# AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE

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

# 1828

August 15, Friday: Augustus Sabin Chase was born in Pomfret, Connecticut, the only son of Seth Chase and Eliza Hempstead Dodge Chase.

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

> *6th day - Spent the forenoon in attending to some little buisness in Providence, delivr'd up my buisness to those who were to complete it & took the Steam Boat at 2 OClock and came home. — In this little excursion I have rode Further than I ever did before in one day, & the whole distance is further than I ever went before in the same time. — It is the first time I was ever in the town of New Bedford. - tho' there are several indeed many more, with whom I am intimately acquainted. —*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

## NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT

# AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE

AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE

## 1844

After growing up on the family farm in Pomfret, Connecticut, at the age of 16 Augustus Sabin Chase began to study at Woodstock Academy.

**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.**

# 1846

At the age of 18 Augustus Sabin Chase left Woodstock Academy for a job in Brooklyn, Connecticut as a teacher in a country school.

## DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.

# 1847

At the age of 19 Augustus Sabin Chase left off teaching a country school in Brooklyn, Connecticut to become a clerk in a store belonging to the Danielson Manufacturing Company of Killingly, Connecticut.

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT

# AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE

AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE

## 1850

Augustus Sabin Chase became an employee of the Waterbury National Bank of Waterbury, Connecticut.

**THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT**

# 1851

Augustus Sabin Chase became an assistant cashier at the Waterbury National Bank of Waterbury, Connecticut.

## THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT

# AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE

AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE

## 1852

Augustus Sabin Chase received a promotion to cashier at the Waterbury National Bank of Waterbury, Connecticut.

# AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE

AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE

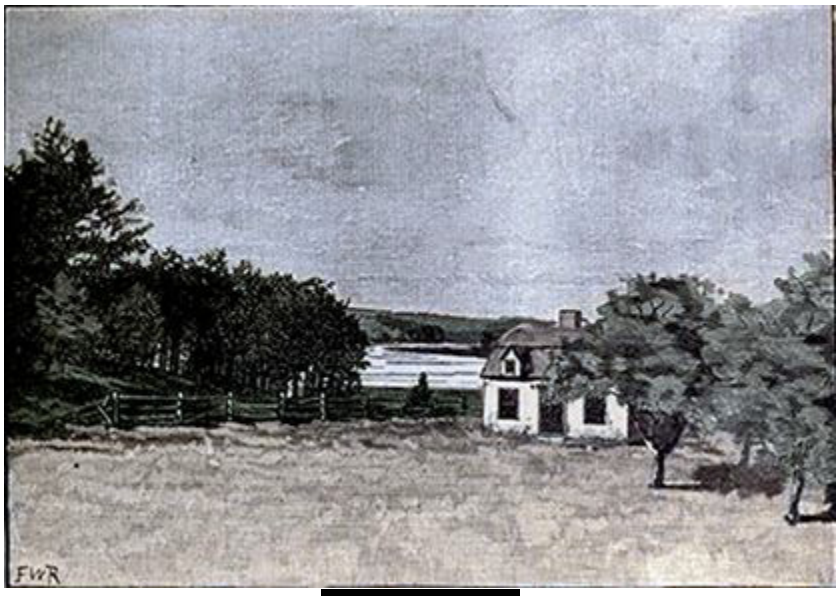
## 1854

September 7, Thursday: Augustus Sabin Chase got married with Martha Starkweather in Waterville, Ohio. The union would produce three sons and three daughters.

Senator Charles Sumner spoke on the slavery question at the Massachusetts state political convention in Worcester.

In the afternoon Henry Thoreau went to J.B. Moore's swamp (Gleason E8) and Walden Pond. Just after sunset,

by the light of an almost-full moon that had been full on the previous night, he and Ellery Channing paddled to Baker Farm (Gleason K7) and walked up to the old Baker house.




GOD IN CONCORD by Jane Langton © 1992

Viking Penguin

Penguin Books USA Inc.

# 67

*There are no larger fields than these, no worthier games that may here be played.*
*Walden*, "Baker Farm"

Sarah Peel and her friends were homeless no longer. Seven trailers were quickly set up on the Hugh Cargill land, the

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JAMES BAKER

WALDEN: O Baker Farm!

"Landscape where the richest element
Is a little sunshine innocent." * *

"No one runs to revel
On thy rail-fenced lea." * *

"Debate with no man hast thou,
With questions art never perplexed,
As tame at the first sight as now,
In thy plain russet gabardine dressed." * *

"Come ye who love,
And ye who hate,
Children of the Holy Dove,
And Guy Faux of the state,
And hang conspiracies
From the tough rafters of the trees!"

Sept. 7. Thursday. The rain of last night has brought down more leaves of elms and buttonwoods.

DOG

P. M. - To Moore's Swamp and Walden. See some hips of the moss rose, very large and handsome, bright-scarlet, very much flattened globular. On the Walden road heard a somewhat robin-like clicking note. Looked round and saw one of those small slatecolored, black-tipped, white-rumped hawks skimming over the meadows with head down, at first. thirty feet high, then low till he appeared to drop into the grass. It was quite a loud clicketing sound.

Paddled to Baker Farm just after sundown, by full moon.

I suppose this is the Harvest Moon, since the sun must be in Virgo, enters Libra the 23d inst.

The wind has gone down, and it is a still, warm night, and no mist.

