HENRY THOREAU AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF

OUR AMERICAN TOURIST INDUSTRY[1]

"The vagabond, when rich, is called a tourist."

— Paul Richard, French diplomat, *AU JAPON*

226 BCE

The island of Rhodes was hit by a strong earthquake, and the Colossus of Rhodes, erected a couple of generations earlier, snapped at its weakest point, the knee. Although the Rhodians would immediately be contacted by their friend Ptolemy III Eurgetes of Egypt with an offer to pay everything it would require to restore this bronze image of Helios the sun god, when the Rhodians consulted an oracle, the oracle forbade any such re-erection. They therefore declined their friend's kind offer and, for almost the next millennium, the statue would be lying in ruins. Tourists would still be able to visit the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, despite the fact that this particular wonder lay in ruins. According to Pliny the Elder, few of these tourists could "make their arms meet round the thumb."

1. See Jeremy Black's THE BRITISH AND THE GRAND TOUR (London: Croom Helm, 1985) and Dona Brown's INVENTING NEW ENGLAND: REGIONAL TOURISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (Washington DC: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1995).

1756

A year after awarding the prize to Jean-Jacques Rousseau's essay "Discourse on the Origins of Equality," in which the Academy of Dijon had been urged to find a way to send naturalists along on expeditions into the unknown portions of the earth's surface, Charles de Brosses of the Academy of Dijon was recommending in his *HISTOIRE DES NAVIGATIONS AUX TERRES AUSTRALES. CONTENANT CE QUE L'ON SÇAIT DES MOEURS ET DES PRODUCTIONS DES CONTRÉES DÉCOUVERTES JUSQU'À CE JOUR;...* offered a survey of everything known about previous voyages to the Southern seas and petitioned for a new campaign of exploration in these waters. This treatise includes what may be the 1st appearance of words such as "*Polynésie*" and "*Australasie*." He suggested that natural philosophers be taken along on all long-distance voyages.[2] (Surely this is no coincidence.)

TERRA AUSTRALIS COGNITA I

TERRA AUSTRALIS COGNITA II

"A YANKEE IN CANADA"

Thomas Carlyle had denounced "touring expeditions which are now blinder than ever, and done by steam, without even eyesight, not to say intelligence." But there's an important distinction to be made between travel and travel. Some of our journeys, such as the group fare into Canada which would be taken advantage of by Henry Thoreau and Ellery Channing, have been made not under any particular duress but as circular and temporary escapes from local ennui and as techniques for learning, which is to say, as a sort of self-definition. Mass tourism was just starting, taking as its ideal model the pilgrimage rather than the crusade and taking as its material model the logistics of the military expedition rather than the opportunism of hermit wandering. However, other of our journeys have been one-way journeys made either under the push of duress or under the

2.It has been alleged that this book induced the French explorer Loui-Antoine de Bougainville, then a soldier in Canada, to become a sailor and, in his own terms, "do something great."

pull of allure or both simultaneously, but as real matters of fate and necessity. –Which is self-definition of an entirely different order. When we remember these prior paths of our forebears, we see them as portraits of the forces which have controlled us and which have been defining the lives of our families. The journeys of Thoreau's ancestors had been of that one-way sort — the flight from France to Jersey had been definitively a push-journey, since it had been made under the lash of religious bigotry, and then the adventure from Jersey to Boston had been definitively a pull-journey, an adventure in economic self-determination. Given this, we should **expect** a Thoreau who is ambivalent about travel, rather than merely fascinated with it. This is especially pertinent in regard to this adventure into the littoral of the St. Lawrence River, since the north shore of this river had been one of the refuges of the Huguenots escaping religious persecution in France, and since some of Thoreau's relatives, the Guillets, were even then living along this littoral.

1800

"A Traveller is now-a-days called a Tour-ist."

THE GRAND TOUR

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— Paul Richard, French diplomat, *AU JAPON*

1803

A turnpike monopoly was granted by the state of New Hampshire to a group of Portland subscribers who wanted to expand their access to the hinterlands of northern New Hampshire and Vermont by grading an all-seasons road through The Notch in the White Mountains. Soon the Crawford brothers, Thomas Jefferson Crawford and Ethan Allan Crawford, would be erecting three inns to cater to wagon drivers and lumberjacks along that route. Every once in awhile, the brothers noted, somebody with money in his pocket would show up, traveling through Crawford Notch to have himself a peak experience on Mount Washington – which at the time was reputed to be the tallest mountain on the North American continent.

Gideon Putnam moved to Saratoga Springs NY and leased some timberland for clear-cutting. With his profits he would establish a sawmill, and with the profits from the sawmill he would establish a tavern near some newly discovered mineral springs known as the "Congress Springs."

1805

On a mountainside of the Franconia Notch about 70 miles north of Concord, New Hampshire, a large and quite rich vein of iron ore was discovered, quite unlike the lowland "bog iron" resources that had been utilized until that date. Investors from Boston and Salem set up the New Hampshire Iron Foundry and hired 10 men at $15.^{00} per month to blast out the ore and cart it downhill.

While they were carving a path along a mountainside, workmen noticed an intriguing rock formation:

Salma Hale, who had become a printer, began to edit the Walpole, New Hampshire Political Observatory. He would study law and obtain an appointment as clerk of the court of common pleas of Cheshire County.

1808

November 22, Tuesday: Thomas Cook was born. (He would pioneer in techniques for getting people to move about in groups without chaining them together at the neck.)

A committee of the US federal Congress reported that the Embargo of 1807 had had the opposite effect of what had been intended — although the American economy had been badly damaged, no European nation had been induced to change its policy.

Two movements of the Messe de Chimay by Luigi Cherubini for three solo voices, solo flute, five winds, and strings were performed for the initial time, in the village church of Chimay.

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

> *3rd day 22 of 11 M / As to myself the usual rounds from the Shop to the house, & from the house to the shop again - Sister E Spent the evening with us*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

1818

Parkhurst Whitney, owner of a hotel near Niagara Falls in upstate New York, had a stairway erected to take his guests over the rocks to the base of the falls, where they could pretend to their companions that they had gone, or persuade themselves that they had gone, "behind the cataract."

1819

Ethan Allan Crawford took it upon himself to have a path cleared all the way to the top of Mount Washington. This, he considered, would likely be very good for his Crawford Notch hotel's business. He was making himself a scenic entrepreneur. He was, of course, very correct.

From this perspective, touring artists like Hawthorne or Cole were simply another kind of scenic entrepreneur. They hoped to create careers for themselves out of their mediation between the landscape and its viewers.

1820

There was at this point not even a wall along the river side of Fort Niagara, and the interior of the post was completely exposed to fire from Fort Mississauga. Peace was its only prayer, and the 1820s would in fact be a time of peace along the Niagara River. The garrison of the fortress was small, only sufficient to guard the portage route around Niagara Falls. A similar garrison served the British for a similar purpose on the opposite shore.

In this year two American whiskey smugglers went over the Niagara Falls (but not, apparently, on purpose). During this decade the "fashionable" tour, for Americans, was a string of attractive venues that followed quite closely the path of our most rapid economic development, up the grand Hudson lined with cliffs and with stately homes from New-York to Albany and the glamorous Saratoga and Ballston watering-holes of "the springs" and then west along the route of the Erie Canal to an experience of the sublime at Niagara Falls.[3] This was referred to as "the northern route."

> Since the 1820s, fashionable tourists had used their travels to stake a claim to status. But scenic tourism made the most powerful claim of all: not about money, but about gentility. In that sense, the cult of scenery was indeed a kind of "conspicuous aesthetic consumption," as Raymond Williams termed it.... [I]ts most powerful offer was internal: the assurance that one truly deserved the social authority awarded to the "refined and cultivated" classes.

During this decade the Crawford brothers would be monopolizing the tourist business to and through Crawford Notch in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Initial publication of Salma Hale's textbook THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA FROM THEIR FIRST SETTLEMENT AS COLONIES TO THE CLOSE OF THE WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN IN 1815, employing as author identification "A Citizen of Massachusetts."

Alvan Fisher depicted the great horseshoe falls at "Niagara Falls."

3. There is a very extensive literature on the 19th-Century aesthetic of the sublime. Steady yourself before you consult it by watching baseball games on TV until you are utterly bored out of your mind, then begin with Edmund Burke's A PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN OF OUR IDEAS OF THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL. To study our changing attitudes toward the landscape, consult Paul Shepard's MAN IN THE LANDSCAPE: A HISTORIC VIEW OF THE ESTHETICS OF NATURE (NY: Knopf, 1967) and Elizabeth McKinsey's NIAGARA FALLS: ICON OF THE AMERICAN SUBLIME (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1985).

1822

A pocket-size guide was published in Saratoga Springs, New York, Gideon M. Davison's THE FASHIONABLE TOUR OR, A TRIP TO THE SPRINGS, NIAGARA, QUEBECK [*sic*], AND BOSTON, IN THE SUMMER OF 1821 (also put out as THE FASHIONABLE TOUR FOR THE SUMMER OF 1822).

NIAGARA FALLS

"The vagabond, when rich, is called a tourist."

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AU JAPON

1825

In this year American workers struck, for a 10-hour workday.

Orlando Allen's The Erie Canal Gun-Telegraph.

John Rutherford's FACTS AND OBSERVATIONS IN RELATION TO THE ORIGIN AND COMPLETION OF THE ERIE CANAL was published by N. B. Holmes in New-York.

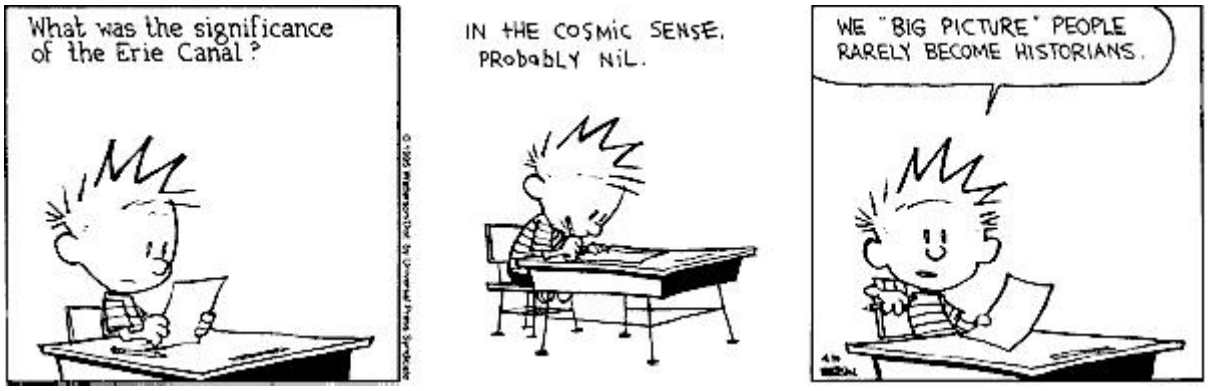
Engineer James Geddes surveyed the route for a Chemung Canal, to connect the Southern Tier, at Elmira, with the Erie Canal via Seneca Lake.

Two entrepreneurs purchased the remains of Silver Creek's giant tree, and took it on a tour via the Erie Canal.

Cadwallader D. Colden's FROM THE ATLANTIC TO BUFFALO, BY CANAL: FACTS AND OBSERVATIONS IN RELATION TO THE ORIGIN AND COMPLETION OF THE ERIE CANAL: A MEMOIR PREPARED AT THE REQUEST OF COMMITTEE OF THE COMMON COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, AND PRESENTED TO THE MAYOR OF THE CITY, AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE COMPLETION OF THE NEW YORK CANALS.

The Erie Canal Aqueduct at Rochester was completed. The locks at Lockport were opened to traffic.
After years of construction the Erie Canal was providing a direct connection between the Great Lakes with the Atlantic Ocean, by way of Buffalo. The new canal was utterly superseding nearly two centuries of commercial

through traffic along the Niagara River. This not only impacted the business of the merchants of Youngstown and Lewiston, and the operators of the portage path around Niagara Falls, but also did away with the US Army's chief reason for maintaining a post at the mouth of this river. Within the year the army would decided to abandon Fort Niagara. The troops would be withdrawn and the buildings and fortifications placed in the hands of a caretaker.

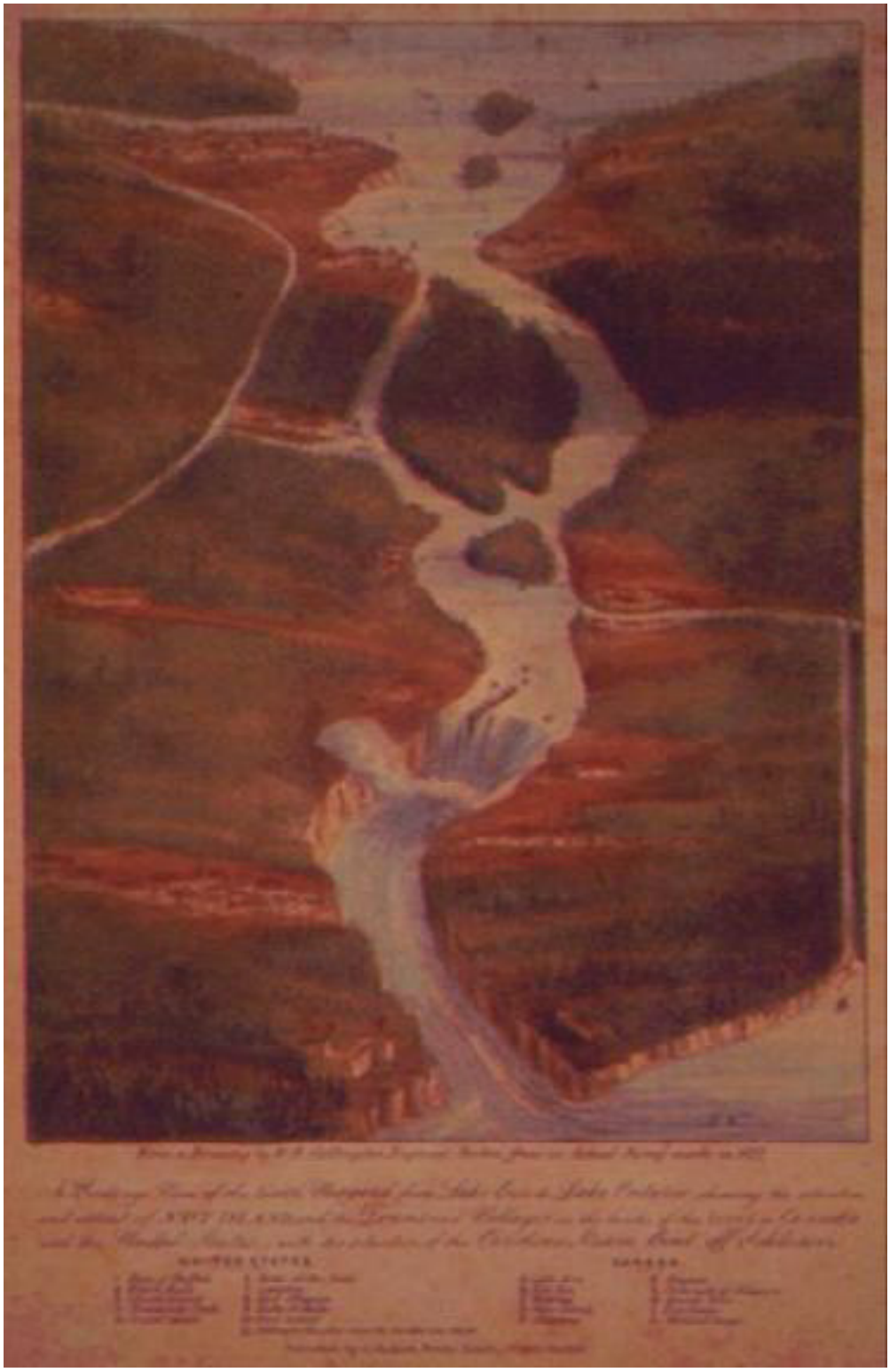


Theodore Dwight, Jr., 1st edition, THE NORTHERN TRAVELLER; CONTAINING THE ROUTES TO NIAGARA, QUEBEC, AND THE SPRINGS. (The author was a nephew of the Reverend Timothy Dwight, president of Yale College, and a great-grandson of the Reverend Jonathan Edwards. This is the man who is suspected of authoring 1836's inflammatory anti-Catholic tract AWFUL DISCLOSURES OF THE HÔTEL DIEU NUNNERY OF MONTRÉAL.)

Per Bernhard Karl's THIS WAS AMERICA, this was the Erie Canal:

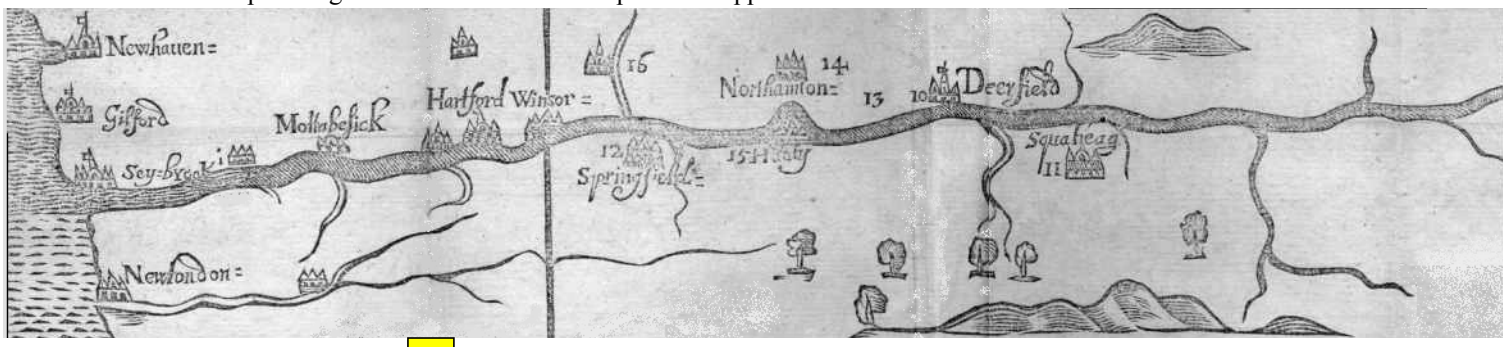
> The canal is no more than four feet deep, so that only ships and barges expressly built for it can navigate it. The vessel that brought us to Albany today was 70 feet long, 14 wide, and drew 2 feet of water. It was covered, including a roomy salon and a kitchen, and was very neatly maintained. On account of the numerous locks on the way, progress was very slow; our ship did only three miles an hour, since passage through each lock took four minutes. The craft was drawn by a three-horse team which plodded along a narrow path parallel to the canal, even under the frequent bridges. These bridges, about 300 between Albany and Utica, are made of wood and are very coarsely built; generally they belong to farmers, and serve to connect the fields on either side.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU AND OUR NEW TOURIST INDUSTRY



1826

A hut was erected at the top of Mount Holyoke, above the Connecticut River near Northampton, as a convenience for tourists. This was one of the first evidences of a new fad, for people to make pleasant holiday atop these gentle rounded mountaintops of the Appalachian Chain.



1827

The tourist Harriet Martineau took notice of the Great Stone Face of New Hampshire, but was not sufficiently impressed: "The sharp rock certainly resembles a human face; but what then? There is neither wonder nor beauty in it." **Naughty** tourist!

Andrew Twombly Foss was ordained as a Baptist minister. He would serve congregations in Dover, New Hampshire, South Parsonsfield, Maine, Hopkinton and New Boston, New Hampshire, and Manchester, New Hampshire.

1828

A new edition of the pocket-size tourist guide that had been published in Saratoga Springs NY in 1822, Gideon M. Davison's THE FASHIONABLE TOUR FOR THE SUMMER OF 1822, nearly doubled the size of the volume, from 169 page to 322. Much of the new material dealt with the "rich mountain scenery" to be found in New England itself.

October 1, Wednesday: Founding of the University of London on Gower Street in London (afterward, this would be known as University College). Professor George Long of the University of Virginia had returned to England to become professor of Greek there (until 1831, when he would become editor of the Quarterly Journal of Education). The Long family would reside in Jacksons Lane, Highgate, to the west of Hornsey and would have three female servants, a coachman, and a gardener. With them from America they had brought one of the family slaves, Jacob Walker, who in England would be assigned the role "M.S." (male servant), and it is not known whether it was Jacob who was that coachman, or that gardener.

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

> *4th day 1st 10th M 1828 / Today Joseph S Tillinghast from N Bedford on his way to NYork Hudson &c called & dined with us & took letters for John whom he expects to see next first day. — he went in the Steam Boat Connecticut this Afternoon. —*
>
> RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

There's a sketchy painting above the case that holds the Torah scrolls at the Touro Synagogue in Newport. It is a painting of the short names used, in the Hebrew language, for the Ten Commandments that Moses received from YHWH on Mount Sinai. I don't have any better photo of the crude painting in question, which also depicts three golden crowns, than this one, for your edification,

but here is a modern representation of the Hebrew characters in question. Read them from right to left:

One of the stories that grew up in Newport over the years had to do with those three golden crowns we can see so nicely depicted at the top of that painting. The story was that the synagogue building had been saved from being trashed during the occupation of the town in Revolutionary War years, when so many of the buildings in the abandoned town were being stripped for kindling to keep the occupying British soldiers warm, because the soldiers presumed that this building must have something to do with the King of England.

Another of the stories that grew up was that this painting, since it is, allegedly, "so fine," must have been by the famous painter Gilbert Stuart, who resided in nearby North Kingstown. However, it is not listed as one of his known works, nor do we know that he ever painted anything even remotely like this.

As anyone who reads Hebrew who now visits this Newport tourist trap can look up and plainly see, the character that is shown in this painting as the third letter, in the captions of the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th Commandments in the left column, is not correct! Four of the ten labels have been reduced to nonsense! If that painting had been hanging up there above the case of Torahs while the building was being used for Jewish worship services during the 18th Century, why would it have been that none of the members of this

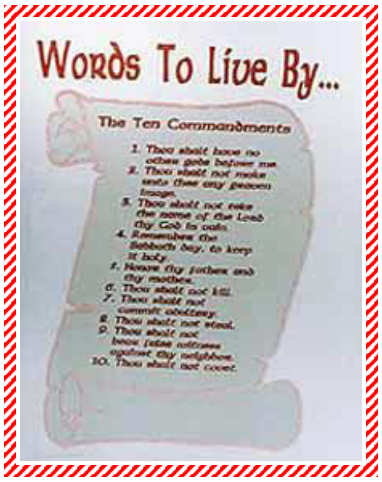
congregation, and none of the honored Jewish visitors to this synagogue, ever informed anyone of this error in the painting, and why would it have been that nobody went and fetched a ladder and some oil paint and climbed up there and touched over the linguistic error with a few simple dabs? This is what the character does look like ת (the artist did get the character right when he painted it in the 6th Commandment, at the top of the left column!), and this is what it might have been made to look like with a few more dabs of paint, had anyone known to correct that painting: ת

Granted, the Marranos[4] who created this synagogue had been living a submerged life as pretend Christians[5] since the Inquisition in Spain in Portugal, and granted, they had only just gotten back into the process of recovering their cultural roots — but surely some of them must have known enough Hebrew to be able to recite the Ten Commandments! So, why didn't they correct this painting?

We discover in the records of the General Assembly of Rhode Island, that on this date the sum of $12.00 was paid to the clerk for the town of Newport, Benjamin Baker Howland, who was treasurer of the Newport Savings Bank and a local historian and artist, as reimbursement for a painting of the captions in Hebrew of the Ten Commandments.[6] Clearly, Mr. Howland had as little actual knowledge of Hebrew as any other deacon of the local 1st Baptist Church. This painting of his had been created as a mere piece of esoterica, only marking this structure as having formerly been in use as a synagogue, and there would be no opportunity to discover and correct its error –since in point of fact, during the decades of the 1830s, 1840s, and 1850s, there would be no religious services whatever in the structure –since in point of fact, there were no longer any Jews residing in Newport.

JUDAISM

Maybe, as a deacon in the 1st Baptist Church, this Howland should have stuck to designing Christian T-shirts for sale to the summer tourists:



4. Marrano = a Spanish or Portuguese Jew of the late Middle Ages who converted to Christianity, especially one forcibly converted but adhering secretly to Judaism.
5. For instance, for the first twenty or so years of his life, the President of this congregation, Aaron Lopez, had been living in Portugal as a Christian by the name of Duarte Lopez. He had been under such deep cover that he and his wife, who was always called "Anna" in Portugal, had had their wedding ceremony in a Catholic church. It was only after they were safely in Rhode Island that they were able to live openly under their given names Aaron and Abigail.
6. This is a "Mayflower" family and as you might imagine, there have been any number of Benjamin Howlands. A Benjamin Howland (1755-1821), had been a Democratic legislator in Rhode Island legislature, and had from 1804 to 1809, as a Jeffersonian Republican, served as one of the US Senators from Rhode Island. This clerk Benjamin Baker Howland of 1828 was not the son of this Senator Benjamin Howland who died in 1821. He was, instead, the son of Henry Howland and Susan Baker Howland, and had been born in Newport on December 11, 1787. At an early age he had been thrown upon his own resources, and having a taste for drawing and painting, had begun the study of portraiture under Robert Feke. In September 1825 he had succeeded Charles Gyles as town clerk of Newport, and soon afterwards became probate clerk. For many years he would be reelected without opposition, and he would serve his community as clerk until 1875. He died on October 20, 1877 and there is now a portrait of him in the mayor's office.

So it is clearly false, that the British troops of occupation spared the wood in this building because they saw those three golden crowns and thought of their monarch. The painting in question wouldn't come into existence for another two human generations! More probably, the reason why this building was spared was that some British officer came along and said to himself "Now here's a nice brick building, neat and spacious, with a raised platform at one end of a columned hall, to properly set off my desk and chair — I think this is the one I'll have for my headquarters."

