“Narrative History” amounts to fabulation, the real stuff being mere chronology.
September 15, Tuesday: The Foreign Affairs Department of the federal administrative branch of the US government would be known henceforward as the US Department of State. A “Great Seal of the United States” was forwarded by the federal legislative branch and entrusted to the custody of the Secretary of State.

James Cooper was born in Burlington, New Jersey, the second to last child in a family of a dozen children. His father, Judge William Cooper, had served in the administrations of both President George Washington and President John Adams. His mother, Elizabeth Fenimore, had originated in a Quaker family. He would grow up in a town founded by his father in central New York state, Cooperstown. His early education would be in a private school in Albany. He would spend three years at Yale College as a Latin scholar and then be expelled in consequence of a junior-year prank — whereupon he would seek a career in the merchant marine.

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT
June 16, Monday: Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

2 day / Owing to the great Eclipse of the Sun which happened this morning & was nearly total, the meeting began business [sic] after a solid silence of about fifteen minutes which is much sooner than is common — at near eleven O Clock the meeting broke, as it was very dark & adjourned to three in the Afternoon — In the afternoon we met & entered on the State of Society as represented by the Queries which drew forth the testimonies of divers living members among whom were Wm Crotch, Enoch Dorland, Isaac Bonsall, Daniel Quinby & others.

A total eclipse of the sun was visible from San Diego, California to New-York. In the Indiana Territory, the Shawnee prophet Tenskwatawa accurately predicted this eclipse. As a result of observing this eclipse from Kinderhook, New York, José Joaquin de Ferrer came up with the name “corona” to designate the faint outer glowing atmosphere of the sun visible only during such a total occultation. On Boston Neck the grazing cattle began their evening walk home at noon as the eclipse blackened the cloudless sky. Observing this phenomenon, William Cranch Bond determined to become an astronomer. In the garden behind his home on Chestnut Street1 in Salem sat Nathaniel Bowditch with a telescope, and a lantern by which to consult his watch.

“The moon was seen like a black spot in the heavens surrounded by light like that of twilight. Several of the fixed stars were visible to the naked eye. At 11h 32' 18" the light burst forth with great splendor.”

Many years later, a description of this event belatedly recollected by James Fenimore Cooper in about the year 1831 would belatedly appear in 1869 in Putnam’s Monthly Magazine (Volume 21, pages 352-359):

THE ECLIPSE. FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS. OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

Note by the Editor.— During Mr. Cooper’s residence at Paris, he wrote, at the request of an English friend, his recollections of the great eclipse of 1806. This article, which is undated, must have been written about the year 1831, or twenty-five years after the eclipse. His memory was at that period of his life very clear and tenacious, where events of importance were concerned. From some accidental cause, this article was never sent to England, but lay, apparently forgotten, among Mr. Cooper’s papers, where it was found after his death. At the date of the eclipse, the writer was a young sailor of seventeen, just returned from a cruise. At the time of writing these

1. Now 12 Chestnut Street.
recollections, he had been absent from his old home in Otsego County some fifteen years, and his affectionate remembrance of the ground may be traced in many little touches, which would very possibly have been omitted under other circumstances. S.F.C.

THE eclipse of the sun, which you have requested me to describe, occurred in the summer of 1806, on Monday, the 16th of June. Its greatest depth of shadow fell upon the American continent, somewhere about the latitude of 42 deg. I was then on a visit to my parents, at the home of my family, among the Highlands of Otsego, in that part of the country where the eclipse was most impressive. My recollections of the great event, and the incidents of the day, are as vivid as if they had occurred but yesterday. Lake Otsego, the headwaters of the Susquehanna, lies as nearly as possible in latitude 42 deg. The village, which is the home of my family, is beautifully situated at the foot of the lake, in a valley lying between two nearly parallel ranges of heights, quite mountainous in character. The Susquehanna, a clear and rapid stream, flowing from the southeastern shore of the lake, is crossed by a high wooden bridge, which divides the main street of the little town from the lawns and meadows on the eastern bank of the river. Here were all the materials that could be desired, lake, river, mountain, wood, and the dwellings of man, to give full effect to the varied movement of light and shadow through that impressive day. Throughout the belt of country to be darkened by the eclipse, the whole population were in a state of almost anxious expectation for weeks before the event. On the eve of the 16th of June, our family circle could think or talk of little else. I had then a father and four brothers living, and as we paced the broad hall of the house, or sat about the family board, our conversation turned almost entirely upon the movements of planets and comets, occultations and eclipses. We were all exulting in the feeling that a grand and extraordinary spectacle awaited us — a spectacle which millions then living could never behold. There may have been a tinge of selfishness in the feeling that we were thus favored beyond others, and yet, I think, the emotion was too intellectual in its character to have been altogether unworthy. Many were the prophecies regarding the weather, the hopes and fears expressed by different individuals, on this important point, as evening drew near. A passing cloud might veil the grand vision from our sight; rain or mist would sadly impair the sublimity of the hour. I was not myself among the desponding. The great barometer in the hall — one of the very few then found in the State, west of Albany — was carefully consulted. It was propitious. It gave promise of dry weather. Our last looks that night, before sleep fell on us, were turned toward the starlit heavens. And the first movement in the morning was to the open window — again to examine the sky. When I rose from my bed, in the early morning, I found the heavens serene, and cloudless. Day had dawned, but the shadows of night were still lingering over the valley. For a moment, my eye rested on the familiar
view—the limpid lake, with its setting of luxuriant woods and farms, its graceful bay and varied points, the hills where every cliff and cave and glen had been trodden a thousand times by my boyish feet—all this was dear to me as the face of a friend. And it appeared as if the landscape, then lovely in summer beauty, were about to assume something of dignity hitherto unknown—were not the shadows of a grand eclipse to fall upon every wave and branch within a few hours! There was one object in the landscape which a stranger would probably have overlooked, or might perhaps have called unsightly, but it was familiar to every eye in the village, and endowed by our people with the honors of an ancient landmark—the tall gray trunk of a dead and branchless pine, which had been standing on the crest of the eastern hill, at the time of the foundation of the village, and which was still erect, though rocked since then by a thousand storms. To my childish fancy, it had seemed an imaginary flag-staff, or, in rustic parlance, the "liberty pole" of some former generation; but now, as I traced the familiar line of the tall trunk, in its peculiar shade of silvery gray, it became to the eye of the young sailor the mast of some phantom ship. I remember greeting it with a smile, as this was the first glance of recognition given to the old ruin of the forest since my return. But an object of far higher interest suddenly attracted my eye. I discovered a star—a solitary star—twinkling dimly in a sky which had now changed its hue to a pale grayish twilight, while vivid touches of coloring were beginning to flush the eastern sky. There was absolutely no other object visible in the heavens—cloud there was none, not even the lightest vapor. That lonely star excited a vivid interest in my mind. I continued at the window gazing, and losing myself in a sort of day-dream. That star was a heavenly body, it was known to be a planet, and my mind was filling itself with images of planets and suns. My brain was confusing itself with vague ideas of magnitude and distance, and of the time required by light to pierce the apparently illimitable void that lay between us—of the beings who might inhabit an orb like that, with life, feeling, spirit, and aspirations like my own. Soon the sun himself rose into view. I caught a glimpse of fiery light glowing among the branches of the forest, on the eastern mountain. I watched, as I had done a hundred times before, the flushing of the skies, the gradual illuminations of the different hills, crowned with an undulating and ragged outline of pines, nearly two hundred feet in height, the golden light gliding silently down the breast of the western mountains, and opening clearer views of grove and field, until lake, valley, and village lay smiling in one cheerful glow of warm sunshine. Our family party assembled early. We were soon joined by friends and connections, all eager and excited, and each provided with a colored glass for the occasion. By nine o'clock the cool air, which is peculiar to the summer nights in the Highlands, had left us, and the heat of midsummer filled the valley. The heavens were still absolutely cloudless, and a more brilliant day never shone in
our own bright climate. There was not a breath of air, and we could see the rays of heat quivering here and there on the smooth surface of the lake. There was every appearance of a hot and sultry noontide. We left the house, and passed beyond the grounds into the broad and grassy street which lay between the gates and the lake. Here there were no overhanging branches to obstruct the view; the heavens, the wooded mountains, and the limpid sheet of water before us, were all distinctly seen. As the hour for the eclipse drew near, our eagerness and excitement increased to an almost boyish impatience. The elders of the party were discussing the details of some previous eclipse: leaving them to revive their recollections, I strolled away, glass in hand, through the principal streets of the village. Scarce a dwelling, or a face, in the little town, that was not familiar to me, and it gave additional zest to the pleasure of a holiday at home, to meet one’s townsfolk under the excitement of an approaching eclipse. As yet there was no great agitation, although things wore a rather unusual aspect for the busy hours of a summer’s day. Many were busy with their usual tasks, women and children were coming and going with pails of water, the broom and the needle were not yet laid aside, the blacksmith’s hammer and the carpenter’s plane were heard in passing their shops. Loaded teams, and travellers in waggons, were moving through the streets; the usual quiet traffic at the village counters had not yet ceased. A farm-waggon, heavily laden with hay, was just crossing the bridge, coming in from the fields, the driver looking drowsy with sleep, wholly unconscious of the movement in the heavens. The good people in general, however, were on the alert; at every house some one seemed to be watching, and many groups were passed, whose eager up-turned faces and excited conversation spoke the liveliest interest. It was said, that there were not wanting one or two philosophers of the skeptical school, among our people, who did not choose to commit themselves to the belief in a total eclipse of the sun — simply because they had never seen one. Seeing is believing, we are told, though the axiom admits of dispute. But what these worthy neighbors of ours had not seen, no powers of reasoning, or fulness of evidence, could induce them to credit. Here was the dignity of human reason! Here was private judgment taking a high stand! Anxious to witness the conversion of one of these worthies, with boyish love of fun I went in quest of him. He had left the village, however, on business. But, true to his principles, before mounting his horse that morning, he had declared to his wife that “he was not running away from that eclipse;” nay, more, with noble candor, he averred that if the eclipse did overtake him, in the course of his day’s journey, “he would not be above acknowledging it!” This was highly encouraging. I had scarcely returned to the family party, left on the watch, when one of my brothers, more vigilant, or with clearer sight than his companions, exclaimed that he clearly saw a dark line, drawn on the western margin of the sun’s disc! All faces were instantly turned upwards, and through the glasses we
could indeed now see a dusky, but distinct object, darkening the sun's light. An exclamation of delight, almost triumphant, burst involuntarily from the lips of all. We were not to be disappointed, no cloud was there to veil the grand spectacle; the vision, almost unearthly in its sublime dignity, was about to be revealed to us. In an incredibly short time, the oval formation of the moon was discerned. Another joyous burst of delight followed, as one after another declared that he beheld with distinctness the dark oval outline, drawn against the flood of golden light. Gradually, and at first quite imperceptibly to our sight, that dark and mysterious sphere gained upon the light, while a feeling of watchful stillness, verging upon reverence, fell upon our excited spirits. As yet there was no change perceptible in the sunlight falling upon lake and mountain; the familiar scene wore its usual smiling aspect, bright and glowing as on other days of June. The people, however, were now crowding into the streets — their usual labors were abandoned — forgotten for the moment — and all faces were turned upward. So little, however, was the change in the power of the light, that to a careless observer it seemed more the gaze of faith, than positive perception, which turned the faces of all upward. Gradually a fifth, and even a fourth, of the sun’s disc became obscured, and still the unguarded eye could not endure the flood of light — it was only with the colored glass that we could note the progress of the phenomenon. The noon-day heat, however, began to lessen, and something of the coolness of early morning returned to the valley. I was looking upward, intently watching for the first moment where the dark outline of the moon should be visible to the naked eye, when an acquaintance passed. “Come with me!” he said quietly, at the same moment drawing his arm within my own, and leading me away. He was a man of few words, and there was an expression in his face which induced me to accompany him without hesitation. He led me to the Court House, and from thence into an adjoining building, and into a room then occupied by two persons. At a window, looking upward at the heavens, stood a figure which instantly riveted my attention. It was a man with haggard face, and fettered arms, a prisoner under sentence of death. By his side was the jailor. A painful tragedy had been recently enacted in our little town. The schoolmaster of a small hamlet in the county had beaten a child under his charge very severely — and for a very trifling error. The sufferer was a little girl, his own niece, and it was said that natural infirmity had prevented the child from clearly pronouncing certain words which her teacher required her to utter distinctly. To conquer what he considered the obstinacy of the child, this man continued to beat her so severely that she never recovered from the effects of the blows, and died some days after. The wretched man was arrested, tried for murder, condemned, and sentenced to the gallows. This was the first capital offence in Otsego County. It produced a very deep impression. The general character of the schoolmaster had been, until that evil hour, very good, in every way. He was deeply,
and beyond all doubt unfeignedly, penitent for the crime into which he had been led, more, apparently, from false ideas of duty, than from natural severity of temper. He had been entirely unaware of the great physical injury he was doing the child. So great was his contrition, that public sympathy had been awakened in his behalf, and powerful petitions had been sent to the Governor of the State, in order to obtain a respite, if not a pardon. But the day named by the judge arrived without a return of the courier. The Governor was at his country-house, at least eighty miles beyond Albany. The petition had been kept to the last moment, for additional signatures, and the eighty miles to be travelled by the courier, after reaching Albany, had not been included in the calculation. No despatch was received, and there was every appearance that there would be no reprieve. The day arrived — throngs of people from Chenango, and Unadilla, and from the valley of the Mohawk, poured into the village, to witness the painful, and as yet unknown, spectacle of a public execution. In looking down, from an elevated position, upon the principal street of the village that day, it had seemed to me paved with human faces. The hour struck, the prisoner was taken from the jail, and, seated, as is usual, on his coffin, was carried to the place of execution, placed between two ministers of the gospel. His look of utter misery was beyond description. I have seen other offenders expiate for their crimes with life, but never have I beheld such agony, such a clinging to life, such mental horror at the nearness of death, as was betrayed by this miserable man. When he approached the gallows, he rose from his seat, and wringing his fettered hands, turned his back upon the fearful object, as if the view were too frightful for endurance. The ministers of the gospel succeeded at length in restoring him to a decent degree of composure. The last prayer was offered, and his own fervent “Amen!” was still sounding, hoarse, beseeching, and almost despairing, in the ears of the crowd, when the respite made its tardy appearance. A short reprieve was granted, and the prisoner was carried back to the miserable cell from which he had been drawn in the morning. Such was the wretched man who had been brought from his dungeon that morning, to behold the grand phenomenon of the eclipse. During the twelve-month previous, he had seen the sun but once. The prisons of those days were literally dungeons, cut off from the light of day. That striking figure, the very picture of utter misery, his emotion, his wretchedness, I can never forget. I can see him now, standing at the window, pallid and emaciated by a year’s confinement, stricken with grief, his cheeks furrowed with constant weeping, his whole frame attesting the deep and ravaging influences of conscious guilt and remorse. Here was a man drawn from the depths of human misery, to be immediately confronted with the grandest natural exhibition in which the Creator deigns to reveal his Omnipotence to our race. The wretched criminal, a murderer in fact, though not in intention, seemed to gaze upward at the awful spectacle, with an intentness and a distinctness of mental vision far beyond our own, and
purchased by an agony scarcely less bitter than death. It seemed as if, for him, the curtain which veils the world beyond the grave, had been lifted. He stood immovable as a statue, with uplifted and manacled arms and clasped hands, the very image of impotent misery and wretchedness. Perhaps human invention could not have conceived of a more powerful moral accessory, to heighten the effect of the sublime movement of the heavenly bodies, than this spectacle of penitent human guilt afforded. It was an incident to stamp on the memory for life. It was a lesson not lost on me. When I left the Court House, a sombre, yellowish, unnatural coloring was shed over the country. A great change had taken place. The trees on the distant heights had lost their verdure and their airy character; they were taking the outline of dark pictures graven upon an unfamiliar sky. The lake wore a lurid aspect, very unusual. All living creatures seemed thrown into a state of agitation. The birds were fluttering to and fro, in great excitement; they seemed to mistrust that this was not the gradual approach of evening, and were undecided in their movements. Even the dogs — honest creatures — became uneasy, and drew closer to their masters. The eager, joyous look of interest and curiosity, which earlier in the morning had appeared in almost every countenance, was now changed to an expression of wonder or anxiety or thoughtfulness, according to the individual character. Every house now gave up its tenants. As the light failed more and more with every passing second, the children came flocking about their mothers in terror. The women themselves were looking about uneasily for their husbands. The American wife is more apt than any other to turn with affectionate confidence to the stronger arm for support. The men were very generally silent and grave. Many a laborer left his employment to be near his wife and children, as the dimness and darkness increased. I once more took my position beside my father and my brothers, before the gates of our own grounds. The sun lay a little obliquely to the south and east, in the most favorable position possible for observation. I remember to have examined, in vain, the whole dusky canopy in search of a single cloud. It was one of those entirely unclouded days, less rare in America than in Europe. The steadily waning light, the gradual approach of darkness, became the more impressive as we observed this absolutely transparent state of the heavens. The birds, which a quarter of an hour earlier had been fluttering about in great agitation, seemed now convinced that night was at hand. Swallows were dimly seen dropping into the chimneys, the martins returned to their little boxes, the pigeons flew home to their dove-cots, and through the open door of a small barn we saw the fowls going to roost. The usual flood of sunlight had now become so much weakened, that we could look upward long, and steadily, without the least pain. The sun appeared like a young moon of three or four days old, though of course with a larger and more brilliant crescent. Looking westward a moment, a spark appeared to glitter before my eye. For a second I believed it to be an optical illusion, but in
another instant I saw it plainly to be a star. One after another they came into view, more rapidly than in the evening twilight, until perhaps fifty stars appeared to us, in a broad, dark zone of the heavens, crowning the pines on the western mountain. This wonderful vision of the stars, during the noontide hours of day, filled the spirit with singular sensations. Suddenly one of my brothers shouted aloud, “The moon!” Quicker than thought, my eye turned eastward again, and there floated the moon, distinctly apparent, to a degree that was almost fearful. The spherical form, the character, the dignity, the substance of the planet, were clearly revealed as I have never beheld them before, or since. It looked grand, dark, majestic, and mighty, as it thus proved its power to rob us entirely of the sun’s rays. We are all but larger children. In daily life we judge of objects by their outward aspect. We are accustomed to think of the sun, and also of the moon, as sources of light, as ethereal, almost spiritual, in their essence. But the positive material nature of the moon was now revealed to our senses, with a force of conviction, a clearness of perception, that changed all our usual ideas in connection with the planet. This was no interposition of vapor, no deceptive play of shadow; but a vast mass of obvious matter had interposed between the sun above us and the earth on which we stood. The passage of two ships at sea, sailing on opposite courses, is scarcely more obvious than this movement of one world before another. Darkness like that of early night now fell upon the village. My thoughts turned to the sea. A sailor at heart, already familiar with the face of the ocean, I seemed, in mental vision, to behold the grandeur of that vast pall of supernatural shadow falling suddenly upon the sea, during the brightest hour of the day. The play of light and shade upon the billows, always full of interest, must at that hour have been indeed sublime. And my fancy was busy with pictures of white-sailed schooners, and brigs, and ships, gliding like winged spirits over the darkened waves. I was recalled by a familiar and insignificant incident, the dull tramp of hoofs on the village bridge. A few cows, believing that night had overtaken them, were coming homeward from the wild open pastures about the village. And no wonder the kindly creatures were deceived, the darkness was now much deeper than the twilight which usually turns their faces homeward; the dew was falling perceptibly, as much so as at any hour of the previous night, and the coolness was so great that the thermometer must have fallen many degrees from the great heat of the morning. The lake, the hills, and the buildings of the little town were swallowed up in the darkness. The absence of the usual lights in the dwellings rendered the obscurity still more impressive. All labor had ceased, and the hushed voices of the people only broke the absolute stillness by subdued whispering tones. “Hist! The whippoorwill!” whispered a friend near me; and at the same moment, as we listened in profound silence, we distinctly heard from the eastern bank of the river the wild, plaintive note of that solitary bird of night, slowly
repeated at intervals. The song of the summer birds, so full in June, had entirely ceased for the last half hour. A bat came flitting about our heads. Many stars were now visible, though not in sufficient number to lessen the darkness. At one point only in the far distant northern horizon, something of the brightness of dawn appeared to linger. At twelve minutes past eleven, the moon stood revealed in its greatest distinctness — a vast black orb, so nearly obscuring the sun that the face of the great luminary was entirely and absolutely darkened, though a corona of rays of light appeared beyond. The gloom of night was upon us. A breathless intensity of interest was felt by all. There would appear to be something instinctive in the feeling with which man gazes at all phenomena in the heavens. The peaceful rainbow, the heavy clouds of a great storm, the vivid flash of electricity, the falling meteor, the beautiful lights of the aurora borealis, fickle as the play of fancy, — these never fail to fix the attention with something of a peculiar feeling, different in character from that with which we observe any spectacle on the earth. Connected with all grand movements in the skies there seems an instinctive sense of inquiry, of anxious expectation; akin to awe, which may possibly be traced to the echoes of grand Christian prophecies, whispering to our spirits, and endowing the physical sight with some mysterious mental prescience. In looking back to that impressive hour, such now seem to me the feelings of the youth making one of that family group, all apparently impressed with a sensation of the deepest awe — I speak with certainty — a clearer view than I had ever yet had of the majesty of the Almighty, accompanied with a humiliating, and, I trust, a profitable sense of my own utter insignificance. That movement of the moon, that sublime voyage of the worlds, often recurs to my imagination, and even at this distant day, as distinctly, as majestically, and nearly as fearfully, as it was then beheld. A group of silent, dusky forms stood near me; one emotion appeared to govern all. My father stood immovable, some fifteen feet from me, but I could not discern his features. Three minutes of darkness, all but absolute, elapsed. They appeared strangely lengthened by the intensity of feeling and the flood of overpowering thought which filled the mind. Thus far the sensation created by this majestic spectacle had been one of humiliation and awe. It seemed as if the great Father of the Universe had visibly, and almost palpably, veiled his face in wrath. But, appalling as the withdrawal of light had been, most glorious, most sublime, was its restoration! The corona of light above the moon became suddenly brighter, the heavens beyond were illuminated, the stars retired, and light began to play along the ridges of the distant mountains. And then a flood of grateful, cheering, consoling brightness fell into the valley, with a sweetness and a power inconceivable to the mind, unless the eye has actually beheld it. I can liken this sudden, joyous return of light, after the eclipse, to nothing of the kind that is familiarly known. It was certainly nearest to the change produced by the swift
passage of the shadow of a very dark cloud, but it was the effect
of this instantaneous transition, multiplied more than a
thousand fold. It seemed to speak directly to our spirits, with
full assurance of protection, of gracious mercy, and of that
Divine love which has produced all the glorious combinations of
matter for our enjoyment. It was not in the least like the
gradual dawning of day, or the actual rising of the sun. There
was no gradation in the change. It was sudden, amazing, like
what the imagination would teach us to expect of the advent of
a heavenly vision. I know that philosophically I am wrong; but,
to me, it seemed that the rays might actually be seen flowing
through the darkness in torrents, till they had again
illuminated the forest, the mountains, the valley, and the lake
with their glowing, genial touch. There was another grand
movement, as the crescent of the sun reappeared, and the moon
was actually seen steering her course through the void. Venus
was still shining brilliantly. This second passage of the moon
lasted but a moment, to the naked eye. As it ceased, my eye fell
again on the scene around me. The street, now as distinctly seen
as ever, was filled with the population of the village. Along
the line of road stretching for a mile from the valley, against
the side of the mountain, were twenty waggons bearing
travellers, or teams from among the hills. All had stopped on
their course, impelled, apparently, by unconscious reverence,
as much as by curiosity, while every face was turned toward
heaven, and every eye drank in the majesty of the sight. Women
stood in the open street, near me, with streaming eyes and
clasped hands, and sobs were audible in different directions.
Even the educated and reflecting men at my side continued silent
in thought. Several minutes passed, before the profound
impressions of the spectacle allowed of speech. At such a moment
the spirit of man bows in humility before his Maker. The changes
of the unwonted light, through whose gradations the full
brilliancy of the day was restored, must have been very similar
to those by which it had been lost, but they were little noted.
I remember, however, marking the instant when I could first
distinguish the blades of grass at my feet — and later again
watching the shadows of the leaves on the gravel walk. The white
lilies in my mother’s flower-garden were observed by others
among the first objects of the vegetation which could be
distinguished from the windows of the house. Every living
creature was soon rejoicing again in the blessed restoration of
light after that frightful moment of a night at noon-day. Men
who witness any extraordinary spectacle together, are apt, in
after-times, to find a pleasure in conversing on its
impressions. But I do not remember to have ever heard a single
being freely communicative on the subject of his individual
feelings at the most solemn moment of the eclipse. It would seem
as if sensations were aroused too closely connected with the
constitution of the spirit to be irreverently and familiarly
discussed. I shall only say that I have passed a varied and
eventful life, that it has been my fortune to see earth, heavens,
ocean, and man in most of their aspects; but never have I beheld any spectacle which so plainly manifested the majesty of the Creator, or so forcibly taught the lesson of humility to man as a total eclipse of the sun.
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From Henry C. Wright’s Autobiography:

