

CAPTAIN EDWARD HORATIO FAUCON



Catherine Faucon had wanted her father remembered for his public life, as the dashing young captain portrayed by Richard Henry Dana, Jr., in *TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST* and as a volunteer shipmaster in the Union navy during the Civil War. To accomplish this, she had destroyed her father's records of his career in [China](#). She would have been horrified to learn that 23 years after her death Jim Kennon, a weekend scuba diver hoping to spear a lingcod, had discovered the wreck of the [Frolic](#), her father's Baltimore-built [opium](#) clipper.

1806



November 12, Wednesday: [Edward Horatio Faucon](#) was born in Boston, the son of Catherine Dawes Waters and a French instructor at [Harvard College](#), Nicolas Michel Faucon.

Muzio Clementi arrived in Vienna from St. Petersburg. He would meet [Ludwig van Beethoven](#) and purchase the rights to some of his works.

French troops occupied Hildesheim.

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

4 day 12 of 11 M / Since my return from Quarterly Meeting I have had to labor under much discouragement feeling at seasons borne down with the weight of my sins & manyfold transgressions insomuch that I have not dared to write in my journal. Oh the grievous death which the mind is brought into by unwatchfulness or a want of care to dwell at all times in the vally of humility.




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May I more and more come down & be humble, may all that is yet opposed to the powerful workings of truth be done away. Often when I view my self & see how little of the right thing has grown & flourished within me tho' often watered & norished, I am ready to blush at not furnishing a better example than I do.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

1816

 **1816:** For the next six or seven years, until 1822, [Edward H. Faucon](#) would be a schoolboy at the Boston Latin School. Instead of staying to graduate, he would then go to sea to become a most unusually learned skipper, one competent not only to rig a ship but also to pun in Latin.

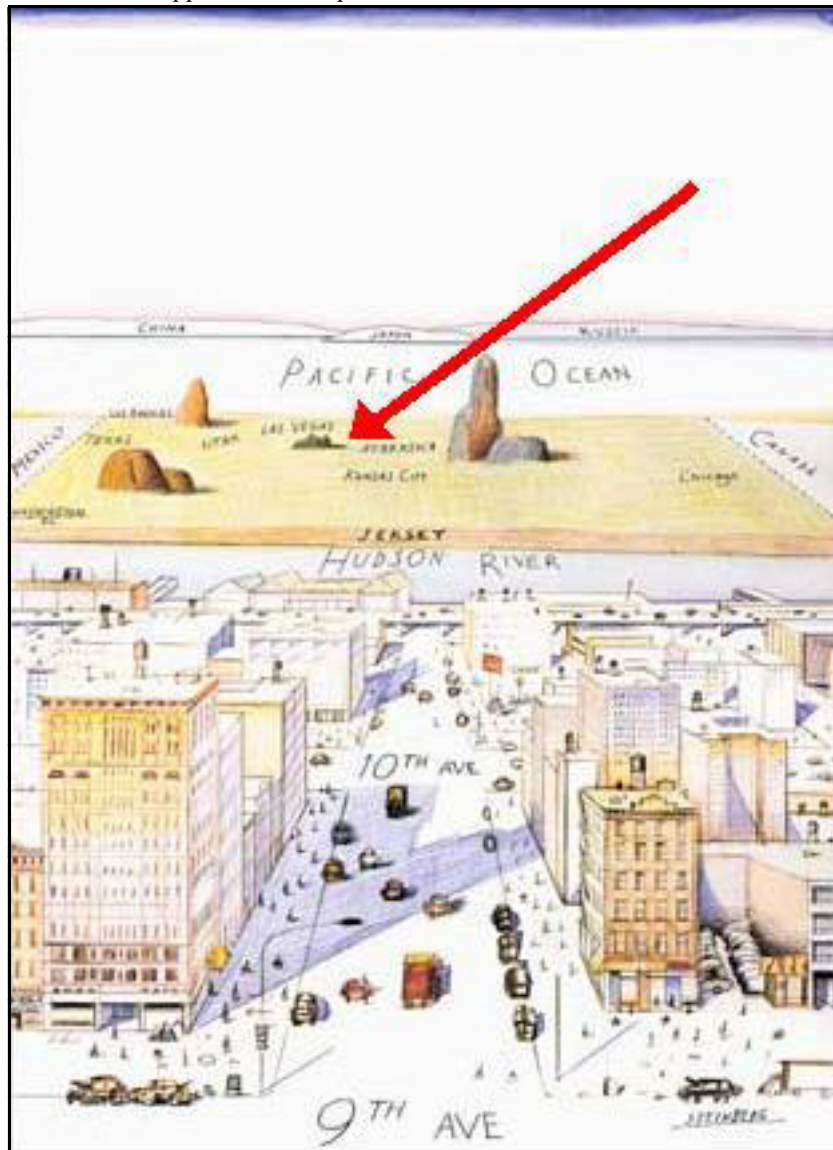
1822

 **1822:** In this year [Edward H. Faucon](#) left the Boston Latin School and went to sea.

1833

➡ November 15, Friday: New York State lawyer Benjamin Franklin Butler became the US Attorney General.

Captain [Edward H. Faucon](#) sailed the *Alert* out of Boston Harbor for the firm of Bryant & Sturgis, heading this rakish new “Baltimore” clipper around Cape Horn for the coast of Alta California.





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Table 1: Crew of the *Alert* of Boston, Master [Edward H. Faucon](#), bound for California 1834

Name	Station	Place of Birth	Residence	Citizenship	Age	Height	Complexion	Hair
Edward H. Faucon	Master	Boston	Boston	USA	28	5-6	Dark	Dark
Richard Brown	1st Mate	Marblehead	Marblehead	USA	25	5-4	Light	Brown
David Evans	2d Mate	Baltimore	Salem	USA	30	5-9	Light	Sandy
James B. Hatch ^a	3d Mate	Springfield	Springfield	USA	19	5-7	Dark	Dark
M. Lilljequist ^b	Carpenter	Holland	Boston	Holland	35	5-8	Dark	Dark
James Luyck ^c	Steward	Boston	Boston	USA	27	5-7	Black	Woolly
James Williams ^d	Cook	New York	Boston	USA	19	5-6½	Yellow	Woolly
Reuben Herriots	Sailmaker & Seaman	New York	Boston	USA	26	5-1½	Light	Brown
Henry White	Seaman	Boston	Boston	USA	28	5-6½	Light	Brown
William Hyson Meyers ^e	Seaman	Newburyport	Boston	USA	29	5-8	Light	Brown
Thomas Harris ^f	Seaman	Charlestown	Boston	USA	40	5-8½	Dark	Dark
Joseph Brewer	Seaman	New Orleans	Boston	USA	28	5-8½	Dark	Dark
Joseph E. Libby ^g	Seaman	Gardiner	Boston	USA	23	5-1½	Dark	Dark
Henry Bennet ^h	Seaman	New York	Boston	USA	31	5-6	Light	Brown
Cotton L. Pratt ⁱ	Seaman	Weymouth	Boston	USA	28	5-8½	Light	Brown
William Harris ^j	O. Seaman	Boston	Boston	USA	19	5-5	Light	Dark
Nathaniel B. Prouty ^k	O. Seaman	Hingham	Hingham	USA	18	5-2	Dark	Dark
Ben Roubaud	O. Seaman	Boston		USA				
James Nye	O. Seaman	Dover	Dover	USA	16	5-4	Dark	Light
George W.H. Somerby ^l	O. Seaman	New York	Boston	USA	15	5-3	Dark	Dark
Henry R. May ^m	O. Seaman	Philadelphia	Boston	USA	16	5-2	Light	Light