And Gilbert Stewart? Give me a break, take a close look at the actual painting and recognize that a child could have painted something like this on the basis of a paint-by-the-numbers kit purchased at the K-Mart.

The preposterous stories that once circulated about this synagogue painting present an interesting example of the dangers posed by pseudohistorical accretion tendencies.

1830

British actor Tyrone Power visited America, touring upstate New York.

Subsequent to the Embargo Acts and the War of 1812, and with the coming of the steamboat, many of America's small harbor villages had been becoming remarkably impoverished. Into such quiet villages were beginning to come middle-class summer boarders, "rusticating" themselves where living was cheap and the locals eager to make themselves of service. Even the descendants of ship captains and merchants, living in large houses full of Chinoiserie, had begun to accept paying "guests." However, these were merely cheap hideaways: as no coastline aesthetic had as yet been pioneered, such guests were not experiencing these quiet villages as "picturesque." Tourism would not begin for real until after the US Civil War.

Theodore Dwight's guidebook THE NORTHERN TRAVELLER identified Franconia Notch in New Hampshire as "where are iron works, and a curious profile on a mountain, called the Old Man of the Mountain."

The tourist taking in the White Mountains of New Hampshire during this decade was encountering a district for which no accurate maps were as yet in existence, in which the farmers had not yet cleared off the old-growth forest, and along the roads of which there were only rude inns frequented by lumberjacks and peddlers. Soon, however, this tourism would become the dominant economic enterprise of the district, and would attract an extensive railroad system which would allow penetration to the heart of the primitive lands in but nine rail hours from downtown Boston. By the 1850s, a great contrast would have developed in the White Mountains, between local folk having low-paid jobs in the service industries, and the grand hotels in which wave after wave of elegant tourists played cards and drank champagne against a backdrop of majestic scenery. Class divisions were becoming exacerbated: there was a growing minority that could afford travel and leisure, but there was also a growing majority for whom being away from their work for a week would mean unemployment, and a slide into vagabondage or destitution. These rising tourists had, uniformly, familiarized themselves with the attractions of the region before ever they got there, by inspecting paintings or reproductions of paintings or engravings after paintings, by reading guidebooks, or by encountering the region

through poetry. Examples of this tourist genre are Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Great Stone Face" and Thomas Cole's "Notch of the White Mountains." The major payoff offered to these tourists was that by means of their tour, they would be able to stake a claim to a more genteel status. They had demonstrated their good taste and their sensitivity. Standing in front of romantic scenery while quoting someone else's poetry made one a Romantic. Buying a railroad ticket, and a travel trunk, and taking a hotel room, and taking meals in a hotel ballroom, and purchasing and perusing a guidebook, and purchasing and perhaps using an elegantly bound blank journal, were a commodification of gentility. Just as the sex industry offers sexual acts and fantasies in return for payment, so also this nascent tourist industry began to offer private experiences of the sublime. However, there is a difference between the sex industry and the tourist industry: in the case of tourism, dissimulation is required:

HENRY DAVID THOREAU AND OUR NEW TOURIST INDUSTRY

Nineteenth-century tourists (like twentieth-century tourists) liked to think of some things as "private," apart from the world of buying and selling, and those experiences were precisely what tourism often sold. Some items of the tourist trade could be marketed openly. Stagecoach tickets, bathing machines, hotel rooms: Those things had prices and were appropriate for market transactions. But romantic scenery must not appear to be tainted by buying, selling, and speculating. It had to exist, as Emerson imagined it, in the world of the "poet." It had to appear untouched by marketplace transactions.... One way or another, tourism lured tourists into a world where all experiences were for sale: culture and gentility for the Unitarian minister in the White Mountains, community and religion for the Methodist grocer on Martha's Vineyard. Precisely because these products were intangible, because they disguised the commercial relationship, they were well calculated to overcome residual resistance to consumer relations. Tourists were able to see themselves, not as consumers purchasing goods, but as sensitive lovers of scenery or loyal members of a religious community. ...By the mid-nineteenth century, everyone with even a remote hope of achieving middle-class status understood that a vacation was as essential to that status as owning a piano and a carpet.... Tourism offered tourists satisfaction through acquisition (in this case, the acquisition of **experiences**), emotional fulfillment through spending money.... From its beginning, industrial capitalism has been able to encompass the buying and selling of cultural experiences that seem to be outside it, or even in direct conflict with it. In spite of how scenic tourists saw it, tourism did not protect nature from commercialization; it intensified the commodification of both art and nature. Whatever nostalgic tourists thought, tourism was no more a return to idyllic preindustrial class relations than were the mills of Fall River. That was the ultimate irony of the industry: not that people hid selfish motives behind lofty rhetoric (which is after all not much of a discovery), but that they inevitably bought what they did not want. Nineteenth-century tourists turned away from the allure of the marketplace to travel straight into the arms of the marketplace. And that is a route that has become well-traveled indeed in the past two centuries.

When Ralph Waldo Emerson published his famous essay on "Nature" in 1836 (four years after his own trip to the White Mountains), he used a phrase that articulated the new intangible "product" that was being marketed in scenic regions. Farmers owned the usual sort of property in land: "Miller owns this field, Locke that, and Manning the woodland beyond." But none of these farmers owned "the landscape." That was "a property in the horizon," as Emerson called it, "which no man has but he whose eye can integrate all the parts, that is, the poet." Emerson was arguing that the "poet's" sort of property was **not** for sale. But he was wrong. By the 1830s, any Miller, Locke, or Manning with enough imagination and capital could speculate in such scenic property.

1832

August: Nathaniel Hawthorne departed from Salem to tour through New England and upstate New York.

September: Nathaniel Hawthorne, on the last leg of his northern tour, passed through Crawford Notch in the White Mountains of New Hampshire (where the brothers Ethan Allen Crawford and Thomas Jefferson Crawford kept their two inns).

The Rochester Canal and Railway Company completed a horse-car rail line between Rochester and Carthage.

During this month and the following one, Washington Irving accompanied Indian Commissioner Henry Leavitt Ellsworth on a tour up the Missouri River to the Osage Agency at Fort Gibson, and from there into the Pawnee hunting grounds.

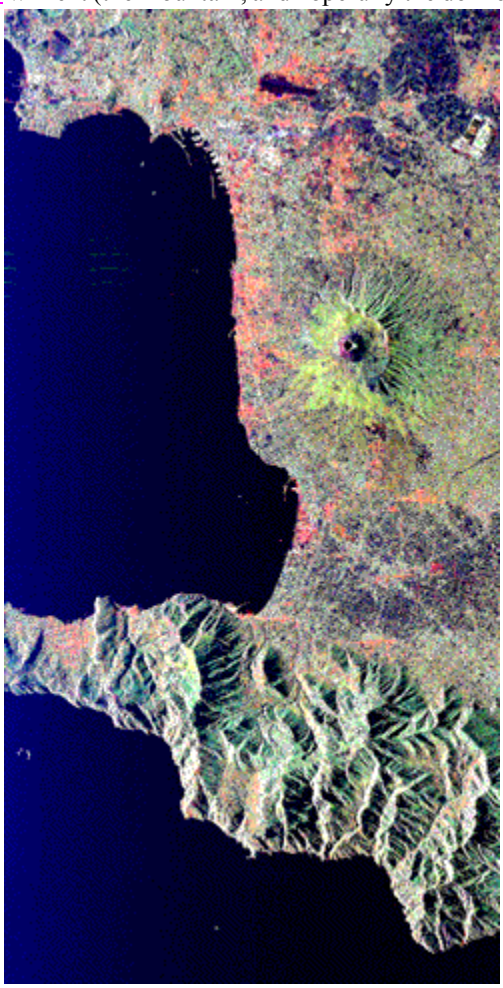
1833

Walter Henry commented on the dangerous attractiveness of Niagara Falls to our tourists: "There are others so constituted as to be fascinated by the spectacle to such a dangerous and overpowering extent, as to feel a strong desire to throw themselves into the abyss."[7]

7. One may speculate that there must have been some sort of linkage between the 19th-Century concept of the sublime and repressed forbidden thoughts of suicide. Otherwise, it would be difficult to explain their great preoccupation with the sublime.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU AND OUR NEW TOURIST INDUSTRY

March 10, Sunday: Waldo Emerson sailed from Palermo to Naples, to visit Pompeii/Herculaneum and ride a donkey up Mount Vesuvius while it (the mountain, and hopefully the donkey as well) was in a quiescent phase.



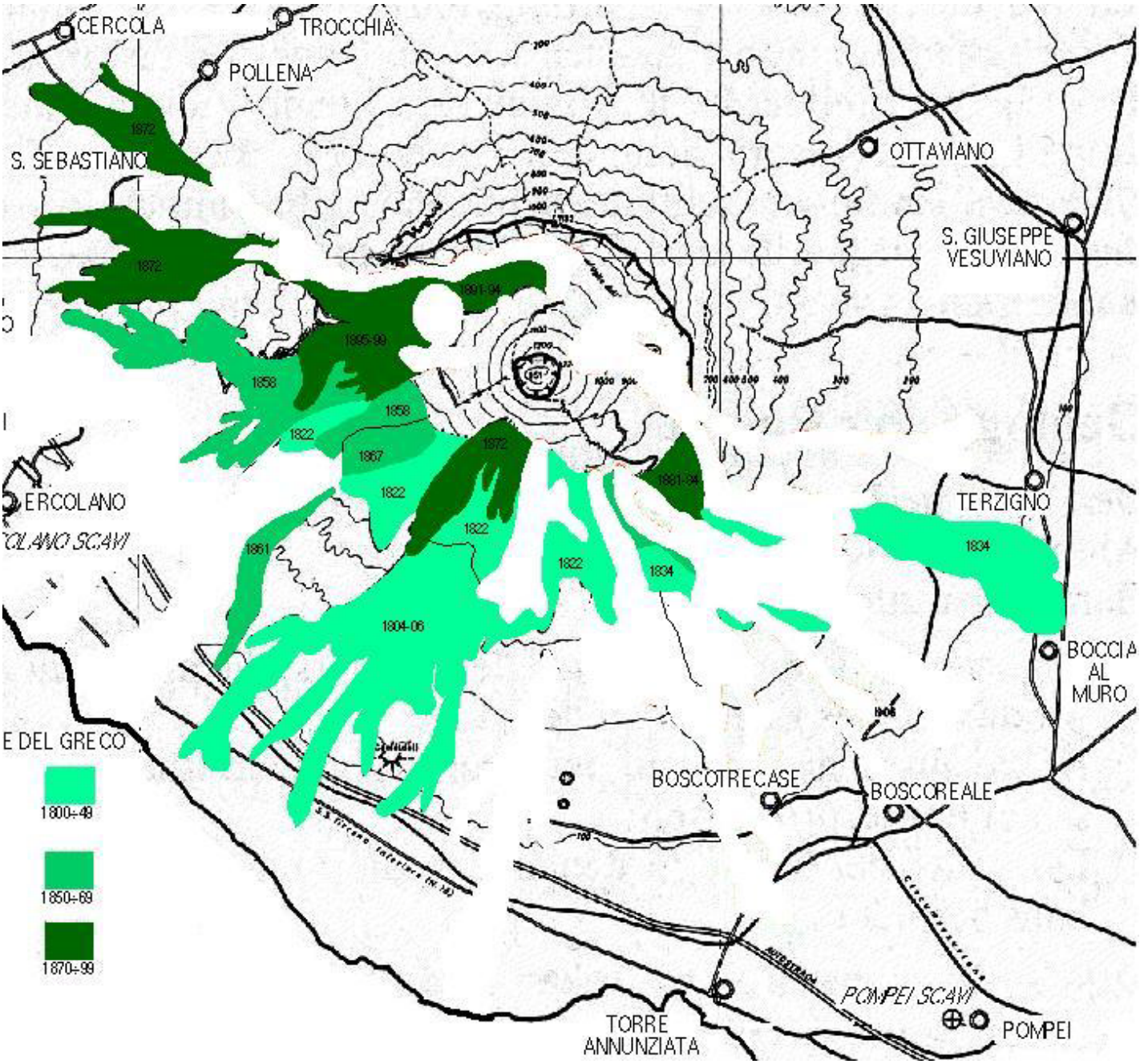
In a letter, he would refer to its caldera as "a fearful place." We have reason to suspect that he did the usual tourist thing, or saw some other tourist doing the usual tourist thing, boil an egg over a fissure, for in his 1836 essay NATURE he would write "We are like travellers using the cinders of a volcano to roast their eggs." (At any rate, if he did not boil an egg on the volcano, Harriet Beecher Stowe did on her day trip to the site, as she jotted down that her egg was "very nicely boiled.")

Eventually the Reverend Emerson would have a touristy painting of this prominence in his study in Concord, not in the condition in which he had himself experienced it but in dramatic full eruption:[8]

8. The creation of these images for sale to the tourists is quite an activity in Naples. It is sufficient to mention that the drama of the eruptions in such portrayals has never been understated. (The Kouroo database uses any number of these depictions, done of the years, to track the chronological changes in the volcano cone and caldera.)

Eventually, after another visit in 1873, he would purchase one of these donkeys of the region, Graciosa, for his daughter Ellen.

Here are the 19th-Century lava flows which even now remain on the surface of this volcano's slopes, color-coded to differentiate between those that had occurred in the 1st half of the century and were present during Emerson's first visit, those that occurred around the middle of the century and would have occurred before his 2nd visit, and those that occurred toward the end of the century:



1834

The mid-13th-Century *Hofbrücke* of Lucerne (2d half of the famous Chapel Bridge, leading from St. Peter's Chapel to Hofkirche over marshy ground) was demolished, and a new lakeside promenade (*Schweizerhofquai*) was built to attract tourists. Many old buildings and the medieval fortifications on the left side of the River Reuss (originally more than 40 towers and gates) were razed to allow rapid development of the *Neustadt* (new city) quarter. While other cities in Switzerland did away completely with their fortifications, Lucerne has preserved its northern Musegg Wall with seven towers as a unique historical monument, separating downtown Lucerne from the 20th-Century boomtown quarters.

January 19, Sunday: Over the course of ten days, Henry C. Wright would religiously view every piece of Scott memorabilia there was to be seen at Abbotsford. Wright had read Scott's SCOTTISH CHIEFS and had concluded, on September 28-29, 1833, that such works were "pernicious." He visited Scott's gravesite. His summation was that despite the manner in which other tourists were treating this place as if it were some sort of shrine, the reputation which Sir Walter Scott had left behind was an insignificant one:

> I believe [Shakespear (*sic*) & Scott] have ruined many souls. WOuld God they had never seen the light of day & that I had more strength to resist temptation.

Sir Walter Scott's Abbotsford

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

> *1st day 19 of 1 M / I have been quite unwell for some days with a cold Cough & some fever, but feel some better this evening. — -Our meetings were both silent but I was favourd with some feeling - A portion of J J Gurneys Portable Evidences were read this evening in our School collection, & tho' I do not unit with every thing he has written, yet I thought what was read was very*

good. —

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

1835

Charles James Fox was appointed solicitor of Hillsborough County, New Hampshire.

Samuel Bemis began to build an inn at Hart's Location in the Crawford Notch area of New Hampshire.

To the west of the Franconia Notch, in the White Mountains, the Lafayette House hotel was opened.

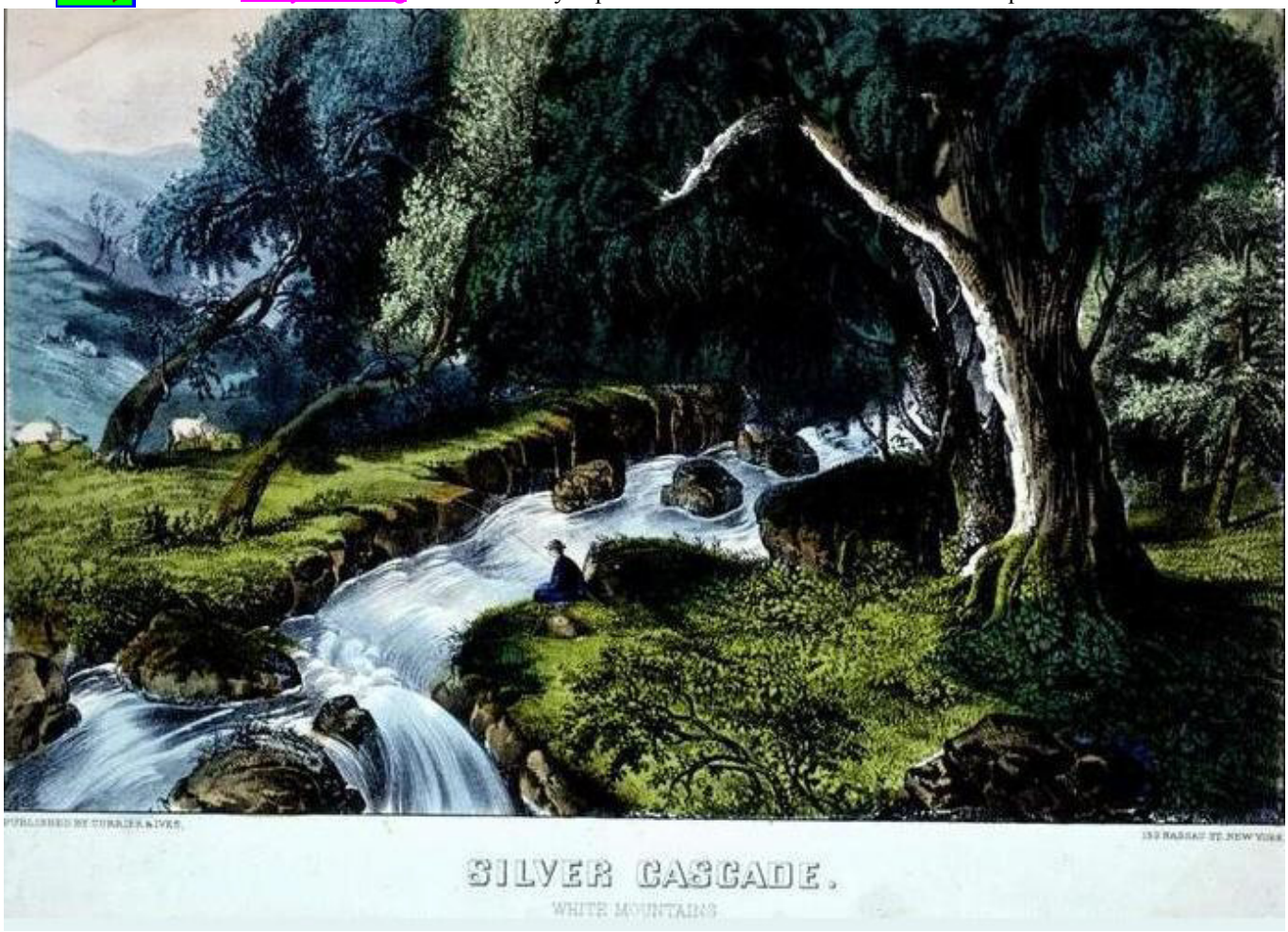
The Reverend Professor Elisha Mitchell of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill established that the peak of Mt. Mitchell in North Carolina was 6,684 feet, higher if not more spectacular than Mount Washington in New Hampshire's White Mountains, in fact the highest point in the United States of America east of the Mississippi River. (Or, at least, he would suppose he had established this until Senator Thomas Clingman would allege that he had clambered up the wrong peak and that the real Mt. Mitchell stood at 6,941 feet!)

Thomas Cole addressed the Catskills Lyceum on the subject of American scenery, expressing hope that people who were acquiring new wealth and new social status could be trained to the appreciation of romantic scenery. These nouveaux riches had been "consumed in the low pursuit of avarice, or the gaudy frivolities of fashion," and so they would need a transfusion of "a taste for scenery" to remove from them their "meager utilitarianism" and from the "sordid tendencies of modern civilization." They needed to be transformed to accept the social values of the already established gentry, and the cure he proposed was tourism.

Cole remarked that "Whether we see [the Connecticut River] at Haverhill, Northampton, or Hartford, it still possesses that gentle aspect; and the imagination can scarcely conceive Arcadian vales more lovely or more peaceful than the valley of the Connecticut-its villages are rural places where trees overspread every dwelling, and the fields upon its margin have the richest verdure."

1836

Summer: Ellery Channing made a solitary trip into the White Mountains of New Hampshire.



He went by stage to North Conway and walked up the Saco Valley toward Crawford Notch, riding part way in a farm wagon with Abel Crawford, whose family had given the Notch its name. Channing then took a stage to Ethan Crawford's and Bethlehem, and the Lafayette House near the Great Stone Face. He passed through Franconia Notch on his way back to Massachusetts.

Harriet Beecher married the Reverend Calvin Ellis Stowe of Lane Theological Seminary, where her father the Reverend Lyman Beecher was director. Six of this couple's seven children would be born in Cincinnati, Ohio, but first there was the little detail of a honeymoon to get over with. The newlyweds toured to Niagara Falls and the bride (this was not her first visit) commented "I felt as if I could have **gone over** with the waters; it would be so beautiful a death; there would be no fear in it." T.R. Preston commented "I could not regard the Falls for many minutes together in an erect posture, without succumbing to an attracting influence, which I can compare only to the fascination exercised by the lodestone or the eye of the rattle-snake."[9]

At this point Benjamin Rathbun had become so enormously wealthy, that he actually was the owner of the Niagara Falls.

1837

The Crawford House, the inn built by Ethan Allan Crawford in Crawford Notch in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, fell into debt and was taken over by Horace Fabyan, a Maine merchant who was investing in such venues in anticipation of the completion of the Atlantic and Saint Lawrence Railway. This railway was to pass only eight miles to the east of Mount Washington. By 1845 he would have built up the Crawford House to the point at which it was able to accommodate over a hundred guests at a time.

Charles James Fox was chosen as a representative to the state Legislature. He would be appointed in connection with Judge Joel Parker of Keene, New Hampshire and Mr. Samuel D. Bell of Manchester, New Hampshire to prepare for publication the REVISED STATUTES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE. He would take a deep interest in the establishment of the New Hampshire Lunatic Asylum, of which he would be appointed a Director. He would be instrumental in carrying through the project for the extension of the Boston and Lowell Railroad into New Hampshire and would serve as the initial treasurer of the Nashua and Lowell Railroad.

1839

A foreign tourist named Captain Frederick Marryat commented about Niagara Falls in his DIARY IN AMERICA: "For about half an hour more I continued to watch the rolling waters and then I felt a slight dizziness and a creeping sensation come over me – that sensation arising from strong excitement, and the same, probably, that occasions the bird to fall into the jaws of the snake. This is a feeling which, if too long indulged in, becomes irresistible, and occasions a craving desire to leap into the flood of rushing waters. It increased upon me every minute; and retreating from the brink, I turned my eyes to the surrounding foliage, until the effect of the excitement had passed away."[10]

Between this year and 1843, the US Army Corps of Engineers would be directing a remake of Fort Niagara. A heavy stone wall would be put along the riverside to shield the interior of the American fortification from the gun emplacements of Fort Mississauga. A seawall would be put in to arrest years of erosion by Lake Ontario. There would be new emplacements for heavy guns, there would be a shot furnace, the land side earthworks would be given new timber revetments, and old stone buildings would be upgraded. The fortification would never again house a substantial force, but it would once again possess a certain style.

9. One may speculate that there must have been some sort of linkage between the 19th-Century concept of the sublime and repressed forbidden thoughts of suicide. Otherwise, it would be difficult to explain their great preoccupation with the sublime.
10. One may speculate that there must have been some sort of linkage between the 19th-Century concept of the sublime and repressed forbidden thoughts of suicide. Otherwise, it would be difficult to explain their great preoccupation with the sublime.

September 6, Friday: The intrepid Thoreau brothers took the stage from Concord NH to Plymouth, New Hampshire, then hiked through Thornton, Peeling, and Lincoln to Franconia below Mount Washington in the Presidential Range (Agiocochuck, elevation 6,288 feet).

The Thoreau brothers presumably both climbed and descended along the 1819 Crawford Path that begins at Crawford Notch and follows along the treeless ridge line, passing Mt. Eisenhower and Mt. Monroe and the Lake of the Clouds at about 5,000 feet to the summit of Mt. Washington. Thoreau's description of the actual climb, in A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS, would be succinct:

A WEEK: Wandering on through notches which the streams had made, by the side and over the brows of hoar hills and mountains, across the stumpy, rocky, forested, and bepastured country, we at length crossed on prostrate trees over the Amonoosuck, and breathed the free air of Unappropriated Land. Thus, in fair days as well as foul, we had traced up the river to which our native stream is a tributary, until from Merrimack it became the Pemigewasset that leaped by our side, and when we had passed its fountain-head, the Wild Amonoosuck, whose puny channel was crossed at a stride, guiding us toward its distant source among the mountains, and at length, without its guidance, we were enabled to reach the summit of AGIOCOCHOOK.

"Sweet days, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die."
— HERBERT

When we returned to Hooksett, a week afterward, the melon man, in whose corn-barn we had hung our tent and buffaloes and other things to dry, was already picking his hops, with many women and children to help him. We bought one watermelon, the largest in his patch, to carry with us for ballast. It was Nathan's, which he might sell if he wished, having been conveyed to him in the green state, and owned daily by his eyes. After due consultation with "Father," the bargain was concluded, — we to buy it at a venture on the vine, green or ripe, our risk, and pay "what the gentlemen pleased." It proved to be ripe; for we had had honest experience in selecting this fruit.

Thoreau's text does not remain at this elevation. With the words "When we returned to Hookset..." he embarked the brothers upon their literary return voyage downriver. The full poem "Vertue" by Rector George Herbert in his 1633 THE TEMPLE had been as follows:

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie:
The dew shall weep thy fall to night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:
Thy root is ever in its grave
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,

Then chiefly lives.