When quite young, there was a total eclipse of the sun in June. That event made a deep impression on me. I heard much about it for weeks beforehand. I knew not what it was to be like, except that it was to be dark about mid-day. I was hoeing Indian corn, with two older brothers. They sent me off on an errand, and as I passed to the place, I could see the woods becoming dingy. I started to return, and by this time, birds and beasts began to be in extraordinary excitement, rushing to the roost and the lair. The woods became dark and gloomy. I was in the midst, and night seemed to drop down upon the scene in the midst of daylight. The forest had the same gloomy appearance which it had at night. The sun had an appearance I never saw before; it seemed to be in a process of going out, till, for a moment, it was all gone. I knew where I was, and the way out of the wood, and what was the matter, and had no fear. I stood still in the woods, and contemplated the scene with wonder. It soon passed, and I went on my way; but an awe was on my spirit long afterwards, whenever I saw the heavens by day or night.

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.
After being expelled from Yale College as the result of a junior-year prank, James Cooper had entered the merchant marines and gone on to become a midshipman in the United States Navy. At this point, however, his father died, bequeathing him a sum that would enable him henceforward to adopt the lifestyle of a gentleman of means and leisure.
James Cooper left off being a midshipman in the US Navy in order to get married with Susan Augusta DeLancey, a descendant of one of the early governors of the New York colony. For several years he would occupy himself in managing his bride’s estates in Winchester County, New York.

THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT
Susan Fenimore Cooper was born, a daughter, obviously, of James Fenimore Cooper. The family home was in Cooperstown, New York. Her writings would include:

- **Elinor Wyllys; Or, The Young Folk at Longbridge. A Tale, by Amabel Penfeather**
- **Rural Hours, by a Lady (1850)**
- **Rhyme and Reason of Country Life; From Fields Old and New (1854)**
- **Country Rambles, or Journal of a Naturalist in England, with Notes and Additions (1855)**
- **The Shield, a Narrative**
- **Mount Vernon and the Children of America**
James Cooper attempted a 2-volume novel more or less in the style of Jane Austen, PRECAUTION. This would not be a success.

**PRECAUTION, A NOVEL**

**Do I have your attention? Good.**

During this decade James Fenimore Cooper would be averaging $6,500 per year from his writings. (That’d be like consistently bringing in better than a half-million per year, today.)
James Cooper attempted a 2d novel, THE SPY: A TALE OF THE NEUTRAL GROUND, more or less in the style of Sir Walter Scott.

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT
James Cooper relocated his family from upstate New York to New-York, where he would help to start up the “Bread and Cheese” club, a social association for active American writers.

The office of New-York mayor became an elective position.

In New-York, the Fulton Fish Market was completed.

For reasons of sanitation, it would no longer be possible to have churchyard burials within the city of New-York.

The Red Star Line began regular monthly sailings between New-York and Liverpool, with four vessels.

By this point John Charlton Fisher had emigrated from England to America. In New-York, he, J.R. McDowell, and John Bartlett founded a newspaper devoted to British news, the Albion.
THE PIONEERS, OR THE SOURCES OF THE SUSQUEHANNA; A DESCRIPTIVE TALE by James Fenimore Cooper.

A DESCRIPTIVE TALE

(This was the 1st of the “Leatherstocking” series.)
James Cooper (James Fenimore Cooper), Fitz Greene Halleck, Samuel Finley Breese Bryant, James Kent, James Kirke Paulding, Gulian Verplanck and others started a club called Cooper’s Lunch, soon to be called the Bread and Cheese Club, which would be meeting semi-monthly at the Washington Hall in Broadway, now the northern part of the site of the Stewart Building. Among the members were eminent New-York scholars and professional men of the period. In voting on new members, “Bread” was an affirmative vote, “Cheese” a blackball.

During this year he authored his first sea romance, THE PILOT, to demonstrate what Sir Walter Scott’s THE PIRATE might have been like if written by a seaman, and traveled around the United States, creating a publishable journal he denominated “Notions of the Americans, Picked Up by a Travelling Bachelor” (never you mind that Cooper was not a bachelor).
James Fenimore Cooper accompanied four English noblemen (including future prime minister Edward Stanley) on a tour of Saratoga, Ballston, Lake George, Ticonderoga, and Lake Champlain. While in Little Falls, New York he decided to write *Last of the Mohicans*.

**Notions of the Americans**

**Picked Up by a Travelling Bachelor**

ARRIVING IN NEW YORK HARBOUR. 1824. Manners of Young American Women; Their Interaction with Bachelors.

And now a little incident occurred, which, as it manifests a marked difference in the manners, and perhaps in the characters of those who inhabit this republic, and the possessors of our own Europe, I shall take the liberty to introduce.

I have already mentioned a fair creature as being among our passengers. She is of that age when, in our eyes, the sex is most alluring, because we know it to be the most innocent. I do not think her years can much exceed seventeen. Happily, your Belgic temperament is too mercurial to require a tincture of romance to give interest to a simple picture, in which delicacy, feminine beauty, and the most commendable ingenuousness, were admirably mingled. Neither am I, albeit, past the time of day-dreams, and wakeful nights, so utterly insensible to the attractions of such a being, as to have passed three weeks in her society, without experiencing some portion of that manly interest in her welfare, which, I fear, it has been my evil fortune to have felt for too many of the syrens in general, to permit a sufficient concentration of the sentiment, in favour of any one in particular.