a. Transferred from the *Alert* to the *Pilgrim* in California.

b. Called "Chips" and became 3d Mate on next voyage of the *Alert*.

c. Also given as Laych.

d. Called "Doctor" s Age 26 must be a mistake. He had been at sea 22 years, called "Sails" also "oldest man on board" Capt. Faucon said he was "fine looking" a regular man-of war's man at least 40 years old.

e. Son of James & Abigail Meyers. Born February 9, 1801.

f. Called Englishman Birthplace given as Charlestown must be wrong.

g. Also spelled Libbey on later list & "station bill" is probably the other Kennebec man, and either he or Brewer the "Joe:"

h. If the "oldest man" of the crew must have been more than 31. According to Capt. Faucon he was 40 at least.



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- i. Did not sail. Capt. Faucon could not remember such a man & Mr. Hatch wrote, “The Cotton Pratt I never heard of before:” Probably “John the Frenchman” or Jack Stewart was taken in his place, or presented his papers as sailors sometimes did. Pratt’s name was not in the *Alert*’s “station bill:”
- j. Always mentioned as English.
- k. Called the “Bucket-maker” & “Cape Cod Boy” also “Nat:” born January 17, 1817 to the blacksmith Nathaniel Prouty and his wife Matilda B. Gregory, both of Hingham. He married Hannah Brown of Hingham in Quincy on November 18, 1847. He died in Quincy on April 21, 1868.
- l. Went out again in the *Alert* on November 29, 1836. He died about 1838. The physician who saw to him was the Dr. George Parkman for whose murder Professor Webster was convicted and hanged.
- m. Called “Harry Bluff:” George P. Marsh, an “Englishman” whose real name was George Walker Marsh, was shipped on board the *Alert* at San Pedro in Fall 1835. Although John C. Stewart is not on this regular crew list he was on the “station bill” as well as on another list which says he “ran away at Callao” on the outward voyage. It is to be noted that the “John the Frenchman” so often mentioned by Dana appears nowhere on this crew list. There is no John, nor is there anyone born in France. The obvious conclusion is that Dana made up the character, or deliberately misnamed him.



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1835

 July 18, Saturday: Penny Magazine:

<http://www.history.rochester.edu/pennymag/211.htm>

Richard Henry Dana, Jr. observed the departure of the Mexican ship *Fazio* from the port of San Diego, bound for San Blas and Mazatlan. He met the new master of the *Alert* and of the *Pilgrim*, Mr. Edward H. Faucon. According to the crew list he was 5 ft. 6 in. in height, had dark complexion and brown hair. This man would be Dana's choice skipper. He would serve along the California coast until 1837, and would later wind up in the opium trade between India and China.

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST: Wednesday, July 18th, brought us the brig *Pilgrim* from the windward. As she came in, we found that she was a good deal altered in her appearance. Her short top-gallant masts were up; her bowlines all unrove (except to the courses); the quarter boom-irons off her lower yards; her jack-cross-trees sent down; several blocks got rid of; running-rigging rove in new places; and numberless other changes of the same character. Then, too, there was a new voice giving orders, and a new face on the quarter-deck, - a short, dark complexioned man, in a green jacket and a high leather cap. These changes, of course, set the whole beach on the qui-vive, and we were all waiting for the boat to come ashore, that we might have things explained. At length, after the sails were furled and the anchor carried out the boat pulled ashore, and the news soon flew that the expected ship had arrived at Santa Barbara, and that Captain T--- had taken command of her, and her captain, Faucon, had taken the *Pilgrim*, and was the green-jacketed man on the quarterdeck.



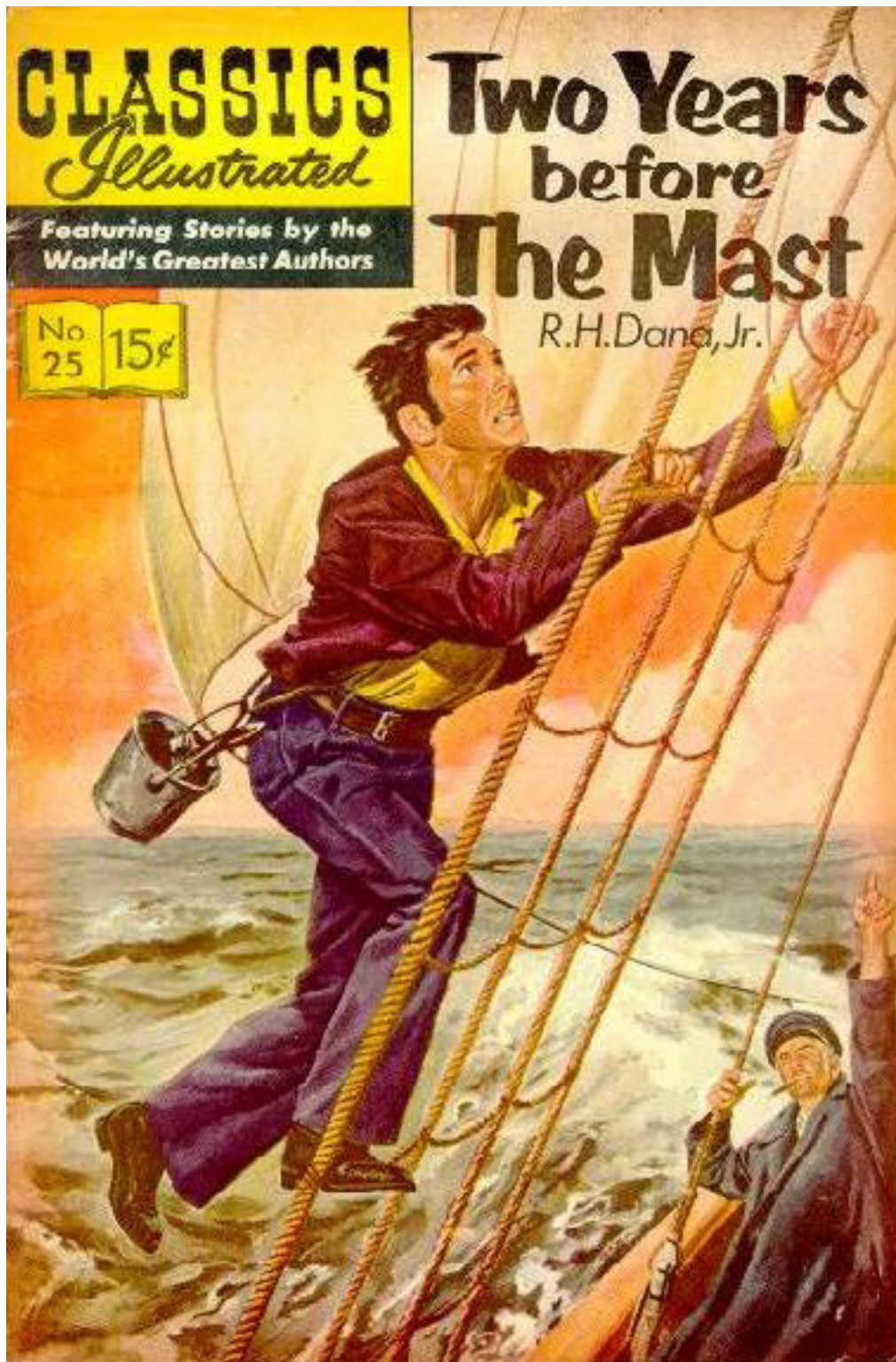
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AND NOW, FOR SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, A REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR:

