts that scientific language actually gets in the way of our understanding how the world relates to us. Thoreau has here pushed his characteristic fondness for paradox too far. Whatever one may say of the American Indian, he did not have a “more practical and vital science” than the European. Not even Thoreau’s intimidating way with exaggeration and extravagance can carry that off. Even his closing generalization about science is a serious underestimate....

The “closing generalization” referred to above is merely the last sentence of the snippet which Professor Richardson chose to excerpt from Thoreau’s journal, which of course continued without such closure and without marking that particular sentence either as a conclusion or as a generalization. Richardson made this inaccurate and quite gratuitous remark about Thoreau’s frame of mind in the early spring of 1858 in an article “Thoreau and Science” in Robert J. Scholnick’s new anthology *AMERICAN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE* (Lexington KY: UP of Kentucky, 1992), on page 122. (On the “Contributors” sheet at the end of that scholarly anthology the *cv* information provided for Robert A. Richardson, Jr. is that he has a Guggenheim to do a bio of Emerson. –For sure, this scholar’s heart is in the right place and he won’t do a job on Emerson the way he has done one on Thoreau.) It is hard for me to express just how I am disturbed by such remarks by Richardson. Here we have Thoreau in the 19th Century, amidst all that typological thinking and all that racism, honorably struggling to shake free of the prejudices of his contemporaries, honorably struggling to find points of parity among cultures with differing experiences and languages with differing origins, honorably making attempts at uncovering whatever objective bases there might be found for equivalence studies, honorably and diligently seeking out ways to honor human differences rather than excoriate them — and here we have Professor Richardson in the 20th Century, amidst all our residues, and what Thoreau was struggling with is entirely opaque to him, and what we are struggling with is not in the same universe with him. Although I am tempted to say that such a frame of mind is so scientific as to be, of necessity, fundamentally racist in its origins and in its presuppositions, I think I will forbear, and leave this topic with the comment that what seems to be bothering me so much here is the fact that strangely, but obviously, Richardson’s not struggling.

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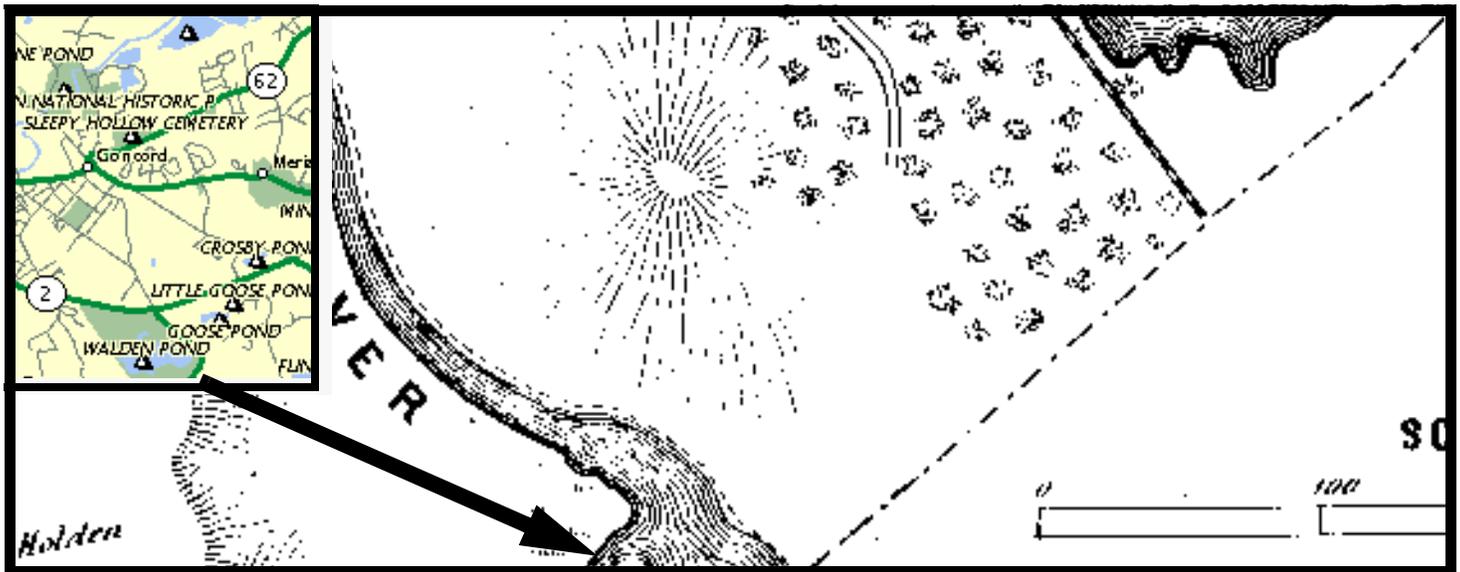
I reserve the right to publish it in another form after it has appeared in your magazine.

Will you please send me the proofs on account of Indian names & — and also, if you print this, inform me how soon you would like the rest?

*Yrs truly
Henry D. Thoreau*

Page 472 of Henry Mayer's ALL ON FIRE: In [[William Lloyd Garrison](#)'s] view, *Dred Scott* had delivered a crowning blow not only to the Republican idea that slavery could be extinguished by preventing its expansion but to the Smith/Douglass contention that the Constitution could be construed as carrying an antislavery mandate. No wonder that in their continuing polemical warfare Douglass insinuated that Garrison and Taney took identical views of the document. They shared, however, not so much a jurisprudence as a realistic appreciation that the Constitution conferred power upon the slaveholders sufficient to protect slavery aggressively and indefinitely.

 March 6, Saturday: In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) went up the river on the ice to Fair Haven Pond:



[William Cooper Nell](#) petitioned the Massachusetts Legislature to declare the *Dred Scott* decision unconstitutional (this petition would of course be unsuccessful).

With the blessing of the Pope, the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars dispensed the dissident [Redemptorist](#) fathers working in the United States, Father Francis A. Baker, Father George Deshon, Father Thomas ([Isaac Hecker](#)), Father Augustine F. Hewit, and Father Clarence A. Walworth from the vows they had made to their [Roman Catholic](#) order, and enabling them to continue their sacerdotal ministry under the supervision of a local diocese.

[PAULIST FATHERS](#)

More great news from [California](#):

The Colored People on the "Archy" Case.

Soon after the arrest of the negro "Archy" and Mr. Stoval yesterday, the following notice was posted up in the Athenæum on Washington street, and at other places of resort for colored people in this city:

"NOTICE!!!—There will be a public meeting of the colored citizens of San Francisco this (Friday) evening, March 5th, at Zion M. E. Church, Pacific, above Stockton street. To commence at 8 o'clock. Signed by a Committee."

Long before that hour the church was lighted up, and by 7½ o'clock, the building was full. There were also some white persons present. On the motion of F. R. Carter, P. Anderson was nominated and unanimously elected as Chairman. On motion of W. Brown, F. R. Carter was elected Secretary.

The Chairman, in stating the object of the meeting, said he was glad to see his people out in such large numbers, and conducting themselves with such propriety and decorum. He held they should not go into any measures, under the excitement and impulses of the moment, that might in the future make their action that night appear ridiculous. He knew that the alleged slave, "Archy," deserved the sympathy not only of those who are present, but of the people of the whole State, white and colored—not so much because he had been a slave, but, under the circumstances connected with his return to slavery. Therefore, he believed it was only the intention of his people to resort to all legal means in their power to resist the encroachments of the slave power from thrusting its giant-like hands into this free State at will, and dragging at pleasure into slavery those whom the people of this State, by their own laws, have declared before high Heaven are free. With this view, it was necessary to create a fund and procure able counsel to conduct the case.

On the motion of the Rev. J. J. Moore, a Committee of seven were appointed by the Chair, to collect funds to defray what expenses might be incurred. The Chairman appointed James Brown chairman of said Committee, and Peter Lester, Treasurer. A motion was made and passed that seven women be also appointed for the same purpose. The chair mentioned that Peter Lester was also their Treasurer.

Resolutions were then introduced, relative to the propriety of requesting the colored churches generally to take up collections the coming Sunday to aid the fund. A motion was next made to strike out the word "colored" and insert "Christian." After considerable discussion among the Rev. J. J. Moore, Jacob Francis, W. F. Keeling and others, the resolution as amended was passed.

The meeting was then addressed by the Rev. Mr. Benton, the Rev. J. J. Moore, M. W. Gibbs, D. W. Ruggles and others, urging the colored people generally not to commit any overt act, as it might be the means of withdrawing instead of adding sympathy for the alleged slave "Archy." At the same time, they all believed it was their right, and also it was proper, to resort to all legal means in their power to assist by their purses in paying whatever expenses might be incurred under the circumstances.

A call was then made for a general collection throughout the house, which resulted in realizing the sum of \$150.

A motion was then made to adjourn, subject to the call of a Committee on Finance, and the assemblage dispersed.

August: Louis Lauriat died in Sacramento, [California](#).

By this point a 2d floor had been added to "Grizzly" Adams's "Pacific Museum" at the corner of Clay and Kearny Streets in San Francisco, that exhibited wax works. The rent for this location was \$250 per month.

Hutching's California Magazine announced that:

We are going to the Fair to be held at Marysville during the present month.... The arrangements of the Fair are being conducted by such men as ... [John R. Ridge](#), and other equally competent heads.

August 4, Wednesday: [John Rollin Ridge \(Chee-squa-ta-law-ny, "Yellow Bird"\)](#) resigned as editor of the California Express of Marysville, [California](#).

August 12, Thursday: When James Allen sold his interest in the California Daily News of Marysville, [California](#) to [John Rollin Ridge \(Chee-squa-ta-law-ny, "Yellow Bird"\)](#), he changed its name to Daily National Democrat and transformed it into an organ of the Little Giant's "Douglas Democracy."



August 12: When I came down-stairs this morning, it raining hard and steadily, I found an Irishman



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sitting with his coat on his arm in the kitchen, waiting to see me. He wanted to inquire what I thought the weather would be to-day! I sometimes ask my aunt, and she consults the almanac. So we shirk the responsibility.

P. M. – To the Miles blueberry swamp and White Pond.

It clears up before noon and is now very warm and clear. When I look at the sparrows on the fences, yellow-browed and bay-wings, they all have their bills open and are panting with heat. Apparently the end of the very wet weather we have had about a fortnight.

At Clamshell I see more of, I think, the same clear-breasted, yellow-browed sparrows which I saw there the other day and thought the *Fringilla passerina*, and now I hear, from some thereabouts, the seringo note.

As I stand on the bank there, I find suddenly that I hear, low and steady, under all other sounds, the creak of the mole cricket by the riverside. It has a peculiarly late sound, suggestive of the progress of the year. It is the voice which comes up steadily at this season from that narrow sandy strip between the meadow and the water's edge. You might think it issued from that small frog, the only living thing you see, which sits so motionless on the sand. But the singer is wholly out of sight in his gallery under the surface. *Creak creak, creak creak, creak creak, creak creak.* It is a sound associated with the declining year and recalls the moods of that season. It is so unobtrusive yet universal a sound, so underlying the other sounds which fill the air,— the song of birds, rustling of leaves, dry hopping sound of grasshoppers, etc.,— that now, in my chamber, I can hardly be sure whether I hear it still, or remember it, it so rings in my ears.

It is surprising how young birds, especially sparrows of all kinds, abound now, and bobolinks and wood pewees and kingbirds. All weeds and fences and bare trees are alive with them. The sparrows and bobolinks are seen surging over or falling behind the weeds and fences, even as grasshoppers now skip from the grass and leaves in your path.

That very handsome high-colored fine purple grass grows particularly on dry and rather unproductive soil just above the edge of the meadows, on the base of the hills, where the hayer does not deign to swing his scythe. He carefully gets the meadow-hay and the richer grass that borders it, but leaves this fine purple mist for the walker's harvest. Higher up the hill, perchance, grow blackberries and johnswort and neglected and withered and wiry June-grass. Twenty or thirty rods off it appears as a high-colored purple border above the meadow, like a berry's stain laid on close and thick, but if you pluck one plant you will be surprised to find how thin it is and how little color it has. What puny causes combine to produce such decided effects! There is ripeness in its color as in the poke stem. It grows in waste places, perhaps on the edge of blackberry-fields, a thin, fine, spreading grass, left by the mower. It oftenest grows in scattered rounded tufts a foot in diameter, especially on gentle slopes. [Excursions, pages 252, 253; Riv. 309, 310.]

I see a hen-harrier (female) pursued by a red-wing, etc., circling low and far off over the meadow. She is a peculiar and distinct reddish brown on the body beneath.

All farmers are complaining of the catching weather. I see some of their hay, which is spread, afloat in the meadow.

This year the fields have not yet worn a parched and withered look.

I perceive that some high blueberries have a peculiar and decided bitter taste, which makes them almost inedible. Some of the blueberries growing sparingly on recent sprouts are very large. I eat the blueberry, but I am also interested in the rich-looking glossy black choke-berries which nobody eats, but which bend down the bushes on every side,—sweetish berries with a dry, and so choking, taste. Some of the bushes are more than a dozen feet high.

The note of the wood pewee is a prominent and common one now. You see old and young together.

As I sit on the high bank overlooking White Pond, I am surprised at the number of birds about me, — wood pewees, singing so sweetly on a pine; chickadees, uttering their *phebe* notes, apparently with their young too; the pine warbler, singing; robins, restless and peeping; and a Maryland yellow-throat, hopping within a bush closely. Some boys bathing shake the whole pond. I see the undulations a third across it though they are out of sight, and, if it were smooth, might perhaps see them quite across.

Hear what I have called the alder locust (?) as I return over the causeway, and probably before this.

It is pleasant enough, for a change, to walk in the woods without a path in a wet and mizzling afternoon, as we did the 10th, winding amid the wet bushes, which wet our legs through, and seeing ever and anon a wood frog skip over the dead and wet leaves, and the various colored fungi,—rejoicing in fungi. (I saw some large ones, green, that afternoon.) We are glad to come to more open spaces where we can walk dry on a carpet of pine leaves.

Saw a *Viola pedata* blooming again.

September 27, Monday: [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [Eben J. Loomis](#).

Concord Sep. 27th 1858

Dear Sir,

I am sorry to say that the grape vines on which we depend most have



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not borne this year. I got about half a bushel a week ago — but on Saturday, when I went a-graping with some young ladies — up the Assabet — we found but 3 pints all together. They are sometimes offered at the door — but are sold by the quart & dearly at that. One would have to range over a great deal of ground to get any quantity — so that it would cost more than it would come to —
Yrs truly
Henry D. Thoreau

[John Rollin Ridge \(Chee-squa-ta-law-ny, “Yellow Bird”\)](#) delivered “Laying of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable” at Marysville, [California](#).

Laying of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, by [Chee-squa-ta-law-ny](#)

Let Earth be glad! for that great work is done,
Which makes, at last; the Old and New World one!
Let all mankind rejoice! for time nor space
Shall check the progress of the human race!
Though Nature heaved the Continents apart,
She cast in one great mould the human heart;
She framed on one great plan the human mind
And gave man speech to link him to his kind;
So that, though plains and mountains intervene,
Or oceans, broad and stormy, roll between
If there but be a courier for the thought—
Swift-winged or slow — the land and seas are nought,
And man is nearer to his brother brought.

First, ere the dawn of letters was, or burst
The light of science on the world, men, nurs't
In distant solitudes apart, did send,
Their skin-clad heralds forth to thread the woods,
Scale mountain-peaks, or swim the sudden floods,
And bear their messages of peace or war.

Next, beasts were tamed to drag the rolling car,
Or speed the mounted rider on his track;
And then came, too, the vessels, oar-propelled,
Which fled the ocean, as the clouds grew black,
And safe near shore their prudent courses held.
Next came the winged ships, which, brave and free,
Did skim the bosom of the bounding sea;
And dared the storms and darkness in their flight,
Yet drifted far before the winds and night;
Or lay within the dead calm's grasp of might.
Then, sea-divided nations nearer came,
Stood face to face, spake each the other's name,
In friendship grew, and learned the truth sublime,
That Man is Man in every age and clime
They nearer were by months and years—but space
Must still be shortened in Improvement's race,
And steam came next to wake the world from sleep,
And launch her black-plumed warriors of the deep;
The which, in calm or storm, rode onward still,
And braved the raging elements at will.
Then distance, which from calms' and storms' delays
Grew into months, was shortened into days,
And Science' self declared her wildest dream
Reached not beyond this miracle of steam!
But steam hath not the lightning's wondrous power,
Though, Titan-like, mid Science' sons it tower
And wrestle with the ocean in his wrath,
And sweep the wild waves foaming from its path.
A mightier monarch is that subtler thing;
Which gives to human thought a thought-swift wing;



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Which speaks in thunder like a God,
Or humbly stoops to kiss the lifted rod;
Ascends to Night's dim, solitary throne,
And clothes it with a splendor not its own—
A ghastly grandeur and a ghostly sheen,
Through which the pale stars tremble as they're seen;
Descends to fire the far horizon's rim,
And paints Mount Etnas in the cloudland grim;
Or, proud to own fair Science' rightful sway,
Low bends along th' electric wire to play,
And, helping out the ever-wondrous plan,
Becomes, in sooth, an errand-boy for man!

This Power it was, which, not content with aught
As yet achieved by human will or thought,
Disdained the slow account of months or days,
In navigation of the ocean ways,
And days would shorten into hours, and these
To minutes, in the face of sounding seas.
If Thought might not be borne upon the foam
Of furrowing keel, with speed that Thought should roam,
It then should walk, like light, the ocean's bed,
And laugh to scorn the winds and waves o'er head!
Beneath the reach of storm or wreck, down where
The skeletons of men and navies are,
Its silent steps should be; while o'er its path
The monsters of the deep, in sport or wrath,
The waters lashed, till like a pot should boil
The sea, and fierce Arion seize the upcast spoil.

America! to thee belongs the praise
Of this great crowning deed of modern days.
'T was Franklin called the wonder from on high;
'T was Morse who bade it on man's errands fly—
'T was he foretold its pathway 'neath the sea:
A daring Field fulfilled the prophecy!
'T was fitting that a great, free land like this,
Should give the lightning's voice to Liberty;
Should wing the heralds of Earth's happiness,
And sing, beneath the ever-sounding sea,
The fair, the bright millennial days to be.

Now may, ere long, the sword be sheathed to rust,
The helmet laid in undistinguished dust;
The thund'rous chariot pause in mid career,
Its crimsoned wheels no more through blood to steer;
The red-hoofed steed from fields of death be led,
Or turned to pasture where the armies bled;
For Nation unto Nation soon shall be
Together brought in knitted unity,
And man be bound to man by that strong chain,
Which, linking land to land, and main to main,
Shall vibrate to the voice of Peace, and be
A throbbing heartstring of Humanity!

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The 1st successful photograph of a [comet, VI Donati](#), by a portrait artist named Usherwood upon Walton Common in England. He exposed a collodion plate for 7 seconds through a f/2.4 fixed ratio portrait lens, and captured not only the inner coma but also the tail.



Forebodings of a coming storm were in the air, in everyone's hearts and minds and mouths. Every natural phenomenon was clothed with peculiar significance. The great comet that flamed across the heavens was taken as a sign of approaching war. Strange celestial lights, which nightly illuminated the heavens for weeks with a lurid brazen glow, the like of which had never been seen before by the people; filled their minds with morbid dread. Every one seemed on an intense strain. The slightest incident shattered the nerves.

ASTRONOMY

The Boston [Journal](#) published a piece about Donati's comet as viewed from the Cincinnati observatory by the astronomer Ormsby MacKnight (or McKnight) Mitchel (or Mitchell). Henry Thoreau would attach this clipping to the back cover of one of his late commonplace books:

On the evening of the 25th of September, the appearance of the comet, in the great refractor of the Cincinnati Observatory, was especially interesting. The central portion, or nucleus, was examined with powers varying from one hundred to five hundred, without presenting any evidence of a well-defined planetary disc. It was a brilliant glow of light, darting and flashing forward in the direction of the motion toward the sun, and leaving the region behind in comparative obscurity. But the most wonderful physical feature presented, was a portion of a nearly circular nebulous ring, with its vertex directed toward the sun, the bright nucleus being in the centre, while the imperfect ring swept more than half round the luminous centre. This nebulous ring resembled those which sometimes escape from a steam-pipe, but did not exhibit the appearance which ought to be presented by a hollow hemispherical envelope of nebulous matter.

There was an evident concentration of light in the central portions of the ring, while, in the case of a hollow envelope, the brightest portion should be at the outer edge. By micrometrical measurement, the distance from the central point to the circumference of the ring was found to be about nine thousand miles. This would give a diameter of eighteen thousand miles, in case the ring was entire. Similar measurements, made on the evening of the 26th of September, indicated a decided increase in the radius of the ring, which was now not less than twelve thousand miles in length. On the same



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evening, I noticed the fact that the luminous envelope did not blend itself into the head portion of the tail, but appeared somewhat to penetrate into this nebulous mass, especially on the upper part, presenting the appearance of about 200 degrees of a spiral. The tail, on the 25th, was decidedly brighter and better defined on the upper than on the lower portion, while on the evening of the 26th there was a much nearer approach to equality in brightness, especially near the head of the comet. Through the telescope, and near the head, the tail presented the appearance of a hollow nebulous envelope, under the form of a paraboloid of revolution, the edges being brightest and well defined, while there was a manifest fading away of light towards the central region. Through the vast depth of nebulous matter composing this wonderful appendage, the faintest telescopic stars shone with undiminished brightness.

The only comet which has presented an appearance resembling the one now visible is the one known as Halley's Comet, as seen by Sir William Herschel and others, in its return in 1836. There is a marked difference between the two: that while the envelope of Halley's Comet is described as a hemispherical hollow envelope, this shows more the shape of a nebulous ring; there is a faint, misty light, of irregular outline, but not to be mistaken by even a casual observer. Mr. J. R. Hind, the English astronomer, who has earned the appellation of the 'Planet-catcher,' is good authority on the comet. He expresses the opinion that its increase in brightness will go on, in conformity with theory, so that about the point of maximum brilliancy in October it will be visible with telescopes in full sunshine. The nucleus is of the appearance of a star of the second magnitude, and the tail, which points nearly due North, although rather faint, is about five degrees in length. The comet is about 120 millions of miles from the earth, or a little farther from us than the sun, and the diameter of the nucleus is estimated to be rather more than 3,000 miles, or nearly one and a half times larger than the moon. The length of the tail, judging from its appearance, is estimated at fifteen millions of miles. The path of the comet is that of a parabola, and it is conjectured that it will not appear again for some hundreds of years.



September 27, Monday: P.M.— By boat to Fair Haven Pond.

Wind northeast. Sail most of the way. The river has gone down from its height on the 20th, and is now some eighteen inches lower, or within its banks. The frontrank polygonum is uncovered and in bloom still, but its leaves generally turned a dull red. The *P. hydropiperoides* is apparently past prime. The *P. amphibium* spikes still in prime. [2 question marks in pencil appear here.]

When close to the bushes you do not notice any mark of the recent high water, but at a little distance you see a perfectly level line on the button-bushes and willows, about eighteen inches above the present surface, it being all dark below and warm sunnnyyellow above. The leaves that have been immersed are generally fallen or withered. Though the bushes may be loose and open, this waterline is so perfectly level that it appears continuous.

The farmers digging potatoes on shore pause a moment to watch my sail and bending mast. It is pleasant to see your mast bend in these safe waters. It is rare that the wind is so northeast that I can sail well from the railroad

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bridge to Clamshell Hill, as to-day. Red maples now fairly glow along the shore. They vary from yellow to a peculiar crimson which is more red than common crimson. But these particular trees soon fade. It is the first blush which is the purest. See men raking cranberries now, or far away squaffling in the meadows, where they are picking them. Grapes have begun to shrivel on their stems. They drop off on the slightest touch, and if they fall into the water are lost, going to the bottom. You see the grape leaves touched with frost curled up and looking crisp on their edges. The fisherman Haynes thinks that the large flock of peewee-like birds which I saw on the meadow one fall were what he calls "black-backs." What are those little birds in flocks in the garden and on the peach trees these mornings, about size of chipbirds, without distinct chestnut crowns? ¹⁰⁹



Barzillai Frost

BARZILLAI FROST



- JESSE'S GLEANINGS
- THOMPSON'S HISTORY I
- THOMPSON'S HISTORY II
- THOMPSON'S HISTORY III

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[James Pierson Beckwourth](#) returned from [California](#) to Missouri. Late in the year he would settle at Denver, Colorado as a storekeeper and agent for Indian affairs.



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A news item from this year which relates to the development of ELECTRIC WALDEN technology: The very 1st combination of the new art of photography with the old art of printing occurred when J.W. Osborne managed to fabricate in this year, on the basis of a Daguerreotype, a photolithographic transfer image that he could then place upon a printer's lithographic stone. This process would be used in New-York for the reproduction of steel engravings and government maps. Such photolithography would of course become universal.

However, this image of the gold diggings in [California](#), published early in this year, made use of the older technology:

ELECTRIC WALDEN



As did this woodcut, which is the earliest image that we still have of the San Quentin prison, created in this

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year:



The large gate in the middle is the one through which 200-300 prisoners would flee in the great escape of 1862. The backdrop for the woodcut is a Mt. Tamalpais that has been greatly exaggerated and positioned in the wrong direction (one is grateful, at least, that the artist did not turn it into a volcano).

[California](#) promoter Sam Brannan founded a resort he designated “Calistoga,” a name with he intended to invoke the idea that this would become “the Saratoga Springs, New York of California.”

May 11, Wednesday: The 2d floor of “[Grizzly](#)” [Adams](#)’s “Pacific Museum” at the corner of Clay and Kearny Streets in San Francisco, [California](#) had been converted into an amphitheater and circus ring. Evidently, however, the proceeds were not enough to cover the rent for this location, \$250 per month. The animals were attached for the proprietor’s debt, and the operation ceased to advertise.



May 11. Wednesday. Golden robin yesterday. Fir-balsam well out in the rain; so say 9th.

P. M.—To Flint’s Pond.

Arum triphyllum out. Almost every one has a little fly or two concealed within. One of the handsomest-formed plants when in flower. Sorrel out in rain, apparently a day or two, — say 9th. A blue heron flies away from the shore of the pond.

Scirpus planifolius in bloom on Smith’s wooded hill, side of Saw Mill Brook.

A partridge-nest, with eleven fresh eggs, at foot of a chestnut, one upon another. It is quite a deep cavity amid the leaves, with some feathers of the bird in it.

Young, or fresh-expanding, oak leaves are very handsome now, showing their colors. It is a leafy mist throughout the forest.

Ulvularia perfoliata out in rain; say, then, the 9th. Just after plucking it I perceived what I call the meadow fragrance, though in the woods; but I afterward found that this flower was peculiarly fragrant, and its fragrance like that, so it was probably this which I had perceived. S. was reminded of the lily-of-the-valley by it.

The witch-hazel has one of the broadest leaves now.

In the path in Stow’s wood-lot, I find apparently Thaspium aureum (Zizia aurea), which will open the first fair day. [13th in house and probably abroad.] Shows quite yellow now.

Found in the path in the woods by the Mill Brook ditch, Flint’s Pond, dead, the Coluber punctatus, 13 1/4 inches long, but no row of spots in middle of abdomen. The head above blackish with a blackish ring behind the yellow. Tail 3 inches long; breadth of body 5/16; plates 162; scales 55. Above, uniform glossy slate-color, with a yellowish-white band across the occiput; the head above blackish, and a blackish band close behind the yellowish one. Beneath, yellow or buff (whitish under head), with a row of small slanting black spots, one on each side of each abdominal plate except the first 3/4 inch behind the head. In the midst of the path in the woods. I admired the iridescence from its glossy belly. It differs from Storer’s C. punctatus, for it is not brown above,

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nor “reddish yellow” beneath, and has no row of spots in middle of the abdomen. In that first thunder-shower, the evening of the 9th, the grass evidently erected itself and grew darker, as it were instantaneously. Was it the effect of electricity in the air? It looked very differently from what it had ten minutes before.

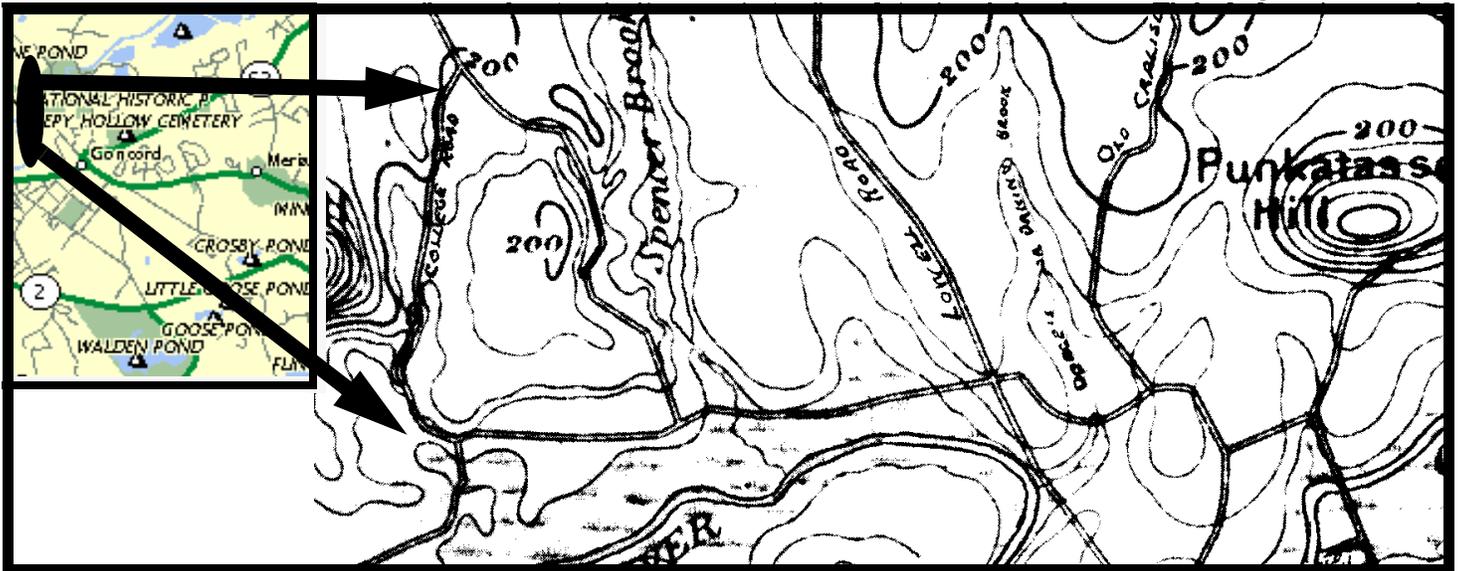
June 10, Friday: [John Brown](#) was at Westport, Connecticut.

Pyotr Illyich Tchaikovsky graduated from the School of Jurisprudence at St. Petersburg, Russia.

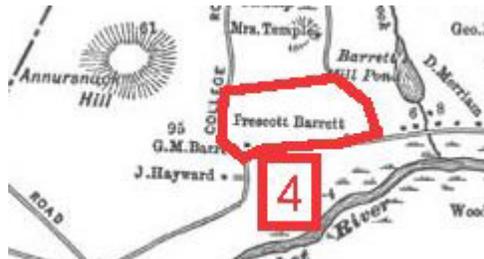
William Morris (AKA “Tipperary Bill”) was [hanged](#) in the Broadway jailyard in San Francisco, [California](#) for having gunned down Richard K. Doak in a bar on November 19th, 1858.

C.F. Bernard wrote to Charles Wesley Slack to request the distribution of a report. He praised the 28th Congregational Society and the Reverend [Theodore Parker](#), and sent well wishes.

[Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed on College Road below Annursnack Hill near the Acton town line, for Daniel Brooks Clark, and was informed that the road had received that name due to “a house so called once standing on it”:



He also surveyed 16 acres near Prescott Barrett’s house on Barrett’s Mill Road west of Spencer Brook. Thoreau remarked that the whole area had belonged to Peter Temple in 1811, and part was sold to Jonathan Hildreth and part to Stephen Barrett. The List of Bills in the FIELD NOTES shows a bill for \$2.⁵⁰ for this date.



http://www.concordlibrary.org/collect/Thoreau_surveys/4.htm



June 10, Friday: Surveying for D. B. Clark on “College Road,” so called in Peter Temple’s deed in 1811, Clark thought from a house so called once standing on it. Cut a line, and after measured it, in a thick wood, which passed within two feet of a blue jay’s nest which was about four feet up a birch, beneath the leafy



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branches and quite exposed. The bird sat perfectly still with its head up and bill open upon its pretty large young, not moving in the least, while we drove a stake close by, within three feet, and cut and measured, being about there twenty minutes at least.

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

[Walt Whitman](#), who had been editing the Brooklyn [Times](#), became unemployed. He would be frequenting Pfaff's restaurant and saloon during this period.

August 13, Saturday: [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) began to investigate the differences that the years had made not only in himself but also in the Bay Area of [California](#).

AND NOW, FOR SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, A REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR:

On the evening of Saturday, the 13th of August, 1859, the superb steamship *Golden Gate*, gay with crowds of passengers, and lighting the sea for miles around with the glare of her signal lights of red, green, and white, and brilliant with lighted saloons and staterooms, bound up from the Isthmus of Panama, neared the entrance to San Francisco, the great centre of a world-wide commerce. Miles out at sea, on the desolate rocks of the Farallones, gleamed the powerful rays of one of the most costly and effective light-houses in the world. As we drew in through the Golden Gate, another light-house met our eyes, and in the clear moonlight of the unbroken California summer we saw, on the right, a large fortification protecting the narrow entrance, and just before us the little island of Alcatraz confronted us,— one entire fortress. We bore round the point toward the old anchoring-ground of the hide ships, and there, covering the sand-hills and the valleys, stretching from the water's edge to the base of the great hills, and from the old Presidio to the Mission, flickering all over with the lamps of its streets and houses, lay a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants. Clocks tolled the hour of midnight from its steeples, but the city was alive from the salute of our guns, spreading the news that the fortnightly steamer had come, bringing mails and passengers from the Atlantic world. Clipper ships of the largest size lay at anchor in the stream, or were girt to the wharves; and capacious high-pressure steamers, as large and showy as those of the Hudson or Mississippi, bodies of dazzling light, awaited the delivery of our mails to take their courses up the Bay, stopping at Benicia and the United States Naval Station, and then up the great tributaries—the Sacramento, San Joaquin, and Feather Rivers—to the far inland cities of Sacramento, Stockton, and Marysville.

The dock into which we drew, and the streets about it, were densely crowded with express wagons and hand-carts to take luggage, coaches and cabs for passengers, and with men,— some looking out for friends among our hundreds of passengers,— agents of the press, and a greater multitude eager for newspapers and verbal intelligence from the great Atlantic and European world. Through this crowd I made my way, along the well-built and well-lighted streets, as alive as by day, where boys in high-keyed voices were already crying the latest New York papers; and between one and two o'clock in the morning found myself comfortably abed in a commodious room, in the Oriental Hotel, which stood, as well as I could learn, on the filled-up cove, and not far from the spot where we used to beach our boats from the *Alert*.



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August 14, Sunday: Jean-François Gravelot, “The Great Blondin,” again crossed the gorge of the [Niagara River](#) above the [Falls](#), this time carrying his manager Harry Colcord on his back.

[Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) learned of the varying churches and the invariant white righteousness of the new [California](#), and profoundly approved of both.



AND NOW, FOR SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, A REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR:

Sunday, August 14th. When I awoke in the morning, and looked from my windows over the city of San Francisco, with its storehouses, towers, and steeples; its court-houses, theatres, and hospitals; its daily journals; its well-filled learned professions; its fortresses and fight-houses; its wharves and harbor, with their thousand-ton clipper ships, more in number than London or Liverpool sheltered that day, itself one of the capitals of the American Republic, and the sole emporium of a new world, the awakened Pacific; when I looked across the bay to the eastward, and beheld a beautiful town on the fertile, wooded shores of the Contra Costa, and steamers, large and small, the ferryboats to the Contra Costa and capacious freighters and passenger-carriers to all parts of the great bay and its tributaries, with lines of their smoke in the horizon,— when I saw all these things, and reflected on what I once was and saw here, and what now surrounded me, I could scarcely keep my hold on reality at all, or the genuineness of anything, and seemed to myself like one who had moved in “worlds not realized.”

I could not complain that I had not a choice of places of worship. The Roman Catholics have an archbishop, a cathedral, and five or six smaller churches, French, German, Spanish, and English; and the Episcopalians, a bishop, a cathedral, and three other churches; the Methodists and Presbyterians have three or four each, and there are Congregationalists, Baptists, a Unitarian, and other societies. On my way to church, I met two classmates of mine at Harvard standing in a door-way, one a lawyer and the other a teacher, and made appointments for a future meeting. A little farther on I came upon another Harvard man, a fine scholar and wit, and full of cleverness and good-humor, who invited me to go to breakfast with him at the French house,— he was a bachelor, and a late riser on Sundays. I asked him to show me the way to Bishop Kip’s church. He hesitated, looked a little confused, and admitted that he was not as well up in certain classes of knowledge as in others, but, by a desperate guess, pointed out a wooden building at the foot of the street, which any one might have seen could not be right, and which turned out to be an African Baptist meeting-house. But my friend had many capital points of character, and I owed much of the pleasure of my visit to his attentions.

The congregation at the Bishop’s church was precisely like one you would meet in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston. To be sure, the identity of the service makes one feel at once at home, but the people were alike, nearly all of the English race, though from all parts of the Union. The latest French bonnets were at the head of the chief pews, and business men at the foot. The music was without character, but there was an instructive sermon, and the church was full.

I found that there were no services at any of the Protestant churches in the afternoon. They have two services on Sunday; at 11 A.M., and after dark. The afternoon is spent at home, or in friendly visiting, or teaching of Sunday Schools, or other humane and social duties.

This is as much the practice with what at home are called the strictest denominations as with any others. Indeed, I found individuals, as well as public bodies, affected in a marked degree by a change of oceans and by California life. One Sunday afternoon I was surprised at receiving the card of a man whom I had last known, some fifteen years ago, as a strict and formal deacon of a Congregational Society in New England. He was a deacon still, in San Francisco, a leader in all pious works, devoted to his denomination and to total abstinence,— the same internally but externally— what a change! Gone was the downcast eye, the bated breath, the solemn, non-natural voice, the watchful gait, stepping as if he felt responsible for the balance of the moral universe! He walked with a stride, an uplifted open countenance, his face covered with beard, whiskers, and mustache, his voice strong and natural,— and, in short, he had put off the New England deacon and become a human being. In a visit of an hour I learned much from him about the religious societies, the moral reforms, the “Dashaways,”— total abstinence societies, which had taken strong hold on the young and wilder parts of society,— and then of the Vigilance Committee, of which he was a member, and of more secular points of interest.



August 14, Sunday: P.M. To Barrett’s Bar. The zizania now makes quite a show along the river, overtopping the withered heads of the early canary grass. When I reached the upper end of this weedy bar, at about 3 P.M., this warm day, I noticed some light-colored object in mid-river, near the other end of the bar. At first I thought of some large stake or board standing amid the weeds there, then of a fisherman in a brown

**THE REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR DANA, CONCLUDED:**

In one of the parlors of the hotel, I saw a man of about sixty years of age, with his feet bandaged and resting in a chair, whom somebody addressed by the name of Lies. [Pronounced “Leese”.] Lies! thought I, that must be the man who came across the country from Kentucky to Monterey while we lay there in the *Pilgrim* in 1835, and made a passage in the *Alert*, when he used to shoot with his rifle bottles hung from the top-gallant studding-sail-boom-ends. He married the beautiful Dona Rosalia Vallejo, sister of Don Guadalupe. There were the old high features and sandy hair. I put my chair beside him, and began conversation, as any one may do in California. Yes, he was the Mr. Lies; and when I gave my name he professed at once to remember me, and spoke of my book. I found that almost— I might perhaps say quite— every American in California had read it; for when California “broke out,” as the phrase is, in 1848, and so large a portion of the Anglo-Saxon race flocked to it, there was no book upon California but mine. Many who were on the coast at the time the book refers to, and afterwards read it, and remembered the *Pilgrim* and *Alert*, thought they also remembered me. But perhaps more did remember me than I was inclined at first to believe, for the novelty of a collegian coming out before the mast had drawn more attention to me than I was aware of at the time.

Late in the afternoon, as there were vespers at the Roman Catholic churches, I went to that of Notre Dame des Victoires. The congregation was French, and a sermon in French was preached by an Abbe; the music was excellent, all things airy and tasteful, and making one feel as if in one of the chapels in Paris. The Cathedral of St. Mary, which I afterwards visited, where the Irish attend, was a contrast indeed, and more like one of our stifling Irish Catholic churches in Boston or New York, with intelligence in so small a proportion to the number of faces. During the three Sundays I was in San Francisco, I visited three of the Episcopal churches, and the Congregational, a Chinese Mission Chapel, and on the Sabbath (Saturday) a Jewish synagogue. The Jews are a wealthy and powerful class here. The Chinese, too, are numerous, and do a great part of the manual labor and small shop-keeping, and have some wealthy mercantile houses.

It is noticeable that European Continental fashions prevail generally in this city,— French cooking, lunch at noon, and dinner at the end of the day, with cafe noir after meals, and to a great extent the European Sunday,— to all which emigrants from the United States and Great Britain seem to adapt themselves. Some dinners which were given to me at French restaurants were, it seemed to me,— a poor judge of such matters, to be sure,— as sumptuous and as good, in dishes and wines, as I have found in Paris. But I had a relish-maker which my friends at table did not suspect,— the remembrance of the fore-castle dinners I ate here twenty-four years before.

holland sack, referring him to the shore beyond. Supposing it the last, I floated nearer and nearer till I saw plainly enough the motions of the person, whoever it was, and that it was no stake. Looking through my glass thirty or forty rods off, I thought certainly that I saw C., who had just bathed, making signals to me with his towel, for I referred the object to the shore twenty rods further. I saw his motions as he wiped himself, —the movements of his elbows and his towel. Then I saw that the person was nearer and there-fore smaller, that it stood on the sand-bar in mid-stream in shallow water and must be some maiden [in] a bathing dress, —for it was the color of brown holland web, —and a very peculiar kind of dress it seemed. But about this time I discovered with my naked eye that it was a blue heron [Great Blue Heron  *Ardea herodias*] standing in very shallow water amid the weeds of the bar and pluming itself. I had not noticed its legs at all, and its head, neck, and wings being constantly moving, I had mistaken for arms, elbows, and towel of a bather, and when it stood stiller its shapely body looked like a peculiar bathing-dress. I floated to within twenty-five rods and watched it at my leisure. Standing on the shallowest part of the bar at that end it was busily dressing its feathers, passing its bill like a comb down its feathers from base to tip. From its form and color, as well as size, it was singularly distinct. Its great spear-shaped head and bill was very conspicuous, though least so when it turned toward me (whom it was eying from time to time). It coils its neck away from its back or breast as a sailor might a rope, but occasionally stretches itself to its full height, as tall as a man, and looks around at me. Growing shy, it begins to wade off, until its body is partly immersed amid the weeds, —potamogetons, —and then it looks more like a goose. The neck is continually varying in length, as it is doubled up or stretched out, and the legs also, as it wades in deeper or shallower water.

Suddenly comes a second, flying low, and alights on the bar yet nearer to me, almost high and dry. Then I hear a note from them, perhaps of warning, — a short, coarse, frog-like purring or eructating sound. You might easily mistake it for a frog. I heard it half a dozen times. It was not very loud. Any-thing but musical. The last proceeds

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to plume himself, looking warily at me from time to time, while the other continues to edge off through the weeds. Now and then the latter holds its neck as if it were ready to strike its prey, — stretched forward over the water, —but I saw no stroke.



The arch may be lengthened or shortened, single or double, but the great spear-shaped bill and head are ever the same. A great hammer or pick, prepared to transfix fish, frog, or bird. At last, the water becoming too deep for wading, this one takes easily to wing, —though up to his body in water — and flies a few rods to the shore.

It rather flies, then, than swims. It was evidently scared. These were probably birds of this season. I saw some distinct ferruginous on the angle of the wing. There they stood in the midst of the open river, on this shallow and weedy bar in the sun, the leisurely sentries, lazily pluming them-selves, as if the day were too long for them. They gave a new character to the stream. Adjutant they were to my idea of the river, these two winged men.

You have not seen our weedy river, you do not know the significance of its weedy bars, until you have seen the blue heron wading and pluming itself on it. I see that it was made for these shallows, and they for it. Now the heron is gone from the weedy shoal, the scene appears incomplete. Of course, the heron has sounded the depth of the water on every bar of the river that is fordable to it. The water there is not so many feet deep, but so many heron's tibiae. Instead of a foot rule you should use a heron's leg for a measure. If you would know the depth of the water on these few shoalest places of Musketaquid, ask the blue heron that wades and fishes there. In some places a heron can wade across.

How long we may have gazed on a particular scenery and think that we have seen and known it, when, at length, some bird or quadruped comes and takes possession of it before our eyes, and imparts to it a wholly new character. The heron uses these shallows as I cannot. I give them up to him.

By a gauge set in the river I can tell about what time the millers on the stream and its tributaries go to work in the morning and leave off at night, and also can distinguish the Sundays, since it is the day on which the river does not rise, but falls. If I had lost the day of the week, I could recover it by a careful examination of the river. It lies by in the various mill-ponds on Sunday and keeps the Sabbath. What its *persuasion* is, is another question. In 1677 the town's "brandmarke" as fixed by the State was



David Heard says that the cattle liked the pipes so well that they distinguished their rustle from that of other grass as he was bringing them to them, and were eager to get them. The cattle distinguished the peculiar rustle of the pipes in the meadow-hay which was being brought to them, and were eager to get them.

August 17, Wednesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed for Rufus Morse in Lincoln. The land was near Hosmer-Moore land. According to the FARRAR BOOK OF HOUSES, some of it had belonged to Thomas Goble in 1640.



[Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) found that, to [Californians](#) at least, he was a famous man.

AND NOW, FOR SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, A REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR:

August 17th. The customs of California are free; and any person who knows about my book speaks to me. The newspapers have announced the arrival of the veteran pioneer of all. I hardly walk out without meeting or making acquaintances. I have already been invited to deliver the anniversary oration before the Pioneer Society, to celebrate the settlement of San Francisco. Any man is qualified for election into the society who came to California before 1853. What moderns they are! I tell them of the time when Richardson's shanty of 1835- not his adobe house of 1836- was the only human habitation between the Mission and the Presidio, and when the vast bay, with all its tributaries and recesses, was a solitude,- and yet I am but little past forty years of age. They point out the place where Richardson's adobe house stood, and tell me that the first court and first town council were convened in it, the first Protestant worship

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performed in it, and in it the first capital trial by the Vigilance Committee held. I am taken down to the wharves, by antiquaries of a ten or twelve years' range, to identify the two points, now known as Clark's and Rincon, which formed the little cove of Yerba Buena, where we used to beach our boats,- now filled up and built upon. The island we called "Wood Island," where we spent the cold days and nights of December, in our launch, getting wood for our year's supply, is clean shorn of trees; and the bare rocks of Alcatraz Island, an entire fortress. I have looked at the city from the water and islands from the city, but I can see nothing that recalls the times gone by, except the venerable Mission, the ruinous Presidio, the high hills in the rear of the town, and the great stretches of the bay in all directions.

To-day I took a California horse of the old style,- the run, the loping gait,- and visited the Presidio. The walls stand as they did, with some changes made to accommodate a small garrison of United States troops. It has a noble situation, and I saw from it a clipper ship of the very largest class, coming through the Gate, under her fore-and-aft sails. Thence I rode to the Fort, now nearly finished, on the southern shore of the Gate, and made an inspection of it. It is very expensive and of the latest style. One of the engineers here is Custis Lee, who has just left West Point at the head of his class,- a son of Colonel [Robert E. Lee](#), who distinguished himself in the Mexican War.

Another morning I ride to the Mission Dolores. It has a strangely solitary aspect, enhanced by its surroundings of the most uncongenial, rapidly growing modernisms; the hoar of ages surrounded by the brightest, slightest, and rapidest of modern growths. Its old belfries still clanged with the discordant bells, and Mass was saying within, for it is used as a place of worship for the extreme south part of the city.

In one of my walks about the wharves, I found a pile of dry hides lying by the side of a vessel. Here was something to feelingly persuade me what I had been, to recall a past scarce credible to myself. I stood lost in reflection. What were these hides- what were they not?- to us, to me, a boy, twenty-four years ago? These were our constant labor, our chief object, our almost habitual thought. They brought us out here, they kept us here, and it was only by getting them that we could escape from the coast and return to home and civilized life. If it had not been that I might be seen, I should have seized one, slung it over my head, walked off with it, and thrown it by the old toss- I do not believe yet a lost art- to the ground. How they called up to my mind the months of curing at San Diego, the year and more of beach and surf work, and the steering of the ship for home! I was in a dream of San Diego, San Pedro,- with its hills so steep for taking up goods, and its stones so hard to our bare feet,- and the cliffs of San Juan! All this, too, is no more! The entire hide-business is of the past, and to the present inhabitants of California a dim tradition. The gold discoveries drew off all men from the gathering or cure of hides, the inflowing population made an end of the great droves of cattle; and now not a vessel pursues the- I was about to say dear- the dreary once hated business of gathering hides upon the coast, and the beach of San Diego is abandoned and its hide-houses have disappeared. Meeting a respectable-looking citizen on the wharf, I inquired of him how the hide-trade was carried on. "O," said



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he, "there is very little of it, and that is all here. The few that are brought in are placed under sheds in winter, or left out on the wharf in summer, and are loaded from the wharves into the vessels alongside. They form parts of cargoes of other materials." I really felt too much, at the instant, to express to him the cause of my interest in the subject, and only added, "Then the old business of trading up and down the coast and curing hides for cargoes is all over?" "O yes, sir," said he, "those old times of the *Pilgrim* and *Alert* and *California*, that we read about, are gone by."



August 17, Wednesday: Frost in low ground this morning. That was purple grass which I saw to-day. I see also the saw-grass in the shorn fields.



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August 21, Sunday: Johann Bernhard, Count Rechberg und Rothenlöwe replaced Karl Ferdinand, Count Buol-Schauenstein as prime minister of Austria.

[Annie Foster](#) was born to [Dora Foster](#) and [Daniel Foster](#).

The *Senator*, carrying [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) came to anchor off San Pedro, [California](#).



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AND NOW, FOR SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, A REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR:

The next morning we found ourselves at anchor in the Bay of San Pedro. Here was this hated, this thoroughly detested spot. Although we lay near, I could scarce recognize the hill up which we rolled and dragged and pushed and carried our heavy loads, and down which we pitched the hides, to carry them barefooted over the rocks to the floating long-boat. It was no longer the landing-place. One had been made at the head of the creek, and boats discharged and took off cargoes from a mole or wharf, in a quiet place, safe from southeasters. A tug ran to take off passengers from the steamer to the wharf,— for the trade of Los Angeles is sufficient to support such a vessel. I got the captain to land me privately, in a small boat, at the old place by the hill. I dismissed the boat, and, alone, found my way to the high ground. I say found my way, for neglect and weather had left but few traces of the steep road the hide-vessels had built to the top. The cliff off which we used to throw the hides, and where I spent nights watching them, was more easily found. The population was doubled, that is to say, there were two houses, instead of one, on the hill. I stood on the brow and looked out toward the offing, the Santa Catalina Island, and, nearer, the melancholy Dead Man's Island, with its painful tradition, and recalled the gloomy days that followed the flogging, and fancied the *Pilgrim* at anchor in the offing. But the tug is going toward our steamer, and I must awake and be off. I walked along the shore to the new landing-place, where were two or three store-houses and other buildings, forming a small depot; and a stage-coach, I found, went daily between this place and the Pueblo. I got a seat on the top of the coach, to which were tackled six little less than wild California horses. Each horse had a man at his head, and when the driver had got his reins in hand he gave the word, all the horses were let go at once, and away they went on a spring, tearing over the ground, the driver only keeping them from going the wrong way, for they had a wide, level pampa to run over the whole thirty miles to the Pueblo. This plain is almost treeless, with no grass, at least none now in the drought of mid-summer, and is filled with squirrel-holes, and alive with squirrels. As we changed horses twice, we did not slacken our speed until we turned into the streets of the Pueblo.

The Pueblo de los Angeles I found a large and flourishing town of about twenty thousand inhabitants, with brick sidewalks, and blocks of stone or brick houses. The three principal traders when we were here for hides in the *Pilgrim* and *Alert* are still among the chief traders of the place,— Stearns, Temple, and Warner, the two former being reputed very rich. I dined with Mr. Stearns, now a very old man, and met there Don Juan Bandini, to whom I had given a good deal of notice in my book. From him, as indeed from every one in this town, I met with the kindest attentions. The wife of Don Juan, who was a beautiful young girl when we were on the coast, Dona Refugio, daughter of Don Santiago Arguello, the commandante of San Diego, was with him, and still handsome. This is one of several instances I have noticed of the preserving quality of the California climate. Here, too, was Henry Mellus, who came out with me before the mast in the *Pilgrim*, and left the brig to be agent's clerk on shore. He had experienced varying fortunes here, and was now married to a Mexican lady, and had a family. I dined with him, and in the afternoon he drove me round to see the vineyards, the chief objects in this region. The vintage of last year was estimated at half a million of gallons. Every year new square miles of ground are laid down to vineyards, and the Pueblo promises to be the centre of one of the largest wine-producing regions in the world. Grapes are a drug here, and I found a great abundance of figs, olives, peaches, pears, and melons. The climate is well suited to these fruits, but is too hot and dry for successful wheat crops.

Towards evening, we started off in the stage coach, with again our relays of six mad horses, and reached the creek before dark, though it was late at night before we got on board the steamer, which was slowly moving her wheels, under way for San Diego.

As we skirted along the coast, Wilson and I recognized, or thought we did, in the clear moonlight, the rude white Mission of San Juan Capistrano, and its cliff, from which I had swung down by a pair of halyards to save a few hides,— a boy who could not be prudential, and who caught at every chance for adventure.



THE REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR DANA, CONTINUED:

As we made the high point off San Diego, Point Loma, we were greeted by the cheering presence of a light-house. As we swept round it in the early morning, there, before us, lay the little harbor of San Diego, its low spit of sand, where the water runs so deep; the opposite flats, where the *Alert* grounded in starting for home; the low hills, without trees, and almost without brush; the quiet little beach;— but the chief objects, the hide-houses, my eye looked for in vain. They were gone, all, and left no mark behind.

I wished to be alone, so I let the other passengers go up to the town, and was quietly pulled ashore in a boat, and left to myself. The recollections and the emotions all were sad, and only sad.

Fugit, interea fugit irreparabile tempus.

The past was real. The present, all about me, was unreal, unnatural, repellant. I saw the big ships lying in the stream, the *Alert*, the *California*, the *Rosa*, with her Italians; then the handsome *Ayacucho*, my favorite; the poor, dear old *Pilgrim*, the home of hardship and hopelessness; the boats passing to and fro; the cries of the sailors at the capstan or falls; the peopled beach; the large hidehouses with their gangs of men; and the Kanakas interspersed everywhere. All, all were gone! not a vestige to mark where one hide-house stood. The oven, too, was gone. I searched for its site, and found, where I thought it should be, a few broken bricks and bits of mortar. I alone was left of all, and how strangely was I here! What changes to me! Where were they all? Why should I care for them,— poor Kanakas and sailors, the refuse of civilization, the outlaws and beach-combers of the Pacific! Time and death seemed to transfigure them. Doubtless nearly all were dead; but how had they died, and where? In hospitals, in fever-climes, in dens of vice, or falling from the mast, or dropping exhausted from the wrecks,—

“When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.”

