

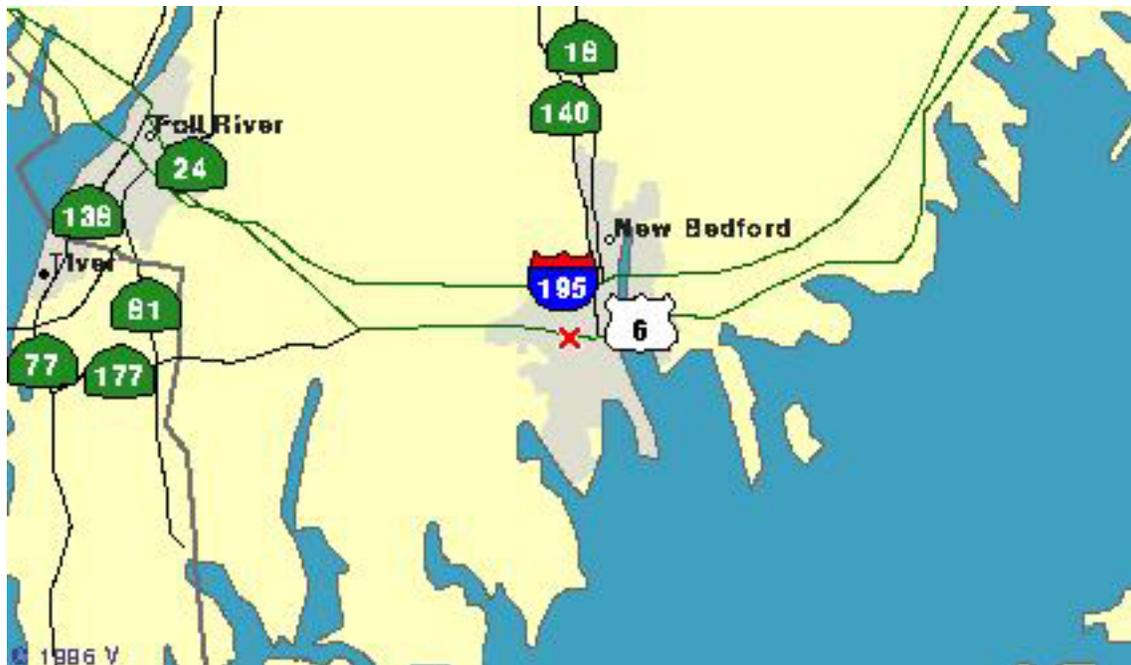
HENRY THOREAU'S INVOLVEMENT WITH THE TOWN OF NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS



"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**



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1602

May 14, Friday (Old Style): [Captain Bartholomew Gosnold](#), in the vessel *Concord* commissioned by the Earl of Southampton in March to establish a New World colony, had sighted Cape Neddick (Latitude 43 degrees) on the [Maine](#) coast:



They skirted the coastline for several days and then on this day came to anchor in York Harbor, where they were greeted by “a Biscay shallop [a small fishing vessel used by the [Basque](#) of Spain on the Bay of Biscay] with sails and oars, having eight persons in it, whom we supposed to be Christians distressed. But approaching us nearer, we perceived them to be savages.” It is to be noted that even at this early point, one of the natives was attired in a waistcoat, breeches, stockings, shoes, and a hat, and knew some English words, and was able to draw a map of the coastline, on which he marked out the [Newfoundland](#) fisheries. Clearly, the New England coast had previously been being visited by trading or fishing vessels.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

One of these intrusives, the [Reverend John Brereton](#), reporting on the voyage, would author a BRIEF AND TRUE RELATION OF THE DISCOVERIE OF THE NORTH PART OF VIRGINIA. The sponsor of this voyage, the Earl of Southampton, was also a patron of [William Shakespeare](#), and about three years later this playwright would be writing a little something called *The Tempest* — quite probably accessing, for inspiration, Brereton's accounts of Cuttyhunk.

RHODE ISLAND

BRERETON'S RELATION

[Brereton](#) described the [Wampanoag](#):

exceeding courteous, gentle of disposition and well-conditioned, excelling all others that we have seen; so for shape of body and lovely favour ... of a stature much higher than we ... complexion ... dark olive; their eyebrows and hair black ... of a perfect constitution of body, active, strong, healthful and very wittie [intelligent].



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD



"So long as the past and present are outside one another, knowledge of the past is not of much use in the problems of the present. But suppose the past lives on in the present: suppose, though encapsulated in it, and at first sight hidden beneath the present's contradictory and more prominent features, it is still alive and active; then the historian may very well be related to the non-historian as the trained woodsman is to the ignorant traveller."



— R.G. Collingwood, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1939, page 100

The Islands offlying New England

<u>Block Island</u>	<u>Mt. Desert Island</u>
<u>Boston Harbor</u>	<u>Nantucket Island</u>
<u>Dry Salvages</u>	<u>Naushon Island</u>
<u>Gardiners Island</u>	<u>Newfoundland</u>
<u>Isles of Shoals</u>	<u>Plum Island</u>
<u>Long Island</u>	<u>Shelter Island</u>
<u>Manhattan</u>	<u>Staten Island</u>
<u>Martha's Vineyard</u>	<u>St. George's Bank</u>
<u>Minots Ledge</u>	<u>Aquidneck Island</u>

A WEEK: An island always pleases my imagination, even the smallest, as a small continent and integral portion of the globe. I have a fancy for building my hut on one. Even a bare, grassy isle, which I can see entirely over at a glance, has some undefined and mysterious charm for me.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

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 THIS REAL WORLD THINGS HAPPEN ONLY AS THEY HAPPEN. WHAT THIS SORT WRITES AMOUNTS, ON THE MODEL OF “SCIENCE FICTION,” MERELY TO “HISTORY FICTION”: IT’S NOT WORTHY OF YOUR ATTENTION.

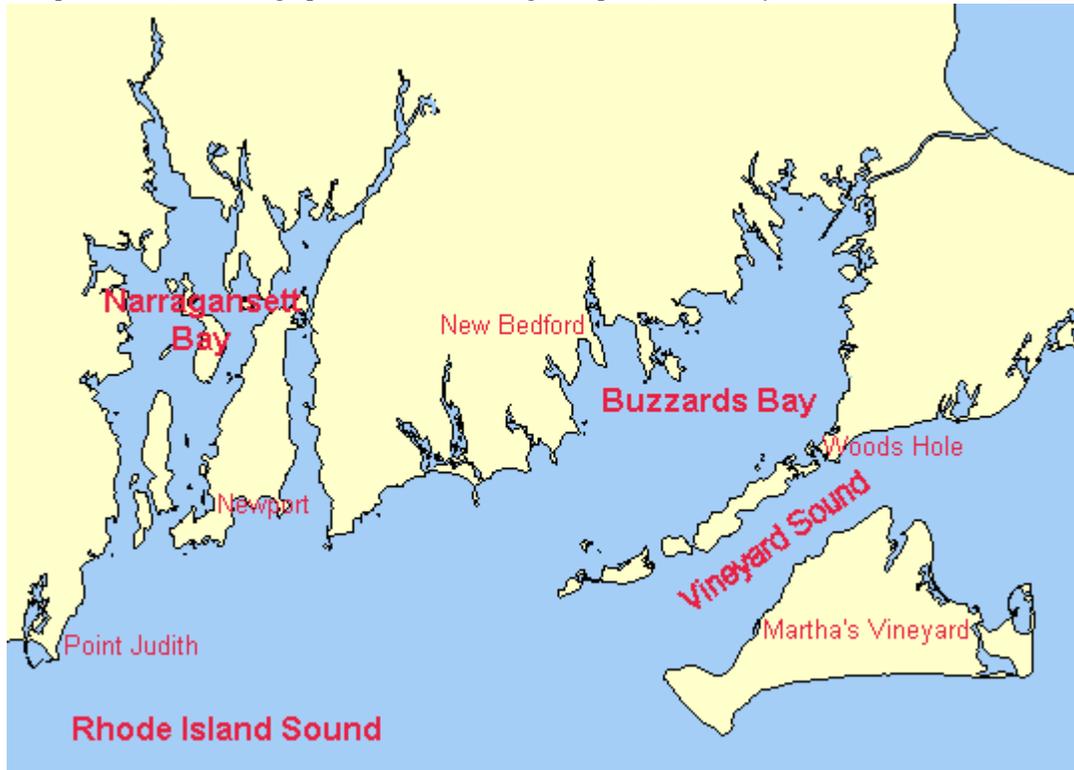


NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1652

Joseph Russell, in starting up an offshore whaling enterprise, effectively founded the town of [New Bedford](#).



What happened was that 36 whites joined together in the purchase of a parcel of land –encompassing what is now New Bedford, Acushnet, Fairhaven, Dartmouth and [Westport](#)– from *Ousamequin* Yellow Feather (the *Massasoit*) and his son Sachem Mooanam (*Wamsutta*). They agreed to remove the native inhabitants within one year. That entire area would be incorporated as “Dartmouth” in 1654.

NO-ONE’S LIFE IS EVER NOT DRIVEN PRIMARILY BY HAPPENSTANCE





NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1676

The English began moving into the vacated [Narragansett](#) lands and the surviving tribespeople submitted to what would prove to be long periods of [indenture](#) to colonial families. Those [Narragansett](#) tribespeople who had survived the war were merging with a small neighboring group, the Niantic, with whom their dominant families had extensively intermarried. The combined population eventually would come to be termed [Narragansett](#). Neither [Rhode Island](#) nor Connecticut would exercise much control over the affairs of this now powerless tribe and it would be allowed to remain on more-or-less unwanted land between [Kingston](#) and [Westerly](#) under the hereditary leadership of a lineage of [Narragansett](#)/Niantic sachems.

[“KING PHILLIP’S WAR”](#)

[“HUCKLEBERRIES”](#): The largest Indian huckleberry party that I have heard of is mentioned in the life of Captain Church who, it is said, when in pursuit of King Phillip in the summer of 1676, came across a large body of Indians, chiefly squaws, gathering whortleberries on a plain near where New Bedford now is, and killed and took prisoner sixty-six of them – some throwing away their baskets and their berries in their flight. They told him that their husbands and brothers, a hundred of them, who with others had their rendezvous in a great cedar swamp nearby, had recently left them to gather whortleberries there, while they went to Sconticut Neck to kill cattle and horses for further and more substantial provisions.

Old Dartmouth suffered greatly in the race war. All was lost except one or two outly: [NEW BEDFORD MA](#)
of John Russell, known as Russells’ Garrison.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1699

The 1st ecclesiastical body in old [Dartmouth](#) was organized by the Society of [Friends](#) (the Quakers).

**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.**



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1700

During the 1st half of this century the Russell family would effectively be founding the town of [New Bedford](#) by means of land purchases along the Acushnet River and the overlooking heights, and by means of subsequent planning and development — in particular, founding father Joseph Russell III.

THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT





NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1716

It is at about this point that [New Bedford](#), a Quaker whaling town, began its formal opposition to the institution of slavery, and thus began its career as a sanctuary for runaway slaves. This would be the city of origin for [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#), and would be the city of refuge for [Frederick Douglass](#).

Here is an American bill of sale for a human being, dating to July 16th of this year:

1716

Know all men by these presents that I William Willis
of Hampshire in Queens County on Roshank Island formerly
have for the valuable sum of sixty and three pounds
of good and current money of New York in hand paid
& several to be paid by David Deaman of Litchfield in the
bounds of Essex County in the County & on the Island aforesaid
said woman the receipt whereof to full content
and Satisfaction I do hereby acknowledge & do
acquit & discharge him the said David Deaman his heirs
Executors & Administrators & Every of them by these
presents hath covenanted agreed and bargained and
gave unto the said David Deaman & to his heirs and
assignes forever one Negro woman named Franck &
her child named Hannah the child being something
more than two years old for him the said David
Deaman his heirs Executors & Administrators and
assignes to have & to hold the said Negro woman
and Negro child from henceforth & forever and the
said William Willis doth hereby declare that at the
time of the Enrolling & delivery of these presents
he is the true sole & lawfull owner of the aforesaid
Negro woman and child aforesaid & stood lawfully
in possession of them in his own proper right and further
the said William Willis doth hereby bind & oblige
himself his heirs Executors & Administrators from
henceforth and forever hereafter to warrant and
defend the said David Deaman in the Quiet & peace-
able possession of the aforesaid Negro woman name
d Franck & Negro girl named Hannah against the
lawfull claims pretences & Demands of all and
every person or persons whatsoever or whomsoever
that shall lay any lawfull claim unto them or unto
either of them in witness whereof he hath sett to
his hand and fixed his seal the sixteenth Day of
July in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred
and sixteen

signed sealed & delivered
in the presence of

William Willis

Warr Powell
Jacob Wilts

In this year [New York](#) enacted a rather mysterious "5 oz. and 10 oz. plate Duty Act," rather mysterious because we have only the title and none of the text. According to the title it had something to do with a Duty laid on



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

Negroes, and other Slaves, imported into this Colony:

"An Act to Oblige all Vessels Trading into this Colony (except such as are therein excepted) to pay a certain Duty; and for the further Explanation and rendring more Effectual certain Clauses in an Act of General Assembly of this Colony, Intituled, An Act by which a Duty is laid on Negroes, and other Slaves, imported into this Colony." The act referred to is not to be found. ACTS OF ASSEMBLY, 1691-1718, p. 224.¹

INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE

SLAVERY

1. The following is a summary of the legislation of the colony of New York; details will be found in [W.E. Burghardt Du Bois](#): —
- 1709, Duty Act: £3 on Negroes not direct from Africa (Continued by the Acts of 1710, 1711).
- 1711, Bill to lay further duty, lost in Council.
- 1716, Duty Act: 5 oz. plate on Africans in colony ships. 10 oz. plate on Africans in other ships.
- 1728, Duty Act: 40s. on Africans, £4 on colonial Negroes.
- 1732, Duty Act: 40s. on Africans, £4 on colonial Negroes.
- 1734, Duty Act: (?)
- 1753, Duty Act: 40s. on Africans, £4 on colonial Negroes. (This act was annually continued.)
- [1777, Vermont Constitution does not recognize slavery.]
- 1785, Sale of slaves in State prohibited.
- [1786, Sale of slaves in Vermont prohibited.]
- 1788, Sale of slaves in State prohibited.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1734

Foundation of the community of [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#) on the banks of the Acushnet River. [Friend](#) William Russell (1708-1793) obtained a certificate of clearness from his Dartmouth meeting, to marry with Elizabeth Smith (1712-1758), a Puritan, and the couple was married in the [Nantucket Island](#) meeting on October 9th, 1735 with the bride becoming a [Quaker](#) like her maternal grandfather. The newlyweds moved to the area that is now New Bedford and would come to be regarded as city founders.

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1735

October 9, Sunday: With the benefit of a certificate of clearness from the Dartmouth meeting of the [Religious Society of Friends](#), William Russell (1708-1793) and Elizabeth Smith (1712-1758) got married in the [Nantucket Island](#) meeting, with the bride, a Puritan, becoming a [Quaker](#) like her maternal grandfather (the newlyweds would locate in the area on the banks of the Acushnet River that is now [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#), and would come to be regarded as city founders).



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1759

At [New Bedford](#), the Reverend [Israel Cheever](#) was dismissed by his congregation. He would be installed as the minister of a church in Liverpool, Nova Scotia.

January 17, Wednesday: On [Cuttyhunk Island](#) near the commercial port of [New Bedford](#), [Paul Cuffe](#) was born to a father, Kofi Slocum, who had formerly been a slave to an American family, the Slocums, but who had been allowed by his benevolent [Quaker](#) slavemaster to purchase his own [manumission](#) — and to a mother who was [Pequot](#).

The family, although not accepted as Friends did live following Quaker values. Sometime in his youth, Cuffe received about two weeks of formal education, which led him to a basic knowledge of reading and writing.

**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.**



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1765

The community that would become [New Bedford](#) was granted its charter. Ten years before the Revolutionary War, Nantucket whaling merchant Joseph Rotch purchased 10 acres of land from Joseph Russell III and moved his business there. Bringing experience, capital and technological innovativeness, Rotch and his sons would revolutionize whaling and put New Bedford on track to domination of the whaling industry.



"The whaler was a kind of pirate-miner – an excavator of oceanic oil, stoking the furnace of the Industrial Revolution as much as any man digging coal out of the earth."



– Philip Hoare, *THE WHALE: IN SEARCH OF THE GIANTS OF THE SEA* (NY: HarperCollins, March 2010)

MOBY-DICK, THE OIL SPILL



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

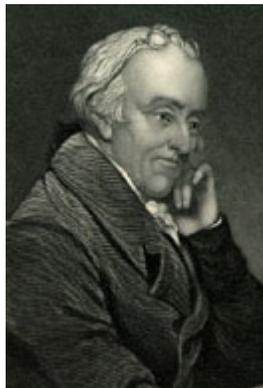
1772

The establishment of a [New Bedford](#) fire department, with the purchase by Joseph Rotch of a hand fire engine constructed in London.

1777

The 19-year-old Paul Cuffe joined with his brother John Cuffe and other free African and native American leaders near Westport in a protest against the fact that their property was being taxed by the government while that government was denying them, as local male property owners of long standing, the franchise to vote in local elections.

Dr. Benjamin Rush was appointed Physician General of the Military Hospital of the Middle Department, American Army. He argued that whites and blacks were genetically equivalent in ability and differed only in their life opportunities. What was taken to be innate inferiority was to be better understood as merely the product of a life environment of enslavement.²



RACISM



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



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

2. To understand the impact of this attitude, it is necessary to weigh it against other competing prevalent attitudes of the times. Thomas Jefferson, for instance, had the attitude that blacks were of no use as soldiers and could never be citizens because although they might seem brave, they were merely foolhardy out of ignorance and thus could not be relied upon in the face of real danger. "Our" founding father was of the opinion that this ignorance was not the result of lack of opportunity for education but of an innate lack of rational capability, and thus could never be remedied, despite the fact that, of course, he had no evidentiary basis whatever for such a determination — it being merely the most convenient thing for a slaveholder such as himself to presume.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

February: Under the command of Lieutenant Jonathan Pitcher, the [USS Providence](#) ran the British blockade of the [Narragansett Bay](#). After putting into [New Bedford](#), the vessel cruised to Cape Breton and captured there a transport brig loaded with stores and carrying in addition to its crew two officers and 25 men of the British Army. Under command of Captain J.P. Rathbun, the *USS Providence* then would make two cruises on the coast.

AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Some sort of crazy influence battle was fought in [Rhode Island](#) over the issue of which was to come first, winning American freedom or making money off the revolutionary fighting. The battle was waged by proxies, and was ostensibly over whether obtaining crews of sailors for the Continental navy's publicly financed warships should have priority over obtaining crews of sailors for privately financed privateering expeditions, but eventually it became clear that attacks on [Esek Hopkins](#)'s loyalty to his nation had been being encouraged by the chauvinistic war profiteer [John Brown](#):



John's attack on Esek Hopkins marks him as a man of calculation and influence, and of overweening pride. With the frigate committee disbanded and his privateers returning a stream of riches, John might have contented himself to count his loot and enjoy the mounting problems confounding his grizzled old shipmaster. Instead he plotted, patiently, until he finally had the pieces in place to sabotage the one man in Rhode Island who had dared to cross him....

As the war progressed, many fortunes were lost in Providence and throughout America, but John only prospered. At the outset of the war he owned or shared interest in more than seventy-five ships, and while many were lost to the enemy -ten were seized in 1777 alone- John more than covered his losses with prize ships and returns from trade. Combined with earnings from the Hope Furnace and from his contracts with Congress, John managed to turn the war into a personal bonanza.

His phenomenal gains are evidenced by his investments. During the course of the war, John and his brother Nicholas banked heavily on securities issued by the states and by the Continental Congress. The prices of these bonds fluctuated wildly, but long experience trading in a variety of foreign currencies had honed their skills in arbitrage, and together the brothers amassed the largest single stake in government debt in Rhode Island. Around the same time, beginning in 1780, John went on a real-estate buying spree, purchasing a large waterfront tract on Aquidneck Island outside Newport and an eight-hundred-acre farm on Prudence Island. On the east shore of Narragansett Bay he obtained a lovely, grassy estate on a promontory near Bristol known by the Indian name Poppasquash, which he renamed Point Pleasant; on the west shore, he bought from the Greene clan five hundred well-watered acres at Namquit point south of Patuxet, overlooking the spit of land that had grounded the Gaspee a decade before. This he dubbed Spring Green Farm, and it alternated with Point Pleasant as a summer retreat for the family.

Most of the properties John obtained were bargains. Some of the estates were confiscated from Tory sympathizers -the farm on Prudence Island formerly belonged to Joseph Wanton- and were



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

resold at a discount by the wartime government. And farmland valuations were especially low. But John had had ample cash reserves to skim the cream off the depressed market. There is little question that, by the end of the Revolution, John had emerged as the richest man in Rhode Island.

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



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1778

January 30, Friday: The prize vessels captured by the [USS Providence](#) at Nassau were loaded with cargo and manned and sailed away. The *Providence*, accompanied by her 16-gun prize, would put into [New Bedford](#).

AMERICAN REVOLUTION

September 5, Saturday: The British landed at Clark's Cove and put [New Bedford](#) to the torch. Nearly all the shipping, 20 shops, and 22 houses were destroyed.³

AMERICAN REVOLUTION

This, of course, was outrageous, since all we Americans were doing was petitioning for our liberty! Meanwhile, in [The Pennsylvania Packet](#):

TO BE SOLD, A LIKELY healthy *Negro* Wench, with two male children. For particulars enquire of the *Printer*.

SLAVERY

FRANKLIN

3. Since the William C. Taber House at 363 Main Street in [New Bedford](#) is said to date to this year, it might appear that its construction had not as yet been completed.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1780

Late in the year: As a means of finding security in turbulent Revolutionary times, [Paul Cuffe](#) had chosen to maintain his father's African name, but to keep his mother's Wampanoag identity. This tactic was intercepted, however, when the [Dartmouth](#) town government, which had declared Indian land to be exempt from taxation, decided to levy taxes on the Cuffe farm. The impact of the heavy taxation of the family farm was twofold. Not only did taxation lead Paul to begin a career as a blockade runner in order to raise money, but it also led him to question his ethnic identity. His first foray into identity politics came, like many of his later endeavors, partly out of a desire for economic gain and partly out of circumstances. Following an onslaught of new taxes in 1780, Paul, his brother John, and five other free persons of color decided to challenge the taxation. The group went to the Massachusetts legislature with an appeal titled an "Interesting Petition or Memorial from Negroes of Dartmouth for exemption from taxation." This petition, although defeated in the Massachusetts house, did start a debate about the provision of the state Constitution that it was property value, rather than race, that determined who could vote. The Cuffe brothers and other free blacks quickly saw the contradiction present in fighting a war under the principle "no taxation without representation" in order to create a republic that denied to its black subjects access to that very principle. This right would be officially recognized three years later. At this point, Paul's brother John convinced him to petition the town meeting to allow them to be exempt from taxation due to their Indian heritage. The Cuffe family's resistance to paying back taxes ultimately led a board of selectmen from the Massachusetts legislature to declare that a free black's right to vote could only be determined in the town in which he lived. We don't know that the Dartmouth legislature ever voted on his right to vote, but Cuffe would emerge from these legal hassles with reduced tax penalties as well as with an understanding that he could succeed in the new republic through careful and deliberate playing of the race card. Organized black nationalist movements in the United States appear to have begun with Cuffe.

AMERICAN REVOLUTION

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1781

September 9, Sunday: [James Arnold](#) was born to the [Quaker](#) family of Thomas Arnold and Mary Brown Arnold in [Providence, Rhode Island](#). As a youth, Friend James would enter the whaling enterprise of Friend William Rotch, Jr. in [New Bedford](#), eventually getting married with the boss's daughter, Friend Sarah Rotch, and becoming a partner, and accumulating a vast whale-oil fortune — for which eventually he would find there to be no blood heirs.



"The whaler was a kind of pirate-miner — an excavator of oceanic oil, stoking the furnace of the Industrial Revolution as much as any man digging coal out of the earth."



— Philip Hoare, *THE WHALE: IN SEARCH OF THE GIANTS OF THE SEA* (NY: HarperCollins, March 2010)

MOBY-DICK, THE OIL SPILL



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1787

Bedford Village became the town of [New Bedford](#).



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1791

July 12, Tuesday: [Eliza Ware Rotch](#) was born at Dunkirk on the coast of Flanders, a daughter of Friends Benjamin Rotch and Elizabeth Barker Rotch of [New Bedford](#), Massachusetts. The parents were [Quakers](#) originating on the whaling island of [Nantucket](#), who had emigrated to France in order to participate in the establishment of a tax-free whaling port. This family would need to escape to England due to the Reign of Terror, and so Friend Eliza would be educated in England.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1792

[New Bedford](#)'s 1st newspaper, The Medley, or New Bedford Marine Journal.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1793

June: [Friend Elias Hicks](#) of Long Island visited the monthly meeting of the [Religious Society of Friends](#) on [Nantucket Island](#).⁴

This was part of [Friend](#) Elias's 14th ministry journey. That summer he was traveling with the young [James Mott, Jr.](#), future bridegroom of the newborn Lucretia Coffin.

LUCRETIA MOTT



On this long journey, he had gone from the Jericho meetinghouse on [Paumanok Long Island](#) (still extant, pictured above) across the sound to Port Chester meeting, up the [Connecticut](#) shore to Stamford meeting, on up the shore to Stonington meeting, into [Rhode Island](#) to the [Westerly](#) meeting, up to the meetings in and around [Providence](#) and Taunton, back down and round through the [Newport](#) meeting and the [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#) meeting to the Falmouth meeting, and at this point out to the meeting on [Nantucket Island](#). He would continue back up across [Cape Cod](#) to the [Sandwich](#) meeting and on up along the South Shore to the [Scituate](#) meeting, and on to the [Boston](#) area and the [Salem](#) meeting, and north to the [Newburyport, Massachusetts](#) and Hampton and [Dover, New Hampshire](#) meetings, and on to the Portland ME meeting, and beyond that crossing the “great river Kennebeck” twice and reaching to the Fairfield and Winthrop meetings, and then the Pittsfield, New Hampshire meeting, and then back down into Massachusetts and to [Boston](#), visiting again some meetings already preached at and attending New England [Yearly Meeting](#), and then striking west presumably through [Concord](#), over to the North Adams meeting in the north-west corner of

4. Other famous-name visitors to [Nantucket Island](#): John Easton, former [Rhode Island](#) deputy governor, [Metacom](#), sachem of the [Wampanoag](#), [Frederick Douglass](#), and [Henry Thoreau](#).



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

Massachusetts, and up through [Vermont](#) to the Sharon, Hanover, and Vergennes meetings, and up across Lake Champlain to the Grand Isle meeting, and then back down through Vergennes again to the meetings in Saratoga and Albany and Hudson NY, and then back home to Jericho by way of the [Brooklyn](#) meeting of [New-York](#). Total mileage they would put on their horses during this traveling season: 2,283 miles. During this absence his child Sarah would be born, and the two traveling ministers by November had spoken at about 123 meetings.

It was at some point during this year that Friend Elias's young orphaned relative, [Edward Hicks](#) who had been taken into the Quaker household of David and Elizabeth Lewis Twining, having reached the age of 13, was being put out as an apprentice to the Tomlinson brothers, coachmakers in Attleborough.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1794

1st post office in [New Bedford](#).



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1796

A toll bridge connected [New Bedford](#) and Fairhaven.

Rhonda or Rhoda Howland was born.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1797

Most of [Paul Cuffe](#)'s life would be spent in [Westport, Massachusetts](#), a [Quaker](#) enclave in southwestern Massachusetts where in this year he agreed to purchase a farm for \$3,500. He had earned his fortune from whaling and trade in the Americas and Europe. He would own shares, over a period of time, in up to 10 ships, and the financial probity of the Friends and their doctrine would figure in his success as a businessman. They captained some of his ships. Cuffe's faith was a factor in his building of a schoolhouse, on behalf of the "African Benevolent Society," when the community failed to do so — at some point in the late 1790s, deciding that he needed to establish a school for the 15 children of his immediate and extended family, he invited his white neighbors to send their children to this school as well. White people were reluctant to send their children to the so-called "Cuff's School" to mingle with their racial inferiors there on a basis of parity, but in some cases they had no real alternative. The school educated Cuffe's family plus a diverse group of Westport children — de facto making itself one of the first racially integrated schools in the United States of America. The charity school in town included black students but was taught only by white teachers; this Cuff's School included white students but was taught only by black teachers.

[QUAKER EDUCATION](#)

February 24, Friday: [William Congdon Taber](#) was born to Barnabas Taber and Mary Congdon Taber. He would get married with Hannah Tucker Shearman or Sherman, mother of all his children, and then with Rhonda or Rhoda Howland. His children would be Elizabeth G. Taber (July 18, 1820), Charles Taber (April 20, 1822), Ruth S. Taber (May 19, 1824), Augustus Taber (February 13, 1826), Ruth S. Taber again (December 23, 1827), Abraham Taber (July 29, 1830), Abraham Taber again (August 3, 1832), Susan Taber (May 29, 1835), William Congdon Taber, Jr. (October 3, 1837), Mary Anna Taber and David Taber (July 30, 1840), John R. Taber (February 9, 1844), and Robert B. Taber (May 4, 1846). He would have a bookstore in [New Bedford](#), Massachusetts, in partnership with Abraham Sherman, Jr. He would be in trade alone from 1835 to 1843, but then he would be joined by his son Charles Taber and the shop would begin to be known as William C. Taber & Son (then as William C. Tabor & Sons, then with the retirement of the father Charles Taber would join with his brother Augustus Taber as C. & A. Taber, and then with the withdrawal of Augustus Taber, as Charles Taber & Co.). Charles would accept as partners Abraham Taber and Asa C. Pierce, and later, William C. Taber, Jr. In 1862 the brothers, Abraham and William C. Taber, Jr., took the two book and stationery stores then

conducted by the firm, and Charles Taber, with Asa C. Pierce, would begin as manufacturing photographers at No. 6 North Water street. In 1871 Charles Taber would assume the sole management, until 1881 when he would admit as partners his brother William C. Taber, Jr. and his sons Charles M. Taber and Frederic Taber. In 1893 the Taber Art Company would incorporate having William C. Taber as president, W.C. Freeman as vice-president, H.G. Stratton as treasurer, Charles M. Taber as clerk, and as company directors William C. Taber, E.L. Freeman, H.G. Stratton, W.C. Freeman, C.D. Burrage, and Frederic Taber. This would grow into an art company employing some 300 workers before being merged in 1897 into the Taber-Prang Art Company. The art business of the firm would consist in the creation of ambrotype reproductions (the initial one being of English philanthropist Elizabeth Fry). The company would import and then manufacture mats, frames, photographs, and finally artotype engravings and etchings.





NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1799

February 18, Monday: [Henry Grinnell](#) was born in [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#), son of Cornelius Grinnell and Sylvia Howland Grinnell. He would attend the New Bedford Academy.

[next screen]

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT





NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

WALDEN: Yet we should oftener look over the tafferel of our craft, like curious passengers, and not make the voyage like stupid sailors picking oakum. The other side of the globe is but the home of our correspondent. Our voyaging is only great-circle sailing, and the doctors prescribe for diseases of the skin merely. One hastens to Southern Africa to chase the giraffe; but surely that is not the game he would be after. How long, pray, would a man hunt giraffes if he could? Snipes and woodcocks also may afford rare sort; but I trust it would be nobler game to shoot one's self.-

“Direct your eye sight inward, and you'll find
A thousand regions in your mind
Yet undiscovered. Travel them, and be
Expert in home-cosmography.”

What does Africa, -what does the West stand for? Is not our own interior white on the chart? black though it may prove, like the coast, when discovered. Is it the source of the Nile, or the Niger, or the Mississippi, or a North-West Passage around this continent, that we would find? Are these the problems which most concern mankind? Is Franklin the only man who is lost, that his wife should be so earnest to find him? Does Mr. Grinnell know where he himself is? Be rather the Mungo Park, the Lewis and Clarke and Frobisher, of your own streams and oceans; explore your own higher latitudes, -with shiploads of preserved meats to support you, if they be necessary; and pile the empty cans sky-high for a sign. Were preserved meats invented to preserve meat merely? Nay, be a Columbus to whole new continents and worlds within you, opening new channels, not of trade, but of thought. Every man is the lord of a realm beside which the earthly empire of the Czar is but a petty state, a hummock left by the ice. Yet some can be patriotic who have no *self-respect*, and sacrifice the greater to the less. They love the soil which makes their graves, but have no sympathy with the spirit which may still animate their clay. Patriotism is a maggot in their heads. What was the meaning of that South-Sea Exploring Expedition, with all its parade and expense, but an indirect recognition of the fact, that there are continents and seas in the moral world, to which every man is an isthmus or an inlet, yet unexplored by him, but that it is easier to sail many thousand miles through cold and storm and cannibals, in a government ship, with five hundred men and boys to assist one, than it is to explore the private sea, the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean of one's being alone.-

“Erret, et extremos alter scrutetur Iberos.

Plus habet hic vitæ, plus habet ille viæ.”

Let them wander and scrutinize the outlandish Australians.

I have more of God, they more of the road.

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

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

HABINGTON

LEWIS AND CLARK

HENRY GRINNELL

SYMMES HOLE



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1800

 [Lewis Temple](#) was born black but free in Richmond, Virginia.

HISTORY ISN'T MADE OF WOULD. WHEN SOMEONE REVEALS, FOR INSTANCE, THAT A PARTICULAR INFANT WOULD MOVE, AS IN THIS INSTANCE, TO [NEW BEDFORD](#) WHERE HE WOULD WORK AS A METAL SMITH, S/HE DISCLOSES THAT WHAT IS BEING CREATED IS NOT REALITY BUT PREDESTINARIANISM. THE RULE OF REALITY IS THAT THE FUTURE HASN'T EVER HAPPENED YET.

 [Paul Cuffe](#) bought a gristmill near his farm home in [Westport](#).



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1802

 Spring: Native American women had discovered a growing demand among Anglo-American households for woven baskets, mats, and brooms — a demand stimulated, ironically, by a rising desire for order and cleanliness as a consequence of market revolution. This trade was not new —the Reverend John Eliot’s “praying Indians” had sold such baskets in the streets of surrounding white settlements— but it had become far more widespread. By this point many Mashpee women were finding it profitable to “make brooms and baskets, and sell them among their white neighbors.” Women and children gathered bark (usually ash bark) and other items from woods and swamps and spent the winter weaving. With Spring, the women strapped their finished products to their backs and walked from village to village, expected by white customers. John Avery, a Connecticut Congregational minister, would recall a Pequot basketmaker, Anne Wampy (born 1760, converted to Christianity in 1830 by the Reverend [William Apess](#)), who “carried upon her shoulders a bundle of baskets so large as almost to hide her from view. In the bundle would be baskets varying in size from a half-pint up to five or six quarts, some made of very fine splints, some of coarse, and many skillfully ornamented in various colors. Her baskets were so good that she would find customers at almost every house. And after traveling a dozen or twenty miles and spending two or three days in doing it her load would be all gone. Then she would start home on her homeward journey, and, sad to relate, before she had reached her home a large part of what she had received for her baskets would have been expended on strong drink.”

Whites saw the crafts trade as a quaint remnant of aboriginal culture, but Indians found it a manageable bridge to the evolving New England economy. Women were able to continue to use traditional designs and colors, and were able to use their produce to mediate relationships with Anglo-Americans. Molly Hatchett, a Paugusett in western Connecticut who visited more than a hundred farms twice a year with “fancy, stained baskets,” would “present newborns with a basket-rattle containing six kernels of corn.” At the same time, she and others created new designs and colors as customers’ tastes changed, developed new tools to increase the quantity and quality of their products, and switched from plant dyes to longer-lasting commercial dyes. More men would participate as the trade grew, producing the raw materials and weaving special “Yankee” (heavy, oak-split) baskets, while women designed and created finer, more expensive baskets. Avery’s pathetic depiction of Wampy should be balanced by John Johnson’s astonishing account of making over five hundred dollars in the summer of 1846 by selling his Wabanaki baskets on the [Boston Common](#) and in [New Bedford](#), [New-York](#), and [Philadelphia](#). The accommodation of this traditional trade to the region’s social and economic reforms would reach what was probably its zenith in 1867, when six Mashpees would incorporate a “Mashpee Basket and Broom Manufacturing Company” in order to “promote industry, thrift and prosperity” in their tribe.

Refer to:

Anonymous, “Description of Mashpee,” Massachusetts Historical Society Collections, page 5
John Avery, HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF LEDYARD, 1650-1900 (Norwich CT, 1901), pages 259-60
The Reverend William Apess, “The Experiences of Five Christian Indians of the Pequot Tribe,” in Barry O’Connell, ON OUR OWN GROUND: THE COMPLETE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM APASS, A PEQUOT (Amherst MA, 1992), pages 151-52
[Lydia Howard Huntley Sigourney](#), A SKETCH OF CONNECTICUT, FORTY YEARS SINCE (Hartford CT, 1825),



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

pages 34-35

Frank G. Speck, Eastern Algonkian Block-Stamp Decoration: A New World Original or an Acculturated Art, Research Series No. 1, Archaeological Society of New Jersey, State Museum (Trenton, 1947)

Ann McMullen, "Native Basketry, Basketry Styles, and Changing Group Identity in Southern New England," in ALGONKIAN OF NEW ENGLAND, pages 76-88

Samuel Orcutt and Ambrose Beardsley, HISTORY OF DERBY, CONNECTICUT, 1642-1880 (1880), page 50

Johnson, LIFE OF JOHN W. JOHNSON, pages 11-12

Petition from Mashpee "citizens and residents" (signed by six men) to Massachusetts legislature, January 2, 1867, Acts of 1867, chapter 41, February 19, 1867, Massachusetts Archives

Thoreau's description of an Indian basket peddler in Concord in the 1840s, in WALDEN



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1805

 November 4, Monday: The Austrian Imperial Court evacuated Vienna.

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

2 day 4 of 11 M 1805 / Last seventh day afternoon I crossed the ferry to Connnanicut in company with Asa Russel of [New Bedford](#) & D Williams I lodged at cousin Greenes & they ar P. Weedens the next day we attended the meeting held on the Island which was an highly favor'd opportunity Asa was concerned in testimony which I believe was living & powerful reaching the witness in many minds present, his supplication lively, fervantly craving that the standard of truth might be raised in this land. I can say I was glad of my being there After meeting we returned to cousin Greenes. And after dinner we had a precious time in conversation & cousin Anne droped some excellent advice which would not hurt the best of us. we returned across the ferry with a pleasant sail - & thro the corse of the evening my mind was thankful for a deep seriousness of mind, feeling desires to be preserved under the holy sanctifying influence of truth.

While I was drinking tea this afternoon all that is alive within me was moved at hearing that My brother James was taken by the press gang when in Liverpool & kept by them all night, he was taken by his collar & dragged from the house in a very trying manner & what took particular hold of my feelings was that when they were carring him away the woman with whom he boarded very affectionately told him that she would send him some breakfast in the morning, & as he was going thro' the streets, a young woman acquaintance of his landladys daughter with who he had become some acquainted, ran out as he passd by where she lived. & in a very affecting manner & seeing him in distress said to him, "James May God keep thee & preserve thee James." She was a Methodist & used the plain language. as he expects to follow the sea fairing business for a lively hood, renew'd desires are fervantly raised on his behalf to the Lord of heaven Sea & Land that he may acquaint him of his ways, that when he is far seperated from his friends & Aged parents he may look to him for help in times of outward & inward calamity may his mind be stayed upon the rock of Ages the only sure foundation.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

 November 7, Thursday: Lewis and Clark 1st sighted the Pacific Ocean and discovered the mouth of the Columbia River, just in time. (It had been right there waiting for them all along.)

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



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

5 day 7 of 11 M 1805 / This day was married at our Meeting house in [Newport](#) Asa Russel of [New Bedford](#) to Mehitable Earle Isaac Mitchell son of Richard to Sarah Gould daughter of John both of Middletown

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



November 14, Thursday: Napoléon took up residence in the Schönbrunn Palace of Vienna.

Fanny Mendelssohn was born in Hamburg, the first of four children born to Abraham Mendelssohn, a banker, himself the son of the Enlightenment philosopher Moses Mendelssohn, and Lea Solomon, daughter of the Prussian court jeweler and granddaughter of Daniel Itzig, a financial advisor to King Friedrich II of Prussia and one of the most affluent citizens of Berlin.

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

5 day 14 of 11 M 1805 / Asa Sherman & Elizabeth Mitchell, Walter Cornell & Lydia Hadwen will be married in our Meeting today, with the latter I expect to sit, & after meeting to return to be at their wedding, & I humbly crave to be favor'd to keep on the watch tower that my mind be not drawn aside into levity, but to endeavor to let my example be of a good savor to those around me Oh Lord be with my spirit this day & let all things work together for thy honor & Glory.
In meeting my mind was favor'd to witness a good degree of quietness, & favor Obadiah Davis of [New Bedford](#) was there & was very extensive in testimony I believe to good satisfaction, & I am sure to my edification. I returned to the house with Walter & Lydia & thro' the course of the day & evening, the company (tho large) were all remarkably solid. There was no unwarrantable conduct or conversation. - & for my own part I was very far from feeling any inclination to lightness, for instead of feeling myrthdom (as the saying is) my heart was in my shoes, & weeping of spirit was my lot, & it sometimes seemed as if I was ready to cry aloud my depression was so great, which occasioned such a seriousness that I was at times wholly unable to join in, or introduce conversation, but on the whole it was a very agreeable opportunity & I believe none that were there, were sorry for it but rather went away profitted.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1807

 February 10, Tuesday: The US Congress authorized a survey of the nation's coasts and harbors: "An Act to Provide for Surveying the Coasts of the United States."

[READ THE FULL TEXT](#)

[Theodore Sedgwick Fay](#) was born in [New-York](#), a son of the attorney Joseph Dewey Fay (1779-1825). Like his father, who had studied law in the office of [Alexander Hamilton](#), would study for the law, although he would never practice, going instead into the field of diplomacy.

A rectangular image showing a handwritten signature in cursive script, which reads 'Theodore S. Fay.'

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

*3 day 10 of 2 M / Our friend Asa Russel of [New Bedford](#) called at the shop this afternoon, with whom I had much conversation on a subject which has deeply affected the minds of many & caused the Land to mourn for the wound which Zion has felt from the fall of a late dignified Servant
Asa spoke feelingly on the subject & hoped it might be a warning to those who think they stand to take heed lest they fall.*

[RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS](#)



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1808

 [Paul Cuffe](#) began his integration into the Acoaxet Preparatory Meeting (later the Westport Monthly Meeting) of the [Religious Society of Friends](#). How did he accomplish this where his brother in skin color [Richard Allen](#) was failing presumably on account of skin color? Could it have been because he wasn't all black, but was in large part red? There were no other persons of color at attendance at any of the Yearly Meetings of the Friends in New England during his lifetime! Somehow he did get away with this, and would continue to get away with it right up to the point at which he would die — and then the white people would inter his mortal remains outside their graveyard, separated from the mortal remains of white Quakers.)

Cuffe's contribution to the Westport community, as well as his growing financial clout, also paved the way for his 1808 acceptance into the Westport Friends Meeting. Despite the small number of black Friends, Cuffe's good reputation and frequent business dealings with other Quakers no doubt helped to facilitate his approval. Soon after joining the meeting, Cuffe underwrote almost half the cost of constructing a new meeting house for the Westport community.

The Quakers came to view Cuffe as an example to justify their opposition to slavery, as his success served as proof to the mental capabilities of his race. Cuffe's acceptance into the Society of Friends signaled the Quaker's ambitions to enroll Cuffe into several of the schemes involving the so-called "civilizing" of Africa, as they felt that the inclusion of a black man in their ranks validated their cause. Becoming a Quaker under these conditions finalized Cuffe's search for ethnic identity, as after 1808, he no longer made reference to his Indian heritage. This decision concerning identity can be attributed to Cuffe's dutiful willingness to serve his religion as a role model and ambassador for his African, as opposed to Indian, brethren.

WESTPORT MA

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



NEW BEDFORD

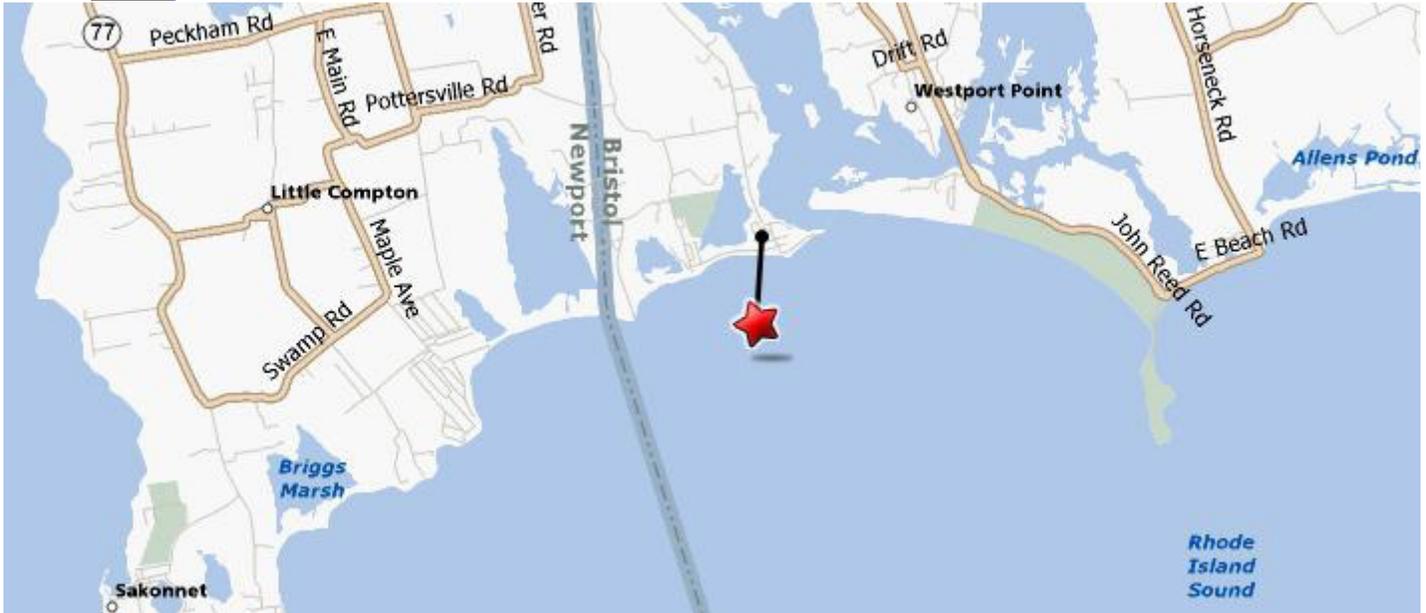
NEW BEDFORD

THAT COULD NOT POSSIBLY OCCUR UNTIL SUBSEQUENT TO EVENT E.

NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

 [Richard Allen](#) requested to be accepted as a member of the Acoaxet Preparatory Meeting (later the Westport



Monthly Meeting) of the [Religious Society of Friends](#), and this prospect would for some reason never result in any further notation in the records of the meeting.



In this year, however—according to Rosalind Cobb Wiggins’s “Paul and Stephen, Unlikely Friends” in [Quaker History](#), Volume 90 Number 1 (Spring 2001)—“forty-nine year old [Paul Cuffe](#) requested membership in [Westport](#) Friends Meeting (church). Acceptance took the average time of two months, indicating he had been an attender for at least two years and had taken an active part in Meeting affairs, normal requirements for any applicant.”

2nd mo 1808 ... Acoaxet Preparative Meeting in their Account Inform that Paul Cuffe Requefts to Come under the Care of friends = We therefore appoint Jeremiah Auften Prince Wing & Abner Potter to Visit him and take a Solid opertunty with him in order



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

*to – Discover the Motive and Sincerity of his Request & fitness
to become a member of our Society and report to Next M^o.
meeting. – – – –*

*3rd mo 1808 ... The committee in the Case of Paul Cuffes request
reported that they have attended to that matter but this meeting
concludes to continue that case in the care of the same committee
to next m^o. meeting and then they to report*

*4th M^o. 1808 At acosect m^o. Meeting of friends held at Westport
the 16th of the 4th. m^o. 1808 ... The Committee in the case of Paul
Cuffe's request report that they have had Several opportunities
with him and he appeard to them to be Sincere in what he has
requested. Therefore after Considering there on we Do with the
concurrence of the Womens Meeting Receive the Said Paul Cuffe
under our care as a member of our society of which Prince Wing
is to inform him.*



CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

 February 13, First Day: [Richard Allen](#) requested to be accepted as a member of the Acoaxet Preparatory Meeting (later the Westport Monthly Meeting) of the [Religious Society of Friends](#). In [Newport, Rhode Island](#),



WESTPORT MA

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

7th day 13 of 2 M / The week has gone no more to be recalled it is an humbling consideration that time passes swiftly away & every moment brings us nearer to the grave - & it is Still more so when we feel sensible that we do not progress in that which will afford peace in the Solomn final change from this to another world - My mind is often arrested with the necessity of our being more dedicated in boody soul & spirit to Serve the living God. There is an afflicting example now among us of one that thro' the love of mammon has fallen into Shameful disgrace even a bye word among men for dishonesty, & thereby brought great reproach upon our Society. There has been a time when the poor thing might have done better but Alass he has fallen -

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.)



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

 November 13, Sunday: British forces reached Salamanca.

In the afternoon, Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) made a record of the distinctly unusual and apparently disturbing experience of taking tea with a person who was not white:

*1 day 13th of 11 M / Silent meetings & if satan had not have
attacked me in the Afternoon it would not have been a pretty
good day
In the Afternoon I had [Paul Cuff](#) to take tea me he is a black
man that has lately Joined Society in [Westport](#)
In the eveng wrote to David Smith*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1809

➡ Friend [Paul Cuffe](#) went into business in [New Bedford](#):

Copartnership Formed.
THE Subscribers would inform their friends and the public, that they have lately commenced business under the firm of CUFF & HOWARDS—and have taken the Store lately occupied by RECORDS HEATH & SON, in *Water-street*, where they intend keeping a general assortment of
W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES;
and respectfully solicit a share of their custom.
PAUL CUFF.
PETER HOWARD.
ALEX. HOWARD.

➡ May: Friend [Paul Cuffe](#) was on a [Quaker](#) committee to attend to their [Westport](#) monthly meeting's financial accounts.

➡ October 22, Sunday: Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

*1 day 22 of 10 M 1809// When I went to meeting I found very unexpectedly, that Rowland Green & Doct Otis were there — soon after I took my seat I Said in my heart - the life circulates among us, & so I apprehended it proved, very soon after our frd S Barker appeard in supplication returning hearty thanks to the Lord for his many favors to the workmanship of his hands in continuing the day of visitation, raising one here & another there, who are standard bearers &c Then Rowland in testimony spoke largely to the different states present in a remarkably pertinent & solemn manner, recommending love among bretheren; pointed out its beauty & usefulness, exhorted us to Watch & be sober, & not to slight the day of visitation, for in proportion as we reject the light that is manifested within, in the same proportion we loose [lose] our spiritual strength, & the light that is within us becomes darkness
Then M Morton concluded in solemn supplication, which embraced*



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

the exercise of the opportunity in a manner as solemn & beautiful as any I ever heard - it was a favor'd meeting indeed, & I believe the hearts of many (or at least) some who have for many Months sat in desolate places were again made to rejoice, & comforted with the hope that the lines in "New England Judged" are not yet applicable, or at least fully so, to us. "Thy candle light forevermore extinguished shall be The voice of bridegroom & the bride be hear no more in thee--"

In the Afternoon Rowland was again concern'd in testimony very sweetly - he endeavor'd to shew the nature & tendency of the christian Religion & the importance of our embracing it, here & hereafter, & endeavor'd to apprise the Youth of the many subtil Snares which satan lays in the way to obstruct our growth therein - Rowland & his companion were from New Bedford Yesterday on his return from Nantucket where he has been engaged in paying family visits -After meeting I took a walk into the common burying ground & went into the Work & Alms house - then went home & in the eveng finished a letter which I had begun some days before to Micajah Collins. --

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1810

 Under the benign influence of [Friend Paul Cuffe](#), children of color were being accepted into the [Friends School at New Bedford](#) “on terms of perfect equality.”

The willingness to further racial equality by establishing and managing African American and integrated schools was rarely duplicated in the schools Quakers established for their own children. One exception was the Friends school in New Bedford, Massachusetts, which by 1810 admitted African American children “on terms of perfect equality,” notes European American abolitionist Deborah Weston; that school was apparently unique in the yearly meeting. While New England Friends did work to open public schools to children of any race and to organize private schools for African American children and adults, there is no evidence that any other Quaker schools were open to African Americans, even in Rhode Island, home to a large number of both Quakers and African Americans. That includes the Yearly Meeting Boarding School (to be named after donor Moses Brown) which reopened in Providence in 1819 after operating a few years in Portsmouth and the numerous local schools run by Friends meetings throughout the 1700s and 1800s (and in a few cases the 1900s, most in Rhode Island, a few in Massachusetts, Maine, and New Hampshire.) Some isolated efforts for integration failed. In the 1840s and 1850s, Sarah Grimké and Elizabeth Buffum Chace tried with no success to enroll African American students in Providence and Philadelphia, and during the Civil War the yearly meeting school in Providence refused to admit the motherless children of a highly respected African American physician from Boston who was going to New Orleans to do relief work. Despite Chace’s urging that Friends demonstrate their commitment to the freedmen by enrolling these children, the school committee declared that it was not yet time – even though by then Rhode Island’s public schools were integrated, as were those in Massachusetts. New England Friends were generous and consistent donors when it came to restoring Quaker education in North Carolina or providing schools for the freed people in the South. Annual donations went, sometimes for decades, to a number of southern schools for African Americans, but the major focus of the New England Yearly Meeting was on freedmen’s schools in Washington, D.C., especially in teacher training, and on the Normal Institute at Maryville, [Tennessee](#), for which the meeting bore full responsibility from 1875 to 1905. African American abolitionist and fugitive Samuel Ringgold Ward, who preached to white and mixed congregations in Upstate New York, noted the general anomaly in Quaker practice when he wrote in 1855, “They will give us good advice. They will aid us in giving us a partial education but never in a Quaker school, beside their own children. Whatever they do for us savors of pity, and is done at arm’s length.”⁵



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD



May 8, Tuesday: [Walter Scott](#)'s THE LADY OF THE LAKE was published. It featured a "Lord James of Douglas" character who had unjustly been outlawed:

Frederick Douglass's NARRATIVE

On the morning after our arrival at New Bedford, while at the breakfast-table, the question arose as to what name I should be called by. The name given me by my mother was, "Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey." I, however, had dispensed with the two middle names long before I left Maryland so that I was generally known by the name of "Frederick Bailey." I started from Baltimore bearing the name of "Stanley." When I got to New York, I again changed my name to "Frederick Johnson," and thought that would be the last change. But when I got to New Bedford, I found it necessary again to change my name. The reason of this necessity was, that there were so many Johnsons in New Bedford, it was already quite difficult to distinguish between them. I gave Mr. Johnson the privilege of choosing me a name, but told him he must not take from me the name of "Frederick." I must hold on to that, to preserve a sense of my identity. Mr. Johnson had just been reading the "Lady of the Lake," and at once suggested that my name be "Douglass." From that time until now I have been called "Frederick Douglass;" and as I am more widely known by that name than by either of the others, I shall continue to use it as my own.

NEW BEDFORD MA

FREDERICK DOUGLASS



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

3rd day 8 of 5 Mo// But little brought to pass in the line of my occupation, however I have earned something - the mind occupied about things which tend to but little or no advantage spiritually or temporally.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



November 25, Sunday: Captain [Paul Cuffe](#) began his 1st voyage from [Westport](#) to Freeport, Sierra Leone in his 69-ton *Traveller*.

In [Newport, Rhode Island](#), Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

5. Pages 133-134 in Donna McDaniel's and Vanessa Julye's FIT FOR FREEDOM, NOT FOR FRIENDSHIP: QUAKERS, AFRICAN AMERICANS, AND THE MYTH OF RACIAL JUSTICE (Philadelphia: Quaker Press of Friends General Conference, 2009).

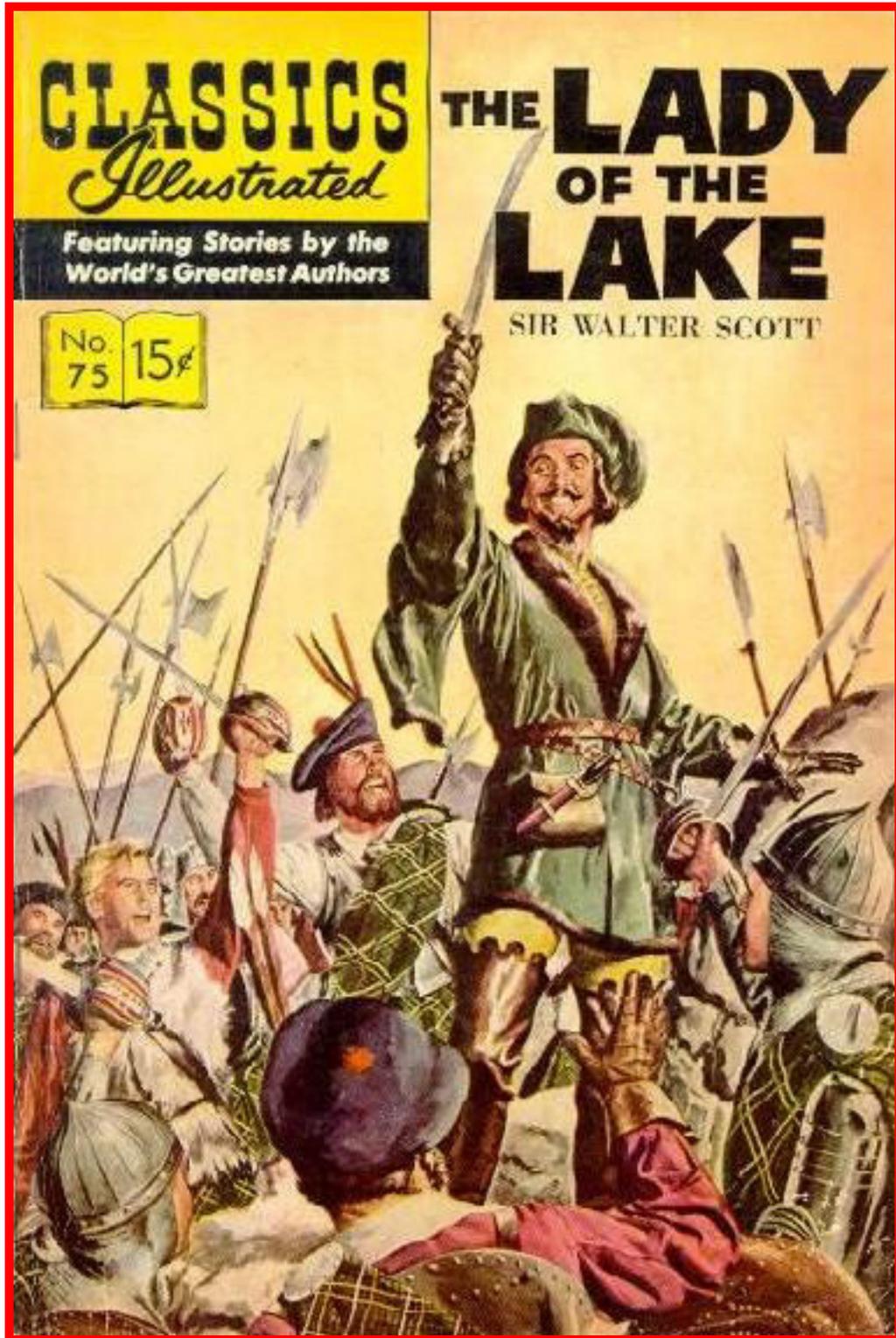
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WHAT?

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NEW BEDFORD

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1st day 25th of 11 Mo // We breakfasted at Jonathans & then came home & prepared for meeting - At Meeting D Buffum broke Silence which has not been broken for many weeks before, he spake lively to the necessity of a religious life - Between meetings my dear father came up to see us & mentioned that he felt much fatigued with the walk, but thought that he felt as it was very pleasant, as perhaps it might noon [soon?] Snow & he should not come again very soon if ever -Our Afternoon meeting was silent, after which I visited the Work & Alms Houses - Set most of the evening at home -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



1811

➡ April 3, Wednesday: A combined British-Portuguese force defeated the French at Sabugal southeast of Guarda. This would compel the French to completely leave Portugal.

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

4 day 3 of 4 M [April]// Our dear Brother Philip Dunham came over today to make a little visit before he removes from Little Compton to a place near [New Bedford](#) where he expects to carry on the carding of Woll by a machine - he spent the eveng with us very agreeably, & I regret that I was obliged to leave him a little while to meet with the Directors of the African School

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

➡ June 24, Monday: Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

2nd day 24 of 6 Mo// Our friends left town this morning, intending to spend the day in visiting a few in [Portsmouth](#) & appoint a meeting there tomorrow & be the next day & [Tiverton](#) & from thence go to [Bedford](#) -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

➡ October 31, Thursday: Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

5th day 31 of 10 Mo// The day has been severly stormy yet David Rodman & myself took Chaise & rode to [Portsmouth](#) to attend our Monthly Meeting, which considering the hevy rain & very high Wind was pretty well attended. Holder Almy preached in the first & in the last we got along with our buisness with a good degree of satisfaction - The Public Appearance of Holder Almy was approved & refer'd to the Quarterly Meeting for their perusal [?, left margin not visible] After Meeting we dined with Holder & then rode home. -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



NEW BEDFORD

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Near the end of his visit to England, Captain [Paul Cuffe](#) saw himself described in the Liverpool [Mercury](#) as preferable “to the proudest statesman that ever dealt out destruction amongst mankind.” That newspaper’s “Memoir of Captain Paul Cuffee” [*sic*] offered a description his early life and many notable achievements, including his 1780 challenge to the Massachusetts legislature against taxation without representation for blacks. (The captain would later receive an English land grant on which he would be able to settle a few worthy immigrants of his choosing. His plans would be delayed by the War of 1812, but in 1815-1816 he would make a successful voyage to Sierra Leone with 38 colonists. On January 16, 1817 he would write that in Sierra Leone, “These few Europeans hath pritty much Control of the Colony Yet the people of Coular Are intitled to every privilege of a free born Subjects.... Yet It cannot be said that Thay Are Equal for the prejudice of tradition is precipitable but I believe much Lieth At thare Doors.”)

Memoir of Captain Paul Cuffee, Liverpool MERCURY

On the first of the present month of August 1811, a vessel arrived at Liverpool, with a cargo from Sierra Leone, the owner, master, mate, and whole crew of which are free Negroes. The master, who is also owner, is the son of an American Slave, and is said to be very well skilled both in trade and navigation, as well as to be of a very pious and moral character. It must have been a strange and animating spectacle to see this free and enlightened African entering, as an independent trader, with his black crew, into that port which was so lately the nidus of the Slave Trade. — Edinb. Review, August, 1811.

We are happy in having an opportunity of confirming the above account, and at the same time of laying before our readers an authentic memoir of Capt. Paul Cuffee, the master and owner of the vessel above referred to, who sailed from this port on the 20th ult. with a licence from the British Government, to prosecute his intended voyage to Sierra Leone.

The father of Paul Cuffee, was a native of Africa, whence he was brought as a Slave into Massachusetts. — He was there purchased by a person named Slocum, and remained in slavery a considerable portion of his life.— He was named Cuffee, but as it is usual in those parts took the name of Slocum, as expressing to whom he belonged. Like many of his countrymen he possessed a mind superior to his condition, and although he was diligent in the business of his Master and faithful to his interest, yet by great industry and economy he was enabled to purchase his personal liberty.

At this time the remains of several Indian tribes, who originally possessed the right of soil, resided in Massachusetts; Cuffee became acquainted with a woman descended from one of those tribes, named Ruth Moses, and married her. -- He continued in habits of industry and frugality, and soon afterwards purchased a farm of 100 acres in Westport in Massachusetts.

Cuffee and Ruth has a family of ten children. — The



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three eldest sons, David, Jonathan, and John are farmers in the neighborhood of Westport, filling respectable situations in society, and endowed with good intellectual capacities. -- They are all married, and have families to whom they are giving good educations. Of six daughters four are respectably married, while two remain single.

Paul was born on the Island of Cutterhunkker, one of the Elizabeth Islands near [New Bedford](#), in the year 1759; when he was about 14 years of age his father died leaving a considerable property in land, but which being at that time unproductive afforded but little provision for his numerous family, and thus the care of supporting his mother and sisters devolved upon his brothers and himself.

At this time Paul conceived that commerce furnished to industry more ample rewards than agriculture, and he was conscious that he possessed qualities which under proper culture would enable him to pursue commercial employments with prospects of success; he therefore entered at the age of 16 as a common hand on board of a vessel destined to the bay of Mexico, on a Whaling voyage. His second voyage was to the West Indies; but on his third he was captured by a British ship during the American war about the year 1776: after three months detention as a prisoner at New York, he was permitted to return home to Westport, where owing to the unfortunate continuance of hostilities he spent about 2 years in his agricultural pursuits. During this interval Paul and his brother John Cuffee were called on by the Collector of the district, in which they resided, for the payment of a personal tax. It appeared to them, that, by the laws of the constitution of Massachusetts, taxation and the whole rights of citizenship were untied. -- If the laws demanded of them the payment of personal taxes, the same laws must necessarily and constitutionally invest them with the rights of representing, and being represented, in the state Legislature. But they had never been considered as entitled to the privilege of voting at Elections, nor of being elected to places of trust and honor. -- Under these circumstances, they refused payment of the demands. -- The Collector resorted to the force of the laws, and after many delays and vexations, Paul and his brother deemed it most prudent to silence the suit by payment of the demands. But they resolved, if it were possible, to obtain the rights which they believed to be connected with taxation.



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1812

 Fairhaven was set off from [New Bedford](#), incorporating Acushnet in its corporate limits.

 May 18, Monday: Amidst celebrations by night and military preparations by day, the Emperor and Empress of Austria arrived in Dresden.

John Bellingham was [hanged](#) in front of Newgate Prison, for the murder of Prime Minister Spencer Perceval a week earlier. Mingling in the cheering multitude was [George Gordon, Lord Byron](#), who was not cheering.

Demetrio e Polibio, a dramma serio by Gioachino Rossini to words of Viganò-Mombelli, was performed for the initial time, in Teatro Valle, Rome.

Friend [Paul Cuffe](#) was in New-York while on his way back from [Washington DC](#) to [Westport, Massachusetts](#). He wrote in his diary that

On my Return Called to see Dr. Ross, a man that Resided 7 years in Jamaica in which time he Saw most horrible abomination inflicted on the Slaves being jibetted, Launched on a Plank Down a Steep Place Whiped Hanged Burnt and racked. Lord have Mercy I Pray Thee.

During this stop-over in the big city, Friend Paul went with Friend Thomas Eddy for a visit to the African School. There was a street encounter:

P.S. I was traveling in the Street With my Guide he kindly introduced me to two Methodist preachers Who accosted me thus, "Do you understand English?" I answered them "There Was a Part I did not understand (Viz) that of one Brother professor making merchandize of and holding in Bondage their Brother professor, this part I Should be glad they Would Clear up to me."

These white preachers, in the big city for a convention of their fellows, of course made no response to a person of color's street insolence. Friend Paul was sufficiently disturbed by the encounter, however, that on this evening he wrote the incident up as a letter. On the following day he would go to the convention of Methodists and make his protest heard, and later he would pay a call on the [Methodist](#) Bishop, the Reverend Asbury, in a further effort to discuss the pros and cons of human [enslavement](#).

RHODE ISLAND RELIGION

In [Newport, Rhode Island](#), Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

2nd day 18 of 5 Mo// Tho' its seems as if there is nothing to insert, yet I feel most easy to say that times are gloomy both within & without both as respecting myself & things at large in town, State & the world. yet it does not just at this present



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time seem as if the devastation of War was quite so much to be feared as some little time ago -- O Williams set the eveng with us, on our part very acceptably.-

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

IS HISTORY A SCIENCE? ASTRONOMY IS A SCIENCE, FOR IT IS A STUDY OF REAL OBJECTS CALLED “STARS” (AND SUCHLIKE) SITUATED AT VARIOUS REAL LOCATIONS IN THE DIMENSIONS OF SPACE. WERE HISTORY A SCIENCE LIKE ASTRONOMY, IT WOULD NEED TO BE A SCIENCE OF EVENTS (AND SUCHLIKE) AT VARIOUS REAL SITUATIONS IN THE DIMENSION OF TIME. HOWEVER, IT WOULD NEED TO PROVIDE AN OVERVIEW OF ALL SUCH EVENTS, NOT ONLY THOSE AT VARIOUS REAL SITUATIONS IN THE PAST PORTION OF TIME, BUT ALSO THOSE AT VARIOUS REAL SITUATIONS IN THE FUTURE PORTION OF TIME. AND NOTHING IN THE FUTURE NOW EXISTS, WHICH IS WHY WE REFER TO IT AS “FUTURE.” IT IS FUTURE NOT MERELY BECAUSE WE DON’T KNOW ABOUT IT YET, BUT BECAUSE IT IS INDEFINITE AND UNDEFINED. GOD HAS NOT YET CREATED IT, PROVIDING IT WITH ITS “DEFINITUDE.” THEREFORE THIS WOULD BE A SPURIOUS METAPHOR: IN THE SENSE IN WHICH ASTRONOMY IS SCIENCE, HISTORY IS NOT. WHEN HISTORIANS PRETEND TO BE DOING SCIENCE, THEY ARE ATTEMPTING TO REMOVE REALITY FROM THE LAP OF GOD.



June: The Reverend [Israel Cheever](#) died in Liverpool, Nova Scotia at the age of 90.

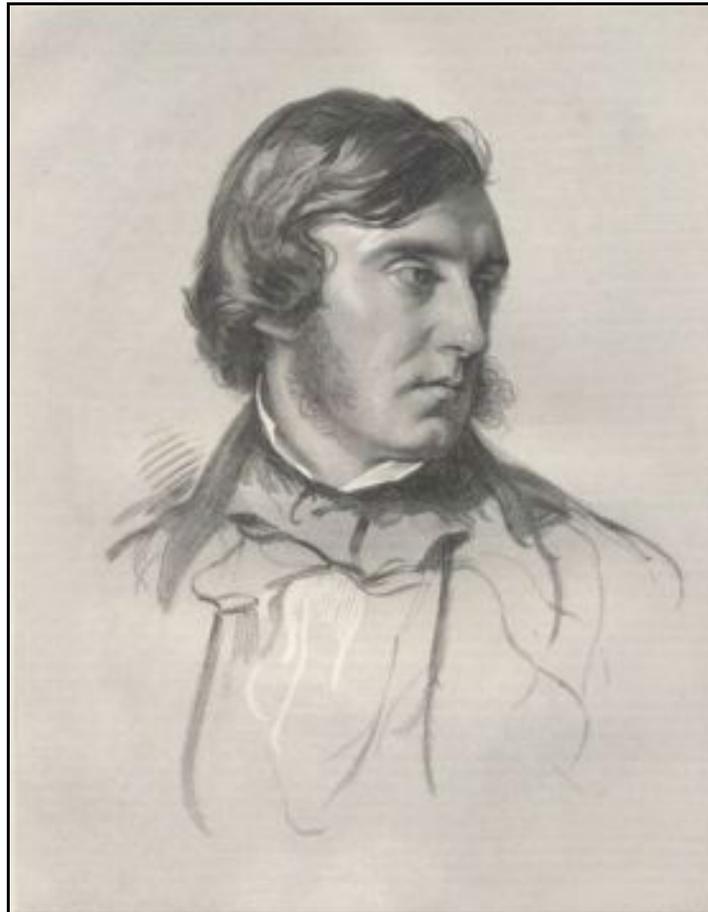
[ISRAEL CHEEVER](#) [of [Concord](#)], son of Daniel Cheever, was born September 22, 1722, and graduated [at [Harvard College](#)] in 1749. He was ordained at [New Bedford](#), but was dismissed in 1759, and installed at Liverpool, Nova Scotia, where he died, in June, 1812, aged 90.⁶

ALL CONCORD COLLEGE GRADS

1813

➡ July 30, Friday: In the Peninsular War, the allied soldiers who had stood against the French two days earlier went on the attack, and were able to push the French back at Sorrauren north of Pamplona.

[Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) was born “to a modest competence” so as to never need to work for a living. Born into the [Quaker](#) family of Joseph and Anna Thornton Ricketson and thus considered a “birthright” Friend, he would be educated at Friend’s Academy in [New Bedford](#) and [Henry Thoreau](#) would habitually address him as “Friend Ricketson” even before the point in late adult years at which he would become a “convinced” Friend. He would be a lifelong intimate of [George William Curtis](#). In his adult years he would characterize himself as



“an ordinary looking person”: his hair was sandy brown, his full beard reddish brown, his eyes hazel, and at five foot three inches in height, he was distinctly “altitude impaired.” As if this altitude impairment were not

6. [Lemuel Shattuck](#)’s 1835 [A HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF CONCORD;...](#) Boston: Russell, Odiorne, and Company;



Concord MA: [John Stacy](#)

(On or about November 11, 1837 [Henry Thoreau](#) would indicate a familiarity with the contents of at least pages 2-3 and 6-9 of this historical study. On July 16, 1859 he would correct a date mistake buried in the body of the text.)



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enough of an affliction, his left eye would become “from an injury received in my youth, defective in vision and slightly smaller than my right one.”

As he would appear (or as he would have liked to appear, this portrait being idealized) at the age of 25:





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Table of Altitudes

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



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





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Kim Jong Il (North Korea)	5' 3 "
Stephen A. "Little Giant" Douglas	5' 4 "
Francisco Franco	5' 4 "
President James Madison	5' 4 "
Iosef Vissarionovich Dzugashvili "Stalin"	5' 4 "
Alan Ladd	5' 4 "
Pablo Picasso	5' 4 "
Truman Capote	5' 4 "
Queen Elizabeth	5' 4 "
Ludwig van Beethoven	5' 4 "
Typical Homo Erectus	5' 4 "
typical Neanderthal adult male	5' 4 1/2 "
Alan Ladd	5' 4 1/2 "
comte de Buffon	5' 5 " (-)
Captain Nathaniel Gordon	5' 5 "
Charles Manson	5' 5 "
Audie Murphy	5' 5 "
Harry Houdini	5' 5 "
Hung Hsiu-ch'üan 洪秀全	5' 5 "
Marilyn Monroe	5' 5 1/2 "
T.E. Lawrence "of Arabia"	5' 5 1/2 "
average runaway male American slave	5' 5-6 "
Charles Dickens	5' 6? "
President Benjamin Harrison	5' 6 "
President Martin Van Buren	5' 6 "
James Smithson	5' 6 "
Louisa May Alcott	5' 6 "
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe	5' 6 1/2 "
Napoleon Bonaparte	5' 6 1/2 "
Emily Brontë	5' 6-7 "
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	5' ? "
average height, seaman of 1812	5' 6.85 "
Oliver Reed Smoot, Jr.	5' 7 "
minimum height, British soldier	5' 7 "
President John Adams	5' 7 "
President John Quincy Adams	5' 7 "
President William McKinley	5' 7 "
"Charley" Parkhurst (a female)	5' 7 "





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President, General Ulysses S. Grant	5' 7"
Dr. Sigmund Freud	5' 7"
Henry Thoreau	5' 7"
the average male of Thoreau's period	5' 7 ¹ / ₂ "
Edgar Allan Poe	5' 8"
President Ulysses S. Grant	5' 8"
President William H. Harrison	5' 8"
President James Polk	5' 8"
President Zachary Taylor	5' 8"
average height, soldier of 1812	5' 8.35"
President Rutherford B. Hayes	5' 8 ¹ / ₂ "
President Millard Fillmore	5' 9"
President Harry S. Truman	5' 9"
President Jimmy Carter	5' 9 ¹ / ₂ "
Herman Melville	5' 9 ³ / ₄ "
Calvin Coolidge	5' 10"
Andrew Johnson	5' 10"
Theodore Roosevelt	5' 10"
Thomas Paine	5' 10"
Franklin Pierce	5' 10"
Abby May Alcott	5' 10"
Reverend Henry C. Wright	5' 10"
Nathaniel Hawthorne	5' 10 ¹ / ₂ "
Louis "Deerfoot" Bennett	5' 10 ¹ / ₂ "
Friend John Greenleaf Whittier	5' 10 ¹ / ₂ "
President Dwight David "Ike" Eisenhower	5' 10 ¹ / ₂ "
Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots	5' 11"
Sojourner Truth	5' 11"
President Stephen Grover Cleveland	5' 11"
President Herbert Hoover	5' 11"
President Woodrow Wilson	5' 11"
President Jefferson Davis	5' 11"
President Richard Milhous Nixon	5' 11 ¹ / ₂ "
Robert Voorhis the hermit of Rhode Island	< 6'
Frederick Douglass	6' (-)
Anthony Burns	6' 0"
Waldo Emerson	6' 0"
Joseph Smith, Jr.	6' 0"



NEW BEDFORD

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David Walker	6' 0 "
Sarah F. Wakefield	6' 0 "
Thomas Wentworth Higginson	6' 0 "
President James Buchanan	6' 0 "
President Gerald R. Ford	6' 0 "
President James Garfield	6' 0 "
President Warren Harding	6' 0 "
President John F. Kennedy	6' 0 "
President James Monroe	6' 0 "
President William H. Taft	6' 0 "
President John Tyler	6' 0 "
Captain John Brown	6' 0 (+)"
President Andrew Jackson	6' 1"
Alfred Russel Wallace	6' 1"
President Ronald Reagan	6' 1"
Venture Smith	6' 1 ¹ / ₂ "
John Camel Heenan	6' 2 "
Crispus Attucks	6' 2 "
Franz Liszt	6' 2 "
President Chester A. Arthur	6' 2 "
President George Bush, Senior	6' 2 "
President Franklin D. Roosevelt	6' 2 "
President George Washington	6' 2 "
Gabriel Prosser	6' 2 "
Dangerfield Newby	6' 2 "



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Charles Augustus Lindbergh	6' 2"
President Bill Clinton	6' 2 ¹ / ₂ "
President Thomas Jefferson	6' 2 ¹ / ₂ "
President Lyndon B. Johnson	6' 3"
Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.	6' 3"
Richard "King Dick" Seaver	6' 3 ¹ / ₄ "
President Abraham Lincoln	6' 4"
Marion Morrison (AKA John Wayne)	6' 4"
Elisha Reynolds Potter, Senior	6' 4"
Thomas Cholmondeley	6' 4" (?)
William Buckley	6' 4-7"
Franklin Benjamin Sanborn	6' 5"
Peter the Great of Russia	6' 7"
William "Dwarf Billy" Burley	6' 7"
Giovanni Battista Belzoni	6' 7"
Thomas Jefferson (the statue)	7' 6"
Jefferson Davis (the statue)	7' 7"
Martin Van Buren Bates	7' 11 ¹ / ₂ "
M. Bihin, a Belgian exhibited in Boston in 1840	8'
Anna Haining Swan	8' 1"



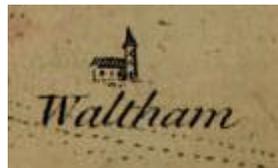


NEW BEDFORD

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1814

➡ During this year a cotton spinning and textile weaving mill was being constructed at [Waltham, Massachusetts](#). The Boston Manufacturing Company was introducing the power loom, the 1st manufacture of all phases of cotton production in one plant anywhere in the world. The large labor force consisted initially primarily of Yankee farm women. Francis Cabot Lowell perfected his power loom, and the textile industry, which would be transforming Lawrence, Lowell, Fall River, [New Bedford](#), and other cities into great manufacturing centers, was off to a flying start.



➡ June 9, Thursday: [John Kimball de Laski](#) was born in St. John, New Brunswick.

At a dinner with the Prince-Regent in Carlton House, King Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia, the Earl of Liverpool, and Viscount Castlereagh were invested as Knights of the Garter.

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

5th day 9 of 6 M / Our Meeting to me was a favord One, & my heart was made renewedly thankful under a sense of the extendings of divine goodness In the forepart of it a travel [travail] was experienced for one on whose account I have at seasons of late felt much for & who my prayer is may find the right Way - After which I was led to reflect on divers persons some who lived before & some since my remembrance, who filld seats in that house & now are called from works to reward. - we who now meet there, are also hastening fast to the final change to experience what they have passed thro' before us. & may our change be as glorious as there is reason to believe some of theirs have been. - Our friend Mary Varney was present & toward the close of the meeting got hold of the State of it pretty well & declared the Truth with boldness among us, to the tendering of divers minds. - Notwithstanding the aforementioned state of favor, rovings & unprofitable thoughts sometime presented. but were not premitted to get the Assendency very far. - The experience at Meeting has continued thro' the afternoon -Oh how precious is a tender mind. - This eveng Br D Rodman called & gave us a view of a couple of letters from Avis Mumford of this town now residing in [New Bedford](#) to her Brother & Sister. She displays an excellent talent at writing - fine sentiment & withall a pious seeking mind.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



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 June 24, Friday: Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

*6th day 24th of 6 M / Every day, the War in which this Country is engaged assumes a more & more terrific aspect, a very considerable Alarm exists in [New Bedford](#) for the safety of town & especially the Shipping, but I was comforted with the account of a man direct from there this mornng. he arrived in the Stage this afternoon & said things were not as bad there as had been represented. no skirmish between the Militia British barges had taken place as we had heard & that there was no foundation for the report of a number of Friends of the younger class having departed from their principles by offering their Services to repell invasion. -
Hitherto the people of this [town] have been mercifully preserved from alarms, but how soon something serious may take place is uncertain I desire however whatever may take place friends may be consistent. -*

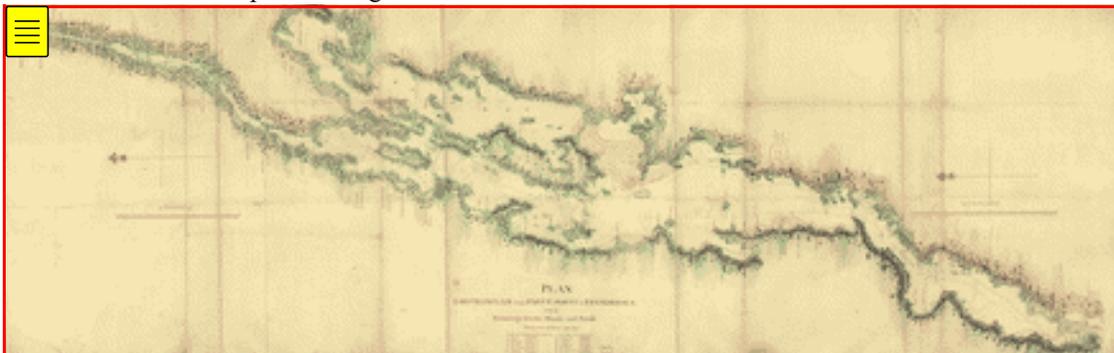
[RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS](#)

Un lieto brindisi, a cantata campestre by [Ludwig van Beethoven](#) to words of Bondi, was performed for the initial time, in Vienna, to honor the nameday of Giovanni Malfatti.

The American peace negotiator, [John Quincy Adams](#) the son of President [John Adams](#), arrived in Ghent, accompanied by his slave Nelson. There was some resemblance between Nelson and his namesake, justifying this naming: Nelson, affiliated with a government figure of the United States of America, had lost his liberty, and his namesake, affiliated with the government of Great Britain, had lost a body part in the defense of liberty.⁷In the Lake Champlain region, Lieutenant-Colonel Forsyth and 70 riflemen ventured

[RACE POLITICS](#)

into Canadian territory as far as Odeltown but was engaged there by a detachment of 250 British light troops. He returned to Champlain having lost one killed and five wounded.



THE TASK OF THE HISTORIAN IS TO CREATE HINDSIGHT WHILE

7. Adams, as good a hater as Richard Nixon, with all the political instincts of a junkyard dog, was probably a wise choice to send out on diplomatic duty. He spent a lot of his time drawing up hit lists of men who had “conspired together used up their faculties in base and dirty tricks to thwart my progress in life.” Sick ‘em, boy, go on, **go away**, sick ‘em!



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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" — 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.

 October 26, Wednesday: [The Reverend Thaddeus Mason Harris, D.D.](#)'s A SERMON PREACHED AT [NEW BEDFORD](#), OCTOBER 26, 1814, AT THE ORDINATION OF REV. EPHRAIM RANDALL (New Bedford: Printed by Benjamin Lindsey).

Pursuant to the decision reached on October 12th, George III, formerly the Elector of Hanover, was in the future be known as the King of Hanover.

 December 5, Monday: Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

2nd day 5th of 12th M 1814 / Our friends Hinchman & Joseph Hanes set out for [New Bedford](#) this Morning accompanied by our young frds John D Williams & Saml Dennis. - - This eveng we had the company of several of our young friends Vizt E W Lawton & wife Caty Dennis & Avis Howland whose company was very pleasant & tho' neither of the foregoing are members of society I believe some of them are in a way thro' faithfulness to become greater in religious attainments than some of us who hold a birth right

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1816

 A new meetinghouse for the [Religious Society of Friends](#) was built in [Lynn](#), replacing the meetinghouse that had been erected in 1723.



The following is from George A. Sellick's *QUAKERS IN BOSTON 1656-1964: THREE CENTURIES OF FRIENDS IN BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE* and illustrates that even [Quaker](#) historians can be utterly simplistic about Quaker history:

 Around the year 1816 new voices were heard in the ministry of the Quaker meeting house in Lynn, calling for a new dependence upon the Inward Light, interpreting the Scriptures in new ways, and even questioning some of the accepted evangelical Christian doctrines. Chief among these new ministers, who were labelled "New Lights," was Mary Newhall, a young woman in her thirties who was somewhat of a mystic and an able speaker. In 1823 Mary Newhall and some of her sympathizers were disowned by Salem Monthly Meeting. A number of other Friends also withdrew from the Meeting and were promptly disowned by the Monthly Meeting as well.... Mary Newhall visited the meeting in [New Bedford](#), where she was a controversial figure. Those expressing approval of her message were disowned by the Monthly Meeting; many of them then associated themselves with the [Unitarian](#) church there, bringing with them, however, a Quaker mysticism which made them unable ever to feel totally comfortable with Unitarian rationalism. It seems that once the evangelical interpretation of Quakerism had been accepted by the elders and the leading Friends as the Truth of Quakerism, any member bold enough to question it was at least suspect and likely to be disowned.

 September 21, Saturday: Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

7th day 21st of 9 M 1816 / It is (counting weeks) just one year this day since the great Storm which hapened the 23rd of the M The terror of that day is still remembered by many, & the effects of it Seen & felt by many, tho' it is considered that the Long Wharf (where it made the greatest ravages) is now in better



NEW BEDFORD

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repair than it was before. -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



September 22, Sunday: Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

*1st day 22 of 9 M / In the morning meeting D Buffum & father Rodman were engaged in testimony, an rather uncommonly large meeting - In the Afternoon father again concerned in a few words - Saml Rodman & his sone from [New Bedford](#) were at meetings with us
Towards night took John walking to the tower part of the town, went into the Clifton burying ground & to Mitchells Mill -- a pleasant walk - In the burying ground I pointed out to John the graves of his Grandfather & Grandmother Wanton & that of his great Uncle Michael Wanton -*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1817

 January 3, Friday: Publication of the Adagio, Variations and Rondo on “The Pretty Polly” op.75 for piano by [Johann Nepomuk Hummel](#) was announced in the *Wiener Zeitung*.

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

6th day 3 of 1 M / Some days ago Sister Ruth turned her Ankle & hurt it exceedingly. Dr Sweet has this day examined it & pronounced one bone broken & one cracked - The poor thing suffered exceedingly in the operation of setting, but it now appears to be streight & by a few days confinement in bed, I am in hopes she will be more comfortable but she has a long suffering time of lameness to look forward to - She has my sympathy & pittty to the very heart - This Afternoon David Buffum Rec'd a letter from Wm Rotch Jr Which mentioned the Decease of our friend Ed ELISHA THORNTON in [New Bedford](#) last 3rd day

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

 8mth 16, Saturday: From [Westport](#), [Paul Cuffe](#) wrote of failing health to his “Estem’d friend Stephen Gould”:

I am in a low State of health, as thou Proposed of a physician from theare I think now to except of thy offer If thee can make it Conveanant to Come with him thy Company would be very agreable. For further information inquire of Captain Philipps. I am thy ashured friend. Paul Cuffe.

The letter would be sent by way of one of his coastwise vessels to the Gould watch-repair shop near Long Wharf in [Newport](#), [Rhode Island](#) and presumably would be delivered by a member of the all-black crew. Captain Phillips was Cuffe’s son-in-law. When this letter would arrive, Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) would make a record that:

The foregoing rec'd from my friend Paul Cuffe was probably the last time he ever set pen to Paper. I went to Westport to see him and carried Doctor Hazard with me, but medical aids was in vain. He died in about two Weeks Afterwards.

Stephen, 36 years of age, would hasten to Westport, a day’s journey by horseback away, taking with him a Dr. Hazard of Newport, and would spend a night there in Westport while these two [Quakers](#), white and non-white, had comforting discussions. The sick man would die two weeks later at the age of 59.

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

7th day 16th 8m 1817 / This Afternoon took Chaise & with My H & John rode to [Portsmouth](#), lodged with my aged Cousin Elizabeth Chase whom I love & feel a tender concern for - FIRST DAY morning are breakfast these & before meeting stoped at Uncle Peter Lawtons - At Meeting David Buffum preached in a very lively manner. He is on his way to Salem Quarterly Meeting We dined



NEW BEDFORD

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at Uncle Peters & spent the Afternoon & Set out to come home but it began to rain & thunder before we got far, which induced us to turn back so we lodged there, & early this Morning (2nd Day) we rode home. - This has been a pleasant visit to us all. - my mind has however been much affected with divers considerations - particularly with the necessity of our living in love & becomeing wean'd from the World, & the love & cares of it, as we advance in life. Some instances that I am acquainted with has much affected my mind of those who are, as with one foot in the grave & the other on its Brink, being too too much fastened to earth & its perplexing cares, where there is no necessity for it. This excites in my mind a lively concern, yea an anxious desire that as I grow older, I may be more & more concern'd to live in the life of Religion. -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



8mth 23, Saturday: William Kingston met for 5 hours with his friend Samuel Wesley at Blacklands House, the lunatic asylum in Blacklands Terrace, Chelsea. Wesley indicated that he did not consider that his delusional leap of earlier this year warranted his being treated as a lunatic.

Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#), 36 years of age, had hastened from [Newport, Rhode Island](#) to [Westport, Massachusetts](#), a day's journey by horseback, taking with him a Dr. Hazard, and would spend the night there while the two [Quakers](#), Stephen and Paul, white and non-white, would have comforting discussions. The sick man would die two weeks later at the age of 59.

7th day 23rd of 8 M / In consequence of a letter which I rec'd from my friend [Paul Cuffee](#) dated 16th inst - I set out early this morning with Doctor Hazard for Westport. we stoped at Thos Barkers to see Stephen Huntington who is very weak & low, after eating some breakfast with them we persued our journey & stoped at the four corners to sate our horse, then went on & reached Pauls house about 3 OClock where we found him very low & so much weakened by his complaint that articulation had become difficult - when I went into the room, I told him I had come to see him, & by his request brought Dr Hazard with me he replied "It is too late" but after a little conversation he agreed to take some medicine which appeared to set well on his stomach - Dr Handy the attending Physician soon came & after they had consulted together a course of medicine was agreed on. The family gave us some dinner & some tea & being Full of lodgers we went to a neighbors of theirs (Daniel Tripp) to sleep where we found comfortable accommodations - we rose early in the Morning & went to Pauls to breakfast & found him no worse & on the whole some favorable symptoms I found in the course of the forenoon that he was a little revived in streangth & could communicate a little more freely but much speaking in his situation was improper I therefore requested him to spare conversation on my account but told him if there was any special buisness that he wanted me to do for him that I would write to any of his friends respecting it - he told me there was & gave me to understand what it was of which I made a minute to communicate to Wm Rotch Jr -He told



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me he had made a Will to his mind & that those had agree'd to execute it in whom he had confidence. - While sitting by him I observed to him that We both knew that consolation was not to be derived from many words, but if favor'd with a degree of that feeling which has no fellow it was sufficient & that I trusted while sitting by his bed side I had been thus favor'd & was thankful in the evidence that things were well with him, let the event of the present illness turn as it Might, either to live or die. I observed that I had seldom set by any one in Similar circumstances, where there seemed to be more peace, but on account of his low condition of body I had not expressed it before, & that I was particularly comforted in observing the very affectionate attention of his family & solicitude to do everything that could be done for his comfort, & to prolong his days, particularly his neice & two daughters who were very affectionate & assiduous in their attentions - he replied "It is very sweet."- before I left him I told him that if nothing happened to me & he continued in his present state I thought I should come to see him again before long - he replied "How glad I shall be to see thee if I am living" After dinner we took an affectionate leave of him & his family & set off for home we stoped at Thos Barkers again & ate some supper & the Dr went into the room to Stephen who is very low & apparantly near the final change - we then Set out for home & reached it about 10 OClock in the evening. our journey was protracted in consequence of the horse's being nearly worn down. - I should have been glad to have gone to Westport Meeting, but could not, as we were anxous to get home. - I am glad I went & have no doubt the visit will be memorable as long as I live, as well as to Paul & his family - if nothing more it has been a fresh evidence to my mind that the colour of the skin does not effect a man in the kingdom of heaven

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

 August 27, Wednesday: In [Concord, Massachusetts](#), "Lucinda [Hosmer](#), dau^r. of Lucy [Hosmer](#), was born Aug^t. 27, 1817."

CONCORD TOWN RECORDS

In [Westport, Massachusetts](#), [Paul Cuffe](#) was so obviously failing that his family and friends were summoned for a group farewell.

Early in 1817, Cuffe's health began to fail. By July, it became obvious to himself and to his family that he was dying. Late in August, Cuffe called his family and "shaking hands with all, showing fellowship and friendship, bid us farewell." Paul Cuffe died at the age of 58 in the early morning hours of September 7, 1817,⁸ "sensible to the last moments," saying to his nurse: "let me pass quietly away."

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

8. Some sources say he died on August 27th, some on September 7th, some on September 9th, and some on September 17th. -But then, my paper edition of the Britannica isn't even aware he existed.



NEW BEDFORD

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 September 7, Sunday: In [Westport](#), [Paul Cuffe](#) died.

In [Newport, Rhode Island](#), Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

*1st day 7 of 9th M 1817 / Our Meeting this forenoon was large & to me a good one - Our frd David Buffum was very lively in testimony on the subject of FAITH & father Rodman was short to the same effect
Silent in the Afternoon & to me a Season of favor
Sister Ruth took tea with us -*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

 September 8, Monday: The Covent Garden Theater in London opened, with its stage illuminated by gas light.

LIGHTING THE NIGHT

At the [Westport](#) meetinghouse of the Religious Society of Friends, a silent worship funeral service was held for [Paul Cuffe](#) after the manner of Friends. (His and his wife's graves at the meetinghouse he had helped to construct are a hundred feet from the graves of the white Quakers of the Friends Cemetery, near the gray stone wall that borders the corner of the churchyard, entirely isolated. Later on, Friends' histories would prevaricate. Does any of this surprise you?)⁹

In [Newport, Rhode Island](#), Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

2nd day 8 of 9 M / Heard this morning of the Decease of PAUL CUFFEE he left time Yesterday Morning & is to be interr'd this afternoon, to meet at 2 OC at Westport Meeting house this news has affected my mind, for tho' his complexion was darker than mine, I can emphatically say "I loved him" & his loss is great to our Society & the community at large - had time permitted I should have tryed to have got to his funeral, but it was rather to short for me to get there with convenience & I regret it, as in the event of his decease, I have, for several weeks felt an inclination to be at the performance of the last solemn duties, but allass, it is otherwise & disappointments is the lot of Mortals & to which we must submit. -

 October 24, Friday: When the [New Bedford Morning Mercury](#) reported the death of [Paul Cuffe](#) it wrote of "his Brethren" but, by this, it definitely did not indicate his coreligionists the local [Quakers](#). No of course not -get a clue!- what this gazette meant by "his Brethren" was the other people of color living in the vicinity.

9. I don't presently know of any case anywhere in America, in which a Friends meeting actually had accepted into membership any person who had the slightest taint of non-white ancestry — even if as in this case the petitioner were an adult male. Such requests seem to have been **always everywhere** stonewalled. The best we were capable of was this sort of "just-as-if-they-were-like-us" treatment. (This sheds an interesting light upon the limitations of a descriptor such as "not racist.") Five years later, for instance, when another New Bedford man of color, [Nathan Johnson](#), would apply for membership in this very [Quaker](#) monthly meeting, he also would be stonewalled. This raises the interesting question of whether even a **well-to-do** person of color will **ever** be more than merely tolerated by the "real," that is, the white, American Quakers.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1818

 [Henry Grinnell](#) relocated from [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#) to [New-York](#) to become a clerk in the commission house of H.D. & E.B. Sewell.

[Charles Waln Morgan](#) moved to [New Bedford](#).

Irish immigrants existed in sufficient numbers at this point in [New Bedford](#) to warrant a Catholic Mission (St. Mary's Church would be erected 2 years later).

 February 3, Tuesday: Very early on this day, the lower Ohio Valley experienced the harshest winter storm since white settlement had begun in 1788. Dr. Sam Hildreth of Marietta reported a blanket of snow fully 26 inches in depth, undrifted. Severe cold was to follow throughout eastern Ohio, with the Fahrenheit thermometer displaying 20 degrees below 0.

[John Keats](#) wondered, in regard to the work product of [William Wordsworth](#) (whom he had recently met), whether we should allow ourselves to be "bullied into a certain philosophy engendered in the whims of an egotist"?

It may be said that we ought to read our Contemporaries, that Wordsworth &c should have their due from us. but for the sake of a few fine imaginative or domestic passages, are we to be bullied into a certain Philosophy engendered in the whims of an Egotist— Every man has his speculations, but every man does not brood and peacock over them till he makes a false coinage and deceives himself — Many a man can travel to the very bourne of Heaven, and yet want confidence to put down his half seeing.... Poetry should be great & unobtrusive, a thing which enters into one's soul, and does not startle it or amaze it with itself but with its subject. — How beautiful are the retired flowers! how would they lose their beauty were they to throng into the highway crying out, admire me I am a violet! dote upon me I am a primrose! Modern poets differ from the Elizabethans in this.

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

3rd day 3rd of 2nd M 1818 / Set out this morning in a Sleigh in company with Isaac Mitchell Richard Mitchell & their sister Anne & Sister Eliza Rodman for [Providence](#) Quarterly Meeting - We reached [Warren](#) by dinner time, & dined at Cobs Tavern while there it began to Snow, & we rode in an increasing Storm of Wind Rain & Snow - sister E & myself Stopped at O Browns where were soon joined by our dear Acquaintance from Lynn vizt Daniel Johnson Ezra Collins Isaac Bassett & wife & Mary Newhall & Saml Rodman from [New Bedford](#) & several others from this Q[arterly] Meeting we passed a very pleasant evening after a pretty



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suffering ride & lodged

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



May 15, Friday: The *Eagle* made the initial [steamboat](#) crossing of Nantucket Sound, carrying 600 passengers from [New Bedford](#) to Nantucket Island.

At [Concord](#), Nathan Brooks of Concord got married with Caroline Downes of Boston.

Jean Lafitte (the way the English spelled it, or “Laffite” the way he himself spelled it) had sailed down the Texas coast and set up camp in Matagorda Bay. On this day his [pirates](#) or [privateers](#) too control of Galveston Island and he appointed Jao (Joseph) de la Porta, a Portuguese Jew, as “supercargo” (agent) for dealing with the Karankawa native tribe.



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1819

 October 24, Sunday: In [New Bedford](#), [Nathan Johnson](#) married with the widowed Mary J. Mingo Durfee ([Mary "Polly" Johnson](#)). We do not know at what earlier point Nathan had arrived in that town.

La donna del lago, a melodramma by Gioachino Rossini to words of Tottola after Scott, was performed for the initial time, in the Teatro San Carlo of Naples.

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

*1st day 24th of 10th M 1819 / Attended Meeting in the forenoon
& set it thro' in much pain of Body Father Rodman, Anne Dennis
& Hannah Dennis weere engaged in short but lively testimmonys.
Being much unwell & in pain from a disorder which rendered
setting very trying, thought best to stay at home My H & John
went.*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



NEW BEDFORD

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1820

➡ Since Mr. and Mrs. [Nathan Johnson](#) and [Mary "Polly" Johnson](#) are not listed as having their own [New Bedford](#) household in the federal census of this year, clearly at that point they had not yet become householders. In all likelihood they were at that time living in the home of the young Quaker merchant Charles Waln Morgan, who moved from [Philadelphia](#) to New Bedford in that year, since in Mrs. Morgan's journal we find the notation "Polly Johnson (came to us 1st mo 22nd 1820)," and since Rhoda Durfee, a child of Polly's first marriage, and Nathan Johnson, also worked for the Morgans.

Since 1790, the town of Columbia, Pennsylvania had included a proportionately large free black population, and by this point that community had grown to include 288 persons.

➡ June 18, Sunday: Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

1st day 18th of 6 M 1820 / Our Morning meeting was large but did not prove so open a time as could be wished tho our frd Charles Osborn labord faithfully in the ability afforded - In the Afternoon as the other Meeting broke, many people flocked in, which happened just as Charles rose & it proved a season of good openness wherein he discharged himself to the comfort of friends & the satisfaction of others. -

They took tea with us & after tea we took leave at which time Charles was concerned to impart a few words of Sweet encouragement very precious & consoling to our feelings - They rode to Rich Mitchells to lodge, intending from thence to [Tiverton](#) Little Compton, Westport & on to [New Bedford](#) wishing to be at [Nantucket](#) on first Day next.

I have to Acknowledge (I trust) under an humble sense of the Lords goodness that this Yearly Meeting has been to me a season of favor, tenderness & love, for which I desire to offer thanksgiving & praise where it is alone due. - before the meeting commenced it was a season of much fear & dread among us, least [lest] from some existing causes, the Truth would suffer, but the Lord made bare his holy Arm for the help of his people, & the good cause gained ground, to the consolation of the honest sincere hearted traveller, who travel for the prosperity of Zion & the right enlargement of her Borders.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



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1821

 A horse pulling a sleigh ran over [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) at the age of 9. His right hip would bring him pain for the entirety of his life.

The African Methodist Episcopal Zion communion of the [Methodist Episcopal Church](#) officially became a separate denomination, under the leadership of James Varick. (It would be this African Methodist Episcopal Zion church that [Frederick Douglass](#) eventually would join in [New Bedford](#), and for which he would become a lay exhorter.)

AME

NO-ONE'S LIFE IS EVER NOT DRIVEN PRIMARILY BY HAPPENSTANCE





NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1822

➡ At about the age of 17 [Minot Pratt](#), who had put to learn stone-cutting, went to [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#) to become a printer's apprentice at the [Mercury](#). Although there is no known image of him, he would be described in Lindsay Swift's 1900 BROOK FARM as "one of the most conspicuously attractive inhabitants [of Brook Farm] ... large and of fine physique, with strong features, and a modest but dignified mien."

The recorded [Quaker](#) minister Mary Newhall, and friends Elizabeth Redman and [Mary Rotch](#), were in the process of being [disowned](#) by the [New Bedford](#) Monthly Meeting of the [Religious Society of Friends](#), for their espousal of what were termed "advanced doctrines."

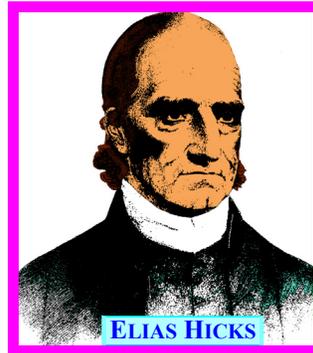
Read about this "New Light" controversy:

THE "NEW LIGHTS"

Read about the impact this controversy would have on [Waldo Emerson](#) (according to his own evaluation):

FREDERICK B. TOLLES

About 35 of these "New Lights" were being [disowned](#) in [Lynn](#),¹⁰ and almost that many in nearby [Salem](#). Micah Ruggles and Lydia Dean were involved in this set of beliefs.



*"Our hearts are filled
with many guests
— many beloveds."*

10. [Lynn](#) (maybe it was yet called Lynnfield) was less than an hour's travel from Boston. From Burrill's Hill there you can see the golden dome of the Massachusetts State House.



Quaker Meeting for Worship

Note that [Thoreau](#) and [Emerson](#) scholars, to date, have taken a simplistic attitude toward this history, presuming for one thing that in the Friendly struggle between Hicksites and Evangelicals, it was always the [Hicksites](#) who were [disowned](#) and the Evangelicals who stayed in possession of the [Quaker](#) logo when that is utterly inaccurate, and presuming, for another thing, that whenever there was a struggle with the Evangelicals in the Friends groups, those who were in opposition were Hicksites or Hicksite sympathizers when that is utterly simplistic. For instance, the “New Light” movement of Mary Newhall that began in about [1815](#)  had not more sympathy for Hicksites than for Evangelicals, was affiliated with the “Irish Liberals,” and was a parallel within Quakerism of the group within the [Congregational Church](#) which had eventually split off as [Unitarians](#). (The payoff for these simplistic attitudes is that the scholars get to pretend that the Hicksites were merely Unitarian-sympy within [Quaker](#) groups, and thus dismiss the fundamental difference between the sort of “reformer” who goes for religious closure, like the [Reverend Ralph Waldo Emerson](#) or the Reverend [Frederic Henry Hedge](#) or [Martin Luther](#), but merely for closure of a different stamp, and the sort of religious reformer, like [Henry Thoreau](#) or [Elias Hicks](#) or [George Fox](#), who seeks to forestall any religious closure.) Mary Newhall, Elizabeth Redman, and Mary Rotch, reformers of the “closure-seeking” variety and deadly opponents of the Hicksites (of whom they had no comprehension, because they did not know what it was to seek “non-closure” in matters of the spirit) as well as of the Evangelicals (in opposition to whom they defined themselves), became Unitarians and became friends (small f) of [Ralph Waldo Emerson](#).

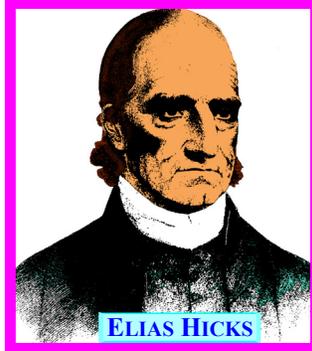
To characterize their belief system, the historian has to explain that these “New Lights” opposed the Evangelicals within Quakerism who were tending to oversimplify the spiritual life by an escapism in which the old was automatically better than the new, the past better than the present, their model of religious doctrine being one of gradual deterioration with time, and has also to explain that what they had to offer in the place of these simplicitudes was merely an equal but opposite oversimplificitism according to which the new is automatically better than the old, because bright and new, and the future better than the present because after the present. Their simplistic model of religious doctrine was one of progressive revelation with time — a doctrine of evolutionary progress in religious attitudes similar to the sophomoric attitude that a few deities are obviously better than a confused pagan mess of them, and one monotheistic deity obviously superior to a few (and no deity superior to one). What these people had to offer reduced to the message “Oh, that’s old-fashioned now,” if one allows that they did deliver this doctrine with some wit and subtlety.



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Friend Elias was responsive to the tribulation of these [disowned](#) Friends, but his basic attitude had already been expressed in a letter to Martha Aldrich on [May 29, 1801](#):  neither memories of the past nor anticipations of the future should be allowed to distract us from the seriousness of our task of using “our own experience and judgment” in “living our daily experience in that injunction of our dear Lord.”



*“The candle could not be
often put out,
unless it was also
often lighted,
which shows the mercy of God.”*

Is it any wonder that this was the year in which Friend Elias had his first heart attack?

 March 13, Wednesday: Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

4th day 13th of 3rd M 1822 / Saw this evening in the Salem Gazette the Notice of the decease of LYDIA DEAN wife of Wm Dean and daughter of Wm Rotch of [New Bedford](#) - This is affecting News - She died last first day 10th inst -

[RHODE ISLAND](#)
[RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS](#)

 March 18, Monday: The Preparative Meeting recommended to the [New Bedford](#) Monthly Meeting of the [Religious Society of Friends](#) that Friend Mary Newhall be [disowned](#) (eventually the bodies of the local New Lights would be allowed to be buried in the meeting’s cemetery, although surrounded by a fence to distinguish these ones as disowned).

Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) commented about the lonely state of the sole remaining [Jew](#) of [Newport, Rhode Island](#), Moses Lopez:

2nd day 18 of 3 M / Last night at half past 11 O'clock JACOB LOPEZ died - he & his Brother Moses were the only Jews to have lived in Newport for a number of Years & no men have stood fairer as Moral honest men - They are old acquaintances of mine, they have often visited me in my shop & passed many hours in pleasant converstaion, & poor MOSES will now feel himself as he really is quite alone, & destitute of associates of his own religious views - I visited him this morning & found him in affliction

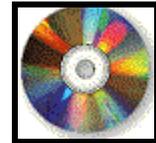
 March 27, Wednesday: Gioachino Rossini witnessed a performance of Der Freischutz at the Karntnertortheater in Vienna, conducted by the composer (presumably he and Weber didn't meet at this time).

[Friend](#) Charles Waln Morgan wrote to a friend in [Philadelphia](#) that “my black man Nathan” had risen at the end of a meeting of the [New Bedford](#) Society of Friends, without any forewarning to him, “and informed the meeting that he had no wish to intrude, but believed it to be his duty to request to become a member of that Society.” He “sp[oke] very well & properly, the request Received due notice, and is under care of overseers. I was entirely ignorant of his views or intentions — though he is quite plain and has been very exemplary in every respect for a long time.” Although this [Quaker](#) predicted that his monthly meeting would accept [Nathan Johnson](#), in part because of “his location in my family,” this sort of optimism would of course prove to have been overly sanguine as the Friends would of course never act upon Johnson’s request.¹¹



“Nobody ever bought a product that made them feel worse.”

— [George W. Bush](#)



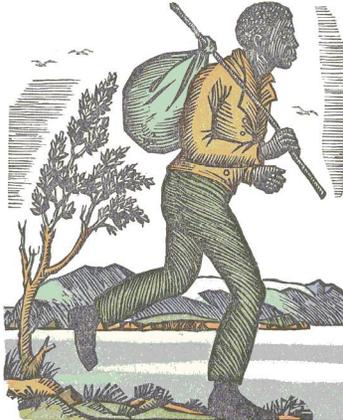
11. I don't presently know of any case anywhere in America, in which a Friends meeting actually had accepted into membership any person who had the slightest taint of non-white ancestry — even if as in this case the petitioner were an adult male. Such requests seem to have been **always everywhere** stonewalled. (This sheds an interesting light upon the limitations of a descriptor such as “not racist.”) It has been alleged that in the case of the well-to-do Captain [Paul Cuffe](#), who wore Quaker garb and took part not only in local meetings for worship and for business, but also took part in Quaker [Yearly Meeting](#) in New England, he had been accepted as a Quaker, but we must bear carefully in mind that he had been buried, in 1817, five years prior to this, not in the Quaker graveyard with white Quakers, but **outside the door** of the new meetinghouse which he had helped to erect in New Bedford, well separate from all white people. This raises the question of whether even a **well-to-do** person of color would **ever** have been more than merely tolerated by the “real,” that is, the white, American Quakers.



NEW BEDFORD

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 November 4, Monday: [Camillus Griffith](#), a slaveowner's agent, arrived in [New Bedford](#) on this day. It soon became clear that he had come to search out a black man who had been known in Virginia as William, who had arrived in New Bedford in 1817 or 1818.



In New Bedford, this man had been introducing himself as [John Randolph](#), and he had been so listed on the occasion of the 1820 census, with two others in his household. Griffith asserted that Randolph had helped two slaves, Arthur and Lucy Cooper, escape from a Virginia plantation on board the *Regulator*, a New Bedford coasting vessel owned by John Avery Parker and Weston Howland. Griffith had already been to Nantucket to attempt to recover the Coopers, but although he had found them, the white Nantucketers apparently had interfered with his making off with them. So, he had decided to see if he would have better luck in New Bedford with the John Randolph case. Griffith went to Randolph's New Bedford home and, according to the New Bedford [Mercury](#), “dragged [Randolph] from his family, manacled, and forced towards perpetual bondage, and all for no other crime than the exercise of that freedom to which, by the law of nature every man is entitled.” A Boston district court judge had assured him he would need no warrant to make such an arrest — to justify his seizure of Randolph, therefore, he merely displayed his power of attorney to act on behalf of the estate to which the slaves were said to belong. [Nathan Johnson](#) would attend a local hearing of the case. It would seem that the white men at this hearing suspected Johnson, for a half-century later he would remark to a reporter for the New Bedford [Republican Standard](#) that a white man positioned himself behind him “with a



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heavy pair of tongs in his hand ready to brain him if there was any attempt made for Randolph's liberation." The New Bedford magistrates would refuse to hear the case, so Griffith would go to court instead in Taunton. At some point, according to Griffith, Randolph, despite his handcuffs, made a dash for a window. "When I attempted to stop him, I received some blows." Then, while Griffith was leading Randolph into a carriage to take him to Taunton, "he was rescued from me by ten writs of debts alleged to be due by him." These writs of debt had been constructed as a delaying tactic by Friend William W. Swain and Friend Thomas Rotch. Eventually Swain and Rotch would file charges against Griffith, of assault and battery and false imprisonment, and get him thrown into the local jail.

RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

[Waldo Emerson](#) was teaching/tutoring in [Chelmsford, Massachusetts](#) when on November 4th he recorded in his journal:

[Daniel] Webster was chosen representative to Congress by a majority of 1078 votes this morning.

A decorative horizontal line with a quill pen nib at the end, set against a yellow background.



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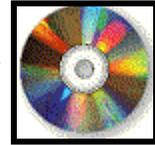
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1823

 After the [War of 1812](#), when commerce had begun to flourish once more, the larger ships had found that they simply could not clear the sandy bar that had formed before the mouth of Nantucket harbor. Thus, the Nantucketers began to transfer their operations to the mainland, centering upon [New Bedford](#). By this point the fleet out of New Bedford equaled the size of the fleet out of [Nantucket Island](#). For the next four decades, up until civil war hit us, New Bedford would enjoy a constant growth and prosperity, and Ishmael, in Herman Melville's [MOBY-DICK; OR, THE WHALE](#), would refer to it as "perhaps the dearest place to live in, in all New England."



"The whaler was a kind of pirate-miner – an excavator of oceanic oil, stoking the furnace of the Industrial Revolution as much as any man digging coal out of the earth."



– Philip Hoare, *THE WHALE: IN SEARCH OF THE GIANTS OF THE SEA* (NY: HarperCollins, March 2010)

MOBY-DICK, THE OIL SPILL

 At the age of 11 [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) was struck in the eye by “a rough Irish youth” with a consequent partial loss of sight. The eye would be distinctly smaller, which explains why his portrait is from the side:





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 February 9, Sunday: Mary Newhall, disowned by the Lynn monthly meeting of the [Religious Society of Friends](#), preached at the brick Friends meetinghouse at the corner of Spring Street and 7th Street in [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#). The custom of the time was that when a Quaker knelt in prayer, other Quakers would stand in order to be in fellowship with her prayer. However, when Mary Newhall knelt in supplication, although a number of the “New Lights” rose to their feet, the “Old Lights” remained seated. She would be defended by New Bedford Friend Samuel Rodman, Clerk of the New England Yearly Meeting.



In [Newport, Rhode Island](#), Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

*1st day 9 of 2 M / Meetings nearly silent & rather dull Seasons
Thoughts much on troubles at [New Bedford](#). –*



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 February 11, Tuesday: Mary Newhall and Friend [Mary Rotch](#) preached in the church at the corner of William Street and Purchase Street in [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#). Due to their support for Mary Newhall, Friend [Mary Rotch](#) and her younger sister, Friend Elizabeth Rotch Rodman (Mrs. Samuel Rodman), would be frozen out of the council of elders of their local Monthly Meeting in [New Bedford](#). This would cause an entire set of New Bedford [Quakers](#) (the so-called “New Lights”) to turn [Unitarian](#).



RHODE ISLAND RELIGION

During the hours of darkness [disowned Friend George Pollard, Jr.](#) had kept his whaling vessel moving along despite the fact that no stars were visible — and despite the fact that the [Two Brothers](#) was being sailed through a poorly charted quadrant of the Pacific Ocean some 600 miles northwest of the Hawaiian chain known to contain shoals. Due to this extremely poor judgment, off French Frigate Shoals his vessel ripped its bottom on a reef. The captain did not want to abandon ship but was brought along by his crew into their small boats, and the following morning all lives would be saved by another [Nantucket](#) whaler. (Captain Pollard had been in charge during the shipwreck of the *Essex*. This would be, therefore, the final time he would be entrusted with a vessel — he would finish out his life as a night watchman. [Herman Melville](#) would seek him out in Nantucket for a sympathetic interview, and in 2011 the wreck of the [Two Brothers](#) would be explored by skindivers: its anchors, its trying vessels for whale blubber, etc.)

LOST AT SEA

TIMELINE OF ACCIDENTS

 June 8, Sunday: [Molly Brown](#), wife of [Lieutenant Reuben Brown](#), died in [Concord](#) at the age of 69.

“Molly Brown, wife of Lt. Reuben Brown, died June 8, 1823. [aged 69. g.s.]