THE TEMPLE

We may note that our adventurous author has referred earlier, in the text of A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS, to the poem "The Elixir" among the literary remainders of Herbert:

> A WEEK: It required some rudeness to disturb with our boat the mirror-like surface of the water, in which every twig and blade of grass was so faithfully reflected; too faithfully indeed for art to imitate, for only Nature may exaggerate herself. The shallowest still water is unfathomable. Wherever the trees and skies are reflected, there is more than Atlantic depth, and no danger of fancy running aground. We notice that it required a separate intention of the eye, a more free and abstracted vision, to see the reflected trees and the sky, than to see the river bottom merely; and so are there manifold visions in the direction of every object, and even the most opaque reflect the heavens from their surface. Some men have their eyes naturally intended to the one and some to the other object.
>
> "A man that looks on glass,
> On it may stay his eye,
> Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
> And the heavens espy."
>
> Two men in a skiff, whom we passed hereabouts, floating buoyantly amid the reflections of the trees, like a feather in mid-air, or a leaf which is wafted gently from its twig to the water without turning over, seemed still in their element, and to have very delicately availed themselves of the natural laws. Their floating there was a beautiful and successful experiment in natural philosophy, and it served to ennoble in our eyes the art of navigation; for as birds fly and fishes swim, so these men sailed. It reminded us how much fairer and nobler all the actions of man might be, and that our life in its whole economy might be as beautiful as the fairest works of art or nature.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee:

Not rudely, as a beast,
To runne into an action;
But still to make thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glasse,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it passe,
And then the heav'n espie.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgerie divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for lesse be told.

THE TEMPLE

1840

Asher Brown Durand was off to Europe to study the Old Masters. There was no Internet back then, but many grand ways were being devised for gentlemen and ladies of means to do this sort of toney thing in style. It would be in the early years of this decade that the most successful of the servants of the idle touring rich, Thomas Cook, would be beginning to arrange his special-rate railroad excursions within England. The first such planned excursion, for the sort of person who would come to be referred to as the "tour-ist" (hyphenated), would be taking close to 600 subscribers from Leicester to Loughborough, a distance of 11 miles each way, for purposes of attending a temperance convention. By such bulking of passenger lists Cook would be able to offer travel at the reduced round-trip 3d-class fare of one shilling per head.

Cook has made travel easy and a pleasure.

THE GRAND TOUR

William Barrett presented twelve White Mountain scenes in two volumes entitled AMERICAN SCENERY, with Nathaniel P. Willis providing accompanying text.

During this decade the chain of rustic inns built by the Crawfords to service visitors to Crawford Notch of the White Mountains would be being replaced by newer and grander tourist hotels with much greater porches and much better advertising.

During this decade and the following one, the profile of a human face in the rock cliff near Franconia Notch would be being transformed from a local curiosity into a nationally recognized symbol of the White Mountains in particular, and of the New England yankee personality in general.

1844

J.M.W. Turner painted "Rail, Steam, and Speed — The Great Western Railway," depicting the 200-mile line between London and Birmingham, England that had been constructed by Brunel between 1834 and 1838. The painting is now in the National Gallery at London.

When a railroad threatened to provide inexpensive access to Windermere in the Lake District of England, William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate of England, rose up in protest. Why? One suspects that the cult of scenery was an important marker of one's social standing, and that he correctly perceived that this marker would be being cheapened by the introduction of people of more moderate means.

1845

Cyrus Barton was a member of the New Hampshire Constitutional Convention, president of the City Council of Concord NH, and US Marshall for that city.

Lucy Crawford's HISTORY OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF UPPER COOS AND PEQUAWKET.

Salma Hale was again a member of the New Hampshire Senate.

Horace Fabyan, the speculator who had taken over the Crawford House in Crawford Notch in the White Mountains in 1837, in this year also took over the Willey House there. He would build up the Willey House, a "commodious two-story" structure, under his administration to the point at which it would be able to accommodate more than fifty tourists at a time.

May 3, Saturday: Fire broke out in a theater in Canton, China and 1,670 were consumed.

TIMELINE OF ACCIDENTS

WALDEN: If we read of one man robbed, or murdered, or killed by accident, or one house burned, or one vessel wrecked, or one steamboat blown up, or one cow run over on the Western Railroad, or one mad dog killed, or one lot of grasshoppers in the winter, –we never need read of another. One is enough.

"The only lesson of history is that there are no lessons of history."

— A.J.P. Taylor

The cadaver of Nicolò Paganini was placed in unconsecrated ground at Villa Gaione, Parma.

Death of Thomas Hood after long illness at age 46.

A couple of weeks earlier President Tyler had vetoed a bill that would have prevented him from allocating federal funds to construct revenue cutters without prior approval from Congress. This was the 10th occasion on which President Tyler had exercised his veto power under the Constitution, making him and President Jackson by a considerable extent the most frequent users of this power. On this day the federal Congress for the 1st time by the necessary 2/3ds vote exercised its override power under the Constitution.

Waldo Emerson climbed 3,000-foot Mount Monadnock, near Peterborough in New Hampshire, during the night, and remained on the summit composing poetry from dawn until 10AM.

Summer: Bayard Taylor was acquiring credit by doing a tourist thing in Germany:

> Everyone helped him and passed him along, and Mrs. Trollope, who had settled in Florence and who read the poems that he was writing and praised them, gave him letters to her publishers in London, where he vainly and desperately tried to find work as a printer. At Lockhart's he met Bernard Barton, the friend of Lamb and a Quaker poet, like Whittier, whom Taylor went to see when he returned to America and who described him at length in THE TENT ON THE BEACH. The circle of Boston and Cambridge poets received him "like a swarm of brothers," as James T. Fields, the publisher, remarked, while he was deeply drawn to them and grateful to them for creating a large and eager audience for American poets. He had dedicated his own first book to Griswold, the anthologist, and Poe had reviewed and praised his RHYMES OF TRAVEL, his "glowing imagination," his terseness and vigour, his admirable rhetorical gift and perfection of skill.

1846

During this year of travels and adventures Thomas Cook, his genteel travel service succeeding and expanding, was able to send hundreds of his "tour-ists" on a bulk adventure into Scotland.

Cook has made travel easy and a pleasure.

THE GRAND TOUR

Harriet Martineau toured the Middle East.

May 24: Many tourists of this era were making a pilgrimage to Niagara Falls, and many of them were publishing about the experience. What follows is three days from the journal of Thomas Swann Woodcock,[11] one of the people who took this tour.

11. Woodcock had been born in Manchester, England in 1805 and had come to New-York about 1830. We know that in 1834 he did an engravure of Andrew Jackson by use of a ruling machine. After working in Philadelphia, from about 1840 to 1846 he was in Brooklyn, established as an engraver and print publisher. While there he was a director of the Brooklyn Apprentices Library. His portrait, painted by George Woodward, is in the Brooklyn Museum. In this year, coming into an inheritance, he was vacationing in American tourism and would then return to England to enjoy his inheritance.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU AND OUR NEW TOURIST INDUSTRY

Left New York in the Steam Boat Albany at 7 0 Clock A.M. for the City of Albany the Distance is 145 Miles and the fare is $3 Meals extra. there are two lines of Boats up the River, one being a day and the other a Night line, the night line leaves at 5 O'Clock and is fitted up with elegant Berths for sleeping and is certainly the most convenient way of travelling, unless as in my case the Traveller has not previously been up the river, and is desirous of seeing, its highly picturesque scenery. Our Boat though not the swiftest and most elegant of the line, is still a very handsome affair, she is upwards of 200 feet long, and has an Engine of 200 horse power, she has boilers on both sides of her, the quantity of Wood consumed in a trip is enormous, and being pine, seems to burn as fast as it can be put in, unlike the steam Boats in the Irish channel, her Machinery is all on deck, and ascending a flight of steps, there is another deck called the promenade Deck, it is supported by pillars, and has an awning spread over it to keep off the rays of the Sun, as she has her Machinery on Deck, it allows her to have a cabin the whole of her length, for though some of her Machinery must unavoidably come through it is so boxed up as to be no detriment to her appearance, in the forward part, is a bar room where Gentlemen can obtain refreshments, and lounge on the settees, as it is against the rules of the Boat to lounge in the Dining Cabin, the Cabin immediately aft is the Ladies Saloon or retiring room, next is the Ladies Cabin, in which Gentlemen in Company with Ladies, may enjoy their society, the Dining Cabin which is very large fills the rest of the space, this is well fitted up. Between the windows in this Cabin are some large and very respectable oil pictures, by Native Artists, contrary to the custom prevailing in Europe the helmsman is forward instead of aft, which enables him to have a better lockout, he has a small room elevated above the Deck and entirely seperate [sic] from the passengers, the helmsman or Pilot has three assistants the wheel being double and requiring two men to each wheel. After leaving New York, the first object worthy of notice is the Palisadoes a remarkable range of steep rocks, of the kind called by Geologists Trap, the bight varies from 15 feet to 550 and extends up the River for a distance of 20 Miles. at the commencement of the highest of these rocks once stood Fort Lee, elevated above 300 feet from the River, after Washington evacuated N. Y. he drew off his Army to this place, which he had also to evacuate after the loss of the Garrison of Fort Washington, which is situated about 2 Miles higher up on the opposite Bank, and 12 Miles distant from the City of New York. Tarry Town is 27 Miles, near this place Andre the Spy was taken, he was afterwards executed at Tappan a small Village on the opposite Side of the River, the Banks of the River thus far are sprinkled with Gentlemens Houses, and all being painted white, are very much relieved by the vast profusion of trees which surround them, at the distance of 33 Miles is situated the village of Sing-sing or Mount pleasant, this is the location of the State Prison, it is plainly seen from the Steam Boat, being only a few feet from the shore, it is built of white marble and has a very handsome appearance, prisoners sent here are not allowed to converse with each other, and although they work together are not allowed to communicate even by signs, they are lodged seperate [sic] and take their meals in their cell. at 43

Miles is situated the village of Peekskill, on the east side, this is the entrance to the High lands, the river is here so locked in by the land that a stranger cannot tell in what direction the River runs, the true Channel is by far the narrowest, in the war of the Revolution, a British Ship took the creek for the River and did not find her mistake until she got aground, at the top of the ___ Creek and about 2 Miles from the River Thos. Wallace has his Wire Mill.

We now enter the High Lands by a narrow passage called the Horse race, the scenery is here very beautiful, the Mountains are very lofty and completely covered with trees, here and there may be observed flats very little elevated above the present level of the river, and at no very remote period have been channels of the River, we pass an elevated Rock called St. Anthonys nose. The next point of attraction is the West Point Military Academy, it is situated on a level plot of. Ground and elevated about 188 feet above the River and is completely surrounded by Mountains, at this season of the year it is a most lovely spot though very cold in the Winter, the distance is 53 Miles. Newburgh is the next Town, and is a very thriving place, it is the first landing after passing through the high lands, and as none other is practicable it must be the Depot for the Country produce, the impossibility of a competetor [sic] rising up, is on account of the formidable barrier presented by Nature, it is situated on the declivity of a hill, sloping gradually to the shore. I could perceive many new buildings springing up, opposite to this place is Fishkill Landing and up the Creek is the Matteawan Factory. it is distant 68 Miles from N. Y. After passing Many Villages, we arrive at Catskill, behind which is the celebrated Mountains, one of the Peaks of which is elevated about 3,000 feet above the River, there is an Hotel upon it and it is a place of resort during the Summer Months, the landing is 112 Miles from New York. about 6 Miles further up is the City of Hudson. behind this City, "Marshalls" of Manchester have a large Calico printing Establishment, this is the highest point to which Ships can go, a Whaling Compy [sic] fits out Ships from this place. after passing here, the River becomes thickly studded with small islands, which though very picturesque render the navigation difficult.

The Overslaugh 3 Miles from Albany has so many sand bars that Steam Boats often get aground, at 8 O'Clock P. M. we arrived at Albany. it was now quite dark, consequently we could not judge of its appearance, particularly as there are no lamps in the Streets, our passage it will be perceived was about 13 hours, a long one, as it has frequently been done in 10 hours. Albany is the Capital of the State. The State House or Capitol occupies a very elevated and commanding situation, the assembly were in session but we had not time to listen to their discussions, the City is built on a declivity but with the exception of the public Buildings there is nothing particular to admire.

May 25: The wagon train of the Graves family from Marshall County, Illinois, crossed the Missouri River at St. Joseph. From this day until the 29th, the wagon train of the Russell family would be held up by high water at the Big Blue River near present-day Marysville, Kansas. Levinah Murphy and her extended family joined this wagon train.

Waldo Emerson's 43d birthday.

Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte escaped imprisonment in Ham in France and made his way toward London.

Now follows the second day's observations I am copying from the journal of Thomas Swann Woodcock, one of the tourists who took the popular tour of this decade to the Niagara Falls.

> *Left Albany at 9 0'Clock by the Railway for Schenectady, a distance of 17 Miles, for which 62.5 cents is charged, we were drawn by Horses about 2 Miles, being a steep ascent, we then found a Steam Engine waiting for us (built by Stephenson and called the John Bull) the road is then quite level for 14 Miles through the poorest Country I ever saw, the sand banks are so loose that trees have been cut down and laid upon them, to promote vegetation and prevent the sand from drifting, the sides of the Road are plentifully strewn with wild flowers, amongst which I perceived the blue lupin in great abundance, we at length stop to have our carriages attached to a stationary Engine which lets us down an inclined plane, from the top of which we have a fine view of Schenectady and part of the Valley of the Mohawk. it is chiefly built of Bricks and is in a low flat situation, and I think a place of no great importance, we arrived at this place at half past 10. from the cars we proceeded to enter our names for the Packet Boat, these boats are about 70 feet long, and with the exception of the Kitchen and bar, is occupied as a Cabin, the forward part being the ladies Cabin, is seperated [sic] by a curtain, but at meal times this obstruction is removed, and the table is set the whole length of the boat, the table is supplied with every thing that is necessary and of the best quality with many of the luxuries of life, on finding we had so many passengers, I was at a loss to know how we should be accomodated [sic] with berths, as I saw no convenience for anything of the kind, but the Yankees ever awake to contrivances have managed to stow more in so small a space than I thought them capable of doing, the way they proceed is as follows - The Settees that go the whole length of the Boat on each side unfold and form a cot bed. the space between this bed and the ceiling is so divided as to make room for two more, the upper berths are merely frames with sacking bottoms, one side of which has two projecting pins, which fit into sockets in the side of the boat, the other side has two cords attached one to each corner, these are suspended from hooks in the ceiling, the bedding is then placed upon them, the space between the berths being barely sufficient for a man to crawl in, and presenting the appearance*

of so many shelves, much apprehension is always entertained by passengers when first seeing them, lest the cords should break, such fears are however groundless, the berths are allotted according to the way bill the first on the list having his first choice and in changing boats the old passengers have the preference, the first Night I tried an upper berth, but the air was so foul that I found myself sick when I awoke, afterwards I choose an under berth and found no ill effects from the air, these Boats have three Horses, go at quicker rate and have the preference in going through the locks, carry no freight, are built extremely light, and have quite Genteel Men for their Captains, and use silver plate. the distance between Schenectady and Utica is 80 Miles the passage is $3.50 which includes board, there are other Boats called Line Boats that carry at a cheaper rate, being found for half of the price mentioned, they are larger Boats carry freight have only two horses, and consequently do not go as quickly, and moreover have not so select a company, some Boats go as low as 1 cent per Mile the passengers finding themselves. The Bridges on the Canal are very low, particularly the old ones, indeed they are so low as to scarcely allow the baggage to clear, and in some cases actually rubbing against it, every Bridge makes us bend double if seated on anything, and in many cases you have to lie on your back. the Man at the helm gives the Word to the Passengers. "Bridge" "very low Bridge" "the lowest in the Canal" as the case may be, some serious accidents have happened for want of caution, a young English Woman met with her death a short time since, she having fallen asleep with her head upon a box had her head crushed to pieces, such things however do not often occur, and in general it affords amusement to the passengers who soon immatate [sic] the cry, and vary it with a command, such as "All Jackson men bow down." after such commands we find few Aristocrats, an anecdote is told of one man, who after travelling on the Canal got under the bed in his sleep, and when partially awake durst not lift up his head. a man who slept near me, got up early in the Morning and going to his comrades berth drew his hand gently over his face, at the same time calling out "Bridge" when he suddenly started up amidst the laughter of the passengers. The Canal was within sight of the Mohawk River, in some cases only the towing path being between, the wall rising from the Channel of the river and being elevated 20 or 30 feet. This is the Valley of the Mohawk. so narrow is it in some places that there seems scarcely room for the River the Road and the Canal which pass through it, the scenery is not unlike that of the Valley of the Wye in Derbyshire. the land is perfectly flat and of a fine alluvial soil, said to be the richest in the State, it is held almost exclusively by persons of German extraction who preserve the language and customs of their ancestors, this level region is called the German Flats, and is so famous for its fertility that nothing can induce the Germans to sell, it is valued at $200 per acre, though the uplands can be bought for $40. these Germans are enemies to all improvement, are very industrious, but not very cleanly in their habits, in the broad parts of the Valley there are some Dutch Villages which have a very neat appearance, at Frankfort 10 miles from Utica we commence on the long level which is 69.5 miles without a lock, we arrived in Utica at about half 8 O'Clock AM. I had resolved to stay at this

place and visit Trenton Falls, but owing to the unfavourable [sic] state of the Weather I concluded to proceed, our Boat went close alongside the Packet for Rochester, so we had only to step out of one onto the other, which as soon as we had done she immediately sailed, we paid $6.50 each the distance being 160 Miles, our living was first rate, we passed through Utica, which seemed to be a large and important place, we could see five Rows of Brick Stores, and the place had an appearance of prosperity, at this place we took on several passengers who had come by stage, having left the Railway Station at the same time we did, they certainly got in about 5 hours before us but the roads were so bad that they complained of sore bones, and preferred the boat which though not the quickest, is decidedly the most pleasant way of travelling, one of these was a Liverpool Lumber Merchant on his way to Canada, but who was going out of his route to see the "Falls." Three Miles West of Utica we pass through the Village of Whitesboro' [Whitestown] where Marshalls Weaving Factory is located, the Mill can be seen at a distance, surrounded by small cottage Houses, there was a person of the Name of John Harper who left Manchester about 3 years before I did who settled in this place. It was my Intention to have called upon him, as however I could not do so, I jumped off the Boat near the bridge ran into a store and enquired if he still lived there, after ascertaining that fact I got on board again, this is a most beautiful village, and is called an Old Settlement, but you will judge of its age when I tell you that it was a Wilderness in 1785. it is called after White a native of Connt [sic] who was the first settler. here is a manual labour [sic] school which is in successful operation, the student paying his own expenses by the sweat of his brow, after passing through various settlements with high sounding names of Indian and Classical origin we arrived at Syracuse, famous for its Salt Manufactories. the vats for the evaporation of the Water from the Salt by the suns rays may be seen on both sides of the Canal on the Western extremety [sic] of the village, light wooden roofs are kept ready to slide over these vats in bad weather, and the salt is taken out once in two or three days. Salina is about 1.5 Miles from Syracuse, and as its name indicates, is a Salt establishment, the mode of evaporation here is that of boiling. Liverpool is about 6 Miles distant on the edge of the Lake (which is about 6 Miles long and 2 broad), these and other villages are solely employed in the Manufacture of Salt, there is a canal here that runs to Oswego on Lake Ontario, which had I have known at the time, I would have taken as the best route to the "falls," as I should then have touched at Toronto the Capital of U.C. We then pass through Palmyra, and over the Grand Embankment 72 feet high and extending 2 Miles, we at length arrived at Rochester at Eleven 0 Clock P.M. and went immediately to the Clinton Hotel where we staid for the Night, this City is elevated 500 feet above the Hudson River, from which place it is distant 270 Miles, it was first settled in 1812, and in 1827 contained 10,818 Inhabitants, the Genesee River runs through the City, the Canal being carried over by means of an aquaduct [sic]. it consists of ten arches of stone. the water rushes under with fearful rapidity, so much as to force itself up the battlements of the bridge, the water power is estimated at 38,400 horses, the whole river supplies 20,000 cubic feet a Minute; and the

combined height of the falls of Rochester and Carthage is 280 feet, the water of course is so rapid as to prevent navigation. After getting breakfast we proceeded to the Village of Brighton in order to find out David Miller an acquantance [sic] of G Woodwards. it is situated about 3 Miles from the City. when we arrived there we found he had removed 3 or 4 Miles to the Northward, and accordingly shaped our course that way, after taking the wrong road for about 2 Miles, we had to retrace our Steps, proceeding in our right course we soon got into the Woods, which are now for the first time thought worth the time to subdue, everything here is new but the Forests, log houses of all grades from the Whitewashed, neatly fenced in, to the black looking, mud-surrounded hovel. the roads are of the kind called corderoy [sic] consisting of logs of Wood rolled together. I have for the first time observed the practise of Girdling that is cutting the bark all around the tree so as to prevent the rising of the sap. Capt Basil Hall calls them the Banquos of the Forest. I have seen few large trees, in that I have been disappointed, but here they certainly attain their full growth, but they are so closely packed together that they cannot send out side shoots but run towering up to a great height, when left standing by themselves the wind soon blows them down, it is also next to impossible to pass through these woods, on account of the vast quantities of decayed matter, the trees of former Generations lie in vast heaps in all the stages of decomposition, you may observe the prostrate trunk of some deceased Monarch that is apparantly [sic] sound, but if you but step upon it, it crumbles to dust, the rays of the sun cannot penetrate these recesses, consequently there is no grass or underwood, it is only in the thinly wooded country that cattle can find pasture. still when this land is cleared, it yields enormous crops. We at length reached the house of David Miller, for house it was, and the only one near, the rest being merely log huts, on making enquiries at the door we learned that he had that Morning gone to the State of Michigan, to see his Father who was lying dangerously ill, we found his daughter at home who desired us to walk in and be seated. without asking us any questions she proceeded to get us some refreshments ready, and very soon placed them on the table, this from a girl not over 13 years of age, was what I should not have suspected. I found her to be very intelligent, it seems she was left the sole housekeeper, with a small child to take care of, we had some of the best bread served up that I ever tasted, and on asking whether it was not mixed up with milk instead of water, found that was the case, and a young Man her Uncle, who afterwards came in told me he never saw any other kind, it seems that Miller sold his other farm for $30 per acre, it was on the banks of the canal, but had not a good house, he bought the present farm 2 years ago for $37 with an excellent House upon it worth $500. it consists of 51 acres, it was partially improved, he has cut down more since and has got a crop upon it, he now considers it worth with the crop as it now stands $62. this land you must bear in mind though called cleared has an immense number of stumps upon it which will take years to eradicate, a person of the name of Pipkin has bought 200 acres of beautiful really clear land, with a Mansion upon it, for $200 per acre, a person opposite him bought 4 acres with an house upon it for which he

paid $300 per acre, this land he told me had been worked for 20 years without putting anything upon it. Returned to Rochester in the Afternoon, took a survey of the flour Mills, which are fine stone Building of an immense size, at 5 0 Clock went on board the Canal Boat, the distance to Buffaloe [sic] is 93 Miles, 63 of which is on a level, the fare was $3.50 but owing to opposition is now reduced to $1.50. night soon coming on prevented me from seeing much of the Country, the next morning we found ourselves in the Neighbourhood of Lockport. at this place there are five double locks of excellent workmanship which elevate us 60 feet, we are therefore 560 above the Hudson and have attained the same elevation as the "falls" from which place we are only distant about 12 Miles. The following inscription I copied from the stone work on entering the lock. Erie Canal- "Let posterity be excited to perpetuate our free Institutions, and to make still greater efforts, than their Ancestors, to promote Public Prosperity by the recollection that these works of Internal Improvement were achieved by the spirit and perseverance of Republican Freemen." after going through the deep cutting immediately following the locks we arrive at Pendleton, the Entrance to the Tonawanda creek, which I think is very unwisely used for navigation their being a strong current after Rains which must greatly impede the Boats that are coming up, this Creek is used for 12 Miles, we then arrive at Tonawanda, and obtain the first glimpse of Canada and the Niagara River which now is only seperated [sic] from the Canal by an embankment, we here only see one half of the River, Grand Island being in the centre, this Island is about 12 Miles long and is covered with Oak timber, a Boston Company have Steam Saw Mills erected for the purpose of sawing it up into plank, two Ships have just been built here, the first that have been built for the Lake Trade. It was on this Island that Major Noah of New York wished to collect the scattered tribes of Israel. We next arrive at Black Rock, from which place we can distinctly see the buildings on the Canada Side, one large Building had written upon it in large letters "Cloth Establishment", the reason is obvious. John Bull can sell Cloth to his Brother Jonathan Free of duty, consequently he crosses the river for his clothes. Jonathan in turn accomodates [sic] John by letting him have his tea duty free, at half past 2 0 Clock we arrived at Buffaloe [sic], and proceeded to the Mansion House where we put up. Buffaloe is a lake Port. Steam Boats run from here to the far West, a few years ago and this was considered as such, but now nothing short of the Pacific Ocean can be considered such, from the description I had read of this place by Capt. Basil Hall, I had expected to find it a thriving though a small place, and the buildings to be chiefly of wood, but instead of this I found Main Street to be entirely of brick and the Stores really splendid, fine brick buildings were springing up in all directions, at the foot of Main Street there was 17 Brick Stores nearly finished and I was told that they were all ready rented at $700 a year, how these rents are to be paid I really cannot tell as the Port must be closed 5 Months in the year, the streets were most abominably muddy, they not being paved, a circumstance not to be Wondered at when we find that they cannot speculate in paving stones. I observed that Gentlemen wore their Pantaloons inside their boots to protect them from the mud, this

is the place for speculation, the people are all going mad, in the bar rooms of the Hotels plans of intended Towns are stuck up in the same style that play bills are stuck up in Manchester. these plans look very pretty indeed, the lots are laid out quite regular, and every thing cut and dried. a parcel of these lots are put up at Auction, terms so much per cent, say 10 at the day of sale 30 per cent in 2 Months the rest on Bond and Morgage [sic]. the buyer gets a title, they are then puffed off in the newspapers and the individuals go round peddling them, sells them for an advance, pockets the difference and speculates again, sensible men agree that these places will not be settled upon during the present Generation but it serves to speculate upon and for all use full purposes land in the Moon would do just as well, in this way Chicago has been got up, but they have managed to build some houses there, it is 1,000 Miles from Buffaloe, and lots sell for from $70 to 250 dollars a foot, that is, if a lot of Ground is 25 feet by 100 or so it would be called 25 feet, now this Buffalo is a most corrupt place as regards money matters, the whole of these fine buildings being build upon Credit, should an alteration in the value of money take place, and it most assuredly will, then these men cannot pay their Mortgages, the Banks will then claim them and as I firmly believe the Banks cannot redeem their paper now how will it be then? there is a person here by the name of Rathbun who they say has built up the place, he is the greatest builder, the Greatest Stage Contractor in fact he is at the head of everything and I see by the papers has lately offered Niagara Falls for sale for Manufacturing purposes, now this man is admitted on all hands to be unable to pay his debts and yet his notes pass current for money, the people declaring that they dare not let him break as it would ruin the whole place. a law has been passed in this state to prevent the circulation of small notes, ones and twos are at present uncurrent and illegal and 3s after next August, yet ones are quite in common circulation and those too of other States, none of which are legal under $5. to sum up the matter it is a fine place, a splendid pyramid, but it is based on a peg. in looking out from my bed room Window I observed that the chimneys had all stages to support them and on paying attention to this circumstance I found that it was to protect them from the violence of the Gales from the Lake which I am told blow with great violence, the waves from the lake last fall made a complete breach in the canal wall and washed sand onto the bank on the other side, in fact in coming along the canal I saw plenty of evidence of the violence of the Wind in the fact of so many trees lying prostrate the roots completely torn out of the Ground. here I also found great numbers of emigrants ready to embark for the West. great numbers of poor Germans and also many Wealthy Yankees who having sold excellent farms to the Eastward were going into a Wilderness because the land was so very rich. these persons take with them their families, and as the land is so very rich and requires so little cultivation, they become a set of idle vagabonds and but one step removed from the Indians. I have however been told that many of these families are actually suffering from want, they are on the land but the land wants clearing and untill [sic] that is done they have to buy their food and I am told that pork is selling at 2 shillings per lb. and flour at $15 per barrel.