I had certainly not forgotten, during the passage, to manifest a proper spirit of homage to the loveliness of the sex, in the person of this young American; nor do I think that my manner failed to express a prudent and saving degree of the admiration that was excited by her gentle, natural, and nymph-like deportment, no less than by her spirited and intelligent discourse. In short — but you were not born in Rotterdam, nor reared upon the Zuyder Zee, to need a madrigal on such a topic. The whole affair passed on the ocean, and, as a nautical man, you will not fail to comprehend it. Notwithstanding I had made every effort to appeal, what you know I really am, sufficiently amiable, during the voyage, and, notwithstanding Cadwallader had not given himself any particular trouble on the subject at all, it was not to be denied that there was a marked distinction in the reception of our respective civilities, and that always in his favour. I confess that, for a long time, I was disposed (in the entire absence of all better reasons) to ascribe this preference to an illiberal national prejudice. Still it was only by comparison that I had the smallest rational grounds of complaint. But a peculiarly odious quality attaches itself to comparisons of this nature. There is a good deal of the Caesar in my composition, as respects the sex; unless I could be first with the Houries, I believe I should be willing to abandon Paradise itself, in order to seek pre-eminence in some humbler sphere. I fear this ambitious temperament has been our bane, and has condemned us to the heartless and unsocial life we lead! Our fair fellow passenger was under the care of an aged and invalid grandfather, who had been passing, a few years in Italy, in pursuit of health. Now, it is not easy to imagine a more cuttingly polite communication, than that which this vigilant old guardian permitted between me and his youthful charge. If I approached, her joyous, natural, and enticing (I will not, because a little piqued, daily the truth, Baron,) merriment was instantly changed into the cold and regulated smiles of artificial breeding. Nature seemed banished at my footstep: and yet it was the artlessness and irresistible attractions of those fascinations,
which so peculiarly denote the influence of the mighty dame, that were constantly tempting me to obtrude my withering presence on her enjoyments. With Cadwallader, every thing was reversed. In his society, she laughed without ceasing; chatted, disputed, was natural and happy. To all this intercourse, the lynx-eyed grandfather paid not the smallest attention. He merely seemed pleased that his child had found an agreeable, and an instructive companion; while, on the contrary, there existed so much of attractiveness in our respective systems, that it was impossible for me to approach the person of the daughter, without producing a corresponding proximity on the part of the parent.

Something nettled by a circumstance that, to one who is sensible he is not as interesting as formerly, really began to grow a little personal, I took occasion to joke Cadwallader on his superior happiness, and to felicitate myself on the probability, that I might yet enjoy the honour of officiating, in my character of a confirmed celibate, at his nuptials. He heard me without surprise, and answered me without emotion. “I thought the circumstance could not long escape one so quick-sighted,” he said. “You think I am better received than yourself? The fact is indisputable and, as the motive exists in customs that distinguish us, in a greater or less degree, from every other people, I will endeavour to account for it. In no other country, is the same freedom of intercourse between the unmarried of the two sexes, permitted, as in America. In no other Christian country, is there more restraint imposed on the communications between the married: in this particular, we reverse the usages of all other civilized nations. The why, and the wherefore, shall be pointed out to you, in proper time; but the present case requires its own explanation. Surprising, and possibly suspicious, as may seem to you the easy intercourse I hold with my young countrywoman, there is nothing in it beyond what you will see every day in our society. The father permits it, because I am his countryman, and he is watchful of you, because you are not! Men of my time of life, are not considered particularly dangerous to the affections of young ladies of seventeen, for unequal matches are of exceedingly rare occurrence among us. And, if I were what I have been,” he added, smiling, “I do not know that the case would be materially altered. In every thing but year, the grandfather of the fair Isabel, knows that I am the equal of his charge. It would be quite in the ordinary course of things, that a marriage should grow out of this communication. Ninety-nine, in one hundred of our family connections, are formed very much in this manner. Taste and inclination, rather guided, than controlled, by the prudence of older heads, form most of our matches; and just as much freedom as comports with that prudence, and a vast deal more than you probably deem safe, is allowed between the young of the two sexes. We, who ought to, and who do know best, think otherwise. Women are, literally, our better halves. Their frailty is to be ascribed to the seductions of man. In a community like ours, where almost every man has some healthful and absorbing occupation, there is neither leisure, nor inclination, to devote much time to unworthy pursuits. I need not tell you that vice must be familiar, before it ceases to be odious. In Europe, a successful intrigue often gives eclat, even to an otherwise contemptible individual; in America, he must be a peculiarly fortunate man, who can withstand its odium. But the abuse of youth and innocence with us, is comparatively rare indeed. In consequence, suspicion slumbers: voila tout.”

“But why this difference, then, between you and me?” I demanded. “Why does this Cerberus sleep only while you are nigh? I confess I looked for higher courtesy in a man who has travelled.”

“It is precisely because he has travelled,” my friend interrupted, a little dryly. “But you can console yourself with the expectation, that those of his countrymen, who have never quitted home, will be less vigilant, because less practised in foreign manners.”

This introduction brings me to my incident. It was no sooner known that we were about to quit the ship, than a dozen longing faces gathered about us. Our example was followed by others, and one or two more boats from the land were engaged to transport the passengers into the bay, in order that they might witness the reception of La Fayette. I had observed a cloud of disappointment on the fair brow of the little Isabel, from the moment our intentions were known. The circumstance was mentioned to Cadwallader, who was not slow to detect its errand. After a little thought, he approached the grandfather, and made an offer of as many seats, in our own boat, as might be necessary for the accommodation of his party. It seems the health of the old man would not permit the

Extraordinary to justify the innovation. “So much for the privileges of two score and five,” whispered Cadwallader, after he had handed his charge into the boat. For myself, I admit I rejoiced in an omen that was so flattering to those personal pretensions which, in my own case, are getting to be a little weakened by time. Before closing this relation, of what I consider a distinctive custom, it is proper to add, that had not the parties been of the very highest class of society, even far less hesitation would have been manifested; and that the little
reluctance exhibited by Isabel, was rather a tribute paid to that retiring delicacy which is thought to be so proper to her sex, than to the most remote suspicion of any positive impropriety. Had she been a young married woman, there would, probably, have been the same little struggle with timidity, and the same triumph of the curiosity of the sex. But the interest which our fair companion took in the approaching ceremony, deserves a better name. It was plain, by her sparkling eyes and flushed features, that a more worthy sentiment was at the bottom of her impulse — it was almost patriotism.

UPSTATE NEW YORK. 1824. Literary Knowledge of American Women.
I found an intelligence that surprised me at every turn, and which, in itself, gave the true character to the humanity of which I was the subject. I repeatedly found copies of your standard English authors, in retired dwellings where one would not expect to meet any production of a cast higher than an almanac, or a horn-book; nor were they read with that acquiescent criticism which gives a fashion to taste, and which makes a joke of Molière better than a joke of any other man. Young women (with whom my situation, no less than my tastes, oftenest brought me into literary discussions) frequently surprised me with the extent of their acquaintance with, and the soundness of their opinions concerning the merits and morality of Pope and Addison, of Young and Tillotson, and even of Milton and Shakspere. This may sound to you ridiculous, and certainly, if taken without a saving clause for the other acquirements of my female critics, it is liable to some exception; but I repeat I have often known professed blues acquit themselves with less credit than did several of my passing acquaintances at the tea-tables of different New-England inns.

NEW-ENGLAND. 1824. On the Proper Occupations of Women in America.
By the hand of fair Isabel, Waller, there is something noble and touching, in the universal and yet simple and unpretending homage with which these people treat the weaker sex. I am sure a woman here has only to respect herself in order to meet with universal deference. I now understand what Cadwallader meant when he said that America was the real Paradise of woman. The attention and manliness which he exhibited for the Abigail of the little Isabel, is common to the meanest man, at least in New-England. I traversed the country in harvest time, and scarcely recollect to have seen six females in the fields, and even they appeared there only on the emergency. A little boy whom I conveyed with his father in my wagon a dozen miles, (for I neglected no opportunity to mix with the people,) laughed aloud as he pointed with his father and cried, “There is a woman at work among the men!” Had he seen her riding a warhorse en militaire, he could scarcely have been more amused. After all, what nobler or more convincing proof of high civilization can be given than this habitual respect of the strong for the weak? The condition of women in this country is solely owing to the elevation of its moral feeling. As she is never misplaced in society, her influence is only felt in the channels of ordinary and domestic life.

I have heard young and silly Europeans, whose vanity has probably been wounded in finding them selves objects of secondary interest, affect to ridicule the absorbed attention which the youthful American matron bestows on her family; and some have gone so far in my presence, as to assert that a lady of this country was no more than an upper servant in the house of her husband. They pay us of the eastern hemisphere but an indifferent compliment, when they assume that this beautiful devotion to the first, the highest, and most lovely office of the sex, is peculiar to the women of station in America only. I have ever repelled the insinuation as becomes a man but, alas! what is the testimony of one who can point to no fireside, or household of his own, but the dreaming reverie of a heated brain? Imaginary or not, I think one might repose his affections on hundreds of the fair, artless creatures he meets with here, with an entire confidence that the world has not the first place in her thoughts. To me, woman appears to fill in America the very station for which she was designed by nature. In the lowest conditions of life she is treated with the tenderness and respect that is due to beings whom we believe to be the repositories of the better principles of our nature. Retired within the sacred precincts of her own abode, she is preserved from the destroying taint of excessive intercourse with the world. She makes no bargains beyond those which supply her own little personal wants, and her heart is not early corrupted by the harmful and unfeminine vice of selfishness; she is often the friend and adviser of her husband, but never his chapman. She must be sought in the haunts of her domestic privacy, and not amid the wranglings, deceptions, and heart-burnings of keen and sordid traffic. So true and general is this fact, that I have remarked a vast proportion of that class who frequent the markets, or vend trifles in the streets of this city, occupations that are not unsuited to the feebleness of the sex, are either foreigners, or females descended from certain insulated colonies of the Dutch, which still retain many of the habits of their ancestors amidst the improvements that are
throwing them among the forgotten usages of another century.

The effect of this natural and inestimable division of employment, is in itself enough to produce an impression on the characters of a whole people. It leaves the heart and principles of woman untainted by the dire temptations of strife with her fellows. The husband can retire from his own sordid struggles with the world to seek consolation and correction from one who is placed beyond their influence. The first impressions of the child are drawn from the purest sources known to our nature; and the son, even long after he has been compelled to enter on the thorny track of the father, preserves the memorial of the pure and unalloyed lessons that he has received from the lips, and, what is far better, from the example of the mother. Though in every picture of life in which these bright colours are made, the strongest must be deadened by deep and painful shadows, I do firmly believe that the undeniable truth I have just written may be applied with as much, if not with more justice, to the condition and influence of the sex in New-England as in any portion of the globe. I saw every where the utmost possible care to preserve the females from undue or unwomanly employments. If there was a burthen, it was in the arms or on the shoulders of the man. Even labours that seem properly to belong to the household, were often performed by the latter; and I never heard the voice of the wife calling on the husband for assistance, that it was not answered by a ready, manly, an cheerful compliance. The neatness of the cottage, the farm-house, and the inn; the clean, tidy, healthful, and vigorous look of the children, united to attest the use fulness of this system. What renders all this more striking and more touching, is the circumstance that not only is labour in so great demand, but, contrary to the fact in all the rest of christendom, the women materially exceed the men in numbers. This seeming departure from what is almost an established law of nature is owing to the emigration westward. By the census of 1820, it appears, that in the six States of New-England there were rather more than thirteen females to every twelve males over the age of sixteen.

CASTLE GARDEN, NEW YORK. 1824. Ball honoring La Fayette; Dowries; Fashion of American Women; Department of Married Women; Manners of Young American Girls; Courtship.

In this manner we passed through the crowd, until we had gained the terrace. Here we paused, to take a more deliberate view of what I will not term an assemblage, for its adjuncts and peculiar features strictly entitle it to be called a prospect. The vast extent of the salle lent an air of magic to the whole scene. Slight, delicate beings, seemed to be floating beneath us at a distance that reduced their forms to the imaginary size of fairies; while the low, softened music aided in the deception. I never witnessed a similar effect at any other fete. Even the glimpses that were here and there caught of the gloomy recesses, in which artillery had formerly frowned, assisted in lending the spectacle a character of its own. The side curtains of the canopy were raised for the admission of air, and one had only to turn his eyes from the dazzling fairy scene within, to look out upon the broad, placid, star-lit bay, which washed the foot of the fortress. I lingered on this spot near an hour, experiencing, an unsocial delight that may seem to savour of the humour of our fraternity, especially when one remembers the numberless temptations to descend which were flitting like beings of the air before my eyes. But a crowd of sensations and reflections oppressed me.

Again and again I asked myself the question, if I what I saw were true, and if I really were standing on the continent of Columbus. Could those fair, graceful creatures be the daughters and wives of the mechanics and tradesmen of a provincial town in North America? Perhaps, dear Bethizy, it was assailing me in my weakest par t; but I do not remember, before or since, ever to have been so alive to the injustice of our superficial and vague notions of this country, as while I stood gaz ing down on some two or three thousand of its daughters, who were not only attending but actually adorning such a scene as this. Most of them certainly would have been abashed, perhaps gauche, if transported into one of our highly artificial coteries; but, believe me, the lost laboured refinement of Europe might have learned, in this identical, motley, republican assemblage, that there is a secret charm in nature, which it may be sometimes dangerous to attempt to supersede. It has always appeared to me, that manner in a woman bears a strict analogy to dress. A degree of simple, proper embellishment serves alike to adorn the graces of person and of demeanour; but the moment a certain line is passed in either, the individual becomes auxiliary to the addition, instead of the addition lending, as it should, a grace to the individual. It is very possible, that, if one woman wears diamonds, another must do the same thing, until a saloon shall be filled with the contents of a jeweller’s shop; but, after all, this is rather a contest between bright stones than bright eyes. What man has not looked a thousand times, even at beauty, with indifference, when it has been smothered by such an unnatural alliance; but what man has ever met beauty in its native attractions, without feeling her power influencing his inmost soul? I speak with no dissembled experience when I answer — None!

I think the females of the secondary classes in this country dress more, and those of the upper, less, than the corresponding castes in Europe. The Americans are not an economical people, in one sense, though instances
of dissolute prodigality are exceedingly rare among them. A young woman of the middling classes, for instance, seldom gives much of her thoughts towards the accumulation of a little dowry; for the question of what a wife will bring to the common stock is agitated much less frequently here than in countries more sophisticated. My companion assures me it is almost unprecedented for a lover to venture on any inquiries concerning the fortune of his fair one, even in any class. Those equivocal admirers, who find Cupid none the less attractive for having his dart gilded, are obliged to make their demonstrations with singular art and caution, for an American lady would be very apt to distrust the affection that saw her charms through the medium of an estate. Indeed he mentioned one or two instances in which the gentleman had endeavoured to stipulate in advance for the dowries of their brides, and which had not only created a great deal of scandal in the coteries, but which had invariably been the means of defeating the matches, the father, or the daughter, finding, in each case, something particularly offensive in the proposition. A lady of reputed fortune is a little more certain of matrimony than her less lucky rival, though popular opinion must be the gage of her possessions until the lover can claim a husband’s rights; unless indeed the amorous swain should possess, as sometimes happens, secret and more authentic sources of information. From all that I can learn, nothing is more common, however, than for young men of great expectations to connect themselves with females, commonly of their own condition in life, who are penniless; or, on the other hand, for ladies to give their persons with one or two hundred thousand dollars, to men, who have nothing better to recommend them than education and morals. But this is digressing from my immediate subject.