In [Newport, Rhode Island](#), Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

1st day 8th of 6 M / Silent Meetings & to me rather dull seasons Yearly Meeting approaches, & was it not for the confidence [-] feel in the Power of Truth to support & sustain thro' all [-]y over all, I must acknowledge my mind would be much more depressed at the prospect than it is - It is [-now?] a time in Society when the burden bearer fainteth, several of those who have attended the Y Meeting from my boyhood seem disaffected & there is much trouble [-]t in various Yearly Meetings, on account of a disorganizing spirit which has got up in the minds of some [-]t Doctrine & Discipline, at Salem Lynn & [New Bedford](#). This



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trouble mainly exists in this Quarter, but at [Phila?] delphia & some other places the difficulty is still greater [-] has seemed sometimes as if great indeed would be the [trial?] which awaits us. - But Ranterism has had its ups & downs from the Days of G Fox to the present time, - That spirit has exalted itself & judges down others, has many [-times?] previous to this day displayed its terrific Hydra [head?] but that spirit, which has ever stood above the [-] ill's power, & held him in subjection, has never [failed? to be with those who rightly ask & seek for it -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



December 7, Sunday: Gioachino Rossini and his wife left Paris heading for London.

Concerto for two pianos in E by [Felix Mendelssohn](#) was performed for the initial time, at the Mendelssohn residence in Berlin. One of the invited guests was Friedrich Kalkbrenner.

In [Newport, Rhode Island](#), Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

1st day 7 of 12 M / Our Morn'g Meeting was large & to me favourd a short testimony from Susannah Bateman & Hannah Dennis Silent in the Afternoon. -- Set the eveng with my H & Sister Ruth at Henry Gould who gave us some account of the late Quarterly Meeting at [New Bedford](#) which he & his wife attended - it appears Truth stood its ground, tho' some bitter herbs were eaten by those who are rightly concerned for the support of our Testimonys

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



December 22, Monday: Franz Liszt performed in Paris to sensational audience and critical response (he would perform in Paris no less than 38 times before the following April).

[Edward Sherman Hoar](#) was born.

In [Newport, Rhode Island](#), Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

2nd day 22nd of 12 M / Recd this Afternoon a packet of information with a letter from Wing Russel of [New Bedford](#), where there appears to be new troubles among the disturbers of Society. -

This evening have recd News of the Death of our old & affectionate friend Elizabeth Towle on the 10th inst after about two weeks of illness. She died at Nazareth Pennsylvania where she resided with her husband Saml Towle, Since they left this Town. -her attentions to us & many more they left in this place will never be forgotten, in sickness she was Attentive & Affectionate, & as a companion pleasant & instructive both in deportment & conversation.-

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



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1824

March: Friend Mary Rotch was “frozen out” of the group of elders by the New Bedford, Massachusetts meeting of Quakers despite the fact that 19 of the members of this monthly meeting were in disunity with such a shunning.¹²

When, in this timeframe, the grave of the recently buried Anne Catherine Emmerich was opened for inspection, her body was characterized as still fresh and without any visible signs of corruption.



Was this miracle a sign of God’s favor? Was God discovering a way to pass along to us from “the other side” a coded message about Sister Anne’s specialness?

CATHOLICISM

April 1, Thursday: In Newport, Rhode Island, Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

5th day 1st of 4th M 1824 / Meeting rather small, but silent & comfortable Some of the Worthies absent at New Bedford Quarterly Meeting this Day held. –

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

12. To have become effective, a “disownment” would have needed to be approved by the Quarterly Meeting and I have found no record of any such action.



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At Hartford, Connecticut, Eli Todd opened the doors of the Connecticut Retreat for the Insane for its 1st patients. The name and philosophy of treatment of this institution was to be patterned after the humane practices of the York Retreat in England. This institution is now known as the Institute of Living.¹³

PSYCHOLOGY

A board was chosen to study the feasibility of a [canal](#) from the Susquehanna River to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Early on during the 1823/1824 session of the federal Congress, a bill had been introduced into the House of Representatives to comprehensively revise the acts pertaining to duties on imports, in order more fully to protect domestic producers. The bill had become the subject of a protracted debate engaging the talent of both political parties. Mr. Webster had taken an active part in that discussion, but the friends of the bill had not been able, or had been unwilling, to put it into a condition in which Webster would support it. Speaker of the House Henry Clay having addressed the representatives sitting as a Committee of the Whole on March 30/31, on this day it was the turn of Representative [Daniel Webster](#):¹⁴

MR. CHAIRMAN, — I will avail myself of the present occasion to make some remarks on certain principles and opinions which have been recently advanced, and on those considerations which, in my judgment, ought to govern us in deciding upon the several and respective parts of this very important and complex measure. I can truly say that this is a painful duty. I deeply regret the necessity which is likely to be imposed upon me of giving a general affirmative or negative vote on the whole of the bill. I cannot but think this mode of proceeding liable to great objections. It exposes both those who support and those who oppose the measure to very unjust and injurious misapprehensions. There may be good reasons for favoring some of the provisions of the bill, and equally strong reasons for opposing others; and these provisions do not stand to each other in the relation of principal and incident. If that were the case, those who are in favor of the principal might forego their opinions upon incidental and subordinate provisions. But the bill proposes enactments entirely distinct and different from one another in character and tendency. Some of its clauses are intended merely for revenue; and of those which regard the protection of home manufactures, one part stands upon very different grounds from those of other parts. So that probably every gentleman who may ultimately support the bill will vote for much which his judgment does not approve; and those who oppose it will oppose something which they would very gladly support.

Being intrusted with the interests of a district highly commercial, and deeply interested in manufactures also, I wish to state my opinions on the present measure, not as on a whole, for it has no entire and homogeneous character, but as on a collection of different enactments, some of which meet my

13. Street, W.R. A CHRONOLOGY OF NOTEWORTHY EVENTS IN AMERICAN [PSYCHOLOGY](#). Washington DC: American Psychological Association, 1994

14. [Edwin Percy 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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approbation and some of which do not. And allow me, Sir, in the first place, to state my regret, if indeed I ought not to express a warmer sentiment, at the names or designations which Mr. Speaker¹⁵ has seen fit to adopt for the purpose of describing the advocates and the opposers of the present bill. It is a question, he says, between the friends of an "American policy" and those of a "foreign policy." This, Sir, is an assumption which I take the liberty most directly to deny. Mr. Speaker certainly intended nothing invidious or derogatory to any part of the House by this mode of denominating friends and enemies. But there is power in names, and this manner of distinguishing those who favor and those who oppose particular measures may lead to inferences to which no member of the House can submit. It may imply that there is a more exclusive and peculiar regard to American interests in one class of opinions than in another. Such an implication is to be resisted and repelled. Every member has a right to the presumption, that he pursues what he believes to be the interest of his country with as sincere a zeal as any other member. I claim this in my own case; and while I shall not, for any purpose of description or convenient arrangement use terms which may imply any disrespect to other men's opinions, much less any imputation upon other men's motives, it is my duty to take care that the use of such terms by others be not, against the will of those who adopt them, made to produce a false impression. Indeed, Sir, it is a little astonishing, if it seemed convenient to Mr. Speaker, for the purposes of distinction, to make use of the terms "American policy" and "foreign policy," that he should not have applied them in a manner precisely the reverse of that in which he has in fact used them. If names are thought necessary, it would be well enough, one would think, that the name should be in some measure descriptive of the thing; and since Mr. Speaker denominates the policy which he recommends "a new policy in this country"; since he speaks of the present measure as a new era in our legislation; since he professes to invite us to depart from our accustomed course, to instruct ourselves by the wisdom of others, and to adopt the policy of the most distinguished foreign states, — one is a little curious to know with what propriety of speech this imitation of other nations is denominated an "American policy," while, on the contrary, a preference for our own established system, as it now actually exists and always has existed, is called a "foreign policy." This favorite American policy is what America has never tried; and this odious foreign policy is what, as we are told, foreign states have never pursued. Sir, that is the truest American policy which shall most usefully employ American capital and American labor, and best sustain the whole population. With me it is a fundamental axiom, it is interwoven with all my opinions, that the great interests of the country are united and inseparable; that agriculture, commerce, and manufactures will prosper together or languish together; and



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that all legislation is dangerous which proposes to benefit one of these without looking to consequences which may fall on the others.

Passing from this, Sir, I am bound to say that Mr. Speaker began his able and impressive speech at the proper point of inquiry, — I mean the present state and condition of the country, — although I am so unfortunate, or rather although I am so happy, as to differ from him very widely in regard to that condition. I dissent entirely from the justice of that picture of distress which he has drawn. I have not seen the reality, and know not where it exists. Within my observation, there is no cause for so gloomy and terrifying a representation. In respect to the New England States, with the condition of which I am of course best acquainted, the present appears to me a period of very general prosperity. Not, indeed, a time for sudden acquisition and great profits, not a day of extraordinary activity and successful speculation. There is no doubt a considerable depression of prices, and, in some degree, a stagnation of business. But the case presented by Mr. Speaker was not one of **depression**, but of **distress**; of universal, pervading, intense distress, limited to no class and to no place. We are represented as on the very verge and brink of national ruin. So far from acquiescing in these opinions, I believe there has been no period in which the general prosperity was better secured, or rested on a more solid foundation. As applicable to the Eastern States, I put this remark to their representatives, and ask them if it is not true. When has there been a time in which the means of living have been more accessible and more abundant? When has labor been rewarded, I do not say with a larger, but with a more certain success? Profits, indeed, are low; in some pursuits of life, which it is not proposed to benefit, but to **burden**, by this bill, very low. But still I am unacquainted with any proofs of extraordinary distress. What, indeed, are the general indications of the state of the country? There is no famine nor pestilence in the land, nor war, nor desolation. There is no writhing under the burden of taxation. The means of subsistence are abundant; and at the very moment when the miserable condition of the country is asserted, it is admitted that the wages of labor are high in comparison with those of any other country. A country, then, enjoying a profound peace, perfect civil liberty, with the means of subsistence cheap and abundant, with the reward of labor sure, and its wages higher than anywhere else, cannot be represented as in gloom, melancholy, and distress, but by the effort of extraordinary powers of tragedy. Even if, in judging of this question, we were to regard only those proofs to which we have been referred, we shall probably come to a conclusion somewhat different from that which has been drawn. Our exports, for example, although certainly less than in some years, were not, last year, so much below an average formed upon the exports of a series of years, and putting those exports at a fixed value, as might be supposed. The value of the exports of agricultural products, of animals, of the products



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of the forest and of the sea, together with gunpowder, spirits, and sundry unenumerated articles, amounted in the several years to the following sums, viz.: -

In 1790,	\$27,716,152
1804,	33,842,316
1807,	38,465,854

Coming up now to our own times, and taking the exports of the years 1821, 1822, and 1823, of the same articles and products, at the same prices, they stand thus: -

In 1821,	\$45,643,175
1822,	48,782,295
1823,	55,863,491

Mr. Speaker has taken the very extraordinary year of 1803, and, adding to the exportation of that year what he thinks ought to have been a just augmentation, in proportion to the increase of our population, he swells the result to a magnitude, which, when compared with our actual exports, would exhibit a great deficiency. But is there any justice in this mode of calculation? In the first place, as before observed, the year 1803 was a year of extraordinary exportation. By reference to the accounts, that of the article of flour, for example, there was an export that year of thirteen hundred thousand barrels; but the very next year it fell to eight hundred thousand, and the next year to seven hundred thousand. In the next place, there never was any reason to expect that the increase of our exports of agricultural products would keep pace with the increase of our population. That would be against all experience. It is, indeed, most desirable, that there should be an augmented demand for the products of agriculture; but, nevertheless, the official returns of our exports do not show that absolute want of all foreign market which has been so strongly stated.

But there are other means by which to judge of the general condition of the people. The quantity of the means of subsistence consumed, or, to make use of a phraseology better suited to the condition of our own people, the quantity of the comforts of life enjoyed, is one of those means. It so happens, indeed, that it is not so easy in this country as elsewhere to ascertain facts of this sort with accuracy. Where most of the articles of subsistence and most of the comforts of life are taxed, there is, of course, great facility in ascertaining, from official statements, the amount of consumption. But in this country, most fortunately, the government neither knows, nor is concerned to know, the annual consumption; and estimates can only be formed in another mode, and in reference only to a few articles. Of these articles, tea is one. It is not quite a luxury, and yet is something above the absolute necessities of life. Its consumption, therefore, will be diminished in times of adversity, and augmented in times of prosperity. By deducting the annual export from the annual import, and taking a number of years together, we may arrive at a probable estimate of



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consumption. The average of eleven years, from 1790 to 1800, inclusive, will be found to be two millions and a half of pounds. From 1801 to 1812, inclusive, the average was three millions seven hundred thousand; and the average of the last three years, to wit, 1821, 1822, and 1823, was five millions and a half. Having made a just allowance for the increase of our numbers, we shall still find, I think, from these statements, that there is no distress which has limited our means of subsistence and enjoyment.

In forming an opinion of the degree of general prosperity, we may regard, likewise, the progress of internal improvements, the investment of capital in roads, bridges, and canals. All these prove a balance of income over expenditure; they afford evidence that there is a surplus of profits, which the present generation is usefully vesting for the benefit of the next. It cannot be denied, that, in this particular, the progress of the country is steady and rapid.

We may look, too, to the sums expended for education. Are our colleges deserted? Do fathers find themselves less able than usual to educate their children? It will be found, I imagine, that the amount paid for the purpose of education is constantly increasing, and that the schools and colleges were never more full than at the present moment. I may add, that the endowment of public charities, the contributions to objects of general benevolence, whether foreign or domestic, the munificence of individuals towards whatever promises to benefit the community, are all so many proofs of national prosperity. And, finally, there is no defalcation of revenue, no pressure of taxation.

The general result, therefore, of a fair examination of the present condition of things, seems to me to be, that there is a considerable depression of prices, and curtailment of profit; and in some parts of the country, it must be admitted, there is a great degree of pecuniary embarrassment, arising from the difficulty of paying debts which were contracted when prices were high. With these qualifications, the general state of the country may be said to be prosperous; and these are not sufficient to give to the whole face of affairs any appearance of general distress.

Supposing the evil, then, to be a depression of prices, and a partial pecuniary pressure, the next inquiry is into the causes of that evil; and it appears to me that there are several; and in this respect, I think, too much has been imputed by Mr. Speaker to the single cause of the diminution of exports. Connected, as we are, with all the commercial nations of the world, and having observed great changes to take place elsewhere, we should consider whether the causes of those changes have not reached us, and whether we are not suffering by the operation of them, in common with others. Undoubtedly, there has been a great fall in the price of all commodities throughout the commercial world, in consequence of the restoration of a state of peace. When the Allies entered France in 1814, prices rose astonishingly fast, and very high. Colonial



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produce, for instance, in the ports of this country, as well as elsewhere, sprung up suddenly from the lowest to the highest extreme. A new and vast demand was created for the commodities of trade. These were the natural consequences of the great political changes which then took place in Europe.

We are to consider, too, that our own war created new demand, and that a government expenditure of twenty-five or thirty million dollars a year had the usual effect of enhancing prices. We are obliged to add, that the paper issues of our banks carried the same effect still further. A depreciated currency existed in a great part of the country; depreciated to such an extent, that, at one time, exchange between the centre and the North was as high as twenty per cent. The Bank of the United States was instituted to correct this evil; but, for causes which it is not necessary now to enumerate, it did not for some years bring back the currency of the country to a sound state. This depreciation of the circulating currency was so much, of course, added to the nominal prices of commodities, and these prices, thus unnaturally high, seemed, to those who looked only at the appearance, to indicate great prosperity. But such prosperity is more specious than real. It would have been better, probably, as the shock would have been less, if prices had fallen sooner. At length, however, they fell; and as there is little doubt that certain events in Europe had an influence in determining the time at which this fall took place, I will advert shortly to some of the principal of those events.

In May, 1819, the British House of Commons decided, by a unanimous vote, that the resumption of cash payments by the Bank of England should not be deferred beyond the ensuing February. The restriction had been continued from time to time, and from year to year, Parliament always professing to look to the restoration of a specie currency whenever it should be found practicable. Having been, in July, 1818, continued to July, 1819, it was understood that, in the interim, the important question of the time at which cash payments should be resumed should be finally settled. In the latter part of the year 1818, the circulation of the bank had been greatly reduced, and a severe scarcity of money was felt in the London market. Such was the state of things in England. On the Continent, other important events took place. The French Indemnity Loan had been negotiated in the summer of 1818, and the proportion of it belonging to Austria, Russia, and Prussia had been sold. This created an unusual demand for gold and silver in those countries. It has been stated, that the amount of the precious metals transmitted to Austria and Russia in that year was at least twenty millions sterling. Other large sums were sent to Prussia and to Denmark. The effect of this sudden drain of specie, felt first at Paris, was communicated to Amsterdam and Hamburg, and all other commercial places in the North of Europe. The paper system of England had certainly communicated an artificial value to property. It had encouraged speculation, and excited over-trading. When the shock therefore came, and this



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violent pressure for money acted at the same moment on the Continent and in England, inflated and unnatural prices could be kept up no longer. A reduction took place, which has been estimated to have been at least equal to a fall of thirty, if not forty per cent. The depression was universal; and the change was felt in the United States severely, though not equally so in every part. There are those, I am aware, who maintain that the events to which I have alluded did not cause the great fall of prices, but that that fall was natural and inevitable, from the previously existing state of things, the abundance of commodities, and the want of demand. But that would only prove that the effect was produced in another way, rather than by another cause. If these great and sudden calls for money did not reduce prices, but prices fell, as of themselves, to their natural state, still the result is the same; for we perceive that, after these new calls for money, prices could not be kept longer at their unnatural height.

About the time of these foreign events, our own bank system underwent a change; and all these causes, in my view of the subject, concurred to produce the great shock which took place in our commercial cities, and in many parts of the country. The year 1819 was a year of numerous failures, and very considerable distress, and would have furnished far better grounds than exist at present for that gloomy representation of our condition which has been presented. Mr. Speaker has alluded to the strong inclination which exists, or has existed, in various parts of the country, to issue paper money, as a proof of great existing difficulties. I regard it rather as a very productive cause of those difficulties; and the committee will not fail to observe, that there is, at this moment, much the loudest complaint of distress precisely where there has been the greatest attempt to relieve it by systems of paper credit. And, on the other hand, content, prosperity, and happiness are most observable in those parts of the country where there has been the least endeavor to administer relief by law. In truth, nothing is so baneful, so utterly ruinous to all true industry, as interfering with the legal value of money, or attempting to raise artificial standards to supply its place. Such remedies suit well the spirit of extravagant speculation, but they sap the very foundation of all honest acquisition. By weakening the security of property, they take away all motive for exertion. Their effect is to transfer property. Whenever a debt is allowed to be paid by any thing less valuable than the legal currency in respect to which it was contracted, the difference between the value of the paper given in payment and the legal currency is precisely so much property taken from one man and given to another, by legislative enactment.

When we talk, therefore, of protecting industry, let us remember that the first measure for that end is to secure it in its earnings; to assure it that it shall receive its own. Before we invent new modes of raising prices, let us take care that existing prices are not rendered wholly unavailable, by making



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them capable of being paid in depreciated paper. I regard, Sir, this issue of irredeemable paper as the most prominent and deplorable cause of whatever pressure still exists in the country; and, further, I would put the question to the members of this committee, whether it is not from that part of the people who have tried this paper system, and tried it to their cost, that this bill receives the most earnest support? And I cannot forbear to ask, further, whether this support does not proceed rather from a general feeling of uneasiness under the present condition of things, than from the clear perception of any benefit which the measure itself can confer? Is not all expectation of advantage centred in a sort of vague hope, that change may produce relief? Debt certainly presses hardest where prices have been longest kept up by artificial means. They find the shock lightest who take it soonest; and I fully believe that, if those parts of the country which now suffer most had not augmented the force of the blow by deferring it, they would have now been in a much better condition than they are. We may assure ourselves, once for all, Sir, that there can be no such thing as payment of debts by legislation. We may abolish debts indeed; we may transfer property by visionary and violent laws. But we deceive both ourselves and our constituents, if we flatter either ourselves or them with the hope that there is any relief against whatever pressure exists, but in economy and industry. The depression of prices and the stagnation of business have been in truth the necessary result of circumstances. No government could prevent them, and no government can altogether relieve the people from their effect. We have enjoyed a day of extraordinary prosperity; we had been neutral while the world was at war, and had found a great demand for our products, our navigation, and our labor. We had no right to expect that that state of things would continue always. With the return of peace, foreign nations would struggle for themselves, and enter into competition with us in the great objects of pursuit. Now, Sir, what is the remedy for existing evils? What is the course of policy suited to our actual condition? Certainly it is not our wisdom to adopt any system that may be offered to us, without examination, and in the blind hope that whatever changes our condition may improve it. It is better that we should

"bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of."

We are bound to see that there is a fitness and an aptitude in whatever measures may be recommended to relieve the evils that afflict us; and before we adopt a system that professes to make great alterations, it is our duty to look carefully to each leading interest of the community, and see how it may probably be affected by our proposed legislation.

And, in the first place, what is the condition of our commerce? Here we must clearly perceive, that it is not enjoying that rich harvest which fell to its fortune during the continuance of the European wars. It has been greatly depressed, and limited to small profits. Still, it is elastic and active, and seems



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capable of recovering itself in some measure from its depression. The shipping interest, also, has suffered severely, still more severely, probably, than commerce. If any thing should strike us with astonishment, it is that the navigation of the United States should be able to sustain itself. Without any government protection whatever, it goes abroad to challenge competition with the whole world; and, in spite of all obstacles, it has yet been able to maintain eight hundred thousand tons in the employment of foreign trade. How, Sir, do the ship-owners and navigators accomplish this? How is it that they are able to meet, and in some measure overcome, universal competition? It is not, Sir, by protection and bounties: but by unwearied exertion, by extreme economy, by unshaken perseverance, by that manly and resolute spirit which relies on itself to protect itself. These causes alone enable American ships still to keep their element, and show the flag of their country in distant seas. The rates of insurance may teach us how thoroughly our ships are built, and how skilfully and safely they are navigated. Risks are taken, as I learn, from the United States to Liverpool, at one per cent; and from the United States to Canton and back, as low as three per cent. But when we look to the low rate of freight, and when we consider, also, that the articles entering into the composition of a ship, with the exception of wood, are dearer here than in other countries, we cannot but be utterly surprised that the shipping interest has been able to sustain itself at all. I need not say that the navigation of the country is essential to its honor and its defence. Yet, instead of proposing benefits for it in this hour of its depression, we threaten by this measure to lay upon it new and heavy burdens. In the discussion, the other day, of that provision of the bill which proposes to tax tallow for the benefit of the oil-merchants and whalemens, we had the pleasure of hearing eloquent eulogiums upon that portion of our shipping employed in the whale-fishery, and strong statements of its importance to the public interest. But the same bill proposes a severe tax upon that interest, for the benefit of the iron-manufacturer and the hemp-grower. So that the tallow-chandlers and soapboilers are sacrificed to the oil-merchants, in order that these again may contribute to the manufacturers of iron and the growers of hemp.

If such be the state of our commerce and navigation, what is the condition of our home manufactures? How are they amidst the general depression? Do they need further protection? and if any, how much? On all these points, we have had much general statement, but little precise information. In the very elaborate speech of Mr. Speaker, we are not supplied with satisfactory grounds of judging with respect to these various particulars. Who can tell, from any thing yet before the committee, whether the proposed duty be too high or too low on any one article? Gentlemen tell us, that they are in favor of domestic industry; so am I. They would give it protection; so would I. But then all domestic industry is not confined to manufactures. The



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employments of agriculture, commerce, and navigation are all branches of the same domestic industry; they all furnish employment for American capital and American labor. And when the question is, whether new duties shall be laid, for the purpose of giving further encouragement to particular manufactures, every reasonable man must ask himself, both whether the proposed new encouragement be necessary, and whether it can be given without injustice to other branches of industry.

It is desirable to know, also, somewhat more distinctly, how the proposed means will produce the intended effect. One great object proposed, for example, is the increase of the home market for the consumption of agricultural products. This certainly is much to be desired; but what provisions of the bill are expected wholly or principally to produce this, is not stated. I would not deny that some increase of the home market may follow, from the adoption of this bill, but all its provisions have not an equal tendency to produce this effect. Those manufactures which employ most labor, create, of course, most demand for articles of consumption; and those create least in the production of which capital and skill enter as the chief ingredients of cost. I cannot, Sir, take this bill merely because a committee has recommended it. I cannot espouse a side, and fight under a flag. I wholly repel the idea that we must take this law, or pass no law on the subject. What should hinder us from exercising our own judgments upon these provisions, singly and severally? Who has the power to place us, or why should we place ourselves, in a condition where we cannot give to every measure, that is distinct and separate in itself, a separate and distinct consideration? Sir, I presume no member of the committee will withhold his assent from what he thinks right, until others will yield their assent to what they think wrong. There are many things in this bill acceptable, probably, to the general sense of the House. Why should not these provisions be passed into a law, and others left to be decided upon their own merits, as a majority of the House shall see fit? To some of these provisions I am myself decidedly favorable; to others I have great objections; and I should have been very glad of an opportunity of giving my own vote distinctly on propositions which are, in their own nature, essentially and substantially distinct from one another.

But, Sir, before expressing my own opinion upon the several provisions of this bill, I will advert for a moment to some other general topics. We have heard much of the policy of England, and her example has been repeatedly urged upon us, as proving, not only the expediency of encouragement and protection, but of exclusion and direct prohibition also. I took occasion the other day to remark, that more liberal notions were becoming prevalent on this subject; that the policy of restraints and prohibitions was getting out of repute, as the true nature of commerce became better understood; and that, among public men, those most distinguished were most decided in their reprobation of the broad principle of exclusion and prohibition. Upon the truth of



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this representation, as matter of fact, I supposed there could not be two opinions among those who had observed the progress of political sentiment in other countries, and were acquainted with its present state. In this respect, however, it would seem that I was greatly mistaken. We have heard it again and again declared, that the English government still adheres, with immovable firmness, to its old doctrines of prohibition; that although journalists, theorists, and scientific writers advance other doctrines, yet the practical men, the legislators, the government of the country, are too wise to follow them. It has even been most sagaciously hinted, that the promulgation of liberal opinions on these subjects is intended only to delude other governments, to cajole them into the folly of liberal ideas, while England retains to herself all the benefits of the admirable old system of prohibition. We have heard from Mr. Speaker a warm commendation of the complex mechanism of this system. The British empire, it is said, is, in the first place, to be protected against the rest of the world; then the British Isles against the colonies; next, the isles respectively against each other, England herself, as the heart of the empire, being protected most of all, and against all.

Truly, Sir, it appears to me that Mr. Speaker's imagination has seen system, and order, and beauty, in that which is much more justly considered as the result of ignorance, partiality, or violence. This part of English legislation has resulted, partly from considering Ireland as a conquered country, partly from the want of a complete union, even with Scotland, and partly from the narrow views of colonial regulation, which in early and uninformed periods influenced the European states.

Nothing, I imagine, would strike the public men of England more singularly, than to find gentlemen of real information and much weight in the councils of this country expressing sentiments like these, in regard to the existing state of these English laws. I have never said, indeed, that prohibitory laws do not exist in England; we all know they do; but the question is, Does she owe her prosperity and greatness to these laws? I venture to say, that such is not the opinion of public men now in England, and the continuance of the laws, even without any alteration, would not be evidence that their opinion is different from what I have represented it; because the laws having existed long, and great interests having been built up on the faith of them, they cannot now be repealed without great and overwhelming inconvenience. Because a thing has been wrongly done, it does not therefore follow that it can now be undone; and this is the reason, as I understand it, for which exclusion, prohibition, and monopoly are suffered to remain in any degree in the English system; and for the same reason, it will be wise in us to take our measures, on all subjects of this kind, with great caution. We may not be able, but at the hazard of much injury to individuals, hereafter to retrace our steps. And yet, whatever is extravagant or unreasonable is not likely to endure. There may come a moment of strong reaction; and if no moderation



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be shown in laying on duties, there may be as little scruple in taking them off.

It may be here observed, that there is a broad and marked distinction between entire prohibition and reasonable encouragement. It is one thing, by duties or taxes on foreign articles, to awaken a home competition in the production of the same articles; it is another thing to remove all competition by a total exclusion of the foreign article; and it is quite another thing still, by total prohibition, to raise up at home manufactures not suited to the climate, the nature of the country, or the state of the population. These are substantial distinctions, and although it may not be easy in every case to determine which of them applies to a given article, yet the distinctions themselves exist, and in most cases will be sufficiently clear to indicate the true course of policy; and, unless I have greatly mistaken the prevailing sentiment in the councils of England, it grows every day more and more favorable to the diminution of restrictions, and to the wisdom of leaving much (I do not say every thing, for that would not be true) to the enterprise and the discretion of individuals. I should certainly not have taken up the time of the committee to state at any length the opinions of other governments, or of the public men of other countries, upon a subject like this; but an occasional remark made by me the other day, having been so directly controverted, especially by Mr. Speaker, in his observations yesterday, I must take occasion to refer to some proofs of what I have stated.

What, then, is the state of English opinion? Everybody knows that, after the termination of the late European war, there came a time of great pressure in England. Since her example has been quoted, let it be asked in what mode her government sought relief. Did it aim to maintain artificial and unnatural prices? Did it maintain a swollen and extravagant paper circulation? Did it carry further the laws of prohibition and exclusion? Did it draw closer the cords of colonial restraint? No, Sir, but precisely the reverse. Instead of relying on legislative contrivances and artificial devices, it trusted to the enterprise and industry of the people, which it sedulously sought to excite, not by imposing restraint, but by removing it, wherever its removal was practicable. In May, 1820, the attention of the government having been much turned to the state of foreign trade, a distinguished member¹⁶ of the House of Peers brought forward a Parliamentary motion upon that subject, followed by an ample discussion and a full statement of his own opinions. In the course of his remarks, he observed, "that there ought to be no prohibitory duties as such; for that it was evident, that, where a manufacture could not be carried on, or a production raised, but under the protection of a prohibitory duty, that manufacture, or that produce, could not be brought to market but at a loss. In his opinion, the name of strict prohibition might, therefore, in commerce, be got rid of

16. Lord Lansdowne.



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altogether; but he did not see the same objection to protecting duties, which, while they admitted of the introduction of commodities from abroad similar to those which we ourselves manufactured, placed them so much on a level as to allow a competition between them." "No axiom," he added, "was more true than this: that it was by growing what the territory of a country could grow most cheaply, and by receiving from other countries what it could not produce except at too great an expense, that the greatest degree of happiness was to be communicated to the greatest extent of population."

In assenting to the motion, the first minister¹⁷ of the crown expressed his own opinion of the great advantage resulting from unrestricted freedom of trade. "Of the soundness of that general principle," he observed, "I can entertain no doubt. I can entertain no doubt of what would have been the great advantages to the civilized world, if the system of unrestricted trade had been acted upon by every nation from the earliest period of its commercial intercourse with its neighbors. If to those advantages there could have been any exceptions, I am persuaded that they would have been but few; and I am also persuaded that the cases to which they would have referred would not have been, in themselves, connected with the trade and commerce of England. But we are now in a situation in which, I will not say that a reference to the principle of unrestricted trade can be of no use, because such a reference may correct erroneous reasoning, but in which it is impossible for us, or for any country in the world but the United States of America, to act unreservedly on that principle. The commercial regulations of the European world have been long established, and cannot suddenly be departed from." Having supposed a proposition to be made to England by a foreign state for free commerce and intercourse, and an unrestricted exchange of agricultural products and of manufactures, he proceeds to observe: "It would be impossible to accede to such a proposition. We have risen to our present greatness under a different system. Some suppose that we have risen in consequence of that system; **others, of whom I am one, believe that we have risen in spite of that system.** But, whichever of these hypotheses be true, certain it is that we have risen under a very different system than that of free and unrestricted trade. It is utterly impossible, with our debt and taxation, even if they were but half their existing amount, that we can suddenly adopt the system of free trade."

Lord Ellenborough, in the same debate, said, "that he attributed the general distress then existing in Europe to the regulations that had taken place since the destruction of the French power. Most of the states on the Continent had surrounded themselves as with walls of brass, to inhibit intercourse with other states. Intercourse was prohibited, even in districts of the same state, as was the case in Austria and Sardinia. Thus, though the taxes on the people had been lightened, the severity of their condition had been increased. He believed that the discontent

17. Lord Liverpool.



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which pervaded most parts of Europe, and especially Germany, was more owing to commercial restrictions than to any theoretical doctrines on government; and that a free communication among them would do more to restore tranquillity, than any other step that could be adopted. He objected to all attempts to frustrate the benevolent intentions of Providence, which had given to various countries various wants, in order to bring them together. He objected to it as anti-social; he objected to it as making commerce the means of barbarizing instead of enlightening nations. The state of the trade with France was most disgraceful to both countries; the two greatest civilized nations of the world, placed at a distance of scarcely twenty miles from each other, had contrived, by their artificial regulations, to reduce their commerce with each other to a mere nullity." Every member speaking on this occasion agreed in the general sentiments favorable to unrestricted intercourse, which had thus been advanced; one of them remarking, at the conclusion of the debate, that "the principles of free trade, which he was happy to see so fully recognized, were of the utmost consequence; for, though, in the present circumstances of the country, a free trade was unattainable, yet their task hereafter was to approximate to it. Considering the prejudices and interests which were opposed to the recognition of that principle, it was no small indication of the firmness and liberality of government to have so fully conceded it."

Sir, we have seen, in the course of this discussion, that several gentlemen have expressed their high admiration of the **silk manufacture** of England. Its commendation was begun, I think, by the honorable member from Vermont, who sits near me, who thinks that that alone gives conclusive evidence of the benefits produced by attention to manufactures, inasmuch as it is a great source of wealth to the nation, and has amply repaid all the cost of its protection. Mr. Speaker's approbation of this part of the English example was still warmer. Now, Sir, it does so happen, that both these gentlemen differ very widely on this point from the opinions entertained in England, by persons of the first rank, both as to knowledge and power. In the debate to which I have already referred, the proposer of the motion urged the expediency of providing for the admission of the silks of France into England. "He was aware," he said, "that there was a poor and industrious body of manufacturers, whose interests must suffer by such an arrangement; and therefore he felt that it would be the duty of Parliament to provide for the present generation by a large Parliamentary grant. It was conformable to every principle of sound justice to do so, when the interests of a particular class were sacrificed to the good of the whole." In answer to these observations, Lord Liverpool said that, with reference to several branches of manufactures, time, and the change of circumstances, had rendered the system of protecting duties merely nominal; and that, in his opinion, if all the protecting laws which regarded both the woollen and cotton manufactures were to be repealed, no injurious effects would



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thereby be occasioned. "But," he observes, "with respect to silk, that manufacture in this kingdom is so completely artificial, that any attempt to introduce the principles of free trade with reference to it might put an end to it altogether. I allow that the silk manufacture is not natural to this country. **I wish we had never had a silk manufactory.** I allow that it is natural to France; I allow that it might have been better, had each country adhered exclusively to that manufacture in which each is superior; and had the silks of France been exchanged for British cottons. But I must look at things as they are; and when I consider the extent of capital, and the immense population, consisting, I believe, of about fifty thousand persons, engaged in our silk manufacture, I can only say, that one of the few points in which I totally disagree with the proposer of the motion is the expediency, under existing circumstances, of holding out any idea that it would be possible to relinquish the silk manufacture, and to provide for those who live by it, by Parliamentary enactment. Whatever objections there may be to the continuance of the protecting system, I repeat, that it is impossible altogether to relinquish it. I may regret that the system was ever commenced; but as I cannot recall that act, I must submit to the inconvenience by which it is attended, rather than expose the country to evils of greater magnitude." Let it be remembered, Sir, that these are not the sentiments of a theorist, nor the fancies of speculation; but the operative opinions of the first minister of England, acknowledged to be one of the ablest and most practical statesmen of his country. Gentlemen could have hardly been more unfortunate than in the selection of the silk manufacture in England as an example of the beneficial effects of that system which they would recommend. It is, in the language which I have quoted, completely artificial. It has been sustained by I know not how many laws, breaking in upon the plainest principles of general expediency. At the last session of Parliament, the manufacturers petitioned for the repeal of three or four of these statutes, complaining of the vexatious restrictions which they impose on the wages of labor; setting forth, that a great variety of orders has from time to time been issued by magistrates under the authority of these laws, interfering in an oppressive manner with the minutest details of the manufacture, — such as limiting the number of threads to an inch, restricting the widths of many sorts of work, and determining the quantity of labor not to be exceeded without extra wages; that by the operation of these laws, the rate of wages, instead of being left to the recognized principles of regulation, has been arbitrarily fixed by persons whose ignorance renders them incompetent to a just decision; that masters are compelled by law to pay an equal price for all work, whether well or ill performed; and that they are wholly prevented from using improved machinery, it being ordered, that work, in the weaving of which machinery is employed, shall be paid precisely at the same rate as if done by hand; that these acts have frequently given rise to the most vexatious



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regulations, the unintentional breach of which has subjected manufacturers to ruinous penalties; and that the introduction of all machinery being prevented, by which labor might be cheapened, and the manufacturers being compelled to pay at a fixed price, under all circumstances, they are unable to afford employment to their workmen, in times of stagnation of trade, and are compelled to stop their looms. And finally, they complain that, notwithstanding these grievances under which they labor, while carrying on their manufacture in London, the law still prohibits them, while they continue to reside there, from employing any portion of their capital in the same business in any other part of the kingdom, where it might be more beneficially conducted. Now, Sir, absurd as these laws must appear to be to every man, the attempt to repeal them did not, as far as I recollect, altogether succeed. The weavers were too numerous, their interests too great, or their prejudices too strong; and this notable instance of protection and monopoly still exists, to be lamented in England with as much sincerity as it seems to be admired here.

In order further to show the prevailing sentiment of the English government, I would refer to a report of a select committee of the House of Commons, at the head of which was the Vice-President of the Board of Trade (Mr. Wallace), in July, 1820. "The time," say that committee, "when monopolies could be successfully supported, or would be patiently endured, either in respect to subjects against subjects, or particular countries against the rest of the world, seems to have passed away. Commerce, to continue undisturbed and secure, must be, as it was intended to be, a source of reciprocal amity between nations, and an interchange of productions to promote the industry, the wealth, and the happiness of mankind." In moving for the re-appointment of the committee in February, 1823, the same gentleman said: "We must also get rid of that feeling of appropriation which exhibited itself in a disposition to produce every thing necessary for our own consumption, and to render ourselves independent of the world. No notion could be more absurd or mischievous; it led, even in peace, to an animosity and rancor greater than existed in time of war. Undoubtedly there would be great prejudices to combat, both in this country and elsewhere, in the attempt to remove the difficulties which are most obnoxious. It would be impossible to forget the attention which was in some respects due to the present system of protections, although that attention ought certainly not to be carried beyond the absolute necessity of the case." And in a second report of the committee, drawn by the same gentleman, in that part of it which proposes a diminution of duties on timber from the North of Europe, and the policy of giving a legislative preference to the importation of such timber in the log, and a discouragement of the importation of deals, it is stated that the committee reject this policy, because, among other reasons, "it is founded on a principle of exclusion, which they are most averse to see brought into operation, in any **new instance**, without the warrant



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of some evident and great political expediency." And on many subsequent occasions the same gentleman has taken occasion to observe, that he differed from those who thought that manufactures could not flourish without restrictions on trade; that old prejudices of that sort were dying away, and that more liberal and just sentiments were taking their place.

These sentiments appear to have been followed by important legal provisions, calculated to remove restrictions and prohibitions where they were most severely felt; that is to say, in several branches of navigation and trade. They have relaxed their colonial system, they have opened the ports of their islands, and have done away the restriction which limited the trade of the colony to the mother country. Colonial products can now be carried directly from the islands to any part of Europe; and it may not be improbable, considering our own high duties on spirits, that that article may be exchanged hereafter by the English West India colonies directly for the timber and deals of the Baltic. It may be added, that Mr. Lowe, whom the gentleman has cited, says, that nobody supposes that the three great staples of English manufactures, cotton, woollen, and hardware, are benefited by any existing protecting duties; and that one object of all these protecting laws is usually overlooked, and that is, that they have been intended to reconcile the various interests to taxation; the corn law, for example, being designed as some equivalent to the agricultural interest for the burden of tithes and of poor-rates.

In fine, Sir, I think it is clear, that, if we now embrace the system of prohibitions and restrictions, we shall show an affection for what others have discarded, and be attempting to ornament ourselves with cast-off apparel.

Sir, I should not have gone into this prolix detail of opinions from any consideration of their special importance on the present occasion; but having happened to state that such was the actual opinion of the government of England at the present time, and the accuracy of this representation having been so confidently denied, I have chosen to put the matter beyond doubt or cavil, although at the expense of these tedious citations. I shall have occasion hereafter to refer more particularly to sundry recent British enactments, by way of showing the diligence and spirit with which that government strives to sustain its navigating interest, by opening the widest possible range to the enterprise of individual adventurers. I repeat, that I have not alluded to these examples of a foreign state as being fit to control our own policy. In the general principle, I acquiesce. Protection, when carried to the point which is now recommended, that is, to entire prohibition, seems to me destructive of all commercial intercourse between nations. We are urged to adopt the system upon general principles; and what would be the consequence of the universal application of such a general principle, but that nations would abstain entirely from all intercourse with one another? I do not admit the general principle; on the contrary, I think freedom of trade to be the



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general principle, and restriction the exception. And it is for every state, taking into view its own condition, to judge of the propriety, in any case, of making an exception, constantly preferring, as I think all wise governments will, not to depart without urgent reason from the general rule.

There is another point in the existing policy of England to which I would most earnestly invite the attention of the committee; I mean the warehouse system, or what we usually call the system of drawback. Very great prejudices appear to me to exist with us on that subject. We seem averse to the extension of the principle. The English government, on the contrary, appear to have carried it to the extreme of liberality. They have arrived, however, at their present opinions and present practice by slow degrees. The transit system was commenced about the year 1803, but the first law was partial and limited. It admitted the importation of raw materials for exportation, but it excluded almost every sort of manufactured goods. This was done for the same reason that we propose to prevent the transit of Canadian wheat through the United States, the fear of aiding the competition of the foreign article with our own in foreign markets. Better reflection or more experience has induced them to abandon that mode of reasoning, and to consider all such means of influencing foreign markets as nugatory; since, in the present active and enlightened state of the world, nations will supply themselves from the best sources, and the true policy of all producers, whether of raw materials or of manufactured articles, is, not vainly to endeavor to keep other vendors out of the market, but to conquer them in it by the quality and the cheapness of their articles. The present policy of England, therefore, is to allure the importation of commodities into England, there to be deposited in English warehouses, thence to be exported in assorted cargoes, and thus enabling her to carry on a general export trade to all quarters of the globe. Articles of all kinds, with the single exception of tea, may be brought into England, from any part of the world, in foreign as well as British ships, there warehoused, and again exported, at the pleasure of the owner, without the payment of any duty or government charge whatever.

While I am upon this subject, I would take notice also of the recent proposition in the English Parliament to abolish the tax on imported wool; and it is observable that those who support this proposition give the same reasons that have been offered here, within the last week, against the duty which we propose on the same article. They say that their manufacturers require a cheap and coarse wool, for the supply of the Mediterranean and Levant trade, and that, without a more free admission of the wool of the Continent, that trade will all fall into the hands of the Germans and Italians, who will carry it on through Leghorn and Trieste. While there is this duty on foreign wool to protect the wool-growers of England, there is, on the other hand, a prohibition on the exportation of the native article in aid of the manufacturers. The opinion seems to be gaining strength,



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that the true policy is to abolish both. Laws have long existed in England preventing the emigration of artisans and the exportation of machinery; but the policy of these, also, has become doubted, and an inquiry has been instituted in Parliament into the expediency of repealing them. As to the emigration of artisans, say those who disapprove the laws, if that were desirable, no law could effect it; and as to the exportation of machinery, let us make it and export it as we would any other commodity. If France is determined to spin and weave her own cotton, let us, if we may, still have the benefit of furnishing the machinery.

I have stated these things, Sir, to show what seems to be the general tone of thinking and reasoning on these subjects in that country, the example of which has been so much pressed upon us. Whether the present policy of England be right or wrong, wise or unwise, it cannot, as it seems clearly to me, be quoted as an authority for carrying further the restrictive and exclusive system, either in regard to manufactures or trade. To re-establish a sound currency, to meet at once the shock, tremendous as it was, of the fall of prices, to enlarge her capacity for foreign trade, to open wide the field of individual enterprise and competition, and to say plainly and distinctly that the country must relieve itself from the embarrassments which it felt, by economy, frugality, and renewed efforts of enterprise, — these appear to be the general outline of the policy which England has pursued.

Mr. Chairman, I will now proceed to say a few words upon a topic, but for the introduction of which into this debate I should not have given the committee on this occasion the trouble of hearing me. Some days ago, I believe it was when we were settling the controversy between the oil-merchants and the tallow-chandlers, the **balance of trade** made its appearance in debate, and I must confess, Sir, that I spoke of it, or rather spoke to it, somewhat freely and irreverently. I believe I used the hard names which have been imputed to me, and I did it simply for the purpose of laying the spectre, and driving it back to its tomb. Certainly, Sir, when I called the old notion on this subject nonsense, I did not suppose that I should offend any one, unless the dead should happen to hear me. All the living generation, I took it for granted, would think the term very properly applied. In this, however, I was mistaken. The dead and the living rise up together to call me to account, and I must defend myself as well as I am able.

Let us inquire, then, Sir, what is meant by an unfavorable balance of trade, and what the argument is, drawn from that source. By an unfavorable balance of trade, I understand, is meant that state of things in which importation exceeds exportation. To apply it to our own case, if the value of goods imported exceed the value of those exported, then the balance of trade is said to be against us, inasmuch as we have run in debt to the amount of this difference. Therefore it is said, that, if a nation continue long in a commerce like this, it must



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be rendered absolutely bankrupt. It is in the condition of a man that buys more than he sells; and how can such a traffic be maintained without ruin? Now, Sir, the whole fallacy of this argument consists in supposing, that, whenever the value of imports exceeds that of exports, a debt is necessarily created to the extent of the difference, whereas, ordinarily, the import is no more than the result of the export, augmented in value by the labor of transportation. The excess of imports over exports, in truth, usually shows the gains, not the losses, of trade; or, in a country that not only buys and sells goods, but employs ships in carrying goods also, it shows the profits of commerce, and the earnings of navigation. Nothing is more certain than that, in the usual course of things, and taking a series of years together, the value of our imports is the aggregate of our exports and our freights. If the value of commodities imported in a given instance did not exceed the value of the outward cargo, with which they were purchased, then it would be clear to every man's common sense, that the voyage had not been profitable. If such commodities fell far short in value of the cost of the outward cargo, then the voyage would be a very losing one; and yet it would present exactly that state of things, which, according to the notion of a balance of trade, can alone indicate a prosperous commerce. On the other hand, if the return cargo were found to be worth much more than the outward cargo, while the merchant, having paid for the goods exported, and all the expenses of the voyage, finds a handsome sum yet in his hands, which he calls profits, the balance of trade is still against him, and, whatever he may think of it, he is in a very bad way. Although one individual or all individuals gain, the nation loses; while all its citizens grow rich, the country grows poor. This is the doctrine of the balance of trade.

Allow me, Sir, to give an instance tending to show how unaccountably individuals deceive themselves, and imagine themselves to be somewhat rapidly mending their condition, while they ought to be persuaded that, by that infallible standard, the balance of trade, they are on the high road to ruin. Some years ago, in better times than the present, a ship left one of the towns of New England with 70,000 specie dollars. She proceeded to Mocha, on the Red Sea, and there laid out these dollars in coffee, drugs, spices, and other articles procured in that market. With this new cargo she proceeded to Europe; two thirds of it were sold in Holland for \$130,000, which the ship brought back, and placed in the same bank from the vaults of which she had taken her original outfit. The other third was sent to the ports of the Mediterranean, and produced a return of \$25,000 in specie, and \$15,000 in Italian merchandise. These sums together make \$170,000 imported, which is \$100,000 more than was exported, and is therefore proof of an unfavorable balance of trade, to that amount, in this adventure. We should find no great difficulty, Sir, in paying off our balances, if this were the nature of them all.

The truth is, Mr. Chairman, that all these obsolete and exploded



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notions had their origin in very mistaken ideas of the true nature of commerce. Commerce is not a gambling among nations for a stake, to be won by some and lost by others. It has not the tendency necessarily to impoverish one of the parties to it, while it enriches the other; all parties gain, all parties make profits, all parties grow rich, by the operations of just and liberal commerce. If the world had but one clime and but one soil; if all men had the same wants and the same means, on the spot of their existence, to gratify those wants, – then, indeed, what one obtained from the other by exchange would injure one party in the same degree that it benefited the other; then, indeed, there would be some foundation for the balance of trade. But Providence has disposed our lot much more kindly. We inhabit a various earth. We have reciprocal wants, and reciprocal means for gratifying one another's wants. This is the true origin of commerce, which is nothing more than an exchange of equivalents, and, from the rude barter of its primitive state, to the refined and complex condition in which we see it, its principle is uniformly the same, its only object being, in every stage, to produce that exchange of commodities between individuals and between nations which shall conduce to the advantage and to the happiness of both. Commerce between nations has the same essential character as commerce between individuals, or between parts of the same nation. Cannot two individuals make an interchange of commodities which shall prove beneficial to both, or in which the balance of trade shall be in favor of both? If not, the tailor and the shoemaker, the farmer and the smith, have hitherto very much misunderstood their own interests. And with regard to the internal trade of a country, in which the same rule would apply as between nations, do we ever speak of such an intercourse as prejudicial to one side because it is useful to the other? Do we ever hear that, because the intercourse between New York and Albany is advantageous to one of those places, it must therefore be ruinous to the other?

May I be allowed, Sir, to read a passage on this subject from the observations of a gentleman, in my opinion one of the most clear and sensible writers and speakers of the age upon subjects of this sort?¹⁸ "There is no political question on which the prevalence of false principles is so general, as in what relates to the nature of commerce and to the pretended balance of trade; and there are few which have led to a greater number of practical mistakes, attended with consequences extensively prejudicial to the happiness of mankind. In this country, our Parliamentary proceedings, our public documents, and the works of several able and popular writers, have combined to propagate the impression, that we are indebted for much of our riches to what is called the balance of trade." "Our true policy would surely be to profess, as the object and guide of our commercial system, that which every man who has studied the subject must know to be the true principle of commerce, the interchange of reciprocal and equivalent benefit. We may rest assured that it is not in the

18. Mr. Huskisson, President of the English Board of Trade.



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nature of commerce to enrich one party at the expense of the other. This is a purpose at which, if it were practicable, we ought not to aim; and which, if we aimed at, we could not accomplish." These remarks, I believe, Sir, were written some ten or twelve years ago. They are in perfect accordance with the opinions, advanced in more elaborate treatises, and now that the world has returned to a state of peace, and commerce has resumed its natural channels, and different nations are enjoying, or seeking to enjoy, their respective portions of it, all see the justness of these ideas, — all see, that, in this day of knowledge and of peace, there can be no commerce between nations but that which shall benefit all who are parties to it.

If it were necessary, Mr. Chairman, I might ask the attention of the committee to refer to a document before us, on this subject of the balance of trade. It will be seen by reference to the accounts, that, in the course of the last year, our total export to Holland exceeded two millions and a half; our total import from the same country was but seven hundred thousand dollars. Now, can any man be wild enough to make any inference from this as to the gain or loss of our trade with Holland for that year? Our trade with Russia for the same year produced a balance the other way, our import being two millions, and our export but half a million. But this has no more tendency to show the Russian trade a losing trade, than the other statement has to show that the Dutch trade has been a gainful one. Neither of them, by itself, proves any thing.

Springing out of this notion of a balance of trade, there is another idea, which has been much dwelt upon in the course of this debate; that is, that we ought not to buy of nations who do not buy of us; for example, that the Russian trade is a trade disadvantageous to the country, and ought to be discouraged, because, in the ports of Russia, we buy more than we sell. Now allow me to observe, in the first place, Sir, that we have no account showing how much we do sell in the ports of Russia. Our official returns show us only what is the amount of our direct trade with her ports. But then we all know that the proceeds of another portion of our exports go to the same market, though indirectly. We send our own products, for example, to [Cuba](#), or to Brazil; we there exchange them for the sugar and the coffee of those countries, and these articles we carry to St. Petersburg, and there sell them. Again; our exports to Holland and Hamburg are connected directly or indirectly with our imports from Russia. What difference does it make, in sense or reason, whether a cargo of iron be bought at St. Petersburg, by the exchange of a cargo of tobacco, or whether the tobacco has been sold on the way, in a better market, in a port of Holland, the money remitted to England, and the iron paid for by a bill on London? There might indeed have been an augmented freight, there might have been some saving of commissions, if tobacco had been in brisk demand in the Russian market. But still there is nothing to show that the whole voyage may not have been highly profitable. That depends upon the original cost of the article



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here, the amount of freight and insurance to Holland, the price obtained there, the rate of exchange between Holland and England, the expense, then, of proceeding to St. Petersburg, the price of iron there, the rate of exchange between that place and England, the amount of freight and insurance at home, and, finally, the value of the iron when brought to our own market. These are the calculations which determine the fortune of the adventure; and nothing can be judged of it, one way or the other, by the relative state of our imports or exports with Holland, England, or Russia.

I would not be understood to deny, that it may often be our interest to cultivate a trade with countries that require most of such commodities as we can furnish, and which are capable also of directly supplying our own wants. This is the original and the simplest form of all commerce, and is no doubt highly beneficial. Some countries are so situated, that commerce, in this original form, or something near it, may be all that they can, without considerable inconvenience, carry on. Our trade, for example, with Madeira and the Western Islands has been useful to the country, as furnishing a demand for some portion of our agricultural products, which probably could not have been bought had we not received their products in return. Countries situated still farther from the great marts and highways of the commercial world may afford still stronger instances of the necessity and utility of conducting commerce on the original principle of barter, without much assistance from the operations of credit and exchange. All I would be understood to say is, that it by no means follows that we can carry on nothing but a losing trade with a country from which we receive more of her products than she receives of ours. Since I was supposed, the other day, in speaking upon this subject, to advance opinions which not only this country ought to reject, but which also other countries, and those the most distinguished for skill and success in commercial intercourse, do reject, I will ask leave to refer again to the discussion which I first mentioned in the English Parliament, relative to the foreign trade of that country. "With regard," says the mover¹⁹ of the proposition, "to the argument employed against renewing our intercourse with the North of Europe, namely, that those who supplied us with timber from that quarter would not receive British manufactures in return, it appeared to him futile and ungrounded. If they did not send direct for our manufactures at home, they would send for them to Leipsic and other fairs of Germany. Were not the Russian and Polish merchants purchasers there to a great amount? But he would never admit the principle, that a trade was not profitable because we were obliged to carry it on with the precious metals, or that we ought to renounce it, because our manufactures were not received by the foreign nation in return for its produce. Whatever we received must be paid for in the produce of our land and labor, directly or circuitously, and he was glad to have the noble Earl's²⁰ marked concurrence in this

19. The Marquess of Lansdowne.

20. Lord Liverpool.



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principle.”

Referring ourselves again, Sir, to the analogies of common life, no one would say that a farmer or a mechanic should buy **only** where he can do so by the exchange of his own produce, or of his own manufacture. Such exchange may be often convenient; and, on the other hand, the cash purchase may be often more convenient. It is the same in the intercourse of nations. Indeed, Mr. Speaker has placed this argument on very clear grounds. It was said, in the early part of the debate, that, if we cease to import English cotton fabrics, England will no longer continue to purchase our cotton. To this Mr. Speaker replied, with great force and justice, that, as she must have cotton in large quantities, she will buy the article where she can find it best and cheapest; and that it would be quite ridiculous in her, manufacturing as she still would be, for her own vast consumption and the consumption of millions in other countries, to reject our uplands because we had learned to manufacture a part of them for ourselves. Would it not be equally ridiculous in us, if the commodities of Russia were both cheaper and better suited to our wants than could be found elsewhere, to abstain from commerce with her, because she will not receive in return other commodities which we have to sell, but which she has no occasion to buy?

Intimately connected, Sir, with this topic, is another which has been brought into the debate; I mean the evil so much complained of, the exportation of specie. We hear gentlemen imputing the loss of market at home to a want of money, and this want of money to the exportation of the precious metals. We hear the India and China trade denounced, as a commerce conducted on our side, in a great measure, with gold and silver. These opinions, Sir, are clearly void of all just foundation, and we cannot too soon get rid of them. There are no shallower reasoners than those political and commercial writers who would represent it to be the only true and gainful end of commerce, to accumulate the precious metals. These are articles of use, and articles of merchandise, with this additional circumstance belonging to them, that they are made, by the general consent of nations, the standard by which the value of all other merchandise is to be estimated. In regard to weights and measures, something drawn from external nature is made a common standard, for the purposes of general convenience: and this is precisely the office performed by the precious metals, in addition to those uses to which, as metals, they are capable of being applied. There may be of these too much or too little in a country at a particular time, as there may be of any other articles. When the market is overstocked with them, as it often is, their exportation becomes as proper and as useful as that of other commodities, under similar circumstances. We need no more repine, when the dollars which have been brought here from South America are despatched to other countries, than when coffee and sugar take the same direction. We often deceive ourselves, by attributing to a scarcity of money that which is the result of other causes. In



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the course of this debate, the honorable member from Pennsylvania²¹ has represented the country as full of every thing but money. But this I take to be a mistake. The agricultural products, so abundant in Pennsylvania, will not, he says, sell for money; but they will sell for money as quick as for any other article which happens to be in demand. They will sell for money, for example, as easily as for coffee or for tea, at the prices which properly belong to those articles. The mistake lies in imputing that to want of money which arises from want of demand. Men do not buy wheat because they have money, but because they want wheat. To decide whether money be plenty or not, that is, whether there be a large portion of capital unemployed or not, when the currency of a country is metallic, we must look, not only to the prices of commodities, but also to the rate of interest. A low rate of interest, a facility of obtaining money on loans, a disposition to invest in permanent stocks, all of which are proofs that money is plenty, may nevertheless often denote a state not of the highest prosperity. They may, and often do, show a want of employment for capital; and the accumulation of specie shows the same thing. We have no occasion for the precious metals as money, except for the purposes of circulation, or rather of sustaining a safe paper circulation. And whenever there is a prospect of a profitable investment abroad, all the gold and silver, except what these purposes require, will be exported. For the same reason, if a demand exist abroad for sugar and coffee, whatever amount of those articles might exist in the country, beyond the wants of its own consumption, would be sent abroad to meet that demand.

Besides, Sir, how should it ever occur to anybody, that we should continue to export gold and silver, if we did not continue to import them also? If a vessel take our own products to the Havana, or elsewhere, exchange them for dollars, proceed to China, exchange them for silks and teas, bring these last to the ports of the Mediterranean, sell them there for dollars, and return to the United States, — this would be a voyage resulting in the importation of the precious metals. But if she had returned from [Cuba](#), and the dollars obtained there had been shipped direct from the United States to China, the China goods sold in Holland, and the proceeds brought home in the hemp and iron of Russia, this would be a voyage in which they were exported. Yet everybody sees that both might be equally beneficial to the individual and to the public. I believe, Sir, that, in point of fact, we have enjoyed great benefit in our trade with India and China, from the liberty of going from place to place all over the world, without being obliged in the mean time to return home, a liberty not heretofore enjoyed by the private traders of England, in regard to India and China. Suppose the American ship to be at Brazil, for example; she could proceed with her dollars direct to India, and, in return, could distribute her cargo in all the various ports of Europe or America; while an English ship, if a private trader, being at

21. Mr. Tod.



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Brazil, must first return to England, and then could only proceed in the direct line from England to India. This advantage our countrymen have not been backward to improve; and in the debate to which I have already so often referred, it was stated, not without some complaint of the inconvenience of exclusion, and the natural sluggishness of monopoly, that American ships were at that moment fitting out in the Thames, to supply France, Holland, and other countries on the Continent, with tea; while the East India Company would not do this of themselves, nor allow any of their fellow-countrymen to do it for them.

There is yet another subject, Mr. Chairman, upon which I would wish to say something, if I might presume upon the continued patience of the committee. We hear sometimes in the House, and continually out of it, of the rate of exchange, as being one proof that we are on the downward road to ruin. Mr. Speaker himself has adverted to that topic, and I am afraid that his authority may give credit to opinions clearly unfounded, and which lead to very false and erroneous conclusions. Sir, let us see what the facts are. Exchange on England has recently risen one or one and a half per cent, partly owing, perhaps, to the introduction of this bill into Congress. Before this recent rise, and for the last six months, I understand its average may have been about seven and a half per cent advance. Now, supposing this to be the **real**, and not merely, as it is, the nominal, par of exchange between us and England, what would it prove? Nothing, except that funds were wanted by American citizens in England for commercial operations, to be carried on either in England or elsewhere. It would not necessarily show that we were indebted to England; for, if we had occasion to pay debts in Russia or Holland, funds in England would naturally enough be required for such a purpose. Even if it did prove that a balance was due England at the moment, it would have no tendency to explain to us whether our commerce with England had been profitable or unprofitable.

But it is not true, in point of fact, that the **real** price of exchange is seven and a half per cent advance, nor, indeed, that there is at the present moment any advance at all. That is to say, it is not true that merchants will give such an advance, or any advance, for **money** in England, beyond what they would give for the same amount, in the same currency, here. It will strike every one who reflects upon it, that, if there were a real difference of seven and a half per cent, money would be immediately shipped to England; because the expense of transportation would be far less than that difference. Or commodities of trade would be shipped to Europe, and the proceeds remitted to England. If it could so happen, that American merchants should be willing to pay ten per cent premium for money in England, or, in other words, that a real difference to that amount in the exchange should exist, its effects would be immediately seen in new shipments of our own commodities to Europe, because this state of things would create new motives. A cargo of tobacco, for example, might sell at Amsterdam for the



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same price as before; but if its proceeds, when remitted to London, were advanced, as they would be in such case, ten per cent by the state of exchange, this would be so much added to the price, and would operate therefore as a motive for the exportation; and in this way national balances are, and always will be, adjusted.

To form any accurate idea of the true state of exchange between two countries, we must look at their currencies, and compare the quantities of gold and silver which they may respectively represent. This usually explains the state of the exchanges; and this will satisfactorily account for the apparent advance now existing on bills drawn on England. The English standard of value is gold; with us that office is performed by gold, and by silver also, at a fixed relation to each other. But our estimate of silver is rather higher, in proportion to gold, than most nations give it; it is higher, especially, than in England, at the present moment. The consequence is, that silver, which remains a legal currency with us, stays here, while the gold has gone abroad; verifying the universal truth, that, if **two** currencies be allowed to exist, of different values, that which is cheapest will fill up the whole circulation. For as much gold as will suffice to pay here a debt of a given amount, we can buy in England more silver than would be necessary to pay the same debt here; and from this difference in the value of silver arises wholly or in a great measure the present apparent difference in exchange. Spanish dollars sell now in England for four shillings and nine pence sterling per ounce, equal to one dollar and six cents. By our standard the same ounce is worth one dollar and sixteen cents, being a difference of about nine per cent. The true par of exchange, therefore, is nine per cent. If a merchant here pay one hundred Spanish dollars for a bill on England, at nominal par, in sterling money, that is for a bill of £22 10s., the proceeds of this bill, when paid in England in the legal currency, will there purchase, at the present price of silver, one hundred and nine Spanish dollars. Therefore, if the nominal advance on English bills do not exceed nine per cent, the real exchange is not against this country; in other words, it does not show that there is any pressing or particular occasion for the remittance of funds to England.

As little can be inferred from the occasional transfer of United States stock to England. Considering the interest paid on our stocks, the entire stability of our credit, and the accumulation of capital in England, it is not at all wonderful that investments should occasionally be made in our funds. As a sort of countervailing fact, it may be stated that English stocks are now actually held in this country, though probably not to any considerable amount.

I will now proceed, Sir, to state some objections of a more general nature to the course of Mr. Speaker's observations. He seems to me to argue the question as if all domestic industry were confined to the production of manufactured articles; as if the employment of our own capital and our own labor, in the



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occupations of commerce and navigation, were not as emphatically domestic industry as any other occupation. Some other gentlemen, in the course of the debate, have spoken of the price paid for every foreign manufactured article as so much given for the encouragement of foreign labor, to the prejudice of our own. But is not every such article the product of our own labor as truly as if we had manufactured it ourselves? Our labor has earned it, and paid the price for it. It is so much added to the stock of national wealth. If the commodity were dollars, nobody would doubt the truth of this remark; and it is precisely as correct in its application to any other commodity as to silver. One man makes a yard of cloth at home; another raises agricultural products and buys a yard of imported cloth. Both these are equally the earnings of domestic industry, and the only questions that arise in the case are two: the first is, which is the best mode, under all the circumstances, of obtaining the article; the second is, how far this first question is proper to be decided by government, and how far it is proper to be left to individual discretion. There is no foundation for the distinction which attributes to certain employments the peculiar appellation of American industry; and it is, in my judgment, extremely unwise to attempt such discriminations.

We are asked, What nations have ever attained eminent prosperity without encouraging manufactures? I may ask, What nation ever reached the like prosperity without promoting foreign trade? I regard these interests as closely connected, and am of opinion that it should be our aim to cause them to flourish together. I know it would be very easy to promote manufactures, at least for a time, but probably for a short time only, if we might act in disregard of other interests. We could cause a sudden transfer of capital, and a violent change in the pursuits of men. We could exceedingly benefit some classes by these means. But what, then, becomes of the interests of others? The power of collecting revenue by duties on imports, and the habit of the government of collecting almost its whole revenue in that mode, will enable us, without exceeding the bounds of moderation, to give great advantages to those classes of manufactures which we may think most useful to promote at home. What I object to is the immoderate use of the power, — exclusions and prohibitions; all of which, as I think, not only interrupt the pursuits of individuals, with great injury to themselves and little or no benefit to the country, but also often divert our own labor, or, as it may very properly be called, our own domestic industry, from those occupations in which it is well employed and well paid, to others in which it will be worse employed and worse paid. For my part, I see very little relief to those who are likely to be deprived of their employments, or who find the prices of the commodities which they need raised, in any of the alternatives which Mr. Speaker has presented. It is nothing to say that they may, if they choose, continue to buy the foreign article; the answer is, the price is augmented: nor that they may use the domestic article; the price of that also is



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increased. Nor can they supply themselves by the substitution of their own fabric. How can the agriculturist make his own iron? How can the ship-owner grow his own hemp?

But I have a yet stronger objection to the course of Mr. Speaker's reasoning; which is, that he leaves out of the case all that has been already done for the protection of manufactures, and argues the question as if those interests were now for the first time to receive aid from duties on imports. I can hardly express the surprise I feel that Mr. Speaker should fall into the common mode of expression used elsewhere, and ask if we will give our manufacturers no protection. Sir, look to the history of our laws; look to the present state of our laws. Consider that our whole revenue, with a trifling exception, is collected at the custom-house, and always has been; and then say what propriety there is in calling on the government for protection, as if no protection had heretofore been afforded. The real question before us, in regard to all the important clauses of the bill, is not whether we will **lay** duties, but whether we will **augment** duties. The demand is for something more than exists, and yet it is pressed as if nothing existed. It is wholly forgotten that iron and hemp, for example, already pay a very heavy and burdensome duty; and, in short, from the general tenor of Mr. Speaker's observations, one would infer that, hitherto, we had rather taxed our own manufactures than fostered them by taxes on those of other countries. We hear of the fatal policy of the tariff of 1816; and yet the law of 1816 was passed avowedly for the benefit of manufacturers, and, with very few exceptions, imposed on imported articles very great additions of tax; in some important instances, indeed, amounting to a prohibition.

Sir, on this subject, it becomes us at least to understand the real posture of the question. Let us not suppose that we are **beginning** the protection of manufactures, by duties on imports. What we are asked to do is, to render those duties much higher, and therefore, instead of dealing in general commendations of the benefits of protection, the friends of the bill, I think, are bound to make out a fair case for each of the manufactures which they propose to benefit. The government has already done much for their protection, and it ought to be presumed to have done enough, unless it be shown, by the facts and considerations applicable to each, that there is a necessity for doing more.

On the general question, Sir, allow me to ask if the doctrine of prohibition, as a general doctrine, be not preposterous. Suppose all nations to act upon it; they would be prosperous, then, according to the argument, precisely in the proportion in which they abolished intercourse with one another. The less of mutual commerce the better, upon this hypothesis. Protection and encouragement may be, and doubtless are, sometimes, wise and beneficial, if kept within proper limits; but when carried to an extravagant height, or the point of prohibition, the absurd character of the system manifests itself. Mr. Speaker has referred to the late Emperor Napoleon, as having attempted to



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naturalize the manufacture of cotton in France. He did not cite a more extravagant part of the projects of that ruler, that is, his attempt to naturalize the growth of that plant itself, in France; whereas, we have understood that considerable districts in the South of France, and in Italy, of rich and productive lands, were at one time withdrawn from profitable uses, and devoted to raising, at great expense, a little bad cotton. Nor have we been referred to the attempts, under the same system, to make sugar and coffee from common culinary vegetables; attempts which served to fill the print-shops of Europe, and to show us how easy is the transition from what some think sublime to that which all admit to be ridiculous. The folly of some of these projects has not been surpassed, nor hardly equalled, unless it be by the philosopher in one of the satires of Swift, who so long labored to extract sunbeams from cucumbers.

The poverty and unhappiness of Spain have been attributed to the want of protection to her own industry. If by this it be meant that the poverty of Spain is owing to bad government and bad laws, the remark is, in a great measure, just. But these very laws are bad because they are restrictive, partial, and prohibitory. If prohibition were protection, Spain would seem to have had enough of it. Nothing can exceed the barbarous rigidity of her colonial system, or the folly of her early commercial regulations. Unenlightened and bigoted legislation, the multitude of holidays, miserable roads, monopolies on the part of government, restrictive laws, that ought long since to have been abrogated, are generally, and I believe truly, reckoned the principal causes of the bad state of the productive industry of Spain. Any partial improvement in her condition, or increase of her prosperity, has been, in all cases, the result of relaxation, and the abolition of what was intended for favor and protection.

In short, Sir, the general sense of this age sets, with a strong current, in favor of freedom of commercial intercourse, and unrestrained individual action. Men yield up their notions of monopoly and restriction, as they yield up other prejudices, slowly and reluctantly; but they cannot withstand the general tide of opinion.

Let me now ask, Sir, what relief this bill proposes to some of those great and essential interests of the country, the condition of which has been referred to as proof of national distress; and which condition, although I do not think it makes out a case of **distress**, yet does indicate depression.

And first, Sir, as to our foreign trade. Mr. Speaker has stated that there has been a considerable falling off in the tonnage employed in that trade. This is true, lamentably true. In my opinion, it is one of those occurrences which ought to arrest our immediate, our deep, our most earnest attention. What does this bill propose for its relief? It proposes nothing but new burdens. It proposes to diminish its employment, and it proposes, at the same time, to augment its expense, by subjecting it to heavier taxation. Sir, there is no interest,



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in regard to which a stronger case for protection can be made out, than the navigating interest. Whether we look at its present condition, which is admitted to be depressed, the number of persons connected with it, and dependent upon it for their daily bread, or its importance to the country in a political point of view, it has claims upon our attention which cannot be surpassed. But what do we propose to do for it? I repeat, Sir, simply to burden and to tax it. By a statement which I have already submitted to the committee, it appears that the shipping interest pays, annually, more than half a million of dollars in duties on articles used in the construction of ships. We propose to add nearly, or quite, fifty per cent to this amount, at the very moment that we appeal to the languishing state of this interest as a proof of national distress. Let it be remembered that our shipping employed in foreign commerce has, at this moment, not the shadow of government protection. It goes abroad upon the wide sea to make its own way, and earn its own bread, in a professed competition with the whole world. Its resources are its own frugality, its own skill, its own enterprise. It hopes to succeed, if it shall succeed at all, not by extraordinary aid of government, but by patience, vigilance, and toil. This right arm of the nation's safety strengthens its own muscle by its own efforts, and by unwearied exertion in its own defence becomes strong for the defence of the country.

No one acquainted with this interest can deny that its situation, at this moment, is extremely critical. We have left it hitherto to maintain itself or perish; to swim if it can, and to sink if it must. But at this moment of its apparent struggle, can we as men, can we as patriots, add another stone to the weight that threatens to carry it down? Sir, there is a limit to human power, and to human effort. I know the commercial marine of this country can do almost every thing, and bear almost every thing. Yet some things are impossible to be done, and some burdens may be impossible to be borne; and as it was the last ounce that broke the back of the camel, so the last tax, although it were even a small one, may be decisive as to the power of our marine to sustain the conflict in which it is now engaged with all the commercial nations on the globe.

Again, Mr. Chairman, the failures and the bankruptcies which have taken place in our large cities have been mentioned as proving the little success attending **commerce**, and its general decline. But this bill has no balm for those wounds. It is very remarkable, that when the losses and disasters of certain manufacturers, those of iron, for instance, are mentioned, it is done for the purpose of invoking aid for the distressed. Not so with the losses and disasters of commerce; these last are narrated, and not unfrequently much exaggerated, to prove the ruinous nature of the employment, and to show that it ought to be abandoned, and the capital engaged in it turned to other objects.

It has been often said, Sir, that our manufacturers have to contend, not only against the natural advantages of those who



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produce similar articles in foreign countries, but also against the action of foreign governments, who have great political interest in aiding their own manufactures to suppress ours. But have not these governments as great an interest to cripple our marine, by preventing the growth of our commerce and navigation? What is it that makes us the object of the highest respect, or the most suspicious jealousy, to foreign states? What is it that most enables us to take high relative rank among the nations? I need not say that this results, more than from any thing else, from that quantity of military power which we can cause to be water-borne, and from that extent of commerce which we are able to maintain throughout the world.

Mr. Chairman, I am conscious of having detained the committee much too long with these observations. My apology for now proceeding to some remarks upon the particular clauses of the bill is, that, representing a district at once commercial and highly manufacturing, and being called upon to vote upon a bill containing provisions so numerous and so various, I am naturally desirous to state as well what I approve, as what I would reject. The first section proposes an augmented duty upon woollen manufactures. This, if it were unqualified, would no doubt be desirable to those who are engaged in that business. I have myself presented a petition from the woollen manufacturers of Massachusetts, praying an augmented *ad valorem* duty upon imported woollen cloths; and I am prepared to accede to that proposition, to a reasonable extent. But then this bill proposes, also, a very high duty upon imported wool; and, as far as I can learn, a majority of the manufacturers are at least extremely doubtful whether, taking these two provisions together, the state of the law is not better for them now than it would be if this bill should pass. It is said, this tax on raw wool will benefit the agriculturist; but I know it to be the opinion of some of the best informed of that class, that it will do them more hurt than good. They fear it will check the manufacturer, and consequently check his demand for their article. The argument is, that a certain quantity of coarse wool, cheaper than we can possibly furnish, is necessary to enable the manufacturer to carry on the general business, and that if this cannot be had, the consequence will be, not a greater, but a less, manufacture of our own wool. I am aware that very intelligent persons differ upon this point; but if we may safely infer from that difference of opinion, that the proposed benefit is at least doubtful, it would be prudent perhaps to abstain from the experiment. Certain it is, that the same reasoning has been employed, as I have before stated, on the same subject, when a renewed application was made to the English Parliament to repeal the duty on imported wool, I believe scarcely two months ago; those who supported the application pressing urgently the necessity of an unrestricted use of the cheap, imported raw material, with a view to supply with coarse cloths the markets of warm climates, such as those of Egypt and Turkey, and especially a vast newly created demand



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in the South American states.

As to the manufactures of cotton, it is agreed, I believe, that they are generally successful. It is understood that the present existing duty operates pretty much as a prohibition over those descriptions of fabrics to which it applies. The proposed alteration would probably enable the American manufacturer to commence competition with higher-priced fabrics; and so, perhaps, would an augmentation less than is here proposed. I consider the cotton manufactures not only to have reached, but to have passed, the point of competition. I regard their success as certain, and their growth as rapid as the most impatient could well expect. If, however, a provision of the nature of that recommended here were thought necessary, to commence new operations in the same line of manufacture, I should cheerfully agree to it, if it were not at the cost of sacrificing other great interests of the country. I need hardly say, that whatever promotes the cotton and woollen manufactures promotes most important interests of my constituents. They have a great stake in the success of those establishments, and, as far as those manufactures are concerned, would be as much benefited by the provisions of this bill as any part of the community. It is obvious, too, I should think, that, for some considerable time, manufactures of this sort, to whatever magnitude they may rise, will be principally established in those parts of the country where population is most dense, capital most abundant, and where the most successful beginnings have already been made.

But if these be thought to be advantages, they are greatly counterbalanced by other advantages enjoyed by other portions of the country. I cannot but regard the situation of the West as highly favorable to human happiness. It offers, in the abundance of its new and fertile lands, such assurances of permanent property and respectability to the industrious, it enables them to lay such sure foundations for a competent provision for their families, it makes such a nation of freeholders, that it need not envy the happiest and most prosperous of the manufacturing communities. We may talk as we will of well-fed and well-clothed day-laborers or journeymen; they are not, after all, to be compared, either for happiness or respectability, with him who sleeps under his own roof and cultivates his own fee-simple inheritance.

With respect to the proposed duty on glass, I would observe, that, upon the best means of judging which I possess, I am of opinion that the chairman of the committee is right in stating that there is in effect a bounty upon the exportation of the British article. I think it entirely proper, therefore, to raise our own duty by such an amount as shall be equivalent to that bounty.

And here, Mr. Chairman, before proceeding to those parts of the bill to which I most strenuously object, I will be so presumptuous as to take up a challenge which Mr. Speaker has thrown down. He has asked us, in a tone of interrogatory indicative of the feeling of anticipated triumph, to mention any



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country in which manufactures have flourished without the aid of prohibitory laws. He has demanded if it be not policy, protection, ay, and prohibition, that have carried other states to the height of their prosperity, and whether any one has succeeded with such tame and inert legislation as ours. Sir, I am ready to answer this inquiry.

There is a country, not undistinguished among the nations, in which the progress of manufactures has been far more rapid than in any other, and yet unaided by prohibitions or unnatural restrictions. That country, the happiest which the sun shines on, is our own.

The woollen manufactures of England have existed from the early ages of the monarchy. Provisions designed to aid and foster them are in the black-letter statutes of the Edwards and the Henrys. Ours, on the contrary, are but of yesterday; and yet, with no more than the protection of existing laws, they are already at the point of close and promising competition. Sir, nothing is more unphilosophical than to refer us, on these subjects, to the policy adopted by other nations in a very different state of society, or to infer that what was judged expedient by them, in their early history, must also be expedient for us, in this early part of our own. This would be reckoning our age chronologically, and estimating our advance by our number of years; when, in truth, we should regard only the state of society, the knowledge, the skill, the capital, and the enterprise which belong to our times. We have been transferred from the stock of Europe, in a comparatively enlightened age, and our civilization and improvement date as far back as her own. Her original history is also our original history; and if, since the moment of separation, she has gone ahead of us in some respects, it may be said, without violating truth, that we have kept up in others, and, in others again, are ahead ourselves. We are to legislate, then, with regard to the present actual state of society; and our own experience shows us, that, commencing manufactures at the present highly enlightened and emulous moment, we need not resort to the clumsy helps with which, in less auspicious times, governments have sought to enable the ingenuity and industry of their people to hobble along.

The English cotton manufactures began about the commencement of the last reign. Ours can hardly be said to have commenced with any earnestness, until the application of the power-loom, in 1814, not more than ten years ago. Now, Sir, I hardly need again speak of its progress, its present extent, or its assurance of future enlargement. In some sorts of fabrics we are already exporters, and the products of our factories are, at this moment, in the South American markets. We see, then, what **can** be done without prohibition or extraordinary protection, because we see what **has** been done; and I venture to predict, that, in a few years, it will be thought wonderful that these branches of manufactures, at least, should have been thought to require additional aid from government.



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Mr. Chairman, the best apology for laws of prohibition and laws of monopoly will be found in that state of society, not only unenlightened but sluggish, in which they are most generally established. Private industry, in those days, required strong provocatives, which governments were seeking to administer by these means. Something was wanted to actuate and stimulate men, and the prospects of such profits as would, in our times, excite unbounded competition, would hardly move the sloth of former ages. In some instances, no doubt, these laws produced an effect, which, in that period, would not have taken place without them. But our age is of a wholly different character, and its legislation takes another turn. Society is full of excitement; competition comes in place of monopoly; and intelligence and industry ask only for fair play and an open field. Profits, indeed, in such a state of things, will be small, but they will be extensively diffused; prices will be low, and the great body of the people prosperous and happy. It is worthy of remark, that, from the operation of these causes, commercial wealth, while it is increased beyond calculation in its general aggregate, is, at the same time, broken and diminished in its subdivisions. Commercial prosperity should be judged of, therefore, rather from the extent of trade, than from the magnitude of its apparent profits. It has been remarked, that Spain, certainly one of the poorest nations, made very great profits on the amount of her trade; but with little other benefit than the enriching of a few individuals and companies. Profits to the English merchants engaged in the Levant and Turkey trade were formerly very great, and there were richer merchants in England some centuries ago, considering the comparative value of money, than at the present highly commercial period. When the diminution of profits arises from the extent of competition, it indicates rather a salutary than an injurious change.²²

The true course then, Sir, for us to pursue, is, in my opinion, to consider what our situation is; what our means are; and how they can be best applied. What amount of population have we in comparison with our extent of soil, what amount of capital, and labor at what price? As to skill, knowledge, and enterprise, we may safely take it for granted that in these particulars we are on an equality with others. Keeping these considerations in view, allow me to examine two or three of those provisions of the bill to which I feel the strongest objections.

To begin with the article of iron. Our whole annual consumption of this article is supposed by the chairman of the committee to be forty-eight or fifty thousand tons. Let us suppose the latter. The amount of our own manufacture he estimates, I think, at seventeen thousand tons. The present duty on the imported article is \$15 per ton, and as this duty causes, of course, an

22. "The present equable diffusion of moderate wealth cannot be better illustrated, than by remarking that in this age many palaces and superb mansions have been pulled down, or converted to other purposes, while none have been erected on a like scale. The numberless baronial castles and mansions, in all parts of England, now in ruins, may all be adduced as examples of the decrease of inordinate wealth. On the other hand, the multiplication of commodious dwellings for the upper and middle classes of society, and the increased comforts of all ranks, exhibit a picture of individual happiness, unknown in any other age." — *Sir G. Blane's Letter to Lord Spencer, in 1800.*



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equivalent augmentation of the price of the home manufacture, the whole increase of price is equal to \$750,000 annually. This sum we pay on a raw material, and on an absolute necessary of life. The bill proposes to raise the duty from \$15 to \$22.50 per ton, which would be equal to \$1,125,000 on the whole annual consumption. So that, suppose the point of prohibition which is aimed at by some gentlemen to be attained, the consumers of the article would pay this last-mentioned sum every year to the producers of it, over and above the price at which they could supply themselves with the same article from other sources. There would be no mitigation of this burden, except from the prospect, whatever that might be, that iron would fall in value, by domestic competition, after the importation should be prohibited. It will be easy, I think, to show that it cannot fall; and supposing for the present that it shall not, the result will be, that we shall pay annually the sum of \$1,125,000, constantly augmented, too, by increased consumption of the article, **to support a business that cannot support itself.**

It is of no consequence to the argument, that this sum is expended at home; so it would be if we taxed the people to support any other useless and expensive establishment, to build another Capitol, for example, or incur an unnecessary expense of any sort. The question still is, Are the money, time, and labor well laid out in these cases? The present price of iron at Stockholm, I am assured by importers, is \$53 per ton on board, \$48 in the yard before loading, and probably not far from \$40 at the mines. Freight, insurance, &c. may be fairly estimated at \$15, to which add our present duty of \$15 more, and these two last sums, together with the cost on board at Stockholm, give \$83 as the cost of Swedes iron in our market. In fact, it is said to have been sold last year at \$81.50 to \$82 per ton. We perceive, by this statement, that the cost of the iron is doubled in reaching us from the mine in which it is produced. In other words, our present duty, with the expense of transportation, gives an advantage to the American over the foreign manufacturer of one hundred per cent. Why, then, cannot the iron be manufactured at home? Our ore is said to be as good, and some of it better. It is under our feet, and the chairman of the committee tells us that it might be wrought by persons who otherwise will not be employed. Why, then, is it not wrought? Nothing could be more sure of constant sale. It is not an article of changeable fashion, but of absolute, permanent necessity, and such, therefore, as would always meet a steady demand. Sir, I think it would be well for the chairman of the committee to revise his premises, for I am persuaded that there is an ingredient properly belonging to the calculation which he has misstated or omitted. Swedes iron in England pays a duty, I think, of about \$27 per ton; yet it is imported in considerable quantities, notwithstanding the vast capital, the excellent coal, and, more important than all perhaps, the highly improved state of inland navigation in England; although I am aware that the English use of Swedes iron may be thought to be owing in



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some degree to its superior quality. Sir, the true explanation of this appears to me to lie in the different prices **of labor**; and here I apprehend is the grand mistake in the argument of the chairman of the committee. He says it would cost the nation, as a nation, nothing, to make our ore into iron. Now, I think it would cost us precisely that which we can worst afford; that is, great **labor**. Although bar-iron is very properly considered a raw material in respect to its various future uses, yet, as bar-iron, the principal ingredient in its cost is labor. Of manual labor, no nation has more than a certain quantity, nor can it be increased at will. As to some operations, indeed, its place may be supplied by machinery; but there are other services which machinery cannot perform for it, and which it must perform for itself. A most important question for every nation, as well as for every individual, to propose to itself, is, how it can best apply that quantity of labor which it is able to perform. Labor is the great producer of wealth; it moves all other causes. If it call machinery to its aid, it is still employed, not only in using the machinery, but in making it. Now, with respect to the quantity of labor, as we all know, different nations are differently circumstanced. Some need, more than any thing, work for hands, others require hands for work; and if we ourselves are not absolutely in the latter class, we are still most fortunately very near it. I cannot find that we have those idle hands, of which the chairman of the committee speaks. The price of labor is a conclusive and unanswerable refutation of that idea; it is known to be higher with us than in any other civilized state, and this is the greatest of all proofs of general happiness. Labor in this country is independent and proud. It has not to ask the patronage of capital, but capital solicits the aid of labor. This is the general truth in regard to the condition of our whole population, although in the large cities there are doubtless many exceptions. The mere capacity to labor in common agricultural employments, gives to our young men the assurance of independence. We have been asked, Sir, by the chairman of the committee, in a tone of some pathos, whether we will allow to the serfs of Russia and Sweden the benefit of making iron for us. Let me inform the gentleman, Sir, that those same serfs do not earn more than seven cents a day, and that they work in these mines for that compensation because they are serfs. And let me ask the gentleman further, whether we have any labor in this country that cannot be better employed than in a business which does not yield the laborer more than seven cents a day? This, it appears to me, is the true question for our consideration. There is no reason for saying that we will work iron because we have mountains that contain the ore. We might for the same reason dig among our rocks for the scattered grains of gold and silver which might be found there. The true inquiry is, Can we produce the article in a useful state at the same cost, or nearly at the same cost, or at any reasonable approximation towards the same cost, at which we can import it?



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Some general estimates of the price and profits of labor, in those countries from which we import our iron, might be formed by comparing the reputed products of different mines, and their prices, with the number of hands employed. The mines of Danemora are said to yield about 4,000 tons, and to employ in the mines twelve hundred workmen. Suppose this to be worth \$50 per ton; any one will find by computation, that the whole product would not pay, in this country, for one quarter part of the necessary labor. The whole export of Sweden was estimated, a few years ago, at 400,000 ship pounds, or about 54,000 tons. Comparing this product with the number of workmen usually supposed to be employed in the mines which produce iron for exportation, the result will not greatly differ from the foregoing. These estimates are general, and might not conduct us to a precise result; but we know, from intelligent travellers, and eye-witnesses, that the price of labor in the Swedish mines does not exceed seven cents a day.²³

The true reason, Sir, why it is not our policy to compel our citizens to manufacture our own iron, is that they are far better employed. It is an unproductive business, and they are not poor enough to be obliged to follow it. If we had more of poverty, more of misery, and something of servitude, if we had an ignorant, idle, starving population, we might set up for iron makers against the world.

The committee will take notice, Mr. Chairman, that, under our present duty, together with the expense of transportation, our manufacturers are able to supply their own immediate neighborhood; and this proves the magnitude of that substantial encouragement which these two causes concur to give. There is little or no foreign iron, I presume, used in the county of Lancaster. This is owing to the heavy expense of land carriage; and as we recede farther from the coast, the manufacturers are still more completely secured, as to their own immediate market, against the competition of the imported article. But what they ask is to be allowed to supply the sea-coast, at such a price as shall be formed by adding to the cost at the mines the expense of land carriage to the sea; and this appears to me most unreasonable. The effect of it would be to compel the consumer to pay the cost of two land transportations; for, in the first place, the price of iron at the inland furnaces will always be found to be at, or not much below, the price of the imported article in the seaport, and the cost of transportation to the neighborhood of the furnace; and to enable the home product to hold a competition with the imported in the seaport, the cost

23. The price of labor in Russia may be pretty well collected from Tooke's "View of the Russian Empire." "The workmen in the mines and the founderies are, indeed, all called master-people; but they distinguish themselves into masters, under-masters, apprentices, delvers, servants, carriers, washers, and separators. In proportion to their ability their wages are regulated, which proceed from fifteen to upwards of thirty roubles per annum. The provisions which they receive from the magazines are deducted from this pay." The value of the rouble at that time (1799) was about twenty-four pence sterling, or forty-five cents of our money. "By the edict of 1799," it is added, "a laborer with a horse shall receive, daily, in summer, twenty, and in winter, twelve copecks; a laborer without a horse, in summer, ten, in winter, eight copecks."

A copeck is the hundredth part of a rouble, or about half a cent of our money. The price of labor may have risen, in some degree, since that period, but probably not much.



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of another transportation downward, from the furnace to the coast, must be added. Until our means of inland commerce be improved, and the charges of transportation by that means lessened, it appears to me wholly impracticable, with such duties as any one would think of proposing, to meet the wishes of the manufacturers of this article. Suppose we were to add the duty proposed by this bill, although it would benefit the capital invested in works near the sea and the navigable rivers, yet the benefit would not extend far in the interior. Where, then, are we to stop, or what limit is proposed to us?

The freight of iron has been afforded from Sweden to the United States as low as eight dollars per ton. This is not more than the price of fifty miles of land carriage. Stockholm, therefore, for the purpose of this argument, may be considered as within fifty miles of Philadelphia. Now, it is at once a just and a strong view of this case, to consider, that there are, within fifty miles of our market, vast multitudes of persons who are willing to labor in the production of this article for us, at the rate of seven cents per day, while we have no labor which will not command, upon the average, at least five or six times that amount. The question is, then, shall we buy this article of these manufacturers, and suffer our own labor to earn its greater reward, or shall we employ our own labor in a similar manufacture, and make up to it, by a tax on consumers, the loss which it must necessarily sustain.

I proceed, Sir, to the article of hemp. Of this we imported last year, in round numbers, 6,000 tons, paying a duty of \$30 a ton, or \$180,000 on the whole amount; and this article, it is to be remembered, is consumed almost entirely in the uses of navigation. The whole burden may be said to fall on one interest. It is said we can produce this article if we will raise the duties. But why is it not produced now? or why, at least, have we not seen some specimens? for the present is a very high duty, when expenses of importation are added. Hemp was purchased at St. Petersburg, last year, at \$101.67 per ton. Charges attending shipment, &c., \$14.25. Freight may be stated at \$30 per ton, and our existing duty \$30 more. These three last sums, being the charges of transportation, amount to a protection of near seventy-five per cent in favor of the home manufacturer, if there be any such. And we ought to consider, also, that the price of hemp at St. Petersburg is increased by all the expense of transportation from the place of growth to that port; so that probably the whole cost of transportation, from the place of growth to our market, including our duty, is equal to the first cost of the article; or, in other words, is a protection in favor of our own product of one hundred per cent.

And since it is stated that we have great quantities of fine land for the production of hemp, of which I have no doubt, the question recurs, Why is it not produced? I speak of the water-rotted hemp, for it is admitted that that which is dew-rotted is not sufficiently good for the requisite purposes. I cannot say whether the cause be in climate, in the process of rotting,



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On articles of ship-chandlery, cabin furniture, hard-ware, &c.,	40.00
	<hr/>
	\$662.50

The bill proposes to add, -	
\$7.40 per ton on iron, which will be	\$107.30
\$14.80 per ton on hemp, equal to	148.00
And on duck, by the late amendment of the bill, say 25 per cent,	25.00
	<hr/>
	\$280.30

But to the duties on iron and hemp should be added those paid on copper, whenever that article is used. By the statement which I furnished the other day, it appeared that the duties received by government on articles used in the construction of a vessel of three hundred and fifty-nine tons, with copper fastenings, amounted to \$1,056. With the augmentations of this bill, they would be equal to \$1,400.

Now I cannot but flatter myself, Mr. Chairman, that, before the committee will consent to this new burden upon the shipping interest, it will very deliberately weigh the probable consequences. I would again urgently solicit its attention to the condition of that interest. We are told that government has protected it, by discriminating duties, and by an exclusive right to the coasting trade. But it would retain the coasting trade by its own natural efforts, in like manner, and with more certainty, than it now retains any portion of foreign trade. The discriminating duties are now abolished, and while they existed, they were nothing more than countervailing measures; not so much designed to give our navigation an advantage over that of other nations, as to put it upon an equality; and we have, accordingly, abolished ours, when they have been willing to abolish theirs. Look to the rate of freights. Were they ever lower, or even so low? I ask gentlemen who know, whether the harbor of Charleston, and the river of Savannah, be not crowded with ships seeking employment, and finding none? I would ask the gentlemen from New Orleans, if their magnificent Mississippi does not exhibit, for furlongs, a forest of masts? The condition, Sir, of the shipping interest is not that of those who are insisting on high profits, or struggling for monopoly; but it is the condition of men content with the smallest earnings, and anxious for their bread. The freight of cotton has formerly been three pence sterling, from Charleston to Liverpool, in time of peace. It is now I know not what, or how many fractions of a penny; I think, however, it is stated at five eighths. The producers, then, of this great staple, are able, by means of this navigation, to send it, for a cent a pound, from their own doors to the best market in the world.

Mr. Chairman, I will now only remind the committee that, while



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we are proposing to add new burdens to the shipping interest, a very different line of policy is followed by our great commercial and maritime rival. It seems to be announced as the sentiment of the government of England, and undoubtedly it is its real sentiment, that the first of all manufactures is the manufacture of ships. A constant and wakeful attention is paid to this interest, and very important regulations, favorable to it, have been adopted within the last year, some of which I will beg leave to refer to, with the hope of exciting the notice, not only of the committee, but of all others who may feel, as I do, a deep interest in this subject. In the first place, a general amendment has taken place in the register acts, introducing many new provisions, and, among others, the following: -

A direct mortgage of the interest of a ship is allowed, without subjecting the mortgagee to the responsibility of an owner.

The proportion of interest held by each owner is exhibited in the register, thereby facilitating both sales and mortgages, and giving a new value to shipping among the moneyed classes.

Shares, in the ships of copartnerships, may be registered as joint property, and subject to the same rules as other partnership effects.

Ships may be registered in the name of trustees, for the benefit of joint-stock companies.

And many other regulations are adopted, with the same general view of rendering the mode of holding the property as convenient and as favorable as possible.

By another act, British registered vessels, of every description, are allowed to enter into the general and the coasting trade in the India seas, and may now trade to and from India, with any part of the world except China.

By a third, all limitations and restrictions, as to latitude and longitude, are removed from ships engaged in the Southern whale-fishery. These regulations, I presume, have not been made without first obtaining the consent of the East India Company; so true is it found, that real encouragement of enterprise oftener consists, in our days, in restraining or buying off monopolies and prohibitions, than in imposing or extending them. The trade with Ireland is turned into a free coasting trade; light duties have been reduced, and various other beneficial arrangements made, and still others proposed. I might add, that, in favor of general commerce, and as showing their confidence in the principles of liberal intercourse, the British government has perfected the warehouse system, and authorized a reciprocity of duties with foreign states, at the discretion of the Privy Council.

This, Sir, is the attention which our great rival is paying to these important subjects, and we may assure ourselves that, if we do not cherish a proper sense of our own interests, she will not only beat us, but will deserve to beat us.

Sir, I will detain you no longer. There are some parts of this bill which I highly approve; there are others in which I should acquiesce; but those to which I have now stated my objections



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appear to me so destitute of all justice, so burdensome and so dangerous to that interest which has steadily enriched, gallantly defended, and proudly distinguished us, that nothing can prevail upon me to give it my support.²⁴

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NOTE.

This is commonly called Mr. Webster's "Free Trade" speech. It has been found difficult to select one among his many speeches in support of the policy of Protection which would fully represent his views on the subject; but the reasons for his change of opinion, and for his advocacy of Protection, are fully stated in many of the speeches printed in this volume, delivered after the year 1830. Perhaps as good a statement as can be selected from his many speeches on the Tariff, in explanation of his change of position as to the need, policy, and duty of protection to American manufactures, may be found in his speech delivered in the Senate of the United States, on the 25th and 26th of July, 1846, on the Bill "To reduce the Duties on Imports, and for other Purposes." In this speech, he made the following frank avowal of the reasons which induced him to reconsider and reverse his original opinions on the subject:

—

"But, Sir, before I proceed further with this part of the case, I will take notice of what appears, latterly, to be an attempt, by the republication of opinions and expressions, arguments and speeches of mine, at an earlier and later period of life, to found against me a charge of inconsistency, on this subject of the protective policy of the country. Mr. President, if it be an inconsistency to hold an opinion upon a subject at one time and in one state of circumstances, and to hold a different opinion upon the same subject at another time and in a different state of circumstances, I admit the charge. Nay, Sir, I will go further; and in regard to questions which, from their nature, do not depend upon circumstances for their true and just solution, I mean constitutional questions, if it be an inconsistency to hold an opinion to-day, even upon such a question, and on that same question to hold a different opinion a quarter of a century afterwards, upon a more comprehensive view of the whole subject, with a more thorough investigation into the original purposes and objects of that Constitution, and especially after a more thorough exposition of those objects and purposes by those who framed it, and have been trusted to administer it, I should not shrink even

24. Since the delivery of this speech, an arrival has brought London papers containing the speech of the English Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Robinson), on the 23d of February last, in submitting to Parliament the annual financial statement. Abundant confirmation will be found in that statement of the remarks made in the preceding speech, as to the prevailing sentiment, in the English government, on the general subject of prohibitory laws, and on the silk manufacture and the wool tax particularly.



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from that imputation. I hope I know more of the Constitution of my country than I did when I was twenty years old. I hope I have contemplated its great objects more broadly. I hope I have read with deeper interest the sentiments of the great men who framed it. I hope I have studied with more care the condition of the country when the convention assembled to form it. And yet I do not know that I have much to retract or to change on these points.

"But, Sir, I am of the opinion of a very eminent person, who had occasion, not long since, to speak of this topic in another place. Inconsistencies of opinion, arising from changes of circumstances, are often justifiable. But there is one sort of inconsistency which is culpable. It is the inconsistency between a man's conviction and his vote; between his conscience and his conduct. No man shall ever charge me with an inconsistency like that. And now, Sir, allow me to say, that I am quite indifferent, or rather thankful, to those conductors of the public press who think they cannot do better than now and then to spread my poor opinions before the public.

"I have said many times, and it is true, that, up to the year 1824, the people of that part of the country to which I belong, being addicted to commerce, having been successful in commerce, their capital being very much engaged in commerce, were averse to entering upon a system of manufacturing operations. Every member in Congress from the State of Massachusetts, with the exception, I think, of one, voted against the act of 1824. But what were we to do? Were we not bound, after 1817 and 1824, to consider that the policy of the country was settled, had become settled, as a policy, to protect the domestic industry of the country by solemn laws? The leading speech²⁵ which ushered in the act of 1824 was called a speech for the 'American System.' The bill was carried principally by the Middle States. Pennsylvania and New York would have it so; and what were we to do? Were we to stand aloof from the occupations which others were pursuing around us? Were we to pick clean teeth on a constitutional doubt which a majority in the councils of the nation had overruled? No, Sir; we had no option. All that was left us was to fall in with the settled policy of the country; because, if any thing can ever settle the policy of the country, or if any thing can ever settle the practical construction of the Constitution of the country, it must be these repeated decisions of Congress, and enactments of successive laws conformable to these decisions. New England, then, did fall in. She went into manufacturing

25. That of Mr. Clay.



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operations, not from original choice, but from the necessity of the circumstances in which the legislation of the country had placed her. And, for one, I resolved then, and have acted upon the resolution ever since, that, having compelled the Eastern States to go into these pursuits for a livelihood, the country was bound to fulfil the just expectations which it had inspired."

 April 10, Saturday: In [Newport, Rhode Island](#), Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

7th 10th of 4 M / We had this Afternoon the company our Young Friends Wing Russel & Jos Tillinghast of [New Bedford](#) to tea - They appear to be rightly concerned young men, & on good ground, my heart desires their Wellfare - To Wing I feel myself under no small obligations, for many interesting communications, furnished of late on the state of society in [New Bedford](#). -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



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1825

 June 30, Thursday: Carl Friedrich Zelter oversaw the laying of the cornerstone of the new Berlin Singakademie.

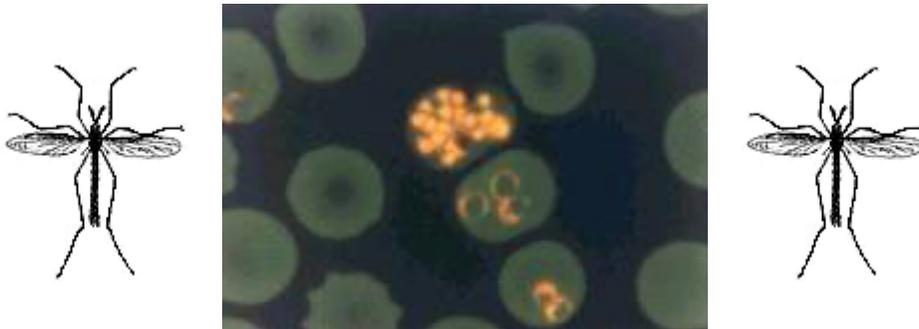
On her 2d visit to London, Maria Szymanowska gave a concert before the royal family.

In [Newport, Rhode Island](#), Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

5th day 30th of 6 M / Yesterday I was Bled & today under the affects of Medicine, which renders me unfit to attend our Moy [Monthly] Meeting at [Portsmouth](#) today – My head has been long out of order & distressingly so for several days -- This eveng our frd Sarah Morris & Catherine W Morris set a while with us – Isaac being unwell did not come, so we walked home with them at 9 OC & set with them a few minutes just to take leave of Isaac & their two daughters, all of them are friends to whom we feel nearly united, tho' our acquaintance has been short. – They leave town in the course of tomorrow for [New Bedford](#) & [Nantucket](#). –

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

December 1, Thursday: In Taganrog in the [Crimea](#), Tsar Alyeksandr I of [Russia](#), Grand Duke of Finland, King of Poland, had a fever, although not from eating poisonous mushrooms as popular stories have it. Now we suppose that what he probably had was [malaria](#). His doctors would apply leeches behind his ears and on the back of his neck relentlessly until he would die on December 13th and be succeeded by his younger brother, Nikolai.



He was only 47 and many of his subjects would refuse to believe that he had died, preferring to suppose that he had merely relocated to some remote cabin in Siberia in order to live out the remainder of his life as a religious hermit.

A college which had been chartered at New Brunswick, New Jersey by King George III in 1766 as “Queen’s College” at this point changed its name in honor of a benefactor, to “Rutgers College” (as of 1924 it would become a university).

In [Newport, Rhode Island](#), Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

5th day 1st of 12 M 1825 / Our Meeting was pretty well attended considering several were absent from indisposition & some gone to attend the Quarterly Meeting now holding at [New Bedford](#) – Father Rodman was engaged in a short testimony. – This evening Aunt Nancy Carpenter recd a letter from John, of which we were glad, not having heard from him in some time

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

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



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1826

 June 19, Monday: Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

2nd day 19th of 6th M / This morning I went over to Abigail Robinsons on the Point to see & be with our dear Friend E Robson a little while before she left us. -After they got ready I rode with them as far as D Buffum's, from whence they set out for [New Bedford](#), with Jona Dennis & wife for guide - we parted in much love & I trust shall remember each other when far separated. - She is a neighbour & intimate friend of my dear frd Thos Thompson of Liverpool. --

In the course of this Yearly Meeting I have been favoured many ways, & had renewed cause to thank the Father of Mercies, that with all my imperfections, & grievous short comings, I am yet cared for, & believe that however low & gloomy things may appear either in the inward or outward, as there is an abiding in the Faith & patience, light will arise, help will be afforded, at seasons when it may appear as if all before us was darkness & dismay - but oh for an increase of this faith in my heart which can & does remove mountains. - Among other things which has comforted my heart, is a prospect which has opened of keeping my son at the Yearly Meeting School for sometime longer - from a quarter & in a way where I did not expect -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

 June 22, Thursday: After wintering at "Fort Franklin" on the western shore of Great Bear Lake, Lieutenant [John Franklin](#)'s 2d overland expedition set out for the delta of the Mackenzie River. At Point Separation the party would divide. Richardson and the surveyor Edward Nicholas Kendall would set out in the 24-foot boats *Dolphin* and *Union* to explore the coast eastward to the mouth of the Coppermine River, while Sir John and [George Back](#) would venture westward in the 26-foot boats *Lion* and *Reliance*. Captain Frederick W. Beechey's *HMS Blossom* awaited them in the Bering Strait.

THE FROZEN NORTH

A decree by Tsar Nikolai set up a Supreme Censorship Committee over a nationwide system of censorship and guidelines for their oversight of literature and the arts.

The 1st Pan-American Congress meets in Panama called by [Simón Bolívar](#) to create a union of Spanish speaking America. After three weeks of discussions, the congress would disband with little accomplished.

Adina o Il califfo di Bagdad, a farsa by Gioachino Rossini to words of Bevilacqua-Aldobrandini, was performed for the initial time, in Teatro Sao Carlos, Lisbon (this would be the only occasion on which a Rossini opera would be premiered in the absence of the composer).

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

5th day 22nd of 6th M 1826 / Our Meeting seemed small in



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

comparison with some we have sat in of late. - & to me it was but a poor time. - there was no buisness in the Preparative Meeting - This Afternoon Solomon Lukins who has travelled in company with Elizabeth Robson most of the time since she has been in America, returned from [New Bedford](#) to [Newport](#) on his return into Pennsylvania where he lives - he called at our house & put up with us till an opportunity presents for a passage to NYork.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



October 6, Friday: In [Newport, Rhode Island](#), Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

6th day 6th of 10th M 1826 / We heard this Morning of the Death of Wm B Rotch son of Benjamin Rotch who died yesterday at his Grandfather Wm Rotches in [New Bedford](#), it was an affecting occurrence to my mind, he was in [Newport](#) on the 20th of last Month & seemed as well as any of us & kindly assisted in helping to relieve Walter Channing who was on that day taken in a Fit at my Brother Isaac's

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1827

 [Harrison Gray Dyar](#) erected an experimental [telegraph wire](#) at a [Paumanok Long Island](#) racetrack. He proposed to string a wire between New-York and Philadelphia, across New Jersey, and ran into skepticism from members of the New Jersey legislature who feared Dyar as some sort of “wizard” of deception like the figure that would later appear in the “The Wonderful Wizard of Oz” story by L. Frank Baum. They feared that behind this project there might be some sort of dangerous agenda to send secret communications in advance of the mail.

“Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain!”

When one of Dyar’s financial backers threatened to accuse him of “conspiracy to send secret communications in advance of the mail” as part of an attempt to get his money back, Dyar fled the country. For many years he would live in Paris where, apparently, he was able to make good money as a chemist.

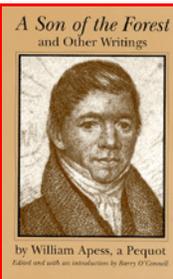
A marine semaphore [telegraph system](#) was constructed that linked “West Hill” or “Washington Hill” in Dorchester Heights, which would begin at this point to be known as Boston’s “Telegraph Hill,” by way of a harbor island, with Hull’s own “Telegraph Hill.” The central headquarters of the Semaphore Telegraph Company occupied the octagonal cupola of Central Wharf, that can be seen in this later photograph through the masts of the sailing vessels. The purpose of the telescope in this cupola was to observe the signals atop Telegraph Hill in Dorchester Heights, and thus report in Boston the arrival of ocean vessels in the Nantasket Roads channel leading into the harbor.



For the next 2 or 3 years [William Apess](#) would be an itinerant [Methodist](#) exhorter on [Paumanok Long Island](#), in the valley of the [Hudson River](#), on [Martha’s Vineyard](#) and [Nantucket Island](#), and in the cities of [Boston](#) and [New Bedford](#). Much of the work he would be doing, of course, since he was not a white man, would need to be with mixed groups of African-Americans and native Americans.

PEQUOT

In this timeframe, on [Nantucket Island](#), [Friend Maria Mitchell](#) would have been attending Cyrus Peirce’s School for Young Ladies. (Other than that, and her own self-education, she was mainly being educated by her father, whom she assisted in the checking of chronometers for the local whaling fleet.)



ESSENCES ARE FUZZY, GENERIC, CONCEPTUAL;



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

ARISTOTLE WAS RIGHT WHEN HE INSISTED THAT ALL TRUTH IS SPECIFIC AND PARTICULAR (AND WRONG WHEN HE CHARACTERIZED TRUTH AS A GENERALIZATION).

 February 4, Sunday: Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

*1st day 4th of 2nd M / Our Morning Meeting was a time of favour
Father Rodman, D Buffum & H Dennis were very lively in testimony.
– In the Afternoon Father again had a small offering – Joseph
Tillinghast from [New Bedford](#) was there & in the eveng he called
to see us & we with him called at Father Rodmans & Br John
Rodmans.*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

 March 28, Wednesday: The Reverend [Waldo Emerson](#) sailed from [St. Augustine](#) in [Florida](#) for [Charleston](#).

That night, in [New Bedford](#), [Nathan Johnson](#) and 4 other named men of color, plus fully 20 other persons whose names we do not have, were raiding a dwelling. Shattering the windows and breaking in the door with clubs and stones, they assaulted one John Howard.²⁶ We are unable to determine from the Taunton court records what had provoked this action as Johnson and all other defendants would be very promptly and summarily found not guilty and released, but according to the diary of New Bedford merchant Samuel Rodman, Jr., this had been “an alleged riot occasioned by a visit of a coloured man from New York or farther south whose object it was to get information of runaway slaves.”

(It was during this year that a New Bedford High School was being organized!)

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

*4th day 28th of 3 M / By Joseph Tillinghast we rec'd this PM a
very comfortable letter from John – Joseph visited him at his
home there & went to the Factory where he works & gave us a good
account of him – he is the first person that we have seen, who
has seen John since he left us – JT set the eveng with us. –*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

New Bedford

“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project

26. This is the man of color who had, in 1822, applied for acceptance as a [Quaker](#), and had been stonewalled by the white Quakers of the [New Bedford MA](#) meeting.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

 Fall: The Reverend [Waldo Emerson](#) was preaching in various [Unitarian](#) churches in various Massachusetts towns. He would be serving as what was known as a “supply” preacher into 1829. He would be delivering his supply, which amounted to about 26 different sermons in all, almost 200 times. In November he would substitute for his cousin, the Reverend [Orville Dewey](#), at the [New Bedford](#) First Congregational Church (Unitarian) make up largely of Hicksite [Quakers](#). He would note that [Mary Rotch](#), one of the prominent members of this group of attenders, had during the rite of the Last Supper quietly absented herself from the church service.²⁷



27. The most prominent precedent for this sort of religious nonobservance was of course the Deist father of our nation, [George Washington](#).



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1828

 July 6, Sunday: The [Reverend Ezra Ripley](#) made a notation in the records of his 1st Parish Church in [Concord](#), that “Our sister [Cynthia Thoreau](#) changed her mind, and did not offer herself for communion with the Trinitarian Church, and is still a member of this church.”

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

1st day 6th of 7 M / Our Meetings were well attended & both nearly silent. - The Afternoon was an uncommonly dull one to me.- Before I went to meeting this morning I met with a plain looking man at the door, who I took to be a man from Lynn & from his open & familiar look it seemed as if I had seen him & as he advanced I gave him my hand - he told me he was from Phila & after a little familiar conversation I asked him in to the house On conversing further I found he was not a member of our society, but had been in his youth & was disowned for his outgoings, but had become (as he called it) convinced, but had not joined any society & was now travelling on truths account - I told him as he was not a member we could not consent to his preaching in our meeting, he said he did not attend any Meeting, but went round chiefly conversing in families - said he had been to [New Bedford](#) & Staid at S Rodmans. - well I said didst thou feel Saml & his wife to be friends in the life of truth. - he replied, he did not feel free to speak on that subject, but he could say thus much that "while he was there he felt free" - finding what he was, I felt but little openness [the word is crossed out] with him & we frequently fell into long pauses. - I however told him that I had no unity with discenters from friends such as followed [Elias Hicks](#) - after a little dissultory conversation he got up to go away saying that he was going to NYork in the Steam Boat this Afternoon - I expected him at meeting but found he did not come. -

Just as I rose from dinner he knocked at the door, came in & set down to wait for the boat - I asked him some leading questions on doctrinal subjects, particularly of his belief in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, whether he believed in his character as God & man, & whether he considered him as a meer prophet & good man - he expressed an unwillingness to give his opinion on these points of doctrine, & engaged[?] the necessity of attending to the inward Light - said he was a friend to all good folks of any denomination & that he did not meddle with particular doctrines, especially the points on which Friends are divided -but still where ever I found him he was associated with those of the separatists or new order. - I told him he could not get along so, that I knew as well as he knew any thing that there were points which they held to that were not christian & took away their claim to the name, that I wanted him to acknowledge the true principle & give his strength to Orthodox Friends & not



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NEW BEDFORD

*to carry out two [?] but to come out on the right side, thus he would openly & show himself subserve the good cause &c. He told me that very soon after he came in in the Morning that he perceived I was under bondage & oppression from a sense of feeling. - I told him as to bondage, I acknowledged more of that than I wished, & as to oppression, he was correct for I did silently set up Lamentation over him, from an apprehension that he had known something of the purifying power of truth in his heart & been in some measure enlightened by it, but from a want of properly embracing the Doctrines of the Gospel, he had not attained to that clearness which he ought to have done - he should bring what I had said to judgement & if it was for him he should take it & if not it would pass off. - & urged the necessity of Love &c & wished me to examine & see if my own words did not apply to myself &c
This is a very imperfect outline of all that passed between us.- but as the opportunity was a little remarkable I thought best to insert something of it here - - we parted Kindly. -*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

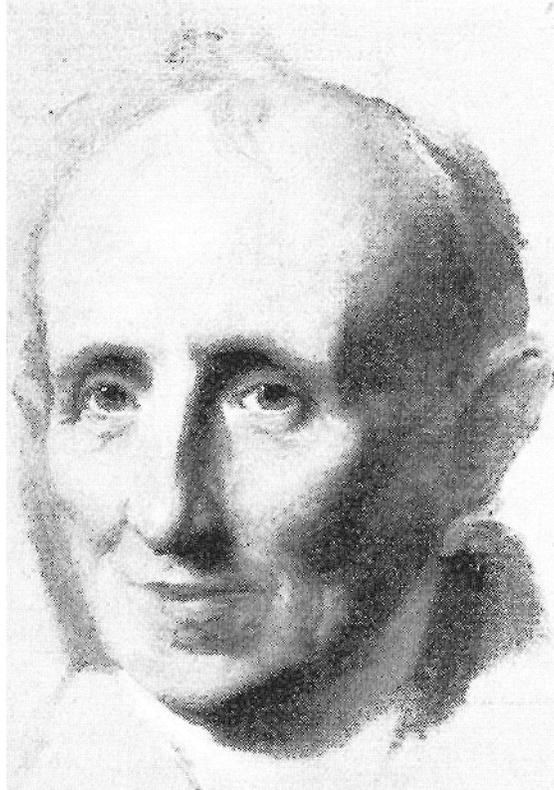
IT IS NO COINCIDENCE THAT IT IS MORTALS WHO CONSUME OUR HISTORICAL ACCOUNTS, FOR WHAT WE ARE ATTEMPTING TO DO IS EVADE THE RESTRICTIONS OF THE HUMAN LIFESPAN. (IMMORTALS, WITH NOTHING TO LIVE FOR, TAKE NO HEED OF OUR STORIES.)



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

 July 9, Wednesday: [Gilbert Stuart](#) died in Boston with his portrait of [Nathaniel Bowditch](#) still unfinished.