May 30: Now follows the third day's observations I am copying from the journal of Thomas Swann Woodcock,[12] one of the tourists who took the popular tour of this decade to the Niagara Falls.

> *Left Buffaloe [sic] for the "Falls" on board the steam boat Victory, the distance is about 20 Miles and the fare 75 cents this includes the Stage from Chipewa [sic] to the falls, we passed on the American side of Grand Island, on going down the River the Rapidity of the current evidently increased, when we got to the end of the island we made for the American Side and landed some of our passengers, we then crossed over to the British side, in doing so I found the current so strong that I saw if any accident should happen to our Machinery we should go down the River and over the falls, but on inspecting the boat I found she had good Anchors and chain cable, so that there was no danger, we were then about 3 Miles from the rapids, and when in the Middle of the river I discovered the vapour [sic] rising from the "falls," but as yet could hear no noise. I forgot to state that our Liverpool friend who left us at Rochester joined us again on board the Steam Boat at Buffalo. at Chipewa a creek of that Name runs into the River but as it runs in the direction of the falls, the current of the River has become too strong to make headway against it, accordingly a canal has been cut inclining up the River which intersects the Creek and allows the Steam Boat to easily get into the creek, we took stage at this place for the Pavillion [sic] which we reached about 1 0 Clock. the rapids run for about two Miles, these we did not hear until we got to them, but we could not hear the noise of the fall until we were within half a Mile of it, this is accounted for by the fact of a strong easterly wind prevailing at the time and we being to the Eastward of the falls. we could however hear the dead sound of the falls distinctly above the rushing of the rapids which now are very violent. I have said that the Rapids run for about 2 Miles but I presume that the actual rapids that is where the stream is intercepted by rocks, only commence here, on arriving at the house we alighted. our Liverpool Friend entered his name at this House but it was too Aristocratic for either G B or myself so we concluded to recross to the American side. However we dined here with our friend and immediately afterwards went to the falls, we went by a footpath down the field in the rear of the Hotel, and soon found ourselves in full view of the Mighty Cataract. we however had to descend a steep brow at foot of which the river rolled when we found ourselves on a flat rock immediately above the falls, but we have to walk a few yards down the river on to what is called Table Rock before we can look down into the boiling cauldron into which the River pours its never failing stream, my first impression was that of disappointment, the falls though immense falling far short of my expectations, this disappointment is occasioned by the great breadth of the river which takes away from the height of the fall, this feeling however soon gave way to that of admiration, which grew upon me every time I turned my attention to it. the fall on the American side if placed by itself would be considered sublime, but when compared with the "Great horse-shoe fall" on the British side it sinks into insignificance, the water of the*

12. After this vacation in American tourism, the heir Woodcock would return to England and would reside in Manchester until his death in 1863.

American was discoloured [sic] from the recent rains having swelled the tributary creeks, but the Great fall still rolled on in its primitive purity, the great body of the water being of a dark blue colour [sic], both sides of which in the shallow water being tinged yellow from the same cause as the other, the dimensions round the curve is estimated at 700 yards, which falls in one unbroken sheet, the height of 174 feet perpendicular, the surface of the rocks is so perfectly flat near the falls that it seems surprising that the place where you stand is not overflown. this flatness continues past table rock which as I have said is below the falls, in fact the strata seems perfectly flat, and if dipping at all does so to the north East, both sides of the River correspond in the strata of the rocks, the water seems only restrained by the force of the current, and the river has evidently cut itself a Channel through the Limestone rocks, so flat are the rocks above the fall that I could stand with my heels dry and the River rushing against my toes, after feasting our eyes with the fall from our present site (Table Rock) we proceeded to the House above the Stair case in order to hire dresses and a guide to take us under the sheet, we had to strip ourselves entirely and put on flannel shirts woolen socks canvas trousers Boots an oil case coat and hat, the coat was tied close round our necks and bound round our waists, we had to pay 75 cents each, a Negro Guide then led the way, we descended by a spiral stair case which was supported by a tall mast, the whole being covered in we descend without fear, a rough path way winds along the foot of the precipice, amongst heaps of loose stones, one heap is higher than the rest, from the summit of which we obtain a view of the cavern, on arriving at this point G. B. declared he would not go under, on hearing this the Negro said if he would give him his hand he would pull him under, calling out not to be faint hearted for ladies had been under, on hearing this he concluded to follow. the Negro now told us to hold down our heads and hold our hats on but the noise was so great that he had to speak several times and practically by his signs we at length understood him, grasping hold of Mr. Robinsons hand he dragged him forward. I followed and G. B. brought up the rear, (in order to convey a more accurate idea I copy an engraving of the scene, the only correct one I have yet observed.) we then descended the heap of stones shown in the drawing and encountered the volumes of spray that was driven up by the wind with a force I did not expect, when fairly under the sheet, the force with which the water struck us was sufficient to knock a weakly person down, but further on where I suppose the water came through a crack in the rivers bed the water struck us with still greater force, the path was composed of loose stones and in some places very narrow so much so that I leaned against the rock for more security. The reason was now obvious why the guide told us to hold down our heads, the water coming with such force as to blind us if we did not, we at length got to what is called "termination rock" where there is a sudden descent and the path is no longer practicable, we were now brought to a stand and looking up found a tremendous rock overhanging us forming a projection of 40 feet, the height from Table rock to this point as Measured by Capt Basil Hall is 153 feet, the point where the fall strikes the water in the basin cannot be seen on account of the foam and spray, the guide books

advise us not to allow ourselves to be agitated by the sight or the sound of the cataract, but this I think is a quality possessed only by the guide, it is said to be difficult to breathe under the sheet. I did not find it so, though G. B. said he did. I thought of Fanny Kemble at the time and looked out for the eds [sic] she says abound here, but saw none, we now retraced our steps which seemed more difficult than on our entrance. G.B. took the lead the path being so narrow that our Guide could not pass us, the stones are so loose that they give way under our feet, and I walked on the edge of my boots with my shoulder against the rock, when getting to that part where the fall is the strongest. G B fell down but soon recovered himself, on seeing him fall I shuddered with horror believing that he would roll into the chasm, it was however merely the work of an instant and we walked rapidly from under the sheet, and proceeded to the staircase, when arrived at the top we found several Ladies and Gentlemen who laughed heartily at our grotesque appearance, we got into the house and threw off our clothes and rubbed our bodies dry, for notwithstanding our coats being tied round our necks the water washed through, we dressed as quickly as we could and then found ourselves quite warm and comfortable, signed our names in the book got certificates from the guide, (his perquisite) we now found ourselves in excellent spirits and journeyed on to the ferry, the road to which winds down the steep rocky bank, here Mr. R. parted with us, and G B. and I crossed in the ferry boat to the American Side. I could not have thought it possible to have gone over so near to the "Falls." our boat was a large one, and the oars made fast so that they could not wash away, the violence of the current certainly pitched and rolled her considerable, and we went so near the fall that the spray fell pretty heavily upon us. I think the finest view is obtained from the Middle of the river, we here see the full extent of both falls. I cannot find words to describe the appearance of this awe inspiring spectacle. I shall therefore not attempt to do so, and so exclaim with Fanny Kemble "Oh! God, it is indescribable." Landed on the opposite side we ascend by another spiral staircase, and walking a few yards we find ourselves in Manchester called so I presume from its having no one feature like it, two Inns and 20 or 30 houses constitute the entire place, perhaps they do intend to make it into a Manufacturing Town, at all events they have advertised the falls for that purpose, but it never will succeed, the fact of its being so far from a Market, would I think prevent it, did not the long and severe Winters present another obstacle. We now proceeded to view the American Cataract from above, there is a communication from the Main land to Goat Island, by means of a Bridge constructed over the rapids, it rests on Wooden Piers sunk with stones, it extends to a Rock about 300 yards from the Shore, and from thence to the Island, so that this fall has only 300 yards uninterrupted current, but even this is broken up by smaller rocks. On the Rock before mentioned a Paper Mill is erected, which is not very likely to be short of Water, there is also a toll house where we have to pay 2 shillings for the season, underneath the bridge the rapids have a frightfull [sic] appearance. Goat Island is thickly Wooded and has a very beautiful walk round it, here I found the Wild Gooseberry and currant, very abundant, this Island is 185 feet above the Gulf.

Nicholas Biddle, the Great Bank Man, has at his own expense erected a communication with the base of the Island so that we can walk between the two 'falls.' a flight of stone steps takes us to the Stair case (a spiral one). it is 80 feet high, there is also 88 feet of stone stairs at the Bottom. I went down this place, and found a couple of hammers placed at the bottom for the purpose of breaking specimens from the rocks, so I made use of one of them, and got a specimen. There is also another bridge from the Island to a rock immediately above the Great Horse Shoe Fall. on this rock is erected a stone tower which completely overlooks the fall, there has also been a projecting stage quite over the "Fall," but it has got out of order, the guards being broken off and one of the beams nearly broken in two, it was also so slippery with the spray that I would not venture upon it. Mr. R. went out about half way, but turned back. the Evening being now pretty far advanced we shaped our course to our Inn, the next Morning we went over the same rounds again, and afterwards crossed over to the Canadian Side, at the ferry took a waggon [sic] for the Burning Spring about half a mile above the falls, we took the route of Lundy's Lane where a very sharp contest took place during the last War, in that Engagement the British lost 878 and the Americans 860. the Burning Spring is covered with a Shed, which a Man has in charge, and you pay one shilling each for his trouble in showing it. this water is overcharged with sulphuratted [sic] hydrogen gas, and smells very disagreeable, the gass [sic] is given out very plentifully and burns with a bright flame. we went to the Village of Chippewa, prior to our embarking again for Buffalo. this place was also the scene of an Engagement, we took leave of his Majestys dominions and proceeded up the River again, we left at half past 2 O'Clock. Slept at the Mansion House, the next Morning walked to the Indian Reserve, and went 3 or 4 Miles into it, this is a strip of Land 30 Miles long and 6 wide, and is entirely occupied by the Indians. they have not the power to sell the land to any persons but those constituting the Government of the U. S. consequently they cannot be easily plundered, these Indians are civilized and have a Church and School, the land is of excellent quality and some of them pretend to cultivate it. we saw one ploughing with a yoke of oxen, and another driving his squaw in a waggon, he had an excellent span of Horses, one of their Houses had a Portico before it, but most of the others were Miserable hovels, we tried to get into conversation with them, but could not succeed, they are a very proud haughty race, and though I wished to have some chat with them, I was glad to see them hold their heads so high. I afterwards saw some specimens in Buffalo that would talk to you as long as you could wish, but they were drunken Vagabonds and so filthy that I would not go near them, the Men can mostly speak the English Language, but will not do so when they can avoid it, the Women or as they are called "Squaws" neither can nor will do so, and pride themselves on their ignorance, they all wear blankets and undergarments, and a kind of pantaloons, some of them tastefully decorated, they also wear hats, though many are without. they are of a dark brown colour with long black hair and a Chinese cast of countenance, some of them had very regular features, and a bright complexion and dressed very neatly, although numbers passed us we could not detect any of them looking at us, but

passed by us as they would do a post, we saw two or three papooses (or children) one in a kind of basket work strapped upon its Mothers back, the others were in the blanket on their Mothers back, in point of appearance the bulk of the squaws bore the greatest resemblance to Gypseys [sic]. we observed many of them heavily laden taking baskets to Buffalo for sale, the Men are principally occupied in the summer time by fishing, and in the Winter by Hunting, some of them were fine looking, and were generally, dressed like other people, tho some had their blanket made into a coat, they have 17 chiefs and there is about 20 Men to a chief, they have a pension from the U. S. which will prevent them from starving, and if they were industrious might be in affluent circumstances, as each man can enclose as much ground as he thinks proper. their church is a good frame building and the land is cleared round it. I copied the following inscription from a headstone the rest being only marked by sticks

> IN MEMORY OF THE "WHITE WOMAN" MARY JAMISON, DAUGHTER OF THOS. JAMISON AND JANE IRWIN, BORN ON THE OCEAN BETWEEN IRELAND AND PHILADELPHIA IN 1742 OR 3. TAKEN CAPTIVE AT MARSH CREEK PENNSYLVANIA IN 1755. CARRIED DOWN THE OHIO, ADOPTED INTO AN INDIAN FAMILY IN 1759. REMOVED TO GENESEE RIVER, WAS NATURALIZED IN 1817. REMOVED TO THIS PLACE IN 1831, AND HAVING SURVIVED TWO HUSBANDS AND FIVE CHILDREN, LEAVING THREE STILL ALIVE, SHE DIED SEPT. 19TH 1833 AGED ABOUT 91 YEARS HAVING A FEW WEEKS BEFORE EXPRESSED A HOPE OF PARDON THROUGH JESUS CHRIST.

Returned to Buffaloe and made further enquiries respecting a passage to Port Stanley. found it was quite uncertain when the Steam Boat would arrive. She having broken her beam and gone into Sandusky to repair, and there being only this boat that touched on the Canada shore, owing to an Easterly Wind prevailing no sailing vessels could come down the lake, and all the Port Stanley Craft had left the Port save one, and she was only going 40 Miles up the Lake, consequently I should still be 140 Miles from John Walthew. therefore, much to my regret, I had to make up my mind to submit to the disappointment and make the best of my way home. I therefore made a parcel of what I had for him and left it with a Mr. Ratcliffe to be forwarded when Mr. Mason should arrive, and on the Morning of the 2nd of June I left Buffalo, and arrived in New York safe and sound — taking the same route that I came.

1848

In the Franconia Notch, to the west of The Notch in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, the Flume House hotel was opened.

The botanist William Oakes provided the tourist industry with a collection of lithographs and essays entitled SCENERY OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. The Great Stone Face was sketched from a number of angles. The artist remarked that "although there is a little feebleness about the mouth ... the face of the 'Old Man of the Mountain' is set, and his countenance fixed and firm." He also pointed up the fact that this was all in the eye of the beholder, for from farther over to the left, the profile could be seen as a mere "toothless old woman in a mob cap." However, whether the character of New England was to be seen as an old man or as an old woman, by this point the real character of New England was to be found in these backwater regions:

> Once northern New England had been looked on as the backwater of the region, where residents were little removed from barbarism. Timothy Dwight, in his famous early nineteenth-century travels through New England, saw little sign in the northern back country of the literacy, godliness, sobriety, and thrift he found in southern New England. But in the late nineteenth century, the "real" New England was apparently being pushed out of the crowded cities of Massachusetts and Connecticut, into the villages of Vermont and New Hampshire. Northern New England was increasingly considered the true home of New England's heritage, both moral and racial. Because of that perceived shift, the fate of the northern New England states was becoming increasingly significant for the many people, both outside and inside the region, who looked to the region for the preservation of values threatened by the explosion of the great industrial immigrant cities.

Dona Brown adds to this, on page 239, the observation that "In the next few decades, reformers in both the country life and the eugenics movements attempted to attack the problems of 'degeneration' in rural New England through a variety of means ranging from consolidating rural churches to sterilizing rural 'defectives.' For an intriguing account of the Vermont eugenics crusade, se Kevin Dann, 'From Degeneration to Regeneration: The Eugenics Survey of Vermont, 1925-1936,' Vermont History 59, Number 1 (Winter 1991)."

Thomas Cook, his travel service expanding, his experiment with herding English "tour-ists" through Scotland a success, was able to send hundreds on a bulk adventure into Ireland.

Cook has made travel easy and a pleasure.

1850

Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Great Stone Face." During the following five years the railroad feeders would be reaching to the foothills of the White Mountains, as close as Littleton to the west of Mount Washington, and Gorham to the east, and Lake Winnipesaukee to the south. It would come to pass that a tourist could step off the train a bare eight miles from the summit.

During the second half of the 19th Century, in each decade approximately 40% of all those born in Vermont would out-migrate, primarily toward the west. Nothing would be going on there. There would be no way to live there. The state would be depopulating itself. During the Civil War in particular, Vermont would lose a higher proportion of its population than any other state, and not because Vermonters were inferior fighters (they never lost a battle flag) or because they were greater patriots — but for the usual reason that young rural Americans enlist in the US military, that enlisting offered one of their very few employment possibilities, one of their very few free tickets to being able to escape elsewhere.

One of the really nice places to see, on your tour of the Wild West, was Fort Snelling. Here we view the fortress from the south, with the Mississippi River passing down the right side of the painting and the Minnesota River flowing into the Mississippi River from the left side of the painting — and smack dab in the middle of the painting, under the fort's cannon loaded with grapeshot, is Pike Island, formerly a native religious center but, under the regime of the white man, the venue for one racial concentration camp ("sequestration facility") after another.

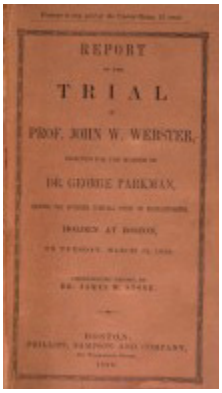
HENRY DAVID THOREAU AND OUR NEW TOURIST INDUSTRY

A nice place to visit but you wouldn't want to live there:

The third edition of the TABLE ROCK ALBUM AND SKETCHES OF THE FALLS AND SCENERY ADJACENT offered future generations a unique glimpse of mid-nineteenth-century Americans' response to spectacular natural beauty in the form of notations made by tourists in an album at Niagara Falls.

March 19, Tuesday: In Boston, the trial *in re* the Commonwealth of Massachusetts *v.* John White Webster began:

Massachusetts Attorney General John H. Clifford would be assisted in this prosecution by the Boston attorney George Bemis, hired by the Parkman family for $1,500. This case would be one of the first to use forensic and circumstantial evidence to prove a defendant's guilt. It would be argued that the accused couldn't fairly be convicted on circumstantial evidence alone, since circumstantial evidence could not possibly remove every reasonable doubt. Up to that point the standard in murder cases had been proof "to an absolute certainty," rather than proof "beyond a reasonable doubt," that the dead body was indeed that of the victim. It would also be pointed out that others besides Professor Webster, such as the janitor, had had access to that laboratory. Judge Lemuel Shaw would issue a legal opinion that would become a basis for a subsequent appeal of the guilty verdict, that "It would be injurious to the best interests of society to have it so ordered that circumstantial proof cannot avail. If it were necessary always to have positive evidence, how many of the acts committed in the community ... would go entirely unpunished?" The attorney George Bemis would act not only as second chair for the prosecution but also as court reporter, eventually offering his notes as the official transcript of the case. He would heavily edit and "slant" this record to demonstrate the correctness of the prosecution case. At the time Boston was a city of 120,000 souls, and there would be all of 60,000 spectators at this trial, many from out of town. How were all these tourists to be accommodated in an era before television cameras and microphones could be set up in a popular courtroom? Tickets were issued, and those waiting in line were divided into groups which would exactly fill the public gallery of the building. Then every ten minutes the constables would clear the public galleries and allow the next group of spectators to file in and take their seats, for their ten minutes of someone else's fame. The lawyers and judges quickly got used to the noise of this every-ten-minute shuffle.


REPORT

TRIAL

PROF. JOHN W. WEBSTER,

DR. GEORGE PARKMAN,

March 20, Wednesday: *In re* the Commonwealth of Massachusetts *v.* John White Webster.

August 30, morning: In the morning John White Webster was hanged in public at #5 Leverett Street on Leverett Square in Boston for the murder of George Parkman. It took about four minutes. In deference to the social standing of the culprit, there had not been a prior public announcement of the date or the place of the execution. The Reverend George Putnam, D.D. immediately departed for Cambridge to inform the family. That evening a lady and her two children visiting from New-York would come to the family home in Cambridge in the hope that she would be able to see the corpse of the murderer, but fortunately these ghoulish tourists would be intercepted by the maid and the widow and the daughters did not come to know of it. To fool the crowds which were assembling, and in addition to prevent the body from being exhumed, it would be interred in secret that night at the lowbrow cemetery on Copp's Hill — rather than in the expected venue at toney Mount Auburn Cemetery.[13]

On this day Henry Thoreau was also concerned with cemeteries, for at the request of John Shepard Keyes, he was surveying two sides of the Concord West Burying Ground by running the lines of the old Hurd place, the so-called Block House now on Lowell Road, and the line of the river bank further east on Main Street.[14] The purpose of this activity, probably, was to determine where to position the iron fence from the old courthouse around the burial ground. According to the Town Report, Thoreau received $1.00 for this on March 1, 1851.

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

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_surveys/Thoreau_surveys.htm

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

 Aug 31st Tall Ambrosia
Among the signs of Autumn I perceive
The Roman Wormwood (called by learned men
Ambrosia elatior, food for gods,–
For to impartial science the humblest weed
Is as *immortal* as the proudest flower–)
Sprinkles its yellow dust over my shoes
As I cross the now neglected garden
We trample under foot the food of Gods
& spill their nectar in each drop of dew–
My honest shoes thus powdered country-fide
Fast friends that never stray far from my coach
Bearing many a mile the marks of their adventure
At the post-house disgrace the Gallic gloss
Of those well dressed ones who no morning dew
Nor Roman wormwood ever have been through
Who never walk but are *transported* rather
For what old crime of theirs I do not gather

The grey blueberry bushes venerable as oaks why is not their fruit poisonous? Bilberry called Vaccinium corymbosum some say amoenum & or Blue Bilberry & Vaccinium disomorphum MX–Black Bilberry. Its fruit hangs on into September but loses its wild & sprightly taste.

