

## THE CAPTIVITY-AND-ESCAPE NARRATIVE OF WILLIAM JACKMAN



WALDEN :

“Erret, et extremos alter scrutetur Iberos.  
Plus habet hic vitæ, plus habet ille viæ.”

Let them wander and scrutinize the outlandish Australians.  
I have more of God, they more of the road.

PEOPLE OF  
WALDEN

CLAUDIAN

Captivity-and-escape narratives have been a popular genre – some such stories are true, some false. Sometimes it truly doesn't make much difference, since either way it's such an intriguing phenomenon. It does make a great deal of difference in regard to Frederick Douglass, but, did it make a great deal of difference in the case of Wisconsin farmer William Jackman?


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



**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

**1821**

 December 19, Wednesday: [William Jackman](#) was born in Dittisham, Dartmouth, Devonshire.

**NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT**






**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

**1822**

 January 6, Sunday: [William Jackman](#) was baptized in Dittisham, Dartmouth, Devonshire.

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

*1st day 6th of 1 M / In the morning meeting David Buffum was engaged in a lively pertinent & good Testimony, to the efficacy of the divine principle in Man, his opening was "Know ye not that Jesus Christ is in You except you are reprobates", & I have no doubt the truth was renewedly established in many minds present. – In the Afternoon Father Rodman was concerned in a short tesatimony which I believe had its weight, but life was lower in my mind in the Afternoon than in the Morning. –*

**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.**



**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

**1830**



At the age of nine [William Jackman](#) went to sea (he'd be a sailor for 21 years).

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






**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

**1837**

 [William Jackman](#) would allege that at about the 16th year of his age, after a shipwreck, he was taken captive by a tribe of aboriginal people on the western coast of Australia. It would require 18 months for him to make his escape, during which time he would allege that he had been married with a native woman. (Refer to a monograph by Martin Gibbs, “The Enigma of William Jackman, ‘The Australian Captive’: Fictional Account or the True Story of the 19th century Castaway in Western Australia?” [The Great Circle, Journal of the Australian Association for Maritime History](#), Volume 24, Number 2, 2002. According to an oral tradition, Jackman’s blond hair and beard had made quite an impression on the Ngadju in the Israelite Bay to Norseman region, the hostilities that the tribe had engaged in had been with their western neighbors the Nyungar, and the mountain Jackman climbed while making his way to the coast to be rescued was Mount Ragged, about 150 kilometers east of Esperance. This oral tradition may be accurate, or may be motivated by a current court case, the Ngadju Native Title claim. An Australian historian comments that, deliberately or inadvertently, the published book obfuscated details of Jackman’s experience in Western Australia, so that the particulars don’t match up with any corroborating information in the historic record. Some details such as names of ships are clearly false since these names are not to be discovered in the very comprehensive shipping notices of the Perth newspaper of the late 1830s.)

The New Zealand Association was formed in [London](#) (this would become in 1838 the New Zealand Colonisation Society and then in 1839 The New Zealand Company). In this year English settlers began to arrive in numbers on the islands, and decided that the area urgently needed biological upgrading. The zone had been free of mammals until the Polynesians (Māori) arrived, bringing with them dogs and the kiore and guaranteeing the extinction of the indigenous lizards and giant flightless moas. Now there was to be a new wave of extinctions as these self-confident Victorians formed “acclimatization societies” to improve upon the local works of God. A dozen species of deer, moose, and elk would be introduced from the Northern Hemisphere, along with numerous varieties of kangaroo and wallaby from Australia. There needed to be hedgehogs and rabbits, and weasels and stoats. These introductions would turn out to be relatively benign, except of course those wabbitly multiplying wascally wabbits. In this year of 1837 a confident Captain Howell introduced some sleepy-eyed opossums. “We have met the enemy and he is us.” Newsworthy in 2011!

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





**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

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**1847**

August: Sir [George Back](#) returned from his honeymoon in [Italy](#) to take an active part in the preparation of expeditions in search of [Sir John Franklin](#). He would serve with a number of other Arctic veterans on the Arctic council which advised the Admiralty about preparing search expeditions.

**THE FROZEN NORTH**

At about this point the sailor [William Jackman](#) emigrated from Liverpool to New-York aboard the *Queen*, Captain McLean, and then, after a trip up the Hudson River and on the [Erie Canal](#) (there were 2,725 boats paying a passage along this waterway during this year), remarried with Jennett Nelson Scott whom he had met aboard the *Queen*, probably in Orleans County, [New York](#) (the bride had been born on November 2, 1825 in Scotland, and would die on April 14, 1897 in Kinnic, Wisconsin; this union would produce twelve children).

**THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT**





**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

**1848**

November 17, Friday: [William Jackman](#) and Jenett Nelson Scott Jackman produced a son William Thomas Jackman in Yates, New York.

That morning the Alcotts departed “[Hillside](#)” and [Concord](#) on the train, with their household articles to follow on the same day — by evening they would be in their new quarters, a three-rooms-and-a-kitchen basement apartment on Dedham Street in the South End of [Boston](#), where [Bronson Alcott](#) would hopefully be able to offer his “conversations” for pay (you shouldn’t hold your breath).

**DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.**



**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

**1849**

Construction began on Van R. Richmond's Montezuma Aqueduct, carrying the [Enlarged Erie Canal](#) over the Seneca River.

The family of [William Jackman](#) departed from Orleans County, New York, taking the [Erie Canal](#) to Buffalo and there boarding a lake steamer for Milwaukee. They would re-settle on a quarter acre in Spring Dale Township near Madison, Wisconsin.

Captain David P. Mapes arrived in an area of the Wisconsin Territory<sup>1</sup> with a "silver creek weaving its way through Wisconsin's rolling hills." He would build a grist mill atop one of these rolling hills and, with John Scott Horner who owned land nearby, would suggest that the newly created settlement be named "Ripon" in honor of the English cathedral city of Ripon in beautiful Yorkshire, which had been his ancestral home. For more than a decade, Mapes would labor to develop his community: building a flour mill and a public house, donating lots to prospective settlers who would agree to establish places of business on the square, obtaining railroad trackage south to Milwaukee and north to the Wolf River, and persuading the Federal Government to move the post office from the nearby community of Ceresco to Ripon. The first lot would be given to E.L. Northrup, who would erect Ripon's first store. After 1850, Ripon, having a mill, hotel, post office, blacksmith-shop and several stores, would attract waves of new settlers. For two years, a rivalry would flourish between Mapes and Warren Chase of the adjacent community of Ceresco. When it would become apparent in 1851 that Ceresco could not survive, the Phalanx Corporation would be dissolved, dividing up or disposing of its property and distributing its substantial profits to its former members. Alan Earl Bovay would arrive just as the Phalanx was disbanding, and Mapes would persuade him to cast his lot with the emerging Village of Ripon. He would purchase land in the 400 block of Watson Street and begin developing "Bovay's Addition" to the village. As one of the town's first lawyers, Bovay would play an important role in Ripon's growth into a city. As a political reformer with strong Whig Party connections in the East, he would take a leading part in the famous 1854 meeting in the Little White Schoolhouse, where the Republican Party would be being born.

1. [Waldo Emerson](#) speculated in land in the Wisconsin Territory. It would be interesting to have a map of the areas he at one time owned.



**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

**1850**

May 25, Saturday: An issue of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal:

**CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL**

**ISSUE OF MAY 25**

William Jackman and Jenett Nelson Scott Jackman's daughter Jessie Ellen Jackman was born in Wisconsin.

On Waldo Emerson's 47th birthday, he went to "Ancient Forest" in Warren County with a group of young men to see the Indian mounds and circular ridges there.



Henry Thoreau surveyed, for his father John Thoreau, the lot on Main Street near the corner of the present Thoreau Street that they had purchased from Daniel Shattuck, for their Yellow House. In his journal Thoreau mentioned that a mountain ash and a pitch pine were on that lot.



View Henry Thoreau's personal working drafts of his surveys courtesy of AT&T and the Concord Free Public Library:

[http://www.concordlibrary.org/collect/Thoreau\\_Surveys/Thoreau\\_Surveys.htm](http://www.concordlibrary.org/collect/Thoreau_Surveys/Thoreau_Surveys.htm)

(The official copy of this survey of course had become the property of the person or persons who had hired this Concord town surveyor to do their surveying work during the 19th Century. Such materials have yet to be recovered.)