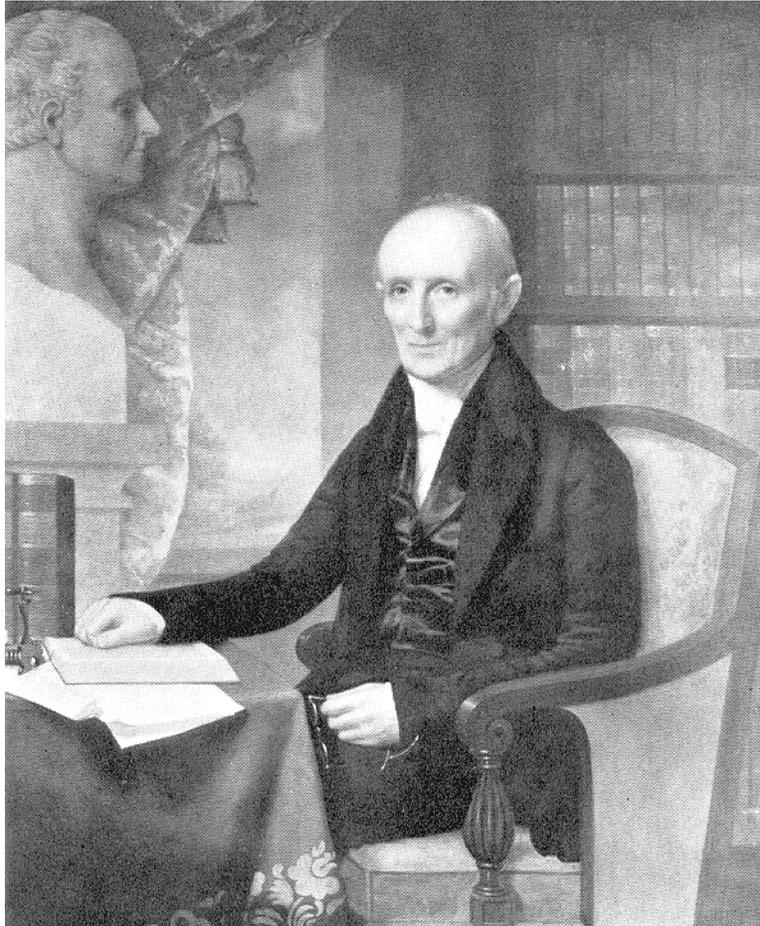


The East India Marine Society of [Salem](#), which had commissioned this painting, would refuse to accept it in that condition, so Bowditch himself sprang for the cost and hung the portrait, the best one of him ever made, in a hall on the second floor of his home: The East India Marine Society would offer its cash instead to the painter Charles Osgood, and the portrait of Bowditch would be completed in 1835 or 1836:



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD



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

*4th day 9th of 7 M / Samuel Rodman was in town from [New Bedford](#)
- I had buisness with him on acct of [Moses Lopez](#), which brought
us together, & he called & set the evening with us a sociable
way. - the time passed on pleasant subjects & not a word on
disputable points. - but Oh the secret silent lamentation that
pervaded my heart on acct of the loss he has sustained in a
separation from the Society of which he was once a useful &
ornamental Member. -*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



August 13, Wednesday: Vier Refrainlieder by [Franz Schubert](#) to words of Seidl were published by Weigl as op. 95.

With notches in his belt for 14 concerts in Vienna [Nicolò Paganini](#) departed on a triumphal road tour covering some 30 cities in Germany, Bohemia, and Poland at the rate of about a city a month (he would be venturing as



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

far east as Warsaw, as far west as Strassbourg).

WALDEN: Near at hand, upon the topmost spray of a birch, sings the brown-thrasher -or red mavis, as some love to call him- all the morning, glad of your society, that would find out another farmer's field if yours were not here. While you are planting the seed, he cries, -"Drop it, drop it, -cover it up, cover it up, -pull it up, pull it up, pull it up." But this was not corn, and so it was safe from such enemies as he. You may wonder what his rigmarole, his amateur Paganini performances on one string or on twenty, have to do with your planting, and yet prefer it to leached ashes or plaster. It was a cheap sort of top dressing in which I had entire faith.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

NICOLÒ PAGANINI

THE BEANFIELD



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

4th day 13 of 8 M 1828 / I left home this morning in the Stage for [New Bedford](#) on buisness of the Meeting for sufferings, to procure Signers, members of the Meeting to the deed of the Boston Meeting house lot which friends has lately agreed to sell & the late act of the Massachusetts Legislature requires the signature of a certain number of the Members of the Meeting to give a Deed I arrived in Bedford a little before 4 OC PM & after getting a little dinner at a tavern, Joseph Tillinghast assisted me in getting a chaise & rode with me to John R. Davis's & after obtaining his name with that of Abraham Sherman Jr who happened



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to be there we rode on to Obadiah Davis's, took tea, and obtained his name, & rode back into New Bedford, And arrived there about 9 OC in the evening - after sitting awhile at Francis Tabers & arranging for the Morrow I went to J S Tillinghasts & lodged. -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



October 11, Saturday: Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

7th day 11th of 10 M / We have had considerable company at the Institution today & among the callers has been our frd Moses Brown - Joseph Tillinghast of New Bedford & Susan Ann Buffum with her son Thos on their return from Pembroke where they have been visiting their relations -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1829

 August 9, Sunday: According to an almanac of the period, "Entire change in the French ministry by a decree of the king. The Liberals or moderate party dismissed from office, and an Ultra-royalist ministry, with Prince de Polignac at its head, appointed in their places. This measure is said to have been effected through the influence of the British cabinet."

CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS

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

1st day 9th of 8 M / Lydia Breed & Anna A Jenkins attended Meeting at lower [Smithfield](#) - which Seemed to me like a right concern. - Our Meeting at School this Morning was Silent - Our friend Abram Sherman from [New Bedford](#) attended with us. - Saml Foster & his Mother & our Nephew Wm Rodman was also - in addition to the foregoing In the Afternoon we had the company of Loyd Greene & wife - Lydia Breed having returned was present & she & Loyd had short acceptable offerings. -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

 October 25, Sunday: Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

*1st day 25 of 10 M / Silent in the Morng & in the Afternoon Wm Almy attended & was much favourd in testimony, & it was a good meeting
This eveng Joseph Tillinghast & Wm Taber from [New Bedford](#) came here & brought a letter from Abraham Sherman Jr.*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1830

 April 28, Wednesday: Franz Liszt and Henri Herz played duets at the Salle Chanteraine, Paris.

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

*4th day 28th of 4 M / Rode to [Smithfield](#) to attend the Moy [Monthly] Meeting - it was a very pleasant Ride - we enjoyed the Scenery - the beautiful pines & the other forest trees were highly interesting & particularly the wild plums which is in full blossom
But the Meeting tho' highly favoured in some respects was a season of painful exercise Wm Harris Abraham Wilkinson Timothy Greene & Nathan Buffington were disowned - & three others were taken under dealing - the Meeting held over four hours. -In the first Meeting our friend Wm Almy preached & was followed by Anna A Jenkins - Lydia Breed closed in Supplication - In the last meeting Anna A Jenkins opened a concern to attend the approaching Yearly Meeting at New York & recd a copy of a Minute for the purpose & Lydia Breed felt a drawing to attend the Moy [Monthly] Meetings of [Dartmouth](#) & [New Bedford](#) & had a copy of a Minute for that purpose. - So that amidst all the discouraging circumstances which attend us - there are some which evince that there are some alive & ready to go fourth in the great course of their Lord & Master. -*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

 May 30, Sunday: President [Andrew Jackson](#) responded to [John Caldwell Calhoun](#)'s letter of the 25th: "... I have a right to believe that you were my sincere friend, and until now, never expected to have the occasion to say to you, in the language of Caesar, *Et tu Brute*.... Your letter to me... is the first intimation to me that you ever entertained any other opinion..."

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

*1st day 30th of 5th M 1830 / Silent Meeting in the Morning In the Afternoon Wm Almy was here & engaged in a very appropriate testimony from the Scripture "Wherewith shall a young man clince his way &c. -
Enoch & Lydia went away last 2nd dy to attend the Moy [Monthly] Meeting of [New Bedford](#) & [Dartmouth](#) - they returned Yesterday having accomplished their visit & I have no doubt they had seasonable service. -*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

 October 3, Sunday: Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

1st day 3rd of 10 M 1830 / Silent Meetings & rather heavy times. Between Meetings we had a short visit from Thos P Rodman -he now resides at [New Bedford](#), but has it in contemplation to remove. -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD



November 30, Tuesday: The Revolutionaries were in control of Warsaw. The Russian army and Grand Duke Konstantin were forced to retreat.

Riots broke out in Tambov southeast of Moscow, in response to a cholera epidemic and the government policy of quarantine.

Pope Pius VIII, Francesco Saverio Castiglioni, died in Rome.

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

*3rd day 30th of 11th M 1830 / The day was violent stormy with Wind & pelting rain from the North East It was our Sub committee Meeting & not enough of the committee were able to get there to make a meeting & they adjourned. -
Having felt my mind drawn to attend the approaching Quarterly Meeting to be held in [New Bedford](#) for Sandwich - Stormy as the Morning was & the whole Day proved I got into the Stage by way of Tanton [Taunton] & set out -
When we arrived at Tanton I met with Wm Dean of Salem who I had not seen in a number of Years. - Tho' he has left the Society of Friends of which he was once a useful member, his external appearance was plain - & his conversation open & Friendly - we conversed freely on the subject of his separation from society & I discharged my mind freely to him & with a plainness which I apprehend has seldom been used with him - on our arrival at [New Bedford](#) he stoped at his Brother in Law Wm Rotchs & I went to my friend Joseph Tillinghast by whom I was kindly received & entertained while there & had time in the evening to call on several of my friends & acquaintances. -*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



December 1, Wednesday: Polish troops outside Warsaw decided to join the uprising and they marched into the city to defend it.

English explorers Richard and John Lander reached Fernando Po (Bioko) after having traversed the lower Niger River by canoe over the last four months.

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

4th day 1st of 12 M 1830 / Attended the Select Qrly Meeting which was a season of distress but some relief towards the close by the Ministry of John Wilbour, - Dined at Francis Tabers & also took tea there & in the evening met there with a committee from the Y Meeting & the Select Meeting of [New Bedford](#) on account of existing difficulty among them - tho' I was not a Member of that committee & met with them by invitation - I had an opportunity to relieve my mind of some exercise which I had been under. - it was a season to be remembered - divers who were as carts heavily pressed with shieves were encouraged to bear the burden & our hearts were cemented together in much love. -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD



December 2, Thursday: Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

5th day Attended the Qrly Meeting at large - Thomas Anthony from our Qrly Meeting was there & well engaged in testimony. -Several other appearance but neither of the others were very satisfactory to me. - In the last there was but very little buisness & several burdensome appearances by way of Preaching. - This is the second time I was ever at [New Bedford](#) & the first Quarterly Meeting I ever attended excepting that of [Rhode Island](#) to which I belong. - I dined at Geo Howlands & took tea & set most of the eveng at Francis Tabers. - Took the Stage to Fall River & came home from there by the Steam Boat. - In looking over this journey I am not conscios of doing any hurt & perhaps no good - but I do feel as if I had got some good by going & I desire to be thankful. -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1831

➡ Failing to gain admittance to [Harvard College](#) due to an inadequacy in mathematics, [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) began the study of law with John Russell in [New Bedford](#). After gaining admittance to the Massachusetts bar, however, he would prefer to spend down an ample inheritance and indulge himself in a life of casual reading and abundant leisure.

NEW "HARVARD MEN"

➡ April 5, Tuesday: Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

*day 5 of 4 M / Finding nothing to protract my stay in [Newport](#) - & it being necessary for me to be in [Providence](#), I took the Steam Boat & came home. - My reflections were of a serious cast on the Passage - but not depressed
Found the Sub committee had separated a little before I arrived & several gone to [New Bedford](#) to attend the Quarterly Meeting to be held there tomorrow*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

➡ December: [David Mack \(III\)](#) became principal of the [Friends'](#) Academy in [New Bedford](#), Massachusetts (to May 1836).

On the run due to student debts, [Henry William Herbert](#) arrived at [New-York](#). Initially he would teach Greek in a private school there. He would begin to contribute amply to a new sporting magazine, William Porter's [Spirit of the Times](#) (he would, in fact, make himself one of the very most prolific American authors of the period).



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1832

 [Nathan Johnson](#) was a delegate –the only one from [New Bedford](#), and one of only two representing Massachusetts– to the 3rd National Negro Convention in [Philadelphia](#).

[Stephen Smith](#) purchased a frame church building for the use of the Mount Zion African Methodist Episcopal congregation of Columbia, Pennsylvania.

 October 26, Friday: Treaty between the US federal government and the Potawatami. The treaty was, as per usual, entered into in good faith.

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

6th day 26 of 10 M 1832 / My mind was seriously affected on reading in the [Newport](#) Paper recd this evening, the Decease of my cousin Sarah Tew Aged 47 Years - She died in [New Bedford](#) on 7th day last the 20 inst & was interd at Newport on the 22nd Her Mother was daughter of John Wanton, who was the son of the late Gov John Wanton, & a near relation of my Mothers - Her Father was Latham Thurston, & I well remember both her Father & her Mother -Latham Thurston was a near blood relation of my Mothers. -Sarah with her Mother used to visit at our house when I was a boy, & tho' She was not a member was a diligent attender of Our Meetings when a Girl, & after her widowhood, & from her relationship & acquaintance which subsisted, I felt a nearness for her. -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

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NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1833

➡ [Nathan Johnson](#) attended the 4th National Convention for the Improvement of Free People of Color in [Philadelphia](#) with black merchant Richard Johnson, evidently not related to him but also from [New Bedford](#), and was named one of four honorary members. Abraham Shadd was elected president of the Convention. At the age of 10, his mulatto daughter [Mary Ann Shadd](#) began attending the [Quaker](#) Boarding School run by Miss Phoebe Darlington in West Chester, Pennsylvania. She would take a six-year course.



Costumes of Philadelphia Quakers

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)[NEW BEDFORD](#)[NEW BEDFORD](#)[1834](#)

[→](#) [Nathan Johnson](#) and the Reverend Jacob Perry, minister of the African Christian Church ([New Bedford](#)'s first black religious congregation — remember, Johnson had in [1822](#) [→](#) petitioned the all-white Quakers for membership in the [Religious Society of Friends](#), and had of course been utterly stonewalled on account of his [race](#)) and president of the New-Bedford Union Society (its first antislavery society, formed not by the all-white New Bedford Friends but by the local free people of color), attended the 5th National Negro Convention in [Philadelphia](#). This Convention adopted a nonviolent declaration similar to the Declaration of Sentiments of the American Anti-Slavery Society, as written by half-black [William Whipper](#) of [Pennsylvania](#).

[SERVILE INSURRECTION](#)

[→](#) Presumably after January 17, Friday: [Waldo Emerson](#) lectured on [Italy](#), probably in [New Bedford](#). (EARLY LECTURES, Volume I, pages 87-88 has excerpts, and there is a summary in Cabot, Volume II, page 712.)

[THE LIST OF LECTURES](#)



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

 Presumably after January 17, Friday and after a previous lecture: It seems that [Waldo Emerson](#) lectured on [Italy](#) a 2d time, probably again in [New Bedford](#). (EARLY LECTURES, Volume I, pages 87-88 has excerpts, and there is a summary in Cabot, Volume II, page 712.)

[THE LIST OF LECTURES](#)

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.)

 February 23, Sunday: Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

*1st day 23 of 2 M / Silent Meeting & measurably favoured. -Rote to Thomas Shillitoe
There is now great distress in the Monied community & yesterday Saml Shove failed in [Providence](#) - in [New Bedford](#) the pressure is unparalled - over Fifty failures having occured in a few Weeks & where it will end is uncertain.-
I thank the Lord that I owe nothing & am no where responsible in away but that I can answer at a Moments Warning that. I know of no responsibility beyond this nor do I apprehend any. -*

[RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS](#)

 August 1, Friday: Slavery already being illegal in England and [William Wilberforce](#) having emancipated the slaves of the English Antilles, at this point the British parliament emancipated the 800,000 black slaves of [Canada](#) and of the British West Indies. In the beginning of this long process of emancipation, those under 6 years of age were freed, and all others were bound there as “apprentice laborers” to continue to serve their former owners at specified wages for the term of 5 to 7 years (later this would be reduced to 2 years) to be followed by their emancipation, a phase to be completed on [August 1, 1838](#).  under conditions of the Abolition Act of [August 28, 1833](#).  As a condition of their cooperation the white “owners” of these



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black and red “slaves” were to receive some £20,000,000 in compensation.

WALDEN: I sometimes wonder that we can be so frivolous, I may almost say, as to attend to the gross but somewhat foreign form of servitude called Negro Slavery, there are so many keen and subtle masters that enslave both north and south. It is hard to have a southern overseer; it is worse to have a northern one; but worst of all when you are the slave-driver of yourself. Talk of a divinity in man! Look at the teamster on the highway, wending to market by day or night; does any divinity stir within him? His highest duty to fodder and water his horses! What is his destiny to him compared with the shipping interests? Does not he drive for Squire Make-a-stir? How godlike, how immortal, is he? See how he cowers and sneaks, how vaguely all the day he fears, not being immortal nor divine, but the slave and prisoner of his own opinion of himself, a fame won by his own deeds. Public opinion is a weak tyrant compared with our own private opinion. What a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines, or rather indicates, his fate. Self-emancipation even in the West Indian provinces of the fancy and imagination, -what Wilberforce is there to bring that about?

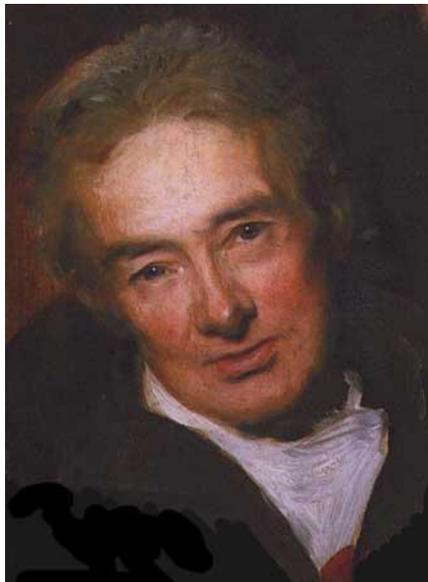
**PEOPLE OF
WALDEN**

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE

JOSEPH ADDISON

“CATO, A TRAGEDY”

EMANCIPATION DAY



35,000 slaves became free in South Africa and South Africa was on its march to becoming what it is now, a haven of sweetness and light (of course, this simplified account leaves out some of the intermediate stages in the South African progress).



NEW BEDFORD

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With a large population of Quakers who were staunchly anti-slavery, [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#) had become a stop on the Underground Railroad, helping blacks flee the oppression of the American Southern states, so it had acquired a reputation as a safe haven. There would be a few from the West Indies who would make their way there. These West Indians who would settle in the local area of course would remember this [Emancipation Day](#) and make it an annual event. Something for everyone, even for the white people: on this

ABOLITIONISM

momentous day, also, England forbade [hanging](#) as punishment for “returning too soon from transportation!”

 Mid-November: Toward the middle of the month the Reverend [Waldo Emerson](#) substituted for his cousin the Reverend [Orville Dewey](#) at the [New Bedford Unitarian Church](#).²⁸ While in New Bedford, Massachusetts he boarded with Friend Deborah Brayton, a [Quaker](#) who used “thee” and “thou” and “First Day” and “First Month.” When this task was completed the Reverend Emerson settled in the town of [Concord](#), Massachusetts.

28.Note that the Reverend Emerson had given up his church, but not his position in society as a minister and not his title.



NEW BEDFORD

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1835

 By the mid-1830s, [Nathan Johnson](#)'s catering and [Mary "Polly" Johnson](#)'s confectionery business were well known in [New Bedford](#). They were living in their own place, which is now the rear section of 21 Seventh Street. The New Bedford [Mercury](#) was carrying the couple's advertisements that at their Seventh Street establishment one might obtain eat-in "refreshments," and in addition "Fresh Bordeaux Almonds; superior (French) Olives, Olive Oil, Prunes, Cocoa Nuts Oranges, Lemons, Lemon Syrup, shelled Almonds, Spices, &c. &c. Confect[ion]s, Jellies, Ice Cream, Cake, Candies" were being offered for sale. [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) would report that [Nathan Johnson](#) "and his worthy wife, 'Polly,' were the *sine qua none* at all the fashionable parties of our place, as caterers and waiters." The papers of [Friend](#) Charles Waln Morgan at the Mystic Seaport Museum provide an account of a year's worth of purchases from this establishment, delicacies such as sponge cake, loaf cake, and short cake, oranges, the fashionable, molded, jelly-like dessert known as *blanc mange*, macaroons, ice cream, candy (their confections reportedly were made with the use of "free labor sugar" — that is, sugar harvested and processed by free employees rather than by slave labor), and the sort of calves' feet jelly which hostesses then often served on a bed of lettuce with slices of hard-boiled egg on top — the Johnson's may not have been of the right race to be allowed to join the New Bedford monthly meeting of the [Religious Society of Friends](#) (Nathan had applied in 1822,  but his petition had of course been stonewalled), but everybody sure liked the way they could cook! The Reverend [Samuel Joseph May](#), visiting New Bedford, observed that Johnson had acquired "the respect of the community in which he dwells ... by his uniformly upright conduct and modest manners," and that through industry and thrift he had built up "a very pretty estate, and has found time to attend to the cultivation of his mind."

 Late January: From late in this month, through the months of February and March, the Reverend [Waldo Emerson](#) of [Concord](#) would again be substituting in the [New Bedford Unitarian](#) pulpit of his cousin the Reverend [Orville Dewey](#).

 8th month 26th (August 26, Wednesday): [Friend Joseph Ricketson, Senior](#) of [New Bedford](#) wrote to [Dr. William Andrus Alcott](#) about his family's food habits:

VIEW THE PAGE IMAGES

[Lysander Spooner](#) published in the [Worcester Republican](#) a petition, against the tradition that non-college-graduates would be required to read law in a law office for 5 full years before sitting for the bar examination, that also would be posted to each member of the Massachusetts General Court. Rich kids get sent to college, whereas poor kids need to be self-educated, but, he wondered, was that any reason to discriminate against them? Was it really necessary that the state rally to the safeguarding of its most privileged ones, against the prospect that the unprivileged might somewhere somehow someday take unfair advantage of them?

To the Members of the Legislature of Massachusetts



...No one has yet ever dared advocate, in direct terms, so monstrous a principle as that the rich ought to be protected by law from the competition of the poor....



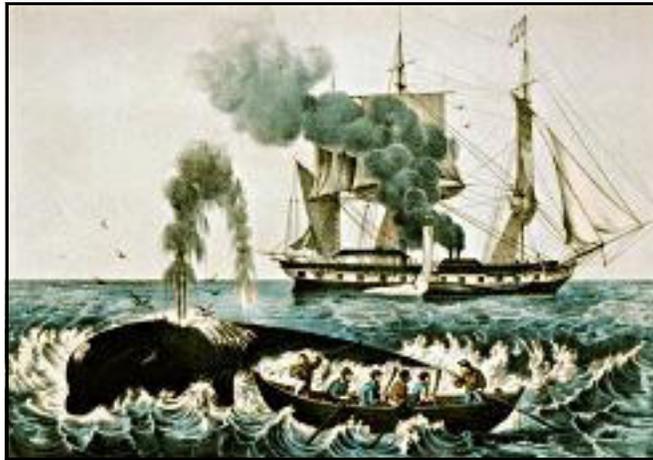
NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

 November 10, Tuesday: Records of the ["Institute of 1770"](#):

Renouf read select passages from a review of A FEW WEEKS IN PARIS DURING THE RESIDENCE OF THE ALLIED SOVEREIGNS IN THAT METROPOLIS. Debated: "Ought gambling to be punished as a criminal offense?"

[Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) described a Quaker whaler, the *Wilmington and Liverpool Packet* out of the port of [New Bedford](#), which he experienced while it was replenishing in Santa Barbara harbor.



It is interesting, to those of us who find this sort of thing interesting, that [Quakers](#), despite the testimony of nonviolence, had no more difficulty with being whalers than they had had with the transportation of slaves during the [triangular trade](#).



"The whaler was a kind of pirate-miner – an excavator of oceanic oil, stoking the furnace of the Industrial Revolution as much as any man digging coal out of the earth."



– Philip Hoare, *THE WHALE: IN SEARCH OF THE GIANTS OF THE SEA* (NY: HarperCollins, March 2010)

MOBY-DICK, THE OIL SPILL



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

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

Tuesday, Nov. 10th. Going ashore, as usual, in the gig, just before sundown, to bring off the captain, we found, upon taking in the captain and pulling off again, that our ship, which lay the farthest out, had run up her ensign. This meant "Sail ho!" of course, but as we were within the point we could see nothing. "Give way, boys! Give way! Lay out on your oars, and long stroke!" said the captain; and stretching to the whole length of our arms, bending back again, so that our backs touched the thwarts, we sent her through the water like a rocket. A few minutes of such pulling opened the islands, one after another, in range of the point, and gave us a view of the Canal, where was a ship, under top-gallant sails, standing in, with a light breeze, for the anchorage. Putting the boat's head in the direction of the ship, the captain told us to lay out again; and we needed no spurring, for the prospect of boarding a new ship, perhaps from home, hearing the news and having something to tell of when we got back, was excitement enough for us, and we gave way with a will. Captain Nye, of the *Loriotte*, who had been an old whaler, was in the stern-sheets, and fell mightily into the spirit of it. "Bend your backs and break your oars!" said he. "Lay me on, Captain Bunker!" "There she flukes!" and other exclamations, peculiar to whalers. In the meantime, it fell flat calm, and being within a couple of miles of the ship, we expected to board her in a few moments, when a sudden breeze sprung up, dead ahead for the ship, and she braced up and stood off toward the islands, sharp on the larboard tack, making good way through the water. This, of course, brought us up, and we had only to "ease larboard oars; pull round starboard!" and go aboard the *Alert*, with something very like a flea in the ear. There was a light land-breeze all night, and the ship did not come to anchor until the next morning. As soon as her anchor was down, we went aboard, and found her to be the whaleship, *Wilmington and Liverpool Packet*, of New Bedford, last from the "off-shore ground," with nineteen hundred barrels of oil. A "spouter" we knew her to be as soon as we saw her, by her cranes and boats, and by her stump top-gallant masts, and a certain slovenly look to the sails, rigging, spars and hull; and when we got on board, we found everything to correspond, — spouter fashion. She had a false deck, which was rough and oily, and cut up in every direction by the chimes of oil casks; her rigging was slack and turning white; no paint on the spars or blocks; clumsy seizings and straps without covers, and homeward-bound splices in every direction. Her crew, too, were not in much better order. Her captain was a slab-sided, shamle-legged Quaker, in a suit of brown, with a broad-brimmed hat, and sneaking about decks, like a sheep, with his head down; and the men looked more like fishermen and farmers than they did like sailors.

Though it was by no means cold weather, (we having on only our red shirts and duck trowsers,) they all had on woollen trowsers— not blue and ship-shape— but of all colors— brown, drab, grey, aye, and green, with suspenders over their shoulders, and pockets to put their hands in. This, added to guernsey frocks, striped comforters about the neck, thick cowhide boots, woollen caps, and a strong, oily smell, and a decidedly green look, will complete the description. Eight or ten were on the fore-topsail yard, and as many more in the main, furling the topsails, while eight or ten were hanging about the fore-castle, doing nothing. This was a strange sight for a vessel coming to anchor; so we went up to them, to see what was the matter. One of them, a stout, hearty-looking fellow, held out his leg and said he had the scurvy; another had cut his hand; and others had got nearly well, but said that there were plenty aloft to furl the sails, so they were sogering on the fore-castle. There was only one "splicer" on board, a fine-looking old tar, who was in the bunt of the fore-topsail. He was probably the only sailor in the ship, before the mast. The mates, of course, and the boat-steerers, and also two or three of the crew, had been to sea before, but only whaling voyages; and the greater part of the crew were raw hands, just from the bush, as green as cabbages, and had not yet got the hay-seed out of their heads. The mizen topsail hung in the bunt-lines until everything was furled forward. Thus a crew of thirty men were half an hour in doing what would have been done in the *Alert* with eighteen hands to go aloft, in fifteen or twenty minutes.

We found they had been at sea six or eight months, and had no news to tell us; so we left them, and promised to get liberty to come on board in the evening, for some curiosities, etc. Accordingly, as soon as we were knocked off in the evening and had got supper, we obtained leave, took a boat, and went aboard and spent an hour or two. They gave us pieces of whalebone, and the teeth and other parts of curious sea animals, and we exchanged books with them— a practice very common among ships in foreign ports, by which you get rid of the books you have read and re-read, and a supply of new ones in their stead, and Jack is not very nice as to their comparative value.



NEW BEDFORD

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1837

 Seeing that there had recently been a state-funded geological survey, the [Boston Society of Natural History](#) propositioned the Massachusetts legislature to fund also a similar botanical and zoological survey. The new president of the society he had helped form in 1831, [George B. Emerson](#), would not only be appointed by Governor Everett as commissioner of the survey but would himself over the following 9 summers, in conjunction with the botanist Dr. Dewey, perform its investigation of trees and shrubs. A circular with twenty questions was posted to some fifty landowners in the state. During his summers the schoolmaster would be visiting shipyards in Boston and [New Bedford](#) and elsewhere along the coast, along with sawmills, machine shops, and woodworking shops fashioning furniture, agricultural implements, etc.

Rebecca Stanley Mann, [Horace Mann, Sr.](#)'s sister, died.

The American Institute of Instruction, with which [George B. Emerson](#) was heavily involved, secured the appointment of Massachusetts Representative [Horace Mann, Sr.](#) as Secretary of a newly formed State Board of Education.

[Emma Hart Willard](#) organized the Willard Association for the Mutual Improvement of Female Teachers. She published a letter to [Simón Bolívar](#) urging that he open a female school in the newly liberated Republic of Colombia, South America. The Troy Female Seminary was incorporated.



NEW BEDFORD

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 [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#) would not reach its peak for another two decades, but it was already most prosperous. The registered tonnage of ships, inclusive of some 300 whaling vessels, centering on the Acushnet River (including those of Fairhaven across the inlet), was exceeded only by the registered tonnage of [New-York](#), of [Boston](#), and of [New Orleans](#) (pictured here, in this year):



For the next quarter century, up until [Civil War](#) times, this port would continue to enjoy its constant growth and prosperity, and Ishmael, in [Herman Melville's MOBY-DICK; OR, THE WHALE](#), would refer to it as “perhaps the dearest place to live in, in all New England.” In this fortunate port, here was [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#)



NEW BEDFORD

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portrayed during this year at the age of 25:



(This would be a portrait of Friend Daniel as he would have liked to appear — for in real life after one eye had been struck by another boy, not only would that eye be deficient in vision but it would be distinctly smaller than the other.)



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

ESSENCE IS BLUR. SPECIFICITY,
THE OPPOSITE OF ESSENCE,
IS OF THE NATURE OF TRUTH.

 June 4, Sunday: [Abiel Holmes](#) died.

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

1st day 6th M 4th 1837 / A number of Friends landed in the Steam Boat from NYork this Morning, expecting to attend our Yearly Meeting - Some of them went on to [New Bedford](#) - Matthew Barker & wife & daughter staid in Town & Joseph Tripp & wife & Jesse Eddy went to [Portsmouth](#). In the forenoon Meeting Father Rodman appeared in supplication & in Testimony - he also said a little in the Afternoon - Cousin Henry Gould got out to Meeting in the Morning, the first time since his illness, I was glad to have him with us. -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

 July 29, Saturday: Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

7th day 29th of 7 M / Rode with John Farnum to [Tiverton](#), Dined at Edw Wings & spent the Afternoon till 4 OClock, very pleasantly, then rode home to Tea This was a pleasant excursion, one I have long wished to take but was sorry to find Edward had gone to [New Bedford](#) - Wm Shotwell & his wife were there which made an agreeable addition to the rest of the family. -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

Treaty with the Chippewa: Articles of a treaty made and concluded at St. Peters (the confluence of the St. Peters and Mississippi rivers) in the Territory of Wisconsin, between the United States of America, by their commissioner, Henry Dodge, Governor of said Territory, and the Chippewa nation of Indians, by their chiefs and headmen.

ARTICLE 1.

The said Chippewa nation cede to the United States all the tract of country included within the following boundaries:

Beginning at the junction of the Crow Wing and Mississippi rivers, between twenty and thirty miles above where the Mississippi is crossed by the forty-sixth parallel of north latitude, and running thence to the north point of Lake St. Croix, one of the sources of the St. Croix river, thence to and along the dividing ridge between the waters of Lake Superior and



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those of the Mississippi, to the sources of the Ocha-sua-sepe a tributary of the Chippewa river, thence to a point on the Chippewa river, twenty miles below the outlet of Lake De Flambeau; thence to the junction of the Wisconsin and Pelican rivers; thence on an east course twenty-five miles; thence southerly, on a course parallel with that of the Wisconsin river, to the line dividing the territories of the Chippewas and Menominies; thence to the Plover Portage; thence along the southern boundary of the Chippewa country, to the commencement of the boundary line dividing it from that of the Sioux, half a days march below the falls on the Chippewa river, thence with said boundary line to the mouth of Wah-tap river, at its junction with the Mississippi; and thence up the Mississippi to the place of beginning.

ARTICLE 2.

In consideration of the cession aforesaid, the United States agrees to make to the Chippewa nation, annually, for the term of twenty years, from the date of the ratification of this treaty, the following payments.

1. Nine thousand five hundred dollars, to be paid in money.
2. Nineteen thousand dollars, to be delivered in goods.
3. Three thousand dollars for establishing three blacksmith shops, supporting the blacksmiths, and furnishing them with iron and steel.
4. One thousand dollars for farmers, and for supplying them and the Indians, with implements of labor, with grain or seed; and whatever else may be necessary to enable them to carry on their agricultural pursuits.
5. Two thousand dollars in provisions.
6. Five hundred dollars in tobacco.

The provisions and tobacco to be delivered at the same time with the goods, and the money to be paid; which time or times, as well as the place or places where they are to be delivered, shall be fixed upon under the direction of the President of the United States.

The blacksmiths shops to be placed at such points in the Chippewa country as shall be designated by the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, or under his direction.

If at the expiration of one or more years the Indians should prefer to receive goods, instead of the nine thousand dollars agreed to be paid to them in money, they shall be at liberty to do so. Or, should they conclude to appropriate a portion of that annuity to the establishment and support of a school or schools among them, this shall be granted them.



NEW BEDFORD

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August 1, Tuesday: The vote to free the slaves of the British West Indies in five years had been two years before, leaving three years to go. In [New Bedford](#), on this anniversary of the decision to emancipate the slaves of the British West Indies, a newspaper article called for the formation of an anti-slavery organization.

[EMANCIPATION DAY](#)

Here is the hymn written by Friend [John Greenleaf Whittier](#) for the celebration at the Broadway Tabernacle in New-York of the 3rd anniversary of the emancipation of the slaves of the British West Indies:

O Holy Father! just and true
Are all Thy works and words and ways,
And unto Thee alone is due
Thanksgiving and eternal praise!

As children of Thy gracious care,
We veil the eye, we bend the knee,
With broken words of praise and prayer,
Father and God, we come to Thee.

For Thou has heard, O God of Right,
The sighing of the island slave;
And stretched for him the arm of might,
Not shortened that is could not save.

The laborer sits beneath his vine.
The shackled soul and hand are free;
Thanksgiving! for the work is Thine!
Praise! for the blessing is of Thee!

And oh, we feel Thy presence here,
Thy awful arm of judgment bare!
Thine eye hath seen the bondman's tear;
Thine ear hath heard the bondman's prayer!

Praise! for the pride of man is low,
The counsels of the wise are naught,
The fountains of repentance flow;
What hath our God in mercy wrought?

Speed on Thy work, Lord God of Hosts!
And when the bondman's chain is riven,
And swells from all our guilty coasts
The anthem of the free to Heaven,

Oh, not to those whom Thou hast led,
As with Thy cloud and fire before,
But unto Thee, in fear and dread,
Be praise and glory evermore.

In 1837 I was in New York, in conjunction with Henry B. Stanton and Theodore D. Weld, in the office of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

[HENRY BREWSTER STANTON](#)

[THEODORE DWIGHT WELD](#)

[ABOLITIONISM](#)



NEW BEDFORD

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1838

 [Mary Rotch](#), who had a summer house “The Glen” on the outskirts of [Newport, Rhode Island](#), erected a [New Bedford](#) home for herself and her companion Mary Gifford at the northwest corner of South 6th Street and Cherry Street ([Margaret Fuller](#) would be there with her for awhile; the building would in the 1890s become the Unitarian parsonage).

At some point during this year [Margaret](#) wrote in her journal “It is so true that a woman may be in love with a woman and a man with a man.”

On the road to Stonewall,²⁹



[Henry David Thoreau](#) defined friendship erotically in an 1838 poem titled “Friendship.” Love is the “connecting link between heaven and earth,” and lovers are “kindred shapes” possessing a “kindred nature.” Indeed, they are intended “to be mates, / Exposed to equal fates / Eternally.” Lovers are like “two sturdy oaks” whose “roots are intertwined inseparably,” anticipating also [Walt Whitman](#)’s choice of the oak as a symbol of manly love. Thoreau argues wittily that “love cannot speak ... without the help of Greek, / or any other tongue” (Read [Henry Thoreau’s Journal for 1838 \(æf. 20-21\), 1:40-43](#)) Plato’s SYMPOSIUM originates the imagery of kindred lovers, and Greek, as the only tongue in which such love can speak, locates the passion within the [homoerotic](#) traditions associated with Greece.



July 8, Sunday: Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin was born.

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

1st day 8th of 7 M / Our friend Richard Mott attended Our Meeting in [Newport](#) this Morning in which he was favoured to get hold of our State & administer comfort to some who were heavy hearted - at the close of the Meeting he requested the Afternoon Meeting should be deferred till 5 O’clock & a general invitation given to the people of the Town - which was done. a very large meeting gathered, it was rather long in getting together but it consisted of the most respectable inhabitants of the Town who were very attentive to a truly gospel testimony, in which our friend was much favoured - a number of the Ministers of the Town were present as well as some of the Most religious & well informed of their persuasions - West the Minister of the New episcopal Church gave out the Meeting at the close of his afternoon Meeting, & deferred his evening Meeting on the occasion - This is a view of liberality never before done by that persuasion - it was once asked but refused - Richard took tea & lodged at Mary Williams but our friend Abraham

 29. Refer to Bryne R.S. Fone’s A ROAD TO STONEWALL: MALE HOMOSEXUALITY AND HOMOPHOBIA IN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE, 1750-1969.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

Sherman Jr who came with him from [New Bedford](#) returned home with us, again lodged & took tea

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [John Thoreau, Jr.](#) about the prospect of teaching private school there in [Concord](#).

Concord July 8th 38—
Dear John,
[We] heard from Helen today and she informs us that you are coming home by the first of August, now I wish you to write, and let me know exactly when your vacation take[]place, that I may take one at the same time. I am in school from 8 to 12 in the morning, and [form] 2 to 4 in the afternoo[n]; after that I read a little Greek or English, or for variety, take a stroll in the fields. We hav not had such a year for berries this long time—the earth is actually [b]lue with them. High blubberies, three kinds of low—thimble and

HELEN LOUISA THOREAU

Page 2
rasp-berries constitute my [diet] at present. (Take notice—I only diet between meals.) Among my deeds of charity I may reckon the picking of a cherry tree for two helpless single ladies who live under the hill[-]—but i'faith it was robbing Pet[er] to pay Paul—for while I was exalted in charity towards them, I had no mercy on my own [stomach]. Be advised, my love for currants continues.
The only addition that I have made of late to my stock of ornithological information—is in the shape, not of a Fring. [M]elod. but surely a melodious Fringilla--the F. [J]uncorum, or rush sparrow. I had long know him by his note but never by name.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

*Report says that Elijah Stearn[s]
is going to take the town school.*

Page 3

*I have four [scholars], and one more
engaged. Mr. [Fenner] left town [yest-]
terday. Among occurrences of ill omen,
may be mentioned the ~~eræ~~ falling out
and cracking of the inscription stone
of Concord monument. Mrs Lowell
and children are at Aunt 's.
Peabody walked up last Wednesday—
spen[t] the night, and took a stroll in
the woods. Sophia says I mu[]
leave off and pen a few lines for
her to Helen. S Good bye.
Love from all and among
them yr
aff brother
H D T*

Postmark: CONCORD

Jul

10

Address: John Thoreau

West Roxbury

Mass.

Postage: 6



July 9, Monday: Completion of the 2d (long) session of the 25th federal Congress.
Human enslavement was still legal in these United States of America, the land of the free
and home of the brave.



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

*2nd day 9 of 7 M / R Mott came & took breakfast with us —after
which A Sherman returned home by Stage to [New Bedford](#) —Richard
called to see his cousins Martha Carpenter & Avis C Howland in
the forenoon — went over to the Point & dined at Mary Williams's
& at 3 OC PM took the Steam Boat Kingston for [Providence](#)*



NEW BEDFORD

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intending to have a few Meetings thereaway & go to [Greenwich](#) on his way home. -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

 August 1, Wednesday: [William Lloyd Garrison](#) orated at Charles G. Finney's Broadway Tabernacle in Manhattan (because of the promise to liberate the slaves of the British West Indies beginning on this date, black American communities and those concerned for them had been pointedly ignoring the 4th of July in favor of the 1st of August).

Completion of the process of emancipation of all slaves in the British West Indies under six years of age, and the binding of all other slaves there as apprentices for the term of 5 to 7 years (later this would be reduced to 2 years) to be followed by emancipation, which had begun on [August 1, 1834](#)  under conditions of the Abolition Act of [August 28, 1833](#).  As a condition of their cooperation the white "owners" of these black and red "slaves" had received some £20,000,000 in compensation.

EMANCIPATION DAY

"EMANCIPATION IN THE ... INDIES...": Parliament was compelled to pass additional laws for the defence and security of the negro, and in ill humor at these acts, the great island of Jamaica, with a population of half a million, and 300,000 negroes, early in 1838, resolved to throw up the two remaining years of apprenticeship, and to emancipate absolutely on the 1st August, 1838. In British Guiana, in Dominica, the same resolution had been earlier taken with more good will; and the other islands fell into the measure; so that on the 1st August, 1838, the shackles dropped from every British slave. The accounts which we have from all parties, both from the planters, and those too who were originally most opposed to the measure, and from the new freemen, are of the most satisfactory kind. The manner in which the new festival was celebrated, brings tears to the eyes. The First of August, 1838, was observed in Jamaica as a day of thanksgiving and prayer. Sir Lionel Smith, the governor, writes to the British Ministry, "It is impossible for me to do justice to the good order, decorum, and gratitude, which the whole laboring population manifested on that happy occasion. Though joy beamed on every countenance, it was throughout tempered with solemn thankfulness to God, and the churches and chapels were everywhere filled with these happy people in humble offering of praise."

Therefore, [David Lee Child](#) had issued a handbill calling upon his neighbors in [Northampton](#) — to celebrate with him this freeing of the slaves of the British West Indies. On this morning he found a copy of his handbill nailed to his own door, with the word "persons" struck out and replaced by the word "NIGGERS." Locally, support was stronger for the [American Colonization Society](#), which believed that although blacks were



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inherently inferior and should forever be refused citizenship, “we” should find a way to kindly ship them all back where they came from — this sort of repulsive attitude represented, not the right nor the center, but the extreme far left of acceptable political opinion. As an expression of this sort of attitude toward race, even the town tax list itself was racially segregated, with the names and assessed taxes of black residents listed only after all names and assessments of white residents had been listed.

ABOLITIONISM

In [New Bedford](#), on this anniversary of the emancipation of the slaves of the British West Indies, there was an ad trumpeting a “commemoration of the anniversary of the abolishment of slavery in the British West Indies.” On that occasion, the Reverend Orange Scott addressed the group at the Methodist Chapel on Elm Street in Fairhaven; the meeting being sponsored by the Young Men’s Anti-Slavery Society.

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

*4th day 1st of 8th M 1838 / We rode to [Portsmouth](#) & attended the Select Quarterly which was a time of Some favour tho' the life was low in the forepart of it - Mary Shove opened the service in a short lively & I thought pertinent testimony - She was followed by John Meader powerfully & pertinently - & Elizabeth Wing in supplication
Ths buisness was gone thro' & pretty well conducted & some feeling remarks were made on the State of the Church on reading the Answers to the Queries. -
We dined at Susanna Hathaways after which we went down to the Farm where Uncle Stanton lived on a little buisness & then came home before dark. -*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



September 13, Thursday-14, Friday: [Waldo Emerson](#) to his journal:

I went to New Bedford & Mr D. was in a frolicsome mood, & got up from supper in the evening, & said, "Come let us have some fun," & went about to tickle his wife & his sisters. I grew grave, &, do what I could, I felt that I looked like one appointed to be hanged.

HANGING

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September 15, Saturday: [Frederick Douglass](#) and [Anna Murray Douglass](#) were wed in [New-York](#):

... With Mr. Ruggles, on the corner of Lispenard and Church streets, I was hidden several days, during which time my intended wife came on from Baltimore at my call, to share the burdens of life with me. She was a free woman, and came at once on getting the good news of my safety. We were married by Rev. J.W.C. Pennington, then a well-known and respected Presbyterian minister. I had no money with which to pay the marriage fee, but he seemed well pleased with our thanks.

Mr. Ruggles was the first officer on the "Underground Railroad" whom I met after coming North, and was, indeed, the only one with whom I had anything to do till I became such an officer myself. Learning that my trade was that of a calker, he promptly decided that the best place for me was in New Bedford, Mass. He told me that many ships for whaling voyages were fitted out there, and that I might there find work at my trade and make a good living. So, on the day of the marriage ceremony, we took our little luggage to the steamer John W. Richmond, which, at that time, was one of the line running between New York and Newport, R.I. Forty-three years ago colored travelers were not permitted in the cabin, nor allowed abaft the paddle-wheels of a steam vessel. They were compelled, whatever the weather might be,—whether cold or hot, wet or dry,—to spend the night on deck. Unjust as this regulation was, it did not trouble us much; we had fared much harder before....

NARRATIVE
→

This may certify, that I joined together in holy matrimony Frederick Johnson and Anna Murray, as man and wife, in the presence of Mr. David Ruggles and Mrs. Michaels.

JAMES W.C. PENNINGTON

NEW YORK, Sept. 15, 1838

NARRATIVE
→

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

This [David Ruggles](#) had been born free in Connecticut. This Presbyterian minister, however, the Reverend Dr.





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[James W.C. Pennington DD](#), was himself an escaped slave formerly known as Jim Pembroke, and had also escaped from darkest [Maryland](#).



ANNA MURRAY DOUGLASS



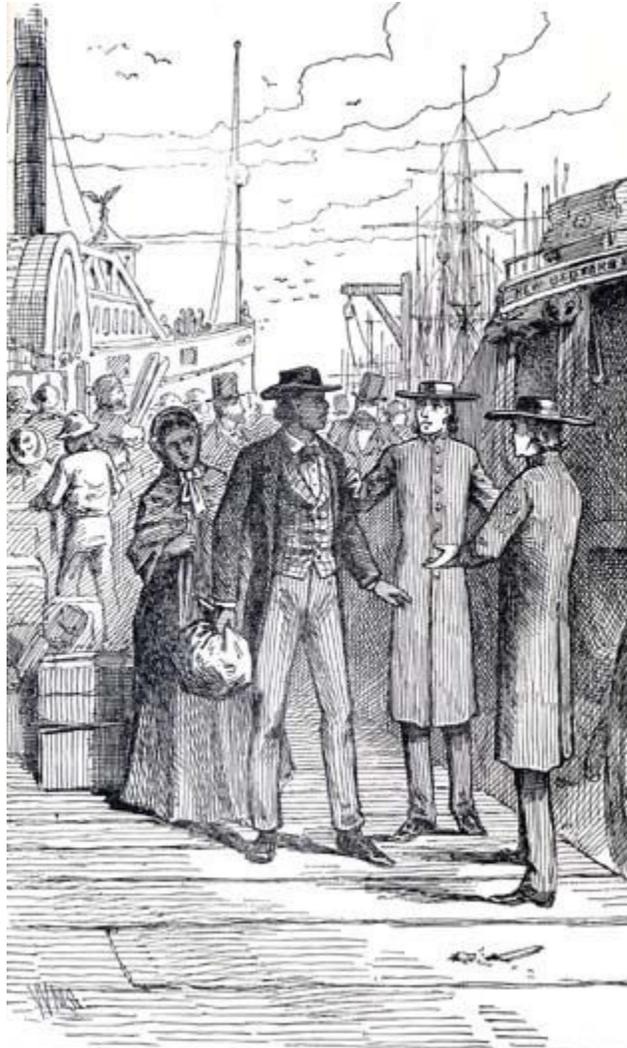
FREDERICK DOUGLASS

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 September 16, Sunday: [Frederick Douglass](#) and [Anna Murray Douglass](#), as Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Johnson, were put by [David Ruggles](#) aboard the steamer *John W. Richmond* from [New-York](#) to [Aquidneck Island](#)³⁰ in [Rhode Island](#) and there boarded a stagecoach headed toward the whaling port of [New Bedford](#) in the company of Friends [Joseph Ricketson, Junior](#) and [William Congdon Taber](#).³¹



In [New Bedford](#), known as a liberal town, the outlaw bridegroom would be seeking (but not finding, due to race prejudice) employment as a caulker — and would be put to work on the docks as a stevedore.

30. There is possible irony here, that might be looked into. What is the probability that Anna's and Frederick's black ancestors had been brought to this continent in ships owned by the international slavetraders of [Newport](#)?

31. Although [Frederick Douglass](#)'s various narratives all make the encounter in Newport seem quite accidental, it is rather more likely that [David Ruggles](#) had passed the word to the local anti-slavery society, and that Friends [William Congdon Taber](#) and [Joseph Ricketson, Junior](#) had been expectantly waiting for them to disembark from the steamer.



ANNA MURRAY DOUGLASS



FREDERICK DOUGLASS



We arrived at Newport the next morning, and soon after an old fashioned stage-coach, with "New Bedford" in large yellow letters on its sides, came down to the wharf. I had not money enough to pay our fare, and stood hesitating what to do. Fortunately for us, there were two Quaker gentlemen who were about to take passage on the stage,— Friends William C. Taber and Joseph Ricketson, —who at once discerned our true situation, and, in a peculiarly quiet way, addressing me, Mr. Taber said: "Thee get in." I never obeyed an order with more alacrity, and we were soon on our way to our new home. When we reached "Stone Bridge" the passengers alighted for breakfast, and paid their fares to the driver. We took no breakfast, and, when asked for our fares, I told the driver I would make it right with him when we reached New Bedford.



NARRATIVE
➔

WILLIAM C. TABER
JOSEPH RICKETSON

"The capacity to get free is nothing;
the capacity to be free, that is the task."
— André Gide, THE IMMORALIST
translation Richard Howard
NY: Alfred A. Knopf, 1970, page 7

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

1st day 16th of 9 M 1838 / I was so unwell for several days past that I could go out but little & have not attended Meetings today, but felt Able to be at the funeral of my Venerable Father in law Clarke Rodman, which was after the Afternoon Meeting - It was very numerously attended by people of all persuasions, & the sitting at the house was a very solemn Season leaving an evidence that words are not necessary to produce an evidence to the Truth but that it may be experienced in solemn Silence The



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only expressions were from Hannah Dennis simply the expression of the Scripture passage "Mark the perfect Man & behold the upright, for the end of that Man is peace."- this simply expressed, without enlargement, left a precious savor & I never felt more unity with Hannah on any occasion. -- At the grave we had a Silent Solemn pause & the countenances of the people exhibited a reverence & respect not usually discoverable to the same extent on such occasions -



RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



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September 18, Tuesday: [Waldo Emerson](#) to his journal in regard to the annular (partial) solar [eclipse](#) (#7260) that passed from Hudson Bay down across northern New England:

SUN

This P.M. the Eclipse. Peter Howe did not like it for his rowan would not make hay: and he said "the sun looked as if a nigger was putting his head into it."



Well, in some sense Peter Howe of Concord was right, black Americans were indeed raising their head into the sunshine. For on this day of eclipse [Frederick Douglass](#) and [Anna Murray Douglass](#), as free Mr. and Mrs.



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Frederick Johnson, were arriving in their new hometown, [New Bedford](#):

We arrived at [Newport](#) the next morning, and soon after an old fashioned stage-coach, with "New Bedford" in large yellow letters on its sides, came down to the wharf. I had not money enough to pay our fare, and stood hesitating what to do. Fortunately for us, there were two [Quaker](#) gentlemen who were about to take passage on the stage, -Friends William C. Taber and Joseph Ricketson,- who at once discerned our true situation, and, in a peculiarly quiet way, addressing me, Mr. Taber said: "Thee get in." I never obeyed an order with more alacrity, and we were soon on our way to our new home. When we reached "Stone Bridge" the passengers alighted for breakfast, and paid their fares to the driver. We took no breakfast, and, when asked for our fares, I told the driver I would make it right with him when we reached New Bedford. I expected some objection to this on his part, but he made none. When, however, we reached New Bedford, he took our baggage, including three music-books, -two of them collections by Dyer, and one by Shaw,- and held them until I was able to redeem them by paying to him the amount due for our rides. This was soon done, for Mr. Nathan Johnson not only received me kindly and hospitably, but, on being informed about our baggage, at once loaned me the two dollars with which to square accounts with the stage-driver. Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Johnson reached a good old age, and now rest from their labors. I am under many grateful obligations to them. They not only "took me in when a stranger" and "fed me when hungry," but taught me how to make an honest living. Thus, in a fortnight after my flight from [Maryland](#), I was safe in New Bedford, a citizen of the grand old commonwealth of Massachusetts....

NARRATIVE



WILLIAM C. TABER

JOSEPH RICKETSON

NATHAN JOHNSON

Mary J. Tabor would allege in 1907 something that does not jibe with the popular appreciation of [Frederick Douglass](#) that is gathered from reading of his [NARRATIVE](#), to wit, that at this point, with him arriving at freedom in New Bedford, he was not yet able to read, let alone to write. She would allege that in New Bedford after his escape from slavery, it had been her relative [William C. Taber](#) who had found for Douglass the stevedoring work he mentions on the wharves (help not acknowledged in Douglass's written account), and she would allege that at this point Douglass had been taught to read by her relative, the New Bedford bookseller [Charles Taber](#):

Owing to the anti-slavery principles of Friends, New Bedford early became a station on the "underground railroad," and if a fugitive slave could once reach this haven of rest, he felt almost safe from pursuit, public opinion being so strong that



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in the days of the Fugitive Slave Law it would have been impossible to capture a runaway slave in this town.

Frederick Douglass, one of the most remarkable of colored men, passed some time here in safety, and always retained a most grateful recollection of his sojourn among the Quakers. It happened on this wise: Having made his escape from slavery and reached Newport after many perils, he was very anxious to come to New Bedford, that place being known among the slaves as a heaven upon earth.

Hearing the name called out, he peeped shyly around the corner of a building and gazed longingly at the state coach which was filled with "women Friends" on their way home from New England Yearly Meeting. William C. Taber, sitting on the top of the coach, observed the pleading eyes, and said, "Yes, friend, it is all right, climb up here beside me."

No sooner said than done, William C. Taber paid his fare, brought him to his own house, and found work for him on the wharves, as he had been a stevedore at the South. While in New Bedford, he was taught to read by Charles Taber.

Thus the distinguished orator was launched on the road to fame.



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What we have, above, is essentially an assertion that when Douglass arrived in [New Bedford](#) aboard that stage from [Newport, Rhode Island](#), he could not yet read, let alone write. —That that is importantly discordant with the fulsome manner in which the [NARRATIVE](#) is now conventionally read, is something that goes without saying.

For their wedding document, the newlyweds had adopted the family name Johnson, but soon this came to seem an unwise selection. At the time the Douglasses were there, New Bedford had the highest per capita income in America. When the fugitive slave Freddy Bailey, then calling himself Frederick Johnson, arrived at the home of [Nathan Johnson](#) and [Mary “Polly” Johnson](#) in New Bedford (the Douglasses are not the only guests

This is the recent dedication of a plaque at the site, attended by descendants of the original participants:



documented to have found refuge for a time at 21 Seventh Street, next door to the Friends meetinghouse),





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Nathan was reading [Robert Burns](#), and within a day or two Johnson would rename him after the hero Douglas



in *LADY OF THE LAKE*, as [Frederick Douglass](#). (Frederick decided to spell it “Douglass” because there were some black families in New Bedford who were spelling their name that way.)³²

32. But why did Freddy Bailey *alias* Fred Johnson **accept** the proffered name “Douglass”? Merely because it had been suggested to him? I think not! The Following is from a collection of Douglass’s speeches entitled *LECTURES ON AMERICAN-SLAVERY*, which would be published in 1851:

It is often said, by the opponents of the Anti-slavery cause that, the condition of the people of Ireland is more deplorable than that of the American slaves. Far be it from me to underrate the sufferings of the Irish people. They have been long oppressed; and the same heart that prompts me to plead the cause of the American bondman, makes it impossible for me not to sympathize with all the oppressed of all lands. Yet I must say that there is no analogy between the two cases. The Irishman is poor, but he is not a slave. He may be in rags, but he is not a slave. He is still the master of his own body and can say with the poet,

“The hand of Douglass is his own.”

Thus in all probability the name was chosen because although it was intentionally opaque it nevertheless suggested, at least to its bearer, in the idea that “The hand of Douglass is his own,” the same sort of thing that was suggested in that time by the more usual name “Freeman” meaning “the free man.”

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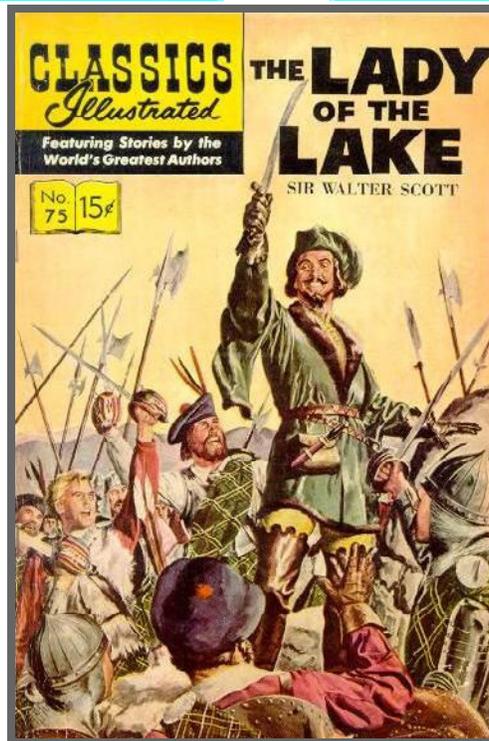
NEW BEDFORD



ANNA MURRAY DOUGLASS



FREDERICK DOUGLASS



The first thing these Douglasses with a wedding certificate in the name of Johnson, but with no [manumission](#) papers to produce for the husband whether he was named “Mr. Douglas” or “Mr. Johnson,” discovered in “free” [New Bedford](#) was that racial prejudice would prevent the husband from using his skills as a ship caulker. It was explained that all the white caulkers would quit. Work was found for him, by Friend [William C. Taber](#), as a stevedore, carrying oil aboard a vessel, and he then had to saw wood, shovel coal, sweep chimneys, and roll casks in an oil refinery. However, accounts of such Jim Crow experiences would not fit into the narrative he later needed to tell to righteous Northern abolition audiences, for whom South=Them=Evil meant North=Us=Good, and so Douglass ordinarily suppressed this experience of racial prejudice in New Bedford.³³

Finding my trade of no immediate benefit, I threw off my calking habiliments, and prepared myself to do any kind of work I could get to do.



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Although a skilled craftsman could not get work in his craft in that city at that time, due entirely to the color of his skin, [Frederick Douglass](#) did not speak of this until [1881](#) , when in a reference to “the test of the real civilization of the community,” he suggested that the [New Bedford](#) of the 1840s had failed that test:

I am told that colored persons can now get employment at calking in New Bedford.

33. If “French” innocence consists in the refusal to be shamed by the nature of one’s pleasures, and if the “German” variety consists in an awareness that so long as one is sacrificing oneself, no-one has a right to object to one’s sacrificing them as well, and if the “English” consists in a principled refusal to take responsibility for one’s obedience to improper instructions from one’s betters, and the “Italian” in not happening to notice where you have your hand, then the innocence of the USer must consist in a refusal or a failure to recognize evil of which we ourselves are the beneficiaries.



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In fuller detail:

... The name given me by my dear mother was no less pretentious and long than Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey. I had, however, while living in [Maryland](#), dispensed with the Augustus Washington, and retained only Frederick Bailey. Between Baltimore and New Bedford, the better to conceal myself from the slave-hunters, I had parted with Bailey and called myself Johnson; but in New Bedford I found that the Johnson family was already so numerous as to cause some confusion in distinguishing them, hence a change in this name seemed desirable. Nathan Johnson, mine host, placed great emphasis upon this necessity, and wished me to allow him to select a name for me. I consented, and he called me by my present name—the one by which I have been known for three and forty years—[Frederick Douglass](#). Mr. Johnson had just been reading the "Lady of the Lake," and so pleased was he with its great character that he wished me to bear his name. Since reading that charming poem myself, I have often thought that, considering the noble hospitality and manly character of Nathan Johnson—black man though he was—he, far more than I, illustrated the virtues of the Douglas of Scotland. Sure am I that, if any slave-catcher had entered his domicile with a view to my recapture, Johnson would have shown himself like him of the "stalwart hand." ...My "Columbian Orator," almost my only book, had done nothing to enlighten me concerning Northern society. I had been taught that slavery was the bottom fact of all wealth. With this foundation idea, I came naturally to the conclusion that poverty must be the general condition of the people of the free States. In the country from which I came, a white man holding no slaves was usually an ignorant and poverty-stricken man, and men of this class were contemptuously called "poor white trash." Hence I supposed that, since the non-slave-holders at the South were ignorant, poor, and degraded as a class, the non-slave-holders at the North must be in a similar condition. I could have landed in no part of the United States where I should have found a more striking and gratifying contrast, not only to life generally in the South, but in the condition of the colored people there, than in New Bedford. I was amazed when Mr. Johnson told me that there was nothing in the laws or constitution of Massachusetts that would prevent a colored man from being governor of the State, if the people should see fit to elect him. There, too, the black man's children attended the public schools with the white man's children, and apparently without objection from any quarter. To impress me with my security from recapture and return to slavery, Mr. Johnson assured me that no slave-holder could take a slave out of New Bedford; that there were men there who would lay down their lives to save me from such a fate.



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 September 22, Saturday: Shortly after the total solar [eclipse](#) of the afternoon of [September 18th](#)  had been visible in New England, [Nathaniel Peabody Rogers](#) published the following article in [Concord, New](#)



[Hampshire's](#) anti-slavery paper [Herald of Freedom](#):



ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

We had a fine opportunity, on our way from Plymouth to Concord, to witness this grand conjunction of the mighty orbs of the sky -this conflict of the "greater and lesser lights"- the lesser obscuring the greater, as is sometimes the case among *sublunary* bodies, by force of position. The glorious sun was indeed "sick almost to doomsday," -and it was pitiful to see his regal distress, and with what dignity and decency he drew around him his robe of clouds, to hide his disaster and shame from the smoked-glass gaze of mortals. The atmosphere and the landscape sombered at his obscuration, and he looked, as the foul intrusion overshadowed his disk, like a noble nature seized upon, darkened, marred and smothered to blackness and darkness, by the Genius of slavery. The envious eclipse passes off, and the released luminary shines on gloriously again in mid heaven. Slavery is perpetual eclipse -sickness to "doomsday" -eternal obscuration. May God in his mercy rectify the erring orbs of life, to prevent and remove such fatal moral *conjunctions*.

All animate creation seemed to apprehend and notice instinctively the malady of the heavens. The few birds that remain extant at this unmusical season, gave token of their apprehension of night-fall by betaking themselves to the topmost boughs of the trees - to get as late a good-night as they could, from the blessed luminary whose good morrow they hail with such choral gladness, in that joyous season when "the time of the singing of birds is come." The cricket and the grasshopper, in the fields by the road side, set up, as night came down, their twilight hum, and blew their "drowsy bugle." A drove of cattle, through which we passed, on the way to Brighton -like a coffle from the city of WASHINGTON to Alabama- halted, as the drover told us, as if the hour for putting up at night had come. And our own good steed, refreshed by the coolness of the temperature, and warned by the deepening shadows, set up his evening trot, in full remembrance, as well as his master, of Concord hospitality -for he has a "memory like a horse"- and had every visible and ostensible reason to believe, that stable-time and release from the harness were at hand. Would that the poor human cattle of the republic could realize such a season! But neither night nor eclipse brings respite to them. THEY ARE SLAVES.

At the height of the obscuration, the sky wore the appearance of real sunset - a sunset far up from the horizon, with blue sky below, between it and the hills. The passing off of the eclipse was invisible, by reason of the thick, hard, night-looking clouds, and the sun did not reappear to give assurance of his recovery. May it not be emblematic of the extinction of slavery in this country amid the gloomy shadowings and night of insurrection, which our friend, the Observer, deprecates with such deep shuddering - while the prospect of *eternal slavery* he can look on with most serene composure.

The "specious twilight" of the eclipse gradually put on evening's *bona fide* enshroudings, and settled into — but we forget that our eclipse was seen by all our readers, and will leave them, with the wish, that the sun may rise upon them again on the morrow, all unmarred and unscathed by his conflict with the "dirty planet," and light them all on the way to a day of anti-slavery gratitude and duty.



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(We may trust that in particular this will be true for one new black family in [New Bedford](#).)

 December 22, Saturday: According to a letter by Friend Samuel Rodman, “Called in the evening to see my Aunt Mary [[Mary Rotch](#)] in her new habitation [in [New Bedford](#)], into which she moved on the sixth inst. She and her friend and protege, Mary Gilford, seem now snugly and permanently fixed under their own roof, which I doubt not will be more comfortable and agreeable than then-hitherto migratory state and habits. The scale of their house and its finish is unostentatious and unpretending, in unison with the modest merit and unambitious character of my Aunt.”

[James Gillespie Birney](#) recorded that upon encountering the Reverend [Leonard Bacon](#) aboard a steamboat, he had inquired whether it actually was true, that Bacon had said “During the prevalence of fanaticism in New England, a quaker-woman was known publicly to walk through the streets of Salem –naked as she was born– but Miss Grimké has not yet made such an exhibition of herself.” When Bacon responded making light of this, Birney said “I wish no further intercourse with you.”

[ANGELINA EMILY GRIMKÉ WELD](#)

Nevertheless, as they were disembarking and going their separate ways, this [sexist](#) reverend observed to Birney:

“You will be ashamed of yourself.”³⁴



34. Indeed in the year 1662 Friend Deborah Wilson had wandered the streets of Salem “naked as the day she came into the world,” in an attempt to dramatize to the Puritans the nakedness of their sin. 



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1839

 March 10, Sunday: [Edmund Quincy Sewall, Jr.](#) wrote in his diary ([per the Sewall Family Papers at the American Antiquarian Society](#)):

Sunday 10th Mr McReading preached in the forenoon from Romans 10 chapter 17th verse "So then truth cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God." Father preached in the afternoon.

 March 11, Monday: [Edmund Quincy Sewall, Jr.](#) wrote in his diary ([per the Sewall Family Papers at the American Antiquarian Society](#)):

Monday 11th nothing particular



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 March 12, Tuesday: At a meeting of blacks at the 3rd Christian Church in [New Bedford](#), [Frederick Douglass](#) opposed the idea of African colonization. This was his first public speaking.³⁵



[Edmund Quincy Sewall, Jr.](#) wrote in his diary ([per the Sewall Family Papers at the American Antiquarian Society](#)):

Tuesday 12th Enoch came in the morning and Mr and Mrs Cole and Mrs Turner in the afternoon to take tea.

 March 13, Wednesday: [Edmund Quincy Sewall, Jr.](#) wrote in his diary ([per the Sewall Family Papers at the American Antiquarian Society](#)):

Wednesday 13th Mother and Father and George went to Mr Leonards in the afternoon. I forgot to mention that we received a packet

35. In this year [Douglass](#) would be licensed to preach by the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church of New Bedford (a congregation distinct from the African Methodist Episcopal Church of New Bedford), although it would probably be too much to refer to him as “Reverend Douglass” — since it appears that he was not so addressed during his lifetime.



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from Uncle George containing a letter to each of us and the first volume bound up of a book (of which we had read a part before in numbers) called Nicholas Nickleby on Monday.³⁶ I also got a book from the Library on Sunday called Cousin Elizabeth of which I afterwards found we had two or three copies at home.³⁷

36. Charles Dickens, THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, published in multiple American editions beginning in 1839.

37. COUSIN ELIZABETH, BY THE AUTHOR OF "A VISIT TO THE SEA-SIDE" (Boston: Leonard C. Bowles, 1830).



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May 27, Monday: Birth of [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#)'s 2d son Walton.³⁸ He would be educated at the Friends Academy of [New Bedford](#), would become an artist, and would never marry.

[Waldo Emerson](#) to his journal:

*A great genius must come & preach self reliance. Our people are timid, desponding, recreant whimperers. If they fail in their first enterprises they lose all heart. If the young merchant fails, men say he is RUINED. If the finest genius studies at the Cambridge Divinity College, and is not ordained within a year afterwards in Boston, or New York, it seems to his friend & himself that he is justified in being disheartened & in complaining for the rest of his life. a sturdy New Hampshire man or Vermonter who in turn tries **all** the professions, who **teams it, farms it, peddles**, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, & so forth, in successive years, and always like a cat falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these Boston dolls. My brave Henry here who is content to live now, & feels no shame in not studying any profession, for he does not postpone his life but lives already – pours contempt on these crybabies of routine & Boston. He has not one chance but a hundred chances. Now let a stern preacher arise who shall reveal the resources of Man, & tell men they are not leaning willows, but can & must detach themselves, that a man, a woman, is a sovereign eternity, born to shed healing to the nations; that he should be ashamed of our compassion; & that the moment he acts from himself, tossing the laws, the books, the idolatries, the customs, out of the window, we pity him, we pity her no more, but thank & revere them; that with the exercise of self trust new powers shall appear.*

[Edmund Quincy Sewall, Jr.](#) wrote in his diary ([per the Sewall Family Papers at the American Antiquarian Society](#)):

Monday 27th. We planted 10 rows of bush beans in 2 beds in the part of the garden lying between the upper slip & the great alley and the 2 rows of potatoes which we planted on the edge of the corn the other day. 3 of the 10 rows, i.e. one of the beds was planted with white beans for baking, the other bed is occupied with two kinds of bush bean 3 rows of one, 2 of the other. Below the beans we planted 6 hills winter squashes.

George wanted a garden of his own and father gave him a little

38. An alleged runic signature of Leif Eriksson with date MI would be observed on a boulder lying on the beach at No Man's Land, an island off Martha's Vineyard, around 1920. It would form the basis of a book by Edward F. Gray, LEIF ERIKSSON DISCOVERER OF AMERICA (Oxford, 1930), in which it is illustrated. Opinions of runic experts were so disappointing that Mr. Gray finally concluded (page 159) that it was carved by some later explorer such as Verrazzano or Gosnold as a "monument to Lief" [sic]. The inscription has been thoroughly investigated by Edmund B. Delabarre and Charles W. Brown for [The New England Quarterly](#), VIII (1935), 365-78. They concluded that it had been carved in the twentieth century by some joker, probably [Walton Ricketson](#) (1839-1923) of New Bedford. Refer to Samuel Eliot Morison's THE EUROPEAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA. THE NORTHERN VOYAGES A.D. 500-1600. NY: Oxford UP, 1971.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

piece (about 3 feet by 1 foot 6 inches in which he planted two rows beans (across his bed garden), & the rest with lettuce. Cousin J. did not come.

 May 28, Tuesday: [Edmund Quincy Sewall, Jr.](#) wrote in his diary ([per the Sewall Family Papers at the American Antiquarian Society](#)):

Tuesday 28th. We discovered that our potatoes were beginning to show their heads & commenced hoeing corn the 1st time. J. d. n. c [J did not come]

 May 31, Friday: [Edmund Quincy Sewall, Jr.](#) wrote in his diary ([per the Sewall Family Papers at the American Antiquarian Society](#)):

Wednesday Thursday & Friday [29th-31st] nothing especial. J. d. n. c. Sister & I were invited (Friday) to take a sail in Mr Simeon Bates' boat with Misses M. Bowles & M[ary]. H. Lincoln. We expect to go. On Friday afternoon G and I went to try on my jacket and to buy us some candy. I found a packet in the road & left it at Mr Allen's store to find an owner. George bought 2 sticks of candy & I one.

 June 24, Monday: [Egyptian](#) forces routed Turkish forces at Nezib (Nizip), 100 kilometers north of Aleppo (Halab).

In England, [Thomas Carlyle](#) was the first Englishman to theorize the Saxon success, as due to innate racial superiority. He saw himself, a lowland Scott, as a Teuton, “a piece of the right Saxon stuff,” and he saw these Teutons like himself as the colonizers of the earth precisely because they were the saviors of the earth. I’m your great white hope, I’m God’s gift to you — best you hold still so’s I don’t need to whop you:



And yet, if this small rim of Europe is overpeopled, does not everywhere else a whole vacant Earth as it were, call to us, Come and till me, come and reap me!



NEW BEDFORD

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This [racist](#) genocidalist wrote to [Waldo Emerson](#), on this date, about the possibility that it might be [Boston](#), or [New-York](#), rather than [London](#), that would become the great *Wen* at which “all the Saxons” would assemble, upon which they could center their world of progress and development and civilization and great white “All *Saxondom*” race-soul. He found a sympathetic ear, of course, because Emerson was a fellow believer in **worth**.³⁹

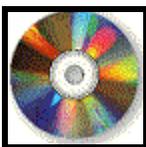
[Rosetta Douglass](#), the 1st child of [Anna Murray Douglass](#) and [Frederick Douglass](#), was “born free” in [New Bedford](#).⁴⁰



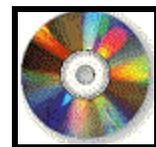
Or, at least, this is the official date proclaimed by the family: notice that June 24, 1839 is nine months and a week subsequent to the wedding ceremony and honeymoon, and note also that in the era before state-issued birth certificates, there was quite a bit of opportunity for creative reconstruction of family history. There are records that white persons in Douglass’s audience would amuse themselves, and perhaps others, by raising frank questions about Rosetta, suggesting that Anna was probably pregnant at the time of her wedding and that Rosetta was therefore possibly an illegitimate child.

(Poor little worthless dark Rosetta, in accordance with the racist theories that [Thomas Carlyle](#) and [Waldo Emerson](#) were corresponding about on this very day of her birth –read them and weep– in this world there was to be a *Wen* for all worthies like them who were “of the right Saxon stuff” but there was to be no *Wen* for her!)⁴¹

39. If you have begun to suspect I maybe am suggesting that what [Thomas Carlyle](#) and [Waldo Emerson](#) were up to was the formation of a 19th-Century [Nazism](#), and that Emerson was a full co-conspirator in advancing what he himself termed “the best stock in the world” through genocide, then you’re paying attention. (If you didn’t know this about this gentleman, then you’ve obviously been paying attention to the Emersonians.)



“Emersonians are all alike; every Thoreauvian is Thoreauvian in his or her own way.”
– [Austin Meredith](#)



40. “Born free” means about as much in this context, as it does in the context of a lion cub on the veldt, since in both cases white hunters might at any time trap the family, with total impunity and clearness of conscience, and carry it away. Nevertheless, even when **free** does not mean **free from fear**, it does mean something.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

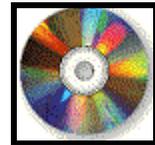
 August 1, Thursday: In [New Bedford](#), on this anniversary of the emancipation of the slaves of the British West Indies, the Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society sponsored a program featuring the Reverend Thomas Andros⁴² at the Old Congregational meetinghouse at the corner of William and Purchase streets. Over the next few years, there would be similar gatherings in this town, organized by similar groups.

[EMANCIPATION DAY](#)
[ABOLITIONISM](#)

41. If you have begun to suspect I maybe am suggesting that what [Thomas Carlyle](#) and [Waldo Emerson](#) were up to was the formation of a 19th-Century [Nazism](#), and that Emerson was a full co-conspirator in advancing what he himself termed "the best stock in the world" through [genocide](#), then you're paying attention. (If you didn't know this about this gentleman, then you've obviously been paying attention to Emersonians.)



"Emersonians are all alike; every Thoreauvian
is Thoreauvian in his or her own way."
— [Austin Meredith](#)



42. Clearly, this Reverend Thomas Andros was not the "Captain Thomas Andros or Andrews" who in February of this year was engaging in the coastal slave trade, taking the brig *Smithfield*, one of Nicholas Brown & Company's ships, into the port of Charleston, South Carolina with a couple of coffles of American slaves aboard. This was instead the Reverend Thomas Andros who had been born in Norwich, Connecticut on May 1, 1759. This Thomas Andros had joined the revolutionary army at 16 as a private and musician and had served under Sullivan at the Battle of Rhode Island. He had also been in the battles of Long Island and White Plains. In 1781 he had enlisted on a privateer in New London, but had been captured by the British forces and confined aboard the *Jersey*, a dismasted 74-gun frigate, one of the decommissioned hulks anchored in Wallabout Bay (later the site of the Brooklyn Navy Yard). He had after a few months escaped from this floating hell, and later studied theology with Dr. Benedict in Plainfield, Connecticut. He had been ordained at Berkley, Massachusetts in 1788, and for 46 years would remain in charge of the Church there. He published sermons, and a narrative of his experience with the *Jersey*. For an account of this Reverend's life by his son R.S.S. Andros, refer to Emery's "Ministry of Taunton." (He would die in Berkley on December 30, 1845.)



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1840

[Nathan Johnson](#) was elected one of five vice presidents of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society at its convention of this year.

ABOLITIONISM

For a time during this decade, [Nathan Johnson](#) would be running a dry goods store and a bathhouse on William Street in [New Bedford](#). He was part-owner of the whaleship *Draper*, and seemed to have income from real estate investments, including rents from the old Friends meetinghouse at 17-19 Seventh Street. He was doing better than he ever had before, or ever would again. Unfortunately, he would over-extend himself financially and the result would be disastrous.

By this point [New Bedford](#) had become known as the “City of Palaces” on account of the row after row of Greek Revival mansions that graced its grid of streets in the uphill tony neighborhoods. One sailor passing through during the 1850s would describe this prosperity as:

For a place in which so large a business is carried on as here, “Bedford” is remarkably still. At the distance of three squares from the water side, one would never guess that he stood within the bounds of a city which ranks in commercial importance the seventh seaport in the Union, and whose shops float upon every ocean. A more quiet and rural looking place than that portion of the city beyond the immediate business limits, it would be difficult to imagine.

Here is [Herman Melville](#)’s description of the New Bedford of this period:

In New Bedford, actual cannibals stand chatting at street corners; savages outright; many of whom yet carry on their bones unholy flesh. It makes a stranger stare. But besides the Feegeians, Tongataboors, Errormangoans, Panangians, and Brighgians, and, besides the wild specimens of whaling-craft which unheeded reel about the streets, you will see other sights still more curious, certainly more comical. There weekly arrive in this town scores of green Vermonters and New Hampshire men, all athirst for gain and glory in the fishery.... Many are as green as the Green Mountains whence they came.... Look there! that chap strutting round the corner. He wears a beaver hat and swallow-tail coat, girdled with a sailor-belt and sheath-knife.

One suspects that a [Frederick Douglass](#) attired as a working black man would have been hardly exotic enough to have caught a Melville’s eye.



NEW BEDFORD

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1841

The family of [Frederick Douglass](#), growing, moved into a larger home at 111 Ray Street in [New Bedford](#).

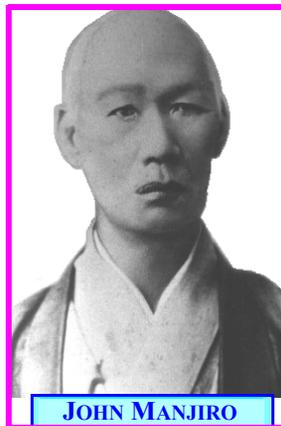
NEW BEDFORD

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Manjiro was fourteen years of age and had worked on fishing crews for five years or so. The boat on which he was working was driven by a storm and wrecked on a deserted island 300 miles off the coast of [Japan](#), Torishima. The five-man crew of the fishing boat was reduced to eating albatrosses for six months, until they were picked up by a passing American whaler, the *John Howland* out of [New Bedford](#).



Captain William Whitfield would drop the older four of the Japanese fishermen off in the [Hawaiian Islands](#) and take Manjiro, whom the crew referred to as “John Mung,” back home to Fairhaven with him (Fairhaven is 55 miles south of Boston and 35 miles east of Providence, near the bridge to Cape Cod). In Massachusetts, the Japanese boy would be learning English from two elderly sisters. When Whitfield’s Congregational Church was unwilling to allow John to worship with them, he would convert to Unitarianism. The Unitarians welcomed Japanese John.



JOHN MANJIRO

The whaler *Sharon*, Captain Howes Norris, sailed from Fairhaven, Massachusetts bound for the South Pacific. Captain Norris, a racist, would lash and mistreat his black steward, George Babcock, to his death. Later, fed up with mistreatment by this vicious captain, some of the ship’s crewmen, in collaboration with some Pacific-Islander replacement crewmen, would attack him on deck, hacking him quite into two pieces by the use of their long flensing spades. These crewmen would then attempt to hijack the vessel, refusing to allow whaleboat crews to reboard the mother ship. The remainder of the crew would recapture the *Sharon* after the third mate, Benjamin Clough, crept aboard during hours of darkness and dispatched two of the mutineers with musket and cutlass. An account would be written by Clough, and another account would be written by Andrew White, the *Sharon*’s cooper.



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Only two Massachusetts railroads were enforcing racial segregation. One was the Eastern line between Boston and Lynn and on to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and the other was the New Bedford line between Boston and [New Bedford](#) and [Providence, Rhode Island](#). Ironically, only free black people were required to ride in the “Jim Crow” car, the “negro car” which Dickens mentioned, which was typically smaller and older and placed just aft of the engine where it would take full benefit of the engine’s smoke and sparks. Southerners who were accompanied by their black [slaves](#) were of course entitled to have their servants in the white cars with them.

RACISM



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



— [Alexis de Tocqueville](#)

The case of Lucy Faggins (also referred to as Louisa Fearing) involved the assertion that there was no such thing as a [slave](#), in that day and age, on Massachusetts soil. In Virginia, the slave Lucy had been hired out by her owner for a year to Henry Ludlam. When the Ludlams heard that the wife’s father, Captain Joseph Dunbar, a [New Bedford](#) merchant, was seriously ill, they had come north with their two children — and with the slave they had hired in Virginia for the year, Lucy. Well, subsequent to 1836, everyone was in agreement, any slave brought by his or her master into Massachusetts was automatically free. Therefore a crowd of persons of color assembled outside the Dunbar home on South 6th Street in New Bedford. There was talk that “some of them were armed with bludgeons.” The Universalist reverend John Spear and others served a writ of habeas corpus on Henry Ludlam. Lucy was taken, to be produced in court in Boston. Henry Ludlam would protest that he had offered Lucy her freedom — but that she had elected to remain with the Ludlam family, averring that she preferred slavery to being thus separated from siblings in Richmond. According to a letter by Susan Taber, the Reverend Thomas James of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion church on South 2nd Street, having learned of Lucy’s presence, wanted to find out if she were enslaved “and if so whether she would like to be free. So taking with him two of the col’d sisters he proceeded to the house. They were met at the door by Mr. L, who desired to know their business. We have come to make a friendly call upon your sevt. — was the reply, whereupon the gentleman became very angry — told them his servant had not and should not have any associates among the col’d people — and desired them immediately to leave the house. While they were in the midst of this altercation, Henry Johnson a shrewd col’d fellow (whom I forgot to mention as one of their number) [William Henry Johnson, a fugitive slave in New Bedford] slipped round the house into the kitchen and found greatly to his surprise that she was a person whom he had known in Va. He lost no time in acquainting her with her right to freedom. She told him she should like to be free — but it was evident she was afraid to say so before the other servants for fear it would get to her master’s ears.” According to Susan Taber, the Reverend James then told the Reverend John Spear what had happened and Spear obtained a writ of habeas corpus in Boston. He, a deputy, and the New Bedford Methodist minister, the Reverend Joel Knight, went to



NEW BEDFORD

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Captain Joseph Dunbar's home: "Henry Johnson the col'd man mentioned above was desired to be within hailing distance if his evidence was needed and others were told to perambulate the streets in that vicinity for fear they should try to convey her away privately ... Every thing succeeded to a charm." At the home of the Reverend Knight Lucy had a chance to talk with Helen Gibson, who had been a slave in Georgia, and the next morning in Boston, when Judge Samuel Wilde asked her whether she wished to be free and stay in Massachusetts, she informed him that she did so desire. She went then among "her friends in Boston," and before long returned to New Bedford. (By 1848 she would have married in [New Bedford](#) with Isaac Henson, a fugitive slave from [Maryland](#); by 1850 she would be reunited with her sister Martha, who had moved to New Bedford from Richmond, Virginia with her husband Henry Onley — the fabric of life, torn asunder first by slavery and then by anti-slavery, had begun to restore itself!)

[RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW](#)

June 30, Wednesday: [Frederick Douglass](#) spoke again at a meeting of black citizens of [New Bedford](#), again at the 3rd Christian Church. The meeting condemned the activities and agenda of the [Maryland](#) colonization society, an "America For White People Only" society that was an easy target because –duh– it was seeking to solve America's "black problem" through getting rid of its black Americans.



July 21, Wednesday: The Hillman Brothers Shipyard of [New Bedford](#) (Jethro and Zachariah Hillman) launched the [Charles W. Morgan](#), named after [Quaker](#) businessman [Charles Waln Morgan](#) who paid the cost of \$52,000.

This morning at 10 o'clock my elegant new ship was launched beautifully from Messrs. Hillman Yard and in the presence of about half the town and a great show of ladies. She looks beautifully on the water.



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Most of the 80-year whaling career of this vessel would be on behalf of the firm of J. & W.R. Wing & Co. (1863-1913), a career which would involve 37 whaling expeditions ranging from 9 months to 5 years duration over the entire Pacific, Indian, and South Atlantic oceans and which would return 54,483 barrels of oil and 152,934 pounds of whalebone. Typically she would sail with a crew of 33 men. For much of her life her home port would be San Francisco rather than New Bedford. She would never venture to the Arctic oceans, and at least 5 of her 21 masters would bring their wives and children along on its voyages. The master on this initial voyage, 1841-1845, would be Captain Thomas Adams Norton of Martha's Vineyard, a part owner of the vessel, and the master on the 2d voyage, 1845-1849, would be Captain John D. Samson.

This map of [New Bedford](#)'s harbor would be created in 1846:



[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote from Concord to [Mrs. Lucy Jackson Brown](#), presumably in Plymouth, Massachusetts.

{No MS — printed copy LVP, 1865}

CONCORD, July 21, 1841.

DEAR FRIEND:—

Don't think I need any prompting to write to you; but what tough earthenware shall I put into my packet to travel over so many hills, and thrid so many woods, as lie between Concord and Plymouth? Thank fortune it is all the way down hill, so they will get safely carried; and yet it seems as if it were writing against time and the sun, to send a letter east, for no natural force forwards it. You should go dwell in the west, and then I would deluge you with letters, as boys throw feathers into the air to see the wind take them. I should rather fancy you at evening



NEW BEDFORD

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dwelling far away behind the serene curtain of the west, —the home of fair weather,— than over by the chilly sources of the east wind.

What quiet thoughts have you now-a-days which will float on that east wind to west, for so we may make our worst servants our carriers,— what progress made from can't to can, in practice and theory? Under this category, you remember, we used to place all our philosophy. Do you have any still, startling, well moments, in which you think grandly, and speak with emphasis? Don't take this for sarcasm, for not in a year of the gods, I fear, will such a golden approach to plain speaking revolve again. But away with such fears; by a few miles of travel, we have not distanced each other's sincerity.

I grow savager and savager every day, as if fed on raw meat, and my tameness is only the repose of untamableness. I dream of looking abroad summer and winter, with free gaze, from some mountain-side, while my eyes revolve in an Egyptian slime of health,— I to be nature looking into nature, with such easy sympathy as the blue-eyed grass in the meadow looks in the face of the sky. From some such recess I would put forth sublime thoughts daily, as the plant puts forth leaves. Now-a-nights I go on to the hill to see the sun set, as one would go home at evening,— the bustle of the village has run on all day, and left me quite in the rear; but I see the sunset and find that it can wait for my slow virtue.

But I forget that you think more of this human nature than of this nature I praise. Why won't you believe that mine is more human than any single man or woman can be? that in it —in the sunset there, are all the qualities that can adorn a household,— and that sometimes, in a fluttering leaf, one may hear all your Christianity preached.

You see how unskilful a letter-writer I am, thus to have come to the end of my sheet, when hardly arrived at the beginning of my story. I was going to be soberer, I assure you, but now have only room to add, — that if the fates allot



NEW BEDFORD

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you a serene hour, don't fail to communicate
some of its serenity to your friend,
HENRY D. THOREAU

No, no. Improve so rare a gift for yourself,
and send me of your leisure.

August 9, Monday: The Lake Erie [steamboat Erie](#) departed from Buffalo, [New York](#), heading for [Chicago](#). When it caught on fire off Silver Creek, 215 people perished.

At the Liberty Hall in [New Bedford](#), [William C. Coffin](#) heard [Frederick Douglass](#) speak briefly at the annual meeting of the Bristol County Anti-Slavery Society, and invited him to come along to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society convention that was to take place the next day on [Nantucket Island](#). (Others at this meeting: [George Bradburn](#), [John A. Collins](#), [Parker Pillsbury](#), [Edmund Quincy](#).)



In his journal [Henry Thoreau](#) mused “If I am not I — who will be?” (He would transcribe this in 1842.)



August 9: It is vain to try to write unless you feel strong in the knees. Any book of great authority and genius seems to our imagination to permeate and pervade all space. Its spirit, like a more subtle ether, sweeps along with the prevailing winds of the country. Its influence conveys a new gloss to the meadows and the depths of the wood, and bathes the huckleberries on the hills, as sometimes a new influence in the sky washes in waves over the fields and seems to break on some invisible beach in the air. All things confirm it. It spends the mornings and the evenings.⁴³



Everywhere the speech of Menu demands the widest apprehension and proceeds from the loftiest plateau of the soul. It is spoken unbendingly to its own level, and does not imply any contemporaneous speaker. I read history as little critically as I consider the landscape, and am more interested in the atmospheric tints and various lights and shades which the intervening spaces create than in its groundwork and composition. It is the morning now turned evening and seen in the west, - the same sun, but a new light and atmosphere. Its beauty is like the sunset; not a fresco painting on a wall, Hat and bounded, but atmospheric and roving, or free. But, in reality, history fluctuates as the face of the landscape from morning to evening. What is of moment if it is its hue and color. Time hides no treasures – we want not its *then* – but its *now*. We do not complain that the mountains in the horizon are blue and indistinct — they are the more like the heavens...

Of what moments are facts that can be lost. — which need to be commemorated? The monument of death will outlast the memory of the dead. The Pyramids do not tell the tale confided to them. The living fact commemorates itself– Why look in the dark for light– look in the light rather. Strictly speaking, the Societies have not recovered one fact from oblivion, but they themselves are instead of the fact that is lost. The researcher is more memorable than the researched. The crowd stood admiring the mist and the dim outline of the trees seen through it, and when one of their number advanced to explore the phenomenon, with fresh admiration all eyes were turned on his dimly retreating figure. Critical acumen is exerted in vain to uncover the past; the *past* cannot be *presented* – we cannot know what we are not– But one veil hangs over past– present– and future– and it is the province of the historian to find out not what was, but what is. When a battle has been fought you will find nothing but the bones of men and beasts — where a battle is being fought there are hearts beating.⁴⁴ We will sit on a mound and muse, and not try to make these skeletons stand on their legs again. Does nature remember, think you, that they *were* men, or not rather that they *are* bones?

Ancient history has an air of antiquity. It should be more modern. It is written as if the spectator should be thinking of the back side of the picture on the wall, as if the author expected the dead would be his readers, and wished to detail to them their own experience. Men seem anxious to accomplish an orderly retreat through the centuries –earnestly rebuilding the works behind as they are battered down by the incroachments of time– but while they loiter — they and their works both fall a prey to the enemy.

Biography is liable to the same objection — it should be autobiography. Let us not leave ourselves empty that so vexing our bowels — we may go abroad and be somebody else to explain him– If I am not I– who will be?– As if it were to dispense justice to all– But the time has not come for that.⁴⁵

43. A WEEK, page 157; Riv. 195.

44.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
238	History	It is the province of the historian to find out, not what was, but what is. Where a battle has been fought, you will find nothing but the bones of men and beasts; where a battle is being fought, there are hearts beating.

45. [A WEEK](#), pages 161-63; Riv. 200-04.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

Fall: [Frederick Douglass](#) relocated his family from [New Bedford](#) to a place near the railroad tracks in Lynn, Massachusetts.



At about this point, [Stephen Symonds Foster](#) was beginning his guerrilla theatre of nonviolent confrontation as, to use the idiom of the day, a “steeplehouse troubler.” Which is to say, this guy would enter a pro-slavery church for Sunday worship, stand up at the first pause, and ask to say a few words against slavery. When the men of the congregation would then of course lay hands on him, he would then of course go limp.



In his first four months he of this he would be ejected 24 times from various houses of worship. Twice the congregants would indignantly defenestrate him, that is, pitch him out their 2nd-floor window. While he lay on the ground, he would be kicked. Four times he would be thrown in jail. The anti-slavery societies, it turned out, would refuse to tolerate such grandstanding, and he would find that despite his eloquence and his previous popularity, he would no longer be eligible to be one of their featured speakers:

Unfit agents do more harm than good. 

Late in the year: After hearing [Frederick Douglass](#) address three white audiences, the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society had contracted to try him as a lecturer for three months.⁴⁶ During this year the first passenger train had



begun to run between New York City and Montréal, requiring three days. The first passenger train had begun to run on the Erie Railroad. Locomotives were being manufactured in Lawrence MA. Taking personally the petition which he and the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society had just sent to the legislature, to outlaw Jim Crow cars, Douglass had insisted on sitting with his travelling companion, [John A. Collins](#), a white man and fellow abolitionist, on September 8th as they traveled to an antislavery meeting in [Dover, New Hampshire](#) — and had been ejected by force. (On another such occasion, Douglass kept his place by grasping the bolted-down seat and the law-abiding citizens found it impossible to tear this powerfully built man free from it.) One of the results of these encounters was that Eastern Railroad’s trains were instructed to continue past any station at which Douglass was known to be waiting, without stopping to pick up any passengers.

46. The anti-slavery societies normally paid their full-time workers and lecturers not more than \$200.⁰⁰ per year. [Anna Murray Douglass](#) needed to bind shoes at home in Lynn, piecework, in order to supplement the family income that [Frederick Douglass](#) would have been able to bring home from his antislavery lecture circuit.

NEW BEDFORD

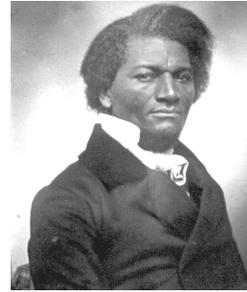
NEW BEDFORD

At about this time, the Douglass family (Frederick and [Anna Murray Douglass](#) in their early 20s, [Rosetta Douglass](#), toddling or walking, and [Lewis Henry Douglass](#), a babe in arms) was moving from [New Bedford](#) to [Lynn, Massachusetts](#) and they were purchasing a home.⁴⁷

HISTORY OF RR



ANNA MURRAY DOUGLASS



FREDERICK DOUGLASS



ROSETTA DOUGLASS



LEWIS HENRY DOUGLASS

47. The Hortons report on their page 227 that they “moved to Lynn, Massachusetts, a Quaker community they believed would be safer for a fugitive slave than Boston....” Although Lynn was indeed in Massachusetts and did have a Friends monthly meeting, it is very difficult to imagine the sense in which it might have been termed a Quaker community. Friends were never as pervasive there as Unitarians, and Unitarians never as pervasive as Congregationalists.



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1842

August 8, Monday: [Pierre Jean Édouard Desor](#) was among those in a guided party, on the 1st-ever ascent of Lauteraarhorn.



On this day and the following one, [Frederick Douglass](#) spoke before the Bristol County Anti-Slavery Society in [New Bedford](#).

On the day that [Joseph Smith, Jr.](#) was arrested as a suspected accomplice in the attempted murder of Lilburn W. Boggs, former governor of Missouri, by Orrin Porter Rockwell, former [Danite](#) and later a member of the [Mormon](#) Council of Fifty, the founder achieved his insight into secret sacred underwear that had had “oil



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poured on them, and then a mark or hole cut in the breasts of their shirts ... to keep the Destroying Angel from them and their families” (when released from that arrest by the Nauvoo Municipal Court, Smith would travel into Iowa and go into hiding).

Secretary of State [Daniel Webster](#) wrote eloquently to Lord Ashburton:

Mr. Webster to Lord Ashburton.

Department of State, Washington, August 8, 1842.

My Lord,—We have had several conversations on the subject of impressment, but I do not understand that your Lordship has instructions from your government to negotiate upon it, nor does the government of the United States see any utility in opening such negotiation, unless the British government is prepared to renounce the practice in all future wars.

No cause has produced to so great an extent, and for so long a period, disturbing and irritating influences on the political relations of the United States and England, as the impressment of seamen by British cruisers from American merchant-vessels. From the commencement of the French Revolution to the breaking out of the war between the two countries in 1812, hardly a year elapsed without loud complaint and earnest remonstrance. A deep feeling of opposition to the right claimed, and to the practice exercised under it, and not unfrequently exercised without the least regard to what justice and humanity would have dictated, even if the right itself had been admitted, took possession of the public mind of America, and this feeling, it is well known, co-operated most powerfully with other causes to produce the state of hostilities which ensued.

At different periods, both before and since the war, negotiations have taken place between the two governments, with the hope of finding some means of quieting these complaints. At some times, the effectual abolition of the practice has been requested and treated of; at other times, its temporary suspension; and at other times, again, the limitation of its exercise, and some security against its enormous abuses.

A common destiny has attended these efforts; they have all failed. The question stands at this moment where it stood fifty years ago. The nearest approach to a settlement was a convention proposed in 1803, and which had come to the point of signature, when it was broken off in consequence of the British government insisting that the **narrow seas** should be expressly excepted out of the sphere over which the contemplated stipulation against impressment should extend. The American Minister, Mr. King, regarded this exception as quite inadmissible, and chose rather to abandon the negotiation than to acquiesce in the doctrine which it proposed to establish.

England asserts the right of impressing British subjects, in time of war, out of neutral merchant-vessels, and of deciding by her visiting officers who, among the crews of such merchant-vessels, are British subjects. She asserts this as a legal exercise of the prerogative of the crown; which prerogative is alleged to be founded on the English law of the perpetual and



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indissoluble allegiance of the subject, and his obligation under all circumstances, and for his whole life, to render military service to the crown whenever required.

This statement, made in the words of eminent British jurists, shows at once that the English claim is far broader than the basis or platform on which it is raised. The law relied on is English law; the obligations insisted on are obligations existing between the crown of England and its subjects. This law and these obligations, it is admitted, may be such as England may choose they shall be. But then they must be confined to the parties. Impressment of seamen out of and beyond English territory, and from on board the ships of other nations, is an interference with the rights of other nations; is further, therefore, than English prerogative can legally extend; and is nothing but an attempt to enforce the peculiar law of England beyond the dominions and jurisdiction of the crown. The claim asserts an extra-territorial authority for the law of British prerogative, and assumes to exercise this extra-territorial authority, to the manifest injury and annoyance of the citizens and subjects of other states, on board their own vessels, on the high seas.

Every merchant-vessel on the seas is rightfully considered as part of the territory of the country to which it belongs. The entry, therefore, into such vessel, being neutral, by a belligerent, is an act of force, and is, **prima facie**, a wrong, a trespass, which can be justified only when done for some purpose allowed to form a sufficient justification by the law of nations. But a British cruiser enters an American merchant-vessel in order to take therefrom supposed British subjects; offering no justification, therefore, under the law of nations, but claiming the right under the law of England respecting the king's prerogative. This cannot be defended. English soil, English territory, English jurisdiction, is the appropriate sphere for the operation of English law. The ocean is the sphere of the law of nations; and any merchant-vessel on the seas is by that law under the protection of the laws of her own nation, and may claim immunity, unless in cases in which that law allows her to be entered or visited.

If this notion of perpetual allegiance, and the consequent power of the prerogative, was the law of the world; if it formed part of the conventional code of nations, and was usually practised, like the right of visiting neutral ships, for the purpose of discovering and seizing enemy's property, then impressment might be defended as a common right, and there would be no remedy for the evil till the national code should be altered. But this is by no means the case. There is no such principle incorporated into the code of nations. The doctrine stands only as English law, not as a national law; and English law cannot be of force beyond English dominion. Whatever duties or relations that law creates between the sovereign and his subjects can be enforced and maintained only within the realm, or proper possessions or territory of the sovereign. There may be quite as just a



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prerogative right to the property of subjects as to their personal services, in an exigency of the state; but no government thinks of controlling by its own laws property of its subjects situated abroad; much less does any government think of entering the territory of another power for the purpose of seizing such property and applying it to its own uses. As laws, the prerogatives of the crown of England have no obligation on persons or property domiciled or situated abroad.

"When, therefore," says an authority not unknown or unregarded on either side of the Atlantic, "we speak of the right of a state to bind its own native subjects everywhere, we speak only of its own claim and exercise of sovereignty over them when they return within its own territorial jurisdiction, and not of its right to compel or require obedience to such laws, on the part of other nations, within their own territorial sovereignty. On the contrary, every nation has an exclusive right to regulate persons and things within its own territory, according to its sovereign will and public polity."

The good sense of these principles, their remarkable pertinency to the subject now under consideration, and the extraordinary consequences resulting from the British doctrine, are signally manifested by that which we see taking place every day. England acknowledges herself overburdened with population of the poorer classes. Every instance of the emigration of persons of those classes is regarded by her as a benefit. England, therefore, encourages emigration; means are notoriously supplied to emigrants, to assist their conveyance, from public funds; and the New World, and most especially these United States, receive the many thousands of her subjects thus ejected from the bosom of their native land by the necessities of their condition. They come away from poverty and distress in over-crowded cities, to seek employment, comfort, and new homes in a country of free institutions, possessed by a kindred race, speaking their own language, and having laws and usages in many respects like those to which they have been accustomed; and a country which, upon the whole, is found to possess more attractions for persons of their character and condition than any other on the face of the globe. It is stated that, in the quarter of the year ending with June last, more than twenty-six thousand emigrants left the single port of Liverpool for the United States, being four or five times as many as left the same port within the same period for the British colonies and all other parts of the world. Of these crowds of emigrants, many arrive in our cities in circumstances of great destitution, and the charities of the country, both public and private, are severely taxed to relieve their immediate wants. In time they mingle with the new community in which they find themselves, and seek means of living. Some find employment in the cities, others go to the frontiers, to cultivate lands reclaimed from the forest; and a greater or less number of the residue, becoming in time naturalized citizens, enter into the merchant service under the flag of their adopted country.



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Now, my Lord, if war should break out between England and a European power, can any thing be more unjust, any thing more irreconcilable to the general sentiments of mankind, than that England should seek out these persons, thus encouraged by her and compelled by their own condition to leave their native homes, tear them away from their new employments, their new political relations, and their domestic connections, and force them to undergo the dangers and hardships of military service for a country which has thus ceased to be their own country? Certainly, certainly, my Lord, there can be but one answer to this question. Is it not far more reasonable that England should either prevent such emigration of her subjects, or that, if she encourage and promote it, she should leave them, not to the embroilment of a double and contradictory allegiance, but to their own voluntary choice, to form such relations, political or social, as they see fit, in the country where they are to find their bread, and to the laws and institutions of which they are to look for defence and protection?

A question of such serious importance ought now to be put at rest. If the United States give shelter and protection to those whom the policy of England annually casts upon their shores,—if, by the benign influences of their government and institutions, and by the happy condition of the country, those emigrants become raised from poverty to comfort, finding it easy even to become landholders, and being allowed to partake in the enjoyment of all civil rights,—if all this may be done, (and all this is done, under the countenance and encouragement of England herself,) is it not high time that, yielding that which had its origin in feudal ideas as inconsistent with the present state of society, and especially with the intercourse and relations subsisting between the Old World and the New, England should at length formally disclaim all right to the services of such persons, and renounce all control over their conduct?

But impressment is subject to objections of a much wider range. If it could be justified in its application to those who are declared to be its only objects, it still remains true that, in its exercise, it touches the political rights of other governments, and endangers the security of their own native subjects and citizens. The sovereignty of the state is concerned in maintaining its exclusive jurisdiction and possession over its merchant-ships on the seas, except so far as the law of nations justifies intrusion upon that possession for special purposes; and all experience has shown, that no member of a crew, wherever born, is safe against impressment when a ship is visited.

The evils and injuries resulting from the actual practice can hardly be overstated, and have ever proved themselves to be such as should lead to its relinquishment, even if it were founded in any defensible principle. The difficulty of discriminating between English subjects and American citizens has always been found to be great, even when an honest purpose of discrimination has existed. But the lieutenant of a man-of-war, having



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necessity for men, is apt to be a summary judge, and his decisions will be quite as significant of his own wants and his own power as of the truth and justice of the case. An extract from a letter of Mr. King, of the 13th of April, 1797, to the American Secretary of State, shows something of the enormous extent of these wrongful seizures.

"Instead of a few, and these in many instances equivocal cases, I have," says he, "since the month of July past, made application for the discharge from British men-of-war of two hundred and seventy-one seamen, who, stating themselves to be Americans, have claimed my interference. Of this number, eighty-six have been ordered by the Admiralty to be discharged, thirty-seven more have been detained as British subjects or as American volunteers, or for want of proof that they are Americans, and to my applications for the discharge of the remaining one hundred and forty-eight I have received no answer; the ships on board of which these seamen were detained having, in many instances, sailed before an examination was made in consequence of my application.

"It is certain that some of those who have applied to me are not American citizens, but the exceptions are, in my opinion, few, and the evidence, exclusive of certificates, has been such as, in most cases, to satisfy me that the applicants were real Americans, who have been forced into the British service, and who, with singular constancy, have generally persevered in refusing pay or bounty, though in some instances they have been in service more than two years."

But the injuries of impressment are by no means confined to its immediate subjects, or the individuals on whom it is practised. Vessels suffer from the weakening of their crews, and voyages are often delayed, and not unfrequently broken up, by subtraction from the number of necessary hands by impressment. And what is of still greater and more general moment, the fear of impressment has been found to create great difficulty in obtaining sailors for the American merchant service in times of European war. Seafaring men, otherwise inclined to enter into that service, are, as experience has shown, deterred by the fear of finding themselves ere long in compulsory military service in British ships of war. Many instances have occurred, fully established by proof, in which raw seamen, natives of the United States, fresh from the fields of agriculture, entering for the first time on shipboard, have been impressed before they made the land, placed on the decks of British men-of-war, and compelled to serve for years before they could obtain their release, or revisit their country and their homes. Such instances become known, and their effect in discouraging young men from engaging in the merchant service of their country can neither be doubted nor wondered at. More than all, my Lord, the practice of impressment, whenever it has existed, has produced, not conciliation and good feeling, but resentment, exasperation, and animosity between the two great commercial countries of the world.



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In the calm and quiet which have succeeded the late war, a condition so favorable for dispassionate consideration, England herself has evidently seen the harshness of impressment, even when exercised on seamen in her own merchant service, and she has adopted measures calculated, if not to renounce the power or to abolish the practice, yet at least to supersede its necessity by other means of manning the royal navy more compatible with justice and the rights of individuals, and far more conformable to the spirit and sentiments of the age.

Under these circumstances, the government of the United States has used the occasion of your Lordship's pacific mission to review this whole subject, and to bring it to your notice and that of your government. It has reflected on the past, pondered the condition of the present, and endeavored to anticipate, so far as might be in its power, the probable future; and I am now to communicate to your Lordship the result of these deliberations.

The American government, then, is prepared to say that the practice of impressing seamen from American vessels cannot hereafter be allowed to take place. That practice is founded on principles which it does not recognize, and is invariably attended by consequences so unjust, so injurious, and of such formidable magnitude, as cannot be submitted to.

In the early disputes between the two governments on this so long contested topic, the distinguished person to whose hands were first intrusted the seals of this department [Mr. Jefferson] declared, that "the simplest rule will be, that the vessel being American shall be evidence that the seamen on board are such."

Fifty years' experience, the utter failure of many negotiations, and a careful reconsideration, now had, of the whole subject, at a moment when the passions are laid, and no present interest or emergency exists to bias the judgment, have fully convinced this government that this is not only the simplest and best, but the only rule, which can be adopted and observed, consistently with the rights and honor of the United States and the security of their citizens. That rule announces, therefore, what will hereafter be the principle maintained by their government. In every regularly documented American merchant-vessel the crew who navigate it will find their protection in the flag which is over them.

This announcement is not made, my Lord, to revive useless recollections of the past, nor to stir the embers from fires which have been, in a great degree, smothered by many years of peace. Far otherwise. Its purpose is to extinguish those fires effectually, before new incidents arise to fan them into flame. The communication is in the spirit of peace, and for the sake of peace, and springs from a deep and conscientious conviction that high interests of both nations require this so long contested and controverted subject now to be finally put to rest. I persuade myself that you will do justice to this frank and sincere avowal of motives, and that you will communicate



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your sentiments in this respect to your government.
This letter closes, my Lord, on my part, our official
correspondence; and I gladly use the occasion to offer you the
assurance of my high and sincere regard.
DANIEL WEBSTER.
LORD ASHBURTON, &c., &c., &c.



Monday Aug. 8th 1842.

[Gray](#) was not a poet only a lover of poetry. He cultivated poetry but the plant did not thrive. He did no doubt possess a natural vein of poetry, but this was not so rich or deep but that it was all expended upon the imagery and ornament. Enough to smooth the sound but not to guild the sense. In the Churchyard the muse was a little more prevalent with him and it will always be popular, though the machinery is bare, because it retains the atmosphere and tone of poetry. How grand are mountains — by their elevation they are placed at an infinite distance. In the morning you see the distinct form of every tree and creep happily along the dank roads like some new creation of her exuberance. The morning hour is as private as the evening— Not such privacy as the day leaves but such as the day has not prophaned.

November 1, Tuesday-8, Tuesday: [Charles Lenox Remond](#), who was born free, and [Frederick Douglass](#), who made himself free, spoke together at Latimer meetings in [New Bedford](#).

GEORGE LATIMER



November 6, Sunday: [Frederick Douglass](#) spoke at a Latimer meeting in the Town Hall at [New Bedford](#), and then moved on directly the same day to attend the Annual Meeting of the [Rhode Island](#) Anti-Slavery Society in the Town Hall at [Providence](#).

GEORGE LATIMER



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1843

January 21, Saturday: [Waldo Emerson](#) visited [Lucretia Mott](#), in whom at that point he was interested primarily because she was a relative of his friend and hostess [Mary Rotch](#) of [New Bedford](#), the “New Light” leader. He was alarmed to discover that [Friend Lucretia](#)’s interest in him was likewise limited because of “an ordinance sometime somewhere” which he had opposed.

February 28, Tuesday: [Waldo Emerson](#) lectured for the Mercantile Library Association in the Broadway Tabernacle of New-York. This was the initial lecture of his series: “Domestic Life.” He would receive \$50 for each lecture.

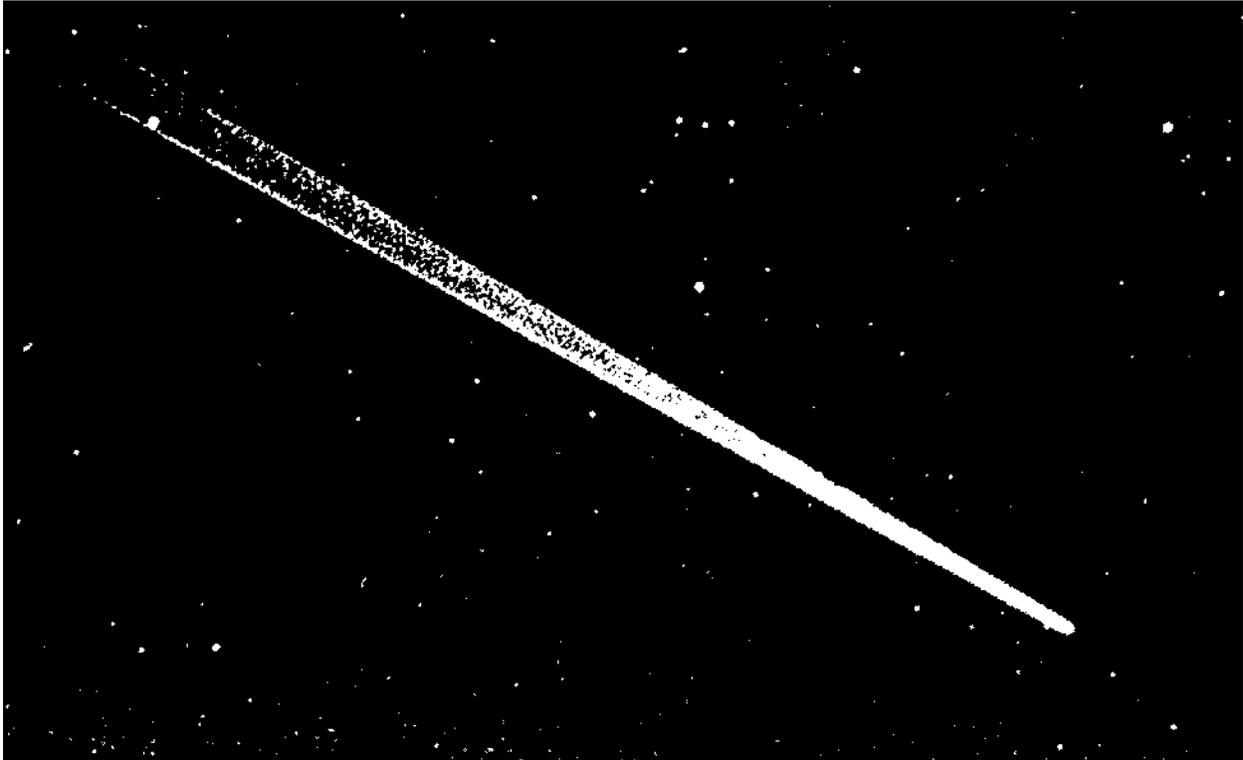
THE LIST OF LECTURES

People in [New Bedford](#) saw a [comet](#) as bright as Venus, with a tail 3° long. In the Ile-de-France this comet was seen during the day. A “large part of the adult population” of Waterbury, Connecticut first observed it at 7:30AM “east of and below the sun,” with G.L. Platt, M.C. Leavenworth, S.W. Hall, Alfred Blackman, and N.J. Buel noting that the comet remained visible until the skies clouded up at 3PM. They described it as a round coma with a pale tail extending 2° to 3° and “melting away into the brilliant sky.” The nucleus was detected with the naked eye and was distinctly round, “its light equal to that of the moon in midnight in a clear sky; and its apparent size about one eighth the area of the full moon.” Giovanni Battista Amici of Florence, Italy described it at noon as “the mass, examined by an opera glass, to be like a flame, badly defined, three times as long as it was wide, very luminous towards the sun, and a little smoky at the east.” At noon an observer in Woodstock, Vermont saw the comet and compared it to a small, white cloud, 3° long, adding that when viewed with a telescope, “it presented a distinct and most beautiful appearance,-exhibiting a very white and bright nucleus, and a tail dividing near the nucleus into two separate branches, with the outer sides of each branch convex, and of nearly equal length, apparently 8° or 10°, and a space between their extremities of 5° or 6°.” Captain J.G. Clarke of Portland, Maine observed the comet in broad daylight and determined that the nearest limb of the nucleus was situated 4° 06' 15" from the sun’s farthest limb and the nucleus and tail appeared as well-defined “as the moon on a clear day,” adding that the comet looked like “a perfectly pure white cloud, without any variation, except a slight change near the head, just sufficient to distinguish the nucleus from the tail at that point.” Bowring, in Chihuahua, Mexico, positioned the comet at a distance of 3° 53' 20" from the sun.

SKY EVENT

This quite unexpected and quite bright and quite fast comet passed the face of the sun in but a little over two hours, its phenomenally long tail stretching across a quarter of the night sky and seeming like “a torch agitated by the wind.” This particular comet would be termed a “sun-grazer,” that is, its course took it so close to the sun, within some 80,000 miles, that it would have accelerated to approximately 1,270,000 miles per hour before being whipped out again into cold slow floating in the outer darkness. [Harvard Observatory](#) staff in the cupola of the [Richard Henry Dana, Sr.](#) house would watch for 6 nights as this comet receded. Even though the equipment was inadequate, [William Cranch Bond](#) was the first to detect the nucleus of the comet. [New](#)

England newspapers printed reports of worldwide panic.



SKY EVENT

During our time we have not been favored by great comets; our Hale-Bopp was a disappointment and even our Halley's Comet was this time quite unspectacular. To understand the 19th Century, we have to imagine a period of rather frequent and indeed very spectacular sky ghosts and apparitions. This Great Comet of February 1843 actually was merely another fragment of a single gigantic comet that had been regularly lighting up the earth's sky since some point between 18,000BCE and 8,000BCE. Later, the Great September Comet of 1882 would be merely another fragment of this same comet, and would cast a light upon the earth two orders of magnitude brighter than that cast by a full moon — it would be easily visible in broad daylight!



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As [Moncure Daniel Conway](#) has presented the *geist* of the period,



Once the seventeen-year locusts swarmed in our woods, devouring the green tissue in every leaf. On each wing was the letter "W" betokening "War," and their united cry of "Pharaoh" prophesied the plagues of Egypt. The locusts came near enough to the Mexican War and to the deadly Spotted Tongue plague that scourged our county, to appear prophetic. But the greatest sensation was caused by the comet of 1843. There was a widespread panic, similar, it was said, to that caused by the meteors of 1832. Apprehending the approach of Judgment Day, crowds besieged the shop of Mr. Petty, our preaching tailor, invoking his prayers. Methodism reaped a harvest from the comet. The negroes, however, were not disturbed; - they were, I believe, always hoping to hear Gabriel's trump.