The light-hearted boys are now hardened middle-aged men, if the seas, rocks, fevers, and the deadlier enemies that beset a sailor’s life on shore have spared them; and the then strong men have bowed themselves, and the earth or sea has covered them.

Even the animals are gone,— the colony of dogs, the broods of poultry, the useful horses; but the coyotes bark still in the woods, for they belong not to man, and are not touched by his changes.

I walked slowly up the hill, finding my way among the few bushes, for the path was long grown over, and sat down where we used to rest in carrying our burdens of wood, and to look out for vessels that might, though so seldom, be coming down from the windward.

To rally myself by calling to mind my own better fortune and nobler lot, and cherished surroundings at home, was impossible. Borne down by depression, the day being yet at its noon, and the sun over the old point,— it is four miles to the town, the Presidio,— I have walked it often, and can do it once more,— I passed the familiar objects, and it seemed to me that I remembered them better than those of any other place I had ever been in;— the opening to the little cave; the low hills where we cut wood and killed rattlesnakes, and where our dogs chased the coyotes; and the black ground where so many of the ship’s crew and beach-combers used to bring up on their return at the end of a liberty day, and spend the night sub Jove.



THE REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR DANA, CONCLUDED:

The little town of San Diego has undergone no change whatever that I can see. It certainly has not grown. It is still, like Santa Barbara, a Mexican town. The four principal houses of the gente de razon— of the Bandinis, Estudillos, Arguellos, and Picos— are the chief houses now; but all the gentlemen— and their families, too, I believe— are gone. The big vulgar shop-keeper and trader, Fitch, is long since dead; Tom Wrightington, who kept the rival pulperia, fell from his horse when drunk, and was found nearly eaten up by coyotes; and I can scarce find a person whom I remember. I went into a familiar one-story adobe house, with its piazza and earthen floor, inhabited by a respectable lower-class family by the name of Muchado, and inquired if any of the family remained, when a bright-eyed middle-aged woman recognized me, for she had heard I was on board the steamer, and told me she had married a shipmate of mine, Jack Stewart, who went out as second mate the next voyage, but left the ship and married and settled here. She said he wished very much to see me. In a few minutes he came in, and his sincere pleasure in meeting me was extremely grateful. We talked over old times as long as I could afford to. I was glad to hear that he was sober and doing well. Dona Tomasa Pico I found and talked with. She was the only person of the old upper class that remained on the spot, if I rightly recollect. I found an American family here, with whom I dined,— Doyle and his wife, nice young people, Doyle agent for the great line of coaches to run to the frontier of the old States.

I must complete my acts of pious remembrance, so I take a horse and make a run out to the old Mission, where Ben Stimson and I went the first liberty day we had after we left Boston. All has gone to decay. The buildings are unused and ruinous, and the large gardens show now only wild cactuses, willows, and a few olive-trees. A fast run brings me back in time to take leave of the few I knew and who knew me, and to reach the steamer before she sails. A last look— yes, last for life— to the beach, the hills, the low point, the distant town, as we round Point Loma and the first beams of the light-house strike out towards the setting sun.

August 21, Sunday night: The *Senator*, carrying [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) was steaming along from the Bay of San Pedro, [California](#) toward San Diego harbor, when our terminally nostalgic former sailor-boy recognized, or thought he did, in the moonlight, the romantic Mission San Juan Capistrano of his well-published boyhood adventure:

As we skirted along the coast, Wilson and I recognized, or thought we did, in the clear moonlight, the rude white Mission of San Juan Capistrano, and its cliff, from which I had swung down by a pair of halyards to save a few hides,— a boy who could not be prudential, and who caught at every chance for adventure.

[Bronson Alcott](#) wrote admiringly and perceptively about [Henry Thoreau](#) in his journal (JOURNALS. Boston MA: Little, Brown, 1938, page 319):

Henry Thoreau is here and spends the evening conversing in his remarkable way on Nature and naturalists. I think him the naturalist by birth and genius, seeing and judging by instinct and first sight, as none other I have known. I remark this in Thoreau, that he discerns objects individually and apart, never in groups and collectively, as a whole, as the artist does. Nature exists separately to him and Individually. He never theorizes; he sees only and describes; yet, by a seventh sense as it were, dealing with facts shooting forth from his mind and mythologically, so that his page is a creation. His fancy is ever the complement of his understanding, and finishes Nature to the senses even. If he had less of fancy, he would be the prose naturalist and no more; and had he less of understanding he would be a poet — if, indeed, with all this mastery of things concrete and sensible, he be not a poet, as Homer was.



August 21, Sunday: P.M.—Walk over the Great Meadows and observe how dry they are. There is quite a drought, and I can walk almost anywhere over these meadows without wetting my feet. It is much drier than

it was three weeks ago there. It is like the summer of '54. Almost all the grass has been cut and carried off. It is quite dry crossing the neck of the Holt. In many holes in the meadow, made by the ice, the water having dried up, I see many small fishes—pouts and pickerel and bream—left dead and dying. In one place there were fifty or one hundred pouts from four to five inches long with a few breams, all dead and dry. It is remarkable that these fishes have not all been devoured by birds or quadrupeds. The blue herons must find it easy to get their living now. Are they not more common on our river such years as this?

In holes where the water has just evaporated, leaving the mud moist, I see a hundred little holes near together, with occasionally an indistinct track of a bird between. Measuring these holes, I find them to be some two inches deep, or about the length of a snipe's bill, and doubtless they were made by them. I start one snipe.

People now (at this low stage of water) dig mud for their compost-heaps, deepen wells, build bank walls, perchance, along the river, and in some places make bathing-places by raking away the weeds. Many are ditching.



August 22, Monday: The circles of the blue vervain flowers, now risen near to the top, show how far advanced the season is.

The savory-leaved aster (*Diplopappus linariifolius*) out; how long? Saw the *Aster corymbosus* on the 19th. Have seen where squirrels have eaten, i. e. stripped, many white pine cones, for a week past, though quite green. That young pitch pine whose buds the crossbills (?) plucked has put out shoots close by them, but they are rather feeble and late.

Riding to the factory, I see the leaves of corn, planted thick for fodder, so rolled by the drought that I mistook one row in grass for some kind of rush or else reed, small and terete.

At the factory, where they were at work on the dam, they showed large and peculiar insects which they were digging up amid the gravel and water of the dam, nearly two inches long and half an inch wide, with six legs, two large shield-like plates on the forward part of the body,—under which they apparently worked their way through wet sand,—and two large claws, somewhat lobster-like, forward. The abdomen long, of many rings, and fringed with a kind of bristles on each side.

The other day, as I was going by Messer's, I was struck with the pure whiteness of a tall and slender buttonwood before his house. The southwest side of it for some fifty or more feet upward, as far as the outer bark had recently scaled off, was as white, as distinct and bright a white, as if it had been painted, and when I put my finger on it, a white matter, like paint not quite dry, came off copiously, so that I even suspected it was paint. When I scaled off a piece of bark, the freshly exposed surface was brown. This white matter had a strong fungus-like scent, and this color is apparently acquired after a little exposure to the air. Nearly half the tree was thus uninterruptedly white as if it had been rounded and planed and then painted. No birch presents so uniformly white a surface.

It is very dry now, but I perceive that the great star-shaped leaves of the castor bean plants in Mr. Rice's garden at twilight are quite cold to the touch, and quite shining and wet with moisture wherever I touch them. Many leaves of other plants, as cucumbers, feel quite dry.



August 22, Tuesday: **Henry David Thoreau** was being written to by Hobart & Robbins of Boston, who were sending along \$9.⁰⁰ to obtain some black lead.

[OCR-scan letter from THE CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY DAVID THOREAU, ed. Walter Harding and Carl Bode, 1958, and insert here.]

August 23, Tuesday: P.M.—To Laurel Glen to see the effect of the frost of the 17th (and perhaps 18th). As for autumnal tints, the *Smilacina racemosa* is yellowed, spotted brown in streaks, and half withered; also two-leaved Solomon's-seal is partly yellowed and withered. Birches have been much yellowed for some time; also young wild cherry and hazel, and some horse-chestnuts and larches on the street. The scarlet lower leaves of the choke-berry and some brakes are the handsomest autumnal tints which I see to-day.

At Laurel Glen, these plants were touched by frost, in the lowest places, viz., the very small white oaks and hickories; dogsbane very generally; ferns generally,—especially *Aspidium Thelypteris* (?), the revolute one at bottom of hollow,—including some brakes; some little chinquapin oaks and chestnuts; some small thorns and blueberry (*Vaccinium vacillans* shoots); aspen, large and tender leaves and shoots; even red maple; many hazel shoots; geraniums; indigo-weed; lespedeza (the many-headed) and desmodium (one of the erect ones); a very little of the lowest locust leaves. These were very small plants and low, and commonly the most recent and



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tender growth. The bitten part, often the whole, was dry and shrivelled brown or darker. In the river meadows the blue-eyed grass was very generally cut off and is now conspicuously black,—I find but one in bloom,—also small flowering ferns. The cranberries (not vines) are extensively frost-bitten and spoiled.

In Moore's Swamp the potatoes were extensively killed, the greenest or tenderest vines. One says that the driest part suffered the most. They had not nearly got ripe. One man had his squash vines killed. [At frosty hollows by Ripple Lake on the 28th, see the effects of the same frost of 17th,—little chinquapin oaklets and the tenderest shoots of *Cornus alba*, the gray dead twigs of the cornel of past years, all their tops; and these two are almost the only shrubs at the bottom. The older cornel leaves have been turned to dark purple, plainly by the frost. *Erechthites* not touched even Aug. 30th (vide September 2d).]

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

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

“At the peremptory request of a large majority of the citizens of these United States, I, Joshua Norton, formerly of Algoa Bay, Cape of Good Hope, and now for the past nine years and ten months of San Francisco, California, declare and proclaim myself Emperor of these U.S., and in virtue of the authority thereby in me vested, do hereby order and direct the representatives of the different States of the Union to assemble in the Musical Hall of this city on the 1st day of February next, then and there to make such alterations in the existing laws of the Union as may ameliorate the evils under which the country is laboring, and thereby cause confidence to exist, both at home and abroad, in our stability and integrity.”



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September 9, Friday: At the annual celebration of the Society of California, held as [California](#) was being admitted to the federal union of the United States of America, J.C. Duncan had read the poem of the day, written for the event by [John R. Ridge](#).

[Edward Sherman Hoar](#), [Elizabeth Hallett Prichard Hoar](#), and [Elizabeth Sherman Hoar](#) arrived in Boston Harbor aboard the *Europa*. Elizabeth resumed residence in her family's [Concord](#) home (the address is now 158 Main Street).

The Massachusetts Militia held its Grand Review of Troops at "Camp Massachusetts" near [Concord](#) (which should have kept them out of Thoreau's hair for the entire day). Here is the illustration from the September 24 issue of [Harper's Weekly Gentleman's Magazine](#):¹¹⁰



Heroic Followers

Heroic Leaders



September 9: I start many pigeons [[American Passenger Pigeon](#) [Ectopistes migratorius](#)] now in a sprout-land.

I have noticed for a week or more some swarms of light-colored and very small fuzzy gnats in the air, yet not in such concentrated swarms as I shall see by and by.

Now for hazelnuts,—where the squirrels have not got them.

Within a week I think I have heard screech owls at evening from over the river once or twice.

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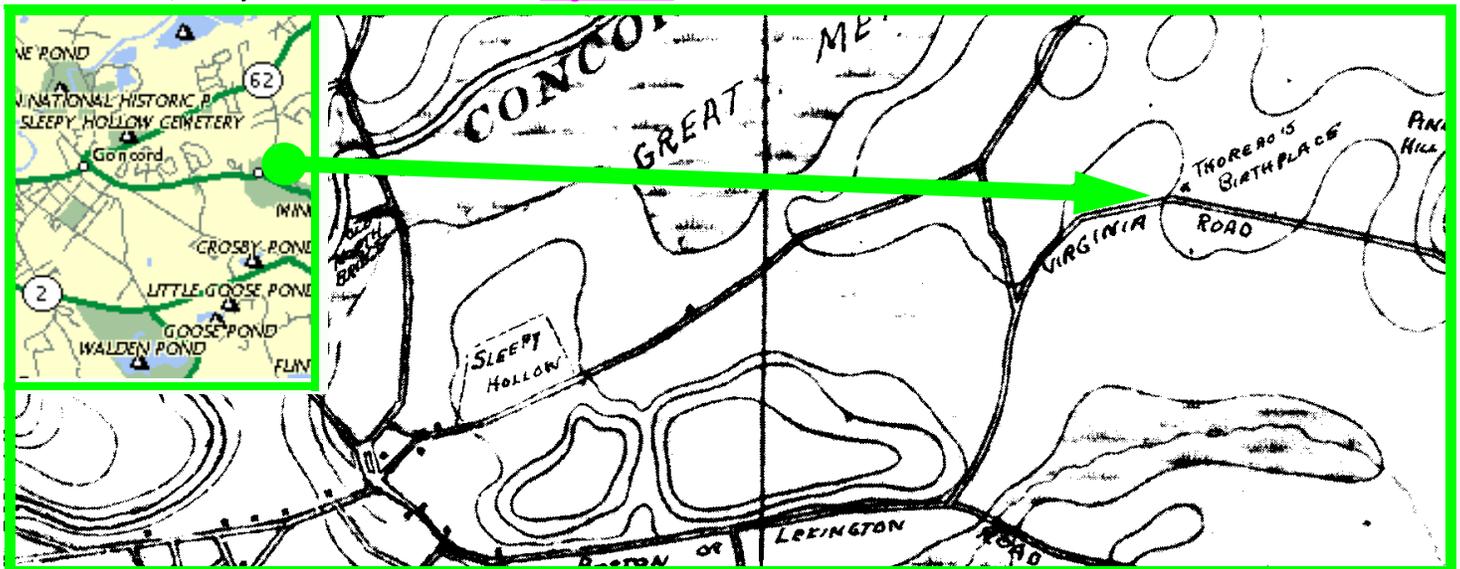
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October: [Senator Jefferson Davis](#) was visiting Mississippi (until November).

[Hutching's California Magazine](#) offered an account of the annual celebration of the Society of California, held on September 9th as the [California](#) was being admitted to the federal union of the United States of America, at which J.C. Duncan had read the poem of the day, written for the event by [John R. Ridge](#).

As Stephen Douglas took up the banner of [Young America](#) and transformed it into a Slave South and Expansionist West movement in opposition to the [Republican](#) candidacy of [Abraham Lincoln](#), the last issue of [John L. O'Sullivan](#)'s Confederacy-supporting [The United States Magazine and Democratic Review](#) was being

110. But now I want to know, precisely, on a map, where this "Camp Massachusetts" was located! Was it where Hanscom Airfield is now, out beyond Thoreau's birth house on [Virginia Road](#)?



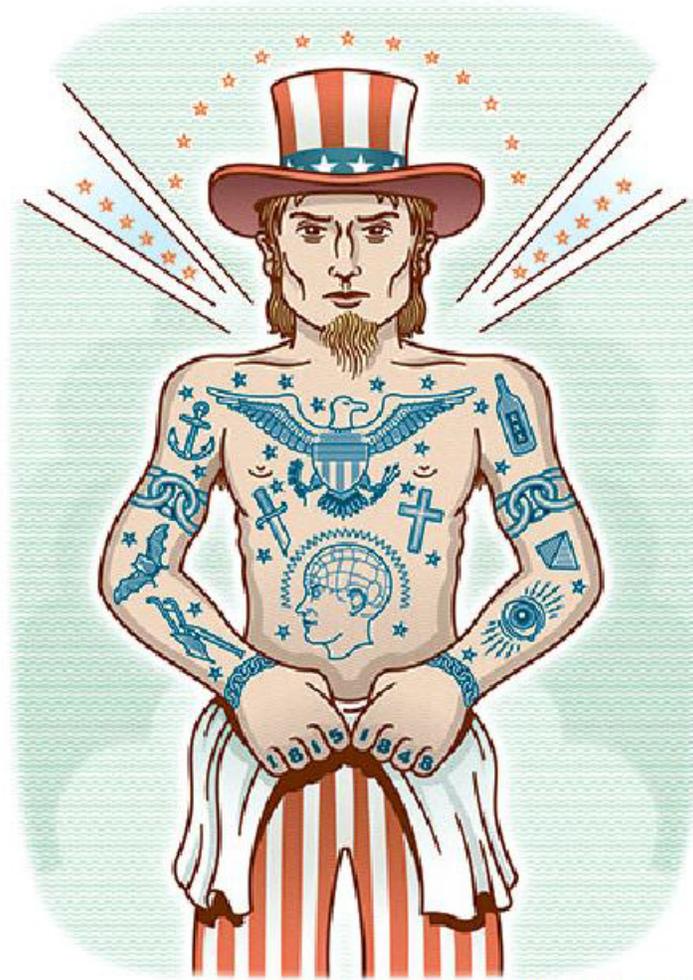
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published in New-York by J.& H.G. Langley.

The New York Times

October 26, 2008



Peter and Maria Hoey

The Reverend Samuel Joseph May, arriving in London, began to lecture on the American antislavery crusade in various Unitarian churches. What he found out should not have so surprised him:

- Many Brits thought of black slavery as a good solution to a bad problem.
- Most Brits considered American slavery not to be a matter for their concern.
- Some Brits had heard stories from America inducing them to hold [Frederick Douglass](#) in disfavor.



There was a report in [Littell's Living Age](#) of the tomb of a Celtic chieftain just outside Paris (in about 1861 [Henry Thoreau](#) would take note of this in his Indian Notebook #12):

A VERY interesting discovery has been recently made at the very gates of Paris, viz., the tomb of a Celtic chieftain, interred more than twenty-five centuries ago, with the remains of his wife, his horse, and his armor, in the peninsula of St. Maur-les-Fosses. The spot is now called La Varenne Saint-Hilaire, and other discoveries lately made there seem to reveal the existence of a Celtic city of some importance in former times. This tomb, placed at a depth of barely thirty centimetres below the surface of the vegetable soil, which extends to a depth of more than a metre in this place, consists of two very distinct portions, the cromlech or consecrated enclosure, and the tumulus or tomb, placed in the interior, and enclosing the two human bodies and that of the horse. Near this part the tumulus enclosed two skeletons, in a very tolerable state of preservation, lying on their faces, the heads being slightly turned towards the south-east. That on the left side, the body of the warrior, was placed in a very regular position, the head resting between the two hands: the jaws were furnished with nearly all the teeth, twenty-five, of a beautiful whiteness with the enamel preserved. Near to him was found an arrow-head of bone, also a lance formed of deer's horn; part of a handle in oak, or fragment of a shaft, which by age had lost all weight, and had the appearance of cork. At the left of the interior of the cromlech, on several stones, placed no doubt for the purpose, were found the other arms of the chieftain, comprising a hatchet, or tomahawk, of polished flint, with a circular, sharp edge, and a hole through it for a handle; an arrow or javelin head; a broken knife; which, all of white flint, had lost their transparency owing to the effects of violent heat. Some fragments of pottery were also discovered, half-burnt, and presenting all the characteristics of the earthenware of the same period which has been found in many other places. At the right of the warrior, and in contact, lay the skeleton of his wife, in very much the same position, but still with some slight difference as to posture. Younger than the former, she must have been consigned to the tomb after a violent death. This curious monument has been presented by M. Legay, the architect who discovered it and made the excavations, to the Minister of State, to be placed in the Museum des Thermes in the Hôtel Clany.



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1860

During the decade of the 1860s in [California](#), [“Charley” Parkhurst](#) did something she very rarely did, she got drunk one night with her boss Andrew Clark. Putting her to bed in his house, pulling her clothing off her [drunken](#) body, her boss discovered that his stage driver was a woman. Well, but he kept her secret.

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Ailing, [Lemuel Shaw](#) retired after thirty years as Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court. Assured of an inheritance from his father-in-law, [Herman Melville](#) sailing around the Horn on the clipper *Meteor*, abandoned the voyage at San Francisco, then settled in New-York.



This was the San Francisco he had found:



Since about 1855 somebody had created a MINING SCENE WITH A FLUME AND MINERS, INCLUDING A [CALIFORNIA](#) INDIAN (?) IN FOREGROUND.

VIEW THIS DAGUERREOTYPE

During this year [Melville](#) had “Misgivings” about our fair land linked so tightly to human slavery:

When ocean-clouds over inland hills
Sweep storming in late autumn brown,
And horror the sodden valley fills,
And the spire falls crashing in the town,
I muse upon my country’s ills—
The tempest bursting from the waste of Time
On the world’s fairest hope linked with man’s foulest crime.



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Nature's dark side is heeded now—
 (Ah! Optimist-cheer disheartened frown)—
 A child may read the moody brow
 Of yon black mountain lone.
 With shouts the torrents down the gorges go,
 And storms are formed behind the storm we feel:
The hemlock shakes in the rafter, the oak in the driving keel.

US CIVIL WAR

In England, Nicholas Hamilton's INQUIRY had exposed prominent [Shakespeare](#) scholar [John Payne Collier](#) as either himself a forger, or the dupe of a contemporary forger. When other evidence was brought forward, evidence having to do with falsifications that it was clear Collier had himself perpetrated in some other manuscripts at Dulwich College, it became apparent to all that this man did not deserve the benefit of any further doubt. He had entirely sacrificed all scholarly reputation. No-one of his former colleagues would ever trust him again.

This was in addition the year in which Eugene Schieffelin released European [sparrows](#) in New-York's Central Park because he was so enamored of [Shakespeare](#), and because that Elizabethan playwright had **mentioned** this bird. —Plus, Schieffelin in his environmental innocence considered that the sparrows might help us deal with our abundant caterpillars. (If only we had considered the merits of this Schieffelin's emendation of ecosystems as carefully as we had considered the merits of this Collier's emendations to Shakespeare manuscripts!)

[Henry Thoreau](#) delivered an address to the Middlesex, Massachusetts Agricultural Society entitled "The Succession of Forest Trees" in which he analyzes aspects of what would later come to be understood as forest ecology and urge farmers to plant trees in natural patterns of succession; the address would later be published, among other places in EXCURSIONS in 1863, becoming perhaps his most influential ecological contribution to the movement of that time that considered itself "conservationist thought."

ECOLOGY

Frederic Edwin Church painted "Twilight in the Wilderness;" throughout this era, he and numerous other eminent academic artists were exploring the power of American landscape as symbol and artistic subject in a profoundly influential body of work.

CONSERVATIONISM

Thomas Starr King published THE WHITE HILLS: THEIR LEGENDS, LANDSCAPE, AND POETRY, which would quickly be recognized as a classic celebration of the White Mountains of New Hampshire in the best tradition of mid-century nature-related travel literature.

CONSERVATIONISM

In Northern [California](#)'s Humboldt County, approximately 150 Wiyot elderly men, women, and children chased down and trapped and murdered by a posse of local white men. A newspaper reporter, viewing the aftermath, reported that "Lying around were dead bodies of both sexes and all ages from the old man to the infant at the breast. Some had their heads split in twain by axes, others beaten into jelly with clubs, others pierced or cut to pieces with bowie knives."

In this year and the following one, Thomas Starr King would be presenting a series of articles on [Yosemite Valley, California](#) in the Boston [Evening Transcript](#) which would help publicize the Yosemite wilderness to Easterners.¹¹¹

CONSERVATIONISM



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January 4, Wednesday: [Samuel Ripley Bartlett](#) read his ludicrously patriotic poem “The Concord Fight” at the [Concord](#)

111. The [conservation](#) movement was little more than a shabby fraud. From the historical record, these early environmental technocrats were intent not on solving our ecological crisis but on destroying the earth as quickly as possible. Their net impact has been negative: we would have been better off had we never had a conservation movement, to teach us how to manage our looting so that we looted with greater and greater effectiveness and economy. According to Samuel P. Hays’s EXPLORATIONS IN ENVIRONMENTAL HISTORY: ESSAYS BY SAMUEL P. HAYS (Pittsburgh PA: U of Pittsburgh P, 1998), these men were mere pawns of the powers that be, careerists bought by their careers:

Conservation, above all, was a scientific movement, and its role in history arose from the implications of science and technology in modern society. Conservation leaders sprang from such fields as hydrology, forestry, agrostology, geology, and anthropology. Vigorously active in professional circles in the national capital, these leaders brought the ideals and practices of their crafts into federal resource policy. Loyalty to these professional ideals, not close association with the grass-roots public, set the tone of the Theodore Roosevelt conservation movement. Its essence was rational planning to promote efficient development and use of all natural resources. The idea of efficiency drew these federal scientists from one resource task to another, from specific programs to comprehensive concepts. It molded the policies which they proposed, their administrative techniques, and their relations with Congress and the public. It is from the vantage point of applied science, rather than of democratic protest, that one must understand the historic role of the conservation movement. The new realms of science and technology, appearing to open up unlimited opportunities for human achievement, filled conservation leaders with intense optimism. They emphasized expansion, not retrenchment; possibilities, not limitations.... They displayed that deep sense of hope which pervaded all those at the turn of the century for whom science and technology were revealing visions of an abundant future.... Conflicts between competing resource users, especially, should not be dealt with through the normal processes of politics. Pressure group action, logrolling in Congress, or partisan debate could not guarantee rational and scientific decisions. Amid such jockeying for advantage with the resulting compromise, concern for efficiency would disappear. Conservationists envisaged, even though they did not realize their aims, a political system guided by the ideal of efficiency and dominated by the technicians who could best determine how to achieve it.

[Lyceum.](#)



Here still in Concord sleeps the ancient force;
 Here rebels wild, fanatics fierce, we find,
 Who war against a tyranny more dread
 Than that of old, the thraldom of the mind.
 What the old spirit dead? No, No! — it lives.

We hope and trust that he read it to gales of embarrassment from the audience, but we do not know this.

BARTLETT'S CONCORD FIGHT

For a murder trial in which opposing lawyers quoted [Henry Thoreau](#) at the judge and jury, see the entry for

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July 15, 1993 , a reprint of an article which appeared in the Sacramento, [California Bee](#):

...[Defense attorney] Clymo read to the jury excerpts from a January 4, 1860, journal entry  written by Thoreau titled, "Murder Mystery: Rabbit, Fox, Owl."... In the prosecution's closing argument last week, [Assistant District Attorney] O'Mara had invoked Thoreau's journal entry of November 11, 1850 : "Some circumstantial evidence is quite strong, as when you find a trout in the milk."...



January 4: P.M.— To second stone bridge and down river.

It is frozen directly under the stone bridge, but a few feet below the bridge it is open for four rods, and over that exceedingly deep hole, and again at that very swift and shallow narrow place some dozen rods lower. These are the only places open between this bridge and the mouth of the Assabet, except here and there a crack or space a foot wide at the springy bank just below the Pokelogan.

It is remarkable that the deepest place in either of the rivers that I have sounded should be open, simply on account of the great agitation of the water there. This proves that it is the swiftness and not warmth that makes the shallow places to be open longest.

In Hosmer's pitch pine wood just north of the bridge, I find myself on the track of a fox—as I take it—that has run about a great deal. Next I come to the tracks of rabbits, see where they have travelled back and forth, making a well-trodden path in the snow; and soon after I see where one has been killed and apparently devoured. There are to be seen only the tracks of what I take to be the fox. The snow is much trampled, or rather flattened by the body of the rabbit. It is somewhat bloody and is covered with flocks of slate-colored and brown fur, but only the rabbit's tail, a little ball of fur, an inch and a half long, and about as wide, white beneath, and the contents of its paunch or of its entrails are left,— nothing more. Half a dozen rods further, I see where the rabbit has been dropped on the snow again, and some fur is left, and there are the tracks of the fox to the spot and about it. There, or within a rod or two, I notice a considerable furrow in the snow, three or four inches wide and some two rods long, as if one had drawn a stick along, but there is no other mark or track whatever; so I conclude that a partridge, perhaps scared by the fox, had dashed swiftly along so low as to plow the snow. But two or three rods further on one side I see more sign, and lo! there is the remainder of the rabbit,— the whole, indeed, but the tail and the inward or soft parts,— all frozen stiff; but here there is no distinct track of any creature, only a few scratches and marks where some great bird of prey—a hawk or owl— has struck the snow with its primaries on each side, and one or two holes where it has stood. Now I understand how that long furrow was made, the bird with the rabbit in its talons flying low there, and now I remember that at the first bloody spot I saw some of these quill-marks; and therefore it is certain that the bird had it there, and probably he killed it, and he, perhaps disturbed by the fox, carried it to the second place, and it is certain that he (probably disturbed by the fox again) carried it to the last place, making a furrow on the way.

If it had not been for the snow on the ground I probably should not have noticed any signs that a rabbit had been killed. Or, if I had chanced to see the scattered fur, I should not have known what creature did it, or how recently. But now it is partly certain, partly probable,— or, supposing that the bird could not have taken it from the fox, it is almost all certain,— that an owl or hawk killed a rabbit here last night (the fox-tracks are so fresh), and, when eating it on the snow, was disturbed by a fox, and so flew off with it half a dozen rods, but, being disturbed again by the fox, it flew with it again about as much further, trailing it in the snow for a couple of rods as it flew,



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and there it finished its meal without being approached. A fox would probably have torn and eaten some of the skin.

When I turned off from the road my expectation was to see some tracks of wild animals in the snow, and, before going a dozen rods, I crossed the track of what I had no doubt was a fox, made apparently the last night,— which had travelled extensively in this pitch pine wood, searching for game. Then I came to rabbit-tracks, and saw where they had travelled back and forth in the snow in the woods, making a perfectly trodden path, and within a rod of that was a hollow in the snow a foot and a half across, where a rabbit had been killed. There were many tracks of the fox about that place, and I had no doubt then that he had killed that rabbit, and I supposed that some scratches which I saw might have been made by his frisking some part of the rabbit back and forth, shaking it in his mouth. I thought, Perhaps he has carried off to his young, or buried, the rest. But as it turned out, though the circumstantial evidence against the fox was very strong, I was mistaken. I had made him kill the rabbit, and shake and tear the carcass, and eat it all up but the tail (almost); but it seems that he didn't do it at [all], and apparently never got a mouthful of the rabbit. Something, surely, must have disturbed the bird, else why did it twice fly along with the heavy carcass?

The tracks of the bird at the last place were two little round holes side by side, the dry snow having fallen in and concealed the track of its feet.

It was most likely an owl, because it was most likely that the fox would be abroad by night.

The sweet-gale has a few leaves on it yet in some places, partly concealing the pretty catkins.

Again see what the snow reveals. Opposite Dodge's Brook I see on the snow and ice some fragments of frozen-thawed apples under an oak. How came they there? There are apple trees thirty rods off by the road. On the snow under the oak I see two or three tracks of a crow, and the droppings of several that were perched on the tree, and here and there is a perfectly round hole in the snow under the tree. I put down my hand and draw up an apple [out] of each, from beneath the snow. (There are no tracks of squirrels about the oak.) Crows carried these frozen-thawed apples from the apple trees to the oak, and there ate them,— what they did not let fall into the snow or on to the ice.

See that long meandering track where a deer mouse hopped over the soft snow last night, scarcely making any impression. What if you could witness with owls' eyes the revelry of the wood mice some night, frisking about the wood like so many little kangaroos? Here is a palpable evidence that the woods are nightly thronged with little creatures which most have never seen,— such populousness as commonly only the imagination dreams of.

The circumstantial evidence against that fox was very strong, for the deed was done since the snow fell and I saw no other tracks hut his at the first places. Any jury would have convicted him, and he would have been hung, if he could have been caught.

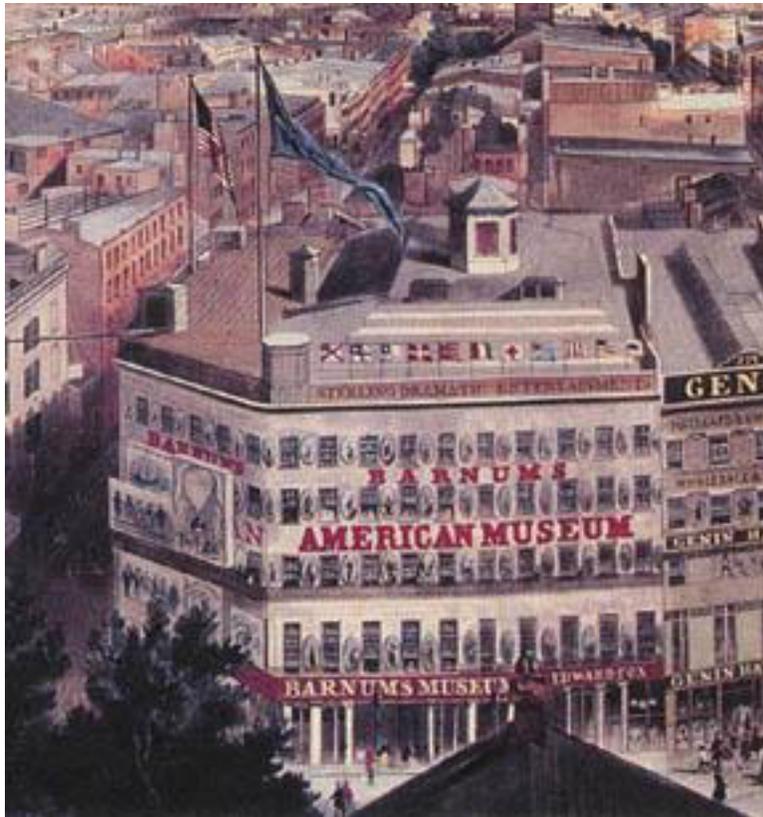
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January 7, night of the full moon in January/April 6, night after the night of the full moon: [Harvard Observatory](#) produced a stereoscopic¹¹² collodion¹¹³ photograph of the surface of the moon. For the first time one could get some direct sense of curvature and of depth, and mountains and valleys. The trick is, stare at this and let your eyes cross until the four images merge to produce a row of three images, and then transfer your attention to the middle image and inspect it as if you were inspecting someone's face.¹¹⁴

ASTRONOMY

In San Francisco, [California](#), "[Grizzly](#)" [Adams](#) took passage aboard the *Golden Fleece*, with his menagerie, to sail around Cape Horn and back to [New-York](#), where he would provide one of the exhibits in Phineas Taylor Barnum's American Museum. By this point Adams could offer not only bears, cougars and other large land animals, but also a sea-lion. Barnum would be an equal partner in the ownership of the collection. Adams's skull wound was being dressed every day by a Dr. Johns, plus, his wife came down from Massachusetts to nurse him.



112. Sir Charles Wheatstone had experimented with simple stereoscopic drawings in 1832 and obtained a patent for a stereoscope device in 1838. Since the more popular Victorian device designed by Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Holmes Stereo Viewer, would not be patented until 1861, we may infer that this stereoscopic collodion of the moon was being prepared for the Wheatstone viewer rather than for the Holmes viewer. In all probability it was being created in order to provide the public with visual proof that the moon is indeed a sphere rather than a flat disk.

113. Collodion, meaning "gluelike," is a highly flammable, colorless or yellowish syrupy solution of pyroxylin, ether, and alcohol which has been found useful as an adhesive to close small wounds and hold surgical dressings, and for the creation of photographic plates.

114. OK, it takes practice, but once you know how it will be as easy as reciting the first 27 digits of π .

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January 10, Tuesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) made no entry in his journal.

[Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) returned to San Francisco, his tour of [California](#) complete.

AND NOW, FOR SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, A REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR:

January 10th, 1860. I am again in San Francisco, and my revisit to California is closed. I have touched too lightly and rapidly for much impression upon the reader on my last visit into the interior; but, as I have said, in a mere continuation to a narrative of a seafaring life on the coast, I am only to carry the reader with me on a visit to those scenes in which the public has long manifested so gratifying an interest. But it seemed to me that slight notices of these entirely of these new parts of the country would not be out of place, for they serve to put in strong contrast with the solitudes of 1835-6 the developed interior, with its mines, and agricultural wealth, and rapidly filling population, and its large cities, so far from the coast, with their education, religion, arts, and trade.

February 25, Saturday: It was the 10th anniversary of the demise of [Josiah Gregg](#) as he struggled across [California](#) toward what would become "[Humboldt Bay](#)." The white people who had since moved into that locale had had one full decade in which to accommodate themselves to the tribal Wiyot people who had been living in that locale since time immemorial, speakers of an Algonquian language. That decade had been quite enough! They had had a crawfull!

Early on this morning they crept up on three groups of native Americans, such as the one on "[Indian Island](#)" in the bay. These men were mostly businessmen from the settlement, which was being called "[Eureka](#)."

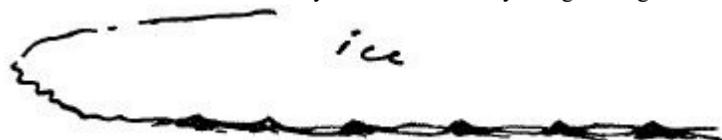


The groups thus crept up on consisted mostly of women, children, and elders, who were of course utterly defenseless. To take care of their business the white businessmen chose to employ hatchets, clubs, and knives; they did not want to attract attention with a lot of noisy gunfire (despite this intention to not make a stir, it seems that a few shots did get fired in the attempt to make the extermination complete; one of the natives did escape by swimming).



Feb. 25. P.M. — Round *via* Clamshell to Hubbard's Bridge. Colder, and frozen ground; strong wind, northwest.

I noticed yesterday in the street some dryness of stones at crossings and in the road and sidewalk here and there, and even two or three boys beginning to play at marbles, so ready are they to get at the earth. The fields of open water amid the thin ice of the meadows are the spectacle to-day. They are especially dark blue when I look southwest. Has it anything to do with the direction of the wind? It is pleasant to see high dark-blue waves half a mile off running incessantly along the edge of white ice. There the motion of the blue liquid is the most distinct. As the waves rise and fall they seem to run swiftly along the edge of the ice.



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The white pine cones have been blowing off more or less in every high wind ever since the winter began, and yet perhaps they have not more than half fallen yet.

For a day or two past I have seen in various places the small tracks apparently of skunks. They appear to come out commonly in the warmer weather in the latter part of February.

I noticed yesterday the first conspicuous silvery sheen from the needles of the white pine waving in' the wind. A small one was conspicuous by the side of the road more than a quarter of a mile ahead. I suspect that those plumes which have been appressed or contracted by snow and ice are not only dried but opened and spread by the wind.

Those peculiar tracks which I saw some time ago, and still see, made in slosh and since frozen at the Andromeda Ponds, I think must be mole-tracks, and those "nicks" on the sides are where they shoved back the snow with their vertical flippers.



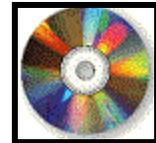
This is a very peculiar track, a broad channel in slosh, and at length in ice.

May: In what would become known as the Paiute War or the Pyramid Lake War, the white traders at Williams Station, an overland mail stop along the [California](#) Trail, kidnapped and raped two native American young women. When the Southern Paiute tribe came to their rescue, five of the whites were killed in the process and the station itself was burned. Another "Indian massacre" had taken place!



"...the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions."

— [Declaration of Independence](#)



September 6, Thursday: 5,000 Bavarians, constituting the Royal Neapolitan Army, fled from [Naples](#) before an [Italian](#) army of about a tenth their size led by [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#).

Friedrich Wilhelm replaced Georg Wilhelm as Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

[John Rollin Ridge](#) (*Chee-squa-ta-law-ny*, "Yellow Bird") delivered a poem at the Marysville, [California](#) Fair, that was printed in the [Grass Valley Union](#).

At about this point [Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by Charles P. Ricker in Lowell, Massachusetts.

Lowell, Sept. [6.] '60
Mr. H. D. Thoreau:
Yours of the 31st [is] received. We shall expect you to address our people next Sabbath. Arriving at Lowell, you will find me at No 21 Cen-



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*tral Street, or at residence No.
123 East Merrimack Street, or
you can take a [coach] direct
to Mr. Owen's, No 52 East
Merrimack Street, who will be
in readiness to entertain you, and
with whom you will find a
pleasant home during your
stay among us[.]
Hoping to see you
soon I remain
Yours Respectfully
Charles P. Ricker*



September 6, Thursday: The willows and button-bushes have very rapidly yellowed since I noticed them August 22d. I think it was the 25th of August that I found the lower or older leaves of the willow twigs decidedly and rapidly yellowing and decaying on a near inspection. Now the change is conspicuous at a distance.

September 21, Friday: British and French troops defeated the [Chinese](#) at Palikao.

Arthur Schopenhauer died in Frankfurt-am-Main at the age of 72.

James Whitford was [hanged](#) in the jailyard in San Francisco, [California](#) for having shot Edward Sheridan on February 1, 1860 over a pay dispute.



September 21, Friday: Hard rain last night. About one and seven eighths inches fallen since yesterday morning, and river rising again.
See, at Reynolds's, Hungarian millet raised by Everett. It is smaller and more purple than what is commonly raised here.

P.M.— To Easterbrooks Country.

The fever-bush berries have begun some time,—say one week; are not yet in prime. Taste almost exactly like lemon-peel. But few bushes bear any.

The bayberries are perhaps ripe, but not so light a gray and so rough, or wrinkled, as they will be.

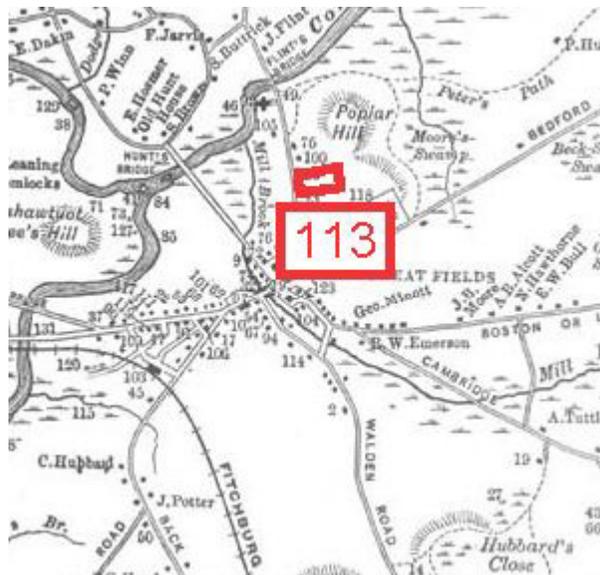
The pods of the broom are nearly half of them open. I perceive that one, just ready to open, opens with a slight spring on being touched, and the pods at once twist and curl a little. I suspect that such seeds as these, which the winds do not transport, will turn out to be more sought after by birds, etc., and so transported by them than those lighter ones which are furnished with a pappus and are accordingly transported by the wind; i. e., that those which the wind takes are less generally the food of birds and quadrupeds than the heavier and wingless seeds.

Muhlenbergia Mexicana by wall between E. Hosmer and Simon Brown, some time. Some large thorn bushes quite bare.

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September 29, Saturday: [Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed, for [Daniel Shattuck](#), on a portion of the estate which would eventuate in the Colonial Inn on Concord Common near Monument Street. His sketch shows as neighbors Joseph Reynolds, [Aunt Maria Thoreau](#), [John Shepard Keyes](#), and Mrs. Charles W. Goodnow.



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

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

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

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

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/113.htm

Also, [Thoreau](#) was working on his natural history materials. He posted to editor [Horace Greeley](#) his "SUCCESSION OF FOREST TREES" for publication in the [New-York Weekly Tribune](#).



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Concord Sep 29th 1860

Friend Greeley,

Knowing your interest in whatever relates to Agriculture, I send you with this a short Address delivered by me before "The Middlesex Agricultural Society", in this town, Sep. 20th; on The Succession of Forest Trees. It is part of a chapter on the Dispersion of Seeds. If you would like to print it, please accept it. If you do not wish to print it entire, return it to me at once, for it is due to the Societys "Report" a month or 6 weeks hence

Yrs truly

Henry D. Thoreau



September 29, Saturday: Another hard frost and a very cold day.

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



[Theodore Henry Hittell](#)'s THE ADVENTURES OF [JAMES CAPEN ADAMS](#),¹¹⁵ MOUNTAINEER AND GRIZZLY BEAR HUNTER, OF [CALIFORNIA](#) (Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee and Company. 117 Washington Street. San Francisco: Towne and Bacon). The book contained a dozen woodcuts by Charles Nahl.

JAMES CAPEN ADAMS

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



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1861

[Dr. John Aitken Carlyle](#) edited the posthumous THE HISTORY OF [SCOTTISH](#) POETRY of his friend Dr. David Irving (1778-1860), adding notes and appending a brief glossary of the Scots words that appeared in the volume.

In [California](#), Tuolumne County authorities conducted a group [hanging](#) of 4 [Chinese](#) men.

The English law which had mandated that “Any person, who commits the crime of sodomy, either with a man, or with any animal, and is found guilty, will be put to death” was eased in this year to replace the sentence of death for bestiality with a sentence to life imprisonment which is still in effect, and to replace the sentence of [hanging](#) for anal intercourse with a sentence of ten years to life for sodomitical acts. England would continue, for the time being, to have the most stringent laws against homosexual acts of any of the European countries.

England had had an extraordinary run of good luck in regard to female criminals. For the fifth year in a row, a great new record, it would need to hang no women or girls.

(In this “Criminal Law Consolidation Act,” England was also abandoning hanging as punishment for arson of dwelling-houses, and, after the execution of Martin Doyle in Chester in this year for attempting to commit murder, it would be abandoning hanging as punishment for attempted murder.)

According to Jeffrey Weeks’s COMING OUT: HOMOSEXUAL POLITICS IN BRITAIN FROM THE NINETEENTH CENTURY TO THE PRESENT (revised edition, Quartet Books 1990), this easing applied in Wales as well as England, but did not as yet apply in [Scotland](#):

Pages 11-12: Before 1885 the only legislation which directly affected homosexual acts was that referring to sodomy or buggery.... The 1533 Act of Henry VIII, which first brought sodomy within the scope of statute law, superseding ecclesiastical law, adopted the same criterion as the Church: all acts of sodomy were equally condemned as being “against nature,” whether between man and woman, man and beast, or man and man. The penalty for the “Abominable Vice of Buggary” was death. The keynote Act, re-enacted in 1563, was the basis for all homosexual convictions up to 1885.

Page 13: As part of his consolidation of the English criminal law, Sir Robert Peel actually tightened up the law on sodomy in 1826. The need to prove emission of seed as well as penetration was removed, and the death penalty re-enacted. This was particularly striking at a period when the death penalty was abolished for over a hundred other crimes.... When Lord John Russell attempted to removed “unnatural offences” from the list of capital crimes in 1841, he was forced to withdraw through lack of parliamentary support.

Pages 13-15: The death penalty for buggery, tacitly abandoned after 1836, was finally abolished in England and Wales in 1861 (in Scotland in 1889) to be replaced by penal servitude of between ten years and life. It was to remain thus for homosexual activities until 1967. But this was a prelude not to a liberalization of the law but to a tightening of its grip. By section 11 (the “Labouchere Amendment”) of the 1885 Criminal Law Amendment Act, all male homosexual acts short of buggery, whether committed in public or private, were made illegal.... And thirteen years later, the Vagrancy Act of 1898 clamped down

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on homosexual "soliciting." These two enactments represented a singular hardening of the legal situation and were a crucial factor in the determination of modern attitudes.

[John Rollin Ridge](#) (*Chee-squa-ta-law-my*, "Yellow Bird") wrote "The waves that murmur at our feet" (Pamphlets on the College of California, San Francisco). Having owned slaves in Arkansas, during the Civil War he would sympathize with the Southerners. He had no use for abolitionists, who were mere troublemakers. They had made themselves traitors just as President Lincoln himself had become a traitor to the cause of federal union (his was a complex attitude; please do not require me to make sense of it).

A 2d edition, with a new introduction and postscript, of [Theodore Henry Hittell](#)'s THE ADVENTURES OF [JAMES CAPEN ADAMS](#), MOUNTAINEER AND GRIZZLY BEAR HUNTER, OF CALIFORNIA (Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee and Company. 117 Washington Street. San Francisco: Towne and Bacon). The book contained a dozen woodcuts by Charles Nahl. [Henry Thoreau](#) would copy from this new publication into his Indian Notebook #12.



JAMES CAPEN ADAMS



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In both stereoscopic and mammoth-plate formats, Carleton E. Watkins made the 1st important photographic record of [Yosemite](#), a site he would photograph repeatedly in the coming decades.¹¹⁶ (Watkins's images would circulate widely, especially in stereoscopic form, and do much to publicize Yosemite throughout the nation.)

CONSERVATIONISM

The American Journal of Photography would designate, in 1862, this year as having been the Year of the *Carte de Visite*, the year of “cartomania”: “[T]he card photograph has swept everything before it, and is the style to endure.”

HOW TO TELL THEM APART:

Daguerreotype	direct positive, reversed image	mirrorlike surface shifts from positive to negative as you tilt it	August 19, 1839-circa 1860
Ambrotype	direct positive, reversed image	pry the sheets apart and shine a light through from the back to verify that the image is negative	1855-circa 1865
Carte de Visite	non-reversed image	wedding band is on the proper hand, you can read the titles of books, and clothing is buttoned properly for each gender	1854-circa 1925
“Tintype” (Ferrottype)	direct positive, reversed image	The metal is attracted to a magnet and there is no mirror appearance	1856-circa 1945

March 1, Thursday: African American Albert Lee was [hanged](#) in San Francisco, [California](#) for having murdered his estranged wife, Madelaine Delphine Aggie Pullier Lee, on July 3d, 1859, after she had refused to reconcile with him. He then attempted suicide. Sheriff of San Francisco Doane oversaw this execution in the jailyard.

The Confederate constitution.

INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE

Mrs. Varina Davis and children arrived at Montgomery, Alabama and settled in at the First White House of the Confederacy.

US CIVIL WAR

W.E. Burghardt Du Bois: The attempt, initiated by the constitutional fathers, to separate the problem of slavery from that of the slave-trade had, after a trial of half a century, signally failed, and for well-defined economic reasons. The nation had at last come to the parting of the ways, one of which led to a free-labor system, the other to a slave system fed by the slave-trade. Both sections of the country naturally hesitated at the cross-roads: the North clung to the delusion that a territorially limited system of slavery, without a slave-trade, was still possible in the South; the South hesitated to fight for her logical object – slavery and free trade in Negroes – and, in her moral and economic dilemma, sought to make autonomy

116. Please note: The cause known as “conservation” had not yet gotten around to making a critical distinction — that between conserving a wild place, and conserving a photo of a wild place.



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and the Constitution her object. The real line of contention was, however, fixed by years of development, and was unalterable by the present whims or wishes of the contestants, no matter how important or interesting these might be: the triumph of the North meant free labor; the triumph of the South meant slavery and the slave-trade.

It is doubtful if many of the Southern leaders ever deceived themselves by thinking that Southern slavery, as it then was, could long be maintained without a general or a partial reopening of the slave-trade. Many had openly declared this a few years before, and there was no reason for a change of opinion. Nevertheless, at the outbreak of actual war and [secession](#), there were powerful and decisive reasons for relegating the question temporarily to the rear. In the first place, only by this means could the adherence of important Border States be secured, without the aid of which secession was folly. Secondly, while it did no harm to laud the independence of the South and the kingship of cotton in "stump" speeches and conventions, yet, when it came to actual hostilities, the South sorely needed the aid of Europe; and this a nation fighting for slavery and the slave-trade stood poor chance of getting. Consequently, after attacking the slave-trade laws for a decade, and their execution for a quarter-century, we find the Southern leaders inserting, in both the provisional and the permanent Constitutions of the Confederate States, the following article:

—
The importation of negroes of the African race, from any foreign country other than the slaveholding States or Territories of the United States of America, is hereby forbidden; and Congress is required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same.

Congress shall also have power to prohibit the introduction of slaves from any State not a member of, or Territory not belonging to, this Confederacy.¹¹⁷

The attitude of the Confederate government toward this article is best illustrated by its circular of instructions to its foreign ministers: —

It has been suggested to this Government, from a source of unquestioned authenticity, that, after the recognition of our independence by the European Powers, an expectation is generally entertained by them that in our treaties of amity and commerce a clause will be introduced making stipulations against the African slave trade. It is even thought that neutral Powers may be inclined to insist upon the insertion of such a clause as a *sine qua non*.

You are well aware how firmly fixed in our Constitution is the policy of this Confederacy against the opening of that trade, but we are informed that false and insidious suggestions have been made by the agents of the United States at European Courts of our intention to change our constitution as soon as peace is restored, and of authorizing the importation of slaves from Africa. If, therefore, you should find, in your intercourse with the Cabinet to which you are accredited, that any such impressions are entertained, you will use every proper effort to remove them, and if an attempt is made to introduce into any treaty which you may be charged with negotiating stipulations on the subject just mentioned, you will assume, in behalf of

117. CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA STATUTES AT LARGE, 1861, page 15, Constitution, Art. 1, sect. 9, §§ 1, 2.



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your Government, the position which, under the direction of the President, I now proceed to develop.

The Constitution of the Confederate States is an agreement made between independent States. By its terms all the powers of Government are separated into classes as follows, viz.: –

1st. Such powers as the States delegate to the General Government.

2d. Such powers as the States agree to refrain from exercising, although they do not delegate them to the General Government.

3d. Such powers as the States, without delegating them to the General Government, thought proper to exercise by direct agreement between themselves contained in the Constitution.

4th. All remaining powers of sovereignty, which not being delegated to the Confederate States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people thereof.... Especially in relation to the importation of African negroes was it deemed important by the States that no power to permit it should exist in the Confederate Government.... It will thus be seen that no power is delegated to the Confederate Government over this subject, but that it is included in the third class above referred to, of powers exercised directly by the States.... This Government unequivocally and absolutely denies its possession of any power whatever over the subject, and cannot entertain any proposition in relation to it.... The policy of the Confederacy is as fixed and immutable on this subject as the imperfection of human nature permits human resolve to be. No additional agreements, treaties, or stipulations can commit these States to the prohibition of the African slave trade with more binding efficacy than those they have themselves devised. A just and generous confidence in their good faith on this subject exhibited by friendly Powers will be far more efficacious than persistent efforts to induce this Government to assume the exercise of powers which it does not possess.... We trust, therefore, that no unnecessary discussions on this matter will be introduced into your negotiations. If, unfortunately, this reliance should prove ill-founded, you will decline continuing negotiations on your side, and transfer them to us at home....¹¹⁸

This attitude of the conservative leaders of the South, if it meant anything, meant that individual State action could, when it pleased, reopen the slave-trade. The radicals were, of course, not satisfied with any veiling of the ulterior purpose of the new slave republic, and attacked the constitutional provision violently. "If," said one, "the clause be carried into the permanent government, our whole movement is defeated. It will abolitionize the Border Slave States – it will brand our institution. Slavery cannot share a government with Democracy, – it cannot bear a brand upon it; thence another revolution ... having achieved one revolution to escape democracy at the North, it must still achieve another to escape it at the South. That it

118. From an intercepted circular dispatch from J.P. Benjamin, "Secretary of State," addressed in this particular instance to Hon. L.Q.C. Lamar, "Commissioner, etc., St. Petersburg, Russia," and dated Richmond, Jan. 15, 1863; published in the National Intelligencer, March 31, 1863; cf. also the issues of Feb. 19, 1861, April 2, 3, 25, 1863; also published in the pamphlet, THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE: THE SECRET PURPOSE, etc. The editors vouch for its authenticity, and state it to be in Benjamin's own handwriting.

will ultimately triumph none can doubt.”¹¹⁹



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

March 27, Thursday: 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 obviously left behind 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.” 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.