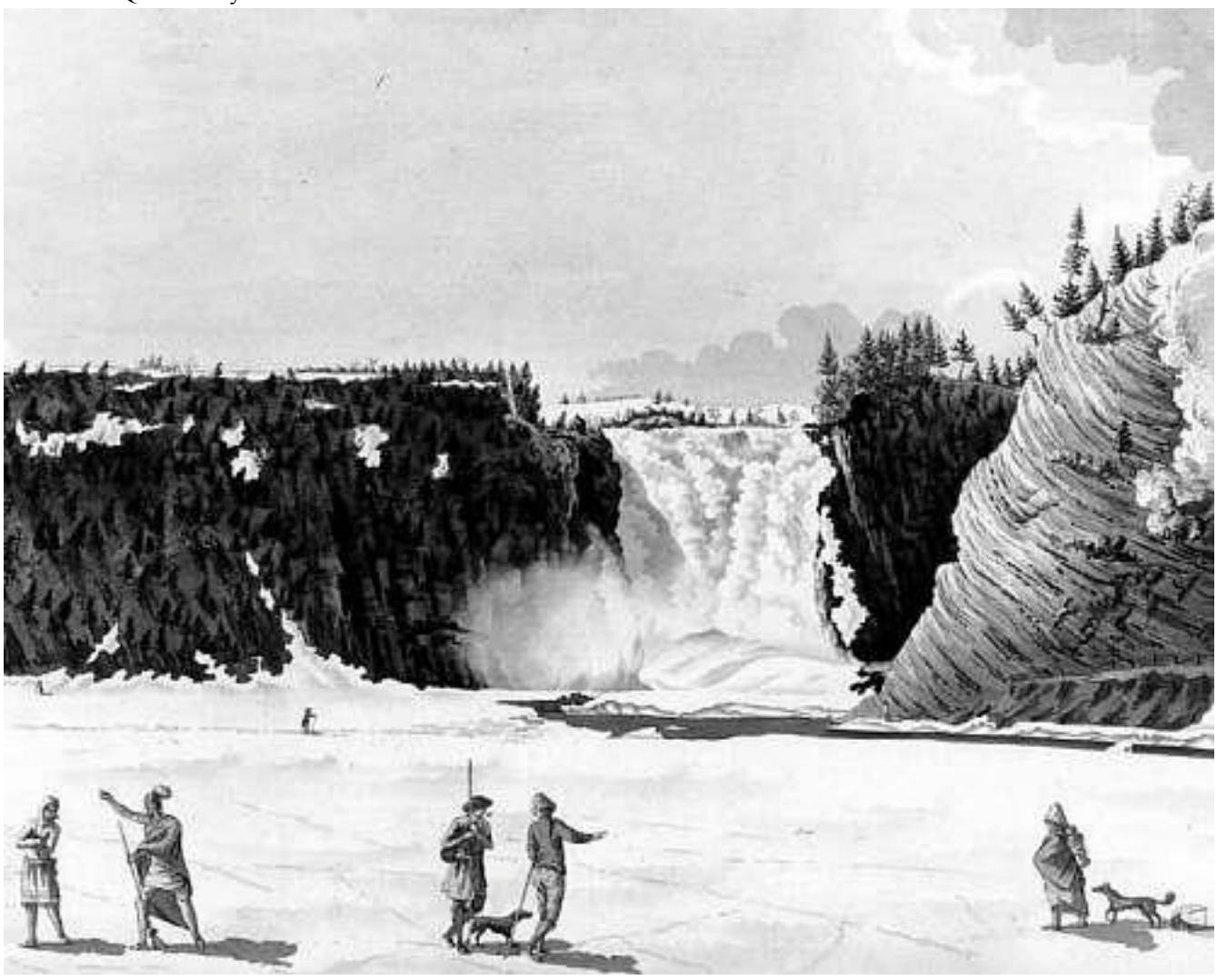
'Tis very fit the ambrosia of the gods
Should be a weed on earth. their nectar
The morning dew with which we wet our shoes
For the gods are simple folks and we should
pine upon their humble fare

The purple flowers of the humble Trichostema mingled with the worm wood. smelling like it
And the spring-scented–dandelion scented primrose Yellow primrose
The swamp pink Azalea viscosa–its now withered pistils standing out.
The odoriferous sassafras with its delicate green stem its three-lobed leaf–tempting the traveller to bruise it it sheds so rare a perfume on him equal to all the spices of the east. Then its rare tasting root bark–like nothing else which I used to dig– The first navigators freighted their ships with it and deemed it worth its weight in gold.
The alder-leaved Clethra (Clethra alnifolia sweet smelling queen of the swamp–its long white racemes.
We are most apt to remember & cherish the flowers which appear earliest in the spring– I look with equal affection on those which are the latest to bloom in the fall
The choke Berry Pyrus arbutifolia
The beautiful white waxen berries of the cornel–either cornus alba or Paniculata white berried or Panicled–

13. Due to this unpleasantness, Harvard College has created a special endowment for the relief of desperate professors. The widow Harriet Frederica Hickling Webster, who would only live for a few additional years, would take the four daughters back to the Azores. There, one of the four, Sarah Hickling Webster, would marry Samuel Wyllys Dabney (1826-1893), who would from 1872 to 1892 be the US consul to the Azores.
14. We can gather that it was sometime prior to this date, that this former Concord Academy classmate had become an selectman of Concord.

beautiful both when full of fruit & when its cymes are naked delicate red cymes or stems of berries. spreading its little fairy fingers to the skies its little palms. Fairy palms they might be called.
One of the Viburnums Lentago–or pyrifolium or–Nudum–with its poisonous looking fruit in cymes first–greenish white then red then purple or all at once.
The imp eyed red velvety looking berry of the swamps
The spotted Polygonum Polygonum Persicaria seen in low lands amid the potatoes now wild Princes feather? Slight flower that does not forget to grace the Autumn
The Late Whortleberry (Dangle-berry) that ripens now that other huckleberries and blueberries are shrivelled and spoiling

September 25-October 3: Henry Thoreau went with Ellery Channing and a trainload of other tourists to explore the valley of the St. Lawrence River, by rail to Burlington, Vermont, by steamer to Plattsburg, New York, by rail to Montréal, by steamer to Québec, with side trips to St. Anne de Beaupré and to the Montmorency Falls near Québec City.[15]



"[The railroad will] only encourage the common people to move about needlessly."
— Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington

HENRY DAVID THOREAU AND OUR NEW TOURIST INDUSTRY

This is what Montréal looked like in the Year of Our Lord 1850 (on a sunny seasonal morning):

The river and falls of Saint Mary in southeastern British Columbia are now, however, completely different from the way they were when they were described by Thoreau — due to diversion of water to the Sault Ste. Marie Canal:

> WALDEN: Fishermen, hunters, woodchoppers, and others, spending their lives in the fields and woods, in a peculiar sense a part of Nature themselves, are often in a more favorable mood for observing her, in the intervals of their pursuits, than philosophers or poets even, who approach her with expectation. She is not afraid to exhibit herself to them. The traveller on the prairie is naturally a hunter, on the head waters of the Missouri and Columbia a trapper, and at the Falls of St. Mary a fisherman. He who is only a traveller learns things at second-hand and by the halves, and is poor authority. We are most interested when science reports what those men already know practically or instinctively, for that alone is a true *humanity*, or account of human experience.

CANADA

15. The rail tour of Canada on which Thoreau and Channing had embarked for economy, two of a total of 1,346 tourists, was one that had been sponsored by the author of a well-attended panorama, William Burr. His panorama, BURR'S SEVEN MILE MIRROR, had been on exhibit in Boston since February 4th. His 48-page handbook BURR'S MOVING MIRROR OF THE LAKES, THE NIAGARA, ST. LAWRENCE AND SAGUERNAY [SAGUENAY] RIVERS EMBRACING THE ENTIRE RANGE OF BORDER SCENERY, OF THE UNITED STATES & CANADIAN SHORES, FROM LAKE ERIE TO THE ATLANTIC had been available for Thoreau's and Channing's inspection. The entire 9-day trip, because of this economy of group travel, would cost Thoreau a total of $12.$\frac{75}{}$, inclusive of the $1.$\frac{12}{}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ he would spend for a map and two guidebooks. The train tickets cost $5.$\frac{00}{}$ for the round trip to Montréal, plus $2.$\frac{00}{}$ for the leg to Québec. Over the nine days our intrepid voyager-with-umbrella would pay for lodgings on only four of the nights. (We may note a similarity between this trip and the trip that had been made in 1816 by Lieutenant Francis Hall, a trip about which Thoreau had read.)

HENRY DAVID THOREAU AND OUR NEW TOURIST INDUSTRY

Upon his return, Henry Thoreau would begin to read about Canada. Here is one commentator's "take" on "A YANKEE IN CANADA":

> When he visited the valley of the St. Lawrence River in 1850, he noticed that he was being "reminded of the government every day. It parades itself before you" (106). In regard to the omnipresent Canadian soldierly reminders of subjecthood, he quipped that "the inhabitants evidently rely on them in a great measure for music and entertainment" (28). But on Thoreau "they made a sad impression on the whole, for it was obvious that all true manhood was in the process of being drilled out of them. I have no doubt that soldiers well drilled are, as a class, peculiarly destitute of originality and independence. The officers appeared like men dressed above their condition. It is impossible to give the soldier a good education without making him a deserter. His natural foe is the government that drills him. What would any philanthropist, who felt an interest in these men's welfare, naturally do, but first of all teach them so to respect themselves, that they could not be hired for this work" (40). He noticed that the soldiers, in performance of their military gestures, were "seemingly as indifferent to fewness of spectators as the phenomena of nature are" (29). A dress parade was "an interesting sight" and he particularly remarked the soldiers' white kid gloves. In contrast, he remarked upon the gracefulness of a soldier's cat as it walked "up a cleeted plank into a high loophole, designed for mus-catry, as serene as Wisdom herself, and with a gracefully waving motion of her tail, as if her ways were ways of pleasantness and all her paths were peace" (94). He thought that the key would be, if they could put not only their hands and heads together in this uniform manner, but also their "hearts and all" together, that "such a co-operation and harmony would be the very end and success for which government now exists in vain" (29-30). Failing this, "Give me a country where it is the most natural thing in the world for a government that does not understand you to let you alone" (106). "Inexpressibly beautiful appears the recognition by man of the least natural fact, and the allying his life to it" (32). "The greater, or rather the most prominent, part of this city [Québec] was constructed with the design to offer the deadest resistance to leaden and iron missiles that might be cast against it. But it is a remarkable meteorological and psychological fact, that it is rarely known to rain lead with much violence, except on places so constructed" (39). Seeing the utter valuelessness of the fort for any purpose other than for the defense of itself, he thought that fortifications must be "only the bone for which the parties fought…. How often we read that the enemy occupied a position which commanded the old, and so the fort was evacuated. Have not the school-house and the printing-press occupied a position which commands such a fort as this?" (101) Thoreau commented that all these military things were "faithfully kept dusted by officials, in accordance with the motto, 'In time of peace prepare for war': but I saw no preparations for peace: she was plainly an uninvited guest." He would be in favor of their finally reducing "their intrenchments to the circumference of their own brave hearts" (98). "What a troublesome thing a wall is! I thought it was to defend me, and not I it. Of course, if they had no wall they would not need to have any sentinels" (102). He coupled all fortifications in his mind "with the dismantled Spanish forts to be found in so many parts of the world; and if in any place they are not actually dismantled, it is because that there the intellect of the inhabitants is dismantled" (99).

1851

The firm of Thomas Cook offered many British "tour-ists" the opportunity of economically visiting London to view the exhibits of progress at the Crystal Palace.

Cook has made travel easy and a pleasure.

THE GRAND TOUR

The ancestry of our present-day picture windows is closely linked to the development of window glass itself. London's Crystal Palace –the quintessential glass structure of the Industrial Revolution– not only enclosed a world's fair in glass, but also exhibited the largest sheet of plate glass created to that point. Until the 1920s, plate glass used for oversized glass windows would be produced entirely by the casting method. Workers would pour molten glass onto cast-iron tables from large regenerative pots, then roll, anneal, grind, and polish the slab into a finished sheet. The process was slow and labor-intensive, so plate glass was expensive. Not surprisingly, it would see very limited residential use during the 19th Century. According to Warren Scoville's REVOLUTION IN GLASS MAKING, only "Some of the wealthiest people in Boston had begun to use polished plate glass instead of sheet glass in their front windows before 1850." By 1870, plate glass sheets as large as

84"x60" would become possible, but the domestic output would be less than one percent. The American production of plate glass would rise steadily to 82 percent by 1890. In 1897 the Marsh Plate Glass Company of Floreffe, Pennsylvania would develop a continuous oven (lehr) for annealing plate glass, reducing the carefully controlled cooling time from three days to three hours. Stylistically, oversized windows known as "cottage" or "front" windows would grow in popularity during the 1890s. Such cottage or front windows invariably featured a transom above them, and including this transom were rarely larger than 48"x68". Cultural changes in the early 20th century, as well as innovations such as central heating, would lead to flowing, open floor plans and ever-larger home windows. The horizontal emphasis of Prairie School architecture, championed by Frank Lloyd Wright, would create a need for wide windows rather than tall ones. While Wright used decorative ribbon windows or art glass in most of his Prairie School houses, more vernacular and eclectic versions incorporated oversized windows of plate glass. To meet this market, sash-and-blind companies could simply place their cottage windows on their sides in the window frames. The transom became a casement or double-hung sash paired with a mate for natural ventilation. These new oversized windows, mimicking commercial "Chicago" windows, would for a period be known as "landscape" sash. The center sash would still rarely be larger than 48" square, but the overall window assembly would come to have a predominately horizontal axis, spanning 8' or more. Thanks to Henry Ford, by 1922 engineers had developed a semi-continuous method of rolling plate glass for automobile windshields that was soon adopted by Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. and Libby-Owens-Ford Glass Co. As a result, the price of plate glass would plummet in comparison to the price of standard window glass, and though it remained the costlier material, more affordable plate class contributed to the growing popularity of picture windows. By the 1930s, plate glass 127"x286" could be produced up to 1 1/4" thick. American Window Glass Co. of Pittsburgh offered a plate glass alternative for oversized windows dubbed "Crystal Sheet," a special 39-ounce-per-square-foot) glass 3/16" in thickness. Nevertheless, picture windows were usually glazed with 1/4", 5/16", or 3/8" plate glass, while larger windows required thicker glass for stability. Chicago's Century of Progress International Exposition of 1933 would unveil George Fred Keck's ultra-modern House of Tomorrow and Crystal House emphasizing the use of glass throughout the home. The term "picture window" would be coined a few years later. A solar-home innovator, George Fred Keck would introduce thermal pane windows in 1935, but thermal pane picture windows would not be commonly found on all classes of residential work until the 1960s.

1852

During this year and the following one, two small tourist hotels, the Summit House and the Tip-Top House, would be being erected atop Mount Washington.

1853

George P. Bond prepared the first accurate tourist map of the White Mountains.

Mount Washington House, one of Horace Fabyan's tourist hotels, burned. Due to legal squabbles it would not be rebuilt. By this point in time, with the Atlantic and Saint Lawrence Railroad passing eight miles to the east of Mount Washington, two new hotels had been built on the eastern slopes of the mountain in an area previously little frequented by tourists. One of these the railroad corporation itself had erected, in Gorham to the east of the mountain: a hotel known as the Alpine House. The Lafayette House in the Franconia Notch was replaced by a much more elaborate hotel, the Profile House, renamed of course in honor of the attractiveness of the nearby Great Stone Face. By this point the grand hotels of the region could play host to two thousand paying tourists at a time.

Although we 20th-Century people might presume that these 19th-Century people were tourists for the same reasons that we ourselves are tourists, perhaps a back-to-nature experience obtained on solitary hiking trails featuring superb views, Dona Brown has pointed out that this simply was not the case: in the 19th Century what the American tourist was seeking was instead the picturesque and the sublime:

> Sublime scenery was in some sense overwhelming. It inspired the viewer with awe, reverence, perhaps even fear. Towering mountains, a massive waterfall, an overhanging cliff, could all serve as reminders of one's own insignificance and weakness in the face of larger forces. In an encounter with the sublime, the observer would be deeply moved by the overwhelming power of the sight.

Dona Brown points out that George Gordon, Lord Byron well understood the fact that "scenery and the emotions it engendered were of tremendous importance to the travellers and would-be travelers who modeled their writing on his poems." She suggests that:

> [T]he cult of scenery may have been connected with the crisis of young adulthood. Its most fervent practitioners tended to be young, perhaps traveling after graduation from college, or immediately before or after marriage.

I personally think that Dona Brown is onto something here. I believe that people were seeking out scenery that would match the scenery in the popular "Journey of Life" paintings. Newlyweds, for instance, in visiting the Niagara Falls, were reminding themselves that the placid stream of their marriage could suddenly become a maelstrom of plunging disaster, if they did not look ahead and plan carefully together to sail only in the waters of marital bliss.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU AND OUR NEW TOURIST INDUSTRY

1854

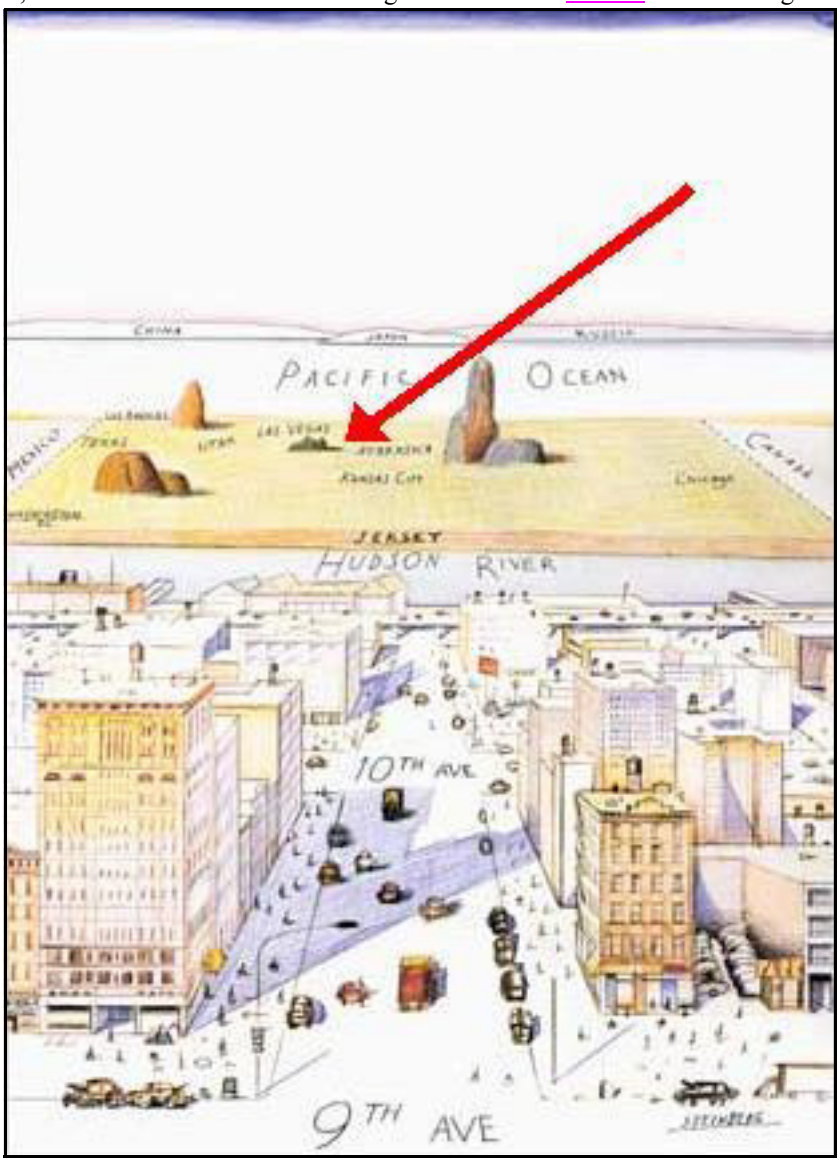
In this year approximately 30,000 American tourists departed for destinations other than Mexico or Canada, by way of contrast with a figure from the year 1954 of approximately 1,000,000 such tourists. Here is Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, a view upslope and a view downslope, in a couple of lithographs prepared in this year by Paul Emmert for the firm of Britton & Rey in San Francisco:

Having been rebuffed in the previous year as the official emissary of the London Missionary Society to the island of Madagascar, the Reverend William Ellis returned from the island of Mauritius to Madagascar for a 2d try. He was again rebuffed (this may have had to do with French influence on the island).

1855

Since the uppermost slab of shale upon which Jefferson had stood to take his view of Harpers Ferry had rested on foundation so narrow that one might cause the formation to sway back and forth by pushing on it, it had deteriorated with time –and with the depredations of tourists– so at some point within the following five years, stone pillars would need to be positioned under the corners of the uppermost slab in order to stabilize it.

In California, a milestone of sorts was occurring: the first white tourists were arriving at Yosemite valley.



John Adams had been contributing to the extinction of the grizzly bear, by capturing them for zoos, displays, and bear-baiting events reminiscent of 17th-Century London. At this point a grizzly managed to rip up his scalp and leave a permanent depression about the size of a silver dollar in his skull. The scalp it was possible to reattach, but the bone injury would be permanent. Then while wrestling with General Fremont, a grizzly he had retained for his own display, the injury would be re-opened and this time brain tissue would be exposed.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU AND OUR NEW TOURIST INDUSTRY

You're going to need to keep your hat on, guy:

1856

A Daniel Webster anecdote first surfaced, in Willey's INCIDENTS IN WHITE MOUNTAIN HISTORY, as follows: "Said an eccentric speaker, at a celebration a few years since in Fryeburg, 'Men put out signs representing their different trades; jewellers hang out a monster watch; shoemakers, a huge boot; and, up in Franconia, God Almighty has hung out a sign that in New England he makes men.'" This comment by this "eccentric speaker" would be repeated in various guidebooks, until eventually, as a piece of famous oratory, it would be ascribed to the famous orator, Daniel Webster.

The firm of Thomas Cook pleonastically advertised its first "grand circular tour of the continent."[16] His London-originating "tour-ists" would have stopovers in Antwerp, Brussels, the battlefield at Waterloo, Cologne, the River Rhine and its political boundaries, Mayence, Frankfort, Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, Strasbourg, Paris, and Le Havre. Soon he and his son would be offering tours of Switzerland, and even tours of the United States of America.

[How inane it is to protest] that places of rare interest should be excluded from the gaze of the common people, and be kept only for the interest of the "select" of society. But it is too late in this day of progress to talk such exclusive nonsense, God's earth with all its fullness and beauty, is for the people; and railways and steamboats are the result of the common light of science, and are for the people also.... The best of men, and the noblest minds, rejoice to see the people follow in their foretrod routes of pleasure.

THE GRAND TOUR

16. Etymologically, to "tour" involves an eventual return to one's point of origin; touring, unlike travel, is inevitably circular.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU AND OUR NEW TOURIST INDUSTRY

June 22, Sunday: Friend Daniel Ricketson spent the forenoon in Henry Thoreau's room copying titles of books, etc. The Reverend Convers Francis was preaching in Concord that morning, and his prooftext was Colossians 1:27

and his topic "Christ in Us the Hope of Glory." The thermometer reaching 95 at 3PM. At 4PM Ricketson and Thoreau went over to the Emerson home for tea by prior invitation, stopping by on the way to call on Mrs. Mary Merrick Brooks. Then he, Thoreau, and Emerson went with the Emerson children to Walden Pond.

Thoreau walked back from the pond with Ellen Emerson and Edith Emerson while Ricketson, Waldo Emerson, and 12-year-old Edward Waldo Emerson "bathed" and discussed the birds and flowers that they had met on the way. Upon return to the Emersons, Ricketson had a chance to meet Mrs. Sarah Alden Bradford Ripley with Miss Ripley, Mrs. Marsten Goodwin, and the Reverend Francis. They visited until 9, and Ricketson was in bed back at the Thoreaus' at 10. He had found the day very satisfactory and mused to his journal about Concord's opportunity of becoming the famous-author tourist trap it is today:

HENRY DAVID THOREAU AND OUR NEW TOURIST INDUSTRY

My ideas of Mr. Emerson, with whom I had my second interview last night, are that he is a kind, gentle-natured man, even loving, but not what is usually termed warm-hearted. His mind does not strike me as being so great and strong as good in quality; it appears to me also limited as to its power. I should think he could rarely surprise one with any outburst of inspiration — his genius, for what he undoubtedly has, is sui generis. He is thoughtful, original, and only Emerson, and the founder of his race. It does not appear to me that he is even indebted to Carlyle, although the latter has recognized him as a kindred spirit. Emerson's strength appears to me to lie in his honesty with himself; by his honesty he has produced a genuine article in the way of thought. He is an intelligent philosopher, a recipient of the divine cordial in doses rather homœopathic, but effectual specifics for those seeking a purer and better draught than what the schools afford. He is a blessing to the age. I am much interested in Concord, and should prefer it for a residence to almost any other place. The scenery is very picturesque in and about the village, and all appears quiet and peaceful, none of the stir and bustle of New Bedford. The Concord, or Musketaquid or grass-grown river, as my friend H.D.T. has learned its meaning from the Indians, runs along the edge of the village, which is chiefly on one street, although there are several others. It is a fine stream, and remarkable for its gentle current. With Thoreau I rowed up the river several miles, and had many pleasant views from different points. Walden Pond, by the shore where Thoreau built him a little house and there lived two years, is a small but delightful little lake, surrounded by woods. It is very deep and clear, a kind of well of nature. Concord has been for a long time the home or place of temporary abode for many of our most intellectual men and women, — commencing, so far as I am informed, with Dr. Ripley, then Emerson, Margaret Fuller for a short time as a visitor, Hawthorne, G.W. Curtis, H.D. Thoreau, the true Concord aborigine, William E. Channing, 2d, poet, Hon. Samuel Hoar, and his son, ex-Judge Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar. It is also the home of Mrs. Brooks, a true and stirring abolitionist. Concord has a large number of fine old houses, and the old parsonage, once the home of Dr. Ripley and near the battle-ground, is one of the finest old homes in this county.

WALDO EMERSON
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS
ELLERY CHANNING
SAMUEL HOAR
EBENEZER ROCKWOOD HOAR
EZRA RIPLEY
MARGARET FULLER
THOMAS CARLYLE

1857

June 12, Friday to June 22, Monday: During this 11-day period Henry Thoreau was making his 4th and last excursion to Cape Cod. He took the train to Plymouth and visited Clark's Island, Manomet Point, Salt Pond, and Scusset; took train to Sandwich and walked to Highland Light and Provincetown; then took the steamer to Boston. The account of it is in his Journal (9:413-55).

This would be material not used in CAPE COD. Presumably the reason for this is that the manuscript had already been completed; Journal evidence suggests that the manuscript had been completed during the fall of 1855.

It was during this trip that Thoreau, reporting that "Mine was a case of distress," sought out the Humane House supposedly provisioned in Newcomb's Hollow for the benefit of shipwrecked sailors. The pamphlet of the

Trustees of the Humane Society indicates that they were maintaining at that time six huts:

- halfway between Race Point and Stout's Creek
- at the head of Stout's Creek
- on Nauset Beach one and a half miles north of Nauset Harbor (possibly the Newcomb's Hollow facility entered by Thoreau)
- on Chatham Beach about half way between the entrance of Nauset Harbor and Chatham Harbor
- a mile north of the entrance to Chatham Harbor
- on the beach of Cape Malebarre

> The whole of the coast, from Cape Cod to Cape Malebarre, is sandy, and free from rocks. Along the shore, at the distance of a half of a mile, is a bar; which is called the Outer bar, because there are smaller bars within it, perpetually varying. This outer bar is separated into many parts by guzzles, or small channels. It extends to Chatham; and as it proceeds southward, gradually approaches the shore and grows more shallow. Its general depth at high water is two fathoms, and three fathoms over the guzzles; and its least distance from the shore is about a furlong. Off the mouth of Chatham harbour there are bars which reach three quarters of a mile; and off the entrance of Nauset harbour the bars extend a half of a mile. Large, heavy ships strike on the outer bar, even at high water; and their fragments only reach the shore. But smaller vessels pass over it at full sea; and when they touch at low water, they beat over it, as the tide rises, and soon come to land.
>
> If a vessel is cast away at low water, it ought to be left with as much expedition as possible; because the fury of the waves is then checked, in some measure, by the bar; and because the vessel is generally broken to pieces with the rising flood. But seamen, shipwrecked at full sea, ought to remain on board till near low water; for the vessel does not then break to pieces; and by attempting to reach the land before the tide ebbs away, they are in great danger of being drowned. On this subject there is one opinion only among judicious mariners. It may be necessary however to remind them of a truth, of which they have full conviction, but which, amidst the agitation and terrour of a storm, they too frequently forget.