View this particular personal working draft of a survey in fine detail:



**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

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[http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau\\_Surveys/129.htm](http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/129.htm)



**CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT**



**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

**1851**

Initial publication of THE AUSTRALIAN CAPTIVE; OR, AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF 15 YEARS IN THE LIFE OF [WILLIAM JACKMAN](#). IN WHICH, AMONG VARIOUS OTHER ADVENTURES, IS INCLUDED A FORCED RESIDENCE OF A YEAR AND A HALF AMONG THE CANNIBALS OF NUYTS' LAND, ON THE COAST OF THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN BIGHT. ALSO INCLUDING, WITH OTHER APPENDICES, AUSTRALIA AND ITS GOLD, FROM THE LATEST AND BEST AUTHORITIES. WITH VARIOUS ILLUSTRATIONS. EDITED BY REV. I[srael] CHAMBERLAYNE (New York: Lyndonville, Orleans County).

**THE AUSTRALIAN CAPTIVE**



Wedding Photograph, Photoshopped, of William Jackman's "First Marriage"

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



**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

February 12, Wednesday: Gold was discovered by Edward Hammond Hargreaves in Summer Hill Creek near Bathurst, New South Wales. This would precipitate an influx of immigration into Australia.<sup>2</sup>

The Reverend [Jared Sparks](#) was publicly attacked for alleged literary dishonesty, in that some discrepancies had been noted between his edition of George Washington's letters and another more recent book in which some of these letters were re-transcribed from source records. Sparks would find himself excoriated in print as one of "those whom the God of the Jews accursed as the movers and destroyers of landmarks." Sparks had, for instance, substituted "General Putnam" at a point at which Washington had referred to him as "Old Put." He had "spoiled Washington's bad grammar," the Democratic Review would complain.

*Jared Sparks*

(What had happened was that the Reverend, succumbing to "Editor's Disease," had committed the egregious and unscholarly blunder of attempting to make the letters he transcribed more legible to his intended audience.)<sup>3</sup>



February 12, Wednesday: A beautiful day with but little snow or ice on the ground. Though the air is sharp, as the earth is half bare the hens have strayed to some distance from the barns. The hens standing around their lord & pluming themselves and still fretting a little strive to fetch the year about.

A thaw has nearly washed away the snow & raised the river & the brooks & flooded the meadows covering the old ice which which is still fast to the bottom

I find that it is an excellent walk for variety & novelty & wildness to keep round the edge of the meadow –the ice not being strong enough to bear and transparent as water –on the bare ground or snow just between the highest water mark and the present water line A narrow meandering walk rich in unexpected views & objects. The line of rubbish which marks the higher tides withered flags & reeds & twigs & cranberries is to my eyes a very agreeable & significant line which nature traces along the edge of the meadows.

It is a strongly marked enduring natural line which in summer reminds me that the water has once stood over where I walk Sometimes the grooved trees tell the same tale. The wrecks of the meadow which fill a thousand coves and tell a thousand tales to those who can read them Our prairial mediterranean shore. The gentle rise of water around the trees in the meadow –where oaks & maples stand far out in the sea– And young elms sometimes are seen standing close around some rocks which lifts its head above the water –as if protecting it preventing it from being washed away though in truth they owe their origin & preservation to it. It first invited & detained their seed & now preserves the soil in which they grow. A pleasant reminiscence of the rise of waters To go up one side of the river & down the other following this way which meanders so much more than the river itself– If you cannot go on the ice –you are then gently compelled to take this course which is on the whole more beautiful –to follow the sinuosities of the meadow. Between the highest water mark & the present water line is a space generally from a few feet to a few rods in width. When the water comes over the road, then my spirits rise –when the fences are carried away. A prairial walk– Saw a caterpillar crawling about on the snow

The earth is so bare that it makes an impression on one as if it were catching cold.

I saw today something new to me as I walked along the edge of the meadow –every half mile or so along the channel of the river I saw at a distance where apparently the ice had been broken up while freezing by the pressure of other ice –thin cakes of ice forced up on their edges & reflecting the sun like so many mirrors whole fleets of shining sails. giving a very lively appearance to the river –Where for a dozen rods thin flakes of ice stood on their edges –like a fleet beating upstream against the sun –a fleet of ice-boats

It is remarkable that the cracks in the ice on the meadows sometimes may be traced a dozen rods from the water through the snow in the neighboring fields.

It is only necessary that man should start a fence that nature should carry it on & complete it. The farmer can not plough quite up to the rails or wall which he himself has placed –& hence it often becomes a hedge-row &

2. [Henry Thoreau](#) would be underimpressed, but his take contrasted remarkably with the attitude taken by Ashley in his diary:

*Auri sacra fames.* What no motive, human or divine, could effect, springs into life at the display of a few pellets of gold in the hands of a wanderer. This may be God's chosen way to fulfil his commandment and "replenish the earth."