Paul Marie Théodore Vincent d’Indy was born in Paris, the 1st child born to Antonin d’Indy, a wealthy aristocrat, and Matilde de Chabrol-Crousol, also of an aristocratic family. Matilde, age 21, would not survive the birth. Antonin d’Indy would marry again in 1855, a union which would produce 3 more children.



March 27: Walden is ²/₃ broken up It will probably be quite open by to-morrow night.

April 23, Tuesday Fort Smith was seized by Arkansas state troops.

[John Rollin Ridge](#) (*Chee-squa-ta-law-ny*, “Yellow Bird”) retired as editor of the Daily National Democrat of Marysville, [California](#).

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being replied to by [Thomas Cholmondeley](#) in Shrewsbury, about his concern for the warlike state of the world. (It would seem, on the basis of the substance of this letter, that Thoreau had written him a letter in which he had commented on the evolutionary theory of [Charles Darwin](#), but that this prior Thoreau letter has not survived.)

Shrewsbury

April 23. 1861

My dear Thoreau— It is now some time since I wrote to you or heard from you but do not suppose that I have forgotten you or shall

119. L.W. Spratt of South Carolina, in the Southern Literary Messenger, June, 1861, XXXII. 414, 420. Cf. also the Charleston Mercury, Feb. 13, 1861, and the National Intelligencer, Feb. 19, 1861.



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ever cease to cherish in my mind those days at dear old Concord. The last I heard about you all was from Morton who was in England about a year ago; & I hope that he has got over his difficulties & is now in his own country again. I think he has seen rather more of English country life than most Yankee tourists: & appeared to find it curious, though I fear he was dulled by our ways, for he was too full of ceremony & compliments & bows, which is a mistake here; though very well in Spain. I am afraid he was rather on pins & needles; but he made a splendid speech at a volunteer supper, & indeed the very best, some said, ever heard in this part of the country. We are here in a state of alarm & apprehension the world being so troubl'd in East & West & everywhere. Last year the harvest was bad & scanty. This year, our trade is beginning to feel the events in America. In reply to the northern tariff, of course we are going to smuggle as much as we can. The supply of cotton being such a necessity to us – we must work up India & South Africa a little better. There is war even in old Newzealand. but not in the same island where my people are! Besides we are certainly on the eve of a continental blaze. So we are making merry & living while we can: not being sure where we shall be this time year.

Give my affectionate regards to your father mother & sister & to M' Emerson & his family, & to Channing Sanborn Ricketson Blake & Morton & Alcott & Parker. A thought arises in my mind whether I may not be enumerating some dead men! Perhaps Parker is! These rum ours of wars make me wish that we had got done with this brutal stupidity of War altogether; & I believe, Thoreau, that the human race will at last get rid of it, though perhaps not in a creditable way— but such powers will be brought to bear that it will become monstrous even to the French.

Dundonald declared to the last that he possessed secrets which from their tremendous character would make war impossible. So peace may be begotten from the machinations of evil.

Have you heard of any good books lately? I think “Burnt Njal” good & believe it to be genuine. “Hast thou not heard (says Steinvora to Thangbrand) how Thor challenged Christ to single combat & how he did not dare to fight with Thor” When Gunnar brandishes his sword three swords are seen in air.

The account of Ospak & Brodir & Brians battle is the only historical account of that engagement which the Irish talk so much of; for I place little trust in OHallorans authority, though the outline is the same in both.

— *Darwin's origin of species may be fanciful but it is a move in the right direction.*

— *Emersons conduct of Life has done me good; but it will not go down in England for a generation or so.*

But these are some of them already a year or two old. The book of the season is De Chaillu's central Africa with accounts of the Gorilla of which you are aware that you have had a skeleton at Boston for many years. There is also one in the British museum; but they have

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now several stuffed specimens at the Geographical societys rooms in Town.

I suppose you will have seen Sir Emerson Tennent's Ceylon, which is perhaps as complete a book as ever was published; & a better monument to a Governors-residence in a great province was never made.

We have been lately astonished by a foreign Hamlet, a supposed impossibility; but M' Fechter does real wonders. No doubt he will visit America & then you may see the best actor in the world. He has carried out Goethes idea of Hamlet as given in the Wilhelm Meister showing him forth as a fair hair'd & fat man. I suppose you are not got fat yet!

yrs ever truly Thos Cholmondeley



April 23. Think I hear bay-wings. Toads ring.

June 4, Tuesday: African American John Clarkson was [hanged](#) in the jailyard in San Francisco, [California](#) for having cut the throat of his estranged lover, Caroline F. Park, with a razor on December 1st, 1860.



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June 6, Thursday, 3PM: The 1st *Maid of the Mist* had been launched on May 27, 1846, and until 1848, when the 1st suspension bridge was built, it had constituted the only way to cross the border. With ferry service no longer needed, that craft had been repurposed as a tourist boat. It had been superseded with this larger boat, the *Maid of the Mist II*, a 72-foot paddle wheeler, on July 14, 1854. The vessel had been sold at public auction to a Canadian company on condition that it be transferred to the docks at Queenston, Ontario, three incredibly difficult miles downstream. The crew had been promised a reward of \$500 if this could be accomplished. On this day, with a shrill blast of the steam whistle, Captain Joel Robinson, mechanic James McIntyre, and engineer James Jones took the *Maid of the Mist II* tourist ferry full speed ahead down the [Niagara Falls](#) through the Great Gorge Rapids, the Whirlpool Rapids, and the Devil's Hole Rapids, three miles of excitement to Lake Ontario. In this passage the craft reached a speed of approximately 39 miles per hour. When they reached the placid waters of Lake Ontario they were without their smokestack, but despite this the three-man crew would be receiving the promised reward.

[John Rollin Ridge](#) (*Chee-squa-ta-law-ny*, "Yellow Bird"), a militant [Cherokee](#) who was no friend of the pacific local "Digger Indians," read one of his poems at the Commencement of Oakland College in [California](#):

The waves that murmur at our feet,
Through many an age had rolled
Ere fortune found her favorite seat
Within this land of gold.

The Digger, searching for his roots,
Here roamed the region wide—
Or, wearied with the day's pursuits,
Slept by this restless tide.

The dream of greatness never rose
Upon his simple brain;
The wealth on which a nation grows,
And builds its power to reign,

All darkly lay beneath his tread,
Where many a stream did wind,
Deep slumbering in its yellow bed,
The charm that rules mankind.

Had he and his dark brethren known
Of gold the countless worth,
They now beyond that power had grown
Which sweeps them from the earth.

But happier he perchance, by far,
Still digging for his roots,
Than thousand paler wanderers are
Whose toil hath had no fruits.

Still following luck's unsteady star,
Where'er its light hath gleamed,
To many a gulch and burning bar,
Which proved not what it seemed.

How wearied they have sat them down,
To watch the passers by—
The throng that still 'gainst Fortune's frown,
Their varied "prospects" try.

Behold the active and the young,
Whose strength not yet doth fail,
And hear them, with a cheerful tongue,
Encourage those that quail.

With mournful, melancholy look,
The broken-hearted come,
Whose souls we read as in a book,
Though shut their lips and dumb!

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And mark yon aged, trembling one,
How weak his step and slow!
Ah, hear him as he totters on,
Sigh painfully and low!

Far from the peaceful home he left,
In fever-rage for gold—
Of friends, almost of hope bereft,
He now is trebly old.

And Fortune often favors not,
Who most her favors need;
Thus he may wander on forgot,
While strong ones gain the meed

How many hearts like his have pined,
As prisoned bird of air,
For sunny homes they left behind,
And friends who loved them there,

And many a merry heart shall pine,
Through long and lonesome years,
And watch the light of life decline
Amidst uncounted tears.

Far off among the mountains stern,
Shall thousands meet with blight,
And many a raven lock shall turn
To hairs of frosty white;

And many a lonely grave shall hide
The mouldering form of him
For whom sad eyes are never dried,
With age and sorrow dim.

Yet, though the wayside all be strewn
With sorrows and with graves,
The glory of the race is shown
By what it does and braves.

What though the desert's mouldering heaps
Affright the startled eye—
What though in wilds the venturer sleeps,
His bones uncovered lie,

'Tis not the living that have won
Alone the victory:
But each dead soldier, too, has done
His part as loftily.

'Tis they—the living and the dead—
Who have redeemed our land;
Have cities reared, the arts have spread,
And placed us where we stand.

As led Adventure bold before,
The Arts and Learning came;
And now, behold I upon this shore
They have a place and name.

Where roamed erewhile the rugged bear
Amid these oaks of green,
And wandering from his mountain lair
The cougar's steps were seen,

Lo! Peace hath built her quiet nest;
And "mild-eyed Science" roves,
As was her wont when Greece was blest,
In Academic groves.

Oh! tranquil be these shades for aye,

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These groves forever green;
And youth and age still bless their day
That here their steps have been.

May Learning here still have her seat,
Her empire of the mind
The home of Genius, Wit's Retreat,
Whate'er is pure refined.

And thus the proudest boast shall be
Of young Ambition crowned—
“The woods of Oakland sheltered me,
Their leaves my brow have bound.”



June 6: ... a wild pigeon's nest in a young bass tree, ten feet from the ground, four or five rods south of Lake Calhoun; built over a broad fork of the tree, where a third slender twig divided it, and a fourth forked it.... Built of slender hard twigs only, so open that I could see the eggs from the ground, and also so slight I could scarcely get to it without upsetting it. The bulk of the nest was six inches over; the ring of the concavity three-quarters of an inch thick, but irregular. At first (seeing the bird fly off) I thought it an unfinished nest.

Lumberers came here & speared this eve.

September 21, Saturday: [Mrs. Ellen Dana Conway](#), the wife of the Reverend [Moncure Daniel Conway](#), gave birth to a 2d baby boy, whom she allowed her husband to name “Emerson” in accordance with his current main man, whom he had just visited in Concord (unfortunately the Reverend Conway would expunge his fascination with [Waldo Emerson](#) the great thinker, before his child would become adult).

John Ellis was elected Sheriff of San Francisco, [California](#). He would assumed office on October 7th, 1861.

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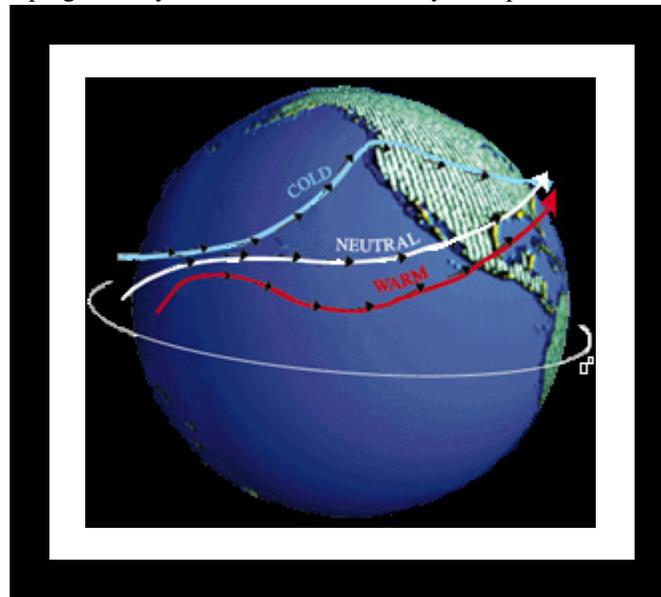
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December 24, Tuesday: It began to rain most heavily in Southern [California](#).



This was no ordinary rainfall but what we today would term a continuous “pineapple express” of water out of the mid-Pacific, dumping as many inches as would normally be experienced in Southern [California](#) during an



entire year in the span of but a single day. The downpour would continue with but little interruption for all of 45 days, ripping the coastline to shreds, and Sacramento underwater for six months — and would then immediately be followed by one of the most severe and extended droughts imaginable, with the most radical

ENSO

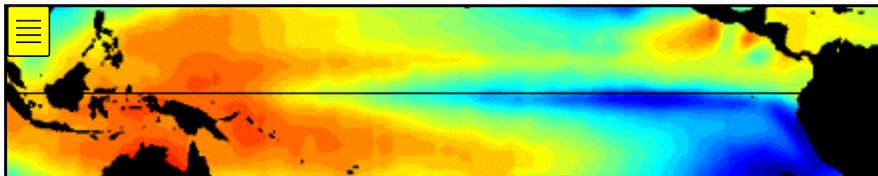
impact upon this verdant landscape that had been visited by Dana.

Largest Scale Global Weather Oscillations 1855-1864

	Southern Oscillation	South Pacific current reversal	Indonesian monsoon	Australian droughts	Indian monsoon	Annual Nile flood
1855	strong	cold La Niña	drought	adequate	deficient	very low
1856	absent	cold La Niña	adequate	adequate	adequate	adequate
1857	moderate +	warm El Niño moderate	drought	drought	adequate	low
1858	moderate +	warm El Niño moderate	adequate	adequate	deficient	quite weak
1859	moderate +	cold La Niña	adequate	adequate	deficient SBM	quite weak
1860	moderate	warm El Niño moderate	adequate	adequate	deficient	adequate
1861	absent	cold La Niña	adequate	drought	adequate	adequate
1862	moderate -	warm El Niño moderate -	adequate	drought	adequate	adequate
1863	absent	cold La Niña	adequate	drought	adequate	adequate
1864	very strong	warm El Niño strong	drought	drought	deficient SBM	extremely poor

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.

This Noachian deluge was followed by a relentless drought that lasted from the summer of 1862 through the fall of 1864. While the attention of the rest of the world was riveted on Antietam and Gettysburgh, Southern California’s hybrid Yankee-Mexican squirearchy was watching hundreds of thousands of cattle die. The climax of the drought was an environmental disaster of Sahelian proportions. Dying, crazed cattle and horses stripped the desiccated landscape of every green stalk or leaf. What scant vegetation remained was consumed by a plague of *chapules* (locust) that suddenly appeared in 1864. The willow stockade built by the Anaheim colony to keep out *mestenos* [wild horses] now became a defense against famished cattle. The rains, when they finally came again, carved hundreds of arroyos in the bare ground, carrying away nearly a quarter of the fertile topsoil. Once verdant valleys were transformed into deserts.



Christmas: The adolcescing William James, Jr. had been reduced to trotting along all morning behind a young lady relative through downtown Boston, toting parcels for her as she shopped. He wrote to his family swearing “a mighty oath unto high heaven” that he would never “acknowledge a ‘young lady’ as a human being.”



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1862

The Morrill Land-Grant College Act granted more than 13,000,000 acres of federal land to the state governments to support the establishment of colleges that would teach the agricultural and mechanical arts. The United States Department of Agriculture was created. These two novelties would set the stage for the creation of the 1st State Agricultural Experiment Stations. Those in [California](#) and Connecticut would be established in 1875, and by 1900 there would be 60 such Agricultural Experiment Stations.

May 9, Friday: The Springfield, Massachusetts [Daily Republican](#) noted [Henry Thoreau](#)'s demise:

Henry D. Thoreau, the recluse author, died of consumption at Concord, 7th inst. aged 44 years. His work entitled "Walden" and his magazine writings evinced great originality and keenness as a student of nature. He was a favorite disciple of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

(It intrigues me, that an obituary can be published by the popular press in such manner as to bear a suppressed final summation: "So that's it, that's all there was, that's everything it amounted to." And, nobody needs to be offended.)

The [Confederates](#) evacuated from Norfolk, Virginia.

David Hunter, commander of the federal government's [Department of the South](#), proclaimed the manumission of all the slaves of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida.

[Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) went into Boston to Dunshee's to secure the ambrotype which he had had taken of his friend during his visit in August 1861, and then arranged as precious objects the 27 letters which [Henry](#) had written to him.

Edward Bonney (AKA Frank Bonney) was [hanged](#) in San Leandro, [California](#) for having killed a San Francisco man.

Captain [Charles Henry Davis](#) became the Acting Flag Officer in command of the Western Gunboat Flotilla.

US CIVIL WAR





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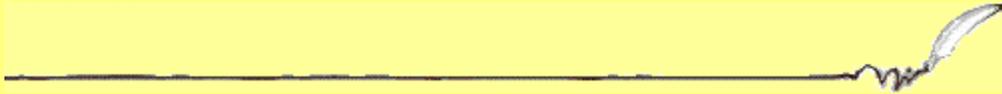
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August 31, Sunday: [Winthrop E. Faulkner](#) mustered at Camp Wilson near Lowell, Massachusetts with Company E of the 6th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, for the Nine Months' Campaign, at the rank of Captain.¹²⁰

[Edward Waldo Emerson](#) arrived in Sacramento after his overland trip to [California](#).

At some point during August or September or October of this year, [Waldo Emerson](#) jotted into his journal what appears to have been his synopsis of what he had taken away from various conversations he had had from time to time with [Henry Thoreau](#):

Henry said, "I wish so to live as to derive my satisfactions & inspirations from the commonest events, so that what my senses hourly perceive, my daily walk, the conversation of my neighbors may inspire me, & I may dream of no heaven but that which lies above me.



120. The unit would relocate to Washington DC on September 9th to the 12th. From there it would relocate to Virginia on September 14th and 15th, where it would be attached to Foster's Provisional Brigade, Division at Suffolk, 7th Army Corps, Department of Virginia until April 1863, and then to 2nd Brigade, 1st Division, 7th Army Corps, Department of Virginia until June 1863. It would participate in an expedition to Western Branch Church on October 3-4, 1862 and in expeditions to Blackwater on October 24-26 and on November 17-19 involving a skirmish at Lawrence's Plantation on November 17th. It would participate in an expedition to Beaver Dam Church on December 1-3. It would see action on the Blackwater River near Franklin on December 2d. It would participate in an expedition to Zuni on December 11-13, taking part in an action at Zuni on December 11th, 1862. It would take part in an action at Deserted House on January 30, 1863. It would participate in the siege of Suffolk from April 12th to May 4th, when the siege would be raised. It would take part in operations on the Seaboard & Roanoke Railroad from May 12th to the 26th, being at the action at Holland House on May 15-16. It would relocate to Boston on May 26-29, and there muster out as of June 3, 1863. This entire regiment would lose during these nine months of service two officers and 11 enlisted men killed or mortally wounded, and in addition 18 enlisted men would succumb to illness.

1863

Execution of women had somehow fallen out of favor in England. However, in this year 27-year-old Alice Holt would be hanged in Chester for having murdered her mother.

In California, the US Army hanged 5 native Americans all in a row.

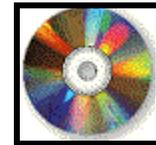
Texas, a district not known for its compassion, executed Chipita Rodriguez for having murdered a horse trader. Texas, a district known for its chivalry, has not executed any woman since that point, that is, until Governor Bush recently executed by lethal injection Karla Faye Tucker:

COLDBLOODED MURDER

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

1932	George Eastman	Suicide note — he shot himself.	“My work is done. Why wait?”
1936	George V, King of England	It was suggested that he might recuperate at Bogner Regis	“Bugger Bogner.”
1945	Franklin Delano Roosevelt	having a massive cerebral hemorrhage	“I have a terrific headache.”
1945	Adolf Hitler	as hypothesized by Kurt Vonnegut	“I never asked to be born in the first place.”
1946	Alfred Rosenberg	hangman asked if he had last words	“No.”
1977	Gary Gilmore	being inventively executed	“Let’s do it.”
1997	Diana, Princess of Wales	per French police records	“My God. What’s happened?”
1998	Karla Fay Tucker	Governor George W. Bush refused requests from Christian organizations based upon her alleged conversion	“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.”



... other famous last words ...

Remember that [John Charles Frémont](#) had been recommended for the King of Prussia’s “Great Golden Medal of Progress in the Sciences” by his mentor [Alexander von Humboldt](#) in 1850, and had reciprocated this courtesy by naming much of Nevada after him? In 1863 we came close to naming this entire state “Humboldt” rather than “Nevada.” There is in fact a profusion of such place-names in America, especially in the Midwestern regions where Germans settled, scattered across the Southwest — and a cluster of such names in northern [California](#).¹²¹ The USA had honored “America’s friend” Humboldt more often than any other country. Considering only major geographical features, there are 11 in the Old World, 13 in the New World south of the US border, 8 in the New World north of the US border, and 37 inside the frontiers of the USA.

In this year, in [California](#)’s San Francisco, the romantic Cliff House was erected to serve the carriage trade:



May 19, Tuesday: Destruction of Medora’s papers.

Sheriff of San Francisco, [California](#) John Ellis was re-elected and would assume office for his 2d term on July 1st, 1863. Sheriff Ellis would not execute anyone and would resign sometime before June 1st, 1864, probably May 1st, 1864. His Undersheriff Henry Davis would finish Ellis’s term after this resignation, and would then successfully run for election in his own right.

The initial [Federal](#) assault on Vicksburg, Mississippi failed.

US CIVIL WAR

[Sophia Elizabeth Thoreau](#) wrote from [Concord](#) to her cousin Marianne or Mary Anne Mitchell Dunbar of Bridgewater, Massachusetts, giving news of relatives and of Concord friends:

"I really shrink from telling you what befell my precious mother last Dec. the 21st day of the month. It was bitter cold, all the family (that is my two aged aunts & Joanna our girl) except mother & myself had gone to bed, when dear mother fell down a very steep staircase, very nearly killing herself. She was deprived of her senses for an hour or two, & during that time she called continually for Henry to help her, her right arm was frightfully shattered. The Dr. administered either, & set her arm carrying off four pieces of bone in his pocket. It was months before poor mother left her bed. Our previous afflictions, &



121. Refer to the study by Ulrich-Dieter Oppitz, who has dated most of the names in America from the 1840s through the early 1870s: "Der Name der Bruder Humboldt in Aller Welt" in ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, WERK UND WELTGELTUNG. München: R. Piper and Co. Verlag, 1969.



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this terrible shock to my nerves, added to the fatigue of nursing mother has seriously impaired my frail health, & the spring finds us miserable indeed. Mother can walk, but there is no prospect that she will ever recover the use of her right hand. I would not forget the many blessings which attend me, but in my feebleness I do miss an earthly friend to lean upon, dear Henry was a host so wise in counsel & so efficient in every emergency. Oh it is a great mystery that we are left to live without him. Ticknor & Fields are about to issue a volume of my brother's papers.... I have been preparing some of my brothers MSS, for the press."

CYNTHIA DUNBAR THOREAU

HENRY THOREAU



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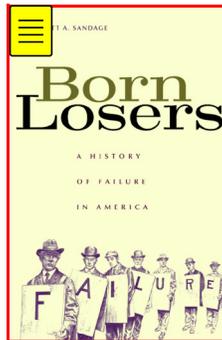
1864

February 5, Friday: In [California](#), George Colmere used a comb tooth to open a vein the night before he was to be [hanged](#).

US Congressman [Thomas Allen Jenckes](#) received a letter from a private citizen who was, shall we say, generally in favor of standardized and liberalized federal bankruptcy legislation:

If the administration could know the feelings of the thousands who are tied in stronger chains than the Black man ever was, they would as a matter of policy (if not of justice) remove the shackles from off us.

Racist comparisons defined failure and rebuked the government for letting white men fall so low.



June 1, Wednesday: The longest and bloodiest civil war of which we have ever had any information, the Christian rebellion that had begun in 1850, ground toward its belated and sanguine conclusion with the Confucian and Buddhist forces of the *Ch'ing* emperor of [China](#) in Beijing besieging the capital city of the *Tai-p'ing T'ien-kuo* or “Central Kingdom of Great Peace,” Nanjing.

Since it had become very clear that it was, finally, all over except for the shouting, the raping and looting, and of course the bayoneting, private military groupings such as the Ever Victorious Army would in this month be in the process of being disbanded.

[CHINESE CIVIL WAR](#)

Henry Davis “assumed the office of the Shrievalty” in San Francisco, [California](#) to complete the unexpired term of Mr. John S. Ellis, resigned (which is to say, he became San Francisco’s new sheriff).

It is to be noted that, in the 77 years since 1787, there had been in the USA a grand sum total of merely 4 years in which there had existed uniform federal laws for bankruptcy. In the US House of Representatives, therefore, on this day Congressman [Thomas Allen Jenckes](#), a Lincoln Republican, addressed the US House of Representatives in sponsorship of a new uniform federal bankruptcy law, urging “emancipation” for Union soldiers who were bankrupt. “What to them are the guarantees of the Constitution?” Their present choice, it seemed to this orator, consisted in either “[laying] their bones upon the battle-fields,” or “[returning] to a life-long servitude.”

If hopeless insolvency be commercial death, then the bankrupt laws open to the honest bankrupt freedom from his debts, and the

road to a new commercial life.



However, it was within the authority of the US Congress to ameliorate the life condition of these loyal veterans, for “The power to make this declaration of freedom stands written upon the face of the Constitution” in that the US Constitution was written in such manner as to allow Congress to enact “uniform Laws on the subject of Bankruptcies.” These loyal veterans should be granted “opportunity of liberating themselves from their bondage.” They should return to civil life to “walk free in the exercise of those rights which the immortal Declaration declares inalienable.” Note that Congressman Jenckes, a white man, was speaking not on behalf of “Colored troops,” *sic*, who had been held in the real manacles of slavery, but on behalf of white soldiers who had been merely entangled in the abstract “bondage of debt.”

US CIVIL WAR



Jenckes’s plan to free men in debt became the first comprehensive bankruptcy law in American history, the Act of 1867, which surmounted the politics of failure by invoking the Civil War legacies of abolition and ambition. Debtors neither bled like chattel slaves nor belied the terms of the Constitution, which charged Congress to make “uniform Laws on the subject of Bankruptcies.” And yet, between 1787 and 1865, the stopgap laws of 1800 and 1841 lasted a total of barely four years. Bankruptcy and slavery met similar obstacles on the dead-end roads of antebellum politics. People in slavery were presumed incapable of moral responsibility; such was a white man’s burden, a set of obligations that supposedly made unpaid bills inescapable. Freeing slaves divested masters of legal property, and discharging debtors stripped creditors of the fruits of legal contracts. Bankruptcy and abolition posed taboo questions: could the federal government narrow property rights



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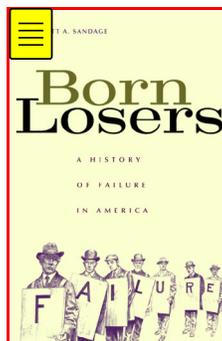
CALIFORNIA

to expand civil rights; and if so, should it? The two controversies intersected in theory and chronology. The panic of 1819 introduced a new order of economic crisis; the Missouri Compromise of 1820, a new era of political crisis. Secession in April 1861 induced cessation in May – debtors on both sides quit paying enemy creditors, ruining thousands. The Emancipation Proclamation of 1863 gave impetus to the bankruptcy bill of 1864. “Men ruined by the war” had begun to make noise about a debtors’ uprising when Jenckes’s “bondage of debt” speech hit the papers on June 1.

A congressman made an unlikely Spartacus, even for rhetorical bondsmen, yet Jenckes’s words rallied an army of debtors. “Allow me,” one wrote on June 6, 1864, “in behalf of the *thousands* ... bound down with a bondage worse than slavery, to thank you for your efforts to release them through the medium of the bankrupt law.” Overnight, the smallest state’s freshman representative had a national constituency, whose letters brought individual voices of failure into federal politics. Metaphoric bondage couched their fears in racist jealousy, lest they be left behind when the war ended. In December 1864, a week after the completion of Sherman’s march to the sea, an Ohioan looked toward Union victory “with grateful Emotions for your Efforts to Emancipate the *white slaves*.” If the politician spoke their language, he shared little else with his followers. Thomas Allen Jenckes was property interests incarnate, a major industrial patent lawyer born into a century-old political and commercial dynasty. Friends joked that he had nary a wild hair in his long black beard.

This new federal bankruptcy act would be defeated by one vote:

The question was this: Having seceded without paying their bills, should the former Confederates be readmitted to the Union without paying?



May 17, Tuesday: It is clear from [The Daily Alta California](#) that Henry Davis ran for election for the post of Sheriff of San Francisco, as a candidate of The People’s Party, and won by a healthy margin against one opponent, Charley Weller of the Copperhead party (this was a “special” election, to fill the post vacated by Ellis).

The [88th Illinois Volunteer Infantry Regiment](#) participated in the fighting at Adairsville, Georgia.

CIVIL WAR

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June 30, Thursday: In besieged Nanjing, the ailing younger-brother-of-[Jesus-Christ](#) leader of the [Chinese Christian Tai-p'ing T'ien-kuo](#) or “Central Kingdom of Great Peace” movement, [Hung Hsiu Ch'üan](#) 洪秀全, who had repeatedly refused to provision his capitol against siege and had repeatedly refused to exit while he still could, at this point killed himself by swallowing gold leaf.¹²²



洪秀全

MILLENNIALISM

CHINA

President Abraham Lincoln signed the [Yosemite](#) Grant Act: “Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there shall be, and is hereby, granted to the State of California the ‘cleft’ or ‘gorge’ in the granite peak of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, situated in the county of Mariposa, in the State aforesaid, and the headwaters of the Merced River, and known as the Yo-Semite Valley, with its branches or spurs, in estimated length fifteen miles, and in average width one mile back from the main edge of the precipice, on each side of the valley, with the stipulation, nevertheless, that the said State shall accept this grant upon the express conditions that the premises shall be held for public use, resort, and recreation; shall be inalienable for all time; but leases not exceeding ten years may be granted for portions of said premises. All incomes derived from leases of privileges to be expended in the preservation and improvement of the property, or the roads leading thereto; the boundaries to be established at the cost of said State by the United States surveyor-general of California, whose official plat, when affirmed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, shall constitute the evidence of the locus, extent, and limits of the said cleft or gorge; the premises to be managed by the governor of the State with eight other commissioners,

122. Or so the sources say. But I simply do not understand. I do not understand how one might kill oneself with such a substance as gold, which I was supposing would be quite biologically inert. In a healthy young person, I would suppose off the top of my gourd, the ingestion of quantities of gold leaf would merely cause a balling up of the leaf in the intestines, and any quantity of this would pass through the body as pellets. –Perhaps, in an ailing, elderly person, if the gold leaf were accompanied by quantities of [opium](#), an opium coma might result, and in addition to the constipation which is a normal concomitant of opium consumption, one’s absorption of nutrients might be somewhat retarded? I don’t know, I’m clueless, and I remain clueless after interrogating any number of knowledgeable Chinese on this topic. In such a case, I would suppose, the OD of opium would be what would be doing the real work of suicide, and the primary function of the gold leaf, it would seem, would be to mark the death as an important death? – Obviously, I’m guessing here.

(Here’s a thought. Sterling Seagrave suggests that causing someone to swallow gold leaf was a common enough method for murder in China at this time, but, he states, the gold did its work slowly and the process was agonizing. He indicates that the gold leaf method was thus not a good one for purposes of suicide, that for suicide the overdose of opium was much to be preferred. Does Seagrave know what he is talking about or is he merely blowing smoke up our butts?)



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to be appointed by the executive of California, and who shall receive no compensation for their services. And be it further enacted, That there shall likewise be, and there is hereby, granted to the said State of California the tracts embracing what is known as the 'Mariposa Big Tree Grove,' not to exceed the area of four sections, and to be taken in legal subdivisions of one quarter section each, with the like stipulation as expressed in the first section of this act as to the State's acceptance, with like conditions as in the first section of this act as to inalienability, yet with same lease privilege; the income to be expended in preservation, improvement, and protection of the property; the premises to be managed by commissioners as stipulated in the first section of this act, and to be taken in legal subdivisions as aforesaid; and the official plat of the United States surveyor general, when affirmed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, to be the evidence of the locus of the said Mariposa Big Tree Grove" (U.S.C., title 16, sec. 48).



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1865

The [California](#) legislature put a bounty on the planting of new [mulberry](#) trees and a million got planted.

[SILK](#)

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM EUROPE put in sequence the various missives of [Cornelius Conway Felton](#) between April 1853 and March 1854 during his great adventure in [tourism](#).

[Nantucket Island](#), home to but a single industry, the inhumanly brutal extraction industry known as whaling,¹²³ had been suffering hard times ever since the 1840s. Many substitutes had become available for sperm oil, newer deeper harbors such as that at New Bedford had become easier to navigate from, and anyway, the sperm whale had been killed off to such a point that they were becoming more and more hard to find. An entire Nantucket crew had been lost to gold lust when a whaler had stopped in San Francisco in 1849 during the great gold rush. Whereas during the best years, as many as 85 vessels at a time had been at sea out of Nantucket, by 1853 only 15 had been sailing from that port. The island's population had been declining and declining as various prominent families had voted with their feet. From a peak of 10,000 residents, by 1880 the island would reach a low point of only 3,500 residents. The last whaling ship would leave the island on its final whaling voyage in 1869 — departing from a rotting wharf adjoining an empty street. However, during this year the foundation of a new industry for the island was laid, [tourism](#), when the editors of the Nantucket [Inquirer and Mirror](#), Henry D. Robinson and Roland B. Hussey, printed a 3-page pamphlet aimed at the Boston resident with money to burn. Come to the “Beautiful Island of Nantucket,” the pamphlet suggested, where you will find unsurpassed “Pure Sea Air” and inhabitants eager to serve your every need. Meanwhile the newspaper was urging island inhabitants to change their thinking: “We have something to sell; that something is health, comfort, and pleasure.”

Frederick Law Olmsted submitted a “Preliminary Report upon the [Yosemite](#) and Big Tree Grove” to the Commissioners of [California](#)'s new Yosemite park (this 1st systematically establishes the philosophical justification for public preservation of great natural scenery on the basis of its unique capacity to enhance human psychological, physical, and social health, and extract moolah from the serried ranks of the [tourists](#)).

[CONSERVATIONISM](#)

John Burroughs published his 1st nature essay, “With the Birds,” in [The Atlantic Monthly](#).¹²⁴

May 16, Tuesday: [Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson](#) and his mother Margaret Isabella Balfour Stevenson arrived at 2 Sulyarde Terrace, Torquay, Devon, England.

Sheriff of San Francisco, [California](#) Henry Davis was re-elected. Sheriff Davis changed the local execution protocol, moving the gallows to inside the Broadway jail building. Sheriff Davis would lose the election on September 4th, 1867, to P.J. White.

Former Confederate President [Jefferson Davis](#), become a VIP POW, arrived in Savannah and was taken by boat toward Fortress Monroe, Virginia.

[US CIVIL WAR](#)

123. Quaker attitudes toward God's creatures seem to have —in a manner we somehow don't often get around to talking about— “drifted” over the centuries.



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1866

José Martí wrote: “The US has never looked upon [Cuba](#) as anything but an appetizing possession with no drawback other than its quarrelsome, weak and unworthy population.” He warned Cubans that “to change

124. The [conservation](#) movement was little more than a shabby fraud. From the historical record, these early environmental technocrats were intent not on solving our ecological crisis but on destroying the earth as quickly as possible. Their net impact has been negative: we would have been better off had we never had a conservation movement, to teach us how to manage our looting so that we looted with greater and greater effectiveness and economy. According to Samuel P. Hays’s EXPLORATIONS IN ENVIRONMENTAL HISTORY: ESSAYS BY SAMUEL P. HAYS (Pittsburgh PA: U of Pittsburgh P, 1998), these men were mere pawns of the powers that be, careerists bought by their careers:

Conservation, above all, was a scientific movement, and its role in history arose from the implications of science and technology in modern society. Conservation leaders sprang from such fields as hydrology, forestry, agrostology, geology, and anthropology. Vigorously active in professional circles in the national capital, these leaders brought the ideals and practices of their crafts into federal resource policy. Loyalty to these professional ideals, not close association with the grass-roots public, set the tone of the Theodore Roosevelt conservation movement. Its essence was rational planning to promote efficient development and use of all natural resources. The idea of efficiency drew these federal scientists from one resource task to another, from specific programs to comprehensive concepts. It molded the policies which they proposed, their administrative techniques, and their relations with Congress and the public. It is from the vantage point of applied science, rather than of democratic protest, that one must understand the historic role of the conservation movement. The new realms of science and technology, appearing to open up unlimited opportunities for human achievement, filled conservation leaders with intense optimism. They emphasized expansion, not retrenchment; possibilities, not limitations.... They displayed that deep sense of hope which pervaded all those at the turn of the century for whom science and technology were revealing visions of an abundant future.... Conflicts between competing resource users, especially, should not be dealt with through the normal processes of politics. Pressure group action, logrolling in Congress, or partisan debate could not guarantee rational and scientific decisions. Amid such jockeying for advantage with the resulting compromise, concern for efficiency would disappear. Conservationists envisaged, even though they did not realize their aims, a political system guided by the ideal of efficiency and dominated by the technicians who could best determine how to achieve it.

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masters is not to be free.”



It is clear, at least in retrospect, that Marti could have offered some useful stand-down counsel to [John Rollin Ridge](#) “*Chee-squa-ta-law-ny*” — for during this year Yellow Bird visited Washington DC with a delegation of [Cherokee](#) and unsuccessfully petitioned for statehood in the United States of America for the region allotted to them as their reservation.

Carleton Watkins photographed “Mirror Lake, Yosemite.”

In [San Francisco, California](#), Sheriff Henry Davis decided to improve the protocol for [hanging](#). He erected a makeshift gallows inside the county jail-house by dropping the rope from a cross-beam attached to rooftop windows and installing a hinged platform in a walkway in front of the 2d-floor cells. His invited spectators could stand along this walkway and witness the executed man disappear through the floor, or they could stand in the center aisle of the ground floor, in which case they could see the body as it came to its halt — as they preferred.



January 22, Monday: In [San Francisco, California](#), Barney Olwell was [hanged](#) for having shot a farmer, James Irwin, on January 13th, 1865 (Irwin had owed Olwell \$40).

April 28, Saturday: In [San Francisco, California](#), Antonio Sassovich was [hanged](#) for having stabbed Edward Walter on June 3d, 1865 (Sassovich had felt Walter had laughed at and insulted him).

July 6, Friday: Edward Geoffrey Stanley, Earl of Derby replaced John Russell, Earl Russell as Prime Minister of the United Kingdom.

In [San Francisco, California](#), Chung Wang (AKA Chu Wong) made himself the 1st person of [Chinese](#) descent to be [hanged](#) there for murder (he stabbed his mistress when she abandoned him for another man).

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September 3, Monday: The Prussian Parliament, quite unconstitutionally, granted Chancellor Bismarck an indemnity to collect taxes. This marked the effective end of Prussian liberalism.

The Grand Duchy of Hesse transferred Mainz, Worms, and Hesse-Homburg to Prussia.

In [San Francisco, California](#), Thomas Byrnes was [hanged](#) for having murdered Charles P. Hill in the course of a robbery during February 1865.

The 28th anniversary of [Frederick Douglass](#)'s freedom, which we may well elect to celebrate **in lieu of an unknown slave birthday**.



Here is a Daguerreotype, by an unidentified photographer in the 1850-1855 timeframe.

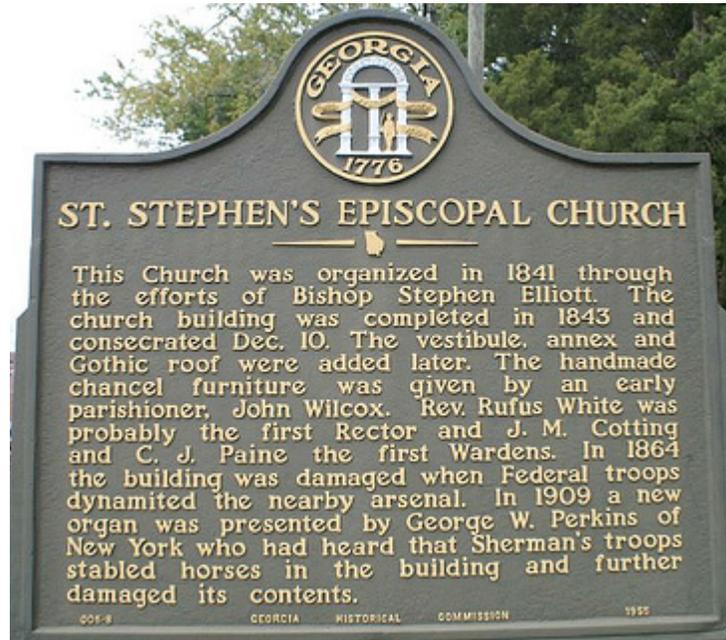


"It has been a source of great annoyance to me, never to have a birthday."

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December 21, Friday: [Stephen Elliott](#), who had been a slavemaster as well as a leader in Christ's Church, died in Savannah, Georgia.¹²⁵



Had he been an evil person, or a good one? — Should we hope he is in Hell, or in Heaven?

Cheyenne, Arapahoe, and Lakota battled United States troops in Sheridan County, Wyoming. 200 of the tribalists were killed or wounded. 81 of the soldiers were killed.

A letter by to Mrs. Ezra S. Carr by John Muir, about an orchid, appeared in the Boston Recorder, “The *Calypso Borealis*, Botanical Enthusiasm”:

I did find Calypso hotdog – but only once, far in the depths of the very wildest of Canadian dark woods, near those high, cold, moss-covered swamps.... I felt as if I were in the presence of superior beings who loved me and beckoned me to come. I sat down beside them and wept for joy.

125. This is not the Professor [Stephen Elliott](#) of South Carolina whose botany textbook Henry Thoreau consulted, but his son.



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1867

September 5, Thursday: P.J. White ran against the incumbent Sheriff of [San Francisco, California](#), Henry Davis, and took office at the middle of fiscal year 1867/1868. He would be re-elected on May 16th, 1869 and would serve until September 4th, 1871 despite the fact that he would not hang anyone.

Amy Marcy Cheney was born in Henniker, New Hampshire, the only child of Charles Abbott Cheney, a paper manufacturer and Clara Imogene Marcy, amateur singer and pianist.

October 5, Saturday: Arthur Sullivan and George Grove arrived in Vienna in search of the lost music to [Franz Schubert](#)'s "Rosamunde."

[John Rollin Ridge](#) (*Chee-squa-ta-law-ny*, "Yellow Bird") died at his home in Grass Valley, [California](#) of "brain fever" (*Encephalitis lethargica*). The [Union](#) would offer the following account: "A dispatch from the [Bee](#), dated Grass Valley, October 7th says: 'John R. Ridge, editor of the Grass Valley Daily National, died at this place, Saturday last, at ten o'clock of brain fever. He is to be buried this afternoon at three o'clock. Ridge was well known in this State as connected with several journals ... a man of good education and undoubted poetical talent.'" Per the San Francisco [Bulletin](#): "He was the editor of the [California American](#), a 'Know-Nothing' daily here from January 2, 1856, to February 11, 1857, and in the latter month, when the [Bee](#) started, was its first editor.... Returning to Marysville, he edited the [Express](#) ... he later edited a new paper, the [National Democrat](#)... Edited the San Francisco [Herald](#) and took the side of the peace democracy though he never recanted his position about secession." This journal told of his visit to Washington DC to confer with the president relative to the interests of the Cherokee Nation and that "The attachment shown him by the Cherokees then in Washington was said to have been something remarkable." This was followed by Ridge's poem "Mary, Queen of Scots."

[Mary, Queen of Scots](#)

Alas, that aught of sin or shame
Should cling around thy gentle name,
Or sorrow with thy mem'ry twine,
Mid roses fair, its poisoned vine!
Beloved of heaven, that made thee fair—
Earth's favorite child who gave to thee
Her choicest gills of beauty rare,
How couldst thou aught but happy be?
Yet sadness round thy earlier years
Its ever varying shadows threw.
And midst a world of torturing fears,
Thy trembling womanhood upgrew.
Though rainbows many arched thy path,
They shone amid thy numerous tears,
And stood beneath a sky of wrath.
Though wronged so deeply that mankind
Indignant reads the tale of blood,
Yet thou through mad ambition blind,
Or borne by love's resistless flood,
Too oft did'st do and sanction wrong.
Alas, that crime thy bosom knew!
The Poet mourns it in his song,
And Hist'ry weeps to write it true.



CALIFORNIA

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1868

John Muir sailed to [California](#) via New-York, [Cuba](#), and the Isthmus of Panama.

[Bishop William Ingraham Kip](#)'s THE UNNOTICED THINGS OF SCRIPTURE (New York: A. Roman & Company, Publishers. San Francisco: 417 and 419 Montgomery Street).

UNNOTICED THINGS OF SCR...

March 28, Saturday: John Muir disembarked in San Francisco, [California](#).

That evening: former Confederate President [Jefferson Davis](#) arrived in Lennoxville in Canada (soon after his arrival a gazette would carry a notice that a new treason indictment had been handed down).

[Edward Jesse](#) was serving as one of the senior magistrates for Middlesex, in control of the visitors who came to see Hampton Court Palace in order to prevent them from committing their accustomed depredations on the gardens there, when he died at the age of 88, survived by son John Heneage Jesse and by his 2d wife.



April-June: John Muir's 1st visit to [Yosemite Valley](#).



CALIFORNIA

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April 7, Tuesday: [Brigham Young](#) “got married” with bride #52, Ann Eliza Webb.



[Mrs. Frances \(Fanny\) Matilda Vandegrift \(or Van de Grift\) Osborne](#) gave birth to [Samuel Lloyd Osborne](#) in San Francisco, [California](#).

June 9, Tuesday: The initial meeting of the Board of Regents of the University of [California](#).

In [Washington DC](#), John Philip Sousa’s father enlisted him as an apprentice in the [U.S. Marine Corps](#) band.



October: Friedrich Nietzsche was discharged from the army.

[John Rollin Ridge \(Chee-squa-ta-law-ny, “Yellow Bird”\)](#) delivered “California” before the Society of California Pioneers at the celebration of the 9th anniversary of the admission of [California](#) into the federal Union.

California

Bright land of summery days and golden peace,
Of vine anti flower and ever rich increase;
Of veined hills and mountains treasure-stoned,
Where miser-gnomes in secret watch their hoard,
And startle at the burglar pick and spade,
Where, winding through the arid plains and drear
That freshen with the liquid presence near,
Or circling round the pine-clad mountain’s side,
With crystal music in its rippling tide,
Or rolling, joyous in its volumed flow,
O’er yawning gulf and deep abyss below,
The sinuous flume far bears its precious stream,
And thousand hearts are gladdened in its gleam!
Nor less where, swift upon his path of fire,
The modern Mercury treads th’ electric wire—
The living chord that vibrates through the hills,
Groans in the storms or in the breezes thrills;
Threads plain and wilderness, and pierces far
To homes that nestle where the glaciers are.
Nor less again have Art and Labor wrought
To realize the bold, inventive thought
That finds achievement in the tunneled hills.
The sunken shaft, the thunder of the mills;
The rivers leaping from their ancient bed
And plunging headlong in the course they’re led;
The mountains crumbling to the level plain,
And forests prostrate ’neath the ax’s reign.

And shall we view these miracles and more
Which mind and muscle never wrought before,
Without remembrance in these latter years,
Of those brave men, those hardy Pioneers,

CALIFORNIA

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Who led the way for Science, Art, and Law,
 'Mid dangers their successors never saw,
 And countless hardships that they never knew?
 The famed and unfamed heroes tried and true,
 Who crowded into months or days the deeds
 Of years, and of young empire sowed the seeds?
 Amid the mass there here and there appears
 Some reverend head, majestic as a seers—
 Arising from the rest like snow-crowned peak,
 Around whose brow' the whitening tempests break!
 These are the Pioneers of Pioneers,
 Those elder heroes in the fight, who, years
 And years ago, did drive the wild beast back
 To plant their homes where late he left the track.
 They 're sinking, one by one, like pines that long
 Have braved, erect, the howling winters strong,
 To fall at last midst stillest peace profound,
 And wake the woods with wonder at the sound.
 Shall these old heroes be forgot? Not so,
 For, while they yet survive Time's downward flow,
 I see a rescuing hand stretched forth to save
 The good, the true, from dark Oblivion's grave.
 'Tis woman's hand that thus would snatch from night
 That do their careful-hidden wealth invade,
 I would some better worthier hand than mine
 Could yield thee now the tributes that are thine,
 And paint thee, as a poet should, divine!
 But, poor indeed would be the tongue, and weak,
 Which could not something of thy glories speak.
 And while for thee no gems of thought I bring
 From starry paths of lonely wandering,
 Where Genius went to stray, yet may my muse
 Have found such tribute as thou'lt not refuse—
 Some humbler flowers of modest mien and hue
 By silver stream~ in truth's fair fields that grew.

Than this the sun lights up no lovelier land,
 So wondrous rich and beautiful and grand!
 From where Old Ocean 'gainst the rock-bound shore
 His billows roll with never-ceasing roar
 To where the far-off ghostly snow-realm shines,
 Or solemn music of the mountain pines
 Sounds through those dim and haunted solitudes,
 As if the thunder whispered to the woods;
 Or where the golden-sanded streams do stray
 And freshen Nature in their gladdening way;
 Where'er our footsteps tend our visions roam,
 We find but beauty's Eden, grandeur's home!
 Yet not alone to Nature's bounteous hand
 Are due the glories of this magic land;
 For man hath taught its fertile soil to yield
 The yellow largess of the waving field,
 And give to generous toil as rich guerdon
 Of thousand fruits as toil bath ever won.
 In deed and truth not idle bath he been—
 His busy work is all around us seen.
 From north to south, and from the east to west,
 His forming, changing hand bath not seen rest.
 The Arts and Labor spake, and lo! there rose
 (As dream-like as the cloud-born city shows,
 At morning in the east) this grandest Queen
 Of all the cities of the West. With mien
 Majestic as of right her look should be,
 She sits like Tyre of old beside the sea;
 And, while the messengers of commerce wait,
 She opens wide and free her Golden Gate.
 From far to her the nations laden come
 With silks and wares and precious stones and gum,
 And of the spoils she every land beguiles
 And ocean yields them from his thousand isles.



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Nor less the Genius of the Arts, with aid
Of Labor's rugged toil, bath been displayed
Those honored names far worthier of the light,
And them transmit to shine on History's scroll
When that gray sage his records shall unroll.
And yet some whom the weeping muse laments,
Have their unwrit but lasting monuments.
Such is that Peak which bears brave Lassen's name—
A fit memorial of the grandest fame;
For it shall stand while crowns and laurels fail,
And Time strews men like leaves upon the gale.

Proud land, to give such honored men their graves!
Long as thy shore the broad Pacific laves
Or soars to heaven Mount Shasta's brow of awe
(Like that "white throne" and vast th' Evangel saw),
Shall thy most rare and golden name be crowned
With all that glory gives, the world around!
Still shall the nations visit thee from far,
(With Hesper deemed a not unequal star;)
Still shalt thou lavish, pour thy treasures forth,
Enriching all from thy exhaustless worth;
Still shall thy sons be brave, thy daughters fair,
And Art and Science breathe thy purer air.

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[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)

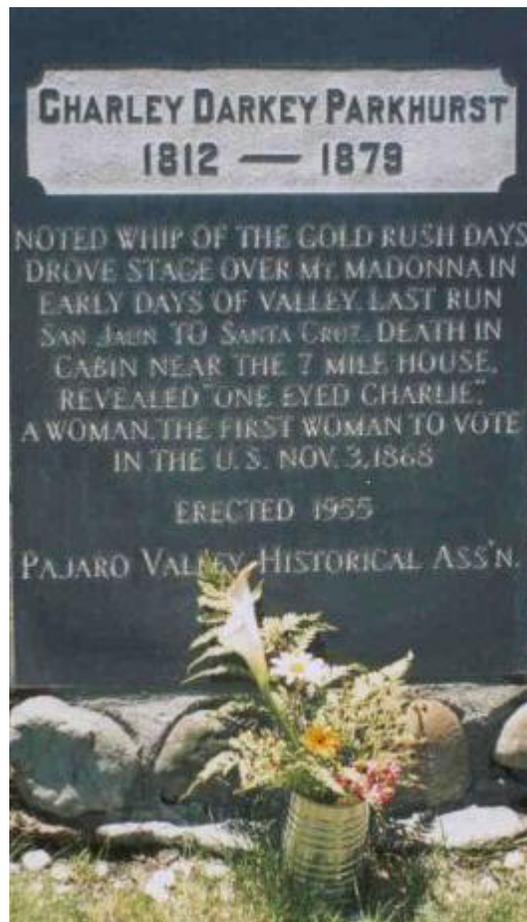
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November 3, Tuesday: “Having recovered from a lung inflammation, Gioachino Rossini underwent surgery to remove a “rectal fistula.” Fearing that his patient’s heart condition precluded prolonged anaesthesia under chloroform, Dr. Auguste Nélaton finished the cutting in 5 minutes, removing as much as he could in that time of what was probably a cancerous growth.

In the northwest third of South Carolina, the Ku Klux Klan organized to terrorize black citizens attempting to vote.

[Charley” Parkhurst](#), still driving a [California](#) stagecoach as a man’s man, still as tough as nails despite the loss of one eye to the kick of a horse, registered and voted as “Charles D. Parkhurst, age 55, born in New Hampshire and a farmer.” (She thus made herself the 1st woman presently known to have voted in a US national election.)





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1869

Francis Parkman, in LA SALLE AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT WEST, flatly denied the truth of much of the account of travels down the Mississippi River left by [Père Louis Hennepin](#). Although attempts have been made to sort this out by interpreting the egregiously false information to interpolations by other parties, these attempts have never managed to persuade.



Inspired by a tour of [Yosemite](#), and perhaps by the ideas of his friend Frederick Law Olmsted, Samuel Bowles published OUR NEW WEST. RECORDS OF TRAVEL BETWEEN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AND THE PACIFIC OCEAN, AN INFLUENTIAL TRAVELLER'S ACCOUNT OF THE WILDS AND PEOPLES OF THE WEST, in which he advocated preservation of scenic areas such as [Niagara Falls](#) and the Adirondacks.

CONSERVATIONISM

April: Settling in [Basel](#), Friedrich Nietzsche became a [Swiss](#) citizen.

In [California](#), Ah Kow, condemned to be hanged, [hanged](#) himself in his cell.

Summer: While spending the summer as a shepherd at Tuolumne Meadows in the Sierra Nevadas, to take a break from having to watch his sheep while they destroyed stuff right and left John Muir accomplished the 1st ascent of Cathedral Peak in what is now [Yosemite National Park](#).



The United States federal government interdicted the flow of arms and ammunition to rebel forces in [Cuba](#). Philip Foner would write in ANTONIO MACEO: "What the Cuban army lacked in numbers, experience, warfare training and arms and equipment was often compensated for by their thorough knowledge of the country, effective use of guerrilla tactics, greater immunity to cholera and other diseases that flourished on the island, and above all patriotic devotion. The most important asset of guerrilla warfare is an ideal; the rebels were fighting for the liberation of their country, and this gave them the popular support without which a guerrilla movement cannot be effective. 'Every tree and flower and grass had a use or a virtue with which they seemed acquainted,' reported James J. O'Kelly, Irish journalist. The guajiro and the campesino, the slave and the free black, not only moved steadily into the ranks of the Liberating Army, but aided and shielded the patriotic fighters, even though they risked their own lives by so doing."



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July: Near Los Angeles, [California](#), blood of a thick, vivid red hue containing hairs and portions of internal organs fell out of a clear sky over two acres of a cornfield. The shower was witnessed by a funeral party that included members of the clergy:

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.

September 6, Monday: In Pavlovsk, Im Krapfenwald'1 op.336, a polka française by Johann Strauss, was performed for the initial time.



The 1st Central Pacific train from the eastern portion of the North American continent, 12 cars tugged by 3 locomotives, arrived at the terminus of the San Francisco and Alameda Railroad on the east bank of San Francisco Bay. There any passengers it happened to be carrying were free to board the ferry *Alameda* and thus complete their "transcontinental" journey to the city of San Francisco, [California](#) (the location of his former ferry dock in Alameda now boasts California Historical Landmark Plaque No. 440, but don't go there expecting to see anything more than yet another filling station).