It is just after sundown. The moon not yet risen, one star, Jupiter (?), visible, and many bats over and about our heads, and small skaters creating a myriad dimples on the evening waters. We see a muskrat crossing, and pass a white cat on the shore. There are many clouds about and a beautiful sunset sky, a yellowish (dunnish?) golden sky, between them in the horizon, looking up the river. All this is reflected in the water. The beauty of the sunset is doubled by the reflection.

Being on the water we have double the amount of lit and dun-colored sky above and beneath. An elm in the yellow twilight loops very rich, as if moss- or ivy-clad, and a dark-blue cloud extends into the dun-golden sky, on which there is a little fantastic cloud like a chicken walking up the point of it, with its neck outstretched. The reflected sky is more dun and richer than the real one. Take a glorious sunset sky and double it, so that it shall extend downward beneath the horizon as much as above it, blotting out the earth, and [let] the lowest half be of the deepest tint, and every beauty more than before insisted on, and you seem withal to be floating directly into it. This seems the first autumnal sunset. The small skaters seem more active than by day, or their slight dimpling is more obvious in the lit twilight. A stray white cat sits on the shore looking over the water. This is her hour. A nighthawk dashes past, low over the water. This is what we had.

CAT

It was in harmony with this fair evening that we were not walking or riding with dust and noise through it, but moved by a paddle without a jar over the liquid and almost invisible surface, floating directly toward those islands of the blessed which we call clouds in the sunset sky. I thought of the Indian, who so many similar evenings had paddled up this stream, with what advantage he beheld the twilight sky. So we advanced without dust or sound, by gentle influences, as the twilight gradually faded away. The height of the railroad bridge, already high (more than twenty feet to the top of the rail), was doubled by the reflection, equalling that of a Roman aqueduct, for we could not possibly see where the reflection began, and the piers appeared to rise from the lowest part of the reflection to the rail above, about fifty feet.

We floated directly under it, between the piers, as if in mid-air, not being able to distinguish the surface of the water, and looked down more than twenty feet to the reflected flooring through whose intervals we saw the starlit sky.

The ghostly piers stretched downward on all sides, and only the angle made by their meeting the real ones betrayed where was the water surface.

The twilight had now paled (lost its red and dun) and faintly illumined the high bank. I observed no firefly this evening, nor the 4th. The moon had not yet risen and there was a half-hour of dusk, in which, however, we saw the reflections of the trees. Any peculiarity in the form of a tree or other object –if it leans one side or has a pointed top, for instance– is revealed in the reflection by being doubled and so insisted on. We detected thus distant maples, pines, and oaks, and they were seen to be related to the river as mountains in the horizon are by day.

Night is the time to hear; our senses took in every sound from the meadows and the village. At first we were disturbed by the screeching of the locomotive and rumbling of the cars, but soon were left to the fainter natural sounds, — the creaking of the crickets, and the little Rana palustris mole cricket (I am not sure that I heard it the latter part of the evening), and the shrilling of other crickets (?), the occasional faint lowing of a cow and the distant barking of dogs, as in a whisper. Our ears drank in every sound. I heard once or twice a dumping frog. This was while we lay off Nut Meadow Brook waiting for the moon to rise. She burned her way slowly through the small but thick clouds, and, as fast as she triumphed over them and rose over them, they appeared pale and shrunken, like the ghosts of their former selves. Meanwhile we measured the breadth of the clear cope over our heads, which she would ere long traverse, and, while she was concealed, looked up to the few faint stars in the zenith which is ever lighted. C. thought that these few faint lights in the ever-lit sky, whose inconceivable distance was enhanced by a few downy wisps of cloud, surpassed any scene that earth could show. When the moon was behind those small black clouds in the horizon, they had a splendid silver edging. At length she rose above them and shone aslant, like a ball of fire over the woods. It was remarkably clear to-night, and the water was not so remarkably broad therefore, and Fair Haven was not clothed with that blue veil like a mountain, which it wore on the 4th, but it was not till we had passed the bridge that the first sheen was

reflected from the pads. The reflected shadow of the Hill was black as night, and we seemed to be paddling directly into it a rod or two before us, but we never reached it at all. The trees and hills were distinctly black between us and the moon, and the water black or gleaming accordingly. It was quite dry and warm. Above the Cliffs we heard only one or two owls at a distance, a hooting owl and a screech owl, and several whip-poor-wills. The delicious fragrance of ripe grapes was wafted to us by the night air, as we paddled by, from every fertile vine on the shore, and thus its locality was revealed more surely than by daylight. You might have thought you had reached the confines of Elysium. A slight zephyr wafted us almost imperceptibly into the middle of Fair Haven Pond, while we lay watching and listening. The sheen of the moon extended quite across the pond to us in a long and narrow triangle, or rather with concave sides like a very narrow Eddystone Lighthouse, with its base in the southwest shore, and we heard the distant sound of the wind through the pines on the hilltop. Or, if we listened closely, we heard still the faint and distant barking of dogs. They rule the night. Near the south shore disturbed some ducks in the water, which slowly flew away to seek a new resting-place, uttering a distinct and alarmed quack something like a goose.

We walked up to the old Baker house. in the bright moonlight the character of the ground under our feet was not easy to detect, and we did not know at first but we were walking on sod and not on a field laid down and harrowed. From the upland the pond in the moonlight looked looked blue, — as much so as the sky. We sat on the window-sill of the old house, thought of its former inhabitants, saw our bandit shadows down the cellar-way (C. had on a red flannel shirt over his thin coat, –since he expected it would be cold and damp,– and looked like one), listened to each sound, and observed each ray of moonlight through the cracks. Heard an apple fall in the little orchard close lay, while a whip-poor-will was heard in the pines.