Dona Brown has contrasted Thoreau's visits to Cape Cod with the more fashionable jaunts of his period, which were to the White Mountains of New Hampshire, to the Catskills, and of course to Saratoga Springs and Niagara Falls:

> Until very late in the nineteenth century, Cape Cod was regarded as a kind of New England outback, inhabited by unschooled savages with almost no contact with the outside world. Henry David Thoreau (who went out of his way to visit places no other tourist would go) visited Cape Cod in the 1850s. Writing about Nauset Beach, now one of the most popular beaches on the Cape,

> Thoreau reported only "a vast **morgue**, where famished dogs may range in packs." Thoreau knew what he was talking about when he predicted that "for a long time [fashionable visitors] will be disappointed here." The outer Cape remained more or less untouched by tourism for decades. Not until the age of the automobile did Cape Cod really come into its own.
>
> [The location of the Catskills] along the heavily traveled Hudson River route between New York City and Albany made them the most accessible romantic mountains in the east and brought them as early as the 1820s into a web of development that included scenic tourism, industrial development, shipping, and suburbanization. For the best account of the Catskills, see Kenneth Myers, THE CATSKILLS: PAINTERS, WRITERS, AND TOURISTS IN THE MOUNTAINS, 1820-1895 (Hanover NH: The Hudson River Museum of Westchester, UP of New England, 1987).

Dona Brown continues her observations on the subject of Thoreau's "tourist non-tourism" of Cape Cod on her pages 64-65, with an endnote on page 228:

> Some promoters came to see the remaining prosaic names in the region as a great handicap to its development. Starr King was most outspoken in his opposition to the names of the White Mountain region, referring to the names of the Presidential Range as "absurd" and "a wretched jumble," and calling for a renaming of the peaks. Most writers did not openly attack local names, especially those of the Presidential Range, which possessed at least some meaning for mid-nineteenth-century tourists, but instead opted for a kind of parallel unofficial naming system, based on real or imagined Indian names for places. Many guidebooks opened their first chapters with a discussion of the "original" names of the region and their meanings. It was a convenient way of attaching romantic Indian associations to the region, since the writer was free to embellish the interpretation of such Algonquin terms as "Waumbek," which means "white rocks" but could be interpreted as something like "Mountains of the Snowy Foreheads." These shadow names had become so conventionalized by mid-century that Henry David Thoreau could make an inside joke of them. His book on Cape Cod, like many other pieces of scenic writing, began by tracing the origins of a local name. In Thoreau's hands, it was pure parody:

> CAPE COD: I suppose that the word Cape is from the French *cap*; which is from the Latin *caput*, a head; which is, perhaps, from the verb *capere*, to take, –that being the part by which we take hold of a thing:–Take Time by the forelock. It is also the safest part to take a serpent by. And as for Cod, that was derived directly from that "great store of codfish" which Captain Bartholomew Gosnold caught there in 1602; which fish appears to have been so called from the Saxon word *codde*, "a case in which seeds are lodged," either from the form of the fish, or the quantity of spawn it contains; whence also, perhaps, *codling* ("*pomum coctile*"?) and coddle, –to cook green like peas. (V. Dic.)

> Thoreau had not always mocked such scenic conventions. At one time, he had actually anticipated a career like Hawthorne's or Cole's, making a living interpreting scenery to readers. Thoreau wrote extensively about his travels and, at least at first, he too attempted to attach romantic associations to the landscape. But by the middle of his traveling career, he had come to see scenery very differently.
>
> After his 1846 trip to Mount Katahdin, Thoreau turned against the patching of human associations onto the landscape. He began to portray the places he visited as examples of nature untoured: "vast and drear and inhuman," like Mount Katahdin; "inhumanly sincere, wasting no thought on man," like the deserted beaches of Cape Cod.[17] He traveled as far away as he could get from genteel tourist regions, and his writing took the form of antiscenery tracts. But Thoreau's mocking discussion of the origins of the name Cape Cod ended on a serious note, with his famous description of the Cape as the "bare and bended arm of Massachusetts." Even for Thoreau, writing about scenery led to the irresistible temptation to create serious associations.

On pages 201-3 Dona Brown continues her discussion of Cape Cod:

> Not much of Cape Cod had become familiar tourist ground by the turn of the [20th] century. True, Henry David Thoreau wrote with great admiration of the landscape of the Cape after his walking tours there in the 1850s. But Thoreau's Cape Cod essays describe a place very different from the Cape of today. The popular beaches of what is now the Cape Cod National Seashore appear in Thoreau's descriptions, not as lovely scenery, but as an empty and savage land — the "most uninviting landscape on earth." Thoreau himself preferred the desolation he encountered on Cape Cod to the more civilized charms of heavily traveled regions like the White Mountains or Newport. In fact, he made that contrast a central theme of his Cape Cod essays, playing up the difference between fashionable resorts and the beaches of Cape Cod: "They commonly celebrate those beaches only which have a hotel on them," he wrote, "But I wished to see that seashore where all man's works are wrecks." Although his essays took the form of the sort of travel writing that was intended to entice tourists to a region, Thoreau emphasized that he had peculiar tastes few travelers would share: "Every landscape which is dreary enough has a certain beauty to my eyes." He really hoped no one would be converted to his taste for Cape Cod: "I trust that for a long time [fashionable visitors] will be disappointed here." And for a long time they were. Many of Thoreau's contemporaries were looking for scenery with a special sort of meaning, for landscapes endowed with the "interesting associations" of poetry or romantic history or legends. Cape Cod certainly possessed the raw material for such a trade: sublime seascapes, native legends, the tales of weather-beaten "old salts." But, with the notable exception of Thoreau, no one exploited that raw material in the 1840s and 1850s. Mid-century travelers imagined Cape Cod, when they thought of it at all,

17. His experiences on Mount Katahdin or on Cape Cod cannot be categorized simply as encounters with the sublime. In fact, they are a direct repudiation of the language of the sublime, since he described nature as having **no human meaning**: the sublime in nature, though frightening in its power and "otherness," was understood to be filled with significance, even messages, for its human viewers.

almost as "antiscenery" — the direct opposite of the kind of nature they craved. One 1863 children's book, for example, used the Cape's landscape as a symbol of emotional deprivation: The heroine suffered through a loveless, stunted childhood, growing up where there was "no sweet singing of birds in the air; but the harsh cry of curlews.... No soft murmur of little brooks; but only the measured roar of the wild ocean waves. No rustle of leafy woods ... only the dreary beach-grass and blue moss." Not all coastal regions appeared so unattractive to nineteenth-century travelers. In fact oceanfront resorts were springing up almost everywhere except Cape Cod in the second half of the century. To the south, on Martha's Vineyard, the Methodists colonized Oak Bluffs. Their hotels and cottages competed with a variety of nearby Rhode Island resorts, all the way from ritzy Newport to popular Narragansett Pier. Not far to the north, Nantasket Beach and Cohasset on the Massachusetts coast plied their vacation trade with great success. Cape Cod certainly had beaches fine enough to rival any of its competitors. But few promoters saw their possibilities. Twenty years after Thoreau made his famous tramp, the situation had not changed much. National guidebooks gave Cape Cod very little attention.

In APPLETON'S ILLUSTRATED HAND-BOOK OF AMERICAN SUMMER RESORTS, published in 1876, the whole area of the Cape rated only one page. (The White Mountains, in contrast, were allotted fourteen pages; Mount Desert rated three.) The single page devoted to Cape Cod was composed of a series of passages the editor lifted from Samuel Adams Drake's NOOKS AND CORNERS OF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST [1876], a book dedicated to exploring out-of-the-way and quaint sections of the shore. Yet even Drake found it tough going to promote the Cape. "To one accustomed to the fertile shores of Narragansett Bay or the valley of the Connecticut," he admitted, "the region between Sandwich and Orleans ... is bad enough." But, as he put it, "beyond this is simply a wilderness of sand."

1858

Summer: Henry Thoreau, Edward Sherman Hoar, Theophilus Brown, and H.G.O. Blake went on a 4-day camping trip to Mt. Washington.[18] Edward and Henry would start out from Concord in a horse and carriage hired by Edward on July 2d, would reach the White Mountains and hire a wagon on July 7th, and the four of them would join up on July 8th. While on this trip they would eat in inns and sleep in hotels. Thoreau would sprain his ankle while climbing Mt. Washington and be laid up in the tent for several days.

Most tourists took the train from Boston or New York to the outskirts of the region and spent a night or more in a hotel in one of these towns, taking walks, climbs, and drives to the clustered points of interest in the area. Then they traveled by coach in a circular route through the mountains in carefully timed stages, stopping at each of the important sites. Inside the region, stagecoach rides were the key to the scenic experience, since so many of the best views were seen from the road. Enthusiastic tourists tried to get seats on the roof for the most celebrated parts of the drive. Schedules were often timed for the coaches to arrive at the scenic areas when the best light illuminated the scene. When Caroline Barrett White and her husband visited the White Mountains in 1854, they managed to hit all the highlights of the tour in four days. They

18. *Agiocochook*, that Henry and his brother John had first climbed in 1839.

took the approved route in the usual direction. On September 6 the Whites traveled up Crawford Notch from North Conway to the Old Crawford House. From this direction, the scenery of the Notch was said to be more dramatic. On the following day they climbed Mount Washington on horseback. On the third day they traveled to Littleton, where they climbed Mount Willard, probably intending to get one of the recommended views of the Presidential Range from the west. The end of that day found them in the Franconia Notch, at the White Mountain House — a good hotel, Caroline recorded, with good food and service and "a splendid Chickering piano." The Whites had their own horses and buggy and could have arranged their travel any way they wished. In spite of that, their circular itinerary was much the same as everyone else's. By the 1850s, it was increasingly difficult to imagine the tour in any other way.

July 2, Friday: Henry Thoreau, Ellery Channing, and Edward Sherman Hoar left for the White Mountains.

They took a carriage to New Hampshire, and traveled while there in a hired wagon, eating in inns and sleeping in hotels. Thoreau would sprain his ankle while climbing Mount Washington[19] and be laid up in tent for several days.

19.*Agiocochook*, that he and his brother John had first climbed in 1839.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU AND OUR NEW TOURIST INDUSTRY

July 2: A.M.–Start for White Mountains in a private carriage with Edward Hoar.
Notice in a shallow pool on a rock on a hilltop, in road in North Chelmsford, a rather peculiar-looking Alima Plantago, with long reddish petioles, just budded.
Spent the noon close by the old Dunstable graveyard, by a small stream north of it. Red lilies were abundantly in bloom in the burying-ground and by the river. Mr. Weld's monument is a large, thick, naturally flat rock, lying flat over the grave. Noticed the monument of Josiah Willard, Esq., "Captain of Fort Dummer." Died 1750, aged 58.
Walked to and along the river and bathed in it. There were harebells, well out, and much Apocynuqn cannabinum, well out, apparently like ours, prevailing along the steep sandy and stony shore. A marked peculiarity in this species is that the upper branches rise above the lowers. Also get the A. andro~7nifoliu1n, quite downy beneath. The S7nilaaina stellata going to seed, quite common in the copse on top of the bank. What a relief and expansion of my thoughts when I come out from that inland position by the graveyard to this broad river's shore! This vista was incredible there. Suddenly I see a broad reach of blue beneath, with its curves and headlands, liberating me from the more terrene earth. What a difference it makes whether I spend my four hours' nooning between the hills by yonder roadside, or on the brink of this fair river, within a quarter of a mile of that! Here the earth is fluid to my thought, the sky is reflected from beneath, and around yonder cape is the highway to other continents. This current allies me to all the world. Be careful to sit in an elevating and inspiring place. There my thoughts were confined and trivial, and I hid myself from the gaze of travellers. Here they are expanded and elevated, and I am charmed by the beautiful river-reach. It is equal to a different season and country and creates a different mood. As you travel northward from Concord, probably the reaches of the Merrimack River, looking up or down them from the bank, will be the first inspiring sight. There is something in the scenery of a broad river equivalent to culture and civilization. Its channel conducts our thoughts as well as bodies to classic and famous ports, and allies us to all that is fair and great. I like to remember that at the end of half a day's walk I can stand on the bank of the Merrimack. It is just wide enough to interrupt the land and lead my eye and thoughts down its channel to the sea. A river is superior to a lake in its liberating influence. It has motion and indefinite length. A river touching the back of a town is like a wing, it may be unused as yet, but ready to waft it over the world. With its rapid current it is a slightly fluttering wing. River towns are winged towns.
I returned through the grass up the winding channel of our little brook to the camp again. Along the brook, in the rank grass and weeds, grew abundantly a slender umbelliferous plant mostly just out of bloom, one and a half to four feet high. Either Thaspium aureum or Cryptotnia Canadensis (Sison).l Saw also the scouring-rush, apparently just beginning to bloom!
In the southern part of Merrimack, passed a singular "Horseshoe Pond" between the road and the river on the interval. Belknap says in his History, speaking of the changes in river-courses, "In some places these ancient channels are converted into ponds, which, from their curved form, are called horseshoe ponds." BELKNAP
Put up at tavern in Merrimack, some miles after passing over a pretty high, flat-topped hill in road, whence we saw the mountains (with a steep descent to the interval on right).
7 P.M.–I walked by a path through the wood northeast to the Merrimack, crossing two branches of Babboosuck Brook, on which were handsome rocky falls in the woods.
The wood thrush sings almost wherever I go, eternally reconsecrating the world, morning and evening, for us. And again it seems habitable and more than habitable to us.

1859

The Reverend Thomas Starr King's THE WHITE HILLS. (Later on in his life, this Boston Unitarian reverend would move to California to provide there a similar tourist service in regard to Yosemite.)

By this point, more than 5,000 tourists with pic-nic lunches were ascending Mount Washington each summer. The writers of guide books were beginning to express the resentment of the tourist, at all the competing intrusive commercial tourist services in the region. Samuel Eastman's guidebook, in particular, took objection to the Willey House as far too crowded, and far too commercial, to be frequented by the serious viewer of serious scenery:

> Between 1820 and 1840, the White Mountain region had been transformed from a half-settled agricultural backwater to a scenic wonderland. Between 1840 and 1860, the region was transformed again, this time from a scenic wonderland to a fashionable summer place, a resort for the increasing numbers of well-to-do people who found it necessary and desirable to "go away" for part of the summer. Instead of reading about such places in scenic albums, poetry, and short stories, most people in the 1860s read about them in the society pages of city newspapers. The White Mountains were still scenic, but their scenery was now part of a package deal that included, as Thoreau put it [CAPE COD], "a ten-pin alley, or a circular railway, or an ocean of mint julep."

1860

By this point in time, the Great Stone Face had become one of the best-known images of New England as well as one of the primary tourist attractions of our nation. The Franconia Notch had become a mere setting for this cameo. When tourists made their pilgrimage, they paid for rooms at the Profile House, and rowed in Profile Lake, and climbed Profile Mountain. However, the American elite, fickle, had taken their business elsewhere — specifically to Newport, Rhode Island:

> Newport by the 1860s was the most socially exclusive and fashionable American resort. Its rise to prominence mirrored that of the White Mountains in almost every detail, from the "discovery" of its scenery in the 1840s to its "discovery" by the wealthiest New Yorkers in the 1860s. Its social and financial requirements were becoming more rigorous than those of any of the other resorts of New England. Although it was not yet exclusively the home of millionaires that it was to become by the 1880s and 1890s, its name was already synonymous with money and high society. And for many of those living in the nearby towns of southern New England, the name Newport was also synonymous with the vice and idleness of the rich.

> CAPE COD: The time must come when this coast will be a place of resort for those New-Englanders who really wish to visit the sea-side. At present it is wholly unknown to the fashionable world, and probably it will never be agreeable to them. If it is merely a ten-pin alley, or a circular railway, or an ocean of mint-julep, that the visitor is in search of, –if he thinks more of the wine than the brine, as I suspect some do at Newport,– I trust that for a long time he will be disappointed here. But this shore will never be more attractive than it is now. Such beaches as are fashionable are here made and unmade in a day, I may almost say, by the sea shifting its sands. Lynn and Nantasket! this bare and bended arm it is that makes the bay in which they lie so snugly. What are springs and waterfalls? Here is the spring of springs, the waterfall of waterfalls. A storm in the fall or winter is the tide to visit it; a light-house or a fisherman's hut the true hotel. A man may stand there and put all America behind him.

NEWPORT

Fall: The crown prince of England, "Good old Teddy" or "Dirty Bertie" the Prince of Wales who would become Edward VII,[20] touring Canada, visited the falls of the Niagara River:

> From Montreal he went on to Ottawa, where he ... rode a timber shoot down the Ottawa River; then on, past Kingston, to Toronto and across Lake Ontario to the Niagara Falls, where he saw Charles Blondin, the French acrobat, walk across the Falls on a tightrope, pushing a man in front of him in a wheelbarrow. Blondin offered to put the Prince into the wheelbarrow for the return journey across the tightrope to the United States. The Prince accepted the offer, but was naturally prevented from going. So Blondin went back by himself, this time on stilts.

Continuing his tourism, the English prince arrived in Pennsylvania:

> At Philadelphia, which he thought the "prettiest town" he had seen in America, he went to the opera –where the audience stood up to sing "God Save the Queen"– and he visited the big, modern penitentiary, where he met a former judge, Vandersmith, who was serving a sentence for forgery. He asked him if he would like to talk. "Talk away, Prince," Vandersmith replied breezily. "There's time enough. I'm here for twenty years."

EASTERN STATE PENITENTIARY

1861

May 25, very early in the morning: John Merryman, a Maryland state legislator, was taken into custody at Fort McHenry on charges of attempting to disrupt a movement of soldiers from Baltimore to Washington DC. He had evidently been implicated in some plan to burn local bridges to impede such a troop movement.

In Concord, Massachusetts, this was Waldo Emerson's 58th birthday.

20. This is the guy that the immortal lines would be penned for –when he fell seriously ill just before his coronation which therefore had to be postponed– by the poet laureate of England, Alfred Austin:

"Swift down the wire th'electric message came
'He is no better, he is much the same.'"

VICTORIA (*Reigned 1837–1901. From a photograph by W. and D. Downey*). A niece of William IV, the Princess Victoria ascended the throne at eighteen, and was married three years later to Albert of Saxe-Coburg. From then till his death in 1861 she remained largely dependent on him for advice in affairs of state, devoting herself to the cares of domesticity. With widowhood she retired from the public eye for twenty years; but the growth of imperial sentiment in her last years, bringing devotion and veneration, restored her own spirit and the prestige of the crown. She achieved greatness through her devotion to duty, vast experience and incomparable dignity. (No. 46.)

EDWARD VII (*Reigned 1901–10. From a photograph by W. and D. Downey*). During sixty years' apprenticeship as heir, the son of Queen Victoria was entrusted with no office of responsibility. His instinct for fellowship and sociability brought popularity and, from the austere, criticism. Supremely a man of the world, he reached the climax of acclamation by winning the Derby for the third time in 1909. His desire for peace was deep and, during his life, effective. He made himself familiar with political developments at home and abroad by entertaining the leaders of all parties, and by repeatedly travelling about Europe. (No. 47.)

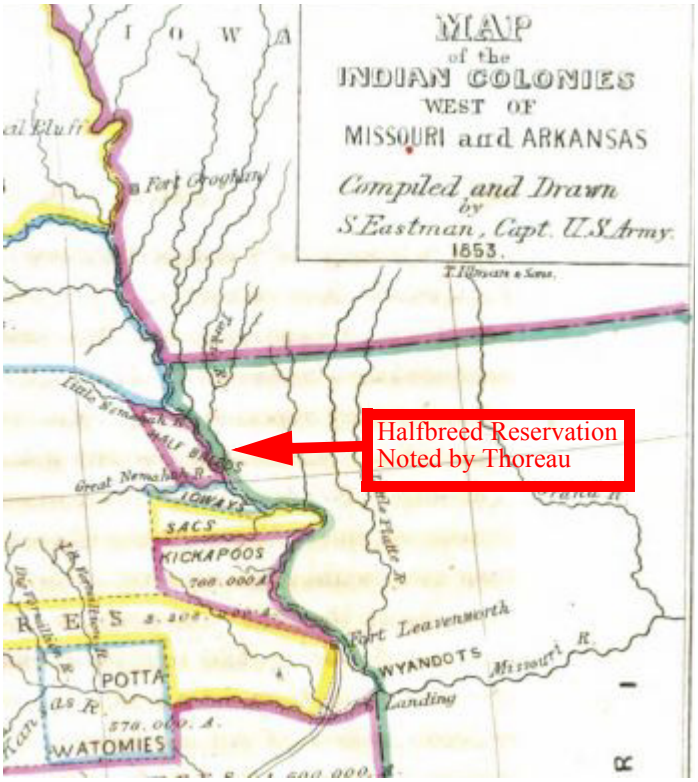
ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK (1844–1925. *From a photograph by W. and D. Downey*). Married in 1863 to the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII), she made Marlborough House the centre of fashionable life and as Queen continued to lead Edwardian society. Though always young in spirit, she lived a secluded life during her widowhood, and except for the war years, when she was very active, the Queen-Mother's public appearances in London were few. During her sixty-two years in England her charitable works never ceased, her generosity often outrunning her means, and she was beloved till her death. She was one of the most beautiful women of her day and retained her beauty into old age. (No. 48.)

HENRY DAVID THOREAU AND OUR NEW TOURIST INDUSTRY

At Fort Snelling in Minnesota, Henry Thoreau's travel destination, in the diary of Henry Taylor the teacher recruited to the Union forces we read:[21]

> *May 25 – On guard, but I don't know "beans" about a sentinel's duty.*

The *Itasca* stopped in the morning at Brownsville MN, then steamed through Lake Pepin[22] and arrived at Fountain City, Wisconsin about noon:[23]



21. Hopefully Henry would be able to teach this teacher to know beans.
22. Lake Pepin was a critical link in seasonal travel on the Mississippi River. All steamboat tours had to wait each spring until the ice broke up on this lake.
23. This puff is by a land agent, of course. His name was Nathan Howe Parker, he lived in Clinton, Iowa, and he was "associated with Snyder & McFarlane, Land Agents, Minneapolis." THE MINNESOTA HANDBOOK FOR 1856-7, WITH A NEW AND ACCURATE MAP. (Boston: John P. Jewett & Co., 1857, pages 17-19). Since Thoreau paid $1.00 for his map of Minnesota, which was a high price to pay for a map by itself, equivalent to on the order of a hundred dollars today, and since Thoreau quotes from and references this guidebook, it is likely that this book published four years earlier in Boston, with its map, was what Thoreau had acquired for a dollar in Chicago.

> Lake Pepin is a beautiful sheet of water, twenty-five miles long by an average width of five miles. The bluffs are very rugged and precipitous on either shore, and the distance between them does not seem to differ much from the space between them for a hundred miles below, and "it would seem that the lake was made by weeding out the islands, and thus leaving the base of bluffs to be bathed by the Father of Waters." The bluffs here, on either shore, are rugged and precipitous. At the great bend of this lake, on the northeast side, is a conspicuous escarpment, celebrated in Indian annals as the Maiden's Rock, or Cap des Sioux. From this rock, tradition informs us that "Winona, the beautiful daughter of an Indian chief, precipated [*sic*] herself rather than to marry a man she did not love. She illustrated some of the noblest principles of our nature, and hence her name is immortal, while fashionable belles by the thousand pass away and are forgotten forever." The Maiden's Rock is four hundred and ten feet high — the perpendicular wall of lower magnesian limestone being nearly two hundred feet. Lake Pepin, near its mouth, has been sounded four hundred fathoms without finding bottom. Lake City, Central Point, and Florence, are within three miles of each other, on the west bank of Lake Pepin, on one of the most beautiful plains in the western country. The high, picturesque bluffs that have hugged either shore so long, above and below, here stretch back, leaving a level plateau containing probably ten thousand acres, dotted here and there with small lakes of clear pure water, and groves of medium-sized trees. This plain is eight miles long on the lake and three to four miles wide in the centre, bounded on the west by a range of high, thickly wooded bluffs, and on the east by the lake — a desirable spot for a large rural village, or watering-place, or even for farming purposes. This land is upon the Half-breed Reservation, which accounts for the slow growth of these three embryonic towns.

Thoreau jotted down the following:

"Indians encamped below Wabashaw with Dacotah shaped wigwams. Loon on lake & fish leap."

HENRY DAVID THOREAU AND OUR NEW TOURIST INDUSTRY

The steamboat *Itaska* passed Red Wing, Minnesota:[24]

> Red Wing, six miles above the head of the lake, is beautifully and advantageously located, and will become a point of commercial importance. This town is the county-seat of Goodhue county, and has a population, in July, of 1500, and is rapidly improving. Here is located the Hamline University, under the auspices of the M.E. Church, attended by upwards of seventy students, with a fine brick edifice for the preparatory department, costing $10,000.... A lot on Main street was sold, recently, for $500 in the morning, and again in the afternoon for the sum of $1,000.

Red Wing

In scenic Red Wing, about an hour's drive south of the metro area, the Mississippi widens below dramatic limestone bluffs. Most visits begin with a trip to the St. James Hotel. Built in 1874 and restored in the 1970s to its full Italianate glory, the St. James is now a favorite among weekenders, with romantic river views, turn-down service and morning coffee.