CICADAS

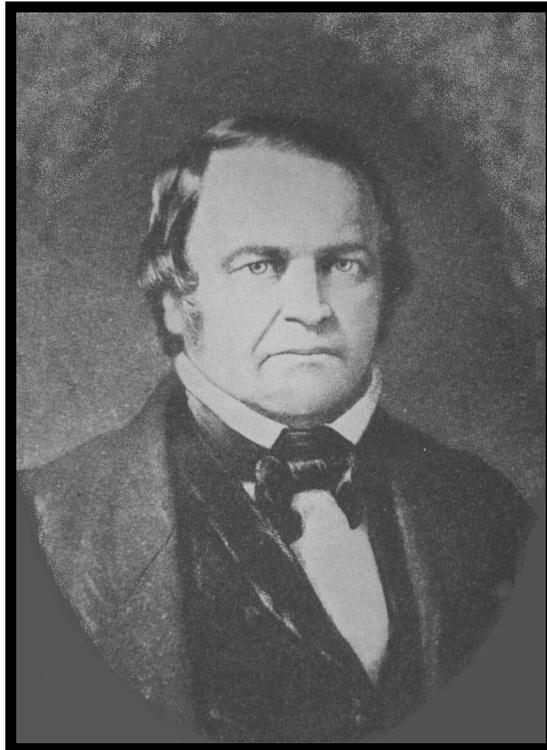
METHODISM

AUTOBIOGRAPHY | **VOLUME II**

At this point early in the year 1843, over and above "the negroes," above, who were "always hoping to hear Gabriel's trump," there were more than 50,000 white [Millerite](#) true believers, each eagerly awaiting the

termination of the world as we all then knew it. Well, but Henry knew what to make of this phenomenon:

SEEDS: Who could believe in prophecies of Daniel or of Miller that the world would end this summer, while one milkweed with faith matured its seeds?



WILLIAM MILLER





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Europe was in a decade dim:
Upon the future's trembling rim
The comet hovered.
— [Herman Melville](#), CLAREL

March: The [New Bedford](#) Railroad desegregated itself.

HISTORY OF RR

June 20, Tuesday-21, Wednesday: [Frederick Douglass](#) was at the Town Hall in [New Bedford](#) for the Bristol County Anti-Slavery Convention.

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to Mrs. [Lidian Emerson](#) from [Staten Island](#):

June 20th 1843

My very dear Friend,

*I have only read a page of
your letter, and have come out to the
top of the hill at sunset[,] where I can
see the ocean to prepare to read the rest.
It is fitter that it should hear it than
the walls of my chamber. The very crickets
here seem to chirp around me as they did
not before. I feel as if it were a great
daring to go on and read the rest, and
then to live accordingly[—] There are more
than thirty vessels in sight going to sea —
I am almost afraid to look at your letter.
I see that it will [make] my life very steep,
but it may lead to fairer prospects
than this.*

*You seem to me to speak out of a
very clear and high heaven, where any
one may be who stands so high. Your
voice seems not a voice, but comes as
much from the blue heavens, as from
the paper.*

*My dear friend it was very noble in you
to write me so trustful an answer. It will
do as well for another world as for this.
Such a voice is for no particular time*



nor person, but it makes him who may

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hear it stand for all that is lofty and true in humanity. The thought of you will constantly elevate my life[;] it will be something always above the horizon to behold, as when I look up at the evening star. I think I know your thoughts without seeing you, and as well here as in Concord. You are not at all strange to me.

I could hardly believe after the lapse had of one night that I such a noble letter ^ still at hand to read — that it was not some [fine] dream. I looked at midnight to be sure that it was real. I feel that I am unworthy to know you, and yet they will not permit it wrongfully. I, perhaps, am more willing to deceive by appearances than you say you are[.] [It] would not be worth the while to tell how willing, — but I have the power perhaps [too much] to forget my meanness as soon as seen, and not be incited by permanent sorrow. My actual life is unspeakably mean, compared with what I know and see that it might be — Yet the ground from which I see and say this is some part of it. It ranges from heaven to earth and is all things in an hour. [T]he experience of every past moment but belies the faith of each present. We never conceive the greatness of our fates.

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Are not these faint flashes of light, which sometimes obscure the sun, their certain dawn?

My friend, I have read your letter as if I was not reading it. After each pause I could defer the rest forever. The thought of you will be a new motive for every right action. You are another human being whom I know, and might not our topic be as broad as the universe. What have



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we to do with petty rumbling news? We have our [own] great [a]ffairs. Sometimes in Concord I found my actions dictated, as it were, by your influence, and though it lead almost to trivial Hindoo observances, yet it was good and elevating. To hear that you have sad[]hours is not sad to me. I rather rejoice at the richness of your experience. Only think of some sadness away in Pekin — unseen and unknown there — What a mine it is. Would it not weigh down the [who] Celestial empire, with all its gay Chinese? [O]ur sadness is not [sad,] but our cheap joys. Let us be sad[] about all we see and are, for so we demand and pray for better. It is the constant prayer[]and whole Christian religion. I could hope that you would get well soon, and have a health[y] body for this world, but I know this cannot be — and the Fates, after all, are

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the accomplishers of our hopes — Yet I do hope that you may find it a worthy struggle, and life seem grand still through the clouds. What wealth is it to have such friend[s] that we cannot think of them without elevation. And we can think of them any time, and any where, and it
{written perpendicular to text in center of page:

Address: *Mrs. Lidian Emerson*

Concord

Mass.

Postmark: *NEW-YORK*

JUN

25}



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*costs nothing but the lofty disposition. I cannot tell you the joy your letter gives me — which will not quite cease till the latest time. Let me accompany your finest thought.
I send my love to my other friend and brother, whose nobleness I slowly recognise.*

Henry

Margaret Fuller would write of the events of the 20th in her SUMMER ON THE LAKES, IN 1843:

Chicago, June 20.

There can be no two places in the world more completely thoroughfares than this place and Buffalo. They are the two correspondent valves that open and shut all the time, as the life-blood rushes from east to west, and back again from west to east.

Since it is their office thus to be the doors, and let in and out, it would be unfair to expect from them much character of their own. To make the best provisions for the transmission of produce is their office, and the people who live there are such as are suited for this, — active, complaisant, inventive, business people. There are no provisions for the student or idler; to know what the place can give, you should be at work with the rest; the mere traveller will not find it profitable to loiter there as I did.

Since circumstances made it necessary for me so to do, I read all the books I could find about the new region, which now began to become real to me. Especially I read all the books about the Indians, — a paltry collection truly, yet which furnished material for many thoughts. The most narrow-minded and awkward recital still bears some lineaments of the great features of this nature, and the races of men that illustrated them.

Catlin's book is far the best. I was afterwards assured by those acquainted with the regions he describes, that he is not to be depended on for the accuracy of his facts, and indeed it is obvious, without the aid of such assertions, that he sometimes yields to the temptation of making out a story. They admitted, however, what from my feelings I was sure of, that he is true to the spirit of the scene, and that a far better view can be got from him than from any source at present existing, of the Indian tribes of the Far West, and of the country where their inheritance lay.

Murray's Travels I read, and was charmed by their accuracy and clear, broad tone. He is the only Englishman that seems to have traversed these regions as man simply, not as John Bull. He deserves to belong to an aristocracy, for he showed his title to it more when left without a guide in the wilderness, than he can at the court of Victoria. He has; himself, no poetic force



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at description, but it is easy to make images from his hints. Yet we believe the Indian cannot be looked at truly except by a poetic eye. The Pawnees, no doubt, are such as he describes them, filthy in their habits, and treacherous in their character, but some would have seen, and seen truly, more beauty and dignity than he does with all his manliness and fairness of mind. However, his one fine old man is enough to redeem the rest, and is perhaps the relic of a better day, a Phocion among the Pawnees.

Schoolcraft's Algic Researches is a valuable book, though a worse use could hardly have been made of such fine material. Had the mythological or hunting stories of the Indians been written down exactly as they were received from the lips of the narrators, the collection could not have been surpassed in interest both for the wild charm they carry with them, and the light they throw on a peculiar modification of life and mind. As it is, though the incidents have an air of originality and pertinence to the occasion, that gives us confidence that they have not been altered, the phraseology in which they were expressed has been entirely set aside, and the flimsy graces, common to the style of annuals and souvenirs, substituted for the Spartan brevity and sinewy grasp of Indian speech. We can just guess what might have been there, as we can detect the fine proportions of the Brave whom the bad taste of some white patron has arranged in frock-coat, hat, and pantaloons.

The few stories Mrs. Jameson wrote out, though to these also a sentimental air has been given, offend much less in that way than is common in this book. What would we not give for a completely faithful version of some among them! Yet, with all these drawbacks, we cannot doubt from internal evidence that they truly ascribe to the Indian a delicacy of sentiment and of fancy that justifies Cooper in such inventions as his Uncas. It is a white man's view of a savage hero, who would be far finer in his natural proportions; still, through a masquerade figure, it implies the truth.

Irving's books I also read, some for the first, some for the second time, with increased interest, now that I was to meet such people as he received his materials from. Though the books are pleasing from, their grace and luminous arrangement, yet, with the exception of the Tour to the Prairies, they have a stereotype, second-hand air. They lack the breath, the glow, the charming minute traits of living presence. His scenery is only fit to be glanced at from dioramic distance; his Indians are academic figures only. He would have made the best of pictures, if he could have used his own eyes for studies and sketches; as it is, his success is wonderful, but inadequate.

McKenney's Tour to the Lakes is the dullest of books, yet faithful and quiet, and gives some facts not to be met with everywhere.

I also read a collection of Indian anecdotes and speeches, the worst compiled and arranged book possible, yet not without clues of some value. All these books I read in anticipation of a canoe-



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voyage on Lake Superior as far as the Pictured Rocks, and, though I was afterwards compelled to give up this project, they aided me in judging of what I subsequently saw and heard of the Indians.

In Chicago I first saw the beautiful prairie-flowers. They were in their glory the first ten days we were there, -

"The golden and the flame-like flowers."

The flame-like flower I was taught afterwards, by an Indian girl, to call "Wickapee"; and she told me, too, that its splendors had a useful side, for it was used by the Indians as a remedy for an illness to which they were subject.

Beside these brilliant flowers, which gemmed and gilt the grass in a sunny afternoon's drive near the blue lake, between the low oak-wood and the narrow beach, stimulated, whether sensuously by the optic nerve, unused to so much gold and crimson with such tender green, or symbolically through some meaning dimly seen in the flowers, I enjoyed a sort of fairy-land exultation never felt before, and the first drive amid the flowers gave me anticipation of the beauty of the prairies.

At first, the prairie seemed to speak of the very desolation of dulness. After sweeping over the vast monotony of the lakes to come to this monotony of land, with all around a limitless horizon, - to walk, and walk, and run, but never climb, oh! it was too dreary for any but a Hollander to bear. How the eye greeted the approach of a sail, or the smoke of a steamboat; it seemed that anything so animated must come from a better land, where mountains gave religion to the scene.

The only thing I liked at first to do was to trace with slow and unexpecting step the narrow margin of the lake. Sometimes a heavy swell gave it expression; at others, only its varied coloring, which I found more admirable every day, and which gave it an air of mirage instead of the vastness of ocean. Then there was a grandeur in the feeling that I might continue that walk, if I had any seven-leagued mode of conveyance to save fatigue, for hundreds of miles without an obstacle and without a change. But after I had ridden out, and seen the flowers, and observed the sun set with that calmness seen only in the prairies, and the cattle winding slowly to their homes in the "island groves," - most peaceful of sights, - I began to love, because I began to know the scene, and shrank no longer from "the encircling vastness."

It is always thus with the new form of life; we must learn to look at it by its own standard. At first, no doubt, my accustomed eye kept saying, if the mind did not, What! no distant mountains? What! no valleys? But after a while I would ascend the roof of the house where we lived, and pass many hours, needing no sight but the moon reigning in the heavens, or starlight falling upon the lake, till all the lights were out in the island grove of men beneath my feet, and felt nearer heaven than there was nothing but this lovely, still reception on the earth; no towering mountains, no deep tree-shadows, nothing but plain earth and water bathed in light.



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Sunset, as seen from that place, presented most generally, low-lying, flaky clouds, of the softest serenity.

One night a star "shot madly from, its sphere," and it had a fair chance to be seen, but that serenity could not be astonished.

Yes! it was a peculiar beauty, that of those sunsets and moonlights on the levels of Chicago, which Chamouny or the Trosachs could not make me forget.⁴⁸

Notwithstanding all the attractions I thus found out by degrees on the flat shores of the lake, I was delighted when I found myself really on my way into the country for an excursion of two or three weeks. We set forth in a strong wagon, almost as large, and with the look of those used elsewhere for transporting caravans of wild beasts, loaded with everything we might want, in case nobody would give it to us, — for buying and selling were no longer to be counted on, — with, a pair of strong horses, able and willing to force their way through mud-holes and amid stumps, and a guide, equally admirable as marshal and companion, who knew by heart the country and its history, both natural and artificial, and whose clear hunter's eye needed, neither road nor goal to guide it to all the spots where beauty best loves to dwell.

Add to this the finest weather, and such country as I had never seen, even in my dreams, although these dreams had been haunted by wishes for just such a one, and you may judge whether years of dulness might not, by these bright days, be redeemed, and a sweetness be shed over all thoughts of the West.

The first day brought us through woods rich in the moccason-flower and lupine, and plains whose soft expanse was continually touched with expression by the slow moving clouds which

"Sweep over with their shadows, and beneath
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges,"

to the banks of the Fox River, a sweet and graceful stream. We reached Geneva just in time to escape being drenched by a violent thunder-shower, whose rise and disappearance threw expression into all the features of the scene.

Geneva reminds me of a New England village, as indeed there, and in the neighborhood, are many New-Englanders of an excellent stamp, generous, intelligent, discreet, and seeking to win from life its true values. Such are much wanted, and seem like points of light among the swarms of settlers, whose aims are sordid, whose habits thoughtless and slovenly.⁴⁹

With great pleasure we heard, with his attentive and

48. "From the prairie near [Chicago](#) had I seen, some days before, the sun set with that calmness observed only on the prairies. I know not what it says, but something quite different from sunset at sea. There is no motion except of waving grasses, — the cattle move slowly homeward in the distance. That *home!* where is it? It seems as if there was no home, and no need of one, and there is room enough to wander on for ever." — Manuscript Notes.

49. "We passed a portion of one day with Mr. and Mrs. — —, young, healthy, and, thank Heaven, *gay* people. In the general dulness that broods over this land where so little genius flows, and care, business, and fashionable frivolity are equally dull, unspeakable is the relief of some flashes of vivacity, some sparkles of wit. Of course it is hard enough for those, most natively disposed that way, to strike fire. I would willingly be the tinder to promote the cheering blaze." — Manuscript Notes.



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affectionate congregation, the Unitarian clergyman, Mr. Conant, and afterward visited him in his house, where almost everything bore traces of his own handiwork or that of his father. He is just such a teacher as is wanted in this region, familiar enough, with the habits of those he addresses to come home to their experience and their wants; earnest and enlightened enough to draw the important inferences from the life of every day.⁵⁰

A day or two we remained here, and passed some happy hours in the woods that fringe the stream, where the gentlemen found a rich booty of fish.

Next day, travelling along the river's banks, was an uninterrupted pleasure. We closed our drive in the afternoon at the house of an English gentleman, who has gratified, as few men do, the common wish to pass the evening of an active day amid the quiet influences of country life. He showed us a bookcase filled with books about this country; these he had collected for years, and become so familiar with the localities, that, on coming here at last, he sought and found, at once, the very spot he wanted, and where he is as content as he hoped to be, thus realizing Wordsworth's description of the wise man, who "sees what he foresaw."

A wood surrounds the house, through which paths are cut in every direction. It is, for this new country, a large and handsome dwelling; but round it are its barns and farm-yard, with cattle and poultry. These, however, in the framework of wood, have a very picturesque and pleasing effect. There is that mixture of culture and rudeness in the aspect of things which gives a feeling of freedom, not of confusion.

I wish, it were possible to give some idea of this scene, as viewed by the earliest freshness of dewy dawn. This habitation of man seemed like a nest in the grass, so thoroughly were the buildings and all the objects of human care harmonized with, what was natural. The tall trees bent and whispered all around, as if to hail with, sheltering love the men who had come to dwell among them.

The young ladies were musicians, and spoke French fluently, having been educated in a convent. Here in the prairie, they had learned to take care of the milk-room, and kill the rattlesnakes that assailed their poultry-yard. Beneath the shade of heavy curtains you looked out from the high and large windows to see Norwegian peasants at work in their national dress. In the wood grew, not only the flowers I had before seen, and wealth of tall, wild roses, but the splendid blue spiderwort, that ornament of our gardens. Beautiful children strayed there, who were soon to leave these civilized regions for some really wild and western place, a post in the buffalo country. Their no less beautiful mother was of Welsh descent, and the eldest child bore the name of Gwynthleon. Perhaps there she will meet with some young

50. "Let any who think men do not need or want the church, hear these people talk about it as if it were the only indispensable thing, and see what I saw in [Chicago](#). An elderly lady from Philadelphia, who had been visiting her sons in the West, arrived there about one o'clock on a hot Sunday noon. She rang the bell and requested a room immediately, as she wanted to get ready for afternoon service. Some delay occurring, she expressed great regret, as she had ridden all night for the sake of attending church. She went to church, neither having dined nor taken any repose after her journey." — Manuscript Notes.



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descendants of Madoc, to be her friends; at any rate, her looks may retain that sweet, wild beauty, that is soon made to vanish from eyes which look too much on shops and streets, and the vulgarities of city "parties."

Next day we crossed the river. We ladies crossed on a little foot-bridge, from which we could look down the stream, and see the wagon pass over at the ford. A black thunder-cloud was coming up; the sky and waters heavy with expectation. The motion of the wagon, with its white cover, and the laboring horses, gave just the due interest to the picture, because it seemed, as if they would not have time to cross before the storm came on. However, they did get across, and we were a mile or two on our way before the violent shower obliged us to take refuge in a solitary house upon the prairie. In this country it is as pleasant to stop as to go on, to lose your way as to find it, for the variety in the population gives you a chance for fresh entertainment in every hut, and the luxuriant beauty makes every path attractive. In this house we found a family "quite above the common," but, I grieve to say, not above false pride, for the father, ashamed of being caught barefoot, told us a story of a man, one of the richest men, he said, in one of the Eastern cities, who went barefoot, from choice and taste.

Near the door grew a Provence rose, then in blossom. Other families we saw had brought with them and planted the locust. It was pleasant to see their old home loves, brought into connection with their new splendors. Wherever there were traces of this tenderness of feeling, only too rare among Americans, other things bore signs also of prosperity and intelligence, as if the ordering mind of man had some idea of home beyond a mere shelter beneath which to eat and sleep.

No heaven need wear a lovelier aspect than earth did this afternoon, after the clearing up of the shower. We traversed the blooming plain, unmarked by any road, only the friendly track of wheels which bent, not broke, the grass. Our stations were not from town to town, but from grove to grove. These groves first floated like blue islands in the distance. As we drew nearer, they seemed fair parks, and the little log-houses on the edge, with their curling smokes, harmonized beautifully with them.

One of these groves, Ross's Grove, we reached just at sunset, It was of the noblest trees I saw during this journey, for generally the trees were not large or lofty, but only of fair proportions. Here they were large enough to form with their clear stems pillars for grand cathedral aisles. There was space enough for crimson light to stream through upon the floor of water which the shower had left. As we slowly plashed through, I thought I was never in a better place for vespers.

That night we rested, or rather tarried, at a grove some miles beyond, and there partook of the miseries, so often jocosely portrayed, of bedchambers for twelve, a milk dish for universal hand-basin, and expectations that you would use and lend your "hankercher" for a towel. But this was the only night, thanks



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to the hospitality of private families, that we passed thus; and it was well that we had this bit of experience, else might we have pronounced all Trollopian records of the kind to be inventions of pure malice.

With us was a young lady who showed herself to have been bathed in the Britannic fluid, wittily described by a late French writer, by the impossibility she experienced of accommodating herself to the indecorums of the scene. We ladies were to sleep in the bar-room, from which its drinking visitors could be ejected only at a late hour. The outer door had no fastening to prevent their return. However, our host kindly requested we would call him, if they did, as he had "conquered them for us," and would do so again. We had also rather hard couches (mine was the supper-table); but we Yankees, born to rove, were altogether too much fatigued to stand upon trifles, and slept as sweetly as we would in the "bigly bower" of any baroness. But I think England sat up all night, wrapped in her blanket-shawl, and with a neat lace cap upon her head, — so that she would have looked perfectly the lady, if any one had come in, — shuddering and listening. I know that she was very ill next day, in requital. She watched, as her parent country watches the seas, that nobody may do wrong in any case, and deserved to have met some interruption, she was so well prepared. However, there was none, other than from the nearness of some twenty sets of powerful lungs, which would not leave the night to a deathly stillness. In this house we had, if not good beds, yet good tea, good bread, and wild strawberries, and were entertained with most free communications of opinion and history from our hosts. Neither shall any of us have a right to say again that we cannot find any who may be willing to hear all we may have to say. "A's fish that comes to the net," should be painted on the sign at Papaw Grove.

August 1, Tuesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [John L. O'Sullivan](#) from [Staten Island](#) as the August issue of his magazine was making its rounds:

US MAG & DEM. REV.

Staten Island Aug. 1st

Dear Sir,

I have not got Mr. Etzlers book nor can I tell where it is to be found — the copy which I used in the spring was sent from England to Mr RW Emerson by Mr Alcott But you must not think too seriously of it— I believe my extracts are rather too favorable, beside being improved by the liberties I have taken. I dont wonder that you find much to object to in the remarks I sent you If I remember them they content me perhaps as little as they do yourself yet for the general tenor of them I suppose I should not alter it.

If I should find any notes on nature in my Journal which I think will suit you I will send them.—



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I am at present Reading Greek Poetry— Would a translation—(in the manner of Prometheus Bound in the Dial which you may have seen of some old drama— be suited to your Review—?

Please send the Mss. to Wall st as soon as convenient. I expect to remain in this vicinity for some time and shall be glad to meet you in New York—

BRONSON ALCOTT

JOHN ADOLPHUS ETZLER



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A large assembly in [Northampton](#) welcomed the 10th anniversary of the [emancipation](#) of the slaves of the British West Indies. Would it have been this occasion that spurred a correspondent of [Lewis Tappan's Journal of Commerce](#) to write criticizing the sort of "Wild, insane, **brutal**" white men who could see their way clear to escort white "refined ladies" to "meet and associate with the vulgar unionists **of all colors** that make up these Associations." This correspondent noted that he himself had observed, at a community dining hall, "one of the accomplished and lovely daughters" of a member of the [Association of Industry and Education](#), seated directly across the table from "a large **male negro!**"

TAPPAN FAMILY

ABOLITIONISM

In [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#), the first large-scale gala featuring a picnic and a parade seems to have taken place in this year, under the auspices of the Friends of Liberty.

EMANCIPATION DAY

[Frederick Douglass](#) completed his lecturing in Syracuse, New York and moved on toward Rochester.





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[Abraham Lincoln](#)'s and Mary Todd Lincoln's 1st child, Robert Todd Lincoln, was born.



Fall: Friend [John Greenleaf Whittier](#) wrote to the convention of the [Liberty Party](#) at [New Bedford](#):

I have just received your kind invitation to attend the meeting of the Liberty Party in New Bedford on the 2d of next month. Believe me, it is with no ordinary feelings of regret that I find myself under the necessity of foregoing the pleasure of meeting with you on that occasion. But I need not say to you, and through you to the convention, that you have my hearty sympathy.

I am with the Liberty Party because it is the only party in the country which is striving openly and honestly to reduce to practice the great truths which lie at the foundation of our republic: all men created equal, endowed with rights inalienable; the security of these rights the only just object of government; the right of the people to alter or modify government until this great object is attained. Precious and glorious truths! Sacred in the sight of their Divine Author, grateful and beneficent to suffering humanity, essential elements of that ultimate and universal government of which God



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is laying the strong and wide foundations, turning and overturning, until He whose right it is shall rule. The voice which calls upon us to sustain them is the voice of God. In the eloquent language of the lamented [Myron Holley](#), the man who first lifted up the standard of the Liberty Party: "He calls upon us to sustain these truths in the recorded voice of the holy of ancient times. He calls us to sustain them in the sound as of many waters and mighty thunderings rising from the fields of Europe, converted into one vast Aceldama by the exertions of despots to suppress them; in the persuasive history of the best thoughts and boldest deeds of all our brave, self-sacrificing ancestors; in the tender, heart-reaching whispers of our children, preparing to suffer or enjoy the future, as we leave it for them; in the broken and disordered but moving accents of half our race yet groping in darkness and galled by the chains of bondage. He calls upon us to sustain them by the solemn and considerate use of all the powers with which He has invested us." In a time of almost universal political skepticism, in the midst of a pervading and growing unbelief in the great principles enunciated in the revolutionary declaration, the Liberty Party has dared to avow its belief in these truths, and to carry them into action as far as it has the power. It is a protest against the political infidelity of the day, a recurrence to first principles, a summons once more to that deserted altar upon which our fathers laid their offerings. It may be asked why it is that a party resting upon such broad principles is directing its exclusive exertions against slavery. "Are there not other great interests?" ask all manner of Whig and Democrat editors and politicians. "Consider, for instance," say the Democrats, "the mighty question which is agitating us, whether a 'Northern man with Southern principles' or a Southern man with the principles of a Nero or [Caligula](#) shall be President." "Or look at us," say the Whigs, "deprived of our inalienable right to office by this Tyler-Calhoun administration." And bethink you, gentlemen, how could your Liberty Party do better than to vote with us for a man who, if he does hold some threescore of slaves, and maintain that 'two hundred years of legislation has sanctioned and sanctified negro slavery,' is, at the same time, the champion of Greek liberty, and Polish liberty, and South American liberty, and, in short, of all sorts of liberties, save liberty at home." Yes, friends, we have considered all this, and more, namely, that one sixth part of our entire population are slaves, and that you, with your subtreasuries and national banks, propose no relief for them. Nay, farther, it is because both of you, when in power, have used your authority to rivet closer the chains of unhappy millions, that we have been compelled to abandon you, and form a Liberty Party having for its first object the breaking of these chains. What is slavery? For upon the answer to this question must the Liberty Party depend for its justification. The slave laws of the South tell us that it is the conversion



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of men into articles of property; the transformation of sentient immortal beings into "chattels personal." The principle of a reciprocity of benefits, which to some extent characterizes all other relations, does not exist in that of master and slave. The master holds the plough which turns the soil of his plantation, the horse which draws it, and the slave who guides it by one and the same tenure. The profit of the master is the great end of the slave's existence. For this end he is fed, clothed, and prescribed for in sickness. He learns nothing, acquires nothing, for himself. He cannot use his own body for his own benefit. His very personality is destroyed. He is a mere instrument, a means in the hands of another for the accomplishment of an end in which his own interests are not regarded, a machine moved not by his own will, but by another's. In him the awful distinction between a person and a thing is annihilated: he is thrust down from the place which God and Nature assigned him, from the equal companionship of rational intelligences, -a man herded with beasts, an immortal nature classed with the wares of the merchant!

The relations of parent and child, master and apprentice, government and subject, are based upon the principle of benevolence, reciprocal benefits, and the wants of human society; relations which sacredly respect the rights and legacies which God has given to all His rational creatures. But slavery exists only by annihilating or monopolizing these rights and legacies. In every other modification of society, man's personal ownership remains secure. He may be oppressed, deprived of privileges, loaded with burdens, hemmed about with legal disabilities, his liberties restrained. But, through all, the right to his own body and soul remains inviolate. He retains his inherent, original possession of himself. Even crime cannot forfeit it, for that law which destroys his personality makes void its own claims upon him as a moral agent; and the power to punish ceases with the accountability of the criminal. He may suffer and die under the penalties of the law, but he suffers as a man, he perishes as a man, and not as a thing. To the last moments of his existence the rights of a moral agent are his; they go with him to the grave; they constitute the ground of his accountability at the bar of infinite justice, -rights fixed, eternal, inseparable; attributes of all rational intelligence in time and eternity; the same in essence, and differing in degree only, with those of the highest moral being, of God himself.

Slavery alone lays its grasp upon the right of personal ownership, that foundation right, the removal of which uncreates the man; a right which God himself could not take away without absolving the being thus deprived of all moral accountability; and so far as that being is concerned, making sin and holiness, crime and virtue, words without significance, and the promises and sanctions of revelation, dreams. Hence, the crowning horror of slavery, that which lifts it above all other iniquities, is not that it usurps the prerogatives of Deity, but that it



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attempts that which even He who has said, "All souls are mine," cannot do, without breaking up the foundations of His moral government. Slavery is, in fact, a struggle with the Almighty for dominion over His rational creatures. It is leagued with the powers of darkness, in wresting man from his Maker. It is blasphemy lifting brazen brow and violent hand to heaven, attempting a reversal of God's laws. Man claiming the right to uncreate his brother; to undo that last and most glorious work, which God himself pronounced good, amidst the rejoicing hosts of heaven! Man arrogating to himself the right to change, for his own selfish purposes, the beautiful order of created existences; to pluck the crown of an immortal nature, scarce lower than that of angels, from the brow of his brother; to erase the God-like image and superscription stamped upon him by the hand of his Creator, and to write on the despoiled and desecrated tablet, "A chattel personal."

This, then, is slavery. Nature, with her thousand voices, cries out against it. Against it, divine revelation launches its thunders. The voice of God condemns it in the deep places of the human heart. The woes and wrongs unutterable which attend this dreadful violation of natural justice, the stripes, the tortures, the Sunderings of kindred, the desolation of human affections, the unchastity and lust, the toil uncompensated, the abrogated marriage, the legalized heathenism, the burial of the mind, are but the mere incidentals of the first grand outrage, that seizure of the entire man, nerve, sinew, and spirit, which robs him of his body, and God of his soul. These are but the natural results and outward demonstrations of slavery, the crystallizations from the chattel principle.

It is against this system, in its active operation upon three millions of our countrymen, that the Liberty Party is, for the present, directing all its efforts. With such an object well may we be "men of one idea." Nor do we neglect "other great interests," for all are colored and controlled by slavery, and the removal of this disastrous influence would most effectually benefit them.

Political action is the result and immediate object of moral suasion on this subject. Action, action, is the spirit's means of progress, its sole test of rectitude, its only source of happiness. And should not decided action follow our deep convictions of the wrong of slavery? Shall we denounce the slave-holders of the states, while we retain our slavery in the District of Columbia? Shall we pray that the God of the oppressed will turn the hearts of "the rulers" in South Carolina, while we, the rulers of the District, refuse to open the prisons and break up the slave-markets on its ten miles square? God keep us from such hypocrisy! Everybody now professes to be opposed to slavery. The leaders of the two great political parties are grievously concerned lest the purity of the antislavery enterprise will suffer in its connection with politics. In the midst of grossest pro-slavery action, they are full of anti-slavery sentiment. They love the cause, but, on the whole, think



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it too good for this world. They would keep it sublimated, aloft, out of vulgar reach or use altogether, intangible as Magellan's clouds. Everybody will join us in denouncing slavery, in the abstract; not a faithless priest nor politician will oppose us; abandon action, and forsooth we can have an abolition millennium; the wolf shall lie down with the lamb, while slavery in practice clanks, in derision, its three millions of unbroken chains. Our opponents have no fear of the harmless spectre of an abstract idea. They dread it only when it puts on the flesh and sinews of a practical reality, and lifts its right arm in the strength which God giveth to do as well as theorize. As honest men, then, we must needs act; let us do so as becomes men engaged in a great and solemn cause. Not by processions and idle parades and spasmodic enthusiasms, by shallow tricks and shows and artifices, can a cause like ours be carried onward. Leave these to parties contending for office, as the "spoils of victory." We need no disguises, nor false pretences, nor subterfuges; enough for us to present before our fellow-country men the holy truths of freedom, in their unadorned and native beauty. Dark as the present may seem, let us remember with hearty confidence that truth and right are destined to triumph. Let us blot out the word "discouragement" from the anti-slavery vocabulary. Let the enemies of freedom be discouraged; let the advocates of oppression despair; but let those who grapple with wrong and falsehood, in the name of God and in the power of His truth, take courage. Slavery must die. The Lord hath spoken it. The vials of His hot displeasure, like those which chastised the nations in the Apocalyptic vision, are smoking even now, above its "habitations of cruelty." It can no longer be borne with by Heaven. Universal humanity cries out against it. Let us work, then, to hasten its downfall, doing whatsoever our hands find to do "with all our might."

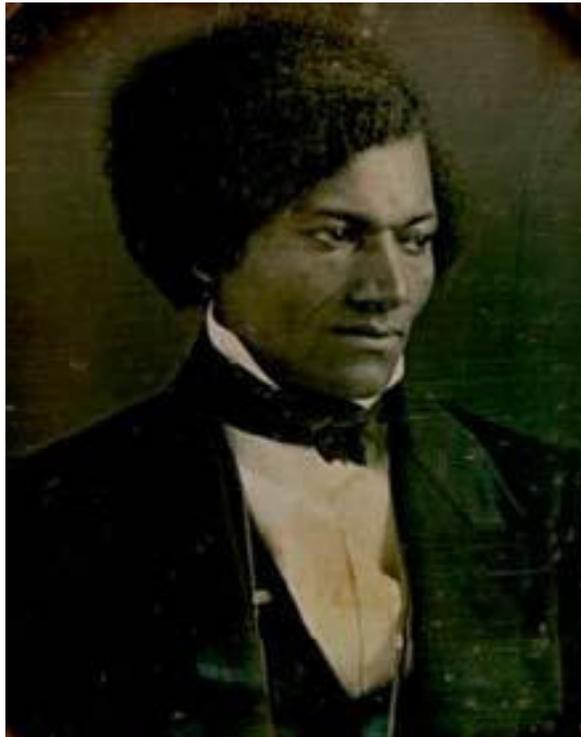


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By his own later account, it was in the timeframe of this year and the following one that [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) took up the [abolitionist](#) cause.





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Here is [Frederick Douglass's US speaking schedule for the year 1844](#):

January 24	Boston for the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society
February 11-18	Concord, New Hampshire
February 19-April 30	Framingham, Dorchester , Reading, Lowell, Groton, Townsend, Braintree , Foxboro, Medway, Wrentham
March 1-2	New Bedford
March 6 (approx.)	Sudbury, Massachusetts
March 11	Medford, Massachusetts
March 17	Neponset Village, Massachusetts
March 18-19	Dedham, Massachusetts
March 24	Walpole, Massachusetts
March 29-30	Pawtucket, Rhode Island
April 4	Essex County Anti-Slavery Society
April 25	Lynn, Massachusetts
April 28	Northampton, Massachusetts
May 6-11	New-York's Broadway Tabernacle and Concert Hall, for the annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society
May 28, 29, 31	Boston's Marlboro Chapel for the annual meeting of the New England Anti-Slavery Society
June 12	Concord, Massachusetts for the Middlesex County Anti-Slavery Society
June 28	Methuen, Massachusetts for the Essex County Anti-Slavery Society
August 1	Concord for the celebration of the First of August, with Waldo Emerson , William A. White , the Reverend Samuel Joseph May , Moses Grandy , and Headmaster Cyrus Pierce of the normal school in Lexington
August 12	Norristown, Pennsylvania for the annual meeting of the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society
August 17	The lawn of the State House in Philadelphia
before August 28	Chester County, Pennsylvania
August 30	Wilbur Fisk Hall in Philadelphia
August 31	Clarkson Hall in Philadelphia
September 21	Gardiner's Church, and the Friends' Meetinghouse, in Philadelphia
September 15-30	New Hampshire and Maine
October 19-20	Liberty Hall in New Bedford, Massachusetts , for the Bristol County Anti-Slavery Society
October 24	Liberty Hall in New Bedford, Massachusetts
November 3	Mechanics' Hall in Salem , for the Salem Female Anti-Slavery Society
November 4-5	Marblehead, Massachusetts for the quarterly meeting of the Essex County Anti-Slavery Society
November 11 (approx.)	Mechanics' Hall in Salem
November 20-22	Mechanics' Hall in Providence for the annual meeting of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society
November 26	Town Hall of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts for the Middlesex County Anti-Slavery Society
December 21-22	Portsmouth, New Hampshire for the Ladies Anti-Slavery Society



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

March 1, Friday: On this day and the following one [Frederick Douglass](#) lectured in [New Bedford](#).



Harvard senior [George Merrick Brooks](#) wrote apologetically to his mother [Mary Merrick Brooks](#) in Concord, owning up to a recent incident involving himself and [Edward Sherman Hoar](#) and the public consumption of alcohol:

Dear Mother,
No longer than last night I was congratulating myself with the thought that by this time, the most unfortunate occurrence in my life was almost wholly blown over in the town of Concord. I sat down last night & coolly & calmly reflected upon the whole matter. I saw & felt the iniquity of the proceeding, & thinking thus, my thoughts naturally reverted to my parents. I knew the anguish that such a transgression must necessarily cause them, & while on that subject, the greif [sic] of my mind can better be conceived of, than expressed. But while suffering under such reflections, one thought consoled me, ie My parents love me (at least I have no reason to suppose the contrary) & if they love me they will forgive transgressions even of a blacker die than the one I have been guilty of if they sincerely believed that I had repented. I have given them my word that my penitence was sincere, have signed the temperance pledge, & intend that my future actions shall not belie my professions. Thinking thus the melancholy which has ever pursued me while thinking of the affair, began to abate. I concluded also that you, philanthropic & lenient to all, would be the same to your own Son, but how



NEW BEDFORD

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were all such fallacious hopes blasted in a moment by receiving your letter this mornings I almost agreed with you, when you said that you wished you had strangled me in my cradle, or rather that some kind fortune had taken me away in my infancy, rather than have reserved me to be such a trial to my mother. To me your feelings are perfectly inexplicable: when you say that you should hail with joy & delight the news that should say to you "your son is a lifeless corpse" I really cannot fathom them, why you should wish a person to leave this world merely because he has committed a sin I cannot tell, you would not say the same of a common murderer. & yet you write it to me. What can I do to appease your grief? I have done all I can. I have promised. I shall perform my promises. O that the power was given me to express my most inmost thoughts & to transfer them to paper, if I could you would not think thus harshly of me, or if the power was given you to examine my thoughts you would look upon the matter in totally a different light. After perusing your letter it was impossible for me to give my attention to my studies & I hastened from recitation to answer it. When I read your letter I was in some doubt whether it would not be be [sic] best for to leave this land embark in some ship bound for a distant land & never again return, thinking that if the cause of your grief was removed, you would soon return to your former self, but I banished the idea, knowing that when you calmly reflected upon the subject you would see that it was acting the part of a christian to forgive rather than to be carried away by your feelings. And now Mother I beg I entreat you not to grieve so much on my account. I will own that I have committed a sin instead of an indiscretion, & moreover I will swear that I never in my life will be guilty of another of a similar nature. Give my love to Father, I feel sure that he will be lenient to me for this transgression. Never an event in my life ever caused me so much pain as this, & I trust there will never be another.
from your affect Son George

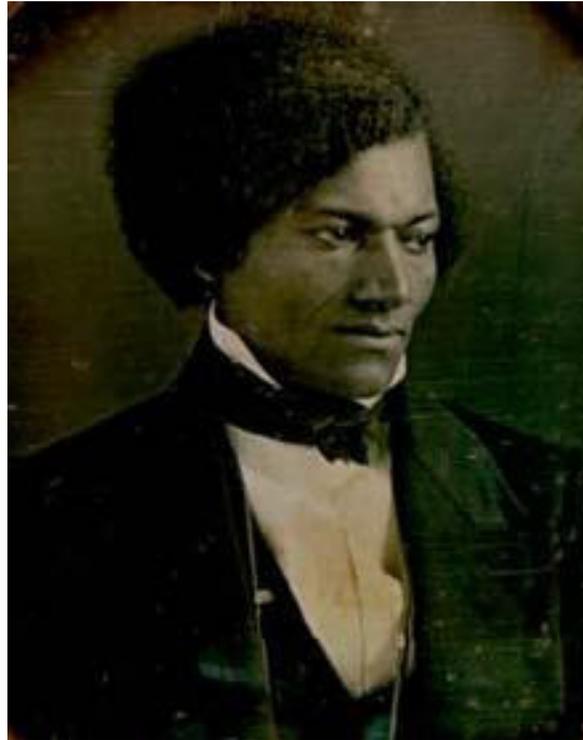
March 2, Saturday: [Frederick Douglass](#) lectured again in [New Bedford](#).



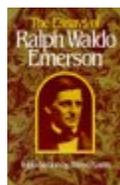
NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

October 19, Saturday: [Frederick Douglass](#) spoke at Liberty Hall in [New Bedford](#), before the Bristol County Anti-Slavery Society.



[Waldo Emerson](#)'s [ESSAYS: 2ND SERIES](#) came off the presses.⁵¹



ESSAYS, 2D SERIES

Please note carefully. Emerson's hagiographers have uniformly concluded that early in August of this year, in his "[EMANCIPATION IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES](#)" address, the Sage of Concord had committed himself to the cause of the abolition of human slavery. How am I so sure they have their collective heads up their collective asses? Emerson did not include that oration in this volume.

Emerson's essay "Politics," which he had been delivering at least since early in 1837, was included in this volume. Maurice S. Lee, on his page 179,⁵² portrays both Hawthorne's 1852 THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE and

- 51. A copy of this would be in the personal library of Henry Thoreau. Refer to Thoreau Society Booklet 13 by Mabel Loomis Todd, page 22. However, Thoreau would also own a copy of the 3d edition published in Boston in 1858, which volume is now at the Yale Library.
- 52.  Lee, Maurice S. SLAVERY, PHILOSOPHY, AND AMERICAN LITERATURE 1830-1860. Cambridge UP, 2005



NEW BEDFORD

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Thoreau's 1854 WALDEN as having been derivative of the Emerson comment "We think our civilization near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star" (unfortunately, he doesn't go into any onerous detail as to specifically which parts of Hawthorne's and Thoreau's texts he considers to be appropriations of Emerson's text):

Published in *ESSAYS: SECOND SERIES* (1844), "Politics" was a widely available work; and both *THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE* (1852) and *WALDEN* (1854) appropriate some of Emerson's tropes, even if the essay has not been a main fixture in recent accounts of Emerson and reform.



NEW BEDFORD

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We think our civilization near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star. In our barbarous society the influence of character is in its infancy. As a political power, as the rightful lord who is to tumble all rulers from their chairs, its presence is hardly yet suspected. Malthus and Ricardo quite omit it; the Annual Register is silent; in the Conversations' Lexicon, it is not set down; the President's Message, the Queen's Speech, have not mentioned it; and yet it is never nothing. Every thought which genius and piety throw into the world, alters the world. The gladiators in the lists of power feel, through all their frocks of force and simulation, the presence of worth. I think the very strife of trade and ambition are confession of this divinity; and successes in those fields are the poor amends, the fig-leaf with which the shamed soul attempts to hide its nakedness. I find the like unwilling homage in all quarters. It is because we know how much is due from us, that we are impatient to show some petty talent as a substitute for worth. We are haunted by a conscience of this right to grandeur of character, and are false to it. But each of us has some talent, can do somewhat useful, or graceful, or formidable, or amusing, or lucrative. That we do, as an apology to others and to ourselves, for not reaching the mark of a good and equal life. But it does not satisfy us, whilst we thrust it on the notice of our companions. It may throw dust in their eyes, but does not smooth our own brow, or give us the tranquillity of the strong when we walk abroad. We do penance as we go. Our talent is a sort of expiation, and we are constrained to reflect on our splendid moment, with a certain humiliation, as somewhat too fine, and not as one act of many acts, a fair expression of our permanent energy. Most persons of ability meet in society with a kind of tacit appeal. Each seems to say, "I am not all here." Senators and presidents have climbed so high with pain enough, not because they think the place specially agreeable, but as an apology for real worth, and to vindicate their manhood in our eyes. This conspicuous chair is their compensation to themselves for being of a poor, cold, hard nature. They must do what they can. Like one class of forest animals, they have nothing but a prehensile tail: climb they must, or crawl. If a man found himself so rich-natured that he could enter into strict relations with the best persons, and make life serene around him by the dignity and sweetness of his behavior, could he afford to circumvent the favor of the caucus and the press, and covet relations so hollow and pompous, as those of a politician? Surely nobody would be a charlatan, who could afford to be sincere.

October 20, Sunday: [Frederick Douglass](#) spoke again at Liberty Hall in [New Bedford](#), before the Bristol County Anti-Slavery Society.



[Orestes Augustus Brownson](#) was formally accepted by the [Catholics](#).



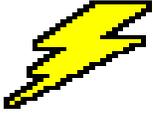
On October 22nd, believers donned their robes. A large gathering lived in or around Groton. Believing that Christ would return on a mountaintop, they climbed up Mt. Wachusett to await the coming of the Lord. One respectable but arthritic old man from Harvard who could not make it up the mountain stationed himself at the very top of the tallest apple tree in his orchard and waited out the night. In [New Bedford](#), a whole family perched on the branches of an apple tree dressed in their white robes. According to one story, a man accosted Ralph Waldo Emerson and the Reverend Theodore Parker on a Concord road and excitedly asked if they realized that the world was going to end that day. "Mr. Parker said: 'It does not concern me, for I live in Boston.' And Mr. Emerson said: 'The end of the world does not affect me; I can get along without it.'"



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

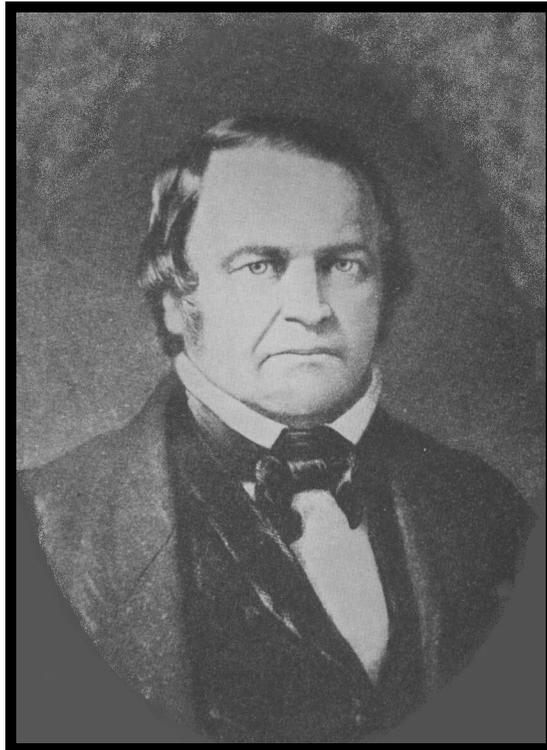
October 22, Tuesday: Sarah Bernhardt, “the Divine Sarah,” was born as Rosine Bernard in Paris.



The 2nd “Great Disappointment” for the Reverend [William Miller](#) of Pittsfield’s [Millerite](#) “adventists.” The Reverend Samuel S. Snow, an influential Millerite, had predicted the [Second Coming](#) on this day. The date had then been accepted by Miller himself. After the inevitable no-show, the event would become known as the “Great Disappointment” (Gould, Stephen Jay. QUESTIONING THE MILLENNIUM. NY: Harmony Books, 1997, page 49, Festinger, Leon et al. WHEN PROPHECY FAILS. Minneapolis MN: U of Minnesota P, 1956, page 17). Although they would be been kept waiting dressed in white robes all day and all night, on their rooftops and

on specially constructed roofless church platforms — this earth was refusing to cease to exist.

SEEDS: Who could believe in prophecies of Daniel or of Miller that the world would end this summer, while one milkweed with faith matured its seeds?





NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

October 24, Thursday: [Frederick Douglass](#) lectured at Liberty Hall in [New Bedford](#).



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1845

January 1, Wednesday: The square-rigged whaler [Charles W. Morgan](#) returned to the harbor of [New Bedford](#) from its initial 4-year expedition (after a 2d such whaling voyage, [Friend Charles Waln Morgan](#), in temporary financial difficulties, would sell his vessel to Edward Mott “Black Hawk” Robinson *et al* in 1849).⁵³



[Friend John Tawell](#) traveled to Salt Hill, Slough with 2 bottles of Scheele’s prussic acid, a treatment for varicose veins containing hydrogen cyanide, and there poisoned his mistress Sarah Hadler Hart, the mother of 2 of his children. He was observed leaving the cottage afterward, and boarding a train to Slough, heading for Paddington Station in London, on account of his distinctive dark [Quaker](#) clothing. The local police used the railroad station’s [William Fothergill Cooke and Charles Wheatstone](#) electrical [telegraph](#) to send a message to Paddington:

A MURDER HAS JUST BEEN COMMITTED AT SALT HILL AND THE SUSPECTED MURDERER WAS SEEN TO TAKE A FIRST CLASS TICKET TO LONDON BY THE TRAIN THAT LEFT SLOUGH AT 7 42 PM HE IS IN THE GARB OF A KWAKER WITH A GREAT COAT ON WHICH REACHES NEARLY DOWN TO HIS FEET HE IS IN THE LAST COMPARTMENT OF THE SECOND CLASS COMPARTMENT

53. In an 80-year whaling career this vessel would successively be a salty home for 5 women: Lydia Ann Goodspeed Landers accompanied her husband Captain Thomas C. Landers, Clara Tinkham accompanying her husband Captain John M. Tinkham, Mrs. Charles S. Keith accompanying her husband Captain Charles S. Keith, Honor Matthews Earle accompanying her captain husband, and assistant navigator Charlotte Ott Church accompanying her navigator husband.



NEW BEDFORD

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(This telegraph device did not have a way to represent the letter “Q,” which would create an initial difficulty in understanding.)

This Quaker murderer would be hanged on March 28, 1845 before a huge crowd. The actual telegraph transmitter and receiver devices used to apprehend Tawell can now be viewed in the Science Museum in London.

November: [Waldo Emerson](#) declined to lecture at the [lyceum](#) of [New Bedford](#) after being informed that they would not allow local free black Americans to join.

RACISM



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1846

[William Cooper Nell](#) organized a Young Men's Literary Society.

He lectured, in [New Bedford](#) and [Providence, Rhode Island](#), about the new [Charles T. Torrey](#) Monument in Mount Auburn Cemetery.



[Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) purchased the [New Bedford](#) estate known as "Woodlee," where he would have the 1st and smaller of his two shanties.

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Here is Professor [Lawrence Buell](#) on [Thoreau](#) as just another of those cranky [hermits](#) in just another of those secluded nooks, per pages 146, 153, and 479 of *THE ENVIRONMENTAL IMAGINATION: THOREAU, NATURE WRITING, AND THE FORMATION OF AMERICAN CULTURE* (quote):

[O]ne of WALDEN's first enthusiastic readers, [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#), had serendipitously built a cabin retreat for himself 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.]... [[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.

July 13, Monday: Odeon-Quadrille op.29 by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#) was performed for the initial time, in the Odeon, Vienna.

A fire broke out in a hat store on Main Street in downtown [Nantucket](#), and within a few hours many of the town's homes and businesses, including the Athenaeum at which [Maria Mitchell](#) had been librarian and at which [Frederick Douglass](#) had lectured—along with most of its contents—were consumed. In a few years, when the California gold rush would begin, there would be no reason why a quarter of the town's male occupants should not go there to try to rebuild their fortunes. By 1850 many of the vessels of the once-great Nantucket whaling fleet would lie rotting along the banks of the San Francisco harbor, providing a beginning to the extension of the town into the Tenderloin flats along the waterfront to the east of Telegraph Avenue. Even today, when a new foundation is begun in this district, often the timbers of a Nantucket whaler are disclosed. In the whaling industry, with the arrival of the railroad there in the 1840s, [New Bedford](#) harbor would become preeminent.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1847

Friend [James Arnold](#), an owner of a whaling vessel, participated in the formation of a [New Bedford Horticultural Society](#).



ARNOLD ARBORETUM



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

A city charter was granted by the Massachusetts legislature. Abraham Hathaway Howland was elected as the city of [New Bedford](#)'s first Mayor.



During this year [Frederick Douglass](#) would attend the 8th National Negro Convention, held at Troy, New York. [Nathan Johnson](#), the [New Bedford](#) businessman who had suggested to him his freedom name, was president of this convention. Douglass would quote the following lines in one of his antislavery speeches:

Go, let a cage, with grates of gold,
And pearly roof, the eagle hold;
Let dainty viands be his fare,
And give the captive tenderest care;
But say, in luxury's limits pent,
Find you the king of birds content?
No, oft he'll sound the startling shriek,
And dash the grates with angry beak.
Precarious freedom's far more dear,
Than all the prison's pomp'ring cheer!
He longs to see his eyrie's seat,
Some cliff on ocean's lonely shore,
Whose old bare top the tempests beat,
And round whose base the billows roar,
When tossed by gales, they yawn like graves,—
He longs for joy to skim those waves;
Or rise through tempest-shrouded air,
All thick and dark, with wild winds swelling,
To brave the lightning's lurid glare,



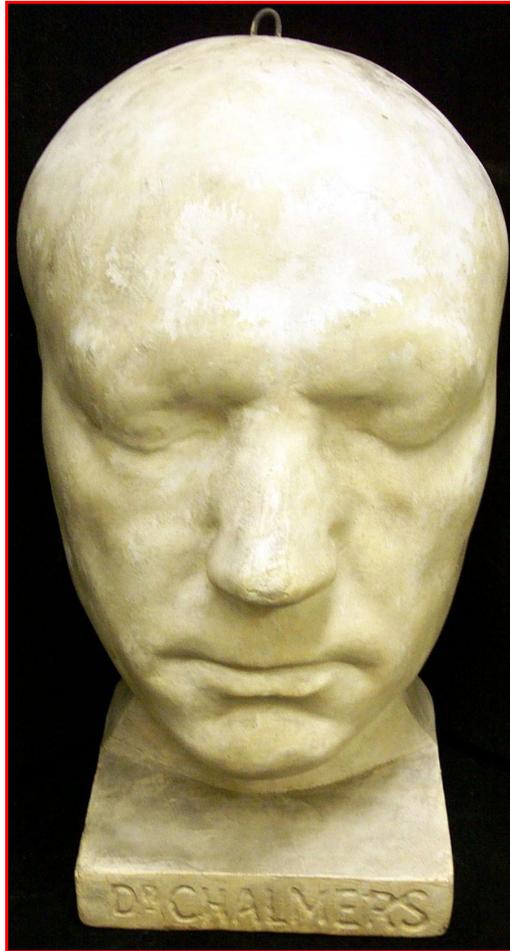
NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

And talk with thunders in their dwelling.

RACISM

The Reverend Doctor [Thomas Chalmers](#), head of the Free Church of Scotland, the man who was being heavily mocked in speech after speech by [Frederick Douglass](#) as an “artful Dodger” with his hand gladly in the pocket of the slavemaster, in this year at the age of 67 made his appeal before the Bar of Judgment.



DEATHMASK

By this point, two editions of Douglass’s [NARRATIVE](#) had been published in Ireland and three in England. By 1850 there were some 30,000 copies floating around the English-speaking world. Beginning in 1848, a French paperback edition would be available. After Douglass returned during this year from his lecture tour of Great Britain, Scotland, and Ireland, 30 and with his [manumission](#) papers finally purchased, he would relocate his family from Lynn, Massachusetts to [Rochester, New York](#) and began an abolitionist newspaper, the [North Star](#), with its implicit reference to seeking refuge in our free neighbor to the north, [Canada](#).

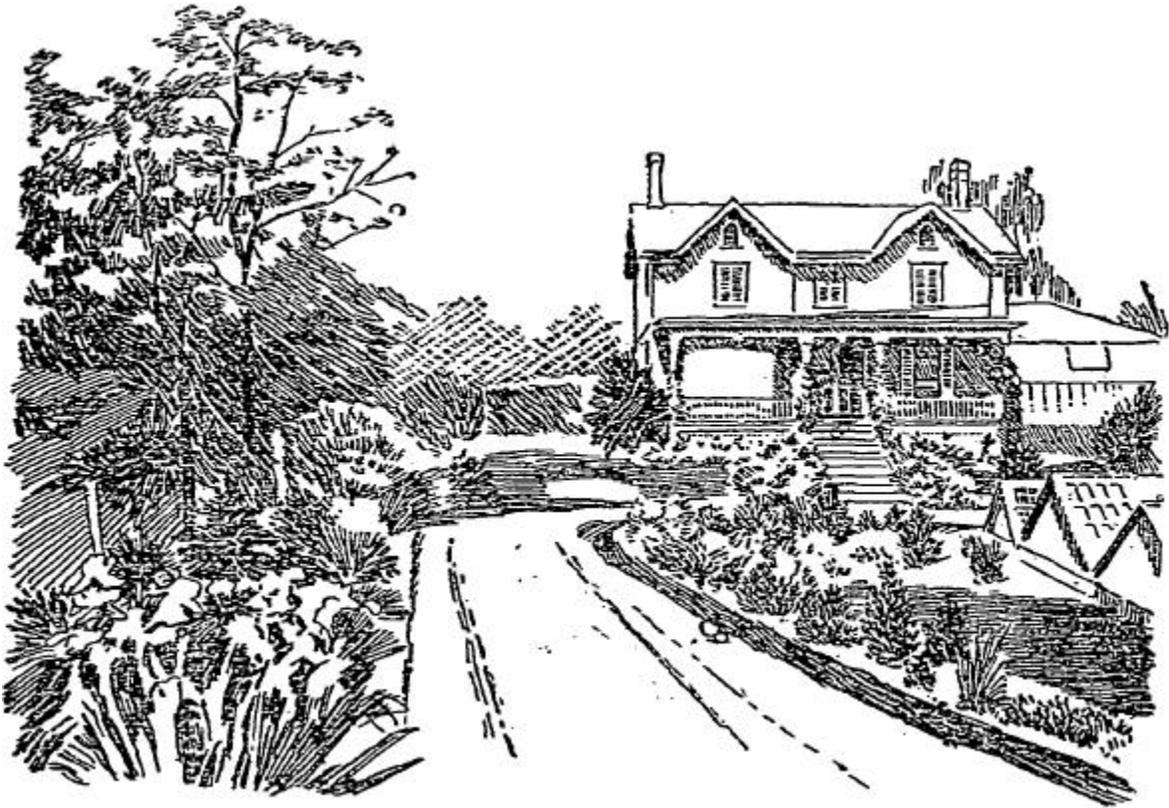
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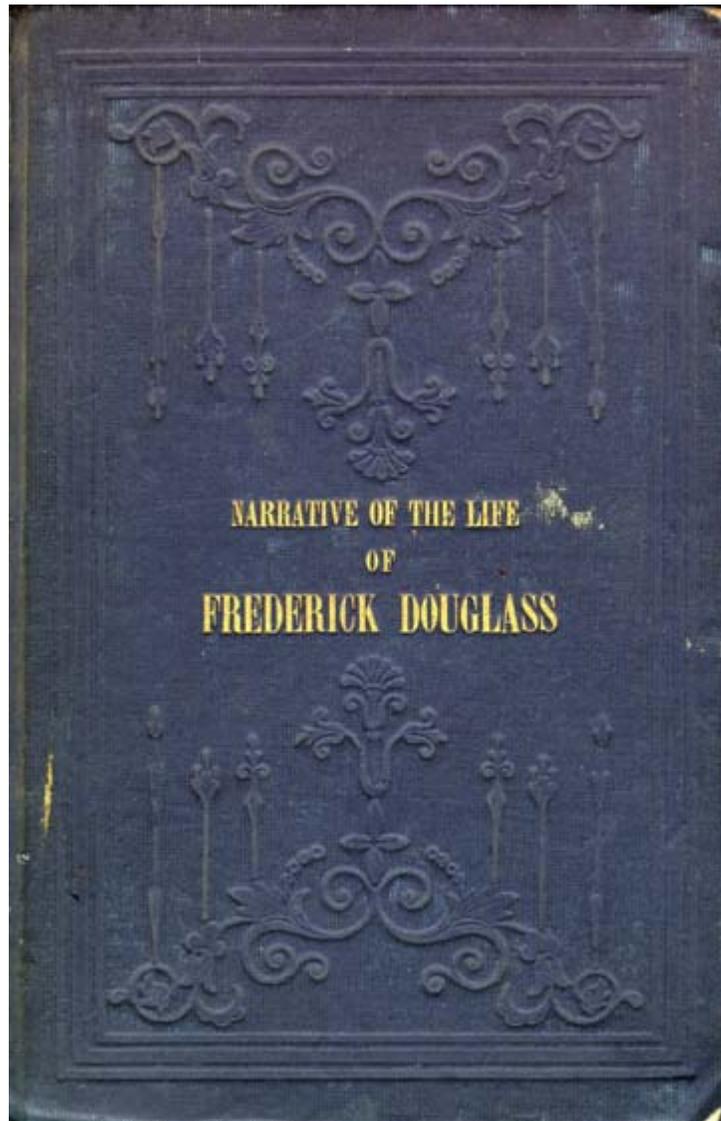


Frederick Douglass's Homestead, Rochester, N. Y.



NEW BEDFORD

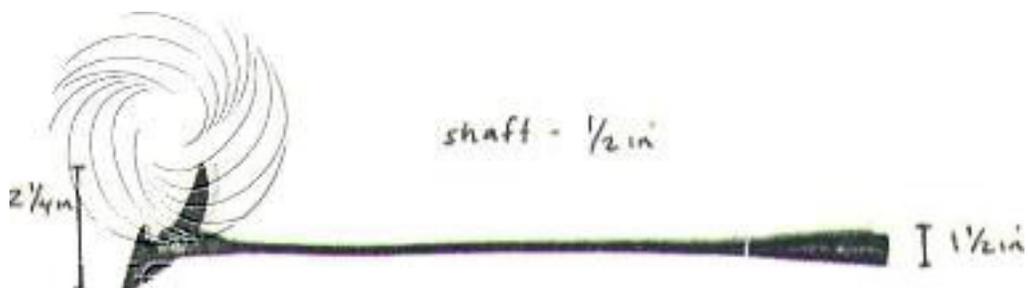
NEW BEDFORD



1848

A [New Bedford](#) blacksmith, [Lewis Temple](#), a free black man, designed the “toggle iron” type of harpoon which a whale ordinarily cannot dislodge, thus greatly improving the efficiency of whale hunting. This would do the trick of holding whales on the line to their point of exhaustion — until the later development of the explosive harpoon heads that would simply off them outright.

INVENTIONS





NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

August 1, Tuesday: In [New Bedford](#) during the late 1840s, bands and other marching groups and societies were turning out in force for parades on the anniversary of the [emancipation](#) of the slaves of the British West Indies, with the city's schoolchildren joining in as well.

[EMANCIPATION DAY](#)
[ABOLITIONISM](#)

September 4, Monday: [Mary Rotch](#) died on this evening at the age of 70, bequeathing \$60,000 of the family fortune and the [New Bedford](#) home in which they had been living with its furnishings to her companion Mary Gifford, and the balance to her lawyer Thomas Dawes Eliot (her surviving brother William Rotch, Jr. and sister Mrs. Elizabeth Rodman were both already very wealthy; [Margaret Fuller](#), in Italy with her newborn Angelino, had been hoping to be mentioned in this will, needing that some of this old whaling money would be diverted her way in the form of an annuity — but by the very nature of these matters regardless of how much money has accumulated there's never enough to satisfy each and every one of the hoppers).



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1849

Upon the return of the square-rigged whaler [Charles W. Morgan](#) to [New Bedford](#) from its 2d whaling expedition, [Friend Charles Wain Morgan](#), in temporary financial difficulties, sold it to Edward Mott “Black Hawk” Robinson *et al.*⁵⁴



[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.

54. Edward Mott “Black Hawk” Robinson of Isaac Howland Jr. & Co. in New Bedford (born January 8th, 1800 in South Kingston, Rhode Island-died June 14th, 1865 in New Bedford, Massachusetts) would come to be regarded as “the Napoleon of the business community” of New Bedford, Massachusetts. To account for his nickname, he had black eyes and a hawk-like nose, and was of a dark complexion. He would build the Baker & Robinson oil refinery there before making of himself a successful speculator at New-York’s Wall Street stock exchange. His eyesight was not strong, and typically his daughter Henrietta Howland Robinson (1834-1916) read the news, and business papers, aloud to him. This daughter “Hetty” would marry an Edward Henry Green of Bellows Falls, Vermont on July 11th, 1867 and would eventually parlay her inherited wealth, by speculations in currencies, into vast assets that would make her the richest woman in the world, and create a name for her as “The Witch of Wall Street.”



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

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 2 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.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

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.

July: The [Reverend Ephraim Peabody](#), in “Narrative of Fugitive Slaves” in the [Christian Examiner](#) (47:1), complained about [Frederick Douglass](#)’s heat-rather-than-light rhetoric (“it is not light that is needed, but fire”) by invidiously suggesting that this person of color was merely imitating his white supporters:



His associates at the North have been among those who are apt to mistake violence and extravagance of expression and denunciation for eloquence.... To him they have doubtless been true and faithful friends, and he naturally adopts their style of speech. But it is a mistaken one, if the speaker wishes to sway the judgment of his hearers and accomplish any practical



NEW BEDFORD

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end.



Now get this: the Unitarian reverend who was explaining away Douglass's excess by proclaiming him to be merely imitative — he was Fred's [New Bedford](#) friend and benefactor, who had been teaching him to read and write! (Boosted by friends like this, what need did Fred have of any white enemies?)



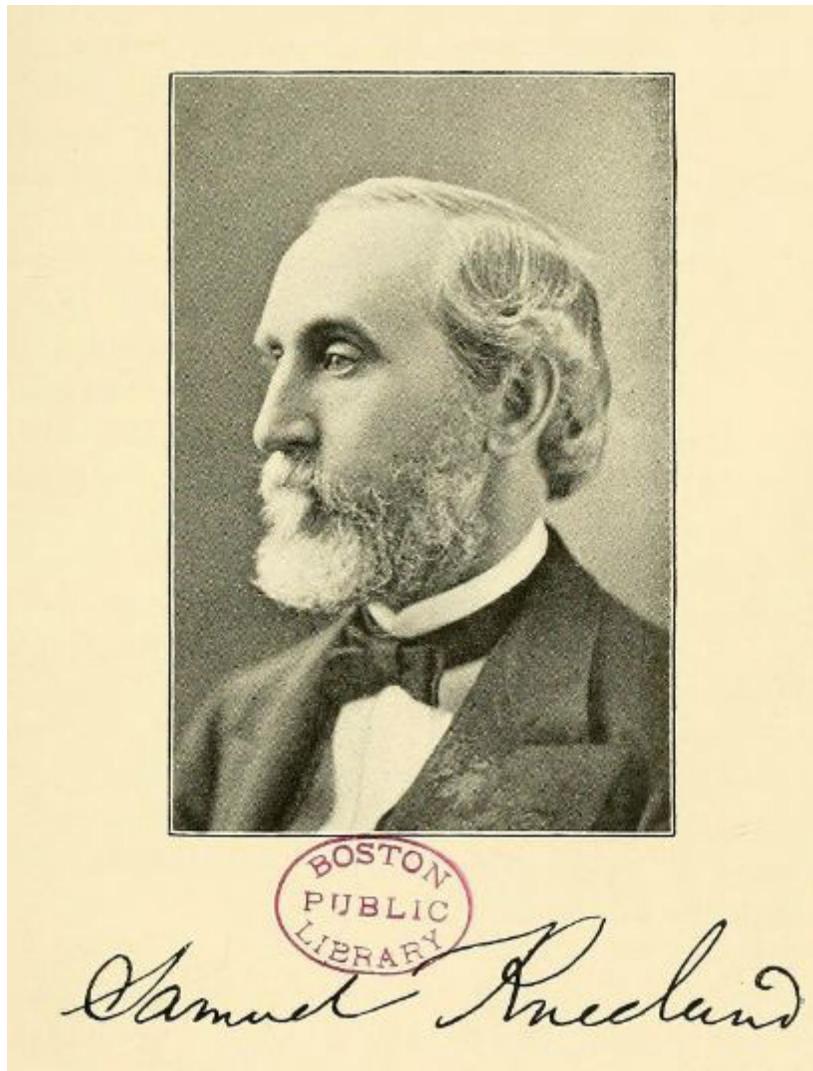
NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

August 1, Wednesday: In [New Bedford](#) during the late 1840s, bands and other marching groups and societies were turning out in force for parades on the anniversary of the [emancipation](#) of the slaves of the British West Indies, with the city's schoolchildren joining in as well.

[EMANCIPATION DAY](#)
[ABOLITIONISM](#)

[Dr. Samuel Kneeland, Jr.](#) got married with Eliza Maria Curtis, daughter of Daniel T. Curtis, Esq. of Cambridge, Massachusetts, grand-daughter of General Paul Curtis of the American Revolution. They would have a son and a daughter, Samuel Kneeland on December 10, 1850 and Eliza Curtis Kneeland on October 21, 1852.



(We can be quite certain that in the case of this 1850 childbirth by Mrs. Kneeland, and in the case of this 1852 childbirth by Mrs. Kneeland, her murderous physician husband did not experiment to demonstrate yet again as he had proved in 1846, that “puerperal fever could be produced by the inoculation of a woman with fluid from a sick woman or from the body of one who had died after labor.” No, this particular mother was no charity patient — who might be killed for the improvement of science and her unfortunate infant left motherless. This



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

one was the physician's spouse, and the infant in question was the physician's own child, and thus mother and infant would be awarded the very best of care! She, no, *she* was not injected.)

The [cholera](#) was making an extraordinary visit to [Ireland](#). The [Morning Herald](#) editorialized that "A feeling is becoming very general that some mode of nationally supplying the DIVINE mercy should be immediately adopted, with reference to the pestilence which is now raging among us. It is no longer to be doubted or denied that not in our generation has a visitation of like severity been known. The worst periods of the cholera of 1832 did not approach in extent or intensity to that through which we are passing. We entirely accord with the feeling we have described, and trust that Parliament will not separate without some appeal being made to the heads of her Majesty's Government as to the propriety of such a step. There is something exceedingly awful in the mysterious character of this pestilence. Nearly twenty years has it been a known disease, in one sense, throughout Europe; and yet, in another sense, it remains utterly unknown to this moment. Medical professors of the highest attainments are obliged to admit that they know not how or whence it comes; how or in what cases or circumstances it acts; or of what character the remedies ought to be. All the modes of dealing with it are little better than guesses. One insists on brandy, another prefers ice mixed with salt. Chloroform is the remedy here, bleeding there. Heat or cold, stillness or friction, all manner of differing or opposing modes of treatment, are advocated on all sides, and with equal zeal. The plainest facts are called in question. A Doctor H., at Liverpool, declares that in one week he effected 74 cures! All the other doctors of the town assert with decision, that he has effected no cures at all." The [Limerick Chronicle](#) reported, on the bright side, that the supply of potatoes was looking up this year, so that although you might fear to die of the cholera this season, this season you need not fear to die of [famine](#): "Precisely at this time last year unmistakable symptoms of the potato disease were generally visible in our market. At present, we have sincere pleasure in announcing that no sign of any distemper affects the large supply now at market in Limerick."

1850

By this point the Orthodox Friends and the [Hicksite](#) Friends (the two groups created by the great split among the Quakers) had in effect each divided again: the majority of Orthodox Friends were presumably becoming Episcopalians, while the majority of Hicksite Friends were presumably going off in the direction of the Unitarians; both these were amalgamating with the world's people. The residual of each group, of the Orthodox Friends and the Hicksite Friends, remained serious Friends and looked forward to the day when they would be able to again worship together and remain untainted by entanglement with non-[Quakers](#) — even entanglement with non-Quaker abolitionists.

The splitting had begun, in Lynn and in [New Bedford](#), at a very early point in the 1920s and not as a direct expression of the views of Friend Elias Hicks, as a conflict between “New Light” individualistic inspirational Quakers and traditional authoritarian Quakers. The Ricketson family of New Bedford had gone with the New Lights. Here are [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) and Friend Louisa Sampson Ricketson as of this year, at the age of 37 — and you will immediately notice that they are no longer attired in Quaker costumes (no hat, no bonnet, cravat, lace):





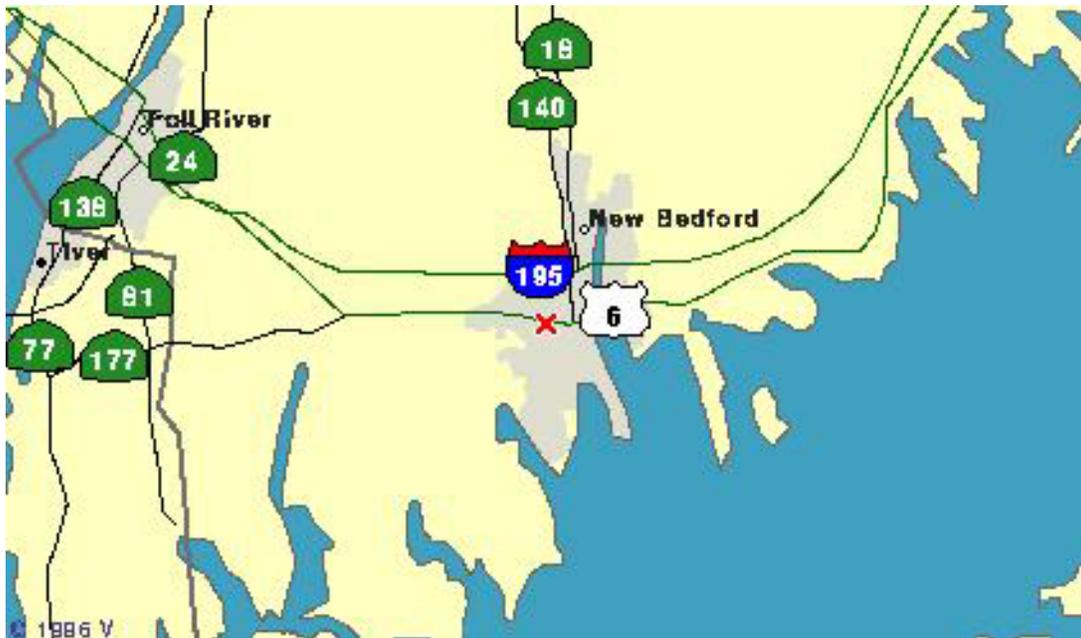
NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

October: According to a letter from S. Griffiths Morgan in San Francisco to his uncle, [Friend](#) Charles Waln Morgan, some of the black men who had come to the gold fields from [New Bedford](#), including Samuel P. Woodland and Polly Johnson's son-in-law Thomas P. Buchanan, proprietor of a New Bedford bathhouse, had come there in hopes that a gold strike would relieve them of debts to the Morgan family, but these hopes had been largely dashed. "Samy Woodline & wife are making money washing — they have so far only been able to pay their freight bill — your turn will come next and I will look after them on yr account," S. Griffiths Morgan wrote. "... Th P. Buchanan is back here from the mines, worse off than he started — I immediately applied to Macundsay [?] & Co for his old situation as steward of their mess — and he is now there at \$200 pr month so poor Thomas is prospering again — he has the pluck and determination of a bull terrier and vows the Bath house shall be paid for before he leaves here — Nathan [[Nathan Johnson](#)] is worse off a good deal than when he left home."

1851

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



August 1, Friday: In [New Bedford](#), on this anniversary of the [emancipation](#) of the slaves of the British West Indies, there was a particularly large procession, which drew the New-York Cadets accompanied by the New-York Brass Band. Guest speakers included Charles Lenox Remond, a liberty orator from Salem, and Robert Morris, a black lawyer from Boston.

EMANCIPATION DAY
ABOLITIONISM



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1852

[Nathan Johnson](#) was legally declared an insolvent debtor. It appears that over the following seven years [Mary "Polly" Johnson](#) would be devoting her incomes to the repurchasing of the family's 7th Street properties from the family of [New Bedford](#) merchant Samuel Rodman, Jr., with whom the Johnsons had had a close relationship since the 1820s.



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1853

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.

CALIFORNIA

On this day and the following one a gang from an athletic club in the pay of the Democratic organization in New-York (Tammany Hall⁵⁵), 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

55. 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



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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.]

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 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



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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 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?



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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]

HDT

WHAT?

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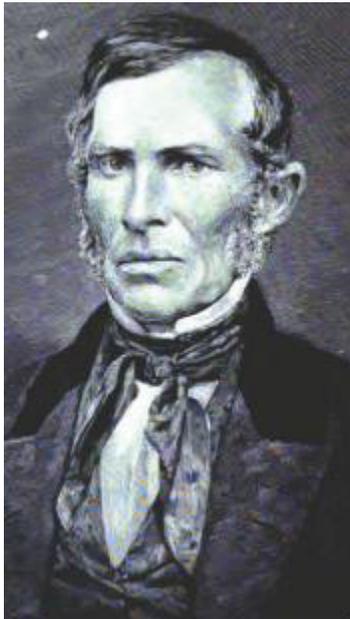
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1854



[Ebenezer Emmons](#)'s AMERICAN GEOLOGY, CONTAINING A STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES OF THE SCIENCE WITH FULL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CHARACTERISTIC AMERICAN FOSSILS (Albany: Gray, Sprague & Co.). Also, his A TREATISE UPON AMERICAN GEOLOGY.



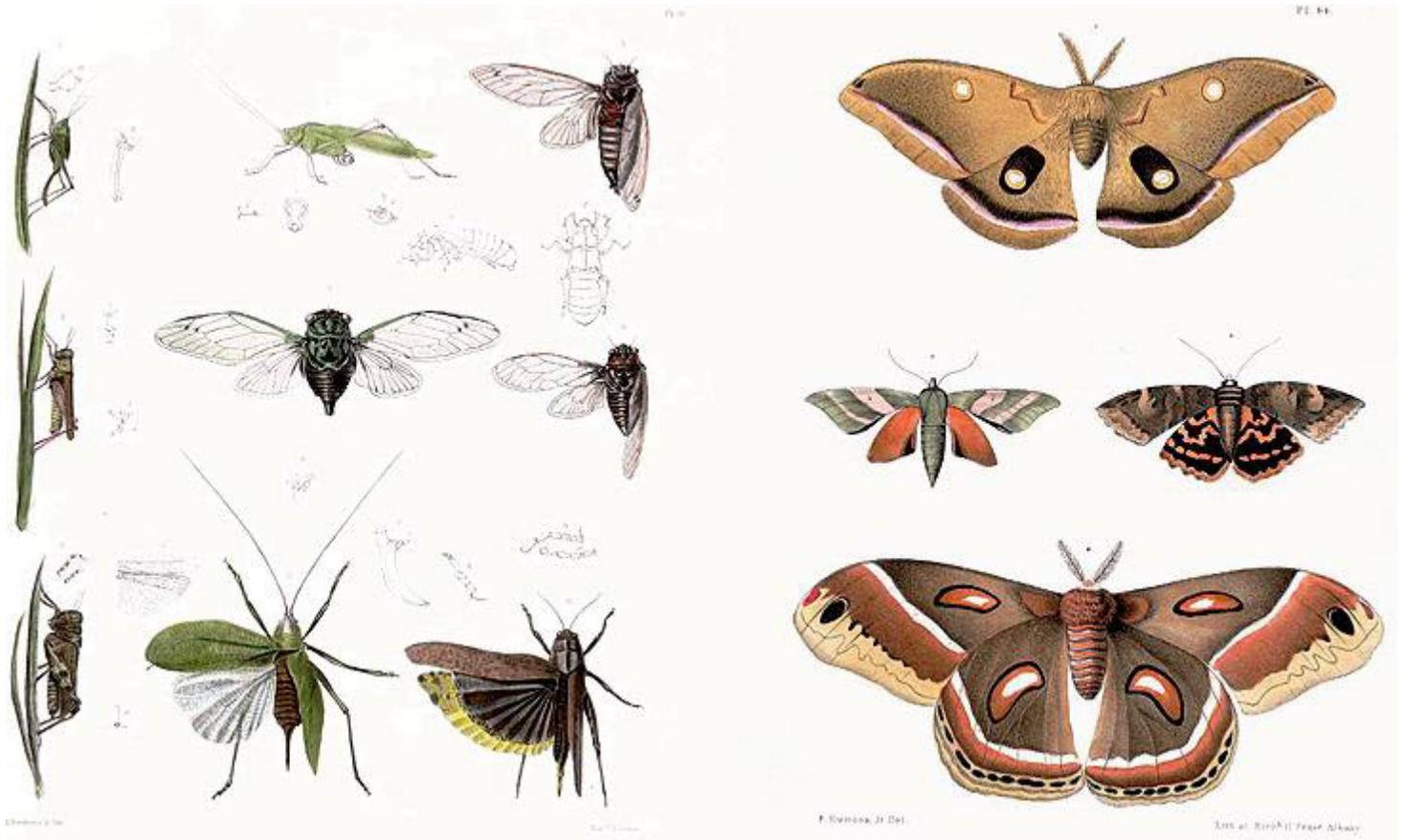
PIONEER OF SCIENCE

Also, his INSECTS OF NEW-YORK (C. van Benthuyssen, publisher; this was the 5th volume of the author's AGRICULTURE OF [NEW-YORK](#)), which [Henry Thoreau](#) would check out of the [New Bedford](#) library while visiting [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in 1857.

THE SCIENCE OF 1854

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Selling his estate “Woodlee,” [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) purchased “Brooklawn,” 3 miles from the center of [New Bedford](#), the estate on which he would build himself a somewhat larger 12X14 board-and-batten unplastered shanty.



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 August 12, Saturday: In his journal, [Henry Thoreau](#) noted the 1st watermelon of the season. He went by boat to Conantum (Gleason J6). He walked the Fitchburg Railroad tracks to Bare or Pine Hill in Lincoln (Gleason J9).

[Bronson Alcott](#) completed a re-reading of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#), and also of [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#).

TIMELINE OF WALDEN

The Concord librarian, [Albert Stacy](#), purchased a copy of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) for the town library at a cost of \$0.⁷⁵, and the Reverend [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#) purchased two copies for \$2.⁰⁰. A favorable review under the heading “Editorial Correspondence” presumably by the Reverend [John Sullivan Dwight](#) appeared in [Dwight’s Journal of Music, A Paper of Art and Literature](#) (5:149-50):

... Thoreau is one of those men who has put such a determined trust in the simple dictates of common sense, as to earn the vulgar title of “transcendentalist” from his sophisticated neighbors. ... Of course, they find him strange, fantastical, a humorist, a theorist, a dreamer. It may be or it may not.... Walden’s literary style is admirably clear and terse and elegant; the pictures wonderfully graphic; for the writer is a poet and a scholar as well as a tough wrestler with the first economical problems of nature, and a winner of good cheer and of free glorious leisure out of what men call the “hard realities” of life. Walden Pond, a half mile in diameter, in Concord town, becomes henceforth as classical as any lake of Windermere. And we doubt not men are beginning to look to transcendentalists for the soberest reports of good hard common-sense, as well as for the models of the clearest writing.

Review of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) under the heading “New Publications” in the [Boston Commonwealth](#), 2:4.

The [Bunker-Hill Aurora and Boston Mirror](#) provided a [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) review entitled “[H.D. Thoreau](#)’s Life at Walden Pond,” presumably by William W. Wheildon, on its page 2 in columns 3-5: “Thoreau’s book we earnestly commend to the perusal of our friends. It is refreshing to week day mortals during these blistering summer days. It is a ‘psalm of life,’ of consolation and healing, to those whom the wolf of want has driven into a corner. It shows at least what can be done by man, if he reaches, by any untoward circumstances, an extremity. It opens the heart of a man deeply enamored of Nature. It is a book with which men cannot quarrel. It can have no counterpart. No man ever lived as Thoreau lived, before, for a similar purpose. No man will imitate his example. Yet his forest life has lessons of the deepest wisdom.”



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We mean, before long, to say how delightful a book this is [no subsequent notice located]; but it is now Saturday, the very day when people buy books, and we can only say that it is just the pleasantest and most readable, the most thought-provoking book of the present season. It is a better work than the author[']s previous one, "A [W]eek on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," though we reckon that as a book which will live in American literature a good while. "Walden" is a record of two years' sojourning in a house built by the author with his own hands, near Walden Pond. He was a squatter upon the land, and his sovereignty was over all he surveyed. Most lively accounts he gives of his life there, mingled with pages of philosophical (sensible or other) reflections upon all sorts of topics. No more attractive book has been printed for a long time. It ought, to be sure, considering the author's theories of food and raiment, to be printed upon birch-bark, but it is, on the contrary, issued in Ticknor & Fields' best style.

Review of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) under the heading "New Publications" in the Boston Olive Branch, 3:3-4.

This is indeed a quaint book, as any person, who is in the least familiar with the character of the author, might expect. It gives a full account of his experience during his sojourn on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Mass. Having imbibed the idea that the daily life of his neighbors, with its cares, its trials and its conformity to fashion and custom was little better than a penance, he made himself a home in that secluded spot. He built a house, which cost him about thirty dollars; furnished it scantily and began to keep "bachelor's hall." There in his solitary abode he read the great book of Nature; watched the stars, the birds and the waters, and mused and philosophized after his own fashion. Besides, he had a small piece of land near this cottage, which he cultivated, and which yielded him a small harvest. His expenditures for food and clothing were very trifling, and it will no doubt, astonish many to know that so moderate a sum supported a person two years. He gives the details of his life and we presume they will entertain the reader as they have us.



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["SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS"](#) appeared in The National Anti-Slavery Standard.



Review of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) under the heading "New Publications" on the second page of the New Bedford, Massachusetts Mercury, column 3:

This is a remarkable history of remarkable experiences. Mr. Thoreau is an eccentric genius, and affects the philosopher, despising all the ordinary aims and petty ambitions of the world, looking in a half cynical, half amused mood upon men and things, and meanwhile retiring into a semi barbarous state builds with his own hands a hut on Walden Pond in Connecticut [sic], where for twenty-six months he lives like a hermit on the labor of his hands, looking to nature, 'kindest mother still,' for the supply of his physical wants, and as a perpetual fountain of delight to his eye and soul. This volume is in some measure a record of his external and internal being during his retiracy, and is perfectly unique in experience and expression. A simple, pure heart, high cultivation and a luxuriant fancy, give to Mr. Thoreau a vigorous intellectual life, and impart a freshness and charm to his style which leads one on quite enchanted. For its fine descriptions of nature, it will bear more than one reading, while its stern and true lessons on the value of existence, its manly simplicity, its sage reflections, will drop many a good seed for content and true living, to spring up and flourish and beautify new homes, albeit in civilized life, for we do not think any will be so enamored of Mr. Thoreau's experience, as to seek it in his way.

Review of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) on the second page of the Roxbury Norfolk County Journal,



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column 6:

Mr. Thoreau is an eccentric genius as well as an original thinker and good writer. His eccentricity led him to build a hut upon the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, in which he lived alone for two years, laboring in his garden patch to raise food for the support of life, and all that he might experience the pleasures of solitude and a perfectly independent life. But Mr. Thoreau is a man of education, of intellect, of taste, — though he did not show much of the latter in his odd sort of life, according to the general estimation of the world, — and he did not live alone in the woods like a savage. He mused and studied — mused somewhat on the works of nature, somewhat more on mankind, and not in the most loving and gentle spirit, and he studied his own erratic mind. The latter occupation might have been more profitable, perhaps, had he observed it from a different point of view. The book which he now gives to the world after coming out from his self imposed exile, is a sort of history of his hermitage, an account of his solitary mode of living, a description of the external things which occupied his attention, colored throughout with a sort of philosophy which is little else than the peculiarities of Mr. Thoreau's mind. The narrative and descriptions are certainly very interesting and attractive, full of life and nature, and the book is in this respect quite a charming one. In other respects it may find fewer admirers, but altogether, from its origin and character, it may be set down as a remarkable book, which will command the attention of the tasteful reader and of the thoughtful student. It is hardly necessary to say that it is published in the neat style which characterizes all the volumes issued by these publishers.

In [New Bedford](#), [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) completed a reading of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) and began



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to cultivate the author:



Finished this morning reading Walden, or Life in the Woods, by H. D. Thoreau. I have been highly interested in this book, the most truly original one I ever read, unless the life of John Buncler, an old book written by an eccentric English Gentleman. The experience of Thoreau and his reflections are like those of every true lover of Nature. His views of the artificial customs of civilized life are very correct. Mankind labor and suffer to supply themselves with the unnecessaries of life, — leisure for enjoyment is rarely obtained. I long for mankind to be emancipated from this thralldom which has spread its nets and snares over so large a portion of the human family. A love for a more simple life increases with me, and I hope that the time will ere long come when I may realize the peace to be derived therefrom. Simplicity in all things, house, living, dress, address, &c. &c. My fortune, though not large, is ample, and were my style of living less expensive I might have considerable for charitable purposes. One of my greatest luxuries has been in books, — good books I value beyond most all else in the world of earthly treasure, after my family, — handsome editions of my favorite authors. Such I want in the best of paper, type, and binding and English, for my reading is confined pretty much to my native language. England, Scotland, or rather Great Britain and America, have furnished nearly all the authors I am acquainted with. Genuine English literature is my line of reading.

On this day or the following one, [Thoreau](#) was written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).



Mailed a letter to Henry D. Thoreau expressive of my satisfaction in reading his book, "Walden, or Life in the Woods." His volume has been a source of great comfort to me in reading and will I think continue to be so, giving me cheerful views of life and feeling of confidence that misfortune cannot so far as property is concerned deprive me or mine of the necessities of life, and even that we may be better in every respect for the changes.

[Friend Daniel](#) included on this day the interesting information that [William Cowper](#)'s "The Task" was his "greatest favorite." (I think it no exaggeration to say that you could count on the fingers of one foot the people for whom Cowper's "The Task" would their "greatest favorite," or even readable — Thoreau is one of the few



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people I have heard of, who had their own personal copy of this poem.)



Brooklawn, near New Bedford

Mass. Aug. 12th. 1854—

Dear Sir,

I have just finished reading “Walden” and hasten to thank you for the great degree of satisfaction it has afforded me. Having always been a lover of Nature, in man, as well as in the material universe, I hail with pleasure every original production in literature which bears the stamp of a genuine and earnest love for the true philosophy of human life.— Such I assure you I esteem your book to be. To many, and to most, it will appear to be the wild musings of an eccentric and strange mind, though all must recognize your affectionate regard for the gentle denizens of the woods and pond as well as the great love you have shewn for what are familiarly called the beauties of Nature. But to me the book appears to evince a mind most thoroughly self possessed, highly cultivated with a strong vein of common sense. The whole book is a prose poem (pardon the solecism) and at the same time as simple as a running brook.

I have always loved ponds of pure translucent water, and some of my happiest and most memorable days have been passed on and around the beautiful Middleboro’ Ponds, particularly the largest, Assawampset—here King Philip frequently came, and a beautiful round hill near by, is still known as “King Philip’s look-out.” I have often felt an inclination when tired of the noise and strife of society, to retire to the shores of this noble old pond, or rather lake, for it is some 5 or 6 miles in length and 2 broad. But I have a wife and four children, & besides have got a little too far along, being in my fortysecond year, to undertake a new mode of life. I strive however, and have



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striven during the whole of my life, to live as free from the restraint of mere forms & ceremonies as I possibly can. I love a quiet, peaceful rural retirement; but it was not my fate to realize this until a little past thirty years of age—since then I have been a sort of rustic, genteel perhaps, rustic. Not so very genteel you might reply, if you saw the place where I am writing. It is a rough board Shanty 12 x 14 three miles from New Bedford in a quiet & secluded spot—here for the present I eat & sleep, read, write, receive visitors &c. My house is now undergoing repairs &c and my family are in town.

A short time since a whip-poor-will serenaded me, and later at night I hear the cuckoos near my windows. It has long been my delight to observe the feathered tribes, and earlier in life I was quite an ornithologist. The coming of the first Blue bird in early Spring is to me still a delightful circumstance. But more particularly soothing to me is the insect hum so multitudinous at this season.— Now as I write the crickets & other little companions are sweetly & soothingly singing around my dwelling, & occasionally in my room. I am quite at home with partridges, Quails, rabbits skunks & woodchucks. But Winter is my best time, then I am a great trampler through the woods. O how I love the woods. I have walked thousands of miles in the woods hereabouts. I recognize many of my own experiences in your “Walden”. Still I am not altogether given up to these matters—they are my pastimes. I have a farm to attend to, fruit trees & a garden & a little business occasionally in town to look after, but much leisure nevertheless. In fact I am the only man of leisure I know of, every body here as well as elsewhere is upon the stir. I love quiet, this you know friend Thoreau don't necessarily imply that the body should be still all the time. I am often quietest, ar 'nt you, when walking among the still haunts of Nature or hoeing perhaps beans as I have oftentimes done as well as corn & potatoes &c &c.

Poetry has been to me a great consolation amid the jarring elements of this life. The English poets some of them at least, and one Latin, our good old Virgil, have been like household gods to me.—

Cowper's Task, my greatest favorite now lies before me in which I had been reading & alternately looking at the western sky just after sunset before I commenced this letter. Cowper was a true lover of the country. How often have I felt the force of these lines upon the country in my own experience

*“I never framed a wish, or formed a plan,
That flattered me with hopes of earthly bliss
But there I laid the scene.”*



All through my boyhood, the country haunted my thoughts. Though blessed with a good home, books & teachers, the latter however with one exception were not blessings, I would have exchanged all for the life of a rustic. I envied as I then thought the freedom of the farmer boy. But I have long thought that the life of the farmer, that is most farmers, possessed but little of the poetry of labour. How we accumulate cares around us. The very repairs I am now making upon my house will to some considerable extent increase my cares. A rough board shanty, rye & indian bread, water from the spring, or as in your case, from the pond, and other things in keeping, do not burden the body & mind. It is fine houses, fine furniture, sumptuous fare, fine clothes, and many in number, horses & carriages, servants &c &c, these are the harpies, that so disturb our real happiness.

My next move in life I hope will be into a much more simple mode of living. I should like to live in a small house, with my family, uncarpeted white washed walls, simple old fashioned furniture & plain wholesome old fashioned fare. Though I have always been inclined to be a vegetarian in diet & once lived in capital health two years on the Graham system.

Well this will do for myself. Now for you friend Thoreau. Why return to "the world" again? a life such as you spent at Walden was too true & beautiful to be abandoned for any slight reason.

The ponds I allude to are much more secluded than Walden, and really delightful places. Should you ever incline again to try your "philosophy of living" I would introduce you into haunts, that your very soul would leap to behold. Well, I thought I would just write you a few lines to thank you for the pleasure I have received from the reading of your "Walden", but I have found myself running on till now. I feel that you are a kindred spirit and so fear not. I was pleased to find a kind word or two in your book for the poor down trodden slave. Wilberforce, Clarkson and John Woolman & Anthony Benezet were household words in my father's house.— I early became acquainted with the subject of slavery for my parents were Quakers, & Quakers were then all Abolitionists. My love of Nature, absolute, undefiled nature makes me an abolitionist. How could I listen to the woodland songs—or gaze upon the outstretched landscape, or look at the great clouds & the starry heavens and be aught but a friend of the poor and oppressed coloured race of our land. But why do I write—it is in vain to portray these things—they can only be felt and lived, and to you of all others I would refrain from being prolix.



I have outlived, or nearly so, all ambition for notoriety. I wish only to be a simple, good man & so live that when I come to surrender up my spirit to the Great Father, I may depart in peace.

I wrote the above last evening. It is now Sunday afternoon, and alone in my Shanty I sit down to my desk to add a little more. A great white cloud which I have been watching for the past half hour is now majestically moving off to the north east before the fine s. w. breeze which sets in here nearly every summer afternoon from the ocean. We have here the best climate in New England—shelter ed on the north & east by dense pine woods from the cold winds which so cut up the healths of eastern folk, or rather are supposed to—but I think if the habits of our people were right the north easters would do but little harm. I never heard that the Indians w ere troubled by them—but they were nature’s philosophers and lived in the woods. I love to go by my instincts, inspiration rather. O how much we lose by civilization! In the eyes of the world you & I are demi savages— But I rather think we could stand our hand at the dinner table or in the drawing room with most of folks. I would risk you any where, and as for myself I have about done with the follies of “society.” I never was trump’d yet.

I have lived out all the experiences of idle youth—some gentle, & some savage experiences but my heart was not made of the stuff for a sportsman or angler—early in life I ranged the woods, fields & shores with my gun, or rod, but I found that all I sought could be obtained much better without the death dealing implements. So now my rustic staff is all the companion I usually take, unless my old dog joins me—taking new track as he often does, and bounding upon me in some distant thicket. My favorite books are—Cowper’s task, Thomson’s Seasons Milton, Shakespeare, &c &c—Goldsmith Gray’s Elegy—Beattie’s Minstrel (parts) Howitt, Gil. White, (Selbourne) Bewick (wood engraver) moderns—Wordsworth Ch. Lamb—De Quincy, Macauly, Kit. North, &c &c

These and others are more my companions than men. I like talented women & swear lustily by Mary Wolstoncroft, Md^e— Roland, Joan d’arc & somewhat by dear Margaret Fuller.

The smaller fry, I let go by—

Again permit me to thank you for the pleasure & strength I have found in reading “Walden.”



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

Dear Mr Walden good bye for the present.

Yours most respectfully

Daniel Ricketson

Henry D. Thoreau Esq



Aug. 12. Saturday. Watermelon.

[Transcript]

P. M. — To Conantum by boat.

Methinks I heard a few toads till about the middle of July. Today there is an uncommonly strong wind, against which I row, yet in shirt-sleeves, trusting to sail back. It is southwest. I see twelve painted tortoises on a rail only five feet long, and perhaps some were scared off before I observed them. The *Bidens Beckii* yellows the side of the river just below the Hubbard Path, but is hardly yet in fullest flower generally. I see goldfinches nowadays on the lanceolate thistles, apparently after the seeds. It takes all the heat of the year to produce these yellow flowers. It is the 3 o'clock P.M. of the year when they begin to prevail, — when the earth has absorbed most heat, when melons ripen and early apples and peaches. The cranberry cheeks begin to redden. *Viburnum dentatum* berries. Hazelnut husks now have a reddish edge, being ripe. Is not this a sign? It already the yellowing year.

Viburnum nudum berried generally green, but some, higher and more exposed, of a deep, fiery pink on one cheek and light green on the other, and a very few dark purple or without bloom, black already I put a bunch with only two or three black ones in my hat, the rest pink or green. When I got home more than half were turned black, — and ripe!! A singularly sudden chemical change. Another cluster which had no black ones was a third part turned. It is surprising how very suddenly they turn from this deep pink to a very dark purple or black, when the wine which they contain is mature. They are a very pretty, irregularly elliptical berry, one side longer than the other, and particularly interesting on account of the mixture of light-green, deep-pink, and dark-purple, and also withered berries, in the same cyme.

The wind is autumnal and at length compels me to put on my coat. I bathe at Hubbard's. The water is rather cool, comparatively. As I look down-stream from southwest to northeast, I see the red under sides of the white lily pads about half exposed, turned up by the wind to [an] angle of 45° or more. These hemispherical red shields are so numerous as to produce a striking effect on the eye, as of an endless array of forces with shields advanced; sometimes four or five rods in width. Off Holden Woods a baffling counter wind as usual (when I return), but looking up-stream I see the great undulations extending into the calm from above, where the wind blows steadily. I see no maples changed yet along this stream. There are but few haymakers left in the meadows.

On Conantum saw a cow looking steadily up into the sky for a minute. It gave to her face an unusual almost human or wood-god, faun-like expression, and reminded me of some frontispieces to Virgil's *Bucolics*. She was gazing upward steadily at an angle of about 45°. There were only some downy clouds in that direction. It was so unusual a sight that any one would notice it. It suggested adoration.

The woodbine on rocks in warm and dry places is now more frequently turned, a few leaflets bright-scarlet.

The now quite common goldenrods fully out are what I have called *stricta* and also the more strict *puberula* (?). The *arguta* and *odora* are not abundant enough to make an impression. The *Solidago nemoralis* is not yet generally out. The common asters now are the *pateus*, *dumosus*, *Radula*, and *Diplopappus umbellatus*. This is a famous year for huckleberries, etc. They are now drying up for the most part before spoiling. The bushes on Conantum are quite black with them. They are clustered like *Vaccinium vacillans* apparently. High blackberries are in prime. And I see some great low blackberries on long peduncles, lifted above the huckleberries, composed of great grains, as large as the largest high blackberries. Poke berries, also poke stems, are purple; not yet peduncles. Plucked a small *Hicracium scabrum*, hairy, which I may have called *Gronovii*.

I think I should not notice the shadow of Conantum Cliff now; perhaps because the grass is so sere and russet. It should be a tender green.

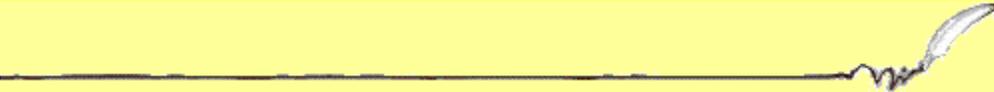


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During the last decade of his life, Thoreau visited his rivers more than twice as often as the upland woods and lakes that he is far better known for writing about.

— [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 3



For birds: —

I think that I begin to see a few more hawks than of late. A white-rumped to-day.

Partridges [**Ruffed Grouse** *Bonasa umbellus*] fly in packs.

Bluebirds [**Eastern Bluebird** *Sialia sialis*] sound oftener plaintively.

Larks [**Eastern Meadowlark** *Sturnella magna*] are still seen.

[Blackbirds](#) fly in great flocks.

Robin [**American Robin** *Turdus migratorius*] peeps occasionally.

Song sparrow [**Song Sparrow** *Melospiza melodia*] sings clearly in morning, etc.

Hear pigeon woodpecker's [**Yellow-shafted Flicker** *Colaptes auratus*] [wickoff](#) still occasionally.

Pigeons [**American Passenger Pigeon** *Ectopistes migratorius*] begin to be seen.

Hear rush sparrow [**Field Sparrow** *Spizella pusilla*] still.

No seringos [**Savannah Sparrow** *Passerculus sandwichensis*] for some time.

Turtle doves [**Mourning Dove** *Zenaida macroura*] common in small flocks in stubble.

White-bellied swallows [**Tree Swallow** *Tachycineta bicolor*] still.

Barn swallows [**Barn Swallow** *Hirundo rustica*] still.

Perhaps chip-sparrows [**Chipping Sparrow** *Spizella passerina*] are silent.

Have not heard a wood thrush [**Wood Thrush** *Hylocichla mustelina*] since last week of July.

Catbird [**Gray Catbird** *Dumetella carolinensis*] and thrasher [**Brown Thrasher** *Toxostoma rufum*] done singing.

Chewink [**Rufous-sided Towhee** *Pipilo erythrophthalmus*] still heard.

Wood pewee [**Eastern Wood-Pewee** *Contopus virens*] "

No night-warbler [**Ovenbird** *eiurus aurocapillus*, or **Common Yellowthroat** *Geothlypis trichas?*] [[^]Heard one at evening, Aug. 14.], or tweezer [**Northern Parula** *Parula americana*], or evergreen-forest note; nor veery [**Veery** *Catharus fuscescens*].

Kingbird [**Eastern Kingbird** *Tyrannus tyrannus*] twitters still.

No red-eyes [[^]Heard one today.] [**Red-eyed Vireo** *Vireo olivaceus*] nor tanagers [**Scarlet Tanager** *Piranga olivacea*] heard since 5th.

Goldfinch [**American Goldfinch** *Carduelis tristis*] common.

Cherry-bird [**Cedar Waxwing** *Bombycilla cedrorum*] heard.

Cuckoo [**Yellow-billed Cuckoo** *Coccyzus americanus*].

Gold robin [**Northern Oriole** *Icterus galbula*] sometimes heard partially. [[^]The nighthawk squeaks at sunset and the whip-poor-will sings, Aug. 14. The screech owl screams at evening.]



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December 13, Wednesday: Sometime prior to this date [Henry Thoreau](#) had accepted Andrew Whitney's invitation to deliver his "[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT](#)" lecture at the Nantucket Atheneum on December 28th (below), because on this date an advertisement in the [Nantucket Island Inquirer](#) (page 3, column 7) announced such an appearance.

[Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#) met with [Thomas Cholmondeley](#) at Mrs. Manning's on Linden Street, near Harvard College. Later that day the two met again, warmed by a blazing fire in [Edwin Morton](#)'s room. In the course of a disquisition on life and men in England and America, [Sanborn](#) found, [Cholmondeley](#) presented himself with much sense and modesty. His consideration was that England's day of empire had expired and that what was now necessary was that she transform her empire into a commonwealth of states. He promised Sanborn a copy of his *ULTIMA THULE; OR, THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A RESIDENCE IN NEW ZEALAND*.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 13th]



December 14, Thursday: [Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#) again came across [Thomas Cholmondeley](#), in [Edwin Morton](#)'s room. The trio walked into Boston at sunset to listen to a speech by [Wendell Phillips](#). — The view was beautiful as they crossed the bridge, [Sanborn](#) would recall, with in the west the sunset glowing above the Brookline hills and a few long slender clouds lying just above the hilltops. In the east they could view the magnificent city of Boston, topped by the golden dome of the State House. They parted at the Athenaeum, [Sanborn](#) setting out for the Reverend [Theodore Parker](#)'s in hopes of getting a free pass so Cholmondeley could join them at the lecture by Phillips that night. However, according to the [Reverend Parker](#), [Phillips](#) had already given away the remaining tickets. When [Morton](#) came in [Sanborn](#) hit on an idea: [Cholmondeley](#) could attend with Miss [Ednah Dow Littlehale](#) and Miss Helen Morton. He was certain Helen would have a spare ticket. [Phillips](#) was advocating disunion (secession) as the only remedy for New England's present predicament, of disastrous submission to the slave power. After the lecture, [Sanborn](#) departed with [Morton](#) and [Cholmondeley](#) for the [Reverend Parker](#)'s, where he and [Cholmondeley](#) spoke together while [Morton](#) sang. — [Sanborn](#) would write that they came away with the echoes of "Lauriger Horatius" still in their ears. — It was hard upon 11PM when they got to the Albion where [Cholmondeley](#) invited them to join him for supper. They sat and chatted till midnight and when that hour had passed, [Morton](#) proposed a toast "To The Pilgrim Fathers!"

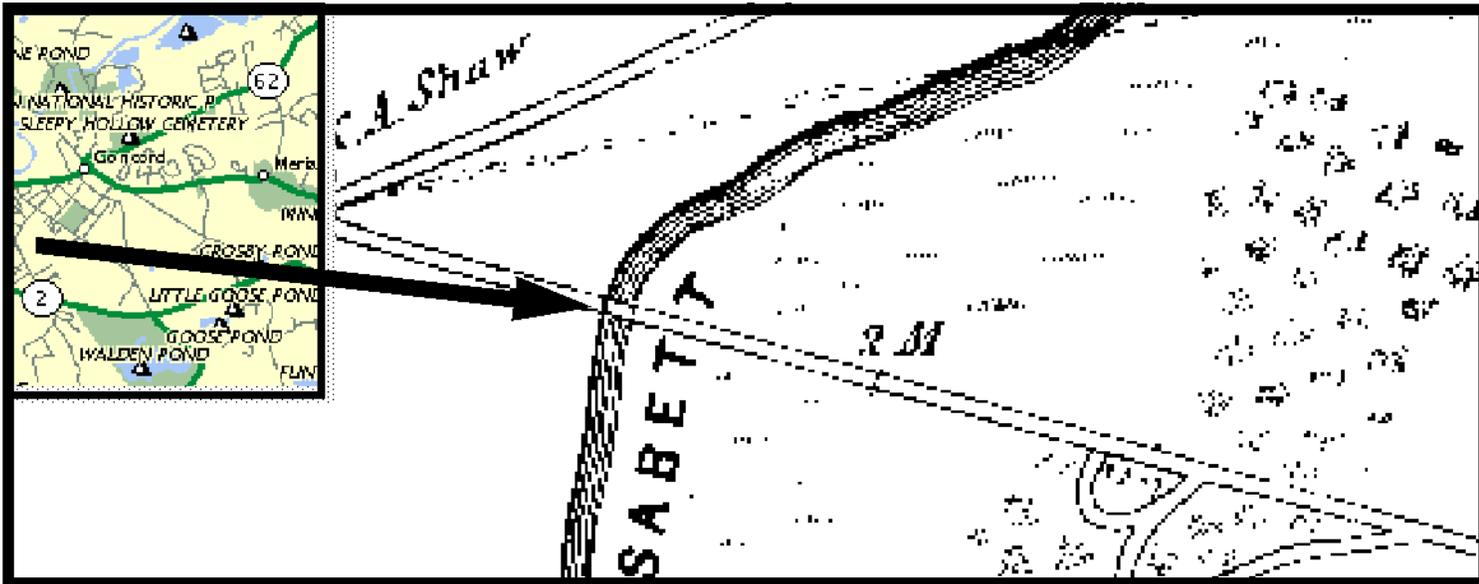
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[Cholmondeley](#) took this up, declaiming, “Yes! And may the spirit which brought them here, return again to England, and may we have a Commonwealth, if not as great as yours, at least as happy and as well ordered!” We drank the toast with applause. It was 2AM before he finally got to bed.

In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) and [Ellery Channing](#) walked up the north bank of the [Assabet River](#) to the 1-arch stone bridge:



From [New Bedford](#), [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) wrote to [Thoreau](#):



Wrote an invitation to H.D. Thoreau of Concord, author of Walden, and sent a letter which I had on hand some time.

All slaves belonging to the Portuguese state became free.

Anton Rubinstein gave a solo concert at the Leipzig Gewandhaus. The press was largely positive.



December 19, Tuesday: [George Washington Briggs](#) stocked [Louisa May Alcott](#)'s FLOWER FABLES on the shelves of his bookstore on Washington Street in Boston in time for the [Christmas](#) season, as a potential child's [Christmas](#) gift item. He placed an advertisement for it in the Boston [Evening Transcript](#):⁵⁶

Flower Fables. this day published by Geo. W. Briggs & Co. the *most beautiful* Fairy book that has appeared for a long time, written *when in her sixteenth year*, by Louisa May Alcott, a young lady of Boston. It will be the most popular

56. The young author would be rather disappointed with the cash proceeds of authorship: “I only got a very small sum for them owing to Mr Briggs’ dishonesty.” There seems to be no reason to suspect dishonesty, as the gross for the 550 copies that the book sold would have been approximately \$340 and [Louisa](#)’s cut would have been 10% or \$34, approximately what she did in fact receive from [George Washington Briggs](#).



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juvenile issued this season.

THE ALCOTT FAMILY

In approximately this year of 1854 the Children's Aid Society was being founded and a Newsboy's Lodging House was being created so that the abandoned boys who were forced to hawk newspapers on the streets, referred to at the time as "newsies," would not have to find their night shelter on the street during the winters. This evidently began a tradition of treating newsboys with great kindness and consideration, as useful citizens of the commonwealth — as witness the following corporate communication from the Editor & Publisher:

Treat them well, that is, entertain them, give them help when they need it, and invite them to Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners and they will show their gratitude by selling your papers in preference of all others.

Henry Thoreau wrote to his new correspondent, Friend Daniel Ricketson to accept the hospitality of his home "Brooklawn" in New Bedford while lecturing there, and to ask his host to "warn Mr Mitchell that I accepted at once his invitation to lecture on the 26th of this month."

Concord Mass. Dec 19th 1854.

Dear Sir,

I wish to thank you again for your sympathy. I had counted on seeing you when I came to New Bedford, though I did not know exactly how near to it you permanently dwelt; therefore I gladly accept your invitation to stop at your house.

I am going to lecture at Nantucket the 28th, and as I suppose I must improve the earliest opportunity to get there from New Bedford, I will endeavor to come on Monday that I may see yourself and New Bedford before my lecture.

I should like right well to see your ponds, but that is hardly to be thought of at present. I fear that it is impossible for me to combine such things with the business of lecturing. You cannot serve God and Mammon. However perhaps I shall have time to see something of your country. I am aware that you have not so much snow as we.

There has been excellent sleighing here ever since the 5th ult.

Mr Cholmondeley has left us; so that I shall come alone.

Will you be so kind as to warn Mr Mitchell that I accepted at once his invitation to lecture on the 26th of this month, for I do not know that he has got my letter.

Excuse this short note from Yours truly

Henry D. Thoreau.

NANTUCKET ISLAND

Thoreau also wrote a nice long letter to H.G.O. Blake, in which he mentioned the Crimean War:



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*Concord Mass. Dec. 19th 1854.
Mr. Blake,
I suppose you have heard of my
truly providential meeting with Mr Brown
—providential because it saved me from
the suspicion that my words had fallen
altogether on stoney ground, when it turned
out that there was some Worcester soil
there. You will allow me to consider that
I correspond with him thro you.
I confess that I am a very bad cor-
respondent, so far as promptness of
reply is concerned, but then I am sure
to answer sooner or later. The longer
I have forgotten you, the more I re-
member you. For the most part
I have not been idle since I saw you.
How does the world go with you? or
rather, how do you get along without
it? I have not yet learned to live,
that I can see, and I fear that I shall
not very soon. I find however, that in
the long run things correspond to my
original idea—that they correspond
to nothing else so much,—and thus a
man may really be a true prophet*

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*without any great exertion. [The day]
is never so dark, nor the night even,
but that the laws, at least, of light
still prevail, and so may make it
light in our minds if they are open to
the truth. There is considerable danger
that a man will be crazy between
dinner and supper—but it will not
directly answer any good purpose
that I know of, & it is just as
easy to be sane. We have got to know
what both life and death are before
we can begin to live after our own
fashion. Let us be learning our
a b c s as soon as possible. I never
yet knew the sun to be knocked down*



and rolled thro' a [mud puddle]; he comes out honor bright from behind every storm. Let us then take sides with the sun—seeing we have so much leisure[] [1]et us not put all we prize into a foot-ball to be kicked, when a bladder will do as well.

When an Indian is burned, his body [may be] broiled, it may be no more than a beef-steak. What of that? They may broil his heart, but they do not therefore broil his courage,—his principles. Be of good courage! That is the main thing.

Page 3

If a man were to place himself in an attitude to bear manfully the greatest evil that can be inflicted on him, he would find suddenly that there was no such evil to bear; his brave back would go a-begging. When Atlas got his back made up, that was all that was required. (In this case a priv., not pleon., and τλήμι.) The world rests on principles. The wise gods will never make underpinning of a man. But as long as he crouches, and skulks, and shirks his work, every creature that has weight will be treading on his toes, and crushing him; he will himself tread with one foot on the other foot.

The monster is never just there where we think he is. What is truly monstrous is our cowardice and sloth.

Have no idle disciplines like the Catholic Church and others; have only positive and fruitful ones. Do what you know you ought to do. Why should we ever go abroad, even across the way, to ask a neighbor's advice? There is a nearer neighbor within us incessantly telling us how we should behave. But we wait for the neighbor without to tell us of some false, easier way.

They have a census-table in which they put down the number of the insane. Do you believe that they put them all down there? Why, in every one of these houses there is at least one man fighting or squabbling a good part of his time with a dozen pet demons of his own breeding and cherishing, which are relentlessly gnawing at his vitals; and if perchance he resolve at length that he will courageously combat them, he says, "Ay! ay! I will attend to you after dinner!" And, when that time comes, he concludes that he is good for another stage, and reads a column or two about the Eastern War! Pray, to



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be in earnest, where is Sevastopol? Who is Menchikoff? and Nicholas behind there? who the Allies? Did not we fight a little (little enough to be sure, but just enough to make it interesting) at Alma, at Balaclava, at Inkermann? We love to fight far from home. Ah! the Minié musket is the king of weapons. Well, let us get one then.

I just put another stick into my stove,—a pretty large mass of white oak. How many men will do enough this cold winter to pay for the fuel

that will be required to warm them?

I suppose I have burned up a pretty good sized tree to-night—& for what? I settled with Mr Tarbell for it the other day—but that was'nt the final settlement.

I got off cheaply from him. At last, One will say— “Let us see, how much wood did you burn, Sir? And I shall shudder to think that the next question will be, “What did you do while you were warm?”— Do we think the ashes will pay for it?— that God is an ash-man? It is a fact that we have got to render [an] an account for the deeds done in the body.

Who knows but we shall be better the next year than we have been the past? At any rate, I wish you a really new year—commencing from the instant you read this,—and happy or u[n]happy according to your deserts.

Henry D. Thoreau

Dec. 19, 1854.

In the afternoon he enjoyed his “first tolerable skating” of the winter, going half a mile up the [Assabet River](#) past [Clamshell Bank](#) or Hill (Gleason 23/G5) and there walking to the foot of Fair Haven Hill (Gleason H7).



Dec, 19th pm Skated ½ mile up Assabet & then to foot of Fair Haven Hill.

[Transcript]

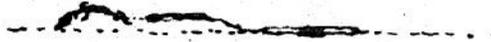
This is the first tolerable skating. Last night was so cold that the river closed up almost everywhere — and made good skating where there had been no ice to catch the snow of the night before. First there is the snow ice [^on the sides] ~~the~~ somewhat rough & brown or yellowish spotted where the water overflowed the ice on each side yesterday — & next over the middle the new dark smooth ice — and, where the river is wider than usual, a



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[^thick] fine gray ice — marbled, where there was [^prob.] a thin ice yesterday — probably the top froze as the snow fell. I am surprised to find how rapidly & easily I get along, how soon I am at this brook or that bend in the river, which it takes me so long to reach on the bank or by water. I can go more than double the usual distance before dark. It takes a little while to learn to trust the new black ice. I look for cracks to see how thick it is. Near the island I saw a muskrat close by swimming in an open reach. He was always headed up-stream, a great proportion of the head out of water, and his whole length visible [^though the root of the tail is about level with the water.] Now & then it [stopped] swimming & floated down-stream still keeping it head pointed up with his



tail. It is surprising how dry he looks, as if that back was never immersed in the water. It is apt to be melted at the bridges about the piers & there is a flow of water over the ice there. There is a fine, smooth gray marbled ice on the bays — which apparently began to freeze when it was snowing night before last — there is a marbling of dark where there was clear water amid the snow. Now and then a crack crosses it, & the water, oozing out has frozen on each side of it 2 or 3 inches thick, and sometimes as many feet wide. These give you a slight jolt. Off Clamshell I heard and saw a large flock of *Fringilla linaria* [Common Redpoll]  *Carduelis flammea* over the meadow no doubt it as these I saw on the 15th. (But I saw then, & on the tenth a larger & whiter bird also; may have been the bunting.) Suddenly they turn aside in their flight and dash across the river to a large white birch 15 rods off, which plainly they had distinguished so far. I afterward saw many more in the Potter swamp up the river. They were commonly brown or dusky above, streaked with yellowish white or ash and more or less white or ash beneath. Most had a crimson crown or frontlet and a few crimson neck and breast. very handsome. Some with a bright-crimson crown and clear-white breasts. I suspect that these were young males. They keep up an incessant twittering, varied from time to time with some mewing notes and occasionally for some unknown reason, they will all suddenly dash away with that universal loud note (twitter) like a bag of nuts They are busily clustered in the tops of the birches picking the seeds out of the catkins! and sustain themselves in all kinds of attitudes, sometimes head downwards while about this. Common as they are now — and were winter before last — I saw none last winter.