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1870

In the manuscript for Charles Dickens's *THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD*, the novel on which he was working when he died, there is a reference to an East End woman who “[opium](#)-smoked herself into the strange likeness of the Chinaman.”

Meanwhile, in [California](#), an anti-[Chinese](#) movement became overwhelmingly powerful. Winslow Anderson, a San Francisco doctor with a thing for pure young white girls, would at some point in the 1870s become overwhelmed with longing and attest to having witnessed “the sickening sight of young white girls ... lying half-undressed on the floor on couches, smoking with their ‘lovers’... Men and women, Chinese and white people, mix in Chinatown smoking-houses.”

In [Japan](#), Meiji dismantled the feudal system and forbade the lords their private armies.

Prussian military advisers made gymnastics (*Turnbewegungen*) part of [Japanese](#) recruit training (beginning in around 1902, Japanese university physical education departments would follow suit). Simultaneously, French military advisers made equestrianism part of [Japanese](#) officer training. While riding horses would soon become as popular among Japanese aristocrats as tennis and golf, gymnastics would not become popular with working-class Japanese athletes until the 1930s, when Asahi Breweries would begin to sponsor gymnastics competitions.

In this year a grower in Vacaville, [California](#) imported the Japanese plum (*Prunus salicina*) from [Japan](#).

PLANTS

[California](#) began growing mustard seeds.

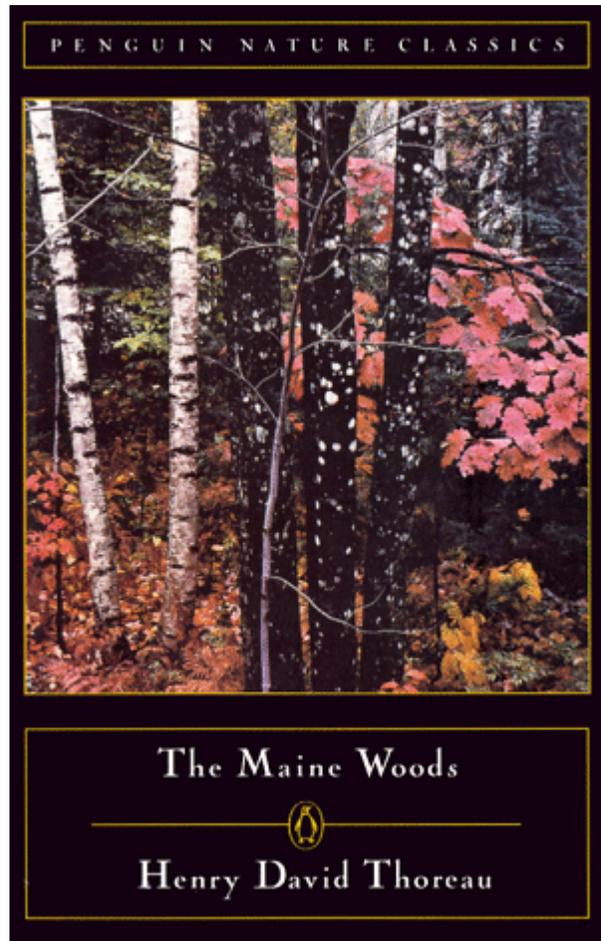
During this decade the Red Delicious apple would be discovered, in Iowa (the Golden Delicious apple would not appear, on a farm in West Virginia, until 1910).

PLANTS

CALIFORNIA

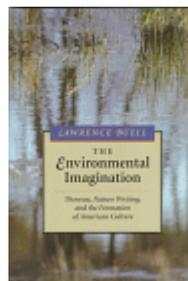
CALIFORNIA

Winter: While wintering in [Yosemite Valley](#) and working at James M. Hutchings's sawmill, John Muir read THE MAINE WOODS (but not yet [WALDEN](#)).



Lawrence Buell has offered, in *THE ENVIRONMENTAL IMAGINATION: THOREAU, NATURE WRITING, AND THE FORMATION OF AMERICAN CULTURE*, that:

[T]he young Muir saw [Waldo Emerson](#) as a hero, whatever his second thoughts, before he saw [Henry Thoreau](#) as one. Muir almost surely did not read [WALDEN](#) until the year after he met Emerson.



It is to be noted, however, that Professor Buell does not suspect Muir in his cabin in the 1870s, as he suspects Thoreau in his cabin on Walden Pond, of having tried to make himself just another of those cranky [hermits](#) in just another of those secluded nooks. He writes that Muir “probably built his shack over a Yosemite sawmill without thinking about Thoreau, even though he already had begun to read him”:

[O]ne of *WALDEN*'s first enthusiastic readers, [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#), had serendipitously built a cabin retreat for himself



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on his New Bedford property. Thoreau and Ricketson were but two variants of a long-publicized type of American eccentric: the cranky hermit, who for a variety of possible reasons retreated to his (or her) secluded nook. [Continuing in an endnote: For an amusing bestiary of profiles, see Carl Sifakis, *AMERICAN ECCENTRICS* (New York and Bicester, England: Facts on File, 1984). His roster includes Francis Phyle, "the hermit of Mount Holly"; Sarah Bishop, "the atrocity hermitess"; Albert Large, "the hermit amidst the wolves"; and many more.]... [[Henry Thoreau](#)] elevates the Horatian and Virgilian love of rural retirement, a neoclassical motif of great resonance to the Anglo-American squierarchy, a motif on which Thoreau had written a college essay, to the level of a lifework. ...Some readers will resist this side of Thoreau's genius.... Thus we normalize the Walden sojourn by imagining it as an efficient way to get a lot of writing done, or normalize WALDEN by positing a firm aesthetic structure or ideational commitment. This tends to suppress both the worst and the best about Thoreau.... In the early 1870s, John Muir probably built his shack over a Yosemite sawmill without thinking about Thoreau, even though he already had begun to read him. By the 1890s, John Burroughs was far more aware of Thoreau's shadow, often evincing a prickly, hypersensitive anxiety of influence; but Burroughs probably was not copying Thoreau when he built his cabin, Slabsides. In modern times, however, the commemoration of Muir and Burroughs as naturist prophets has been cross-pollinated by the myth of a Thoreauvian tradition.

Muir gets a free pass from Buell — something which he seems remarkably unwilling to allow to Thoreau (perhaps this Harvard man does not feel as threatened, by Muir, as he feels threatened by Thoreau).

Muir began offering guided tours of Yosemite, and made his 1st visit to the Hetch Hetchy valley.

After moving to the West Coast, [Salmon Brown](#) had been a sheep rancher in the Bridgeville area for many years before moving on to Portland, Oregon. The Browns had settled in Red Bluff until this year, in which they moved to Humboldt County. [Mary Ann Day Brown](#) is said to have bought a house in Rohnerville on Church Street, and her stepson Salmon and his family moved in next door. Mary's daughters Annie, Sarah, and Ellen settled in Rohnerville. Salmon would become a pioneer sheep rancher in the Bridgeville area and own more than 3,000 acres.

JOHN BROWN



[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**CALIFORNIA****CALIFORNIA****1871**

Professor [Louis Agassiz](#) went on an expedition to [California](#), by traveling along both coasts of the South American continent. He would study and publish on the viviparous surf fishes of California.

THE SCIENCE OF 1871

[Dr. Samuel Kneeland, Jr.](#)' became the secretary of the faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Publication of his THE WONDERS OF THE [YOSEMITE VALLEY](#) AND OF [CALIFORNIA](#).

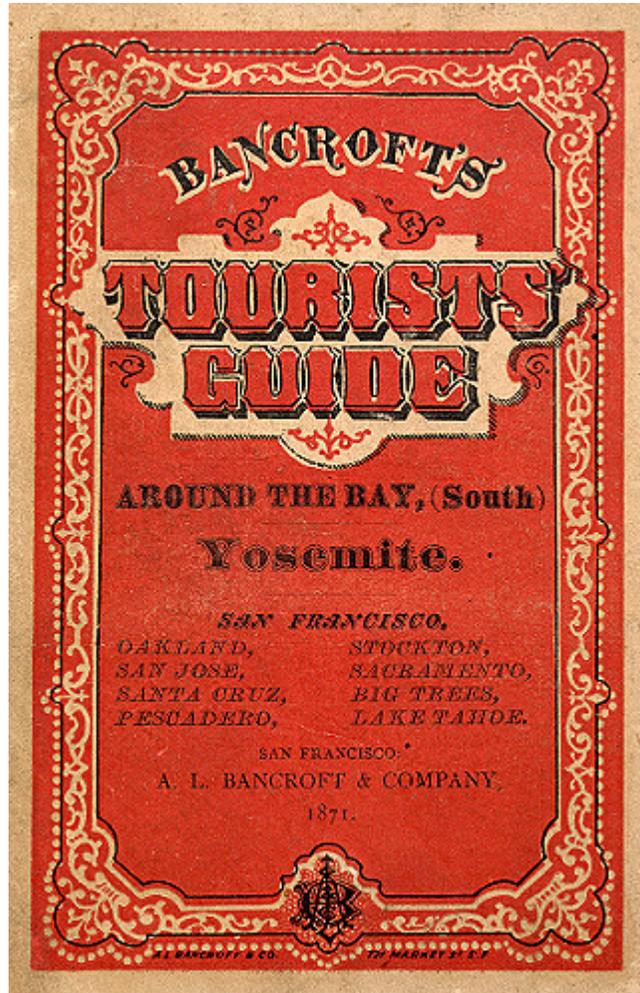
city more than two feet thick. The "Father of the Forest," prostrate on the ground, was the largest in the grove, estimated to have been 435 feet high, and 110 in circumference at the base; this is much larger than any now standing. One of the largest was felled in 1853—5 men working 25 days with pump augers and wedges; it was 300 feet high, and 96 feet in circumference on the ground; it was 80 feet in circumference 6 feet from the base, and large enough to accommodate four sets of quadrilles on the stump; and on its prostrate trunk, a house and double bowling-alley

**LET'S ALL MOVE TO CA**

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April and May: At [Harvard College](#), [Waldo Emerson](#) completed his 2d lecture series. Then, at the invitation of [Edith Emerson Forbes](#)'s father-in-law, the railroad magnate John Murray Forbes, he traveled by train to [California](#) with Mr. and Mrs. William and Edith Forbes.





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Harold Bloom, in his 1992 treatise on the American Religion and on the emergence of the US as a post-Christian nation, refers to [Emerson](#)'s visiting Salt Lake City and commenting on the [Mormons](#) there:



Ralph Waldo Emerson, visiting Mormon country in Salt Lake City in 1871, dismissed the Latter-day Saints as "an after-clap of Puritanism." Born just two years before the Mormon prophet Joseph Smith, Emerson survived his fellow New Englander by some thirty-eight years. As contemporaries, they possessed nothing in common, and scarcely could have been further apart in moral character, personality, social class, education, intellectual sophistication, indeed in intellect itself. Their largest difference is an immemorial one: between sage and prophet. Emerson, sage of Concord, remains our national oracle of cultural wisdom. Smith, prophet of Kirtland and Nauvoo, remains the religion-making founder of what began as a scandalous heresy and now is an eminently respectable established church, wealthy, vaguely Christian, and mostly right-wing Republican.

Had they met in their lifetimes, the Transcendental sage and the Mormon prophet could not have talked to one another. Smith's visions and prophecies were remarkably literal; the subtle Emerson, master of figurative language, knew that all visions are metaphors, and that all prophecies are rhetorical. And yet Emerson and Joseph Smith alike pioneered in creating the American Religion, the faith of and in the American self.

Bloom's own comments on [Joseph Smith](#) run along the lines on the following screen:



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If one decides that Joseph Smith was no prophet, let alone king of the Kingdom of God, then one's dominant emotion towards him must be wonder. There is no other figure remotely like him in our entire national history, and it is unlikely that anyone like him ever can come again. Most Americans have never heard of him, and most of those who have remember him as a fascinating scamp or charlatan who invented the story of the Angel Moroni and the gold plates, and then forged the Book of Mormon as a follow-up. Since the Book of Mormon, more even than the King James Bible, exists in more unread copies than any other work, that is poor fame indeed for a charismatic unmatched in our history. I myself can think of not another American, except for Emerson and Whitman, who so moves and alters my own imagination. For someone who is not a Mormon, what matters most about Joseph Smith is how American both the man and his religion have proved to be. So self-created was he that he transcends Emerson and Whitman in my imaginative response, and takes his place with the great figures of our fiction, since at moments he appears far larger than life, in the mode of a Shakespearean character. So rich and varied a personality, so vital a spark of divinity, is almost beyond the limits of the human, as normally we construe those limits. To one who does not believe in him, but who has studied him intensely, Smith becomes almost a mythology in himself. In the midst of writing this, I paused to reread Morton Smith's remarkable *JESUS THE MAGICIAN* (1978), and found myself rewriting the book as I went along, substituting Joseph Smith for Jesus, and Joseph Smith's circumstances and associates for those of Jesus. No Mormon (presumably) would sanction such impiety, but it is strikingly instructive. Joseph Smith the Magician is no more or less arbitrary a figure than Morton Smith's persuasive mythmaker.

I end as I began, with wonder. We do not know Joseph Smith, as he prophesied that even his own could never hope to know him. He requires strong poets, major novelists, accomplished dramatists to tell his history, and they have not yet come to him. He is as enigmatic as Abraham Lincoln, his contemporary, but even if we do not know Lincoln, we at least keep learning what it is that we cannot quite understand. But with Joseph Smith, we cannot be certain precisely what baffles us most. As an unbeliever, I marvel at his intuitive understanding of the permanent religious dilemmas of our country. Traditional Christianity suits the United States about as well as European culture does, which means scarcely at all. Our deep need for originality gave us Joseph Smith even as it gave us Emerson and Emily Dickinson, Whitman and Melville, Henry and William James, even as it gave us Lincoln, who founded our all-but-all-powerful Presidency. There is something of Joseph Smith's spirit in every manifestation of the American Religion.

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April 29, Saturday: [Waldo Emerson](#) read “Resources” at Dr. Horatio Stebbins’s Unitarian Church in San Francisco.

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Summer: John Muir invited [Waldo Emerson](#) on a 2-week excursion in [Yosemite Valley](#).¹²⁶



Upon his return from this excursion, according to Muir’s friend John Swett, Emerson commented about Muir: “He is more wonderful than Thoreau.”

Emerson, Muir, James Thayer, and others rode 25 miles on horseback to Mariposa to view a grove of giant sequoias. Thayer would describe Emerson as having been “always accessible, cheerful, sympathetic, considerate, tolerant and showing respectful interest in those with whom he talked.” When they reached the grove, Emerson strolled around quoting from Genesis. Muir would describe their departure: “Emerson lingered in the rear ... and when he reached the top of the ridge, after all the rest of the party were over and out of sight, he turned his horse, took off his hat and waved me a last good-bye.” That evening Muir would sit alone by his campfire, musing that, as he would record later, “Emerson was with me in spirit, though I never again saw him in the flesh.”

[Emerson](#) subsidized publication of *THE WANDERER, A COLLOQUIAL POEM*, a blank-verse pastoral poem written by [Ellery Channing](#) and edited by [Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#) with a preface by Emerson. [Henry Thoreau](#) was a character in this poem in which “still he heard that drumming in his dreams, / And schemed

126. Refer to:

- Thayer, James Bradley. *A WESTERN JOURNEY WITH MR. EMERSON*. Boston MA: Little, Brown, 1884
- McAleer, John. *RALPH WALDO EMERSON: DAYS OF ENCOUNTER*. Boston MA: Little, Brown, 1984, pages 601-08
- Muir, John. “The Forests of Yosemite Park,” in *OUR NATIONAL PARKS*. Boston MA: Houghton, Mifflin, 1901, pages 131-36
- Wolfe, Linnie Marsh. *SON OF THE WILDERNESS: THE LIFE OF JOHN MUIR*. NY: Knopf, 1945, pages 145-51

reforms to agitate the earth / With penny wisdom, and insure the peace.” The book sold well until the remaining copies were consumed by fire — probably the great Boston fire of 1872.

How vain to praise our literature, when its really superior minds are quite omitted, & utterly unknown to the public.... Thoreau quite unappreciated, though his books have been opened & superficially read.

Another poet of the period, Emma Lazarus, did not find Ellery Channing quite so inspiring. She would describe him as “a pathetic, impossible creature, whose cranks and oddities were submitted to on account of an innate nobility of character.”

[Emerson](#) to his journal:

[T]he splendors of this age outshine all other recorded ages. In my lifetime have been wrought five miracles, — namely,

- 1, the Steamboat;
- 2, the railroad;
- 3, the Electric telegraph;
- 4, the application of the Spectroscope to astronomy;
- 5, the Photograph;

— five miracles which have altered the relations of nations to each other.

At the end of the journal entries for this year, [Emerson](#) listed his recent readings in Oriental materials: “Iamblichus; Max Müller.”

September 4, Monday: James Adams was elected Sheriff of [San Francisco, California](#). He would serve a single term, until September 3d, 1873.

The “Improved Order of Red Men,” according to this description provided by Fred. J. Smith of Providence, was at this point introduced into [Rhode Island](#):

This organization, known as the Improved Order of Red Men, is a fraternal and benevolent institution, of purely American origin. The exact date of its origin is not known, as evidence can be traced back to a period previous to the Revolution. But documents in possession of the Great Council of the United States tell us that in the year 1813, a society of Red Men was formed at Fort Mifflin, on the Delaware River, then garrisoned by American troops; after peace was declared, members of the society became widely scattered, but being much impressed with the customs and habits, also the pleasant memories of its existence, formed new Societies, under the same laws and with the same intentions of the Society of Fort Mifflin. In the year 1835 we find many council fires kindled throughout the country,



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and in May of the same year, delegates from different jurisdictions convened at Baltimore, and adopted substantially the Ritual, Laws, and Regulations that govern it to-day. Since which time the organization is known as the Improved Order of Red Men. Its growth has been slow but sure, until now nearly every State in the Union contains Tribes and Great Councils, in full fellowship with the Great Council of the United States. The order is founded on the manners and customs of the Indian Race, and its Ritual perpetuates the memory of the forms and religious ceremonies peculiar to that unfortunate people. They believe in a Great Spirit who governs the world, so any one joining this Order much declare his belief in the Great Spirit, the Creator and Preserver of the universe. The subordinate branches or primary assemblies of the Order are denominated Tribes. The Ritual is divided into four Degrees: Adoption, Hunter's, Warrior's and Chief's; and for beauty and originality they are unsurpassed. The Supreme Body of a State is known by the title of Great Council of the United States. The forms, ceremonies and lectures used in the adoption of members and conferring of degrees are interesting and instructive, and free from anything frivolous or disagreeable. The meetings are held for the transaction of business of a moral, benevolent and charitable character, and everything partaking of levity, or political or sectarian tendencies, is excluded therefrom.

Its objects are to promote among men the exercise and practice of the true principles of benevolence and charity; the care and protection of the Widow and Orphans and the cultivation of friendly relations among mankind, in short the Motto—"Freedom, Friendship and Charity"—indicates quite clearly the objects and aim of the Brotherhood, whilst the preservation from oblivion of much that relates to one of the declining Races of mankind, and which will prove interesting to the student and antiquarian, may not be considered unimportant results of the organization, and it now has an existence in more than 35 jurisdictions; in some of these it equals the strongest of kindred societies in zeal and prosperity, and in many of them has a nucleus both healthy and promising.

The Order is not very strong in the Eastern States. It was first introduced into Rhode Island on the 4th day of September, 1871, at which time instituted King Philip Tribe No. 1, at Olneyville, when the following Chiefs were raised up to their respective stumps: Sachem, Sr. Sagamore, Jr. Sagamore, Chief of Records, Keeper of Wampum, First Sanop, Second Sanop, Guard of the Wigwam, Guard of the Forest.

The Tribe increased rapidly in membership and in a very short time numbered over a hundred members.

Canonicus Tribe No. 2, of Phenix, also Miantonomah Tribe No. 3, of Providence, was instituted the following year. On the 5th day of August, 1872, Great Inchoonie William B. Eckert, assisted by Morris H. Gorham, instituted the Great Council of the State at Miantonomah Wigwam No. 41, Weybossett Street, when the following Great Chiefs were raised up to their respective stumps:

Great Prophet, John L. Perrin.

Great Sachem, W.V. Slocum.

Great Sr. Sagamore, Andrew McKenzie.

Great Jr. Sagamore, N.R. Tilton.

Great Chief of Records, H.B. Winslow.

Great Keeper of Wampum, A.R. Sherman.



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Great Sanop, S. R. Nicholas.
Great Guard of Forest, H.L. Howard.
Great Guard of Wigwam, ----- .
Shortly after the institution of the Great Council the following tribes were instituted: Wampanoag No. 4, of Pawtucket; Narragansett No. 5, of Natick; and Red Jacket No. 6, of Newport. In 1874 Wamsutta Tribe No. 7, was instituted, but owing to the financial depression of the times they did not prosper, and in 1876 they surrendered their Charter to the Great Council.
There is [are] six Tribes in the State at the present time (1878) with a membership of a little less than four hundred, the most prosperous of which is King Philip No. 1, of Providence, Canonicas No. 2, of Phenix, and Narragansett No. 5, of Natick. The following are the present Great Chiefs of the Great Council of the State:
Great Prophet, Fred. J. Smith, No. 1
Great Sachem, Hiram L. Howard, No. 4.
Great Sr. Sagamore, H.C. Burdick, No. 6.
Great Jr. Sagamore, Fred A. Knight, No. 3.
Great Chief of Records, John Wells, No. 5.
Great Keeper of Wampum, O.D. Tillinghast, No. 5.
Great Sanop, John Gallington, No. 1.
Great Mishenawa, A.E. Spencer.
Great Guard of Wigwam, S.A. Ballou.
Great Guard of Forest, Earl Fenner.

December 5, Tuesday: The New York Tribune published John Muir's 1st article from [California](#), titled "Yosemite Glaciers."

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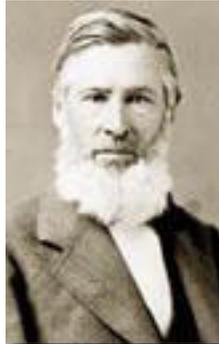
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1872

[Professor Asa Gray](#) issued HOW PLANTS BEHAVE.

[BOTANIZING](#)



John Muir's articles "[Yosemite Valley](#) in Flood" (April), "Twenty Hill Hollow" (July), and "Living Glaciers of [California](#)" (December) were published in [The Overland Monthly](#). In the summer of this year Professor Gray, [Harvard College](#)'s botanist, spent some time with him in Yosemite (Muir had for a decade been consumed by an interest in botany).



Muir met the artist William Keith, who would become a life-long friend. Muir made the 1st ascent of the north face of Mount Ritter (13,000 ft.).

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February 5, Monday: John Muir had been only 33 but [Waldo Emerson](#) had been 69 when they had met at [Yosemite Valley](#) in [California](#) in 1871, and in physical and mental decline. In consequence, he had been not at all willing to consider camping or even sleep in that natural tabernacle in a tent under the stars.



On this day, however, the Concordian wrote the Californian holding out the prospect of genteel municipal hospitality:

Concord

5 February 1872

My Dear Muir,

Here lie your significant Cedar flowers on my table, & in another letter; & I will procrastinate no longer. That singular disease of deferring, which kills all my designs, has left a pair of books brought home to send to you months & months ago, still covering their inches on my cabinet, & the letters which should have accompanied to utter my thanks & lively remembrance, are either unwritten or lost, — so I will send this peccavi, as a sign of remorse. I have been far from unthankful, — I have everywhere testified to my friends, who should also be yours, my happiness in finding you, — the right man in the right place, — in your mountain tabernacle, — & have expected when your guardian angel would pronounce that your probation & sequestration in the solitudes & snows had reached their term, & you were to bring your ripe fruits so rare & precious into waiting Society. I trust you have also had, ere this, your own signals from the upper powers. I know that Society in the lump, admired at a distance, shrinks & dissolves when approached, into impracticable or uninteresting individuals; but always with a reserve of a few unspoiled good men, who really gave it its halo in the distance. And there are drawbacks also to Solitude, who is a sublime mistress, but an intolerable wife. So I pray you to bring to an early close your absolute contracts with any yet unvisited glaciers or volcanoes, roll up your drawings, herbariums & poems, & come to the Atlantic coast. Here in Cambridge Dr. Gray is at home, & Agassiz will doubtless be, after a month or two, returned from Terra del Fuego, — perhaps through



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San Francisco, – or you can come with him. At all events, on your arrival, which I assume as certain, you must find your way to this village, & my house. & when you are tired of our dwarf surroundings, I will show you better people.
With kindest regards yours,
R. W. Emerson

June: [Professor Asa Gray](#) went to [California](#), where among other things he would meet John Muir and tour [Yosemite](#).

[David Starr Jordan](#) graduated in the initial graduating class of Cornell University, his degree in Botany (Professor Agassiz would inspire him to change over to Ichthyology).

August: [Professor Asa Gray](#) returned from [California](#) by way of Dubuque.

August 23, Friday: The 1st [Japanese](#) commercial ship to visit San Francisco, [California](#) was laden with [tea](#).

1873

Alphonse Louis Pierre Pyramus de Candolle’s *HISTOIRE DES SCIENCES ET DES SAVANTS DEPUIS DEUX SIÈCLES* (Geneva) made a case for environmental influences rather than hereditary influences on the achievement of eminence among scientists, in direct opposition to the biologicistic determinism of Francis Galton’s “Eugenics” movement. Although he acknowledged a role for heredity in the transmission of mental ability, Candolle provided statistical evidence implicating a number of environmental factors in the production of eminence. Great scientists were in actual fact more likely to derive from countries with more moderate climatic conditions, more democratic governments, more tolerant religions, more well-developed commercial interests, yada yada yada. The environment in which they were being produced was demonstrably more influential than any certificates of noble birth. Galton’s reaction would be to gather more pseudo-data and present this in 1874 in another book on the topic, ENGLISH MEN OF SCIENCE.

In his essay “Hereditary Improvement,” the data-faking founder of the pseudoscience of human Eugenics –the discipline which would eventually “cash out” during the eugenicist years of Virginia, California, Indiana, Vermont, and 27 other states as a legitimator of the sterilization of the institutionalized and then during the Nazi regime in Germany as a legitimation of genocide– demonstrated that one result of the Irish Potato Famine was that the “Irish type of face” had become noticeably “more like the Negro type of face.” That is, the surviving Irish, because they had been selected by starvation for “a low or coarse organization,” had developed the type of protruding (prognathous) lower jaw that was typical of our primitive ancestors and is still typical of the present-day inferior races. “These people lead with their chin — which is why we have to strike them.”

Color of Hair	Color of Eyes	Color of Skin	Color of Hair	Color of Eyes	Color of Skin
Build	Complexion	Stature	Complexion	Stature	Complexion
Age	Sex	Profession	Age	Sex	Profession



Color of Hair	Color of Eyes	Color of Skin	Color of Hair	Color of Eyes	Color of Skin
Build	Complexion	Stature	Build	Complexion	Stature
Age	Sex	Profession	Age	Sex	Profession

SLAVERY
PEONAGE

THE SCIENCE OF 1873



According to Noel Ignatiev's **HOW THE IRISH BECAME WHITE**, "To be acknowledged as white, it was not enough for the Irish to have a competitive advantage over Afro-Americans in the labor market; in order for them to avoid the taint of blackness it was necessary that no Negro be allowed to work in occupations where Irish were to be found."



IRISH PHYSIOGNOMY.

According to the jokes that were going the rounds in those days among non-Irish white racists (the bulk of the population, actually), the Irish were "Negroes turned inside out" while the American free blacks were "smoked Irish."

It has been well said, that inside the charmed Caucasian chalk circle it is the sum of what you are not -not Indian, not Negro, not a Jew, not Irish, etc.- that make you what you are. And, that's as true now as it was then.

Galton's "Hereditary Improvement" argued that people "of really good breed" ought to be being encouraged to reproduce themselves, while their inferiors ought to be being discouraged from so doing. We selectively breed our livestock, it goes without saying — and are we not at least as important as our livestock?

May 14, Wednesday: In [San Francisco, California](#), John "[Shanghai Chicken](#)" Devine was [hanged](#) inside the Broadway jail for shooting August Kamp during a robbery (see lengthy story about Chicken Devine in *Shanghaiing Days*, by Richard Dillon, 1961).

July 25, Friday: In [San Francisco, California](#), Charles Russell was [hanged](#) for the murder of James Crotty (Russell had shot Crotty in the head and his explanation was that he was drunk at the time).

August 1, Friday: 1st successful test of a cable car, designed by Andrew S. Hallidie for San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA

August 2, Saturday: 1st trial run of a San Francisco cable car, on Clay Street between Kearny and Jones (the test, which was downhill all the way, was performed at 4AM).

CALIFORNIA

With a small local ceremony, the roof was raised on the Bayreuth Festspielhaus. Attending along with [Richard Wagner](#) and his family was the father-in-law, Franz Liszt.

CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

September 3, Wednesday: William McKibbin was elected Sheriff of [San Francisco, California](#) (he would not hang anyone and would be defeated in his re-election bid on September 5th, 1875).

The 35th anniversary of [Frederick Douglass](#)'s freedom, which we may well elect to celebrate **in lieu of an unknown slave birthday**.



Here is a Daguerreotype, by an unidentified photographer in the 1850-1855 timeframe.



"It has been a source of great annoyance to me, never to have a birthday."



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1874

On numerous occasions in [California](#) a [hanging](#) had been botched, with the murderer's head being yanked off by the rope. In this year such an occasion happened again, in Contra Costa County, this time to Marshall Martin.



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1875

September 5, Sunday: Matthew Nunan was elected Sheriff of [San Francisco, California](#) (he would be re-elected in 1877 and would serve until September 3d, 1879).



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1876

June 14, Wednesday: In San Francisco, the [California](#) Street Cable Car Railroad Co. received its franchise (service would begin on April 10, 1878).

[James Henry Harris](#) was attending the [Republican National Convention](#) at Exposition Hall in Cincinnati, Ohio.



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1877

May 4, Friday: Chin Mook Sow was [hanged](#) for the stabbing murder of Ye Ah Chin, occasioned by a dispute over money. Sheriff of [San Francisco, California](#) Matthew Nunan oversaw Sow's execution inside the Broadway Street county jail. On the following day the [San Francisco Examiner](#) would report that "There gathered on Broadway, in front of the jail, nearly a thousand men and boys, and, we are sorry to say, women and young girls, drawn thither by this morbid appetite, although every one of them must have known that it would be impossible to satisfy it by the sight of the execution. This large crowd stood there in the street and upon the sidewalks, as near to the steps leading to the jail entrance as the lines of policemen, drawn up to make a clear passage-way for all who had permits, would permit them to come, and they held the place from two or three hours before the execution until it was all over. They could do no more than look up at the walls of the prison, or watch the going and coming out of those who were permitted to do either. They could see nothing whatever of the scenes inside, nor hear anything, except that which those who at last passed out told them. Yet there the multitude remained eagerly watching for any sign that might afford them information of the progress inside the jail toward the awful end, and meanwhile they indulged in rough jokes and unfeeling remarks. Many tarried until the coffined corpse of Chin Mook Sow was brought out and the wagon in which it was placed had been driven away. And even then the place seemed to have an overpowering fascination for them, as they slowly walked away and would stop and turn and look back upon the prison.... Between two hundred and three hundred persons, all told, were admitted on the occasion."

July/September: [Professor Asa Gray](#) traveled to [California](#) with Hooker.



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1878

Hundreds of trees would be planted on the [White House](#) grounds under [Rutherford B. Hayes](#); the tradition of planting commemorative trees to represent each president and state began.

An imitation [White House](#) was constructed in Hillsborough, [California](#) courtesy of the millions of dollars inherited by George Hearst, the 1stborn son of the magnate William Randolph Hearst. This apparent replica, although it does have an Oval Office leading onto a Rose Garden, has but 22 rooms by way of contrast with the real White House's (aboveground) 132 rooms.¹²⁷

127. Coldwell Banker Residential Affiliates of Mission Viejo, California estimates that this Western White House would fetch but \$8,500,000 on the open market, although the portion of the White House in [Washington DC](#) that is aboveground would bring \$63,900,000 were it available for bidding by any and all private parties.

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[Alfred Russel Wallace](#)'s TROPICAL NATURE, AND OTHER ESSAYS. He moved to Croydon. He was one of the first to consider the causes of latitudinal diversity gradients and related aspects of what are now known as “r-selection” and “K-selection.” He wrote on a suburban forest management issue.



Charles Curtis was sent by James Veitch & Sons to Mauritius and Madagascar to collect plants. He sent back *Angraecum sesquipedale*.

[BOTANIZING](#)

Luther Burbank relocated from Massachusetts to Santa Rosa, [California](#) to continue his plant breeding program.

[PLANTS](#)

Based on a new Hungarian mechanical process, the Washburn experimental flour mill in Minneapolis marked the beginning of modern milling in the US.

April 10, Wednesday: [California](#) Street Cable Car Railroad Company started service.

April 26, Friday. In [San Francisco, California](#), John Runk had barely reached the age of 18 when [hanged](#) for having killed police officer C.J. Coots exactly a year earlier. When Coots had arrested a friend of Runk's, Runk had shot the officer to enable his friend to escape. According to [The Alta](#) on the following day, Runk writhed for quite awhile before his body became still: “The noose was so carelessly adjusted that his neck was not broken. He struggled terribly, and it was fearful to witness his contortion. His chest heaved, and the gasps could be distinctly heard. Nine minutes after he dropped, he gave his last gasp.”



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May 10, Friday: Walking in Alameda on the shore of San Francisco Bay, encountering there the ubiquitous luxuriant poison oak, [Caroline Cushing Andrews Leighton](#) would comment “[Thoreau](#), who liked to see weeds overrun flowers, would have rejoiced in its vigor.”

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[Professor Henri-Frédéric Amiel](#), who would be referred to by [Mrs. Leighton](#) above as the “Swiss [Thoreau](#),” wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: “I have just come back from a solitary walk. I heard nightingales, saw white lilac and orchard trees in bloom. My heart is full of impressions showered upon it by the chaffinches, the golden orioles, the grasshoppers, the hawthorns, and the primroses. A dull, gray, fleecy sky brooded with a certain melancholy over the nuptial splendors of vegetation. Many painful memories stirred afresh in me; at Pré l’Evêque, at Jargonant, at Villereuse, a score of phantoms — phantoms of youth — rose with sad eyes to greet me. The walls had changed, and roads which were once shady and dreamy I found now waste and treeless. But at the first trills of the nightingale a flood of tender feeling filled my heart. I felt myself soothed, grateful, melted; a mood of serenity and contemplation took possession of me. A certain little path, a very kingdom of green, with fountain, thickets, gentle ups and downs, and an abundance of singing-birds, delighted me, and did me inexpressible good. Its peaceful remoteness brought back the bloom of feeling. I had need of it.”

[Antonio Maceo](#) left [Cuba](#) (under Presidential orders) in a Spanish cruiser headed from Santiago de Cuba for Jamaica.





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CALIFORNIA

June 15, Saturday: In a 1st attempt at motion pictures a dozen cameras were lined up one after another, each snapping one image (this was being done in order to settle once and for all for the benefit of Leland Stanford in [California](#) the hotly debated issue of whether or not a horse that is in full gallop always has at least one hoof touching the ground, as is depicted in all artistic representations of the gallop).

A report from [Walt Whitman](#):

“Specimen Days”

AN UNKNOWN

To-day I noticed a new large bird, size of a nearly grown hen – a haughty, white-bodied dark-wing’d hawk – I suppose a hawk from his bill and general look – only he had a clear, loud, quite musical, sort of bell-like call, which he repeated again and again, at intervals, from a lofty dead tree-top, overhanging the water. Sat there a long time, and I on the opposite bank watching him. Then he darted down, skimming pretty close to the stream – rose slowly, a magnificent sight, and sail’d with steady wide-spread wings, no flapping at all, up and down the pond two or three times, near me, in circles in clear sight, as if for my delectation. Once he came quite close over my head; I saw plainly his hook’d bill and hard restless eyes.

BIRD-WHISTLING

How much music (wild, simple, savage, doubtless, but so tart-sweet,) there is in mere whistling. It is four-fifths of the utterance of birds. There are all sorts and styles. For the last half-hour, now, while I have been sitting here, some feather’d fellow away off in the bushes has been repeating over and over again what I may call a kind of throbbing whistle. And now a bird about the robin size has just appear’d, all mulberry red, flitting among the bushes – head, wings, body, deep red, not very bright – no song, as I have heard.

4 o’clock: There is a real concert going on around me – a dozen different birds pitching in with a will. There have been occasional rains, and the growths all show its vivifying influences. As I finish this, seated on a log close by the pond-edge, much chirping and trilling in the distance, and a feather’d recluse in the woods near by is singing deliciously – not many notes, but full of music of almost human sympathy – continuing for a long, long while. [Page 818]

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July 1, Monday: The agreed-upon deadline for completion of [Jefferson Davis](#)'s memoir THE RISE AND FALL OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT came and went. Although Walthall was able to persuade the publishing firm Appleton's to extend its deadline to January 1st, they would in actuality receive no copy until mid-1880.

[CIVIL WAR](#)

Trying for a fresh start as so many do, [Richard Realf](#) would soon arrive in San Francisco, [California](#). At the age of 46 his hair had turned almost white. Soon a friend would take him to a beautiful ranch in the Napa Valley for rest and recuperation. Then a job would be found for him in San Francisco, doing hard and dangerous labor in the melting and coining room of the US Mint.



July 25, Thursday: An anonymous article appeared in the Springfield Republican which cited [Emily Dickinson](#) as the collaborator for [Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson](#) on the "Saxe Holm" stories.

"Black Bart the PO8" held up the stage traveling from Quincy to Oroville in [California](#) and left behind a note:



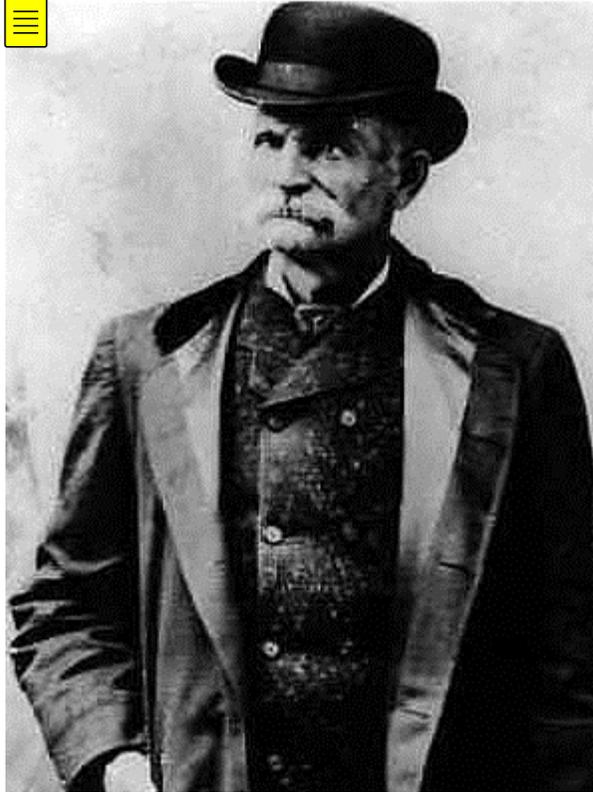
Here I lay me down to sleep
To wait the coming morrow,
Perhaps success, perhaps defeat,
And everlasting sorrow.
Let come what will, I'll try it on,
My condition can't be worse;
And if there's money in that box

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'Tis munny in my purse.



August: [Mrs. Frances \(Fanny\) Matilda Vandegrift \(or Van de Grift\) Osbourne](#) returned with her children Isobel, age 20, and Lloyd, age age 10, to her husband Samuel Osbourne in [California](#).

[Richard Wagner](#) scored the Prelude of Act I of the libretto [Parsifal](#).

LISTEN TO IT NOW

Professor Friedrich Nietzsche fell ill. During this month and the following one [Wagner](#) would be attacking him in the [Bayreuther Blaetter](#).

[José Martí](#) sailed for the port of Trujillo, [Cuba](#).

October 25, Friday: After several insurrections, the Ottoman Sultan, with British urging, signed the Pact of Halepa that promised reforms on Crete.

October 26, Saturday: [Catherine Cassidy Realf](#) arrived in San Francisco, [California](#). Learning where her husband [Richard Realf](#) lived, she went there and persuaded the landlady to grant her entrance. When he returned home from work that evening, he found her in a fury of righteousness going through his stuff, hunting out any items that might be of value.

October 27, Sunday: Bank robber "Western George" L. Leslie pulled off his greatest heist, stealing \$3,000,000 from the Manhattan Savings Institution.

October 28, Monday: [Richard Realf](#) had undergone a couple of years of hardship while being pursued by [Catherine Cassidy Realf](#) for support money he had no way to render, and had returned to New-York City to give lectures and offer his poetry. Becoming ill, he had borrowed money to travel to San Francisco, [California](#). Having secured a decent job in the melting and coining room at the government mint there, a dangerous and difficult job paying something like \$60/month, he was hoping to be able to bring across the continent his common-law wife [Miss Eliza Ann "Lizzie" Whapham](#) and their 4-year-old [Richard Realf](#) (the triplet daughters having been adopted by a lady in New York).



Several nights earlier than this, however, upon returning from work to his lodgings, he had found [Catherine](#) going through his belongings. Purchasing a bottle of laudanum at a chemist's, he had taken a room at the Windsor House in Oakland. Obtaining some scraps of note paper he wrote his swan song, the final couple of verses of which were as follows:

But say that he succeeded. If he missed
World's honors and world's plaudits and the wage
Of the world's deft lacqueys, still his lips were kissed
Daily by those high angels who assuage
The thirstings of the poets; for he was
Born unto singing — and a burthen lay
Mightily on him, and he moaned because
He could not rightly utter to the day
What God taught in the night. Sometimes, nathless,
Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame,
And blessings reached him from poor souls in stress:
And benedictions from black pits of shame,
And little children's love, and old men's prayers,
And a Great Hand that led him unawares.

So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred
With big films — silence — he is in his grave.
Greatly he suffered; greatly, too, he erred,
Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.
Nor did he wait till Freedom had become
The popular shibboleth of courtier's lips:
He smote for her when God himself seemed dumb
And all His arching skies were in eclipse.
He was a-weary, but he fought his fight
And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed
To see the august broadening of the light.
And new earths heaving heav'nward from the void.
He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet—



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Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

On the previous evening, having dashed off the above, he had attempted [suicide](#) but had returned to consciousness. During this day, however, by taking chloral/chloral hydrate in combination with the laudanum, he did succeed in offing himself. With the poem was found a letter to his friend Colonel [Richard Josiah Hinton](#), designated as his literary executor, with instructions: "On no account is the person calling herself my wife to be permitted to approach my remains. I should quiver with horror, even in my death, at her touch.... I have had heavy burdens to bear, such as have sent stronger men than I reeling into hell. I have tried to bear them like a man, but can endure no more." The remains would be deposited in Lone Mountain Cemetery in San Francisco. The corpse wore a bracelet of the yellow hair of Miss Noel. After an initial gathering of the poet's scattered fragments by Ina Coolbrith, Colonel [Hinton](#) would in 1888 complete the collection of [Realf](#)'s poems for publication, and accompany them with a biographical sketch.

1879

September 3, Wednesday: Thomas Desmond was elected Sheriff of [San Francisco, California](#).

The 41st anniversary of [Frederick Douglass](#)'s freedom, which we may well elect to celebrate **in lieu of an unknown slave birthday**.



Here is a Daguerreotype, by an unidentified photographer in the 1850-1855 timeframe.



"It has been a source of great annoyance to me, never to have a birthday."



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

We have a report from [Walt Whitman](#) on this day:

“Specimen Days”

SWALLOWS ON THE RIVER

Cloudy and wet, and wind due east; air without palpable fog, but very heavy with moisture – welcome for a change. Forenoon, crossing the Delaware, I noticed unusual numbers of swallows in flight, circling, darting, graceful beyond description, close to the water. Thick, around the bows of the ferry-boat as she lay tied in her slip, they flew; and as we went out I watch'd beyond the pier-heads, and across the broad stream, their swift-winding loop-ribands of motion, down close to it, cutting and intersecting. Though I had seen swallows all my life, seem'd as though I never before realized their peculiar beauty and character in the landscape. (Some time ago, for an hour, in a huge old country barn, watching these birds flying, recall'd the 22d book of the Odyssey, where Ulysses slays the suitors, bringing things to *eclaircissement*, and Minerva, swallow-bodied, darts up through the spaces of the hall, sits high on a beam, looks complacently on the show of slaughter, and feels in her element, exulting, joyous.)

“Specimen Days”

BEGIN A LONG JAUNT WEST

The following three or four months (Sept. to Dec. '79) I made quite a western journey, fetching up at Denver, Colorado, and penetrating the Rocky Mountain region enough to [Page 851] get a good notion of it all. Left West Philadelphia after 9 o'clock one night, middle of September, in a comfortable sleeper. Oblivious of the two or three hundred miles across Pennsylvania; at Pittsburgh in the morning to breakfast. Pretty good view of the city and Birmingham – fog and damp, smoke, coke-furnaces, flames, discolor'd wooden houses, and vast collections of coal-barges. Presently a bit of fine region, West Virginia, the Panhandle, and crossing the river, the Ohio. By day through the latter State – then Indiana – and so rock'd to slumber for a second night, flying like lightning through Illinois.



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“Specimen Days”

IN THE SLEEPER

What a fierce weird pleasure to lie in my berth at night in the luxurious palace-car, drawn by the mighty Baldwin – embodying, and filling me, too, full of the swiftest motion, and most resistless strength! It is late, perhaps midnight or after – distances join’d like magic – as we speed through Harrisburg, Columbus, Indianapolis. The element of danger adds zest to it all. On we go, rumbling and flashing, with our loud whinnies thrown out from time to time, or trumpet-blasts, into the darkness. Passing the homes of men, the farms, barns, cattle – the silent villages. And the car itself, the sleeper, with curtains drawn and lights turn’d down – in the berths the slumberers, many of them women and children – as on, on, on, we fly like lightning through the night – how strangely sound and sweet they sleep! (They say the French Voltaire in his time designated the grand opera and a ship of war the most signal illustrations of the growth of humanity’s and art’s advance beyond primitive barbarism. Perhaps if the witty philosopher were here these days, and went in the same car with perfect bedding and feed from New York to San Francisco, he would shift his type and sample to one of our American sleepers.)

“Specimen Days”

MISSOURI STATE

We should have made the run of 960 miles from Philadelphia to St. Louis in thirty-six hours, but we had a collision and bad locomotive smash about two-thirds of the way, [Page 852] which set us back. So merely stopping over night that time in St. Louis, I sped on westward. As I cross’d Missouri State the whole distance by the St. Louis and Kansas City Northern Railroad, a fine early autumn day, I thought my eyes had never looked on scenes of greater pastoral beauty. For over two hundred miles successive rolling prairies, agriculturally perfect view’d by Pennsylvania and New Jersey eyes, and dotted here and there with fine timber. Yet fine as the land is, it isn’t the finest portion; (there is a bed of impervious clay and hardpan beneath this section that holds water too firmly, “drowns the land in wet weather, and bakes it in dry,” as a cynical farmer told me.) South are some richer tracts, though perhaps the beauty-spots of the State are the northwestern counties. Altogether, I am clear, (now, and from what I have seen and learn’d since,) that Missouri, in climate, soil, relative situation, wheat, grass, mines, railroads, and every important materialistic respect, stands in the front rank of the Union. Of Missouri averaged politically and socially I have heard all sorts of talk, some pretty severe – but I should have no fear myself of getting along safely and comfortably anywhere among the Missourians. They raise a good deal of tobacco. You see at this time quantities of the light greenish-gray leaves pulled and hanging out to dry on temporary frameworks or rows of sticks. Looks much like the mullein familiar to eastern eyes.



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“Specimen Days”

LAWRENCE AND TOPEKA, KANSAS

We thought of stopping in Kansas City, but when we got there we found a train ready and a crowd of hospitable Kansians to take us on to Lawrence, to which I proceeded. I shall not soon forget my good days in L., in company with Judge Usher and his sons, (especially John and Linton,) true westerners of the noblest type. Nor the similar days in Topeka. Nor the brotherly kindness of my RR. friends there, and the city and State officials. Lawrence and Topeka are large, bustling, half-rural, handsome cities. I took two or three long drives about the latter, drawn by a spirited team over smooth roads. [Page 853]



“Specimen Days”

THE PRAIRIES And an Undeliver'd Speech.

At a large popular meeting at Topeka — the Kansas State Silver Wedding, fifteen or twenty thousand people — I had been erroneously bill'd to deliver a poem. As I seem'd to be made much of, and wanted to be good-natured, I hastily pencill'd out the following little speech. Unfortunately, (or fortunately,) I had such a good time and rest, and talk and dinner, with the U. boys, that I let the hours slip away and didn't drive over to the meeting and speak my piece. But here it is just the same:

“My friends, your bills announce me as giving a poem; but I have no poem — have composed none for this occasion. And I can honestly say I am now glad of it. Under these skies resplendent in September beauty — amid the peculiar landscape you are used to, but which is new to me — these interminable and stately prairies — in the freedom and vigor and sane enthusiasm of this perfect western air and autumn sunshine — it seems to me a poem would be almost an impertinence. But if you care to have a word from me, I should speak it about these very prairies; they impress me most, of all the objective shows I see or have seen on this, my first real visit to the West. As I have roll'd rapidly hither for more than a thousand miles, through fair Ohio, through bread-raising Indiana and Illinois — through ample Missouri, that contains and raises everything; as I have partially explor'd your charming city during the last two days, and, standing on Oread hill, by the university, have launch'd my view across broad expanses of living green, in every direction — I have again been most impress'd, I say, and shall remain for the rest of my life most impress'd, with that feature of the topography of your western central world — that vast Something, stretching out on its own unbounded scale, unconfined, which there is in these prairies, combining the real and ideal, and beautiful as dreams.

“I wonder indeed if the people of this continental inland West know how much of first-class **art** they have in these prairies — how original and all your own — how much of [Page 854] the influences of a character for your future humanity, broad, patriotic, heroic and new? how entirely they tally on land the grandeur and superb monotony of the skies of heaven, and the ocean with its waters? how freeing, soothing, nourishing they are to the soul?

“Then is it not subtly they who have given us our leading modern Americans, Lincoln and Grant? — vast-spread, average men — their foregrounds of character altogether practical and real, yet (to those who have eyes to see) with finest backgrounds of the ideal, towering high as any. And do we not see, in them, foreshadowings of the future races that shall fill these prairies?

“Not but what the Yankee and Atlantic States, and every other part — Texas, and the States flanking the south-east and the Gulf of Mexico — the Pacific shore empire — the Territories and Lakes, and the Canada line (the day is not yet, but it will come, including Canada entire) — are equally and integrally and indissolubly this Nation, the *sine qua non* of the human, political and commercial New World. But this favor'd central area of (in round numbers) two thousand miles square seems fated to be the home both of what I would call America's distinctive ideas and distinctive realities.”



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“Specimen Days”

AN HOUR ON KENOSHA SUMMIT

Jottings from the Rocky Mountains, mostly pencill'd during a day's trip over the South Park RR., returning from Leadville, and especially the hour we were detain'd, (much to my satisfaction,) at Kenosha summit. As afternoon advances, novelties, far-reaching splendors, accumulate under the bright sun in this pure air. But I had better commence with the day.

The confronting of Platte cañon just at dawn, after a ten miles' ride in early darkness on the rail from Denver – the seasonable stoppage at the entrance of the cañon, and good breakfast of eggs, trout, and nice griddle-cakes – then as we travel on, and get well in the gorge, all the wonders, beauty, savage power of the scene – the wild stream of water, from sources of snows, brawling continually in sight one side – the dazzling sun, and the morning lights on the rocks – such turns and grades in the track, squirming around corners, or up and down hills – far glimpses of a hundred peaks, titanic necklaces, stretching north and south – the huge rightly-named Dome-rock – and as we dash along, others similar, simple, monolithic, elephantine.

“Specimen Days”

AN EGOTISTICAL “FIND”

“I have found the law of my own poems,” was the unspoken but more-and-more decided feeling that came to me as I pass'd, hour after hour, amid all this grim yet joyous elemental abandon – this plenitude of material, entire absence of art, untrammel'd play of primitive Nature – the chasm, the gorge, [Page 856] the crystal mountain stream, repeated scores, hundreds of miles – the broad handling and absolute uncrampedness – the fantastic forms, bathed in transparent browns, faint reds and grays, towering sometimes a thousand, sometimes two or three thousand feet high – at their tops now and then huge masses pois'd, and mixing with the clouds, with only their outlines, hazed in misty lilac, visible. (“In Nature's grandest shows,” says an old Dutch writer, an ecclesiastic, “amid the ocean's depth, if so might be, or countless worlds rolling above at night, a man thinks of them, weighs all, not for themselves or the abstract, but with reference to his own personality, and how they may affect him or color his destinies.”)



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CALIFORNIA

“Specimen Days”

NEW SENSES — NEW JOYS

We follow the stream of amber and bronze brawling along its bed, with its frequent cascades and snow-white foam. Through the cañon we fly — mountains not only each side, but seemingly, till we get near, right in front of us — every rood a new view flashing, and each flash defying description — on the almost perpendicular sides, clinging pines, cedars, spruces, crimson sumach bushes, spots of wild grass — but dominating all, those towering rocks, rocks, rocks, bathed in delicate vari-colors, with the clear sky of autumn overhead. New senses, new joys, seem develop'd. Talk as you like, a typical Rocky Mountain cañon, or a limitless sea-like stretch of the great Kansas or Colorado plains, under favoring circumstances, tallies, perhaps expresses, certainly awakes, those grandest and subtlest element emotions in the human soul, that all the marble temples and sculptures from Phidias to Thorwaldsen — all paintings, poems, reminiscences, or even music, probably never can.

“Specimen Days”

STEAM-POWER, TELEGRAPHS, &C.

I get out on a ten minutes' stoppage at Deer creek, to enjoy the unequal'd combination of hill, stone and wood. As we speed again, the yellow granite in the sunshine, with natural spires, minarets, castellated perches far aloft — then long stretches of straight-upright palisades, rhinoceros color — then gamboge and tinted chromos. Ever the best of my pleasures [Page 857] the cool-fresh Colorado atmosphere, yet sufficiently warm. Signs of man's restless advent and pioneerage, hard as Nature's face is — deserted dug-outs by dozens in the side-hills — the scantling hut, the telegraph-pole, the smoke of some impromptu chimney or outdoor fire — at intervals little settlements of log-houses, or parties of surveyors or telegraph builders, with their comfortable tents. Once, a canvas office where you could send a message by electricity anywhere around the world! Yes, pronounc'd signs of the man of latest dates, dauntlessly grappling with these grisliest shows of the old kosmos. At several places steam saw-mills, with their piles of logs and boards, and the pipes puffing. Occasionally Platte cañon expanding into a grassy flat of a few acres. At one such place, toward the end, where we stop, and I get out to stretch my legs, as I look skyward, or rather mountain-topward, a huge hawk or eagle (a rare sight here) is idly soaring, balancing along the ether, now sinking low and coming quite near, and then up again in stately-languid circles — then higher, higher, slanting to the north, and gradually out of sight.