Saturday, July 18th. This day, sailed the Mexican hermaphrodite brig, *Fazio*, for San Blas and Mazatlan. This was the brig which was driven ashore at San Pedro in a southeaster, and had been lying at San Diego to repair and take in her cargo. The owner of her had had a good deal of difficulty with the government about the duties, etc., and her sailing had been delayed for several weeks; but everything having been arranged, she got under weigh with a light breeze, and was floating out of the harbor, when two horsemen came dashing down to the beach, at full speed, and tried to find a boat to put off after her; but there being none on the beach, they offered a handful of silver to any Kanaka who would swim off and take a letter on board. One of the Kanakas, a fine, active, well-made young fellow, instantly threw off everything but his duck trousers, and putting the letter into his hat, swam off, after the vessel. Fortunately, the wind was very light and the vessel was going slowly, so that, although she was nearly a mile off when he started, he gained on her rapidly. He went through the water leaving a wake like a small steamboat. I certainly never saw such swimming before. They saw him coming from the deck, but did not heave-to suspecting the nature of his errand; yet, the wind continuing light, he swam alongside and got on board, and delivered his letter. The captain read the letter, told the Kanaka there was no answer, and giving him a glass of brandy, left him to jump overboard and find the best of his way to the shore. The Kanaka swam in for the nearest point of land, and, in about an hour, made his appearance at the hide-house. He did not seem at all fatigued, had made three or four dollars, got a glass of brandy, and was in fine spirits. The brig kept on her course, and the government officers, who had come down to forbid her sailing, went back, each with something like a flea in his ear, having depended upon extorting a little more money from the owner.

It was now nearly three months since the *Alert* arrived at Santa Barbara, and we began to expect her daily. About a half a mile behind the hide-house, was a high hill; and every afternoon, as soon as we had done our work, some one of us walked up to see if there were any sail in sight, coming down before the regular trades, which blow every afternoon. Each day, after the latter part of July, we went up the hill, and came back disappointed. I was anxious for her arrival, for I had been told by letter that the owners in Boston, at the request of my friends, had written to Captain T_____ to take me on board the *Alert*, in case she returned to the United States before the *Pilgrim*; and I, of course, wished to know whether the order had been received, and what was the destination of the ship. One year more or less might be of small consequence to others, but it was everything to me. It was now just a year since we sailed from Boston, and at the shortest, no vessel could expect to get away under eight or nine months, which would make our absence two years in all. This would be pretty long, but would not be fatal. It would not necessarily be decisive of my future life. But one year more would settle the matter. I should be a sailor for life; and although I had made up my mind to it before I had my letters from home, and was, as I thought, quite satisfied; yet, as soon as an opportunity was held out to me of returning, and the prospect of another kind of life was opened to me, my anxiety to return, and, at least, to have the chance of deciding upon my course for myself, was beyond measure. Beside that, I wished to be "equal to either fortune," and to qualify myself for an officer's berth, and a hide-house was no place to learn seamanship in. I had become experienced in hide-curing, and everything went on smoothly, and I had many opportunities of becoming acquainted with the people, and much leisure for reading and studying navigation; yet practical seamanship could only be got on board ship; therefore, I determined to ask to be taken on board the ship when she arrived. By the first of August, we finished curing all our hides, stored them away, cleaned out our vats, (in which latter work we spent two days, up to our knees in mud and the sediments of six months' hide-curing, in a stench which would drive a donkey from his breakfast,) and got in readiness for the arrival of the ship, and had another leisure interval of three or four weeks; which I spent, as usual, in reading, writing, studying, making and mending my clothes, and getting my wardrobe in complete readiness, in case I should go on board the ship; and in fishing, ranging the woods with the dogs, and in occasional visits to the presidio and mission.



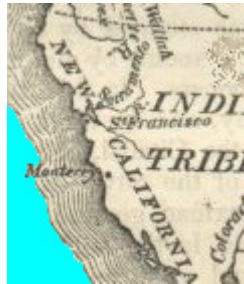
THE REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR DANA, CONCLUDED:

A good deal of my time was spent in taking care of a little puppy, which I had selected from thirty-six, that were born within three days of one another, at our house. He was a fine, promising pup, with four white paws, and all the rest of his body of a dark brown. I built a little kennel for him, and kept him fastened there, away from the other dogs, feeding and disciplining him myself. In a few weeks, I got him in complete subjection, and he grew finely, was very much attached to me, and bid fair to be one of the leading dogs on the beach. I called him Bravo, and the only thing I regretted at the thought of leaving the beach, was parting with him.

1837




July 6, Wednesday: Captain [Edward H. Faucon](#) sailed the *Pilgrim* into Boston Harbor, stuffed utterly full of California cowhide.





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 July 7, Thursday: [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) was reunited with some of his buddies from the *Alert*.