JONAS POTTER

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



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.

CALIFORNIA

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 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

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[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 shanty⁵⁷ to the left:



"There is no Frigate like a Book
To take us Lands away"
— [Emily Dickinson](#)

57. "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.

[Transcript]

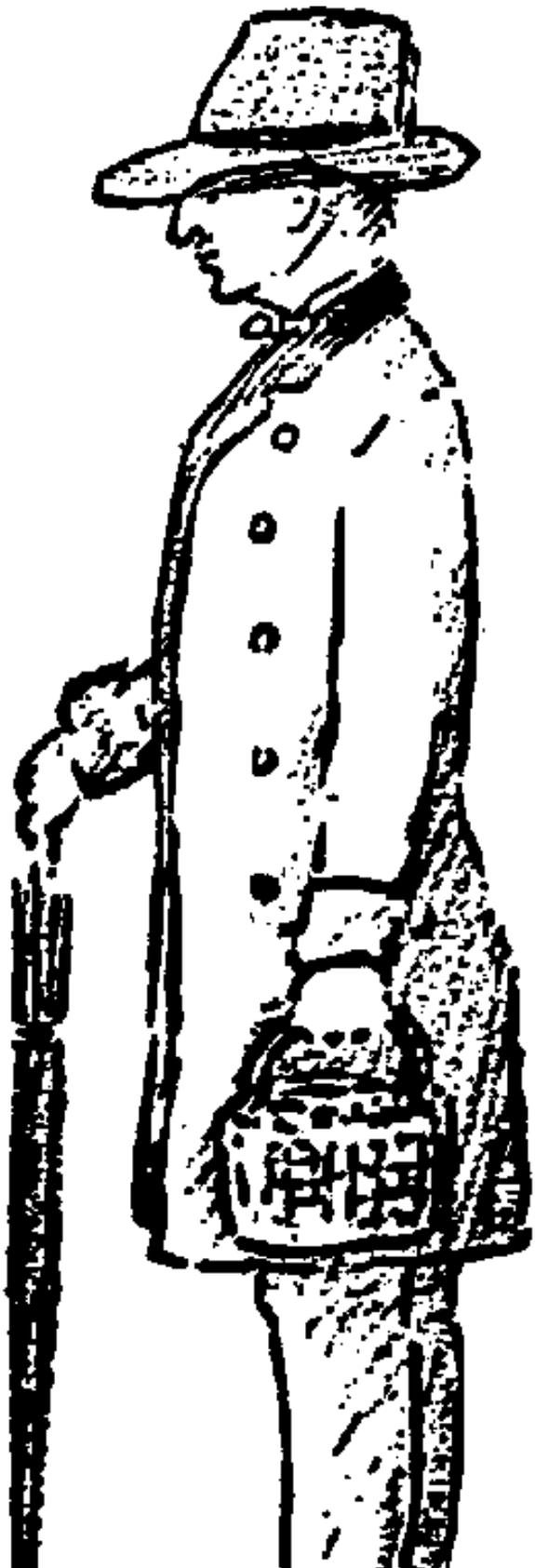
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That part of the country is remarkably level and wooded. The evergreen prinios very commonly in the low ground. At New Bedford saw the casks of oil covered with seaweed to prevent fire; the weed holds moisture. Town not lively. Whalers abroad at this season.

Ricketson has Bewick's "British Birds," two vols.;

" "[AE]sop's Fables," one vol.;

" "Select Fables," one vol.,

" larger (partly the same);

" "Quadrupeds," one vol.

Has taken some pains to obtain them. The tail-pieces were the attraction to him. He suggested to Howitt his "Abodes of the Poets."



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 December 26, Tuesday: Alliance-Marsch op.158 by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#) was performed for the initial time, in the Volksgarten, Vienna.

It was a fine, mild day, and [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) and [Henry Thoreau](#) walked through the woods to Tarkiln





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Hill and then through Acushnet to the Friends Meeting House.



A fine mild spring-like day. Walked through the woods to Tarkiln Hill and through Acushnet to Friends' Meeting House with Henry D. Thoreau, author of Walden. Rode this P.M. with H.D.T. round White's factory. Louisa [Mrs. Louisa Sampson Ricketson] and the children, except Walton [son], attended Lyceum this evening. Lecture by Mr. Thoreau. Subject, "Getting a Living." I remained at home, not feeling well enough to attend.

In the afternoon they rode around White's factory. In the evening Thoreau delivered ["WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT"](#) at the [New Bedford](#) lyceum but [Friend Daniel](#) didn't feel well enough to attend.

THOREAU'S SERMON

[Various versions of ["LIFE WITHOUT PRINCIPLE"](#), variously titled, would be delivered:

- ["WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT"](#) on December 6th, 1854 at Railroad Hall in [Providence](#)
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- "Getting a Living" on December 18th, 1856 in the vestry of the [Congregational Church](#) of Amherst, [New Hampshire](#)
- ["LIFE MISSPENT"](#) on Sunday morning, October 9th, 1859 to the Reverend [Theodore Parker](#)'s 28th Congregational Society in [Boston Music Hall](#)
- ["LIFE MISSPENT"](#) on Sunday, September 9th, 1860 at Welles Hall in [Lowell](#).]



December 26, 1854: "Read not the Times. Read the Eternities."





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GOD IN CONCORD by Jane Langton © 1992

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Read not the Times. Read the Eternities.
“Life Without Principle”

The battle was joined. The news was out.
DEVELOPER EYES

ISBN 0-670-84260-5 — PS3562.A515G58

Viking Penguin

Penguin Books USA Inc.



December 26th at Ricketson’s [\[New Bedford\]](#).

[Transcript]

I do not remember to have ever seen such a day as this in Concord. There is no snow here (though there has been excellent sleighing at Concord since the 5th ult.), but it is very muddy, the frost coming out of the ground as in spring with us. I went to walk in the woods with R.; it was wonderfully warm and pleasant, and the cockerels crowed just as in a spring day at home. I felt the winter breaking up in me, and if I had been at home I should have tried to write poetry. They told me that this was not a rare day there. That they had little or no winter such as we have, and it was owing to the influence of the Gulf Stream, which was only 60 miles from Nantucket at the nearest or 120 miles from them. In mid-winter when the wind was S.E. or even S.W. they frequently had days as warm and debilitating as in summer. There is a difference of a degree in latitude, between Concord and New Bedford, but far more in climate.

The American holly is quite common there, with its red berries still holding on, and is now their [Christmas](#) evergreen. I heard the lark sing, strong and sweet, and saw robins. R. lives in that part of N.B. 3 miles out of the town, called the Head of the River, *i.e.* the Acushnet River. There is a [Quaker](#) meeting-house there. Such an ugly shed without a tree or bush about it, which they call their meeting-house (without steeple of course), is altogether repulsive to me, like a powder-house or grave. And even the quietness and perhaps unworldliness of an aged Quaker has something ghostly and saddening about it — as it were a mere preparation for the grave. R. said that pheasants from England (~~which~~ where they are not indigenous) had been imported to [Naushon](#), & were killed there.

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 December 27, Wednesday: [Thomas Wilson Dorr](#) died in [Providence, Rhode Island](#).



[Henry Thoreau](#) took a steamer out of Hyannis port for [Nantucket Island](#) (becoming seasick on the rough waters), and spent the night at the home of Captain Edward W. Gardiner. The [New Bedford Evening Standard](#) (page 2, column 2) observed that the previous night's lecture, which it had advertised as being on the subject of "Getting a Living,"

displayed much thought, but was in some respects decidedly peculiar.





Friend Daniel Ricketson would later write to Thoreau to advise that he had

heard several sensible people speak well of your lecture

but would conclude that the lecture

was not generally understood .

Friend Daniel's attitude was shared by Charles W. Morgan, who had been present for the lecture and who afterward wrote in his journal:

evening to the Lyceum where we had a lecture from the eccentric Henry J. [sic] Thoreau— The Hermit author very caustic against the usual avocations & employments of the world and a definition of what is true labour & true wages—audience very large & quiet—but I think he puzzled them a little—



Dec. 27. To Nantucket via Hyannis in misty rain.

[Transcript]

On Cape Cod saw the hills through the mist covered with cladonias. A head wind and rather rough passage of 3 hours to Nantucket, the water being 30 miles over. Captain Edward W. Gardiner (where I spent the evening) thought there was a beach at Barnegat similar to that at Cape Cod . Mr. Barney, formerly a Quaker minister there, who was at Gardiner's, told of one Bunker of Nantucket in old times, "who had eight sons, and steered each in his turn to the killing of a whale." Gardiner said you must have been a-whaling there before you could be married, and must have struck a whale before you could dance. They do not think much of crossing from Hyannis in a small boat, — in pleasant weather, that is, — but they can safely do it. A boy was drifted across thus in a storm in a rowboat about 2 years ago. By luck he struck Nantucket. The outline of the island is continually changing. The whalers now go chiefly to Behring's Straits, and everywhere between 35 N. and S. latitude and catch several kinds of whales. It was Edmund Gardiner of N.B. (a relative of Edward's) who was carried down by a whale, and Hussey of Nantucket who, I believe, was one to draw lots to see who should be eaten. As for communication with the mainland being interrupted, Gardiner remembers when 31 mails were landed at once, which, taking out Sundays, made 5 weeks & one day. The snow 10 days ago fell about 2 inches deep, but melted instantly.

At the Ocean House I copied from William Coffin's map of the town 1834. — this: 30,590 acres, including 3 isles beside. 1050 ac fresh ponds; about 750 peat swamp. Clay in all parts. But only granite or gneiss boulders. Population of island over 80

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1855

 January 4, Thursday: During Alexander Ramsey's tenure as mayor the city council of St. Paul, [Minnesota](#) replaced a volunteer hook and ladder fire company with that municipality's 1st professional fire department, which inherited all the fire equipment of the volunteers, including an engine, ladders, ropes, hooks, and axes, and also a church bell that had been donated by the Reverend Edward D. Neill.

An American brigantine carrying rice, the *SV Tartar*, ran aground and was wrecked on East Key, a 4-acre island only 2 meters above sea level, in the Dry Tortugas group due west of Key West, Florida.

[Henry Thoreau](#) made the following entry in his INDIAN NOTEBOOK by mistake, rather than in his Journal: "Being in Worcester today Jan 4th '55 Mr Haven at the Antiquarian Library showed me a passage in Brereton [illegible to Thoreau; the [Reverend John Brereton](#) was the author of THE DISCOVERY OF VIRGINIA] of [Gosnold](#)'s voyage in which the copper belt of tribes — the bracelets &c are described as in Lescarbot's — He spoke of an inscription found over 900 miles west of Montreal & mentioned by Kalm in some arctic language. Did I extract it? Of an English inscription on mica found in the breast of an Indian's remains (I think at grave yards) dated about the time of the early Virginia settlements. Also prob[ably] an Alabama hoax an individual Lat[in] inscription on stone dates 1200 something."

PETER KALM
HOAXES

 [Thoreau](#) delivered "[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT](#)" at the Worcester Lyceum. After the lecture Stephen C. Earle, sixteen years old, wrote in his journal

Went in the evening to a lyceum lecture by Thorough [sic] of Concord. It was a strange sort of a lecture. The subject was "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." His lecture did not seem to have much to do with his subject. I slept part of the evening.¹

1. THE JOURNALS OF STEPHEN C. EARLE, 1853-1858, ed. Albert B. Southwick, Worcester MA: Worcester Bicentennial Commission, 1976, page 30. (Joel Myerson found this piece of information.)

No doubt at least one other member of the audience — Thoreau's friend [H.G.O. Blake](#) — was stimulated by what he heard. Blake, who had been corresponding with Thoreau for 7 years, could hardly have overlooked that many of the ideas and images in the letters he had received from Thoreau were in "[WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT](#)".

THOREAU'S SERMON

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- [“LIFE MISSPENT”](#) on Sunday morning, October 9th, 1859 to the Reverend [Theodore Parker](#)’s 28th Congregational Society in [Boston Music Hall](#)
- [“LIFE MISSPENT”](#) on Sunday, September 9th, 1860 at Welles Hall in [Lowell](#).]

[Thoreau](#) was written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

*Shanty, Brooklawn
Thursday p. m
Jan 4, 1855.
Dear Walden,
We should be glad
to hear of your safe arrival
home from your ‘perils by land
and by flood’ and as we
are not likely to know of this
unless you receive a strong
hint I just drop a line for
that end. Your visit short*

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*as it was gave us all at Brooklawn
much satisfaction.
I should be glad when you
come again next summer and
cruise around with us.
I regret I was unusually unwell
when you were here, ~~which~~ as
you undoubtedly perceive
of my complaints.
I am just starting for a walk
& as I expect to pass our*

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*village post office thought it
a good time to write you.
I trust you & your comrade
Channing will have many
good times this winter.
I may possibly drop in on you for*



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*a few hours at the end of this month
 when I expect to be in Boston.
 Excuse haste —
 Yours very truly
 Daniel Ricketson
 P. S.
 Mrs. R. & children send kind regards.*

That evening [Abraham Lincoln](#) spoke at the statehouse in Springfield, Illinois before a group seeking to encourage black residents of Illinois to please go away, please go back to Africa, to [Liberia](#) (evidently an offshoot of the [American Colonization Society](#)). From where you do not belong to where you belong. Surely you want to make us white Americans so, so very happy! A newspaper would report:

Mr. Lincoln was emphatically non-committal, and no man could have handled the subject with more grace and ... tact. He stated that it was a subject entered into by men of all parties and shades of thought, and that if it could be accomplished without trouble ... he would be in favor of the project.... No one can object to this position.



Jan. 4th 55 To Worcester to lecture. —

[Transcript]

Visited the Antiquarian Library of 22 or 3 000 vols. It is richer in pamphlets & newspapers than Harvard. One alcove contains Cotton Mather's library, chiefly theological works, reading which exclusively you might live in his days and believe in witchcraft. Old leather-bound tomes, many of them as black externally as if they had been charred with fire. Time and fire have the same effect. Haven said that the Rev. Mr. Somebody had spent almost every day ~~for~~ [^the past] a year in that ~~year~~ alcove. Saw after my lecture a young negro [^who introduced himself as] a native of Africa, Leo L. Lloyd, who lectures on "Young Africa!!" I never heard of anything but old Africa before.

Higginson told me of a simple, strong-minded man named Dexter Broad, who was at my lecture, whom I should see.

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January 6, Saturday: A combined force of French and Imperial Chinese troops attacked [Shanghai](#), held by the Small Sword Society. Though the struggle was furious, the attackers were driven back.

CHINESE CIVIL WAR

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#). Friend Ricketson learned of Thoreau's experience, lecturing on [Nantucket Island](#):

*Concord Mass Jan 6th
 1855*

*Mr Ricketson,
 I am pleased to hear from the shanty whose inside and occupant*



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I have seen. I had a very pleasant time at Brooklawn, as you know, — and thereafter at Nantucket. I was obliged to pay the usual tribute to the sea, but it was more than made up to me by the hospitality of the Nantucketers. Tell Arthur that I can now compare notes with him, for though I went neither before nor behind the mast, since we had n't any — I went with my head hanging over the side all the way. In spite of all my experience I persisted in reading to the Nantucket people the lecture which I read at New Bedford, and I found them to be the very audience for me. I got home Friday night after being lost in the fog off Hyannis.

I have not yet found a new jacknife but I had a glorious skating with channing the other day on the skates found long ago.

Mr Cholmondeley sailed for England direct in the America on the 3^d — after spending a night with me. He thinks even to go to the east & enlist!

Last night I returned from lecturing in Worcester—

I shall be glad to see you when you come to Boston, as will also my mother & sister who know something about you as an abolitionist.

Come directly to our house.

*Please remember me to Mrs Ricketson, & also to the
{One-half page missing}*

young folks

Yrs

Henry D Thoreau

Although the thoughts Thoreau offered in his lecture on Nantucket had definitely not been accepted, and there are newspaper reviews that reveal this non-acceptance (“We are inclined to the opinion that his views found few sympathizers among the audience”), generations of Thoreau scholars have inferred from the above remark “I found them to be the very audience for me,” that his own consideration had been inaccurate, supposing that his ideas had been embraced when they had not. I do not sympathize with such an assessment. In my own mind, Thoreau’s remark was decidedly ironic — in my own mind, what he was saying here was that this particular audience had definitely been the sort of audience that stood in dire need of such a corrective. He had been administering to them the moral corrective that they needed, and as we all know very well, the moral corrective that an audience needs is the very last thing it will ever be eager to embrace. By this ironic remark Thoreau was acknowledging that what he had had to offer had been anything but pleasing, anything but acceptable, anything but a “crowd-pleaser.” Thoreau did not, like Emerson, pander.

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"Nobody ever bought a product that made them feel worse."

— [George W. Bush](#)



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[Giacomo Costantino Beltrami](#) died at the age of 76, presumably in the small “Franciscan” cell he had constructed for himself in his large palazzo on his Azienda estate in Filottrano, Ancona, [Italy](#).

The knick-nacks he had brought back from his travels in [Minnesota](#) and [Mexico](#) are now on display in the glass cases of the Beltrami Museum in Filottrano, for what that is worth. A bronze bust has been sculpted by Vittorio Morelli:



Jan. 6th. P.M. — To Great Meadows.

Saw one of those silver-gray cocoons which are so securely attached by the silk being wound round the leaf-stalk and the twig. This was more than a year old and empty and, having been attached to a red maple shoot, a foot or more above the meadow, it had girdled it just as a wire might, it was so unyielding— [^& the wood had overgrown it on each side.]

What is that small insect with large, slender wings, which I see on the snow or fluttering in the air these days?

[Transcript]



Also some little black beetles on the ice of the meadow, ten rods from shore.

In many places near the shore the water has overflowed the ice to a great extent and frozen again with water between of a yellowish tinge, in which you see motes moving about as you walk. The skating is for the most part spoiled by a thin, crispy ice on top of the old ice, which is frozen in great crystals and crackles under your feet. This is apparently the puddles produced by the late thaw and rain, which froze thinly while the rest of the water was soaked up. A fine snow is falling and drifting before the wind over the ice and lodging in shallow drifts at regular intervals.

I see where a woodpecker has drilled a hole about two inches over in a decayed white maple; quite recently, for the chippings are strewn over the ice beneath and were the first sign that betrayed it. The tree was hollow. Is it for a nest next season? [Probably for a winter lodging.] There was an old hole higher up.

I see that the locust pods are still closed, or but partially open, but they open wider after being lying in my chamber.

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January 9, Tuesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was musing in his journal on literary style: “What a strong and healthy, but reckless, hit-or-miss style had some of those early writers of New England, like [Josselyn](#) and [William Wood](#) and others elsewhere in those days; as if they spoke with a relish, smacking their lips like a coach-whip, caring more to speak heartily than scientifically true. they are not to be caught napping by the wonders of nature in a new country....” He was concluding that “certainly Josselyn’s generation stood nearer to Nature, nearer to the facts, than this, and hence their books have more life in them.” Writers like [John Josselyn](#) “use a strange, coarse, homely speech which cannot always be found in the dictionary, nor sometimes be heard in polite society, but which brings you very near to the thing itself described.”



Jan. 9th 5 Pm to Conantum.

[Transcript]

A cloudy day, threatening snow; wet under foot. How pretty the evergreen radical shoots of the St. John’s — wort now exposed, partly red or lake, various species of it. Have they not grown since fall? I put a stone [^at the end of] sone to try it. A little wreath of green and red lying along on the [^muddy] ground amid the melting snows.

I am attracted at this season by the fine bright-red buds of the privet andromeda, sleeping [^couchant] along the slender light-brown twigs. They look brightest against a dark ground. I notice the pink shoots of low blueberries where they are thick. How handsome now the fertile fronds of the sensitive fern standing up a foot or more on the sides of causeways, the neat pale-brown xxxx [^or stipe] clothed with rich dark-brown fruit at top. — The [^pinnate] divisions on the one side and slightly curved [^a one-sided spike or raceme”] on one side & slightly curved — still full of seed! They look quite fresh though dry and rigid. Walked up on the river a piece above the Holden Swamp, though there were very few places where I could get on to it, it has so melted along the shore and on the meadows. The ice over the channel looks dangerously dark and rotten in spots. The oak leaves are of the various leather-colors. The white oak, which is least so and most curled and withered, has to my eye a tinge of salmon-color [^or pink] in it. The black shrub oak is particularly dark-reddish and firm. ~~I think~~ it is the ~~old buds or may be~~ the black whose leaves are such a pale brown verging on yellowish — sometimes reddish — but well preserved.

This winter I hear the axe in almost every wood of any consequence left standing in the township. Made a splendid discovery this afternoon. As I was walking through Holden’s white spruce swamp, I saw peeping above the snow-crust some slender delicate evergreen shoots very much like the *Andromeda Polifolia*, amid sphagnum, lambkill, *Andromeda calyculata*, blueberry, bushes, etc., though there was very little to be seen above the snow. It is, I have little doubt, the *Kalmia Blanca* var. *Rosmarinifolia* (?), with very delicate evergreen opposite linear leaves, strongly revolute, somewhat reddish-green above, slightly weather-beaten — imbrowned or ripened by the winter, as it were, its cheeks made ruddy by the cold — white glaucous beneath,



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with a yellow midrib (not veined nor mucronated nor alternate like the *Andromeda Polifolia*), [^on the ends of the twigs which are] sharply 2-edged. The blossom-buds quite conspicuous. The whole aspect more tender and yellowish than the *Andromeda Polifolia*. [^And green while that is mulberry now. *Vide* Jan. 10.] The pretty little blossom-buds arranged crosswise in the axils of the leaves as you look down on them.

What a strong and healthy, but reckless, hit-or-miss style had some of those early writers of New England, like [Josselyn](#) and [William Wood](#) and others elsewhere in those days; as if they spoke with a relish, smacking their lips like a coach-whip, caring more to speak heartily than scientifically true. they are not to be caught napping by the wonders of nature in a new country, and perhaps are often more ready to appreciate them than she is to exhibit them. They give you one piece of nature, at any rate, and that is themselves. (Cotton Mather, too, has a rich phrase.) They use a strange, coarse, homely speech which cannot always be found in the dictionary, nor sometimes be heard in polite society, but which brings you very near to the thing itself described. The strong new soil speaks through them. I have just been reading some in Wood's "New England's Prospect." He speaks a good word for New England, indeed will come very near lying for her, and when he doubts the justness of his praise, he brings it out not the less roundly; as who cares if it is not so? we love her not the less for all that. Certainly that generation stood nearer to nature, nearer to the facts, than this, and hence their books have. more life in them.

(Sometimes a lost man will be so beside himself that he will not have sense enough to trace back his own tracks in the snow.)

Expressions he uses which you now hear only in kitchens and barrooms, which therefore sound particularly fresh and telling, not book-worn. They speak like men who have backs and stomachs and bowels, with all the advantages and disadvantages that attach to them. Ready to find lions here, some having "heard such terrible roarings," which must be either Devils or Lions; there being no other creatures which use to roar." What a gormandizing faith (or belief) he has, ready to swallow all kinds of portents and prodigies! Says the wolves have no joints from bead to tail. Most admirable when they most outrage common taste and the rules of composition. Of mosquitoes he says those "that swell with their biting the first year, never swell the second." [*Vide* forward.]

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[Thoreau](#) was written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

Shanty, Brooklawn

9 Jan '55—

Dear Walden,

I have just received

your very welcome reply. I am also

happy to learn of your safe arrival

home, and was much amused

by your account of your voyage

to Nantucket — also that you found

an appreciating audience there.

You address me as Mr Ricketson.

What did I do while you were here to

warrant so much deference —



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I pass for a rather aristocratic man among big folk, but did 'nt suppose you knew it. You should have addressed "Dear Brooklawn" Johnson in his Tour to the Hebrides says they have a custom in those isles of giving their names to their chieftains or owners — As, Col Rasay, Much, etc of which they are the Lairds. You are the true & only Laird of Walden & as such I address you. You certainly can show a better title to Walden Manor than any other. It is just as we lawyers say, you hold the fee.

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You did 'nt think of find such knowing folks this way altho' you had travelled a good deal in Concord. By the way I have heard several sensible people speak well of your lecture before the N.B. Lyceum; but conclude it was not generally understood. Arthur My son & I have begun a series of ^ pilgrimages to old farm houses — we dont notice any short of a hundred years old. I am much obliged to you and your mother for your kind invitation. My intention is to attend the Anti-Slavery meetings in Boston Wednesday & Thursday 24 & 25 this month & and shall

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endeavor to get up to Concord for part of a day. I wish you would come to Boston at that time. You will find me at the Tremont House, where I shall glad be to see you. ^ Mrs. Ricketson and the "young folks"



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*wish to be kindly remembered to you.
 I have had a present of a jackknife
 found upon a stick of timber in an
 old house, built in — and supposed
 to have been left there by the carpenters.
 The house is over one hundred years
 old & the knife is very curious.
 So I conclude this rambling epistle
 Yours exceedingly
 “Mr Ricketson”
 Present my compliments to Mr Channing*

Read  Henry Thoreau's Journal for August 1855 (æf. 38)



August 1, Thursday: At the foot of [Manhattan Island](#) in [New-York](#), [Castle Garden](#) was leased by the [New York State](#) Immigration Commission to deal with the 400,000 immigrants that would arrive this year alone as the 1st US receiving station for (white) immigrants.



At this point more than half the population of the city had been born in some other nation.

Ascent of Monte Rosa, 2d highest summit of the Alps.

In [New Bedford](#), on this anniversary of the [emancipation](#) of the slaves of the British West Indies, [Frederick Douglass](#) led the speaker's list.

EMANCIPATION DAY
ABOLITIONISM

Per [James and John Haun's diary](#) of working their claims in and around Quincy, Nelson Point, and Rabbit Creek (La Porte), [California](#), this day's activities produced \$44 worth of gold: "The rats have annoyed me lately of nights. I fixed a deadfall,1 so I caught two last night. I did some sewing on the hose. P.M. All was at work doing well, but it could not hold out so, for the hose burst—our new one at that. I was the rest of the day mending it, John and Roister was cleaning up bedrock and got gold \$44."



Aug. 1 P.M.— To Conantum by boat.

[Transcript]

Squirrels have eaten and stripped pitch pine cones. Small rough sunflower a day or two. *Diplopappus cornifolius* (how long?) at Conant Orchard Grove. In the spring there, which has not been cleared out lately, I find a hairworm, eight or nine inches long and big as a pin-wire; is biggest in the middle and tapers thence to tail; at head is abruptly cut off; curly in your fingers like the tendril of a vine. I spent half an hour overhauling the heaps of clamshells under the rocks there. Was surprised to find the anodon and the green-rayed clams there. Pennyroyal and alpine enchanter's—nightshade well out, how long? Young Adams of Waltham tells me he has been moose-hunting at Chesuncook. Hunted with a guide in evening without horn, it being too early to call them out. Heard the water dropping from their muzzles when they lifted their heads from feeding on the pads, as they stood in the river.

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

TRALFAMADORIANS EXPERIENCE REALITY IN 4 DIMENSIONS RATHER THAN 3 AND HAVE SIMULTANEOUS ACCESS TO PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE. THEY ARE ABLE TO SEE ALONG THE TIMELINE OF THE UNIVERSE TO THE EXACT TIME AND PLACE AT WHICH AS THE RESULT OF A TRALFAMADORIAN EXPERIMENT, THE UNIVERSE IS ANNIHILATED. BILLY PILGRIM, WHILE CAGED IN A TRALFAMADORIAN ZOO, ACQUIRES THEIR ATTITUDE TOWARD TIME, AND SO WHEN HE RETURNS TO EARTH, HE BECOMES A HISTORIAN VERY LIKE ALL OUR OTHER HISTORIANS: ALTHOUGH HE CANNOT HIMSELF SEE INTO THE FUTURE THE WAY THE TRALFAMADORIANS DO, LIKE ALL OUR OTHER HUMAN HISTORIANS DO HE PRETENDS TO BE ABLE TO SEE ALL PERIODS OF OUR PAST TRAJECTORY NOT WITH THE EYES OF THE PEOPLE WHO WERE LIVING DURING THOSE PERIODS, BUT WITH THE OVERARCHING EYE OF GOD. THIS ENABLES HIM TO PRETEND TO BE VERY VERY WISE AND TO SOUND VERY VERY IMPRESSIVE!



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

 August 19, Sunday: Per [James and John Haun's diary](#) of working their claims in and around Quincy, Nelson Point, and Rabbit Creek (La Porte), [California](#): “Rained some this morning before daylight to cover the dust a little. We were rather late getting breakfast. I and Roister went down to the Point. I took dinner with F.S. Fox, the present proprietor of the Thompson House, formally the cook for Thompson. After dinner I was invited in to see Mrs Fox, the mother of F.S. Fox. I talked with the old lady for more than one hour. I wore a read flannel shirt outside my pants and an old dirty cotton shirt. No cravat or socks. On first acquaintance I was treated quite cleaver indeed. I excused my self for having occupied so much of her time. Dinner \$1. I read the general Epistle of James. Cloudy. Thundered and rained a little in the P.M.”

A fight had taken place during the previous night, in Baltimore, Maryland, between the New Market fire company and the Mt. Vernon fire company. The result was that 3 firemen were being treated for gunshot wounds, with only one of them expected to survive.

Robert Weir, 19 years of age and the son of the artist Robert Walter Weir who taught painting at the West Point military academy, had apparently on account of a gambling debt run away from his job in an iron foundry and had signed on board a whaler, the *Clara Bell*, in [New Bedford](#) harbor, using an assumed name: “Spent the day sacrilegiously climbing about the rigging, didn’t venture much — but guess I’ll get used to it. Hurrah for hard times — at least I’d like to make myself feel so, but I scarcely dare look ahead — it seems rather dark. Have great anticipations of future independence. I shall **never never** call on father again.”



August 19. See painted tortoise shedding scales, — half off and loose. (Again Sept. 10 and 15.)

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD



September: “Gentleman” [Henry Thoreau](#) (so listed on the federal census) visited his friend [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#), explored [Middleborough](#) and Fairhaven, and returned by train from Plymouth. If the locomotive used on this train was a new one, it may have looked like this, for this was “A good Standard Type” built by Danforth Cooke & Company in 1855:

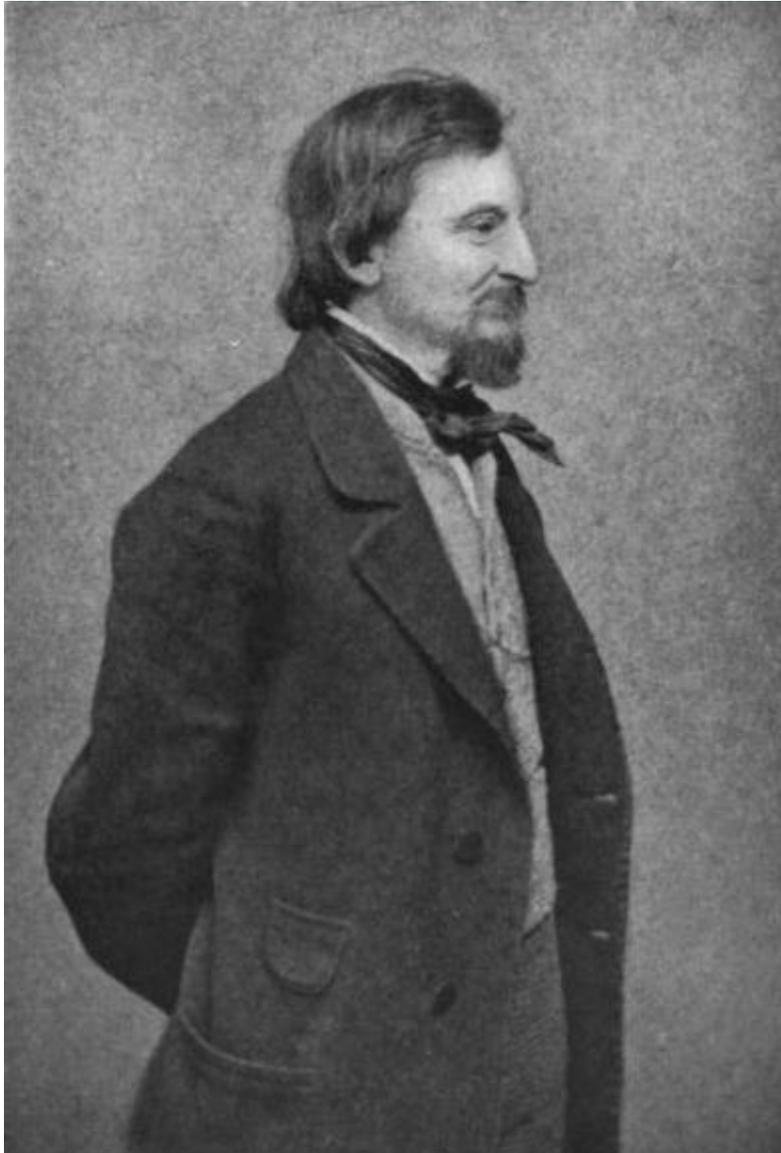
HISTORY OF RR

→ September 23, Sunday: Per [James and John Haun's diary](#) of working their claims in and around Quincy, Nelson Point, and Rabbit Creek (La Porte), [California](#), on this day they were involved in odd work that yielded no gold.

From [New Bedford](#), [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) (pictured below in profile because of his problem with one eye) wrote to [Henry Thoreau](#), mentioning his use of the [pipe](#) and adding that the [tobacco](#) involved had (allegedly) not been grown by [slaves](#):

How charmingly your Channing, & I dove-tailed together— Few men such smoke pipes as we did —the real Calumet— the tobacco that we smoked was free labour produce.

ELLERY CHANNING



Brooklawn, Sunday p.m



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

Sept 23d 1855.
Dear Thoreau,
Here am I at home
again seated in my shanty. My
mind is constantly reverting to the
pleasant little visit I made you &
so I thought I would sit down and write
you. I regret exceedingly that I was
so interrupted in my enjoyment while
at Concord by my "aches & pains." My
head troubled me until I had got
within about 20 mi. of home, when
the pain passed off & my spirits
began to revive. I hope that your
walks etc with me will not harm

Page 2
you and that you will soon regain your
usual health & strength, which I trust
the cooler weather will favour. I could
advise you not to doctor, but just use
your own good sense. I should have
insisted more on your coming on with
me had I not felt so ill & in such
actual pain the day I left — but I
want you to come before the weather
gets uncomfortably cool. I feel
much your debtor, for through you &
your Walden I have found my hopes
& strength in these matters which
I had before found none to sympathize
with., ~~that~~ You have more than any other
to me discovered the true secret of
living comfortably in this world & I hope
more & more to be able to put it into
practice, in the mean time you will

Page 3
be able to extend your pity and charity.
You are the only 'millionaire' among my acquaint-
tance. I have heard of people being indepen-
dently rich, but you are the only one I have
ever had the honour of knowing —
How charmingly your Channing, & I



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

*dove-tailed together — Few men
such smoke pipes as we did — the real
^ Calumet — the tobacco that we
smoked was free labour produce.
I have 'nt lost sight of of Solon Hos-
mer, the wisest looking man in Concord,
and a real 'feelosopher'! I want you to
see him & tell him not to take down
the old house, where the feelosofers met.
I think I should like to have the large
chamber for an occasional sojourn
to Concord. It might be easily
tinkered up so as to be a comfortable
roost for a feelosopher — a few old*

Page 4

*chairs, a table, bed etc would
be all sufficient, then you and
I could come over in your punt
and rusticate. What think of it. In the
mean time come down to Brooklawn, and
look about with me. As you are a little
under the weather, we will make our
peregrinations with horse & waggen
(or I am so much your debter in the
real & having but little of the same
currency to offer in exchange, I have taken
[from home] bits of paper I have a scrap
which will have a marvelous effect
upon the owner of the Iron Horse whose
back I want you to straddle & gallop
down to Tarkiln Hill.)
With much regard to Channing this [Damsel]
for her [tay] & my kind remembrances to your
parents & sister I remain
Yours very truly
Dnl Ricketson
P. S.
I should like to have Channing to come with you
Please invite him from me. You can wear your
old clothes here.*

*(Horizontal along left margin of page 4)
Please come by Sat. next as the weather is getting cool.*



Sep 23

[Transcript]

Small sparrows—with yellow on one side above eye in front & white belly—erectile (?) crowns divided by a light line. Those weeds &c on the bared meadow came up spontaneously.

8 P.m. I hear from my chamber a screech owl about Monroe's house—this bright moonlight night--a loud piercing scream much like the whinner of a colt perchance—a rapid trill--then subdued or smothered--a note or two.

A little wren like (or female gold finch)—bird on a willow at Hubb's causeway—eating a miller with bright yel rump—when wings open—& white on tail. Could it have been a yel-rump-warbler? For continuation see the other end of this book. For beginning V. other end.

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



September 26, Wednesday: Fantasie und Fuge über den Choral 'Ad nos, ad salutarem undam' for organ by Franz Liszt was performed for the initial time, at the inauguration of a new organ at Merseburg Cathedral.

Per [James and John Haun's diary](#) of working their claims in and around Quincy, Nelson Point, and Rabbit Creek (La Porte), [California](#), on this day they were involved in odd work that yielded no gold.

State Whigs and Republicans convened in Syracuse and formed a coalition under Thurlow Weed. An anti-slavery stand was stressed, rather than alcoholic prohibition. The Free Democratic and Liberty parties nominated Stephen A. Douglas for secretary of state and anti-slavery orator Lewis Tappan for comptroller.

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

*Concord Sep 26th 55
Mr Blake,
The other day I thought that
my health must be better,—that
I gave at last a sign of vitality,—
—because I experienced a slight cha-
grin. But I do not see how
strength is to be got into my legs
again. These months of feeble-
ness have yielded few if any
thoughts, though they have
not passed without serenity, such*



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

*as our sluggish Musketaquid
suggests. I hope that the harvest
is to come. I trust that you
have at least warped up
the stream a little daily, holding
fast by your anchors at
night, since I saw you—
and have kept my place
for me while I have been
absent.*

*Mr Ricketson
of New Bedford has just
made me a visit of a
day and a half, and I
have had a quite good
time with him. He and*

Page 2

*Channing have got on par-
ticularly well together. He is a
man of very simple tastes, not-
withstanding his wealth, a lover
of nature, but, above all, sin-
gularly frank and plain-spoken.
I think that you might enjoy
meeting him. Sincerity is a
great but rare virtue, and we
pardon to it much complain-
ing, and the betrayal of many
weaknesses[.] R. says of himself
that he sometimes thinks that
he has all the infirmities of
genius, without a hair-pillow,
&c[]expresses a great and awful
uncertainty with regard to "God",
"Death," his "immortality", says,
"If I only knew"—&c. He loves
Cowper's Task better than any
thing else,—& thereafter perhaps
Thompson, Gray, & even Howitt.
He has evidently suffered for
want of sympathising companions.
He says, that he sympathises
with much in my books, but*



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

*much in them is nought to
him— “namby-pamby”,— “stuff”,—*

Page 3

*“mystical”. Why will not I having
common sense, write in plain
English always,—teach men
in detail how to live a simpler
life, &c.,—not go off into—?
But I say, that I have no
scheme about it,—no designs
on men at all; and, if I had,
my mode would be to tempt
them with the fruit, and not
with the manure. To what
end do I lead a simple life
at all, pray? That I may
teach others to simplify their
lives?—and so all our lives
be simplified merely, like an
[a]lgebraic formula?— Or not,
rather, that I may make
use of the ground I have
cleared—to live more worthily
and profitably? I would fain
lay the most stress forever
on that which is the most
important,—imports the most
to me,—though it were only (what
it is likely to be) a vibration
in the air. As a preacher, I
should be prompted to tell men
not so much how to get their*



Page 4

*wheat bread cheaper,—as of
[the] bread of life compared
with which that is bran. Let
a man only taste these loaves,
and he becomes a skilful econ-
omist at once. He'll not
waste much time in earning
those. Dont spend your time
in drilling soldiers who may turn
out hirelings after all, but
give to undrilled peasantry a
country to fight for. The schools
begin with what they call the
elements, and where do they
end?*

*I was glad to hear the other
day that Higginson and Brown
were gone to Ktadn; it must
be so much better to go to than ^{or Abolition}
a [W]oman's [R]ight's Convention;— [better still], ^ to the delecta-
ble primitive mounts within you, which you have
dreaded of from your youth
up,—& seen perhaps in the
horizon,—but never climbed.
But how do you do?
Is the air sweet to you?*

Page 5

*Do you find anythin[g] at
which you can work[] accomplish-
ing something solid from day to
day? Have you put sloth
& doubt behind considerably?
—had one redeeming dream
this summer? —I dreamed
last night that I could vault
over any height it pleased me.
That was something, and I
contemplated myself with a
slight satisfaction in the morn-
ing for it.
Methinks I will write to
you, methinks you will be*



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

*ready to hear[—] We will stand
on solid foundations to one
another—I a column planted
on this shore, you on that.
We meet the same sun
in his rising. We are built
slowly, and have come to our
bearing; we will not mutually
fall over that we may
meet, but will grandly
and eternally guard the
straights. Methinks I see an
inscription on you, which the
architect made, the stucco*

Page 6

*being worn off to it— The name
of that ambitious worldly king
is crumbling away— I see it toward
sunset in favorable lights. Each
must read for the other as
might a sailer by. Be sure
you are star-y-pointing still.
How is it on your side?
I will not require an answer
until you think I have paid
my debts to you.
I have just got a letter from
Ricketson urging me to come
to New Bedford,—which possibly I
may do. He says, I can wear my
old clothes there.
Let me be remembered in
your quiet house.
Henry D. Thoreau.*



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

WILLIAM HOWITT



"To what end do I lead a simple life at all, pray?
That I may teach others to simplify their lives?
—and so all our lives be simplified merely, like an
algebraic formula?— Or not, rather, that I may make
use of the ground I have cleared — to live more
worthily and profitably?"



— Henry Thoreau, September 26, 1855

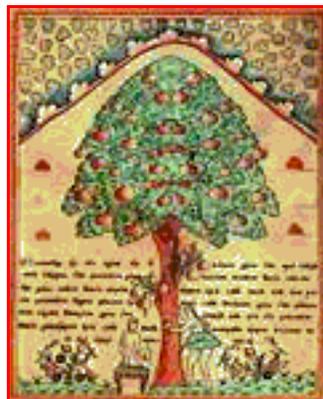




NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

A WEEK: We have heard much about the poetry of mathematics, but very little of it has yet been sung. The ancients had a juster notion of their poetic value than we. The most distinct and beautiful statement of any truth must take at last the mathematical form. We might so simplify the rules of moral philosophy, as well as of arithmetic, that one formula would express them both. All the moral laws are readily translated into natural philosophy, for often we have only to restore the primitive meaning of the words by which they are expressed, or to attend to their literal instead of their metaphorical sense. They are already **supernatural** philosophy. The whole body of what is now called moral or ethical truth existed in the golden age as abstract science. Or, if we prefer, we may say that the laws of Nature are the purest morality. The Tree of Knowledge is a Tree of Knowledge of good and evil. He is not a true man of science who does not bring some sympathy to his studies, and expect to learn something by behavior as well as by application. It is childish to rest in the discovery of mere coincidences, or of partial and extraneous laws. The study of geometry is a petty and idle exercise of the mind, if it is applied to no larger system than the starry one. Mathematics should be mixed not only with physics but with ethics, **that is mixed** mathematics. The fact which interests us most is the life of the naturalist. The purest science is still biographical. Nothing will dignify and elevate science while it is sundered so wholly from the moral life of its devotee, and he professes another religion than it teaches, and worships at a foreign shrine. Anciently the faith of a philosopher was identical with his system, or, in other words, his view of the universe.



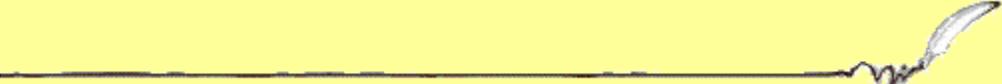


NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

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

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




Sep 26— Went up Assabet for fuel. One old piece of oak timber looks as if it had been a brace in a bridge. I get up oak rails here and there, almost as heavy [^as lead] & leave them to dry somewhat on the bank. Stumps, partially buried, which were brought by the freshet from some newly cleared field last spring; bleached oak trees which were once lopped for a fence; alders and birches which the river ice bent and broke by its weight last spring. It is pretty hard and dirty work. It grieves me to see how rapidly some great trees which have fallen or been felled waste away when left on the ground. There was the large oak by the Assabet, which I remember to have been struck by lightning, and afterward blown ~~of~~ over, being dead— ~~There is~~ It used to lie with its top down-hill and partly in the water and its butt far up. Now there is no trace of its limbs, and the very core of its trunk is the only solid part, concealed within a spongy covering. Soon only a richer mould will mark the spot.

[Transcript]

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NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD





NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

 September 29, Saturday: Per [James and John Haun's diary](#) of working their claims in and around Quincy, Nelson Point, and Rabbit Creek (La Porte), [California](#), on this day their activities yielded about \$13 worth of gold.

Iloilo was opened to world trade by Queen Isabella II of Spain.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was sent, by [Ticknor & Co.](#) in Boston, a royalty payment for the sale of 344 copies of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) in the amount of \$51.⁶⁰ along with an expression of corporate condolences:

Boston, Sept. 29, 1855

*H. D. Thoreau
In a/c with W.D. Ticknor & Co
Walden—
On hand last settlement 600 Cops.
Sold Since last a/c 344
remaining on hand—256 Cops
Sales 344 Cops @ 15¢ is \$51.60*

*Dear Sir,
We regret, for your sake as well as ours, that a larger
number of Walden has not been sold.
We enclose our check for Fifty One⁶⁰/₁₀₀ Dollars for sales
to date.*

*Ever Respy
W. D. Ticknor & Co.
Henry D. Thoreau Esq
Concord
Mass.*

On this day [Thoreau](#) was studying [James Ellsworth De Kay's](#) MOLLUSCA OF NEW YORK.

ZOOLOGY

MOLLUSCA, VOLUME V



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD



**Men who regretted for Thoreau's sake as well as their own
that a larger quantity of WALDENs has not been sold.**



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

Soon he would be reading in [George Bancroft](#)'s A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, FROM THE DISCOVERY OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT,



George Bancroft

BANCROFT'S US, I

BANCROFT'S US, II

BANCROFT'S US, III

in [Richard Hildreth](#)'s THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, FROM THE DISCOVERY OF THE CONTINENT TO THE ORGANIZATION OF GOVERNMENT UNDER THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION (New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 82, Cliff Street, 1848-1852),

HILDRETH'S US, I

HILDRETH'S US, II

HILDRETH'S US, III



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

in the 4th volume of the [Reverend Samuel Purchas](#)'s *HAKLUYTUS POSTHUMUS* OR PURCHAS HIS PILGRIMES, CONTAYNING A HISTORY OF THE WORLD, IN SEA VOYAGES, & LANDE TRAVELS, BY ENGLISHMEN AND OTHERS, or perhaps A RELATION OR IOURNALL OF THE BEGINNING AND PROCEEDINGS OF THE ENGLISH PLANTATION SETTLED AT PLIMOTH, IN NEW-ENGLAND, BY CERTAINE ... (Imprinted at London for Henry Fetherstone at ye Signe of the Rose in Pauls Churchyard, 1625), or perhaps THE PRINCIPAL NAVIGATIONS, VOYAGES, TRAFFIQUES & DISCOVERIES OF THE ENGLISH NATION: MADE BY SEA OR OVERLAND TO THE REMOTE & FARTHEST DISTANT QUARTERS OF THE EARTH AT ANY TIME WITHIN THE COMPASSE OF THESE 1600 YEARS BY [RICHARD HAKLUYT](#) VOLUME FOUR (London: J.M. Dent & Co.; New York: E.P. Dutton & Co.)

PURCHAS'S VOLUME IV

and in the 26th volume of [Sir William Jardine](#)'s edition THE NATURALIST'S LIBRARY, a volume originated in 1839 on whales and other mammals, AMPHIBIOUS CARNIVORA; INCLUDING THE WALRUS AND SEALS, AND THE HERBIVOROUS CETACEA, MERMAIDS, &C., VOL.VII BY [ROBERT HAMILTON](#), WITH PORTRAIT AND MEMOIR OF FRANÇOIS PÉRON⁵⁸ (Edinburgh: W.H. Lizars; London: Henry G. Bohn, 1852 [that edition being electronically unavailable, I am forced to render for you the previous edition, of 1843]).



MAMMALIA. WHALES, ETC.

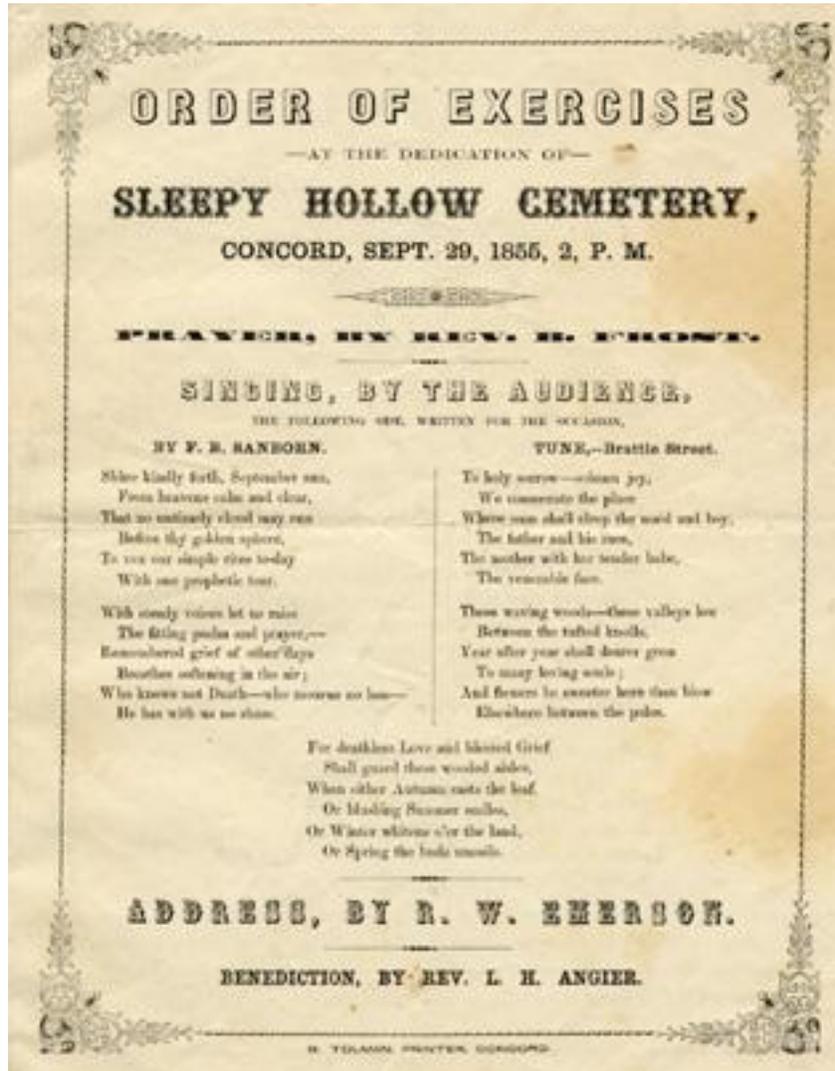
58. Some of this material on whales would find its way into [CAPE COD](#).



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

Additional cemetery land was consecrated in “[Sleepy Hollow](#)” adjoining Concord’s New Burial Ground, the Middlesex County Courthouse, the Concord Townhouse, and the grounds of the Agricultural Society.



[Waldo Emerson](#) dedicated the new garden cemetery as “the palm of Nature’s hand.”

“Address at the Consecration of Sleepy Hollow Cemetery”

... They have thought that the taking possession of this field ought to be marked by a public meeting and religious rites: and they have requested me to say a few words which the serious and tender occasion inspires....

The life of a tree is a hundred and a thousand years; its decays ornamental; its repairs self-made: they grow when we sleep, they grew when we were unborn. Man is a moth among these longevities....

... when these acorns, that are falling at our feet, are oaks



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

overshadowing our children in a remote century, this mute green bank will be full of history....

Our use will not displace the old tenants. The well-beloved birds will not sing one song less, the high-holding woodpecker, the meadow-lark, the oriole, the robin, purple finch, bluebird, thrush and red-eyed warbler, the heron, the bittern will find out the hospitality and protection from the gun of this asylum, and will seek the waters of the meadow....

We shall bring hither the body of the dead, but how shall we catch the escaped soul?

[Also (Baker, Charles, EMERSON AMONG THE ECCENTRICS, Penguin Books, New York, 1996, pp. 397-398): "I have heard that when we pronounce the name of man, we pronounce the belief in Immortality."

"The real evidence is too subtle, or is higher than we can write down in propositions... All sound minds rest on a certain preliminary conviction, namely, that if it be best that conscious personal life shall continue, it will continue; if not best, then it will not."

"In this quiet valley, as in the palm of Nature's hand, we shall sleep well when we have finished our day."]

[Thoreau](#) had measured for the new artificial pond in the cemetery, termed "Cat Pond."

[John Shepard Keyes](#) had been active in the creation of this cemetery.

During this summer and fall almost alone and unaided I laid out the cemetery according to Clevelands plan, so far as was feasible, and with my own hands drove the stakes for the lots and saved as many trees as possible from cutting. Made all the arrangements for dedication and had a memorable address from Emerson a poem from Sanborn, an ode by Channing all delivered on a lovely September day in the glen by the lot I afterwards selected. This was followed by a sale of lots the choice for the first bringing \$50. from W^m Monroe and realizing more than I expected some fifty lots sold, and the undertaking successful Thanks to me we have a 'Sleepy Hollow' cemetery I am quite content to take my long sleep in- and for my only epitaph "The Founder of This Cemetery"

J.S. KEYES AUTOBIOGRAPHY



Friend Daniel Ricketson had been scheduled to visit Concord again and spend time with Henry, but had canceled the visit when he learned that Ellery Channing had moved to Dorchester and would not be available in Concord. So Henry, not standing on dignity, went off to New Bedford:

Clear fine day, growing gradually cooler. Henry D. Thoreau of Concord arrived about 1¹/₂ o'clock.



September 29: Go to Daniel Ricketson's, New Bedford.

[Transcript]



At Natural History Library saw Dr. Cabot, who says that he has heard either the hermit, or else the olivaceous, thrush sing, — very like a wood thrush, but softer. Is sure that the hermit thrush sometimes breeds hereabouts. De Kay, in the New York Reports, thus describes the blackfish— [The quotation is somewhat abridged.]

“FAMILY DELPHINIDÆ.
Genus *Globicephalus*. Lesson.
The Social Whale.
Globicephalus melas.
Delphinus melas. Trail, Nicholson's Journal.
D. globiceps. Cuvier, Mem. Mus. Vol. 19.
D. deductor. Scoresby, Arct. Regions.
D. intermedius. Harlan.
Phocena globiceps. Sampson, Am. Journal.”

“Length 15 to 20 feet;” “shining, bluish black above;” a narrow light-gray stripe beneath; “remarkable for its loud cries when excited.”

“Black Whale-fish,” “Howling Whale,” “Social Whale,” and “Bottle-head.” Often confounded with the grampus. Not known why they are stranded. In 1822 one hundred stranded in one herd at Wellfleet. First described in a History of Greenland. In the [Naturalists' Library, Jardine](#), I find *Globicephalus deductor* or *melas*, “The Deductor or Ca'ing Whale.” First accurately described by Trail in 1809. Sixteen to twenty-four feet long. In 1799 two hundred ran ashore on one of the Shetland Isles. In the winter of 1809-10, one thousand one hundred and ten “approached the shore of Hvalfiord, Iceland, and were captured.” In 1812 were used as food by the poor of Bretagne. They visit the neighborhood of Nice in May and June.

Got out at Tarkiln Hill or Head of the River Station, three miles this side of New Bedford. Recognized an old Dutch barn. R.'s sons, Arthur and Walton, were just returning from tautog fishing in Buzzard's Bay, and I tasted one at supper, — singularly curved from snout to tail.⁵⁹

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

**THE SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY — OLD GRAVES
(Franklin Benjamin Sanborn)**

My arrival to reside in Concord was at the time when old customs were changing for new ones. The settlement of Waldo Emerson here in 1834, after his return from Europe, and his first

59. [Refer to DANIEL RICKETSON AND HIS FRIENDS, page 337.]



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acquaintance with Thomas Carlyle, had something to do with these changes, especially after his friends began to gather round him here – the Thoreaus, John and Henry, in 1836; Alcott in 1840; Hawthorne in 1842; Ellery Channing in 1843; Margaret Fuller from 1836 to 1845 (though she never resided but only visited in Concord); and the Ripley family in 1845, inheriting the Old Manse, and receiving there Mrs. Ripley's brother, George Bradford, who had been with Hawthorne at Brook Farm, and at Plymouth with Marston Watson at his garden and nursery of "Hillside," which Thoreau surveyed and mapped for the Watsons in 1854. Mrs. Marston Watson (Mary Russell, a sister of William and Thomas Russell, Boston lawyers) had also lived in the Emerson family before her marriage, and was "The Maiden in the East" to whom Thoreau inscribed an early poem. These friends and among the Concord residents, the Hoar, Whiting and Bartlett families, and Edmund [Hosmer](#), a sturdy farmer, with his daughters and kindred, all made up a circle especially intimate with Emerson, Alcott and Thoreau, though by no means all agreeing with the social, religious and political reformers, to which class belonged Garrison, Phillips, Theodore Parker, the Brook Farm and Fruitlands residents, and many visitors from America and Europe. Among these soon appeared Henry James, Charles Newcomb, the May family, Frederick Douglass, and other fugitive slaves, whom Mrs. Brooks, the Thoreaus, and other anti-slavery households received and cherished – helping them on their way to freedom, when pursued, as they sometimes were. My school grew in numbers during its first term, and much more in its first full year, 1855-56, near the beginning of which, in September, 1855, I was called on to make my first public appearance as a citizen – not as a voter; for I still had a voting residence in New Hampshire, where my brother and I had aided in voting down the pro-slavery Democratic party, whose leader at the time was Hawthorne's college friend, Gen. Pierce, then President of the United States. One evening, early in September, I was sitting in our Channing apartment with my sister, when Mr. Emerson called for an errand surprising to me. The Sleepy Hollow Cemetery had been purchased and was to be dedicated, and Emerson was to give the address. He was also on the Town Committee to arrange for the exercises at the grove, where the prayers, hymns and poems were read and sung; and it was in that capacity he called on me. He said, "I asked Mr. Channing for a poem on this occasion, and he has sent me a good poem, but they tell me it cannot be sung. Now will you not write for us verses that will go to some familiar tune?" He had seen some of my college verses, and others which were made to be sung, and had been sung, and he inferred from that, a capacity to do the same for Concord. I assented, and presently showed him these lines:

Ode.

Shine kindly forth, September sun,
From heavens calm and clear,
That no untimely cloud may run



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Before thy golden sphere,
To vex our simple rites today
With one prophetic tear.
With steady voices let us raise
The fitting psalm and prayer;—
Remembered grief of other days
Breathes softening in the air:
Who knows not Death — who mourns no loss,—
He has with us no share.
To holy sorrow, solemn joy,
We consecrate the place
Where soon shall sleep the maid and boy,
The father and his race,
The mother with her tender babe,
The venerable face.
These waving woods, these valleys low,
Between the tufted knolls,
Year after year shall dearer grow
To many loving souls;
And flowers be sweeter here than blow
Elsewhere between the poles.
For deathless Love and blessed Grief
Shall guard these wooded aisles,
When either Autumn casts the leaf,
Or blushing Summer smiles,
Or Winter whitens o'er the land,
Or Spring the buds uncoils.

The day proved to be that prayed for; these lines were sweetly sung to the tune of St. Martin's; and in the choir I recognized the voices of some of my new friends. Mr. Emerson liked them, and printed them afterward in his "Parnassus," as he did Channing's poem, which as poetry was much better, and which also appears in "Parnassus," and in the XIth volume of the Centenary edition of Emerson, as here:

Sleepy Hollow.
(W.E. Channing)

No abbeys gloom, no dark cathedral stoops,
No winding torches paint the midnight air;
Here the green pine delights, the aspen droops
Along the modest pathways, and those fair
Pale asters of the season spread their plumes
Around this field, fit garden for our tombs.
And thou shalt pause to hear some funeral bell
Slow stealing o'er thy heart in this calm place;
Not with a throb of pain, a feverish knell,
But in its kind and supplicating grace
It says, "Go, Pilgrim, on thy march! be more
Friend to the friendless than thou wast before!"
Learn from the loved one's rest, serenity!
Tomorrow that soft bell for thee shall sound,
And thou repose beneath the whispering tree,
One tribute more to this submissive ground:—
Prison thy soul from malice, bar out pride!
Nor these pale flowers, nor this still field deride.
Rather to those accents of Being turn,
Where a ne'er-setting sun illumines the year
Eternal: and the incessant watch-fires burn
Of unspent holiness and goodness clear,—
Forget man's littleness, — deserve the best,—



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God's mercy in thy thought and life confest!

Seldom has a finer poem been read on such an occasion. My own verses were favorably received, and the late Judge Keyes, whose daughter Annie had become one of my pupils, said that I was now a citizen of Concord, and, like some French poet whom he named, as rewarded with a grave at Pere la Chaise, ought to have a burial lot granted me wherever I chose. Long afterward I bought my present lot, in which my poet-son is buried with a slab of marble from Athens above him, inscribed with a Greek line from a Roman tomb in Boetia, of the early Christian period.



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CAPE COD: In the summer and fall sometimes, hundreds of blackfish (the Social Whale, *Globicephalus melas* of De Kay; called also Black Whale-fish, Howling Whale, Bottle-head, &c.), fifteen feet or more in length, are driven ashore in a single school here. I witnessed such a scene in July, 1855. A carpenter who was working at the light-house arriving early in the morning remarked that he did not know but he had lost fifty dollars by coming to his work; for as he came along the Bay side he heard them driving a school of blackfish ashore, and he had debated with himself whether he should not go and join them and take his share, but had concluded to come to his work. After breakfast I came over to this place, about two miles distant, and near the beach met some of the fishermen returning from their chase. Looking up and down the shore, I could see about a mile south some large black masses on the sand, which I knew must be blackfish, and a man or two about them. As I walked along towards them I soon came to a huge carcass whose head was gone and whose blubber had been stripped off some weeks before; the tide was just beginning to move it, and the stench compelled me to go a long way round. When I came to Great Hollow I found a fisherman and some boys on the watch, and counted about thirty blackfish, just killed, with many lance wounds, and the water was more or less bloody around. They were partly on shore and partly in the water, held by a rope round their tails till the tide should leave them. A boat had been somewhat stove by the tail of one. They were a smooth shining black, like India-rubber, and had remarkably simple and lumpish forms for animated creatures, with a blunt round snout or head, whale-like, and simple stiff-looking flippers. The largest were about fifteen feet long, but one or two were only five feet long, and still without teeth. The fisherman slashed one with his jackknife, to show me how thick the blubber was, -about three inches; and as I passed my finger through the cut it was covered thick with oil. The blubber looked like pork, and this man said that when they were trying it the boys would sometimes come round with a piece of bread in one hand, and take a piece of blubber in the other to eat with it, preferring it to pork scraps. He also cut into the flesh beneath, which was firm and red like beef, and he said that for his part he preferred it when fresh to beef. It is stated that in 1812 blackfish were used as food by the poor of Bretagne. They were waiting for the tide to leave these fishes high and dry, that they might strip off the blubber and carry it to their try-works in their boats, where they try it on the beach. They get commonly a barrel of oil, worth fifteen or twenty dollars, to a fish. There were many lances and harpoons in the boats, - much slenderer instruments than I had expected. An old man came along the beach with a horse and wagon distributing the dinners of the fishermen, which their wives had put up in little pails and jugs, and which he had collected in the Pond Village, and for this service, I suppose, he received a share of the oil. If one could not tell his own pail, he took the first he came to.

PEOPLE OF
CAPE COD

ZOOLOGY

ROBERT HAMILTON

JAMES ELLSWORTH DE KAY



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As I stood there they raised the cry of "another school," and we could see their black backs and their blowing about a mile northward, as they went leaping over the sea like horses. Some boats were already in pursuit there, driving them toward the beach. Other fishermen and boys running up began to jump into the boats and push them off from where I stood, and I might have gone too had I chosen. Soon there were twenty-five or thirty boats in pursuit, some large ones under sail, and others rowing with might and main, keeping outside of the school, those nearest to the fishes striking on the sides of their boats and blowing horns to drive them on to the beach. It was an exciting race. If they succeed in driving them ashore each boat takes one share, and then each man, but if they are compelled to strike them off shore each boat's company take what they strike. I walked rapidly along the shore toward the north, while the fishermen were rowing still more swiftly to join their companions, and a little boy who walked by my side was congratulating himself that his father's boat was beating another one. An old blind fisherman whom we met, inquired, "Where are they, I can't see. Have they got them?" In the mean while the fishes had turned and were escaping northward toward Provincetown, only occasionally the back of one being seen. So the nearest crews were compelled to strike them, and we saw several boats soon made fast, each to its fish, which, four or five rods ahead was drawing it like a race-horse straight toward the beach, leaping half out of water blowing blood and water from its hole, and leaving a streak of foam behind. But they went ashore too far north for us, though we could see the fishermen leap out and lance them on the sand. It was just like pictures of whaling which I have seen, and a fisherman told me that it was nearly as dangerous. In his first trial he had been much excited, and in his haste had used a lance with its scabbard on, but nevertheless had thrust it quite through his fish.

I learned that a few days before this one hundred and eighty blackfish had been driven ashore in one school at Eastham, a little farther south, and that the keeper of Billingsgate Point light went out one morning about the same time and cut his initials on the backs of a large school which had run ashore in the night, and sold his right to them to Provincetown for one thousand dollars, and probably Provincetown made as much more. Another fisherman told me that nineteen years ago three hundred and eighty were driven ashore in one school at Great Hollow. In the Naturalist's Library, it is said that, in the winter of 1809-10, one thousand one hundred and ten "approached the shore of Hvalfiord, Iceland, and were captured." De Kay says it is not known why they are stranded. But one fisherman declared to me that they ran ashore in pursuit of squid, and that they generally came on the coast about the last of July.

About a week afterward, when I came to this shore, it was strewn as far as I could see with a glass, with the carcasses of blackfish stripped of their blubber and their heads cut off; the latter lying higher up. Walking on the beach was out of the question on account of the stench. Between Provincetown and Truro they lay in the very path of the stage. Yet no steps were taken to abate the nuisance, and men were catching lobsters as usual just off the shore. I was told that they did sometimes tow them out and sink them; yet I wondered where they got the stones to sink them with. Of course they might be made into guano, and Cape Cod is not so fertile that her inhabitants can afford to do without this manure, -to say nothing of the diseases they may produce.

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After my return home, wishing to learn what was known about the Blackfish, I had recourse to the reports of the zoölogical surveys of the State, and I found that Storer had rightfully omitted it in his Report on the Fishes, since it is not a fish; so I turned to Emmons's Report of the Mammalia, but was surprised to find that the seals and whales were omitted by him, because he had had no opportunity to observe them. Considering how this State has risen and thriven by its fisheries, -that the legislature which authorized the Zoölogical Survey sat under the emblem of a codfish,- that Nantucket and New Bedford are within our limits, -that an early riser may find a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars' worth of blackfish on the shore in a morning, -that the Pilgrims saw the Indians cutting up a blackfish on the shore at Eastham, and called a part of that shore "Grampus Bay," from the number of blackfish they found there, before they got to Plymouth, -and that from that time to this these fishes have continued to enrich one or two counties almost annually, and that their decaying carcasses were now poisoning the air of one county for more than thirty miles, -I thought it remarkable that neither the popular nor scientific name was to be found in a report on our mammalia, - a *catalogue* of the productions of our land and water.

 September 30, Sunday: [Henry Thoreau](#) at [Friend Daniel Ricketson's](#) home in [New Bedford](#):





Rather unsettled, but quite a fine day. Visited with Thoreau Sassaquin and Long Ponds, also "Joe's Rocks." Left about ten A.M. and returned at six P.M. in buggy wagon with old Charley, who performed his work with great spirit.



Sep 30th Sunday— Rode with R. to Sassacowens Pond, in the north part of New Bedford— ~~So called from an Indian~~ on the Taunton road. Called also Toby's Pond, from Jonathan Toby, who lives close by, who has





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a [^famous] lawsuit, all about a road he built to Taunton years ago, which he has not got paid for. In which suit he told us he had spent 30000 dollars — employed Webster —

~~Toby~~ Toby said the pond was called from the last of the Indians who lived there [^100 or 150 yrs ago] — & that you can still see his cellar-hole, etc., on the west side of the pond. We saw floating in the pond the bottom of an old log canoe, the sides rolled up, and some great bleached trunks of trees washed up. Found two quartz arrow-heads on the neighboring fields. Noticed the Ailanthus or tree of heaven about Toby's house, giving it a tropical look.

Thence we proceeded to Long Pond, stopping at the S. end, which is in Freetown about 9 miles from R.'s. The main part is in Middleborough. It is about 4 miles long by 7/8 wide, measuring on the maps of Middleborough and of the State (a man said 5 to 15 feet deep or 20 in some places), with at least three islands in it. This and the neighboring ponds were remarkably low. We first came out on to a fine soft white sandy beach 2 rods wide near the S.E. end, and walked westerly; it was very wild, and not a boat to be seen. The sandy bottom in the shallow water from the shore to three or four rods out, or as far as we could see, was thickly furrowed by clams, chiefly the common arno, and a great many were left dead or dying high and dry within a few feet of the water. These furrows, with each its clam at the end, though headed different ways —all ways— described various figures on the bottom, some pretty perfect circles, figure 6's and 3's, whiplashes curling to snap, bow-knots, serpentine lines, and often crossing each other's tracks like the paths of rockets or bombshells. I never saw these forms so numerous. Soon we came to a stony and rocky shore abutting on a meadow fringed with wood, with quite a primitive aspect. With the stones the clams ceased. Saw two places where invisible inhabitants make fires and do their washing on the shore, some barrels or firkins, etc., still left. Some of the rocks at high-water mark were very large and wild, which the water had undermined on the edge of the woods. Here, too, were some great bleached trunks of trees high and dry. Saw a box-tortoise which had been recently killed on the rocky shore. After walking in all about 1/3 or 1/2 a mile, came again to a sandy shore, where the sand-bars lately cast up and saturated with water sank under us. There we saw, washed up dead, a great pickerel 23 inches long (we measured it on a cane), and there was projecting from its mouth the tail of another pickerel. As I wished to ascertain the size of the last, but could not pull it out, for I found it would part first at the tail, it was so firmly fixed, I cut into the larger one (though it was very offensive) and found that the head and much more was digested, and that the smaller fish had been at least fifteen inches long. The big one had evidently been choked by trying to swallow too large a mouthful. Such was the penalty it had paid for its voracity. There were several suckers and some minnows also washed up near by. They get no iron from these ponds now.

Went to a place easterly from the south end of this pond called "Joe's Rocks," just over the Rochester line, where a cousin of Thomas Morton told us that one Joe Ashley secreted himself in the Revolution around the fissures of the rocks, and being supplied with food by his friends, could not be found, though he had enlisted in the army. Returning, we crossed the Acushnet River where it takes its rise, coming out of a swamp. Looked for arrow-heads in a field where were many quahog, oyster, scallop, clam, and winkles (pyrola) shells, probably brought by the whites four or five miles from the salt water. Also saw these in places where Indians had frequented. Went into an old deserted house —the Brady house— where two girls who had lived in the family of R. and his brother had been born and bred. R. said that they were particularly bright girls and lovers of Nature; had read my "Walden;" now kept school, and have still an affection for their old house. We visited the spring they had used, saw the great willow-tree at the corner of the house, in which one of the girls, an infant in the cradle, thought that the wind began, as she looked out of the window and heard the wind sigh through it; saw how the chimney in the garret was eked out with flat stones, bricks being dear.

Arthur Ricketson showed me in his collection what was apparently an Indian mortar, which had come from Sampson's in Middleborough. It was a dark granite-like stone some ten inches long by eight wide and four thick, with a regular round cavity worn in it four inches in diameter and one and one half deep, also a smaller one opposite on the other side. he also showed me the perfect shell of *Emys guttata* with some of the internal bones, which had been found between the plastering and boarding of a meeting-house at the Head of the River (in New Bedford) which was 75 or 80 years old, and was torn down 15 or 20 years ago, supposed to have crawled in when the meeting-house was built, though it was not very near water. It had lost no scales, but was bleached to a dirty white, sprinkled with spots still yellow.

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Also on this day, in the [Unitarian](#) church of [Washington DC](#), the Reverend [Moncure Daniel Conway](#) preached a memorable sermon.⁶⁰

Per [James and John Haun's diary](#) of working their claims in and around Quincy, Nelson Point, and Rabbit Creek (La Porte), [California](#), on this day they were engaged in fighting that yielded no gold.

60.  [Moncure Daniel Conway](#). PHARISAISM AND FASTING: A DISCOURSE DELIVERED IN THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, WASHINGTON CITY, ON SEPTEMBER 30, 1855, BY MONCURE D. CONWAY, MINISTER. Published by request. Pamphlet. Washington DC: Buell & Blanchard. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1855.

READ THE FULL TEXT





 October 2, Tuesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was at [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#)'s home "Brooklawn" in [New Bedford](#):



Cloudy and windy. Left home at 8 A.M. with H.D. Thoreau and visited several of the Middleboro Ponds, spending the most part of the day among them. Home at 6 ¹/₂, dark cloudy evening. Spent an hour on the shore by Betty's Neck, so called; found the rock with the footmark upon it, though not as distinct as when I visited it in 1847, -

1749 (Footmark) Israel Felix.

Israel Felix was an old Indian preacher; the footprint Thoreau supposed to be much older than the date or the name. The rocks around bore marks of other records, but so nearly obliterated as to be hardly distinguished. Saw five loons near the shore, also a half-blood Indian woman with her husband, a negro, starting in their boat to fish. Saw also the wife of my old friend John Rosier, who was drowned in the pond several years ago. John was a half-blood Indian, being part negro. He lived in a little cabin half in a hill, with a roof over it. There are but two of the old stock remaining, one by the name of Lydia Squinn, who now lives in New Bedford, and another, [a female by the name of Simonds](#), who lives now on Scoticut Neck. We also stopped at the old Indian burying-place near the road by Quittacus Pond.



Per [James and John Haun's diary](#) of working their claims in and around Quincy, Nelson Point, and Rabbit Creek (La Porte), [California](#), on this day their activities yielded about \$14.50 worth of gold: "We went to work very leisurely, knowing we could not have water to work with after noon. About 10 A.M. Duesler came to our diggings with two other strangers. I called him to me. The other two soon left, going to dinner. He told me his business: it was to borrow money to buy a house at Rabbit Creek.

P.M. We did nothing but clean up and got \$14.50. Supper over, we went down to the Point and learned that Lloyd had left yesterday morning for Sacramento to see after his lawsuit. I suppose it is the best thing he can do to leave here and never come back."



Oct. 2. A cloudy day. Rode to "Sampson's" in [Middleborough](#), thirteen miles. Many quails in road.



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Passed over a narrow neck between the two Quitticus ponds, after first visiting Great Quitticus on right of road and gathering clamshells there, as I had done at Long Pond and intend to do at Assawampsett. These shells labelled will be good mementos of the ponds. It was a great, wild pond with large islands in it.

Saw a loon on Little or West Quitticus from road, an old bird with a black bill. The bayonet or rainbow rush was common along the shore there.

In Backus's Account of Middleborough, Historical Collections, vol. iii, First Series: "Philip once sent an array to waylay Capt. Church in Assowamset Neck; which is in the south part of Middleborough." Perhaps this was it. Just beyond this neck, by the roadside, between the road and West Quitticus pond, is an old Indian burying-ground. R. thought it was used before the whites came, though of late by the "praying Indians." This was the old stage road from New Bedford to Boston. It occupies a narrow strip between the road and the pond, about a dozen rods wide at the north end, and narrower at the south, and is thirty or forty feet above the water. Now covered with a middling growth of oak, birch, hickory, etc. Chestnut oaks (perhaps *Quercus montana*) grow near there. I gathered some leaves and one large acorn, from the buggy.

There were two stones with inscriptions. R. copied one as follows:—

In memory of Jean Squeen
who died April 13th 1794 in
her 23 year. Also of Benjⁿ
who died at sea April 22 1799
in his 26th year children of
Lydia Squeen a native
When earth was made when time began
Death was decreed the fate of man

The purport of the other was that Lydia Squeen died in 1812, aged seventy-five. The other graves were only faintly marked with rough head and foot stones. All amid the thick wood. There were one or two graves without any stones, apparently not more than five or six years old.

We soon left the main road and turned into a path on the right, leading to Assawampsett Pond, a mile distant. There, too, was a fine sandy beach, the south shore of the pond, three or four rods wide. We walked along the part called Betty's Neck. This pond is, by the map of Middleborough, a little more than three miles long in a straight line northwest and southeast across Pocksha, and nearly two wide. We saw the village of Middleborough Four Corners far across it, yet no village on the shore. As we walked easterly, the shore became stony. On one large slate (?) rock with a smooth surface, sloping toward the pond at highwater mark, were some inscriptions or sculptures which R. had copied about ten years since, thus:—

1749 [foot] B. Hill Israel felix

The "B. Hill" is comparatively modern. R. said that Israel Felix was an old Indian preacher. According to Backus in Historical Collections, vol. iii, First Series, Thomas Felix was an Indian teacher in Middleborough once. The foot appeared very ancient, though pecked in only half an inch. It has squarish form and broad at the toes, like the representation of some sculptured in rocks at the West. For a long time we could discern only 1749 and B. Hill. At length we detected the foot, and after my companion had given up, concluding that the water and the ice had obliterated the rest within ten years, I at last rather felt with my fingers than saw with my eyes the faintly graven and lichen-covered letters of Israel Felix's name. We had looked on that surface full fifteen minutes in vain, yet I felt out the letters after all with certainty.

In a description of Middleborough in the Historical Collections, vol. iii, 1810, signed "Nehemiah Bennet, Middleborough, 1793," it is said, "There is on the easterly shore of Assawampsitt Pond, on the shore of Betty's-neck, two rocks which have curious marks thereon (supposed to be done by the Indians) which appear like the steppings of a person with naked feet, which settled into the rocks; likewise the prints of a hand on several places, with a number of other marks; also, there is a rock on a high hill, a little to the eastward of the old stone fishing wear, where there is the print of a person's hand in said rock."

Perhaps we might have detected more on these same rocks, had we read this before, for we saw that there was something on the next rock. We did not know of the "wear."

The same writer speaks of a settlement of Indians at "Betty's-neck (which place took its name from an ancient Indian woman by the name of Betty Sasemore, who owned that neck) where there is now eight Indian houses and eight families," between thirty and forty souls.

I was interested by some masses of pudding-stone further along, the shore. There were also a few large flat, sloping slate (?) rocks. I saw a small *Emys picta*; and a young snapping turtle, apparently hatched this summer, the whole length when swimming about three inches. It was larger than mine last April and had ten very distinct points to its shell behind. I first saw it in the water next the shore. The same Bennet quoted above adds in a



postscript:—

“In the year 1763, Mr. Shubael Thompson found a land turtle in the north-east part of Middleborough, which by some misfortune had lost one of its feet, and found the following marks on its shell, viz. I. W. 1747. He marked it S. T. 1763, and let it go. It was found again in the year 1773, by Elijah Clap, who marked it E. C. 1773, and let it go. It was found again in the year 1775, by Captain William Shaw, in the month of May, who marked it W. S. 1775. It was found again by said Shaw the same year, in September, about one hundred rods distance from the place where he let it go.

“It was found again in the year 1784, by Jonathan Soule, who marked it J. S. 1784, and let it go. It was found again in the year 1790, by Joseph Soule, who marked it J. S. 1790, and let it go. It was found again in the year 1791, by Zenas Smith, who marked it Z. S. 1791, and let it go; it being the last time it was found; 44 years from the time the first marks were put on.”

We saw five loons diving near the shore of Betty’s Neck, which, instead of swimming off, approached within ten rods as if to reconnoitre us. Only one had a black bill, and that not entirely so; another’s was turning. Their throats were all very white. I was surprised to see the usnea hanging *thick* on many apple trees and some pears in the neighborhood of this and the other ponds, as on spruce. Sheep are pastured hereabouts.

Returning along the shore we saw a man and woman putting off in a small boat, the first we had seen. The man was black. He rowed, and the woman steered. R. called out to them. They approached within a couple of rods in the shallow water. “Come nearer,” said R. “Don’t be afraid; I ain’t a-going to hurt you.” The woman answered, “I never saw the man yet that I was afraid of.” The man’s name was Thomas Smith, and in answer to R.’s very direct questions as to how much he was of the native stock, said that he was one-fourth Indian. He then asked the woman, who sat unmoved in the stern with a brown dirt-colored dress on, a regular country woman, an acre of face (squaw-like), having first inquired of Tom if she was his woman, how much Indian blood she had in her. She did not answer directly so home a question, yet at length as good as acknowledged to be half Indian, and said she came from Carver, where she had one sister, the only half-breed about here. Said her name was Sepit, but could not spell it. R. said, “Your nose looks rather Indiany.” Where will you find a Yankee and his wife going a-fishing thus? They lived on the shore. Tom said that he had seen turtles in the pond that weighed between 50 and 60. Had caught a pickerel that morning that weighed four or five pounds; had also seen them washed up with another in their mouths.

Their boat was of peculiar construction, and T. said it was called a sharper [*sic*], with very high sides and a remarkable run on the bottom aft, and the bottom boards were laid across, coming out flush, and the sides set on them; an ugly model. [DRAWING]

Tom said that Assawampsett was fifteen to twenty feet deep in deepest part. A Mr. Sampson, good authority, told me nine or ten on an average, aid the deepest place said to be thirty or more.

R. told the squaw that we were interested in those of the old stock, now they were so few. “Yes,” said she, “and you’d be glad if they were all gone.” This boat had a singular “wooden grapple,” as Tom called it, made in form of a cross, thus: [DRAWING]

with a stone within. [DRAWING]

The stones on which we walked about all the ponds were covered, now the water was low, with a hoary sort of moss which I do not remember to have seen in Concord; very fine and close to the rock.

Great shallow lakes, the surrounding country hardly rising anywhere to more than a hundred feet above them. According to Bourne’s map there are in Middleborough:—

57,937½ acres of land
5,250 acres of water
63,187½ total

Backus says that iron was discovered at the bottom of Assawampsett Pond about 1747. (Historical Collections, vol. iii, First Series.) “Men go out with boats, and make use of instruments much like those with which oysters are taken, to get up the ore from the bottom of the pond.” “It became the main ore that was used in the town.” Once one man got two tons a day; in 1794, half a ton. Yet there was then (in 1794) plenty of it in an adjacent pond which was twenty feet deep. Much of it was better than the bog ore they had been using. Dr. Thatcher says that Assawampsett Pond once afforded annually six hundred tons of ore. A man afterward discovered it in a pond in Carver, by drawing up some with a fish-line accidentally, and it was extensively used. I did not hear of any being obtained now.

There were three Praying Indian villages in Middleborough — Namassekett, Assawomsit, and Ketchiquit (Titicut), — the last in the northwest part, on Taunton River, where was an Indian weir. Winslow and company on a visit to Massasoit in June, 1621, stopped at Nemasket, fifteen miles, the first night before “conceived by us to be very near, because the inhabitants flocked so thick upon every slight occasion amongst us, etc., etc., q. v. R. is a man of feeling. As we were riding by a field in which a man was shackling a sheep, which struggled, R.

involuntarily shouted to him and asked, “What would you do?”

We left our horse and buggy at John Kingman’s and walked by Sampson’s to a hill called King Philip’s Lookout, from which we got a good view of Assawampsett and Long Ponds. There was a good-sized sailboat at Sampson’s house, now kept by a Barrows. The shores were now surrounded with pale wine-colored foliage, of maples, etc., and inland were seen the very *fresh* green and yellow of pines, contrasting with the red (*Rubus*) blackberry. The highest land appears to be about the northwest end of the ponds.

I saw at Kingman’s long-handled but small scoop nets for taking young alewives for pickerel bait. They think the white perch one of the best fish, like a cod.

Elder’s Pond, a little further north, is said to be the deepest and clearest.⁶¹ Walking along the north end of Long Pond, while R. bathed, I found amid the rainbow rush, pipewort (*Eriocaulon*), etc., on the now broad flat shore, a very beautiful flower, pinkish rose-color, new to me, and still quite fresh, the *Sabbatia chloroides*, referred to Plymouth; ten stamens and petal divisions, about one foot high. I also observed there the very broad and distinct trail of an otter in the wet sand, to and from the water, with the mark of its tail, though Kingman did not know of any now hereabouts.

The arrowheads hereabouts are commonly white quartz.

R. says “gamble-roof.” This should be “gambrel,” apparently from the hind leg of a horse, -crooked like it.



[As we can see, on October 2, 1855 Thoreau made repeated references in his journal to the Reverend Isaac Backus’s “An Historical Account of Middleborough, in the County of Plymouth,” as it appeared in the COLLECTIONS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 1st series, volume 3, originally published in 1794 and reprinted in 1810. The article appears on pages 148-153.]

61. Not so deep as said.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD



October 4, Thursday: [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) wrote in his journal: “Clear and fine most of the day; shower latter part afternoon. Rode to Westport with Thoreau and examined the old Proprietor’s Records of the old township of Dartmouth for the names of my ancestors. Returning stopped upon the shore of Westport Pond in a grove of young oaks, where ourselves and old Charley ate our dinner, arriving home about 4 ¹/₂ P.M. Showery evening.” [Henry Thoreau](#) also wrote in his journal about this journey with Friend Daniel from his home “Brooklawn” in [New Bedford](#) to Westport and this lunch by Westport Pond in Dartmouth, which, he noted, was only about 2 feet deep despite being reported to be 60 acres in extent. “Old Charley” was presumably their horse.



Juan Alvarez replaced Rómulo Díaz de la Vega as interim President of [Mexico](#).

Per [James and John Haun’s diary](#) of working their claims in and around Quincy, Nelson Point, and Rabbit Creek (La Porte), [California](#), it was: “We started shortly after sunup for the American Valley. I shot a squirrel and farther on I shot at a deer. I got within 150 steps and did not scare the animal. I reloaded as John was trying to get near enough to shoot it, but off it went. I went over to collect money that I had loaned but both the parties was not at home. I reported Buck to the prosecuting attorney for gambling. We took dinner at Ward’s, \$3 for all, and went home.”



Oct 4 Rode to Westport—where R wished to consult the Proprietor’s Records of Dartmouth to find the names &c of his ancestors. Passed through Smith’s Mills village — the older settlements — in Dartmouth on the stream which comes from Sassacowens Pond — then Westport about 3 miles beyond — & crossed the Westport River to Giffords a mile beyond, where the Records were. Returning lunched by Westport Pond in Dartmouth — said to contain 60 acres — but to only about 2 feet deep — Saw a blue heron in it some rods from the shore. — where the water did not come up to its body — perhaps it might have waded any when in it. It stood with the side of its head toward us being wary of us. When it moved walked with a peculiar stooping & undulating gait in the water — At length thrust its bill in as if feeding. [Written in left-hand margin in pencil: “x Phoenix”] that must be a rare place for it to catch frogs & perhaps minnows in — — though we were told that there only turtle snakes — & pouts in it. The vanes on this ride were often a whale — rather a lumpish form, but reminding us that the farmer had perhaps been a whaler.

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

 October 5, Friday: An earthquake was felt in San Francisco, [California](#).

Per [James and John Haun's diary](#) of working their claims in and around Quincy, Nelson Point, and Rabbit Creek (La Porte), [California](#), it was: "Breakfast over we all three went down to the Point. No mail. I soon got through my business and went home again. Bill and I went out to the diggins to set our sluice boxes in the left channel as we go up. While we were at it John Bass came over from the valley to see me about the money he owes me and said could not pay it before the 16th instant. He left and we finished fixing our sluice boxes and went to dinner.

P.M. John and Bill let on the water. We all put in for the rest of the day. About closing time Jack stood on the bank of the ravine singing out. We dropped all and went up to him. We whooped and yelled no little. He said he left all well and their business in good fix. We went to the cabins took tea. Jack, somewhat wearied, soon fell off to sleep."

[Henry Thoreau](#) was still at [Friend Daniel Ricketson's](#) home "Brooklawn" in [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#):



Clear and fine, warm for the season. Left home this morning at 8 o'clock with Henry D. Thoreau, who has been on a visit with us at Brooklawn during the past week, for Plymouth; went by the way of Middleborough, crossing by Long Pond into Carver; took our dinner on the way, under some pines by the wayside, where we also baited our horse, "Billy," upon oats. Took tea at the house of B.M. [Benjamin Marston] Watson, a friend of Thoreau, who has a nursery near Plymouth, a very pleasant place, and nice people, — Mr. and Mrs. W. and the mother of Mr. W. and three young children. Rode into Plymouth after tea, and stopped for the night at Olyn's on Leyden Street.

BENJAMIN MARSTON WATSON

MIDDLEBOROUGH



Oct 5th Rode to Plymouth with R in his buggy — ~~After pas~~ In the north part of Rochester went into an old uninhabited house which once belonged to John Shearman. It had the date 1753 engraved on an oblong square stone in the stone chimney — — though the chimney top had been rebuilt with the old stone. The house had a singular musty scent when we opened it. The bare [^joints above] rafters in the kitchen all black with smoke. In the cellar grew the apple Peru *Nicandra physaloides* — then in bloom. A short datura like blossom with a large fruit like capsule. After passing the neck between the 2 Quitticus Ponds we turned to the right & passed by the Point Road between

[Transcript]



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

the Great quitticus & Pockshire Ponds
This was a mere bar 1/2 a mile long
2 or 3 rods wide & built up above
high water with larger stones. We
rode with one wheel in the water —
There was in one place a stream
crossing it — & 2 or more bridges pre-
pared for high water — Scared up
5 ap. black ducks. Continued
on towards Carver by small
winding country roads — via where
was once Nelsons' Meetinghouse —?
& along the east side of Tispa-
quin Pond [^This was the name of the old Sachem of Namaskett] — near which in a field
R. picked up a young E picta's (?)
shell — which I have — Beyond this
the country was almost uniformly
level sandy — oak wood with few
dwellings. Lunched near the boundary
of Carver. Passed Johns Pond —
& Wenham Pond — & others in Carver —
[^passing a mile or more S of Carver Green] & afterward Clear Pond in Plymouth.
We heard the blasting of at the Quincy
quarries — (so Watson told us) during
this ride — I think even as far back
as New Bedford Township — very distinctly.
Ac. to Bennet, writing 1793, (v Hist Coll)
Snipatuct Pond in Rochester has one
stream emptying into the sea at Matta-
poisett Harbor & another 3/4 of a mile
long emptying into East Quitiquos Pond, —
— “So that the alewife fish come into Snip-
atuct pond from both streams.”
In a description of Carver in the IV vol.
2nd series of the Hist. Col. — I read — “The
cast iron tea kettle was first cast
at Plympton (now Carver) between
1760 & 1765. So modern is this very
common utensil in New England.
Wrought iron imported tea kettles were
used before a copper tea kettle was
first used at Plymouth, 1702.”
also “A place called ‘Swan Holt’
by the first planters, a little south-east
of Wenham Pond, denotes the former
visits of that bird, the earliest harbinger
of Spring; for before the ice is yet
broken up the swan finds an open
resting place among the osier holts, while
the kildee*, flying over the land from
the sea shore, soon after confirms the
vernal promise.” A note adds —
* “A species of plover, probably the ‘que ce
qu’il dit?’ of the French. It may be
added that Kildee is the Danish word
for a spring.”
Lodged at Olney's (the old Hedge)



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

House in Plymouth.

Oct. 5. Rode to Plymouth with R., in his buggy.

In the north part of Rochester, went into an old uninhabited house which once belonged to John Shearman. It had the date 1753 engraved on an oblong square stone in the stone chimney, though the chimney-top had been rebuilt with the old stone. The house had a singular musty scent when we opened it. The bare joists above in the kitchen all black with smoke. In the cellar grew the apple-of-Peru, *Nicandra physalodes*, then in bloom; a *short* datura-like blossom with a large fruit-like capsule.

After passing the Neck between the two Quitticus Ponds, we turned to the right and passed by the Point road between the Great Quitticus and Pocksha Ponds. This was a mere bar, half a mile long, two or three rods wide, and built up above high water with larger stones. We rode with one wheel in the water. There was in one place a stream crossing it and two or more bridges prepared for high water. Scared up five apparently black ducks. Continued on towards Carver by small winding country roads *via* where was once Nelson's meeting-house and along the east side of Tispaquin Pond, —this was the name of the old sachem of Nemasket, —near which in a field R. picked up a young *Emys picta*'s (?) shell, which I have. Beyond this the country was almost uniformly level, sandy, — oak wood, with few dwellings. Lunched near the boundary of Carver. Passed Johns Pond and Wenham Pond and others in Carver, passing a mile or more south of Carver Green, and afterward Clear Pond in Plymouth. We heard the blasting at the Quincy quarries (so Watson told us) during this ride, I think even as far back as New Bedford township, very distinctly.

According to Rennet, writing, 1793 (*vide* Historical Collections), Snipatuet Pond in Rochester has one stream emptying into the sea at Mattapoissett Harbor and another, three quarters of a mile long, emptying into East Quitiquos pond. "So that the alewife fish come into Snipatuet pond from both streams."

In a description of Carver in the Fourth Volume, Second Series, of the Historical Collections, I read: "The cast iron tea kettle was first cast at Plympton (now Carver) between 1760 and 1765. So modern is this very common utensil in New England. Wrought iron imported tea kettles were used before a copper tea kettle was first used at Plymouth, 1702." Also, "A place called 'Swan Holt' by the first planters, a little southeast of Wenham pond, denotes the former visits of that bird, the earliest harbinger of spring; for before the ice is yet broken up, the swan finds an open resting place among the ozier holts, while the kildee, flying over the land from the sea shore, soon after confirms the vernal promise." A note adds: "A species of plover, probably the 'que ce qu'il dit' of the French. It may be added that kildee is the Danish word for a spring."



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

Lodged at Olney's (the old Hedge) House in Plymouth.

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

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DESCRIPTION OF CARVER



It has legs so it can sit in the ashes of the fireplace. The main handle is such that it can be lifted in and out of the fireplace with a poker. It has an attachment by which it can be tipped to fill a cup, by the use of that same poker. How handy!

MASS. HIST. COLLECTIONS



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD



October 6, Saturday: Per [James and John Haun's diary](#) of working their claims in and around Quincy, Nelson Point, and Rabbit Creek (La Porte), [California](#), on this day their activities yielded \$33 worth of gold: "We breakfasted and then all hands went to work. Jack was fixed up in the best suit of gum boots and coat we had to spare. We cleaned up at noon and had gold \$33. After dinner we all went up Feather River to look at some diggins. We returned home. I shot two grey squirrels on my way home."

[Henry Thoreau](#) wound up his extended visit at [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#)'s home "Brooklawn" in [New Bedford](#), passing through Plymouth and Boston on his way home to Concord:



Unsettled, rain in evening. Left Plymouth at 11 1/2 A.M., and arrived home much fatigued about 5 P.M. My friend, H.D. Thoreau, left for Boston and home.



Oct 6th Return to Concord via —
Nat. Hist. Library.
De Kay calls the Pine marten the American Sable.

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



October 12, Friday: Per [James and John Haun's diary](#) of working their claims in and around Quincy, Nelson Point, and Rabbit Creek (La Porte), [California](#), "We attempt to work every day, but to very little good. We were all at it till noon. After I and Jack went down to the Point. We stayed till night. Bill and John went up the ditch and came back and to work. Didn't clean up."

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#).

*Concord Oct 12th 1855
Mr Ricketson,
I fear that
you had a lonely and disagreeable
ride back to New Bedford, through
the Carver Woods & so on,—per-
haps in the rain, too, and I am in
part answerable for it. I feel
very much in debt to you & your
family for the pleasant days
I spent at Brooklawn. Tell Ar-
thur & Walter that the shells
which they gave me are spread
out, and make quite a show
to inland eyes. Methinks I still*



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

*hear the strains of the piano[,]
the violin[,] & the flageolet[,] [blended]
together. Excuse me for the
noise which I believe drove you
to take refuge in the shanty.
That shanty is indeed a favor-
able place to expand in, which
I fear I did not enough im-
prove.
On my way through Boston,
I inquired for [Gilpin](#)'s works at
Little, Brown, & Co's;—Monroe's;*

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*Ticknor's, & Burnham's. They have
not got them. They told me at Little
Brown & Co's that his works (not
complete) in 12 vols 8^{vo}, were
imported & sold in this country 5 or
6 years ago for about 15 dollars.
Their terms for importing are
10 per cent on the cost. I copied
from "The London Catalogue of Books,
1816-51" at their shop, the fol-
lowing list of Gilpin's Works—*

*L S d "Gilpin (^m Dialogues on Various Subjects 8^{vo} 0—9—0
Cadell*

Essays on Picturesque Subjects 8^{vo} " 15 " "

Exposition of the New Testament 2 vols 8^{vo} 0—16—0

*Longman— Forest Scenery, by Sir T. D. Lauder 2 vols 8 0—18—0
Smith & E*

Lectures on the Catechism, 12^{mo} 0—3—6 Longman

Lives of the Reformers 2 v. 12^{mo} " 8— " Rivington

Sermons Illustrative & Practical 8^{vo} 0—12—0 Hatchard.

" to Country Congregations, 4 v. 8^{vo} 1—16—0 Longman

Tour in Cambridge Norfolk &c 8^{vo} 0—18—0 Cadell

" of the River Wye, 12^{mo} " 4 ", with plates 0—17—0 Cadell

*Gilpin (W S (?)) Hints on Landscape Gardening Roy. 8^{vo} 1—0—0
Cadell."*

*Beside these I remember
to have read 1 volume on Prints*



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His Southern Tour (1775)

Lakes of Cumberland 2 vols—

Highlands of Scotland " "

NB. There must be plates & West of England. in every volume.

I still see an image of those

Middleborough Ponds in my mind's

eye—broad shallow lakes with an

iron mine at their bottom—com-

paratively unvexed by sails—only

by Tom Smith & his squaw Sepit's

"sharper". I find my map of the

state to be the best I have seen

of that district. It is a question whether

the islands of Long Pond or Great

Quitticus offer the most attractions

to a Lord of the Isles. That plant

which I found on the shore of Long

Pond chances to be a rare & beau-

tiful flower—the Sabbatia chlo-

roides—referred to Plymouth.

In a Description of Middleborough in

the Hist. Coll. vol 3^d 1810—signed Nehe-

miah Bennet, Middleborough[,] 1793[,]—it is

said. "There is on the easterly shore of As-

sawampsitt Pond, on the shore of Betty's Neck,

two rocks which have curious marks thereon

(supposed to be done by the Indians) which

appear like the steppings of a person with

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naked feet which settled into the rocks,

likewise the prints of a hand on several

places, with a number of other marks;

also there is a rock on a high hill, a

little to the eastward of the old

stone fishing wear, where there is the

print of a person's hand in said rock."

It would be well to look at

those rocks again more carefully,—also

at the rock on the hill.

I should think that you would like

to explore Snipatuct Pond in Rochester[,—]



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

[it] is so large & near. It is an interesting fact[,] that the alewives used to ascend to it[,]—if they do not still,—both from Mattapoisett, & through Great Quitticus. There will be no trouble about the chamber in the old house, though, as I told you, *Hosmer* counts his coppers and may expect some compensation for it. He says “Give my respects to Mr R[.] & tell him that I cannot be at a large expense to preserve an antiquity or curiosity. Nature must do its work,” “But” say I, [he] asks you only not to assist Nature.” I find that Channing [is] gone to his wife at Dorchester—perhaps for the winter— & both may return to Concord in the Spring.
rs Henry D. Thoreau



Oct 12th Pm up Assabet —
The leaves fallen ap. last night now
lie stuck on the water next the shore —
Prob. maple chiefly — the Leaf Harvest call it.
concealing it — fleets of dry boats — blown
with a rustling sound. I see a painted
tortoise still out on shore — Three {Three: altered from “Some”; “Three” written over “Some”} of his
back scales are partly turned up & show
fresh black ones [^ready] beneath. When I try to
draw these scales off they tear first in
my hand. They are covered as are all
the posterior ones — with a thick shaggy
& muddy fleece of moss (?) No wonder
they must shed their scales to get rid of
this. And now I see that the
six main anterior scales have already
been shed — They are fresh black & bare
of moss. Ap. no fresh scales on the
sternum. Is not this the only way
they get rid of the moss &c which ad-
here to them?
Carried home a couple of rails which
I fished out of the bottom of the river
& left on the bank to dry about
3 weeks ago. One was a chestnut
which I have noticed for some
years on the bottom of the Assabet
just above the spring on the E side —
in a [^deep] hole — It looked as if it had been
there a hundred years. It was so
heavy that C & I had as much as

[Transcript]



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

we could do to lift it covered with mud on to the high bank — It was scarcely lighter today — and I amused myself with asking several to lift one half of it after I had sawed it in two. They failed at first, not being prepared to find it so heavy, though they could easily lift it afterward. It was a regular segment of a log & though the thin edge was [[^]comparatively] firm & solid the sap wood on the broad & rounded side, now that it had been lying in the air was quite spongey — & had opened into numerous great chinks 5/8 of an inch wide by an inch deep. The whole was of a rusty brown externally having imbibed some iron from the water. When split up — it was of a dark blue black if split parallel with the layers — or alternately black & light brown if split across them — There were concentric circles of black as you looked at the end coinciding nearly with the circles of pores — perhaps 1/16 of an inch wide — When you looked at these on the side of a stick split across the circles — they reminded you of a striped waistcoat — or sheepskin. But after being exposed to the air [[^]a little while] the whole turned to an almost uniform pale slate color [[^]after a few weeks it became quite uniform] — the light brown turning into slate. It had a strong dye-stuff like scent. ~~& a~~

The other was a round oak stick & though it looked almost as old as the first was quite round even to the bark — & evidently quite recent comparatively — though full as heavy. The wood had acquired no peculiar color —

Some farmers load their wood with gunpowder to punish thieves. There's no danger that mine will be loaded. Pieces of both of these sank at once in a pail of water. [[^]On the 18th they floated after drying in my chamber —]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

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NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD



October 13, Saturday: Trio for piano and strings no.1 op.8 by [Johannes Brahms](#) was performed for the initial time, in Danzig (Gdansk).

William Walker and his mercenaries captured Granada, capital of the conservative elements in Nicaragua, finding it virtually undefended. By holding the leading conservative families hostage he would be able to force surrenders.

Per [James and John Haun's diary](#) of working their claims in and around Quincy, Nelson Point, and Rabbit Creek (La Porte), [California](#), on this day their activities yielded \$17 worth of gold: "Cloudy all day, but pleasant, and was so yesterday. I think it is fixing for rain. We were at work the most of the day to the best advantage the water would allow, owing to its scarcity. We cleaned up and got \$17."

[Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

*Brooklawn Saty noon
13 Oct. 1855.
Dear Thoreau,
I wrote a few lines to you
this morn. before breakfast, which I took
to the post office, but since I have
received yours of yesterday, which
rather changes my mind as to coming
to Concord. I thank you for your kindness
in procuring for me information concerning
[Gilpin](#)'s work, which I shall endeavor
to procure. My ride home as you
anticipate, was somewhat dull & dreary
through Carver woods, but I escaped the
rain which did not come on until after
my arrival home about tea time. I think*

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*that you hurried away from Brooklawn. We
had just got out affairs in good train. I hope
however, that you will soon be able to come
again and spend several weeks, when we
will visit the pond in Rochester which
you mention and ~~review~~ review our
rides and rambles — the Middleborough
ponds and the surroundings never tire
me. I could go every day for a long time
to them. I give my preference to the Isles
in Long Pond — we must get the Indian
name of this favorite lake of ours.
my The principal reason for my changing mind
^ in regard to going to Concord is that you*



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

*say Channing has gone & perhaps for the Winter.
Although I intended to board & lodge at
the Tavern I expected to philosophize
with you & C. by his wood-fire.*

is

*But this only a good reason for you to
^*

Page 3

*come to Brooklawn again. We have
some weeks of good rambling weather yet
before Winter sets in. You will be very welcome
to us all & dont feel the least hesitation
about coming if you have the desire so to do.
I am in the Shanty — Uncle James
is here with me. He came up as soon
as he heard you had gone. I have endeav-
ored to convince him that you are
perfectly harmless, but I think he
still retains a portion of his fears.
I think you would affiliate well
if you should ever come together.
Yours truly
D. Ricketson
H D Thoreau Esq
Concord
Mass.*

October 13: [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

*Brooklawn 13 Oct. '55
Dear Thoreau,
Your long lost letter came
to hand last Monday and I concluded
that you had safely arrived in Concord
and had forwarded it yourself.
One week ago this morg. we parted
in Plymouth. I looked out my
window and got the last glimpse
of you going off with your umbrella &
carpet bag or valise.
Your visit here was very agreeable
to us all, and particularly to me.*



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

Page 2

*In fact your visit was highly successful
except in duration — being much too short.
But the principal object in my now
writing is, to inform you that I expect
to spend a few days in Concord
next week. I shall leave here
by the middle or towards the end
of the week. I shall bring my
hair pillow & some old clothes.
not I shall consider it obligating on
^ you to devote much time to me
particularly as you are an invalid
but much time as you can spare
I will be glad to avail myself
of, but I hope that Channing*

Page 3

*you and I will be able to feelosophize
a little occasionally.
I shall go directly to the Tavern
& shall insist upon putting you to no
trouble or attention ~~to me~~.
I conclude in haste, breakfast
waiting.
Yours truly
Danl. Ricketson
Tell Channing I hope to smoke
my pipe with him soon.—*



Oct 13th Pm. To Conantum

The maples now stand like smoke along
the meadows. — The bass is bare. A thick carpet
of white pine needles lies now lightly — 1/2 an
inch or more in thickness above the
dark reddish ones of last year. Larks
in flocks in the meadows — showing the
white in their tails as they fly — sing sweetly
as in spring. Methinks I have seen one or

[Transcript]



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

two Myrtle birds — sparrow-like.

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

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 October 18, Thursday: Franz Liszt presented the premiere of his symphonic poem “Prometheus,” in Braunschweig.

Per [James and John Haun's diary](#) of working their claims in and around Quincy, Nelson Point, and Rabbit Creek (La Porte), [California](#), on this day their activities yielded \$0.50 worth of gold: “Still very pleasant. Somewhat hazy with clouds moving to the South, not likely to rain unless they change right about. I was getting ready to work when Tom Jennings and Duesler came to the diggings to see about getting money to borrow. I told them my terms and Tom said he must have it before they left. Lewis came, and before he left Jack came from the Illinois Ranch. After dinner I and Jack went down to the Point. No letters. Bill and John got gold \$.50.”

[Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

*Brooklawn, Oct. 18th 1855.
Dear Thoreau,
I received yours of the 16th
just yesterday. I am very sorry that
you did not conclude at once to come
to Brooklawn and finish the visit which
you so unceremoniously curtailed.
But I cannot release you on so
light grounds. I thought that you
were a man of leisure at any rate
by your philosophy which I consider
the best you are so. You appear to
be hugging your chains or endeavoring
so to do. I approve of your courage
but cannot see the desperate need*

Page 2
*of your penance.
But I must appeal to you as a
brother man, a philanthropist too.
I am in need of help. I want a
Physician & I send for you as the
one I have the most confidence*



NEW BEDFORD

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*in. I also enclose a small
retainer, which I beg you to avail
yourself of as I can put it to no
better purpose & meet me at
Tarkiln Hill on Saty noon the
20th [Oct.]
I am already your debtor & I beg you
to feel perfectly easy so far as our*

Page 3
*book account is concerned.
You can bring your writing with you, but
I can furnish you with stationery in
abundance & you can have as much
time for “sucking your claws” as you
wish.
Dont fail to come
by Saty. noon the 20th.
Yours truly
D Ricketson
I am in need of a physician — So Dr Thoreau
come to my relief. I need dosing with country
rides & rambles, lake scenery, cold viands &
Jack Knife dinners.
I find the following in Sterne's Koran*

Page 4
*which is the best thing I have seen
for a long time.
“Spare diet & clear skies are Apollo
and the Muses.”
I have got Channing's Poems — what I
have read I should consider as
good as Tennyson's Maud, though
none resembling it.
I think however if he had observed the
Horation advice of nine years
keeping he would have done better.
I have discovered in my cursory
examination of them some very
good things.*

Thoreau made a journal entry that resulted in portions of the following paragraphs from “LIFE WITHOUT PRINCIPLE”:



NEW BEDFORD

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Men rush to California and [Australia](#) as if the true gold were to be found in that direction; but that is to go to the very opposite extreme to where it lies. They go prospecting farther and farther away from the true lead, and are most unfortunate when they think themselves most successful. Is not our *native* soil auriferous? Does not a stream from the golden mountains flow through our native valley? and has not this for more than geologic ages been bringing down the shining particles and forming the nuggets for us? Yet, strange to tell, if a digger steal away, prospecting for this true gold, into the unexplored solitudes around us, there is no danger that any will dog his steps, and endeavor to supplant him. He may claim and undermine the whole valley even, both the cultivated and the uncultivated portions, his whole life long in peace, for no one will ever dispute his claim. They will not mind his cradles or his toms. He is not confined to a claim twelve feet square, as at Ballarat, but may mine anywhere, and wash the whole wide world in his tom. [Howitt](#) says of the man who found the great nugget which weighed twenty-eight pounds, at the Bendigo diggings in Australia: -"He soon began to drink; got a horse and rode all about, generally at full gallop, and when he met people, called out to inquire if they knew who he was, and then kindly informed them that he was 'the bloody wretch that had found the nugget.' At last he rode full speed against a tree, and I think however nearly knocked his brains out." I think, however, there was no danger of that, for he had already knocked his brains out against the nugget. [Howitt](#) adds, "He is a hopelessly ruined man." But he is a type of the class. They are all fast men. Hear some of the names of the places where they dig: -"Jackass Flat," -"Sheep's-Head Gully," -"Murderer's Bar," etc.



Oct. 18. Last night I was reading [Howitt](#)'s account of the Australian gold-diggings, and had in my mind's eye the numerous valleys with their streams all cut up with foul pits, ten to a hundred feet deep and half a dozen feet across, as close as they can be dug and half full of water, where men furiously rushed to probe for their fortunes, uncertain where they shall break ground, not knowing but the gold is under their camp itself; sometimes digging a hundred and sixty feet before they strike the vein, or then missing it by a foot; turned into lemons and regardless of each other's rights in their thirst after riches; whole valleys for thirty miles suddenly honeycombed by the pits of the miners, so that hundreds are drowned in them. Standing in water and covered with mud and clay, they work night and day, dying of exposure and dis ease. Having read this and partly forgotten it, I was thinking of my own unsatisfactory life, doing as others do without any fixed star habitually in my eye, my foot not planted on any blessed isle. Then, with that vision of the diggings before me, I asked myself why I might not be washing some gold daily, though it were only the finest particles, or might not sink a shaft down to the gold within me and work that mine. There is a Ballarat or Bendigo for you. What though it were a "Sulky Gully"? Pursue some path, however narrow and crooked, in which you can walk with love and reverence. Wherever a man separates from the multitude and goes his own way, there is a fork in the road, though the travellers along the highway see only a gap in the paling.

[Transcript]



P.M. — To Great Meadows to observe the hummocks left by the ice.

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

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

They are digging the pond at the new cemetery. I go by Peter's path. How charming a footpath! *Nihil humanum*, etc. I was delighted to find a new footpath crossing this toward Garfield's. The broad and dusty roads do not remind me of man so much as of cattle and horses. There are a great many crows scattered about on the meadow. What do they get to eat there ~ Also I scare up a dozen larks at once. A large brown marsh hawk comes beating the bush along the river, and ere long a slate colored one (male), with black tips, is seen circling against a distant wood-side. I scare up in midst of the meadows a great many dark-colored sparrows, one or two at a time, which go off with a note somewhat like the lesser redpoll's, — some migrating kind, I think. [ANNOTATION: Probably what I think must be shore larks in fall of '58.]

There is a hummock in the lower part of the meadows near the river every two or three rods, where they appeared as thick; last year, sometimes consisting of that coarse meadow-grass or sedge but quite as often of the common meadow sod. Very often it has lodged on one of those yellowish circles of the sedge, it being higher. Last winter's hummocks are not much flattened down yet. I am inclined to think that the coarse sedge hummocks do not fall so round at first, but are wont to grow or spread in that wise when a fragment has been dropped. Perhaps the sedge is oftenest lifted because it is so coarse.

There is no life perceptible on this broad meadow except what I have named. The crows are very conspicuous, black against the green. The maple swamps, bare of leaves. here and there about the meadow, look like smoke blown along the edge of the woods. Some distinct maples, wholly stripped, look very wholesome and neat, nay even ethereal.

To-day my shoes are whitened with the gossamer which I noticed yesterday on the meadow-grass. I find the white fragments of a tortoise-shell in the meadow, — thirty or forty pieces, straight-sided polygons, — which apparently a hay-cart passed over. They look like broken crockery. I brought it home and amused myself with putting it together. It is a painted tortoise. The variously formed sections or component parts of the shell are not broken, but only separated. To restore them to their places is like the game which children play with pieces of wood completing a picture. It is surprising to observe how these different parts are knitted together by countless minute teeth on their edges. Then the scales, which are not nearly so numerous, and therefore larger commonly, are so placed over the former as to break joints always, as appears by the indented lines in their edges and the serrations of the shell. These scales, too, *slightly* overlap each other, *i.e.* the foremost over the next behind, so that they may not be rubbed off. Thus the whole case is bound together like a very stout bandbox. The bared shell is really a very interesting study. The sternum in its natural position looks like a well-contrived drag, turned up at the sides in one solid piece.

Noticed a single wreath of a blood-red blackberry vine on a yellow sand slope, very conspicuous by contrast. When I was surveying for Legross, as we went to our work in the morning, we passed by the Dudley family tomb, and Legross remarked to me, all in good faith, "Would n't you like to see old Daddy Dudley? He lies in there. I'll get the keys if you 'd like. I sometimes go in and look at him."

The upper shell of this tortoise is formed of curved rafters or ribs, which are flattened out to half an inch or five eighths in width, but the rib form appears in an elevated ridge along the middle and in a spine at the lower end,



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fitting firmly into a deep hole in an edge bone, and also a projection (or process?) to meet the spinal column at the upper end. Some of these plates (?) I fitted together far more closely and wonderfully, considering the innumerable slurr serrations, than any child's wooden sections of a picture. Yet it is impossible to put the whole together again, so perfectly do the plates interlock and dovetail into each other at different angles, and they could only have grown together and shrunk apart. It is an admirable system of breaking joints, both in the arrangement of the parts of the shell and in that of the scales which overlap the serrations of the former. The sternum consists of nine parts, there being an extra trigonal or pentagonal piece under the head or throat. The two middle pieces on each side curve upward to meet the edge bones, without any serration or joint at the lower edge of the sternum there; nor is there any joint in the scales there. In the upper shell there *appear to be* eight or nine small dorsal pieces, about sixteen rib pieces, and about twenty-two edge or marginal pieces; but of the parts of the upper shell I am not quite certain.

The sternums of the box turtles and the stinkpot are much flatter, *i.e.* not so much curved up at the sides, and are nearer to the upper shell. The painted tortoise has the flattest back; the *Cistudo Carolina*, the highest and fullest (with a ridge); the stinkpot, the sharpest. The *C. Blandingii* is very regularly arched. The *Emys insculpta* is of moderate elevation (with a ridge).

Those bright-red marks on the marginal scales of the painted tortoise remind me of some Chinese or other Oriental lacquer-work on waiters (?). This color fades to a pale yellow. The color is wholly in the scale above the bone. Of the bright colors, the yellow marks on tortoise-shells are the fastest.

How much beauty in decay! I pick up a white oak leaf, dry and stiff, but yet mingled red and green, October-like, whose pulpy part some insect has eaten beneath, exposing the delicate network of its veins. It is very beautiful held up to the light, — such work as only an insect eye could perform. Yet, perchance, to the vegetable kingdom such a revelation of ribs is as repulsive as the skeleton in the animal kingdom. In each case it is some little gourmand, working for another end, that reveals the wonders of nature. There are countless oak leaves in this condition now, and also with a submarginal line of network exposed.