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“Specimen Days”

AMERICA’S BACK-BONE

I jot these lines literally at Kenosha summit, where we return, afternoon, and take a long rest, 10,000 feet above sea-level. At this immense height the South Park stretches fifty miles before me. Mountainous chains and peaks in every variety of perspective, every hue of vista, fringe the view, in nearer, or middle, or far-dim distance, or fade on the horizon. We have now reach’d, penetrated the Rockies, (Hayden calls it the Front Range,) for a hundred miles or so; and though these chains spread away in every direction, specially north and south, thousands and thousands farther, I have seen specimens of the utmost of them, and know henceforth at least what they are, and what they look like. Not themselves alone, for they typify stretches and areas of half the globe – are, in fact, the vertebrae or back-bone of our hemisphere. As the anatomists say a man is only a spine, topp’d, footed, breasted and radiated, so the whole Western world is, in a sense, but an expansion of these mountains. In South America they are the Andes, in Central America and Mexico the Cordilleras, [Page 858] and in our States they go under different names – in California the Coast and Cascade ranges – thence more eastwardly the Sierra Nevadas – but mainly and more centrally here the Rocky Mountains proper, with many an elevation such as Lincoln’s, Grey’s, Harvard’s, Yale’s, Long’s and Pike’s peaks, all over 14,000 feet high. (East, the highest peaks of the Alleghanies, the Adirondacks, the Cattskills, and the White Mountains, range from 2000 to 5500 feet – only Mount Washington, in the latter, 6300 feet.)

“Specimen Days”

THE PARKS

In the midst of all here, lie such beautiful contrasts as the sunken basins of the North, Middle, and South Parks, (the latter I am now on one side of, and overlooking,) each the size of a large, level, almost quadrangular, grassy, western county, wall’d in by walls of hills, and each park the source of a river. The ones I specify are the largest in Colorado, but the whole of that State, and of Wyoming, Utah, Nevada and western California, through their sierras and ravines, are copiously mark’d by similar spreads and openings, many of the small ones of paradisiac loveliness and perfection, with their offsets of mountains, streams, atmosphere and hues beyond compare.



“Specimen Days”

ART FEATURES

Talk, I say again, of going to Europe, of visiting the ruins of feudal castles, or Coliseum remains, or kings' palaces – when you can come **here**. The alternations one gets, too; after the Illinois and Kansas prairies of a thousand miles – smooth and easy areas of the corn and wheat of ten million democratic farms in the future – here start up in every conceivable presentation of shape, these non-utilitarian piles, coping the skies, emanating a beauty, terror, power, more than Dante or Angelo ever knew. Yes, I think the chyle of not only poetry and painting, but oratory, and even the metaphysics and music fit for the New World, before being finally assimilated, need first and feeding visits here.

Mountain streams: The spiritual contrast and etheriality of the whole region consist largely to me in its never-absent peculiar [Page 859] streams – the snows of inaccessible upper areas melting and running down through the gorges continually. Nothing like the water of pastoral plains, or creeks with wooded banks and turf, or anything of the kind elsewhere. The shapes that element takes in the shows of the globe cannot be fully understood by an artist until he has studied these unique rivulets.

Aerial effects: But perhaps as I gaze around me the rarest sight of all is in atmospheric hues. The prairies – as I cross'd them in my journey hither – and these mountains and parks, seem to me to afford new lights and shades. Everywhere the aerial gradations and sky-effects inimitable; nowhere else such perspectives, such transparent lilacs and grays. I can conceive of some superior landscape painter, some fine colorist, after sketching awhile out here, discarding all his previous work, delightful to stock exhibition amateurs, as muddy, raw and artificial. Near one's eye ranges an infinite variety; high up, the bare whitey-brown, above timber line; in certain spots afar patches of snow any time of year; (no trees, no flowers, no birds, at those chilling altitudes.) As I write I see the Snowy Range through the blue mist, beautiful and far off. I plainly see the patches of snow.



“Specimen Days”

DENVER IMPRESSIONS

Through the long-lingering half-light of the most superb of evenings we return'd to Denver, where I staid several days leisurely exploring, receiving impressions, with which I may as well taper off this memorandum, itemizing what I saw there. The best was the men, three-fourths of them large, able, calm, alert, American. And cash! why they create it here. Out in the smelting works, (the biggest and most improv'd ones, for the precious metals, in the world,) I saw long rows of vats, pans, cover'd by bubbling-boiling water, and fill'd with pure silver, four or five inches thick, many thousand dollars' worth in a pan. The foreman who was showing me shovel'd it carelessly up with a little wooden shovel, as one might toss beans. Then large silver bricks, worth \$2000 a brick, dozens of piles, twenty in a pile. In one place in the mountains, at a mining camp, I had a few days before seen rough bullion on the ground [Page 860] in the open air, like the confectioner's pyramids at some swell dinner in New York. (Such a sweet morsel to roll over with a poor author's pen and ink – and appropriate to slip in here – that the silver product of Colorado and Utah, with the gold product of California, New Mexico, Nevada and Dakota, foots up an addition to the world's coin of considerably over a hundred millions every year.)

A city, this Denver, well-laid out – Laramie street, and 15th and 16th and Champa streets, with others, particularly fine – some with tall storehouses of stone or iron, and windows of plate-glass – all the streets with little canals of mountain water running along the sides – plenty of people, “business,” modernness – yet not without a certain racy wild smack, all its own. A place of fast horses, (many mares with their colts,) and I saw lots of big greyhounds for antelope hunting. Now and then groups of miners, some just come in, some starting out, very picturesque.

One of the papers here interview'd me, and reported me as saying off-hand:

“I have lived in or visited all the great cities on the Atlantic third of the republic — Boston, Brooklyn with its hills, New Orleans, Baltimore, stately Washington, broad Philadelphia, teeming Cincinnati and Chicago, and for thirty years in that wonder, wash'd by hurried and glittering tides, my own New York, not only the New World's but the world's city — but, newcomer to Denver as I am, and threading its streets, breathing its air, warm'd by its sunshine, and having what there is of its human as well as aerial ozone flash'd upon me now for only three or four days, I am very much like a man feels sometimes toward certain people he meets with, and warms to, and hardly knows why. I, too, can hardly tell why, but as I enter'd the city in the slight haze of a late September afternoon, and have breath'd its air, and slept well o' nights, and have roam'd or rode leisurely, and watch'd the comers and goers at the hotels, and absorb'd the climatic magnetism of this curiously attractive region, there has steadily grown upon me a feeling of affection for the spot, which, sudden as it is, has become so definite and strong that I must put it on record.”

So much for my feeling toward the Queen city of the plains and peaks, where she sits in her delicious rare atmosphere, [Page 861] over 5000 feet above sea-level, irrigated by mountain streams, one way looking east over the prairies for a thousand miles, and having the other, westward, in constant view by day, draped in their violet haze, mountain tops innumerable. Yes, I fell in love with Denver, and even felt a wish to spend my declining and dying days there.



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“Specimen Days”

I TURN SOUTH — AND THEN EAST AGAIN

Leave Denver at 8 A.M. by the Rio Grande RR. going south. Mountains constantly in sight in the apparently near distance, veil'd slightly, but still clear and very grand — their cones, colors, sides, distinct against the sky — hundreds, it seem'd thousands, interminable necklaces of them, their tops and slopes hazed more or less slightly in that blue-gray, under the autumn sun, for over a hundred miles — the most spiritual show of objective Nature I ever beheld, or ever thought possible. Occasionally the light strengthens, making a contrast of yellow-tinged silver on one side, with dark and shaded gray on the other. I took a long look at Pike's peak, and was a little disappointed. (I suppose I had expected something stunning.) Our view over plains to the left stretches amply, with corrals here and there, the frequent cactus and wild ange, and herds of cattle feeding. Thus about 120 miles to Pueblo. At that town we board the comfortable and well-equipt Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe RR., now striking east.

“Specimen Days”

UNFULFILL'D WANTS — THE ARKANSAS RIVER

I had wanted to go to the Yellowstone river region — wanted specially to see the National Park, and the geysers and the “hoo-doo” or goblin land of that country; indeed, hesitated a little at Pueblo, the turning point — wanted to thread the Veta pass — wanted to go over the Santa Fe trail away southwestward to New Mexico — but turn'd and set my face eastward — leaving behind me whetting glimpse-tastes of southeastern Colorado, Pueblo, Bald mountain, the Spanish peaks, Sangre de Christos, Mile-Shoe-curve (which my veteran friend on the locomotive told me was “the boss railroad curve of the universe,”) fort Garland on the plains, Veta, and the three great peaks of the Sierra Blancas. [Page 862]

The Arkansas river plays quite a part in the whole of this region — I see it, or its high-cut rocky northern shore, for miles, and cross and recross it frequently, as it winds and squirms like a snake. The plains vary here even more than usual — sometimes a long sterile stretch of scores of miles — then green, fertile and grassy, an equal length. Some very large herds of sheep. (One wants new words in writing about these plains, and all the inland American West — the terms, **far**, **large**, **vast**, &c., are insufficient.)



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“Specimen Days”

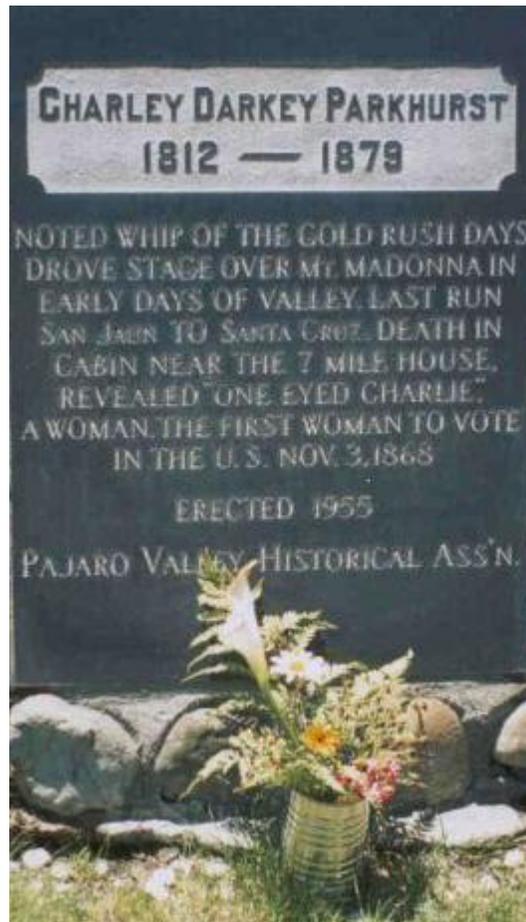
A SILENT LITTLE FOLLOWER — THE COREOPSIS

Here I must say a word about a little follower, present even now before my eyes. I have been accompanied on my whole journey from Barnegat to Pike’s Peak by a pleasant floricultural friend, or rather millions of friends – nothing more or less than a hardy little yellow five petal’d September and October wild flower, growing I think everywhere in the middle and northern United States. I had seen it on the Hudson and over Long Island, and along the banks of the Delaware and through New Jersey, (as years ago up the Connecticut, and one fall by Lake Champlain.) This trip it follow’d me regularly, with its slender stem and eyes of gold, from Cape May to the Kaw valley, and so through the cañons and to these plains. In Missouri I saw immense fields all bright with it. Toward western Illinois I woke up one morning in the sleeper and the first thing when I drew the curtain of my berth and look’d out was its pretty countenance and bending neck.

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December 29, Monday: The body of “[Charley](#)” [Parkhurst](#) was discovered in her [California](#) cabin after she had died of tongue cancer evidently induced by her lifelong constant indulgent in manly cigars and chewing tobacco. Preparing her body for burial, her gender was revealed for the 2d time. In the cabin, in a trunk, was a pair of baby shoes and a little red dress — could this have been what she had worn as a child in New Hampshire in the 1810s, before she had run away from the orphanage disguised as a boy?



[Abigail May Alcott Nieriker](#) died in Paris. The body would be placed in a rented plot at Montrouge, although Louisa May Alcott, who would be caring for her daughter “Lulu,” would position a stone with her initials in the family plot in Concord’s Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.

December 31 The cornerstone laid for Iolani Palace (which happens to be the only royal palace in the US of A).

Thomas Alva Edison offered a public demonstration of his new incandescent lamp.

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



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1880

[Moncure Daniel Conway](#)'s THE PHILOSOPHY OF PERSECUTION. No. 19, Vol. i, Modern Sermons. Pamphlet. Manchester: Johnson & Rawlson, and J. Heywood. London: H. Smart. Edinburgh and London: Williams & Norgate.

[READ THE FULL TEXT](#)



According to Benjamin Madley, the UCLA author of AN AMERICAN GENOCIDE: THE UNITED STATES AND THE [CALIFORNIA](#) INDIAN CATASTROPHE, 1846-1873, by this point only some 20,000 natives remained alive in the state: "It is not an exaggeration to say that [California](#) legislators established a state-sponsored killing machine."

According to Professor Mark David Spence's DISPOSSESSING THE WILDERNESS: INDIAN REMOVAL AND THE MAKING OF THE NATIONAL PARKS, [Yosemite Park](#) service people sponsored Indian Field Days that included tepees constructed in Great Plains style atypical of anything that California natives had ever constructed, and paid anyone who appeared sufficiently swarthy to dress up in "full Indian costume of buckskin dress, moccasin, and head decoration."

March 15, Monday: At about this point [Robert Louis Stevenson](#) moved into the Tubbs Hotel of East Oakland, [California](#). There he would have a hemorrhage and would be moved to the home of [Frances \(Fanny\) Matilda Vandegrift \(or Van de Grift\)](#) nearby, so that she might nurse him.

May 19, Wednesday: [Robert Louis Stevenson](#) got married with [Frances \(Fanny\) Matilda Vandegrift \(or Van de Grift\)](#) in San Francisco, [California](#); the couple would honeymoon at the Palace Hotel there until May 21st or 22d.

May 22, Saturday: [Robert Louis Stevenson](#) and [Frances \(Fanny\) Matilda Vandegrift \(or Van de Grift\) Stevenson](#) set out for a further honeymoon in the Napa Valley of [California](#), now accompanied by her 12-year-old son [Samuel Lloyd Osbourne](#). (they would stay first at the Hot Springs Hotel in Calistoga, as would be described in 1884 in [THE SILVERADO SQUATTERS](#)).

June 9, Wednesday: The Hot Springs Hotel in Calistoga having turned out to be too expensive, [Robert Louis Stevenson](#) and [Frances \(Fanny\) Matilda Vandegrift \(or Van de Grift\) Stevenson](#) accompanied by her son [Samuel Lloyd Osbourne](#) relocated to an abandoned mining cabin in Silverado, [California](#).

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June 13, Sunday: William Erasmus Darwin wrote to the Reverend [Francis Ellingwood Abbot](#) to indicate that his father [Charles Darwin](#) had asked him to express appreciation for [The Free Religious Index](#) and to express regret that the Reverend Abbot will no longer be running it. His father desired that the Reverend Abbot at this point discontinue printing a weekly advertisement of his appreciation of the [Index](#).



[Robert Louis Stevenson](#), [Frances \(Fanny\) Matilda Vandegrift \(or Van de Grift\) Stevenson](#), and her son [Samuel Lloyd Osbourne](#) returned from their cabin in Silverado to Calistoga, [California](#).

June 25, Friday: [Robert Louis Stevenson](#), [Frances \(Fanny\) Matilda Vandegrift \(or Van de Grift\) Stevenson](#), and her son [Samuel Lloyd Osbourne](#) returned to their abandoned mining cabin in Silverado, [California](#).

July: Continuation of serial publication of [Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevski](#)'s THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV in [The Russian Herald](#): Book XI, 1-5 (Ivan drawn to Smerdiakov.)

[Robert Louis Stevenson](#), [Frances \(Fanny\) Matilda Vandegrift \(or Van de Grift\) Stevenson](#), and her son [Samuel Lloyd Osbourne](#) returned from Napa Valley to San Francisco, [California](#).

The Empress Eugène, widow of [Napoléon III](#), paid a visit to [St. Helena](#). (On the lawn at Plantation House, was she glimpsed by the [antique tortoise](#) who had glimpsed her in-law the exiled emperor [Napoléon](#)? — Inquiring minds need to know.)

July 19, Monday: The [San Francisco](#) Public Library began to allow patrons to borrow books.

July 29, Thursday: [Robert Louis Stevenson](#), [Frances \(Fanny\) Matilda Vandegrift \(or Van de Grift\) Stevenson](#), and her son [Samuel Lloyd Osbourne](#) boarded a train, presumably in Alameda, [California](#), for their 9-day transcontinental journey to [New-York](#).

At the funeral of George Bradburn, his closest friend, [Lysander Spooner](#), read a eulogy and served as one of the pallbearers:

Of the strong men of the Anti-slavery cause in its days of trial, of those in whose ability, fidelity and courage most reliance was placed, George Bradburn was one of the select few. He enlisted at an early day, and continued in the service more than twenty years, doing a great deal of speaking and writing, and was one of the most effective workers, especially as a speaker. He had many and rare gifts as a popular speaker, a face and figure of striking dignity and beauty, a courage that feared no



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antagonism, a frankness, sincerity and disinterestedness so transparent as to compel universal confidence, a style of oratory remarkably unique, picturesque and impressive, and powers of wit, eloquence and argument that usually left his adversary little else than a wreck, oftentimes a very ridiculous one. The absurd and exclusive social, political and religious customs, opinions and prejudices which he had to meet and combat at every step, received many stunning blows at his hands.

All these qualities made him not only a hero to be admired, but, what was more, a champion to be trusted. He became at one time more widely known throughout the Northern States than almost any of the other Anti-slavery orators; and neither his fidelity nor his power was ever called in question. He remained an intimate associate of Garrison and the other original Abolitionists until Garrison pronounced for the dissolution of the Union. Then Bradburn dissented, and afterwards became a political Abolitionist of the most ultra type, being finally and thoroughly convinced of the Anti-slavery character of the Constitution, and of its competency to give freedom to the slave.

He was a delegate to the World's Anti-slavery Convention held in London in 1840, and took a very prominent part in its proceedings. His speeches were among the best, both for moral courage and intellectual power. With an intense scorn of everything mean, bigoted or narrow, he protested against the exclusion of women, and also against introducing into the resolutions of the Convention any such words as "Christian," "religious," and the like, by which persons of any religion whatever, or of no religion whatever, should be excluded from the Anti-slavery platform. It required a man like him to do these things; for at that time, neither in this country nor in England, had either mean social customs or religious bigotry or pride been beaten down or humbled as they have been since. To one clerical bigot, who feared that the anathemas of the Convention against slavery might be so sweeping as to conflict with the apostle Paul's apparent sanction of it, Bradburn replied that, if it were proved that the New Testament sanctioned American slavery, he would "repudiate its authority" and "scatter its leaves to the four winds." This was said to a convention of five hundred persons, of whom more than one hundred were clergymen, and doubtless many more were Christians of very strait sects. Such a declaration would now, at least in this country, be considered commonplace, a mere matter of course. But it was not so then. It so shocked some of the pietists present that it was omitted from the published reports of the debates. Truly the world has moved, in more senses than one, within the last forty years, and the Abolitionists did their part towards making it move.

In addition to his labors as a platform speaker, he served four years from 1839 to 1842, inclusive in the Legislature of Massachusetts, as a representative from Nantucket. There his talents as a debater and his courage as an innovator were as conspicuous as they were before popular assemblies. Taking the lead in all questions where the rights of the colored people of the State were concerned, and also a rare thing at that day advocating the rights of women, who at that time were scarcely acknowledged to have any rights at all, he frightened the cowardly conservatives by the novelty of his ideas, while he



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conquered them by his arguments, scorched and stung them by his wit, and covered them with ridicule for their absurdities, bigotry and selfishness. He was altogether a new kind of man in that place. There were no drowsy members in the House when he had the floor. As a token of her appreciation of his services at this time, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, as competent a judge certainly as any other, sent him the following tribute, inscribed in a copy of the "Oasis," edited by herself:

TO GEORGE BRADBURN, The bold opposer of any limitation of rights by the graduation of color, and the true-hearted champion of woman's freedom, this volume is presented with the best wishes and gratitude of the author.

God give you strength to run,
Unawed by earth or hell,
The race you have begun
So gloriously and well.

This tribute to him was presented when it seemed in a sense which the present generation can hardly realize as if "earth and hell" had actually combined against everything like truth, justice or liberty for the colored race.

Surely, in this country and within this century, no other cause has so tested the moral natures of men and women as did the Anti-slavery cause in its early days; and no one who knew George Bradburn at that time will question his right to a high place among the tried and true.

His colloquial powers in private had the same characteristics, and were perhaps as attractive as those exhibited in his public speeches.

It can hardly be necessary to say that he had hosts of friends. It could not be otherwise with a man so frank, courageous, generous and large-hearted. For the last twenty years he has been little before the public. An increasing deafness has contributed, among other things, to keep him in private. It is understood that a memoir of him is likely to be prepared, which will certainly be very highly valued by those who were associated with him in Anti-slavery days.



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1881

September 7, Wednesday: Sheriff of [San Francisco, California](#) Thomas Desmond, who had not hanged anyone, was defeated in his re-election bid by John Sedgwick.

Winter: [Robert Louis Stevenson](#)'s "Thrawn Janet" appeared in [Cornhill Magazine](#).

[Mary Ann Day Brown](#) moved from Rohnerville to Saratoga, [California](#). She would contract cancer and would die in the Bay Area on February 20, 1884.





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1882

November 7, Tuesday: [Braxton Craven](#), a key figure at [Trinity College](#) in Randolph County, [North Carolina](#) (and its predecessors) since he arrived in 1842, died. He had served as the institution's president and at some point had taught nearly every class offered. The Reverend [Marquis Lafayette Wood](#), who had been a missionary in [Shanghai](#), assumed the presidency of the college, until 1884 (he would be the sole president of Trinity or Duke University who was also an alumnus).

Sheriff of [San Francisco, California](#) John Sedgwick, who had not executed anyone, was defeated in his re-election bid by Patrick Connolly, who would serve until November 4th, 1884 and then not seek reelection.



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1883

March 2, Friday: In [California](#), Sing Lum, condemned to hang, asked the deputy assigned to watch over him to fetch them both some tea, and while the deputy was absent [hanged](#) himself in his cell.



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1884

January 23, Wednesday: [Edmond François Valentin About](#) was elected to the *Académie française* (he would die prior to the award ceremony).

Up to 2 o'clock on the afternoon the Sheriff's office in [San Francisco, California](#) was being besieged with applicants for invitations to the latest [hanging](#) at the jailhouse, that of George Wheeler, who had been found guilty of the murder of his sister-in-law, Delia Tillson, who had been attempting to break off her affair with Wheeler. The [Examiner](#) reported that "So great was the demand that Sheriff Patrick Connolly was obliged to seek shelter in the County Jail, while Undersheriff Cummings had to hide himself in the old City Hall to escape the mob so morbidly eager to see a human being meet a sudden and horrible death. In all there were some 2,000 applications, but only 350 cards were issued. Of this number 52 were sent to the Sheriffs of the different counties, of whom some eight or ten will probably be present. The other cards were distributed among the city officials and newspaper offices. The jail will not comfortably hold more than 250 spectators, and it is not likely that more than this number will attend."

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January 24, Thursday: At the execution of George Wheeler in the [San Francisco, California](#) jailhouse, according to the [Examiner](#), when the condemned prisoner was handed a small glass of whiskey he turned to Sheriff Connolly and “thanked him for the favors he had received at his hand, and said he would like to express his thanks from the [gallows](#). The Sheriff replied: ‘If you wish to do me a favor George, say as little as possible and die like a man. Do not give us any trouble.’ ‘I promise you that,’ was the reply, shaking him by the hand.”

[Frederick Douglass](#) remarried, with Helen Pitts of Rochester, New York, his Irish American secretary,



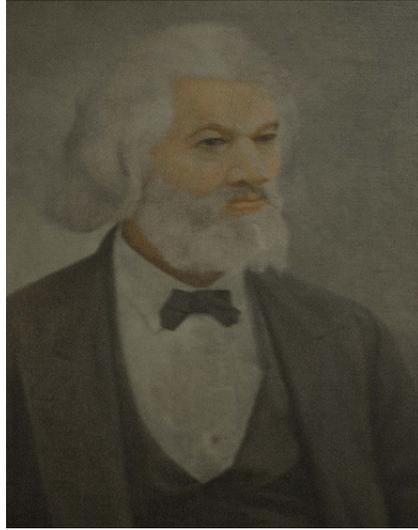
20 years younger than Otilie Assing. The bride’s father, an abolitionist, would disown her. Douglass would



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remark upon some occasion that his 1st wife had been the color of his mother, his 2d the color of his father.



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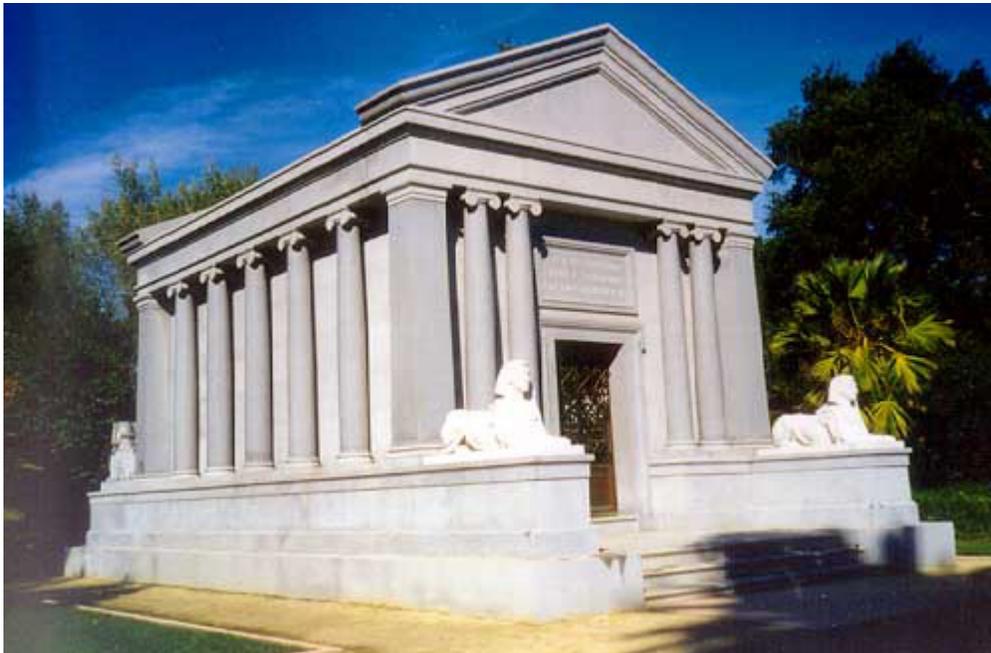
March 13, Thursday: Mahdist forces surrounded 800 British soldiers in Halfayat, cutting them off from Khartoum. 500 of these British soldiers managed to reach Khartoum on fortified grain barges, under heavy fire. Mahdist forces also attacked a wood-cutting party near Khartoum, causing the loss of 100-150 men.

Antonin Dvorák conducted his Stabat mater, in the 1st of his concerts in England, at the Royal Albert Hall.

The slow movement from Charles Villiers Stanford's Cello Concerto was performed for the initial time, in Cambridge with the composer himself playing a piano reduction.

[Richard Henry Horne](#) died at Margate, leaving much unpublished work such as the children's book KING PENGUIN: A LEGEND OF THE SOUTH SEAS (this would be printed in 1925).

[Leland Stanford, Jr.](#) died of [typhoid fever](#) in Florence, [Italy](#) (the corpse would be interred back on his parents' horse farm in Palo Alto, [California](#)).



September 12, Friday: Frank Hutchings was [hanged](#) in the [San Francisco, California](#) jailhouse for the murder by strangulation of Jeanette Simms, who had been trying to leave him for another man. According to the [San Francisco Examiner](#) on the following day, "The possessors of ... black-bordered sheets of notepaper [permits issued by Sheriff Patrick Connolly] had been clamoring for admission for an hour. The Sheriff had issued invitations to 400 persons, all the jail would hold, and there were at least 4,000 more hunting him high and low all over the town during the past two days seeking passes. So great was the clamor that the official has been obliged to keep himself locked up in jail for about forty-eight hours. The telephone in the Captain's room was kept tinkling all morning by people who had discovered that they had been forgotten. Seven messenger boys at one time stood on the front steps with notes to the Sheriff requesting permits. The office on Kearny Street was crowded with applicants waiting for the Sheriff to come down from breakfast. He was compelled to go to a strange barbershop to get shaved, and was almost worried into a bad temper when a man with a pass attempted to ring in a couple of friends through the door. An old man who had successfully evaded the vigilant eyes of Captain Douglass and his squad of police, who were keeping clear the sidewalk, tried to shove himself through the door, but Chief Kirkpatrick stopped him. 'Won't you please let me in?' he pleaded. 'Can't do it,' said the Chief. 'I'll give you a dollar if you do,' beseeched the individual. The bribe had no effect, and the old fellow was soon back in the crowd gazing pathetically at the walls."



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November 4, Tuesday: Peter Hopkins was elected to be the sheriff of [San Francisco, California](#) (he would serve until November 6th, 1886 and then not seek reelection).



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1885

January 16, Friday: [Edmond François Valentin About](#) died.

During his 2d week in office, Sheriff Peter Hopkins [hanged](#) Wright Leroy inside the county jail of [San Francisco, California](#) for the strangling of Nicholas Skerrett (after strangling Skerrett, Leroy had made an attempt to transfer all of Skerrett's considerable assets to himself).

February-May: [Professor Asa Gray](#) traveled in [Mexico](#) and southern [California](#).

March 20, Friday: An African American, Stephen Jones, was [hanged](#) inside the Broadway county jail in [San Francisco, California](#) for the murder of a former lover, Agnes Riley (after shooting her several times, Jones had attempted to off himself but hadn't been able to get himself to pull the trigger).

August 4, Tuesday: In [New-York](#)'s [Semi Weekly Evening Post](#), a "Philosophy at Concord" item reported on a reading given that summer by [H.G.O. Blake](#) at the annual Concord School of Philosophy. "[Thoreau](#) has been called 'not only provincial, but parochial,' and there is always something of monotony in his style; but those who were on reading terms with Thoreau before, no doubt found the extracts pithy and agreeable." The author quotes Blake's description of his friendship with Thoreau: "Mr. Blake said that his relation to Thoreau could hardly be called one of personal friendship; its impersonality was its most remarkable feature."

Arthur Sullivan and several family members set out from Los Angeles, [California](#) for a 9-day journey into the [Yosemite Valley](#).

November 11, Wednesday: [George Smith Patton, Jr.](#) was born in San Gabriel, [California](#).

The boundary was defined between [Liberia](#) and Sierra Leone.



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1886

February 7, Sunday: A white mob forced 400 [Chinese](#) from their homes in Seattle. 100 of them were herded aboard a ship heading for [San Francisco, California](#). All but 15 [Chinese](#) were forced out of town. Since local police were in sympathy with this local mob, federal troops were called in, and martial law would be imposed for the following 2 weeks — but what had been accomplished had been accomplished.

November 6, Saturday: In [San Francisco, California](#), William McMann was elected sheriff (he would serve until November 6th, 1888 and not seek reelection).

November 19, Friday: Fong Ah Sing was [hanged](#) inside the county jail of [San Francisco, California](#) for having, on October 18th, 1881, shot dead Choy Cum, a [Chinese](#) courtesan (Choy Cum had spilled water on him).

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1887

During this year and the following one, [John Hunt Painter](#) was erecting in Pasadena, [California](#) the Painter Hotel, which would become a local landmark.



(One of the investors in this hotel, the canny New York investor and miser Henrietta “Hetty” Howland Robinson Green, would be described as the richest woman in the world.)

As an example of [Quaker disownment](#), here is one that was announced in this year at the Somerset monthly meeting:

“R.G. having neglected the attendance of our Religious meetings and joined the Methodist Society and being treated with therefor did not manifest a disposition to condemn her deviation, we therefore disown her as a member of our Religious Society.”¹²⁸

[RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS](#)

February 5, Monday: Snow fell on [San Francisco, California](#), in places 7 inches deep.

128. Somerset Monthly Meeting (Ohio Yearly Meeting), Minutes.



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

Early April: [Alfred Russel Wallace](#) set out across the North American continent. He would reach [California](#) in late May.

During this month [José Martí](#)'s mother would visit him in [New-York](#).

May 31, Tuesday: [Robert Louis Stevenson](#) left [Edinburgh](#) for the final time, traveling to Bournemouth on the south coast of England.

Late in this month, [Alfred Russel Wallace](#) arrived in [California](#) and there reunited with an older brother, John Wallace, whom he hadn't seen for nearly 4 decades. He delivered a talk on spiritualism entitled "If a Man Die, Shall He Live Again?" that seized the imagination of the general public. John Muir would take him on a tour of redwood groves and of the [Yosemite Valley](#). The railroad magnate Leland Stanford, whom he had already met in Washington DC, would take him for a tour of the site he had selected on his horse farm in Palo Alto for the new "Leland Stanford, Jr. University."

Early July: [Alfred Russel Wallace](#) departed from [California](#), heading east by land. This American lecture tour would be recycled in 1889 as DARWINISM.

September 23, Friday: John Kernaghan, the owner of a saloon, was [hanged](#) inside [San Francisco, California](#)'s Broadway Street jailhouse for having beaten to death his sister-in-law Martha Hood, whom he felt had been humiliating him by talking about his financial troubles and general incompetence, with a hammer.

September 30, Friday: [Robert Louis Stevenson](#) boarded a train in [New-York](#) to Saranac Lake, [New York](#), where a recently opened open-air treatment center for phthisis, the Trudeau Institute, seemed to offer some prospects of relief.

Sare Bo Lee was [hanged](#) for having on October 3d, 1882 caused the murder of Chu Ah Chuck. The victim had been ambushed by a couple of gunmen in the heart of [Chinatown](#), apparently because he had been cooperating with the police. This was part of the "Tong Wars" that scarred San Francisco's Chinatown from the early 1880s through 1921. Many citizens, including the Chief of Police and the former District Attorney, had unsuccessfully sought clemency for him. Sare Bo Lee had protested his innocence throughout his trial and continued to plead his innocence while he was standing on the trap inside the county jailhouse of [San Francisco, California](#).



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1888

March 26, Monday: [Frances \(Fanny\) Matilda Vandegrift \(or Van de Grift\) Stevenson](#) departed for [California](#).

June 2, Saturday: [Robert Louis Stevenson](#) boarded a train for [California](#) by way of Chicago and Salt Lake City.

At about this point Friedrich Nietzsche began TWILIGHT OF THE IDOLS.¹²⁹

June 7, Thursday: [Robert Louis Stevenson](#) arrived in San Francisco, [California](#) and registered at the Occidental Hotel.

June 26, Tuesday: [Robert Louis Stevenson](#) left his hotel in San Francisco, [California](#) to board the *Casco* at the waterfront.

June 27, Wednesday: The *Casco* left San Francisco, [California](#) for a cruise of various islands of the South Pacific, including the Marquesas, the Paumotus, and Tahiti (the cruise would conclude by disembarking [Robert Louis Stevenson](#) at Honolulu on January 24th, 1889).

September 14, Friday: In the [San Francisco, California](#) jailhouse, Alexander Goldenson was [hanged](#) for having gunned down 14-year-old Mary Kelly on November 10th, 1886. There had been, during the trial, an attempt to lynch Goldenson, and then he had attempted to take his own life with poison in jail. Goldenson had been 18 years of age at the time of this murder. He had had a crush on this 14-year-old and she had rebuffed him. As he stood on the gallows trap he held a photo of Mary Kelly and an American flag. The [Examiner](#) would report on the following day that “Sheriff McMann erred on the side of generosity in the manner of distributing passes to the execution. There was also some lack of discrimination in the selection of the recipients. As a consequence the capacity of the jail was overtaxed, many with tickets were unable to get in, and the crowd was one of the noisiest and most turbulent that ever thronged Broadway in front of the old jail. The experiment of holding the Sheriff’s guests back until an hour before the execution also proved unfortunate, for there proved so many of them that the experienced ones promptly recognized the fact that the jail’s capacity was not equal to containing all, and began to make a fight for a position to command the jail steps when the ticket-takers put in an appearance. Their movement started the remainder of the crowd, and by 11 o’clock there was a brawling, sweating, swearing, yelling, laughing mob of 1,500 men, fighting shoulder to shoulder, every man against his neighbor, to advance toward a common goal – a commanding view of the death of a murderer.”

December 28, Friday: In [San Francisco, California](#)’s Broadway county jail, Leong Sing was [hanged](#) for the murder of his uncle Leong Chun at Chun’s restaurant at 830 Washington Street on March 30th, 1877. The uncle had been treasurer of the Leong Si Tong and the murderer had asked for his \$5 membership fee back. When his uncle had refused Sing had shot him 3 times. This hanging would be one of the final official acts of Sheriff William McMann. The following sheriff, Charles Laumeister, had already been elected but had not yet assumed office. Nevertheless, the Sheriff-elect attended the execution along with his new Chief Jailer Michael Smith, and his new Undersheriff Peter Deveney.

129.  Friedrich Nietzsche. *DIE GÖTZEN-DÄMMERUNG ODER WIE MAN MIT DEM HAMMER PHILOSOPHIERT* Volume XVII of the Musarion Verlag edition; THE TWILIGHT OF THE IDOLS, OR HOW ONE PHILOSOPHIZES WITH A HAMMER, Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1968a (1889)



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1890

Despite complaints that active sports were too strenuous for girls, games such as field hockey, golf, lacrosse, and tennis were beginning to replace gentle calisthenics at girl’s schools in Britain and North America. The pioneers in this development included Rhoda Anstey and Margaret Stanfeld in Britain, Amy Morris Homans and Senda Berenson in Massachusetts, and Genevra Magee in [California](#).

The Truman family relocated from the farm owned by Solomon Young near present-day Grandview, Missouri to 619 Chrysler Street in Independence, where young [Harry S Truman](#) met Bess Wallace for the first time, at Sunday School in the First Presbyterian Church.

February 14, Friday: Wong Ah Hing (AKA Ah Tee), who had fatally stabbed his uncle Wong Ming See by whom he had felt humiliated, would be the last person [hanged](#) within the municipality of [San Francisco, California](#). Future executions of this city’s criminals would take place in a state prison across the bay, San Quentin.

FAMOUS LASTS		
December 29, 1890	native American tribalist resistance to white settlement	“battle” of Wounded Knee , South Dakota
February 14, 1890	Wong Ah Hing (AKA Ah Tee)	last hanging in San Francisco, California (subsequent hangings would be at San Quentin, a new state prison across the bay)
January 17, 1893	Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii	deposed



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1891

February 9, Monday: The 1st shipment of asparagus arrived in San Francisco from Sacramento, [California](#).

Emperor Menelik of Ethiopia expressed the judgment that the treaty into which his nation had entered with [Italy](#) had not offered [Italy](#) any sort of protectorate over Ethiopia.

Antonio Di Rudini, Marquis of Starabba replaced Francesco Crispi as prime minister of [Italy](#).

Chanson triste op.40/2 for piano by Pyotr Illyich Tchaikovsky was performed for the initial time, in Moscow.

February 26, Thursday: The 1st bison was purchased for exhibit in San Francisco, [California](#)'s Golden Gate Park.

March: [Dr. David Starr Jordan](#) was approached by railroad magnate [Amasa Leland Stanford](#) and his wife [Jane Elizabeth Lathrop Stanford](#), while they were traveling through Indiana, and offered the presidency of a new university they were scheming to set up in Palo Alto, [California](#), that they were intending to name in honor of their deceased child [Leland Stanford, Junior](#). His name had been suggested by Andrew White, president of Cornell University. He accepted on the spot.

E[wald] F[lügel,] "Amerikanische Litteratur," review of [Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#)'s [HENRY D. THOREAU](#), in *MITTEILUNGEN AUS DEM GESAMMTEN GEBIETE DER ENGLISCHEN SPRACHE UND LITTERATUR*.

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April 9, Thursday: Now the Powers of Heaven for chorus by Pyotr Illyich Tchaikovsky was performed for the initial time, in Moscow.

[John Hunt Painter](#) died at the age of 71 in Pasadena, [California](#).



After the death of its proprietor, the Painter Hotel in Pasadena, [California](#) would come to be known as “*La Pintoresca*.”



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1892

THE EARLY DAYS OF MY EPISCOPATE BY THE [RIGHT REV. WM. INGRAHAM KIP, D.D., LL.D.](#) *BISHOP OF California* (New York: Thomas Whittaker, 2 & 3 Bible House).

THE EARLY DAYS OF MY ...



CALIFORNIA

May 1, Sunday: The US Quarantine Station opened on Angel Island in San Francisco Bay.

CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

Béla Bartók made his initial appearance as pianist and composer, at a charity concert for the town of Nagyszöllös (Vinogradov, Ukraine) northeast of Budapest. Bartók played the premiere of his The Course of the Danube as well as the first movement of [Beethoven](#)'s Waldstein Sonata.



CALIFORNIA

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1893

March 3, Friday: Legislation had been passed in 1891 redirecting all [California](#) executions to the State Prison. The 1st such State Prison execution took place in San Quentin prison when Jose Gabriel, a Native American, was [hanged](#) for a murder that had been committed in San Diego county. There would be only a few more hangings in individual [California](#) counties.

April 6, Thursday/7, Friday, midnight: [William Ingraham Kip](#) died. His last act as Episcopal Bishop of [California](#) had been the ordination of his grandson, William Ingraham Kip, III of San Francisco. Also surviving him were his wife Maria Lawrence Kip and his other son, Colonel Lawrence Kip (1836-1899) of New York. The body would be placed in the Kip family plot of Iona Churchyard in the Cypress Lawn Memorial Park of Colma, California.

1894

John Muir's 1st book, THE MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA.



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1896

October 1, Thursday: [Yosemite](#) became a National Park.

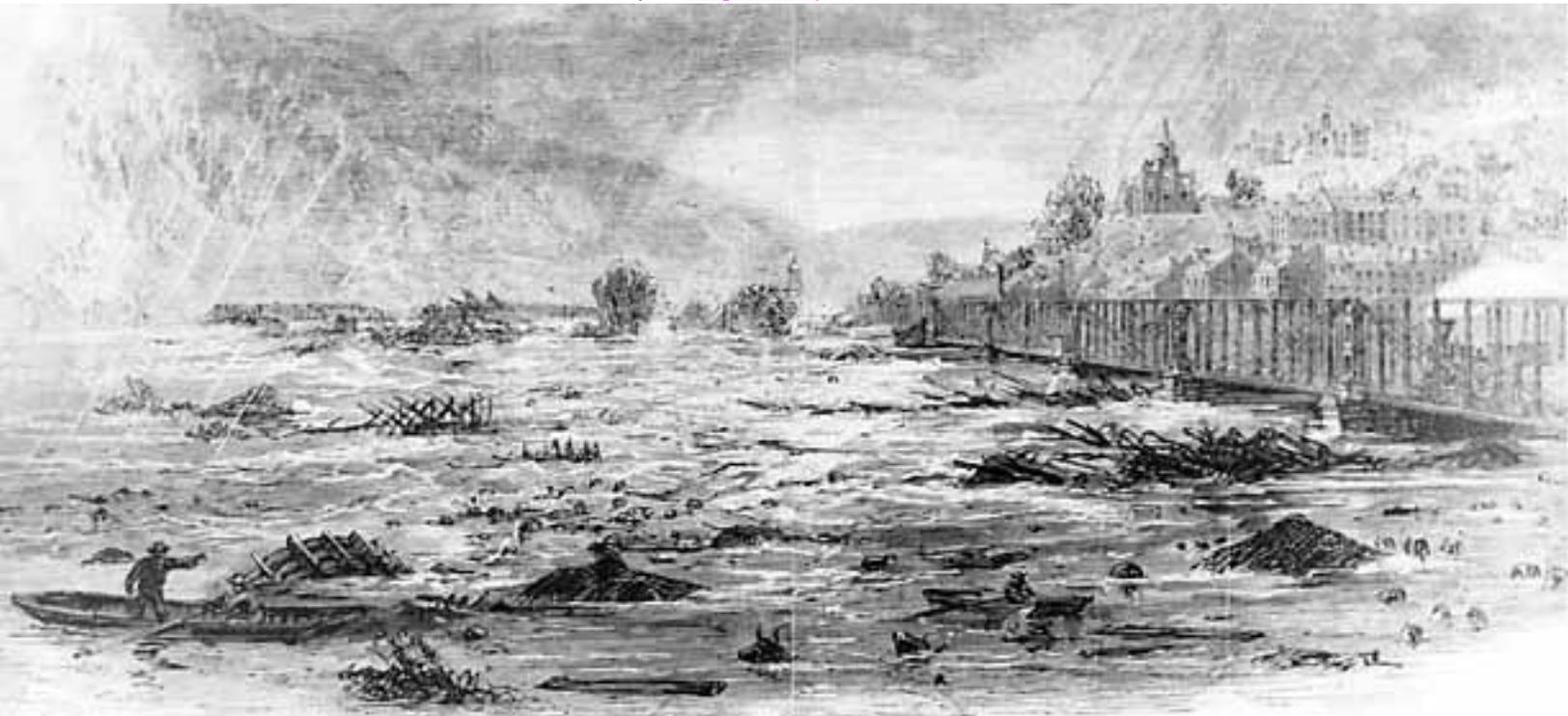
Max Reger was drafted into the [German](#) army.

Richard Strauss was promoted to *Hofkapellmeister* in München.

At Ceja del Negro, [Cuba](#), [Antonio Maceo](#)'s troops found themselves trapped by 3 Spanish columns. After 3 days of fighting the rebels would be victorious but would have suffered 277 casualties, and Maceo would be left with but 200 effective fighters.



One of the worst floods in the history of [Harpers Ferry](#). The rivers crested at 33.0 feet.





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1897

[George Smith Patton, Jr.](#) was enrolled in Stephen Cutter Clark's Classical School in Pasadena, [California](#).

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1899

July 20, Thursday: [Edith Dean Painter](#) died at Pasadena, [California](#).





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1900

St. Johnswort was introduced into [California](#). This invasive species *Hypericum spp.* would by 1950 spread over a couple of million acres. It is toxic to livestock and at one point would be considered the leading causing of economic loss to California.

March 6, Tuesday: The Piano Sonata no.3 op.23 by Alyeksandr Skryabin was performed for the initial time, in Moscow.

In San Francisco, [California](#)'s Chinatown, a [Chinese](#) resident succumbed to bubonic plague. Police would transform the neighborhood into a ghetto by roping off 15 square blocks. They would raid and fumigate the dwellings. Some 200 would be dying of the plague.

At the Red Ash coal mine in Fayette County, West Virginia, an enormous explosion killed 46 miners.



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1905

[Robinson Jeffers](#) matriculated at the University of Southern [California](#). There he first encountered a Mrs. Una Call Kuster, one year his senior, in a class on Faust.¹³⁰ Initially she was thought to be a steadying influence on this lad “Jeff,” given to writing poems all night “fortified with a jug of wine, a packet of Bull Durham, and a sheaf of cigarette papers.” He had his seminar in Old English from a Dr. Dixon who was an expert on Scottish ballads. At this time he was being markedly dandyish in his attire. He published in the USC literary magazine, the [University Courier](#).

January 14, Saturday: [Strychnine](#) was discovered in a bottle of mineral water in the Nob Hill, San Francisco, [California](#) mansion of [Mrs. Jane Elizabeth Lathrop Stanford](#). A maid was dismissed and Mrs. Stanford quitted her mansion, vowing never to return.

February 15, Wednesday: [Mrs. Jane Elizabeth Lathrop Stanford](#) sailed for Hawaii and then Japan. Attending her was trusted personal secretary Bertha Berner, who had been present during the attempt to poison Mrs. Stanford in her mansion in San Francisco, [California](#) with [strychnine](#) but was not a suspect.

130. Jeffers’s “inhumanism” reminds me of the ending to Antony Borrow’s JOHN FAUST (1958 London, page 37), in which the devil reveals that the objective of his strategy, in pointing Faust toward absorption in human relations (“accept, absorb, love”), was to distract him from eternity — and thus cause his focus to veer away from “the screaming heart of the wound.”



CALIFORNIA

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1907

Formation of the Eugenics Education Society that in 1926 would become the Eugenics Society. Charles Davenport of the Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island institute for “eugenics research” hired Harry Laughlin to determine which Americans were unfit because of their “germ-plasm” (curiously, the fact that Laughlin was himself epileptic didn’t slow him down one bit in his eagerness to eliminate the unfit). The State of Indiana put in place the 1st law in the USA for mandatory sterilization of “the unfit” (“Hoosier” is short for “Who’s your father, little boy?”). According to Harry Bruinius’s *THE SECRET HISTORY OF FORCED STERILIZATION AND AMERICA’S QUEST FOR RACIAL PURITY* (Knopf, 2006), Indiana’s law was “the first law in human history allowing doctors to operate on otherwise healthy citizens against their will.” In all, 15 states would follow this lead before the 1917 *Internationale Gessellschaft fuer Rassenhygiene*. Subsequently, some 15 more states would enact such legislation. Indiana and [California](#) would lead the nation in involuntary sterilizations until the setting up of the eugenic courts of Nazi [Germany](#) from 1934 onward would lead to gradual abandonment of such practices among Germany’s potential military opponents.

ASSLEY

[Dr. David Starr Jordan](#)’s *THE HUMAN HARVEST: A STUDY OF THE DECAY OF RACES THROUGH THE SURVIVAL OF THE UNFIT* (American Unitarian Association).

Our Republic shall endure so long as the human harvest is good,
so long as the movement of history, the progress of science and
industry, leaves for the future the best and not the worst of
each generation.

THE HUMAN HARVEST

EUGENICS

September: Beginning his Junior year, [Robinson Jeffers](#) entered the Medical School at the University of Southern [California](#), and was pledged by the Sigma Phi Fraternity.



CALIFORNIA

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1908

[Robinson Jeffers](#) reached 21 years of age. Una Call Kuster became a graduate student at the University of Southern [California](#), graduating in Psychology and becoming a Special Assistant to Dr. Lyman Stookey. She taught Physiology at USC Dental College.

Charles and George Sternberg discovered a dinosaur “mummy” — a duckbill fossil that still possessed skin, tendons, and bits of flesh.

PALEONTOLOGY

From this year into 1911, Oliver P. Hay would be contending that the posture of dinosaurs had been crocodilian (that is, that they should not be displayed with upright legs).

THE SCIENCE OF 1908

When Otto Hauser uncovered the body of a Neanderthal youth at Le Moustier, he persisted in burying and “rediscovering” the Neanderthal as important visitors arrived. In a pit at La Chapelle-aux-Saints, Amadee Bouyssonie and Jean Bouyssonie discovered the skeleton of a Neanderthal (their find would encourage the hypotheses of intentional Neanderthal burial of the dead, although some opposition would arise among anthropologists).

Avocados were planted at San Marino Ranch (today, the Henry E. Huntington [Botanical](#) Gardens in Pasadena), constituting what was apparently the first commercial avocado grove in [California](#) (however, the Haas avocado would not arrive until later).

PLANTS



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1909

An “All-Austrian” congress of the [German](#) Workers’ Party was held in Prague.

PROTO-NAZISM

[California](#) enacted a sterilization law which would be carefully studied by [Adolf Hitler](#).

Los Angeles mayor Arthur Harper was recalled for vice and corruption.



CALIFORNIA

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1910

[California](#) began production of chili [pepper](#).

PLANTS

A chemist with the Corn Products Refining Company (now Corn Products Company International) discovered a process that would allow the refining of corn oil for cooking, thus giving rise to the product “Mazola.”



CALIFORNIA

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1911

A 2-year famine began in Russia. While people were starving to death on the landscape, this nation would continue to export a full fifth of its annual grain production (this constituting about a quarter of world trade in grain).

With a little help from the National American, California women won full voting rights.

FEMINISM

To calm a rumor started in American newspapers by the German Kaiser, that Japan was going to invade California through Mexico, President William Howard Taft needed to dispatch half the US Army to the Mexican border for maneuvers.

The first movie about the Alamo, a silent one titled “The Immortal Alamo,” began a tradition of depicting the Mexican enemy in a derogatory manner — in this version of the fight General Antonio López de Santa Anna y Pérez de Lebrón is depicted as a druggie.

August 25, Friday: George Santayana, speaking at the University of California, attempted to characterize Transcendentalism as having been the product of two opposing pulls, one philosophical or methodological and engaged in the establishment of an *a priori* vantage point from which to experience the world, and the other mythic, subjective, even solipsistic. The result would be his essay “The Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy” (which would be recycled, in 1913, as a chapter in his WINDS OF DOCTRINE).

1912

December 31, Tuesday: Voting rights in Hungary were extended but the Magyars would remain in the dominant position. Occupational, property, and education restrictions would remain.

Hotel *La Pintoresca* on Washington Boulevard between Fair Oaks Boulevard and Raymond Avenue in Pasadena, [California](#) had come to be known as Hotel Pasadena. On this night, beginning at 10:46PM, it would be consumed by fire.



The fire began above the room of a guest, E. Tallman, who had just departed to catch a train, and it would be suspected that if defective wiring were not the cause of the blaze, it might be that this guest in departing did something stupid like light a cigar and toss a still-hot match into a wastebasket (they were able to redeem from the flames one of a precious set of 8 dark wood armed dinner chairs, incorrectly attributed to Chippendale, that had been crafted for Washington DC attorney Francis Scott “Star Spangled Banner” Key!).



With the exception of the north wing at the west end of the building, containing the kitchen, dining room and servants' quarters, Hotel Pasadena, formerly known as La Pintoresca, located at the corner of Washington Street and Fair Oaks Avenue, was completely destroyed by fire that started at 10:45 o'clock last night. The guests escaped without injury.



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

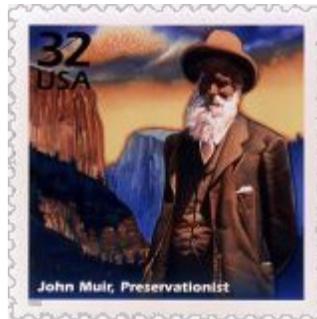
1914

According to a “model eugenical sterilization law” promoted by an advocacy group, that later would be adopted in Virginia, and then in thirty other states including [California](#) and Indiana, the targets of our nation’s sterilization effort ought to include the “feebleminded, insane, criminalistic, epileptic, inebriate, diseased, blind, deaf, deformed and dependent,” including “orphans, ne’er-do-wells, tramps, the homeless and paupers.”

EUGENICS

September: In La Jolla, [Robinson Jeffers](#) and Una Call Kuster Jeffers were laying plans to live at Lyme Regis on the south coast of England when rumors of war forced them to reconsider, and they moved instead to Carmel-by-the-Sea, [California](#). In this period the poet had an inclination to “enlist in his country’s service” in order to “protect the country that had protected me and my few possessions.”

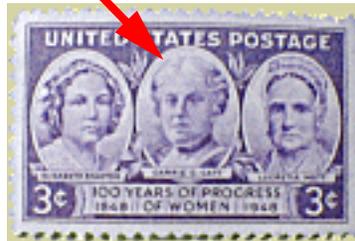
December 24, Saturday: John Muir died in California Hospital, Los Angeles, of pneumonia at age 76. He would be buried in the Strentzel family cemetery in the Alhambra Valley, near Martinez, [California](#).



1915

Anna Howard Shaw's tactical conservatism culminated in a loss of support from the National American members. She resigned and Carrie Chapman Catt replaced her as president.