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

Something less than a year after my return in the *Alert*, and when, my eyes having recovered, I was again in college life, I found one morning in the newspapers, among the arrivals of the day before, “The brig *Pilgrim*, Faucon, from San Diego, California:” In a few hours I was down in Ann Street, and on my way to Hackstadt’s boarding-house, where I knew Tom Harris and others would lodge. Entering the front room, I heard my name called from amid a group of blue-jackets, and several sunburned, tar-colored men came forward to speak to me. They were, at first, a little embarrassed by the dress and style in which they had never seen me, and one of them was calling me Mr. Dana; but I soon stopped that, and we were shipmates once more. First, there was Tom Harris, in a characteristic occupation. I had made him promise to come and see me when we parted in San Diego; he had got a directory of Boston, found the street and number of my father’s house, and, by a study of the plan of the city, had laid out his course, and was committing it to memory. He said he could go straight to the house without asking a question. And so he could, for I took the book from him, and he gave his course, naming each street and turn to right or left, directly to the door.

Tom had been second mate of the *Pilgrim*, and had laid up no mean sum of money. True to his resolution, he was going to England to find his mother, and he entered into the comparative advantages of taking his money home in gold or in bills,—a matter of some moment, as this was in the disastrous financial year of 1837, He seemed to have his ideas well arranged, but I took him to a leading banker, whose advice he followed; and, declining my invitation to go up and show himself to my friends, he was off for New York that afternoon, to sail the next day for Liverpool. The last I ever saw of Tom Harris was as he passed down Tremont Street on the sidewalk, a man dragging a hand-cart in the street by his side, on which were his voyage-worn chest, his mattress, and a box of nautical instruments.

Sam seemed to have got funny again, and he and John the Swede learned that Captain Thompson had several months before sailed in command of a ship for the coast of Sumatra, and that their chance of proceedings against him at law was hopeless. Sam was afterwards lost in a brig off the coast of Brazil, when all hands went down. Of John and the rest of the men I have never heard. The Marblehead boy, Sam, turned out badly; and, although he had influential friends, never allowed them to improve his condition. The old carpenter, the Fin, of whom the cook stood in such awe, had fallen sick and died in Santa Barbara, and was buried ashore. Jim Hall, from the Kennebec, who sailed with us before the mast, and was made second mate in Foster’s place, came home chief mate of the *Pilgrim*. I have often seen him since. His lot has been prosperous, as he well deserved it should be. He has commanded the largest ships, and when I last saw him, was going to the Pacific coast of South America, to take charge of a line of mail steamers. Poor, luckless Foster I have twice seen. He came into my rooms in Boston, after I had become a barrister and my narrative had been published, and told me he was chief mate of a big ship; that he had heard I had said some things unfavorable of him in my book; that he had just bought it, and was going to read it that night, and if I had said anything unfair of him, he would punish me if he found me in State Street. I surveyed him from head to foot, and said to him, “Foster, you were not a formidable man when I last knew you, and I don’t believe you are now.” Either he was of my opinion, or thought I had spoken of him well enough, for the next (and last) time I met him he was civil and pleasant.

I believe I omitted to state that Mr. Andrew B. Amerzene, the chief mate of the *Pilgrim*, an estimable, kind, and trustworthy man, had a difficulty with Captain Faucon, who thought him slack, was turned off duty, and sent home with us in the *Alert*. Captain Thompson, instead of giving him the place of a mate off duty, put him into the narrow between-decks, where a space, not over four feet high, had been left out among the hides, and there compelled him to live the whole wearisome voyage, through trades and tropics, and round Cape Horn, with nothing to do,—not allowed to converse or walk with the officers, and obliged to get his grub himself from the galley, in the tin pot and kid of a common sailor. I used to talk with him as much as I had opportunity to, but his lot was wretched, and in every way wounding to his feelings. After our arrival, Captain Thompson was obliged to make him compensation for this treatment. It happens that I have never heard of him since.

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THE REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR DANA, CONCLUDED:

I went with her, and in a small room, with the most scanty furniture, upon a mattress on the floor,— emaciated, ashy pale, with hollow voice and sunken eyes,— lay the boy George, whom we took out a small, bright boy of fourteen from a Boston public school, who fought himself into a position on board ship, and whom we brought home a tall, athletic youth, that might have been the pride and support of his widowed mother. There he lay, not over nineteen years of age, ruined by every vice a sailor's life absorbs. He took my hand in his wasted feeble fingers, and talked a little with his hollow, death-smitten voice. I was to leave town the next day for a fortnight's absence, and whom had they to see to them? The mother named her landlord,— she knew no one else able to do much for them. It was the name of a physician of wealth and high social position, well known in the city as the owner of many small tenements, and of whom hard things had been said as to his strictness in collecting what he thought his dues. Be that as it may, my memory associates him only with ready and active beneficence. His name has since been known the civilized world over, from his having been the victim of one of the most painful tragedies in the records of the criminal law. I tried the experiment of calling upon him; and, having drawn him away from the cheerful fire, sofa, and curtains of a luxurious parlor, I told him the simple tale of woe, of one of his tenants, unknown to him even by name. He did not hesitate; and I well remember how, in that biting, eager air, at a late hour, he drew his cloak about his thin and bent form, and walked off with me across the Common, and to the South End, nearly two miles of an exposed walk, to the scene of misery. He gave his full share, and more, of kindness and material aid; and, as George's mother told me, on my return, had with medical aid and stores, and a clergyman, made the boy's end as comfortable and hopeful as possible.

The *Alert* made two more voyages to the coast of California, successful, and without a mishap, as usual, and was sold by Messrs. Bryant and Sturgis, in 1843, to Mr. Thomas W. Williams, a merchant of New London, Connecticut, who employed her in the whale trade in the Pacific. She was as lucky and prosperous there as in the merchant service. When I was at the Sandwich Islands in 1860, a man was introduced to me as having commanded the *Alert* on two cruises, and his friends told me that he was as proud of it as if he had commanded a frigate.

1838

Spring: [Edward H. Faucon](#) signed aboard the *Trenton* heading for Canton.



Catherine Faucon had wanted her father remembered for his public life, as the dashing young captain portrayed by Richard Henry Dana, Jr., in *TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST* and as a volunteer shipmaster in the Union navy during the Civil War. To accomplish this, she had destroyed her father's records of his career in [China](#). She would have been horrified to learn that 23 years after her death Jim Kennon, a weekend scuba diver hoping to spear a lingcod, had discovered the wreck of the [Frolic](#), her father's Baltimore-built [opium](#) clipper.