3. The blunder, here, was neither dishonesty nor incompetence, but having left himself vulnerable to antagonists who were willing to play the aggressor in the ever-popular game "Now I've Got You You Son Of A Bitch" — using him as their designated victim.



**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

sometimes a coppice.

I found to-day apples still green under the snow— And others frozen and thawed sweeter far than when sound. a sugary sweetness.

There is something more than association at the bottom of the excitement which the roar of a cataract produces. It is allied to the circulation in our veins We have a waterfall which corresponds even to Niagara somewhere within us.

**NIAGARA FALLS**

It is astonishing what a rush & tumult a slight inclination will produce in a swollen brook. How it proclaims its glee—its boisterousness—rushing headlong in its prodigal course as if it would exhaust itself in half an hour—how it spends itself— I would say to the orator and poet Flow freely & *lavishly* as a brook that is full—without stint—perchance I have stumbled upon the origin of the word lavish. It does not hesitate to tumble down the steepest precipice & roar or tinkle as it goes, —for fear it will exhaust its fountain.— The impetuosity of descending waters even by the slightest inclination! It seems to flow with ever increasing rapidity.

It is difficult to believe what Philosophers assert that it is merely a difference in the form of the elementary particles, as whether they are square or globular—which makes the difference between the steadfast everlasting & reposing hill-side & the impetuous torrent which tumbles down it.

It is worth the while to walk over sproutlands—where oak & chestnut sprouts are mounting swiftly up again into the sky— And already perchance their sere leaves begin to rustle in the breeze & reflect the light on the hillsides—

“Heroic underwoods that take the air  
With freedom, nor respect their parent’s death”

I trust that the walkers of the present day are conscious of the blessings which they enjoy in the comparative freedom with which they can ramble over the country & enjoy the landscape—anticipating with compassion that future day when possibly it will be partitioned off into so called pleasure grounds where only a few may enjoy the narrow & exclusive pleasure which is compatible with ownership. When walking over the surface of Gods earth—shall be construed to mean trespassing on some gentleman’s grounds. When fences shall be multiplied & man traps & other engines invented to confine men to the public road. I am thankful that we have yet so much room in America.



**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

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**1853**

February: Frederick Douglass visited Harriet Beecher Stowe at her home.

Douglass wasn't the only one who could publicize a captivity-and-escape narrative! White men also can play that game! At this point, the mass-market trade press republication of [William Jackman](#)'s 1851 THE AUSTRALIAN CAPTIVE; OR, AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF 15 YEARS IN THE LIFE OF WILLIAM JACKMAN. IN WHICH, AMONG VARIOUS OTHER ADVENTURES, IS INCLUDED A FORCED RESIDENCE OF A YEAR AND A HALF AMONG THE CANNIBALS OF NUYTS' LAND, ON THE COAST OF THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN BIGHT.