FEMINISM



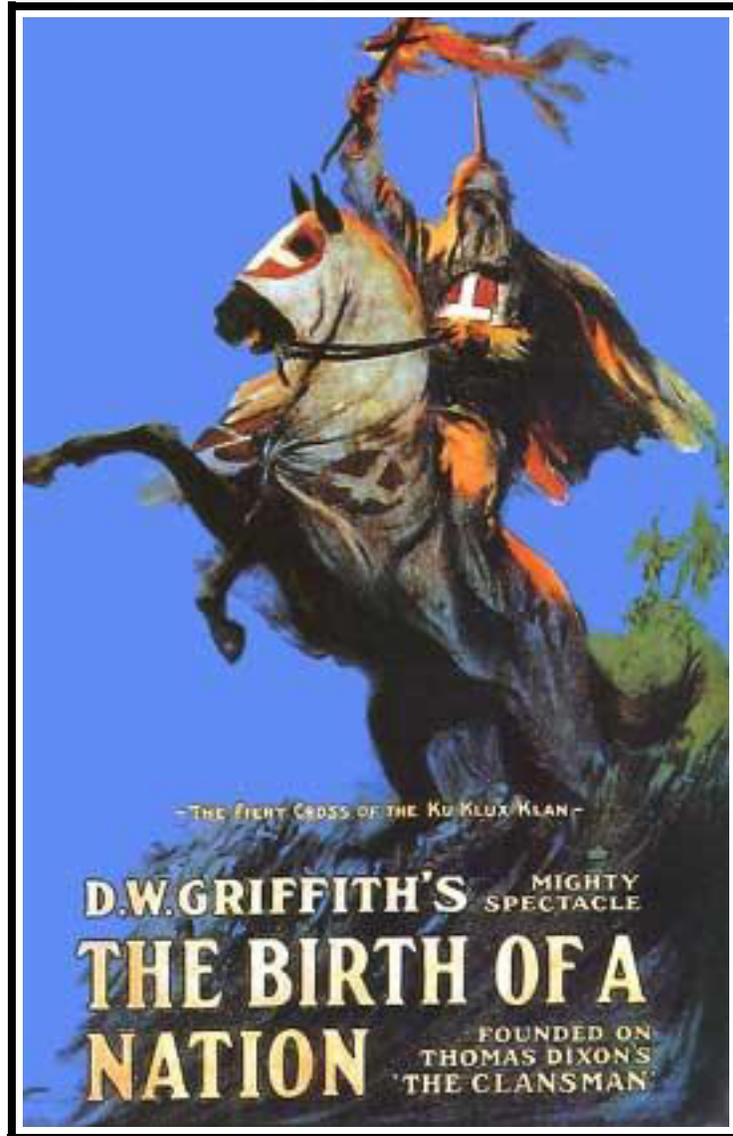
Margaret Milford Lothrop began teaching sociology in the Department of Economics and Sociology at Stanford University in California.

Margaret Sanger had been promoting woman-controlled contraceptives such as suppositories and douches. In this year, visiting a Dutch birth-control clinic, she was made aware of a new more flexible diaphragm that so long as it was carefully fitted by medically trained staff could prove greatly effective.

CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

January: A movie provisionally titled *The Clansman* premiered in [California](#).





CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1916

June 30: Ambassador von Wolff-Metternich reported to the German Chancellor that Ittihad was devouring the remaining Armenian refugees.

On the argument that those who refused were going to be deported into the desert again, the proposal was made to the Armenian labor battalions in Damascus and to the civilian deportees that they convert to Islam. Very few would accept.

[ARMENIAN GENOCIDE](#)

Sarah Brown, one of the younger of [John Brown](#)'s 20 children, who had come west with her mother [Mary Ann Day Brown](#) and lived in Rohnerville for a number of years, died at her daughter's home in Campbell, [California](#).

[Mexico](#) released the 23 prisoners of war taken at Carrizal.

[WORLD WAR I](#)



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1917

January 2, Tuesday: Negotiations between [Robinson Jeffers](#) and the War Department had proceeded to the point at which the poet had received orders to respond by this date to the Local Board for Monterey County, Salinas, [California](#) with “draft data necessary for induction”:

Red Ink Serial Number 2060, Local Order Number 1529

In reply to this summons, however, the poet filed a claim for exemption:

ANSWERING QUESTIONNAIRE, DECEMBER 31, I CLAIMED DEFERRED CLASSIFICATION (CLASS IV) ON ACCOUNT OF DEPENDENT WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN, CLAIM STILL PENDING.

(Although this claim for exemption would be granted by the local [draft board](#), by that point Jeffers would again have changed his mind and would be volunteering to become a pilot!)

WORLD WAR I

[Salmon Brown](#) was quoted in [The Ferndale Enterprise](#) as averring that “The tannery business, farming, wool buying and the raising of blooded stock were my father’s life occupations, though all of them were subordinated to his one consuming passion — freeing the slaves.”

JOHN BROWN

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.



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1919

August 15, Friday: Construction began on the Tor House at Mission Point near Carmel, [California](#).

ROBINSON JEFFERS



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1921

June 12, Sunday: The San Francisco Examiner featured a headline “Indian Poet’s Body Rests in Grass Valley. Footprints of Forty-Niners Surround Grave of State’s Remarkable Man of Genius.”

A low and unprepossessing tree planted by his own hand in a half-abandoned cemetery in this old California mining town [shades] the grave of John Rollin Ridge, the remarkable man of Cherokee blood whose writings of half a century ago were declared by high authorities to show the fire of actual genius. Recently a small party of Ridge’s admirers sought out the grave and read “Mount Shasta” which the poet wrote by the light of a miner’s candle after he had toiled long hours in the placers. Ridge had described himself as “the grandson of Chief Ka-nun-ta-cla-ge [The lion who walks by night] and Princess Se-hoya.”

“MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1922

The final “collection” of Eskimo curlews *Numenius borealis* was made in this year, though from time to time a stray individual still is being spotted by one or another birdwatcher.

The last wild Korean tiger was captured in South Korea.

The last [California](#) grizzly was shot in Fresno County, though a few *Ursus arctos horribilis* (a subspecies of the brown bear *Ursus arctos*) yet survive in a small range in Yellowstone Park up through Glacier Park.

The last Barbary lion *Panthera leo leo*, the sort of lion that appears for instance in the Biblical story of Daniel and the Lion’s Den, was shot in the Atlas Mountains.

The 1st motorbus route was created in [Boston](#) (“End of the line everybody out!”).



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1924

[Roland Wells Robbins](#) dropped out of high school.

On the basis of his bachelor's degree, [Townsend Scudder III](#) was allowed to serve as an Instructor in English at Yale University.

After the death of her mother in [California](#), Miss Margaret Milford Lothrop became the last private owner of Concord's "[The Wayside](#)."

The annual toll of visitors to [Yosemite Park](#) had come to be in excess of 200,000, and guests such as Lady Astor were complaining that the overnight accommodations there were intolerable. The private [Yosemite Park and Curry Company](#) began construction of a luxury hotel, to be named the Ahwahnee. This excrescence would tickle the fancies of such visitors as Ansel Adams, who would elaborate by explaining that such nonspecific commercial decorations were "decidedly Indian, yet decidedly more than Indian, they epitomize the involved and intricate symbolism of primitive man."



CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

1927

The private [Yosemite Park and Curry Company](#) completed the construction of its luxury hotel, the Ahwahnee. Federal park officials soon classified the nearby “Indian village” exhibit as an eyesore and began to contemplate what in their informed opinion such a “Indian village” ought to look like, and review the native credentials of the performers who resided there.

January 1, Saturday: A [Chinese](#) nationalist government was established at Hankow.

The Royal Charter for the British Broadcasting Corporation went into effect.

Virgil Thomson presented Gertrude Stein with a setting of her *Susie Asado*. “I like its looks immensely,” she remarked.

The National Broadcasting Company and the Westinghouse Manufacturing Company joined forces to produce the initial coast-to-coast radio broadcast in North America. The program was the play-by-play of the Rose Bowl, announced by Graham McNamee from Pasadena, [California](#).

May 2, Monday: This was the year of the foundation of the *Kaiser Wilhelm Institut fuer Anthonropologie, menschliche Erblehre und Eugenik*. According to a “model eugenical sterilization law” that had been being promoted in America by an advocacy group since 1914 and had been adopted in Virginia in 1924, the “feeble-minded, insane, criminalistic, epileptic, inebriate, diseased, blind, deaf, deformed and dependent,” including “orphans, ne’er-do-wells, tramps, the homeless and paupers,” were to be targets for sterilization. This [Eugenics](#) movement in the United States came to its shameful apogee on this day, when Chief Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., speaking for the eight-member majority of the Supreme Court of the United States of America, declared that it was appropriate for the government to sterilize the rape victim Carrie Buck because “three generations of imbeciles are enough.” The court had been informed, quite falsely, that Carrie was mentally inadequate, that her mother had been mentally inadequate, and that she had born a child, Vivian, who was mentally inadequate. Over and above the clear record that no evidence had been produced of any such mental inadequacy either in the case of the mother, or in the case of Carrie, or in the case of Vivian, it now seems evident that ample evidence might have been made available, had anyone bothered to make an inquiry, that all three persons were within the range of normal intelligence. However, the court blindly rubber-stamped the idea that “It is better for all the world, if instead of waiting to execute degenerate offspring for crime, or to let them starve for their imbecility, society can prevent those who are manifestly unfit from continuing their kind. ... Three generations of imbeciles are enough.” It had allowed itself to be systematically lied to by institutional authorities, and had been blind to the structure of institutional deceit and institutional self-serving which had produced such total prevarication.

Carrie Buck is a feeble minded white woman who was committed to the State Colony above mentioned in due form. She is the daughter of a feeble minded mother in the same institution, and the mother of an illegitimate feeble minded child. She was eighteen years old at the time of the trial of her case in the Circuit Court, in the latter part of 1924. An Act of Virginia, approved March 20, 1924, recites that the health of the patient and the welfare of society may be promoted in certain cases by the sterilization of mental defectives, under careful safeguard, &c.; that the sterilization may be effected in males by vasectomy and in females by salpingectomy, without serious pain or substantial danger to life; that the Commonwealth is supporting in various institutions many defective persons who, if now discharged,



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would become [p*206] a menace, but, if incapable of procreating, might be discharged with safety and become self-supporting with benefit to themselves and to society, and that experience has shown that heredity plays an important part in the transmission of insanity, imbecility, &c. The statute then enacts that, whenever the superintendent of certain institutions, including the above-named State Colony, shall be of opinion that it is for the best interests of the patients and of society that an inmate under his care should be sexually sterilized, he may have the operation performed upon any patient afflicted with hereditary forms of insanity, imbecility, &c., on complying with the very careful provisions by which the act protects the patients from possible abuse.

The Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, Mark R. Warner, has since been forced to formally apologize to Carrie Buck and some 8,000 other victims that it had involuntarily sterilized between 1927 and 1979. There is even a roadside marker, in Virginia, honoring Carrie Buck, the victim of institutional deceit.

"The eugenics movement was a shameful effort in which state government never should have been involved."

The governor would issue this apology on the 75th anniversary of this Supreme Court decision, after the death of this victim. Virginia was, of course, not alone, as 30 states had adopted this practice of involuntary sterilization of the "unfit," and an estimated 65,000 Americans had been sterilized, many of them in [California](#) and Indiana, states that were leading among the offenders.



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1931

September 19, Saturday: [David Starr Jordan](#) died in Stanford, [California](#).



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1932

 [Robinson Jeffers](#)'s THE TOWER BEYOND TRAGEDY was staged by the Mortar Board Dramatic Group of the University of [California](#) – Berkeley, under the direction of Edwin Duerr. At the University of Dijon, Lawrence Clark Powell published the first doctoral dissertation written on Jeffers. Alfred Knopf published a book by Mabel Luhan, LORENZO IN TAOS, which she presented in the form of a letter to Robinson Jeffers explaining to him her experience of D.H. Lawrence.

HDT

WHAT?

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1935

January: Amelia Earhart was the first person to fly solo across the Pacific Ocean from Honolulu, Hawaii to Oakland, [California](#). The flight required 17 hours and 7 minutes.





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1936

The Jeffers twins, Donnan and Garth, lived at the International House while attending the University of [California](#) – Berkeley. [Robinson Jeffers](#) received a Book of the Month Club Award for his SOLSTICE AND OTHER POEMS.

In the vicinity of the Ahwahnee luxury hotel in [Yosemite Park](#), Federal park officials were managing an “Indian village” amounting to 15 tiny cabins housing 57 persons qualified to perform daily for the tourists.



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1940

[Robinson Jeffers](#) was elected to an honorary Phi Beta Kappa membership at the University of Southern [California](#).

The great state of [California](#) came in dead last in the race to be fully accredited as an area free from [bovine tuberculosis](#).

Howard Florey and Ernst Chain isolated the bacteria-destroying chemical produced by [Penicillium notatum](#) and created a powdery form for mass use as medicine that could kill gram-positive bacteria inside the human body. Unfortunately, there would continue to be no means of effectively controlling [tuberculosis](#) and other infections that were being caused by gram-negative bacteria.

During this decade Jürgen Erik Lehmann, working in Nazi Germany, would introduce [Para-aminosalicylic acid](#), the 1st drug that had any significant effect in controlling [tuberculosis](#) (he would of course be passed over in the awarding of the Nobel Prize).

During this decade Dr. Selman Waksman would be working with *Actinomycetes*. He would isolate the antibiotics actinomycin and streptothricin. He would find *Streptothricin* to be effective in preventing the proliferation of [Mycobacterium tuberculosis](#) — but would find it to be toxic for his laboratory animals.

When Rutgers University needed to save money during the war winter of 1941-42, a budget official had a bright idea: Why not fire Selman Waksman, an obscure Ukrainian-born microbiologist who was getting \$4,620 a year for “playing around with microbes in the soil”?

— [Time Magazine](#), November 7, 1949

1941

Convinced that “the Japs” were about to invade [California](#), San Diego went into the war panic that would be described in the John Belushi comedy “1941”:



WORLD WAR II

During this year a phone was installed at Tor House, along the California coast north of San Diego and Los Angeles, and [Robinson Jeffers](#) served as a plane-spotter while Una did Red Cross work.

My father [Captain Benjamin Bearl Smith](#) was a chaplain at an army base in San Diego. For extra pocket money he sold to young recruits a curious little steel-jacketed New Testament, to keep in their breast pocket over their heart so they could protect themselves from harm as they went about their government-sponsored agenda of protecting others from harm by going off to a foreign country and killing people, in a spirit of love, whom they didn't know.

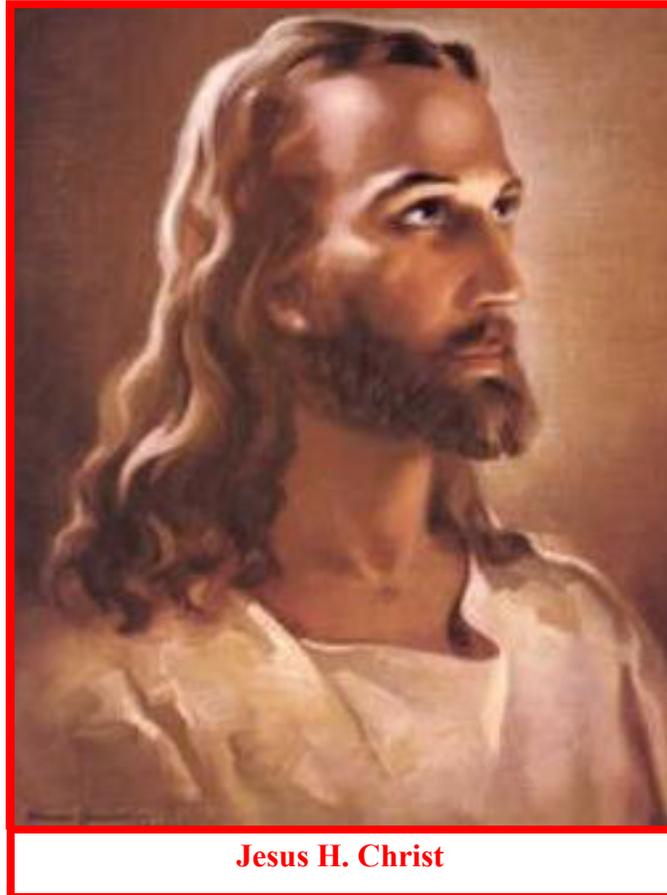
HISTORY OF THE BIBLE

I remember vividly how he once demonstrated to me and to his brothers in the extended Smith family of Olney, Illinois the effectiveness of the body armor of Christ by propping one of these steel-jacketed Testaments against a tree trunk and firing at it with his little pocket pistol (I think a .32), until finally he hit it and embedded

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a slug as far as the Gospel according to Luke. I still have one of these little steel-jacketed life assurances on my bookshelf, in its original little sales box with a “salvation” tract tucked into it — unfortunately, it is not the one that Dad shot at that day for demo purposes. I did not understand how low a Captain’s wages were, I understood only that these young enlisted men would be able to go into combat unafraid because they had prayed to Jesus first, and because no evildoing Jap could get at them while that steel-jacketed New Testament they had purchased from their chaplain, my father, was protecting their heart.



Entoning the Biblical “A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee” my father retrieved the steel-jacketed New Testament from the ground beneath the trunk and opened to a page indented by his bullet and read to us a verse that had been thus brought to our attention by God:

[For it is written, He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee:
And in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.](#)

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"The pachinko ball doesn't want to plonk into the plastic tub before it has accomplished some sort of trajectory."



- *no credit*



July 8, Tuesday: It was ordered that the Jews of the Baltic countries wear the yellow Star of David. German forces took



ANTISEMITISM

Pskov 260 kilometers southwest of Leningrad.

Patrol Wing 8 was commissioned at San Diego, California.

WORLD WAR II

1942

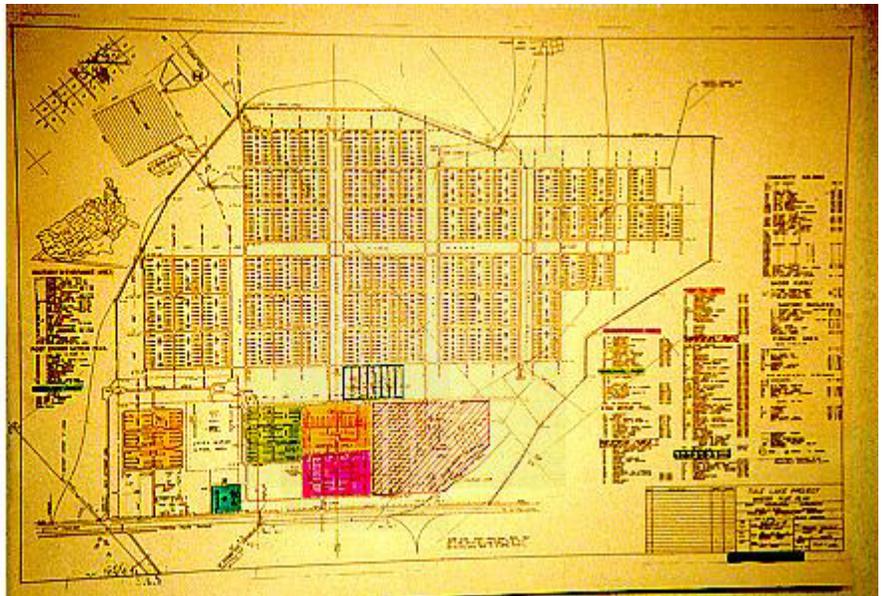
The [Japanese](#) invaded the Dutch East Indies (Indonesia) and British [India](#).

The Tuskegee Airmen all-black 99th Fighter Squadron was formed.

[Friend Bayard Rustin](#) was dispatched to [California](#) by the Fellowship of Reconciliation of the [American Friends Service Committee](#), to help protect the property of Japanese-Americans while they were being held in camps in the inland deserts.



[Friend Floyd Schmoee](#) attempted to prevent the internment of Japanese-Americans who were being removed from their [Seattle WA](#) homes and shipped off to internment camps in Idaho. When attempts to prevent the internments failed, he gave up the teaching of forest ecology at the University of Washington in order to do what he could to help make this internment less harsh. He would help to preserve the businesses that the [Japanese](#) citizens had been forced to leave behind. Before the end of [World War II](#) the daughter Esther Schmoee would get married with Gordon K. Hirabayashi.



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February 1, Sunday: A Christmas Carol, a song by Charles Ives to his own words, was performed for the initial time, in Los Angeles.

The last 38 Jews and Romani in Loknya were murdered.

ANTISEMITISM

Two US carrier task forces (under Vice Admiral W.F. Halsey and Rear Admiral F.J. Fletcher respectively) and a bombardment group (under Rear Admiral R.A. Spruance), totaling 2 aircraft carriers, 5 cruisers, and 10 destroyers, raided [Japanese](#) positions on Kwajalein, Wotje, Maloelap, Jaluit, and Mili in the Marshall Islands and on Makin in the Gilbert Islands.



[Japanese](#) forces took Pontianak on the west coast of Borneo. Meanwhile, a [Japanese](#) landing attempt on



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southwest Bataan in the Philippine Islands was being repulsed by motor torpedo boats and Army aircraft.

In [Australia](#), United States Naval Base, Sydney was established.

In the British West Indies and British Guiana, United States Naval Air Stations, St. Lucia, and United States Naval Auxiliary Air Facility, Antigua were established.

The Seventh Naval District, with headquarters at Key West, Florida was reactivated.

United States naval vessels damaged:

- Carrier *Enterprise* (CV-6), by suicide bomber, Marshall-Gilberts raid, 10 degrees 33 minutes North, 171 degrees 53 minutes East.
- Heavy cruiser *Chester* (CA-27), by dive bomber, Marshall-Gilberts raid, 08 degrees 45 minutes North, 171 degrees 33 minutes East.

WORLD WAR II

February 2, Monday: [Japanese](#) naval vessel sunk: Minesweeper #9, by mine, Netherlands East Indies area, 3 degrees 42 minutes South, 128 degrees 10 minutes East.

What was the American tradition? According to [Ezra Pound](#): “The determination of our forbears to set up and maintain in the North American continent a government better than any other. The determination to govern ourselves internally, better than any other nation on earth. The idea of Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, to keep out of foreign shindies.”¹³¹

The following headline, and commentary about the remorselessness of accidents, appeared in [The Los Angeles Times](#):

THE QUESTION OF JAPANESE-AMERICANS

by W. H. Anderson

Perhaps the most difficult and delicate question that confronts our powers that be is the handling —the safe and proper treatment— of our American-born Japanese, our Japanese-American citizens by the accident of birth. But who are Japanese nevertheless. A viper is nonetheless a viper wherever the egg is hatched.

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TIMELINE OF ACCIDENTS

131. In response to media claims that he was a fascist propagandist [Pound](#) would say the following in an undated script from the 1942 period:

If anybody can find anything hostile to the Constitution of the U.S.A. in these speeches, it would greatly interest me to know what. It may be bizarre, eccentric, quaint, old-fashioned of me to refer to that document, but I wish more Americans would at least read it. It is not light and easy reading but it contains several points of interest, whereby some of our present officials could, if they but would, profit greatly.



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February 3, Tuesday: [Ezra Pound](#) told his radio audience that the United States had, “with unspeakable vulgarity ... insulted the most finely tempered people on earth [the [Japanese](#)], threatening them with starvation, threatening them with encirclement and telling them they were too low down to fight.” This was what, he said, had brought about the attack at Pearl Harbor and consequent American intervention in the world war.

In Washington DC, President Roosevelt was relying heavily upon the recommendations of Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson as he implemented Executive Order 9066, and Stimson was relying upon the Commanding General of the Western Defense Command, Lieutenant General John L. DeWitt, who had responsibility for the security of our West Coast. The justification for the evacuation of Japanese American citizens from that coastline was, allegedly, military necessity, but it would become all too clear later that this had been a mere cover story for racism:

In the war in which we are now engaged racial affinities are not severed by migration. The Japanese race is an enemy race and while many second and third generation Japanese born on United State soil, possessed of United States citizenship, have become “Americanized,” the racial strains are undiluted. To conclude otherwise is to expect that children born of white parents on Japanese soil sever all racial affinity and become loyal Japanese subjects, ready to fight and, if necessary, to die for Japan in a war against the nation of their parents. That Japan is allied with Germany and Italy in this struggle is not ground for assuming that any Japanese, barred from assimilation by convention as he is, though born and raised in the United States, will not turn against this nation when the final test of loyalty comes. It, therefore, follows that along the vital Pacific Coast over 112,000 potential enemies, of Japanese extraction, are at large today. There are indications that these were organized and ready for concerted action at a favorable opportunity. The very fact that no sabotage has taken place to date is a disturbing and confirming indication that such action will be taken.

Let us linger upon the above, and parse it: had there been instances of sabotage along our Western coastline, that would have been evidence that these Japanese American race enemies were race enemies, but the fact that there had not been a single instance of such sabotage amounted to proof positive that these Japanese American race enemies were race enemies. Yes, this is the way the racist’s mind works!

The South East London Tribunal at Lambeth required the composer Michael Tippett to perform military tasks of a non-combat nature, refusing his request for conscientious objector status (he would appeal against this).

It was announced the Arnold Bax has been appointed Master of the King’s Music.

Submarine *Trout* (SS-202) delivers ammunition to Corregidor, Philippine Islands and removes gold, silver, securities, and mail. The [Japanese](#) bombed Surabaya, Java, Netherlands East Indies. [Japanese](#) planes attacked Port Moresby, Papua.

[Japanese](#) soldiers landed from five barges on the shore of Henry Reid Bay, an indent on Wide Bay near the Tol and Waitavalo plantations, and immediately set out to round up various Australian fugitives who had been hiding out in the surrounding jungle.

The following headlines appeared in [The Los Angeles Times](#):

CALIFORNIANS SEEK MORE ALIEN CURBS. Washington and Oregon Members of Congress



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Join in Plea for Expansion of Program.

**AMERICAN JAPS REMOVAL URGED.
Internment of All Dual Citizens
Asked by [LA] County Defense Council.**

WORLD WAR II
CALIFORNIA

February 4, Wednesday: All 100 Jewish residents of Rakov, near Minsk, were killed.

ANTISEMITISM

On the evening and morning of January 22/23rd some 17,000-20,000 [Japanese](#) soldiers had landed at Rabaul on the island of New Britain., and on February 3rd five barges had been unloaded on the shore of Henry Reid Bay. The first 10 [Australian](#) fugitives to be hunted down by the 3rd Battalion of the 144th Japanese Infantry Regiment were immediately bayoneted. The hands of those who surrendered were bound together, their identity discs and other personal items were removed, and they were taken in groups of 10 or 12 into the bush on the Tol Plantation and shot or bayoneted. At nearby Waitavalo plantation 35 prisoners were shot from behind after which the Japanese threw palm fronds over the bodies. Six men would survive this wave of killings. When the [Australian](#) 2/14th Battalion would return to this area in April 1945, they would discover a number of areas that were littered with bleached human bones, adding up to 157 [Australian](#) soldiers. (When the commander of the unit responsible, Colonel Masao Kusunose, would be tracked down on December 17, 1946, he would be found to be already deceased — having starved himself.)¹³²

[Japanese](#) aircraft bombed an allied force (Rear Admiral K.W.F.M. Doorman, Royal Netherlands Navy) of 4 cruisers and accompanying destroyers attempting transit of Madoera Strait to attack [Japanese](#) Borneo invasion fleet; 2 United States cruisers and 1 Netherlands cruiser were damaged. Submarine *Seadragon* (SS-194) evacuates certain military personnel and material from Corregidor, Philippine Islands. Asiatic Fleet (Admiral T.C. Hart) cease to exist organizationally (not formally abolished). Units of Asiatic Fleet were organized into Southwest Pacific Force (Vice Admiral W.A. Glassford). Australian-New Zealand naval command was established (Vice Admiral H.F. Leary, USN).

The following headline appeared in [The Los Angeles Times](#):

**VENTURA COUNTY URGES
REMOVAL OF ALL JAPANESE.
Supervisor Demands Drastic Measures
in Seeking Evacuation From Coast Area.**

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United States naval vessels damaged: Heavy Cruiser *Houston* (CA-30) and light cruiser *Marblehead* (CL-12), by horizontal bombers, Madoera Strait, Borneo, 7 degrees 23 minutes South, 115 degrees 47 minutes East

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132. That those who live by the sword will die by the sword is of course a mere rule of thumb, so there have been some notable exceptions — but as rules of thumb go this one seems fairly accurate.



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February 5, Thursday: United States Naval Operating Base, Londonderry, Northern [Ireland](#), was established.

Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation J. Edgar Hoover communicated with the United States State Department about the visit to the United States of America of Sir Peter Neville Luard Pears, an English tenor who was a homosexual Quaker conscientious objector. There seems to have been something about this visiting singer that made the [FBI](#) man uneasy.

Incantation and Dance for oboe and piano by William Grant Still was performed for the initial time, in Elmira College Chapel, New York.

The National Naval Medical Center was established at Bethesda, [Maryland](#). (I, [2d Lieutenant Ashley Edward Meredith](#), would receive mandatory cosmetic surgery there in 1962 at government expense — because my commanding officer at Marine Corps Schools – Quantico was offended by my appearance in the [United States Marine Corps](#) uniform.)

[ASSLEY](#)

The following headline appeared in [The Los Angeles Times](#):

**LOYAL JAPS MUST AID FIGHT
AGAINST SABOTAGE, SAYS OLSON.
Governor Asserts Action Will be Taken
to Curb Spy and Fifth Columnist Activities.**

[WORLD WAR II
CALIFORNIA](#)

February 6, Friday: [Henry Petroski](#) was born in Brooklyn, New York. He would be raised in Park Slope and Cambria Heights, Queens.

The United States and Britain established the Combined Chiefs of Staff (CCS).

Naval Coastal Frontiers redesignated Sea Frontiers: Eastern Gulf, Caribbean, Panama, Hawaiian, Northwest, Western, Philippine.

[Japanese](#) reinforcements were landed at Lingayen Gulf, Philippine Islands.

The following two headlines appeared in [The Los Angeles Times](#):

**JAPANESE HERE SENT
VITAL DATA TO TOKYO.
American-Born Nipponese Had Powerful Radios
to Transmit Messages, Dies [Chairman, House
[Un-American Activities Committee](#)] Will Disclose.**

[CALIFORNIA](#)

**BOWRON ASKS REMOVAL
OF ALL JAPANESE INLAND.
Mayor would Establish Both Alien and
Native-Born Hundreds of Miles From Coast.**

[WORLD WAR II](#)



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February 7, Saturday: Naval Forces Southwest Pacific Area (Vice Admiral W.A. Glassford, USN) established its headquarters at Tjilatjap, Java.

The War Shipping Administration was established.

The Axis advance in Libya halted at Gazala.

The following headline appeared in The Los Angeles Times:

**ARMY ORDERS SABOTAGE ALERT HERE.
Warning Issued for All California.
City Placed on Air Raid Alert.**

WORLD WAR II
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February 8, Sunday: Dances concertantes for chamber orchestra by Igor Stravinsky was performed for the initial time, in the Wilshire Ebell Theater, Los Angeles, conducted by the composer himself.

[Japanese](#) forces invaded Singapore against [Australian](#) troops guarding the west side of the island.

A [Japanese](#) submarine shelled Midway Island.

[Japanese](#) troops were landed at Gasmata, New Britain.

[Japanese](#) naval vessel sunk: Destroyer *Natsushio*, by submarine S-37, Makassar Strait, Netherlands East Indies area, 5 degrees 10 minutes South, 119 degrees 24 minutes East

The following headline appeared in The Los Angeles Times:

**ALIEN ISOLATION PLEA MISUNDERSTOOD.
Washington Seems to Feel Coast is Panicky;
All Necessary Measures Have Been Taken.**

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February 9, Monday: Twenty days after the Wannsee Conference had plotted the extermination of 6,000,000 people, *Führer* [Adolf Hitler](#) orated in one of his radio broadcasts that:

The Jews will be liquidated for at least a thousand years.

ANTISEMITISM

The New York chapter of the National Lawyers Guild and the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties and the American Civil Liberties Union of New York petitioned the US House of Representatives to disband its [Un-American Activities Committee](#) on account of its members' "pro-Axis leanings" and "unsavory record."

UNAMERICANISM

Pursuant to the War Time Act passed on January 20th, the United States of America went on year-round daylight savings time — which was henceforward to be known as "war time."

Transport *Lafayette* (AP-53), formerly the French liner *Normandie*, burned at its New York pier.

Rear Admiral E.S. Land was appointed Director of War Shipping Administration.

Admiral W.H. Standley, USN (Ret.), was named ambassador to Russia.

The [Japanese](#) landed at Singapore Island.

[Japanese](#) aircraft bombed Batavia (Jakarta), Surabaya, and Malang, Java.

WORLD WAR II

February 12, Thursday: William Walton received an honorary doctorate from Oxford University.

Grant Wood died in Iowa City at the age of 50.

The following headline appeared in [The Los Angeles Times](#):

**MILITARY CONTROL OF ALIENS ADVOCATED.
Defense Council Wants Army and Navy
to Police Foreigners in Combat Zones.**

WORLD WAR II

JAPANESE

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February 13, Friday: The Allies evacuated 3,000 important persons from Singapore. Almost all of them were killed or captured at sea by the [Japanese](#).

[Japanese](#) forces captured Bandjermasin (Banjarmasin) on the southern coast of Borneo.

The following headline appeared in [The Los Angeles Times](#):

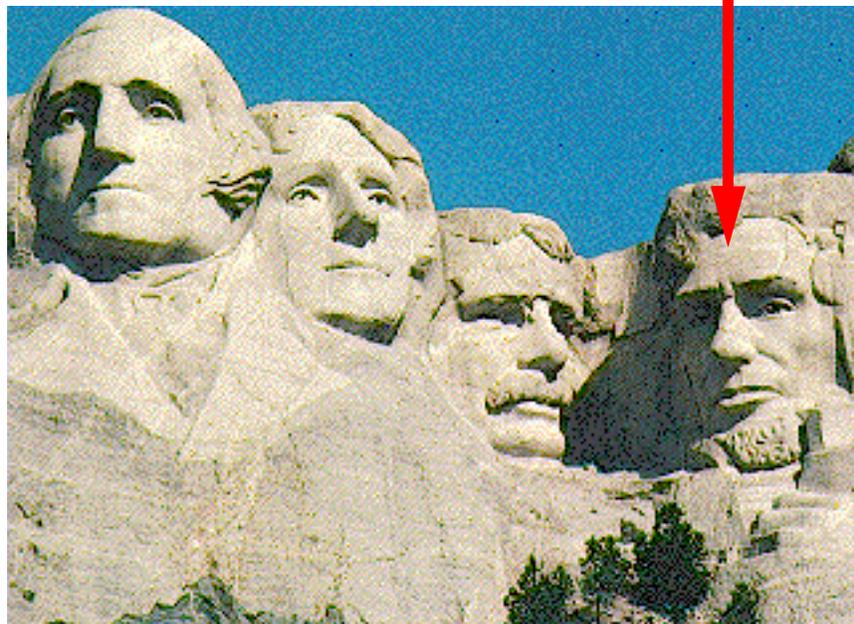
**LINCOLN WOULD INTERN JAPS.
[Mayor] Bowron Says Civil War President**

Would Move Aliens If In Office Today.



JAPANESE CALIFORNIA ABRAHAM LINCOLN US CIVIL WAR

THIS DEAD WHITE MAN WOULD HAVE DONE THE DIRTY DEED



The following Walter Lippmann byline appeared:

THE FIFTH COLUMN ON THE COAST

The enemy alien problem on the Pacific Coast, or much more accurately, the fifth column problem, is very serious and it is very special.... The peculiar danger of the Pacific Coast is in a Japanese raid accompanied by enemy action inside American territory.... It is the fact that the Japanese navy has been reconnoitering the Pacific Coast more or less continually and for a considerable period of time, testing and feeling out the American defenses. It is the fact that communication takes place between the enemy at sea and enemy agents on land. These are facts which we shall ignore or minimize at our peril. It is the fact that since the outbreak of the Japanese war there has been

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no important sabotage on the Pacific Coast. From what we know about Hawaii and about the fifth column in Europe, this is not, as some have liked to think, a sign that there is nothing to be feared. It is a sign that the blow is well organized and that it is held back until it can be struck with maximum effect.... The Pacific Coast is officially a combat zone; some part of it may at any moment be a battlefield. Nobody's constitutional rights include the right to reside and do business on a battlefield. And nobody ought to be on a battlefield who has no good reason for being there.

WORLD WAR II

February 14, Saturday, Valentine's Day: On board the SS *Vyner Brooke* were 65 [Australian](#) Army nurses who, together with other civilian women and children, made up a party of 300-odd evacuees from Singapore. In the Banka Strait (a narrow strip of water between the islands of Banka and Sumatra) the ship was sunk by [Japanese](#) planes. A few lifeboats managed to reach the mangrove-lined shore of Banka Island. There they received advice from some islanders that they needed to give themselves up to the Japanese as there was no prospect either of their escaping or of their evading detection. That night another lifeboat arrived on this shore, containing some 30-40 British servicemen from another sunken vessel. The civilian women, some of the nurses, and the children, then set out to walk to present themselves at the nearest Japanese compound. When the Japanese arrived at the beach they first escorted the men into the jungle. When the Japanese came back out of the jungle they ordered the remaining 22 nurses to wade into the sea and machine-gunned them. Of the 65 nurses from the *Vyner Brooke*, 12 had drowned, 21 had been machine-gunned in the shallows at Radji Beach, and 32 had been put in a prison in Muntok before being shipped to Palembang in southern Sumatra for 3 1/2 years of wartime privation. There was one survivor of the events at the beach, Sister Vivian Bulwinkle (1915-2000), who reached the island's Japanese Naval Headquarters and found work there in the hospital. For more than three years, to protect her life, she needed to keep secret her guilty knowledge of these events.¹³³

133. At a first order of approximation there seems to be a remarkable similarity between fighting at sea and feeding fish.





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Submarine *Sago* (SS-188) delivered ammunition to Polloc Harbor, Mindanao, Philippine Islands and evacuated certain military personnel.

Admiral T.C. Hart, US Navy, was relieved as Commander in Chief Allied Naval Forces in Southwest Pacific by Vice Admiral C.E.L. Helfrich, Royal Netherlands Navy.

[Japanese](#) forces invaded Sumatra at Palembang.

All able-bodied Soviet men aged 16-65 were mobilized.

Most Polish underground groups unite in the Home Army.

[Japanese](#) paratroopers dropped on Palembang, Sumatra.

The following headline appeared in [The Los Angeles Times](#):

**DANGER IN DELAYING JAP REMOVAL CITED.
Congress Warned Speed Necessary to Prevent
Widespread Sabotage Attempts on West Coast.**

WORLD WAR II
CALIFORNIA



February 15, Sunday: When Johnny Comes Marching Home for band by Roy Harris was performed publicly for the initial time, in Mandel Hall at the University of Chicago. 62,000 Allied (Britain-[India](#)-[Australia](#)-Malaya) defenders remaining on Singapore surrender unconditionally to the [Japanese](#).

[Indian](#) forces in Burma retreated west of the River Bilin.

Since January 9th, 10,000 Jews had been murdered in Simferopol, Crimea.

ANTISEMITISM

[Japanese](#) forces landed at Sumatra in the Netherlands East Indies.

WORLD WAR II



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February 23, Monday: The Allied headquarters on Java was evacuated to Australia.

A revolt against the Dutch began in Aceh and northern Sumatra, supported by [Japan](#).

A [Japanese](#) submarine fired 13 shells from its deck gun at an oil refinery near Ellwood, [California](#) north of Santa Barbara.

The military governor of the Hawaiian Islands, Lt. Gen. Delos C. Emmons, activated the Corps of Engineers Auxiliary –i.e. the Varsity Victory Volunteers (VVV)– as part of the 34th Combat Engineers Regiment. Made up of 150 [Nisei](#) many of whom had been dismissed from the territorial guard, the VVV would provide noncombatant labor such as the digging of ditches and the breaking of rocks. The VVV would be in existence some eleven months, with many of its members subsequently volunteering for the 100th Battalion.

WORLD WAR II

Stefan Zweig, one-time librettist for Richard Strauss, and his wife Lotte Zweig, killed themselves in Petropolis, near Rio de Janeiro, by taking poison together.

Odessa was declared “cleansed of Jews.”

ANTISEMITISM

February 24, Tuesday: A carrier task force under Vice Admiral W.F. Halsey bombarded Wake Island.

The submarine *Swordfish* (SS-193) sneaked United States High Commissioner F.B. Sayre away from the Philippine Islands controlled by the [Japanese](#).

WORLD WAR II

The Romanian ship SS *Struma* had sailed from Constans under the command of a Bulgarian captain, G.T. Gorbatenkoin, flying the Panamanian flag. There were 747 Jews on board this former cattle barge, many from the town of Barland, Romania, their hope being to become illegal immigrants to Palestine. They were throwing money at the problem in order to avoid ghettos and pogroms back home. After three days at sea the *Struma* had been forced to anchor off the outer harbor at Istanbul because of engine trouble. Here the vessel had awaited British permission to proceed to Palestine, permission which the British would not grant, one reason given at the time being “It will encourage a flood of refugees.” (The White Paper of 1939 had effectively rescinded the Balfour Declaration promising the establishment of a Jewish national home in Palestine. Such people were being referred to in the English Foreign Office as “surplus Jews.”) Turkey meanwhile had refused the passengers permission to disembark, although the local Jewish community, who were already running a camp for displaced persons and were in the meantime anyway providing them with food and water aboard the ship, were offering their shore facilities for the *Struma*'s passengers. One of the passengers, Medeea Marcovici, had had a miscarriage and had been transferred to the Jewish hospital in Istanbul (she would be granted a visa for Palestine and would die there in 1996). After two months at Istanbul with engines that were damaged beyond repair, conditions on board this ship had become appalling since many of the passengers were suffering from dysentery and malnutrition. Eventually the Turkish police had yielded to strong pressures brought to bear on them by the British government officials, and towed the disabled *Struma* out into the Black Sea. There had been an attempt made to salvage the 101 children on board the vessel, and although the Turks had balked at the idea of allowing these children overland passage and the British had balked at providing another ship, these plans were nearing success. At first the enraged passengers were able to fight off the authorities, but the police had returned and used sufficient force to overcome this resistance. They had towed



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the *Struma* outside Turkish territorial waters and cast it adrift, with its 101 unredeemed children still aboard. Only nine people had been rescued by the combined efforts of an American in Istanbul, the Jewish Agency in Palestine, and Simon Brod, a businessman who was devoting himself to helping refugees, in addition to the woman who had suffered a miscarriage and been taken to the Jewish hospital in Istanbul for a total of ten. On the waves for 74 days since leaving Conatansa, the disabled *Struma*, hopelessly overcrowded, with no country willing to accept them, was eventually noticed on this day, just ten miles out from Istanbul, and torpedoed and sunk, by Russian submarine SHCH-213. Lieutenant-Colonel Isaev, the officer in charge, presumably knew full well that the ship he was torpedoing was dead in the water and was carrying not war materials but refugees. All these on board, a total of 796 persons, drowned, including the 101 children — except for 19-year-old David Stoljar or Stoliar (who in 1999 was still alive, and a resident of Oregon).¹³⁴

This inhuman action by British and Turkish government officials would quite destroy the special relationship that had previously existed between Britain and the Zionist Jews. Eventually the British High Commissioner in Palestine, Sir Harold MacMichael, would observe that “The fate of these people was tragic, but the fact remains that they were nationals of a country at war with Britain, proceeding direct from enemy territory. Palestine was under no obligations towards them.”¹³⁵

ANTISEMITISM

February 25, Wednesday: Very early on this morning the “Battle of Los Angeles” began as air-raid siren sounded, likely triggered by a lost weather balloon 120 miles out at sea and then exacerbated by stray flares and shell bursts as various anti-aircraft artillery batteries came into operation. More than 1,400 high explosive shells would be sent into the air over Los Angeles, [California](#) in less than an hour until the “all clear” was sounded. The incident was witnessed in its entirety by war correspondent Ernie Pyle, who would report that he had never been able to make out an airplane. Subsequent to the war the [Japanese](#) government would indicate that although 13 shells had been fired from a submarine’s deck gun at a refinery north of Santa Barbara on February 23d, there had not been an attack on Los Angeles on February 24th/25th. Three civilians had, however, been killed and several buildings damaged, while another three citizens experienced heart attacks.

The Coast Guard assumed responsibility for United States port security.

The Navy informed [Japanese](#)-American residents on Terminal Island near Los Angeles Harbor that they would need to leave within 48 hours. This was the first group to be removed en masse, and in consequence this particular bunch of people would suffer especially heavy economic losses.

WORLD WAR II

134. Refer to Douglas Frantz and Catherine Collins’s DEATH ON THE BLACK SEA: THE UNTOLD STORY OF THE *STRUMA* AND WORLD WAR II’S HOLOCAUST AT SEA, the story of this worst civilian maritime disaster of [World War II](#).

135. A grandson of a couple who perished, the British diver Greg Buxton, is now trying to find and explore the wreck of the *Struma*, although why he would want to do such a thing is anybody’s guess.

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March 2, Monday: According to [Ezra Pound](#), it was the money issue (above all) that united the Allies during this 2d of the 20th-century wars upon Germany: “Gold. Nothing else uniting the three governments, England, Russia, United States of America. That is the interest — gold, usury, debt, monopoly, class interest, and possibly gross indifference and contempt for humanity.”

In accord with that sort of mindset, more than 5,000 Jews were taken from the Minsk ghetto and murdered, and some 900 were taken from Krosniewice to Chelmno and asphyxiated in gas vans.

ANTISEMITISM

The 6,830-ton [Australian](#) cruiser HMAS *Perth* and the American cruiser *Houston* attempted to escape southwards from the battle of the Sunda Strait into the Indian Ocean. Unfortunately they ran straight into a Japanese invasion fleet of destroyers and troop transports, and after a long running battle during which all ammunition was expended, just after midnight, they were sunk by torpedoes about 4 miles from St. Nicholas Point in Java. On board the *Perth* were 45 officers, 631 ratings, 4 canteen staff and 6 Royal [Australian](#) Airforce personnel, a total of 686 men. 23 officers and 329 ratings died.¹³⁶

334 would become prisoners of war, of whom around 105 of the ratings would die in captivity. (Due no doubt to the privileges granted to men of officer rank, none of the *Perth*'s officers would die while a POW.) The USS *Houston* went down a few minutes later about a mile from the *Perth*, in approximately 107 feet of water just north of Panjang Island. 643 died. The captains of the *Perth* and *Houston* went down with their ships and Captain Robert Rooks, the commander of the *Houston*, would posthumously receive the [Congressional Medal of Honor](#).



368 from the *Houston* would managed to reach Bantam Bay on the western shores of Java to surrender to the Japanese. 77 of them would die in captivity.

Antisubmarine Warfare Unit, Atlantic Fleet, was established at Boston, Mass. [Japanese](#) troops land at Zamboanga, Mindanao, Philippine Islands.

136. Isn't it curious, the macabre way these statistics are routinely kept? The number of officer deaths gets cited, then the number of "ratings" deaths? Imagine trying to say to a "rating" who is going down for the third time, "Look, fellow, you're obviously taking this pretty hard -it's your death and all that- but can't you at least derive some consolation from the fact that this would have been a significantly greater loss to us, had you been an officer? God must have loved you enlisted types, he made so many of you. Soon you will lose consciousness — and then you'll be a mere nameless, painless statistic who has given your life for your country! Don't sweat it, it's the way things are. Come on now, at least you can hum a bit from 'There'll always be an England'...."

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News Headline: "Concentration Camps for Japanese Wanted by Western Governors"

News Headline: "'Behind the News'; Negro-Japanese Fifth Column Possible"

John L. DeWitt, head of the Western Defense Command, issued Public Proclamation No. 1 creating military areas 1 and 2. Military area 1 included the western portions of [California](#), Oregon and Washington, and part of Arizona, while military area 2 included the balance of the land of these states. The proclamation indicated that [Japanese](#) Americans were to be excluded from military area 1 and encouraged them to depart voluntarily. For various reasons, voluntary resettlement was doomed to failure and would effectively be called off on March 27th after fewer than 5,000 out of a population of over 110,000 had fled.



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April 1, Wednesday: Fantasia on a Gregorian Theme for violin and piano by Norman Dello Joio was performed for the initial time, in the Town Hall of New York City.

The [Japanese](#) occupied Buka Island in the Solomons and Sorong and Hollandia in Netherlands New Guinea.

Over the last month some 15,000 Jews from Lvov had been sent to Belzec death camp.

ANTISEMITISM

The Naval Air Transport Service Squadron, VR-2, was commissioned at Alameda, [California](#), for operations in the Pacific area.

Major General [George Smith Patton, Jr.](#) was appointed to create the Desert Training Center near Indio, [California](#). At the Desert Training Center he would be assuming command of the 1st Armored Corps. There he would play a leading role in the planning of Operation Torch. Then he would command the Western Task Force during the Allied invasion of North Africa, enter Casablanca, and occupy French Morocco.



WORLD WAR II

 April 2, Thursday: The leadership committee of the All-[India](#) Congress Party rejected the proposals that had been made by Sir Stafford Cripps on March 29th.

Off the coast of Virginia, when the American freighter *David H. Atwater* was torpedoed by the [German](#) U-boat U552 (Kapitän-Leutnant Erich Topp), its crew was machined-gunned while taking to the lifeboats. Only 3 of 27 would survive.¹³⁷

News Headline: “San Francisco [Japanese](#) to be Interned at Manzanar”

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137. My cold-blooded intent here is to characterize the period of our 2d world war as what it was. It was a convulsion of helplessness beyond anything humankind had to that point experienced. I will attempt to forego sympathy and access the affect of helpless people on the various sinking ships at sea –torpedoed or whatever, waiting for their collective fate to engulf them– merely to assist in depicting the general helplessness of such a spasm.



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April 3, Friday: Admiral C.W. Nimitz, USN, was named Commander in Chief Pacific Ocean Areas (CINCPAC); Admiral Nimitz was also Commander in Chief Pacific Fleet (CINCPAC).

Japanese forces began a major offensive against the American and Philippine defenders of Bataan.

Japanese planes bombed Mandalay heavily. 2,000 people were killed. Most of the city was set afire.

The last 129 Jews in Augsburg, along with 1,200 Jews from Tlumacz, were deported to Belzec (the community of Augsburg had been a center of Jewish culture for 700 years).

ANTISEMITISM

News Headline: "State of California Suspends Japanese Employees"

News Headline: "Tanforan Becomes Japanese Internment Center"

News Headline: "Transfer of Japanese Farm Lands Continues"

WORLD WAR II



April 4, Saturday: Requiescat for female chorus by William Schuman was performed for the initial time, in New York under the baton of the composer.

1,500 Jews from Horodenka were deported to Belzec.

ANTISEMITISM

News Headline: "Tanforan New Japanese Assembly Center"

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April 6, Monday: [Japanese](#) air forces bombed Cocanada (Kakinada) and Vizagapatam (Vishakhapatnam), [India](#).

The sale of white bread was ended in Great Britain.

News Headline: "700 S.F. [Japanese](#) to Go Santa Anita Internment Camp"

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April 7, Tuesday: Jawaharlal Nehru, leader of the All-[India](#) Congress Party, calls on Indians to resist any [Japanese](#) invasion of the country.

In [Germany](#), Protestant theologian Karl Friedrich Stellbrink and three Catholic priests were arrested for criticizing Nazi rule (all would be executed).

United States naval patrol aircraft arrive at Natal, Brazil, for operations in the South Atlantic.

News Headline: "S.F. [Japanese](#) Exodus Starts"

News Headline: "Goodbye! Write Soon!"

News Headline: "'Behind the News'; Praise for the Army and Gen. DeWitt for Evacuation"

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May 5, Tuesday: The 1st prisoner exchange from the Kenedy Alien Detention Camp took place when 21 [Germans](#) were traded back to the enemy.



Allied forces landed on the north end of the Vichy-held island of Madagascar, near Diego Suarez.

Rear Admiral F.J. Fletcher minuted that a South Allied force, after fueling, changed course to intercept the [Japanese](#) Port Moresby Invasion Group (Battle of Coral Sea, 4-8 May).

[Japanese](#) forces landed on Corregidor, Philippine Islands. The American and Philippine troops on the island surrendered.

United States naval vessels sunk:

- River gunboat *Mindanao* (PR-8) and submarine rescue vessel *Pigeon* (ASR-9), by horizontal bombers, Philippine Islands area, 14 degrees 23 minutes North, 120 degrees 36 minutes East.



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- Tugs *Genesee* (ATO-55) and *Vaga* (YT-116), by scuttling, Philippine Islands area, 14 degrees 25 minutes North, 120 degrees 30 minutes East.

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May 6, Wednesday: Rear Admiral F.J. Fletcher minuted that his South Allied force was steaming on course to intercept the [Japanese](#) Port Moresby Invasion Group (Battle of Coral Sea, 4-8 May).

Naval Auxiliary Air Facility, Nawiliwili, Kauai was established.

Corregidor and Manila Bay forts, Philippine Islands surrender to the [Japanese](#). Fighting ceased and all US forces in the Philippine Islands surrendered with the exception of those on the island of Mindanao.

United States naval vessels sunk:

- River gunboat *Oahu* (PR-6) and *Luzon* (PR-7), and minesweeper *Quail* (AM-15), by scuttling, Philippine Islands area, 14 degrees 23 minutes North, 120 degrees 35 minutes East

The British captured Madagascar.

WORLD WAR II

May 7, Thursday: Fourth Construction for percussion quintet by John Cage was performed for the initial time, at the Holloway Playhouse in the Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco. This would be known as Imaginary Landscape no.2 (March). Also premiered were two works by Lou Harrison: Cantic #3 for ocarina, percussion and guitar, and In Praise of Johnny Appleseed for percussion and wooden flute.

Philippine Chief Justice José Abad Santos refused to serve the [Japanese](#) occupiers and was executed in Manila.

General Wainwright broadcast from Luzon asking all United States forces in the Philippines to surrender.

Vichy French defenders surrendered the town of Antsirane (Antsiranana) and port of Diego Suarez, Madagascar to Allied forces.

The USS *Sims* and the USS *Neosho* were part of Task Force 17 proceeding to the Coral Sea to try and prevent the [Japanese](#) from landing on Port Moresby and Tulagi. After a refuelling operation at sea, the *Sims* was detached from the group and ordered to remain with the tanker *Neosho*. Spotted by Japanese scout planes, the destroyer and tanker were attacked by fighters and bombers from the carriers *Zuikaku* and *Shokaku*. The slow tanker received 7 direct bomb hits and was set on fire. The *Sims*, her hull plates split open by 3 direct hits amidships, jackknifed and sank with her depth charges exploding. Her 14 survivors were picked up by the still blazing *Neosho*. After drifting for 4 days the *Neosho* would be found by the destroyer USS *Henley* which would offload the remaining 14 crewmembers and then put the hulk down with a couple of torpedoes. Prior to this rescue, 68 had abandoned the hulk in life rafts, but by the point at which they would be found 10 days later by the destroyer USS *Helm*, only 4 of the 68 would still be alive. By the end of this process, the casualties from the *Sims* and *Neosho* would total 179.



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Rear Admiral F.J. Fletcher minuted that his South Allied force turned north to engage the [Japanese](#) Attack Group. The Support Group under Rear Admiral Crace, RN was detached to intercept enemy Port Moresby Invasion Group. Admiral Crace minuted that South ships were attacked by enemy torpedo bombers and land-based bombers and, mistaken for [Japanese](#) Port Moresby Invasion Force, were bombed by Army B-26 aircraft. Carrier aircraft attacked the [Japanese](#) Support Group and sank the aircraft carrier *Shoho* (Battle of the Coral Sea, 4-8 May).