Returning to the boat, saw a glow-worm in the damp path in the low ground. Returning later, we experienced better the weird-like character of the night, especially perceived the fragrance of the grapes and admired the fair smooth fields in the bright moonlight. There being no mist, the reflections were wonderfully distinct; the whole of Bittern Cliff with its grove was seen beneath the waves.

# 1855

October 1, Monday: Henry Sabin Chase was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, 1st son of Augustus Sabin Chase and Martha Starkweather Chase. After graduating from Yale College he would get married on April 4, 1889 with Alice Morton.

In Syracuse NY, the 4th annual "Jerry Celebration" sponsored by the Unitarian congregation of the Reverend Samuel Joseph May, honoring the freeing of Jerry McHenry from the federal marshals who had been seeking to "return" him to his "owner" on October 1, 1851.
Father Isaac Hecker, CSSR, wrote to Orestes Augustus Brownson.

On this date's journal entry Henry Thoreau blotted his page with an inky thumbprint which we may presume to be his own. We therefore do have a sample of our guy's print — should any medical or genetic information ever prove through the development of forensic science to be recoverable from such an image.

ÆSOP

Oct. 1. Among R.'s books is Bewick's "Æsop's Fables." On a leaf succeeding the title-page is engraved a facsimile of B.'s handwriting to the following effect:

BEWICK

RICKETSON

"Newcastle, January, 1824.
To Thomas Bewick & Son Dr.

| | £ | s | d |
|---|---|---|---|
| To a Demy Copy of Æsop's Fables | " | 18 | " |

Received the above with thanks
Thomas Bewick Robert Elliot Bewick."

Then there was some fine red sea-moss adhering to the page just over the view of a distant church and windmill (probably Newcastle) by moonlight, and at the bottom of the page: —

"No. 809
Thomas Bewick
his  mark"

It being the impression of his thumb.[1]

A cloudy, somewhat rainy clay. Mr. R. brought me a snail, apparently *Helix albolabris*, or possibly *thyroidus*, which he picked from under a rock where he was having a wall built. It had put its stag- or rather giraffe-like head and neck out about two inches, the whole length to the point behind being about three, — mainly a neck of a somewhat buffish-white or grayish-buff color or buff-brown, shining with moisture, with a short head, deer-like, and giraffe-like horns or tentacula on its top black at tip, five eighths of an inch long, and apparently two short horns on snout. Its neck, etc., flat beneath, by which surface it draws or slides itself along in a chair. It is surprisingly long and large to be contained in that shell, which moves atop of it. It moves at the rate of an inch or half an inch a minute over a level surface, whether horizontal or perpendicular, and holds quite tight to it, the shell like a whorled dome to a portion of a building. Its foot (?) extends to a point behind. It *commonly* touches

by an inch of its flat under side, flatting out by as much of its length as it touches. Shell rather darker mottled (?) than body. The tentacula become all dark as they are drawn in, and it can draw them or contract them straight back to naught. No *obvious* eyes (?) or mouth.

P.M. — Rode to New Bedford and called on Mr. Green, a botanist, but had no interview with him. Walked through Mrs. Arnold's arboretum. Rode to the beach at Clark's Cove where General Gray landed his four thousand troops in the Revolution. Found there in abundance *Anomia ephippium* (?), their irregular golden-colored shells; *Modiola plicatula* (rayed mussel); *Crepidula fornica* (?), worn; *Pecten concentricus*, alive; and one or two more.

Returned by the new Point road, four miles long, and R. said eighty feet wide (I should think from recollection more), and cost $50,000. A magnificent road, by which New Bedford has appropriated the sea. Passed salt works still in active operation, windmills going; a series of frames, with layers of bushes one above another to a great height, apparently for filtering. Went into a spermaceti candle and oil factory.

Arthur R. has a soapstone pot (Indian), about nine inches long, more than an inch thick, with a kind of handle at the ends, — or protuberances. A. says he uses fresh-water clams for bait for perch, etc., in ponds. I think it was to-day some one saw geese go over here, so they said.

1. Here, for comparison with Thoreau's description, is a JPEG of the actual Thomas Bewick thumbprint:


(An inky print, apparently Henry's own, also appears on this page.)

# 1858

May 13, Thursday: The Reverend Charles Henry Appleton Dall lectured before the Bethune Society in India on his "Philosophy of Conscience."

A Treaty of Peace, Friendship, Commerce, and Navigation between the United States of America and Bolivia.

READ THE FULL TEXT

Irving Hall Chase was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, 2d son of Augustus Sabin Chase and Martha Starkweather Chase. After graduating from Yale College he would on February 28, 1889 get married with Elizabeth Hosmer Kellogg.

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

# 1860

March 7, Wednesday: Helen Elizabeth Chase was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, 1st daughter of Augustus Sabin Chase and Martha Starkweather Chase.

US Senator Benjamin Wade orated:

> I know it is said that the African is an inferior race, incapable of defending his own rights. My ethics teach me, if it be so, that this fact, so far from giving me a right to enslave him, requires that I shall be more scrupulous of his rights; but I know that, whether he be equal to me or not, he is still a human being; negroes are still men. They are animated by the same hopes, they are afflicted with the same sorrows, they are actuated by the same motives that we are.

American publication of Nathaniel Hawthorne's THE MARBLE FAUN; OR, THE ROMANCE OF MONTE BENI (which had been published in England on February 28th as TRANSFORMATION). In this romance, it has been alleged, Hawthorne based a character on his impressions of Thoreau, but if so, we do not know that Thoreau was aware of this, or of whether he reacted, or how.[2]

 March 7. Frost this morning, though completely overcast.