Red Wing seems to have something for everyone. Shoppers flock to Pottery Place for bargains at more than 50 outlets and antique stores. And sightseers shouldn't miss guided tours of the town's high spots aboard the "Spirit of Red Wing," a San Francisco-style cable car. History buffs will love the geological, Native American and pioneer exhibits on display at the Goodhue County Historical Museum.

At the T.B. Sheldon Theater (Red Wing's restored "jewel box"), concerts, ballet and theater run year-round. And nearby Welch Village is a favorite top for downhill skiers.

For more information, call 800-762-9516.

— The City Pages "Annual Manual," 1992-1993

24. Parker's MINNESOTA HANDBOOK, page 19.

Red Wing had been named after a Dakota headman or *wicasa itancan*, Koopoohoosha "Red Wing."[25] The Itaska's load of tourists hung over the rail to gawk at the big bluff[26] many of them had already seen in a theatre, on the famous rolled panorama by John Banvard of the entire course of the Mississippi that was 1,200 feet long.[27]

> This is the season [tourist handbook describing early June] when pleasure-seekers from the crowded East or the sunny South seek a retreat from care and toil, on the shaded, pebbly shores of the crystal lakes, or by the foaming torrent of the cataract, intent upon enjoying to the utmost the numerous advantages afforded by the northwest to those in quest of health, wealth, or pleasure. At this season of the year, every thoroughfare leading to the West and Northwest is thronged, and at times the boats passing up the river are crowded to their utmost capacity.

25. He was also known as Tatankamani "Walking Buffalo" and as Shakea "He Who Paints Himself," because the title "Chief Red Wing" referred only to a dyed swan wing the headman or *wicasa itancan* carried, that had been carried by his father and would be carried by his son Wacouta "The Shooter," and his grandson. Incidentally, this "chief" business is very much a White misunderstanding, a radical oversimplification of a complex status. A headman or *wicasa itancan*, referred to by intrusives as a "chief," is merely "someone who serves his people in a special admirable way in some area of need in human life," and this obviously has nothing whatever to do with supposedly equivalent intrusive roles such as "The President" or "Mr. Chairman" or whatever. The song "Red Wing," about a pretty Indian princess on whom "the moon shines tonight" while "The breeze is sighing, the night bird's crying, / For a far far away her brave is dying / and Red Wing's crying her heart away" is specious.

The steamboat passed Red Rock and headed for "Iminijaska White Rocks," or St. Paul:[28]

> Red Rock, six miles below St. Paul, is a point of some note. Upon this rock certain tribes of Indians have for years laid their offerings, and a chief informs me that "no good Indian passes this rock without leaving here tobacco, wampum, beads, skins, or other valuables, as offerings to the Great Spirit."

[ISN'T THE ABOVE QUOTATION, FROM THIS WHITE GUIDEBOOK TO MINNESOTA REAL ESTATE, PRINTED IN BOSTON, ILLUMINATING! HERE WE HAVE A SORRY RECORD OF THE DESTRUCTION OF NATIVE AMERICAN RELIGION THROUGH THE CAPTURE AND DESECRATION OF HOLY PLACES, AND IT IS OFFERED AS AN ACCOUNT OF A PRIMITIVE SUPERSTITION AND IT IS PUT IN THE MOUTH OF SOME ANONYMOUS "CHIEF" TALKING ABOUT, OF ALL CODE WORDS, GOOD INDIANS! A "POINT OF SOME NOTE" INDEED!]

26. White people had renamed Khemnichan "Hill-Water-Wood" –because of their joke "Why, it's as big as a barn!"– as "Barn Bluff."
27. Banvard liked to claim it was three miles long. Parker's MINNESOTA HANDBOOK, page 9.
28. Parker's MINNESOTA HANDBOOK, page 19. Mr. Parker continued here, in his inimitable manner: "Of course, the more valuable the offering, the better the Indian."

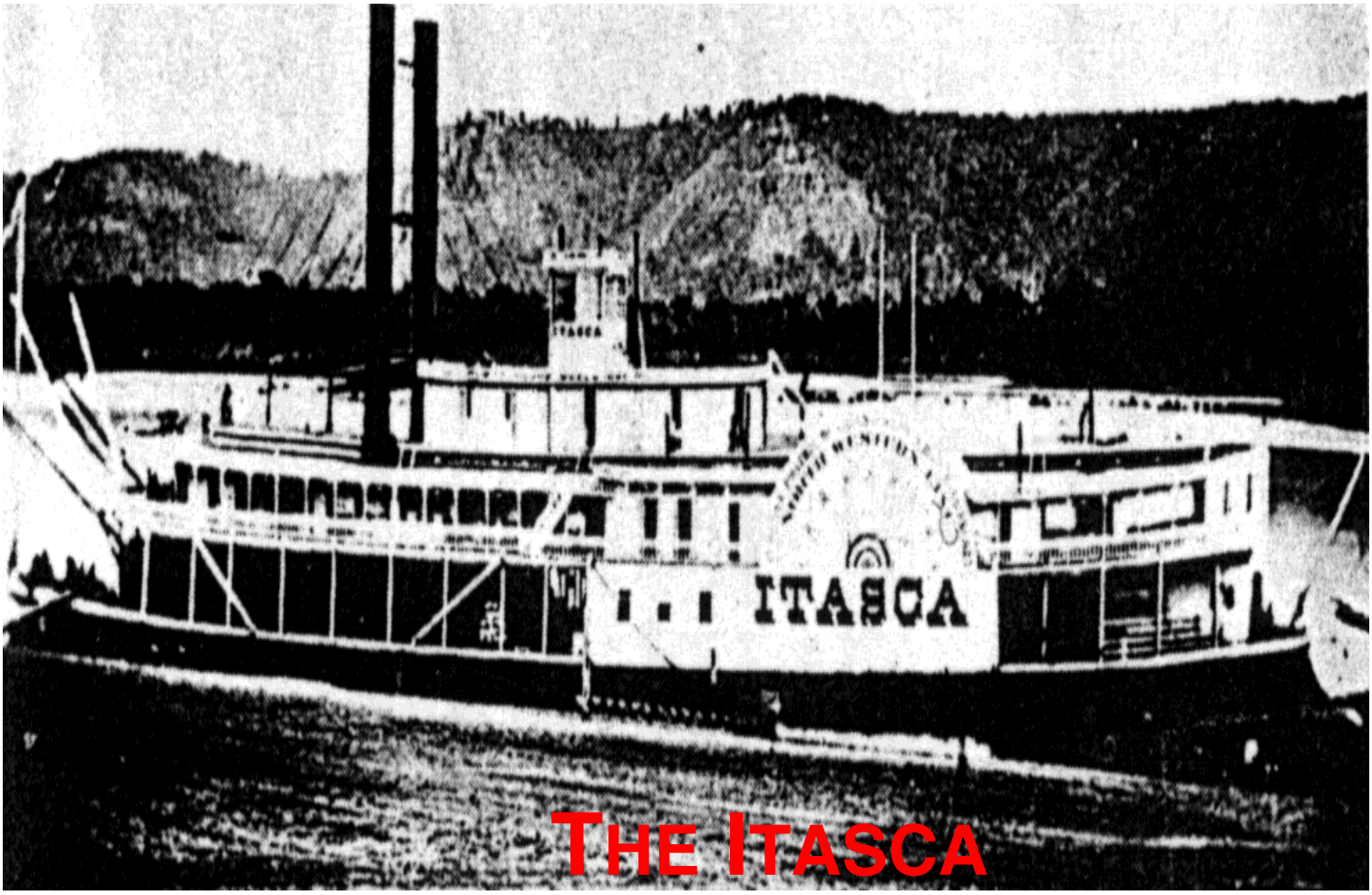
St. Paul was far north as steamboats could get at that time, although some skippers of these shallow-draft boats were proclaiming that they could sail across a pasture, if the grass were long enough and the dew heavy enough, and if it were early enough in the morning.[29]

> The town was surveyed in 1845, and as late as the spring of 1847 there were but three white families upon the ground now occupied by a city of 10,000 intelligent and industrious American citizens. To recapitulate: in 1846, St. Paul contained but ten white inhabitants; ten years afterwards, its census shows a population of 10,000!... The site where St. Paul now stands, was, eight years ago, a wilderness; now a proud city of 10,000 inhabitants, possessing all the elements of refined civilization, greets the eye and astonishes every beholder. Where but a few moons ago the pale-face would have fallen a prey to the tomahawk and the scalping-knife, now stands the house of worship, with its tall spire; and instead of the war-whoop is heard the church-going bell, or the melodious voices of a hundred happy Sabbath-school children, in praise to the Great Spirit who has given them a home in this goodly land.... From small beginnings St. Paul has grown great as rapidly as a bird unfolds its wings for an upward flight. No sudden combination of circumstances has brought about this result. It has been accomplished by hard and unremitted labor.

By the autumn of 1856 the four principal hostelries of St. Paul were accommodating 1,000 of these tourists per week, many of them, like Thoreau, seeking a Minnesota cure for lung trouble. (In fact the famous Mayo Clinic began as one of these "TB-tourist" places when Dr. W.W. Mayo of Indiana fled the "malaria hell of the Wabash Valley" to Rochester MN.)
The American House of St. Paul was currently catering to this trade and was advertising by understatement in the St. Paul Pioneer and Democrat that

> This popular hotel has long since passed the period when a "puff" could add to its reputation.

29.Parker's MINNESOTA HANDBOOK, page 22.



THE ITASCA

1862

Charles Follen Folsom, son of a Concord minister, graduated from Harvard College. He would become a physician.

NEW "HARVARD MEN"

An Englishman, a real Englishman, Anthony Trollope, was finally, belatedly induced to confess, that Harvard College had achieved its ambition, had become

> what Cambridge and Oxford are to England. It is the ... University which gives the highest education to ... the highest classes in that country.

(This was in his NORTH AMERICA.)

Trollope commented that the tourist-ridden White Mountains of New Hampshire were at this point "dotted with huge hotels, almost as thickly as they lie in Switzerland."

He reported that Waldo Emerson had remarked, during a lecture in Boston's Tremont Hall on the subject of civil war in 1860, that "Your American eagle is very well. Protect it here and abroad. But beware of the American peacock." James Ferguson Conant has since remarked this in his essay "Cavell and the Concept of America" (CONTENDING WITH STANLEY CAVELL, ed. Russell B. Goodman, Oxford UP, 2005, page 55):

> Is there, as President Woodrow Wilson thought, an internal relation between the concept of America and a certain ideal? Or is it that, as Chesterton thought, there is nothing the matter with Americans except their ideals? Or does America stripped of its ideals amount to nothing more than President Coolidge's view of the matter? Or is there a distinction to be drawn, as Waldo Emerson thought, between the ideal and its debasement by those

who most loudly proclaim it?

(deathmask)

1864

In order to be able to build a cog railroad to the summit of Mount Washington in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, Sylvester Marsh bought out Horace Fabyan's interest in The Notch's tourist industry.

1865

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM EUROPE put in sequence the various missives of Cornelius Conway Felton between April 1853 and March 1854 during his great adventure in tourism.

Nantucket Island, home to but a single industry, the inhumanly brutal extraction industry known as whaling, had been suffering hard times ever since the 1840s. Many substitutes had become available for sperm oil, newer deeper harbors such as that at New Bedford had become easier to navigate from, and anyway, the sperm whale had been killed off to such a point that they were becoming more and more hard to find. An entire Nantucket crew had been lost to gold lust when a whaler had stopped in San Francisco in 1849 during the great gold rush. Whereas during the best years, as many as 85 vessels at a time had been at sea out of Nantucket, by 1853 only 15 had been sailing from that port. The island's population had been declining and declining as various prominent families had voted with their feet. From a peak of 10,000 residents, by 1880 the island would reach a low point of only 3,500 residents. The last whaling ship would leave the island on its final whaling voyage in 1869 — departing from a rotting wharf adjoining an empty street. However, during this year the foundation of a new industry for the island was laid, tourism, when the editors of the Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror, Henry D. Robinson and Roland B. Hussey, printed a 3-page pamphlet aimed at the Boston resident with money to burn. Come to the "Beautiful Island of Nantucket," the pamphlet suggested, where you will find unsurpassed "Pure Sea Air" and inhabitants eager to serve your every need. Meanwhile the newspaper was urging island inhabitants to change their thinking: "We have something to sell; that something is health, comfort, and pleasure."

Frederick Law Olmsted submitted a "Preliminary Report upon the Yosemite and Big Tree Grove" to the Commissioners of California's new Yosemite park (this 1st systematically establishes the philosophical justification for public preservation of great natural scenery on the basis of its unique capacity to enhance human psychological, physical, and social health, and extract moolah from the seried ranks of the tourists).

CONSERVATIONISM

John Burroughs published his 1st nature essay, "With the Birds," in The Atlantic Monthly.[30]

1869

The first catered crusade: Thomas Cook and Son conducted European "tour-ists" through the Holy Land.

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Cook has made travel easy and a pleasure.
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THE GRAND TOUR

The American Publishing Co. of Hartford published Samuel Langhorn Clemens's (Mark Twain's) THE INNOCENTS ABROAD, OR THE NEW PILGRIMS' PROGRESS, and the author became engaged to Olivia Langdon. Rebuffed in his efforts to buy into the Hartford Courant, Clemens bought part of the Buffalo Express.

THE GRAND TOUR

1872

April 24-May 2: The maw of Mount Vesuvius opened and it transited into its eruptive, non-quiescent condition, which phase typically obtains for this particular volcano for between half an year and just shy of 31 years: "Effusiva-Esplosiva — Lava verso NW. Una colata attraversa l'Atrio, supera il Fosso del Faraone e discende verso Cercola, invade S. Sebastiano e Massa di Somma. Danni ingenti, 9 morti. Si forma un cratere di 250 m

30. The conservation movement was little more than a shabby fraud. From the historical record, these early environmental technocrats were intent not on solving our ecological crisis but on destroying the earth as quickly as possible. Their net impact has been negative: we would have been better off had we never had a conservation movement, to teach us how to manage our looting so that we looted with greater and greater effectiveness and economy. According to Samuel P. Hays's EXPLORATIONS IN ENVIRONMENTAL HISTORY: ESSAYS BY SAMUEL P. HAYS (Pittsburgh PA: U of Pittsburgh P, 1998), these men were mere pawns of the powers that be, careerists bought by their careers:

> Conservation, above all, was a scientific movement, and its role in history arose from the implications of science and technology in modern society. Conservation leaders sprang from such fields as hydrology, forestry, agrostology, geology, and anthropology. Vigorously active in professional circles in the national capital, these leaders brought the ideals and practices of their crafts into federal resource policy. Loyalty to these professional ideals, not close association with the grass-roots public, set the tone of the Theodore Roosevelt conservation movement. Its essence was rational planning to promote efficient development and use of all natural resources. The idea of efficiency drew these federal scientists from one resource task to another, from specific programs to comprehensive concepts. It molded the policies which they proposed, their administrative techniques, and their relations with Congress and the public. It is from the vantage point of applied science, rather than of democratic protest, that one must understand the historic role of the conservation movement. The new realms of science and technology, appearing to open up unlimited opportunities for human achievement, filled conservation leaders with intense optimism. They emphasized expansion, not retrenchment; possibilities, not limitations.... They displayed that deep sense of hope which pervaded all those at the turn of the century for whom science and technology were revealing visions of an abundant future.... Conflicts between competing resource users, especially, should not be dealt with through the normal processes of politics. Pressure group action, logrolling in Congress, or partisan debate could not guarantee rational and scientific decisions. Amid such jockeying for advantage with the resulting compromise, concern for efficiency would disappear. Conservationists envisaged, even though they did not realize their aims, a political system guided by the ideal of efficiency and dominated by the technicians who could best determine how to achieve it.

di diametro. Forte eruzione."

Photo was taken on April 26th

MOUNT VESUVIUS

A number of tourists were lost to a stream of lava. The ashes that were washed out of the air by rain would cause damage to vegetation, due to their extreme salinity.

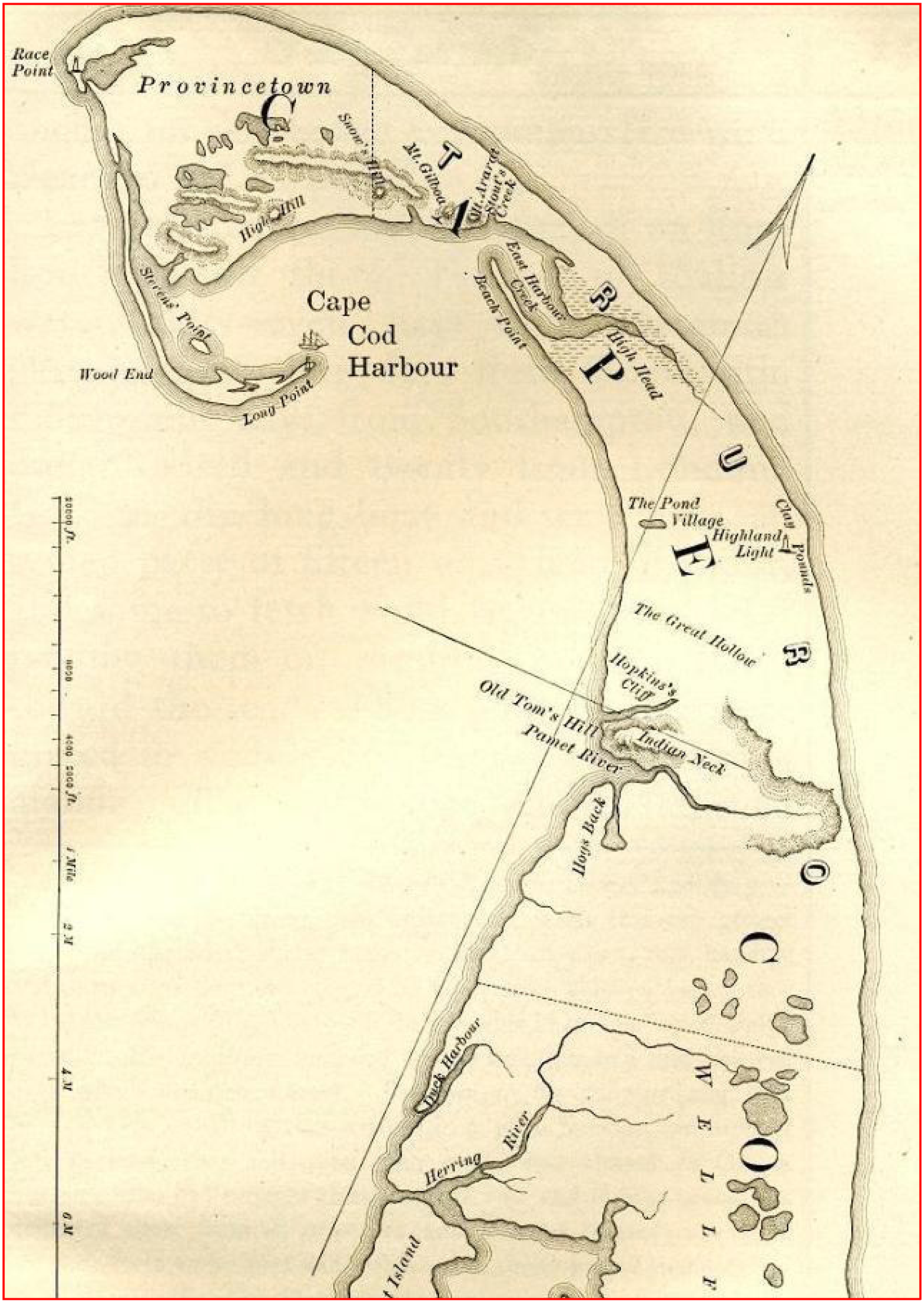
1873

July 22, Tuesday afternoon, 1PM: The Old Colony Railroad, begun in 1849, finally conquered the last 14-mile stretch of sandy roadway and a precarious wooden bridge between Wellfleet and Provincetown, and reached all the way out Cape Cod, when at 1PM the *Extension*, Locomotive #25, pulled the first of two special Boston excursion trains into the new terminal on Back Street (now Bradford Street) in Provincetown. The second excursion train was pulled by an engine with a red funnel and *Mount Hope* painted on the sides, and consisted of thirteen bright yellow coaches that transported among others three governors, candidate for governor Benjamin F. Butler,[31] Cape Cod political and business figures, railroad officials, and the Mayor of Boston. A good time was had by all. The detraining passengers ambled up High Pole Hill to a pavilion decorated with flags and flowers. The tent featured a huge illustration of a locomotive named the *Provincetown*. There was a banquet featuring turkey, chicken, lobster, fruit, and vegetables for 1,000 people and after dark there was dancing for some 200 couples. Porter's Quadrille Band played, among other pieces, the "All Aboard" polka and the "Down Brakes" waltz. Since there would obviously be no more traffic on the Cape stagecoach routes

31. General Butler would purchase a house in Provincetown and from that base would sally forth across the Commonwealth in search of votes. Finally he would get himself elected to a 2-year term, in 1883.

that had been established by Lysander Paine and Samuel Knowles, Knowles gave his coaches a fresh coat of paint and began a new business of meeting trains and conveying passengers and their baggage from the Provincetown station to local hotels such as the Atlantic House and New Central House. Within a year, the packet boat *George Shattuck* would be forced to discontinue its runs between Boston and Steamship Wharf in Provincetown, and Steamship Wharf would be redesignated "Railroad Wharf."

Although the Old Colony Railroad had made all points along the bended arm for the first time easily accessible, and although steamboats were regularly and diligently plying the waters between Boston and Provincetown, and between Falmouth and the cities of the South Shore, in fact the tourist industry on the Cape had yet to spread its wings. It was simply too desolate. It was not what the tourist desired.


Race Point
Provincetown
Cape Cod Harbour
Wood End
Long Point
High Hill
Stevens' Point
Mt. Gilboa
East Harbour Creek
Beach Point
High Head
The Pond Village
Highland Light
Clay Pounds
The Great Hollow
Hopkins's Cliff
Old Tom's Hill
Pamet River
Indian Neck
Hogs Back
Duck Harbour
Herring River
C A P E C O D
W E L L F

1876

Cape Cod was not yet a popular resort area. APPLETON'S ILLUSTRATED HAND-BOOK OF AMERICAN SUMMER RESORTS (NY: D. Appleton & Co.) awarded but one page to the entire region of the Cape, while allowing three pages to Mount Desert resorts and fourteen to White Mountain resorts. The page devoted to the Cape consisted merely of a series of passages the editor had lifted from Samuel Adams Drake's NOOKS AND CORNERS OF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST, which was being published in the same year. Drake warned the tourist not to attempt a repetition of Thoreau's tramps on the Cape: "no one ought to attempt [what Thoreau wrote about] who cannot rise superior to his surroundings, and shake off the gloom the weird and widespread desolation of the landscape inspired."

1882

Edward Godfrey, a guidebook author, sensing the desperation of a neglected Nantucket Island, pled with his fellow islanders: "Make [Nantucket] a watering-place, make her a manufacturing town, make her an agricultural town, make her all three, but in heaven's name make her something!"

TOURISM

1893

When the tourist Antonin Dvorak visited Minnehaha Falls in Minneapolis, Minnesota, he happened not to have any paper with him. But he was inspired while looking at and listening to the falls, so he wrote on his shirt-cuff. This jotting became the theme for the second movement of his "Sonatina for Violin and Piano, Opus 100," and is known as "Indian Lament."

Tourism and industrialism after all have something in common. They both exploit sites. In the 19th Century, every picturesque or awesome waterfall had not only its observation point, constructed by a nearby hotel-keeper to cater to his or her guests's enthusiasm for such scenery, but also, slightly upstream and slightly downstream, its lumber mills or factories. The falls of the Winooski in Vermont, where I once worked, were no exception. The falls of the Pawtucket in Rhode Island, where Sam Patch first leaped, were no exception. The falls of the Genesee in Rochester, New York, where Sam last leaped, were no exception. The falls known as Minnehaha was also of course no exception.

1899

Nantucket's Surfside Hotel collapsed, sending its tourist industry went into a tailspin.

1926

August: In the current issue of the Mentor, Charles Phelps Cushing had an article about the tourist traffic in Concord, entitled "Thoreau, Bachelor of Nature: The World has worn a Pathway to his Home in the Woods":

> To the woods where dwelt the "Sage of Walden Pond" the world has now laid a hard surface highway. At last Henry David Thoreau is recognized as a literary lion even in his old hometown. The Intelligentsia now regard him as one of their trailblazers of "sophistication"!
> Among the pious Brahmins of New England and the irreverent Sophisticates as well a belief is common concerning Concord, Massachusetts, that here was struck the first blow for American freedom. The Brahmins have in mind the historic highway to Lexington and Concord bridge, where the embattled farmers stood in April of 1775, firing "the shot heard' round the world!" But the Sophisticates lead us a way to a woodland pond a mile and a half south of town and point to a cairn of stones near the shore, just eighty years ago, with a house warming celebration on the Fourth of July, a newly accredited hero of the only American revolution dear to the hearts of Sophisticates began shrilling his battle cry of independence in "Walden." And that he was a real literary trail blazer is evident enough from the fact that he set himself to deriding the "Smug Bourgeois" a full decade before Walt Whitman flaunted them with the barbaric yawp of his "Leaves of Grass."
> Recognition for Thoreau as a pioneer Sophisticate was late to arrive and is not yet universal; but the noise of it is swelling. many of the old residents of Concord, of course, do not quite grasp the reason for this outburst and are as daunted by it as they are perplexed. One of the keepers of the several visitors' registers of this "American Stratford on Avon" plaintively observes:
> "It's really surprising how many folks and writers especially now ask about Thoreau first of all. Of course, you know a Frenchman has printed a new book about him which everyone appears to have read. And now two Englishmen and any number of Americans are busy on the same subject; and a German is on his way over 'to do Thoreau thoroughly.' But the most surprising thing of all is that so many visitors, literary or unliterary, who are keenest to know about Thoreau come from places in the Middle West."
> But what, pray, is more natural? For whence come our Sinclair Lewises and other writers of the "Main Street" school, our Sherwood Andersons, Masterses, Cathers, Dreisers, Sandburgs and Gales but from the Middle West? Evidently Concord has only half perceived that the recent marked increase of drum thumping in tribute to Thoreau is in large measure due to the fact that he lately has been canonized, along with Saint Walt, as an early pagan martyr tot he cause of American literary and social revolution. Responding to this fanfare, Concord has memorialized her son Henry handsomely, though not yet conscious that much of this new applause is not chiefly for his achievements in his old role as a "poet naturalist." Hence the Sophisticates, if they

feel so minded, have a right to chuckle.