Hollandia, New Guinea, was occupied by [Japanese](#) forces.

United States naval vessel sunk:

- Destroyer *Sims* (DD-409), by dive bomber, Battle of the Coral Sea, 15 degrees 10 minutes South, 158 degrees 5 minutes East

United States naval vessel damaged:

- Oiler *Neosho* (AO-23), by dive bomber, Battle of the Coral Sea, 15 degrees 10 minutes South, 158 degrees 5 minutes East, and sunk by United States forces 11 May 1942

[Japanese](#) naval vessel sunk:

- Carrier *Shoho*, by carrier-based aircraft, Battle of the Coral Sea, 10 degrees 29 minutes South, 152 degrees 55 minutes East

WORLD WAR II

May 8, Friday: Ernest Bloch was awarded a gold medal by the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the first composer so honored.

Carrier *Lexington* (CV-2) search aircraft sight [Japanese](#) carriers *Shokaku* and *Zuikaku*. Rear Admiral F.J. Fletcher minuted that the South carrier aircraft damaged *Shokaku* and forced her retirement. At the same time, [Japanese](#) aircraft hit carriers *Yorktown* (CV-5) and *Lexington* (CV-2), damaging the latter to such an extent that destroyer *Phelps* (DD-360) was ordered to sink her. (This was the first battle in modern naval history in which opposing warships did not exchange a shot.) The Port Moresby invasion force was required to return to the [Japanese](#) base at Rabaul.

[Japanese](#) forces occupied Myitkyina, Burma (Myanmar).

[German](#) forces begin an offensive against the Kerch Peninsula and Sevastopol in Crimea.

United States naval vessel sunk:

- Carrier *Lexington* (CV-2), severely damaged by carrier-based torpedo bombers and, in sinking condition, sunk by United States forces, Battle of the Coral Sea, 15 degrees 12 S, 155 degrees 27 minutes East

United States naval vessel damaged:

- Carrier *Yorktown* (CV-5), by carrier-based dive bombers, Battle of the Coral Sea, 14 degrees 35 minutes South, 155 degrees 15 minutes East

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The first “volunteer” [Japanese](#)-Americans arrived at Poston, Arizona, one of ten “relocation centers” in which Japanese Americans would be sequestered during the war years. Through the rest of the summer, Japanese Americans would be transferred from “assembly centers” to Manzanar and Tule Lake, [California](#); Amache, Colorado; Minidoka, Idaho; Topaz, Utah; Heart Mountain, Wyoming; Rohwer and Jerome, Arkansas; and Gila River and Poston, Arizona.



The [German](#) summer offensive began in the Crimea.

WORLD WAR II

June 3, Wednesday: The British government announced that it would be nationalizing the coal and milk industries.

From this point, the Jews of Belgium would be required to wear the yellow Star of David.

[Japanese](#) carrier-based aircraft bombed Dutch Harbor and there were landings on Kiska and Attu in the western Aleutian Islands.

Midway-based aircraft locate and attack transports of [Japanese](#) Combined Fleet (Admiral Yamamoto) about 600 miles west of that island.

United States Coastal Minesweeper *Bunting* (AMC-7) sank after a collision in San Francisco Bay, [California](#).

WORLD WAR II

June 30, Tuesday: Rommel’s [German](#) forces reached El Alamein near Cairo, [Egypt](#).

Naval vessels on hand (all types).....5,612

Personnel:

Navy.....	640,570
Marine Corps	143,528
Coast Guard.....	58,998
Total personnel.....	843,096

United States Coast Minesweeper *Hornbill* (AMc-13) sank after a collision in San Francisco Bay, [California](#).

[German](#) submarine U-158 was sunk by naval land-based aircraft (VP-74) in the western Atlantic area, 32 degrees 50 minutes North, 67 degrees 28 minutes West.

WORLD WAR II

The [Germans](#) placed severe restrictions on the freedom of movement of Dutch Jews.

ANTISEMITISM



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August 11, Tuesday: A news item relating to the development of ELECTRIC WALDEN technology: Actress Hedy Lamarr of Hollywood, [California](#) (previously known as Hedwig Maria Eva Kieler of Vienna, Austria) and George Antheil, an experimental musician of Hollywood, had developed a technique called Serial Communication which could be used to steer torpedoes and win the war. They obtained US Patent 2,292,387 for their invention. The invention would not be used to defeat [Adolf Hitler](#) and [Benito Mussolini](#) and [Tojo Hideki](#) and win [World War II](#), probably because in attempting to explain the nature of the serial communication solution to signal transmission problems to US weaponry evaluators they made the tactical error of analogizing their device to the mechanism operating a player piano. Presumably this analogy between the arts of music and the arts of war disgusted the military, which they referred to as “reverend and brass-headed gentlemen,” and turned their minds against the invention, which we now know would have worked quite well. Antheil explained that “In our patent Hedy and I attempted to better elucidate our mechanism by explaining that certain parts of it worked like the fundamental mechanism of a player piano. Here, undoubtedly, we made our mistake.”¹³⁸ In addition, when actress Hedy volunteered to make her technical skills and understanding of electronics available in [Washington DC](#) during the war by work on the National Inventors Council, she was rebuffed. A woman sexually attractive enough to star in a movie entitled “Ecstasy” couldn’t possibly also be an electronics whiz! “People assume perhaps she wasn’t intelligent because she was so beautiful. But she really had a mind ... she held her own with anybody.” How can we be sure that this invention of serial communication would have worked quite well? Because it is now an integral and essential part of our electronic spread-spectrum scheme known as “frequency hopping,” for expanding the Internet into those rural or undeveloped areas of the world which have been lacking in an adequate wiring infrastructure (such as, for one example, Latvia). The CMDA Code Division Multiple Access technology uses this spread-spectrum scheme. Cell phones also use this scheme. Now that the patent has expired and military secrecy has been overcome, Hedy’s and George’s unused wartime invention has been being used not only to increase the security of signal transmission, but also to decrease interference between multiple simultaneous signal transmissions.

Mobs continued to riot in major [Indian](#) cities. Government buildings were attacked in New Delhi. Hundreds were injured and arrested.

[German](#) troops took Kalach, southeast of Voronezh.

The [Germans](#) began the deportation of French civilians for slave labor.

The HMS *Eagle*, a British 22,600-ton aircraft carrier (Captain L.D. Mackintosh) was torpedoed in the Mediterranean, north of Algiers, while escorting a convoy (Operation Pedestal) to the island of Malta, by Kapitän-Leutnant Helmut Rosenbaum’s U73. 4 torpedoes hit the ship on its port side slewing it to starboard and shedding the parked Sea Hurricanes on deck into the sea. Listing to port it rolled slowly over and sank in just a bit longer than 7 minutes. Of its crew of 1,087, 2 officers and 158 ratings died. Many of the 927 floaters were severely injured by concussion when the boilers exploded before they could be picked out of the sea by the destroyers HMS *Lookout* and HMS *Laforey* and the tug *Jaunty*. (On December 16, 1942, when U73 would be sunk off Oran by US destroyers *Woolsey* and *Trippe*, 16 of its [German](#) crew would die and 34 survive.)¹³⁹

138. I made a similar mistake when I presented this database project to the National Endowment of the Humanities. When I told them proudly that the database would even include sound recordings of the bird calls being described by [Henry Thoreau](#) in his journal, their evaluators expressed shock and disgust and disdain, and questioned the seriousness of our entire effort. All funding was refused. They gave an equivalent amount of money instead to a group of scuba divers that wanted to go down to the South Pacific and swim around in the surf looking for Amelia Earhart’s plane crash. For an amount of money that would have published this database on CD-ROM, these scuba divers proceeded to discover on an isolated island in the South Pacific what may or may not be the heel of one of Earhart’s shoe, and what may or may not be the top of one of her medicine bottles.

139. Isn’t it curious, the macabre way these statistics are routinely kept? The number of officer deaths gets cited, then the number of “ratings” deaths? Imagine trying to say to a “rating” who is going down for the third time, “Look, fellow, you’re obviously taking this pretty hard –it’s your death and all that– but can’t you at least derive some consolation from the fact that this would have been a significantly greater loss to us, had you been an officer? God must have loved you enlisted types, he made so many of you. Soon you will lose consciousness — and then you’ll be a mere nameless, painless statistic who has given your life for your country! Don’t sweat it, it’s the way things are. Come on now, at least you can hum a bit from ‘There’ll always be an England’....”



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August 15, Saturday: The [Friends](#) monthly meeting in Manhattan was considering the possibility that it might begin to provide hospitality and services to American service men in “USO” style.

[WORLD WAR II](#)

Friend [Bayard Rustin](#) therefore wrote to his monthly meeting to advise them that:

The primary social function of a religious society is to “speak the truth to power.” The truth is that war is wrong. It is then our duty to make war impossible first in us and then in society. To cooperate with the government in building morale seems inconsistent with all we profess to believe.... The greatest service that we can render the men in the armed forces is to maintain our peace testimony.



(This phrase that Friend Bayard put within quotation marks in his letter as an attribution from some unspecified source, “speak the truth to power,” actually is from Islamic sources, being a condensation of one of the *hadith* or “sayings” of [Mohammed](#), and would come back to us a dozen years later, in 1954, in declarative form, in the title of a famous Quaker peace pamphlet, SPEAK TRUTH TO POWER: A QUAKER SEARCH FOR AN ALTERNATIVE TO VIOLENCE.)

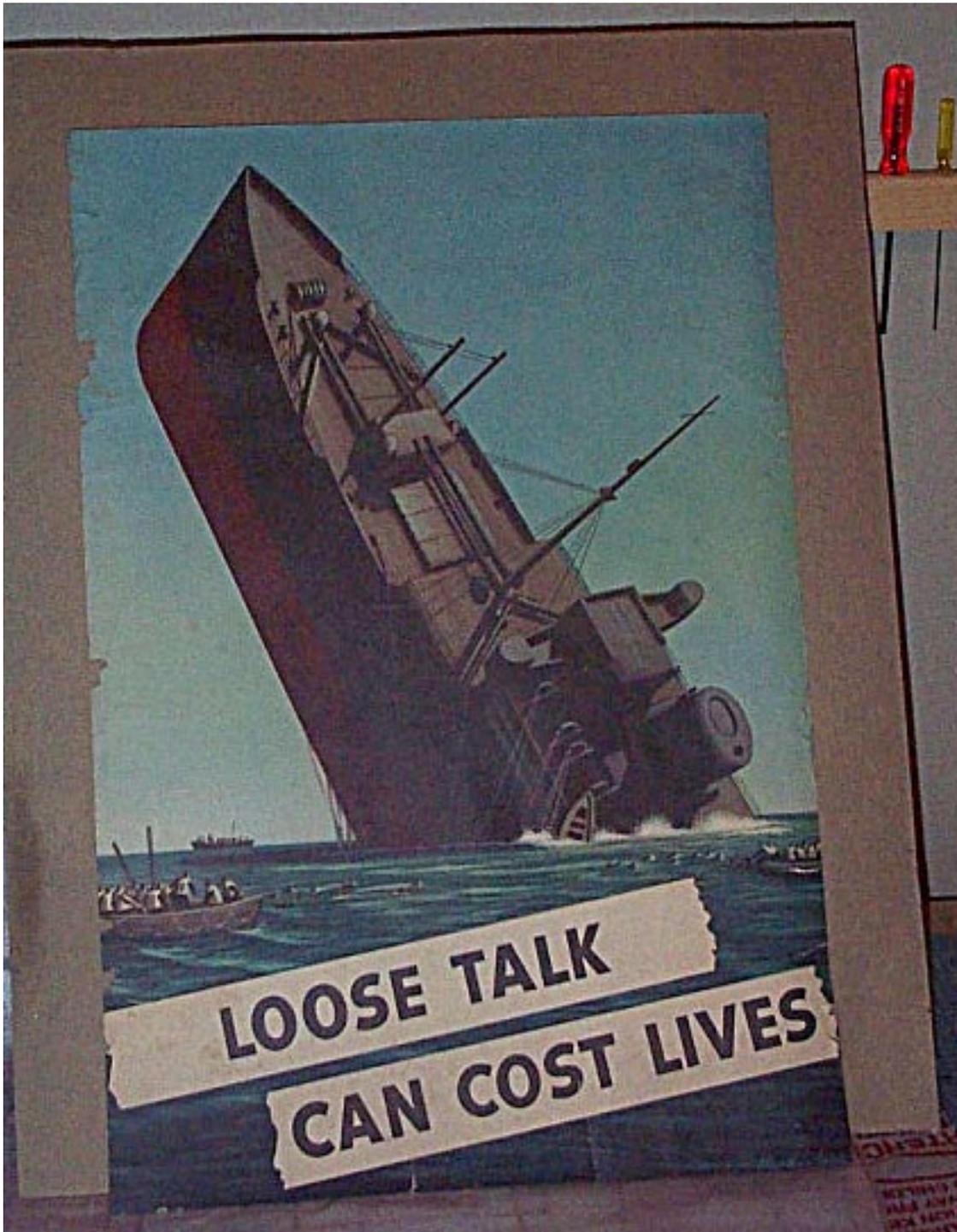


Patrol Wing 11 was commissioned at San Juan, Puerto Rico for operations in Caribbean Sea Frontier. Naval Air Station, Whidbey Island, Washington was established. United State Naval Auxiliary Air Facility, Jamaica, British West Indies, was established. Marine Aircraft Wings, Pacific, was established at San Diego, [California](#).

The *Gloucester Castle*, an 8,006-ton liner of the Union Castle Line, was sunk by the German commerce raider *Michel* some 600 miles northeast of [St. Helena](#). This ship had left Liverpool on its way to Table Bay on June

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21st.



92 passengers and crewmen died. The 61 survivors retrieved from two lifeboats were transferred to the *Michel*'s supply ship based in [Osaka](#) and would become POWs in [Japan](#) and be obliged to work in a steel factory and a cement factory. Two of the survivors would die in captivity.

The SS *Baependy*, a Brazilian passenger and cargo ship (4,801 tons) serving as a troop transport, was sunk by Korvette-Kapitän Harro Schacht's U507 off the mouth of the Real River between Rio de Janeiro and Manaus.



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There were over 700 troops on board of which 270 died. On the following day this U-boat would likewise sink the *Annibal Benevolo*, another Brazilian passenger ship, with 150 deaths, and the *Araraquara*, with 131 deaths. (The sinking of these passenger ships would cause Brazil to declare war on Germany on August 22nd. U507's entire crew of 54 would die in the South Atlantic on January 13, 1943 when their U-boat would come under attack with depth charges dropped from a US Catalina flying boat.)

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1943

January 20, Wednesday: Soviet troops took Proletarskiy, 90 kilometers north of Kharkov.

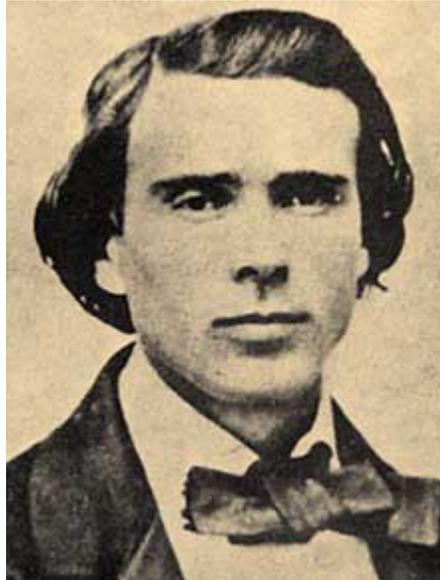
Operation Weiss began, a sweep by [Germans](#), [Italians](#), Cetniks, and Ustase against Yugoslav partisans. The Partisans were forced into southern Bosnia.

Chile broke relations with [Germany](#), [Italy](#), and [Japan](#). This left Argentina as the only country in the Western Hemisphere to retain relations with the Axis.

Destroyer Escort *Brennan* (DE-13), was commissioned at Mare Island, [California](#); first ship of this type to be placed in commission.

1944

Maurice Garland Fulton's DIARY & LETTERS OF JOSIAH GREGG. EXCURSIONS IN MEXICO & CALIFORNIA 1847-1850 (U of Oklahoma P).



May-December: My 2nd Grade (age 6 1/2 to 7) in La Jolla, California.

ASSLEY

July 17, Monday: The 7,212-ton Liberty ship E.A. Bryan was at Port Chicago Naval Base, California taking on ammunition and explosives. Just before 10:20PM, 4,600 tons of munitions and 1,780 tons of explosives detonated, sending smoke and debris 12,000 feet into the skies. Windows were shattered for 20 miles around. A 2nd ship moored nearby, the brand-new Quinalt Victory getting ready for its maiden voyage, was also loaded with munitions. It had taken 3 days and nights to load these ships, all the labor being performed mostly of course by black naval personnel.¹⁴⁰ Everyone on board these ships and many on the pier were of course killed instantly. A total of 320 died (E.A. Bryan 53, Quinalt Victory 44) and 390 were injured. A 12-ton locomotive on the pier simply vanished, not a single piece of it ever being identified. The 1,200-foot wooden pier, and 16 boxcars loaded with bombs and ammunition, likewise simply vanished. The damage bill to what is now known as the Concord Naval Weapons Station (our western storage yard for atomic warheads) was estimated at \$12,000,000. Due to the utter loss of all evidence in the explosion itself, the Court of Inquiry would be unable to establish a cause.

TIMELINE OF ACCIDENTS

Japanese naval vessel sunk:

- Minesweeper #25, by submarine Gabilan (SS-252), off Honshu, 33 degrees 51 minutes North, 138 degrees 35 minutes East

WORLD WAR II

140. This was not because black American servicemen are considered to be stronger and more adaptable than white American servicemen. It was because black American servicemen are considered to be expendable by way of contrast with white American servicemen.



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1945

March 30, Friday: [Indian](#) troops took Kyaukse, south of Mandalay.

Soviet forces captured Danzig (Gdansk).

At Ravensbrück, Jewish women being led to execution struggled with guards. Nine escaped and were recaptured and killed.

ANTISEMITISM

Béla Bartók completed a 3d volume of Rumanian Folk Music.

United States naval vessels damaged:

- Heavy cruiser USS [Indianapolis](#) (CA-35), by [Japanese](#) Kamikaze suicide plane, Okinawa area, 26 degrees 25 minutes North, 127 degrees 30 minutes East
- High-speed transport *Roper* (APD-20), by collision, Philippine Sea, 20 degrees 57 minutes North, 132 degrees 5 minutes East

[German](#) submarines sunk:

- U-2340, by Army aircraft, Hamburg, [Germany](#).
- U-96, U-429, U-3508, by Army aircraft, Wilhelmshaven, [Germany](#).
- U-72, U-329, U-430, U-870, U-884, U-886, by Army aircraft, Bremen, [Germany](#)

Soviet troops captured the Polish city of Danzig. The concentration camp of Stutthof about 20 miles east of the city had been evacuated a few weeks before, with the SS herding the 35,000 inmates in a forced march to the west. Without food, and with little water, many had fallen dead along the way. A large group, probably thousands, having arrived at cliffs overlooking the sea, had been machine-gunned. Only a few thousand of the 35,000 were reaching the western destination.

WORLD WAR II

March 31, Saturday: British and [Chinese](#) troops captured Kyaukme, 115 kilometers northeast of Mandalay, thus clearing the Burma Road from Mandalay to Lashio.

The provisional government of Poland claims Danzig (Gdansk) as “an inseparable part of the Polish Republic.” French troops cross the Rhine at Speyer and Gernersheim, north of Karlsruhe.

Anton Webern and his wife leave their home near Vienna on foot, hoping to reach their house in Mittersill some 300 kilometers to the west. They reach Neulengbach, on the rail line to Salzburg.

The Glass Menagerie by Tennessee Williams opened at the Playhouse Theater in New York.

American forces complete the captured of the Kerama Islands in the Ryukyus. While operating in the Ryukyus, the USS [Indianapolis](#) (CA-35) was hit by a Kamikaze and would need to return to home port in [California](#) for repairs.

United States naval vessels damaged:

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- Heavy cruiser *Pensacola* (CA-24), by collision, Okinawa area, 26 degrees 10 minutes North, 127 degrees 19 minutes East
- Light minelayer *Adams* (DM-27), by [Japanese](#) Kamikaze, Okinawa area, 26 degrees 12 minutes North, 127 degrees 8 minutes East
- Seaplane tender (small) *Coos Bay* (AVP-25), by collision, Central Pacific area, 12 degrees 7 minutes North, 156 degrees 27 minutes East
- Attack transport *Hinsdale* (APA-120), by [Japanese](#) Kamikaze, Okinawa area, 25 degrees 54 minutes North, 127 degrees 49 minutes East
- LST724 and LST884, by [Japanese](#) Kamikaze, Okinawa area, 25 degrees 59 minutes North, 127 degrees 50 minutes East



[Japanese](#) submarine sunk: Submarine I-8, by destroyers *Morrison* (DD-560) and *Stockton* (DD-646), Okinawa area, 25 degrees 29 minutes North, 128 degrees 35 minutes East

[Germany](#) submarine sunk sometime in March: U-348, U-350, U-1167, by Army aircraft, Hamburg, [Germany](#)

WORLD WAR II

July 29, Sunday: [Japanese](#) Prime Minister Suzuki says it would “took no notice” of the ultimatum of July 26.

Battleships, cruisers, and destroyers (Rear Admiral J.F. Shafroth) bombarded shops, aircraft factory, and other facilities at Hamamatsu, Honshu, [Japan](#).

United States naval vessels damaged, Okinawa area:

- Destroyer *Cassin Young* (DD-793), by [Japanese](#) Kamikaze suicide plane, 26 degrees 8 minutes North, 127 degrees 58 minutes East
- High-speed transport *Horace A. Bass* (APD-124), by [Japanese](#) Kamikaze suicide plane, 26 degrees 17 minutes North, 127 degrees 34 minutes East

[Japanese](#) naval vessel sunk:

- Submarine chaser #207, by Army aircraft, off Kyushu, [Japan](#), 32 degrees 0 minute North, 130 degrees 0 minutes East

WORLD WAR II

July 29, just after midnight: The 13th and final US destroyer to sink near Okinawa was the USS *Callaghan*, which at 0041 hours was hit by a [Japanese](#) Kamikaze (48 died, including, of course, the suicidal guy in that airplane). Only the day before the crew had been alerted that their ship had orders that, upon being relieved by the USS *Laws* at 0200 hours, it was to proceed to the port of San Francisco, [California](#).

WORLD WAR II



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August 21, Tuesday: Asiatic Wing, Naval Air Transport Service, was established at Oakland, [California](#).

At Los Alamos, Harry K. Daghlian, Jr. dropped a tungsten carbide brick onto a sphere of plutonium. This was a fatal mistake as the tungsten carbide reflected some of the lump's neutrons, bringing it unexpectedly to [criticality](#).¹⁴¹

King Mihai of Romania refuses to sign any more laws. The communist government rules by decree.

President [Harry S Truman](#) ended the Lend-Lease program.

Mili Atoll in the Marshall Islands surrendered, the initial [Japanese](#) garrison in the Pacific Ocean to capitulate to the Allied forces. The surrender was accepted on board US Destroyer Escort *Levy* (DE-162).

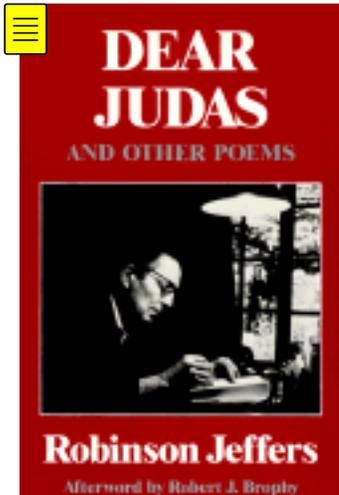
WORLD WAR II

141. There have been in the nuclear industry, to date, some 70 such criticality excursions and some 21 resultant fatalities, but –so far at least– there hasn't been a single atomic blast! Cross your fingers.

1948

In the [California](#) supreme court case of *Perez v. Sharp*, 32 California 2d 711 s 198 P. 2d 17, state miscegenation laws were determined to be unconstitutional.

When an attempt was made in San Francisco, [California](#) during this year to stage [Robinson Jeffers](#)'s *Nō* play about the Jesus/Judas relationship, the play had to be canceled when the Jesus actor, the Judas actor, and the choreographer, who were [Catholic](#), got threatened with excommunication. "No man shall live" declares the Jesus-ghost in this little conceit, "as if I had not lived." One of the key contributions of Christianity to civilization, however, has been to encapsulate the teachings of this man in such a way as to make it possible for people to live as if he had not lived. Sometimes it fails in this — but that is Christianity's design and intent. Finally the play would be successfully presented, in 1953, by a troupe of actors who were almost exclusively [Quaker](#) and Unitarian.



Ward Ritchie Press in Los Angeles CA published the poet's "Poetry, Gongorism and A Thousand Years," which originally had appeared in the [New York Times Magazine](#) for January 18th.

January: Random House published [Robinson Jeffers](#)'s THE DOUBLE AXE AND OTHER POEMS. In this volume, his 14th to be published by this publisher, the poet wrote the following on the basis of President [Harry S Truman](#)'s conduct while sailing home from the Potsdam conference:

Moment of Glory

They have their moments, and if one loved them they ought to die in those moments:
 but who could love them?
 Consider Churchill contemplating the ditch where his great enemy's
 Body was burned in the roaring ruins of Berlin — and turning away, grinning,
 making his cockney
 Victory-gesture. Consider Hitler prancing stiff-legged over fallen France.
 Consider little Truman,
 That innocent man sailing home from Potsdam – rejoicing, running about the ship,
 telling all and sundry
 That [the awful power that feeds the life of the stars](#) had been tricked down
 Into the common stews and shambles.

Contemptible people? Certainly.

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But how they enjoy their points of glory.¹⁴²



Our poet would never find out that, while our President had been sailing toward the Potsdam conference, an incident quite as damning had already occurred. President Truman was elated because he had just been briefed on a trump card for the negotiations, the Manhattan Project's development of an ultimate indiscriminate weapon of war, a terror device that could be aimed – aimed only – at cities of workers, women, and children. He was also taking with him an old, stained slip of paper which he had carried in his billfold for most of his life.

The President pulled this slip of paper from his billfold and showed it to a reporter. No, it did not contain the secret of the atom bomb, it contained information on something infinitely worse – a secret of the condition of the human heart.



Mr. Truman had seen, and had been attracted to, and had copied down a snippet from, in 1910 in Missouri, Alfred, Lord Tennyson's poem "Locksley Hall," that had been written in 1837-1838 to describe the frustrated yearnings of a young man who has been denied a woman he desires.¹⁴³ This was functioning as a life agenda,

142. Page 137. Despite the fact that the war had been over for a couple-three years, this volume of poetry had been heavily censored by Bennett Cerf and Saxe Commins of Random House, and even in its abbreviated condition, with a new preface and with ten poems absent, had been allowed to appear only with a publisher's disclaimer message in regard to "the political views pronounced by the poet."

143. NORTON ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, 4th Edition, 1979; NY: W.W. Norton & Company, II:1117-23.

You will kindly note that it had been in 1848 that the initial aerial bombing of a civilian population of a city had gone down in human history — the Austrians having in that year used unmanned balloons to drop bombs upon Venice.



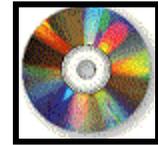
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as a dip into the future far as human eye could see, as something Harry could hope for and fantasize about and scheme for, as a vision of the world and all the wonder that would be. For in Harry's simple Missouri mentation, or what passes for mentation, the phrase "there rain'd a ghastly dew / From the nations' airy navies" constituted a prophesy of and a legitimation for viciousness – his employment of an ultimate aerial weapon. And the result of this deployment of virtually infinite force? The earth would be finally at peace: "the war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled / In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."¹⁴⁴ Taking this creased slip of paper that Harry S was wearing next to his ass into consideration, the stories that are told about his decision to go right ahead and drop the Bomb on Japan simply lack all credibility. Taking this creased slip of paper into consideration, only one explanation for the dropping of the Bomb remains plausible.



"The intent was to terrorize a nation to the maximum extent, and there is nothing like nuking civilians to achieve that effect."



– William Langewiesche, *THE ATOMIC BAZAAR: THE RISE OF THE NUCLEAR POOR*, NY: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 2007

Here is what Jeffers had wanted to say to the American people, in the preface to his book *THE DOUBLE AXE AND OTHER POEMS*, that his publishers in their wisdom would not allow us to hear at the time:

The waste is enormous. We are able to commit and endure because we are so firmly established on the planet. Life is actually so easy that it requires only a slight fraction of our common energies. The rest we discharge onto each other in conflict and charity, love, jealousy, hatred, competition, government, vanity and cruelty and that puerile passion, the will to power or for amusement. Certain human relationships are necessary and desirable but not to this extent. This is a kind of collective onanism; pathetic and ridiculous or at noblest, tragic incest. And so I have represented it. But we have all this excess energy. What should we do with it? ... Do I really believe that people will be content to take a walk and admire the beauty of things? Certainly not. I'm speaking of a racial disease. It was in the monkey blood we derived from and no doubt it is incurable. But whoever will can minimize it in his own life.

This is the sort of more "philosophical" (or less "in-your-face") commentary, by way of contrast, that Jeffers's publisher condescended to allow us to read:

The first part of *THE DOUBLE AXE* was written during the war and finished a year before the war ended, and it bears the scars; but the poem is not primarily concerned with that grim folly. Its burden, as some previous work of mine, is to present a certain philosophical attitude, which might be called Inhumanism, a shifting of emphasis and significance from man to not-man, the rejection of human solipsism and recognition of the transhuman magnificence. It seems time that our race began to think as an adult does, rather than like an egocentric baby or insane person. This manner of thought and feeling is neither misanthropic nor pessimist, though two or three people have said so and may again. It involves no falsehoods, and is a means of maintaining sanity in slippery times, it has objective truth and

144. Franklin, H. Bruce, 1989, "Fatal Fiction: A Weapon to End All Wars," *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* 45, No.9 (November 1989):18-25

human value. It offers a reasonable detachment as rule of conduct, instead of love, hate and envy. It neutralizes fanaticism and wild hopes; but it provides magnificence for the religious instinct, and satisfies our need to admire greatness and beauty.

In publishing the poems, even with alterations such as “Harry Truman” for “little Truman,”¹⁴⁵ the editor omitted ten that were found too utterly offensive: “Miching Mallecho,” → “Fantasy,” → “The Blood-Guilt,” → “Wilson in Hell,” → “What Odd Expedients,” → “Ordinary Newscaster,” → “Staggering Back Toward Life,” → “Curb Science,” → “War-Guilt Trials,” → and “Porvou Que Ca Doure.” →

Although he was not aware of this fact, would never become aware of this fact, there was nothing new about Jeffers’s inhumanist stance:



“It appears to me that to one standing on the heights of philosophy mankind & the works of man will have sunk out of sight altogether. Man is altogether too much insisted on. The poet says the proper study of mankind is man— I say study to forget all that —take wider views of the universe— That is the egotism of the race. What is this our childish gossiping social literature — mainly in the hands of the publishers? When the poet says the world is too much with us —he means of course that man is too much with us— In the promulgated views of man —in institutions —in the common sense there is narrowness & delusion. It is our weakness that so exaggerates the virtues of philanthropy & charity & makes it the highest human attribute— The world will sooner or later tire of philanthropy —and all religions based on it mainly. They cannot long sustain my spirit.



ROBINSON JEFFERS

In order to avoid delusions I would fain let man go by & behold a universe in which man is but as a grain of sand— I am sure that my thoughts which consist or are contemporaneous with social personal connections — however humane are not the wisest & widest —most universal— What is the village —city state —nation —aye the civilized world — that it should so concern a man? It is a comfortable place to nestle no doubt & we have friends — some sympathizing ones it may be, & a hearth, there — but I have only to get up at midnight — aye to soar — or wander a little in my thought by day — to find them all slumbering— Look at our literature what a poor puny social thing seeking sympathy— The author troubles himself about his readers — would fain have one before he dies.— not satisfied with defiling one another in this world, we would all go to heaven together.— To be a good man (that is a good neighbor in the widest sense) is but little more than to be a good citizen. Mankind is a gigantic institution — is a community to which most men belong. It is a test I would apply to my companion — can he forget man? Can he see this world slumbering?

I do not value any view of the universe into which man & the institutions of man enter very largely & absorb much of the attention— Man is but the place where I stand & the prospect (thence) hence is infinite. it is not a chamber of mirrors which reflect me —when I reflect myself —I find that there is other than me. man is a past phenomenon to philosophy — the universe is larger than enough for man’s abode. Some rarely go outdoors — most are always at home at night — very few indeed have stayed out all night once in their lives — fewer still have gone behind the world of humanity —seen his institutions like toad-stools by the way-side. Now the author stands too near his printer. He corrects the proofs.”

—Thoreau’s JOURNAL, April 2, 1852

145. This poem was entirely suppressed by the publisher, Random House, even after the war was over.

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January 1, Thursday: When for the first time in the history of [Japan](#), the Emperor opened the palace grounds to the public, about 100,000 showed up for the tour.

A republican constitution went into effect in [Italy](#).

A customs union between Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg, to be known as Benelux, went into effect.

British railways were nationalized.

The General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade went into effect.

About 700 Jewish refugees managed to reach the coast of northern Palestine although a couple of other ships carrying 11,000, intercepted by the British, were escorted to Cyprus.

ANTISEMITISM

After a week Greek government forces lifted the siege of Konitsa.

Educational Testing Service, the new testing agency, officially opened for business in Princeton, New Jersey. Henry Chauncey was its President and James Bryant Conant its Chairman of the Board. During the previous



year, before ETS had even received its charter, Conant had been out in Berkeley, [California](#), setting up a branch office there. Conant and Chauncey hoped for the big win, which would be to persuade the immense University of California system to adopt their Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) as a uniform requirement. Before World War II, the number of Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) takers never exceeded 20,000 in a given year. Throughout his tenure at ETS, Chauncey would be working to institute a monumental project he termed the “Census of Abilities,” designed to test every American citizen twice during their high school years on a number of attributes. His goal was to save young people from the pain and suffering of not knowing their lot in life by using the results of the tests to advise them as to what they best might make of their lives. Chauncey would never be able to actualize his plan because he would never manage to persuade anyone to provide the money for it. However, by the time this visionary would retire in 1970, more than 1,500,000 people would be taking his SAT annually.¹⁴⁶



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January 19, Monday: The United States Supreme Court reversed the ruling of the [California](#) Supreme Court in the *Oyama v. California* case, ruling a key provision of the Alien Land Law unconstitutional. [Nisei](#) Fred Oyama had lost land he had purchased with funds provided by his father in an escheat action in 1944 which was upheld on appeal in 1946. Oyama had then filed suit claiming that as the son of a [Japanese](#) “alien ineligible to citizenship,” he faced a greater burden of proof than other citizens in accepting a gift of money to buy land from his father. With this decision, the practice of Nisei buying land for their Issei parents was essentially ruled to be outside the scope of the Alien Land Law.

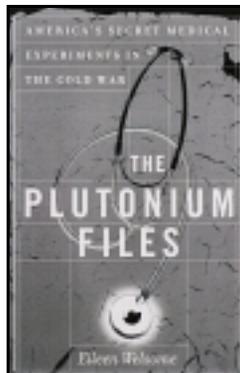
146. Professor Carl C. Brigham, who had repudiated much of his work not because it was racist, no problem there, but because he had come to doubt the simplistic idea that there is one universal human Intelligence Quotient, opposed the formation of the Educational Testing Service.



1949

The nations' first daytime TV soap opera, "These Are My Children," began broadcasting from [Chicago](#)'s NBC studios.

The US Army initiated a series of [secret medical experiments](#) upon the American public, as preparation for the impact of future NBC (Nuclear/Biological/Chemical) warfare. The government's public [Plutonium₂₃₉](#) poisoning tests had been dreamed up by the [Manhattan Project](#)'s medical director, Dr. Stafford Warren, and cleared with Director [J. Robert Oppenheimer](#), who had stipulated only that such experiments needed to be conducted, not at his project's Los Alamos facilities, but somewhere else. The reporter Eileen Welsome would eventually manage to identify one of the civilian guinea pigs, who had been referred to in government documentation under the code name "CAL-1," as Albert Stevens, who had been during the period of the



studies 58 years of age. He had been a house painter and because of his wife's asthma he had moved his family from Ohio to [California](#) in the 1920s. In 1945, when he was diagnosed with cancer, he was injected with [Pt₂₃₉](#) and then a few days later portions of his liver and spleen were removed. The doctor was collecting his urine and stools to measure, without his awareness, their Pt₂₃₉ concentrations. Then analysis of his removed tissues showed that the diagnosis of cancer had been in error: he had been suffering from a gastric ulcer. Welsome would manage to identify another of the civilian guinea pigs, who was referred to in government documentation under the code name "CAL-3," as Elmer Allen, who in 1947 had been 36 years of age. He had been a railroad porter and his leg had been presumed to be cancerous and had been scheduled for amputation. On July 18, 1947, at the University of California Hospital at San Francisco, [California](#) three days before his leg was amputated, Allen had received a "hot" injection of [Pt₂₃₈](#) (considerably more radioactive than Pt₂₃₉) in the leg muscle so that, after amputation, they could send the limb to a laboratory for Pt₂₃₈ measurements. (The test showed that about half the Pt₂₃₈ had remained in the leg. Allen was the last of 18 people to be thus injected during the 1940s.) The institutions participating in this poison project included the University of Rochester, the University of California at San Francisco, [California](#) and the University of [Chicago](#), as well as the University of Cincinnati.

TIMELINE OF EXPLOSIONS

Una Call Kuster Jeffers was in much pain from what was assumed to be "sciatica," but wound up undergoing cancer therapy at the University of California hospital in San Francisco, [California](#).

The King of Beasts

Cattle in the slaughter-pens, laboratory dogs
 Slowly tortured to death, flogged horses, trapped fur-bearers,
 Agonies in the snow, splintering your needle teeth on chill steel, — look:
 Mankind, your Satans, are not very happy either. I wish you had seen the battle-squalor,
 the bombings,



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The screaming fire-deaths. I wish you could watch the endless hunger, the cold, the moaning,
the hopelessness.
I wish you could smell the Russian and German torture-camps. It is quite natural
the two-footed beast
That inflicts terror, the cage, enslavement, torment and death on all other animals
Should eat the dough that he mixes and drink the death-cup. It is just and decent.
And it will increase, I think.

— [Robinson Jeffers](#)

March 25, Friday: The Danish Parliament voted to sign the North Atlantic Treaty.

The Regents of the University of [California](#) require that all employees sign a loyalty oath, affirming that they were not a member of the Communist Party (Roger Sessions would sign this summer).

[UNAMERICANISM](#)

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1950

During the decade of the 1950s, CIA researchers into mind-altering substances would be slipping stuff into people's drinks to figure out how to control their behavior. Psychotic episodes would sometimes be produced (that would be, of course, an accident, although entirely predictable, and deeply regretted, although considered necessary). During this year the US Army continued biological warfare tests that it had initiated in the previous year, using a *Serratia bacteria* microorganism which its weapons specialists deemed harmless for a [secret medical experiment](#) in San Francisco. Three days after the city had been blanketed, people began to come to a local hospital with *Serratia* infections. Eleven citizens had serious [infections](#) and one of those eleven died. (That was, of course, an accident, although entirely predictable, and deeply regretted, although considered necessary. Army scientists would continue to spray unsuspecting American civilians with these so-called harmless bacteria for the following 19 years.)

GERM WARFARE

Joseph Hamilton, the scientist in charge of radiation experiments at the University of [California](#), sent a memo to Shields Warren, director of the Atomic Energy Commission's Division of Biology and Medicine, suggesting that they ought to use large primates such as chimpanzees instead of human test subjects in a [secret medical experiment](#) that was being planned on the cognitive impact of high doses of [radiation](#). The use of humans might leave the AEC open "to considerable criticism" since the experiments as proposed had "a little of the Buchenwald touch." (When a copy of this incriminating memo would in a later timeframe be uncovered in the library archives, the response of the university administration would be to make Hamilton's papers off-limits to researchers.)

October 3, Tuesday: John Bardeen, Walter Brattain, and William Shockley received a US patent for a "Three-Electrode Circuit Element Utilizing Semiconductive Materials" — a transistor.

A law was enacted in [California](#) requiring all state employees (such as, for instance, teachers) to sign loyalty oaths within 30 days.

UNAMERICANISM

Elections in Brazil result in the election of former President Getúlio Vargas, representing the left-wing Brazilian Labor Party and the right-wing Social Progressive Party. The liberal Social Democratic Party won the most seats in the Chamber of Deputies.



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1953

In the vicinity of the Ahwahnee luxury hotel in [Yosemite Park](#), Federal park officials had been managing an “Indian village” amounting to 15 tiny cabins housing 57 persons qualified to perform daily for the tourists. In this year park officials mandated that the only residents in this village would be those who could qualify as permanent park employees and, as people moved away, their cabins would be demolished.

1962

[Illinois](#) became the 1st American state to revise its criminal code along the lines suggested in The Model Penal Code of the American Law Institute to omit from the list of criminal offenses oral genital contact, anal intercourse between consenting adults in private, and sexual acts with animals. Since that point Connecticut, New York and Kansas have also made some revisions in this area but according to [California](#) Penal Code paragraph 286, "Sodomy-Punishment,"

Every person who is guilty of the infamous crime against nature, committed with mankind or with any animal, is punishable by imprisonment in the state prison of not less than one year.

Under Islamic law, the penalty for bestiality is the same as for homosexuality, which is to say, execution. Bestiality has however been removed entirely from the list of criminal sexual offenses in [Germany](#), France, Belgium, [Italy](#), Portugal, Holland, and Russia, where such cases are now dealt with under indecency and animal cruelty regulations and are therefore unlikely to involve a prison sentence. In countries such as Great Britain which have not updated their laws, the penalty is normally still life imprisonment but a legal precedent has been set which would free a woman who may have been under coercion.

July: The USS *Constellation* (CVA 64) set out toward its homeport of San Diego, [California](#).





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1963

Chuck Norris opened a *tang soo do* school in Torrance, [California](#). He had studied at Osan Air Force Base in [Korea](#) –the US Air Force encouraged members to learn karate and other martial arts– and his successes in California open tournaments would soon turn his school into a major Los Angeles-area franchise operation (Norris would exit this business upon becoming a film and television performer).

March 9, Saturday: United States government officials alleged that the chemical defoliants they were using in [Vietnam](#) were not harmful to humans or animals (footage exists in which an American pilot posturing for the TV cameras dipped a finger into the defoliant, and licked his finger).



An expanded version of Jephtha's Daughter, a theater piece with flute, percussion and other optional instruments by Lou Harrison, was performed for the initial time, at Cabrillo College, Aptos, [California](#).

[Lee Harvey Oswald](#) began to take some photographs of the home of former [Major General Edwin Walker](#), who had been forced to leave the US military on account of being a right-wing activist.

1967

Edward Wagenknecht, in his biography of [John Greenleaf Whittier](#), on page 90, as part of his examination of why Friend John never married, opined that Whittier had “marched to a far-away music.”

DIFFERENT DRUMMER

Well, if he had marched, he certainly hadn’t marched far (despite the fact that his statue is in southern California). In fact it is interesting to compare a map of the travels of [Henry Thoreau](#) (whose statue is in Concord, Massachusetts and is thought never to have gone anywhere but did in fact travel to such locales as Canada and [Minnesota](#)) with the stay-at-home Friend John, who was also an avid consumer of travel literature but never got any farther north than the White Mountains or any farther west than Chambersburg PA — even after a [California](#) town had been named in his honor and had donated to him a plot of land at its center:



“Munich, the Louvre, and the Vatican are doubtless well worth seeing, but I fancy I see all and much more in my own painted woodlands.”¹⁴⁷

August 18, Friday: [California](#) Governor Ronald Reagan called for the US to get out of [Vietnam](#) because “too many qualified targets have been put off limits to bombing.”

147. This in a letter to [Waldo Emerson](#). –You’d never guess from [Whittier](#)’s writing that he was so colorblind that he was quite unable to distinguish red from green! But then he also was capable of writing, apparently knowingly, of the appearance of Strausburg Cathedral — and of the feeling of the air of the southern region of Spain!



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1969

The remnants of the “Indian Village” tourist attraction near the luxury hotel at [Yosemite](#) were razed. What would be allowed to remain would amount to an outdoor museum display, meant to be similar in appearance to a pre-genocide Ahwahneechee village — but of course without any bothersome native presence.

During this year Dr. Louis A. Gottschalk, Professor Emeritus of Psychiatry and Human Behavior at the University of [California](#)–Irvine, was conducting a study of “Total and HalfBody Irradiation” by looking into government records for 16 American citizens, 13 of which were black, who had been administered high doses of [Plutonium₂₃₉](#) in order to calibrate its lethal impact. When he would be asked, later, whether his 1969 study had included any attempt to follow up on the test subjects –to find out for instance whether any of them might still be alive– he responded that he had been “interested in just cognitive aspects — there were no follow-ups.” His presumption had been that anyone administered a dose of Pt_{239} under this program would eventually have

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been administered a lethal dose, and sacrificed for the cause. "These were terminal cancer patients," he offered.

The work of [Dr. Eugene L. Saenger](#), Cincinnati radiologist under contract to the Department of Defense, was brought before the American College of Radiology at some point during the late 1960s. Dr. Saenger was cleared of unethical conduct for having irradiated cancer patients without informed consent for military and space science, rather than for personal medical, objectives. It wasn't that he hadn't murdered these poor people, but that murdering people in such a manner did not constitute, in the eyes of medical ethical experts, murder. They died earlier than they would otherwise have died, that is all. —And, of course, it wasn't as if Dr. Saenger had been **enjoying** what he was doing. He was doing it because he was getting paid to do it, and anyway, it was for the good of the nation.



Dr. Eugene L. Saenger of the University of Cincinnati?



"If anything bad can happen, it probably will."

— [Atomic Energy Commission](#) Chairman [Lewis Strauss](#) in the Chicago [Daily Tribune](#), February 12, 1955)





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TIMELINE OF EXPLOSIONS



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1971

During the [Vietnam War](#) the United States military had sprayed nearly 20,000,000 gallons of chemical herbicides and defoliants in [Vietnam](#), eastern Laos, and parts of Cambodia as part of a chemical-weapon program known as [Operation Ranch Hand](#) (the peak years for this craziness had been from 1967 to 1969).

Under the chemical-warfare program known as [Operation Ranch Hand](#), 12% of the total area of South [Vietnam](#) had been sprayed with defoliating poisons at an average concentration of 13 times the recommended US Department of Agriculture application rate for domestic use. In South [Vietnam](#) alone an estimated 10,000,000 hectares of agricultural land became poisoned. In some areas [TCDD dioxin](#) concentrations in soil and water were hundreds of times greater than levels considered safe by the US Environmental Protection Agency.

The [Washington Post](#) revealed that a research team at the University of Cincinnati, under the leadership of [Dr. Eugene L. Saenger](#) and under contract to the Department of Defense, had since 1960 been knowingly irradiating “mentally enfeebled” patients –all poor and mostly black– with doses known to do harm, in order to discover whether and under what conditions soldiers on an [atomic battlefield](#) would be cognitively impaired. Despite disclosure, the program with human guinea pigs at the University of Cincinnati would continue, albeit with a greater effort to do all the paperwork and secure official “informed consent” signatures from these patients selected for “low-educational level ... low-functioning intelligence quotient ... and strong evidence of cerebral organic deficit”! — Continue, despite the fact that in Dr. Saenger’s own estimation eight

patient deaths could possibly be attributed to his radioactive “treatments.”



SECRET MEDICAL EXPERIMENTS

Dr. Eugene L. Saenger of the University of Cincinnati?

Meanwhile our atomic testing continued:

TIMELINE OF EXPLOSIONS

Incidentally, the work of this Dr. Saenger, Cincinnati radiologist under contract to the Department of Defense, had already been brought before the American College of Radiology, at some point during the late 1960s, and the good Dr. had already been cleared of accusations of his unethical conduct for having irradiated his cancer “patients” without informed consent for military and space science, rather than for personal medical, objectives. It wasn’t that he hadn’t murdered these poor people, but that murdering people in such a manner had not constituted, in the eyes of these medical ethical experts, murder. They had merely died earlier than they would otherwise have died. –And, of course, it hadn’t been as if Dr. Saenger had been **enjoying** what he was doing. He had been doing it only because he was getting paid to do it, and anyway, all this was for the good of our nation. His poor “patients” had unknowingly given a few weeks or months at the end of their lives, for their country. [Senator Edward Kennedy](#) (D-Mass.) would conduct a Congressional investigation.



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I, [Austin Meredith](#), was a systems analyst for General Electric, employed at the GE Armament Systems Department in Burlington, [Vermont](#). Toward the end of the Vietnam war due to the decline in contracts for our Minigun, there was a layoff and my family and I were relocated from Burlington to San Jose, [California](#) where I would work at the [GE Nuclear Energy Division](#).¹⁴⁸ As an employee in the embattled industry of the nuclear generation of civilian electrical power –beset as it was by protesters and green freaks and peaceniks and, in general, terrified traumatized citizens– I needed to receive the most careful schooling (after business hours in employee classes) in the utterance of recitations such as “A nuclear power plant for the peaceful production of useful electricity cannot go off like an atomic bomb. No member of the general public has ever been injured in an atomic accident at any nuclear power plant.” The whole point was to burnish this deceptiveness until it had the sheen and gloss of truthtelling. I was instructed, in these night classes in [safe power and studied deception](#), that as a General Electric employee I must never deviate in the slightest from this officiously chosen wording, because we needed to make certain that none of us would ever be accused of telling lies on behalf of the Company. However, the truth of such recitations depended entirely upon the most careful predefinition of all of the terms employed, such as “an atomic bomb” and “member of the general public” and “injured” and “atomic accident” and “nuclear power plant.” Whenever any green intervener offered a true and accurate instance of an accident or death, we needed to be able to dismiss this instance as outside the parameters of our nuclear safety concerns. If a member of the armed forces is injured, for instance, that does not count because such a person is most assuredly not a “member of the general public.” Likewise, if a plant employee is injured, that does not count because such a person is not a “member of the general public,” and if an act of sabotage takes place, not only is that classified information but also it would not qualify as any “accident,” and if a suicidal act took place, that likewise would not amount to an “accident.” The initial test at Alamogordo, Mexico did not count because that had been a stationary device at the top of a tower, rather than something that dropped like a bomb, and therefore had not amounted to “an atomic bomb.” The bombs we dropped upon Hiroshima and Nagasaki did of course count as bombs, but they did not count in this calculation as atomic bombs because the explosions produced unfortunately due to defects in the firing devices had amounted to mere singularities, converting only a few incidental ounces of their warheads from matter into energy. These devices that had been intended to go off “like atomic bombs” had in point of fact not gone off “like atomic bombs,” and therefore these explosions did not count (they were mere singularities of the sort that can easily happen when a peaceful nuclear power plant melts through the reactor pressure vessel and the resultant mass of liquid “corium” heads in the direction of China). The device dropped on Hiroshima merely produced a flash-bang singularity that was equivalent to between 13 and 18 kilotons of TNT, and although it ignited many structure fires it produced no hole in the ground (efficiency ~1.38%). Then the device dropped on Nagasaki merely produced a flash-bang singularity equivalent to between 20 and 22 kilotons of TNT, only slightly better, and likewise did not produce a hole in the ground, but anyway we had dropped it through clouds and it had missed our industrial port aiming point entirely, falling directly onto a Catholic cathedral and a camp full

148. At first the Personnel Department was obviously stiffing me, pretending to look for in-corporation interviews for me, but I persuaded my section manager Larry Moylan, who had a walleye, to intercede. He demanded that they actually help me find another job. One Personnel type then frankly explained to me, privately, that at first they had misunderstood and had just been ignoring my plight, until this section manager had interceded with “No, we actually do want you to help him.”



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of American POWs.¹⁴⁹ Similarly, if a person is merely dangerously exposed to radiation, that would not count as an “injury.” And if the facility that explodes is a mere test reactor not hooked to the commercial power grid, that facility does not count as a “nuclear power plant” and if it should happen to explode, this would have no bearing on the truthfulness of the recitations we were being so carefully trained to utter. When [India](#) would test its atomic device on [Siddhartha Gautama Buddha](#)’s birthday in 1974, for instance, the word would be passed around the corridors in my place of employment that this “Smiling Buddha” test although it might well have been enabled by fissile materials the Indian military had surreptitiously removed from our Tarapur reactors was not to be described as having been “an atomic bomb,” but rather had amounted merely to a “peaceful nuclear explosion,” releasing only an approximate 12 kilotons. (Besides, no-one could be certain that they had stolen these fissile materials from us rather than from some other local source of such low-hanging fruit.)

[Oh! What a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive!](#)

— [Walter Scott](#), MARMION: A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD, 1808

“Because of the kind of fuel used (ie the concentration of U-235, see below), if there is a major uncorrected malfunction in a reactor the fuel may overheat and melt, but it cannot explode like a bomb.”

THAT CANNOT HAPPEN!

“Q. Can a nuclear plant blow up like a bomb?

“A. No. A bomb converts a large part of its U-235 or plutonium into fission fragments in about 10^{-8} seconds and then flies apart. This depends on the fact that a bomb is a very compact object, so the neutrons don’t have far to go to hit another fissionable atom. A power plant is much too big to convert an important part of its fissionable material before it has generated enough heat to fly apart. This fact is based on the fundamental physics of how fast fission neutrons travel. Therefore, it doesn’t depend on the particular design of the plant.”

YOU CAN TRUST ME!

“It is impossible for a commercial nuclear reactor to explode like a nuclear bomb since the fuel is never sufficiently enriched for this to occur.”

THAT CANNOT HAPPEN!

“Though both reactors and nuclear weapons rely on nuclear chain-reactions, the rate of reactions in a reactor occurs much more slowly than in a bomb.”

YOU CAN TRUST ME!

“It should be emphasised that a commercial-type power reactor simply cannot under any circumstances explode like a nuclear bomb. The fuel in a nuclear reactor is not enriched beyond about

149. These WWII devices more or less resembled the sort of blast effect that North Korea would be able to generate in 2006, a blast that our newspapers would mock as a “fizzle.” By way of comparison, one of our [B53 warheads](#) can produce an explosion equivalent to some 9,000 kilotons of TNT. In 1984 I would attend a lecture by Professor Freeman J. Dyson at Stanford University, and listen to him opinion that Hiroshima and Nagasaki had not done the job that needed to be done, because we now misappreciate how very destructive a modern A-bomb is. We need for a third city to be nuked now, he would assert, in order to tune up our appreciation of such weaponry.



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5% and a bomb require a much high level of enrichment.”

THAT CANNOT HAPPEN!

“One concern about nuclear power plants, of course, is the memory of the world’s first exposure to nuclear power: the atomic bomb blasts. Many people fear that a nuclear power plant may go out of control and explode like a nuclear weapon. Most experts insist that such an event is impossible.”

YOU CAN TRUST ME!