3 P. M.—34°.
A little sleety snow falling all day, which does not quite cover the ground, — a sugaring. Song sparrow heard through it; not bluebird.
White maple buds partly opened, so as to admit light to the stamens, some of them, yesterday at least.
C. says that he saw a swarm of very small gnats in the air yesterday.

2.A claim of copyright has been made for THE SCARLET LETTER in 1962, for FANSHAWE and THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE in 1964, for THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES in 1965, and for THE MARBLE FAUN OR, THE ROMANCE OF MONTE BENI in 1968, by Ohio State University Press. (We presume that those ostensibly appropriative and global copyright claims could actually have covered not more than whatever value was added to the works by that press at that time, such as their reformatting and pagination and suchlike.)

# AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE

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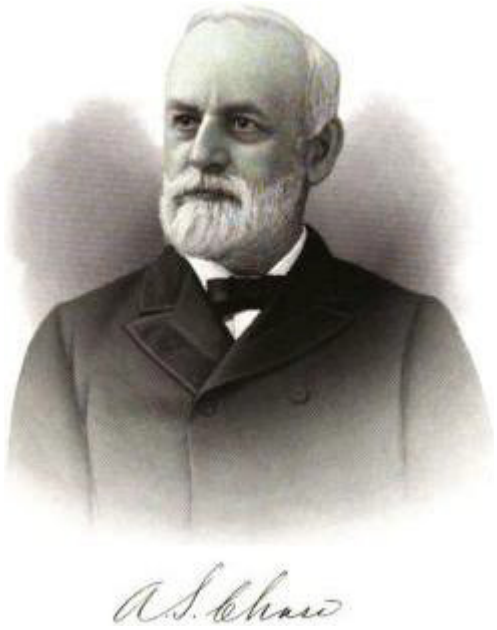
September: Augustus Sabin Chase wrote to Henry Thoreau on behalf of the Young Men's Institute in Waterbury, Connecticut to arrange for a December lecture (it would turn out that he would not be pleased by this lecture, "Autumnal Tints").



September 22, Saturday: The Reverend Issachar J. Roberts 罗孝全 was able to have an interview with the *Chun Wang* Loyal King of the Taipings with the Chinese Christian Army at Soochow, with the honorary beating of gongs and a review of the troops (news of this meeting, and of the Baptist missionary's intention to make his residence in Nanking, would of course immediately be sent to the *T'ien Wang* Heavenly King, Hung Hsiu Ch'üan 洪秀全).

What did they talk about? This is a matter of record. They discussed the inconsistency of the British and the French, who while themselves Christians opposed to idolatry had entered into a political alliance with that potfull of Manchu idolators in Peking who were currently ruling most of China, while scheming to defeat the Chinese Christian army that had arrived virtually at their Shanghai city gates. On this the two of them were in perfect concord. The missionary proposed a propaganda campaign, to take the matter to the common people of these Western nations, over the heads of the Queen of England, the Emperor of France, and the President of the United States of America. The Taiping Christian king wrote a letter which the missionary was to translate and see published in the Western newspapers, promising fair trade and emphasizing their religious common ground. The Christian monarch suggested in this letter to the west a novel conceit — that Christians ought not be fighting one another.

The Emperor Hsien Feng (and Tz'u-hsi 慈禧) retreated slowly toward the resort palaces of Jehol from the Forbidden City in the center of Peking, under siege by foreign devils.

Henry Thoreau responded to the letter he had received from Augustus Sabin Chase on behalf of the Young Men's Institute in Waterbury, Connecticut:

*Concord Mass*

*Sep 22d '60*

*Mr A.S. Chase*
*Dear Sir,*
*I will read a lecture before your Institute, on any evening in December, for thirty dollars; but I should prefer to come early rather than late.*
*Yrs respectfully*
*Henry D. Thoreau*

September 22, Saturday: P.M.–To Clamshell by boat.
Find more pieces of that Indian pot. Have now thirty-eight in all.
Evidently the recent rise of the river has caused the lower leaves of the button-bush to fall. A perfectly level line on these bushes marks the height to which the water rose, many or most of the leaves so high having fallen.
The clematis yesterday was but just beginning to be feathered, but its feathers make no show. Feathers out next day in house.
See a large flock of crows.
The sweet-gale fruit is yet quite green, but perhaps it is ripe. The button-bush balls are hardly reddened.
Moreover the beach plum appears to prefer a sandy place, however far inland, and one of our patches grows on the only desert which we have.
Some of the early botanists, like Gerard, were prompted and compelled to describe their plants, but most nowadays only measure them, as it were. The former is affected by what he sees and so inspired to portray it; the latter merely fills out a schedule prepared for him,–makes a description pour servir. I am constantly assisted by the books in identifying a particular plant and learning some of its humbler uses, but I rarely read a sentence in a botany which reminds me of flowers or living plants. Very few indeed write as if they had seen the thing which they pretend to describe.

October 5, Friday: Henry Thoreau was being written to by Augustus Sabin Chase, corresponding secretary of a lyceum group, the "Young Men's Institute," in Waterbury, Connecticut.