THE REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR DANA, CONTINUED:

Especially he spoke of his favorite seaman, French John. John, after a few more years at sea, became a boatman, and kept his neat boat at the end of Granite Wharf, and was ready to take all, but delighted to take any of us of the old *Alert's* crew, to sail down the harbor. One day Captain Faucon went to the end of the wharf to board a vessel in the stream, and hailed for John. There was no response, and his boat was not there. He inquired of a boatman near, where John was. The time had come that comes to all! There was no loyal voice to respond to the familiar call, the hatches had closed over him, his boat was sold to another, and he had left not a trace behind. We could not find out even where he was buried.

Mr. Richard Brown, of Marblehead, our chief mate in the *Alert*, commanded many of our noblest ships in the European trade, a general favorite. A few years ago, while stepping on board his ship from the wharf, he fell from the plank into the hold and was killed. If he did not actually die at sea, at least he died as a sailor,— he died on board ship.

Our second mate, Evans, no one liked or cared for, and I know nothing of him, except that I once saw him in court, on trial for some alleged petty tyranny towards his men,— still a subaltern officer.

The third mate, Mr. Hatch, a nephew of one of the owners, though only a lad on board the ship, went out chief mate the next voyage, and rose soon to command some of the finest clippers in the California and India trade, under the new order of things,— a man of character, good judgment, and no little cultivation.

Of the other men before the mast in the *Alert*, I know nothing of peculiar interest. When visiting, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, one of our largest line-of-battle ships, we were escorted about the decks by a midshipman, who was explaining various matters on board, when one of the party came to me and told me that there was an old sailor there with a whistle round his neck, who looked at me and said of the officer, “he can’t show him anything aboard a ship.” I found him out, and, looking into his sunburnt face, covered with hair, and his little eyes drawn up into the smallest passages for light,— like a man who had peered into hundreds of northeasters,— there was old “Sails” of the *Alert*, clothed in all the honors of boatswain’s-mate. We stood aside, out of the cun of the officers, and had a good talk over old times. I remember the contempt with which he turned on his heel to conceal his face, when the midshipman (who was a grown youth) could not tell the ladies the length of a fathom, and said it depended on circumstances. Notwithstanding his advice and consolation to “Chips,” in the steerage of the *Alert*, and his story of his runaway wife and the flag-bottomed chairs, he confessed to me that he had tried marriage again, and had a little tenement just outside the gate of the yard.

Harry Bennett, the man who had the palsy, and was unfeelingly left on shore when the *Alert* sailed, came home in the *Pilgrim*, and I had the pleasure of helping to get him into the Massachusetts General Hospital. When he had been there about a week, I went to see him in his ward, and asked him how he got along. “Oh! first-rate usage, sir; not a hand’s turn to do, and all your grub brought to you, sir.” This is a sailor’s paradise,— not a hand’s turn to do, and all your grub brought to you. But an earthly paradise may pall. Bennett got tired of in-doors and stillness, and was soon out again, and set up a stall, covered with canvas, at the end of one of the bridges, where he could see all the passers-by, and turn a penny by cakes and ale. The stall in time disappeared, and I could learn nothing of his last end, if it has come.

Of the lads who, beside myself, composed the gig’s crew, I know something of all but one. Our bright-eyed, quick-witted little cockswain, from the Boston public schools, Harry May, or Harry Bluff, as he was called, with all his songs and gibes, went the road to ruin as fast as the usual means could carry him. Nat, the “bucketmaker,” grave and sober, left the seas, and, I believe, is a hack-driver in his native town, although I have not had the luck to see him since the *Alert* hauled into her berth at the North End.

One cold winter evening, a pull at the bell, and a woman in distress wished to see me. Her poor son George,— George Somerby,— “you remember him, sir; he was a boy in the *Alert*; he always talks of you,— he is dying in my poor house.”

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1844

September: Captain [Edward H. Faucon](#) took a $\frac{1}{5}$ th share in the [Frolic](#).



1845

May 8, Thursday: [Isaac Hecker](#) wrote to the Reverend [Orestes Augustus Brownson](#).

Captain [Edward H. Faucon](#) (sketched below by a Chinese artist during this year) sailed the [Frolic](#) out of Bombay Harbor and headed for [Macau](#) anchorage.



To demonstrate her worthiness, he arranged to race against the *Anodyne*, a 275-ton brig formerly of the Royal Yacht Squadron but at that point in the possession of the merchant empire of Jardine, Matheson & Co. of [Hong Kong](#).

merchant
princes:



The near-shipload of [opium](#) which had been rounded up for this new ship from various sources had cost the owners more than \$400,000, although it was not monopoly opium produced in Patna and exported through Calcutta by the British East India Company, but opium of considerably lower grade produced independently in the Malwa uplands and exported through Bombay by Parsee (Indian Zoroastrian) and Hindu merchant trading houses. It was necessary to keep very close tabs on the quality of such bootleg drug, as it frequently had been “extended” by the addition of inert ingredients such as cowshit, fruit juices, clay, etc., a process which could be repeated a number of times by a number of different middlemen.

INDIA

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June 13, Friday: Captain [Edward H. Faucon](#) brought the *Frolic* to anchorage near [Macau](#) after a 4,470-mile passage from Bombay by way of Singapore. Her sailing time had been 34 days. If the *Anodyne* arrived anytime during the following two days, it would mean defeat.

INDIA



On the last leaves of a book of ITALIAN EXERCISES, the [Concord](#) schoolteacher Miss [Martha Emmeline Hunt](#) was keeping a journal of sorts prior to her suicide in the [Concord River](#). On this day her jottings included the following:

O, my God, art thou indeed my Father, who doth thus desert me!
 O! What have I done? I must indeed be worse, than the worst of living beings, for thine infinite perfection hath condescended to the lowest sinners – but I am so lost! The earth is a thousand pointed dagger, without a friend who careth for me –myself against myself– everything arrayed in the bitterest reproach against me – and for what? Not for what I have done, but for what I have not done.

June 16, Monday: It was becoming clear that Captain [Edward H. Faucon](#)'s *Frolic* had won over the *Anodyne*.

INDIA
 CHINA

June 25, Wednesday: The *Frolic* departed [Macau](#) for Bombay, in her hold some 8½ tons of silver ingots and coins worth more than \$270,000. That was nowhere near a full load and Captain [Edward H. Faucon](#) was able to transit the China Sea, against the southwest monsoon winds, in only 51 days, dropping anchor at Bombay on August 17th.