Men rush to California and Australia as if the true gold were to be found in that direction; but that is to go to the very opposite extreme to where it lies. They go prospecting further and further away from the true lead, and are most unfortunate when most successful. Is not our native soil auriferous? Does not a stream from the golden Mountains flow through our native valley? and has it not for more than geologic ages been bringing down the shining particles and the nuggets? Yet, strange to tell, if a digger steal away prospecting for this true gold into the unexplored solitudes, there is no danger, alas, that any will clog his steps and endeavor to supplant him. He may claim and undermine the whole valley, even the cultivated and uninhabited portions, his whole life: long in peace, and no one will ever dispute his claim. They will not mind his cradles or his toms. He is not confined to a claim twelve feet square, as at Ballarat, but may mine anywhere, and wash the whole wide world in his tom. To rebuild the tortoise-shell is a far finer game than any geographical or other puzzle, for the pieces do not merely make part of a plane surface, but you have got to build a roof and a floor and the connecting walls. These are not only thus dovetailed and braced and knitted and bound together, but also held together by the skin and muscles within. It is a *band-box*.

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Oct 18th

[in pencil: ^after]

Last night I was reading Howitt's
account of the Australian gold diggings —
& had in my mind's eye the numerous
valleys with their streams — all cut up



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with deep foul pits [in pencil: ^from] 10 to 100 feet deep
& half a dozen feet across as close as
they can be dug — & half full [in pencil: ^half filled] of water —
[in pencil: ^{the to which}]
where men furiously rushed to probe
for their fortunes. Uncertain where
they shall break ground — not knowing
but the gold is under their camp
itself. Sometimes digging 160 feet
before they strike the vein — or then
missing it by a foot — Turned into de-
mons & regardless of each others rights
in their thirst after riches — Whole
vallies for 30 miles suddenly honey-
combed by the pits of the miners so that
hundreds are drowned in them. Standing
in water & covered with mud & clay they
work night and day — dying of exposure &
disease — Having read this [in pencil: ^I say] — & partly for-
gotten it — I was thinking [in pencil: ^accidentally] of my own
unsatisfactory life — [^doing as others do] ~~My eye but fixed~~
[in pencil: ^and not keeping my { } star constantly in sight]
without any fixed star habitually
in my eye — my foot not planted on
any blessed isle — [in pencil: ^&] Then with that vision
of the diggings [in pencil: ^still] before me I asked my-
self why I might not be washing
some gold daily — though it were
only the finest particles — [^or Why I] might not
sink a shaft down to the gold
within me & work that mine.
There is a Ballarat or Bendigo for you — What though it were
Pursue some path — however [in pencil: ^solitary &] narrow &
a “Sulky Gully”.
crooked — in which you can walk with
love & reverence — Wherever a man
separates from the multitude &
goes his own way — there [in pencil: ^indeed] is a fork in
[in pencil: ^ordinary] [in pencil: ^may]
the road — though the travellers along
the high way see only a gap in
the paling — [in pencil: ^V 5 ps forward] {Written vertically in left-hand margin: “[in pencil: ^At any rate —
]”}
Pm. To Great meadows
to observe the hummocks left by the
ice. They are digging the pond at the
New Cemetery. I go by Peter’s path —
How charming a foot path — Nihil
humanum &c — I was delighted to find
a new foot path crossing this toward
Garfields. The broad & dusty roods
do not remind me of man so much
as of cattle & horses. There are a
great many crows scattered about
on the meadow — What do they get
to eat there. Also I scare up a dozen
larks at once — A large brown marsh-



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NEW BEDFORD

hawk comes beating the bush along the river — & ere long a slate col. one (male) — with black tips is seen circling against distant woodside. I scare up in midst of the meadow a great many dark colored sparrows — one or 2 at a time — which go off with a note somewhat like the lesser redpoll's [in pencil: ^prob — what I think must be these larks in fall of '58] — Some migrating kind I think,

There is a hummock — in the lower part of the meadow near the river — every 2 or [in pencil: ^where they appeared so thick last year] 3 rods — sometimes consisting of that coarse meadow grass or sedge — but quite as often of the commoner meadow sod — Very often it has lodged on one of those
the
yellowish circles of sedge — it being higher. — Last winters hummocks are not much flattened down yet. I am inclined to think that the coarse sedgy hummocks do not fall so round at first but are wont to grow or spread in that wise when a fragment has been dropped. [^Perhaps the sedge is oftenest tipped because it is so coarse] There is no life perceptible on this broad meadow except what I have named — The crows are very conspicuous — black against the green — The maple swamps bare of leaves here & there about the meadow look like smoke blown along the edge of the woods. Some distinct maples wholly stripped — look very wholesome & neat — nay even ethereal.

Today my shoes are whitened with the gossamer which I noticed yesterday on the meadow grass. I find the white fragments of a tortoise shell in the meadow [^30 or 40 pieces — straight sided polygons] — which ap. a hay cart passed ove — They look like broken crockery. I brought it home & amused myself with putting it together. It is a painted tortoise. The variously formed sections or component parts of the shell are not broken but only separated — To restore them to their places is like the game which children play with pieces of wood completing a picture. It is surprising to observe how — these different parts are knitted together by countless minute teeth on their edges — Then the scales which are not nearly so numerous [^& therefore larger commonly] are so placed over the former as to break joints always, as appears by those indented lines at their edges — & the serrations of



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

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When I was surveying for Le Gross as we went to our work in the morning we passed by the Dudley family tomb. & Le Gross remarked to me all in good faith — “Would’nt you like to see old Daddy Dudley — He lies in there — I’ll get the keys if you’d like — I sometimes go in and look at him.

The upper shell of this tortoise is formed of curved rafters or ribs which are flatted out to half an inch or $\frac{5}{8}$ in width — but the rib form appears in an elevated ridge along the middle & in a spine at the lower an end fitting firmly into a deep hole in the edge or process?

bone — & also a projection to meet the spinal column at the upper end — Some of these plates (?) I fitted together far more closely & wonderfully considering the innumerable sharp serrations than any child’s wooden sections of a picture — Yet it is impossible to put the whole together again — so perfectly do the plates interlock & dovetail into each other at different angles — & they could only have grown together & shrunk apart. It is an admirable system of breaking joints both in the arrangement of the parts of the shell & in that of the scales which overlap the serrations of the former —

The sternum consists of 9 parts — there being an extra triangular or pentagonal piece under the head or throat. The two middle pieces on each side curve upward to meet the edge bones — without any serration or joint at the lower edge of Nor is there any joint in the scales there. the sternum there.

In the upper shell there appear to be 8 or 9 small dorsal pieces — about 16 rib pieces, & about 22 edge [^{or lateral} marginal] pieces — But of the parts of the upper shell I am not quite certain.



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The sternum of the box turtle, & the
stink pot — are much flatter i.e. not
so much curved up at the sides & are nearer
to the upper shell — the Painted tortoise has
the flattest back — the C. Carolina the
highest & fullest (with a ridge) the stinkpot
the sharpest — the C. Blandingii is very
regularly arched — The E insculpta — is of
moderate elevation (with a ridge).
These bright-red marks on the
marginal scales of the painted tortoise
{drawing} remind me of some Chinese or
other oriental lacquer work — on
waiters (?) — This color fades to a pale-
yellow — The color is wholly in the
of the brightest colors, the yellow marks on tortoise
shells are the fastest.

scale above the bone.

How much beauty in decay — I pick
up a white oak leaf — dry & stiff but
yet mingled red & green — october-like —
whose pulpy part some insect has eaten
beneath — exposing the delicate network
of its veins. It is very beautiful held up
to the light — such work as only an
insect eye could perform — Yet perchance
to the vegetable kingdom such a revela-
tion of ribs is as repulsive as the skeleton
in the animal kingdom — In each case
it is some little gourmand working for
~~its own~~ another end — that reveals the
wonders of nature. [There are countless oak leaves in this] condition now — & also with a sub-marginal
line of network exposed.

Men rush to California & Australia
as if ~~there chiefly~~ the true gold was to
be found in that direction — but that
is to go to the very opposite extreme to
that where it lies — They go prospecting
further & further away from the true
lead — & are most unfortunate when
[in pencil: ^they think themselves] most successful — Is not our native
soil auriferous — Does not a stream
from the golden mountains flow
through our native valley — & has it
not [in pencil: ^this] for more than geologic ages
been bringing down the shining particles
and [in pencil: ^forming] the nuggets — [in pencil: ^?] Yet strange
to tell if a digger steal away prospecting
for this true gold into the unexplored
solitudes, there is no danger alas
that [^any] will dog his steps — & endeavor
to supplant him — He may claim &
undermine the whole valley even
[in pencil: ^uncultivated]
[in pencil: ^both] the cultivated & uninhabited portions
[^the whole world for] his whole life long in peace — & no
one will ever dispute his claim —



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They will not mind his cradles or
his toms. He is not confined to a
claim 12 feet square as at Ballarat —
but — but may mine anywhere &
wash the whole wide world in his tom. [in pencil: ^v 5 ps
forward]

To rebuild the tortoise shell
is a far finer game than any geograph-
ical or other puzzle — for the pieces
do not merely make part of a plane surface
— but you have got to build a roof
& a floor — & [the connecting walls] ~~connect them~~ — These
are not only thus dovetailed & braced &
knitted & bound together — but also
held together by the skin & muscles within.
It is a band-box.



December 4, Tuesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

*Dear Thoreau,
I hope you do not infer from my silence, that I am not mindful of you,
for I assure you that I often think of you, and always with the desire
to see you again, and participate with you in our favourite pursuits.
I look back with pleasure upon the visit we had from
you at Brooklawn in October, and the pleasant rides and rambles,
which alas! like many other noble undertakings were prematurely
brought to a close, like
“The story of the Bear and Fiddle
Begun but broke off in the middle.”
After you left, my son Walton & myself made several excursions to the
Middleborough lakes on one of which we visited the northernmost is-
land, with which we were much pleased and there found a white ar-
row head nearly perfect.
I know of no spot equal to it for a retired residence, and should you
ever like to try the experiment of solitary life again, I will
endeavour to procure it for you — in fact I now make you the offer.
If you have done “sucking your claws” which I trust in reason you
have by this time, I should be very glad to have you make us a visit.
Not only myself, but my whole family would be much pleased. You
can have as much time to yourself as you wish — the shanty shall be
at your service or a room in the house if you prefer, I mean for
“sucking your claws.”
Come then by saturday next the 8th Inst. by the mid-day train stop-
ping at Tarkiln Hill as before. You must excuse this short epistle as*



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I have a lame shoulder, & have been troubled considerably with rheumatism in my neck & back head of late — & am rather a valitudinarian — on the whole.

I hope your knees are improved— I have a passage from Homer on knees to shew you. I send the bridle & saddle for the Iron horse.

Hoping to see you I remain

Very truly

D. R.

Brooklawn

Dec 4th 1855.



Dec 4th

Melvin says that he shot a shelldrake once in the act of swallowing a perch 7 or 8 inches long. He had got nothing today for he forgot his caps.

A pleasant day & yet no snow nor ice. The younger osiers on Shattuck's row do shine.

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

December 22, Saturday: In London, the Metropolitan Board of Works was established.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

Brooklawn, Dec 22^d 1855.

Dear Friend,

Do not think from my long silence that I am unmindful of you, but from your last letter I concluded that you were desperately bent upon work and so I thought in deference to your pious endeavours that I would not disturb you.

I have had a letter from Channing who proposes to visit me in Jan^{ly} — He writes as though he would like to obtain a place t his way for himself & family I conclude, as he speaks of being near to school & meeting but I should think that he had no very definite purpose in the plan. I am glad that he has returned to his wife & children & hope he will find it to his happiness & prosperity.

As I have pretty much abandoned the idea of settling or rather occasionally living in Concord, I should be glad to have you spend a part, or more if you liked, of your time this way.



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I have thought that little island in Long Pond would be a good home for you, at least in the summer, and if you would occupy it, I would procure a lease of the same for a term of years, or purchase it for you. Just think of the matter a little.

I should like to have a visit from you soon again, and would propose your coming early in February. Should you like to come before, I shall be happy to see you, and will send the talisman in time. Our people at the Village have got up a kind of Lyceum or debating society, & talk about a lecture occasionally. Perhaps you might meet their wants, but they are hardly up to your antics.

I hope that your health is improved, or rather your "precious knees". My Wife & children affectionately remember you & I remain, Very truly Yours

Dan^l. Ricketson



Dec 22nd

[Transcript]

Dull over cast morning so warm that it has actually thawed in the night — & there is a wet space larger than the ice on the side-walk. It draws forth crowing from cockerels — as spring does rills from glaciers.

Pm warm rain & frost coming out & muddy walking.

In reading Columella

I am frequently reminded not only by the general tone ~~by~~ but even by the particular warnings & directions — of ~~the~~ our agricultural journals & reports of farmers' clubs — Often what is last & most insisted on among us, ~~is~~ [[^]was] most insisted on by the Romans.

As when he says it is better to cultivate a little land well than a great ~~de~~ deal ill. & quotes the poet — "laudato ingentia rura — — Exiguum colito." — — — —

"Modus ergo, qui in omnibus rebus, etiam parandis
168

agris adhibebitur: tantum enim obtinendum est, quanto est opus, ut emisse videremur quo potiremur, non quo onerarenur ipsi, atque aliis fruendum eriperemus, more praepotentium, qui possident fines Gentium, quos ne circumire equis quidem valent, sed proculcandos pecudibus, et vastandos, ac populandos feris derelinquunt, aut occupatos nexu civium, et ergastulis tenent."

There fore, as in all things, so in buying land moderation will be used; for only so much is to be obtained as there is need of, so that we may be seen to [in pencil: [^]necessary to make it appear that we use]



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have bought what we can possess,
 nor [^not] what we may be burdened with, & hinder
 [in pencil: ^over]
 others from enjoying, like those very powerful
 ones who also possess [in pencil: ^?possess?] occupy [in pencil: ^?] the
 territory of a tribe [in pencil: ^nations?], which they can not
 go round even with horses, but leave to be
 trampled by herds, & to be laid waste & depopu-
 [in pencil: ^x]
 lated by wild beasts, or keep occupied ~~on~~ [^by] nexu
civium or prisons.
 [in pencil: ^X confinement & compulsory labor on farms of fellow citizens for debt—]
 This reminds me of those extensive
 tracts — [^said to belong to the Peter Piper estate] running back a mile or
 more & absorbing several old farms
 [^but almost wholly neglected & run out.] which I often traverse & am better
 acquainted with than their so called
 owners — Several times I have had to
 show such the nearest way out of
 their woodlots — Extensive woodlots &
 cranberry meadows perhaps — & a rambling
 old country house on one side — but you
 cant by an acre of land for a houselot —
 — “Where wealth accumulates & men decay.”

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

 December 25, Tuesday: Rather than spend [Christmas](#) at home with his pregnant wife [Ellen](#) and his 3 little children —who had recently been so graciously restored to him— feckless daddy [Ellery Channing](#) elected to visit with [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

In San Francisco, California the German Evangelical Lutheran Church was dedicated on Sutter Street between Dupont Street and Stockton Street. This would be the 1st German Protestant Church on the Pacific coast.

Mary Ann Gordon Andrews, wife of [Stephen Pearl Andrews](#) died (having no idea of their names or their birth dates, we have no idea what had happened to the 4 boys to whom she had given birth in the course of her 20-year marriage to an [anarchist](#)).



[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [Friend Daniel](#) mentioning having read about a horse in France that had died at the advanced age of 50 (horses normally live 20 to 25 years, with 44 years being about the maximum to be expected; perhaps the oldest horse, Old Billy who had succumbed in 1822, had survived for something like 62 years). He also wrote about their friend [Thomas Cholmondeley](#) adventuring off to be a British officer in the [Crimean War](#).



Concord Dec 25 '55
Friend Ricketson,
Though you have not shown your face here, I trust that you did not interpret my last note to my disadvantage. I remember that, among other things, I wished to break it to you, that, owing to engagements,



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I should not be able to show you so much attention as I could wish, or as you had shown to me.— How we did scour over the country! I hope your horse will live as long as one which I hear just died in the south of France at the age of 40.— Yet I had no doubt you would get quite enough of me. Do not give it up so easily— The old house is still empty—& [Hosmer](#) is easy to treat with.

Channing was here about ten days ago. I told him of my visit to you, and that he too must go and see you & your country. This may have suggested his writing to you.

That island lodge, especially for some weeks in a summer, and new explorations in your vicinity are certainly very alluring; but such are my engagements to myself that I dare not promise to wend your way – but will for the present only heartily thank you for your kind & generous offer. When my vacation comes, then look out.

My legs have grown considerably stronger, and that is all that ails me.

But I wish now above all to inform you – though I suppose you will not be particularly interested – that Cholmondeley has gone to the Crimea “a complete soldier”, with a design when he returns, if he ever returns, to buy a cottage in the South of England, and tempt me over; – but that, before going, he busied himself in buying, & has caused to be forwarded to me by Chapman, a royal gift, in the shape of 21 distinct works (one in 9 vols – 44 vols in all) almost exclusively relating to ancient Hindoo literature, and scarcely one of them to be bought in America. I am familiar with many of them & know how to prize them.

I send you information of this as I might of the birth of a child.

Please remember me to all your family—

Yrs truly

Henry D. Thoreau.



Dec 25th

9 Am Snow driving about horizontally from the NE — & fast whitening the ground — & with it the first tree sparrows I have noticed in the yard. It turns partly to rain & hail at mid day.

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



NEW BEDFORD

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1856

Read  [Henry Thoreau's Journal for February 1856 \(æf. 38\)](#)

 February: The Maine legislature forbade further funding for the [Georges River Canal](#).

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

CONSULT THIS ISSUE

[Ellery Channing](#) became an assistant editor on the New Bedford [Mercury](#), presumably with the assistance of [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#). He rented a room in [New Bedford](#) and began to pay regular visits to Ricketson's home "Brooklawn" and the pretend-bachelor "shanty" in its back yard.

[Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar](#) of Concord, the candidate of the new [Republican Party](#), had lost the election. He was sent as a delegate to the 1st national convention of that party, in Pittsburgh.

[James Redpath](#) journeyed from St. Louis through Vincennes, Terre Haute, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, and Columbus, to Pittsburgh, where he would be covering that convention for the St. Louis [Daily Missouri Democrat](#). He was disturbed by a modifying and limiting adjective that found its way into the new party's new platform — that although it would resist the expansion of slavery into the new territories, it would do so only by "constitutional" means. He praised the antislavery rhetoric of his old employer, Horace Greeley. He himself spoke on behalf of the Kansas emigrant aid movement that was selectively sending armed Free Staters into the territory to take part in a proxy shooting war between agents of the free North and agents of the slave South. "Constitutional" means were not for him, for the solutions he was in favor of were what we might term "Second Amendment solutions" — flowers that bloom out of the mouths of guns.



 February 26, Tuesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

*The Shanty, Brooklawn
26th Feb. 1856.*

Dear Thoreau,

I often think of you and nearly as often feel the prompting to write you, and being alone in the Shanty this afternoon I have concluded to obey the prompting. I say alone, but I can fancy you seated opposite on the settee looking very orphic or something more mythical. This winter must have been a grand one for your ruminations and I





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conclude that you will thaw out in the spring with the snakes and frogs, more of a philosopher than ever, which perhaps is needless. It has required all my little share of feelosofy to keep up my fortitude during the past Hyperborean interregnum. We have usually flattered ourselves that our Winters were much milder than most places in New England or even in the same latitude further inland, on account of our vicinity to the sea & the Gulf stream in particular. But O! the cold cold days & weeks we have had in common with the rest of our country north, south, east & west! But we are beginning to relax a little & like barn yard fowls begin to plume ourselves again & pick about, but we hardly begin to lay and cackle yet that will all come in due season & such a crowing some of us old cocks will make that if you are awake you will perhaps hear at Concord.

The snow has nearly gone, but our river is still firmly bound & great sport have gentle & simple, young & old thereon—skates ice-boats, boys holdg. sails in their hands are shooting like “mercurial trouts” in every direction up & down, even horses & sleighs & loaded wagons have passed where large ships float. But I glory in none of this, on the contrary sigh for the more genial past & hope for no more such desperate seasons. Ah! but March is close here, and she wears at least the gentle name of Spring as Bryant says—and soon may we expect to hear the blue bird & song sparrow again. Then let “Hope rule triumphant in the breast” & buckling our girths a little tighter journey on.

Dear Thoreau I am under the greatest obligations to you. Before your Walden I felt quite alone in my best attainments & experiences, but now I find myself sustained & strengthened in my hopes of life. Can we not meet occasionally, ere the evil days, should there be any in store for us, come. The accumulated years “notched upon my stick” warn me not to be too prodigal of time. By April then I hope you will be ready to wend this way & take Spring a little in advance of Concord & then with the blue birds, & sparrows the rob ins & thrushs will I welcome you & associate you.

I should have told you before that Channing is here in New Bedford. I had but just written his name, when old Ranger announced him & he is now quietly smoking his pipe by the shanty fire. He arrived on Christmas day & his first salutation on meeting me at the front door of my house, was, “that’s your Shanty” pointing towards it. He is engaged with the editor of the N. B. Mercury, and boards in town, but whereabouts I have not yet discovered. He usually spends Saty & a part of Sunday with me & seems to enjoy himself pretty well though occasionally a little glum, but seeing that I do not fellowship with this visitor or intruder, has hawled in his horns some-



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what at which I rejoice, for I had determined as our sailors say, to “douce his glim” on the next re-appearance. What his future intentions are I cannot say—he talks about an old farm place near by here which seems to have great charms for him, it having a long rambling old house, barn & sheds upon it, but I should conclude from late talks, that he is thinking of bringing his family here & for the sake of schools & meetings would take to the city.— But I conclude that this is by no means settled. He is very closely confined during the day & quite late into the night.

Mr Emerson is expected to lecture before our Lyceum to-morrow evening but from a note I received from him in answer to an invitation to Brooklawn I should think it quite uncertain whether he be here.

I too have written & delivered a lecture this winter before the Lyceum of our Village, Accushnet, on Popular Education, into which I contrived to get a good deal of radicalism, and had a successful time.

Should your Lyceum be in want of a lecture you might let me know although I should hardly dare to promise to come. I work very cheap, that is gratuitously, except incidental expenditures. I have commenced a new lecture of a little higher literary tone upon “the poet Cowper and his Friends”, and am meditating a grand affair wherein I expect to introduce some of the philosophy I have found in solitude or rather to publish some of the communications & revelations received from a certain old neighbour and visitor, who occasionally favours by his presence, the world’s outcasts, holding them up by the chin, and occasionally whispering weighty matters into their ears, which at these times are particularly free from wax.

Channing is not here, now, that is in the Shanty, but it being after tea, is chatting by the fire side with my wife & daughters, and I am writing by the humming of my fire and the music of my Eolian harps. These are fine things to have in your windows & lest you a re not acquainted with them I will describe the way to make them.

Make two wedges of soft wood—make a slight incision in the top or thick part of the wedges & another in the thin part, which should be shaved down quite thin—then take a string of saddlers silk, or several strands of fine silk twisted to the size of the other, waxed or not, as you may see fit, make a knot in each end, the length of the string to be governed by the width of the window sash where it is to be placed. Put one end of the string into the incision upon the top of the wedge & then down the side through the other split in the thin end & the other end like wise on the other wedge, then place the two wedges drawing the string tight between the upper & lower sashes of your window & if the wind be favourable, it will give you a pleasing ser-



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enade.

[see MS p. — drawing] Write soon & believe me Yours very truly D.

R.—



Feb 26th

Pm to Hubb's Close —

I see at bottom of the Millbrook — below Emersons — 2 dead frogs — the brook has part way yet a snowy bridge over it —. Were they left by a mink or killed by cold & ice? In Hubbard's maple swamp beyond I see the snow within a few days sprinkled with the saw dust like bits of wood under a dead maple where a woodpecker has drilled a handsome round hole — Excepting the carrying it downward within it is ready for a nest — May they not have a view to this use even now?

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



March 3, Monday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

*The Shanty, March 3^d 1856—
Dear Thoreau,
In the letter I wrote you
last week, I fear that I may have spoken
too freely of our friend Channing, in
whose welfare I find I am becoming
interested. Although he is attending
most heroically to his work as assistant
editor of our leading paper, the New[]
Bedford Mercury, a daily, semi-weekly
& weekly sheet, and I presume gets fairly
if not liberally paid, yet the labour is
very arduous & must prove frustrating
if continued to any great length of time.
Therefore it seems desirable for me as
a friend to keep a little lookout for*

Page 2
*him ahead. With the exception of a part
of each Saturday & Sunday which he
spends with me, his life is one of ceaseless*



*toil, from [mring.] until late at night,
& every night in the week, excepting
Saty. And such labour! dogging after
the ill scented game of the political fields,
for a mind like his, poetical, meditative
nature loving, philosophical, chastened
by poverty[—]& domestic misfortune
inspires in me the deepest sympathy.
[Now] the object of my writing you my dear
philosopher, is to inquire how far I may
safely trust to him. He is so reserved
and enigmatic in all that relates to his
private affairs, that I never feel at
liberty to question him.
I should like to know if there be any radical
failing or fault in the man, that has or may
totally [s]hipwreck him. The world so far as I*

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*hear from it does not speak well for him, but
these people are not often to be trusted. It has
too long been the butcher of God's chosen flock
to look for humanity there[-w]ard. So if you
are able & feel at liberty to give me a
summary of his character & habits as
they appear to you & his other Concord friend[,]
I shall be able to act more understandingly
in the case. I know that I am taking
a very business like & worldly course in
this, but still past experience seems
to require it from me.
I am beginning t[o] think highly of his talents
and his poems appear to me to have met
with a fate which their originality, sim-
plicity & beauty little deserve. But I think
they will come up again & should not be sur-
prised yet to see Channing ranked
in the first walks of N. England literature[]
Mr Emerson was here last week and gave
us a noble feast from his abundant lap*

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*or horn of plenty — pouring out to his guests
a grand heap of generous fare.— Wine,*



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*olives, figs &c for some[]and a good [bit]
of rustic cates for such hungry fellows
[as] myself.
Mrs Emerson accompanied him, and I just
got a sight of her pure intellectual face[]
and a touch of her gloved hand & perhaps
a hasty word. As Mr Philosopher was
acting the part also of Mercury or rather
some celestial racer, I had but time
to add my get up, go long with the rest of
the crowd. Poor Channing was quite chop[-]
fallen as the noble racer had only time to
cast an eye at him on the course.
I [sent] you a sketch of his
<drawing>
Lecture«.
Written con amore, but [currente calamo].[vid^l.] this
sketch. They left I learnt the next morning.—
[How] is the old house across the [river]? I think
I must look at it again [ere long]. My spirits
rise with March— Spring is already here.
I am expecting a letter Yours dutifully
D. Ricketson to-day from H.D.T.*



Mar 4^[^3]d To Cambridge

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

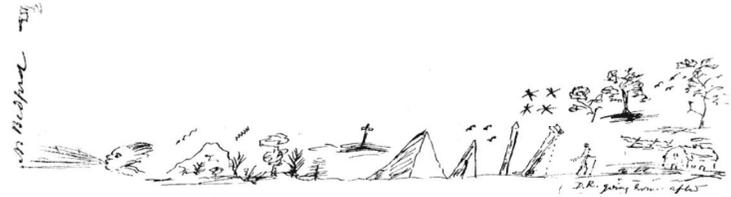
HDT

WHAT?

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 March 5, Wednesday: At 4:55AM, fire broke out in the Covent Garden Opera House of London, and in the following 30 minutes the building was gutted.

The ice opened on the [Concord River](#).

Spring 1845	Ice of Walden Pond first completely open on April 1st
Spring 1846	Ice of Walden Pond first completely open on March 25th
Spring 1847	Ice of Walden Pond first completely open on April 8th
Spring 1851	Ice of Concord River opened much before February 25th; Ice of Walden Pond first completely open on March 28th
Spring 1852	Ice of Concord River opened at least by March 14th; Ice of Walden Pond first completely open on April 18th
Spring 1853	Ice of Concord River opened at least by about March 8th; Ice of Walden Pond first completely open on March 23d
Spring 1854	Ice of Concord River opened about March 9th, average March 5th; Ice of Walden Pond first completely open about April 7th
Spring 1856	Ice of Concord River opened on March 5th; Ice cleared on Walden Pond on April 18th



In London, Covent Garden Theater was destroyed by fire.

[William Cooper Nell](#) commemorated the anniversary of the Boston Massacre and the death of [Crispus Attucks](#).



[Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed, for George F. Duren, a woodlot belonging to S. and H. Jones, relatives of Dr. Jones of Concord, that was being sold for taxes. According to Thoreau's Field Notes book, Duren's men chained the survey "rudely." The sketch shows this eight-and-a-half acre lot to be near John LeGross, and J.D. and William Brown, therefore probably in the northwest part of Concord.



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.)

[Thoreau](#) wrote to [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

Concord Mar. 5th '56

Friend Ricketson,

I have been out of town, else I should have acknowledge[d] your letters before. Though not in the best mood for writing I will say what I can now. You plainly have a rare, though a cheap, resource in your shanty. Perhaps the time will come when every county-seat will have one — when every country-seat will be one. I would advice you to see that shanty business out, though you go shanty mad. Work your vein till it is exhausted, or conducts you to a broader one; So that C shall stand before your Shanty, & say "That is your house".

This has indeed been a grand winter for me & for all of us. I am not considering how much I have enjoyed it. What matters it how happy or unhappy we have been, if we have minded our business and advanced our affairs. I have made it a part of my business to wade in the snow & take the measure



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of the ice. The ice on one of our ponds was just two feet thick on the first of March. and I have to day been surveying a wood-lot where I sank about two feet at every step.

It is high time that you, fanned by the warm breezes of the Gulf Stream, had begun to “lay” — for even the Concord hens have — though one wonders where they find the raw material of egg-shells here. Beware how you put off your laying to any later spring, else your cackling will not have the inspiring early Spring sound.

I was surprised to hear the other day that Channing was in New Bedford.; When he was here last (in Dec., I think) he said, like himself, in answer to my inquiry where he lived, that he did not know the name of the place; so it has remained in a degree of obscurity to me. As you have made it certain to me that he is in New Bedford, perhaps I can return the favor by putting you on the track to his boarding house there. Mrs Arnold told Mrs Emerson where it was — and the latter thinks, though she may be mistaken, that it was at a Mrs Lindsey’s

Page 3

I am rejoiced to hear that you are getting on so bravely with him & his verses. He and I, as you know, have been old cronies.

“Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, & rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear’d

Under the opening eye-lids of the Morn,

We drove afield, and both together heard &c &c &c”

— — — —

“But O the heavy change” now he is gone!

The C. you have seen & described is the real Simon Pure. You have seen him. Many a good ramble may you have together. You will see in him still more of the same kind — to attract & to puzzle you. How to serve him most effectually has long been a problem with his friends. Perhaps it is left for you to solve it. I suspect that the most that you or any one can do for him is to appreciate his genius — to buy & read, & cause others to buy & read his poems. That is the hand which he has put forth to the world — take hold by that. Review them if you can. Perhaps take the risk of publishing something

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more which he may write.

Your knowledge of Cowper will help you to know C. He will accept sympathy & aid, but he will not bear questioning — unless the aspects of the sky are particularly auspicious. He will ever be “reserved & enigmatic[“,] & you must deal with him at arm’s length.

I have no secrets to tell you concerning him, and do not wish to call obvious excellences & defects by farfetched names. I think I have already spoken to you more, and more to the purpose, on this theme, than I am likely to write now — nor need I suggest how witty & poetic he is — and what an inexhaustible fund of good-fellowship you will find in him.

As for visiting you in April, — though I am inclined enough to take some more rambles in your neighborhood, especially by the sea- side — I dare not engage myself, nor allow you to expect me. The truth is, I have my enterprises now



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as ever, at which I tug with ridiculous feebleness, but admirable perseverance — and cannot say when I shall be sufficiently fancy-free for such an excursion. You have done well to write a lecture on Cowper. In the expectation of getting you to read it here, I applied to the curators of our Lyceum. but alas our Lyceum has been a failure this winter for want of funds. It ceased some weeks since, with a debt — they tell me, to be caried over to the nex {MS torn} years' account. Only one more lecture is to be read by a Signor somebody — an Italian — paid for by private subscription — as a deed of charity to the lecturer. They are not rich enough to offer you your expenses even, though probably a month or two ago they would have been glad of the chance. However the old house has not failed yet. That offers you lodging for an indefinite time after you get in to it — and in the mean while I offer you bed & board in my father's house — always excepting hair pillows & new-fangled

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bedding.
Remember me to your family.
Yrs H.D.T.
Postmark: [ORD]
MASS.
Address: Daniel Ricketson Esq
New-Bedford
Mass.



Mar 5th '56

Snowed an inch or two in the night
Went to Carlisle — surveying
It is very bad turning out there is so
much snow in the road — Your horse springs
& flounders in it. The snow in the wood-
lot which I measured was about 2
feet on a level.

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL
THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



March 7, Friday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).



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The Shanty, 7th March, 1856.
My dear Gabriel,
Who like the one of
old that appeared to Daniel, Zach-
ariah &c[]hath in these latter days
appeared unto the least of all the
Daniels,— Greetings.—
I have just received and read
of the 5th Inst. your genuine epistle [] You satisfy me
^fully in regard to C. and I trust we
shall draw with an even yoke in
future. I had thought of attempting
something by way of reviving his poems.
A new public has grown up since
their appearance, and their assassinator,
Poe, lies in the Potter's Field at Baltimore.

Page 2

without a stone to mark his grave, ~~and~~ as
somebody in the Home Journal of this
week, says;— and thus hath Nemesis
over taken him.
Mrs Ricketson as well as myself have felt a
good deal of sympathy for Mrs C. but of course
the matter cannot be spoken of to C.
I think however that he is now working for
his family. His courage and endurance
under the circumstances are wonderful.
Unless he has a very [strong] physical
as well as mental constitution, I fear
he will suffer, & perhaps break down.
I conclude you received my newspaper
notice of Mr Emerson's explosion[]
before the N. B. Lyceum, although you
make no mention of it. You may
be surpr[is]ed at my sudden
regard for his genius, but not more
so than myself— It came by
revelation. I had never, I believe
read a page of his writings

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when I heard his lecture. How I came
to go to hear him I hardly know, and



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*good must conclude that my Gabriel
^ led me there.*

*Dont despair of me yet, I am getting
along bravely in my [S]hanty & hope
to *crow in due time. Somehow too,
I am getting wonderfully interested
in ancient lore, and am delighted
to find that there were odd fellows
like you & I & C. Some hundreds
of years before our data.*

*How wonderfully daylight shines
upon us at times.*

*I no longer wonder that you had Homer,
Valmiki, Vyasa [&] in your Walden
Shanty. They have already peeped
into my windows [&] I shall not be
within surprized to have them seated
^ as my guests ere long. You need
a true shanty-clear (chanticleer!)

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*~~need~~ not be astonished if you
hear of my swearing in Sanscrit
or at least in Pan crit!*

*I have just got a taste of these old
fellows, and what a glorious feast
waits me. What a lucky mortal
are you to be the possessor of these
priceless treasures, sent you from
England. I am about starting upon
a pilgrimage into the country of the
ancient Hindus, and already in fancy
the at least see "gigantic peaks of the Himala-
^ yas" and sit beneath "the tremendous
heights of the Dhawalaghiri range—"
so far as the rail-way of books
can convey me there. Give me
your hand Gabriel, and lead the
way.*

*Now for the present time. We are beginning
to have Spring here— and I have already
heard the warbling of the blue-bird*

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near the Shanty— but did not get a sight of one. The blue bird once appeared here as early as the middle of February, but disappeared as the weather proved colder & did not return until about the middle of March. I am sorry you talk so discouragingly about coming this way this Spring. Dont be afraid of me dear Gabriel— I will do you no harm. I have my fears also. I conclude that I am too social for you, although this is a Sin I have never been accused of. Think of it again, about coming here; but dont come unless you get a clear 'response from your oracle' I quote from Gabriel himself. I am quite humbled at your halting— the [cords] of love do not draw you, and I have none stronger to bring into requisition,

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but I shall not release you without a struggle.— [M]ay I not then expect you in May— things may be done in that month, which none other in the calender admit of. It is the month of Maybes— so some fine morning may you alight here a thoro' maybe fresh from Musketaquid. Then you and Channing & I can sit in this little hermitage like the Gymnosophists of old, and you may do the stamping on the ground to any Alexander that may offer himself as intruder. I copy from my Journal of this day the following for your edification! "Orphics" by a [M]odern Hindu The ancient Hindus of course wrote no "orphics."— the gentleman is a [M]odern. In proportion as we see the merits of others we add to our own. Mind is ever in the Spring— one eternal



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*May morning— the same in its original freshness
whether in the Sanscrit, the Greek and other
languages or the English as a medium
of expression.*

Mind has an eternal youth.

*"Haunted forever by the eternal mind"
is a fine thought of Wordsworth, himself
a philosopher and priest of Nature—
Man must ever find this to be true
— the thoughtful man.*

A Diurnal Rhyme.

«MDUD»Time Evening.

*In my humble Shanty rude,
Where I pass the graceful hours,
Sweetened by sweet solitude—
The true springtime with its flowers,
Many solemn truths I learn,
That are found not in the books,
Ne'er denied to those who yearn,
For them in their chosen nooks:—
For primeval wisdom here
Finds me ready at her call,
And upon my listening ear,
Oft her kindly whisperings fall—*

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*Telling me in accents clear,—
Known but to the ear within,
That the source of all I hear,
Did with Man at first begin.
And in silence as I sit,
Calmly waiting for the Power,
Knowledge to my soul doth flit,
That no learning e'er could shower:—
Sempiternal wisdom deep,
From the endless source divine,
Not as creeds and dogmas creep,
But as doth the day-god shine—
With broad beams of amber light,
Reaching into every cell,
Driving out the ancient night,
That my soul in peace may dwell.—*



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*Thus I'm taught to look & learn,
 Rather calmly to receive,
 And from stupid [S]choolmen turn,
 To that which will ne er deceive.
 X X X X X X X
 I copy the above as the shortest way of informing
 you how I am getting along & so abruptly close
 My dear Gabriel Jungfung Yours warmly
 D. the least
 How is she of the 'lotus eyes'? since her perilous journey—*



Mar. 7th. 56

[Transcript]

Pm. Measured snow on account of snow which fell 2nd & 4th

W of RR [[^] 16+]	E of RR	Av. say	Trill. Wood 21
15-1/2	16	16+	

Prob. quite as deep as any time before, this year — There are still 2 or more inches of ice next the ground in open land —

I may say that there has not been less than 16 inches of snow on a level in open land — since Jan. 13th — unless it [[^]there] was a little less just before the snow of the 2nd ult — certainly not less than 15 inches.

? My stick entered the earth & for the most part [[^]in some cases] in the wood as it has not done before.

There has been some thawing under the snow

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



May 10, Saturday: Governor of the [Kansas Territory Charles Lawrence Robinson](#) was taken into custody and charged with treason (after 4 months of confinement he would be released on bail).

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

An earthquake was felt in San Francisco, [California](#).

Per the San Francisco [Daily Alta California](#):

INQUEST. — The Coroner held an inquest yesterday, upon the body of Master Wm. F. Brooks, who was drowned on Thursday evening, by falling through a hole in the planking of the premises occupied by his parents, near the corner of Clay and Drumm streets. The parents were the only witnesses in the case, and they testified that the little child escaped from their notice for a few moments, and, as they suppose, went down in to the yard to float his little boat upon the water, by means of a



string attached to it. He had not been gone more than ten minutes when he was missed, and in less than half an hour his body was recovered from the water. The string which was attached to the boat was also wound around his wrist. The jury found in accordance with these facts, and that he was born in Chicago, Ill., and aged 5 years, 5 months and 8 days. He was the son of Aaron and Mary Jane Brooks.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

Shanty, May 10th 1856.

Dear Mr Thoroughgood,

Had you not prepared me on my first acquaintance with you to consider you a bad correspondent, I should hardly feel satisfied at your silence. I think it great pity for one who so excels in epistolary writing should not exercise his pen more in this way. Cannot you turn over a new leaf. I have been in hopes to receive a letter from you announcing your intention to make us a visit soon. Any time will be agreeable, except from the 14th to the 23d of June, at which time I expect to make my annual visit to Newport.— My present opinion is that you had better come about the 25th of June unless you have designed otherwise.

Channing is still here, and as much of a Sphinx or something of that sort as ever. I sometimes feel quite out of patience with him. I fear too that he is selfish. I hear bad accounts from him in this way. I pity him sincerely It appears to me that his genius hardly warrants so great eccentricities and defects of character. I like the companionship of talented & cultivated people, perhaps too much, but there is a certain amount of good breeding Christian principle if you please, which I require in a friend. Somewhat dejected myself, generally, I am at times quite oppressed by C's. black mood. The paper on which I write was made in our Village, Accushnett, and has been lying in the garret of an old shop for over forty years — the keeper of which gave me a small quantity yesterday. I write with an old stub of a pen to have it in keeping & I suppose the sheet presents somewhat the appearance of one written by our country folks about the time we were "mulling & puking in the Nurse's arms."

We are having an old fashioned North-easter — this being the third day of his reign, or rain, or both. Turdus Melodus, Turdus Firniginus, Turdus catbirdus, chewinks, Redstarts, Barn swallows, with the earlier Spring birds are here. And now my dear Heliogabulus farewell. Have you read an illustrated letter about Emerson's lecture & two Newspapers from me. "I pause for a reply."



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

*Truly & Affectionately
Yours Dan^l Ricketson*



May 10th

[Transcript]

The 3d day of rain. The river has again gone over the meadows which were almost bare.

Pm to Walden—in rain—

R. Rice speaks of having seen myriads of eels formerly going down the Charles River—young ones not longer than his hand—stopped behind a board at the dam— That once there when repairing the dam he saw while standing on the bared bottom below it a large eel

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

come up close by it through hard gravel—& he believed it had just come down the river—& had penetrated through 6 feet in thickness of the same character—for the dam was carried down to that depth below the bottom of the river.

That the snapping turtle caught fish by lying ~~with~~ [[^]buried] in the mud with only his eyes out—was Rice's supposition.

Some vac. Pennsylvanicum out in Cut woods May be a day, as it has rained steadily the last 2 days—it seems to bloom with or immediately after the bearberry. I would gladly walk far in this stormy weather—for now I see & get near to large birds. 2 quails whirr away from the old shanty stubble field—& 2 turtle doves go off from an apple tree with their clikit Also at Walden shore a pig. hawk—(or else sharp shinned) with deep brown back—went off from close at hand— I see those just above the edge of the Pool in Hubbards woodpath the *V. blanda* passing into the *V. lanceolata* which last also is now in bloom—prob. earlier there than in wetter places. May have been as early as the *blanda*.

Where the Pitch pines were cut some years ago—on Thrush Alley—I now see—birches—oaks—& p. ~~p~~ & white pines— On the R. R. causeway against trillium wood—I see an ap. native willow—a shrub— with greenish bark—& conspicuous yellow catkins—now in full bloom—ap. a little earlier than the *S. alba*. [[^]but its leaflets or bracts much less advanced & conspicuous] Another on the Walden road— [added in pencil:[^]v 16th inst] what is it? Mr. Pritchards Canada Plum will open as soon as it is fair weather—[added in pencil:[^]V 12th]



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Palladius p 516 says Domino vel colono confinia possidenti, qui fundum vel agrum suum locat, damnis suis ac litibus studet. He who lets his farm or field to a neighboring proprietor or farmer, prepares the way for his own loss & for lawsuits.” (also — — — Qui agrum colit, gravem tributis creditorem patitur, cui sine spe absolutionis adstrictus est.

P. — Says you must always put an uneven number of eggs under a hen, in the increase of the moon—

Even in his day speaking of geese—
Albi foecundiores sunt: varii vel fusci, minus, quia de agresti genere ad domesticum transierunt. White geese are the more fruitful: those of various colors or fuscus less so, because they are ~~sp~~ mongrels between the wild & tame species.

Also to defend the bees—Aves etiam pannis & crepitaculis terreamus. Let us frighten away birds also with scare-crows (?) & rattling tins(?)

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June 25, Wednesday: In San Francisco, [California](#), an organization called the “Independent City Guard” adopted its bylaws.

[Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) to his journal, in [New Bedford](#) with [Henry Thoreau](#):



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JOHN JAMES AUDUBON



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P.M. — Called at Thomas A. Greene’s in New Bedford, said to be best acquainted with the botany of this vicinity (also acquainted with shells, and somewhat with geology). In answer to my question what were the rare or peculiar plants thereabouts, he looked over his botany deliberately and named the *Aletris farinosa*, or star-grass; the *Hydrocotyle vulgaris* (probably *interrupta* of Gray), which he thought was now gone; *Proserpinaca*



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

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June 25

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

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THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

 December 22, Monday: [Henry Thoreau](#) checked out, from [Harvard Library](#), one or another “Collection of Travels” itemized as “40.27” (as yet unidentified, but apparently not the work of Churchill, Hakluyt, Harris, Osborne, Pinkerton, or Ray).

“There is no Frigate like a Book
To take us Lands away”
— [Emily Dickinson](#)

[Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) to his journal, in [New Bedford](#):



WALDO EMERSON

Rode to the Tarkiln Hill station at noon in expectation somewhat of seeing Mr. R.W. Emerson, but he did not come. At the depot in town while awaiting the arrival of the P.M. train from Boston, had an adventure with a coachman who abused his horse. Rather successful on my part. Mr. Emerson arrived, took him to brother Joseph's to tea, heard his lecture before the Lyceum. He came out with me and spent the night. His lecture without a name very good.

JOSEPH RICKETSON



Dec 22nd
To Boston & Cambridge

[Transcript]

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 June 23, Monday: [Henry Thoreau](#) went to “Brooklawn” in [New Bedford](#) with [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#). This was Ricketson’s account of it:⁶²

Left Concord this A.M. with Henry D. Thoreau at 8 1/2 o'clock, and arrived home at 1 1/2 P.M., stopping one hour in Boston, visiting the Natural History rooms with H.D.T. who is a member of the Society. Thermometer at 73 — P.M. R.W. Emerson's version of the wood-thrush as repeated to me Sunday P.M. June 22d, on our walk to Walden Pond:

He Willy Willy, Ha Willy, Willy O, Willy O.

THE BOSTON SOCIETY OF NATURAL HISTORY

Per the San Francisco, [California Daily Alta California](#):

MURDER IN CALAVERAS. — The Calaveras Chronicle says that Mr. Wm. Smith, a well known merchant at Boston Bar, on the Calaveras, was brutally murdered on Wednesday evening, 11th inst. A Mexican named Jose Sanchez, who has been in the employ of Smith, gives the following account of the transaction.

About 8 o'clock, P.M., he says, four Mexicans entered the store, and two of them approached Smith, while the others advanced towards him (Sanchez) with drawn pistols and knives, threatening to kill him if he made resistance. He was then bound and blindfolded, and so remained while the murder was committed. About three quarters of an hour after the departure of the Mexicans, he informed some of the American miners living on the Bar, of the murder. A large party, including officer Shrobel, and others, from San Andrea, made diligent search for the murderers, but without success.

On the next day an inquest was held, but nothing was elicited to criminate [sic] Sanchez. On examination, it was found that deceased had received seven stabs, with knives — one piercing through the heart. Plunder is the supposed object of the murderers, Mr. Smith being known to have at times, large sums in coin and dust, besides watches, jewelry, &c.

On hearing of the outrage, and assuming that Sanchez was a participant therein (and there is strong possibility that he was), a party of citizens secretly organized and determined to dispose of Sanchez in modo vigilantum. Accordingly a committee proceeded to Smith's store, captured the intended victim, and brought him to Camp Seco. What the ultimate intentions of these gentlemen

62. These would be the proceedings, for this year, of the Society:

PROCEEDINGS, FOR 1856



NEW BEDFORD

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were, we know not; but rumors of their proceedings got abroad, and Deputy Sheriffs Mulford and Paul went to their room and demanded the prisoner. He was at once surrendered to those officers, who conducted him to the jail to await judicial examination.

LYNCHING AT WATSONVILLE. — The Santa Cruz Sentinel says: On Saturday night last a drunken Indian killed a Sonorian on the Monterey side of the Pajaro river, near Watsonville, by stabbing and cutting him with a knife; the Indian was visited and executed by Judge Lynch sometime during Monday night.

The accounts of the killing are contradictory; some are to the effect, that the Indian cut the throat of the Sonorian while asleep others that he was killed in a drunken street fight, and that the Indian was also cut in several places. We have been unable to learn the name of either party. The name of the party who furnished the liquor to get up the drunk — the name of the killer and killed — the circumstances of the case — the names of the judges, jury, and executioners, are all involved in mystery; the time for trial, and execution was darkness, which presents rather a sad affair — and we are constrained to say, reflects no credit on any of the parties concerned.

The US House of Representatives considered the possibility of amending the Act of 1818.

Notice given of a bill to amend the Act of April 20, 1818.
HOUSE JOURNAL, 34th Congress, 1st session, II. 1101.

INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE



June 23d

[Transcript]

To New Bedford—with Ricketson—
In R's mowing—ap. Lucerne out some days— His son Walton shewed me one of 4 perfectly white eggs taken from a hole in an apple tree 8 ft from ground. (I examined the hole) He had seen a blue bird there & I saw a blue feather in it & ap. a blue bird's nest. Were not these the eggs of a downy woodpecker laid in a blue bird's nest? They were all gone now
Bay wings sang morning & evening about R's house—often sitting on a bean pole—and dropping down & running & singing on the bare ground amid the potatoes—Its note somewhat like—Come, here here, there there,— [^{fast}] quick quick quick,—or I'm gone.
Prinos laevigatus common & just begun to bloom behind R's house—

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June 24, Tuesday: [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) to his journal, in [New Bedford](#) with [Henry Thoreau](#):



Clear and fine, wind W. -Thermometer at 48 at 5 A.M. Rose early and found Thoreau walking in the garden - assisted him in fitting a press for his plants. Left home about 10 with H.D.T. for Long Pond - on the way spent an hour at Sassaquin or Tobey's Pond, dined under an apple-tree near a spring on the Brady farm, after which bathed upon the south shore of Long Pond, and visited Nelson's Island, one of the most beautiful and retired spots in this part of the county, made a sketch of the back side of the Brady house, and the barn, in Thoreau's note-book. Home at 7; went with Billy and the old buggy wagon.

The music store in Portland, Maine of Jacob Small Paine, father of John Knowles Paine, was destroyed by fire.

In San Francisco, [California](#), a Chinese shanty standing partly over the water at Rincon Point near the Hospital, was entered at night by 3 or 4 persons. The 3 Chinamen in the shanty were in bed at the time. The burglars laid drawn knives to their throats and threatened to cut their heads off should they make the least noise. The burglars threw blankets over their heads and tied them to a post in the middle of the room. They then struck a light and commenced to ransack the shanty.

At 11AM the US Circuit Court room was again crowded by an expectant crowd. The case was that of former policeman John L. Durkee, charged with piracy upon the high seas. Durkee was a Deputy Director of the Committee of Vigilance, and had led the boarding party that had seized arms sent by the Governor to quell the insurrection in San Francisco. He was acquitted.

Per reports in the Sacramento, [California Daily Union](#):

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN. - We are informed upon reliable authority, that the Vigilance Committee, in their investigations into the case of Thomas B. Cunningham, have elicited satisfactory evidence that he was in the habit, while connected with the office of Coroner of this county, of disinterring the bodies of persons who had been buried, for the purpose of dropping them in the docks, and this receiving the fee attending an inquest. In this way, it is said, one body has been made to do service three or four times - or as long as it would hold together. This accounts in part for the great number of bodies that, but a little while ago, were constantly found under the wharves. - True Californian, June 20.

BODY OF CROSBY RECOVERED. - CORONER'S INQUEST. - The body of David Crosby, a young man nineteen years of age, who was drowned in the American river near Hunt & Co.'s mill on Tuesday afternoon, as mentioned in our last issue, was



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found by Mr. Carleton and others about seven o'clock last evening a short distance from the shore where the accident occurred. An inquest was held on the body by Coroner Bell last evening, at which it appeared that deceased, on company with a young man named Place and another, came up from San Francisco on Monday night last in search of employment. Place and the deceased visited the river as above for the purpose of bathing. Deceased went into the river first, stepped almost immediately beyond his depth, and being unable to swim was drowned before assistance could be extended him.

The locality of the accident having been pointed out by Place, hooks were prepared by Mr. Carleton and others, and the bottom of the river in that vicinity dragged for a few minutes when the body was discovered. The jury returned a verdict of accidental drowning.

RUMORED ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE. — A report was current on the streets, yesterday, that Samuel Garrett, who is to be executed to-morrow, for the murder of Brickell, attempted suicide on Tuesday evening by swallowing poison. We understand that he acted so strangely on that evening that the officers on the prison brig supposed he had been taking poison, and immediately sent for Dr. Hall, the County Physician. Dr. Hall informs us that his strange actions were merely the result of a nervous attack, consequent, doubtless, on high mental excitement. We are assured by the officers on the brig that extreme care is taken that no one confers with him except in their presence, and under circumstances to preclude the possibility of poison or a weapon being conveyed to him.

FOUND DROWNED. — The body of a man was picked up in the Bay at the foot of California street wharf this morning. The body was dressed in the usual garb of a seaman — a red flannel shirt, blued cloth pantaloons, heavy boots, and a leather belt round his waist, containing a sheath and knife. The body of five feet eight inches high, stoutly made, with black hair and whiskers. It has the appearance of having been in the water for two or three days. Coroner Kent had the body removed to his office, and will hold an inquest upon it this afternoon.



June 24th

To Sassacowen Pond & to Long Pond—
Common Yellow thistle abundant about R's.
open a good while. Maryland yel. throats
very common in bushes behind his house—nest
with young. American holly now in prime.
The light-colored masses of Mt laurel
were visible across Sassacowen—
A king birds nest just completed in an

[Transcript]



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apple tree— Lunched by the spring on

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the Brady Farm — [^{in Freetown}] & there it occurred to
me how to get clear water from a spring—
when the surface is covered with dust or
insects. Thrust your dipper down deep
in the middle of the spring & lift it
up quickly straight & square—this will
heap up the water in the middle so that
the scum will run off—
We were surrounded by white weed— The week
before I had seen it equally abundant
in Worcester—[^(In many fields the flowers placed in one plane would more)] & here as there—each flower
than cover the surface)
had a dark rink of small black insects on its disk—
Think of the many dense white fields between here
& there, aye and for a thousand miles around—& then
calculate the amount of insect life of one obscure
species!
Went off to Nelson's Island (Now Brigg's)
in Long Pond by a long [^{very ð}] narrow bar (50
rods as I paced it) in some places the
water over shoes—& the sand commonly only
3 or 4 feet wide. This is a noble
island—maybe of 8 or 10 acres—some
30 feet high and just enough wooded—
with grass ground and grassy hollows
There was a beech wood at the west
end—where R's son Walton found
an arrowhead when they were here before
& the hemlocks resounded with
the note of the tweezer bird—S. americana
There were many ephemerae half dead
on the bushes— R. dreams of residing
here.

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June 25, Wednesday: In San Francisco, [California](#), an organization called the “Independent City Guard” adopted its bylaws.

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Cooler, unsettled, and signs of rain, wind S.W. At home and about this forenoon, Thoreau busy collecting marine plants from the river side. Went to town this P.M. with Thoreau. Called at Thomas A. Greene's with T. who wished to confer with him about rare plants and those peculiar to this section — afterwards went to the city library and examined Audubon's Ornithology for a species of the sparrow which we have on our place and which as yet I have been unable to identify with any described in Wilson or Nuttall.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON



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June 25

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 June 28, Saturday: [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) to his journal, in [New Bedford](#) with [Henry Thoreau](#):



Clear and fine. Thoreau and Arthur [??] went up the river botanizing.

The series of poems by [Louisa May Alcott](#), entitled “Beach Bubbles,” continued in Boston’s [Saturday Evening Gazette](#).

Having abandoned his Oregon homestead, [John Beeson](#) placed an article in the [Argus](#) of Oregon City. The basis for dealing fairly with local Indians, he asserted, was that to do this was to “do good, love truth, be just and fair to ALL, exalt the RIGHT, though every ism fall.”



June 28th

[Transcript]

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Lamium amplexicaule still out behind
R’s shanty— I picked up 2 arrow heads
amid oyster & clamshells by a rock
at the head of the creek opposite Rs.
One was of peculiar form quite blunt
& small—thus— of quartz—



ap to knock over small game without
breaking the skin.
Pm I had paddled up the Acushnet—
about 1 mile above the paper mill
as far as the ruined mill—in Walton’s
skiff with Arthur R. (Walton was named
from I. Walton the angler—& Arthur
from Danas hero in— “Sun not set yet &c”
I never saw such an abundance of
{~~peltan~~} peltandra as borders that
sluggish & narrow stream—in bunches
alternating with pickerel weed—leaves
of very various forms & sizes.

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 June 29, Sunday: The [Reverend Convers Francis](#) preached in [Concord](#). His prooftext for the morning service was Matthew 10:42 and his topic was “The Worth of the Cup of Cold Water.” His prooftext for the afternoon service was Mark 10:21 and his topic was “The One Thing Lacking.”



There was an election in Nicaragua in which very few citizens take part. It would be claimed that it had been a massive turnout in which North American filibusterer William Walker had won by a large margin.

Per the San Francisco, [California Daily Alta California](#):

THE SUICIDE. — Coroner Kent held an inquest yesterday upon the remains of the man who committed suicide on Thursday last at the foot of Broadway wharf, but nothing was elicited that would enable him to ascertain the name of the unfortunate man. Doctor Macaulay made the following certificate:

I do hereby certify that the deceased came to his death from a pistol bullet, which entered the anterior superior portion of the occipit close to the junction with the spheroid and palatine bones; thence passing through the right hemisphere of the brain and fracturing the parietal bone about one and a half inches from the connection with the occipit.

The jury found that the deceased came to his death from the effect of a pistol wound, received from a pistol in his own hands. It also found that the deceased's name, age and nativity were unknown.

[Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) to his journal, in [New Bedford](#) with [Henry Thoreau](#):

Very warm, wind S.W. fresh. Thermometer at 87 during the middle of the day. Walked this P.M. with Thoreau



Sunday June 29th

[Transcript]

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P. m. Bathed in the creek—which swarms with terrapins?—as the boys called them—I find no account of them in Storer!! ? They put their heads out & floated about just like the E. picta—& often approached and played{?} with each other. Some were ap. 7 or 8 inches long & of a yellowish color— A man by the river side

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told us that he had 2 young ducks which he let out to seek their food along the river side at low tide that morning. At length he noticed that one remained sta[[^]]tionary amid the grass or salt weeds—& something prevented its following the other. He went to its rescue—& found its foot shut tightly in a quahog's shell amid the grass which the tide had left He took up all together—carried to his house—& his wife opened the shell with a knife —released the duck—& cooked the quahog. Bathed again near Dogfish bar—It was warm & dirty water—muddy bottom. I prob. found an Indian's bone at [added in pencil:^(Throgg's point)]— where their bodies have been dug up—

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THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



June 30, Monday: In San Francisco, [California](#), a small single-story brick building containing a Coffee House has sprung up on a vacant lot on Sacramento Street opposite the Vigilante Committee Rooms. It had commenced business on the previous Saturday evening, and as there were usually a lot of loafers hanging about watching the movements of the Committee of Vigilance, it was expecting to do a big business.

An accident occurred at a small frame building on Tremont Street, between Howard Street and Folsom Street. Two men, the proprietor C. Stoes and his assistant Charles Neff, had been endeavoring to raise the house to a level with the street. While they were underneath, however, the building fell, breaking to pieces and covering them in ruins. Stoes was badly bruised about the head and the upper part of the body and Neff's collarbone was broken.

Directors of the Mechanics' Institute on California Street near Leidesdorff Street issued an address to the mechanics of the city. Their organization had come to encompass 290 members. Their organization had been called into existence on March 29, 1855 for the purpose of elevating the dignity of their sector of the community.



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The large flag waving from the roof of the St. Nicholas Hotel on the corner of Sansome Street and Commercial Street, was the Norwegian flag, due to the fact that the consul of that nation had taken rooms at this hotel.

The *Saturnia Ceanothi* or California Silkworm, could now be viewed to advantage in all its metamorphoses, on the grounds of the San Francisco College in Bush Street between Mason Street and Taylor Street. There were upwards of 1,000 of these caterpillars, that would shortly transform into cocoons and chrysalides.

In San Francisco, [California](#), Mayor Van Ness's term ended.

Per reports in the Sacramento, [California Daily Union](#):

THE MURDER OF MR. BALLOU — SOME PLAIN QUESTIONS.

MICHIGAN BAR, June 29th, 1856.

EDITORS UNION. — Barns, the individual who shot Ballou, while the latter was working his claim near this place, is still at large. It will be recollected that when Ballou was shot he was entirely unarmed, and that he lived only about twenty four hours afterwards. Barns was last heard from at Rabbit Creek, where he was arrested by a citizen of that place and detained over night, but the next day succeeded in making his escape....

Why did not the Coroner, or some Justice of the Peace, of Amador county, hold an inquest over the body of deceased previous to his interment?

Let those concerned answer. JUSTICE.

PARTICULARS OF THE MURDER IN CONTRA COSTA COUNTY. — The San Francisco [Herald](#) gives the following particulars of the murder of Terence McDonald, which we have heretofore noticed, at Antioch, on the 14th of June:

McDonald was living alone, and these Indians were stopping with him that night. One of the Indians was named Raefelle, and had his wife with him. The circumstances attending the murder were that an Indian of the party stopped on the night in question at Major Clark's, who resides a short distance from McDonald's; and about 10 o'clock the Indian Raefelle came to the corral in which the former party was lying, and after talking some twenty-five minutes, they went off together and murdered McDonald. The next morning Major Clark went over to McDonald's, opened the door, and found him lying dead, with seven stabs in his throat, his hands cut and fingers broken, and his pockets robbed of what little money he had.

The Indians also stole from the house a double barreled gun, (one a shot barrel and the other a rifle barrel,) one pair of fine doeskin pants, and two medals — one representing a ten dollar gold piece and the other a twenty dollar piece. They may, perhaps, thinking the medals to be genuine money, attempt to pass them at some of the stores, and this lead to their detection and capture. A reward of \$100 is offered by the Sheriff and



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citizens of the neighborhood for the arrest of the murderers.

COURT INCIDENT. — At the session of our District Court which adjourned last Wednesday, a German was tried for killing a man at Fiddletown some six weeks ago, and found guilty of manslaughter. After the jury returned their verdict he was under the impression that he was to be hung, and no one could convince him to the contrary. When called up to receive his sentence he was so badly frightened that it was with difficulty that he could stand, and he was unable to speak. The Judge proceeded to pass sentence, remarking that, though the prisoner had been indicted for murder, the jury had found him guilty of manslaughter only, and that he should therefore sentence him to three years in the State Prison. So completely surprised was the prisoner that he sprang forward and exclaimed, "I go five years, I go five years." It is needless to say that the Sheriff had some difficulty to restore order in the court room. — Volcano Ledger, June 28.

DEAD BODY FOUND AT BENICIA. — The body of a man, so decomposed as to prevent recognition, was found on the shore near the barracks at Benicia, on Sunday the 22d June. He had been washed up by the tide. From the fact that his arm was tattooed he is supposed to have been a sea-faring man.

[Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) to his journal, in [New Bedford](#) with [Henry Thoreau](#):

Warm and clear. rode to the Middleboro' Ponds with Thoreau. Visited Haskell's Island, so-called, in Great Quittacus Pond, from where we bathed and ate our dinner



The [Topeka Constitution](#) was rejected by the federal Congress, rendering the Topeka government of the [Kansas Territory](#) not a legally constituted entity.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



Monday June 30

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Am. to Middleboro' Ponds—in the new town of Lakeville—(some 3 yrs old) what a miserable name[!]
It should have been Assawampsett— or perchance Sanacus if that was the name of the Christian Indian killed on the pond. By the road side Long Plain North Fair Haven observed a tupelo 7 feet high with a rounded top—shaped



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like an umbrella 8 feet diameter
spreading over the wall—& the main stem
divided suddenly at 2 feet only below the
top—where it was 6 inches in diameter!
On the right hand in the old Orchard
near the Quitticus Ponds—heard & at
last saw my tweezer bird—which is extremely
restless flitting from bough to bough & apple
tree to apple tree—Its note like AL—
zre zre zre—zritter zritter zrit
S. Americana particolored warbler—with
golden green reflections on the back—2 white
bars on wings—all beneath white— Large
orange mark on breast—bordered broadly
with lemon yellow—& yellow throat—
These were making the woods ring in
Concord when I left—& are [[^]very] common
Saw a haymaker with his suspenders crossed before as well
hereabouts. as behind. A valuable hint which I think I shall improve upon
since I am much troubled by mine slipping off my shoulders.
Borrowed Roberts' boat—shaped like
a pumpkin seed—for he wished to {padde}
on Great Quittacus. Roberts is the mean
Calvinist minister from England a dozen
or more years since— Ricketson was invited
to dine there once— There was a great parade
and all the forms of hospitality—but the
chief food was one pigeon—all of which
was eaten by the sang son. On parting
with him Roberts said the next time
you come bring a joint of meat with
you— We landed & lunched on Haskell's

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

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Island—which contains some 25 or 30
acres— Just beyond this was Reed's Island
which was formerly cultivated —the cattle
being swum across or taken over in a scow—
A man praised the soil to me & said that
rye enough had been raised on it to cover
it 6 inches deep. At one end of
Haskell's Island was ap. a piece of primi-
tive wood—beech, hemlock &c—under
the first I found some low dry brown
plants—perhaps—beech drops & the like
2 species—but saw none of this year—
One who formerly owned ~~this island~~ Reeds
island said that a man once lived
on Haskell's I. & had a henry there.
The tweezer birds were lively in the hemlocks.
Rode on to the [[^]old] Pond Meeting house—
whence there is a fine view of Assawamp-
sett— It is probably the broadest lake
in the state— Uriah (?) Sampson told me



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it was about 8 or 10 feet deep in the middle but some what deeper ~~on~~ [[^]about] the sides— The main outlet is [[^]of these ponds] N.E by Taunton river—though there is some connection with the Mattapoissett River—and Assonet R. drains the neighborhood of Long Pond on the west. 2 men spoke of Loon's eggs on a rocky isle in Little quitticus— I saw the Lobelia Dortmanna in bloom in the last. A. S. W breeze springs up every afternoon at this season—comparatively cool & refreshing from the sea. As we were returning a Mr. Sampson was catching perch at the outlet from Long Pond—where it emptied into Asawampsett with a swift current— The surface of the rippling water there was all alive with yellow perch & white ones—whole schools showing their snouts or tails as they rose for the young alewives which appeared to be passing out of ~~Long Pond~~ the brook. These, some of which I have in spirits, were about 1 1/2 inches long. Sampson fished with these for bait—trailing or jerking it along the surface exactly as for pickerel & the perch bit very fast. He showed me one ~~yello~~ white perch. It was a broader fish than the yellow—but much softer scaled—& generally preferred. He said they would not take the hook after a certain season— He swept out some young alewives (herring) with a stick onto the shore—& among them were young yellow perch also 1 1/2 inches long with the transverse bands perfectly distinct. I have some in spirit. The large ones were devouring these no doubt together with the alewives.

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Is not June the month when most of our freshwater fish are spawned?

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 July 1, Friday: Justinus Jacob Leonard van der Bruggen replaced Floris Adriaan van Hall and Dirk Donker Curtius as chief minister of the Netherlands.

In San Francisco, [California](#), a Consolidation Act merging the city government with the county government discontinued the office of City Sexton. No provision was made for the performance of the duties heretofore devolving upon that office. Under the operation of this Consolidation Act, there would no longer be a Recorder's Court — that tribunal would be replaced by a "Police Court," differing only in title. The city and county were merged into a single political entity and remaining justices of the peace were to sit as a board of supervisors.

There was a fire alarm on this afternoon caused by an ignition from a stovepipe, in a house on Clay Street Wharf. The fire was extinguished, however, before any of the Fire Department engines were able to arrive. No damage was done.

Dr. W.O. Ayers lectured on this evening before the Young Men's Christian Association, at the First Congregational Church on the corner of California Street and Dupont Street on the subject of earthquakes.

[Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) to his journal, in [New Bedford](#) with [Henry Thoreau](#):



A fine day, cooler than for some days. Thermometer at 75, 12 hours, noon: wind N.W. This I attribute to the heat lightning in the east last evening. Rode to town this morning with Thoreau, visited Arnold's [??] garden with him. Channing came up to tea to see Thoreau and spend the evening and night. Thoreau and Channing spent the evening in the Shanty. Retired at 10.

ELLERY CHANNING

[Professor Henri-Frédéric Amiel](#), who would be referred to as the "Swiss [Thoreau](#)," wrote in his *JOURNAL INTIME*: "A man and still more a woman, always betrays something of his or her nationality. The women of Russia, for instance, like the lakes and rivers of their native country, seem to be subject to sudden and prolonged fits of torpor. In their movement, undulating and caressing like that of water, there is always a threat of unforeseen frost. The high latitude, the difficulty of life, the inflexibility of their autocratic régime, the heavy and mournful sky, the inexorable climate, all these harsh fatalities have left their mark upon the Muscovite race. A certain somber obstinacy, a kind of primitive ferocity, a foundation of savage harshness which, under the influence of circumstances, might become implacable and pitiless; a cold strength, an indomitable power of resolution which would rather wreck the whole world than yield, the indestructible instinct of the barbarian tribe, perceptible in the half-civilized nation, all these traits are visible to an attentive eye, even in the harmless extravagances and caprices of a young woman of this powerful race. Even in their badinage they betray something of that fierce and rigid nationality which burns its own towns and [as Napoleon said] keeps battalions of dead soldiers on their feet.

What terrible rulers the Russians would be if ever they should spread the night of their rule over the countries of the south! They would bring us a polar despotism, tyranny such as the world has never known, silent as darkness, rigid as ice, insensible as bronze, decked with an outer amiability and glittering with the cold brilliancy of snow, a slavery without compensation or relief. Probably, however, they will gradually lose both the virtues and the defects of their semi-barbarism. The centuries as they pass will ripen these sons of the north, and they will enter into the concert of peoples in some other capacity than as a menace or a dissonance. They have only to transform their hardness into strength, their cunning into grace, their Muscovitism into humanity, to win love instead of inspiring aversion or fear."



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July 1st

Pm Paddled on the Acushnet—passed through some schools of fishes—which were rippling the surface about us in midstream. The back [added in pencil: ^fins] very long & sharp projected 2 or 3 inches above water.



Walton said afterward that they were Menhaden—

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



July 2, Saturday: Friend Daniel Ricketson to his journal, in New Bedford with Henry Thoreau:

 Clear and fine, cool this morning. Thermometer at about 50, 5 A.M. My friend H.D. Thoreau left in the early train this morning for his home at Concord, Mass. Took him to the Tarkiln Station. Channing, who spent the night with us, left about 9 to walk to town. During the visit of my friend Thoreau we have visited the Middleborough Ponds twice, the Island Naushon,

ELLERY CHANNING

The 1849 report of the drowning of former officer of the 2d Life Guards George Trafford Heald had apparently been spurious, as the Cork Examiner reported the death of George Trafford Heald, Esq., formerly an officer in the 2d Life Guards and “one of the persons stated to have been married to the notorious Lola Montes,” as having occurred on June 20th, 1856 in Folkstone in Kent, England.



July 2nd

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Return to Concord. Looked at the birds in the Nat. Hist. Rooms in Boston. Observed no white spots on the Sparrow hawks wing—nor on the Pig. or sharp-shinned hawks—Inded they were so closed that I could not have seen them. Am uncertain to which my ? wing belongs.
? May I not have seen the White crowned sparrow in company with the white-throated? They are much alike. Yet Wilson says they rarely associate
The Hemlock and Pine Warbler are much ? alike— Is it possible I have confounded them?

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

{One-fifth page blank}



NEW BEDFORD

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September 24, Wednesday: As a Nicaraguan force, followed by their Central American allies, entered Managua, the “Walkerites” abandoned the town.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

*Brooklawn, 24 Sept.
1856.
Dear Friend,
Yours of the 23d is
received, and I notice what you say
in regard to Mr Alcott's class;
but I fear that I shall hardly prove able
to undertake the business of obtaining
one for him. It is entirely out of my line
and very much averse to my taste
to solicit from anyone. People are
so ready to ride a “high horse,” as soon
as you present anything to them that
is left for their consideration or decision,
that I shrink at once from any such
collision. Still should anything turn
up whereby I may effect the object through
a third party, I shall be very glad
so to do. In the meantime I am ready
to listen to any suggestions Mr Alcott
may make to me in the premises.
I am sorry that I shall not have
the pleasure of ~~your~~ a visit from*

Page 2
*you this Fall, but as you need com-
panionship so much less than I do,
I suppose the pleasure would not
be reciprocal were we to meet.
I am becoming quite a historical sketcher
and have already commenced publishing
a history of New Bedford, or rather
of the old township of Dartmouth,
which included New Bedford, also
the township of Westport, Fairhaven
& the present Dartmouth.
Have you ever observed how many
of the Indian names of rivers, lakes*



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*etc end in et? Assawampset,
Acushnet, Pascamanset, etc etc.
I am informed by a person who appear-
ed to have some knowledge of the Indian
words that et signifies water —
The Taunton River was called Nemasket
for several miles from its outlet from
the Middleborough Ponds — then Tetiquet
or Tetiquid — now I come to my object —
did ~~was~~ not your own Musketaquid
have the final syllable quet? If
the fact can be established that et
meant water I should have no hesita-
tion in making the alteration.—*

Page 3

*Please remember me most truly to
your family, and to Mr Emerson & his,
when you next meet him.*

*Trusting that when the right time
comes around we shall meet once
more,*

I remain,

Yours faithfully

D. Ricketson

*Arthur left this morn. on a cruise
to Nomans Land, stopping
at Cutty[hunk] to investigate
Gosnold's ruins.— I suppose he
will spend the night there. He
has for a companion, a brother salt,
a ship-master, and their vessel
is an open boat with two sails—
fore & aft rig.*

*Wally has built & launched a fine
little sailing craft with keel &
centre-board. May the Fates
reverse your decision.—*



Sept. 24. P.M. — To Saw Mill Brook.

Not a sign of an artichoke flower yet below Moore's!
May they not be earlier elsewhere?

At brook, cohush and arum berries still fresh, and
Viburnum acerifolium berries. Apparently Asplen.hrm



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7'helypteroides, a large fern, its under side covered with ' linear fruit.

Methinks it stands thus with goldenrods and asters

DOW:-

Early

S. stricla, done some time.

Swamp "

"

probably past prime.

My S. gigantea (?), probably done.

S. nemoralis, about done.

S. altissima, much past prime.

S. odora, not seen but probably done.

S. puberula, say in good condition, or in prime.

S. bicolor and var. concolor, in prime.

S. lanccolata, say clone.

S. latifolia, in prime.

S. casia, in prime.

S. speeiom (none the 15th).'

Early meadow aster, say done long time.

' Not quite out the 26th of Septemlur.

Diplopappms cornifolius, not seen of late.

1). unbellatus, still abundant.

A. palms,.some still fresh bnt not common.

A. ntacrophytlus, not observed of late.

A. acuminatus, not observed at till in C.

A. liadula, probably about done, not seen

A. dumps-us, considerably past prime.

D. linariilodius, in prime, abundant.

A. undulahcs, in prime, abundant.

A. corynibmus, still fresh though probably past prime.

A. l(rris, probably still in prime.

A. Tradescanti, in prune.

A. puniceus, still in prime (??).

A. longiloliu.s, in prime.

A. neultiflorus, in prime.'

of late.

The river has risen again considerably

(this I believe the fourth time), owing to the late copious rains.

This before the farmers have succeeded in their

late attempt to get their meadow-fray after all.

It had not got down before this last rain but to

within some eighteen inches, at least, of the usual level in September.

1'. 'I. - To Harrington road.

A golden-crowned thrush runs off, a few feet at a

time, on hillside on Harrington road, as if she had a

nest still! The haws of the common [thorn] are now

very good eating and handsome. Some of the Cratergus

Crus-Ca.lli on the old fence line between Tarbell and

T. Wheeler beyond brook are smaller, stale, and not

gutul ut all.

The urtica just beyond Widow Hosrner's

barn appears the same with that I called C. gracilis (?)

in Brattleboro.



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Sep 24

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Pm to Saw Mill Brook—
 Not a sign of an artichoke flower yet
 below Moore's! May they not be earlier else-
 where? On the cross road beyond by the brook
 is common a longifolius-like aster [^(perhaps same with yesterdays)] with narrow
 & tapering serrate leaves flowers mid size pale
 blue or whitish but variable in size & color—[^v press]
 Perhaps a var of Longifolius or of Carneus
 Also on the ditch further along by road
 side—toward Tuttle's—ap a low red stemmed
 (cut off?) a longifolius—with generally larger &
 bluer flowers than the last. [^It is ap A. longifolius]
 [in pencil: ^v Sep 25 & 28]
 At brook— Cohush & arum berries still fresh—
 and Vib. acerifolium berries. Ap. Asplenium
 Thelypteroides a large fern its under side covered
 with linear fruit
 Methinks it stands thus with Goldenrods
 & asters now—
 Early S. stricta done sometime
 Swamp ” prob. past prime
 [^say] —S. Gigantea? prob done
 S. nemoralis about done
 S. Altissima much past prime
 S. odora not seen but prob. done
 S. Puberula say in good condition (or in prime
 S. Bicolor in prime
 [^2 var. concolor]
 S. Lanceolata say done
 S. Latifolia in prime
 S. Caesia in prime
 S. speciosa {~~say fairly begun?~~} [^not quite out the 26th of sep] (none the 15th)

Early meadow Aster say done ~~sometime~~ [^longtime]{e}
 Dip cornifolius, not seen of late
 ” Umbellatus still abundant
 A. Patens some still fresh but not ~~very~~ common
 A. macrophyllus not observed of late
 A. Acuminatus not observed at all in C.
 A. Radula Prob. about done
 not seen of late—
 A. Dumosus Considerably past prime
 Dip. Linarifolius in prime—abundant—
 A. Undulatus in prime "
 A. corymbosus Still fresh—Though prob. past P.
 A. Laevis Prob. still in prime
 A. Tradescanti ~~still~~ In prime.
 in
 A. Punicus still ~~perhaps~~ past prime??
 A. Longifolius In prime
 A. multiflorus ~~none observed at all~~ In prime



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[^Oct 8) A miser (omitted) say still in prime or very common—]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



Dec 22nd
To Boston & Cambridge

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



NEW BEDFORD

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1857



April 2, Thursday: [Thaddeus Hyatt](#)'s shallow-water steamboat *Lightfoot* arrived in Kansas City, Missouri on its way into the [Kansas Territory](#). After a couple of days the Kansas City [Enterprise](#), a weekly, would be printing the following notice:

STEAMER LIGHTFOOT.—A neat little steamer with the above name arrived at our wharf on Thursday under the command of our old friend Capt. Mott Morrison. She is intended for a Kansas River Packet.... This makes the fourth boat for the Kansas River the present season....

[THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION](#)



April 2: Go to New Bedford. A great change in the weather. I set out apple trees yesterday, but in the night it was very cold, with snow, which is now several inches deep. On the sidewalk in Cambridge I see a toad, which apparently hopped out from under a fence last evening, frozen quite hard in a sitting posture. Carried it into Boston in my pocket, but could not thaw it into life. The other day as I came to the front of the house I caught sight of a genuine wayfaring man, an oldish countryman, with a frock and a bundle strapped to his back, who was speaking to the butcher, just then driving off in his cart. He was a gaunt man with a flashing eye, as if half crazy with travel, and was complaining, "You see it shakes me so, I would rather travel the common road." I supposed that he referred to the rail-road, which the butcher had recommended for shortness. I was touched with compassion on observing the butcher's apparent indifference, as, jumping to his seat, he drove away before the traveller had finished his sentence, and the latter fell at once into the regular wayfarer's gait, bending under his pack and holding the middle of the road with a teetering gait. On my way to New Bedford, see within a couple of rods of the railroad, in some country town, a boy's box trap set for some muskrat or mink by the side of a little pond. The lid was raised, and I could see the bait on its point. A black snake was seen yesterday in the

Quaker burying-ground here.



April 2nd 1857

NEW BEDFORD MA

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Go to New Bedford
A great change
in the weather — I set out apple
trees yesterday — but in the night it was
very cold with snow — which is now
several inches deep. On the side-walk {possibly, there is a dash here}
in Cambridge I see a toad — which ap.
hopped out from under a fence last evening —
frozen quite hard in a sitting posture —
carried it into Boston in my pocket, but
could not thaw it into life.
The other day as I came to the front
of the front of the house I caught sight
of a genuine way-faring man — an oldish



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

countryman with a pack and a bundle
 strapped on his back who was speaking to
 the butcher, just then driving off in his cart {possibly, there is a dash here}
 He was a gaunt man with a flashing
 eye — as if half crazy with travel, and
 was complaining — “You see it shakes
 me so, I would rather travel the common
 road —” I supposed that he referred to the
 RR {possibly, there is a dash here} which the butcher had recommended
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 passion on observing the butchers
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 he drove away before the traveller had
 finished his sentence — & the latter

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fell at once into the regular way-
 farers gait — bending under his pack —
 & holding the middle of the road with
 a tetering gait
 On my way to N. Bedford see within
 a couple of rods of the RR — in some
 country town — a boy’s box trap set for
 some musk rat or mink by the side of
 a little pond. The lid was raised & I could
 see the bait on its point.
 A black-snake was seen yesterday in the
 Quaker burying ground here —

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL
THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

 April 3, Friday: Per the San Francisco, [California Daily Alta California](#):

CORONER’S INQUEST. — Coroner Kant held an inquest yesterday afternoon, upon the body of Louis Rousseau, the French shoemaker, who was found dead in his bed in a small house on Bartlett alley, between Jackson and Pacific streets, on Monday morning last. Two witnesses were examined, Charles D. Wallace, the police officer who first entered the house and found the deceased, and Louis Paggen, who stated that deceased had frequently been crazy from the effects of liquor. There was no evidence that deceased left any property. Dr. Sawyer, who made the post mortem examination, testified that the deceased had a transverse incised wound at the end of each elbow joint, extending down to the bicep muscle covering the bronchial artery, wounding the fascia in



both instances, but leaving the artery intact. In the track of the wound on the left elbow, the cephalic vein was severed, the hemorrhage from which caused his death. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the above facts, with a belief that the wounds were inflicted by himself.

Friend Daniel Ricketson to his journal, in New Bedford, Massachusetts with Henry Thoreau, Bronson Alcott, and Ellery Channing:

Spent the day at home, in the Shanty during the forenoon with Mr. Alcott and Thoreau; talked on high themes, rather religious. Alcott walked to town this P.M. Thoreau and I walked as far as Woodlee with him, parted, and we crossed to the railroad and so up to Tarkiln Hill, and through the woods thence home. Channing and Alcott walked up from town together to tea.



Ap. 3rd — In Ricketson’s shanty —

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

R. has seen white bellied swallows more than a week. I walk down the side of the river — & see Walton’s ice-boat left on the bank.

Hear R. describing to {There is an “R” for “Ricketson” here and a vertical line in pencil, effectively canceling this paragraph} Alcott his [^bachelor] uncle James.

Thornton — When he awakes in the morning he lights the fire in his stove (all prepared) with a match on the end of a stick, without getting up — When he gets up he first attends to his ablutions, being personally very clean, cuts off a head of tobacco to clean his teeth with — eats a hearty breakfast — sometimes it was said even buttering his sausages. Then he goes to a relative’s store and reads the Tribune till dinner — sitting in a corner with his back to those who enter — {Thoreau wrote “R” for “Ricketson” under the above word “back” and made a vertical pencil line down to the word “himself” below, effectively canceling this paragraph.} goes to his boarding house and dines — eats an apple or 2 — & then in the pm frequently goes about the solution of some mathematical problem (having been a schoolmaster) which often employs him a week.

{Thoreau had written “R” for “Ricketson” and made a vertical pencil line from the word “back” down to the word “himself” below, effectively canceling this paragraph.}

[in pencil in margin:X] R. thought himself at last unfitted



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for the family relation. There was his sick wife. He knew what she wanted — that he should go in & sympathize with her — then she would have a good cry & it would be all over — but he could not do it — His family depended on him & it drew from him the little strength he had. Some times when weakened thus with sympathy for his sick family — he had gone out & eaten his dinner on the end of a log with his workman {possibly: “workmen”} — cutting his meat with a jackknife & did not fail to get appetite & strength so. So sensitive is he. [in pencil:X]

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FRIEND DANIEL RICKETSON

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WALTON RICKETSON

BRONSON ALCOTT

 April 4, Saturday: A story by [Louisa May Alcott](#) appeared in Boston's Saturday Evening Gazette, entitled “Little Sunbeam.”

Per the Sacramento, [California Daily Union](#):

INQUEST. — Coroner Kant, yesterday, held an inquest on the body of M. Rousseau the French shoemaker, found dead in Bartlett Alley, on Monday, from wounds in his arms. No new facts were elicited. One witness believed he committed suicide on account of some misunderstanding with his wife, who resides in France.

THE SUICIDE CASE IN THE COUNTY — INQUEST. — The following is the testimony, as well as the finding of the jury, in the case of an inquest held at Dr. Elliott's ranch, Alabama township, in this county, on Monday, March 30th, upon the body of Mrs. Ellen Southerland, who put an end to her own life on the previous day at that place. The deceased is represented to have been an estimable lady, wife of an industrious farmer on Dry Creek. In the absence of the Coroner, the inquest was held by S.C. Goodman, Justice of the Peace:

John Southerland, sworn — Resides in this county; is the husband of deceased; yesterday morning she wanted to look at some horses; we went from there to see some sheep, in small stables; I found one of them hung by a rope; my son James came up at the time I was looking at the sheep, he being the instigation of its death; Mrs. Southerland was with me at the time; I scolded the boy



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for his neglect on letting the sheep get hung; we then returned to the house, the boy following us; he then walked out and picked up some little things he had, and was going off to leave us; my youngest boy, George, came upstairs and said that Jim was going away; Mrs. Southerland burst into tears; I told George to go and tell him to come back, his father wanted him; Mr. Kelly went after him also, and tried to get him back; I then left the room, with the expectation that he would return, and that his mother would talk to him and get him to do better; the little boy returned before I left the room; his mother asked him what James said; he told her that he would not come back, but that he hated to leave on account of his father having a broken leg.

I think, within about twenty or thirty minutes after this she came into my room and said she was going to die, and would not be long with us. She came to the bedside; I took hold of her and asked her what she had been taking. She said she had taken half a bottle of strychnine, in some oysters; she then desired her sister-in-law to take care of her little children; she said she would like to see all of her children; she has three little ones. As soon as she came into the room, I called Mrs. Wm. Southerland; she was a sister-in-law; just as quick as she came into the room, I told her to get some warm water and butter, and give it to her, though she refused to take it at first, but finally took some of it, and it vomited her. She would not take any more; she died within half an hour after taking the poison, at about 2 o'clock on Sunday, the 29th inst.

Mr. Kelley was in the yard; he went immediately after a doctor, but when he returned she was dead. About sixteen years since Mrs. Southerland was somewhat deranged, caused by sickness. Since that time she has appeared all right in her mind; never have seen anything wrong. She is about forty-one years of age.

Dr. H. Bently, being sworn, says – On examination of the body of deceased, he finds no external causes that would produce death, but supposes that death was produced by strychnine; which fact it would be impossible to demonstrate without a post mortem examination of the body, and an analysis of the contents of the stomach and a portion of the brain.

Mrs. Ann Southerland, sworn – Resides here; is a sister-in-law of deceased, was sitting talking with her after Mr. Southerland left the room, and about a quarter of an hour before she took the strychnine. I then went down stairs to take a stand from the table; Mr. Southerland called to me before I took the stand down; he came up stairs, and told me that she had taken strychnine. She,



deceased, said it was no use, for she was fine. Mr. S. then sent me to find the vial; she said the vial was sitting on the table near her pocket-handkerchief; I found it where she said; one of the boys took it from me this morning and broke it. As far as I know it was strychnine. The vial was just like this one (pointing at vial containing strychnine). I am well acquainted with deceased; I know nothing of the cause of her taking the poison more than on account of the boy going off because his father scolded him; the boy was her son; previous to her taking the poison she appeared to be all right in mind and as usual; I never had the least idea that she thought of any such a thing; I do not think it was over half an hour from the time she took it until she died.

VERDICT. — We, the jury, find the deceased to be Mrs. Ellen Southerland, and wife of John Southerland, and that she came to her death by voluntarily taking strychnine, on the afternoon of Sunday, March 29th, at about 2 o'clock.

JURORS — Messrs. C. Chaplin, L.M. Ellison, S.B. Furnish, H. Haller, J.K. Privce, Joseph Booth, Samuel Hill, and S. Leget.



Saturday Ap. 4th

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Walk down the shore of the river —
A dutchman pushes out in his skiff
after quahogs — He also took his eel
spear thinking to try for eels if he
could not get quahogs — for owing
to the late cold weather they might

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still be buried in the mud. I saw him
raking up the quahogs on the flats
at high [^(?)] tide — in 2 or 3 feet of water —
He used a sort of coarse long pronged hoe
— keeps anchoring in the flats & searches
for a clam on the bottom with his eye —
then rakes it up & picks it off his rake.
Am not sure what kind of large gulls
I see there. some were white some darker
methinks than the herring gull.
R. tells me that he found dead
in his piazza the S side of his house the
23rd of last January — the snow being very deep
& the thermometer 12° — at sunrise



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— a warbler which he sent to Brewer —
I read Brewer's note to him in which he
said that he took it to be the Sylricola
Coronata 'would give it to the Nat. Hist.
Soc, thinking it remarkable that it
was found at that time. B. says that
he discovered "for the first time its nest
in the heart of Nova Scotia near Parsboro
mountains (I think last season) It was the
only new egg of that trip. Yet I felt
well repaid, for 'no other white man
had ever before seen this egg & know it,'
as Audubon says of another species."
Caught a croaking frog in some
smooth water in the RR gutter — Above it
was a uniform (perhaps olive?) brown — without
green & a yellowish line along the edge of the lower
jaws. It was methinks larger than a common R
palustris — Near by was its spawn — in very hand-
some spherical masses of transparent jelly —
2 1/2 to 3 inches in diameter — suspended near
the surface on some weed as goldenrod or aster —
& consisting of globules about 1/3 inch in diameter
with a black or dark center as big as a large shot.
Only these black centers were visible at a little
distance in the water — & so much the more sur-
prising & interesting is the translucent jelly when
{who} lift it to the light. It even suggests the
addition of cream & sugar — for the table
— yet this pool must have been frozen over last
night! What frog can it be? [in pencil: {V Ap 4th 57}
[in pencil: {R sylvatica}

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FRIEND DANIEL RICKETSON



April 5, Sunday: Per reports in the San Francisco, [California Daily Alta California](#):

DEATH IN THE STATION HOUSE. — A man named James O'Conner, alias James McCoy, died in the Station House, yesterday morning, at half past one o'clock. He was brought into the Station House on Wednesday last, in a speechless condition, from the excessive use of liquor. The City and County Physicians, and others, were present, and rendered every attention to the case. The accommodations in the Station House are necessarily deficient for the proper comfort of invalids; but in the present instance, we are constrained to say, the



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officers in attendance used every effort to render the dying moments of the unfortunate man as comfortable as possible. The body was removed at 10 A.M., yesterday, to the Coroner's office, where an inquest will probably be held this morning. Deceased was aged 27 – a native of New York.

SUICIDE. – About half past two o'clock this morning, a gentleman called at our office, and stated that, a short time previous, a man named Thomas White, Jr., had committed suicide, by shooting himself through the head with a pistol, at the residence of Mr. Shaw, on Powell street, near Jackson. Our informant stated that deceased was believed to be connected with the law firm of Geo. F. Sharp, of this city. He was, for some time past, thought to be insane, and application had been made for his admission to the Lunatic Asylum.

In New-York, the Dispatch reported that Herman Melville's THE CONFIDENCE-MAN was puerile:

When we meet with a book written by Herman Melville, the fascinations of "Omoo" and "Typee" recur to us, and we take up the work with as much confidence in its worth, as we should feel in the possession of a cheque drawn by a well-known capitalist. So much greater is the disappointment, therefore, when we find the book does not come up to our mark. Mr. Melville cannot write badly, it is true, but he appears to have adopted a quaint, unnatural style, of late, which has little of the sparkling vigor and freshness of his early works. In fact we close this book – finding nothing concluded, and wondering what on earth the author has been driving at. It has all the faults of style peculiar to "Mardi," without the romance which attaches itself to that strange book. The Confidence Man goes on board a Mississippi steamboat and assumes such a variety of disguises, with an astonishing rapidity, that no person could assume without detection, and gets into the confidence of his fellow passengers in such a manner as would tend to show that the passengers of a Mississippi steamboat are the most gullible people in the world, and the most ready to part with their money. A deaf mute; a deformed negro; a Herb Doctor; a Secretary of a coal-mining company; a Collector for an Indian Charity, and a sort of crazy cosmopolitan philanthropist, are among the disguises he assumes; though why he appears in the character of a deaf and dumb man, we are unable to divine, unless to prepare the expected dupes for his extortions, and to extort them to charity, by means of moral sentences written on a slate and held up to view; and what is intended by the rigmarole of the cosmopolitan, we find it impossible to surmise, being left quite in the dark, with the simple information that



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“something further may follow of this masquerade.” In the last number of Putnam’s Magazine, there is an article on authors, in which the genius of Melville is duly acknowledged, and his faults frankly spoken of. We noticed the article on the receipt of the Magazine. If he has not read it, Mr. Melville should read, and try to profit by it. It is not right – it is trespassing too much upon the patience and forbearance of the public, when a writer possessing Herman Melville’s talent, publishes such puerilities as the Confidence Man. The book will sell, of course, because Melville wrote it; but this exceedingly talented author must beware or he will tire out the patience of his readers.



Sunday Ap. 5th

[Transcript]

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Arthur R. has been
decking {a} new Vineyard boat which he
has bought — & making a curb about
the open deck.
Pm walked round by the ruins of the Factory —
See in many places the withered leaves of
the Aletris in rather low ground — about
the still standing withered stems — It was well
called husk-root by the squaw.
Arthur says that he just counted at
9 1/2 pm 20 toads that had hopped out
from under the wall on to the side walk

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near the house {possibly “houses”}. This then is ap. the
way with the toads — They very early hop out
from under walls on to side walks in the
warmer nights — long before they are heard
to sing — and are often frozen & then crushed
there. [^prob. single ones sing earlier than I supposed] I hear the croaking frogs
at 9 1/2 pm also the {speed speed}
over Rs’ meadow — (which I once referred
to the snipe) but R says is the wood cock
whose other strain he has already heard.

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ARTHUR RICKETSON

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FRIEND DANIEL RICKETSON



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April 6, Monday: After 6 days of struggle in Caborca, Mexican forces defeated a group of North American filibusters seeking to rule Sonora.

Per the San Francisco, [California](#) Daily Alta California:

CORONER'S INQUEST. - Coroner Kent held an inquest yesterday afternoon at 3 P.M., on the body of Thomas Wright, who committed [suicide](#) by shooting himself with a derringer pistol, through the right temple, on Saturday night last, at his boarding house on Powell street, opposite Grace Church. The following jurors were sworn, G.A. Worn, G.W. Baker, Allen H. Herley, E.S. Elfelt, R.B. French, Geo. H. Davis, and Thomas S. Miller.

John Shaw, sworn - I reside on Powell street, oppose Grace Church; I know deceased; his name is Thomas Wright, (Junior;) I believe he is a native of Philadelphia, he was about 36 or 37 years of age; I saw him alive about 11 o'clock on Saturday night, when the family retired to rest; he has occupied a room in my house for the last 13 months; since last Tuesday week I have noticed that he was insane during the night but not much during the day, as he had business to attend to during the day time; he fancied that some one wanted to kill him; one day he came home with a knife and a pistol, and said he intended to defend himself; I took the arms from him; he told me that he thought it was his duty to kill Edward MacKinley; I told MacKinley about it, and he said he had no enmity against deceased, and thought he should be examined before Judge Freelon or his clerk as to his sanity; I was examined, and said I did not think it sage for him to be at large; he was taken charge of, but as he gave his word of honor that nothing should occur again, he was discharged; he came home that night about 9 o'clock, and appeared more rational than he had for several days; about 12 o'clock I heard something in his room like a person falling; my wife and I jumped out of bed and went to his door and spoke to him, but received no answer; I tried to open the door, and also to get in at the window, but could no neither; I then sent Mrs. Shaw downstairs to wake up Mr. Burthen; I got a hatchet and opened the door; we smelled powder on opening the door; we found him lying on the floor on his left side; his head was covered with blood, and his brains oozing from a wound in his right temple; he was still breathing; I sent for Dr. Maxwell and Dr. Huard; he lived about an hour and a half and then died; when the Doctors came they said there was no hope of his recovery; when we raised him up, there was a pistol under his right arm, a derringer,



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it was discharged; upon the bureau was an ounce vial marked Hydrocyanide Acid, poison, does one drop; it was empty; in his room was found letters; one to the public as follows:

I, Thomas Wright, Jr., before Almighty God, in whose presence I am about to appear, do hereby declare that I am innocent of any crime or offence against the law of God or man, except that of taking my own life; and for this last I pray God to pardon me.

San Francisco, April 4th, 1857. THOMAS W. RIGHT, junior.

P.S. - For this crime of tasking my life my enemies will be punished.

Another letter, directed to Dr. John S. Bird, of Philadelphia, was as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, April 4, 1857.

DEAR DOCTOR: I write you this letter under the most extraordinary circumstances. I am compelled to kill myself by poison or the pistol; this has been effected by the connivance of an adroit and secret enemy, whose name I believe to be * * * * *. I can only protest to you that I am innocent of any crime, though they are trying to fasten a crime upon me. What this crime is I do not know; but they have condemned me to death without a trial or hearing. Oh! what a stain upon the name to be hung! I will not suffer that. I must die by my own hand. God will pardon me, as he knows my innocence.

Yours as ever, with love to mother and all the family.
THOMAS WRIGHT, JR.

A letter was directed to George Sharp, Esq., in which the deceased thanked Mr. S. for past kindness, and asked that he should be decently buried, and letters forwarded to his family. He protested his innocence of any crime, but desired to kill himself to escape the fancied enemies who were pursuing him.

A letter of kindly feeling and remembrance was also directed to Mrs. Shaw, the lady of the house in which he boarded. Two pencils were found in the room, and a package of business papers. On Monday he said that a dreadful calamity would happen to him, and he thought that it would be the last day he would live. We watched him closely, and generally got home to sleep about 2 or 3 o'clock. He never was violent but once; he generally seemed depressed. There was no one in the room with him until we found him.

E.N. Burlien sworn - I reside at Mr. Shaw's, and corroborate his testimony.

George T. Sharp sworn - Mr. S. testified that he knew the deceased, and had employed him in his law office for nearly a year and a half; he was temperate and strictly



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honorable – his character irreproachable; for two weeks past deceased had appeared to be laboring under mental derangement; he had had a business difficulty with Mr. MacKinley, and had an idea that he must kill MacKinley, or have a shot at him; Mr. MacKinley always dealt honestly by him; we had him examined as to his insanity, but he appeared to be better, and he was discharged; on Saturday he appeared worse; witness advised him to go to Contra Costa to spend the Sabbath, and gave him some money; he appeared satisfied, and he said he would go; he has been taking medicine for neuralgy [sic], and repeated the medicine without consulting his physician; perhaps that may be the cause of his derangement.

Judge Carman stated that deceased was a native of Philadelphia, aged about 37. He leaves a mother, and brothers and sisters. Dr. Bird is his brother-in-law. His people are very respectable. Deceased came to his house on Sunday, and stated that some persons were after him to kill him; he appeared delirious. I advised him to go home; he left. I think his intentions were always honorable.

The jury returned a verdict that deceased came to his death by a pistol wound in his right temple, inflicted by himself while in a state of mental aberration.

Per reports in the Sacramento, [California Daily Union](#):

THE SAN JOAQUIN SHOOTING AFFAIR. – The Mexican, who was shot in Thursday morning, April 2d, by A.J. Golden, at the ranch of the latter, on San Joaquin, died on the following day, when an inquest was held, and facts consistent with those heretofore published, were elicited. Golden's examination was to have taken place on Saturday.

ANOTHER MAN KILLED IN THE MINES. – Frederick White, a Hollander, was killed, by the falling of a large stump, on Thursday, March 20th, while at work in his claim on the North Fork of Humbug, in Siskiyou county.

ANOTHER HOMICIDE CASE. – Last week Augustus Stobly was arrested at West Point, Calaveras county, for killing a man. There were strong circumstances of justification.

DEAD. – John Holmes, recently injured by a blast, near Jackson, Amador county, died on Saturday, March 28th, from the effect of his injuries.

MINING ACCIDENT. – Two miners, whose names are not given, were killed at Campo Seco on Wednesday, April 1st, by the caving of a tunnel.



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A steamer frigate driven by a screw was commissioned in the US Navy, the *USS Niagara*. This vessel would participate in the laying of the 1st transatlantic telephone cable, would interdict slave traffic in the Caribbean, would ferry diplomats to and from Japan, and during the civil war would blockade southern ports.

While [John Brown](#) was evading interception, he was able to take refuge in the [Boston](#) home of [Thomas Russell](#), barricading himself in his room with furniture in front of the door and coming downstairs only for meals. The fugitive abolitionist enjoyed shocking to [Mary Ellen "Nellie" Taylor Russell](#), averring that "I shall never be taken alive, you know, and I should hate to spoil your carpet" (there is no mention in this record of any concern as to how such a bloody struggle in the home might impact the psyches of this couple's little girls).



In 1857, when Brown was traveling in New England to raise funds for his war on slavery, he hid himself from U.S. marshals in the home of Judge Thomas Russell of Boston. Holed up, Brown nevertheless enjoyed the wide-eyed attention of Russell's twenty-three year old wife, Nellie, who was impressed by his stories, weapons, and prairie machismo.

Drawing from his boot a long and evil-looking knife and displaying a large pistol, he remarked "You haven't had this in your parlor before, have you?" During meals he gravely discoursed upon the various items with which he had needed to nourish himself on the Great Plains, such as the joints and toes of various creatures.

Before he left Boston, Brown would pay a final visit to the Russells, bringing a present for their younger daughter Mary Anne "Minnie" Russell and holding her. Mrs. Russell would report that he had said to their 2-year-old "Now, when you are a young lady and I am hanged, you can say that you stood on the hand of Old Brown."



Ap. 6th

[Transcript]

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pm to New Bedford Library.

Mr Ingraham, the Librarian, says that he once saw frog spawn in N.B. the 4th of march. Take out Emmons' Report on the insects injurious to vegetation in N.Y. See a plate of the *Colias Philodice* or common sulphur yellow butterfly — male & female — of dif. tinge.

Tuesday Ap. 7th *Areoda lanigera* is ap. the common yellow daw-bug {possibly "dow-bug"} — Arthur has *Tabanus* — the great horse-fly — Emmons says of *Scutelleridae* — "The disagreeable smelling bugs that frequent berry bushes & strawberry vines belong here — Of this family the genus *pentatoma* is one of the most common & feeds upon the juice of plants. Sometimes it has only to pass over a fruit, to impart to it its offensive odor." — The one represented — looks like the huckle-

EMMONS



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berry one.

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ARTHUR RICKETSON
EBENEZER EMMONS

 April 8, Wednesday: [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) to his journal, in [New Bedford](#) with [Henry Thoreau](#), [Bronson Alcott](#), and [Ellery Channing](#):


Clear and fine, spent at home. Mr. Alcott dined at B. Rodman's. Thoreau made some bayberry tallow in the Shanty; walked with him to the rocky cliff beyond Acushnet. Channing came up this P.M. Fair, clear, moonlight evening.



Ap. 8

[Transcript]

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I {discovered} one convenient use the bay berries, served — that if you got your hands pitched in pine woods — you had only to rub a parcel of these berries between your hands to {start} the pitch off. Arthur said the shoe makers at the head of the river used the tallow to rub the soles of their shoes with to make them shine. I gather a quart in about 20 minutes with my hands — You might gather them much faster with a suitable rake & a large shallow basket. Or if one were clearing a field he could cut the bushes & thresh them in a heap. I got about 1/4 of a pound by weight from these say 3 pints of berries & more yet remained. Boil a great while — let it cool then skim off the tallow from the surface melt again & strain it. What I got was more yellow than what I have seen in the shops. A [^small] portion cooled in the form of small corns (nuggets I called them when I picked them out from amid the berries) flat hemispherical of a very pure pale lemon yellow & these needed no straining. The berries were left black & massed together by the remaining tallow. Catbriar (smilax) they call here “the Devil’s wrapping yarn” I see several emperor moth cocoons with small eggs on the back of of the Ichneumon fly that has destroyed the



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nymph.

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April 9, Thursday: [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) to his journal, in [New Bedford](#) with [Henry Thoreau](#), and [Bronson Alcott](#):



Unsettled. In town with Thoreau. Walton [his son] and Thoreau walked round the beach and the west side of Clark's Cove.
Mr. Alcott's first conversation at Mrs. Arnold's this evening; attended with the children, Mr. A. riding with us. Subject, "Descent." A successful opening.

WALTON RICKETSON

Le Docteur Miracle, an operetta by Georges Bizet to words of Battu and Halévy, was performed for the initial time, for a competition sponsored by Jacques Offenbach and the Bouffes-Parisiens at their theater in Paris.

Per reports in the San Francisco, [California Daily Alta California](#):

FOUND DROWNED. — The dead body of a man named William Burke, a native of Dublin, Ireland, aged 35 years, was found in the bay, near the foot of Vallejo street, yesterday afternoon, by a boatman named Driscoll. The deceased had been a fireman on board the mail steamer *John L. Stephens*, and, it is supposed, fell overboard on the night previous to her sailing. The body was removed to the Coroner's office. An inquest will be held this morning.

CASE OF ELIZA MONRO. — This woman, charged with infanticide, on being arraigned yesterday morning, in the Twelfth District Court, plead not guilty. Her trial, was set for Monday next.



Thursday Ap. 9th

[Transcript]

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Am to the cove S of the town —
See them haul 2 seines — they caught
chiefly alewives — from 60 to 100 at a
haul — seine 12 to 15 feet wide —

[8a] {This page "8a" and the following one "8b" had been written in pencil on two inserted leaves}
"The Regal Table of England since the Conquest,



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& some of the most remarkable Princes before it.”
 Casebelud Boadaup Vortigfos Hengful & Arthlaf.
 Egbekek Alfrekke Canbau Confesfe.
 [in pencil: {#}
 Wilconsau Ruffkoi Henrag.
 ^{this mark looks like a reversed caret}
 Stephbil & Hensecbuf Ricbein Jann Hethdas & Eddoid.
 Edsetyp Edtertes Risetoip Hefotoun Hefifadque
 Hensifed Edquarfauz Efi-Rokt Hensepfeil Henoclyn
 Edsexlos Marylut Elsluk Jamsyd Caroprimsel.
 Carsecsok Jamseif Wilseik Anpyb Gëobo — dai.

Grecian Lawgivers Philosophers & Poets
 Lycnes Drasdo Solun Pythaglys Euclizan Socrinn.
 Xenophilou Platok Diotet Aristed Epicudpa.
 Archidad Linadka Hamnad & Archilochuskau
 Sapphysyd & Anacloud Aeschlel Pindfoz Sophoclozoi.
 Theocreku Lycophrepz. ---
 The velocity of Sound Light &c
 In-sec Glob-yarezo Lu-milegth Son-ped-movetabfe.
 Glob-m-apha-sec Sonn, ro Ad-sol-glob = ante, re
 Des- gravi-sec = Fas, rad Oscil-sec Pendulum inton, d.

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[8b] {This page “8b” and the preceding one “8a” had been written in pencil on two inserted leaves}

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a e i o u au oi ei ou y
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
 b d t f l s p k n z
 {J} 100 Th. Thousand one million
 r=dividing line of a fraction: ray = 1/100 ro = 1/4 &c.
 they [^these] were also caught with the alewives — scates —
 2 or 3 “drums” like flat fish only the mouth
 twisted the other way — & not good — flat fish — smelts
 — sculpins — 5 fingers — & a lobster with red
 claws. This was what the seine would catch
 in ‘walking’ a large circuit. It seemed to be
 pretty hard work hauling it in — employing 2 or
 3 men or boys at each end. [^A fisherman said that they caught the 1st alewife the
 28th of March there]
 Picked up many handsome scallop shells beyond
 the ice-houses — with wormy-shaped parasites on
 them.

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



April 13, Monday: Per the San Francisco, California Daily Alta California:

FATAL ACCIDENT. — A man named John Williams, a native of



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Italy, aged 35 years, died yesterday, at the Atlantic Lodging House, in Commercial street, near Davis, from injuries received in falling down a flight of stairs leading from the wharf to the water's edge. He had represented himself as poor, and an object of charity. On his person was found about \$75 in money and a paper signed by Wm. R. Hockins, dated "Sacramento, Feb. 6, 1857," representing that John Williams (the deceased) was a naturalized citizen of the United States, and served three years in the U.S. Navy, under Commander Perry – that he was confined in the Hospital with an attack of paralysis, which rendered his right arm and leg useless, and recommending him to the charity of the public. The body was removed to the Coroner's office, where an inquest will be held this evening.

[Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) to his journal, in [New Bedford](#) with [Henry Thoreau](#), [Bronson Alcott](#), and [Ellery Channing](#):



Rode to Quittacus Pond with Thoreau, also visited Long Pond, and took our dinner at the old Brady house. Channing came up to tea. Attended the third Conversation of Mr. Alcott at C.W. Morgan's this evening, the subject, "Diet and Health." Owing to some supposed disrespect to Christianity and the customs of Quakers, some of the members of the society left, although I think from what I know of Mr. Alcott if they had remained through his course they would have been better satisfied.

QUAKERS

On or about this day, [Henry Thoreau](#) met 20-year-old [Kate Brady](#).

New earths, new themes expect us.

– "Henry David Thoreau, *The Journal* (1857)," as quoted on page 9 of William Least Heat-Moon's [PrairyErth \(a deep map\)](#) [Boston MA: Houghton Mifflin, 1991].

There was evidently some discussion of what to do with the books sent to [Thoreau](#) by [Thomas Cholmondeley](#) that were in Sanskrit, because Thoreau of course did not read Sanskrit. [Waldo Emerson](#) wrote James Elliot Cabot and mentioned Thoreau's copy of the *Upanishads* as a book that might possible be made available for the [Boston Athenæum](#). "'Tis an inestimable little book, –good enough to make me hesitate to put it into the library."



Monday Ap. 13 {there is, possibly, a vertical line through this paragraph}

[Transcript]

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To Middleboro ponds —



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There was no boat on {there is possibly a vertical line penciled through this paragraph} Little Quittacus — so we could not explore it — Set out to walk round it — but the water being high (higher than anciently even on ac. of dams) we had to go round a swamp at the S. end — about Joe's Rocks — & R. gave it up — I went to Long Pond & waited for him. Saw a strange turtle — much like a small snapping turtle — or a very large sternothærus odoratus — crawling slowly along the bottom next the shore — Poked it ashore with a stick. It had a peculiarly square snout — 2 hinges at the sternum & both parts moveable. Was very sluggish — would not snap nor bite — Looked old — being mossy above on the edge — & the scales greenish & eaten beneath — The flesh slate colored I saw that it was {new} — & wished to bring it away — but had no paper to wrap it in — So I peeled a white birch getting a piece of bark about 10 inches long. I noticed that the birch sap was flowing — This bark at once curled back so as to present its yellow side outward — I rolled it about the turtle & folded the ends back & tied it round with a strip of birch bark — making a very nice and airy box {around the} creature, which would not {"around the creature"} is cut off in the Zerox of the manuscript}

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[17a]

The Freetown Turtle Compared with Storers' Sternothærus⁶³

Answers to the generic description except perhaps that the posterior valve of the sternum is movable comp. With the S. Odoratus —

There is no peculiar scent to it — The [upper] shell is flattened on the dorsal ridge for the width of the dorsal plates — & is not carinated there[^(I find one as flat & others are not { })] — color out of water a dusty brown. The marginal plates are a little narrower —

The sternum (as well as that of my S. odoratus) is ap composed of 11 instead of 9 plates — The anterior portion being composed of 5 instead of 3 plates — The posterior portion is distinctly moveable much more than on Odoratus & it is quite rounded on the sides.

Irides not distinct it appearing as if blind — no yellow

63. This comparison relates to Thoreau's account of finding a new turtle (page 17).

He wrote it in pencil on the verso of a broadside advertising Swan & Co. Lotteries, which he waxed onto page 16.



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lines whatever on the head or neck
Jaws not dark brown but bluish slate as is the
skin generally — ~~Jaw also for the most part —~~
~~especially the tail, with { } shaped warts (are~~
~~they more conspicuous?)~~
My 2 *S. odoratus* are 3 3/8 inch long x 2 1/2 wide
& 1 1/2 inches high[^being highest behind] — the Freetown turtle is
4 inches long x 2 3/4 x 1 5/8 high — being highest
forward It has much green moss (?) on the
rear & marginal plates — & the scales of the sternum
are greenish + worn or carious
It is quite sluggish
Otherwise it ap. answers to Storer's *S. odoratus*
Get a sternothaerus May 13th within 1/4 inch as long
& about as flat above —
be injured by moisture {“R” written above “e” of “moisture” in pencil on vertical line through paragraph}, far
better than
any paper — & so I brought it home
to Concord at last — As my coat
hung in *R*s shanty over a barrel of
paper — the morning that I came away
the turtle made a little noise scratching
the birch bark in my pocket — *R*. observed
— There is a mouse in that barrel — What
would you do about it — O let him
alone said I, he'll get out directly.
They often get among my papers he
added. I guess I'd better get the barrel
outdoors — I did not explain & per-
haps he experimented on the barrel after
my departure.⁶⁴
As I sat on the shore there waiting
for *R*. I saw many mosquitoes
flying low over the water close by the
sandy shore.
The turtle when I first saw him was
slowly & tremblingly pacing along the
bottom rather toward the shore — with
its large head far out on its outstretched
neck. From its size & general color
& aspect I did not doubt at first
that it was a snapping turtle not-
withstanding the season.

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64. In an attempt to grasp why it was that their father's friend Thoreau did not explain this scratching noise, Ricketson's children Anna and Walton, later in life, when Thoreau's journal was published and they read this comment about their father, speculated that perhaps “it was out of consideration for Father's sensitiveness regarding all dumb animals.” They would not favor the idea that this had been merely their dad's adored friend's practical joke on their dad.



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 April 14, Tuesday: [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) to his journal, in [New Bedford](#) with [Henry Thoreau](#) and [Bronson Alcott](#):



Raining, wind N.E. At home. In the Shanty and house conversing on high themes with Mr. Alcott and Thoreau. Walked as far as the blacksmith's shop (Terry's) just at night. Talk after tea on races, &c. Dull for want of sleep.



Tuesday Apr. 14
Rains all day —

[Transcript]

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Gioachino Rossini dedicated his *Musique anodine* to his wife, Olympie.

Per reports in the San Francisco, [California Daily Alta California](#):

CORONER'S INQUEST. — Coroner Kent held an inquest yesterday, upon the body of John Williams, a native of Austria, aged forty years, who died at the Atlantic Lodging Rooms on Commercial street, on Saturday afternoon, from injuries received in falling down a flight of stairs.

Frederick Bouchier, the keeper of the house, testified that deceased had lodged in his house about one week, and was suffering from an attack of paralysis; on Friday last the witness was absent from home a short time, and on his return found the deceased lying at the foot of the stairs; he was carried to his room, and Dr. Baldwin was sent for; Dr. Ayres was subsequently called in, and attended him until his death.

L.H. Hood, who resides in the same house, corroborated Mr. Bouchier's testimony.

Dr. Ayres, who made the post mortem examination, testified, that, on opening the cranium a large quantity of venous blood was found extravasated between the membranes and the brain; on the upper surface of the left lobe of the cerebellum, several small venous branches were ruptured, allowing a slow and gradual flow of blood, and thus caused compression of the brain, which produced death.

The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the above



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facts.



April 15, Wednesday: In Albany, [New York](#), Republican Governor John A. King was pushing 2 major bills through the majority Republican and Know-Nothing State legislature, that would impose serious checks on the powers of an anti-Tammany Democrat, Fernando Wood, who had just been elected as Mayor of [New-York](#) City. This new legislation consisted of a Liquor Excise Law further regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors, outlawing the sale of spirits on Sundays and raising the cost of the average liquor license by about 133%, from \$15 per year (the rate that had been effect since 1841), to somewhere in the vicinity of \$30 or \$40, plus a Metropolitan Police Act that would serve both as protection for the Excise Law and as a distinctly political measure — the Act disbanded the City’s Municipal Police Force, which had become the mayor’s puppet and showpiece, and called for an entirely new Metropolitan Police Force that would extend across New-York, Brooklyn, Richmond, and Westchester counties and be regulated by a 5-man commission appointed by the State Legislature. If everything would work out as the Republican state Governor schemed, the new legislation would succeed in alienating this anti-Tammany Democrat from his base of overwhelmingly Irish-immigrant voters, making it more likely that he would lose the 1858 mayoral election. (What can I tell you, politics is not a game for sissies, or for amateurs.)

In the evening, [Bronson Alcott](#) gave his 4th conversation of the series in [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#). [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) to his journal:



H.D. Thoreau and myself left home at 6 A.M. for Tarkiln Hill, but the cars not stopping long enough for him to get on board, he was left and returned home with me. Rode to the depot with him at 10 ¹/₂ A.M.

[Daniel Foster](#) was present at a meeting of the Kansas Aid Committee of Massachusetts at which they voted to give Brown 100 rifles and \$500 to take to [Kansas](#). With all that property in his possession Brown would have a will drawn up a few days later that would direct how the property was to be distributed in Kansas, and Foster would sign the will as a witness. For the next few years Foster would be traveling back and forth between Kansas and Massachusetts, often teaching in Kansas and returning to Massachusetts to lecture and raise money for the Free-Soilers in Kansas. One biographer of Fosters has theorized that he must have been bringing secret information from and to Brown during his many trips back and forth between Kansas and Massachusetts, but only circumstantial indications lend support to that claim.