*Waterbury Conn*
*Oct 5 1860*

*Dear Sir*

*I have yours of the*
*22d ulti— We accept your offer*
*to lecture here and have assigned*
*you for Tuesday evening December 11th.*
*We have Rev H.N.* [Henry W.] *Bellows for the 4th*
*& Bayard Taylor for the 18th.*
*Please name your subject in advance*
*of the time if convenent as we would*
*like to be able to state it.*

*Truly Yours*

*Mr* *A.S Chase*
*Henry D. Thoreau* *Cor Sy*

 October 5. Rain, more or less, yesterday afternoon and this forenoon.

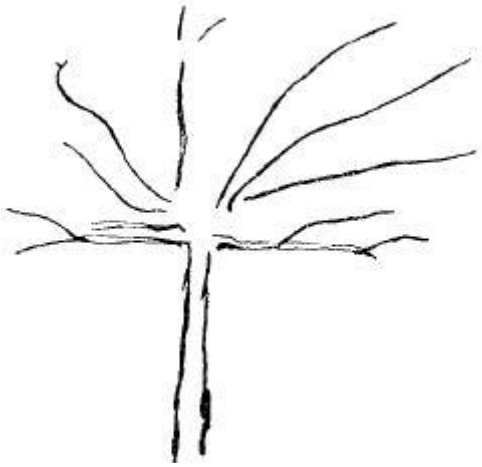
P.M.–To Walden.
The frosts have this year killed all of Stow's artichokes before one of them had blossomed, but those in Alcott's garden had bloomed probably a fortnight ago. This suggests that this plant could not have grown much further north than this. I see a great many young hickories fifteen feet high killed, turned brown, almost black, and withering in the woods, as I do not remember to have seen them before. Indeed, the woods have a strong decaying scent in consequence. Also much indigo-weed is killed and turned black and broken off, as well as ferns generally. The butternut is also killed, turned dark-brown, and the leaves mostly fallen, – not turning yellow at all. The maples generally are what Gerard would have called an "over-worn" scarlet color.
About 4 P.M. it is fast clearing up, the clouds withdrawing, with a little dusky scud beyond their western edges against the blue. We came out on the east shore of Walden. The water is tolerably smooth. The smooth parts are dark and dimpled by many rising fishes. Where it is rippled it is light-colored, and the surface thus presents three or four alternate light and dark bars. I see a fish hawk, skimming low over it, suddenly dive or stoop for one of those little fishes that rise to the surface so abundantly at this season. He then sits on a bare limb over the water, ready to swoop down again on his finny prey, presenting, as he sits erect, a long white breast and belly and a white head. No doubt he well knows the habits of these little fishes which dimple the surface of Walden at this season, and I doubt if there is any better fishing-ground for him to resort to. He can easily find a perch overlooking the lake and discern his prey in the clear water.
The sporobolus grass in the meadows is now full of rain (as erst of dew) and would wet you through if you walked there.
Apparently all the celtis and horse-chestnut leaves are killed, turned dark-brown and withering, before changing or ripening, so severe has been the frost, and, looking from hills over huckleberry-fields, the sweet-fern patches are turned a dark brown, almost black (mulberry black) amid the crimson blueberry and huckleberry, so that the surface is parded black and scarlet from the same cause.

November 16, Saturday: The Waterbury, Connecticut American carried an advertisement:

> Institute Lectures — The Executive Committee have their engagements nearly completed for the ninth annual course of Lectures before the Young Men's Institute, the ensuing season. Judging from the list of names so far engaged — embracing some of the old favorites, together with a judicious selection from among the popular lecturers whom we have not yet had the pleasure of hearing — we think the course will prove to be fully equal to the best yet given. It is expected that the opening lecture will be given by the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., of New York, the first week in December. He will be followed by Henry D. Thoreau, esq., of Concord, Mass., the well-known author; Rev. Thos. K. Beecher, of Elmira, N.Y., (a brother of Henry Ward); B.P. Shillaber, esq., of the Boston Post, (Mrs. Parrington); Geo. W. Curtis, esq.; Rev. Dr. Chapin; Rev. T.L. Cuyler, and one or two others to be announced hereafter.

 November 16. This and yesterday Indian-summer days.
P.M. – To Inches Woods.
Walked over these woods again, – first from Harvard turnpike at where Guggins Brook leaves it, which is the east edge of the old wood, due north along near the edge of the wood, and at last more northwest along edge to

the cross-road, a strong mile.
I observe that the black, red, and scarlet oaks are generally much more straight and perpendicular than the white, and not branched below. The white oak is much oftener branched below and is more irregular, – curved or knobby.
The first large erect black oak measured on the 9th was by the path at foot of hill southeast of pigeon-place. Another, more north, is (all at three feet when not otherwise stated) ten and a half [FEET] in circumference.
There is not only a difference between most of the white oaks within Blood's wood and the pasture oaks without, – the former having a very finely divided and comparatively soft tawnyish bark, and the latter a very coarse rugged and dark-colored bark, – but there is here a similar difference within this wood; i.e., some of the white oaks have a hard, rugged bark, in very regular oblong squares or checkers (an agreeably regular *roughness* like a coat of mail), while others have a comparatively finely divided and soft bark.
I see one white oak shaped like this:–



It happens oftenest here, I think, that the very largest white oaks have the most horizontal branches and branch nearest the ground, which would at first suggest that *these* trees were a different variety from the more upright and rather smaller ones, but it may be that these are older, and for that reason had more light and room and so temptation to spread when young.
Northwesterly from pigeon-place (near base of hill),–