The facility with which the fabrics of every country in the world are obtained, the absence of care on the subject of the future, and the inherent elevation of the character which is a natural consequence of education, and a consciousness of equal rights, cause all the secondary classes of this country to assume more of the exterior of the higher, than it is common to see with us. The exceptions must be sought among the very poorest and most depressed members of the community. The men, who are nowhere so apt at imitation as the other sex, are commonly content with garments that shall denote the comfort and ease of their several conditions in life, but the females are remarkable for a more aspiring ambition. Even in the country, though rusticity and a more awkward exterior were as usual to be seen, I looked in vain for those marked and peculiar characteristics of dress and air, that we meet in every part of Europe. In one instance do I remember to have seen any number either of men or women, whose habiliments conveyed my idea of provincial costume. The exception was among the inhabitants of a little Dutch village, in plain view of this city, who are said to retain no small portion of the prejudices and ignorance of the seventeenth century, and whom the merry author of the burlesque history of New-York [Washington Irving] accuses of believing they are still subject to the power of the United Provinces. As respects the whole of New-England, I saw some attempt at imitating the fashion of the day, in even the humblest individual, though the essay was frequently made on a material no more promising than the homely product of a household manufacture. In the towns, the efforts were, of course, far more successful, and I should cite the union of individuality of air with conformance to custom as a distinguishing feature of the women of the lower classes here. You will understand me better if I venture on that dangerous experiment, a comparison. A grisette of Paris, for instance, has a particularly smart and conventional air, though her attire is as different as possible from that of an elegante. But the carriage, the demeanour, and the expressions of one Parisian grisette, is as much like those of another as well can be. Now the fashion of the attire, and not unfrequently the material of the dress of an American girl of a similar class, differs from that of the lady only in quality, and perhaps a little in the air in which it is worn. As you ascend in the scale of society, the distinctions, always excepting those delicate shades which can only be acquired by constant association in the best company, become less obvious, until it requires the tact of breeding to trace them at all. As I stood regarding the mixed assembly before me, I had the best possible illustration of the truth of what I will not call the levelling, for elevating is a far better word, effects of the state of society, which has been engendered by the institutions and the great abundance of this country. Of some three thousand females present, not a sixth of the whole number, perhaps, belonged to those classes that, in Europe, are thought to have any claims to compose the elite of society. And yet so far as air, attire, grace, or even deportment, were concerned, it must have been a sickly and narrow taste indeed that could have taken exceptions. Although so far removed from what we are accustomed to consider the world, the Americans, in general, have far less of what is called, in English, the manner of the shop about them, than their kinsmen of England These peculiar features are becoming every day less striking everywhere; but Cadwallader tells me they never existed in America at all. Few men are so completely limited to one profession, or trade, as not to possess a great many just and accurate ideas on other subjects; and though it may be a consequence that excellence is more rare in particular pursuits, it is certain that, in manner and in general intelligence, the nation is greatly a gainer. The effect of this elevation of character (I persist in the term) was abundantly conspicuous at the castle garden fete. Both men and women deported themselves, and to all appearances looked quite as well
as a far more select reunion in Europe. The distinguishing feature of American female manners is nature. The
fair creatures are extremely graceful if left to exhibit their blandishments in their own way; but it is very evident,
that a highly artificial manner in those with whom they associate, produces a blighting influence on the ease of
even the most polished among them. They appear to me to shrink sensitively from professions and an
exaggeration that form no part of their own politeness; and between ourselves, if they are wise, they will retain
the unequalled advantage they now possess in carrying refinement no further than it can be supported by
simplicity and truth. They are decidedly handsome: a union of beauty in feature and form, being, I think, more
common than in any part of Europe north of the Adriatic. In general they are delicate; a certain feminine air,
tone of voice, size and grace being remarkably frequent. In the northern, eastern and middle states, which
contain much more than half the whole population of the country, the women are fair; though brunettes are not
unfrequent, and just as blondes are admired in France, they are much esteemed here, especially, as is often the
case, if the hair and eyes happen to correspond. Indeed it is difficult to imagine any creature more attractive than
an American beauty between the ages of fifteen and eighteen. There is something in the bloom, delicacy, and
innocence of one of these young things, that reminds you of the conceptions which poets and painters have
taken of the angels. I think delicacy of air and appearance at that age, though perhaps scarcely more enchanting
than what one sees in England, is even more common here than in the mother country, especially when it is
recollected how many more faces necessarily pass before the eye in a given time in the latter nation than in this.
It is often said that the women of this climate fade earlier than in the northern countries of Europe, and I confess
I was, at first, inclined to believe the opinion true. That it is not true to the extent that is commonly supposed, I
am, however, convinced by the reasoning of Cadwallader, if indeed it be true at all. Perhaps a great majority of
the females marry before the age of twenty, and it is not an uncommon thing to see them mothers at sixteen,
seventeen, or eighteen. Almost every American mother nurses her own infant. It is far more common to find
them mothers of eight, or of ten children, at fifty, than mothers of two or three. Now the human form is not
completely developed in the northern moiety of this Union, earlier than in France, or in England. These early
marriages, which are the fruits of abundance, have an obvious tendency to impair the powers of the female, and
to produce a premature decay. In addition to this cause, which is far more general than you may be disposed to
believe, there is something in the customs of the country which may have a tendency, not only to assist the
ravages of time, but to prevent the desire to conceal them. There is no doubt that the animal, as well as the moral
man, is far less artificial here than in Europe. There is thought to be some thing deceptive in the use of the
ordinary means of aiding nature, which offends the simple manners of the nation. Even so common an ornament
as rouge is denied, and no woman dares confess that she uses it. There is something so particularly soft and
delicate in the colour of the young females one sees in the streets here, that at first I was inclined to give them
credit for the art with which they applied the tints; but Cadwallader gravely assured me I was wrong; He had
no doubt that certain individuals did, in secret, adopt the use of rouge; but within the whole circuit of his
acquaintance he could not name one whom he suspected of the practice. Indeed, several gentlemen have gone
so far as to assure me that when a woman rouged, it is considered in this country, as prima facie testimony that
her character is frail. It should also be remembered, that when an American girl marries, she no longer entertains
the desire to interest any but her husband. There is perhaps something in the security of matrimony that is not
very propitious to female blandishments, and one ought to express no surprise that the wife who is content with
what one sees in England, is even more common here than in the mother country, especially when it is
recollected how many more faces necessarily pass before the eye in a given time in the latter nation than in this.
The freedom of intercourse which is admitted between the young of the two sexes in America, and which
undeniably is admitted with impunity, is to me, who have so long been kept sighing in the distance, perfectly
amazing. I have met with self-sufficient critics from our side of the Atlantic, who believe, or affect to believe,
that this intercourse cannot always be so innocent as is pretended. When questioned as to the grounds of their
doubts, they have uniformly been founded on the impression that what could not exist with impunity with us,
cannot exist with impunity here. They might just as well pretend, in opposition to the known fact, that a
republican form of government cannot exist in America because it could not well exist in Turkey as the Ottoman
empire is now constituted. That the confidence of parents is sometimes abused in America, is probably just as
true as it is that their watchfulness is sometimes deceived in Europe; but the intelligence, the high spirit, and the
sensitiveness of the American (who must necessarily be a party to any transgressions of the sort) on the subject
of female reputation, is in itself sufficient proof that the custom is attended with no general inconvenience. The
JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

readiness of the American gentleman to appeal to arms in defence of his wounded pride is too well known to be disputed. The duels of this country are not only more frequent, but they are infinitely more fatal than those of any other nation. We will hereafter consider the cause, and discuss their manner. But no reasonable man can suppose that a sagacious nation, which is so sensitive on the point of honour, would stupidly allow their sisters and daughters to be debauched, when their own personal experience must apprise them of the danger to which they are exposed. The evil would necessarily correct itself. The chief reason why the present customs can exist without abuse, is no doubt owing to the fact that there is no army, nor any class of idlers, to waste their time in dissolute amusements. Something is also due to the deep moral feeling which pervades the community, and which influences the exhibition of vice in a thousand different ways. But having said so much on the subject, you may expect me to name the extent to which this freedom of intercourse extends. Under the direction of my friend Cadwallader, I shall endeavour to acquit myself of the obligation.

You will readily understand that the usages of society must always be more or less tempered by the circles in which they are exhibited. Among these families which can claim to belong to the elite, the liberty allowed to unmarried females, I am inclined to think, is much the same as is practised among the upper classes in England, with this difference, that, as there is less danger of innovation on rank through fortune hunters and fashionable aspirants, so is there less jealousy of their approaches. A young American dances, chats, laughs, and is just as happy in the saloon, as she was a few years before in the nursery. It is expected that the young men would seek her out, sit next her, endeavour to amuse her, and, in short, to make themselves as agreeable as possible. By the memory of the repentant Benedict, Compte Jules, but this is a constant and sore temptation to one who has never before been placed in the jeopardy of such a contagious atmosphere! But it is necessary to understand the tone of conversation that is allowed, in order to estimate the dangers of this propinquity.

The language of gallantry is never tolerated. A married woman would conceive it an insult, and a girl would be exceedingly apt to laugh in her adorer’s face. In order that it should be favourably received, It is necessary that the former should be prepared to forget her virtue, and to the latter, whether sincere or not, it is an absolute requisite that all adulation should at least wear the semblance of sincerity. But he who addresses an unmarried female in this language, whether it be of passion or only feigned, must expect to be exposed, and probably disgraced, unless he should be prepared to support his sincerity by an offer of his hand. I think I see you tremble at the magnitude of the penalty! I do not mean to say that idle pleasantries, such as are mutually understood to be no more than pleasanties, are not sometimes tolerated; but an American female is exceedingly apt to assume a chilling gravity at the slightest trespass on what she believes, and between ourselves, rightly believes to be the dignity of her sex. Here, you will perceive, is a saving custom, and one, too, that it is exceedingly hazardous to infringe, which diminishes one half of the ordinary dangers of the free communication between the young of the two sexes. Without doubt, when the youth has once made his choice, he endeavours to secure an interest in the affections of the chosen fair, by all those nameless assiduities and secret sympathies, which, though they appear to have produced no visible fruits, cannot be unknown to one of your established susceptibility. These attractions lead to love; and love, in this country, nineteen times in twenty, leads to matrimony. But pure, heartfelt affection, rarely exhibits itself in the language of gallantry. The latter is no more than a mask, which pretenders assume and lay aside at pleasure; but when the heart is really touched, the tongue is at best but a miserable interpreter of its emotion; I have always ascribed our own forlorn condition to the inability of that mediating member to do justice to the strength of emotions that are seemingly as deep, as they are frequent.

There is another peculiarity in American manners that should be mentioned. You probably know that in England far more reserve is used, in conversation with a female, than in most, if not all of the nations of the continent. As, in all peculiar customs, each nation prefers its own usage; and while the English lady is shocked with the freedom with which the French lady converses of her personal feelings, ailings, &c., the latter turns the nicety of the former into ridicule. It would be an invidious office to pretend to decide between the tastes of such delicate disputants; but one manner of considering the subject is manifestly wrong. The great reserve of the English ladies has been termed a mauvaise honte, which is ascribed to their insular situation, and to their circumscribed intercourse with the rest of the world. And yet it may be well questions if the paysanne cannot successfully compete with the elegante in this species of refinement, or whether a dame des halles cannot rather more freely discuss her animal functions than a dame de la cour. This is a manner of disposing the question that will not abide the test of investigation, since it is clear that refinement makes us reserved, and not communicative, on all such topics. Fashion, it is true, may cause even coarseness to be sometimes tolerated, and, after all, it is no easy matter to decide where true refinement ends, or sickness of taste commences. Let all this be as it may, it is certain that the women of America, of all classes, are much more reserved and guarded in their discourse, at least in presence of our sex, than even the women of the country whence they derive their origin. Various opinions are entertained on the subject amongst themselves. The vast majority of the men like it, because they are used to no other custom. Many, who have got a taste of European usages, condemn it as
over-fastidious; but my friend Cadwallader, who is not ignorant of life in both hemispheres, worships it, as
constituting one of the distinctive and appropriate charms of the sex. He stoutly maintains, that the influence of
woman is more felt and revered in American society than in any other; and he argues, with no little plausibility,
that it is so because, while she rarely or never exceeds the natural duties of her station, she forgets none of those
distinctive features of her sex and character, which, by constantly appealing to the generosity of man by
admitting he physical weakness, give strength and durability to her moral ascendancy. I think, at all events, no
intelligent traveler can journey through this country without being struck by the singular air of decency and self-
respect which belongs to all its women, and no honest foreigner can deny the kindness and respect they receive
from the men.

With these restrictions, which cannot be infringed without violating the rules of received decorum, you will
readily perceive that the free intercourse between the unmarried is at once deprived of half its danger. But the
upper classes in this country are far from neglecting many necessary forms. As they have more to lose by
matrimonial connexions than others, common prudence teaches them the value of a proper caution. Thus a
young lady never goes in public without the eye of some experienced matron to watch her movements. She
cannot appear at a play, ball, &c. &c. without a father, or a brother, at least it is thought far more delicate and
proper that she should have a female guardian. She never rides nor walks—unless in the most public place, and
then commonly with great reserve—attended by a single man, unless indeed under circumstances of a peculiar
nature. In short, she pursues that course which rigid delicacy would prescribe, without however betraying any
marked distrust of the intentions of the other sex. These customs are relaxed a little as you descend in the scale
of society; but it is evidently more because the friends of a girl with ten or twenty thousand dollars, or of a family
in middle life, have less jealousy of motive than those of one who is, rich, or otherwise of a particularly desirable
connexion.

I shall close this long and discursive epistle with one more distinctive custom, that may serve to give you an.idea of the tone and simplicity of this society. There is something repugnant to the delicacy of American ideas in
permitting a lady to come, in any manner in contact with the world. A woman of almost any rank above the
labouring classes, is averse to expose herself to the usual collisions, bargainings &c. &c., of ordinary travelling.
Thus, the first thing an American woman requires to commence a journey, is a suitable male escort; the very
thing that with us would be exceptional. Nothing is more common, for instance, when a husband or a brother
hears that a respectable acquaintance is about to go in the same steam-boat, stage, or on the same route, as that
in which his wife or sister intends to journey, than to request the former to become her protector. The request is
rarely refused, and the trust is always considered flattering, and commonly sacred. Here you see that the very
custom which in Europe would create scandal, is here resorted to, under favour of good morals and directness
of thought, to avert it. Cadwallader assures me that he was pained, and even shocked, at meeting well-bred
women running about Europe attended only by a footman and a maid, and that for a long time he could not
divest himself of the idea, that they were unfortunate in having lost all those male friends, whose natural duty
it was to stand between their helplessness and the cold calculating selfishness of the world.

WASHINGTON. 1824. Legal rights of the widow to the estate of her husband; Marriage and Divorce laws.
The law of real property, in the United States, is a good deal the same as that of England. Entails are, however,
destroyed every where, and the doctrine of descent has, in many of the States, been roughly handled. In New-
York (I quote this State oftenest, as the most populous and the most important, though you are to understand
that the laws of New-York are strictly applicable only to itself, while they are commonly founded on principles
that are general) in New-York, the father is the next heir of a child who leaves no issue. This is a wise, a humane,
and a natural departure from the dictum of the common law, and it does much good in a country like this. The
next of kin inherit, after the father, in equal portions, without distinction of age or sex. The widow is entitled to
one-third of the personal estate of the husband, and to the use of one-third of the real estate during life. The
husband is owner of all the personals of the wife, and he is the tenant by the courtesy of her real estate, according
to the provisions of the English common law. There is, however, a good deal of difference in the rights of
husbands and wives in the different States. In some, the property of the woman is much more respected than in
others.

The party in possession of property in fee, can devise it, without restriction, to whom he pleases. This is, I think,
a wiser provision than the law of France, which renders natural descent, to a certain extent, unavoidable; but the
law of France I take to be an enactment that is intended to do away with the custom of entails, which had gotten
such deep root in Europe. Rich men, here, often give more to their sons than to their daughters; though it is very
common for men of small fortunes to make the daughters independent at the expense of the sons. Of course,
any irregularity or alienation of property from the descent (or ascent) prescribed by the law must be made by
Marriage is, of course, altogether a civil contract. Its forms are, however, more or less artificial, according to the policy of particular States. In some, bans are necessary; in others, evidence that would establish any other contract would establish that of marriage. As a breach of the marriage contract is always criminal, the law requires, in cases of indictments for bigamy, rather more positive testimony than would be required in those of inheritance and legitimacy. Thus, a child would be considered born in wedlock, in many States, under the reputation of matrimony, though a man would scarcely be punished for bigamy, without direct evidence of the two contracts. The policy of the different States, however, varies so much, to suit the particular conditions of society, that no general rule can be laid down. In portions of the country recently settled, it is the practice to make the contract before a justice of the peace, as in many parts of New-York; but then, a justice of peace has no more power to celebrate a marriage than any other man. It is thought that his testimony, as a public officer, is more imposing than that of a private individual, and these people always attach high importance to legal rank. People of any condition are always (unless in extraordinary exceptions) married by clergymen.
May: James Fenimore Cooper relocated his family from 3 Beach Street, New-York, to 345 Greenwich Street.