### **THE AUSTRALIAN CAPTIVE**

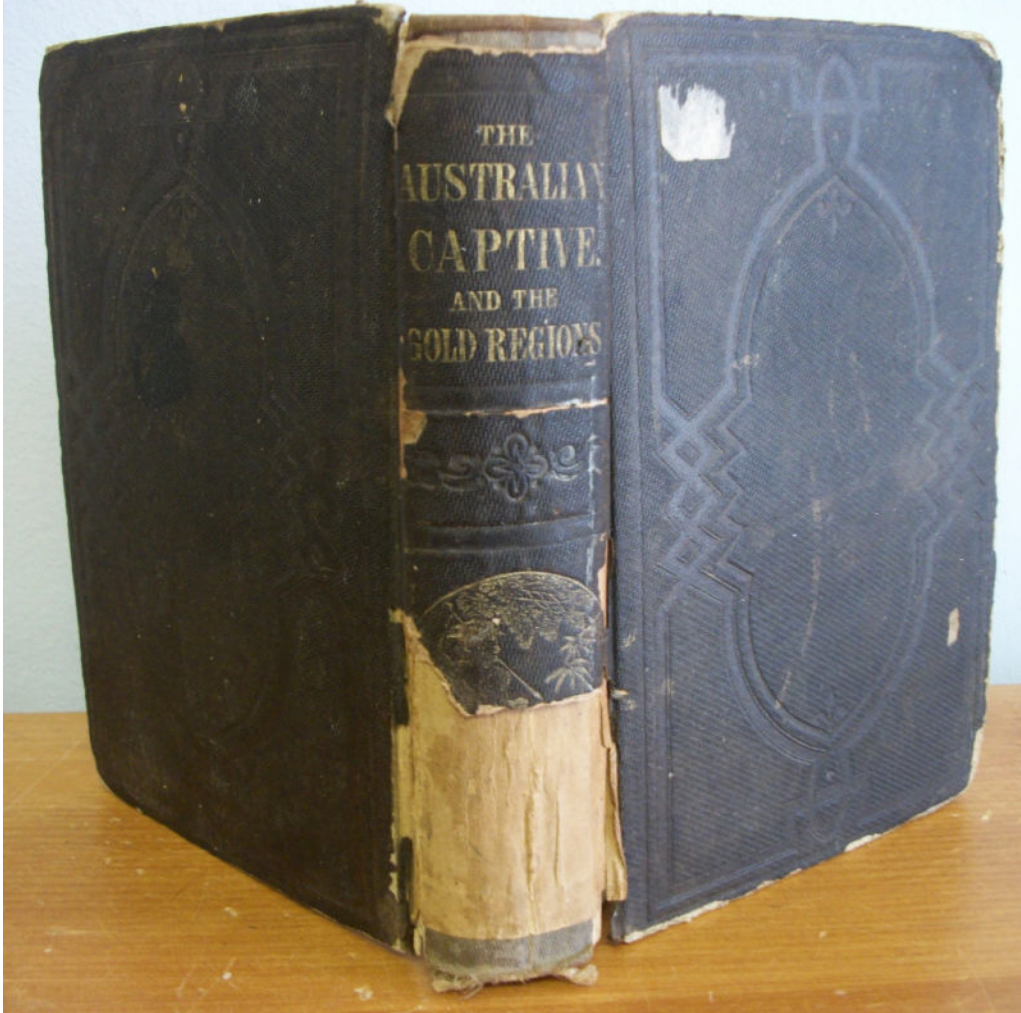
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[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)

**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

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Buffalo: Derby, Orton & Mulligan).



(We don't seem to have any way to find out, whether this white man's tale of an exciting adolescence, as told to a local minister in upstate New York –a story which dates back to something that supposedly happened to him all of sixteen years earlier in 1837– had been made up out of whole cloth. The ship names used in the narrative are entirely uncorroborated in nautical records. All we can know for sure is that Mr. Jackman, who had become one Wisconsin farmer among many, would be making money by the vending of this stimulating story for the remainder of his years.)



**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

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April 30, Saturday: Samuel A. Jackman was born in Madison, Wisconsin.

[Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed, for Frances R. Gourgas, some land conveyed by E.R. [Elizabeth Rockwood?] Hoar probably from the Agricultural Society land on Bedford Street between New Hill Burying Ground and Reuben Brown's.

View [Henry Thoreau](#)'s personal working drafts of his surveys courtesy of AT&T and the Concord Free Public Library:

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[Thoreau](#) surveyed for the Mill Dam Company, showing their land with buildings, additions, and elevations. He showed the Mill Brook as Bound-In Brook under the present Anderson's Store on the Mill Dam. This work continued into October-November 1855.

View this particular survey in fine detail:

[http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau\\_surveys/88a.htm](http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_surveys/88a.htm)



April 30. Concord . — Cultivated cherry in bloom.

Moses Emerson, the kind and gentlemanly man who assisted and looked after me in Haverhill, said that a good horse was worth \$75, and all above was fancy, and that when he saw a man driving a fast horse he expected he would fail soon.

The Reverend Samuel Ringgold Ward sighted the coast of Ireland:

On Saturday, the last day of April, we saw land on the coast of Ireland. We then moved gracefully along the coast of Wales, telegraphed our approach at Holyhead, took a pilot early on Sunday morning, and, at eleven o'clock precisely, anchored in the Mersey, after a passage of ten days, fifteen hours, and fifteen minutes, mean time. I was in England — the England of my former reading, and my ardent admiration. I was at Liverpool — that Liverpool whose merchants, but sixty years before, had mobbed Clarkson for prying into and exposing the secret inhumanities of their slave trade. I was in a land of freedom, of true equality. I did not feel as some blacks say they felt, upon landing — that I was, for the first time in my life, a man. No, I always felt that; however wronged, maltreated, outraged — still, a man. Indeed, the very bitterness of what I had suffered at home consisted chiefly in the consciousness I always carried with me of being an equal man to any of those who trampled upon me.