A white oak 6 3/4 in circumference
" " " 8 4/12
" " " 6 11/12

The last one grows close against a rock (some three feet high), and it has grown over the top and sides of this rock to the breadth of twelve and eighteen inches in a thin, close-fitting, saddle-like manner, very remarkable and showing great vigor in the tree.
Here, too, coming to water, I see the swamp white oak rising out of it, elm-like in its bark and trunk. Red maples also appear here with them. It is interesting to see thus how surely the character of the ground determines the growth. It is evident that in a wood that has been let alone for the longest period the greatest regularity and harmony in the disposition of the trees will be observed, while in our ordinary woods man has often interfered and favored the growth of other kinds than are best fitted to grow there naturally. To some, which he does not want, he allows no place at all.
Hickories occasionally occur, – sometimes scaly-barked, if not shagbarks, – also black birch and a few little sugar maples.
Still going north, a white pine nine feet [IN] circumference.
The wood at the extreme north end (along the road) is considerably smaller. After proceeding west along the road, we next went west by south through a maple and yellow birch swamp, in which a black oak eight feet and four twelfths [IN] circumference, a red maple six feet and a half, a black birch seven feet, a black birch eight feet. And in the extreme northwesterly part of the wood, close to the road, are many large chestnuts, – one eleven and three quarters feet [IN] circumference with many great knobs or excrescences, another twelve and seven twelfths.
We next walked across the open land by the road to the high hill northeast of Boxboro Centre. In this

neighborhood are many very large chestnuts, of course related to the chestnut wood just named. 1st, along this road just over the north wall, beyond a new house, one 13 11/12 feet in circumference; 2d, 16, a few rods more west by the wall; then, perhaps fifty or sixty rods more west and maybe eight or ten rods north from the road, along a wall, the 3d, 15 2/12; and then, near the road, southwest from this, the 4th, 15 4/12; and some rods further north, toward hill and house of O. and J. Wetherbee, the 5th, 13 7/12; then northeast, in lower ground (?), the 6th, 16 feet, at ground 21 2/3; then, near base of hill, beyond house, the 7th, 16 2/12 at two feet from ground; next, some rods west of the hill, the 8th, 17 8/12 at three feet, at ground 23 1/2; and then, a considerable distance north and further down the hill, the 9th, 13 4/12. (There [WERE] also four other good-sized chestnuts on this hillside, with the last three.) Or these nine trees averaged about 15 1/4 feet in circumference. The 3d tree had a limb four or five feet from the ground, which extended horizontally for a rod toward the south, declining a little toward the earth, and this was nine feet in circumference about eighteen inches from the tree. The 7th had a large limb broken off at one foot above the ground on the side, whose stump prevented measuring at the ordinary height. As I remember, the 8th was the finest tree.

These nine (or thirteen) trees are evidently the relics of one chestnut wood of which a part remains and makes the northwest part of Inches Wood, and the trees are all within about a quarter of a mile southeast and northwest, the first two being by themselves at the southeast.

The chestnut is remarkable for branching low, occasionally so low that you cannot pass under the lower limb. In several instances a large limb had fallen out on one side. Commonly, you see great rugged strips of bark,

like straps or iron clamps made to bind the tree together, three or four inches wide and as many feet long, running more or less diagonally across the trunk and suggesting a very twisted grain, while the grain of the recent bark beneath them may be perpendicular. Perhaps this may be owing to old portions of the bark which still adhere, being wrenched aside by the unequal growth of the wood. I think that all these old trunks show this. Frank Brown tells me of a chestnut in his neighborhood nineteen feet and eight (?) inches in circumference at three feet.

White oaks within a wood commonly, at Wetherbee's and Blood's woods, have lost the outside rough and rugged bark near the base, like a jacket or vest cast off, revealing that peculiar smooth tawny-white inner garment or shirt. Probably the moisture and shade of a wood softens the bark and causes it to scale off. Apparently outside trees do not lose this outer bark, but it becomes far more rugged and dark exposed to the light and air, forming a strong coat of mail such as they need.

Most of the white oaks in Inches Wood are of a slight ashy tinge and have a rather loose, scaly bark, but the larger, losing this below, become tawny-white.

Having returned into Inches Wood, not far west of the meadow (which is west of the brook), at the angle made by the open land, a black oak stump recently cut, about one foot high and twenty-one inches in diameter, had only one hundred and six rings. A white oak only nine inches in diameter near by had eighty rings. I suspect that the smaller white oaks are much older comparatively (with the large) than their size would indicate, as well as sounder and harder wood. A white oak at three feet, six and one half in circumference. A black oak had been recently cut into at the west base of Pigeon Hill, and I counted about eighty-five rings in the outside three inches. The tree (wood only) was some twenty-three inches in diameter.

Looking at this wood from the Boxboro hill, the white pines appeared to be confined chiefly to the higher land, forming a ridge from north to south. Young white pines have very generally come in (a good many being twenty feet high or more), though in some places much more abundantly than in others, all over this oak wood, though not high enough to be seen at a distance or from hills (except the first-named larger trees); but though there are very many large pitch pines in this wood, especially on the hills or moraines, young pitch pines are scarcely to

be seen. I saw some only in a dell on the south side the turnpike. If these oaks were cut off with care, there would very soon be a dense white pine wood there. The white pines are not now densely planted, except in some more open places, but come up stragglingly every two or three rods. The natural succession is rapidly going on here, and as fast as an oak falls, its place is supplied by a pine or two. I have no doubt that, *if entirely let alone*, this which is now an oak wood would have become a white pine wood.