Lydia Maria Francis’s (Lydia Maria Child’s) novel *Hobomok, A Tale of Early Times.*

This was anonymously issued in 1,000 copies through a vanity press, Cummings, Hilliard, & Company, at a charge to the author of $495, and was marked to sell at retail for $0.75 each. We may well notice that in this novel a mixed marriage occurred not between a white male and a red female, which has ever been more or less countenanced, but between a white female and a red male. The result was that readership found the novel “not only unnatural, but revolting … to every feeling of delicacy in man or woman.” This has been completely missed in such analyses of the setting of this unsettling novel as that of David Leverenz in *Manhood and the American Renaissance.* According to Nancy B. Black and Bette S. Wiedman in their edition *White on Red* (NY: Kennikat Press, 1976):

Child’s humanitarian spirit led her to portray, in *Hobomok,* a most noble savage. Friend of the English, he remains loyal to members of the small white settlement at Salem despite stirrings of Indian hostility; he expresses his love for Mary Conant only when she is desolated by the loss of her mother and her white lover. Mary marries Hobomok while she is in a state of grief bordering on insanity, but after the birth of a son and the

2. Henry Thoreau would read this in 1834.
passage of two years, she begins to recognize and admire his manly qualities. The purportedly drowned lover returns at this time; Hobomok calls up all of his nobility and sacrifices his happiness. He goes west alone to die, foreshadowing the fate of his whole race. Despite her liberalism, Child makes it clear that Mary has lowered herself in marrying Hobomok; her "savage" husband’s nobility is measured by his self-abasement.... The book dramatizes the theory of the inevitable, benevolent displacement of the Indian; it is equally severe to rigid Puritanism and to Indian resistance. Child prefers to have her Indians survive in memory, rather than physical reality. Hobomok’s child, conveniently given his mother’s patronym, after the matrilineal style of the Indians, becomes a Cambridge graduate. Child notes, with some relief, “His father was seldom spoken of; and by degrees his Indian appellation was silently omitted.”

For several weeks Mary remained in the same stupefied state in which she had been at the time of her marriage. She would lie through the livelong day, unless she was requested to rise; and once risen, nothing could induce her to change her posture. Language has no power to shadow forth her feelings as she gradually awoke to a sense of her situation. But there is a happy propensity in the human mind to step as lightly as possible on the thorns which infest a path we are compelled to tread. It is only when there is room for hope that evils are impatiently borne. Desolate as Mary’s lot might seem, it was not without its alleviations. All the kind attentions which could suggest themselves to the mind of a savage, were paid by her Indian mother. Hobomok continued the same tender reverence he had always evinced, and he soon understood the changing expression of her countenance, till her very looks were a law. So much love could not but awaken gratitude; and Mary by degrees gave way to its influence, until she welcomed his return with something like affection. True, in her solitary hours there were reflections enough to make her wretched. Kind as Hobomok was, and rich as she found his uncultivated mind in native imagination, still the contrast between him and her departed lover would often be remembered with sufficient bitterness. Besides this, she knew that her own nation looked upon her as lost and degraded; and, what was far worse, her own heart echoed back the charge. Hobomok’s connection with her was considered the effect of witchcraft on his part, and even he was generally avoided by his former friends. However, this evil brought its own cure. Livery wound of this kind, every insult which her husband courageously endured for her sake, added romantic fervor to her increasing affection, and thus made life something more than endurable. While all her English acquaintances more or less neglected her, her old associate, Mrs. Collier, firmly and boldly stemmed the tide, and seemed resolved to do all in her power to relieve the hardships of her friends. For a long time her overtures were proudly refused; for Mary could not endure that the visits of one who had been so vastly her inferior should now be considered
an honor and Obligation. However, persevering kindness did in
time overcome this feeling, and in less than a year, Sally became
a frequent inmate of her wigwam. To this was soon likely to be
added another source of enjoyment. Before two years passed away,
she became the mother of a hopeful son. Under such
circumstances, his birth was no doubt entwined with many
mournful associations; still, the smiles of her infant son
brought more of pleasure than of pain. As Mary looked on the
little being, which was "bone of her bone, and flesh of her
flesh," she felt more love for the innocent object than she
thought she should ever again experience.

After this general view of things, we must now pass over to the
16th of September, 1633, and leave the interim to the reader’s
imagination. The old squaw had lately died of a fever, and
symptoms of the same disorder began to appear in her little
grandson, now nearly two years old. On the morning we have
mentioned, Mrs. Collier took her own little blooming daughter
in her arms, and went into the wigwam to inquire concerning the
health of the boy. No sooner was she seated than the children,
accustomed to see each other, began to peep in each other’s
faces, and look up to their mothers, their bright, laughing eyes
beaming with cherub love. Hobomok entered, and for a moment
stood watching with delighted attention the bewitching sports
of childhood. He caught up the infant, and placing his little
feet in the center of his hand, held him high above his head.
"My boy, my brave hunter’s boy," said he, and pressing him in
his arms he half suffocated him with caresses. He placed him in
his mother’s lap, and took down his quiver, as he said, "Hobomok
must be out hunting the deer." The child jumped down upon the
floor, and tottling up to him, took hold of his blanket and
looked in his face, as he lisped, "Fader come back gin to see
little Hobomok."
Again the father stooped and kissed him, as he answered,
"Hobomok very much bad, if he didn’t come back always to see
little Hobomok, and his good Mary."
He went out, but soon returned and, lifting the blanket, which
served for a door, he again looked at his boy, who would
alternately hide his head, and then reach forward to catch
another glimpse of his father.
"Good bye, Hobomok — Good bye, Mary" — said the Indian. "Before
the sun hides his face, I shall come home loaded with deer."
"Take care of yourself," said his wife, affectionately; "and see
that Corbitant be not in your path."
"Sally, you have never said one word about my marrying Hobomok,"continued she; "and I have no doubt you think I must be very
miserable; but I speak truly when I say that every day I live
with that kind, noblehearted creature, the better I love him."
"I always thought he was the best Indian I ever knew," answered
Sally; ‘and within these three years he has altered so much that
he seems almost like an Englishman. After all, I believe matches
are foreordained."

"I don’t know concerning that," rejoined Mary. "I am sure I am
happier than I ever expected to be after Charles’s death, which
is more than I deserve, considering I broke my promise to my
dying mother and deserted my father in his old age."

While conversation of this nature was going on at home, Hobomok
was pursuing his way through the woods, whistling and singing
as he went, in the joyfulness of his heart. He had proceeded
near half a mile in this way, when he espied an eagle, soaring
with a flight so lofty, that he seemed almost like a speck in
the blue abyss above. The Indian fixed his keen eye upon him,
and as he gradually lowered his flight, he made ready his arrow,
and a moment after the noble bird lay fluttering at his feet.

"A true aim that, Hobomok," said a voice which sounded familiar
to his ears. He raised his head to see from whence it proceeded.
Charles Brown stood by his side! The countenance of the savage
assumed at once the terrible, ashen hue of Indian paleness. His
wounded victim was left untouched, and he hastily retreated into
the thicket, casting back a fearful glance on what he supposed
to be the ghost of his rival. Brown attempted to follow; but the
farther he advanced, the farther the Indian retreated, his face
growing paler and paler, and his knees trembling against each
other in excessive terror.

"Hobomok," said the intruder, "I am a man like yourself. I
suppose three years agone you heard I was dead, but it has
pleased the Lord to spare me in captivity until this time, and
to lead me once more to New England. The vessel which brought
me hither lieth down a mile below, but I chose the rather to be
put on shore, being impatient to inquire concerning the friends
I left behind. You used to be my good friend, Hobomok, and many
a piece of service have you done for me. I beseech you feel of
my hand, that you may know I am flesh and blood even as
yourself."

After repeated assurances, the Indian timidly approached—and the
certainty that Brown was indeed alive was more dreadful to him
than all the ghosts that could have been summoned from another
world.

"You look as if you were sorry your old friend had returned,"said the Englishman "but do speak and tell me one thing — is
Mary Conant yet alive?"

I Hobomok fixed his eyes upon him with such a strange mixture
of sorrow and fierceness that Brown laid his hand upon his rifle,
half fearful his intentions were evil. At length, the Indian
answered with deliberate emphasis,
"She is both alive and well."

"I thank God," rejoined his rival. "I need not ask whether she
is married?"

The savage looked earnestly and mournfully upon him, and sighed
deeply, as he said,
"The handsome English bird hath for three years lain in my bosom;
and her milk hath nourished the son of Hobomok."

The Englishman cast a glance of mingled doubt and despair
towards the Indian, who again repeated the distressing truth. Disappointed love, a sense of degradation, perhaps something of resentment were all mingled in a dreadful chaos of agony within the mind of the unfortunate young man, and at that moment it was difficult to tell to which of the two anguish had presented her most unmingled cup. The Indian gazed upon his rival, as he stood leaning his aching head against a tree; and once and again he indulged in the design of taking his life.

"No," thought he. "She was first his. Mary loves him better than she does me; for even now she prays for him in her sleep. The sacrifice must be made to her."

For a long time, however, it seemed doubtful whether he could collect sufficient fortitude to fulfill his resolution. The remembrance of the smiling wife and the little prattling boy, whom he had that morning left came too vividly before him. It recks not now what was the mighty struggle in the mind of that dark man. He arose and touched Brown’s arm, as he said,

"'Tis all true which I have told you. It is three snows since the bird came to my nest; and the Great Spirit only knows how much I have loved her. Good and kind she has been; but the heart of Mary is not with the Indian. In her sleep she talks with the Great Spirit, and the name of the white man is on her lips. Hobomok will go far off among some of the red men in the west. They will dig him a grave, and Mary may sing the marriage song in the wigwam of the Englishman."

"No," answered his astonished companion. "She is your wife. Keep her, and cherish her with tenderness. A moment ago, I expected your arrow would rid me of the life which has now become a burden. I will be as generous as you have been. I will return from whence I came, and bear my sorrows as I may. Let Mary never know that I am alive. Love her, and be happy."

"The purpose of an Indian is seldom changed," replied Hobomok. "My tracks will soon be seen far beyond the back-bone of the Great Spirit. For Mary’s sake I have borne the hatred of the Yengees, the scorn of my tribe, and the insults of my enemy. And now I will be buried among strangers, and none shall black their faces for the unknown chief. When the light sinks behind the hills, see that Corbitant be not near my wigwam; for that hawk has often been flying round my nest. Be kind to my boy." -His voice choked and the tears fell bright and fast. He hastily wiped them away as he added, "You have seen the first and last tears that Hobomok will ever shed Ask Mary to pray for me—that when I die, I may go to the Englishman’s God, where I may hunt beaver with little Hobomok, and count my beavers for Mary."

Before Brown had time to reply, he plunged into the thicket and disappeared. He moved on with astonishing speed, till he was aware that he must be beyond the reach of pursuit; then throwing himself upon the grass, most earnestly did he hope that the arrow of Corbitant would do the office it had long sought, and wreak upon his head deep and certain vengeance. But the weapon of his enemy came not. He was reserved for a fate that had more of wretchedness. He lay thus inactive for several hours, musing on
all he had enjoyed and lost. At last, he sprung upon his feet, as if stung with torture he could no longer endure, and seizing his bow, he pursued with delirious eagerness every animal which came within his view.
The sun was verging toward the western horizon, when he collected his game in one spot, and selecting the largest deer, and several of the handsomest smaller animals, he fastened them upon a pole and proceeded towards Plymouth.
It was dark, and the tapers were lighted throughout the village, when he entered Governor Winslow’s dwelling. Whatever was the purpose of his visit, it was not long continued; and soon after, the deer was noiselessly deposited by the side of Mr. Collier’s house, with a slip of paper fastened on his branching horns.
Hobomok paused before the door of his wigwam, looked in at a small hole which admitted the light, saw Mary feeding her Indian boy from his little wooden bowl, and heard her beloved voice, as she said to her child, “Father will come home and see little Hobomok presently.”
How much would that high-souled child of the forest have given for one parting embrace — one kind assurance that he should not be forgotten. Affection was tugging hard at his heart strings, and once his foot was almost on the threshold.
“No,” said he; “it will distress her. The Great Spirit bless ‘em both.”
Without trusting another look, he hurried forward. He paused on a neighboring hill, looked toward his wigwam till his strained vision could hardly discern the object, with a bursting heart again murmured his farewell and blessing, and forever passed away from New England.
1824’s NEW LITERATURE
August: Frederick Douglass was sent to live on Lloyd Plantation, Wye River, at the home of his master, Aaron Anthony.

James Fenimore Cooper received an honorary AM from Columbia University (he had been a student at Yale College but had been expelled for having blown up another student’s door, and for obliging a donkey to sit in a professor’s chair).
James Cooper (James Fenimore Cooper)’s LIONEL LINCOLN, which would prove a commercial failure. The author formed a friendship with Samuel F.B. Morse.
During this year and the following one François Pierre Guillaume Guizot prepared the initial part of his *Histoire de la Révolution d’Angleterre depuis Charles I à Charles II*, in two volumes (he would add two more volumes after the revolution of 1848 during an exile in England).


James Cooper formally inserted Fenimore into his name. Awarded the position of U.S. Consul at Lyons in France, New-York’s Bread and Cheese Club threw him a going-away party.
February 4, Saturday: Georgiana Leigh, Augusta’s eldest daughter, married her cousin Henry Trevanion.

George Henry Billings was born to Caleb Callender Billings and Betsey Brown Hammond Billings. He would die still a toddler, on April 15, 1828.

James Fenimore Cooper’s *The Last of the Mohicans; A Narrative of 1757. By the Author of the Pioneers* (Philadelphia: H.C. Carey & I. Lea. 2 Volumes).

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

7th day came to town & took breakfast at Jos Anthonys then took the Stages for home & arrived before sunset.
CHAPTER VII.

"They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them still."—Gray.

"Would be neglecting a warning that is given for our good, to lie hid any longer," said Hawk-eye, "when such sounds are raised in the forest! These gentle ones may keep close, but the Mohicans and I will watch upon the rock, where I suppose a major of the 60th would wish to keep us company."

"Is then our danger so pressing?" asked Cora.

"He who makes strange sounds, and gives them out for man's information, alone knows our danger. I should think myself wicked unto rebellion against his will, was I to burrow with such warnings in the air! Even the weak soul, who passes his days in singing, is stirred by the cry, and, as he says, is 'ready to go forth to the battle.' If 'were only a battle, it would be a thing understood by us all, and easily managed; but I have heard that when such shrieks are atween heaven and 'earth, it betokens another sort of warfare!"

"If all our reasons for fear, my friend, are confined to such as proceed from supernatural causes, we have but little occasion to be alarmed," continued the undisturbed maiden; "are you certain that our enemies have not invented some new and ingenious method to strike us with terror, that their conquest may become more easy?"

"Lady," returned the scout, solemnly, "I have listened to all the sounds of the woods for thirty years, as a man will listen, whose life and death depend so often on the quickness of his ears. There is no whine of the panther; no whistle of the catbird; nor any invention of the devilish Mingoos, that can cheat me! I have heard the forest moan like mortal men, in their affliction; often, and again, have I listened to the wind playing its music in the branches of the girdled trees; and have heard the lightning cracking in the air, like the snapping of blazing brush, as it spitted forth sparks and forked flames; but never have I thought that I heard more than the pleasure of him, who sported with the things of his hand. But neither the Mohicans, nor I, who am a white man without a cross, can explain the cry just heard. We, therefore, believe it a sign given for our good."