My first experience of English dealing was in being charged



**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

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treble fare by a Liverpool cabman, a race with which I have had much to do since. Acting upon the advice given me by John Laidlaw, Esq., I went to Clayton Square, where I found good quarters at Mr. Brown's very genteel Temperance Hotel. The Rev. Dr. Willis had very kindly given me a note of introduction to the master of the Grecian Hotel; but I found no reason to desire a change, and therefore remained, while in Liverpool, where I first lodged.

Several things arrested my attention upon the first day of my being in England. One was, the comfort and cleanliness, not to say the elegance of appearance, presented by the working classes. I had always, in the United States, heard and read of the English working classes as being ground down to the very earth – as being far worse in their condition than the American slaves. Their circumstances, in the rural and the factory districts, I had always heard described as the most destitute. That they wrought for sixpence a day I had been informed by I know not how many Americans, who had visited England. How many times have I heard from the lips of American protectionists, and seen in the columns of their journals, statements such as this – “If we do not maintain a protection tariff, English manufacturers, who pay their operatives but sixpence a day, will flood our markets with their products, and the factory operative in America will, in consequence, be compelled to work for sixpence a day, as the English operative now does”! When I was an American protectionist, how I used to “take up that parable,” and, believing it, repeat it! How others with me believed the same too often told falsehood! Here was before me, in Lancashire and her noble port – Lancashire, the head quarters of British, if not European, factory interest – almost a manufacturing kingdom in itself – a most abundant refutation of what, on this subject, I had nearly a thousand times heard, read, believed, and repeated.

But this was Sunday. The next day, having occasion to cross the Mersey, I saw nearly as many well-dressed working men, with their wives and sweethearts, enjoying the holiday of that Monday, as I had seen the day before. This led me, as I travelled further into the factory district, to make definite inquiries into the condition of the operatives; and, as I may not again recur to it, I will put down here, in few words, a sort of summary of the information I obtained. I learned – indeed, saw with my own eyes – that throughout Lancashire the young women in the factories dress as well as the young women I had seen at Lowell, Dover NH, Manchester, Nashua, and other manufacturing towns in New England. I had been in those towns but a year and a half before; and now, at Manchester, Bolton, Preston, Wigan, &c., had a fair opportunity of comparing them. I learned as well, that the wages of the different grades of operatives varied from highest to lowest, each respectively being about the same as in New England. The hours of labour were not greater; and upon visiting several factories (among them that of Sir Elkanah Armitage, at Pendleton, Manchester), I found the work as easy,



**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

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and the health and cheerfulness of the operatives as good, as I had seen in the same class on the other side of the Atlantic. What was true, comparing the English with the American female operative, is equally true of the male. I was agreeably surprised to learn that the condition of these people, as I had heard of it at home, was a misrepresentation of the condition in which I found them. Formerly, the operatives had suffered much from the want of care exercised by themselves, and more from the want of humanity on the part of their employers; like some persons of other business, of whom we have been speaking, humanity was made to succumb to business: but, by the perseverance of Lord Shaftesbury (then Lord Ashley) and others, Government exerted an influence between the employer and the employed, and led to the adoption of many very important improvements.

Here were two truths which the pro-slavery portion of the Americans did not at all like to tell, and therefore cleverly and conveniently forgot them: 1, That the improvements referred to do exist. 2, That the British Parliament shows an interest in behalf of these people, who "are worse off than our slaves." It better suits their purpose to state matters as they were, than as they are; and to state the truth, that the Government of Great Britain, through its legislature, looks after these people, would rather spoil the parallel between the British free labourer and the American slave! It is a clever thing to forget just what one chooses not to recollect!

Another thing that attracted my attention was, the beautiful twilight of this latitude. Forgetting that I was eleven degrees further north than ever before, I wondered why at eight o'clock it was so light. I then learned how to join Englishmen in the enjoyment of that most delightful part of the day. But when I went to Scotland, subsequently, I was still more charmed, especially at midsummer, in the far north, with this pleasing feature of a northern residence.