Measured on the map, this old woodland is fully a mile and a half long from north to south–one mile being north [OF] the turnpike–and will °average half a mile from east to west. Its extreme width, measuring due east and west, is from Guggins Brook on the turnpike to the first church. (It runs considerably further southeast, however, on to the high hill.) There is a considerable tract on the small road south [OF] the turnpike covered with second growth. There is, therefore, some four hundred acres of this old wood.

There is a very little beech and hemlock and yellow birch in this wood. Many large black birches at the northwest end. Chestnuts at the northwest and southeast ends.

The bark of the oaks is very frequently gnawed near the base by a squirrel or other animal.

Guggins Brook unites with Heather Meadow Brook, and then with Fort Pond Brook just this side of West Acton, and thus the water of this old oak wood comes into the Assabet and flows by our North Bridge. The seeds of whatever trees water will transport, provided they grow there, may thus be planted along our river.

I crossed the brook in the midst of the wood where there was no path, but four or five large stones had evidently been placed by man at convenient intervals for stepping-stones, and possibly this was an old Indian trail.

You occasionally see a massive old oak prostrate and decaying, rapidly sinking into the earth, and its place is evidently supplied by a pine rather than an oak.

There is now remarkably little life to be seen there. In my two walks I saw only one squirrel and a chickadee. Not a hawk or a jay. Yet at the base of very many oaks were acorn-shells left by the squirrels. In a perfectly round hole made by a woodpecker in a small dead oak five feet from the ground, were three good white oak acorns placed.

In the midst of the wood, west of the brook, is a natural meadow, –*i.e.* in a natural state,– a narrow strip without trees, yet not very wet. Evidently swamp white oaks and maples might grow there. The greater part of this wood is strewn with large rocks, more or less flat or table-like, very handsomely clothed with moss and polypody. The surface of the ground is finely diversified, there being hills, dells, moraines, meadows, swamps, and a fine brook in the midst of all. Some parts are very thickly strewn with rocks (as at the northwest), others quite free from them. Nowhere any monotony.

It is very pleasant, as you walk in the shade below, to see the cheerful sunlight reflected from the maze of oak boughs above. They would be a fine sight after one of those sticking snows in the winter.

On the north end, also, the first evidence we had that we were coming out of the wood –approaching its border– was the crowing of a cock.

November 24, Sunday: George Croly died.

In Charleston, pursuant to a degree of the Chancery court, as advertised there was a great sale of land, negroes, corn, and other property, in which 91 likely negroes were to change hands:

GREAT SALE
OF
LAND, NEGROES,
CORN, &
OTHER PROPERTY!

Pursuant to a decree of the Chancery Court

ALSO,

91 LIKELY NEGROES,

TERMS OF SALE:

WILLIS V. HARE,

November 24th, 1860.

Henry Thoreau wrote again to Augustus Sabin Chase of the Young Men's Institute in Waterbury, Connecticut, in regard to his upcoming "AUTUMNAL TINTS" lecture:

*Concord Nov. 24th*
*1860*

*Mr A.S. Chase,*
*Dear Sir,*

*The subject of my lecture before your Lyceum, on Tuesday evening Dec. 11th, will be "Autumnal Tints."*

*Yrs truly*
*Henry D. Thoreau*

# AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE

AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE


November 24. P.M.–To Easterbrooks's.

Under the two white oaks by the second wall southeast of my house, on the east side the wall, I am surprised to find a great many sound acorns still, though every one is sprouted, – frequently more than a dozen on the short sward within a square foot, each with its radicle two inches long penetrated into the earth. But many have had their radicle broken or eaten off, and many have it now dead and withered. So far as my observation goes there, by far the greatest number of white oak acorns were destroyed by decaying (whether in consequence of frost or wet), both before and soon after falling. Not nearly so many have been carried off by squirrels and birds or consumed by grubs, though the number of acorns of all kinds lying under the trees is now comparatively small to what it was early in October.

It is true these two trees are exceptions and I do not find sound ones nearly as numerous under others. Nevertheless, the sound white oak acorns are not so generally and entirely picked up as I supposed. However, there are a great many more shells or cups than acorns under the trees; even under these two trees, I think, there are not more than a third as many of any kind –sound or hollow– as there were, and generally those that remain are a very small fraction of what there were. It will be worth the while to see how many of these sprouted acorns are left and are sound in the spring. It is remarkable that all sound white oak acorns (and many which are not now sound) are sprouted, and that I have noticed no other kind sprouted, – though I have not seen the chestnut oak and little chinquapin at all. It remains to be seen how many of the above will be picked up by squirrels, etc., or destroyed by frost and grubs in the winter.

The first spitting of snow –a flurry or squall– from out a gray or slate-colored cloud that came up from the west. This consisted almost entirely of pellets an eighth of an inch or less in diameter. These drove along almost horizontally, or curving upward like the outline of a breaker, before the strong and chilling wind. The plowed fields were for a short time whitened with them. The green moss about the bases of trees was very prettily spotted white with them, and also the large beds of cladonia in the pastures. They come to contrast with the red cockspur lichens on the stumps, which you had not noticed before. Striking against the trunks of the trees on the west side they fell and accumulated in a white line at the base. Though a slight touch, this was the first wintry scene of the season. The air was so filled with these snow pellets that we could not see a hill half a mile off for an hour. The hands seek the warmth of the pockets, and fingers are so benumbed that you cannot open your jack-knife. The rabbits in the swamps enjoy it, as well as you. Methinks the winter gives them more liberty, like a night. I see where a boy has set a box trap and baited it with half an apple, and, a mile off, come across a snare set for a rabbit or partridge in a cow-path in a pitch pine wood near where the rabbits have nibbled the apples which strew the wet ground. How pitiable that the most that many see of a rabbit should be the snare that some boy has set for one!