"It is extraordinary!" exclaimed Heyward, taking his pistols from the place where he had laid them, on entering; "be it a sign of peace, or a signal of war, it must be looked to. Lead the way, my friend; I follow."

On issuing from their place of confinement, the whole party instantly experienced a grateful renovation of their spirits, by exchanging the pent air of their hiding place, for the cool and invigorating atmosphere, which played around the whirlpools and
May: James Cooper was awarded a silver medal by the Corporation of the City of New-York.

Margaret Charlotte Charpentier Scott died at Abbotsford. For his forthcoming book on Napoleon Bonaparte, Sir Walter Scott visited London, breakfasting with King George IV and giving sittings to painters, and then went on to Paris where he met King Charles X and other famous plus attended a performance of an opera based upon his Ivanhoe.
June: The Treaty of Bangkok was signed between Britain and Siam.

Simón Bolívar convened an inter-American congress in Panama. One of the US delegates had died en route and the other, William B. Rochester, arrived only after the congress had ended.

James Fenimore Cooper and his family sailed for Europe, where they would remain for 7 years.
William Cullen Bryant became an editor of the New-York Evening Post. While working at the Evening Post, Parke Godwin would become associated with Bryant, and eventually he and Bryant’s daughter would marry.

The Andrew Jackson campaign for the Presidency was being advanced by the poets William Leggett and William Cullen Bryant, the poet George Bancroft, the sculptor Horatio Greenough, the authors James Fenimore Cooper and Nathaniel Hawthorne, and in general by every careerist man of genius, each careerist humanitarian, and all the careerist underprivilegeds who were seeking privilege. And why not? There were 1,972 men in debtor’s prison, subsisting upon a daily ration of a quart of soup — and that was in the State of New York alone.3

3. As reported in the National Gazette of November 15, 1827. The national estimate, for the population of debtors’ prisons in the USA in the second half of the 1820s, is 75,000 souls. For a debt as low as $3.00 you could find your ass in jail, and you’d stay in the slammer in debt too, maybe for the rest of your life unless you could provide someone with some money with some good reason to buy you out of the place. What, did you suppose that having a society based upon human bondage would have no ramifications?
James Fenimore Cooper set his *The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish* in the period of “King Phillip’s War.”

In this book he accessed the tradition that William Goffe had headed the citizens of Hadley, Massachusetts in repelling an attack by Native Americans.
His *The Red Rover* also appeared during this year:
James Fenimore Cooper had grown up in Cooperstown, 150 miles north of New-York. At 14 he had entered Yale College but had been expelled for having blown up another student’s door and for training a donkey to sit in a professor’s chair, and had then served as a midshipman in the US Navy.

Although a sizeable inheritance enabled him to live for a time as a country gentleman, this money had spent itself and so in 1820 he had turned to fiction. He was already known for the Leatherstocking Tales and for a sea novel and was living abroad on the proceeds when Notions of the Americans Picked Up by a Travelling Bachelor appeared in this year.
Cooper used as his narrator an unnamed Englishman, and his text simulated a series of letters, dated 1824, from
this observer to friends at a gentleman’s club. The letters described the Englishman’s alleged journey through
America in the company of an American acquaintance named Cadwallader. The essays responded to foreign
accounts of America in circulation in London and Paris: “It will be seen that much use has been made of the
opinions and information of a native American. Without some such counsellor, the facts of this book could
never have been collected. There is, perhaps, no Christian country on earth in which a foreigner is so liable to
fall into errors as in the United States of America. The institutions, the state of society, and even the impulses
of the people, are in some measure new and peculiar. The European, under such circumstances, has a great
deal to unlearn before he can begin to learn correctly.” Cooper presaged Alexis de Tocqueville’s and Gustave
de Beaumont’s observations of the differences between the behavior of single and married women, though he
felt certain that the freedoms enjoyed by single women were not as broad as the French might suppose. He
painted America a “paradise for women” because here women, although they tended to be both plainer and
more crude than their European counterparts, were spared the hard labor and the assaults which were their lot
in Europe. Despite the gallantries and courtesies shown to women in America, they definitely were in need of
being accompanied by chaperones.

April 22, Tuesday: Samuel Taylor Coleridge met James Fenimore Cooper.

A month after she moved to St. Petersburg, Maria Szymanowska performed at the palace of Count Kushelev-
Bezbrodka.

Issachar J. Roberts, who had attended the Furman Theological Institution of Greenville, South Carolina
without receiving any certificate, was at this point somehow ordained as a Baptist preacher at Edgefield, South
Carolina. He would preach for some time in Mississippi, where he owned property, and would organize the
“Roberts Fund” and the “China Mission Society.” However, when he would apply to a missionary society for
its sponsorship, three out of the four ministers that Roberts named would make negative comments and so his
application would need to be rejected (the ministers commenting on his lack of education and poor preaching
skills, and in addition a “difficult character”).

November 12, Wednesday: Franz Schubert wrote a letter to Franz von Schober telling him that he was so sick
that had eaten nothing for 11 days. He requested more novels by James Fenimore Cooper.

Anouvong, ruler of the Kingdom of Vientiane, was deposed and his kingdom was annexed to Siam (during the
hostilities, the city of Vientiane would be quite obliterated by the Siamese forces).
Lydia Maria Child’s *The Frugal Housewife* described ingenious ways to make do with little means. The popularity of this publication would help keep her household afloat as it relocated and relocated.
This would see a number of editions, the image below being as of the popular treatise’s 1833 version:

Her history of “King Phillip’s War” was issued, entitled The First Settlers of New-England; or, Conquest of the Pequods, Narragansets and Pokanokets. As related by a mother to her children. By a Lady of Massachusetts (Boston: Printed for the author, by Munroe and Francis).
James Fenimore Cooper issued *The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish*, about the period of “King Philip’s War.”

In addition during this year there was yet another republication of Benjamin Church’s ever-entertaining *The Entertaining History of King Philip’s War, which began in the Month of June, 1675. As also of Expeditions more lately made against the common enemy, and Indian rebels, in the Eastern parts of New-England*, which had been issued in 1716 in Boston, was re-published in Exeter NH by J.&B. Williams.
On the Isle of Jersey in the English Channel, there was an outbreak of the Asian cholera.

James Fenimore Cooper, in Paris with his family when the scourge hit that metropolis, commented upon how the gardens of the Tuileries suddenly became deserted.

In America, white settlements were not enjoying good health but the Mandan and Hidatsa were being utterly destroyed. Take a look at the discussion by Richard Batman beginning on page 320 of James Pattie’s WEST: THE DREAM AND THE REALITY (in hardcover, titled AMERICAN ECCLESIASTES: THE STORIES OF JAMES PATTIE. Norman: U of Oklahoma P, 1986) having to do with the new and terrifying plague of cholera sweeping the settled east about the same time. Physicians would reject the contagion theory (with the exception of smallpox), until in the latter part of the 19th Century work on cholera finally would show that it and other such diseases were indeed, like smallpox, contagious.

Dr. James Ellsworth De Kay returned from Turkey to New-York, where he began to prescribe port wine as a remedy for cholera and quickly earned for himself a nickname, “Dr. Port.” Saloon customers would be able to ask the bartender to pour them “a Dr. DeKay.” Soon he settled at Oyster Bay on Long Island, where he would
study natural history, contribute to New-York newspapers, and cultivate literary friendships. Among the romantic literary types whom he would seek to cultivate would be Washington Irving, Joseph Rodman Drake, James Fenimore Cooper, and Fitz-Greene Halleck.

(You will notice instantly that the exigencies of class would make it quite impossible for him ever to cultivate the likes of Henry Thoreau as part of such a clique.)

When the 1st person died of the cholera in his town, Friend John Cadbury the chocolate maker insisted on following in his “broad-brimmed hat and flowing Quaker frock-coat” as the hired laborers carried the coffin to the graveyard. This was at a time when other people were shunning the victims of the infection. Such burial workers smoked tobacco constantly while on such details, as their effort to ward off the disease or at least somewhat relieve their anxieties.
Friend John had installed a window made of panes of plate glass in his shop (rather than using the conventional panes of crown glass), one of the 1st local businesses to do so, and was employing an authentic Chinaman attired in an authentic Chinese national costume, to sit on display in the window and weigh and pack his tea. Hoo-hah!

George W. Warren would write of the activities of his father Josiah Warren (1798-1874) the anarchist, during the public crisis of this year:

Then in 1832 the cholera first made its appearance, and I well remember how my father set up his type and printed hand-bills cautioning the people how to live during the prevalence of that disease. These bills described the symptoms and how to treat them. Then I was allowed to go with my father to scatter the bills of caution along the streets, and I remember how proud I was when those who saw what my father was doing, shook hands
with him so warmly. What with his work of printing precautionary notices and attending a large number of funerals with masonic lodges, firemen and other organizations requiring bands, my father was kept busy for days and weeks and months; there was scarcely an hour that a funeral didn't take place. Time went on, so did deaths, but our family lived through it. Fortunately the writer, being only six years of age, could not realize the state of affairs, nor the horror of the situation — he trotting along, scattering [and] broadcasting the “caution” notices, proud of telling how many papers he had given to the people each day. If the city records of 1832-1834 were not destroyed during the destruction of the court house some years ago, the thanks of the city alderman to him will be found recorded to Josiah Warren if I mistake not.

A New York City peddler brought cholera up the canal to Rochester, New York, population 11,000, and 400 to 500 of them died, filling many of the city’s small cemeteries such as the 3 1/2 acre graveyard on Buffalo Street. One local resident, Ashbel Riley, buried 80 of the victims unaided. The Rochester Board of Health was established. The Monroe County Jail, called the “Blue Eagle Jail,” was built off Court St. between the west bank of the river and the Carroll-Fitzhugh raceway. It had a walled courtyard not only for prisoner exercise but also for executions.

Professor Richard Harlan was a member of a commission of Philadelphia physicians to Montréal, to collect information on the effective treatment of cholera. He became surgeon to the Philadelphia hospital.
In this year Charles Farquhar, Sr. graduated from the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania and opened a practice in Alexandria, Virginia, where the city council immediately put this new physician in charge of their town’s struggle to deal with the ongoing epidemic.

The cholera outbreak of this year would give rise to at least one monument. It is atop a hill in Sheffield, England and commemorates 402 victims buried in grounds between Park Hill and Norfolk Park adjoining Clay Wood. The monument was designed by M.E. Hadfield and sculpted by Earp and Hobbs and would be complete in 1835. Its plaque names John Blake, Master Cutler, one of the victims, and notes that the foundation stone was laid by a poet, James Montgomery:
Having survived middle school, Friedrich Gerstäcker was made an apprentice in Kassel. After a few months he absconded, returning to his mother’s home at Leipzig on foot to inform her that he was going to emigrate. He had learned, from Daniel Defoe’s ROBINSON CRUSOE and James Fenimore Cooper’s initial LEATHERSTOCKING TALES, approximately what sort of adventure awaited in the New World.

James Fenimore Cooper’s THE BORDERERS, OR, THE WEPT OF WISH-TON-WISH: A TALE, about “King Phillip’s War”, was published in London.

Cooper’s THE HEADSMAN; OR, THE ABBAYE DES VIGNERONS. A TALE. BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE BRAVO”, &C. &C. Henry Thoreau would make an entry about this tale, as published in Philadelphia by Carey, Lea, & Blanchard, in his miscellaneous Reading Notes for about 1835 (however, what we have below, behind these three buttons courtesy of Google Books, is the equivalent 1833 edition produced in London).
June: The city of Philadelphia presented President Andrew Jackson with a white horse. He was immediately limned, astride this animal, by Ralph Eleaser Whiteside Earl.

This horse was named, or he named it, “Sam Patch,” after the famous Pawtucket, Rhode Island “jumper,” and it would become his favorite. He would ride it every morning at the Hermitage during his retirement. When the horse eventually would die, its body would be buried at the Hermitage with full military honors. This happens to be is one Sam Patch’s, but not the other Sam Patch’s, gravestone (and from the dates on this inscription you ought to be able to figure out for yourself, whether it marks the buried body of the man, who

received no funeral, or the buried body of the horse, which was buried with full military honors):

President Jackson also made himself during this year the first American president to ride on a railroad train (the Baltimore & Ohio RR, completed in 1830) — the first American president, that is, other than the presidents of the various railroad companies.

During this year, also, “Long Knife” Jackson stopped by Norwich, Connecticut to dedicate a memorial to Uncas, the man who had inspired James Fenimore Cooper’s THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS. Next to the stone commemorating the sachem, there are stones for the sachem’s grandchildren — so much for this romantic idea that Uncas was the end of his line! —Perhaps it was just a fantasy, perhaps this was just what the white man secretly wanted?

The Compromise Tariff Act, written by Henry Clay, was passed by the United States Congress, and signed into law by President Jackson. The law was meant to resolve the bitter conflict concerning “nullification,” inspired by the Tariff of Abominations (1828), between industrialists in the north and cotton exporters of the South. It stipulated that by 1842, no tariff was to exceed 20%.

President Jackson pursued the banking system with a vengeance. During this year he forced the removal of the federal deposits from the national bank vaults, distributing them among a select group of “pet banks,” a move that led the Senate to adopt formal resolutions censuring his actions as arbitrary and unconstitutional. Excessive retrenchment by the bank’s president, Nicholas Biddle, created a financial depression in 1834 sufficient to win Jackson another victory over a new opposition party, the Whigs, which in the congressional elections of 1834 represented themselves as the combined forces of all anti-Jacksonians protesting the tyrannies of “King Andrew I.” Jackson was equally successful in foreign affairs. In 1830 a long dispute with Britain had been ended with the reopening of British West Indian ports to American commerce. France would be brought to heel in 1836 after resisting payment of spoliation claims dating from 1815, and in 1837, Jackson would formally recognized the independence of Texas, although he would resist attempts at annexation in order to avoid splitting the Democratic party on the slavery question. Jackson’s last months in office would be clouded by the consequences of his destruction of the national bank. That would be followed by wildcat expansion of paper money, land speculation, and inflation, which Jackson would attempt to halt with the Specie Circular of 1836, requiring payment of federal obligations in gold or silver. This measure likely would help precipitate the Panic of 1837, but by that time Jackson would have yielded office to his successor, Van Buren, whose victory in 1836 over a disorganized Whig party would be in large measure a testimony to the political invincibility of his patron.
James Fenimore Cooper relocated his family to a townhouse at 4 St. Marks Place in New-York.


James Fenimore Cooper’s A LETTER TO HIS COUNTRYMEN was published, urging Americans not to defer to foreign opinion. He revisited Cooperstown, New York after a 17-year absence.

A Spanish negrero, the General Mauso, master Capo, out of an unknown area of Africa on its one and only known Middle Passage, arrived at its destination port, Matanzas, Cuba. A Portuguese slaver, the Duquesa de Braganca, master J.J. de Barros, out of an unknown area of Africa on one of its three known Middle Passages, was in this month delivering a cargo of 277 enslaved Africans at Rio De Janeiro, Brazil.

October: Salma Hale was admitted to the New Hampshire bar.

James Fenimore Cooper purchased a family seat at Otsego, New York.

Frederick Emerson’s THE NORTH AMERICAN ARITHMETIC. PART THIRD, FOR ADVANCED SCHOLARS (Concord, New Hampshire: Marsh, Capen & Lyon; Boston: Lincoln and Edmands).

December: James Fenimore Cooper began a series of articles on the US and Europe, for the New-York Evening Post, under the pen name A.B.C.
THE
NORTH AMERICAN ARITHMETIC.