Per reports in the San Francisco, [California Daily Alta California](#):

SUDDEN DEATH. — Miss Mary Ann Colthred, a native of Yorkshire, England, aged 41 years, died suddenly while sitting at the supper table at the What Cheer House, last evening at 8 o’clock. The deceased had been employed in the hotel for nearly two years, and, by her honesty, industry and good deportment, had gained the confidence and esteem of her employer. Yesterday, she appeared in her usual health, and went to supper with the family. She was suddenly taken with an attack of coughing, and before assistance could be rendered, she died. Physicians were sent for, but she was past recovery. Information was sent to the Coroner, who held



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an inquest upon the body. A post mortem examination was made by Drs. Sawyer and Angel, who found a large piece of beef in the throat — sufficient to cause suffocation. Verdict accordingly.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT. — On Monday afternoon, about 3 o'clock, a drayman, named Edward Brannan, in the employ of Messrs. Treadwell & Co. corner of Sansome and California streets, while carrying a load of iron from a clipper ship to a schooner, to be conveyed to Sacramento, fell from his dray, near the corner of Washington and Davis streets, and was seriously injured by the wheel of the dray passing over the lower extremity of his body. He was conveyed to his room on Front street, and Dr. Sawyer was called in. Every possible assistance was rendered him. There are doubts of his recovery.

ACQUITTAL OF ELIZA MONRO. — This wretched woman, who has been on trial for the last two days in the Twelfth District Court, was yesterday acquitted, on the ground of insanity. The fact of her deliberately chopping the helpless infant's head off with an axe was not denied. It is well for our faith in human nature that the Jury, by its verdict, sustained the plea of insanity.

The remains of Mr. Davis A. Edwards, who, our readers will recollect, was killed by the falling of a tree on the 7th inst. in Patterson, Nevada county, were brought to this city last evening for interment. ...



Wednesday Ap. 15

[Transcript]

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Leave N. Bedford —
I had been surprized to find the season
more backward — i.e. the vegetation, in
N. B. than in Concord. I could find an
alder & willow [^& hazel] catkins — & no caltha &
saxifrage so forward as in Concord.
~~Re~~ The ground was a uniform russet
when I left — but when I had come
20 miles it was visibly greener — &
the greenness steadily increased all the
way to Boston. Coming to Boston
& also to Concord was like coming
from early spring to early summer —
It was as if a fortnight at least
had elapsed — Yet N.B. is much warmer
in the winter — Why is it more backward
than C.? The country is very flat &
exposed to southerly winds from the
sea — which to me surprise were raw
& chilly — Also the soil is wet &
cold — unlike out warm sandy soil which



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is dry the day after a rain storm. Perhaps as the ground is more bare in the winter vegetation suffers more after all. {R.} told me that {there was more} cloudy weather {this line was cut off on the Xerox copy of the manuscript}

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than here. It seemed to me that there was a deficiency of warm hollows & sheltered places behind hills & woods which abound with us. On such cliffs as they have facing the south — vegetation was much more backward than in like positions with us — ap owing to sea turns & chilly south winds.

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 April 17, Friday: [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) to his journal, in [New Bedford](#) with [Bronson Alcott](#):

 *Attended Mr. Alcott's fifth and last conversation at C.W.M.'s; subject, "Victories," an animated discussion, in which I participated to my regret. I must retire more and more into my old habits of solitude; much society I cannot bear. Retired at 12 ¹/₂ exhausted and nervous.*

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [Eben J. Loomis](#).

Concord Ap. 17 '56

Dear Sir,

I have a turtle from Freetown in this state which appears to be a Sternothaerus, but it is not the S. Odoratus of our river. I believe that there is one more at least of this genus known in the States, but the Odoratus only is described in Dr. Storer's little report on our reptiles, which I have;—therefore, knowing your interest in Natural History, I take the liberty to ask you if you will copy & send me the scientific or essential part of the description, with the habitat, of the one or perhaps two others, from either Holbrook's Herpetology, or the volume on reptiles in the N.Y. State reports, which you will no



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*doubt find in any sizeable library in Cambridge. I shall be glad to show you the creature when you come to Concord. You will thus very much oblige yours truly
Henry D. Thoreau
P.S. What discoveries among the birds & flowers? We had the Fringilla melodia here all the winter.*

[Thoreau](#) also wrote to [H.G.O. Blake](#):

*Concord Ap. 17th 1857
Mr Blake,
I returned
from New Bedford night
before last. I met Alcott
there & learned from him
that probably you had gone
to Concord. I am very sorry
that I missed you. I had
expected you earlier, & at
last thought that I should
get back before you came,
but I ought to have notified
you of my absence.
However, it would have
been too late, after I had
made up my mind to go.
I hope you lost nothing
by going a little round.
I took out the
Celtis seeds at your request,
at the time we spoke of them,*

Page 2
*and left them in the
chamber on some shelf
or other. If you have
found them, very well;
if you have not found
them, very well; but tell
Hale of it, if you see him.
My mother says
that you & Brown &
Rogers & Wasson (titles
left behind) talk of "coming
down on" me some day.*



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*Do not fail to come
one & all, and within
a week or two, if possible,
else I may be gone again.
Give me a short notice,
and then come & spend
a day on Concord River—
or say that you will
come if it is fair, unless
you are confident of
bringing fair weather with
you. Come & be Concord,*

Page 3

*as I have been Worcestered.
Perhaps you came
nearer to me for not finding
me at home, for trains
of thought the more con-
nect when trains of cars
do not. If I had ac-
tually met you, you would
would have gone again, but
now I have not yet dismissed
you.*

*I hear what you say
about personal relations
with joy. It is as if you
were to say, I value the
best & finest part of
you, & not the worst. I
can even endure your very
near & real approach, &
prefer it to a shake of the
hand. This intercourse is
not subject to time or dis-
{MS torn}
{MS torn} a very long
{MS torn}tter from*

Page 4

Cholmondeley which I wish



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*to show you. He speaks
of sending me more books!!
If I were with you now
I could tell you much
of Ricketson, and my visit
to New Bedford, but I do
not know how it will be by
& by. I should like to have
you meet R— who is the
frankest man I know.
Alcott & he get along very
well to-gether.
Channing has returned to
Concord with me, probably
for a short visit only.
Consider this a business
letter, which you know
counts nothing in the
game we play.
Remember me particularly
to Brown.
[Henry D. Thoreau]
“tance.
[“I have a new,
& faithfule” Copied from the paper cut out. H.G.O.B.]*



Ap. 17 Rain — It rains about
every other day now for a fortnight past.

[Transcript]

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 April 18, Saturday: Clarence Darrow, who would become an honest lawyer, was born.

[Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) to his journal, in [New Bedford](#) as his guest [Bronson Alcott](#) was (finally) departing:



My friend A. Bronson Alcott, who came the 31st of March, left this morning after breakfast for Boston. Mr. A. is the best representative, probably, of modern days of one of the old philosophers, and is sometimes called "Plato," or the modern Plato. From the acquaintance I have had with him I am ready to award to him the noblest character of any man I have ever met. Such men are indeed rare in any age.

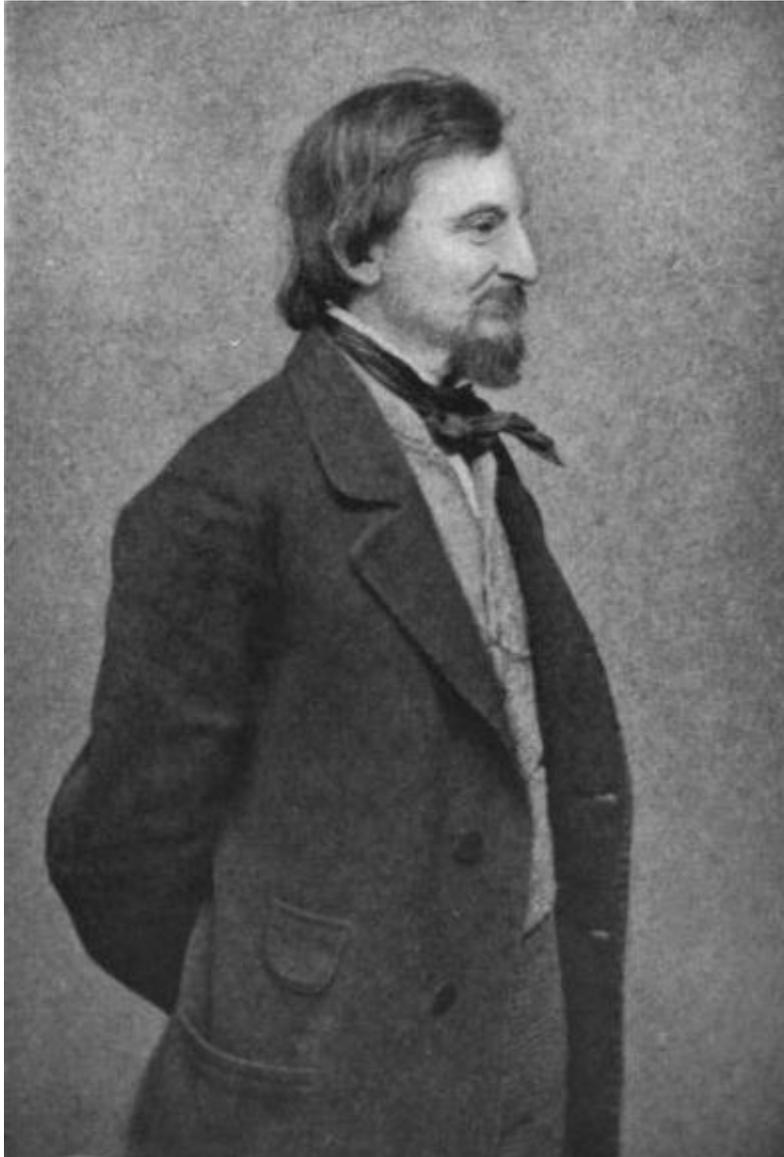


{—}Ap. 18 Pm to Conantum —
Hear the huckle-berry bird — also the
seringo — The {beaked} hazel — if that
is one just below the little pine at Black-
berry steep — is considerably later than the {common}
for I cannot get a whole twig fully out {—}
though the common is too far gone to gather
there. The catkins too are shorter.

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

 May 15, Friday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).



*The Shanty 15th May
1857.*

Dear Thoreau,

Yours of the 13th came to hand yesterday m. I am much obliged to you for informing me in regard to the place for sale, or to be let, in Concord. My place is not yet sold, and my future movements depend entirely upon the result. It will soon however be determined for the present season, whether we shall move or not. I have as you are



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*aware great local attachments; and it is hardly probable that I should be able to form new associations equal to the old,— still for my family's sake I could make a move. It would be my wish to try it for a year, as you suggest, and this may come to pass.
Please accept the thanks of my family and myself for the kind offer of your mother and sister, to receive us as your guests.
It is quite possible that myself and daughters will accept your invitation week after next,— say the 27th Inst. (Wednesday for a day or two, and bring you back with us, to finish your visit, which it will require the whole of June to accomplish.
A large fish-hawk was shot yesterday on an oak tree between our house & the shore road — measuring over 5 ft. in alar extent— He is alive — his wing only being broken.
Please write
Your friend
D.R.
I can go to the Hotel with my hair pillow, or take Channing's room. Channing has returned and appears to be settled for some time to come.
Where is "Father Alcott"
I think on the whole, we had pretty good times with you, Alcott, & E—*



May 15

Black currant {—} at RWE's ap. X
Abel Hosmer thought that the
S. alba roots might reach half a dozen rods
into his field as big as your finger — thought {or "Thought"}
that they made the grass grow as much
as the locust — only they made it rough
plowing — by throwing the plow out.

[Transcript]

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May 16, Saturday: Vent du soir, ou L'horrible festin, an operetta by Jacques Offenbach to words of Gille, was performed for the initial time, at the Bouffes-Parisiens, Paris.

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#).

*Concord May 16
'57*



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*Friend Ricketson,
I should have
told you perhaps, that
Mr Wheildon said that
he should be obliged to
decide very soon about
the letting of his house
this year. Cant you come
next week on Wednesday
(the 20th)?
There are two other
reasons for an earlier
visit. My mother &
sister were thinking to go
to Boston to attend the
anniversaries week after
next — & I to Cape Cod,
in order to leave time for
a visit to Maine in June.
(So you see, I must*

Page 2
*not think of New Bedford.)
However, if it
is more convenient to
you, do you come the
day you proposed, & my
mother & sister will be
at home; but you
must not count certainly
on meeting me.
Alcott passed through
Concord last Sunday, on
his way home, but I did
not see him.
If you wait till the 27th
& still design to look at
Wheildon's place, it will
be well for you to write to
him now—
I shall be glad to intro-
duce Misses Anna
& Emma to our river
& to Ellen & Edith Emerson.*



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Yrs Henry D. Thoreau



May 16

[Transcript]

Pm to hill for pines — The meadows are now mostly bare — the grass showing itself above the water that is left — and an unusual number of swallows are flying low over it. a {possibly “—” over the “a”} yel-lily out X & on the hill a red cedar — may be a day —

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

— Professor Robert M. Thorson, THE BOATMAN, page 11



May 18, Monday: Per reports in the Sacramento, California Daily Union:

SUICIDE AT FOLSOM. — A correspondent writes us that on Saturday night last, May 16th, about 12 o'clock, Mrs. Margaret Alley, wife of John Alley, a milkman at Folsom, put an end to her existence by taking strychnine. Yesterday morning an inquest was held by Justice Scofield, and the testimony went to establish the fact that she had been a woman of violent temper and had frequently threatened the life of her husband as well as her own. The cause of her rash act was her husband's not procuring for her the kind of sugar she wanted. She became much incensed in consequence, and took the fatal dose about 11 o'clock. Dr. Donaldson was called in and administered antidotes before her death but to no effect. She had been in the habit of poisoning rats, chickens, hogs and dogs, and she had the strychnine in the house for that purpose. She was thirty-seven years



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of age.

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT. — On Thursday, May 7th, Thomas Walker was accidentally shot by James Reynolds, at Wisconsin Bar. They were in conversation at the time the pistol was discharged, and lodged the contents in Mr. Walker's body. He died on Thursday, May 14th. He resided at Grizzly Flat, where his widow resides. Their only child was drowned there about two years since in a reservoir.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

*The Shanty, 18th May
1857.
Dear Thoreau,
It did not occur
to me until after sending
my last note to you, that
the time we proposed to
visit you fell within the
Anniversary week, or
I should not have set
that time; and might*

*Page 2
then have made an
arrangement to have
visited you at the time
you propose--But Arthur
and Walton left this morning
in their boat for the Elizabeth
Islands and No man's
Land to be absent until
Saty night. Furthermore
as we have no present pros-
pects of adopting Concord
for a future home, and the
whole project is so novel
and problematical, ~~that~~*

*Page 3
it appears much better
to drop the matter for the
present at least.
We are all thankful
for your ~~own and~~ mother's and*



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*sister's kindness as well
as your own.
Trusting that your proposed
journey will prove profitable
and satisfactory, I remain
Very truly yours
D. Ricketson
H.D. Thoreau*



May 18. P. M.—To Bateman's Pond *via* Yellow Birch Swamp with Pratt.

Pratt says he saw the first rhodora and cultivated pear out yesterday. Many are now setting out pines and other evergreens, transplanting some wildness into the neighborhood of their houses. I do not know of a white pine that has been set out twenty-five years in the town. It is a new fashion. Judging from the flowering of such of the plants as I notice, this is a backward season. There is a very grand and picturesque old yellow birch in the old cellar northwest the yellow birch swamp. Though this stands out in open land, it does not shed its pollen yet, and its catkins are not much more than half elongated, but it is very beautiful as it is, with its dark-yellowish tassels variegated with brown. Yet in the swamp westerly the yellow birches are in full bloom, and many catkins strew the ground. They are four or five inches long when in bloom. They begin to shed their pollen at the base of the catkin, as, I think, other birches do.

In the yellow birch and ash swamp west of big yellow birch, I hear the fine note of cherry-birds, much like that of young partridges, and see them on the ash trees. *Viola Muhlenbergii* abundantly out, how long? The fever-bush in this swamp is very generally killed, at least the upper part, so that it has not blossomed. This is especially the case in the swamp; on higher ground, though exposed, it is in better condition. It appears to have been killed in the spring, for you see the unexpanded flower-buds quite conspicuous. Pratt shows me the fringed gentian stems by a swamp northeast of Bateman's Pond, but we find no traces of a new plant, and I think it must be annual there. The violet wood-sorrel is apparently later than the *Oxalis stricta*, not now so forward, lower, and darker green, only a few of the leaves showing that purplish mark. Hear the pepe, how long? In woods close behind Easterbrook's place, whence it probably strayed, several Canada plums now in bloom, showing the pink. Interesting to see a wild apple tree in the old cellar there, though with a forward caterpillar's nest on it. Call it *Malus cellaris*, that grows in an old cellar-hole. Pedicularis, some time. The blossom-buds of the *Cornus florida* have been killed when an eighth of an inch in diameter, and are black within and fall on the least touch or jar; all over the town. There is a large tree on the further side the ravine near Bateman's Pond and another by some beeches on the rocky hillside a quarter of a mile northeast. In the swampy meadow north of this Pratt says he finds the calla. The *Rubus triflorus* is well out there on the hummocks. The white ash is not yet out in most favorable places. The red huckleberry looks more forward—blossom-buds more swollen—than those of common there. Some high blueberry. Pratt has found perfectly white *Viola pedata* behind Easterbrook place, and cultivated them, but now lost them. Says he saw two "black" snakes intertwined (copulating?) yesterday.



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 May 25, Monday: [Italian](#) forces under [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) defeated the Austrians at Varese, northwest of Milan.

[New-York](#) Democratic mayor Fernando Wood had, on behalf of the People, challenged the new Metropolitan Police Act by filing a writ of quo warranto in [New York](#) State Supreme Court, filing an injunction against the newly appointed police commissioners. On this day the court found the Act constitutional and Mayor Wood appealed. The central issue was whether the Act went beyond state constitutional authority by establishing new civil divisions of the state and by partially divesting local constituencies of the franchise by appointing local office-holders and police officers. While his appeal was pending Mayor Wood reinstated his Municipal Police, which provoked a great deal of confusion in the City's station houses.

It was [Waldo Emerson](#)'s 54th birthday. In [New Bedford](#), [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) wrote in his journal:

Rode to the Tarkiln Hill station at noon in expectation somewhat of seeing Mr. R.W. Emerson, but he did not come. At the depot in town while awaiting the arrival of the P.M. train from Boston, had an adventure with a coachman who abused his horse. Rather successful on my part. Mr. Emerson arrived, took him to brother Joseph's to tea, heard his lecture before the Lyceum. He came out with me and spent the night. His lecture without a name very good.

JOSEPH RICKETSON





Friend Daniel also completed his journal entries about his recent stay in Concord:



Fine and warm summer weather. Walked through the village, over the river, north to the hills, and returned by the Battleground and the old Parsonage House. On the river with Thoreau in his boat this P.M. The excursion upon the Concord River this P.M. with Thoreau in his boat was very pleasant, although when we started I hardly felt able to walk to the boat, which was upon the shore, some distance up the river, near Fairhaven Bay. But after a bath and swim with T. I felt much refreshed and my dull headache passed gradually off. Walked alone after tea as far as the old red-painted house beyond the railroad crossing west. Halted on my return at the railroad depot, and was much interested in an ingenious young fellow who was earning his livelihood selling humming-tops, of whom I purchased one for Joseph's little boy Frank. Thoreau accompanied me to my room, and after a long talk upon character, &c., I retired at 10.

Meanwhile, Emerson was making some comments to his journal about what Ricketson had told him:

At home, Daniel Ricketson expressed some sad views of life & religion. A thunderstorm is terror to him, and his theism was judaical. Henry thought a new pear-tree was more to purpose, &c. but said better, that an ecstasy was never interrupted. A theology of this kind is as good a meter or yardstick as any other. If I can be scared by a highwayman or a thunderclap, I should say, my performances were not very high, & should at once be mended.



May 25th

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Pm {or "pm"} With Ricketson to my boat under Fair Haven-Hill. In Hubbard's grove {there is a mark like an abbreviated dash here} hear the shrill chattering of downy woodpeckes very like the red-squirrel's — tche tche. Thermometer at 87° at 2 1/2 Pm It is interesting to hear the bobolinks from the meadow sprinkle their lively strain along amid the tree tops as they fly over the wood above our heads — It resounds in a novel manner through the aisles of the wood {&} at the end that fine buzzing — wiry



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

tche-tche note — The Black-spruce of Holden's
ap yesterday XX but not the 23d

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

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What a glorious crimson fire as you look up at
the sun light through the thin edges of the
scales — of its — cones! — so intensely glowing in their
cool green beds! while their purplish sterile
blossoms shed pollen on you — took up 4 young
spruce & brought them home in the boat.
[in left margin: ^NB] After all, I seem to have distinguished only —
one spruce and that the black — judging by
the cones — perhaps the the dark & light varieties
of it — for the last is said to be very like the
white spruce. The white spruce cones are cylindri-
cal & have an entire [^ — firm] edge to the scales & the needles
are longer —
Though the river is thus high — we bathe
at Cardinal shore — & find the water unexpectedly
warm — & the air also delicious. Thus we are bap-
tised into nature.

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



September 7, Monday: According to a chronology published in 1858, Henry G. Langley's THE [SAN FRANCISCO](#) DIRECTORY; CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF PRINCIPAL EVENTS, the most imposing spectacle ever witnessed on the Pacific coast was the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of Lafayette, taking place on this date. Preparations had been being made for months, and full and complete committees had been appointed for each detail. At daylight the 1st gun was fired, and in a few minutes after the streets were spanned with banners, and every flag-staff in the city, and all the shipping in the harbor was adorned. The Mechanics Institute Pavilion was completely draped from every corner to the top of the dome, with hundreds of streamers from every nation. Banks and all stores were shuttered; mechanical work of every description was postponed; the streets were crowded with men, and every window and balcony in the principal thoroughfares crowded with ladies and children. It required several hours to range in order and get all ready for the grand procession; during which time, the different companies and societies, with the appropriate banners and music, marched and countermarched through the streets. At 1 o'clock, however, the procession formed in 6 divisions; and each



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division under the care of a Marshal and Aids, and the whole under the direction of Chief Marshal J. P. Haven. The procession numbered near 3,500 persons, composed of nearly all the Military, the Fire Department, Masons, Odd Fellows, Foreign Consuls, etc. After marching through the city for 2 hours, the procession halted in the square in front of the Oriental Hotel, that being the most convenient place in the city, and capable of accommodating so large an assembly. Here a large platform had been raised on which were seated the Foreign Consuls, the United States and State Officers, and the Press, and from which M.S. Latham, Esq., delivered an appropriate poem. At 5 o'clock the ceremonies concluded and the various companies returned to their respective places for disbanding (supper time).

Per reports in the Sacramento, [California Daily Union](#):

LETTER FROM SAN FRANCISCO. The jury in the case of Thomas Garabaldi, charged with the murder of Richard Smith, in front of a dance house, on Pacific street, about six weeks since, after an absence of four hours, rendered a verdict last evening, in the Fourth District Court, of murder in the second degree. The prisoner's counsel moved for an arrest of judgment and a new trial. Under the Act of 1855, the penalty for murder in the second degree is not less than ten years' imprisonment in the State Prison, which may, in the discretion of the Court, be extended for the period of the natural life of the prisoner.

The coroner's jury, last evening, in the inquest held upon the body of Capt. James McElrath, who was found yesterday morning in a dying condition on Greenwich Dock, (to which I alluded yesterday) rendered a verdict of "death from pulmonary apoplexy." A post mortem examination previous to the inquest showed the lungs of the deceased to have been very much diseased. Capt. McElrath was a native of Scotland, and aged thirty-eight years.

In the [Kansas Territory](#), the Lecompton Constitutional Convention convened, pro government (pro slavery).

[THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION](#)



In [New Bedford](#), [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) was writing to [Henry Thoreau](#).

*The Shanty, Sept. 7th
1857 —
Dear Thoreau,
I wrote you some
two weeks ago that I
intended visiting Concord,
but have not yet found
the way there. The object
of my now writing is
to invite you to make*



NEW BEDFORD

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*me a visit. Walton's
small sail-boat is now*

Page 2
*in Apawampset Pond.
We took it up in our
farm waggen to the south
shore of Long-pond-(Appo
nogue) visited the
three islands in course
and passed through the
river that connects the
said ponds. This is the
finest season as to weather
to visit the ponds and
I feel much stronger
than when you were
here last spring. The*

Page 3
*boys & myself have made
several excursions to
our favourite region this
summer, but we have left
the best of it, so far as
the voyage is concerned
for you to accompany us.
We hear nothing of Channing
but conclude that he is
with you — trust he has
not left us entirely &
hope to see him again
before long. Now should*

Page 4
*my invitation prove
acceptable to you, I
should be glad to see
you just as soon after
the receipt of this as you
you like to come — im-
mediately if you please.
If you cannot come and
should ~~be~~ like to see me*



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*in Concord please
inform me, but we all
hope to see you here.
Mrs R. & the rest join in
regards & invitation.
Remember us Yrs truly
to Channing. D.R.*



September 7, Monday: P.M. —To Dodge Brook Wood. It occurred to me some weeks ago that the river-banks were not quite perfect. It is too late then, when the mikania is in bloom, because the pads are so much eaten then. Our first slight frost in some places this morning. Northwest wind to-day and cool weather; such weather as we have not had for a long time, a new experience, which arouses a corresponding breeze in us. Rhus venenata berries are whitening. Its leaves appear very fresh, of a rich, dark, damp green, and very little eaten by insects.

JACOB B. FARMER

Go round by the north side of Farmer's (?) Wood, turn southeast into the shut-in field, and thence to Spencer Brook, a place for hawks. Bidens chrysanthemoides there; how long? There are three or four larch trees near the east edge of the meadows here. One measures two feet and seven inches in circumference at six feet from ground; begins to branch there, but is dead up to ten feet from ground, where its diameter is apparently about twelve feet; and from this it tapers regularly to the top, which is about forty-five feet from the ground, forming a regular, sharp pyramid, yet quite airy and thin, so that you could see a hawk through it pretty well. These are young and healthy trees.

Measured that large tupelo behind Merriam's, which now is covered with green fruit, and its leaves begin to redden. It is about thirty feet high, with a round head and equally broad near the ground. At one foot from the ground, it is four and a third feet in circumference; at seven feet, three and a third in circumference. The principal [branches] diverge at about fifteen or sixteen feet from the ground and tend upward; the lower ones are small and partly dead. The lowest, at about thirteen or fourteen feet from the ground, are three or four inches in diameter, and first grow out horizontally about six feet, then, making an abrupt angle, straggle downward nearly to the ground, fifteen feet from the tree. This leaves the tree remarkably open in the middle.

Returning to my boat, at the white maple, I see a small round flock of birds, perhaps blackbirds, dart through the air, as thick as a charge of shot, —now comparatively thin, with regular intervals of sky between them, like the holes in the strainer of a watering-pot, now dense and dark, as if closing up their ranks when they roll over one another and stoop downward.

THOREAU AS ORNITHOLOGIST



Monday Sep. 7 57

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Pm to Dodge Brook{-}Wood.
It occurred to me some weeks ago — that the river banks were not quite perfect [in pencil:^It is too late then] when the mikania is in bloom because the pads are so much eaten then. Our first slight frost in some places this morning. N. W. wind today & cool weather — such weather as we have not had for a long time — A new experience — which arouses a corresponding breeze { — } in us. Rhus venenata berries are whitening.



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Its leaves appear very fresh — of a rich dark damp green — & very little eaten by insects. Go round by the N. side of Farmers (?) wood turn SE into the shut in field — & thence to Spencer Brook — a place for hawks — B. Chrysanthemoides there — how long? There are 3 or 4 larch trees near the E edge of the meadows here. One measures $2\frac{7}{12}$ ft circ. at 6 ft from ground — begins to branch there, but is dead up to 10 ft from ground — where its diameter is ap about 12 feet — & from this it tapers regularly

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to the top which is about 45 feet from the ground, forming a regular sharp pyramid — yet quite airy & thin so that you could see a hawk through it pretty well. These are young & healthy trees — Measured that large Tupelo behind Merriam's, which now is covered with green fruit. [^& its leaves begin to redden] It is about 30 feet high with a round head & equally broad near the ground. At 1 foot from the ground it is $4\frac{1}{3}$ ft in circ; at 7 ft $3\frac{1}{3}$ in circ. The principal diverge at about 15 or 16 feet from the ground & tend upward — the lower ones are small & partly dead — The lowest at about 13 or 14 feet from the ground are 3 or 4 inch in diameter — & first grow out horizontally about 6 ft then making an abrupt angle straggle downward nearly to the ground 15 feet from the tree — This leaves the tree remarkably open in the middle. Returning to my boat at the white maple I see a small [^round] flock of birds — perhaps black-birds — dash through the air, as thick as a charge of shot — now comparatively thin with [^regular] intervals of sky between them — like the holes in the strainer of a watering pot — now dense & dark — as if {double-underlined} closing up their ranks when they roll over one another & stoop downward.

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December 11, Friday: The Reverend [Edward Everett Hale](#) wrote to the Chairman and Secretary of the Citizen's Ward Meeting of Boston's ward #40, to decline a nomination to its School Committee.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

*Written before my late visit
by the date shews. —*

*The Shanty, Friday
Evening Dec. 11, 1857.*

*Dear Thoreau,
I expect to go to
Boston next week, Thursday
17th with my daughters
Anna & Emma to attend
the Anti-Slavery Bazaar.
They will probably return home
the next day & I proceed
to Malden for a day or two.
After which I may proceed
to Concord if I have your
permission & if you will
be at home, for without you
Concord would be quite
poor & deserted, like to*

Page 2

*the place some poet, perhaps
Walter Scott describes
"When thro' the desert walks the lapwing flies
And tires their echoes with unceasing cries."
—— Channing says I can take
his room in the garret of his
house, but I think I should
take to the tavern. Were you
at Walden I should probably
storm your castle & make good
an entrance, and perhaps,
as an act of generous heroism
allow you quarters while I
remained. But in sober truth
I should like to see you and
sit or lie down in your room
& hear you growl once more*



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*thou brave old Norseman —
thou Thor, thunder-god-man
I long to see your long beard,*

Page 3

*which for a short man is rather
a stretch of imagination or under-
standing — C. says it is terrible
to behold — but improves you
mightily.*

*How grandly your
philosophy sits now in these
trying times. I lent my Walden
to a broken merchant lately
as the best panacea I could
afford him for his troubles.
You should now come out
& call together the lost sheep
of Israel, thou cool headed
pastor, no Corydon forsooth
but a genuine Judean —
fulminate from the banks of
Concord upon the banks of Discord
& once more set ajog a pure*

Page 4

*curren(t)cy whose peaceful-tide
may wash us clean once
more again. Io Pean!*

*Is “Father Alcott” in your city?
I should count much on seeing
him too — a man who is
All-cot should not be without
a home at least in him chosen
land.*

*Dont be provoked at my nonsense
for anything better would be like
“carrying coals to Newcastle.”*

*I would sit at feet of Gamaliel.
So farewell for the present,
with kind remembrances to
your family I remain faithfully
Your friend*

P. S.

D. Ricketson



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*If I can't come, please
inform me. —*



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 9th
THROUGH 12th]**

[Transcript]



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1858

→ April: The Reverend [Theodore Parker](#) almost fainted while lecturing in [New Bedford](#). A little sherry helped him, but he was clearly falling victim to [TB](#), the family curse.

→ June 18, Friday: [Charles Darwin](#) received a letter from Alfred Russel Wallace with a paper describing the theory of evolution.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

The Shanty, 18 June

1858

Respected Friend,

It is so long a time since any correspondence has passed between us, that it may be well the silence should be broken.

I have always felt a little obtrusive in my relationship with you, but your uniform kindness and forbearance has given me fresh courage to continue my delinquences in this particular; yet I could not reasonably blame you at anytime for declining any further intimacy.

You should make due allowances for me, and look upon me, as more like other people than yourself. Your consistency of character is remarkable, the most so of any person I have ever known, and I fear that you may not always sufficiently apologise for the failings of others. I am full of contrarities, and often feel like a leaf upon the wind or tide of life. For several years last past, I have suffered from low spirits, which I conclude to be somewhat constitutional with me — fearful though undefined forebodings of the future, and sad retrospectives often haunt my imagination. Even nature in her sweetest season at such times seems only to render the sadness deeper. But enough of this to which I would not ever have averted had I not thought you could bear it.

I see but little of Channing in these days. I often found his peculiarities very oppressive to me. He seems to lack sympathy in his nature, which however he never gave me any reason to expect from him. We all need sympathy at times, do we not?— a kind word or look may be like the balm of Gilead to the wounded spirit.

But my chief object in writing you at this time is to say, that a visit from you would be very acceptable. You have never been here in summer I think & a few sniffs of our sea air might refresh you at this season. Please consult the rural deities in this particular & inform me of their response.

With kind regard to your family



I remain, your friend
Dan^l Ricketson
Pardon any ego-isms
 [see MS p. —drawing] *Please remember me to my good friends Al-*
cott and Emerson.
P.S. Since writing this sheet, I find an old envelope with the enclosed
long forgotten notes to you, & now send. D.R.

Comment about [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) under the heading “The Atlantic Monthly” in the Boston [Transcript](#) 2:1.

When Mr. Thoreau finished his books, “Walden,” &c., it seems to us that he exhausted what powers he had, and now must of necessity repeat himself.



June 18. How dogs will resort to carrion, a dead cow or horse, half buried, no matter how stale, — the best-bred and petted village dogs, and there gorge themselves with the most disgusting offal by the hour, as if it were a season of famine! Surely they are foul creatures that we make cossets of.

DOG

P.M. — To Walden to see a bird’s nest, a red-eye’s, in a small white pine; nest not so high as my head; still laying. A boy climbs to the cat owl’s nest and casts down what is left of it, -a few short sticks and some earthy almost turfy foundation, as if it were the accumulation of years. Beside much black and white skunk-hair, there are many fishes’ scales (!) intimately mixed with its substance, and some skunk’s bones.

E. Bartlett has found three bobolinks’ nests. One or more of them lie thinks has been covered by the recent flood. A little boy brings me an egg of Wilson’s thrush, which he found in a nest in a low bush about a foot from the ground.

Coming across the level pasture west of E. Hubbard’s swamp, toward Emerson’s, I find a young *Emys insculpta*, apparently going to lay, though she had not dug a hole. It was four and a quarter inches long by three and a half wide, and altogether the handsomest turtle of this species, if not of any, that I have ever seen. It was quite fresh and perfect, without wound or imperfection; its claws quite sharp and slender, and the annual striæ so distinct on all the scales above and below that I could count them with ease. It was nine years old, though it would be like an infant among turtles, the successive striæ being perfectly parallel at equal distances apart. The sternum, with a large black spot on the rear angle of each scale and elsewhere a rich brown color, even reminded me of the turtle-shell of commerce. While its upper shell was of a uniform wholesome brown, very prettily marked indeed, not only by the outlines of the scales, but more distinctly by the lines of prominences raying out from the starting-point of each scale, perfectly preserved in each year’s growth, a most elaborate coat of mail, worthy the lifelong labor of some reptilian Vulcan. This must have been a belle among the *E. insculpta*. Nevertheless I did discover that all the claws but one of one hind foot were gone! Had not a bird pecked them off? So liable are they to injury in their long lives. Then they are so well-behaved; can be taken up and brought home in your pocket, and make no unseemly efforts to escape. The upper shell was remarkably spreading and curving upward on the rear edges.

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

June 18th
 How dogs will {resort} to carrion—a dead cow
 or horse half-buried—no matter how stale—



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the best bred & petted village dogs—& there
gorge themselves with the most disgusting offal
by the hour—as if it were a season of famine.
Surely they are foul creatures that we make cossets of.
Pm to Walden to see a bird's nest—20 // a red-eye in a small white pine nest not so high as my head—still
laying²¹ A boy climbs to the cat owl's nest & casts down
what is left of it—a few short sticks & some
earthy almost turfy foundation as if it were the
accumulation of years—beside much black &
white skunk hair there are many fishes scales!
intimately mixed with its substance— & some skunks
bones— E. Bartlett has found 3 bobolinks nests
on or more of them he thinks has been covered by the recent
flood. A little boy brings me an egg—of Wilson's
// thrush which he found in a nest in a low bush about
a foot from the ground.
Coming across the level pasture W of E. Hubbards
38poss top of "p" cancelled

MANUSCRIPT PAGE 355

swamp—toward Emersons—I find a young E. insculpta
ap³⁸ going to lay— Though she had not dug a hole—
It was 4 1/4 inches long by 3 1/2 wide—& altogether
the handsomest turtle of this species—if not of any
that I have ever seen— It was quite fresh & perfect— 5 its claws quite sharp & slender⁶ without wound or
imperfection—^& the annual
striae so distinct on all the scales above & below that
I could count them with ease— It was 9 years
old—though it looked like an infant among turtles,
the successive striae being perfectly parallel & at equal
distances apart— The sternum with a larger black
spot on the rear angle of each scale—& elsewhere
a rich brown color—even reminded me of the turtle-
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starting point of each scale—perfectly preserved in
each years growth—a most elaborate coat
of mail—worthy the life-long labor of some
Reptilian Vulcan— This must have been a belle
among the E. insculptas— Nevertheless I did
discover that all the claws but one of one hind foot 24 %^{had not} a bird pecked them off?^{%25} were
gone!^{%^%}so liable are they to injury in their long
lives. Then they are so well be haved—can be taken-
up & brought home in your pocket—& make
no unseemly efforts to escape. The upper shell was
remarkably spreading & curving upward on the rear
edges.
39period might be "t" cross from "the" of interlineation below line



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD



August 20, Friday: [Charles Darwin](#)'s and [Alfred Russel Wallace](#)'s "On the tendency of species to form varieties; and on the perpetuation of varieties and species by natural selection" appeared in the Journal of the Proceedings of the Linnean Society, as the initial printed formal exposition of the theory of evolution by natural selection. Although Darwin had developed the essential elements of his theory by 1838 and had written them up in longhand in 1844, he had chosen to keep his work on evolution unpublished for the time being, instead concentrating his energies on preparing for publication his geological work on the Beagle voyage and an exhaustive 8-year study of the barnacle genus Cirripedia. In 1856, at the urging of Charles Lyell, he had begun the writing of a vast encyclopedic work on natural selection. However, his hand had been forced when during February 1858 Alfred Russel Wallace had independently conceived a theory of natural selection during an attack of malarial fever in Ternate in the Mollucas, Indonesia and had posted a manuscript summary to Darwin. Joseph Dalton Hooker and Charles Lyell had then suggested joint publication of Wallace's paper, prefaced by a section of a manuscript of a work on species written by Darwin that had been read by Hooker in



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1844, plus an abstract of a letter by Darwin to Asa Gray dated 1857 that demonstrated that Darwin's views on the subject had not changed between 1844 and 1857. The papers by Darwin and Wallace had been read by Lyell before the Linnean Society on July 1st, 1858 and on this day appeared in print. Eight copies of this publication would be posted to Wallace, who was still on the other side of the globe.

Donati's [comet](#) was beginning to exhibit traces of a tail.

SKY EVENT

[Friend Daniel Ricketson](#)'s A HISTORY OF [NEW BEDFORD](#), INCLUDING A HISTORY OF THE OLD TOWNSHIP OF DARTMOUTH & THE PRESENT TOWNSHIPS OF WESTPORT, DARTMOUTH & FAIRHAVEN (this has been republished as of 1996 and is therefore not available for total download, but we do have online the version of

the Ricketson history of New Bedford that was published in 1803).⁶⁵



[VIEW THE PAGE IMAGES](#)

In his biography of Thoreau, [Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#) indicates that despite [Michael Flannery](#)'s early rising, "Up early enough to see a frost in August!" and abundant energy and cheerfulness and gratefulness for all the help given to him, the Flannery family would never be able to repay all of the money it had borrowed in the period of its crisis:

When Sophia left Concord to live and die in Bangor, among her

65. Thoreau, in his letter to Ricketson on November 22, 1858, would comment that "I like the homeliness of it, that is, the good, old-fashioned way of writing as if you actually lived where you wrote." Emerson, in a letter to Ricketson on October 11, 1869, would comment that "It is written with good sense and with selection, and with affection."



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cousins, she gave me a small note of hand, which Flannery had signed for money lent him in some pinch, with instructions to receive payment if he was able to pay, but in any case to give him up the note, which I did.

THOREAU ON THE IRISH



August 20: Edward Hoar has found in his garden two or three specimens of what appears to be the *Veronica Buxbaumii*, which blossomed at least a month ago. Yet I should say the pods were turgid, and, though obcordate enough, I do not know in what sense they are “obcordate-triangular.” He found a *Viburnum dentatum* with leaves somewhat narrower than common and wedged-shaped at base. He has also the *Rudbeckia speciosa*, cultivated in a Concord garden.

Flannery tells me that at about four o'clock this morning he saw white frost on the grass in the low ground near Holbrook's meadow. Up early enough to see a frost in August!

MICHAEL FLANNERY

P.M. – To Poplar Hill and the Great Fields.

It is still cool weather with a northwest wind. This weather is a preface to autumn. There is more shadow in the landscape than a week ago, methinks, and the creak of the cricket sounds cool and steady.

The grass and foliage and landscape generally are of a more thought-inspiring color, suggest what some perchance would call a pleasing melancholy. In some meadows, as I look southwesterly, the aftermath looks a bright yellowish-green in patches. Both willows and poplars have leaves of a light color, at least beneath, contrasting with most other trees.

Generally there has been no drought this year. Nothing in the landscape suggests it. Yet no doubt these leaves are, compared with themselves six or eight weeks ago, as usual, “horny and dry,” as one remarks by my side.

You see them digging potatoes, with cart and barrels, in the fields on all hands, before they are fairly ripe, for fear of rot or a fall in the price, and I see the empty barrels coming back from market already.

Polygonum dumetorum, how long?



September 9, Wednesday: According to a chronology published in 1858, Henry G. Langley's THE SAN FRANCISCO DIRECTORY; CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF PRINCIPAL EVENTS, the cornerstone of the new First Presbyterian Church, on the west side of Stockton Street between Washington and Clay in San Francisco, was laid. There was no particular ceremony on the occasion. The Rev. Dr. W.C. Anderson, Rev. J.A. Anderson, and the trustees of the church, performed the ceremonies. The history of the church, and a copy of each of the daily papers and other documents, were placed inside the cornerstone.

The 7th Anniversary of the Admission of [California](#) into the Federal Union was celebrated by the Society of California Pioneers, assisted by large numbers of companies, societies, and citizens of the State. In the route of the procession, banners were thrown over the streets, and flags waved from all the engine houses and flag staffs in every portion of the city, and the American vessels in the bay were handsomely decorated by the flags of all nations. The day was held as a sacred holiday—the stores were all closed, and no business whatever was transacted. From an early hour in the morning the various bands, companies and societies paraded the streets,



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and at 1 o'clock, united in Market street, and formed into procession; and after a general review, marched to the American Theatre, where Judge T.W. Freelon delivered a suitable oration, and Mr. Edward Pollock recited an original poem. At an early hour in the evening, the ceremonies of the day concluded, and the societies moved to their respective places of meeting and disbanded.

On this day, however, Dr. Henry Bates, ex-Treasurer of the State of [California](#), was taken into custody, in obedience to a bench warrant issued at and transmitted from Sacramento (he was taken to the capital city by a police officer during the afternoon).

Per the Sacramento, [California Daily Union](#):

SUDDEN DEATH. — We have received information that John Gaffney, a grocer of this city, doing business on 4th street, between L and M streets, and a member of the Knickerbocker Engine Company No. 5, died of hemorrhage of the lungs, at Healdsburg, Mendocino township, Sonoma county, on Sunday last, the 6th instant. Having been afflicted with the disease for several months, he started a week ago Saturday with several friends on a tour, with the hope of restoring his health.

Being attacked afresh while crossing Russian river near Healdsburg, he leaped from the wagon into the stream, expectorating blood freely, and again sprang, falling prostrate, on a sandy knoll close at hand. Within five minutes thereafter, and before medical assistance could be procured, he died.

Henry M. Willson, Justice of the Peace of the above township, being called, held an inquest on the body. The Jury consisted of V.C. Hooper, J.G. McManus, Johnston Ireland, B.F. Babb, H.W. Dickerson, Jas. L. Buchanan, Conelius Bice, Felix Mulgure and H.L. Page, returned a verdict that death was caused by "bleeding of the lungs or stomach." Deceased was a single man, aged about twenty-eight years, and born in Hoosie, Renssalaer county, New York. The remains were interred at Healdsburg.

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#).

*Concord Sep 9th
1857*

Friend Ricketson

I thank you for your kind invitation to visit you— but I have taken so many vacations this year—at New Bedford—Cape Cod—& Maine—that any more relaxation, call it rather dissipation, will cover me with shame & disgrace. I have not earned what I have already enjoyed. As some heads cannot carry much wine, so it would seem that I cannot bear so much society as you can. I have an immense appetite for solitude, like an infant for sleep, and if I don't get enough of



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*it this year I shall cry all the next.
I believe that Channing is here still—he was two or three days ago—
but whether for good & all, I do not know nor ask.
My mother's house is full at present; but if it were not, I should have
no right to invite you hither, while entertaining such designs as I
have hinted at. However, if you care to storm the town, I will engage
to take some afternoon walks with you—retiring into profoundest
solitude the most sacred part of the day. Yrs sincerely
H.D.T.*



September 9, Wednesday: P.M. —To the Hill for white pine cones.

Very few trees have any. I can only manage small ones, fifteen or twenty feet high, climbing till I can reach the dangling green pickle-like fruit in my right hand, while I hold to the main stem with my left. The cones are now all flowing with pitch, and my hands are soon so covered with it that I cannot easily cast down the cones where I would, they stick to my hands so. I cannot touch the basket, but carry it on my arm; nor can I pick up my coat, which I have taken off, unless with my teeth, or else I kick it up and catch it on my arm. Thus I go from tree to tree, from time to time rubbing my hands in brooks and mud-holes, in the hope of finding something that will remove pitchlike grease, but in vain. It is the stickiest work I ever did. I do not see how the squirrels that gnaw them off and then open them scale by scale keep their paws and whiskers clean. They must know of, or possess, some remedy for pitch that we know nothing of. How fast I could collect cones, if I could only contract with a family of squirrels to cut them off for me! Some are already brown and dry and partly open, but these commonly have hollow seeds and are worm-eaten. The cones collected in my chamber have a strong spirituous scent, almost rummy, or like a molasses hogshead, agreeable to some. They are far more effectually protected than the chestnut by its bur.

Going into the low sprout-land north of the Sam Wheeler orchard, where is a potato-field in new ground, I see the effects of the frost of the last two or three nights. The ferns and tall erechthites showing its pappus are drooping and blackened or imbrowned on all sides, also Eupatorium, pubescens, tender young Rhus glabra, etc., and the air is full of the rank, sour smell of freshly withering vegetation. It is a great change produced in one frosty night. What a sudden period put to the reign of summer!

On my way home, caught one of those little redbellied snakes in the road, where it was rather sluggish, as usual. Saw another in the road a week or two ago. The whole length was eight inches; tail alone, one and four fifths. The plates about one hundred and nineteen; scales forty and upward. It was a dark ash-color above, with darker longitudinal lines, light brick-red beneath. There were three triangular buff spots just behind the head, one above and one each side. It is apparently Coluber amaenus, and perhaps this is the same with Storer's occipito-maculatus.

C. brings me a small red hypopytis. It has a faint sweet, earthy, perhaps checkerberry, scent, like that sweet mildewy fragrance of the earth in spring.

Aunts have just had their house shingled, and amid the rubbish I see sheets of the paper birch bark, which have lain on the roof so long. The common use of this formerly shows that it must have been abundant here.



Wednesday Sep 9th

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Pm to the Hill for white-pine cones —
Very few trees have any — I can only manage
small ones 15 or 20 feet high — climbing
till I can reach the dangling green pickle-
like fruit in my right hand, while I hold
to the main stem with my left. The cones



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are now all flowing with pitch, & my hands are soon so covered with it that I cannot easily cast down the cones where I would, they stick to my hands so — I cannot touch the basket but carry it on my arm — nor can I pick up my coat which I have taken off, unless with my teeth — or else I kick it up & catch it on my arm. Thus I go from tree to tree from time to time rubbing my hands in brooks %mud% & mud holes in the hope of finding something that will remove pitch like grease — but in vain — It is the stickiest work I ever did. I do not see how the squirrels that gnaw them off & then open them scale by scale keep their paws & whiskers clean — They must know of or possess some remedy for pitch that we know nothing of. How fast I could collect cones if I could only contract with a family of squirrels to cut them off for me — Some are all are already brown & dry — & {partly} open — but these commonly have hollow seeds & are worm-eaten

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

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Aunts have just had their house shingled
— & amid the rubbish I see sheets of the
paper birch bark, which have lain on the
roof so long. The common use of this
formerly shows that it must have been abundant
here.

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



September 10, Thursday: The Mormons, embittered by persecution, assaulted a “Gentile” wagon train in what would become known as the massacre of Mountain Meadows.⁶⁶

[Lysander Spooner](#) wrote to [Gerrit Smith](#) that “The idea of going to the people at large on this question seems to me utterly futile. The mass of them have neither time nor inclination for such investigations.” If the masses could, somehow, be persuaded by the lawyers of the soundness of the principles of his arguments, they could be counted on to “march up to the cannon’s mouth.” — But how might they persuade the lawyers to function as intermediaries, and persuade the masses?

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#).

*The Shanty, 10th Sept
1857—*

Dear Philosopher,

I received your note of yesterday this a.m. I am glad you write me so frankly. I know well how dear one's own time & solitude may be, and I would not on any consideration, violate the sanctity of your prerogative.

I fear too that I may have heretofore trespassed upon your time too much— If I have please pardon me as I did so unwittingly— I felt the need of congenial society & sought yours— I forgot that I could not render you an equivalent. It is good for one to be checked — to be thrown more and more upon his own resources. I have lived years of solitude (seeing only my own family, & Uncle James occasionally, and was never happier. My heart however was then more buoyant, and the woods and fields — the birds & flowers, but more than these,

⁶⁶.Now do you see what’s wrong with persecution? It **circulates**. What goes around **comes around**.



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my rural meditations afforded me a constant source of the truest enjoyment. I admire your strength & fortitude to battle the world. I am a weak and broken reed. Have charity for me, if not sympathy. Can any one heart know another's? If not let us suspend our too hasty judgement against those from whom we differ. I hope to see you in due time at Brooklawn where you are always a welcome & instructive guest. With my kind regards to your family I remain Yours faithfully D. Ricketson



September 10, Thursday: P.M. —To Cardinal Ditch and Peter's. Cardinal-flower, nearly done. Beach plum, almost ripe. Squash vines on the Great Fields, generally killed and blackened by frost (though not so much in our garden), revealing the yellow fruit, perhaps prematurely. Standing by Peter's well, the white maples by the bank of the river a mile off now give a rosaceous tinge to the edge of the meadow. I see lambkill ready to bloom a second time. Saw it out on the 20th; how long?

BEACH PLUM



Thursday Sep. 10

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

Pm To Cardinal ditch & Peters
 Cardinal flower — nearly done — Beach Plum
 almost ripe. Squash vines in the Great
 Fields generally killed & blackened by frost {^}(though
 not so much in our garden —) revealing the
 yellow fruit, perhaps prematurely. Standing
 by Peter's well — The white maples by the
 bank of the river a mile off now give a
 rosaceous tinge to the edge of the meadow —
 I see Lambkill ready to bloom a 2nd time
 Saw it out on the 20th how long



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November 10, Wednesday: A convention for arbitration of Macedonian claims between the United States of America and Chile.

READ THE FULL TEXT

Oliver Johnson, (1809-1889) wrote from New-York to [Charles Wesley Slack](#) relating steps taken to verify Mrs. Stanton's presence in New-York, such as contacted her brother-in-law Dr. Bayard and then more distant relations.⁶⁷

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).



November 10: A pleasant day, especially the forenoon. Thermometer 46° at noon. Some would call it Indian summer, but it does not deserve to be called summer; grows cool in afternoon when I go—

To [Baker Farm](#) aspen *via* Cliffs.

Some very handsome *Solidago nemoralis* in bloom on Fair Haven Hill. (Look for these late flowers—November flowers— on hills, above frost.)

I think I may say that about the 5th the white, swamp white, and black, and perhaps red, oaks (the last *may* be later) were in their November condition, i. e. for the most part fallen. The few *large* black oak tops, still covered with leaves above the forest (*i.e.* just withered), are brownish-yellow.

The brilliancy of the scarlet oak being generally dulled, the season of brilliant leaves may be considered over, — say about the 10th; and now a new season begins, the pure November season of the russet earth and withered leaf and bare twigs and hoary withered goldenrods, etc.

From Fair Haven Hill, using my glass, I think that I can see some of the snow of the 7th still left on the brow of Uncannunuc. It is a light line, lying close along under the edge of a wood which covers the summit, which has protected it. I can understand how much nearer they must feel to winter who live in plain sight of that than we do. I think that I could not have detected the edge of the forest if it had not been for the snow.

In the path below the Cliff, I see some blue-stemmed goldenrod turned yellow as well as purple. The Jersey tea is fallen, all but the terminal leaves. These, however, are the greenest and apparently least changed of any indigenous plant, unless it be the sweet-fern. Withered leaves generally, though they remain on the trees, are drooping. As I go through the hazel bushes toward the sun, I notice the silvery light reflected from the fine down on their tender twigs, this year's growth. This apparently protects them against the winter. The very armor that Nature puts on reminds you of the foe she would resist. This a November phenomenon, — the silvery light reflected from a myriad of downy surfaces.

A true November seat is amid the pretty white-plumed *Andropogon scoparius*, the withered culms of the purple wood grass which covers so many dry knolls. There is a large patch at the entrance to Pleasant Meadow. It springs from pink-brown clumps of radical leaves, which make good seats. Looking toward the sun, as I sit in the midst of it rising as high as my head, its countless silvery plumes are a very cheerful sight. At a distance they look like frost on the plant.

I look out westward across Fair Haven Pond. The warmer colors are now rare. A cool and silvery light is the prevailing one; dark-blue or slate-colored clouds in the west, and the sun going down in them. All the light of November may be called an afterglow.

Hornbeam bare; how long? Perhaps with the ostrya and just after elms? There are still a few leaves on the large *Populus tremuliformis*, but they will be all gone in a day or two. They have turned quite yellow.

Hearing in the oak and near by a sound as if some one had broken a twig, I looked up and saw a jay pecking at an acorn. There were several jays busily gathering acorns on a scarlet oak. I could hear them break them off. They then flew to a suitable limb and, placing the acorn under one foot, hammered away at it busily, looking round from time to time to see if any foe was approaching, and soon reached the meat and nibbled at it, holding up their heads to swallow, while they held it very firmly with their claws. (Their hammering made a sound like the woodpecker's.) Nevertheless it sometimes dropped to the ground before they had done with it.

Aphides on alder.

Sap still flows in scarlet oak.

Returned by Spanish Brook Path. Notice the glaucous white bloom on the thimble-berry of late, as there are

JAMES BAKER

FAIR HAVEN

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



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fewer things to notice. So many objects are white or light, preparing us for winter. By the 10th of November we conclude with the scarlet oak dulled (and the colors of October generally faded), with a few golden spangles on the white birches and on a lingering *Populus tremuliformis* and a few salallows, a few green leaves on the Jersey tea, and a few lingering scarlet or yellow or crimson ones on the flowering dogwood in a sheltered place, the gooseberry, the high blueberry, *Cornus sericea*, the late rose and the common smooth one, and the sweet-briar, [English?] meadow-sweet, sweet-fern, and *Viburnum nudum*. [And green-briar, according to November 7th and 11th, 1855; and perhaps a few other shrubs.] But they are very rare or uninteresting. To these may be added the introduced plants of November 9th, which are more leafy. Of them the silvery abele, English cherry, and broom have been of the most interesting colors.



December 6, Monday: The federal Congress convened.

Documentation of the [international slave trade](#), per [W.E. Burghardt Du Bois](#): “Report of the Secretary of the Navy.” –HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 35 Cong. 2 sess. II. pt. 4, No. 2, pt. 4, pp. 5, 13-4.

[President James Buchanan](#) reported to the houses of the federal Congress:

The truth is, that [Cuba](#) in its existing colonial condition, is a constant source of injury and annoyance to the American people. It is the only spot in the civilized world where the African slave trade is tolerated; and we are bound by treaty with Great Britain to maintain a naval force on the coast of Africa, at much expense both of life and treasure, solely for the purpose of arresting slavers bound to that island. The late serious difficulties between the United States and Great Britain respecting the right of search, now so happily terminated, could never have arisen if Cuba had not afforded a market for slaves. As long as this market shall remain open, there can be no hope for the civilization of benighted Africa....

It has been made known to the world by my predecessors that the United States have, on several occasions, endeavored to acquire Cuba from Spain by honorable negotiation. If this were accomplished, the last relic of the African slave trade would instantly disappear. We would not, if we could, acquire Cuba in any other manner. This is due to our national character.... This course we shall ever pursue, unless circumstances should occur, which we do not now anticipate, rendering a departure from it clearly justifiable, under the imperative and overruling law of self-preservation (HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 35th Congress, 2d session, II. No. 2, pages 14-5. See also HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 35th Congress, 2d session, II. No. 2, pages 31-3).

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#) that he would like to bring [Thomas Cholmondeley](#) to his home “Brooklawn” for a visit.

Concord Dec 6th 1858
Friend Ricketson,
Thomas Cholmondeley,
my English acquaintance,



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*is here, on his way to the
West Indies. He wants to
see New Bedford, a whaling
town. I tell him that
I would like to introduce
him to you there, thinking
more of his seeing you than
New Bedford. So we propose
to come your way to-morrow.
Excuse this short notice,
for the time is short. If, on
any account, it is in-
convenient to see us, you
will treat us accordingly.
Yrs truly
Henry D. Thoreau*

Page 2
Address: *Daniel Ricketson Esq*
New Bedford
Mass
Please forward
immediately



Go out at 9 A.M. to see the glaze. It is already half fallen, melting off. The dripping trees and wet falling ice will wet you through like rain in the woods. It is a lively sound, a busy tinkling, the incessant brattling and from time to time rushing, crashing sound of this falling ice, and trees suddenly erecting themselves when relieved of their loads. It is now perfect only on the north sides of woods which the sun has not touched or affected. Looking at a dripping tree between you and the sun, you may see here or there one or another rainbow color, a small brilliant point of light. Yesterday it froze as it fell on my umbrella, converting the cotton cloth into a thick stiff glazed sort of oilcloth, so that it was impossible to shut it.

December 7, Tuesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) checked out, from [Harvard Library](#), Enrico “Iron Hand” de Tonti’s *RELATION DE LA LOUISIANA OU MISSISSIPPI PAR LE CHEVALIER DE TONTI* (1734).⁶⁸



France and Spain began a blockade of Cochin-China following attacks on European missionaries and others.

68. Henry, Chevalier de Tonti was born in Gaeta, Italy in about 1650, a son of Lorenzo Tonti. He entered the French army as a cadet and served in addition in the French navy. In 1678 he accompanied René-Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle (1643-1687) to Canada. In 1680, during an exploration of the Mississippi he was left in command of Fort Crevecoeur on the Illinois River near Peoria, Illinois. After making an unsuccessful attempt to found a settlement in Arkansas, in 1685 he took part in an expedition of the Western Indians against the Senecas. He twice went down the Mississippi to its mouth while in search of La Salle, and then needed to go down the river a third time to meet M. D’Iberville. During September 1704 he died at Fort Saint Louis (now Mobile, Alabama). There is a report by him in Margry’s *Relations et Memoires*, and an English translation of this report, “An Account of Monsieur de la Salle’s Last Discoveries in North America. Presented to the French King, and Published by the Chevalier Tonti, Governour of Fort St. Louis, in the Province of the Illinois ...,” would be printed in London by J. Tonson, S. Buckley, and R. Knaplock in 1698 and reprinted in New-York in 1814. Refer to Benjamin Franklin French’s HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF LOUISIANA AND FLORIDA (Volume I, 1846).



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Thoreau also checked out Volume IV of the five volumes of Benjamin Franklin French's HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF LOUISIANA, EMBRACING MANY RARE AND VALUABLE DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE NATURAL, CIVIL AND POLITICAL HISTORY OF THAT STATE. COMPILED WITH HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES, AND AN INTRODUCTION... (New York: Wiley & Putnam). Part I of this, Historical Documents from 1678-1691, contains La Salle's memoir of the discovery of the Mississippi, Joutel's journal, and Hennepin's account of the Mississippi. Part II contains Marquette and Joliet's voyage to discover the Mississippi, De Soto's expedition, and [Dr. Daniel] Coxe's "[Carolana](#)." Part III contains La Harpe's journal of the establishment of the French in Louisiana, Charlevoix's journal, etc. Part IV, the volume from which Thoreau was extracting into his Indian Notebook #11, printed in 1852, contains narratives of the voyages, missions, and travels among the Indians, by Marquette, Joliet, Dablon, Allouez, Le Clercq, La Salle, Hennepin, Membre, and Douay, with biographical and bibliographical notices of these missionaries and their works, by John Gilmary Shea, and contains the 1673 Thevenot chart of the "R. Mitchisipi ou grand Riviere" indicating the native tribes along its tributaries, "Carte de la decouverte faite l'an 1673. dans l'Amerique Septentrionale."

THE MITCHISIPI RIVER

Part V contains Dumont's memoir of transactions with the Indians of Louisiana, from 1712 to 1740, and Champégnny's memoirs.

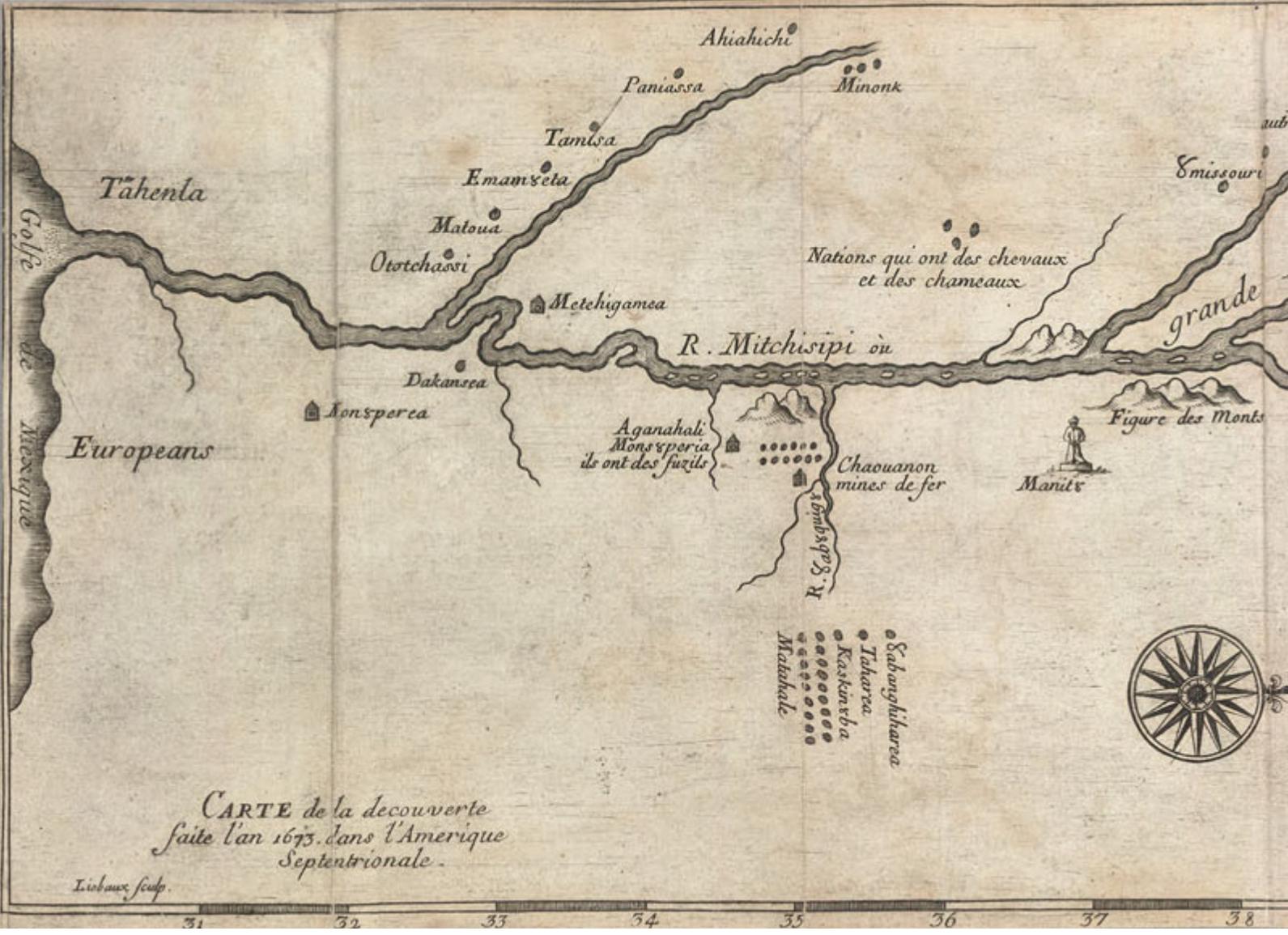
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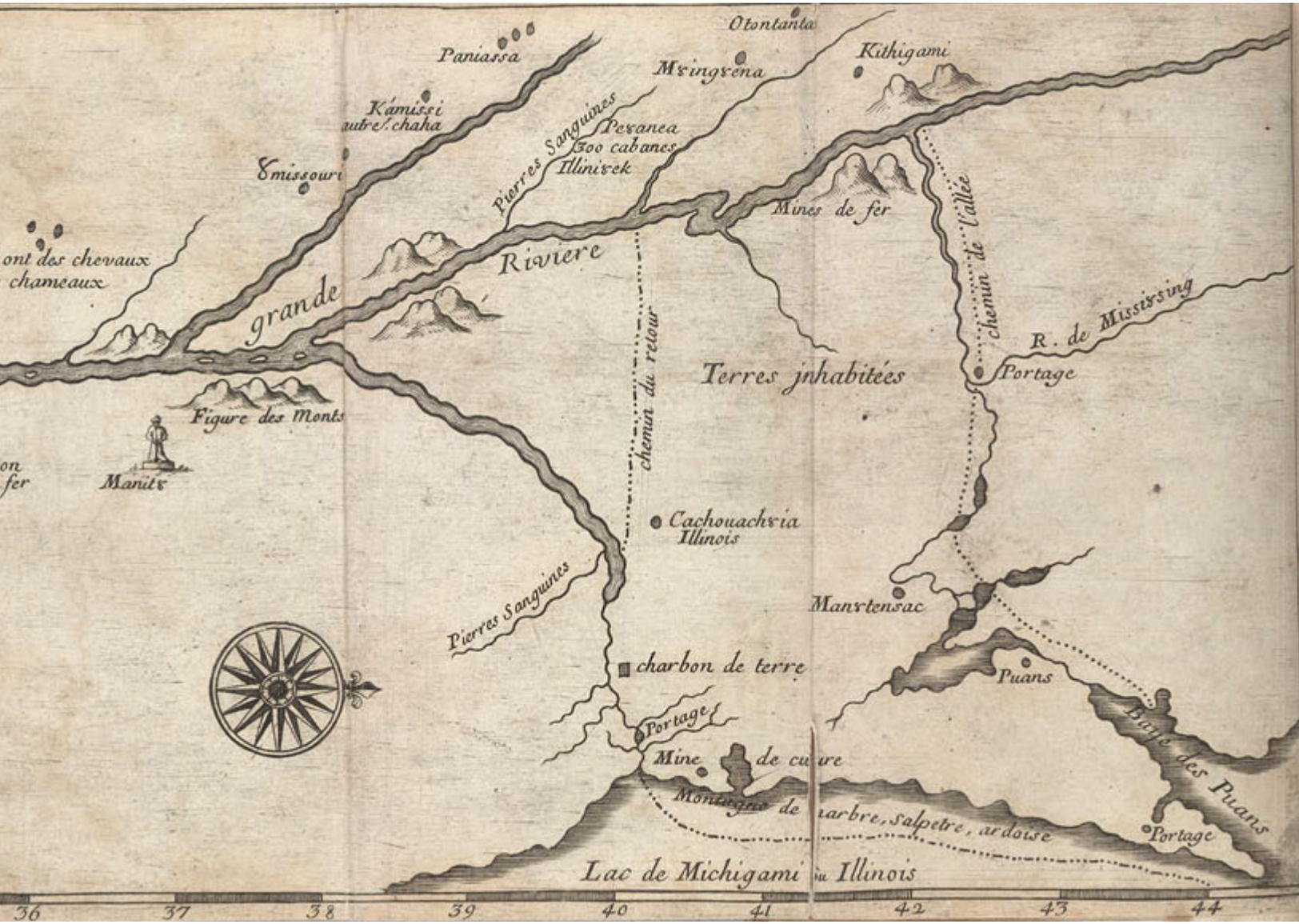
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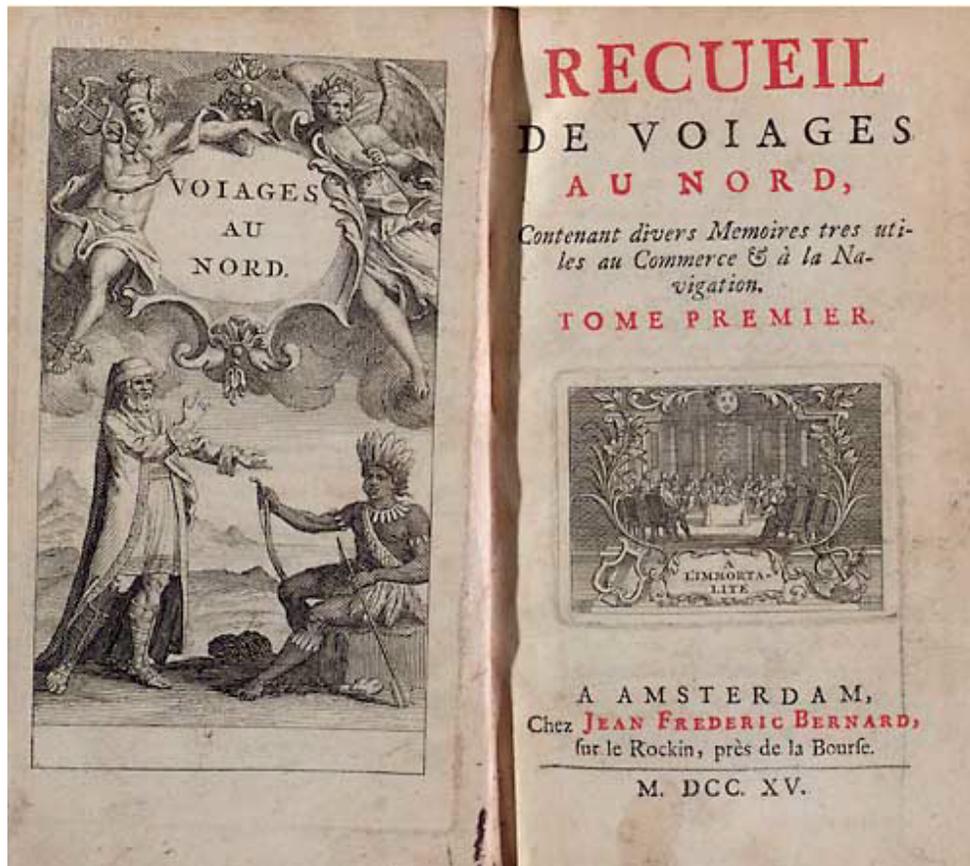
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[Thoreau](#) also checked out [Jean-Frédéric Bernard](#)'s *Recueil de Voyages au Nord, Contenant divers Mémoires très utiles au Commerce & à la Navigation, 1715-1738* (A Amsterdam, Chez J.F. Bernard), and would make extracts in his Indian Notebook #11. According to the edition statement contained in the 4th volume, this is the 4th edition of the work and Volume 2 had been printed in 1715, Volumes 1 and 3 in 1716, Volume 6 in 1723, Volume 5 in 1724, Volume 7 in 1725, and Volume 8 in 1727 (of the final two of the 10 volumes, Volumes 9 and 10, this 1732 printing says nothing, of course because they had not yet been put through the press).



Unfortunately, Google Books has scanned so far of these ten volumes only Volume 4 — so that is all I am able to provide for you here:

JEAN-FRÉDÉRIC BERNARD



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[Thoreau](#) also checked out [Father Louis Hennepin](#)'s *Voyages | Curieux et Nouveaux | de Messieurs | Hennepin & De la Borde, | Ou l'on voit une Description très Particuliere, d'un Grand Pays dans l'Amerique, entre le | Nouveau Mexique, & la Mer glaciale, avec une Relation Curieuse des | Caraibes Sauvages des Isles Antilles de l'Amerique, | leurs Mœurs, Coûtumes, Religion &c. | Le toute accompagné des Cartes & figures necessaires. | [Emblem.] | A Amsterdam, Aux depens de la Compagnie. MDCXI* (this was an exact reprint of the edition of 1704, with merely a slight change to the title page).



[Sieur de la Borde](#) is a mysterious figure, for all we know for sure is that he worked, perhaps as a lay brother, for a short period with Jesuit missionaries, especially with Father Simon at the mission on St. Vincent Island in the Antilles.



I am guessing that he was part of the Langlade family that had come over from Castle Sarrasin in Bassee, Guyenne, France (at first known as the family Mouet de Moras) that had settled at Trois-Rivières, Québec in



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1668, and I am guessing that his full name was [Louis Mouet De Moras, Sieur de la Borde](#) and that he was the 4th of the sons of Pierre Mouet, Landlord of Moras, who was an ensign in the Carignan-Salières regiment, with Marie Toupin, Madame de Moras (born on August 19, 1651 at Québec, died on March 13, 1722/1723 at Trois-Rivières),

I. — MOUET, PIERRE, (1) b 1639, fils de Bertrand et de Marthe de Thosin, de Castel-Sarrasin, en Basse Guyenne; s 24 nov. 1693.
TOUPIN, Marie, [TOUSSAINT I.
s 14 mars 1723.
Pierre, b 1^{er} nov. 1669; m 18 avril 1694, à Elizabeth JUTRAS; s 31 oct. 1708. — *Jacques*, b 26 janv. 1672. — *René*, b 1^{er} mars 1674. — *Louis*, (2) b 9 oct. 1676; s 27 mars 1699. — *Michel*, b 20 janv. 1679; m 30 janv. 1725, à Catherine DESJORDIS. — *Marie-Madeleine*, b 2 juillet 1681; s 8 déc. 1703. — *Joseph*, b 21 juillet 1683. — *Thérèse*, b 14 mars 1688; m 27 oct. 1715, à Michel TROTIER.

(1) Sieur de Moras, enseigne dans la compagnie de Loubias, régiment de Carignan.

(2) Sieur de la Borde.

that he had been baptized on October 9, 1676 and would die on March 27, 1699 (but this is guesswork based on family genealogies, and does not at all jibe with an original date of his publication of 1674 at Paris; none of this makes sense if his book was published before he was born, and everything of this makes somewhat more sense if his book actually was published in 1694, when he was perhaps 18 years of age and had perhaps already in his teens as a lay brother assisted Father Simon at his mission in St. Vincent Island, and simply went through the press with a numerical typo on its title page).

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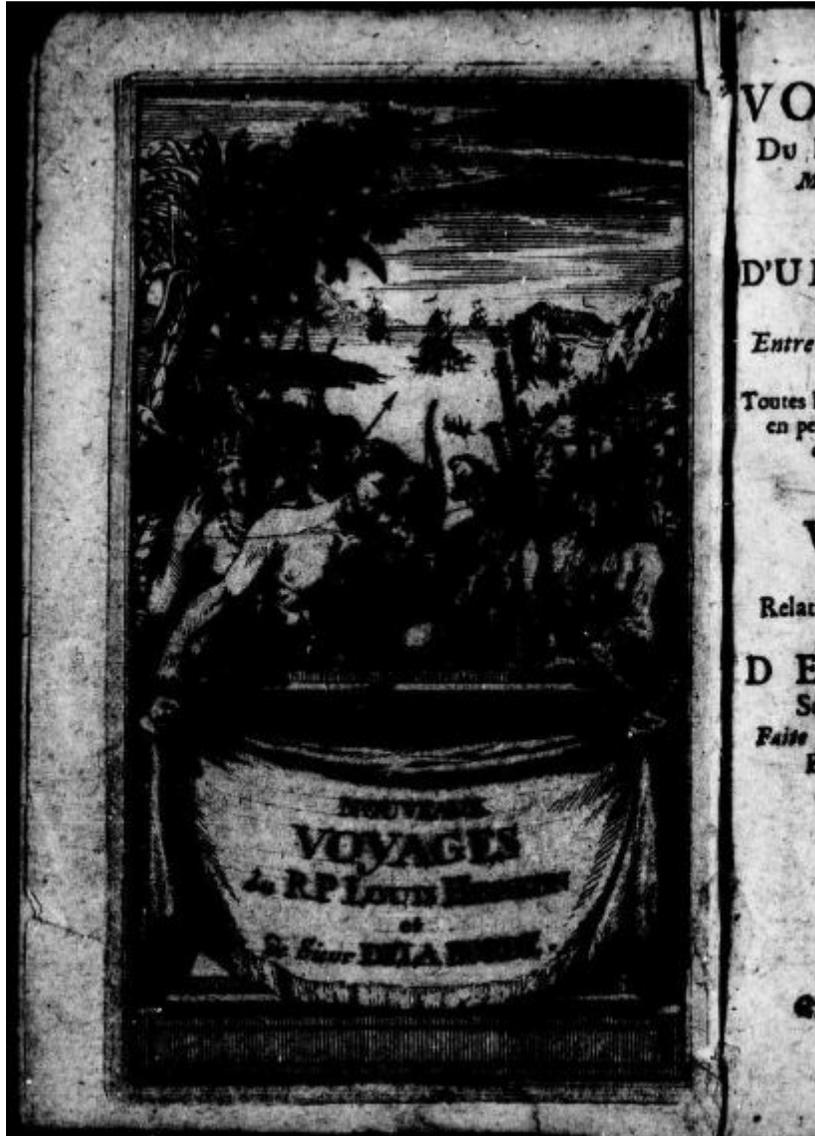
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Thoreau would extract something about heavy surf from this source, for use in Chapter 8 “The Highland Light” of [CAPE COD](#).]



CURIEUX ET NOUVEAU

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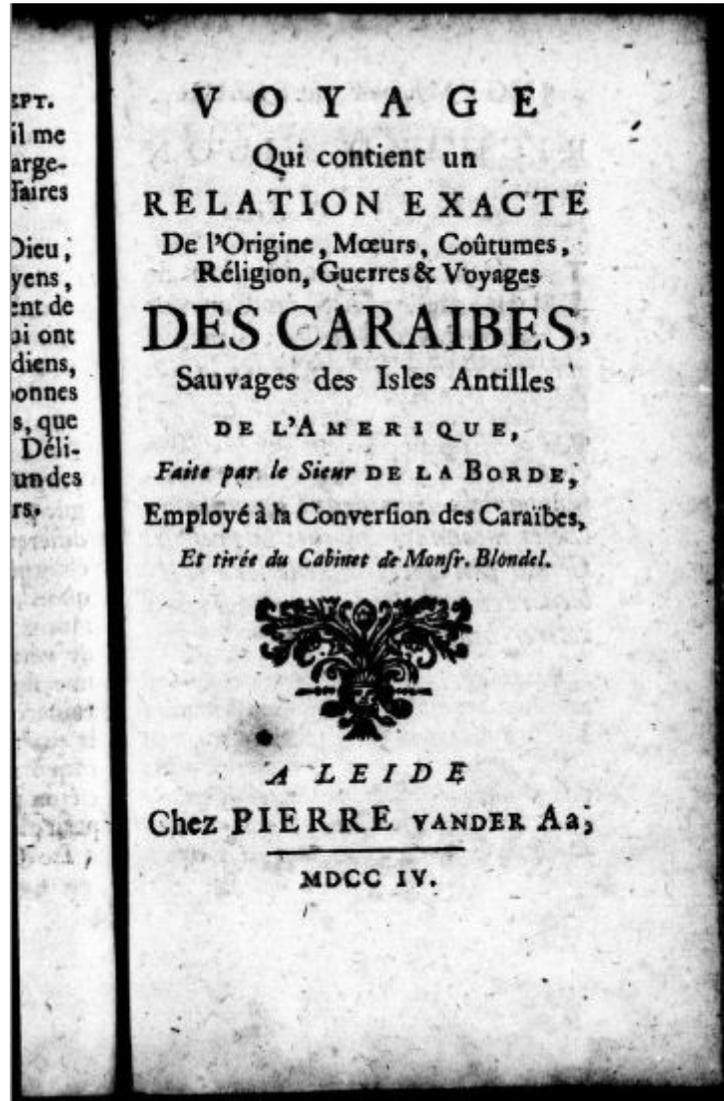
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CAPE COD: Our host said that you would be surprised if you were on the beach when the wind blew a hurricane directly on to it, to see that none of the drift-wood came ashore, but all was carried directly northward and parallel with the shore as fast as a man can walk, by the inshore current, which sets strongly in that direction at flood tide. The strongest swimmers also are carried along with it, and never gain an inch toward the beach. Even a large rock has been moved half a mile northward along the beach. He assured us that the sea was never still on the back side of the Cape, but ran commonly as high as your head, so that a great part of the time you could not launch a boat there, and even in the calmest weather the waves run six or eight feet up the beach, though then you could get off on a plank. Champlain and Poitracourt could not land here in 1606, on account of the swell (*la houlle*), yet the savages came off to them in a canoe. In the **Sieur de la Borde's** "Relation des Caraibes," my edition of which was published at Amsterdam in 1711, at page 530 he says:-

"Couroumon a Caraibe, also a star [*i.e.* a god], makes the great *lames à la mer*, and overturns canoes. *Lames à la mer* are the long *vagues* which are not broken (*entrecoupees*), and such as one sees come to land all in one piece, from one end of a beach to another, so that, however little wind there may be, a shallop or a canoe could hardly land (*aborder terre*) without turning over, or being filled with water."

But on the Bay side the water even at its edge is often as smooth and still as in a pond. Commonly there are no boats used along this beach. There was a boat belonging to the Highland Light which the next keeper after he had been there a year had not launched, though he said that there was good fishing just off the shore. Generally the Life Boats cannot be used when needed. When the waves run very high it is impossible to get a boat off, however skilfully you steer it, for it will often be completely covered by the curving edge of the approaching breaker as by an arch, and so filled with water, or it will be lifted up by its bows, turned directly over backwards and all the contents spilled out. A spar thirty feet long is served in the same way.

I heard of a party who went off fishing back of Wellfleet some years ago, in two boats, in calm weather, who, when they had laden their boats with fish, and approached the land again, found such a swell breaking on it, though there was no wind, that they were afraid to enter it. At first they thought to pull for Provincetown, but night was coming on, and that was many miles distant. Their case seemed a desperate one. As often as they approached the shore and saw the terrible breakers that intervened, they were deterred. In short, they were thoroughly frightened. Finally, having thrown their fish overboard, those in one boat chose a favorable opportunity, and succeeded, by skill and good luck, in reaching the land, but they were unwilling to take the responsibility of telling the others when to come in, and as the other helmsman was inexperienced, their boat was swamped at once, yet all managed to save themselves.

PEOPLE OF
CAPE COD

CHAMPLAIN
POITRACOURT

DE LA BORDE



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

The full title of the book to which Thoreau refers in [CAPE COD](#), “the Sieur de la Borde’s ‘Relation des Caraïbes,’ my edition of which was published at Amsterdam in 1711,” is *Voyages | Curieux et Nouveaux | de Messieurs | Hennepin & De la Borde, | Ou l’on voit une Description très Particuliere, d’un Grand Pays dans l’Amerique, entre le | Nouveau Mexique, & la Mer glaciale, avec une Relation Curieuse des | Caraïbes Sauvages des Isles Antilles de l’Amerique, | leurs Mœurs, Coûtumes, Religion &c. | Le tout accompagné des Cartes & figures necessaires. | [Emblem.] | A Amsterdam, Aux depens de la Compagnie. MDCXI* (this is an exceedingly rare volume, but was a mere reprint of the more available edition of 1704, with slight change in the title page). The original date of his publication *Relation Curieuse des Caraïbes Sauvages des Isles Antilles de l’Amerique* had been 1674, when it had appeared at Paris under the title *Relation de l’Origine, moeurs, coûtumes, religion, guerres & voyages des caraïbes, Sauvages des isles Antilles de l’Amerique. Faite par le Sieur de la Borde Employe a la Conversion des Caraïbes, estant avec le R.P. Simon Jesuite; Et tiree du Cabinet de Monsieur Bloudel ... DIVIDED INTO 12 COMPARTMENTS, EXHIBITING THE UTENSILS, DWELLINGS, AND MANUFACTURES OF THE CARIBS.*

While he was in Cambridge, [Thoreau](#) also checked out [Père Claude Dablon](#)’s *RELATION OF THE VOYAGES OF FATHER JAMES MARQUETTE, 1673-75* (1677).



“There is no Frigate like a Book
To take us Lands away”

— [Emily Dickinson](#)

After leaving the [Harvard Library](#) with his load of books of the history of French [Catholic](#)⁶⁹ exploration to study, such as *JESUIT RELATIONS* for 1670-1672, from which he would copy into his *Indian Notebook #11*, [Thoreau](#) visited the [Boston Society of Natural History](#) to do some ornithology.

69. It never ceases to amaze me how Thoreau, with his Huguenot family history of persecution by French Catholics, and despite the rampant anti-Catholicism that marred the USer attitudes of those times, was able so benignly to consider the positive accomplishments of [French Catholics](#)! Clearly he carried with him no grudge at all in regard to what had been in its day the largest mass religious expulsion and genocide (prior, of course, to the Holocaust).



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD



December 7. To Boston.

At Natural History Rooms.

The egg of *Turdus solitarius* is light-bluish with pale-brown spots. This is apparently mine which I call hermit thrush, though mine is [sic] redder and distincter brown spots.

The egg of *Turdus brunneus* (called hermit thrush) is a clear blue.

The rail's egg (of Concord, which I have seen) is not the Virginia rail's, which is smaller and nearly pure white, nor the clapper rail's, which is larger. Is it the sora rail's (of which there is no egg in this collection)?

My egg found in R.W.E.'s garden is not the white-throated sparrow's egg.

Dr. Bryant calls my seringo (i.e. the faint-noted bird) Savannah sparrow. He says Cooper's hawk is just like the sharp-shinned, only a little larger commonly. He could not tell them apart. Neither he nor Brewer⁷⁰ can identify eggs always. Could match some gulls' eggs out of another basket full of a different species as well as out of the same basket.

On this day his letter arrived in [New Bedford](#), so in the evening [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) was waiting for the train from Boston at the Tarkiln Hill depot at the head of the river, and picked up Thoreau with his load of books, and [Thomas Cholmondeley](#), and took them to his Shanty — where they talked of the English poets [Thomas Gray](#), [Alfred, Lord Tennyson](#), [William Wordsworth](#), etc. until they retired at 10 PM.

On this day [Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Ticknor & Fields](#) in Boston.

Boston Decr 7/58

Henry D. Thoreau Esq

Concord Mass.

Dear Sir

Referring to our file of letters for 1857 we find a note from you of which the enclosed is a copy. As our letter —to which it is a reply— was missent, we doubt not but our answer to yours of a few months since has been subjected to the same, or a similar irregularity.

Respectfully

Yours &c.

Ticknor & Fields

pr Clark

70. [Thomas Mayo Brewer](#) had written in the Proceedings of the [Boston Society of Natural History](#) for the years 1851-1854, on page 324 of volume 4, that Thoreau copied into his Commonplace Book #2. [Spencer Fullerton Baird](#), [Thomas Mayo Brewer](#), and Robert Ridgway would create the 3-volume A HISTORY OF NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS. LAND BIRDS (Boston: Little, Brown, 1874-1884). Brewer's specialty in bird study was nesting and eggs.



December 8, Wednesday: [Henry Thoreau](#), [Thomas Cholmondeley](#), and [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) spent the forenoon in the Shanty on the Ricketson estate in [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#), according to Friend Daniel's journal, "talking about mankind and his relationships here and hereafter." After dinner Friend Daniel and [Ellery Channing](#) smoked while Henry and [Walton Ricketson](#) examined the daughter [Anna Ricketson](#)'s collection of plants, and then Henry and Cholmondeley went for a walk. They spent the evening in the sitting-room, according to Friend Daniel's journal, "talking of old writers, Chaucer, &c."

An electric light was 1st used in a public installation, an arc lamp, in the lighthouse at South Foreland, Kent, England.

[Eric Canal](#) mule and horse driver Tom Kilroy was born in West Troy, New York.

In [Concord](#), [Barzillai Frost](#) died:

"For what *is* your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."
 "He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down."



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 8th]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

[Transcript]



December 9, Thursday: In the forenoon [Henry Thoreau](#) and [Thomas Cholmondeley](#) walked to [New Bedford](#), and were back at [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#)'s in time for dinner.



December 9. At New Bedford.

See a song sparrow and a pigeon woodpecker. Dr. Bryant tells of the latter picking holes in blinds, and also in his barn roof and sides in order to get into it; holes in the window sashes or casings as if a nail had been driven into them.

Asked a sailor at the wharf how he distinguished a whaler. He said by the "davits," large upright timbers with sheaves curving over the sides, thus: to hold up the boats (a merchantman has only a few and small at the stern);



~ also by the place for the man to stand at masthead (crosstrees, I should say they were) and look out for whales, which you do not see on a merchant-ship; i. e., the crosstrees of the latter are very slight, of the whaler somewhat like this:





December 10, Friday: Henry F.N. Meuse (AKA Charles Douse) had stabbed Peter Becker to death on June 4th, 1858 while robbing him of \$100. Deputy Sheriff of San Francisco, California John Ellis read the death warrant as the prisoner stood on the trap door in the Broadway County jailyard. "The culprit was neatly dressed in a white shirt, brown pants, black frock coat, black satin vest and black cravat." The body was allowed to hang for 30 minutes before being cut down.

At the funeral of Barzillai Frost, the Reverend Convers Francis "offered a very fervent prayer."



At 7:30 AM Henry Thoreau and Thomas Cholmondeley left Friend Daniel Ricketson's for the Tarkiln Hill train station. Thoreau went to the Boston Society of Natural History⁷¹ and charged out Edward Jesse's GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY, SECOND SERIES (he would make entries in his 2d Commonplace Book)⁷²

JESSE'S GLEANINGS

and Zadock Thompson's HISTORY OF VERMONT (1842),⁷³

THOMPSON'S HISTORY I

THOMPSON'S HISTORY II

THOMPSON'S HISTORY III

71. These would be the proceedings, for this year, of the Society:

PROCEEDINGS, FOR 1858

72. Edward Jesse. GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY, WITH LOCAL RECOLLECTIONS... TO WHICH ARE ADDED MAXIMS AND HINTS FOR AN ANGLER. London, 1832.

Edward Jesse. GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY, SECOND SERIES. TO WHICH ARE ADDED SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MSS. OF... MR. WHITE OF SELBORNE. London, 1834.

Edward Jesse. GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY, THIRD AND LAST SERIES. TO WHICH ARE ADDED NOTICES OF SOME OF THE ROYAL PARKS AND RESIDENCES. London, 1835.

(Since many American publishers consider Thoreau to fall within their category "nature writer" — some have considered him the creator of this category in America, others derogate him as one of it poorest exemplars because he fails to focus on the pleasantries they vend. It may be useful, therefore, to contrast Thoreau with a well-published "nature writer" of his own period such as this Edward Jesse, Esquire — why don't you struggle to detect some similarities with the life or writings of HDT?)

73. For the associated 1842 map of Vermont, see:

THOMPSON'S 1842 MAP



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

and evidently Cholmondeley stayed in Boston or departed for the Southern states on his way ostensibly to the West Indies (at any rate, Cholmondeley was gone before the end of the year at the outside).



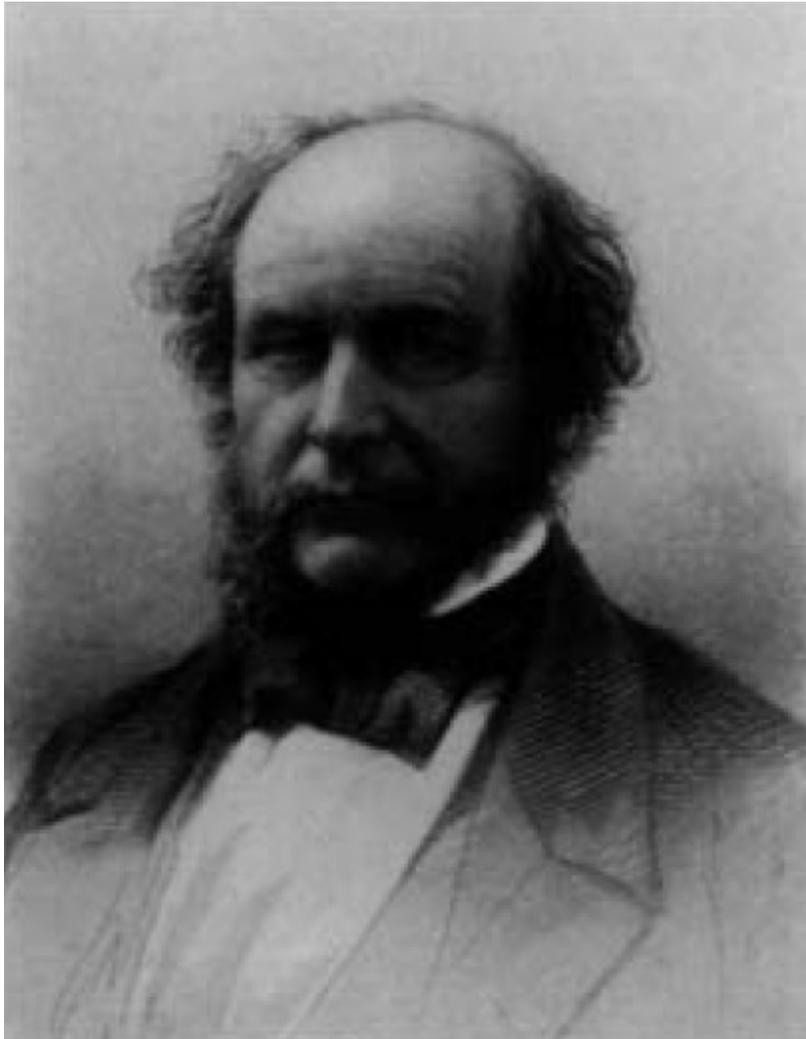
[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 10th]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

[Transcript]

1859

➡ [George B. Emerson](#) received the degree of LL.D. from [Harvard College](#).



NEW "HARVARD MEN"



[James Kendall Hosmer](#) completed his [Harvard](#) studies in theology (he would in 1867 be granted the A.M. degree).

Petroleum was discovered in Pennsylvania. This was, of course, a disaster for [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#), and for oil magnates there such as [Emerson](#)'s in-law the whaleship owner Friend [James Arnold](#). Petroleum

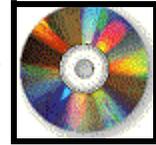
NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

would soon replace whale oil as the primary lighting fuel, setting in motion the irreversible decline of the whaling industry, there and elsewhere.



"The whaler was a kind of pirate-miner – an excavator of oceanic oil, stoking the furnace of the Industrial Revolution as much as any man digging coal out of the earth."



– Philip Hoare, *THE WHALE: IN SEARCH OF THE GIANTS OF THE SEA* (NY: HarperCollins, March 2010)

MOBY-DICK, THE OIL SPILL





NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD



February 9, Wednesday: During a heavy rain, while a stiff gale was blowing from the south, a “very large number” of fish fell onto the fields and housetops at Mountain Ash, Glamorganshire, in Wales. A Mr. Griffith collected 13 or 20 living specimens of the fish and gave them to Professor Owen. The 3 largest were 4 inches long. Some, which died after capture, were fully 5 inches in length. Many people witnessed this as it was happening, including the sawyer John Lewis:

I was getting out a piece of timber, for the purpose of setting it for the saw, when I was startled by something falling all over me – down my neck, on my head, and on my back. On putting my hand down my neck I was surprised to find they were little fish. By this time I saw the whole ground covered with them. I took off my hat, the brim of which was full of them. They were jumping all about. They covered the ground in a long strip of about 80 yards by 12, as we measured afterwards. That shed [pointing to a very large workshop] was covered with them, and the shoots were quite full of them. My mates and I might have gathered bucketsful of them, scraping with our hands. We did gather a great many, about a bucketful, and threw them into the rain-pool, where some of them now are. There were two showers, with an interval of about ten minutes, and each shower lasted about two minutes or thereabouts. The time was 11AM. The morning up-train to Aberdare was just then passing. It was not blowing very hard, but uncommon wet; just about the same wind as there is to-day [blowing rather stiff], and it came from this quarter [pointing to the S. of W.]. They came down with the rain in “a body, like.”



[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

The Shanty, 9 Feb. 1859.

My dear Friend,—

I received last evening a Boston newspaper with your superscription, containing the record of the decease of your father. It had previously been published in the New Bedford Mercury, perhaps by Channing.

You must all feel his loss very much, particularly your mother. I have rarely, if ever, met a man who inspired me with more respect. He appeared to me to be a real embodiment of honest virtue, as well as a true gentleman of the old school. I also recognized in him a fund of good fellowship, or what would perhaps better and more respectfully express it, kindly friendship. I remember with pleasure, a ramble I took with him about Concord some two or three years ago, at a time when you were away from home, on which occasion I was much impressed with his good sense, his fine social nature, and genuine hospitality

He reminded me much of my own father, in fact, I never saw a man more like him even in his personal appearance and manners both bore upon their countenances the impress of care and sorrow, a revelation of the experience of life, written in the most legible charac-



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

ters, and one which always awakens my deepest sympathy and reverence.

I doubt not but that he was a good man, and however we may be unable to peer beyond this sphere of experience, may we not trust that some good angel, perhaps that of his mother (was her name Jeanie Burns?), has already welcomed him to the spirit land? At any rate, if there be any award for virtue and well doing I think it is for such as he. Veiled as the future is in mystery profound, I think we may fully rely upon Divine Wisdom who has seen it proper not only to conceal from us knowledge beyond this life, but has also wrapped us in so much obscurity even here. But let us go on trustfully in Him — the sun yet shines, the birds sing, the flowers bloom, and Nature is still as exhaustless as ever in her charms and riches for those who love her.

I trust that your mother and sister will find that consolation which they so much need. They as well as you have my warmest sympathy, and it is a pleasurable sorrow for me to bear my poor tribute to the memory and worth of him from whom you have so lately parted. Please write me.

It seems to me that Nature — and by this I always mean the out-o'-door life in woods and fields, by streams and lakes, etc. — affords the best balm for our wounded spirits. One of the best things written by Francis Jeffrey, and which I have tacked upon my Shanty wall, is, "If it were not for my love of beautiful nature and poetry, my heart would have died within me long ago." Would not a little run from home soon, if you can be spared, be well for you? Can you not catch the early spring a little in advance? We are probably a week or two before you in her maiden steps. Soon shall we see the catkins upon the willows, and hear the bluebird and songsparrow again — how full of hope and cheer! Even this morning (a soft, drizzling one) I have heard the sweet, mellow, long-drawn pipe of the meadow lark. I have also seen robins occasionally during the winter, and a flock of quails several times, besides numerous partridges and rabbits. I see nothing of Channing of late.

*With my best regards to your mother and sister, believe me
Very truly your friend,
D. Ricketson*

P.S.

*Your letter indicates health of mind and good pluck. In fact, Dr. Pluck is a capital physician. Glory in whortle and blackberries; eat them like an Indian, abundantly and from the bushes and vines. When you can, smell of sweet fern, bayberry, sassafras, yellow birch, and rejoice in the songs of crickets and harvest flies.
lo Paean*



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

The notarized will of Elizabeth Blackwell as it has been recorded in the will book for Fauquier County, Virginia (Volume 28, page 133):

In the name of God, Amen.

I Elizabeth P. Blackwell of the County of Fauquier being of sound and disposing mind and memory do make this my last will and testament.

It is my will and desire that all my just debts be paid.

Item.

It is my will and desire that after my death all my slaves of every description and the future increase of the females be emancipated and set free forever and that all my other estate real and personal be sold by my executors and the proceeds thereof together with all the monies due to me and on hand at my death be applied in such part and proportion as my executors may think fit to the purchase of land in the State of Ohio or some other free state to be distributed with the money not so invested amongst all my slaves in such parts and proportions as my executors in their discretion may deem just, having respect to families.

Lastly, I hereby appoint Charles P. Chilton and John P. Phillips executors of this my last will. In testimony whereof I have herewith set my hand and seal



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

this 9th day of February 1859.

Name	Age	Description	Valuation
1. Violet	65	mulatto	\$00. ⁰⁰
2. Celia	70	black	00. ⁰⁰
3. Maria	55	black	00. ⁰⁰
4. Joseph	11	black	750. ⁰⁰
5. Edward	9	black	600. ⁰⁰
6. Aaron	7	black	400. ⁰⁰
7. Herron	5	black	400. ⁰⁰
8. Angelina	4	black	300. ⁰⁰
9. Greenly Johnson	10	black	750. ⁰⁰
10. Sandy	20	copper col.	1200. ⁰⁰
11. Emelina Parker	35	copper col.	300. ⁰⁰
12. Armstead Parker	12	mulatto	1000. ⁰⁰
13. Maria Parker	10	copper col.	700. ⁰⁰
14. Tamer Parker	6	copper col.	500. ⁰⁰
15. Julius Parker	4	copper col.	450. ⁰⁰
16. Isaiah Parker	2	copper col.	200. ⁰⁰
17. Amanda Ensor	39	mulatto	300. ⁰⁰
18. Edney Ensor	17	mulatto	1000. ⁰⁰
19. Anna Ensor	14	mulatto	1000. ⁰⁰
20. Amanda Ensor, Jr.	12	mulatto	900. ⁰⁰
21. Laura Ensor	10	mulatto	800. ⁰⁰
22. Eliza Ensor	8	mulatto	500. ⁰⁰
23. Louisa Johnson	24	black	1000. ⁰⁰
24. David Johnson	10	black	700. ⁰⁰
25. Delia Johnson	8	black	500. ⁰⁰
26. Fanny Johnson	5	mulatto	300. ⁰⁰
27. Edwin Johnson	3	mulatto	200. ⁰⁰



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

Name	Age	Description	Valuation
28. Bettie Johnson	1	mulatto	100. ⁰⁰
29. Milly Washington	40	mulatto	1000. ⁰⁰
30. Cornelia Washington	15	mulatto	1200. ⁰⁰
31. Clara Washington	4	mulatto	450. ⁰⁰
32. Eli Washington	1	mulatto	100. ⁰⁰
33. Tamer Butler	56	copper col.	00. ⁰⁰
34. Arthur Smith	39	mulatto	1000. ⁰⁰
35. Frederick Thomson	36	copper col.	1000. ⁰⁰
36. Wellford Butler	17	black	900. ⁰⁰
37. Vernon Butler	14	black	1000. ⁰⁰
38. Hendley Chapman	12	black	1000. ⁰⁰
39. Jane Chapman	10	black	750. ⁰⁰
40. John William Burrus	9	black	900. ⁰⁰
41. Charles Stuart	7	copper col.	700. ⁰⁰
42. Jenny Stuart	5	mulatto	500. ⁰⁰
43. Violet Stuart	2	copper col.	200. ⁰⁰
44. Ellen Blackwell	48	mulatto	400. ⁰⁰
45. Albert Chapman	46	black	1500. ⁰⁰
46. Mary Jackson	35	black	1000. ⁰⁰
47. Belle Lightfoot	18	copper col.	1200. ⁰⁰
48. Taylor Jackson	10	copper col.	750. ⁰⁰
49. Celia Ann Jackson	12	copper col.	750. ⁰⁰
50. Allen Taylor	10	copper col.	900. ⁰⁰
51. Emily Taylor	8	copper col.	550. ⁰⁰
52. Bert Lightfoot	8	copper col.	550. ⁰⁰
53. Milton Taylor	5	mulatto	450. ⁰⁰
54. Albert Jackson	3	black	250. ⁰⁰
55. John Mauzey	25	mulatto	1000. ⁰⁰
56. George Washington	50	mulatto	1000. ⁰⁰



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

Name	Age	Description	Valuation
57. Eli Washington	48	mulatto	1200. ⁰⁰
58. Obed Duncan	67	black	00. ⁰⁰
59. Festus Grant	44	copper col.	1000. ⁰⁰
60. James Hopkins	44	black	1000. ⁰⁰
61. Aaron Washington	45	black	1000. ⁰⁰
62. Felix Taylor	40	copper col.	800. ⁰⁰
63. Milton Taylor	30	copper col.	1200. ⁰⁰
64. Henry Corum	24	copper col.	1200. ⁰⁰
65. Thornton Taylor	30	copper col.	1200. ⁰⁰
66. Charles Butler	22	mulatto	800. ⁰⁰
67. Florinza Sowers	47	mulatto	400. ⁰⁰
68. Lucy Graves	20	black	1000. ⁰⁰
69. Graves (child of Lucy)	3		200. ⁰⁰
70. Graves (child of Lucy)	1		50. ⁰⁰
71. Ann Lightfoot	40	black	800. ⁰⁰
72. Martha Burruss	35	mulatto	1000. ⁰⁰
73. Wm. Henry Burruss	5	mulatto	400. ⁰⁰
74. Sarah Ann Lightfoot	22	copper col.	1200. ⁰⁰
75. Ida Belle Lightfoot	4	copper col.	200. ⁰⁰
76. Benjamin Corum	22	copper col.	1200. ⁰⁰
77. Mary Fletcher	18	mulatto	1000. ⁰⁰
78. Susan Jackson	20	black	1200. ⁰⁰
79. Jackson (child of Susan)	1	black	50. ⁰⁰
80. Julia Ann Burrus	14	mulatto	900. ⁰⁰
81. Lizzie Taylor	35	copper col.	1200. ⁰⁰
82. James Henry Taylor	1	copper col.	50. ⁰⁰
83. Willie Ann Corum	36	copper col.	1000. ⁰⁰
84. Anderson Corum	4	copper col.	300. ⁰⁰
85. Lucy Corum	6	copper col.	400. ⁰⁰



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

Name	Age	Description	Valuation
86. Waverly Corum	1	copper col.	50. ⁰⁰
87. Charles Fox	65	black	000. ⁰⁰
		Total:	\$67,797. ⁰⁰



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRIES IN HIS JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY 8th-10th]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

[Transcript]



March 6, Sunday: The steamship *Mail* ran aground near the Dundalk Lighthouse of County Louth while proceeding from Ardrrossan, Ayrshire to Dundalk, County Louth. The crew was rescued but then the vessel broke in half and was a total loss.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#).



The Shanty, Sunday a.m
6 March 1859.
Respected Friend,
This fine spring
morning with its cheering influences
brings you to my mind, for I always
associate you with the most genial
aspects of our beloved nature, with
the woods, the fields, lakes, & rivers
with the birds and flowers. As I
write the meadow-lark is piping
sweetly in the meadows near by, and
lo! at this instant, the very first
I have heard this season a blue-bird
has ~~just~~ warbled on a tree near the
Shanty. What salutation could be
more welcome or more in unison
with my subject. Yesterday my son
Walton saw and heard the red-winged
blackbird and this morning robins
(F. melodia)
are flying about. The song-sparrow^
now singing



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

*has also been in tune since the 23d ^ we of Feby. Truly may say
"Spring is come!"*

(Written at top vertically in left margin):
*Yours of 12th Feby.
came duly to hand.*

Page 2

*At my present writing the thermometer
at my north window indicates 44/0 and
is rising — yesterday p.m. 50/0 wind
W.S.W. It seems to me quite time
In my boyhood, and even until
after my marriage (1834) I do
not remember it ever occurred
to me, but that our climate
was a very good one. And had
I never heard it complained of
by others, should hardly have
ever suspected it otherwise. A
climate that has sustained such
men as R.W.E. — A.B.A. — H.D.T.
and other kindred natures, can't
be a very bad one, and may be the
very best.*

*"March is to me the month of hope.
I always look forward to its coming
with pleasure, and welcome its arrival.
Others may speak of it in terms of
reproach, but to me it has much to
recommend itself. The back-bone
of winter, according to the homely adage,*

Page 3

*is now broken. Every day brings us nearer
to the vernal influences, to the return of
the birds and the appearance of the wild
flowers. Mingled with storms are many
warm sunny days. I am no longer in
haste for finer weather — so near at hand,
each day has something to interest me,
and even in a severe snow or rain*



*storm, accompanied with cold weather,
I know that the glorious sun, when once
he shines again, will dispel all gloom
and soften the temperature. Although
it is my custom to walk in the woods,
fields, and by-places at all seasons
of the year, and in all weathers, the
spring (and in this I include March
as fairly belonging) is my favorite
most*

*^ time. Nature ever attractive to me
is at this season, particularly inviting,
the kind solace and hope of my days.
Although I am but an indifferent ver-
sifier, yet I fancy but few poets
have experienced richer or happier
emotions than myself from her
benign spirit. How well has
Frances Jeffrey said, "If it were*

Page 4

*not for my love of beautiful nature
and poetry, my heart would have
died within me long ago."*
*I am most happy to record at this
time, that I have I trust recovered
my good spirits, such as blessed
me in my earlier years of man-
hood. I shall endeavour by a
life of purity and retirement to
keep them as the choicest of blessings.
My desires I believe are moderate,
and not beyond my reach. So far
as the false luxuries of life are concerned,
I have but little taste for them, and
I would willingly dispense with almost
every necessary article in the
ceremony of living, for the sake of
being the master of my own time,
and the leisure to pursue the simple
occupations and enjoyments of rural
life. I do not covet wealth, I certainly
do not wish it. With the intelligent*



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*and worthy poor, I feel far greater
sympathy and affinity, than with
a large portion of the rich and falsely
great. I would give more for one*

Page 5

*day with the poet-peasant, Robt
Burns, or Shakespeare, than for
unnumbered years of entertainment
at the tables of proud and rich men.*

*“Behind the plough Burns sang his wood-notes wild,
And richest Shakespeare was a poor-man's child.”*

*So sang [Ebenezer Elliott, the corn
law Rhymers](#), himself a true poet
and friend of the virtuous and
struggling poor.”*

*I copy the foregoing, suggested by
the season from my Daily Journal
on the entrance of March. You
may therefore read it as a soliloquy
by which it may savour less of egotism
and bombast, to which objectivity it might
otherwise be open.*

*During my walk yesterday p.m.
in a sunny spot. I found the “pussy
willow” (*S. Erioccephala*) and enclose
one of the “catkins,” or “woolly aments”
I also inclose a pansy from the south side of the Shanty.
in testimony thereof.*

*^ How should I rejoice to have you as the companion
of my walks! I suppose you have*

Page 6

*sometime since returned from your
literary exploit into Worcester and
trust that you had a good time with
your disciples, Blake, and Brown.
They must be Thoreauly brown by this
time, “Arcades ambo” under your
this*

*^ pupilage — though I think classic
or W.E.C.*



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*^ term applies better to you & R.W.E.
May I not also claim as a birth-
right, to rank in your fraternity,
as a disciple at least — please not
reject me — failing in you I shall be
bankrupt indeed. Shall echo respond
to my complaint, “Is there none
for me in the wide world? no kindred
spirit?” “None”!
Dont be alarmed “mihi amicus,”
you shall be as free as air for ought me.
During the past winter I have
reviewing somewhat my Law
studies, and what will not a little
received &
^ surprise you, have accepted a
Commission as Justice of the Peace.
I have collected the relic of*

Page 7

*my law library and ranged them
in formidable array upon a shelf
in the Shanty. I find myself
much better able to grasp
and cope with these legal
worthies than when a young
man.
I dont suppose I shall
do much in the way of my
profession, but may assist
occasionally the injured in
the recovery of their rights.
I have not done this hastily
as you may suppose. I intend
to be free from all trammels
and believing as I do, that law,
or rather government, was
made for the weal of all
concerned, & particularly for
the protection of the weak
against the strong, and*

Page 8
*that according to Blackstone
~~that~~ "What is not reason is not
law." I shall act accordingly,
if I act at all. I may make
use of the elective franchise, but
of this am as yet undetermined.
It seems to me as though as crisis
was approaching in the affairs
of our government, when the use
of every means that "God and
Nature" affords will be required
to oppose the tyranny. I trust
that I shall have your sympathy
in this matter.
I shall seek no opportunity
for the exercise of my opposition
but "bide my time".
A visit from you would be very
welcome. With kind regards
to your household & my Concord
friends one and all, I remain,
Yours truly, D.R.*



March 6. P.M. — To Yellow Birch Swamp.

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

[Transcript]

We go through the swamp near Bee-Tree, or Oak, Ridge, listening for blackbirds or robins and, in the old orchards, for bluebirds. Found between two of the little birches in the path (where they grow densely), in Indigo-bird Sprout-land, a small nest suspended between one and two feet above the ground, between two of the little birches. This is where I have seen the indigo-bird in summer, and the nest apparently answers to Wilson's account of that bird's, being fastened with saliva to the birch on each side. Wilson says it is "built in a low bush... suspended between two twigs, one passing up each side." This is about the diameter of a hair-bird's nest within, composed chiefly of fine bark-shreds looking like grass and one or two strips of grape-vine bark, and very securely fastened to the birch on each side by a whitish silk or cobweb and saliva. It is thin, the lining being probably gone.

There is a very picturesque large black oak on the Bee-Tree Ridge, of this form:—



The genista is not evergreen, having turned brown, though it is still quite leafy. I could not find a single green



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LOUDON

shoot. It is correctly represented in Loudon's "Arboretum," in '44, as "a deciduous under-shrub." Yet in his "Encyclopædia," in '55, it is represented as "an evergreen shrub."

Measured a thorn which, at six inches ground, or the smallest place below the branches, — for it branches soon, — was two feet three inches in circumference. Cut off a barberry on which I counted some twenty-six rings, the broadest diameter being about three and a half inches. Both these were on the west side the Yellow Birch Swamp.

The slender black birches, with their catkined twigs gracefully drooping on all sides, are very pretty. Like the alders, with their reddish catkins, they express more life than most trees. Most trees loot: completely at rest, if not dead, now, but these look as if the sap must be already flowing in them, — and in winter as well.

In woodland roads you see where the trees which were bent down by ice, and obstructed the way, were cut off the past winter; their tops lie on one side.



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1860



May 9, Wednesday: The New-York Tribune had an advert for James Redpath's ECHOES OF HARPER'S FERRY, a volume about the raid by Captain John Brown on Harpers Ferry which contained Henry Thoreau's "A Plea for Captain John Brown" and his "Remarks at Concord on the Day of the Execution of John Brown."

Carpenter Luke Fisher Parsons of Salina, Kansas continued in his diary:

Went buffalo hunting with Campbell and preachers,
Bishop and Rankin up Spring Creek. I killed one and wounded
another. Camped on the head of Mulberry.

The Constitutional Union Party met in Baltimore, nominating Tennessee's John Bell and Massachusetts's Edward Everett. Dean Richmond attended this convention.

J(ames) M(atthew) Barrie was born in Kirriemuir, Scotland.

Samuel Griswold Goodrich, best known under the pen name "Peter Parley," died in New-York.

Sarah Rotch Arnold died at New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Thoreau was being written to by L.L. & C.H. Smith in New-York,
for a large supply of plumbago.

*New York May 9th/60
Mr H. D. Thorreau
Dear Sir
Please
send as soon as possible
One Hundred pounds
of Black Lead.
Yours Truly,
L.L. & C. H. Smith
Late L. [J.] Smith*



May 9. River five and three fourths inches below summer level.

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

I think I heard a bobolink this forenoon.

A boy brought me what I take to be a very red *Rana sylvatica*, caught on the leaves the 6th.

Have had no fire for more than a fortnight, and no greatcoat since April 19th.

Fir balsam bloom. Sugar maple blossoms are now a tender yellow; in prime, say 11th. Thousands of dandelions along the meadow by the Mill Brook, behind R. W. E.'s, in prime, say 10th. [By the 18th are much concealed by grass.]



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P.M.— To Flint's Pond.

It is a still, cloudy, thoughtful day.

Oven-bird, how long? In Ebby Hubbard's wood, I climb to a hole in a dead white pine, a dozen feet up, and see by the gray fur about the edge of the hole that it probably has been used by the gray squirrel. Maryland yellow-throat.

We sit by the shore of Goose Pond. The tapping of a woodpecker sounds distinct and hollow this still cloudy day, as not before for a long time, and so do the notes of birds, as if heard against a background for a relief, e.g. the cackle of the pigeon woodpecker, the note of the jay, the scratching in the dry leaves of three or four chewinks near us (for they are not shy), about the pond, under the blueberry bushes. The water is smooth. After sitting there a little while, I count the noses of twenty frogs within a couple of rods, which have ventured to come to the surface again, — so quietly that I did not see one come up. At the fox-hole by Britton's Hollow there are some three cart-buck-loads of sand cast out.

That large pine-tree moss that makes beds on the ground, now fruiting, when I brush my hand over its fruit is surprisingly stiff and elastic like wires.

Yellow lily pads begun to spread out on some pools, but hardly yet on the river; say 10th on river.

Golden robin.