I wondered, also, that I could not realize the vast distance I had come, and the mighty space between me and those loved ones I had left behind. I seemed to be simply in a neighbouring town, when in Liverpool. I could see in this town, and in the appearance of many of its inhabitants, some resemblance to Boston and the Bostonians. Nothing wore, to my view, the strange aspect which I had expected. This, I think, was owing partly to my having travelled so much before, constantly visiting strange places and constantly seeing new faces; partly to the strong resemblance of the New England people to those of Liverpool; but, more than either, to the fact that in Canada, especially in Toronto, we are English in habits, manners, &c.

I beg to add, too, that I could not have anticipated how much my faith would be strengthened, by trusting in God amid the exposures of a voyage. Faith grew stronger by its own exercise. For nine consecutive nights I had lain my head upon my pillow at sea. In the midst of the vast deep, where our great vessel and all it contained might, like the "President," go to the



**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

bottom in an hour, leaving none to tell the story of our fate, and no traces of even the whereabouts of our destruction –to trust God in these circumstances –to hear the rolling heaving ocean, at deep dark midnight, and still to trust him –to listen to the hurried commands, and the rattling of ropes and sails, and the hundred and one accompaniments of a storm, and still to trust him –give faith a strength peculiar only to its trial amid dangers. I could not help writing to Mrs. Ward, that, having long before learned to trust our Heavenly Father as the God of the land, I had now learned to rely upon him as the God of the ocean. I know not how far this accords with the experience of other voyagers, and have now no means of knowing whether the same feeling will continue with myself; but I do know that it at present is far from being one of the least striking or the least pleasing incidents of my first voyage.

September: During this period [Henry Thoreau](#) was reading in Charles Pickering's THE RACES OF MAN, that had been published in 1848 in the US and in 1851 in England, and commenting on its page 394, created the remarkable assertion which would be positioned in the concluding chapter of [WALDEN](#), "It is not worth the while to go round the world to count the cats in Zanzibar:"

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

CAT

SYMMES HOLE

"THE OLD PHILOSOPHER"



**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

However, According to Lawrence Buell, [Thoreau](#) was but just another of those genre-ridden, predictable antiemigrationists, like the Reverend [Timothy Dwight](#). He wasn't striving to fill in the blank of the unexplored terrain of the human soul, but merely trying to stay within hearing distance of his mama's dinner bell!



Dwight's defense of emotional bonding to place as a means of social control would have seemed small-minded to Thoreau, yet Thoreau actually follows Dwight closely in prescribing a closer rapport with one's immediate surroundings as a better antidote to the spirit of restlessness than indulgence of wanderlust. Why pan gold in California, why "count the cats in Zanzibar" ([WALDEN](#)), when so much richer a journey is possible near at hand? On this level, both Dwight and Thoreau belong to a tradition of antiemigration propaganda literature that deserves a chapter as a New England genre in itself.

How pitiful to read a book as fine as this one and be able to derive so little from the experience!

According to Bradley P. Dean, contextual evidence in [Thoreau's](#) Indian Notebook #8 indicates that most likely it was during this month that he perused the Western Australia captivity narrative of the English sailor [William Jackman](#). Dr. Dean was unable to determine precisely how Thoreau came across THE AUSTRALIAN CAPTIVE; OR, AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF 15 YEARS IN THE LIFE OF WILLIAM JACKMAN. IN WHICH, AMONG VARIOUS OTHER ADVENTURES, IS INCLUDED A FORCED RESIDENCE OF A YEAR AND A HALF AMONG THE CANNIBALS OF NUYTS' LAND, ON THE COAST OF THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN BIGHT.