The above is the common title of three distinct books, by Frederick Emerson. They are severally denominated:

EMERSON'S FIRST PART,
EMERSON'S SECOND PART,
EMERSON'S THIRD PART.

PART FIRST is a small book, designed for children from five to eight years of age. The plan of this little book is entirely original, and very peculiar. The lessons are illustrated with cuts and aunt marks, and are rendered at once interesting and impressive.

PART SECOND contains within itself a system of Mental and Written Arithmetic, sufficiently extensive for all the common purposes of business. The work is so gradual in its progress, that each lesson prepares the learner for that which follows; and comparatively little instruction is required from the teacher. Part Second is designed as the final book for common schools, and few scholars will have occasion to go beyond it.

PART THIRD is designed for advanced scholars. It comprises a synthetic view of the science of numbers, a copious development of the higher operations, and an extensive range of commercial information. Scholars who are to be educated for the business of the counting-room, or for the duties of any public office, as well as those who are to prosecute a full course of mathematical studies, will find this book suited to their purpose.

The Instructors of the Boston Public Schools say—"After the most careful examination, we have, without any hesitation, come to the conclusion, that Emerson's North American Arithmetic (First, Second, and Third Parts) is the work best suited to the wants of all classes of scholars, and most convenient for the purposes of instruction. Accordingly, we have petitioned for the adoption of this work in the Public Schools.*

The Boston School Board, after receiving the petition above alluded to, passed an order—"That Emerson North American Arithmetic be substituted for Colburn First Lessons and Sequel."

The Instructors of the New York City Schools say—"The work is evidently an improvement in the branch of learning which it treats; and we feel certain with the Masters of the Public Schools of Boston in the views which they have expressed of its character."
Receiving a request for an autograph by England’s Princess Victoria, James Fenimore Cooper sent her a manuscript of “The Minikins.” He and his family spent the summer in Cooperstown, New York.

Frederick C. Mills, newly-elected chief engineer of the Genesee Valley Canal, presented a report based on the previous year’s survey.

$1,548,100 in tolls were collected on New York canals.
May: James Fenimore Cooper and his family relocated from New-York to Cooperstown.

Lucy Mack and David Mack (III) began a boarding and day school for young ladies in Cambridge, Massachusetts (after their Northampton misadventure in silk manufacture they would return to re-open the school in that part of Watertown, some three miles in from Cambridge, that has since become Belmont).
The 1st novel in James Fenimore Cooper’s “Leatherstocking Tales,” *The Deerslayer*. 1841
January: George R. Graham merged *The Casket* and *Burton’s Gentleman’s Magazine* into *Graham’s Magazine*. Edgar Allan Poe became the literary editor of the magazine. This was predicated on the promise that the job would involve mostly the writing of book notices and thus wouldn’t require more than a couple of hours a day of his valuable time. For this the poet was to receive $800 a year — which was comparable to a salary of perhaps $60,000 today and thus was nothing to sneeze at for part-time work. The new publication would retain the serial numbering of *The Casket* but would use the policy of *Burton’s*. Some of the writers in this 1st year would be James Russell Lowell, Poe, Lydia Howard Huntley, Sigourney, and Park Benjamin. The following year the principal contributors would include William Cullen Bryant, James Fenimore Cooper, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. During his editorship the poet would contribute several of his better tales and a few important literary essays. By June, however, he would be writing to a friend that he was disgusted by his situation, and in the following year he would resign, partly because of an argument with fellow editor Charles Peterson and partly because he would be feeling supplanted by Samuel Griswold Goodrich, the gent who would later replace him as literary editor. During this year Poe’s “A Chapter on Autobiography” would include a general denunciation of Emerson as a
A young boy named Alex McCaffery was living with the Emersons to help out with household chores.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson belongs to a class of gentlemen with whom we have no patience whatever — the mystic for mysticism’s sake. Quintilian mentions a pedant who taught obscurity, and who once said to a pupil “this is excellent, for I do not understand it myself.” How the good man would have chuckled over Mr. E.! His present role seems to be the out-Carlyling Carlyle. Lycophron Tenebrosus is a fool to him. The best answer to his twaddle is cui bono?.... His love of the obscure does not prevent him, nevertheless, from the composition of occasional poems in which beauty is apparent by flashes.... His [handwritten signature] is bad, sprawling, illegible, and irregular — although sufficiently bold. This latter trait may be, and no doubt is, only a portion of his general affectation.

Graham’s Magazine claimed to be the exclusive publisher of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, William Cullen Bryant, Paulding, and James Fenimore Cooper. A typical issue during this period would consist of three or four short stories, an essay on manners, a biographical sketch, a literary article, and a quantity of poetry. N. Parker Willis was considered one of the best essayists. The magazine’s critical reviews were uneven in quality, except for those by Samuel Griswold Goodrich and Edgar Allan Poe. At the end of the first year of publication, George R. Graham would claim a circulation of 25,000. A few months later he would claim 40,000. Graham’s American Monthly Magazine published original engravings by John Sartain (1808-1897) at a time when most periodicals borrowed and used old, worn-out plates. Graham’s paid its writers well in an era during which even famous writers received little, or nothing. In each issue there were two original mezzotints and a color fashion plate. The payment structure began at $4.00–$12.00 a page for prose and $10.00–$50.00 per poem, and name writers could negotiate more. Poe was getting only $4.00–$5.00 a page while N.P. Willis, a celebrated author (!), was receiving $11.00. The average article accepted would have been producing between $20.00 and $60.00 for its author. Poe, his wife Virginia, and his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, moved to New-York, where he could do contract writing and editing.
James Fenimore Cooper, in his novel SATANSTOE, recollected upon the celebration known as “Pinkster.”
From this year into 1850 Waldo Emerson would be crafting his essay on “Religion,” that in 1856 he would publish as part of his English Traits:

England felt the full heat of the Christianity which fermented Europe, and drew, like the chemistry of fire, a firm line between barbarism and culture. The power of the religious sentiment put an end to human sacrifices, checked appetite, inspired the crusades, inspired resistance to tyrants, inspired self-respect, set bounds to serfdom and slavery, founded liberty, created the religious architecture, –York, Newstead, Westminster, Fountains Abbey, Ripon, Beverley, and Dundee,—works to which the key is lost, with the sentiment which created them; inspired the English Bible, the liturgy, the monkish histories, the chronicle of Richard of Devizes. The priest translated the Vulgate, and translated the sanctities of old hagiology into English virtues on English ground. It was a certain affirmative or aggressive state of the Caucasian races. Man awoke refreshed by the sleep of ages. The violence of the northern savages exasperated Christianity into power. It lived by the love of the people. Bishop Wilfrid manumitted two hundred and fifty serfs, whom he found attached to the soil. The clergy obtained respite from labor for the boor on the Sabbath, and on church festivals. "The lord who compelled his boor to labor between sunset on Saturday and sunset on Sunday, forfeited him altogether." The priest came out of the people, and sympathized with his class. The church was the mediator, check, and democratic principle, in Europe. Latimer, Wicliffe, Arundel, Cobham, Antony Parsons, Sir Harry Vane, George Fox, William Penn, Bunyan are the democrats, as well as the saints of their times. The Catholic church, thrown on this toiling, serious people, has made in fourteen centuries a massive system, close fitted to the manners and genius of the country, at once domestical and stately. In the long time, it has blended with every thing in heaven above and the earth beneath. It moves through a zodiac of feasts and fasts, names every day of the year, every town and market and headland and monument, and has coupled itself with the almanac, that no court can be held, no field ploughed, no horse shod, without some leave from the church. All maxims of prudence or shop or farm are fixed and dated by the church. Hence, its strength in the agricultural districts. The distribution of land into parishes enforces a church sanction to every civil privilege; and the gradation of the clergy,– prelates for the rich, and curates for the poor,—with the fact that a classical education has been secured to the clergyman, makes them "the link which unites the sequestered peasantry with the intellectual advancement of the age" [Wordsworth].
According to one account (that of a tertiary historian named Daniel J. Boorstin, a personage not to be confused with the fine Thoreau scholar Daniel J. Bernstein), it was Waldo who, in constructing the phrase “the celebrities of wealth and fashion” upon the basis of the French import “Causes Célèbres” in his lecture “Natural Aristocracy” in this year, managed to originate our supremely functional modern concept of “celebrity.”

Our age has produced a new kind of eminence. This is as characteristic of our culture and our century as was the divinity of Greek gods in the sixth century B.C. or the chivalry of knights and courtly lovers in the middle ages. It has not yet driven heroism, sainthood, or martyrdom completely out of our consciousness. But with every decade it overshadows them more. All older forms of greatness now survive only in the shadow of this new form. This new kind of eminence is “celebrity.”

The word “celebrity” (from the Latin celebritas for “multitude” or “fame” and celeber meaning “frequented,” “populous,” or “famous”) originally meant not a person but a condition — as the Oxford English Dictionary says, “the condition of being much talked about; famousness, notoriety.” In this sense its use dates from at least the early seventeenth century. Even then it had a weaker meaning than “fame” or “renown.” Matthew Arnold, for example, remarked in the nineteenth century that while the philosopher Spinoza’s followers had “celebrity,” Spinoza himself had “fame.”

For us, however, “celebrity” means primarily a person — “a person of celebrity.” This usage of the word significantly dates from the early years of the Graphic Revolution, the first example being about 1850. Emerson spoke of “the celebrities of wealth and fashion” (1848). Now American dictionaries define a celebrity as “a famous or well-publicized person.”

The celebrity in the distinctive modern sense could not have existed in any earlier age, or in America before the Graphic Revolution. The celebrity is a person who is known for his well-knownness.

His qualities —or rather his lack of qualities— illustrate our peculiar problems. He is neither good nor bad, great nor petty. He is the human pseudo-event. He has been fabricated on purpose to satisfy our exaggerated expectations of human greatness. He is morally neutral. The product of no conspiracy, of no group promoting vice or emptiness, he is made by honest, industrious men of high professional ethics doing their job, “informing” and educating us. He is made by all of us who willingly read about him, who like to see him on television, who buy recordings of his voice, and talk about him to our friends. His relation to morality and even to reality is highly ambiguous. He is like the woman in an Elinor Glyn novel who describes another by saying, “She is like a figure in an Elinor Glyn novel.”

5. This entry is being constructed on October 3, 1995, the day that we are all learning that OJ has been unjustly accused.
This Emerson lecture would be published as the chapter “Aristocracy” in *ENGLISH TRAITS* in 1856:

Under the present reign, the perfect decorum of the Court is thought to have put a check on the gross vices of the aristocracy; yet gaming, racing, drinking, and mistresses, bring them down, and the democrat can still gather scandals, if he will. Dismal anecdotes abound, verifying the gossip of the last generation of dukes served by bailiffs, with all their plate in pawn; of great lords living by the showing of their houses; and of an old man wheeled in his chair from room to room, whilst his chambers are exhibited to the visitor for money; of ruined dukes and earls living in exile for debt. The historic names of the Buckinghams, Beauforts, Marlboroughs, and Hertfords, have gained no new lustre, and now and then darker scandals break out, ominous as the new chapters added under the Orleans dynasty to the “Causes Célèbres” in France. Even peers, who are men of worth and public spirit, are over-taken and embarrassed by their vast expense. The respectable Duke of Devonshire, willing to be the Mecaenas and Lucullus of his island, is reported to have said, that he cannot live at Chatsworth but one month in the year. Their many houses eat them up. They cannot sell them, because they are entailed. They will not let them, for pride’s sake, but keep them empty, aired, and the grounds mown and dressed, at a cost of four or five thousand pounds a year. The spending is for a great part in servants, in many houses exceeding a hundred.

Most of them are only chargeable with idleness, which, because it squanders such vast power of benefit, has the mischief of crime. "They might be little Providences on earth," said my friend, "and they are, for the most part, jockeys and fops." Campbell says, "acquaintance with the nobility, I could never keep up. It requires a life of idleness, dressing, and attendance on their parties." I suppose, too, that a feeling of self-respect is driving cultivated men out of this society, as if the noble were slow to receive the lessons of the times, and had not learned to disguise his pride of place. A man of wit, who is also one of the *celebrities* of wealth and fashion, confessed to his friend, that he could not enter their houses without being made to feel that they were great lords, and he a low plebeian. With the tribe of artistes, including the musical tribe, the patrician morgue keeps no terms, but excludes them. When Julia Grisi and Mario sang at the houses of the Duke of Wellington and other grandees, a cord was stretched between the singer and the company. [page 872]

Of course this is all contingent upon Boorstin’s rereading of citations in the OED, a rereading which ignores not only Miss Mulock’s use of the term as of some date in 1849 as coming months too late but also Hooker’s prior use (as of 1600), Johnson’s prior use (as of 1751), and Arnold’s prior use (as of 1838) as pertaining not to *status of personages* so much as to *conditions of being*.6

But even before Emerson would have this usage generally distributed as of 1856 this helpful little trope had entered the general lexicon, as in the following 1851 title: N. Parker Willis, *HURRY-GRAPHS; OR, SKETCHES OF SCENERY, CELEBRITIES AND SOCIETY, TAKEN FROM LIFE* (NT: Charles Scribner). In fact, by the year 1855 Emerson himself would be being rated as a celebrity (without credit being offered that it was he himself who
had allegedly originated this usage), as witness the review of *Walden; Or, Life in the Woods* by Evart A. and George L. Duyckinck titled “Henry David Thoreau,” in their *Cyclopaedia of American*

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6. Here, per the OED, are these other uses:

1600: “The dignity and **celebrity** of mother cities should be respected” (condition rather than person).
1751: “I did not find myself yet enriched in proportion to my **celebrity**” (condition rather than person).
1838: “Recommended to public notice by the **celebrity** of their family” (condition rather than person).
1849: “Did you see any of those ‘**celebrities,**’ as you call them?” (person rather than condition — but published some months subsequent to the Emerson lecture in Edinburgh in November 1848).
Two of the most noticeable books in American literature on the score of a certain quaint study of natural history and scenery, are Mr. Thoreau’s volumes on the Concord and Merrimack rivers, and Life in the Woods. The author is a humorist in the old English sense of the word, a man of humors, of Concord, Mass., where, in the neighborhood of Emerson and Hawthorne, and in the enjoyment of their society, he leads, if we may take his books as the interpreter of his career, a meditative philosophic life. We find his name on the Harvard list of graduates of 1837. In 1849, having previously been a contributor to the Dial, and occupied himself in school-keeping and trade in an experimental way, he published A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers. ... His next book was published with equal deliberation. It is the story of a humor of the author, which occupied him a term of two years and two months, commencing in March, 1845. Walden, or Life in the Woods, was published in Boston in 1854. The oddity of its record attracted universal attention. A gentleman and scholar retires one morning from the world, strips himself of all superfluities, and with a borrowed axe and minimum of pecuniary capital, settles himself as a squatter in the wood, on the edge of a New England pond near Concord. He did not own the land, but was permitted to enjoy it. He felled a few pines, hewed timbers, and for boards bought out the shanty of James Collins, an Irish laborer on the adjacent Fitchburg railroad, for the sum of four dollars twenty-five cents. He was assisted in the raising by Emerson, George W. Curtis, and other celebrities of Concord, whose presence gave the rafters an artistic flavor. Starting early in the spring, he secured long before winter by the labor of his hands "a tight shingled and plastered house, ten feet wide by fifteen long, and eight feet posts, with a garret and a closet, a large window on each side, two trap-doors, one door at the end, and a brick fire-place opposite." The exact cost of the house is given:—

[Reprints “Economy,” page 49.3-25.]