In our after-hours classes at the General Electric Nuclear Energy Division in San Jose, California, practice made perfect. We divided up into teams of one inquisitive reporter and one obliging interviewee and bantered back and forth as our instructor carefully observed. One of our inquisitive reporters went “What you’re saying is that nuclear power hasn’t ever hurt anyone” to which an obliging interviewee responded “No, I said no member of the general public has ever been injured in an atomic accident at any nuclear power plant.” At this the instructor broke in, to forbid the introduction of words such as “No, I said” We must not add anything such as this, he pointed out, because to do so would reveal that what the reporter had said had contained a different information content from what the obliging interviewee had provided. So our inquisitive-reporter roleplayer tried again, “What you’re saying is that there’s just no way that a power plant can go off like an bomb,” to which our obliging-interviewee roleplayer responded “Yes, a nuclear power plant for the peaceful production of useful electricity cannot go off like an atomic bomb.” The instructor frowned and pointed out that the addition of a word such as “Yes” implied falsely that what the reporter had said was the same as what the interviewee had said. “It’s not the same,” he pointed out, “because although we don’t want to point this out there are various ways that a power plant can go off like a non-atomic bomb. For instance, a runaway nuclear reaction can produce hydrogen which can create a very serious explosion, blowing the entire plant into the sky and creating all sorts of nuclear contamination over a large area, although such an explosion would be classified as a mere chemical explosion rather than an atomic one.” And we kept on and on like this until we had satisfied our instructor that we could recite exactly “A nuclear power plant for the peaceful production of useful electricity cannot go off like an atomic bomb. No member of the general public has ever been injured in an atomic accident at any nuclear power plant” — without adding or subtracting any jot or any tittle.



June: News items relating to the development of ELECTRIC  WALDEN technology:

- Intel released its 8086 microprocessor. It used 16-bit registers, a 16-bit data bus, and 29,000 transistors. Price was US\$360. It could access 1 MB of memory.
- Microsoft shipped Microsoft COBOL.
- Apple Computer introduced the Disk II, a 5.25 inch floppy disk drive linked to the Apple II by cable. Price: US\$495, including controller card.
- 57,240 people showed up for a National Computer Conference in Anaheim, [California](#).
- Pertec ceased production of the Altair.

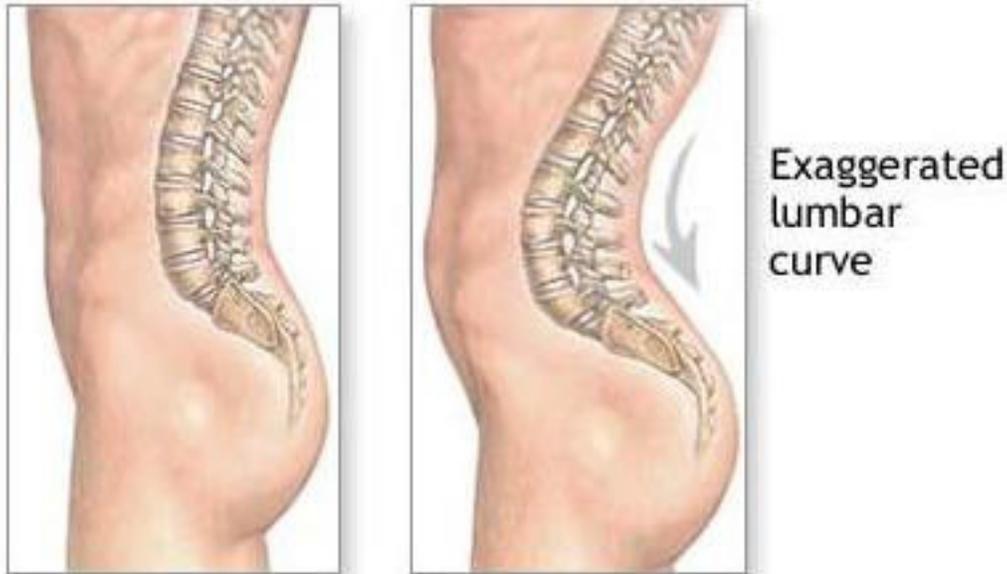
1972

For the past quarter-century, my family has had to shelter me because our government has been effectively preventing me from having any sort of gainful employment. How and why they have been doing this in my case make a very elaborate story, but the fact is that were it not for the assistance I have received from my children and from my relatives, I would have been sleeping under bridges for many many years now. — Because any time I receive any cash at all, the government steps in and says “No, that all belongs to us” and confiscates it. And this is not because of any wrong which I have committed, it is just that somehow back a quarter-century ago I got my name onto some sort of secret enemies list of people to be actioned against. (I don’t even know for sure how this happened: it may have been on the basis of that whistle-blowing phonecall I attempted to make to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission — but I have no way to be certain about that.)



OK, this is the way it went down. As a man with a twisted spine, attempting to hold gainful employment in the 1960-1980 timeframe, I, [Austin Meredith](#), had to accept substantially lower wages than if he had not been deformed. Well, I don’t know if you are aware of little facts like that, but it is, or it was, the case. If one is deformed, it becomes magically hard as hell to get an employer to provide a decent wage. There’s just not any **competition** among employers to hire the deformed. Anything they do for a person who is visibly deformed, no matter how low the wage they offer, amounts to a beneficence from them to that deformed person. They’re only doing it out of the goodness of their heart.

(Here is an illustration from a medical textbook, showing “exaggerated lumbar curve” as typical of lordosis:



What the medical textbook fails to point out is that this exaggerated lumbar curve, when it is not disabling, produces enormous muscular masses in the buttocks and calves as the growing body struggles to accommodate itself. And, of course, the medical textbook also fails to point out –it isn’t any of a medical doctor’s concern, as doctors treat illnesses rather than the effects of illnesses– that the primary liability for the patient is that these exaggerated muscular masses result in the most extreme social discrimination.)

So, in 1970 my family and I moved to [California](#) from [Vermont](#), and then shortly after this move my wife filed for divorce. The divorce decision which went into effect in 1972 was of course to award custody of our 4 children to the wife. “Fathers don’t make good mothers,” quote unquote. When the judge took a look at my salary figures, he commented “Well, we don’t have much to work with, do we?” But he had this table of support payments that he was supposed to require, the table told him so much for alimony, minimum, the table told him so much for each child, minimum, and so on and so forth. So he issued his divorce order. He assigned me an obligation to pay, therefore, to my ex-wife, per month, in alimony and child support, **more than my entire net salary after deductions for tax withholding and medical benefits**. In addition, it was made impossible for me to obtain a 2d job at night, because I was being awarded split custody of our 4 children, and I needed to provide a place for them while they were with me, every Wednesday night and every weekend from Friday afternoon until Monday morning, plus every vacation and holiday. I protested: “Your honor, I cannot possibly pay more than my entire salary.” He made no response from the bench.

What is Intensification ?

Immediately I became an obligate criminal (as most of [California](#)’s loose gold has already been picked out of its surface dirt), and so immediately I “fell behind” on my payments. Then there appeared a little problem on the horizon, that although the divorce paperwork instructed me to pay my ex-wife, the Santa Clara County Sheriff’s Office was under the impression that I was supposed to send the check not to my ex but to them. Each month I made out a check in the full amount to “Mary Meredith,” and she cashed the check, and the signed and canceled check came back to me with my bank statement, and I saved those signed canceled checks along with the check stubs. Then after many months of this, the sheriff’s office instituted legal proceedings against me, accusing me of never having made any alimony or child support payment since the date of the divorce. Of course, at this point in time I could not afford any legal representation, so when I went to Family Court, I asked for assistance. That was refused on the grounds that my gross income exceeded the limit, despite the fact that



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after payment and taxes I had no net income at all. I presented my check stubs and the signed, canceled checks to the “judge,” and that was the last I saw of them. He said that since they were not made out to the Sheriff's Department, they did not amount to payment. He told me that I would have to pay the full sum over again immediately, over and above meeting my ongoing obligations. When I objected that my ex-wife had received these moneys and that therefore it was her, not me, who owed the money to the Sheriff's Department, the “judge” said that private debts were a private matter and that I was free to pursue collecting that debt from my ex-wife, in separate proceedings in a small-claims court. He referred to me as “Perry Mason.”

So I went to a consultation with a fresh attorney, for \$200, a Mr. Thomson, and he said to me, said he, you need to prevent garnishment because if your wages are garnished your firm will fire you: “Let’s make an irrevocable wage assignment of half your income, for the rest of your life. That way you’ll have the other half of your salary, to live on and to provide for your kids with.” So I went, “OK, sounds good.” I signed.

But then that wasn’t the way things came down! First the Sheriff’s office received half my salary by way of this irrevocable wage assignment, then they garnished and seized the other half. My rent, in a slum apartment, the cheapest that it was possible to get, was \$130 per month. These two seizures operating in tandem left me with a takehome pay figure that I remember very distinctly. It was \$73.⁹² per month.

What is Intensification ?

I thought I ought to have received those canceled checks and check stubs back from the court, so I went to the courthouse and asked to see my trial record folder. The trial record folder had a single piece of paper in it, which was a court order that to save file space, my court documents had been photocopied and destroyed. So I went to the window for photocopied records, and they produced the reel of film in question, and I put it in the reader machine and scrolled down to my case number. The photocopy record consisted of that single document, that court order that in order to save file space, my court documents were to be photocopied and then destroyed. They had by mistake routinely photocopied merely that order, and then destroyed my payment documents, and I was shit outa luck!

So what did I do? I was a systems analyst for General Electric [Nuclear Energy Division](#), and I had some friends there who appreciated the difficulty of the position into which I had been placed. So they pulled some strings, and fixed it up so that I could go over at night to [GE’s GETR test reactor in Pleasanton, California](#), and do “jumper” work there at a very, very high rate of hourly pay, \$50, and get my good pay immediately under the table in untracable cash so I would not need to pay federal or state income tax. In that way, maybe, I could keep my family going and keep square with this pushy sheriff. Now, jumper work in addition to being very, very well paid is, it seems, very, very dangerous. At the GETR I was required to do cobalt cleanup, intensely radioactive work, fully suited in a breathing apparatus and with lead blocks strapped onto the bottoms of my booties.

But this wasn’t enough. I wasn’t meeting the court’s requirements even with them taking virtually 100% of my net salary after tax withholding and medical benefit payments. So, I was called into court again, and threatened. For every month in which I did not pay the **full** amount required, plus something against the accumulating arrearages, in the future, I was sentenced to spend one week in the Santa Clara County prison. I was also placed under court order not to change my employment without the prior permission of the sheriff. So what would happen was, they would come by my place of employment on a Friday afternoon (General Electric Nuclear Energy Division, San Jose), once a month, and come into my office, and put me in handcuffs at my desk, and perp-walk me out the corporate door and off to jail. At the jail they would stripsearch me, do their cavity search, confiscate my wedding ring, and put me in an orange jumpsuit that couldn’t even approximately fit (on account of my deformity) — and then I would sit in jail for a week or so, and then they would let me out and I would go back to my apartment and shower and put on a business suit and go back to work — if I could get my old VW to start. For General Electric, of course, that became annoying although they



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did grasp the nature of my predicament. I was embarrassing them.

What is Intensification ?

In addition, there was the attitude of the child welfare officers of Santa Clara County, who appeared in court to testify that with me expelled from the home, the number of square feet of air space per child was substantially increased, meaning that the well-being of the children had been enhanced by the father's expulsion from the home. They had taken one look at my twisted spine and determined that it would be improper for any child ever to be exposed to such a defective father. How would it impact a child's self-esteem, if the child were forced to reflect "I am the son or daughter of a problematic father, one with a physical disfigurement"? They determined that the fact that I needed to be with my children, as if I were the mother rather than the father, was evidence of my womanishness, my lack of manliness, which meant to them that it was their sovereign obligation to drive me away from the four children for their own well-being. The less exposure to such a problematic father, the better! How bad do we need to hurt this guy, for him to get the message?

Well, obviously the sort of embarrassing treatment that I was receiving was **intended** to be embarrassing. General Electric Corporation eventually became very hostile toward me. Maxim of the nuclear power industry: an employee who can't be threatened is not to be trusted. Finally, the day after I attempted to make my whistle-blowing phonecall to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission in Washington DC, they escorted me over to Personnel and offered me a deal. They could have me prosecuted for having known for 10 days about this quality problem before attempting to contact the NRC, and the result would be a fine and years of prison time, or, perhaps, they would pretend like they were laying me off, after years and years of permanent employment with them, which 2d alternative would entitle me to a week's pay per accumulated year of service — and they would hand me this money as a lump sum, and I could go on unemployment compensation, and the sheriff would not be able to attach this unemployment compensation, and then for a little while at least, I would have money for food if not for rent. Part of the deal was, I should learn to keep my damn mouth shut with the NRC. So, not having any 3d alternative, knowing full well that if I did not accept this they would merely fire me "for cause" in order to get rid of a monthly embarrassment, I accepted.

Well, that was a mistake. I went down to the Unemployment Compensation people and applied for my compensation and they gave me a monthly check for a few months, and then they said "We have this job for you. So, you are off of Unemployment Compensation. You have received your last free money from us, SOB!" The job was as a "Systems Analyst" for "ISIRAN" division of Honeywell Information Systems, in Tehran, Iran, epicenter of inefficiency. I was to be paid like \$73,000 a year in salary and bankable perks, year after year, on contract. They said "If you accept this job, you are not unemployed and will receive no more money from us. If you refuse this job, you are not actively seeking work and will receive no more money from us. Either way, you have received your last free money from us, fellow!"

What is Intensification ?

Well, that was scary, because I didn't want to leave my little kiddies, they needed me, and besides, everybody knew that the Shah of Iran was a murderer and a torturer. Would I be safe in Iran? I dithered.

But then I was summoned to the office of the District Attorney in San Jose, and the man there who took me into his office to have me sign this Iran contract threatened that unless I did sign, he could create a false charge against me and send me to prison. "But you know very well that I haven't committed any crime!" I protested, whereupon he responded that this was not what was important, what was important was that he could in fact create such a false charge and that he could in fact obtain such a conviction. So I signed his paperwork which



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allegedly was with “ISIRAN division of Honeywell Information Systems,” and went to the Post Office and applied for a passport, and kissed my four kiddies good-bye and got aboard an airplane for Iran.

When I disembarked at Mehrabad Airport, I was met by an ISIRAN man and he said “Show me your passport.” I handed it to him, and he didn’t bother to look at it. He just put it in his pocket and that was the last I saw of it. “We’ll keep it safe,” he said. The next day, at work, they informed me that the contract I had signed was a piece of shit, that Honeywell Information Systems was not involved, that what I had done was enlist as a warrant officer in the Imperial Iranian Ground Forces — and that I would do as I was told or be executed.

To make a long story short, there wasn’t any \$73,000 a year. They didn’t pay me. I needed to work at night as an English teacher (TOEFL) to make money to live on in Tehran. And the US Embassy and Consulate in Tehran was in on this, up to their eyeballs. They knew exactly what my predicament was, and would do zero zip nothing for me. I even managed to make contact with a Secret Service man, and asked him to take a message back to [Washington DC](#) for me. He refused.



The consulate people said “We know they’re not paying you. However, that is a private matter. If, at the end of your contract, they won’t let you go, **then** we will be able to step in and get you back to the states.”

What is Intensification ?

Finally, in the middle of the Iranian Revolution, I managed to make contact with the insurrectionaries and they helped me escape from Iran by way of Bulgaria or some asslicking Commie country like that. I made it as far as Copenhagen on my own and then walked into the US Embassy — and they helped me get the rest of the way home to [California](#). When I walked into the Embassy they knew **exactly** who I was and what my story was. I didn’t have to explain a thing. I didn’t even have to prove who I was. They **knew**. So I got back to California, and I was this middle-aged guy with no business suit and no money, and I couldn’t even go for a job interview. And I was in terror that the Iranians (and their American buddies who had actually been the ones who had been holding me and working me without pay, named Paul Beckingham and Bud Walsczak) were going to track me down and kill me, on account of my having escaped from them. So I hid out in the National Forest for several years.

I would sneak down out of the woods once a month and see my kids. We did a whole lot of camping out, in a tent I bought at Goodwills and sewed back together. This photo is from an outing at Point Reyes National Seashore, and the big pot was for a bouillabaisse of various fish leftovers I had just picked up at the

supermarket on our way up through San Francisco:



It was on the way back down the Junipero Serra Freeway toward San Jose in the fog, that we hit a deer and wrecked the front lid of this orange VW — we ate that deer for six months. Finally the kids were in real need, so terrified or not I had to come down out of the woods, and I reverse-engineered my resume down to something pitiful, and got myself a pseudjob as a “technical writer.” Using a false name and a false social security number. And I started to give my ex-wife a part of my pay every month, as much as I could afford. That was great until they caught me. Until they caught me, I was keeping my family going, and was not being abused. So, they charged me with criminal child neglect. The argument was that the money I had been giving to my ex-wife every month way back when, out of my paycheck, was money which I should have been giving instead to the sheriff, to pay Santa Clara County back for welfare that my kids might have been receiving. Any money given directly to my children, according to this Catch-22, amounted to money withheld from my children, which was of course a heinous criminal offense.

What is Intensification ?

And it turned out, there is no possible defense. No defense at all. When it comes to criminal child neglect, you can't just go “Your honor, I was prevented from providing from my children, I was being held as a slave in a foreign country.” No, there are no excuses, there are no excuses whatever. If you say something like that, you are saying something that translates directly into “I'm guilty, your honor.” They sentenced me to prison. Well, but, then, when they had gotten to this point, they didn't put me in prison anymore:





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Instead they put me on “three years probation.” The terms of the probation were, I needed to pay the sheriff at least so much per month for three years, or more, needed to pay him whether or not I was employed, and if I could succeed in doing so, I could stay out of prison. But if I have to I skip any payment, or am late, then I must go to prison and serve the full term of three years. Furthermore, I was under the court’s injunction not to slip my children any more money. If I so should much as give them a birthday present or a Christmas present during this three-year period, that would amount to money taken away from the sheriff, and the Probation Officer was instructed to vacate my suspended sentence and send the men to take me directly to prison to serve my full three years.

Well, those were the best three years of my life. One year I made better than \$80,000. I worked multiple jobs, etc. It was because my Probation Officer was lazy. Actually, he more or less served as a shield for me! It was his laziness that kept the sheriff away from my door.

Then the three years were over, and I was an ex-convict. An ex-convict with four adult children. And it all started again.

The Santa Clara County Sheriff’s office took the position that the court case had meant nothing, since it had only disposed of the **criminal** aspect of my case, had done nothing to alter the **civil** or **financial** aspect. I owed the County something like a quarter of a million dollars, by their calculation, and when was I gonna **pay up**? Thus the following: I cannot have a job without the government stepping in and taking my entire paycheck. I cannot have a bank account without the government freezing and seizing it. I cannot own part of a home of a car without the sheriff showing up and applying seizure stickers. All my retirement and pension moneys have been forfeit. When I reach retirement age under Social Security, they say, my Social Security checks are to be reforwarded, to them. If any relative were to die and leave me an estate, that would be confiscated. If I were to die and leave my children anything, that would not go to my children, it would be confiscated. If my new wife did not have a complete severance of estate, her wages as a university professor would be garnishable and her retirement funds seizable. Every year they would seize the income tax refund she receives from her salary withholding, simply because she is married to me. We constantly have to discuss the possibility that at some point in the future, she may need to file for divorce in order to separate herself from this constant persecution. I am not even to be permitted to hold a driver’s license. Economically, I am not even a second-class citizen, I am a nonperson. It appears that I am going to remain an economic nonperson for the remainder of my life. And for what? I haven’t **done** anything — except possibly I got put on some secret list somewhere sometime by somebody, for having wrong opinions or for being a threat to the nuclear power industry or some stupid thing like that. And there is no help for me, I am defenseless and without any protector, simply because **everybody knows** that this sort of thing does not go on in America.

The thing that concerns me in regard to our lack of laws against enslavement is, that there doesn’t seem to be any safety net in this society, which will hold individuals such as myself out of the clutches of groups which seek to persecute them. If there were laws against slavery, for instance, if there were a legal definition of the elements of enslavement, I might be able to show that under these circumstances I have been effectively enslaved. I might be able to demonstrate that each and every one of the essential elements of the crime of enslavement have obtained, for one excuse or another, in my particular instance. But no, I can’t demonstrate that, because in this society we have decided that slavery is to be nothing but an inapplicable metaphor.

Well, there you have it. That is the basis for my feeling that there just isn’t any safety net in America, no fundamental protections which will help us if someone in authority begins to abuse us without recourse.



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Essentially, in Iran, I was reduced to slavery (in that I could not leave, could not change employment, could not obtain salary, and was working at the threat of the loss of my life, plus their implicit threat “We know where your children are”). After I escaped from Iran, however, it was like “I owed my soul to the company store,” whatever. Things were set up in such a manner that I would be the victim of these people for the remainder of my life, always under the threat of some sort of confiscation. If there were actually a federal law against human enslavement (instead of what we do have, which is merely a Constitutional Amendment #13 enacted in 1865 granting to our federal congress the authority to someday enact a law against human enslavement, or not, in accordance with its good judgment and in its own good judgment), I’d have something to appeal against! Since our federal congress has never in fact seen fit in its wisdom to define what human enslavement might be, I don’t.

ASSLEY

But this is to get well ahead of the story of the events of the year 1972. In this year I was, among other things, having a struggle with Sears over bills that my ex-wife María de los Angeles García Meredith kept charging in my name. She had been in the habit of charging somewhere between \$100 and \$200 a month of catalog sales by telephone. This situation persisted through the long drawn-out divorce and, after the divorce became final, she was still charging on that Sears card of hers, in my name. I could not get her to surrender the card and I could not get her to discontinue charging. When the divorce became final I formally notified Sears to change the billable party on her credit card, from my name to her name — but they failed to do so. My ex-wife continued to charge somewhere between \$100 and \$200 per month of catalog sales by telephone, and they continued to send me, Ashley Edward Meredith, the ex-husband, her monthly statements and bills. When I objected they simply ignored me. When the divorce became final I had stopped paying these bills, of course — so they started to get nasty. About a year after the divorce I was forced into bankruptcy. To resolve the situation which had been created by their intransigence I included their bills in my bankruptcy papers. The bankruptcy was granted and their bills were voided by the court. I filed these court papers with them. They refused to recognize the order of the bankruptcy court and continued to bill me and threaten me for the voided bills. Finally I cut a deal with them, or **thought** I had cut a deal with them. They agreed that if I would pay the portion of the bill that was for my children’s clothing and shoes, legitimate things of that nature, they would void the remainder of the bill, involving a series of items which were not clearly purchased for the benefit of my children. So I paid them that “children’s” portion of this bill despite the fact that it had already been voided by the bankruptcy court. They did not communicate with the bankruptcy judge in this matter, and they did not keep their promise. After I had paid in a lump sum per our new agreement, they continued to bill me for the remainder of these voided bills, despite 1.) the fact that they had promised not to do so and despite 2.) the fact that these bills had all been ordered voided by the bankruptcy court.¹⁵⁰

August 27, Sunday: US warships shelled the port of Haiphong.

[Saigon](#) authorities seized 3 daily newspapers in the capital because they had published criticism of the government.

Automotive for car horns by Laurie Anderson was performed for the initial time, on the green of Rochester, [Vermont](#).

Prometheus Bound, a cantata for soprano, speakers, chorus and orchestra by Carlos Chávez to words of Trevelyan after Aeschylus was performed for the initial time, in Aptos, [California](#).

150. According to an article “The Sorry Side of Sears” in the February 22, 1999 issue of [Newsweek](#), as recently as 1999 Sears officials were continuing to display this utter indifference to bankruptcy law and practice. (The columnist, John McCormick, however, had no idea whatever how long this practice had been in existence, and incautiously bought into a liability-limiting cover story they told him as if it amounted to true corporate contrition.)



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1973

April: A \$4,085 check was posted by the federal government of the United States of America to the Treasurer General of the Republic of [Cuba](#). The money represented this year's rent for the US's oldest overseas naval base, [Guantánamo Bay](#), a 45-square-mile sliver on the southeast coast of the island originally acquired as a coaling station for US vessels and exceedingly unlike any other military installation in the world. This check would not be cashed by its addressee. No such check would ever again be cashed. Eventually even the postal address to which these checks continue to be mailed year after year would no longer be a deliverable Cuban postal address — and nevertheless the checks would be posted.

Presidents [Richard Milhous Nixon](#) and [Nguyen Van Thieu](#) met in our President's "California White House" at San Clemente, [California](#) and Nixon renewed his earlier secret pledge that if North [Vietnam](#) violated the peace agreement, we would respond militarily.





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1978

March: A news item relating to the development of ELECTRIC WALDEN technology:

- The Second West Coast Computer Faire was held, in San Jose, [California](#).



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1982

The world's atomic testing continued:

TIMELINE OF EXPLOSIONS

Dorothy Legarreta, who had worked for the [Manhattan Project](#) as a laboratory technician, was at the library of the University of [California](#) – Berkeley examining the papers of Joseph Hamilton, the scientist in charge of [nuclear radiation experiments](#) at the University of California, when she chanced across the memo that had been addressed in 1950 to Shields Warren, then director of the Atomic Energy Commission's Division of Biology and Medicine. The memo had counseled the substitution of large primates such as chimpanzees for human test subjects in studies that were being planned on the cognitive impact of high doses of radiation. The use of humans might leave the AEC open "to considerable criticism" since the experiments as proposed had "a little of the Buchenwald touch." To prevent the discovery of any more such incriminating "Buchenwald" memos, University of California administrators then put Joseph Hamilton's papers off-limits to researchers. Legarreta responded by filing a Freedom of Information Act petition with the Department of Energy, asking for copies of all documents concerning experiments in which humans were intentionally exposed to radioactive materials through injection or ingestion — and was sent a 2-foot-high carton of documents that, for the first time, would expose the [widespread human experimentation program](#) that had been being conducted in secret by the US government.

ASSLEY



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1985

The world's atomic testing continued:

TIMELINE OF EXPLOSIONS

The [South Pacific Nuclear Free Zone Treaty](#). Multilateral agreement among the nations of the South Pacific.

My mother Mildred Geraldine Mattox Smith Turner was by this point living in a doublewide during the winters, with her husband Wilson Turner the fisherman, at a pond in Kissimmee, Florida near Orlando and Disney World. The pond was about a third the size of Walden Pond. She had had a number of ministrokes, and had had the operation that cleans the goop out of one's artery into the brain and leaves a long scar up the side of the neck. I visited her, and come Sunday she put the arm on me to attend her church there. This was one of those megachurches that have what looks like a Broadway stage, with a state of the art sound and light system, instead of an altar or pulpit. Their "worship" was entertaining, but I had had a swiftie pulled on me. In his sermon, the blow-dry preacher told a joke about the USMC and then asked if there were any ex-[Marines](#) in the pews, "Would you please stand," and allova sudden Mom starts to give me the elbow, I was supposed to stand up. A bunch of guys stood up, in this huge audience in this huge auditorium, and the preacher honored them and called for a round of applause. I was mortified. If there is anything in my life that I am ashamed of, it is that when given the choice of USMC or prison, I caved and put on that uniform. –But my mom, bless her pointy head, had set this up with her pastor in advance.

On the way back toward the doublewide on the pond, we passed through beautiful downtown Kissimmee and I viewed their town monument, which was an erection made up of a rock from every state in the US of A. We passed a high-rise office building (well, high-rise for Kissimmee), and Mother announced that that was where the atheists had their office. From the back seat, I went "Huh?" and she explained that there was this bunch of atheists, who were always trying to cause trouble, and agitate, and prevent people from praying, and mock God, and they had an office with a lot of initials in the name of it. But she couldn't remember the initials. So I suggested "Maybe you mean the ACLU?" and she went "That's it, the ACLU."

One of my more horrible memories, which I will insert here because I don't remember exactly in what year it happened, is of sitting at the kitchen table there in that doublewide, staring out at the necks and heads of the cormorants cruising around in that pond and listening idly to her tell me about a recent neighborhood happening. "See that raft over on the other side," she pointed out, "there were some niggers, lived over there. One day one of them drowned," and on like that. I gradually began to pay attention, and learned that my mother and her fisherman husband had recently sat at that kitchen table, right next to a telephone, and watched a preadolescent black child drown about a hundred yards away — and learned that it had not occurred to either her or her husband to reach out and pick up the telephone and dial 911. They had witnessed a drowning as if it had been a TV drama. Now, my mother was a warm and affectionate and sensitive person who cared deeply about other people and I don't believe that would have been possible, had the child in question been white. Understand, also, that my mother was not entirely white (in public school I had repeatedly been warned to stay away from the white girls). Understand, also, that my family of origin was not Southern, but was from Brazil, Indiana and Olney, [Illinois](#). White righteousness was precious to them, and for that reason, among other reasons, my family of origin was intensely religious. –Being religious was our way of being righteous. –Being righteous was our way of being white. –Being white was our way of being safe. Being safe, and white, and righteous, and religious, meant condemning other people to Hell for their wickedness. Being safe, and white, and righteous, and religious, is a strange animal: In my case, my family of origin's being safely white and righteous and religious had on the day after my high school graduation meant taking me and my twisted spine to the edge of town with a suitcase and dumping me by the side of the road as a so-called atheist.

Well, back from this general reminiscing about undated events, to things that for sure did happen during this

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particular year of 1985: During contract talks this year, extending into the following year, the labor council representing workers at the Department of Energy's Fernald, [Ohio](#) production facility for the fabrication of [uranium atomic cores](#) demanded disclosure of all human studies involving Uranium and Plutonium, as well as information about toxic releases to the environment, use of atomic workers as experimental subjects, and the confiscation and destruction of human bodies.

(This is the plant that I didn't know about because it was operating under a cover story, that was only a few miles downwind of where my family and I had lived on Wyscarver Road in Sharonville, [Ohio](#) in the 1965-1968 timeframe.)

The response of the DOE officials was to contact AFL-CIO leadership and threaten to close the plant if labor there would refuse to honor its "national security obligations." The unions complied, backing off on their demands for information and, eventually, abruptly terminating their legal council that had been communicating these disloyal demands to the government.

After being thus summarily fired, the legal council presented a copy of the smoking-gun "Buchenwald" memo that had been written in 1950 by Joseph Hamilton, the scientist in charge of radiation experiments at the University of [California](#), to reporter Matthew Wald of the [New York Times](#). (The [New York Times](#) would, however, do nothing whatever with this smoking-gun information. It was simply unthinkable, that our government had in secret been conducting harmful tests upon us, using us as expendable guinea pigs! Who would be willing to believe such a thing?)

SECRET MEDICAL EXPERIMENTS
ASSLEY

The image is a composite graphic with an orange background. In the top left, there is a small periodic table labeled "Periodic Chart". In the bottom left, there is a "KEY:" section titled "Electronic Configuration" that shows an example element card for Sodium (Na) with atomic number 11 and atomic mass 22.990. The main part of the image is a large, detailed element card for Uranium (U). The card displays the atomic number 92, the name "Uranium", the symbol "U", and the atomic mass 238.02. To the right of the name and symbol, there is a vertical column of numbers: 2, 8, 18, 32, 21, 9, 2.

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May: At a Knoxville press conference, the “Buchenwald” memo written in 1950 by Joseph Hamilton, the scientist in charge of [nuclear radiation](#) experiments at the University of [California](#), was handed out to the press. No mainstream paper would make any mention of this smoking-gun memorandum.

The image is a composite graphic with an orange background. In the top left, there is a small periodic table labeled "Periodic Chart" with a black square in the actinide series. In the bottom left, a "KEY:" box explains element notation using Sodium (Na) as an example, showing atomic number (11), name (Sodium), symbol (Na), atomic mass (22.990), and electronic configuration (2, 8, 1). The main part of the image is a large yellow-bordered card for Plutonium (Pt), featuring the atomic number 94, the name "Plutonium", the symbol "Pt", and the mass number "~239". To the right of the card, a vertical column of numbers (2, 8, 18, 32, 24, 8, 2) represents the shell electron configuration.

SECRET MEDICAL EXPERIMENTS



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1986

May 5, Monday: At a Kansas City press conference, the smoking-gun “Buchenwald” memo that had been written in 1950 by Joseph Hamilton, the scientist in charge of [radiation experiments](#) at the University of [California](#), was again handed out to the press. Again, no mainstream paper would make any mention of this smoking-gun memorandum. (Eventually, it would be [The Daily Californian](#), the student newspaper at the University of California – Berkeley, that would break this Buchenwald memo in a piece titled “At Buchenwald and Berkeley” by editor-in-chief Howard Levine quoting from the November 28, 1950, memo by Dr. Hamilton and incisively criticizing reporting on the Markey report by the [San Francisco Chronicle](#) and [The New York Times](#). Both papers, he wrote, “minimized the gross inhumanity of these tests by downplaying their scope and ignoring the fact that most of the experiments were conducted without the ‘informed consent’ demanded by the Nuremberg protocols of 1946-47.”)

[SECRET MEDICAL EXPERIMENTS](#)

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July: At a Berkeley press conference, the “Buchenwald” memo written in 1950 by Joseph Hamilton, the scientist in charge of radiation experiments at the University of California, was yet again handed out to the press. Yet again, no mainstream paper would make any mention of this smoking-gun memorandum.

The image contains three main components:

- Periodic Chart:** A small grid representing the periodic table with a single cell highlighted in the actinide series.
- KEY: Electronic Configuration:** A diagram showing the structure of a Sodium (Na) atom. It includes:
 - Atomic Number: 11
 - Name: Sodium
 - Symbol: Na
 - Atomic Mass: 22.990
 - Electronic Configuration: 2, 8, 1 (shown in a box)
- Plutonium Element Card:** A large card for Plutonium (Pt) with the following information:
 - Atomic Number: 94
 - Name: Plutonium
 - Symbol: Pt
 - Atomic Mass: ~239
 - Shell Structure: 2, 8, 18, 32, 24, 8, 2 (shown on the right side)

SECRET MEDICAL EXPERIMENTS

Who would want to know of such a thing?



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1987

The curators of the National Anthropological Archives of the National Museum of Natural History acquired the remains of Professor W.H. Sheldon's life work, which had been gathering dust in "dead storage" in a Goodwill warehouse in Boston. Among the erectness program photographic negatives now stored in Suitland, [Maryland](#) are the Yale University classes of 1950, 1963, 1964, 1966 and 1971; the [Princeton University](#) class of 1952; the Smith College classes of 1950 and 1952; the Vassar College classes of 1942 and 1952; the Mount Holyoke College classes of 1950 and 1953; the Swarthmore College class of 1951; the University of [California](#) classes of 1961 and 1967; the Hotchkiss College class of 1971; the Syracuse University class of 1950; the University of Wisconsin class of 1953; the Purdue University class of 1953; the University of Pennsylvania class of 1951, and the Brooklyn College classes of 1951 and 1952. Sample index entries are:

BOX 90 YALE UNIVERSITY CLASS OF 1971

Negatives. Full length views of nude freshmen men, front, back and rear. Includes weight, height, previous or maximum weight, with age, name, or initials.

BOX 95 MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE PHOTOGRAPHS

Negatives. Made in 1950. Full length views of nude women, front, back and rear. Includes height, weight, date and age. Includes some photographs marked S.P.C.

ASSLEY

1996

At the urging of promoters of [Beckwourth Frontier Days](#), a living history festival, the city of Marysville, [California](#)'s largest park was renamed as the [Beckwourth Riverfront Park](#).



- June: The [Quaker](#) monthly meeting at Stony Brook near Princeton, [New Jersey](#) and the Friends School on its premises jointly participated in a groundbreaking ceremony for the construction of a new schoolhouse.
- June 18, Tuesday: A 21-person grand jury in Sacramento, [California](#) indicted [Theodore John Kaczynski](#) for 4 [UNABOM](#) attacks that resulted in the deaths of 2 Sacramento businessmen and the maiming of 2 university professors. This 10-count indictment was hand-delivered to US Magistrate John Moulds, who issued a warrant to extradite the accused from Montana to California for prosecution. The next step, according to federal attorneys, was to be a removal hearing in Montana, after which agents would have 10 days to deliver him to Sacramento.
- June 21, Friday: [Theodore John Kaczynski](#) as nobody had seen him in recent years, in khaki pants and a sports coat, groomed and chatty, stood before US District Judge Charles Lowell in Montana. The judge ordered that he be moved to Sacramento, [California](#), where he was charged with 4 separate bombing attacks. To ease transfer the judge dismissed a single Montana explosives count.
- June 23, Sunday: [Theodore John Kaczynski](#) arrived in Sacramento, [California](#) and was taken in a bullet-proof vest under tight security to a lockup where he would await his arraignment on federal [UNABOM](#) charges, set for June 25th.
- June 25, Tuesday: Unshackled, prim and proper in a green shirt, tan trousers, and tennis shoes, a small bandage on the right side of his face, [Theodore John Kaczynski](#) made a 120-second courtroom appearance in Sacramento, [California](#) in which he nodded his head to indicate a plea of not guilty to 4 [UNABOM](#) attacks (he let the attorneys and the judge do all the talking).



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December 1, Monday: On the next scheduled day of court hearings after the day of jury selection in which he had remained in his cell, [Theodore John Kaczynski](#) returned to the defense table. However, his only behavior was that when a prospective juror said police officers were more likely to be suspicious of anyone who was “different,” he nodded in agreement.

Officials at Malmstrom Air Force Base in Montana reported that the 10-foot-by-12-foot tarp-covered cabin had been loaded on a flatbed truck to be conveyed to Sacramento, [California](#).

The Supreme Court of Spain sentenced 23 leading members of Herri Batasuna, the Basque separatist party to 7 years in prison for the crime of consorting with terrorists.

A 14-year-old shot up a high school in Paducah, Kentucky, killing 3 students and injuring 5. He was taken into custody.

Music for the silent film *Cenere* by Phillip Glass was performed for the initial time, in Messina. The music was performed live by the composer and Jon Gibson, saxophone. This would later be made into a soundtrack.

Ballad in Yellow for piano by David Del Tredici was performed for the initial time, in New York.

December 3, Wednesday: A treaty banning land mines was signed, in Ottawa, by 122 nations. Russia, [China](#), India, Pakistan, Iran, Iraq, [Vietnam](#), [Egypt](#), Turkey, but the United States of America and South [Korea](#) of course refused to sign any such treaty, because we have a love affair with these neat devices — it’s so easy, not to mention inexpensive, to instantaneously blow off some unsuspecting person’s leg with a land mine!

Former Prime Minister of [Italy](#) Silvio Berlusconi was convicted in a [Milan](#) court of fraud in the 1989 purchase of a film company by his firm, Fininvest SpA. He was given a 16-month suspended sentence and fined 60,000,000 lire.

Shortly before dawn the flatbed truck carrying [Theodore John Kaczynski](#)’s 10-foot-by-12-foot tarp-covered cabin left Malmstrom Air Force Base heading for [California](#). The wide-load vehicle made its way through Great Falls to Interstate 15, where it could only be on the freeway during daylight hours, and headed south.

December 10, Tuesday: Live from Sacramento, [California](#) in a New Jersey courtroom via video hookup, [Theodore John Kaczynski](#) pleaded innocent to the mail-bomb murder of advertising executive Thomas Mosser. This had been the only attack for which the [UNABOM](#) suspect had claimed responsibility in his communication to the [FBI](#). In his letter published in *The New York Times* on April 26, 1995, the [UNABOM](#) suspect had written that “we blew up Thomas Mosser” as an executive with the Burson-Marsteller public relations firm that had helped Exxon clean up its public image after the *Exxon Valdez* ecological disaster in Alaska waters (actually, this Burson-Marsteller firm was alleging that it had never been involved with Exxon in regard to the immense oil spill).



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1997

May 14, Wednesday: Agreement was reached in Moscow between NATO and Russia allowing NATO to expand into the former Soviet bloc.

Turkish armed forces entered Iraq to battle Turkish Kurds seeking safety there.

Federal prosecutors in Sacramento, [California](#) recommended that the government seek the death penalty for [Theodore John Kaczynski](#) (despite any assurances to the contrary previously made by the [FBI](#) to members of the suspect's family, such as to his brother [David](#) who was turning him in).

September 3, Wednesday: When Sacramento, [California](#) prosecutors requested court permission to perform their own psychiatric examination of [UNABOM](#) suspect [Theodore John Kaczynski](#), attorneys for the defense responded that such would violate the accused's 5th Amendment right not to incriminate himself.

October 6, Monday: Ten Bosnian Croats charged with a massacre of Muslims in 1993 surrendered to the UN war crimes tribunal in Split, Croatia.



About 600 potential jurors were summoned to the Sacramento, [California](#) fairgrounds to complete preliminary surveys drafted by prosecutors and defense attorneys, as an initial step toward picking a jury for the [UNABOM](#) trial.



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1998

December 11, Friday: Islamic extremists killed 81 people in three Algerian villages.

The Judiciary Committee of the US House of Representatives voted 3 articles of impeachment against [President William Jefferson Clinton](#). The 1st charged him with perjury before a grand jury. The 2d charged him with perjury in a sworn statement in the Paula Jones case. The 3d charged him with obstruction of justice by encouraging Monica Lewinsky to lie in the Jones case. The vote was almost entirely on party lines.

In this day's issue of [Science](#) 2 teams of researchers, one at the Sanger Center in Cambridge, United Kingdom and the other at Washington University in St. Louis, announced they have completed the first complete genome of an animal. The animal was *Caenorhabditis elegans*, a microscopic worm.

This was a day of shame for the United States of America. In case you missed it ;-) yesterday was the 50th anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. Fifty years ago today, the General Assembly of the United Nations had adopted and proclaimed its Resolution 217 A (III). The United States of America had been "a signatory," allegedly. Although Article 4 of this Universal Declaration outlawed what has been done to me, Austin Meredith ("No one shall be held in slavery or servitude; slavery and the slave trade shall be prohibited in all their forms"), the federal government of the United States of America had never taken any steps whatever to implement this agreement into which it had entered (they had filed in advance, with the UN, a formal statement that they were never going to do any such thing). It has been impossible to obtain succor or redress in the United States of America, simply because enslavement is a construct to which we have never assigned any federal legislative or federal juridical meaning. The extent of the federal government's involvement has been negative, has been the insistence that, **whatever** slavery might be, if you **aren't** black you **aren't** going to be protected against it.

As governments around the world were celebrating themselves for what they had "signed" in 1948, Amnesty International sarcastically called for their leaders finally to begin to make human rights a reality. "Today should be a day of shame for many governments," suggested Pierre Sani, Secretary General of Amnesty International, speaking at the Palais de Chaillot in Paris, the location of the UDHR's adoption by the United Nations in 1948. "While many leaders will mark today's historic occasion by reiterating their commitment to protecting human rights, Amnesty International will hold up a mirror to highlight just how far reality is from the world envisaged in the UDHR."

"Setting up an international criminal court is one of the greatest steps forward in human rights protection taken by the international community," Mr. Sani said. "A fitting way to mark the UDHR's anniversary would be for all governments to immediately ratify the statute without conditions so that the court can begin to bring about an end to the impunity that has marked the last fifty years." He added, "The UDHR has been called 'the world's best kept secret' and 'little more than a paper promise'."

I (Austin Meredith) would like to add my own personal voice to this protest at the hypocrisy of our United States government's involvement in this 50-year-old declaration of human rights, and the creation of an international court for the correction of gross wrongs. Since my spine twisted in lordosis due to [bovine tuberculosis](#) (caused by my granddad playfully squirting milk straight from the cow's teat into my mouth in the barn near Clay City, Indiana in about 1943), my life in America has been one living hell. I have been constantly and consistently persecuted on account of the obscene and offensive appearance which was created by this childhood bout with a microbe. When I tried to take my case to the international court, the one at The Hague, Netherlands referenced by Secretary General Pierre Sani of Amnesty International, in 1980, the US Department of State first stalled the case for over a decade and then finally obtained a dismissal — a dismissal in secret, based entirely upon their secret governmental fraud and misrepresentation. I was not permitted to inform the International Court of this fraudulent misrepresentation perpetrated by the Department of State.



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While my case before the International Court was languishing and being stalled by the Department of State, here at home in [California](#) the screws were being put to me: I was being falsely prosecuted and falsely rendered into felon status.

At this point in time I was a 61-year-old grandfather, and over the past couple of decades of my life, beginning in 1981, I had unexpectedly experienced my spinal problem gradually easing, as my spinal curvature rotated toward the right leaving me with little more than atrophied back musculature and chronic pain — and yet I was still being presented by my government, before my children and grandchildren, shamefully, as a “convicted felon” — on account of my having been ill. According to them I would not be able to inherit from my parents if any such inheritance were forthcoming, and according to them when I died I would not be able to bequeath anything at all to my children or to my grandchildren. Everything the government could get its hands on was owed to the government, pure and simple. I could not be allowed a bank account, or the ownership of a home, or the ownership of a car. I was not even being allowed the “state privilege” of a California driver’s license. My passport, I had been notified, would no longer be renewable, so I would no longer be able to visit family members overseas. I could not ever in the future have the prospect of any sort of salary or other income without total seizure and forfeiture. I was being threatened, that when finally I reached the effective age of Social Security, the federal government would begin to pass my monthly Social Security checks out of the federal government pocket into the California state government pocket, in such manner as to ensure that in my old age and need I would never qualify either for welfare benefits or for Medicare benefits.

Of course, I cannot vote. (On the plus side, I don’t have to serve on juries. :-)

Tell your children to watch out. Tell them to not **ever** allow anyone to squirt raw milk straight from the family Jersey cow’s teat into their mouth in the barn of a American family farm near Clay City, Indiana, playfully or otherwise. –Tell them that this is a world in which there are both raw and cooked consequences for such actions! Tell them that when their government signed the Universal Declaration of Human Rights in 1948, what that meant depended entirely on what the meaning of the word “is,” is.

I had of course done nothing whatever to deserve such treatment and such status. The bad treatment I was encountering in America was to be accounted for only as our society’s phobic reaction, to my unfortunate personal appearance during my youth and the years of my young manhood. They say our USA is the best nation in the world, and for all I know that may well be true. Nevertheless our nation, let me point out, is not as yet anything for us to be proud of — unless we install the standard issue red-white-and-blue blinders.

This calls for a wee bit of detail. Just **why** is it that we have not begun to abide by this Declaration which we volunteered to sign back in 1948? Ramsey Clark has informed us, what the legal reason is that we do not abide by this Universal Declaration of Human Rights which we signed 50 years ago. The reason why we do not abide by it, now get this, is — it is a Universal **Declaration** of Human Rights. He points out that a “declaration” does not amount to a “treaty,” to which we would be obliged to adhere, or to a “contract,” to which we would be obliged to adhere, or to a “promise,” which we would be morally obligated to keep. None of the above! It is — rather than a treaty, or a contract, or a promise— precisely what it said it was, merely a **Declaration**. For that reason, he pointed out in his speech on December 10th, our “courts have consistently refused to enforce its provisions reasoning it is not a legally binding treaty, or contract, but only a declaration.”

Now, this might be said to ignore the fact that international law recognizes the provisions of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights as being incorporated into customary international law which is binding on all nations. But what is it about international law which affects individual citizens? The answer is, it turns out, is not much! International law is by definition law which has nations as parties, and is law which is established by treaties made by our Executive Branch. Individual citizens, by way of radical contrast, are **within** nations — and it is our **national** law, which is determined by our Legislative Branch, which determines what we may and what we may not do to our citizens. International laws had no impact whatever **within** a nation, any more than the ambient temperature of the weather impacts on, say, your pancreas inside your body cavity, unless



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such international laws become in some manner “mirrored” within domestic law. –And there exists **no requirement** that the international law agreed to by our national Executive Branch become mirrored within the domestic law created by our national Legislative Branch.

Well, but, does this Ramsey Clark have the credentials to explain the law to us? –Do you remember who this Ramsey Clark is, just what offices he has held?

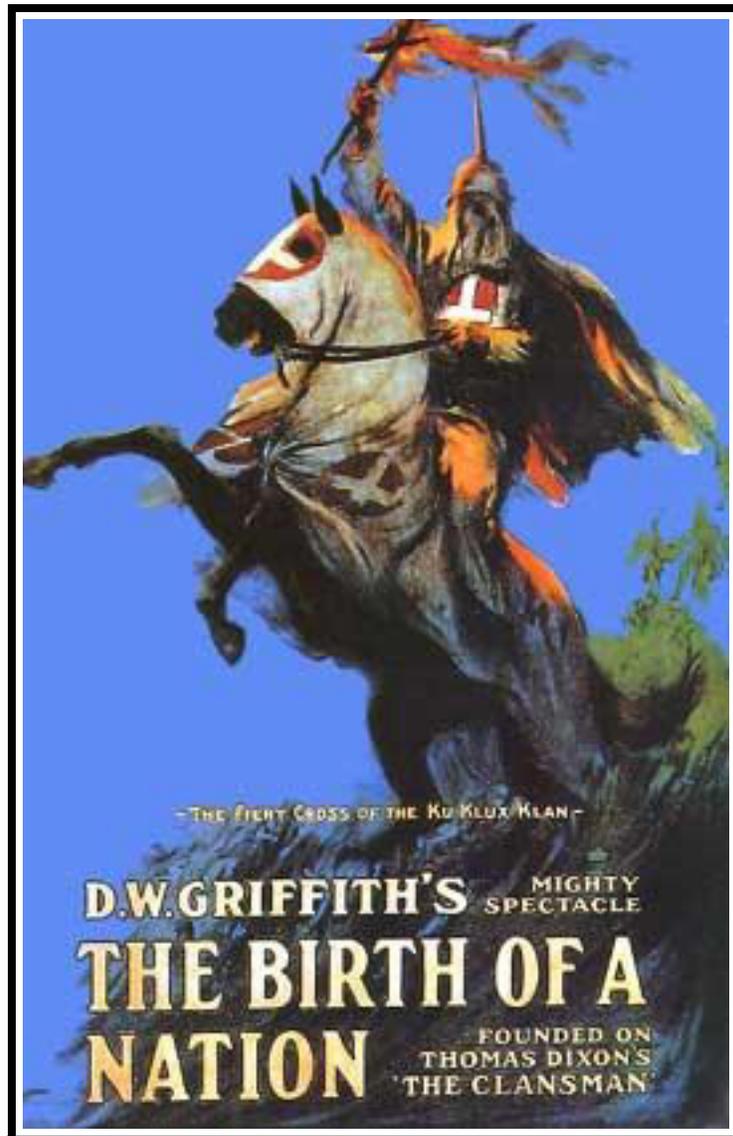
In fact it’s all smoke and mirrors. This is the year in which we found out to our surprise what the meaning of the word “is,” isn’t. Here are some extracts from former Attorney General of the United States Clark’s “50th anniversary” speech:

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The world has never had a good definition of the word liberty, and the American people, just now, are much in want of one. We all declare for liberty, but in using the same word we do not all mean the same thing." So observed Abraham Lincoln at, for him, the darkest moment of the American [Civil War](#). He had just received reports of the massacre of 800 Union soldiers, former slaves whose ancestors were brought from Africa in chains. They were the first such unit to be engaged in combat. Caught and overwhelmed at Ft. Pillow, Tennessee on the Mississippi river by a much larger Confederate cavalry force under Nathan Bedford Forrest, every man was killed. Forrest reported the river ran red for hundreds of yards. After the war Forrest was a founder of the [Ku Klux Klan](#) and engaged in racist violence for two decades.





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Four score and four years after the Ft. Pillow massacre, in the Preamble to the Universal Declaration of Human Rights on December 10, 1948, the UN General Assembly found "a common understanding of these rights and freedoms is of the greatest importance," and proclaimed its declaration in order to provide "a good definition."

The Universal Declaration was dominated by the experience, concerns, interests and values of a narrow segment of the "people of the United Nations," primarily the governments of the rich nations, primarily the United States, England and France. It emphasized political rights developed over centuries from their histories with little concern for economic, social and cultural rights. Still it was and remains an important contribution in the continuing struggle for justice.

In the fifth paragraph of its preamble the Declaration notes the United Nations has affirmed "... the dignity and worth of the human person and the equal rights of men and women and have determined to promote social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom." Article 1 provides "All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights." Article 5 states, "No one shall be subjected to [torture](#) or to cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment." Article 25 declares, "(1) Everyone has the right to a standard of living adequate for the health and well-being of himself and of his family, including food, clothing, housing and medical care..."

By email correspondence, Russell Nelson has responded to the above as follows:

- > It would have been much better if the [Universal Declaration of Human Rights] had established
- > the principle that no government could pass a law preventing someone from working...

I would, from my experience, agree with that, as I was at this time being prevented by our government, not from working of course—everyone is always free to do as much work as they can possibly do— but instead from receiving any sort of paycheck for working, and this had been going on for decades to the harm of my 4 children, and to all appearances I would never in my life be allowed by our government to receive any sort of paycheck without total and immediate seizure. So — I had to be resigned to filling my days and nights with entirely unreimbursed work for this nonprofit educational foundation project, "Kouroo," while my family of necessity provided for all my physical needs. I was just damned lucky to be in such a situation, with a family that loves and respects me and provides for me — else I'd be sleeping under a bridge somewhere.

When I went to worship on a First Day, I needed to meet another Quaker, Margaret Mints of the Orange County monthly meeting, in order to ride with her to the meeting which we hold in a classroom of the Whittier School of Law — as I pointed out, I was not allowed to have in my possession a [California](#) driver's license. (Having a driver's license is defined under California law as being a **privilege**, not a **right** or an **entitlement**, and they just don't feel like extending this **privilege** to me, because they just don't like me, don't like what I stand for — that of course doesn't have anything at all to do with my driving record, which was always flawless.)

However, **even if** this Universal Declaration of Human Rights which we signed 50 years ago had established the principle which my email correspondent Russell Nelson desired, "that no government could pass a law preventing someone from working," the federal government of the United States of America **would still**



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consider itself to be under no obligation whatever to allow citizens such as myself to work and receive a paycheck for working. For, as former Attorney General of the United States Clark pointed out in his 50th anniversary speech on December 10th, above, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights which we signed 50 years ago is merely a Universal **Declaration** of Human Rights. A Declaration is not a Treaty, not a Contract, not a Promise. Signing such a document placed no requirement or limitation of any sort on our federal legislature, that they **must** enact protections for US citizens, or that they **must not** enact such abusive legislation preventing citizens from working and receiving paychecks for working. The hypocrisy of this situation is just **that** deep.

As our [President William Jefferson Clinton](#) warned us, we should never forget what “is” isn’t.



“MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY



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When a subsidiary of the Delaware North Corporation, which had for several decades held the concession for [Yosemite Park](#)'s hotels, restaurants, and shops under contract with the federal government, lost its contract to Aramark Corporation, a furor began over the name of the Ahwahnee Hotel, and other local names. Delaware North had registered trademarks for these names and began to bill for their continued use. To avoid being obliged to pay royalties, the National Park Service was suddenly forced to come up with new names for just everything.

A Royal Holloway study found that up to 70% of the flounder in the [Thames River](#) had bits of plastic in their guts.

[A WEEK](#): Who hears the fishes when they cry?

The printers at Doves Press, a press named after a nearby old pub, had become sensitized to each other. Their dispute centered on future use of the [Doves Font](#) typeface they had designed for their fine books. Their partnership dissolution documents called for the Doves Type to pass to one upon the death of the other, but rather than allowing this to happen the punches and matrices from which the type had been cast had been destroyed in 1913, and during January 1917 one of the partners had cast the last of the actual blocks of lead/antimony from the nearby Hammersmith Bridge in [London](#) into the [Thames River](#). However, these days a copy of their 5-volume "Doves Bible" printed from 1902 to 1905 will set you back at least \$30,000. In this year some 150 pieces of the actual type were recovered from the riverbank and shallow waters next to the bridge, and from these and the published books of this press, the Doves Type typeface would be recreated and would be distributed by Typespec.

HISTORY OF
THE BIBLE



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2017

September 5, Tuesday: Henceforward, Columbus Day is to be referred to in Los Angeles, [California](#) as Indigenous People's Day.



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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: September 24, 2017



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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



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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.