The bitter-sweet of a white oak acorn which you nibble in a bleak November walk over the tawny earth is more to me than a slice of imported pineapple. We do not think much of table-fruits. They are especially for aldermen and epicures. They do not feed the imagination. That would starve on them. These wild fruits, whether eaten or not, are a dessert for the imagination. The south may keep her pineapples, and we will be content with our strawberries.

December 11, Tuesday: You can still visit Hotchkiss Hall in Waterbury, Connecticut, where Henry Thoreau lectured despite a bad cold.

After Henry's lecture before the Young Men's Institute, which was on the topic "Autumnal Tints," the corresponding secretary who had arranged the event, Augustus Sabin Chase, a middleaged family man of diligent bank business, jotted down a profit-and-loss entry in his dear diary:

> Clear and pleasant. Susanne home at noon. In eve to Institute Lecture with Emma, by H.D. Thoreau. Very poor lecture. After

lecture to encampment.



Now, you may suppose I am being too harsh on this stuffed shirt. Did he not have the right to treat Thoreau like a hired entertainer, since indeed he had hired him, and did he not have the right to conclude that the funds had not been well spent as the help he had hired to amuse them that night had not turned out to be sufficiently amusing?

What I would offer is that this stuffed shirt is exactly the sort of person whom Thoreau was trying to reach, when he wrote about improved means to an unimproved end. This guy's life history is summed up in a series of job promotions. He started out as a rural schoolteacher, and after a year of that he became a clerk in a store, and after that he became a bank "employee," and after that he became an assistant teller, and after that he became a teller, and after years of that he became the bank president. Meanwhile his wife was turning out to be a very good choice as he turned the crank and she cranked out copy after copy of him.

What would you offer, dear reader, for a permit to have Henry Thoreau over to your house for one evening of supper and casual conversation with you and your children? This guy had that permit and blew it big time. Thoreau was prepared to speak to his condition and was simply not granted any opportunity. Mr. Chase was the big cheese, and he did not need to have anyone insolently attempt to speak to his condition. Look him in the eye. Read him "AUTUMNAL TINTS" aloud.

December 14, Friday: The Waterbury, Connecticut American reported anonymously on Henry Thoreau's "Autumnal Tints" lecture:

> **Institute Lecture.** — The second lecture of the course before the Young Men's Institute was delivered on Tuesday evening last, by H.D. Thoreau, of Concord, Mass. Mr. Thoreau, as the author of two or three very entertaining books, one of which at least, descriptive of 'Life in the woods,' has passed through several editions, has acquired a deservedly high reputation, but as a

popular lecturer is evidently out of his element. In fact, as Artemus Ward would say, lecturing is not his 'fort.' The subject — 'Autumnal Tints' — is a suggestive one, and in some hands would have formed the basis of a very interesting lecture, — as it was, it was dull, commonplace and unsatisfactory. There was nothing of the practical and very little of the poetical discoverable in it. It is possible, however, that the monotonous style in which it was delivered prevented the audience from duly appreciating whatever of real merit it contained as a composition. On the whole, probably no lecture before the Institute has so thoroughly disappointed his auditory. However, there are favorite lecturers to follow, and we may look for some rich entertainments before the lecture season is over. The next lecture of the course, we believe, is to be on the 8th of January.

# 1862

July 2, Wednesday: Frederick Starkweather Chase was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, 3d son of Augustus Sabin Chase and Martha Starkweather Chase. After graduating from Yale College, he would get married with Elsie Rowland on February 17, 1890.

# AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE

AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE

## 1864

Augustus Sabin Chase, since 1852 a cashier at the Waterbury National Bank of Waterbury, Connecticut, became that bank's president. He would hold this position for the rest of his long life. There is in existence a waist-length oil portrait of him done by his daughter-in-law Elsie Rowland Chase (1863-1937).

# 1865

June 4, Sunday: Mary Eliza Chase was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, 2d daughter of Augustus Sabin Chase and Martha Starkweather Chase.

# AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE

AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE

## 1868

Augustus Sabin Chase became one of the founding stockholders of the American Printing Company, formed in order to continue publication of the Waterbury, Connecticut American.

# 1875

May 17, Monday: Alice Martha Chase was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, 3d daughter of Augustus Sabin Chase and Martha Starkweather Chase.

# AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE

AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE

## 1876

Augustus Sabin Chase became president of the U.S. Button Company (he had also be president of the Waterbury Manufacturing Company, the Benedict & Burnham Manufacturing Company, and the Waterbury Buckle Company, among others).

# AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE

AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE

## 1877

Augustus Sabin Chase became president of the American Printing Company.

# 1896

June 2, Tuesday: Guglielmo Giovanni Maria Marconi applied for a British patent for the radio (#12,039, "Improvements in Transmitting Electrical impulses and Signals, and in Apparatus therefor").

June 7, Sunday: Augustus Sabin Chase died in Paris, France. There is in existence a waist-length oil portrait of him done by his daughter-in-law Elsie Rowland Chase (1863-1937). Henry Sabin Chase would succeed his father as president of the U.S. Button Company.

"MAGISTERIAL HISTORY" IS FANTASIZING, HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY


AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE



"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: June 11, 2014

AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE AUGUSTUS SABIN CHASE

# ARRGH AUTOMATED RESEARCH REPORT

# GENERATION HOTLINE


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

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

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