The rest of the account from Mr. Thoreau’s ledger is curious, and will show "upon what meats this same Caesar fed," that he came to interest the public so greatly in his housekeeping:—

[Reprints “Economy,” pages 58.34-60.31.]
He had nothing further to do after his “family baking,” which, the family consisting of a unit, could not have been large or have come round very often, than to read, think, and observe. Homer appears to have been his favorite book. The thinking was unlimited, and the observation that of a man with an instinctive tact for the wonders of natural history. He sees and describes insects, birds, such “small deer” as approached him, with a felicity which would have gained him the heart of Izaak Walton and Alexander Wilson. A topographical and hydrographical survey of Walden Pond is as faithful, exact, and labored, as if it had employed a government or admiralty commission. As in the author’s previous work, the immediate incident is frequently only the introduction to higher themes. The realities around him are occasionally veiled by a hazy atmosphere of transcendental speculation, through which the essayist sometimes stumbles into abysmal depths of the bathetic. We have more pleasure, however, in dwelling upon the shrewd humors of this modern contemplative Jacques of the forest, and his fresh, nice observation of books and men, which has occasionally something of a poetic vein. He who would acquire a new sensation of the world about him, would do well to retire from cities to the banks of Walden pond; and he who would open his eyes to the opportunities of country life, in its associations of fields and men, may loiter with profit along the author’s journey on the Merrimack, where natural history, local antiquities, records, and tradition, are exhausted in vitalizing the scene.

A CHARACTER—FROM WALDEN.

[Reprints “Visitors,” pages 144.13-145.36.]

A BATTLE OF ANTS—FROM WALDEN.

[Reprints “Brute Neighbors,” pages 228.26-232.11.]
In 1869 Louisa May Alcott would make use of this “Emersonian” trope in Part II of LITTLE WOMEN:

... a select symposium, held in honor of several celebrities. Jo went prepared to bow down and adore the mighty ones whom she had worshiped with youthful enthusiasm afar off. But her reverence for genius received a severe shock that night, and it took her some time to recover from the discovery that the great creatures were only men and women after all. Imagine her dismay, on stealing a glance of timid admiration at the poet whose lines suggested an ethereal being fed on ‘spirit, fire, and dew,’ to behold him devouring his supper with an ardor which flushed his intellectual countenance. Turning as from a fallen idol, she made other discoveries which rapidly dispelled her romantic illusions. The great novelist vibrated between two decanters with the regularity of a pendulum; the famous divine flirted openly with one of the Madame de Staëls of the age, who looked daggers at another Corinne, who was amiably satirizing her, after outmaneuvering her in efforts to absorb the profound philosopher, who imbibed tea Johnsonianly and appeared to slumber, the loquacity of the lady rendering speech impossible. The scientific celebrities, forgetting their mollusks and glacial periods, gossiped about art, while devoting themselves to oysters and ices with characteristic energy; the young musician, who was charming the city like a second Orpheus, talked horses; and the specimen of the British nobility present happened to be the most ordinary man of the party.

And by 1882 Walt Whitman would be treating the new term celebrity for the new phenomenon of the public
personality as a natural and intrinsic part of the English language:

Besides Fulton ferry, off and on for years, I knew and frequented Broadway — that noted avenue of New York’s crowded and mixed humanity, and of so many notables. Here I saw, during those times, Andrew Jackson, Webster, Clay, William Henry Seward, Martin Van Buren, filibuster Walker, Kossuth, Fitz Greene Halleck, William Cullen Bryant, the Prince of Wales, Charles Dickens, the first Japanese ambassadors, and lots of other celebrities of the time. Always something novel or inspiriting; yet mostly to me the hurrying and vast amplitude of those never-ending human currents. I remember seeing James Fenimore Cooper in a court-room in Chambers street, back of the city hall, where he was carrying on a law case — (I think it was a charge of libel he had brought against some one.) I also remember seeing Edgar A. Poe, and having a short interview with him, (it must have been in 1845 or ’6,) in his office, second story of a corner building, (Duane or Pearl street.) He was editor and owner or part owner of “the Broadway Journal.” [Page 702] The visit was about a piece of mine he had publish’d. Poe was very cordial, in a quiet way, appear’d well in person, dress, &c. I have a distinct and pleasing remembrance of his looks, voice, manner and matter; very kindly and human, but subdued, perhaps a little jaded. For another of my reminiscences, here on the west side, just below Houston street, I once saw (it must have been about 1832, of a sharp, bright January day) a bent, feeble but stout-built very old man, bearded, swathed in rich furs, with a great ermine cap on his head, led and assisted, almost carried, down the steps of his high front stoop (a dozen friends and servants, emulous, carefully holding, guiding him) and then lifted and tuck’d in a gorgeous sleigh, envelop’d in other furs, for a ride. The sleigh was drawn by as fine a team of horses as I ever saw. (You needn’t think all the best animals are brought up nowadays; never was such horseflesh as fifty years ago on Long Island, or south, or in New York city; folks look’d for spirit and mettle in a nag, not tame speed merely.) Well, I, a boy of perhaps thirteen or fourteen, stopp’d and gazed long at the spectacle of that fur-swathed old man, surrounded by friends and servants, and the careful seating of him in the sleigh. I remember the spirited, champing horses, the driver with his whip, and a fellow-driver by his side, for extra prudence. The old man, the subject of so much attention, I can almost see now. It was John Jacob Astor.

In his novel Oak Openings, James Fenimore Cooper inserted a character to spout the 10-lost-tribes-of-Israel doctrine of American Exceptionalism.
June: Phineas Taylor Barnum came to observe the Fox Sisters and quickly arranged for them to exhibit their Spiritualism stuff at his Barnum Museum in New-York at an admission charge of $2. As a 16-year-old and a 10-year-old, Maggie and Kate began a life of public display as Leah took them from city to city where they were questioned, examined, believed, and scorned by some of the most prominent citizens of the nation. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the Reverend Theodore Parker, and Bayard Taylor attended sittings during this period (that’ll be $6 please). At one particular sitting George Bancroft, James Fenimore Cooper, William Cullen Bryant, the Reverend George Ripley, and Nathaniel Parker Willis were in attendance (that’ll be $10 please).
September 14, Sunday:  James Fenimore Cooper died in Cooperstown, New York.

September 14, Sunday: A great change in the weather from sultry to cold. from one thin coat to a thick coat or two thin ones.

2 Pm. To Cliffs.

The dry grass yields a crisped sound to my foot. The white oak which appears to have made part of a hedge fence once – now standing in – Hubbards’ fence near the Corner Road – where it stretches along horizontally is (one of its arms, for it has one running each way) 2 1/2 feet thick with a sprout growing perpendicularly out of it 18 inches in diameter. The corn stalks standing in stacks in long rows along the edges of the corn fields – reminds me of stacks of muskets

As soon as berries are gone grapes come. The chalices of the *Rhexia Virginica* Deer Grass or Meadow Beauty are literally littl reddish chalices now – though many still have petals. little cream pitchers.

The caducous polygala in cool places is faded almost white. I see the river at the foot of Fair Haven Hill running up stream before the strong cool wind which here strikes it from the North. The cold wind makes me shudder after my bath – before I get dressed.  

*Polygonum aviculare* – Knot grass Goose grass or Door grass still in bloom.
September 23, Tuesday: Newspapers were recording the demise of famous author James Fenimore Cooper:

DEATH OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

The decease of this distinguished man, who for over a quarter of a century has held such an eminent position in American literature, took place at one o'clock on Sunday afternoon, the 14th instant, at his residence in Cooperstown. For several months past his health had been in a condition which awakened the anxiety of his friends, although with a vigorous constitution and temperate habits they could not but anticipate his attainment of a ripe old age. He left the city about the first of June for his country residence; his strength was greatly impaired; he hoped much from a change of air and scene; but, as it has proved, he returned home only to breathe his last in the bosom of his family. His death will call forth an emotion of sadness throughout the whole extent of our country, for there are few who do not deem themselves his debtors for many hours of the purest intellectual gratification, while the most remarkable features of American scenery have been invested with a new charm by the magic touches of his pen. Not in his native land alone will the announcement of his decease strike a tender chord in the memory, and recall the delight with which the imagination has revelled in his fresh and glowing pictures of nature and passion. His name is not only co-extensive with the English language, but his works have become permanently incorporated with the best literature of every civilized country. Without ceasing to be American, he was eminently cosmopolitan, gaining a congenial home for the productions of his genius in every order of society, and holding his wizard spell over the backwoodsman, who read the adventures of Leather-Stocking by the light of a pine knot in the log cabin, as well as over the vortices of science and of fashion in the brilliant salons of Paris and Vienna.

Mr. Cooper was born at Burlington, New Jersey, on the 16th of September, 1789, and had he lived one day longer, he would have been sixty-two years of age. His father, the late Judge Cooper, was a large landholder in Orange county, in the State, residing alternately at Burlington and Cooperstown, and fixing his name to the latter township, which has

September 23, Tuesday: Notwithstanding the fog – the fences this morning are covered with so thick a frost that you can write your name anywhere with your nail. The partridge (Ruffed Grouse, *Bonasa umbellus* [Partridge]) & the rabbit, they still are sure to thrive, like true natives of the soil whatever revolutions occur. If the forest is cut off many bushes spring up which afford them concealment, and they become more numerous than ever. The sumacs are among the reddest leaves at present. The telegraph-harp sounds strongly today in the midst of the rain. I put my ear to the trees and I hear it working terribly within & anon it swells into a clear tone, which seems to concentrate in the core of the tree – for all the sound seems to proceed from the wood. It is as if you had entered some world famous cathedral resounding to some vast organ– The fibres of all things have their tension and are strained like the strings of a lyre. I feel the very ground tremble under my feet as I stand near the post This wire vibrates with great power as if it would strain & rend the wood. What an aweful and fate-ful music it must be to the worms in the wood – no better vermifuge were needed. No danger that worms will attack this
wood – such vibrating music would thrill them to death. I scare up large flocks of sparrows in the garden–
James Fenimore Cooper’s Afloat and Ashore, The Brave, Chainbearer, Crater, Headsman, Heidenmauer, Home as Found, Homeward Bound, Jack Tier, Lionel Lincoln, Memorial of J.F. Cooper, Mercedes of Castile, Miles Wallingford, Monikins, Oak-Openings, The Pathfinder, The Pilot, Pioneers, The Prairie, Precaution, Redskins, Satanstoe, Sea Lions, The Spy, Traveling Bachelor, Two Admirals, The Water-Witch, Wept of Wish-Ton-Wish, Wing-and-Wing, and Wyandotte. Edgar Allan Poe’s Tales of Mystery were posthumously published. On the more serious side, E. Monnegut’s Margaret Fuller was published in Paris, and Margaret Fuller Ossoli’s heavily censored Memoirs were issued in Boston in two volumes, and John Henry Newman issued his The Idea of a University. Also, Professor Victor Cousin’s Cours d’Histoire de la Philosophie Moderne appeared in an English version.
James Cooper

James Fenimore Cooper
JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

CLASSICS Illustrated
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No 51  15¢

THE SPY
James Fenimore Cooper
A careful engraving of the noted authors of the day was prepared, to vend to the general public for $10 a pop. Ten dollars would be roughly the value then of two weeks labor for a working man. We notice of course the necessary presence in Washington Irving’s famous Knickerbocker library at “Sunnyside” of Waldo Emerson, transcendently hopeful of all good things, and indifferently content with his Carlylean reputation as the most original thinker in America, and the necessary absence of Henry Thoreau:

“They have assembled for a morning’s conversation in the little Knickerbocker library at Sunnyside, a place dear to the recollection of all who have visited that classic spot. Irving sits in an easy, unaffected attitude, in his big arm chair, at once the honored host and genial companion of the distinguished party which surrounds him. William H. Prescott, evidently the last speaker in the group, bends towards him his handsome intellectual face, in an earnest and inquiring manner, and behind him stands Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, thoughtfully attentive for the momentarily expected response form the presiding spirit of the occasion. At the left hand of Irving sits James Fenimore Cooper, complacently conscious of his own brilliant fame, yet cordially recognizant of the still higher eminence of his great contemporary. The front line of this portion of the group
includes, also, the strong decisive profile of George Bancroft, in the attentive attitude of an expectant listener.

Thus, we have, as the prominent interest of the picture, the admirable and life-like portraits of our great representative writers in History, Philosophy, Romance, and Poetry, naturally and characteristically disposed. The fine conception of the artist is now happily completed, and the picture enlivened by the introduction of other of the hospitable Knickerbocker’s friends and intimates, scarcely less distinguished in the literary world than those thus especially honored. William Cullen Bryant stands near the window, pensively meditating on
those melancholy days that annually cast their shade of sadness over nature’s varying face, and opposite him is seen Nathaniel Hawthorne, already wandering in imagination through those mysterious chambers in the House with the Seven Gables, through whose dusty windows was destined to stream the clear sunshine of his prolific fancy. Frederick Goddard Tuckerman is charging his memory with the characteristic points of the celebrities before him, and Nathaniel Parker Willis is treasuring a “jotting-down” and a piquant item for his “Seeings and Hearings.” Worthy of mention. In short, each particular star of this brilliant galaxy, shines with its own peculiar light and magnitude, and appropriately fills its allotted place in this most charming and suggestive picture. Mr. Darley, to whose ever skilful pencil the country is indebted for both its design and execution, has but given us another evidence that whatever he undertakes to do he will do well. To secure accuracy, Mr. Darley availed himself of the services of the eminent photographer Brady. The picture has been reproduced in oil by Mr. Schuessele, with great fidelity to the original, making a beautiful and effective painting four feet by six, preserving in a remarkable degree the strength of handling and perfection of resemblance, which characterize the original drawing. It will be recollected that this fine drawing was made by Mr. Darley with the view of its being presented to the public in the form of an engraving.”
Thomas Hicks painted his “Authors of the United States” as a name-dropping set piece to show off various of the portraits of prominent personages he had painted at his studio in New-York. We have no idea as to the present whereabouts of the original of this, but an engraving of it was made by A.H. Ritchie. We note that the statues on the upper balcony are of course of founding literary giants Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, William Shakespeare, and Dante Alighieri. Henry Thoreau is of course as always not noticeably absent, since he would
not emerge into his present renown until well into the 20th Century.

The personages depicted are

1=Washington Irving 2=William Cullen Bryant 3=James Fenimore Cooper
31=Margaret Fuller, marchesa d'Ossoli 32=Reverend William Ellery Channing 33=Harriet Beecher Stowe
34=Mrs. Kirkland 35=Friend John Greenleaf Whittier 36=James Russell Lowell 37=Boker 38=Bayard Taylor
39=Saxe 40=Stoddard 41=Mrs. Amelia Welby 42=Gallagher 43=Cozzens 44=Halleck.
Newell Convers Wyeth illustrated an edition of James Fenimore Cooper’s *The Last of the Mohicans*. 
Newell Convers Wyeth illustrated an edition of James Fenimore Cooper’s *The Deerslayer*. 
Fall: Alan K. Leahigh’s “The history of -quote, unquote- public relations” appeared in Public Relations Quarterly volume 38, number 3, beginning on page 24. This study provided quotations amply demonstrating that the doctrines of public relations had been being recognized, evaluated, and practiced long before public relations began to emerge as a “profession.” The historical personages quoted include George Ade, Lewis Carroll, James Fenimore Cooper, Albert Einstein, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Benjamin Franklin, Ernest Hemingway, Hubert Humphrey, Ben Jonson, Carl Gustav Jung, Abraham Lincoln, Walter Lippmann, St. Matthew, Margaret Mead, Napoleon Bonaparte, Dan Rather, Henry David Thoreau, Mark Twain, E.B. White, Osmo A. Wiio, Oscar Wilde, and Admiral Elmo Russell Zumwalt, Jr.

“MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY
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“It’s all now you see. Yesterday won’t be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago.”

- Remark by character “Garin Stevens” in William Faulkner’s INTRUDER IN THE DUST

Prepared: September 8, 2014
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.