INDIA

FROLIC, CAPTAIN FAUCON

EDWARD H. FAUCON

August 17, Sunday: The *Frolic* arrived in Bombay Harbor with her some 8¹/₂ ton cargo of silver ingots and coins worth more than \$270,000. Captain [Edward H. Faucon](#)'s transit time was a mere 51 days, in radical contrast with a competitive vessel named the *Sultana* which had been heading in the same direction at the same time, which would be at sea not for these 51 days but for an embarrassing 108. There was no question about it, this skipper was a ruthless, relentless, driving skipper, one who would risk running his ship into a submerged rock or directly, under heavy canvas, into waves that might at any moment drive down its bow and swamp it. He would be able to make three full roundtrips per year between India and China, carrying relief for all the world's aches and pains.

CHINA
INDIA

1847

The arrival of steam transport made the speed of the drug-running Baltimore clipper *Frolic* suddenly as irrelevant as her rakish beauty. There were those, however, who were enamored of such loveliness, and their hearts at this point seem to have been ruling their heads. Rather than cutting costs and indulging in minimum maintenance, Captain [Edward H. Faucon](#) was rearming his vessel by getting rid of the two heavy ships cannon which fired 9-pound balls intended to open holes in the hulls of attacking ships, and replacing these cannon with two lighter antipersonnel cannon that could fire 6-pound sacks of shrapnel. He was also obtaining one dozen cap percussion blunderbusses on swivel mounts that could be set up at various points along the bulwarks each of which could discharge six musket balls per load, a dozen ship's muskets, and four braces of pistols, plus a dozen tomahawks and six cutlasses for close-in deck frolicking. No coastal pirates were to be allowed aboard! Also, he purchased six pairs of handcuffs so that his native crewmembers would not be tempted to rebel against his authority.¹



1. It was apparently a rather ordinary practice to use iron handcuffs to subdue an unruly person of color. According to the journal of [Friend Thomas B. Hazard](#) or Hafsard or Hasard of [Kingston, Rhode Island](#), also known as "Nailer Tom," at one point he was asked to fashion a pair of handcuffs with which to confine a crazy negress named Patience.

1849

July: Since the *Frolic* had become obsolete as an [opium](#) runner and Captain [Edward H. Faucon](#) had gone negative about having personal funds tied up in an obsolescent vessel, at this point the Boston company for which he worked sought to guarantee his further cooperation by buying out the skipper's 1/5th of the vessel.



August 14, Tuesday: Caught in a typhoon, Captain [Edward H. Faucon](#) had to chop off the masts of the *Frolic* in order to save it from being driven ashore by the winds. The rigging would need to all be replaced after towing the vessel to [Hong Kong](#). During the repairs it would be found that her bottom also needed to be re-coppered, and a rotten portion of her keelson would be replaced.

CHINA

[Henry Root Colman](#) had sailed again for England for his health, but died on this day in Islington, England soon after going ashore.

December 5, Wednesday: On its front page, [Elizur Wright, Jr.](#)'s Boston [Daily Chronotype](#) made a final mention of [Henry Thoreau](#) while remarking the "irrepressible good humor and wit" to be found in James Russell Lowell's review in the [Massachusetts Quarterly Review](#) of a "pleasant book on the Concord and Merrimack."

The *Frolic* sailed one last time from the port of [Hong Kong](#) on the coast of [China](#) to the port of Bombay on the coast of [India](#) to pick up a cargo of [opium](#). The plan was that after this last trip she would be loaded with luxury items, taken to California, and, if the proper opportunity arose, sold there as no longer large enough or fast enough for the opium trade.²



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1850

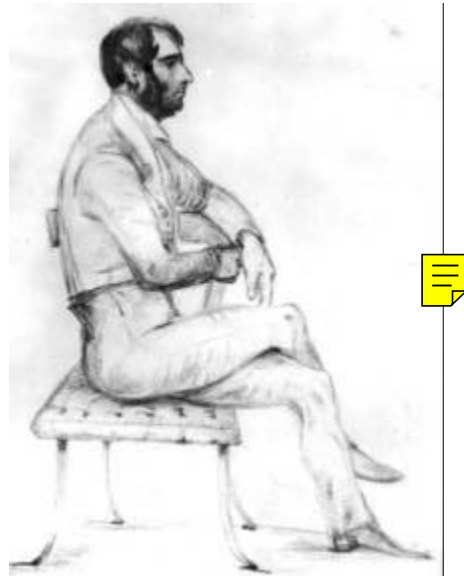
June 7: The *Frolic*, under Captain [Edward H. Faucon](#), in the service of Samuel Russell & Co. of [Shanghai](#) and [Boston](#), left [Hong Kong](#) destined for San Francisco. This opium-running is a period in [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#)'s favorite captain's life upon which Dana has not considered it important to report in any great detail, choosing instead to report extensively on the putative disappearance of a "French John" character he had put in his "boys' book" who definitely did not appear on any of the ship's crew lists and who may very well have never existed outside the realm of the literary imagination.

[TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST](#): Captain Faucon, who took out the *Alert*, and brought home the *Pilgrim*, spent many years in command of vessels in the Indian and Chinese seas, and was in our volunteer navy during the late war, commanding several large vessels in succession, on the blockade of the Carolinas, with the rank of lieutenant. He has now given up the sea, but still keeps it under his eye, from the piazza of his house on the most beautiful hill in the environs of Boston. I have the pleasure of meeting him often. Once, in speaking of the *Alert's* crew, in a company of gentlemen, I heard him say that that crew was exceptional: that he had passed all his life at sea, but whether before the mast or abaft, whether officer or master, he had never met such a crew, and never should expect to; and that the two officers of the *Alert*, long ago shipmasters, agreed with him that, for intelligence, knowledge of duty and willingness to perform it, pride in the ship, her appearance and sailing, and in absolute reliableness, they never had seen their equal. Especially he spoke of his favorite seaman, French John. John, after a few more years at sea, became a boatman, and kept his neat boat at the end of Granite Wharf, and was ready to take all, but delighted to take any of us of the old *Alert's* crew, to sail down the harbor. One day Captain Faucon went to the end of the wharf to board a vessel in the stream, and hailed for John. There was no response, and his boat was not there. He inquired of a boatman near, where John was. The time had come that comes to all! There was no loyal voice to respond to the familiar call, the hatches had closed over him, his boat was sold to another, and he had left not a trace behind. We could not find out even where he was buried.

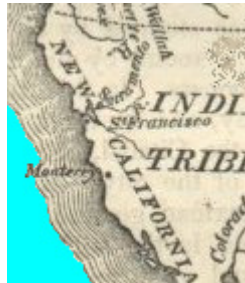
2. The plan to grant Captain [Edward H. Faucon](#) power of attorney to sell the *Frolic* once it had reached San Francisco and been unloaded did not take account, of course, of a fact not known either to the firm members in Asia or to the firm members in Boston, that the Golden Gate was clogged at this point with vessels which had been abandoned by their crews so the crews could participate in the frenzy of gold digging. (It seems clear that the coming wreck of the vessel was not a staged thing, intended for collection of insurance money.)