The wall by the road at the bars north of Cyrus Smith's chestnut grove is very firmly bound together by the *Rhus Toxicodendron* which has overrun it, for twenty feet in length. Would it not be worth the while to encourage its growth for this purpose, if you are not afraid of being poisoned? It runs up by small root-like stems, which cling close and flat to the wall, and which intertwine and seem to take a new start from the top of the wall (as from the ground), where the stems are generally larger than below, so that it is in fact a row of this rhus growing on the top of the wall to some three or four feet above it, and by its rooty stems binding the stones very firmly together. How much better this than sods on a wall!

Of that early *sedge* in Everett's meadow, [*Carex stricta*.] the top-most spikes are already effete; say a week, then. I see a second amelanchier with a distinct pink or rosaceous tinge like an apple blossom. Elm seed has begun to fall.

Cattle going up country for ten days past. [Yes, and the 14th.] You must keep your gate shut.



October 14. This year, on account of the very severe frosts, the trees change and fall early, or fall before fairly changing. The willows have the bleached look of November. Consider how many leaves there are to fall each year and how much they must add to the soil. Coultas (in "What may be Learned from a Tree") finds that a single beech twig twenty-seven inches and three lines long and six years old was "the leaf-labor of one hundred and fifty-five leaves," and quotes from Asa Gray's "First Lessons in Botany" that "the Washington Elm at Cambridge—a tree of no extraordinary size—was some years ago estimated to produce a crop of seven millions of leaves, exposing a surface of 200,000 square feet, or about five acres, of foliage." Supposing this to be true, and that the horizontal spread of this (like other the largest elms) is one hundred feet, then, if all its leaves should be spread evenly on the ground directly under it, there would be about twenty-five thicknesses. An ordinary forest would probably cover the ground as thickly as this tree would. Supposing a leaf to be of the same thickness with an ordinary sheet of letter-paper, and that the mass is compressed as much as paper packed in a ream, the twenty-five would be about one sixteenth of an inch thick. This is a rude calculation.

We have had a remarkably fertile year. Let us see now if we have a cold winter after it.

P.M.— Up Groton Turnpike.

If you examine a wood-lot after numerous fires and cuttings, you will be surprised to find how extremely vivacious are the roots of oaks, chestnuts, hickories, birches, cherries, etc. The little trees which look like seedlings of the year will be found commonly to spring from an older root or horizontal shoot or a stump. Those layers which you may have selected to transplant will be found to have too much of old stump and root underground to be removed. They have commonly met with accidents and seen a good deal of the world already. They have learned to endure and bide their time. When you see an oak fully grown and of fair proportions, you little suspect what difficulties it may have encountered in its early youth, what sores it has overgrown, how for years it was a feeble layer lurking under the leaves and scarcely daring to show its head above them, burnt and



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cut, and browsed by rabbits. Driven back to earth again twenty times,—as often as it aspires to the heavens. The soil of the forest is crowded with a mass of these old and tough fibres, annually sending up their shoots here and there. The underground part survives and holds its own, though the top meets with countless accidents; 50 that, although seeds were not to be supplied for many years, there would still spring up shoots enough to stock it. So with the old and feeble huckleberry roots. Nay, even the sedge (*Carex Pennsylvanica*) is already rooted in most woods, and at once begins to spread and prevail when the wood is cut, especially if a frost or fire keeps down the new wood.

I examine the John Hosmer wood-lot (sprout-land) cut off last winter on the north side at Colburn Hill. Next to the conspicuous sprouts from the large stumps (of which the white birch have here grown the most,—commonly four or five feet) you notice an increased growth of weeds, as goldenrods (especially *S. puberula*), the two fire-weeds, asters, everlasting (fragrant), hawk-weeds, yarrow, low blackberry, cinquefoil, etc. All of these, I believe, except the erechthites, are perennials, and those which blossomed this year (with this exception) must have sprung up before the wood was cut. The others were probably planted last fall or in the winter, unless their seed endures in the soil. I see, for example, what I consider seedling goldenrods, everlasting, and yarrow, i. e. mere radical leaves without any stem, which will bloom next year. The seedling trees of this year, of course, will be scarcely noticed among the sprouts and weeds. I chance to see none. I see, however, many young black cherry trees, three to six inches high, which are just three years old, with roots partly coiled up (as if they had met with difficulties in their upward growth) and much larger than their stems. These, then, were planted in the midst of this pine and oak and birch wood at least two years before it was cut, though the tree they came from is so far off that I know not where it is, and they have not effectually risen above the surface till this year. If you look through a sprout-land you will find no tree, not strictly speaking a forest tree, and which at the same time did not attain to its growth there before, so common as these little black cherries, the birds having conveyed the stones into the midst of the woods and dropped them there; i. e. they are planted chiefly before the wood is cut. These cherry trees are, however, short-lived. They live a few years and bear large and pleasant-tasted fruit, but when the forest trees have grown up around them they die.

I see that a great part of the club-moss (*Lycopodium complanatum*) which was so abundant in the lower part of this wood has already been killed, and is completely withered and bleached white, probably by the cold last winter, if not also by exposure to the light and heat of the summer.

This lot is thickly covered with the rubbish or tops. I suspect that it is, on the whole, better to leave this than to clear the ground,—that when it is not too thick (as masses of pine-tops) it is an important protection to the seedling trees (gardeners find that seedling pines require shade in their nurseries), and of course the soil is enriched by its decay.

Under one white oak where, on the 8th, the ground was strewn with acorns, I find but a single sound one left to-day, and under another, though many acorns are left, all of them are decayed, so rapidly are they gathered by the squirrels. I take them from the tree already decayed without a worm in them. Far the greater part that you find destroyed (this does not include those eaten by animals) have thus decayed, and I think that the cause was the severe frost of about October 1st, which especially injured those on the ground. It is surprising that any escape the winter. I am not sure that white oak acorns do (as I am that many scarlet and red oak, etc., do). These are not protected by any downiness, and their shoots and leaves I know are the most tender in the spring. Probably almost all the white oak acorns would be destroyed by frost if left on the surface in pastures, and so it may be that more escape because the squirrels carry them off and bury them, or leave them under the shelter of the woods and leaves, though they consume so many, than would if they were not disturbed. Also I find many full-grown worms in them, and the acorn all powder, on the tree.

Do I not see yellow-crowned warblers? Much yellow on shoulders or sides, and white in wings when they fly. [Yes. They fly up against the windows the next day.]

Acorns that fall in open pastures decay so fast that you might wonder how any survived the winter, but the fact is that they are not suffered to lie long, but are picked up and carried off by animals, and either deposited in holes or buried under the leaves in the forest, or consumed; and so, probably, more of these survive than would if they were not carried off.



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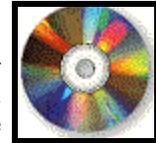
It is remarkable, how differently different rich old men dispose of their excess funds, once they have them and have nothing with which to preoccupy themselves! In this year [Henry Grinnell](#) contributed to the voyage of Isaac Israel Hayes, and he would contribute to the three expeditions that would be made during the decade by Charles Francis Hall. He would regularly correspond with the unsuccessful explorer William Parker Snow.

[THE FROZEN NORTH](#)

Meanwhile, late in the year, having suddenly come to be without a blood heir for his oil wealth upon the deaths of his wife and only child, [Friend James Arnold](#) was revising his will and contemplating the commission of a philanthropy.



"The whaler was a kind of pirate-miner – an excavator of oceanic oil, stoking the furnace of the Industrial Revolution as much as any man digging coal out of the earth."



– Philip Hoare, *THE WHALE: IN SEARCH OF THE GIANTS OF THE SEA* (NY: HarperCollins, March 2010)

[MOBY-DICK, THE OIL SPILL](#)

In this matter Friend James turned to three men of repute, his in-law [George Barrell Emerson](#) who was engaged in the growing of trees on the promontory that stretched into Boston Bay on the northeastern side of Chelsea harbor, the family friend John James Dixwell, president of the Massachusetts Bank, who was active in the [Boston Society of Natural History](#) and was engaged in the growing of trees on his Jamaica Plain estate on Moss Hill, and the Boston trust attorney Francis E. Parker.



October 14, Sunday: After having burned down during January 1859, the permanent home of the Russian Opera reopened in St. Petersburg and was named as the "Mariinsky Theater."

In Pavlovsk, Fantasieblümchen op.241, a polka mazur by [Johann Baptist Strauss II](#), was performed for the initial time.

[Henry Thoreau](#) made a reference in his journal to Professor [Harland Coultas](#) and Frédéric Jacob Soret's *WHAT MAY BE LEARNED FROM A TREE* (New York: D. Appleton & Company, 443 and 445 Broadway. London: Little Britain).⁷⁴

[HARLAND COULTAS](#)

Here is a sampling of the sort of thing the general public may have been learning from this early ecologist:

Is nature then exhausted? Is there nothing new to be discovered? Far otherwise ... Can you thoroughly explain the physiology of a single plant in your collection? Can you account for the shape of its leaves, or their arrangement around the stem?

...If we remove trees from the mountain side, from a low, sandy

74. He copied from this source into his 2d Commonplace Book. Harland Coultas was Professor of General and Medical Botany in the Penn Medical University, was the North American collector for the Herbarium at Oxford University, and was a prolific contemporary author of popular science literature.

WHAT MAY BE LEARNED FROM A TREE :

By HARLAND COULTAS. New-York : D. APPLETON & Co. 1. vol., 8vo. pp. 160.

A volume dedicated, like this, to "all lovers and friends of Nature," might reasonably be expected to furnish a natural account of the subject whereof it treats; an account divested of truisms and destitute of platitudes, and so fresh and free and graceful that no reader who loves Nature would willingly pass it by. *What May be Learned, &c.*, gives no such account. On the contrary, although starting out with a fair promise, it lapses speedily and irrecoverably into the dismal dullness of commonplace. The author seems to have devoted numerous hours of contemplative leisure to the minute inspection of trunks, branches, leaves, soils and organisms, and all other things connected in any way with the growth of trees, until he had hammered out a sufficient array of words to make a book; and then the book was made. In parts, but scattered at wide intervals, there are bits of fair writing, and occasionally we get a fleeting glimpse of an idea,—but the bulk of the volume consists of such namby-pamby talk as the following:

"The truth is, that society in America resembles a wide-spread and well-developed tree, where a great many branches make an equally powerful growth on all sides, so that it is not easy to distinguish amongst them any particular branch which takes the lead. It is not an easy thing for any man to render himself conspicuous by his abilities in a country where there is so much individual talent called forth by education. Now this is all right. It is good policy founded on Nature.

Continue to educate thy children, Columbia! Inspire them with an indistinguishable love of truth and freedom, and thy place shall be foremost among the nations in wealth, in science, and in empire! Oh! tyranny, leave these shores forever! There is no chance for thee here! Away with thy dungeons and thy chains! It is not in America that enfranchised humanity can ever be incarcerated!" &c.

HARLAND COULTAS has appeared on one other occasion, as the author of *Organic Life the Same in Animals as in Plants*, and could have been spared from the catalogue of writers immediately after the publication of that work. The present volume tells nothing about trees that the reader cannot find in DOWNING or BROWN; while its attempts at the inculcation of moral precepts are simply lamentable failures.



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coast, or from an inland district only scantily supplied with water, there is no end to the mischievous consequences which will ensue. By such ignorant work as this the equilibrium in the Household of Nature is fearfully disturbed.



From [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#), [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) wrote to [Thoreau](#), apologizing for bad conduct and blaming it on indulgence in [tobacco](#), which he has discontinued:

I am by nature very easily disturbed mentally & physi[cally] and this tendency, or infi[rmit]y, has been increas[ed] by smoking. I have at last abandoned the use of the weed. It is now about four months since I have made any use whatever of ~~it~~ tobacco & nearly a year since I began to battle seriously with this enemy of my soul's & body's peace. When I was last at Concord, owing to bad sleep and the consequent nervous irritability aggravat[ed] by smoking, I was particularly out of orde[r] and like an intoxicated or crazed man, hardly responsible for my conduct[.] Wherefore if I betrayed any want of kindly or gentlemanly feeling, which I fear may have been the case, I trust you will pardon the same & attribute it to a source not normal with me.



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NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1861

 March 22, Thursday: Pyotr Illyich Tchaikovsky was able to inform his sister that their father had stopped objected to his beginning a career in music.

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

William Bean went for the mail. Sanford Leonard and a Pottawatomie Indian came with Jones' load of goods - flour, coffee, sugar, pork, dried apples, pickles, oysters, wine, etc.



Robert Hassall wrote from Haverhill, Massachusetts to [Charles Wesley Slack](#), asking Slack to select hymns.⁷⁵

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by L. Johnson & Company in Philadelphia:

Established, 1796.

*L. Johnson & Co.'s Type Foundry,
No. 606 Sansom Street.
Thos. MacKellar,
John F. Smith,
Richard Smith,
Peter A. Jordan.*

*Philadelphia, March 22^d 1861
Mr. Henry D. Thoreau
Concord, Mass.*

*Dear Sir— Enclosed find
\$2— Note on Bank of Kenduskeag
to replace the one returned. Of course
we were not aware that there was any
thing wrong with the one you returned.*

*Truly Yours
L. Johnson & C*



[Thoreau](#) wrote to [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#):

*Concord Mar 22^d 1861
Friend Ricketson,*

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



NEW BEDFORD

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The bluebirds were here the 26th of Feb. at least, which is one day earlier than your date; but I have not heard of larks nor pigeon woodpeckers.

To tell the truth, I am not on the alert for the signs of Spring, not having had any winter yet. I took a severe cold about the 3^d of Dec. which at length resulted in a kind of bronchitis, so that I have been confined to the house ever since, excepting a very few experimental trips as far as the P.O. in some particularly mild noons. My health otherwise has not been affected in the least, nor my spirits. I have simply been imprisoned for so long; & it has not prevented my doing a good deal of reading & the like.

Channing has looked after me very faithfully—says he has made a study of my case, & knows me better than I know myself &c &c. Of course, if I knew how it began, I should know better how it would end. I trust that when warm weather comes I shall begin to pick up my crumbs. I thank you for your invitation to come to New Bedford, and will bear it in mind, but at present my health will not permit my leaving home.

The day I received your letter Blake & Brown arrived here, having walked from Worcester in two days, though Alcott who happened in soon after could not understand what pleasure they found in walking across the country at this season when the ways were so unsettled. I had a solid talk with them for a day & a half—though my pipes were not in good order & they went their way again.

You may be interested to hear that Alcott is at present perhaps the most successful man in the town. He had his 2^d annual exhibition of all the Schools in the town at the Town Hall last Saturday—at which all the masters & misses did themselves great credit, as I hear, & of course reflected some on their teachers & parents. They were making their little speeches from 1 till 6 o'clock P^m, to a large audience which patiently listened to the end. In the meanwhile the children made Mr A. an unexpected present of a fine edition of Pilgrim's Progress & Herberts Poems—which, of course, overcame all parties. I inclose our order of exercises.

We had, last night, an old fashioned N.E. snow storm, far worse than any in the winter, & the drifts are now very high above the fences. The inhabitants are pretty much confined to their houses, as I was already. All houses are one color white with the snow plastered over them, & you cannot tell whether they have blinds or not. Our pump has another pump, its ghost, as thick as itself, sticking to one side of it. The town has sent out teams of 8 oxen each to break out the roads & the train due from Boston at 8 1/2 has not arrived yet (4 P^m — All the passing has been a train from above at 12 m— which also



*was due at 8 1/2 am. Where are the bluebirds now think you? I suppose that you have not so much snow at New Bedford, if any.
Yrs Henry D. Thoreau*

A warm day in February 1861 brought Thoreau out to hear the bluebirds, perhaps for the first time that year. On March 3 he described recent snowfalls and snowmelts. On the eleventh he highlighted his river corridors, rather than the fields and forests, as being the "principal habitat of most of our species." On the twenty-second he returned to the theme of Darwin's natural selection, writing that each species "suggests an immense and wonderful greediness and tenacity of life ... as if bent on taking entire possession of the globe wherever the climate and soil will permit." This, of course, is exactly what was taking place during his era, with the U.S. population rising 36 percent in a single decade, 1850-1860, most of it in the eastern half of the nation.
- [Professor Robert M. Thorson](#), THE BOATMAN, page 221



March 22. A driving northeast snow-storm yesterday and last night, and to-day the drifts are high over the fences and the trains stopped. The Boston train due at 8.30 A.M. did not reach here till five this afternoon. One side of all the houses this morning was one color, -i.e. white with the moist snow plastered over them, -so that you could not tell whether they had blinds or not.

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

When we consider how soon some plants which spread rapidly, by seeds or roots, would cover an area equal to the surface of the globe, how soon some species of trees, as the white willow, for instance, would equal in mass the earth itself, if all their seeds became full-grown trees, how soon some fishes would fill the ocean if all their ova became full-grown fishes, we are tempted to say that every organism, whether animal or vegetable, is contending for the possession of the planet, and, if any one were sufficiently favored, supposing it still possible to grow, as at first, it would at length convert the entire mass of the globe into its own substance. [Vide [Pliny](#) on man's mission to keep down weeds.] Nature opposes to this many obstacles, as climate, myriads of brute and also human foes, and of competitors which may preoccupy the ground. Each suggests an immense and wonderful greediness and tenacity of life (I speak of the species, not individual), as if bent on taking entire possession of the globe wherever the climate and soil will permit. And each prevails as much as it does, because of the ample preparations it has made for the contest, -it has secured a myriad chances, -because it never depends on spontaneous generation to save it.

PLINY

A writer in the Tribune speaks of cherries as one of the trees which come up numerously when the forest is cut or burned, though not known there before. This may be true because there was no one knowing in these matters in that neighborhood. But I assert that it was there before, nevertheless; just as the little oaks are in the pine woods, but never grow up to trees till the pines are cleared off. Scarcely any plant is more sure to come up in a sprout-land here than the wild black cherry, and yet, though only a few inches high at the end of the first year after the cutting, it is commonly several years old, having maintained a feeble growth there so long. There is where the birds have dropped the stones, and it is doubtful if those dropped in pastures and open land are as likely to germinate. Yet the former rarely if ever get to be trees.

Rice told me a month ago that when the earth became bare the jays, though they still came round the house, no longer picked up the corn he had scattered for them. I suggested that it was because they were now able to vary



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their diet.

Of course natural successions are taking place where a swamp is gradually filling up with sphagnum and bushes and at length trees, i.e., where the soil is changing.

Botanists talk about the possibility and impossibility of plants being naturalized here or there. But what plants have not been naturalized? Of course only those which grow to-day exactly where the original plant of the species was created. It is true we do not know whether one or many plants of a given kind were originally created, but I think it is the most reasonable and simple to suppose that only one was,—to suppose as little departure as possible from the existing order of things. They commenced to spread themselves at once and by whatever means they possessed as far as they could, and they are still doing so. Many were common to Europe and America at the period of the discovery of the latter country, and I have no doubt that they had naturalized themselves in one or the other country. This is more philosophical than to suppose that they were independently created in each.

I suppose that most have seen—at any rate I can show them—English cherry trees, so called, coming up not uncommonly in our woods and under favorable circumstances becoming full-grown trees. Now I think that they will not pretend that they came up there in the same manner before this country was discovered by the whites. But, if cherry trees come up by spontaneous generation, why should they not have sprung up there in that way a thousand years ago as well as now?

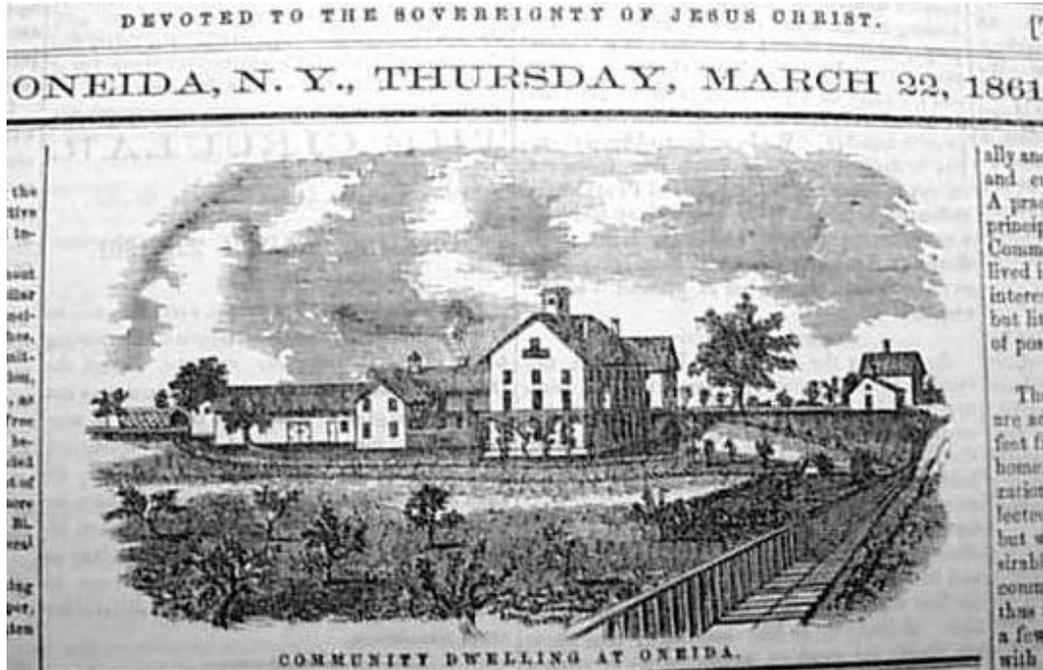
If the pine seed is spontaneously generated, why is it not so produced in the Old World as well as in America? I have no doubt that it can be raised from the seed in corresponding situations there, and that it will seem to spring up just as mysteriously there as it does here. Yet, if it will grow so after the seed has been carried thither, why should it not before, if the seed is unnecessary to its production?

The above-mentioned cherry trees come up, though they are comparatively few, just like the red cherry, and, no doubt, the same persons would consider them as spontaneously generated. But why did Nature defer raising that species here by spontaneous generation, until we had raised it from the stones?

It is evident that Nature's designs would not be accomplished if seeds, having been matured, were simply dropped and so planted directly beneath their parent stems, as many will always be in any case. The next consideration with her, then, after determining to create a seed, must have been how to get it transported, though to never so little distance,—the width of the plant, or less, will often be sufficient,—even as the eagle drives her young at last from the neighborhood of her eyrie,—for their own good, since there is not food enough there for all,—without depending on botanists, patent offices, and seedsmen. It is not enough to have matured a seed which will reproduce its kind under favorable conditions, but she must also secure it those favorable conditions. Nature has left nothing to the mercy of man. She has taken care that a sufficient number of every kind of seeds, from a cocoanut to those which are invisible, shall be transported and planted in a suitable place.

A seed, which is a plant or tree in embryo, which has the principle of growth, of life, in it, is more important in my eyes, and in the economy of Nature, than the diamond of Kohinoor.

When we hear of an excellent fruit or a beautiful flower, the first question is if any man has got the seeds in his pocket; but men's pockets are only one of the means of conveyances which Nature has provided.



 April 7, Sunday: When P.G.T. Beauregard ordered that all transports to [Fort Sumter](#) be cut off, by ending the federal fort's supplies of fresh food, he placed the fort essentially in a state of siege.

US CIVIL WAR

[Charles Waln Morgan](#) died in [New Bedford, Massachusetts](#) at the age of 64.

Wales took its 1861 Census. All house reports were to indicate what individuals had spent this night at that location. Those traveling or living abroad were to be enumerated per the location at which they had spent this night.



April 7. Round the two-mile square.

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

I see where the common great tufted sedge (*Carex stricta*) has started under the water on the meadows, now fast falling. The white maple at the bridge not quite out. See a water-bug and a frog. Hylas are heard to-day. I see where the meadow flood has gone down in a bay on the southeast side of the meadow, whither the foam had been driven. A delicate scum now left an inch high on the grass. It is a dirty white, yet silvery, and as thin as the thinnest foil, often unbroken and apparently air-tight for two or three inches across and almost as light as gossamer. What is the material? It is a kind of paper, but far more delicate than man makes. Saw in a roadside gutter at [Simon Brown](#)'s barn a bird like the solitary tattler, with a long bill, which at length flew off to the river. But it may have been a small species of snipe.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD



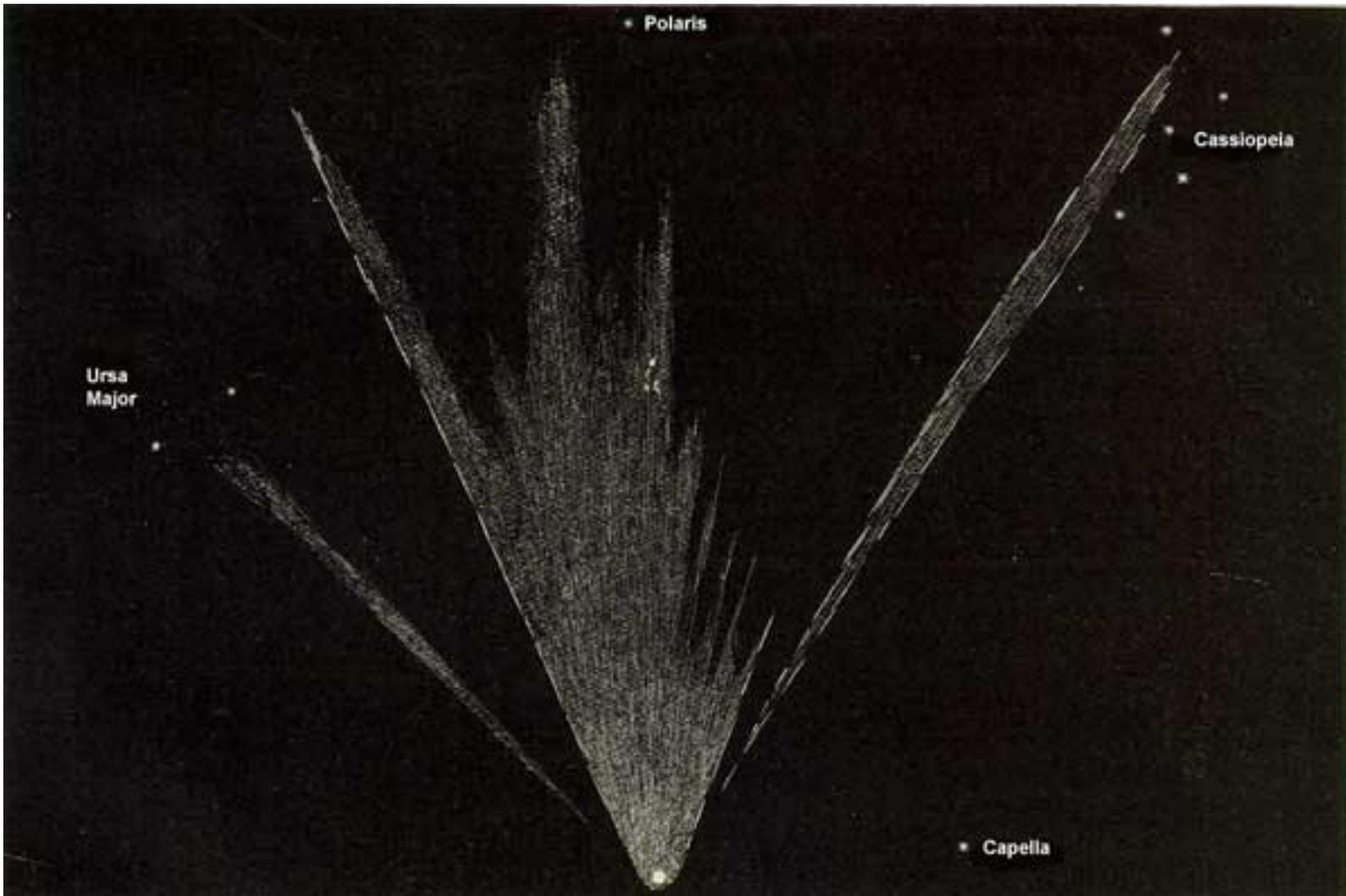
June 30, Sunday: Elizabeth Barrett Browning had been growing gradually weaker, easing her pain with morphine. On this day she died in her husband's arms in Florence, Italy at the age of 55. Her last work, A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, would be published posthumously. Browning would report that she had died "smilingly, happily, and with a face like a girl's.... Her last word was ... 'Beautiful'."

An unanticipated [comet](#) of enormous size suddenly appeared on the evening horizon, over the United States and Europe. Calculations indicate that on this night the earth probably was passing directly through the gas and dust of this comet's tail. On this night, actually, the celestial observer E.J. Lowe jotted into his meteor log that the sky had been of a yellowish tinge before sunset, with the sun seeming somehow dimmed and the general levels of illumination less than usual. Also, John Russell Hind reported a certain peculiar phosphorescence in the appearance of the sky, something which may or may not have been entirely attributable to the aurora of the Northern Lights. From the observatory of Athens we have this report from the astronomer Schmidt:

SKY EVENT

The twilight behind Mt. Parnassus had not yet faded away when I was informed, and I can truthfully say no other surprise could have made so deep an impression. The night before had been absolutely clear and I had not seen a trace of a comet. Now the sky was filled by this majestic figure, spreading the tail from horizon to beyond Polaris, and even across Lyra. It was, to use the language of the past, a comet of truly fearful appearance. At 9 o'clock the head of the comet, looking as large as the moon, was next to Mt. Parnassus. The head and the very wide lower part of the tail appeared like a distant fire, and the tail seemed like windblown smoke illuminated by the fire. After the head had disappeared below the horizon and it had grown dark, one could see that the tail extended to the Milky Way in the constellation Aquila. At 11PM I went to the observatory to watch [for] the reappearance of the head in the northeast.... At midnight and for some time after the tail stood nearly vertically above the northern horizon, its most brilliant portion and the nucleus hidden, the tail reached 30 degrees of arc beyond the zenith [indicating that the total length of this comet's tail above and below the zenith would measure more than 120 degrees]. At 4:27AM the head of the comet became visible again, following reappearance of the brightest parts of the tail which produced weak but noticeable shadows. Neither the Great Comet of March 1843 nor Donati's comet of October 1858 had been so bright.... I watched the rising of the comet's head with the naked eye; it was an incredible phenomenon that cannot be compared to anything else. The great mass of light hung like a dull smoky fire over the dark outline of the mountains. As it grew lighter the tail disappeared, I could only see about 4 degrees of arc of the tail at 5:30AM. But at 6:08AM when Capella was the only still visible star the nucleus was still clearly luminous.

The 4th great new comet of the 19th Century, I Thatcher, had been first detected from Australia. Of course, since the only way to notify Europe of the detection of this comet was by ship and so, by the time this news arrived in the Northern hemisphere, it had already come been sighted also by Europeans and Americans. This comet appeared inordinately large because it was passing close by our planet and as of this date was brushing across us its complicated tail of changing construction.⁷⁶ This comet, together with the double comet I Liais of 1860, would contribute to our Andromedid meteor showers.⁷⁷



SKY EVENT



As of this date or slightly later, from New Bedford, Henry Thoreau's "Friend Ricketson," Friend Daniel Ricketson, was writing to inform him that he had been "converted" to a strong belief in the truth of Christianity.

76. Venus, at its closest point to the Earth, is about 23,000,000 miles away, and this comet was passing within 11,000,000 miles. By way of strong comparison, the comet Lexell had in July 1770  passed within 1,401,200 miles. Of course, nothing happened of any great moment in either case, as the tail of a comet is quite insubstantial even by way of contrast with a meteor shower, but this would give rise to stories (sponsored it would appear by adherents of the "God's This Weird Dude" school of theology) connecting the event to the bloodshed of our Civil War.



The Shanty, 30th June 1861

Friend Thoreau,

I have been desirous of hearing from you for a long time, and particularly in regard to your health, which from your letter of 22^d March I was sorry to hear was not as good as usual; but as you speak of your complaint as that of "a severe cold," I hope by this time you have bid farewell to it and are once more tramping about the woods and fields of old Concord and boating on your favorite stream. We had our full share of the snowstorm of which you gave so glowing an account inclusive of your domestic water sentinel (a short way of saying pump!) with its "ghost" of snow. I have kept my usual record of the return of the birds, and am happy to inform you that the Quail has several times of late saluted me with his sweet whistle or call for "Bob White" as the country boys hereabouts translate him. We have had a peculiar singing pewee with an additional stave to his little song very peculiar & rather comical in its way.

I am glad to hear of the success of Friend Alcott, as Superintendent of your village schools— Concord may well be proud to have such a Captain— Please remember me affectionately to him & his family & thank him for me for a copy of his School Report which I duly rec^d and read with attention, noting Miss A's happy travesty of the old Scotch border song. I was sorry to find you "aberat" and hope that some less cause than illness prevented you. Concord cant spare any of her ballast.

My dear friend, Since I saw you, & considerably since I wrote you last have I met with some fresh and very unexpected experiences, which have resulted in a change of my religious views. Long, long have I striven to become a good man, rather, to obtain that peace of mind which I conclude to be the evidence of a soul in a state of acceptance with its Creator, but in vain have been my efforts and my researches in the wisdom of the schools of ancient and modern philosophy, the (I fear) delusive and bewitching scepticism of so many noble minds. I am now quite inclined to believe in what are termed the dogmas of Christianity – at least in a part of them & have ceased to rebel against the rest. From my repeated failures in the path of virtue & godliness I am at last convinced of the necessity of regen-

77. "COMET TEBBUTT, (C/1861 N1=1861 II). A naked-eye object from discovery until mid-Aug., T=1861 June 12. Extraordinary display created by comet's close encounter with Earth. Spotted in the Southern Hemisphere on May 13th at 4th magnitude. Moved north very slowly across Eridanus. On June 8th, of 2nd magnitude. At mid month, 1st magnitude. Tail already 40 degrees long. Thereafter, motion increased dramatically. On June 24th, when near Rigel, zero magnitude. In conjunction with the Sun on June 29th. Earth passed through the comet's tail! In the Northern Hemisphere, appeared suddenly in Auriga at dawn - immense, brilliant object. Descriptions suggest the head was at least -1 or -2 magnitude. Tail seen to stretch from Auriga to Ophiuchus - 120 degrees! Comet became circumpolar on July 1st. The next night the head was zero magnitude, tail 97 degrees long. On July 8th, when near the Big Dipper, 1st magnitude with a tail up to 60 degrees long. Thereafter rapidly declined. Of 2nd to 3rd magnitude at mid month, 4th at the end. Lost to the unaided eye in mid August."



eration i.e. a new heart – and what may surprise you still more, I am led to believe in the existence of an Evil Spirit, the great adversary of the Soul, whose malign influence has so often destroyed my fondest hopes of peace. I seize upon the truth of the Gospel as recorded in the Old and New Testaments as a shipwrecked sailor to the hand stretched forth to rescue him from the whelming waves. The spiritual wants of man herein recorded and corroborated by his inward light seem to be so aptly fitted that nothing less than a Divine master could have given them to us. What is human life without the faith and hope thus inspired within the soul! – the faith of so many of the great and good, the saints and Martyrs of the Church of Christ. Oh! dear T. we need it all. “I am not mad most noble Festus” but am willing to be accounted a fool for the sake of the great Head of the Church. I know that you are too good and too pure a man to smile at my new born Zeal or rather newly awakened for I once before long ago was similarly led. Do nt think that I am about to forsake my kind Concord friends, the purest, wisest and best of philosophers, dear noble souls – no – My heart yearns for your spiritual recognition of the revealed word, wherein ye may see that “ye must be born again”. What ever takes from our faith and hopes in the future life, robs us of the only possessions that render our earthly existence endurable. Let us devoutly pray to God for light, for light & strength. We must feel contrite – be ready to smite our breast and cry “God be merciful to me a sinner”. O! there must be a listening ear to the fervent petition of the troubled soul– Our Heavenly Father will hear us — He will answer too our prayers. I humbly trust that He has mine. As I said before I have no rebellion in my heart now– I gladly accept whatever provision God has made for our future happiness, & endeavor to repose with faith upon the arm of Divine Wisdom– Welcome Christ the Saviour of our souls if God so wills, Mystery though it be – purest of the pure, simplest & wisest of all teachers, who died for his faithfulness – the great exemplar & guide of man through the thorny road of earthly life, whose life blood sealed the great testimony of truth he wrought out for us – typical of regeneration He died for us all– How grateful we should feel towards him, the great Head of the Church.

Monday Mrng. July 1. Thus far I wrote last evening & now take my pen to draw my letter to a close. We are just commencing mowing & the scythes are already busy in the hands of my hired men – the most graceful of the farmer’s graceful labor – all of which is the living poetry of rural life.

Do let me hear from you soon? And remember me kindly to Channing for whom I shall ever feel an affectionate interest, and to dear father Alcott, and to that complex gentleman, scholar, philosopher



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*& Christian, Radulphus Primus! My wife has had a long illness, but is now recovering. My valued Uncle, James Thornton died 27 April last in his 64th year, of which please inform Channing, who knew him. With kind regards to your mother & sister, I remain truly & affectionately
Your friend,
Dan^l Ricketson
“Te teneam monius deficiente manu.”*

What he meant by that he would feel sufficiently confident to confide to his journal in his extreme old age, in May 1885 just after he had read of and had evidently been perplexed by the supernaturalist beliefs that had passed for religion in the mind of [Victor Hugo](#):



I believe in the gentle doctrines of the early Friends – particularly that of “the indwelling light,” as the first great teacher and guide, it being ... the true interpreter of the Sacred Volume whose pages bear record of this divine manifestation to mankind from the earliest ages.... At the hour of death I hope for grace from on high, to resign myself with childlike confidence into the hands of our Heavenly Father, the great and good Creator, whose protecting care over me in my past youth, manhood, and old age, I have so often witnessed.... As a birthright member of the Society of Friends, I would express my continued faith in its Christian doctrines, so simple and true, so human and charitable when rightly observed, feeling that in the future they will be seen to be the truest interpretation of the Christian truth. So, asking God’s blessing upon those who may be called upon to suffer for its principles I would close.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

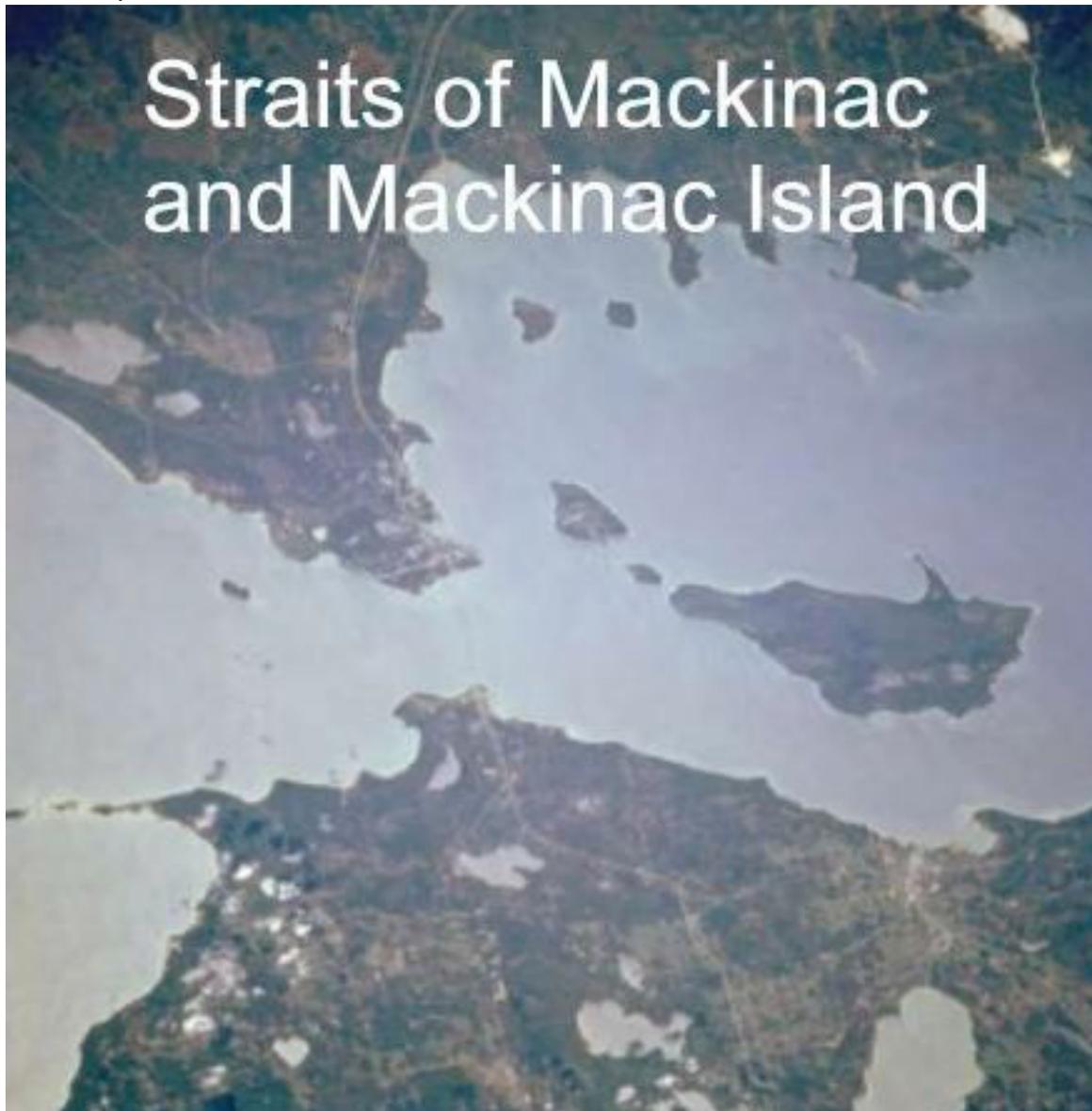
Thoreau jotted down that he and [Horace Mann, Jr.](#) had reached the “Mackinaw House” on [Mackinac Island](#). By 1838 this island, which had started out as the Michilimackinac “Green Turtle” burying ground, had already become firmly established as a summer health resort, catering in particular to those suffering from seasonal allergies such as hay fever. In fact some sufferers had to be turned away in earlier years for lack of accommodations. By 1861 there had been a building boom –although the Grand Hotel and the Michigan State Park were still a number of years in the future– and Thoreau and Mann were able to choose among several hotels and boarding houses. It was unseasonably cold and Thoreau was so ill at this point that he spent most



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of his time sitting by the fire with Mann bringing [botanical](#) collections in to him. Be it noted that [Margaret Fuller](#) and [William Cullen Bryant](#) had been on Mackinac Island and young Mann had himself been there before as a boy of 13 with his father.



We may recollect a letter written by [Horace Mann, Sr.](#) on Mackinac Island in 1857: “I never breathed such air before, and this must be some that was clear out of Eden, and did not get cursed. I slept every night under sheet, blanket, and coverlet, and no day is too warm for smart walking and vigorous bowling. The children are crazy

with animal spirits.”⁷⁸



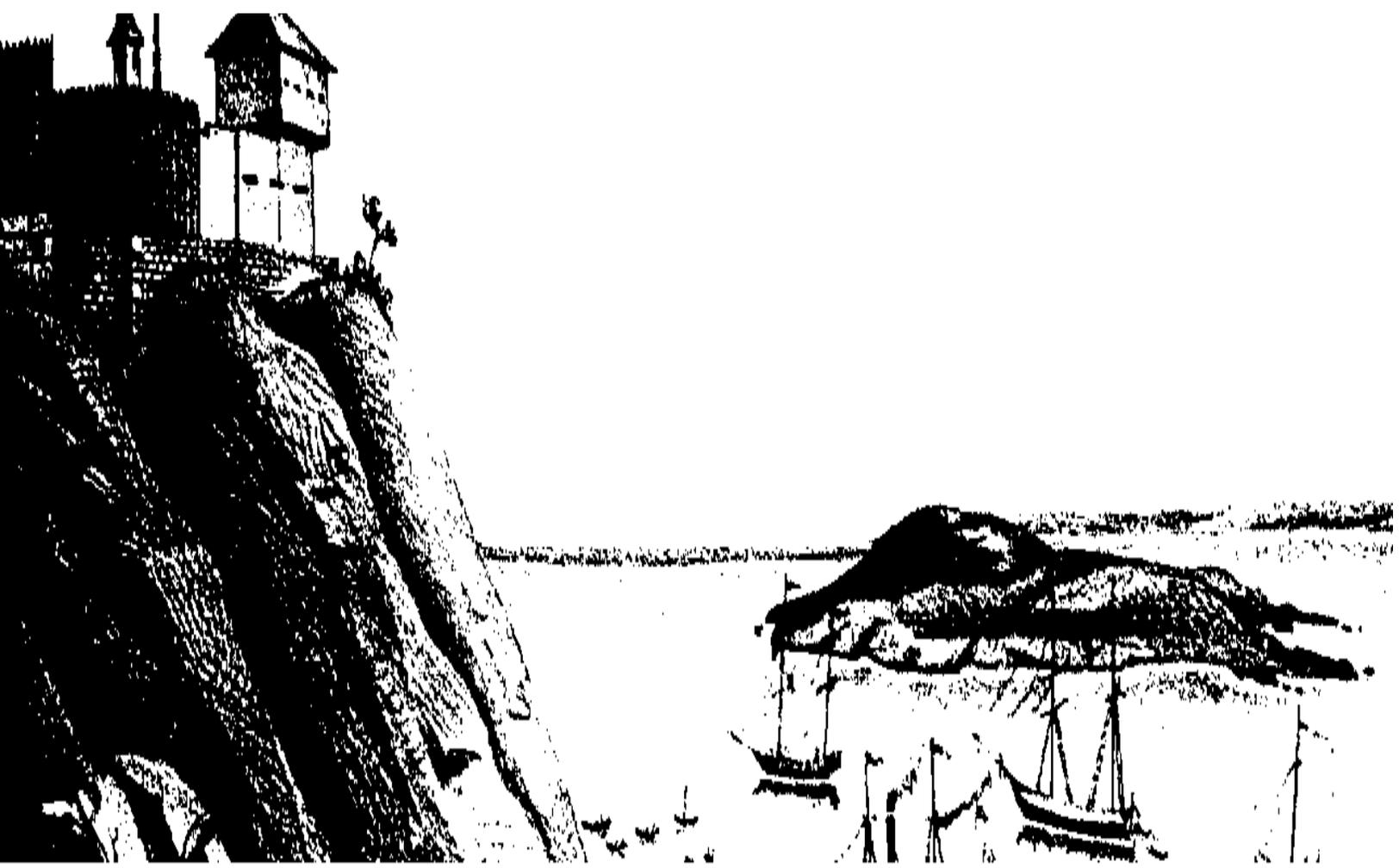
Therefore, it is clear, Thoreau did not return to [Concord](#) via the Great Lakes by accident, nor stop off at Mackinac Island by happenstance.

ASTRONOMY

78. See pages 157-163 of J.A. Van Fleet, OLD AND NEW MACKINAC (Ann Arbor, 1870).

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Michilimackinac “Green Turtle” Island on Lake Michigan



[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)

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➔ August: [Queen Victoria](#) and her consort [Albert](#) visited their son [Albert "Bertie" Edward](#) at Curragh Camp in Ireland, where the [Prince of Wales](#) would be obtaining some military experience (etc.) on maneuvers with the Grenadier Guards.

[Henry Thoreau](#) visited "Brooklawn," the home of [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#):

[D]uring the summer of 1861, the last one he saw, he made me a visit at New Bedford, and though suffering by night and by day with his troublesome cough, was able to ride about the country and by the seashore, as well as to take short rambles for his favorite plants, or in search of those not found in his own vicinity of Concord.

The following is a list of the plants he found at this time, August, 1861, which before he had not seen: –

Malva Sylvestris, Spartina Juncea, Teucrium Canadense, Chenopodium Maritima, Obione Arenaria, Proserpinaca Pectinacea, Linum Virginianum, Aster Spectabilis, and an undescribed species of Lactuca.



Ricketson, who had not seen Thoreau for almost a year, attempted without success to persuade him to visit a particular New Bedford physician, Dr. Denniston, who was an advocate of the water practice. "My impression is that his case is a very critical one as to recovery; he has a bad cough and expectorates a great deal, is



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emaciated considerably; his spirits, however, appear as good as usual, his appetite good. Unless some favorable symptom shows itself soon, I fear that he will gradually decline.” After having failed to persuade Thoreau to visit this practitioner, he would impose upon the physician to go to Concord: “Dr. Denniston, to whom I recommended you to go, has kindly consented on his way from New Bedford to Northampton, to go to Concord to see you. He has had much experience and success in the treatment of bronchitis, and I hope his visit to you will result in placing yourself under his care, which I much desire.” He would accompany this physician to Concord, but the two of them would be “unable to awaken in Thoreau an interest in his mode of treating disease by the water practice.” (After that visit, Ricketson would not again see Thoreau alive.)

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

 August 1, Thursday: Confederate President [Jefferson Davis](#) moved into the executive mansion in Richmond, Virginia.

US CIVIL WAR

A pro-federal-union government was installed in Missouri.

In [New Bedford](#), on this anniversary of the [emancipation](#) of the [slaves](#) of the British West Indies, Emancipation Day organizers and supporters had expanded their activities into a more political realm, as they lobbied for admission of blacks into the militia.

EMANCIPATION DAY

ABOLITIONISM

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

Spillman threw a hatchet at Elder Morrison’s steer and cut his hip, so he traded his steer for it. This is the first beef to be butchered here.

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

 August 16, Friday In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:

Finished the roof of my house. No mail this week.

New Bedford

“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project



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[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#):

Brooklawn, Friday noon

16th August 1861.

Dear Thoreau,

I have just received and read yours of yesterday, and in reply would say, that myself & family will be very glad to have a visit from you as you propose, next week — as you have fixed upon no particular time, I will be at the Head of the River depot for you by the Monday afternoon train from Boston which arrives about 6 o'clock— The p.m. train from Boston for N. Bedford leaves at 4 1/2 p. m.

I am glad to inform you that my health & spirits are better than they have been for some years & I can I trust infuse a little new physical life into you at which I am pretty good. I have just raised my wife from a prostrating illness, by an intelligent faith. What you want is to live easy, just like an intelligent Indian who is a little poorly — giving nature a fair chance— your body is well enough (normally) but the brain works too hard, the engine above is a little too heavy for the craft below — so slack up & let off the steam & float awhile along shore just using the helm occasionally as occasion requires. I am sorry to hear of Mr Alcott's lameness & hope he will soon recover.

My son Arthur is a surgeon in the U.S. Navy on board ship Nightingale, & expects to sail from Brooklyn Navy Yard to-morrow. My wife who is you know constitutionally delicate had the bronchitis a few years ago & is now entirely well of it — her lungs which were weak & attended with cough much improved — her trouble now indigestion & palpitation of heart but getting better slowly of these. I am her doctor.

I feel that your treatment should be directed to the brain principally & the remedy rest or agreeable occupation without excitement.

I was hardly wise I fear in writing about my late experiences which I find were considerably aroused by domestic affliction yet not without some good results I hope

yours truly — D. Ricketson

Remember me kindly to Channing & other friends. Be of good cheer. Keep cheerful company.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

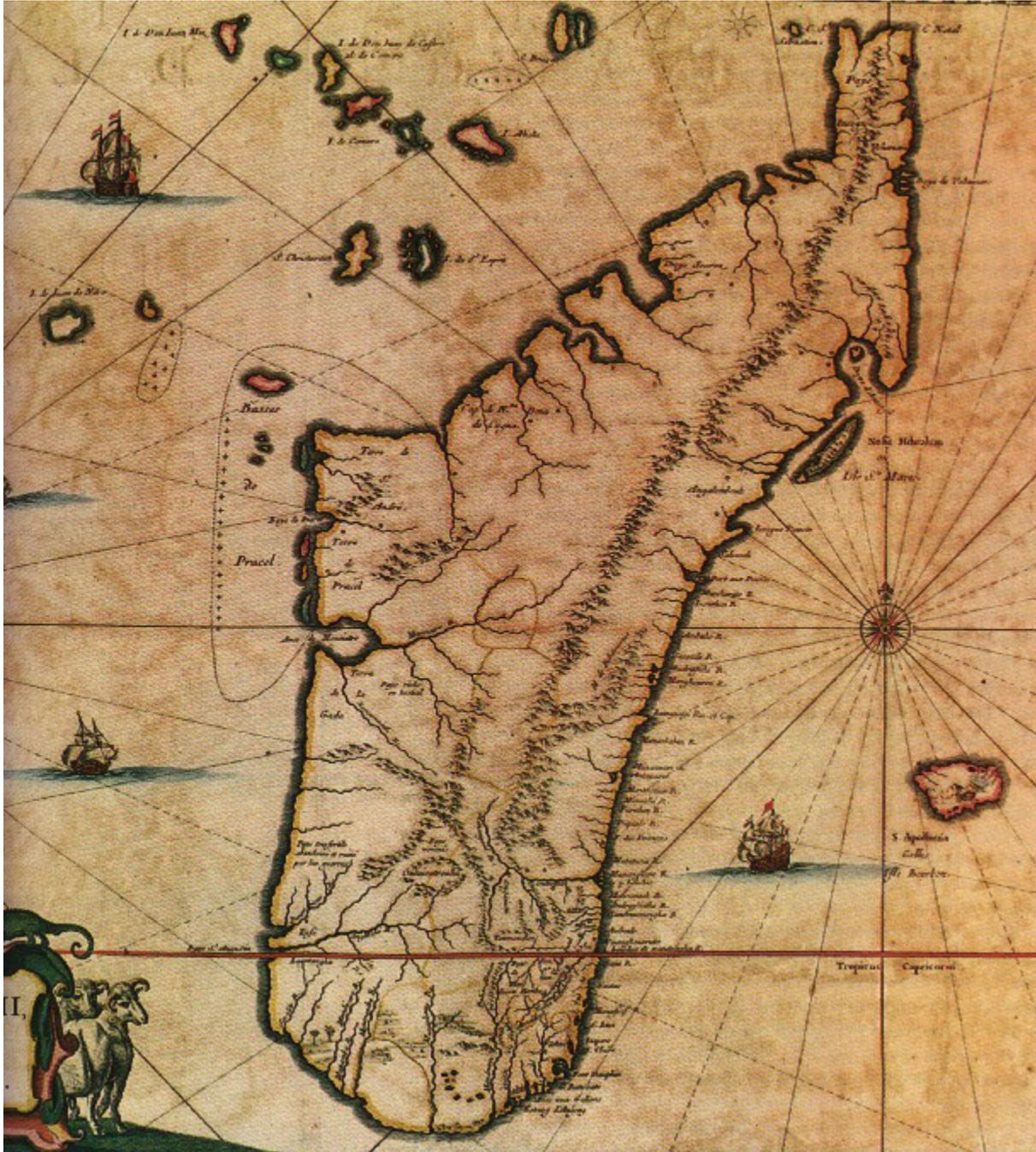
Queen Ranavalona I of [Madagascar](#) died peacefully in her sleep and was succeeded on the throne by King Radama II (1829-1863). Over the course of her 33-year reign, amazingly, she had inventively murdered in various manners a very large fraction of the population of this large island. During the 2d year of his very brief reign before being strangled with a silken cloth, this new king would reopen the country to Christian missionaries. On his 4th try, the Reverend [William Ellis](#) would therefore be permitted to remain on the island.

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He would be able to remain until 1865.

[Transcript]



THE ACTUAL JOURNAL

September 1, Sunday: In [Salina, Kansas](#), [Luke Fisher Parsons](#) continued in his diary:



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Started down to Junction with five others to attend court.
Camped at Mear's Spring.



[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

NEW BEDFORD, Sept. 1, 1861.

DEAR THOREAU,— Dr. Denniston, to whom I recommended you to go, has kindly consented on his way from New Bedford to Northhampton, to go to Concord to see you. He has had much experience and success in the treatment of bronchitis, and I hope his visit to you will result in your placing yourself under his care, which I much desire.

Should the Doctor have the time, and you feel able, please show him a little of the Concord worthies and much oblige,

Yours truly,
D. RICKETSON.

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



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

Left Hersy's at sunrise. Arrived home at ten o'clock. Forded Smoky at Parker's. The water came within three inches of top of our wagon bed.

There was fighting at Liberty / Blue Mills Landing.

US CIVIL WAR



[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

*The Shanty
Tuesday 6h.20m.
a.m. 17th Sept. '61
Dear Friend,
I am desirous
to hear how you are getting
along, although I have an
impression that you are
improving. I would not*



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*put you to the trouble to
write me, could I fairly
call upon anyone else.
I look back with pleasure
upon my late visit to Concord.
The particularly bright
spots are, my walks
with you to Farmer Hosmer's
and to Walden pond,
[written vertically along left margin]
Mrs Ricketson & our daughters join in regards & invitation
to visit us soon.
You will be
welcome at
anytime.
This is a good time to
ride out to the ponds etc.
Dont allow yourself
to be [ted] — but butt your way
like a brown old oxen!*

Page 2
*as well as our visit to Friend
Alcott. A little sadness
crosses my mind at
poor C's untoward fate.
I should like to have you
make us a good long
visit before cold weather
sets in, and should this
meet your approval
please inform me when
you answer this.
I expect to be absent from
home for a few days the
last of this month but
after that time I shall
be at home for some time.
Our Indian Summer
weather is very charming*

[written vertically in left margin, top to bottom]
We are having beautiful weather here, calm & mild.



NEW BEDFORD

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Page 3

*and probably the air
softer than more inland
if a season so delightful
has any difference in
this section of N. England.
I suppose you have hardly
needed a fresh doctor
since the bountiful supply
I brought you. I was much
pleased at the unceremonious
way in which you demolished
him. I hope the dread of
another holocaust of
the same kind will keep
you in good heart for some time,
for assuredly so soon as
you begin to complain,
which is hardly possible*

[written vertically in left margin]

*Please Channing if he has recd a book I sent him in care of D.W.
Channing Boston.*

Page 4

*after so great a feast as
you have had of late,
a bigger victim will be
forth coming upon whom
the eagle eye of some friend
of yours is already fixed.
You will pardon my
seeming levity and attribute
it to the fresh morg'air,
& increasing health & spirits.
I have tasted no sugar plums
of any kind since I left you.
I thank you for the friendly
caution. I need more. — Come
then, & be my kind Mentor
still further. With kind
regard to all your family
& to Mr Alcott, Channing
Hosmer etc.*



NEW BEDFORD

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*Yours truly
D. Ricketson*

[Transcript]

THE ACTUAL JOURNAL



NEW BEDFORD

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1862

 January 7, Tuesday: Reverend [Moncure Daniel Conway](#); Cincinnati, Ohio. To James M. Stone. Accepts lecture engagement; gives outline of several subjects, including one on [John Brown](#).

Reverend [Moncure Daniel Conway](#); [Cincinnati, Ohio](#). To John R. Manley. Arranges a lecture in Boston. Autograph Letter Signed. 2 pages, 19.9 cm.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) at “Brooklawn” in [New Bedford](#).

Brooklawn, 7th Jan. 1862.
My dear Friend,
I thought you would
like to have a few lines from
me, providing they required
no answer.
I have quite recovered
from my illness, and am
able to walk and skate
as usual. My son Walton
& I do both nearly every day
of late. The weather here as
I suppose has been the case
with you at Concord, has been
very cold — the thermometer
as low one morg. (Sat. last)
as 5/0 five above zero.
We propose soon to take

Page 2
our annual tour on skates
over the Middleboro ponds.
~~of which I have written~~
~~you heretofore.~~
I received your sister's letter
in reply to mine inquiring
after your health. I was sorry
to hear of your having pleurisy
but it may prove favorable
after all to your case, as
a counter irritant often
does to sick people.
It appears to me you will



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*in time recover -- Nature
cant spare you, and we
all, your friends cant spare
you. So you must look
out for us and hold on
these many years yet.*

Page 3

*I wish I could see you
oftener. I dont believe in
your silence & absence
from congenial spirits —
Companionship is one of the
greatest blessings to me.
I miss Channing even
still, with all his unsureness
for which your sister appears
to have no mercy. Will
not age mellow him?
Poor fellow, how unhappily
constituted.
Remember me kindly ~~to him~~
& to my valued friends
Mr & Mrs Alcott.
Yours truly, in haste,
D. R.
P. S. I thank your sister for her letter.*

Page 4

*At any time when you
wish to visit us, just
send a line — you are always
welcome.*



March 23, Sunday-April 26, Saturday: There was fighting at Fort Macon.

US CIVIL WAR



March 23, Sunday: There was fighting at Kernstown, Virginia. [Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Friend](#)

US CIVIL WAR

[Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

Spring Notes.



New Bedford, 23^d March '62

My dear friend,

As it is some time since I wrote you, I have thought that as a faithful chronicler of the season in this section, I would announce to you the present stage of our progress. I will not begin with the origin of creation as many worthy historians are wont, but would say, that we have had a pretty steady cold winter through the months of Jan^y and February, but since the coming in of March the weather has been mild though for the past week cloudy & some rain. To day the wind is southerly & the thermom. 3 p.m. 46/0 north side our house. A flock of wild geese flew over about an hour ago, which I viewed with my spy glass — their course about due east. Few things give me a stronger sense of the sublime than the periodical flight of these noble birds. Blue birds arrived here about a fortnight ago, but a farmer who lives about 1 1/2 mile from here, north, say he heard them on the 7th Febr^y. I hear the call of the Golden winged woodpecker, and the sweet notes of the Meadow lark in the morning, and yesterday morn^g. for the first time this spring, we were saluted with the song of a robin in a tree near our house. The song sparrow has been calling the maids to hang on their tea kettles for several weeks, and this morn^g. I heard the crackle of the cow-bunting. I must not forget too that last eveg. I heard the ground notes, speed speed, of the wood cock and his warbling while descending from his spiral flight. The catkins begin to expand upon the willows, and the grass in warm and rich spots, to look green. Truly spring is here, and each day adds to the interest of the season. I hope you will catch a share of its healthful influences, at least feast upon the stock you have in store — for as friend Alcott says in his quaint way, you have all weathers within you.

Am I right in my intimations, that you are mending a little, and that you will be able once more to resume your favorite pursuits so valuable to us all as well as yourself? May I not hope to see you the coming season at Brooklawn where you are always a welcome guest? I see that you are heralded in the Atlantic for April, and find a genial & appreciative notice of you under the head of "Forester," which I suppose comes from either Alcott or Emerson, and Channing's lines at the close, which I was also glad to see.

I am reading a very interesting book called "Foot-notes from the page of Nature, or first forms of vegetation" By Rev Hugh Macmillan, Cambridge & London 1861. It treats of Mosses Lichens, Fresh Water Algae & Fungi. The author appears to be rich in lore & writes in an easy manner with no pretention to science. Dont fail to read it



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*if you can obtain it. It is lent me by a friendly naturalist.— Hoping to hear of your improved state of health & with the affectionate regards of my whole family as well as my own,
I remain dear friend*

yours faithfully,

Dan. l Ricketson

P. S. I notice that Walden is to appear in a second edition and hope that your publishers will consider your interests as well as their own.

Would they not like to buy your unbound copies of “The Week?”

 March 30, Sunday: The Free School of Music opened in St. Petersburg in opposition to the official conservatory, under the leadership of Director Gavril Lomakin and Assistant Director Mily Balakirev.

William H. Fish wrote from Cortland, New York to [Charles Wesley Slack](#) expressing his willingness to speak before Slack's group.

[Wendell Phillips](#) wrote from Milwaukee, Wisconsin to [Charles Wesley Slack](#) commenting on a lecture he gave in [Cincinnati, Ohio](#) in which he had been mobbed.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) at his "shanty" on his "Brooklawn" estate in [New Bedford](#).



At 2 p.m. Honk-honk! Honk! honk!
Two flocks (drawings) (drawings)
wild geese just The Shanty, Brooklawn
past 4 p.m. (drawing) 30 March 1862.
Dear Thoreau,
(drawings)
Alone, and idle, here this
pleasant sunday p. m., I thought I
might write you a few lines, not that
I expect you to answer, but only to bring



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*myself a little nearer to you. I have
to chronicle this time, the arrival of
the purple Finch, and number of
warblers & songsters of the sparrow tribe.
By the way, did I mis-spell Chronicle in
my last, leaving out the h? I am often
mortified at my bad orthography,
partly owing to a natural unaptness
and somewhat to carelessness, but
often after I have mailed a letter
I feel sure that I have misspelt some
word.*

(written vertically in left margin of page 1):

*P.S.2 I have just seen a cricket in the path near the house. Flies are
very
lively in my shanty windows.*

Page 2

*The spring is coming on nicely here, and
to-day it is mild, calm and sunny.
I hope you are able to get out a little
& breathe the pure air of your fields
& woods. While sawing some pine
wood the other day, the fragrance
suggested to my mind that you might
be benefitted by living among, or at
have least frequenting pine woods. I heard
^ of people much improved in health
who were afflicted in breathing from
this source, and I once seriously thought
of taking my wife to the pine woods
between here and Plymouth, or rather
between Middleborough & P. where
the pine grows luxuriantly in the dry yellow
ground of that section. I have thought
you might if still confined transport
imagination or spirit yourself in ~~thought~~
^ which might be facilitated by taking*

Page 3

*a piece of paper & mapping out your
usual rambles around Concord,
making the village the centre of the
chart & giving the names of each part*



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*marking out the roads & footpaths, as
well as the more prominent natural
features of the country.*

*I have had two unusually dreamy
nights — last & the one before — Last night
I was climbing mountains, with some
accidental companion, & among the
dizzy heights when near the top
I saw & pointed out to my fellow
traveller, two enormous birds flying
over our heads — these birds soon
increased & from being as I at first supposed
eagles of great size, became griffins!
as large as horses, their huge bodies
moved along by broad spread wings.
The dream continued, but the remainder*

Page 4

*is as the conclusion of most dreams
in strange contrast — I found myself
passing through a very narrow & filthy
village street the disagreeable odour
of which so quickened my speed as to
either awaken me or cut off my dream.
At any rate when I awoke, my head was
aching & I was generally exhausted.
But enough of this.*

*Two young men in a buggy wagon have just
driven up the road singing in very sonorous
strains, the “John Brown” Chorus.
I wish its pathetic and heart stirring
appeals could reach the inward ears
of Congress & the President. I hope you
can see some light on our present benighted
way, for I cannot, ~~not~~ except by the exercise
of my faith in an overruling Providence.
I may write you again soon and hope
I do not tire you. With kind regards
other to your family & my Concord friends,
^ I remain yours affectionately,
Danl Ricketson*

*P. S. I have eaten no lozenges
since I was at Walden pond
with you the 4th of last Sepr.*



NEW BEDFORD

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I thank you for your caution in the case.

 April 6, Sunday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Ticknor & Fields](#) in Boston.

Boston April 6, 1862

HD Thoreau Esq

Dear Sir.

Your paper on Wild Apples is rece^d. In a few days we will send proof of the article on "Walking". Touching the "Week on [MS torn] we find by yours of

[Portion of page missing]

those already in cloth if we found them rusty. Since the volume was published prices have changed materially and discounts to Book-sellers have largely increased. We now make 1/3 & 40% to the Trade as a matter of course. What with bad [MS torn]nts we could not

[Portion of page missing]

our check for the amount.

Yours Very truly

Ticknor & Fields

[Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) at his "shanty" on his "Brooklawn" estate in [New Bedford](#).

The Shanty, April 6th 1862.

My dear Philomath!

Another Sunday has come 'round, and as usual I am to be found in the Shanty, where I should also be glad to have you bodily present. We have had a little interruption to our fine weather during the past week, in the shape of a hail storm, yesterday p. m. and evening, but it is clear again to-day, though cooler. I have to Kronikle the arrival of the White-bellied swallow and the commencement of the frog choir, which saluted my ear for the first time on the eveg. of the 3rd Inst. The fields & the are becoming a little greener ~~long~~, trailing, ^ moss is alreadding waving along the sides of the rivulets. I have n't walked much however, as I have been busy about farm work,

Page 2

the months of April, and May, being my busiest time, but as my real business is with Nature, I do not let any of these "side issues" lead me astray. How serenely, and grandly amid this din of arms Nature preserves her integrity, nothing moved; with the return of Spring come the birds, & the flowers, the swollen streams go dancing on, and all the laws of the great solar system are perfectly preserved.



*How wise, how great, must be the Creator & Mover of it all!
But to descend to the affairs of mortals, which particularly concern
us at this time, I do not think that the people of the North appear to
be awakened, ~~or~~ enlightened rather, ~~as~~ to their duty in this great
struggle. I fear that there is a great deal of treachery which time will
alone discover & remove, for the Right must eventually prevail Can
we expect when we consult the page*

Page 3

*of history that, this revolution will be more speedily terminated than
others of a like nature? The Civil War of England lasted I think some
ten years, and the American Revolution some 7 or 8 years besides
the years of antecendent agitation. We have no Cromwell, unless
Wendell Phillips shall by & by prove one — but at present he rather
represents Hampden, whose mournful end was perhaps a better one
than to be killed by a rotten egg mob. The voice of “Hogopolis,*” if
such grunts can be thus dignified, must prove a lasting disgrace. The
Government party, if we have a Govt, seem to continue with a saintly
perseverance, their faith in Gen McClellan. How much longer this
state of delay will continue to be borne it is difficult to foresee, but I
trust the force of circumstances (sub deo) we’ll soon require a move
for the cause of liberty. I read but little of the newspaper reports of
the War rather preferring to be governed by the general character-
istics of the case,*

**the mob portion of Cincinnati*

Page 4

*as they involuntarily affect my mind. 4 p.m. Since writing the fore-
going, somewhat more than an hour ago, I have taken a stroll with
my son Walton & our dog, through the woods & fields west of our
house, where you & I have walked several times -- the afternoon is
sunny and of mild temperature, but the wind from N. W. rather cool,
rendering overcoat agreeable. Our principal object was to look at
lichens to & mosses, which W. is paying some attention.*

*^ We started up a woodcock, at the south edge of the woods, & a
large number of robins in a field adjoining, also pigeon-woodpeck-
ers, & heard the warble of blue birds.*

*I remain with faith in the sustaining forces of Nature, and Nature’s
God, Yours truly, & affectionately,*

Daniel Ricketson.

Henry D. Thoreau,

Concord, Mass.



NEW BEDFORD

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Louisa May Alcott reported to a friend that [Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#) and Louisa Leavitt were to be wed in Boston by the Reverend [James Freeman Clarke](#), in his Church of the Disciples:

... having lately published his EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIES, is now engaged to one of his teachers, Miss Louisa Leavitt, his cousin. Concord is in a state of intense excitement. She looks enough like him to be his twin sister, and is as cool and sharp as he. A pair of lemons they will be. Sugar will be needed to sweeten the compound. They are to be married in July, then it's on with the school, which is very easy as she is now his only teacher and won't need any salary when she is Mrs. Sanborn.



April 13, Sunday: When [Giacomo Meyerbeer](#) heard from Arrigo Boito that Giuseppe Verdi will be traveling to London to produce his piece for the exhibition, he decided that he would do the same.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in his “shanty” on his “Brooklawn” estate at [New Bedford](#).

*The Shanty, Brooklawn,
13th April 1862.
My dear Friend,
I received a letter from
your dear Sister a few days ago informing
me of your continued illness, and prostration
of physical strength, which I was not
altogether unprepared to learn, as our
valued friend Mr Alcott who wrote me
by your sister's request in February last,
that you were confined at home and
very feeble. I am glad however to learn
from Sophia that you still find comfort
and are happy, the reward I have no
doubt of a virtuous life, and an abiding
faith in the wisdom and goodness of our
Heavenly Father. It is undoubtedly wisely
ordained that our present lives should
be mortal. Sooner or later we must all
close our eyes for the last time upon the
scenes of this world, and Oh! how happy*

Page 2

*are they who feel the assurance that
the spirit shall survive the earthy tabernacle
of clay, and pass on to higher and happier
spheres of experience.
“It must be so — Plato, then, reasonest well: —*



*Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire
This longing after immortality?"*

Addison - Cato

*"The soul's dark cottage, battered, and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old both worlds at once they view
Who stand upon the threshold of the new."*

Waller

*It has been the lot of but few, dear Henry,
to extract so much from life as you have done.
Although you number fewer years than many
who have lived wisely before you, yet I know
of no one, either in the past or present times
who has drank so deeply from the
sempiternal spring of truth & knowledge,
or who in the poetry and beauty of every
day life have enjoyed more, [—————]*

Page 3

*or contributed more to the happiness of others.
Truly you have not lived in vain — your works,
and above all, your brave and truthful life,
will become a precious treasure to those
whose happiness it has been to have known to uphold you, and who
will continue, though with
feebler hands, the fresh and instructive
philosophy you have taught them.
But I cannot yet resign my hold upon you if here. I will still hope, and
my poor prayer ^ to God may be heard, would ask, that you
may be spared to us awhile longer at least.
This is a lovely spring day here — warm &
mild — The thermometer in the shade at 62 (3 p. m) above zero — I
write with my Shanty door open
and my west curtain down to keep out the sun, —
a red-winged blackbird is regaling me with
a guerelous, half broken, song, from a neighboring
tree just in front of the house, and the gentle S.W.
wind is sougning through my young pines.
Here where you have so often sat with me,
I am alone. — My dear Uncle James whom you
may remember to have seen here, the companion
of my woodland walks for more than quarter*



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of a century, died a year ago this month.

Page 4

*my boys and girls have grown into men
and women, and my dear wife ~~who~~ is an invalid still, so, though a
pater familia*

*I often feel quite alone. Years are accumulating
upon me, the buoyancy of youth has erewhile
departed, and with some bodily & many
mental infirmities, I sometimes feel
that the cords of life are fast separating.*

*I wish at least to devote the remainder of
my life, whether longer or shorter, to the
cause of truth & humanity — a life of
simplicity and humility. Pardon me
for thus dwelling on myself.*

*Hoping to hear of your more favorable
symptoms, but committing you (all
unworthy as I am,) unto the tender care
of the great Shepherd, who “tempers the
wind to the shorn lamb” I remain, my
dear friend, and counsellor,
ever faithfully yours,*

Danl. Ricketson

*P.S. It is barely possible I may come to see
you on Saty. next.*

Also, at about this time in April 1862, the firm of Ticknor & Fields in Boston responded to [Thoreau](#)'s letter of April 2d by purchasing from him all 595 of the remaining copies of WEEK which he had kept for so long in his garret room, 145 of them in the original binding and 450 of them still unbound. The 145 copies that were already bound –if we can judge from the existence of a first edition copy with original flyleaf which bears the signature “Charles J. Taylor” and the date “June 7, 1862”– were put out immediately by the firm to area booksellers. In any case, the 450 unbound copies were soon bound with the firm's new title page, and probably were on sale in area bookstores before the beginning of the summer.



May 4, Sunday: [Federal troops](#) captured Yorktown, Virginia without a fight.

US CIVIL WAR

At his home Brooklawn in New Bedford, in the forenoon, [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) was composing and posting a letter to [Henry Thoreau](#).

The Shanty, Sunday 7 1/2 a.m.

4th May 1862.

My dear Friend,



NEW BEDFORD

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I have just returned from driving our cow to pasture, and assisting in our usual in, and out-door, work, the first making a fire in our sitting room, a little artificial warmth being still necessary for my invalid wife, although I sit most the time as I do now, with my Shanty door open, and without fire in my stove. Well my dear friend, & fellow pilgrim, Spring has again come, and here appears in full glow—the farmers are busy and have been for some weeks, ploughing, and planting,— the necessity of paying more attention to agriculture being strongly felt in these hard times—old fields & neglected places are now being brought into requisition and with a good season, our former neglected farms will teem with abundance.

*I too am busy in my way, but on rather a small scale, principally in my garden, and among my fruit trees— Walton however is head man, and I am obliged generally to submit to his superior judgment. About all the birds have returned—the large thrush (*T. rufus*) arrived here on the 25th last month.— I am now daily expecting the cat-bird, and ground robin, and soon the BobO'link, and Golden robin. With the arrival of the two last, our vernal choir becomes nearly complete. I have know them both to arrive the same day. Of the great variety of little woodland and wayside warblers, I am familiar with but few, yet some of them are great favorites of mine, particularly the oven bird, warbling vireo, veery (*T. Wilsonii*) &c &c. The windflower & blue violet have been in bloom some time, and I suppose the columbine & wild geranium are also, although I have not been to visit them as yet. How beautiful, & how wonderful, indeed, is this return of life — how suggestive & instructive to mankind. Truly God is great, & good, & wise, and glorious!*

I hope this will find you mending, and as I hear nothing to the contrary, I trust it may be so that you are. I did expect to be able to come to Concord soon— I still may, but at present I do not see my way clear as we “Friends” say. I often think of you, however, and join hands with you in the spirit, if not in the flesh, which I hope always to do.

*I see by the papers, that Concord has found a new voice in the way of a literary journal, Y'clept “The Monitor”, which has my good wishes for its success. I conclude that Mr Sanborn is the pioneer in this enterprise, who appears to be a healthy nursing child of the old mother of heroes. I do not mean to be classic, and only intend to speak of old mother Concord. I hope Channing will wake up, and give us some of his lucubrations, and father Alcott strike his orphic lyre once more, and Emerson discourse wisdom & verse from the woods around. There sings a Whortleberry Sparrow (*T. Juncorum*) from our lush pasture beyond the garden. I hear daily your sparrow (*F. graminus*) with his “here! here! there! there! come quick or I'm*



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

gone.” By the way is not Emerson wrong in his interpretation of the whistle of the chickadee as “Phebe” — the low, sweet, whistle of the “black cap” is very distinct from the clearly expressed Phoebe of the wood pewee. But I must not be hypercritical, with so true a poet & lover of nature as E.

How grandly is the Lord overruling all for the cause of the slave — defeating the evil machinations of men by the operation of his great universal and regulating laws, by which the Universe of mind and matter is governed. I do not look for a speedy termination of the war although matters look more hopeful, but I cannot doubt but that Slavery will soon find its Exodus. What a glorious country this will be for the next generation should this curse be removed.

We have had a Miss Dickinson here, who spoke very acceptably. I did not hear her however, but had the pleasure of an interview with her in the Shanty. She is a bright hopeful young creature, and bids fair to be a useful instrument for her own sex — her particular vocation being, as she informed me, “women’s rights.” She intends being in Boston at the May Meetings of the Anti-Slavery Society. The Concord people should hear her.

*Amid the song of purple finches, robins meadow larks & sparrows, a kind of T. solitarius myself, and with a heart full of kind wishes and affection for you, I conclude this hasty epistle
as ever yours faithfully,*

D. R.

P.S. I believe I answered your sister's kind & thoughtful letter to me. I also wrote you at length soon thereafter but laid the letter aside in my drawer where it still remains with other unsent epistles &c.



NEW BEDFORD

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According to a letter from [Sophia Elizabeth Thoreau](#) to [Friend Daniel](#) on May 20th, shortly before dying [Henry](#) indicated by a shattering remark

Death is as near to you as it is to me.

that he had not deviated in the slightest from his belief in the incommensurability of durations, and his disbelief in any real dimensionality of time. Let us replay this snip of conversation in full: A visitor had ventured the banal remark

We must all go.

And [Henry](#) had responded, faintly, between coughs⁷⁹

When I was a very little boy, I learned that I must die, and I set that down, so of course I am not disappointed now. Death is as near to you as it is to me.

 May 7, Wednesday: There was fighting at Eltham's Landing Barhamsville / West Point.

[US CIVIL WAR](#)

Word reached [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#) that [Henry David Thoreau](#) had died on the previous day. He wrote in his journal "An irreparable loss; one of the best and truest of men." And after this there appears a later notation:

Non omnis moriar — May 7, 1897.

[Bronson Alcott](#) noted in his journal (JOURNALS. Boston MA: Little, Brown, 1938, page 347) that:

I am at Mrs. Thoreau's. She tells me about Henry's last moments

79. When Kurt Vonnegut was interviewed by William Rodney Allen in 1987, Allen asked about Ernest Becker's book THE DENIAL OF DEATH and Vonnegut confessed he hadn't read it:

Allen: Its premise is that Freud was wrong when he said our first repressions are of sexual impulses. Becker says, no, what we repress first is our awareness that we're going to die. And so most of the artificial creations of society — like a class structure, which implies that all the upper class is exempt from certain harsh realities — are attempts to deny our mortality. Do you see that?

Vonnegut: I see it as a very expensive way. [Laughter] I'm like Thoreau: I like to save money any way I can.



NEW BEDFORD

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and his sister Sophia showed me his face, looking as when I last saw him, only a tinge of paler hue. 44 years last July.



August 1, Friday: Rufus Leighton, Jr. wrote from [Washington DC](#) to [Charles Wesley Slack](#) giving an account of the expenditure of donated funds.

In [New Bedford](#), on this anniversary of the [emancipation](#) of the slaves of the British West Indies, Emancipation Day organizers and supporters had expanded their activities into a more political realm, as they lobbied for admission of blacks into the militia. Nearly 1,000 people from New Bedford assembled at Myricks, where resolutions to that effect were proposed and passed by popular acclamation.

[EMANCIPATION DAY](#)

[ABOLITIONISM](#)



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1863

Writing to describe his experience of [Henry Thoreau](#), [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) said in part that:



I do not remember of ever seeing him laugh outright, but he was ever ready to smile at anything that pleased him; and I never knew him to betray any tender emotion except on one occasion, when he was narrating to me the death of his only brother, John Thoreau, from lockjaw, strong symptoms of which, from his sympathy with the sufferer, he himself experienced. At this time his voice was choked, and he shed tears, and went to the door for air. The subject was of course dropped, and never recurred to again.

LOCKJAW

JOHN THOREAU, JR.

NEW BEDFORD MA

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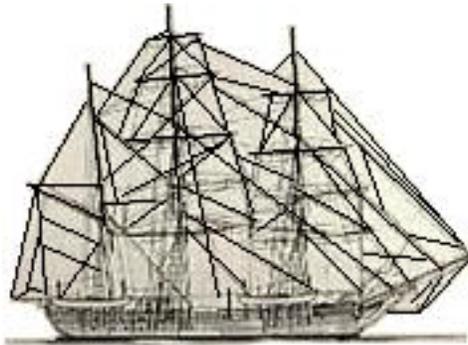


NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1867

Built originally as a full-rigged ship with square sails on all 3 masts, the whaler [*Charles W. Morgan*](#) was re-rigged as a bark, the square sails removed from its mizzen mast.



(Maybe someone can enlighten me. I haven't a clue whether the above schematic represents the rigging of the ship before, or after, this alteration in its sail pattern.)



NEW BEDFORD

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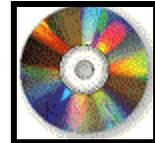
1868

December 3, Thursday: At the treason trial of former Confederate President [Jefferson Davis](#) in Richmond, Virginia, Chief Justice [Salmon Portland Chase](#) and US Circuit Court Judge John C. Underwood began to hear arguments as to whether or not they should quash the indictment. Had the defendant not already been punished, in that the [XIVth Amendment](#) had just denied him the opportunity to again seek public office? Did not the Vth Amendment to the [federal Constitution](#) under its “double jeopardy” clause safeguard him from any additional punishment?

[James Arnold](#) died at [New Bedford](#), Massachusetts (and we have been told that it is a firm rule, that nobody’s allowed to take their oil money to Heaven with them).



“The whaler was a kind of pirate-miner – an excavator of oceanic oil, stoking the furnace of the Industrial Revolution as much as any man digging coal out of the earth.”



– Philip Hoare, *THE WHALE: IN SEARCH OF THE GIANTS OF THE SEA* (NY: HarperCollins, March 2010)

MOBY-DICK, THE OIL SPILL



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1869

December 29, Wednesday: Rhonda or Rhoda Howland Taber died in [New Bedford](#), Massachusetts at the age of 73.



NEW BEDFORD

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1871

St. John the Baptist Parish, the first Portuguese parish in the United States, was established in [New Bedford](#). The parish's church would be completed four years later.

November: [Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson](#) began the study of law at [Edinburgh University](#).

[Mary "Polly" Johnson](#) died. Her will stipulated that her gold-seeking husband [Nathan Johnson](#) was to have "a maintenance from my estate during his term of life, provided he comes home to [New Bedford](#) within two years from the date of my decease." And indeed, during the early 1870s, Nathan did finally returned impoverished from the gold fields of the West Coast of the US and Canada.

Professor [Friedrich Nietzsche](#)'s THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY.⁸⁰

This winter, early ice floes would crush the entire Arctic whaling fleet including 32 ships from [New Bedford](#).

80.  [Friedrich Nietzsche](#). *DIE GEBURT DER TRAGÖDIE AUS DEM GEISTE DER MUSIK* (THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY), NY: Vintage Books, 1967a (1872)



NEW BEDFORD

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1872

March 29, Friday: [George Barrell Emerson](#) had influenced his brother-in-law [James Arnold](#) the [New Bedford](#) whaling vessel owner –who had lost both his wife and his only child and therefore no longer had any blood heir– to leave a bequest.



At this point Arnold Arboretum was officially established as the three trustees of that bequest, Emerson, Dixwell, and Parker, signed it over to the President and Fellows of [Harvard College](#) with the institution's pledge to use the money for no other purpose than to develop the some 120 acres of real estate that had been bequeathed in 1835 by Benjamin Bussey, as:

"an Arboretum, to be called the Arnold Arboretum, which shall contain, as far as is practicable, all the trees, shrubs, and herbaceous plants, either indigenous or exotic, which can be



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raised in the open air at the said West Roxbury, all which shall be raised or collected as fast as is practicable, and each specimen thereof shall be distinctly labelled, and [for] the support of a professor, to be called the Arnold Professor, who shall have the care and management of the said Arboretum, subject to the same control by the said President and Fellows to which the professors in the Bussey Institution are now subject, and who shall teach the knowledge of trees in the University which is in the charge of the said President and Fellows, and shall give such other instruction therein as may be naturally, directly, and usefully connected therewith. And as the entire fund, increased by the accumulations above named, under the best management and with the greatest economy, is barely sufficient to accomplish the proposed object, it is expressly provided that it shall not be diminished by supplementing any other object, however meritorious or kindred in its nature."

ARNOLD ARBORETUM



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1873

February: A heavy flood at Trap Cot on [St. Helena](#) carried away a house and its 9 occupants, 7 of whom perished (as we are all aware, steep hillsides stripped bare of all vegetation will do this sort of thing to you).

[Nathan Johnson](#) wrote from 21 Seventh St. in [New Bedford](#) to [Gerrit Smith](#), in part to plead with that rich man for “a loose, unappropriated greenback, to help me through the present year; if I should tarry longer things will grow better for me, and 78 years tells me I need but little here.”

I know you do not remember of having seen me, and there are but few living that could tell you anything about me.... To our Labouring friend F. Douglass I cannot refer you, for a fellow townsman was at Washington, not long since, where he conversed with him, and mention'd me to him, and he said he did not know me; but I will refer you to his Narrative, in which you will see the name, Nathan Johnson.

(Clearly, [Frederick Douglass](#), once reminded, was able to recover a memory of the man who had assigned to him his new free name, and who had been the president of a national convention which he had attended, for prior to his death in 1880 he would on several occasions visit him in New Bedford.)

In Spain, [José Martí](#)'s *LA REPÚBLICA ESPAÑOLA ANTE LA REVOLUCIÓN CUBANA* (THE SPANISH REPUBLIC BEFORE THE [CUBAN](#) REVOLUTION).





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1877

The Church of the Sacred Heart, [New Bedford](#)'s first French parish, was dedicated.



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1880

October 11, Monday: An Ave Maria for soprano and piano by Pietro Mascagni was performed for the initial time, at the Istituto Musicale Luigi Cherubini in Livorno, Italy.

[Nathan Johnson](#) suffered a paralytic stroke in the basement of 21 Seventh St. His funeral notice, in the [Republican Standard](#), alleged that he had been born a slave and had purchased his freedom. [Frederick Douglass](#) wrote to the [New Bedford Daily Mercury](#) that he had visited Johnson just three weeks before his death. “If a full story of his life could be written it would show him in many respects a rare man. I do not remember to have met a man more courageous and less ostentatious, more self-respectful and yet more modest.” The burial was in the old section of New Bedford’s Oak Grove Cemetery with his wife, his mother Emely Brown, his wife’s mother Anna Mingo, Thomas P. and Patience Durfee Buchanan, and the Buchanan’s daughters Mary and Elizabeth. His gravestone bears an inscription:

FREEDOM FOR ALL MANKIND



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1881

Between 1881 and the beginning of World War I, 32 cotton manufacturing companies, worth \$100,000,000 and employing 30,000 people, would be incorporated in [New Bedford](#).



NEW BEDFORD

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1883

The Old Colony Railroad absorbed the [Boston](#), Clinton, Fitchburg & [New Bedford](#) Railroad which it had leased in 1876.

August 1, Wednesday: In the years following the [Civil War](#), the fervor for [Emancipation Day](#) in [New Bedford](#) had begun to dim. On this particular anniversary of the [emancipation](#) of the slaves of the British West Indies, when there was an observance featuring a parade and a barbecue, the weather did not hold: when the heavens opened, the barbecue pits, where a 520-pound steer, 4 pigs, 24 chickens, and assorted other meats were being prepared to feed the crowd, were inundated. This would be pretty much the end of the celebration of Emancipation Day in New Bedford. Emancipation had been rained out.

August 3, 1883 The Philharmonic Society of London invites Antonin Dvorák to England to produce an orchestral “suite or overture.”

August 7, 1883 The Boer entities of Stellaland and Goshen were joined to form the United States of Stellaland.

August 8, Wednesday: [Jesu Grist](#) was born in Wales.

August 11, 1883 During the visit of about 40 leading French artists and scientists to Budapest, Jules Massenet conducts his Scènes pittoresques and portions of Hérodiade. As he arrives at the podium for the latter, he finds instead a copy of Coppélia and has to conduct Hérodiade from memory. Later, when Delibes conducts Coppélia, he finds a copy of Hérodiade.

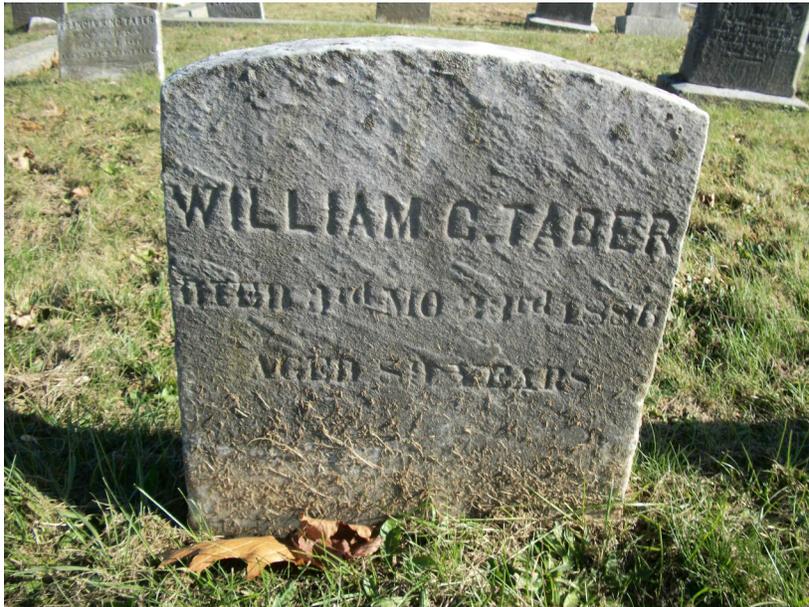


NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1886

3RD MO 23RD (3 day): [William Congdon Taber \(Sr.\)](#) died at the age of 89 in [New Bedford](#), Massachusetts. The body would be placed in the Friends Burying Ground.



RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



NEW BEDFORD

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1887

November 15, Tuesday: Georgia O'Keeffe was born.

November 16, Wednesday: Rule of the New Hebrides Islands came under a joint British-French naval commission.

November 17, Thursday: [Charles Taber](#) died at the age of 66 in [New Bedford](#), Massachusetts.



DEATH OF CHARLES TABER.

Charles Taber, the well-known art photographer, of New-Bedford, Mass., died yesterday morning at his home in that city, where he was born in 1822. Mr. Taber came of Quaker stock and was himself a member of the Society of Friends. He was educated at Haverford College, in Pennsylvania, and for many years was engaged in the book trade in his native place. He then turned his attention to photographic work, and about 1865 introduced the ambrotype, which was at that time the highest form of the art. He applied it with peculiar success to the copying of works of art, and his reproductions of fine paintings, engravings, and statuary attained a deserved popularity. His business at once became very extensive, and at the present day his house is the leading one of those devoted to art photography.

Mr. Taber was a man of restless energy, and was engaged from time to time, with almost invariable success, in a variety of commercial enterprises in addition to his main business, and at the time of his death was interested in whaling operations on a large scale. He possessed a kindly disposition, which made friends for him everywhere. As a merchant he was upright and honorable, while his large fund of information and a literary ability of high order made him a delightful companion. He leaves a widow and five children in very easy circumstances, his accumulated wealth being considerable, while the business will be carried on by two of his sons.

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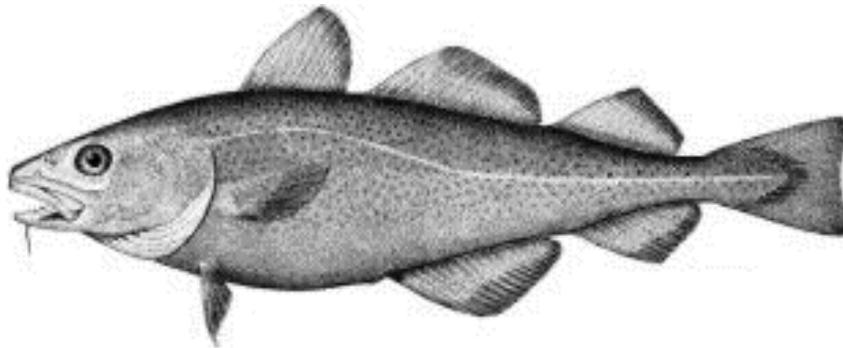
NEW BEDFORD

1895

When Massachusetts again moved its legislature as it had in 1798, the legislators again took down their emblem, a wooden [cod](#), and rehung this emblem in their new venue. This time their transfer of their symbol was accompanied by all possible celebration and ceremony and fanfare, and The Symbol itself made its journey carefully wrapped up in an American flag. A special committee of the legislature drew up and had the firm of Wright & Potter Printing publish, a report entitled A HISTORY OF THE EMBLEM OF THE CODFISH IN THE HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.



all of which proves that New Englanders are capable of great silliness.



...Considering how this State has risen and thriven by its fisheries, -that the legislature which authorized the Zoölogical Survey sat under the emblem of a codfish,- that [Nantucket Island](#) and [New Bedford](#) are within our limits, -that an early riser may find a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars' worth of blackfish on the shore in a morning, -that the Pilgrims saw the Indians cutting up a blackfish on the shore at Eastham, and called a part of that shore "Grampus Bay," from the number of blackfish they found there, before they got to Plymouth, -and that from that time to this these fishes have continued to enrich one or two counties almost annually, and that their decaying carcasses were now poisoning the air of one county for more than thirty miles, -I thought it remarkable that neither the popular nor scientific name was to be found in a report on our mammalia, -a catalogue of the productions of our land and water.



NEW BEDFORD

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1898

The [New Bedford](#) Textile School was established. This would develop into a world famous textile institute and eventually metamorphose into UMASS [Dartmouth](#).



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1899

In [New Bedford](#), Ahavath Achim synagogue was completed.

July 28, Friday, evening: [Orin Grant Libby](#) arrived at the [Harpers Ferry](#) railroad station bringing in the baggage car a large empty trunk — one intended for the remainders of the soldiers of [Captain John Brown](#)'s Provisional Army of the United States.

July 29, Saturday, before dawn: At [Harpers Ferry](#), Virginia, [Orin Grant Libby](#) crossed the bridge over the Shenandoah River and headed upstream along its bank. He reconnoitered before returning to town for breakfast. He met Dr. Thomas Featherstonhaugh of Washington DC, accompanied by Captain E.P. Hall. The Doctor had hired 3 local men to perform the actual excavation. The two burial crates were again dug up. "The ... great boxes ... from being constantly wet, were remarkably preserved. Most of the smaller bones had crumbled away, but the long bones ... were recovered.... There were portions of coats and vests with the buttons still in position upon them, and from one of the vest pockets dropped two short lead pencils, all sharpened for use." Recovered were 8 corpses of the soldiers of [Captain John Brown](#)'s Provisional Army of the United States: [Oliver Brown](#), [William Thompson](#) and [Dauphin Adolphus Thompson](#), younger brothers of Henry Thompson of North Elba who got married with Captain Brown's eldest daughter Ruth Brown in 1850, [Stewart Taylor](#), [John Henry Kagi](#), [William H. Leeman](#), [Dangerfield Newby](#), and [Lewis Sheridan Leary](#).

"There was little remaining intact of the bodies, but not a little of the clothing was still recognizable. The rusted brass buttons (and) buckles...told the story plainly. On account of the peculiar coat worn by John Brown's son, Oliver, we were able to identify his resting place ... in the easternmost of the two graves. From the account of those who saw the burial, they were thrown in carelessly.... And the arrangement of the bones when they were disinterred confirms this report fully."

These remains were to be re-interred at the [John Brown](#) homestead in upstate [New York](#).

The [New Bedford Evening Standard](#) noted in regard to the forthcoming anniversary of the [emancipation](#) of the slaves of the British West Indies, that although "once in a while, a party of some sort was arranged on August 1, the animated scenes which were once the custom return now only as memories."



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1902

DANIEL RICKETSON AND HIS FRIENDS. LETTERS POEMS SKETCHES ETC. EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER AND SON ANNA AND WALTON RICKETSON WITH ILLUSTRATIONS (Boston MA: Houghton Mifflin, pages 11-12, 252-3), in which the actually gray-eyed Thoreau was said to have “full blue eye[s]”:

VIEW THE PAGE IMAGES

As a writer Thoreau was sententious rather than elegant or graceful; his style was his own and well-adapted to his subject matter. Originality, perhaps more than any other quality, marked his thought; yet at times he uttered old truths in a new dress so well adapted to his object of conveying practical ideas, that they have the charm of novelty and are calculated to edify the attentive reader. More than any other writer perhaps of his time does he require a careful reading to fully arrive at the pith of his matter, which is often marked by a subtlety that he appears to have chosen to conceal a too glaring expression of his meaning. He could, however, at will execute his thought in the most graceful and poetic manner, and a judicious selection of these passages from his work would form a volume of remarkable beauty.



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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 towards 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.... Many a long ramble have I taken with him, and although I am a pretty good walker, he usually quite fatigued me before he had accomplished his object, perhaps the pursuit of some rare plant. In a boat of his own construction I have sailed with him up and down the slow gliding Concord River, and found him a good boatman, both in sailing and sculling. Once, during a winter visit to him, we took a tramp through the snow to White Pond, some two or three miles beyond Walden, then surrounded by heavy wood, and frequented by huntsmen. He was fond of hardy enterprises, and few of his companions could compete with him. In fact I have heard that he quite tired out an Indian guide, on one of his excursions in Maine. I do not remember of ever seeing him laugh outright, but he was ever ready to smile at anything that pleased him; and I never knew him to betray any tender emotion except on one occasion, when he was narrating to me the death of his only brother, John Thoreau, from lockjaw, strong symptoms of which, from his sympathy with the sufferer, he himself experienced. At this time his voice was choked, and he shed tears, and went to the door for air. The subject was of course dropped, and never recurred to again.

FRIEND DANIEL RICKETSON

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NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1903

Our Lady of Perpetual Help, the first of [New Bedford](#)'s Polish parishes, was established.

[Daniel Ricketson](#)'s NEW BEDFORD OF THE PAST.

VIEW THE PAGE IMAGES





NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1914

July 29, Wednesday: As the [German](#) navy began to mobilize, Chancellor Theobald von Bethman Hollweg made an offer to British Foreign Minister Sir Edward Grey. If Britain were to remain neutral, [Germany](#) would pledge not to annex any of mainland France.

Austro-Hungarian artillery began shelling across the Danube River into Belgrade, the Serbian capital.

Gabriel Fauré wrote to his wife from Ems, [Germany](#) that the political situation was so “very grave” that he had decided to return home.

Russian mobilization was ordered.

WORLD WAR I

A spectacular parade of ships led by the excursion steamer *Rose Standish* set sail in the late morning from [New Bedford](#) harbor for the official opening of the Cape Cod Canal. The *Rose Standish* was followed by the destroyer *McDougall* carrying then assistant secretary of the navy [Franklin Delano Roosevelt](#), followed in turn by seven magnificent yachts led by project financier Augustus Belmont’s *Scout*. Six more destroyers escorted the flotilla to the approach channel entrance off Wing’s Neck, where two revenue cutters and two submarines were standing by, along with hundreds of smaller craft.

The 1st transcontinental telephone link was established, between New York City and San Francisco.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1924

June 30, Monday: The ferry *Sankaty* caught fire and drifted across the [New Bedford](#) harbor, stopping alongside the whaleship [Charles W. Morgan](#). The old whaleship narrowly escaped destruction while the *Sankaty* was destroyed.



(This map of New Bedford's harbor had been created in 1846.)



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1925

The last whaling voyage from [New Bedford](#) was made by the schooner *John R. Manta*.



"The whaler was a kind of pirate-miner – an excavator of oceanic oil, stoking the furnace of the Industrial Revolution as much as any man digging coal out of the earth."



– Philip Hoare, *THE WHALE: IN SEARCH OF THE GIANTS OF THE SEA* (NY: HarperCollins, March 2010)

MOBY-DICK, THE OIL SPILL



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1928

More than 20,000 workers strike for six months over drastic wage cuts imposed by mill owners in [New Bedford](#). This was the largest labor strike in New England during the 1920s. The labor leaders Eugene V. Debs, Daniel DeLeon, and Samuel Gompers would be active there during this period.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1938

May: Frederick B. Tolles reported on the relationship between [Waldo Emerson](#) and the [Quakers](#).

READ ALL ABOUT IT

September 21, Wednesday: British mediator Lord Runciman recommended to Prime Minister Chamberlain that the Sudenland be transferred to [Germany](#) without a referendum.

Czechoslovakia agreed to an Anglo-French plan which included the cession of the Sudetenland to [Germany](#). President Benes announced the agreement in a communique critical of Czechoslovakia's "friends" Great Britain and France.

Spanish leader Juan Negrín advised the League of Nations that all International Brigades were to be withdrawn from the fighting.

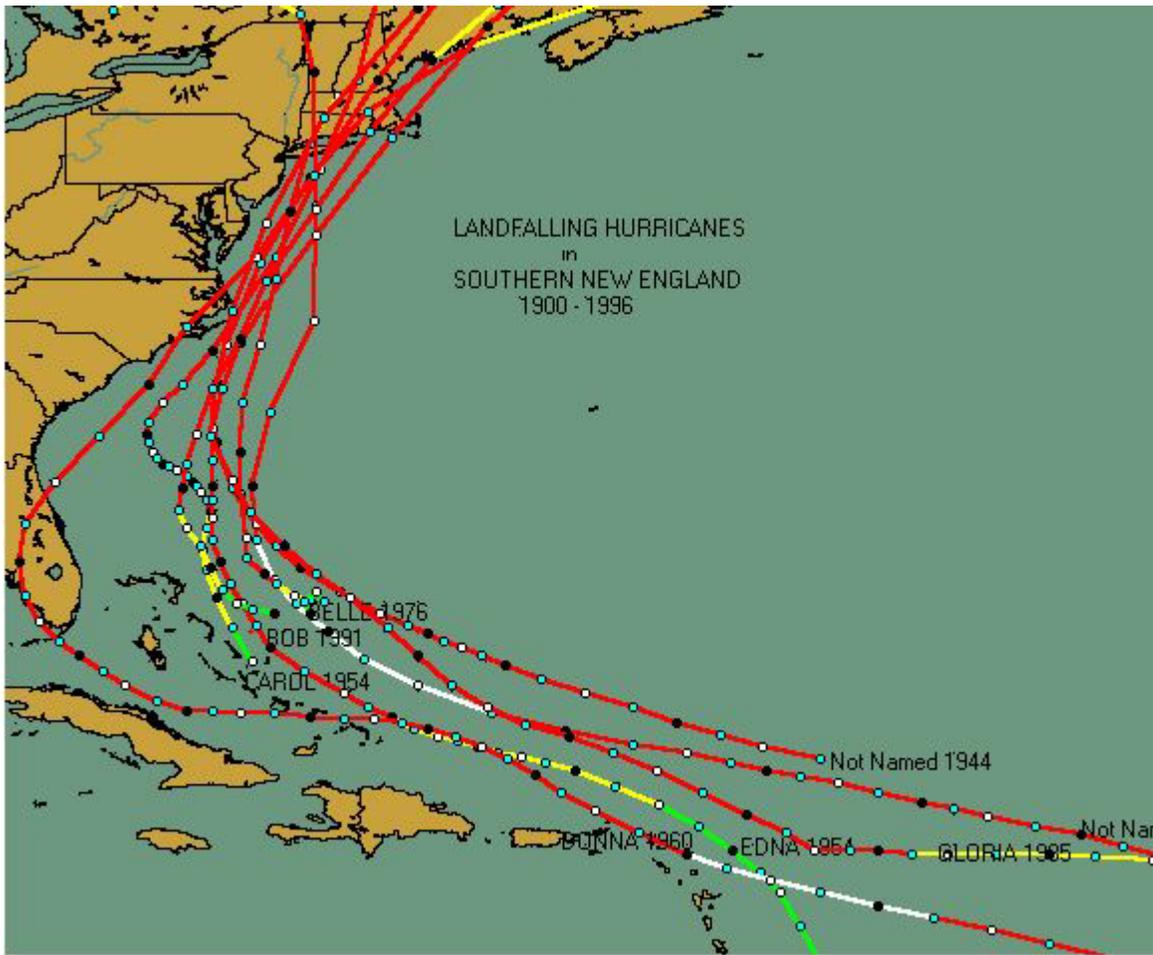
Poland demanded that Czechoslovakia hand over the Teschen (Cieszyn) district.

In the worst weather disaster for New England in its history, the 4th most fatal in all US history, the Category Four hurricane to be known as the "Long Island Express" struck seven states in seven hours and 682 died, 433 of whom were [Rhode Islanders](#).⁸¹ Drifting dead, typically wearing heavy boots, were initially estimated from the air by counting the tops of heads that could be seen bobbing along the surfline. The downtown of [Providence](#) flooded 17 feet above its street surfaces. All the enormous mature elm-trees surrounding the [Newport](#) "cottage" named "The Elms" were blown down.⁸² In Arlington, the steeple of the Pleasant Street Congregational Church was toppled. Most of the remaining isolated mature white pines that had been planted in the sandy loam by [Henry Thoreau](#) in what had been his [beanfield](#) in Walden Woods during his residency on [Walden Pond](#), those that had not burned in that railroad fire in the 1890s, isolated as they had become by fire and standing only in sandy soil, were upset by the winds, which were measured to occasionally gust up to 183 miles per hour — with the exception of one grand old tree which could still be seen from a distance.⁸³

81. Some 4-foot-long metal tubes jammed into the marshy soil and sediment layers at Succotash Marsh in East Matunuck, [Rhode Island](#) (at the west side of the ocean entrance of the [Narragansett Bay](#)) by Tom Webb of the Geological Sciences Department of [Brown University](#), have revealed that there has been a series of overwash fans created by storm tidal surges, indicating that seven category-three hurricanes have struck Narragansett lowlands in about the past millennium. The 1st such overwash fan that has been revealed dated to the period 1295-1407CE, the 2nd to the period of roughly the first half of the 15th Century, the 3rd to approximately 1520CE (give or take a few decades), the 4th to the historic storm of the 14th and 15th of August, 1635, the 5th to the historic storm of September 23, 1815, and the 6th to the historic storm of October 4/5, 1869. The 7th such overwash fan obviously dates specifically to this historic storm of September 21, 1938.

82. 15% of the mature trees in New England were destroyed.

83. Professor Walter Roy Harding was said to be able to lead walkers through the woods to the base of this remaining tree.



WALDEN: I planted about two acres and a half of upland; and as it was only about fifteen years since the land was cleared, and I myself had got out two or three cords of stumps, I did not give it any manure; but in the course of the summer it appeared by the arrowheads which I turned up in hoeing, that an extinct nation had anciently dwelt here and planted corn and beans ere white men came to clear the land, and so, to some extent, had exhausted the soil for this very crop.



NEW BEDFORD

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Securely held in the root system of one of the white pines which had been blown over –although no-one would recognize this until [Roland Wells Robbins](#), an archeologist who lived on the old Cambridge turnpike, would inspect this eroded root system on November 11, 1945– were some of the stones from the foundation of the chimney of [Emerson's \(Thoreau's\) shanty](#):



A tree snapped and fell over the roof of the [Concord](#) bank, and one of the Doric pillars was knocked off its



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

front portico.



NEW ENGLAND

The [“Texas” House](#), already damaged by fire, was destroyed during this hurricane.



THOREAU RESIDENCES

The Great Elm on Monument Square, the one known about town as the “Whipping Post Elm” despite the fact that it had never been used in such a manner, was severely damaged.

In [New Bedford](#), there was a storm surge of between 12 and 16 feet, and damage amounting to what today would be at least \$3.5 billion.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1941

November 8, Saturday: Pleas for support having failed, the *Charles W. Morgan*, only American wooden sailing whaler surviving from the fleet of more than 2,200 in use during the “golden era of American whaling,” [New Bedford](#)’s pride, was towed away toward its new home at the docks of the Marine Historical Association in Mystic Seaport, Connecticut.

[German](#) troops took Tikhvin, completing the encirclement of Leningrad.

The Albanian Communist Party was formed in Tirana, electing a central committee with Enver Hoxha as secretary.

The United States Naval Operating Base, Iceland was established.

WORLD WAR II



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1948

June 11, Friday: Establishment of the [New Bedford](#), Woods Hole, [Martha's Vineyard](#), and [Nantucket](#) Steamship Authority. The first board was composed of Francis X. Hurley representing Cambridge, Chairman; Philip Barnet representing New Bedford; C. Edmund Hall representing Falmouth; Stephen Carey Luce representing Martha's Vineyard; Lawrence Miller representing Nantucket. The Authority was formed after the Willis Commission determined that a private utility could not properly and profitably serve the islands on a year-round basis.



NEW BEDFORD

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1959

September: Frederick B. Tolles reported on the activities and beliefs of the New Light [Quakers](#) in Lynn and [New Bedford](#) during the early 1820s.

THE "NEW LIGHTS"



NEW BEDFORD

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1960

December 31, Saturday: The Massachusetts legislature had enacted S.708 reorganizing the Steamship Authority and dropping [New Bedford](#) from the line. On this day the last sailing of an Authority ferry from New Bedford took place, with the departure of the *Nobska*. The special relationship between the islands and “The City,” as it had been affectionately known, was no more.

4 of the 11 who had been sentenced to death in Amman on December 29th for the killing of Prime Minister Hazza al-Majali on August 29th were publicly [hanged](#) in Amman.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1962

[Daniel Ricketson](#)'s 2d shanty, the larger board-and-batten one on his "Brooklawn" estate, was still standing in [New Bedford](#)'s Brooklawn Park, well over a century old (although at some point after this year it would be demolished).



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1966

Completion of the Hurricane Barrier protecting the inner harbor of [New Bedford](#). With a length of 9,100 feet and standing 20' above mean sea level, it is the largest stone structure on the East Coast of the United States.



(This map of New Bedford's harbor had been created in 1846.)

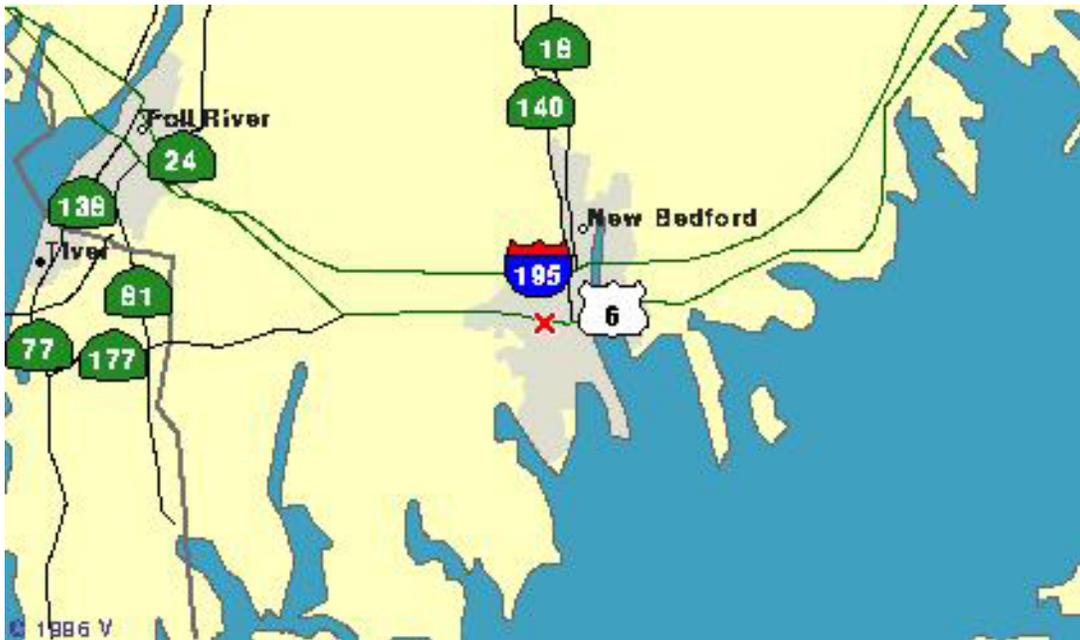


NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

1995

June 14, Wednesday: [Mother Teresa](#) visited [New Bedford](#).



Armed Chechens attacked Budyannovsk, north of the Chechen border, taking over a hospital, holding 2,000 patients and medical personnel hostage, and demanding that Russian forces abandon Chechnya immediately.



NEW BEDFORD

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1998

July 1, Wednesday: The newly constituted Northern [Ireland](#) Assembly named David Trimble as First Minister. That night 10 Roman Catholic churches were torched in the province.

Eternity's Sunrise for soprano, flute, oboe, lute, handbells and strings by John Tavener to words of Blake was performed for the initial time, in St. Andrew's Church, Holborn.

Tempo e tempi, a song for soprano, oboe, clarinet, violin, and cello by Elliott Carter, was performed for the initial time, at the Pontino Festival, Castelo Caetani, Sermoneta, [Italy](#).

In [New Bedford](#), a newspaper article "Memorial honors city's first historian":



NEW BEDFORD – Mayor Frederick M. Kalisz Jr. joined with city councilors to dedicate a memorial to [Daniel Ricketson](#), New Bedford's first historian, at Brooklawn Park last Sunday.

It was at Brooklawn, Ricketson's former estate, that the history of New Bedford was written and published by the author in 1858. It was also at Brooklawn that the leading writers, philosophers and [abolitionists](#) of 19th-century America sought the hospitality and friendship of Ricketson and his family. Such illustrious figures as [Henry Thoreau](#), [Ralph Waldo Emerson](#), [A. Bronson Alcott](#) and others frequented the estate. Collectively, they became known as the Shanty Society.

Despite the luxurious mansion which Ricketson had built at Brooklawn, he and guests would retreat to a 12-by-14-foot board-and-batten shanty located near his house. It was there that Ricketson wrote two books of poetry as well as the city's history.

Since the fall of 1995, cousins Michael and Douglas Walsh, working as the Ricketson Commission, have researched the life of the historian.



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Michael, a New Bedford High School and Newbury College history teacher, discovered Ricketson's original letters in the Whaling Museum and used them to learn more about the local figure.

The memorial is the result of the his endeavor and that of the New Bedford City Council Ad Hoc Committee chaired by Councilor George Rogers, the Mayor's office, and the New Bedford Park Board.

"People have definitely shown an interest in Ricketson," said Michael Walsh. "The dedication was well-attended. We found that there were a lot of senior citizens who came and spoke to us about their memories of Brooklawn."

Students at Greater New Bedford Regional Vocational-Technical High School will begin constructing an actual shanty where the former shanty once stood, at which time the memorial plaque will be placed on or near it.

Study the 2d edition of [Daniel Ricketson's](#) history of [New Bedford](#), Massachusetts:

NEW BEDFORD OF THE PAST

"MAGISTERIAL HISTORY" IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

2000

September 18, Monday: It had been in the lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. [Nathan Johnson](#) and [Mary "Polly" Johnson](#), black caterers and entrepreneurs, at 17-19 and 21 Seventh Street in [New Bedford](#), that Mr. and Mrs. [Frederick Douglass](#) and [Anna Murray Douglass](#) had found refuge, when they had arrived on the Newport stage (they had taken the steamer *John W. Richmond* from New-York to [Newport, Rhode Island](#) and there boarded the stagecoach) in September 1838  in the company of [Friend Joseph Ricketson](#) and Friend [William C. Taber](#).⁸⁴



This home was next door to the original Society of Friends meetinghouse that served the New Light Quakers.



On this day that building was dedicated, in a renovated condition, in the presence of descendants of the

84. Although Douglass's narratives make the encounter in Newport seem accidental, it is rather more likely that [David Ruggles](#) had passed the word to the local anti-slavery society, and that Friends Taber and Ricketson had been expectantly waiting for them to disembark from the steamer.



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

Douglass, the Ricketson, and the Taber families. Nathan and Mary Johnson had married in New Bedford in 1819 and by the 1840s had become comfortable, with a confectioner's shop and other businesses. Nathan Johnson was a steadfast delegate to the annual convention of free people of color from 1832-1835 and was elected the president of the 1847 National Convention of Colored People in Troy, New York. Frederick and Anna Douglass resided there until 1839 (the other three homes in which they resided while in New Bedford are no longer in existence). The meetinghouse had been not only the first house of public worship in New Bedford, but also the site of Friend [Benjamin Lundy](#)'s 1828 antislavery address.

“MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

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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: November 24, 2019



NEW BEDFORD

NEW BEDFORD

*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.



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

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