### **THE AUSTRALIAN CAPTIVE**

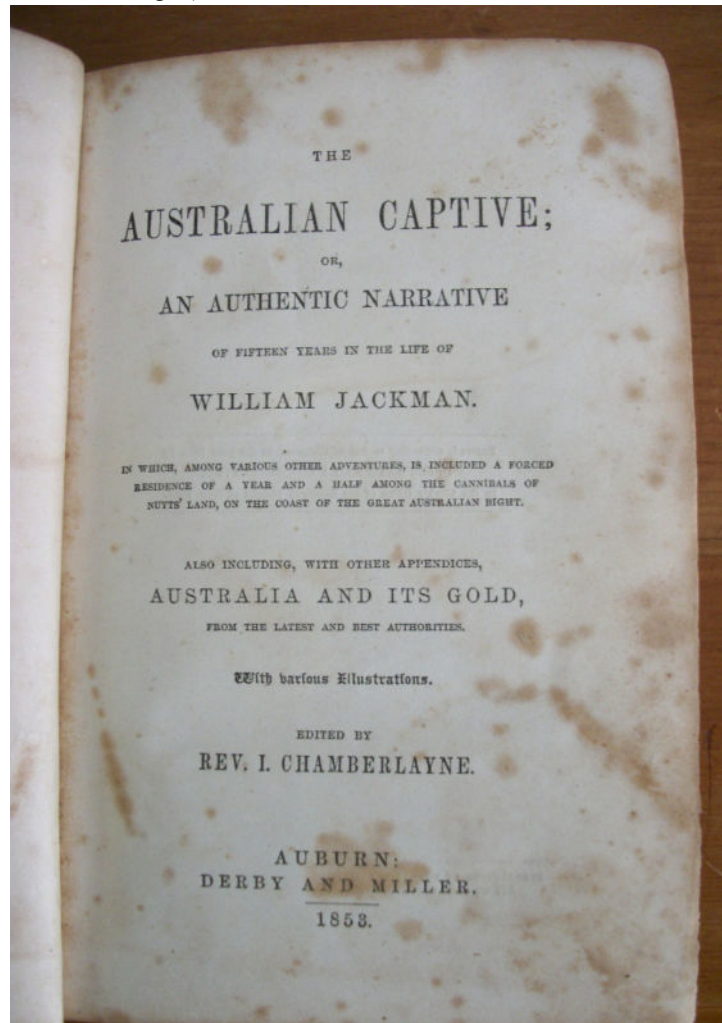
ALSO INCLUDING, WITH OTHER APPENDICES, AUSTRALIA AND ITS GOLD, FROM THE LATEST AND BEST AUTHORITIES. WITH VARIOUS ILLUSTRATIONS. EDITED BY REV. I. CHAMBERLAYNE (Auburn: Derby & Miller.



**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

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Buffalo: Derby, Orton & Mulligan).





**WILLIAM JACKMAN**

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**1854**

May: The family of the [William Jackman](#) who had become the author of a captivity-and-escape narrative sold their land claim near Madison, Wisconsin and traveled overland to Prairie Du Chein, where they boarded the *War Eagle* and traveled on the Mississippi River to Prescott, Wisconsin.

A formal “conversation” was staged in [Waldo Emerson](#)’s study, between 2 and 3 in the afternoon, with Bronson Alcott and Emerson as two of the conversants, the audience consisting of young Harvard men, primarily from the [Harvard Divinity School](#). Among these was Edwin Morton of Plymouth. Emerson opened the event by stating with confidence that literature could be, in America, a young man’s occupation and breadwinner. There followed a consideration of various [Harvard](#) professors and tutors, such as [Henry Wadsworth Longfellow](#), [George Ticknor](#), [Edward Everett](#), [Jones Very](#), James Walker, etc.

October 2, Monday: Henry Thoreau made no entry in his journal.

[William Jackman](#) took a land patent for 40 acres, and for 123.89 acres, in St. Croix and Pierce Counties in Wisconsin. An existing undated handbill printed in River Falls, Wisconsin asserts:

“A Lecture by Wm. Jackman giving an account of His Shipwreck,  
Life among the Natives, their Manners and Customs, and his Final  
Escape”

...

Will deliver \_\_\_ Lecture AT \_\_\_\_ ON \_\_\_\_.

Admittance 25 cents.

Children under 12 years, 15 cents.



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**1889**

April 16, Tuesday: Charles Spencer “Charlie” Chaplin was born in London.

[William Jackman](#) died in Kinnick, Wisconsin. He had been a member of the High Episcopal church, and a member of the Republican Party. The body would be placed in Block 6, Lot 45 of the Greenwood Cemetery in River Falls. The obituary in the [River Falls Journal](#) would read:

Jackman: In Kinnickinnick, April 16, 1889, Wm. Jackman aged 70 years, 3 months, 27 days. The deceased was a native of England. His early years were spent upon the sea; was shipwrecked and cast upon an island where he remained quite a length of time with the natives, and after being rescued published a book narrating his adventures. Coming to American he first settled in New York, and came to Wisconsin thirty-six years ago. His life was characterized by industry and uprightness, the last years of which were spent in disease and suffering. He leaves a wife and family to mourn his loss.

**“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: March 1, 2015**



WILLIAM JACKMAN

WILLIAM JACKMAN

# ARRGH AUTOMATED RESEARCH REPORT

## GENERATION HOTLINE



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



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

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