EDWARD H. FAUCON

FROLIC, CAPTAIN FAUCON



July 25, Friday: In the dark of the night, on the northern coast of California, Captain [Edward H. Faucon](#)'s [Frolic](#) was wrecked.³



Catherine Faucon had wanted her father remembered for his public life, as the dashing young captain portrayed by Richard Henry Dana, Jr., in *TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST* and as a volunteer shipmaster in the Union navy during the Civil War. To accomplish this, she had destroyed her father's records of his career in [China](#). She would have been horrified to learn that 23 years after her death Jim Kennon, a weekend scuba diver hoping to spear a lingcod, had discovered the wreck of the [Frolic](#), her father's Baltimore-built [opium](#) clipper.

3. The skipper would be able to demonstrate that he had been sadly misled by his chart, a Chinese copy of Norie's "North Pacific" based upon the survey of the coastline which had been undertaken in 1792-1793 by George Vancouver, for the point at which the ship struck the rock was according to that chart all of 35 miles out in the deep and unblemished sea, and as the ship's log showed that they had been approaching the coastline at night in the fog with the expectable excess of caution, traveling obliquely and slowly and keeping a lookout and attempting to sound a bottom with a line and weight. The owners would have no reason to get spiffy with this skipper who had been their long-term and faithful employee, as they actually suffered no financial loss whatever: they would eventually estimate that their insurance receipts had brought them a 30% return on investment, despite the vessel and its cargo being a total loss to the rockbound coast and then to the waves of salvagers. Had the wreck not occurred, **then** there would have been financial loss, as there would have been no market whatever at this point in time along the California coastline, for such a vessel!



August 5, Tuesday: The Daily Alta California reported the wreck of the brig *Frolic*.



Illustration of Frolic by S. F. Manning.

1852

May 20, Thursday: Edward Horatio Faucon embarked upon the broad sea of matrimony with Martha Williams Weld. They would have a son, Gorham Paltrey Faucon, in 1854, and a daughter, Catherine Whalley Faucon, in 1855. Faucon would travel extensively as a marine salvage specialist for Boston insurance underwriters.



Catherine Faucon had wanted her father remembered for his public life, as the dashing young captain portrayed by Richard Henry Dana, Jr., in *TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST* and as a volunteer shipmaster in the Union navy during the Civil War. To accomplish this, she had destroyed her father's records of his career in China. She would have been horrified to learn that 23 years after her death Jim Kennon, a weekend scuba diver hoping to spear a lingcod, had discovered the wreck of the *Frolic*, her father's Baltimore-built opium clipper.

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1861

July 9, Tuesday: The forgiven downtown Boston lawyer [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) helped draft a bill to create a volunteer mercantile navy to prey upon the shipping of the Confederate States of America.



He would arrange that his old skipper, [Edward H. Faucon](#), would captain one of these blockading vessels, the *Fearnot*.

August 27, Tuesday: Captain [Edward H. Faucon](#) sailed the *Fearnot* out of Boston Harbor armed with six 32-pound cannon, to join a squadron that was blockading the mouth of the Mississippi River.





EDWARD H. FAUCON

FROLIC, CAPTAIN FAUCON

1862

October: [Dr. Samuel Kneeland, Jr.](#) was commissioned surgeon of the 45th Massachusetts Regiment, and would serve in that capacity in New Bern, [North Carolina](#) until the regiment was discharged during July 1863.

Captain [Edward H. Faucon](#) took charge of a screw-powered steamer, the *Montgomery*, in a blockade of the harbor of Wilmington, [North Carolina](#).

Meanwhile, on the other side of the globe, in the largest and longest civil war that the world had ever seen, [Wang T'ao](#) had written, under the pseudonym Wang Wan, to a [Taiping](#) Christian leader, proposing tactics against the Qing military and suggesting that the westerners were not the enemy of the Taiping Kingdom. He had proposed that the real enemy of the [Chinese](#) Christians was the Buddhist Qing government in Beijing. If the Christian army could achieve victory over the Buddhist army led by Zeng Guofan, then the westerners might side with the Taiping Kingdom. When the Qing army had captured [Shanghai](#), this letter had fallen into the hands of the Qing government and Emperor Tongzhi had ordered his arrest. Wang had taken refuge in the British Consulate of [Hong Kong](#). At this point four months later, in disguise, he was escorted from the British Consulate and secreted aboard a ship. The Buddhist forces centered on Beijing would be triumphant over the Christian Chinese forces centered on Nanking, and in consequence for the next 22 years he would be in exile from his homeland.

1864

February 16, Tuesday: [James Robert Ballantyne](#) died.

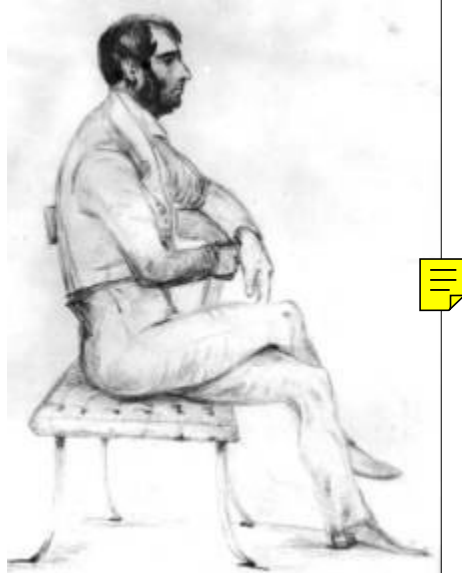
That night Captain [Edward H. Faucon](#) captured the *Pet* as it attempted to slip out of Wilmington harbor loaded with [cotton](#). –A prize. –Retirement money. –All things fair in love and war.

October 9, Sunday-10, Monday: On this night Captain [Edward H. Faucon](#) captured the *Bat*, a Confederate sidewheeler. Another prize. More retirement money. Someone else's loss is the captain's gain. That day Albert Woolson, having obtained his mother's consent, enlisted as a rifleman in Company C of the 1st Minnesota Volunteer Heavy Artillery. Soon he was assigned as the unit's drummer and bugler. (His memory playing tricks on him in his old age, he would recall having enlisted on the day he witnessed the hanging of the 38 native Americans in Mankato, but that had occurred on December 26, 1862, almost a couple of years earlier.)⁴

4. This unit would never be exposed to a shot fired in anger. Once, however, during an artillery practice, Albert was allowed to yank the lanyard that discharged a cannon. His eleven months of noncombatant service would entitle him, in his old age, to a pension and health benefits.

1865

September 4, Monday: At the end of hostilities, Captain [Edward H. Faucon](#) was discharged from the US Navy with close to \$10,000 in prize money to use for his retirement. The war had been good to him. The patriot had received his pay!





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1868

[Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) and his friend [Edward H. Faucon](#) “sat up together, in Cambridge, nearly the whole of a winter’s night,” going over the book [TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST](#) page by page for a new edition and correcting errors of fact. Dana had been persuaded to give all rights to the manuscript to the publisher for practically nothing, originally, but that copyright had finally reverted to him and the original poor judgment could be rectified by the issuance of a new edition.

[TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST](#): Captain Faucon, who took out the *Alert*, and brought home the *Pilgrim*, spent many years in command of vessels in the Indian and Chinese seas, and was in our volunteer navy during the late war, commanding several large vessels in succession, on the blockade of the Carolinas, with the rank of lieutenant. He has now given up the sea, but still keeps it under his eye, from the piazza of his house on the most beautiful hill in the environs of Boston. I have the pleasure of meeting him often. Once, in speaking of the *Alert*’s crew, in a company of gentlemen, I heard him say that that crew was exceptional: that he had passed all his life at sea, but whether before the mast or abaft, whether officer or master, he had never met such a crew, and never should expect to; and that the two officers of the *Alert*, long ago shipmasters, agreed with him that, for intelligence, knowledge of duty and willingness to perform it, pride in the ship, her appearance and sailing, and in absolute reliableness, they never had seen their equal. Especially he spoke of his favorite seaman, French John. John, after a few more years at sea, became a boatman, and kept his neat boat at the end of Granite Wharf, and was ready to take all, but delighted to take any of us of the old *Alert*’s crew, to sail down the harbor. One day Captain Faucon went to the end of the wharf to board a vessel in the stream, and hailed for John. There was no response, and his boat was not there. He inquired of a boatman near, where John was. The time had come that comes to all! There was no loyal voice to respond to the familiar call, the hatches had closed over him, his boat was sold to another, and he had left not a trace behind. We could not find out even where he was buried.

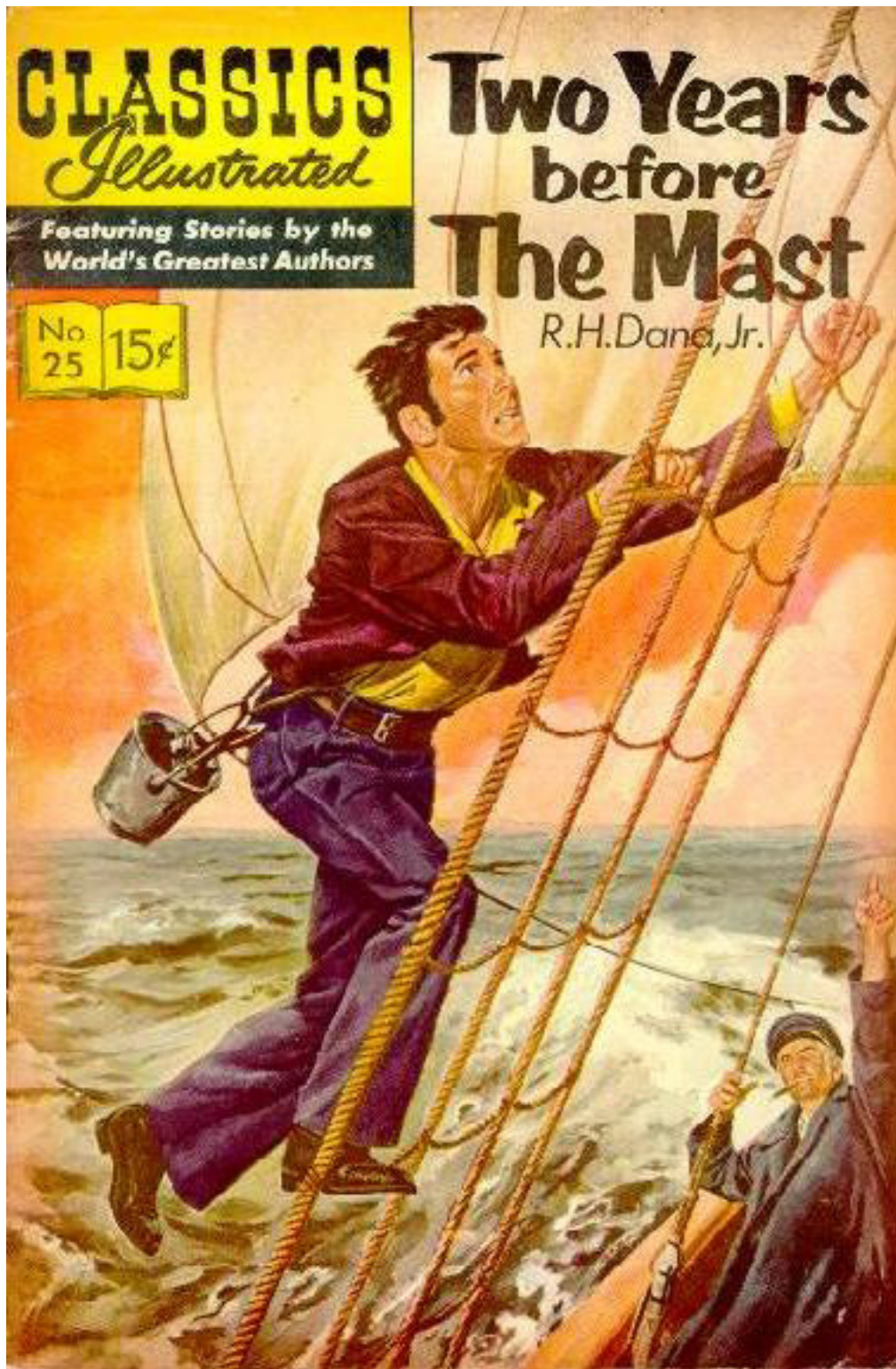
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WHAT?

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1894

May 22, Tuesday: [Edward Horatio Faucon](#) died (his obituary would appear in the Milton, Massachusetts [News](#)).



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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: October 16, 2013

ARRGH AUTOMATED RESearch REPORT

GENERATION HOTLINE



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



EDWARD H. FAUCON

FROLIC, CAPTAIN FAUCON

Commonly, the first output of the program has obvious deficiencies and so we need to go back into the data modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and do a recompile of the chronology – but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary “writerly” process which 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 your requests with <Kouroo@kouroo.info>.
Arrgh.