When Emerson, in his funeral oration at Thoreau's grave, lamented, "the country knows not yet, or in the least part, how great a son it has lost," the illustrious parson from the fig white house in Lexington Street little dreamed that a day of vindication might arrive when the impecunious young Jack of all trades who sometimes made himself useful around the Emerson mansion as a hired man would attain a local fame equal to that of his employer.

You do not have to search diligently in and about Concord to find tokens of this trend of the times. As you alight from the train, before you can turn into Main Street, you first must take a cool baptism in the shade of the elms of Thoreau Street. Soon you reach a dignified residential avenue christened Walden Road. In the Free Public Library, at the heart of town, pilgrims resort to view so insignificant a relic of "H.D.T" as one of the pencils which he and his father fabricated. In Sleepy Hollow Cemetery the unostentatious grave of Thoreau is as much sought out by visitors as Emerson's or Hawthorne's or the Alcotts'. Lexington Street is the favorite haunt of all well conducted bands of tourists, and here again Thoreau fares enviably. In the Museum of the Concord Antiquarian Society the newest and one of the most popular rooms is dedicated to an exhibit of relics of this long neglected hero, the cot on which he slept at Walden, the writing desk and table for his hut in the woods, his snowshoes, several precious photographic portraits and an oil painting of his beloved brother John by his sister Sophia.

There are a few of the smaller tokens of Thoreau's growing fame. But wait until you view the impressive from which the real memorial to him takes. You can have little doubt, after that, about who is the new lion of a place "fittingly described as the American Weimar or Stratford on Avon."

Follow Walden Road to the south. In half an hour's walk you come to the main entrance to a large woodland reservation.

And now behold! Concord's memorial to arouse the jealousy of Mark Twain and Walt Whitman and such other American literary celebrities as have succeeded no better in their old hometowns than to gain the distinction of having new hotels named in their honor. Walden Pond is so extensive that most visitors would describe it as a lake: its waters and all the shores adjoining are now a Massachusetts state park. The Thoreau memorial thus is something to overshadow all other "literary associations" of the neighborhood. By some miracle, just before it was too late, Walden was saved a few years ago from the clutches of Babbitt realtors, Coney Island concessionaires and a menacing plague of rubber tire and patent medicine billboards. Today it is a lovely woodland preserve which is a magnet for hundreds of motor car tourists and scores of hikers who come trudging out from Concord.

Thoreau himself penned the clearest and most accurate description of Walden: "The scenery of Walden is on a humble scale, and, though very beautiful, does not approach to grandeur, ... yet this pond is so remarkable for its depth and purity as to merit a particular description. It is a clear and deep green well, half a mile long and a mile and three quarters in circumference ... a perennial spring in the midst of pine and oak woods, without any visible inlet or outlet except by the

clouds and evaporation. The surrounding hills rise abruptly form the water." Later he adds with more emotion: "Of all the characters I have known, perhaps Walden wears the best, and best preserves its purity."

1928?

Margaret Sanger angrily resigned as president of the American Birth Control League as her leadership in the movement was eclipsed by younger professionals with more mainstream agendas. The American Birth Control League and the Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau would merge in 1939 into the Birth Control Federation of America (later to be renamed Planned Parenthood Federation of America).

At some point in the late 1920s (I am positioning the information in 1928 merely for convenience), with the Great Stone Face showing signs of weathering and losing its resemblance to a human profile, and so the State of New Hampshire, struggling to preserve its tourist industry, began to attempt to bolt and chain these rocks in position. A great rock facelift.

Before

1934

Margaret Sanger's CODE TO STOP THE OVERPRODUCTION OF CHILDREN. On page 71 we find the following: "Feeble-minded persons, habitual congenital criminals, those afflicted with inheritable diseases, and others found biologically unfit should be sterilized or in cases of doubt be isolated as to prevent the perpetuation of their afflictions by breeding."

Not all Fools are Feebleminded

EUGENICS

Is that so amazing? In this decade the State of Maine was officially sponsoring tourism by advertising itself to potential tourists as a region possessing a high percentage of "native-born white stock." The State of Maine was pointing out that tourists (who of course were white) would meet there a remarkably small number of persons of "foreign parentage," and boasting that in fact there were in the entire state "only a thousand Negroes and less than a thousand Indians."

1945

December: The Hornblower family, one of the six richest in New England, had been summering in Plymouth, Massachusetts for many years. Henry Hornblower II, who had trained in archeology at Harvard University and at the University of California – Berkeley, managed to finangle $20,000 from his father Ralph Hornblower "to acquire land and prepare preliminary plans for a Pilgrim Village." Henry Ford's "Greenfield Village" had opened in 1929, John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s "Colonial Williamsburg" had been mostly completed as of the mid-1930s, and the Old Sturbridge Village was about to be opened in the following year, so models for this sort of pseudo-educational tourist trap thingie were available for the people of Plymouth to capitalize upon their most salient, and their only saleable, community asset, that of antiquity.

1948

The first of the "Pilgrim Houses" was recreated at the Plymouth pseudo-educational tourist trap.

1950

During this decade the crowd-pleasing "Pilgrims" who were staffing the 1st "Pilgrim House" exhibit at the "Plimoth Plantation, Inc." tourist trap would be beginning to attire themselves regularly in the costumes which they had fashioned for their "Pilgrims' Progress" *tableau vivant*. Pastism, anyone?

PLYMOUTH

1952

The fort that had been guarding Newport Harbor for two centuries and more, Fort Adams, the second largest such stone fort along our nation's coastline, was in this year decommissioned, which is to say, upgraded from expensive militaristic nuisance to remunerative militaristic tourist trap.

RHODE ISLAND

1954

In this year approximately 1,000,000 American tourists departed for destinations other than Mexico or Canada, by way of contrast with a figure from the year 1854 of approximately 30,000 such tourists.

Speaking of tourists, gypsy moths were discovered in Michigan's lower peninsula.

1955

Walt Disney opened Disneyland, billed as the first true theme amusement park despite the previous existence of Plimoth Village.

1960

The Great Stone Face, one of our nation's foundational tourist icons, had been since the late 1920s in danger of collapse. In this year the New Hampshire highway commission renewed its efforts to hold it together with cables connected to anchoring spikes, and with epoxy glue. Four metal turnbuckles were installed to hold on the forehead block for the time being.

Before

The man who took over the maintenance of the rock formation, David C. Nielson, would install the ashes of his father, Niels F.F. Nielson, Jr., inside its famous eyesocket.

1994

May 15: DESTINATION: CONCORD, MASS.; Louisa May Alcott Slept Here; As Did Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry David Thoreau, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Other American Literary Lights; Home Edition., Los Angeles Times, 05-15-1994, pages L-14. [by JOCELYN McCLURG of the Hartford Courant, Copyright, The Times Mirror Company; Los Angeles Times, 1994]

> CONCORD, Mass. — For literature lovers, this lovely historic town about 20 miles northwest of Boston offers an embarrassment of riches. Louisa May Alcott; her father, Amos Bronson Alcott; Henry David Thoreau; Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Nathaniel Hawthorne all lived and wrote and exchanged ideas in Concord, that hotbed of 19th-Century Transcendentalism.
> Preserved as museums and open to the public are Orchard House, the family home of the Alcotts and the setting for Louisa May's children's classic, "Little Women"; the Wayside, a rambling house next door that was also home to the Alcotts and, later, Hawthorne; Emerson House, the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and the Old Manse, a magnificent 18th-Century structure where both Emerson and Hawthorne lived for a time.
> And, of course, there is Walden Pond, the inspiration for Thoreau's seminal work "Walden," which lures thousands of

visitors every year to the site where the writer lived simply in a cabin from 1845 to 1847.

Concord has been rocked by the efforts of Don Henley and his musician pals to save Walden Woods —the woodlands surrounding Walden Pond— from development. But for the most part, Concord is remarkably intact as a historic site, succumbing neither to touristy kitsch nor to numbing 20th-Century overdevelopment and commercialism.

Among Concord's many unspoiled sites is Author's Ridge in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where the town's literary lights —Louisa May Alcott, Emerson, Thoreau and Hawthorne— are buried.

Of course, a century before Thoreau went to the woods "to live deliberately," Concord and nearby Lexington earned estimable places in American history. It was at the Old North Bridge in Concord (today a historic site) where the "shot heard 'round the world" signaled the start of the American Revolution on April 19, 1775.

If the visitor plans carefully, all four literary houses can be toured in a day. (Days and hours vary for each. Only Orchard House is open year-round, but all of the houses can be visited through the end of October.)

Louisa May Alcott, who could be less than reverential about Concord, nicknamed Orchard House "Apple Slump." Alcott was a grown woman of 26 in 1858, when her family moved into the property, two 18th-Century houses her father had joined together.

Orchard House served as the setting for Louisa May's most famous and enduring work, "Little Women," an idealization of her own family, published in two volumes (1868-69). (The four adolescent March daughters were modeled on the four Alcott girls, and fiercely independent tomboy Jo —every little girl's favorite March daughter— was Louisa's fictional rendition of herself.)

The Alcotts struggled with poverty. Bronson Alcott, a philosopher, writer and educator who was considered brilliant by some, a flake by others, was unable to support his family. The burden fell on Louisa, and with the great success of "Little Women" (which she was reluctant to write) and subsequent volumes such as "Little Men," the second-oldest Alcott daughter —who never married— became famous and financially comfortable.

One of the pleasant surprises at Orchard House, furnished with Alcott family pieces, is the wealth of artwork by May Alcott, the youngest daughter. Take note of the owl she painted on the wall in Louisa's room right above the fireplace (also don't miss the writing desk Bronson built for his writer daughter). And May's room is charming, decorated as it is by sketches of classical scenes the young artist drew right on her bedroom walls.

In 1879, two years after the Alcotts moved out of Orchard House, Bronson Alcott founded the Concord School of Philosophy on the hillside behind the house. It still stands.

More than a decade before Bronson Alcott bought Orchard House, he moved his then-young family into a small, circa-1700 farmhouse in Concord that he dubbed "Hillside." Alcott enlarged the house, which his family lived in from 1845 to 1848.

Today the house is known as the "home of authors," and the informative tour leads visitors through several centuries of Concord literary and architectural history.

Nathaniel Hawthorne bought the house —which he renamed "the Wayside," a name that stuck— from Bronson Alcott in 1852. The Hawthornes' chief contribution to the house is a bizarre tower study built for the author of "The Scarlet Letter."

The next of the authors to live at the Wayside was Harriet Lothrop, who wrote the Five Little Peppers books under the pen name Margaret Sidney. The Lothrop family lived in the Wayside from 1883 to 1965, and the house was left to the National Park Service with its original furnishings, including some Alcott and Hawthorne family pieces.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, essayist and poet (including "The Concord Hymn"), was the leading spokesman of the Transcendental movement, which believed in the mystical unity of nature and emphasized individualism, self-reliance and rejection of traditional authority. One of Emerson's disciples was Thoreau, who lived in Emerson's home from 1841 to 1843, before spiriting himself away to Walden Pond.

The Alcotts were admirers and friends of Emerson (Bronson being a fellow Transcendentalist), and Louisa May idolized him.

Emerson lived in this sturdy white house with his second wife and children from 1835 until his death in 1882; it is furnished with Emerson family pieces and preserved very much as it was at the time of Emerson's death. (The contents and furnishings of Emerson's study are now housed in the Concord Museum across the street, but the study in the house has been re-created to look as it did when Emerson was alive.)

Many of Emerson's personal effects are on display, including his walking sticks and gowns he wore on his famous lecture tours.

The handsome, stately Old Manse is a monument to Concord's dual historical legacy — both Revolutionary and literary. It was built in 1770 by the Rev. William Emerson, Ralph Waldo's grandfather. No doubt the inhabitants of the house heard the famous shots fired in 1775 at Old North Bridge, just across a field.

Emerson lived in the house with his mother from 1834 to 1835, until he married Lydia Jackson and moved into a home on the Cambridge Turnpike. (Emerson wrote his Transcendentalist essay "Nature" in the Old Manse's study during this period.)

But a much stronger literary association belongs to Nathaniel Hawthorne, who rented the Old Manse from then-owner Samuel Ripley for the first three blissful years (1842-45) of his marriage to Sophia Peabody. Here Hawthorne wrote "Mosses From an Old Manse," and here the happy newlyweds scratched inscriptions (using Sophia's diamond) into the windowpanes. Hawthorne enjoyed friendships with Emerson and Thoreau while living in Concord. After returning for a time to Hawthorne's native Salem, Mass., the Hawthornes moved back to Concord in 1852 and lived in the Wayside. Hawthorne died in 1864.

GUIDEBOOK
Authors' Abodes

- Getting there: Fly nonstop from LAX to Boston on American, United and Northwest and direct (with at least one stop but no change of planes) on Delta. Lowest round-trip fares start at about $450. Rent a car in Boston and drive about 30 minutes northwest to Concord.
- Literary houses: Call for hours and admission fees.
- Concord Museum, 200 Lexington Road, Concord, Mass. 01742; telephone (508) 369-9609.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU AND OUR NEW TOURIST INDUSTRY

- Emerson House, 28 Cambridge Turnpike, Concord, Mass. 01742; tel. (508) 369-2236.
- Old Manse, Monument Street, Concord, Mass. 01742; tel. (508) 369-3909.
- Orchard House, 399 Lexington Road, Concord, Mass. 01742; tel. (508) 369-4118.
- Wayside, 455 Lexington Road, Concord, Mass. 01742; tel. (508) 369-6975.
- For more information: Massachusetts Office of Travel and Tourism, 100 Cambridge St., Boston 02202; tel. (617) 727-3201

1995

Dona Brown. INVENTING NEW ENGLAND: REGIONAL TOURISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Washington DC: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1995

Nearly two centuries have gone by since commercial tourist industries first appeared in the northeastern United States. In all these years, tourism has shaped the region's landscape, influenced (and at times invented) its culture, and played a crucial role in its economy. As early as the construction of the mills of Lowell, Massachusetts, and the beginnings of mass production in the workshops of Rochester, New York, and Paterson, New Jersey, the business of tourism began to take shape. Sometimes it took the form of big business, with all the infrastructure and capitalization of a major corporation. At other times and in other places, tourism became a kind of "cottage" industry, more like palm leaf hat-making, for instance, than like textile manufacturing. But whatever their scale, tourist businesses have often been on the cutting edge of capitalist development.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU AND OUR NEW TOURIST INDUSTRY

INVENTING NEW ENGLAND

Dona Brown. INVENTING NEW ENGLAND: REGIONAL TOURISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Washington DC: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1995

Reviewed for H-PCAACA by Philip J. Landon, University of Maryland--Baltimore County. Published by H-PCAACA@msu.edu (August 1996).

Tourism and the Idea of New England

This impressive study of tourism in nineteenth-century New England is far more ambitious than its modest title suggests. Dona Brown not only charts the growth of tourism and its impact on regional economies, but she also explores the ways in which an expanding tourist industry helped create the idea of New England and the cultural values which have long been associated with that idea. INVENTING NEW ENGLAND focuses on middle-class tourists who flocked to New England in increasing numbers throughout the century, revealing the ways in which their experiences at seaside resorts and in rural towns tended both to reflect and to shape middle-class tastes and values. In six chapters, each devoted to a detailed analysis of a representative tourist haven, Brown covers commercial tourism from its beginnings in the 1820s with fashionable tours to Saratoga Springs and Niagara Falls to the 1890s when well-to-do tourists found refuge from the hectic pace of urban life in carefully reconstructed colonial villages of southern Maine.

In her chapter on the fashionable tour that carried passengers up the Hudson River and through the newly opened Erie Canal to Niagara Falls, Brown describes the important differences between the patterns of tourism evolving in the nineteenth century and those of the previous century. Before the 1820s, travelers had depended on social connections to provide them with information about the places they visited. Furthermore, these visitors were primarily interested in observing democracy in action or visiting places that exhibited the economic progress of the new nation. Thus their travels led them to urban areas where they could observe the seats of government, famous colleges, and modern factories. The Hudson tours, however, began to emphasize scenic attractions that included the picturesque vistas of the Adirondacks, the awe-inspiring Niagara Falls, and the prison at "Sing Sing." Because this new generation of travelers had no social connections in what was, until very recently, a frontier wilderness, they needed places to stay and guides to lead them to the points of interest. To meet these needs real estate speculators built hotels for the fashionable traveler, a variety of writers turned out guidebooks for them, and the American tourism business was born.

As Brown points out, the shift in touring from the population centers to rural scenes was part of the romantic attraction to Nature, and guidebooks took care not only to lead tourists to scenic waterfalls, mountain landscapes, and forest glens, but also to advise their readers how to react to these scenes. It became a mark of middle-class status to have the correct responses to features deemed sublime, picturesque, or pastoral.

Moreover, the guidebooks encouraged seeing nature as separate from and superior to the vulgarities of commerce and industry. As a result, most tourists knew how they were supposed to respond to a particular scene before laying eyes on it. Drawing upon diaries, journals, and published accounts of touring the Northeast, Brown concludes that tourists tended to be as much --if not more-- concerned with the quality of their responses to scenic places than with the places themselves.

A chapter on scenic touring in the White Mountains between 1830 and 1860 shows all of these forces at work transforming a frontier wilderness into what guidebooks would identify as the American alps. During the 1820s the Crawford family built three inns to accommodate the loggers and wagon drivers who traveled through the Notch from the northern hinterlands to Portland, Maine. Within a decade, however, these inns were attracting a new sort of customer, travelers drawn to the wild mountain scenery. With an eye on expanding their business, the Crawfords advertised the wild romantic scenery they knew would impress potential guests. Humble local names --the Flume and the Pool-- were replaced by those with more romantic associations--Silver Cascade, Diana's Baths, and Giant's Stairs.

Throughout the 1830s and 1840s, tourists flocked there in increasing numbers; among these visitors were the artists, writers, and political leaders whose work helped shape the country's deep cultural myths. Tour books described the White Mountains as embodiments of the national virtues formed by frontier life: sturdy individualism, independence, freedom. The Great Stone Face became the subject of one of Nathaniel Hawthorne's tales; the scenery was painted by Thomas Cole and praised by Daniel Webster. In "Nature" (1836), published four years after a visit to the Notch, Ralph Waldo Emerson described the poetic power of the landscape in terms similar to those found in the many books describing the White Mountains. He erred, however, when he proclaimed the landscape beyond the reach of commerce and property. Within a quarter of a century, when over 5,000 tourists climbed Mt. Washington every summer, the countryside had begun to lose its majesty. A booming tourist business changed it from "a scenic wonderland ... to a fashionable summer place" (page 74).

In the chapters on Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, Brown explores the ways in which the developing tourist industry contributed to the growth of consumerism and exploited the nostalgic longing for a more tranquil, harmonious past. By the 1860s, travel became possible for the growing number of Americans of limited means who could not afford the accommodations of the fashionable tourists who visited Saratoga Springs and Mt. Washington. The Wesleyan Grove on Martha's Vineyard had long been the site of week-long summer religious retreats held by the Methodist Church. They were attended by tourists of modest means who lived in communal tents and devoted their time to spiritual renewal. The 1860s saw Wesleyan Grove undergo some crucial changes. The tents were giving way to villages of private cottages, and families began to arrive before the scheduled revival services in order to enjoy a brief escape from the cities where most of them lived and worked. At the same time, religious leaders discovered the spiritual values of an annual vacation. Henry Ward Beecher advised parishioners

that a period of time away from the workaday world served to renew their religious faith. The right sort of vacation was no longer regarded as a form of self-indulgence to be avoided. Tourism, of the proper sort, helped overcome a long tradition of viewing all forms of pleasure as decadently self-indulgent. While Martha's Vineyard attracted tourists interested in preserving traditional religious values, Nantucket attracted visitors who sought a vacation retreat that corresponded to their real and imagined memories of the good old days, when America seemed more stable and tranquil, when society appeared to be free from class and ethnic divisions. As southern New England mill towns were flooded with immigrants during the 1870s and 1880s, places like Nantucket were "imagined as the repositories of a common New England heritage." They were presented to tourists as the last remaining homes of essential New England values: stability, virtue -- and Yankee bloodlines (page 108). Nantucket, in reality, did not fit this pattern. It was a commercial town in economic decline since the collapse of the whaling industry in the 1850s. But the abandoned houses and the rotting piers had a nostalgic appeal to tourists, and, with an eye to economic revival, the islanders were willing to nurture that appeal by restoring those old buildings and adopting the quaintness of manner expected by summer visitors. By the turn of the century the transformation was complete. Nantucket had manufactured a culture for the tourist trade.

Northern New Hampshire and Vermont did not experience the rapid economic decline of Nantucket, but, by 1890, it became clear that the region was also in trouble. The young left for the cities; farming left for the West; and small factories were losing out to the bigger mills of southern New England. Under the leadership of Governor Frank Rollins, New Hampshire gave birth to a new tradition in 1899: Old Home Week. The aim was to encourage former residents to return home for a vacation that would renew their ties to family, fortify the values associated by then with "old New England," and, above all, bring dollars into the state. The idea was so successful that within a few years all the New England states had followed New Hampshire's example. Old Home Week represented a new aspect of tourism that placed emphasis not on scenery but on a pastoral vision of farm life. The Vermont board of agriculture launched programs to increase tourism by advertising abandoned farms suitable for vacation homes and encouraging farmers to take in paying guests. Farm vacations were less expensive than a stay at a fashionable hotel or a shore cottage, and they attracted clerks, school teachers, and other white-collar workers with limited incomes.

Dona Brown's last chapter is devoted to the far more upscale resort communities in the vicinity of York and Kittery ME. Here the colonial past, a period when the area was engaged in the very profitable (and infamous) West Indian Trade, attracted tourists wealthy enough to renovate the old mansions or stay at the elegant new hotels. Real estate developers and hotel owners stressed the region's colonial past; summer people saw it as another refuge form modern urban life. Both Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Thomas Nelson Page summered there and published idealized accounts of life along the Piscataqua River. They extolled the virtues of the natives and their moral superiority to the inferior races populating America's large cities. Brown

points out that not all the summer people shared such reactionary views. For example, William Dean Howells, another summer resident, managed to reconcile his progressive views with admiration for the values associated with the old colonial order. His political sympathies for the working classes who sweltered all summer in the cities did not interfere with an annual trip to Kittery.

The book concludes with an epilogue that sketches the twentieth-century development of the tourist business on Cape Cod and takes a brief look at future prospects for using tourism to combat economic decline in the once-prosperous cities of New England.

The strengths of INVENTING NEW ENGLAND seem to be equally distributed among the quality of the writing, the clarity of the argument, and the strength of the historical sources. At a time when cultural studies are often exercises in unreadable prose and tendentious theorizing, Dona Brown has produced a first-rate account of the degree to which the idea of New England was constructed by the evolution of the tourist industry. Although it can be read as an example of judicious social analysis, it should also be read for its striking insights into the reason why generations of tourists and summer people have been so attached to the New England countryside. Let me conclude with what I intend as a compliment, not a criticism. After finishing INVENTING NEW ENGLAND on the porch of a summer cottage in central Maine, I noticed that the landscape praised by Emerson in "Nature" did not look quite the same.

(Contact: P.C.Rollins at the following electronic address: Rollins@osuunx.ucc.okstate.edu)

1996

May 11: An old twin-engine DC9, ValuJet flight 592 crammed to the gills with low-rent tourists, crashed onto the location in the Everglades Holiday Park along canal L67, near the Tamiami Trail, at which, in February 1841, 213 Black Seminoles had chosen mass suicide in order to avoid being put into coffles by the US Army and led off into enslavement on Southern plantations. –A new pile of anonymous bones, atop an old pile.

TIMELINE OF ACCIDENTS

1997

Paul Schneider's THE ADIRONDACKS: A HISTORY OF AMERICA'S FIRST WILDERNESS (NY: Henry Holt and Company)

Forever Wild

Reviewed by Buck Foster, btf1@ra.msstate.edu,
Department of History, Mississippi State University.

The Adirondacks, a semi-protected forest area in upstate New York, has a rich and powerful history. Harvey H. Kaiser, Samuel Edelberg, Barbara McMartin, Carl Owens, Craig Gilborn, and many others have written on the subject. Each of these, however, only considered a small aspect of the park's past. Paul Schneider provides one of the first comprehensive narrative histories about the Adirondacks.

THE ADIRONDACKS is multi-faceted. Schneider takes already explored material, binds it together with his own fresh information, and creates a multi-level history of this great location. One history is of the human existence in the park. Within this framework, the author explores the changing meaning of the area to its human inhabitants.

Beginning in the 17th century with the Adirondacks' earliest inhabitants, the Iroquois, Schneider illustrates the park's importance to the natives. It is not only a living space, but also the spiritual birthplace of their people. The Native Americans found all they needed for daily living within the surrounding forest and meadows.

As Europeans explored and settled the area, they began viewing the land as an untouched resource. Hopeful farmers, miners, trappers, and loggers came to make their living and to exploit the region for man's benefit. As time passed, rich sportsmen and hunters touted the land as a wildlife paradise, rich in nature's fruit and plentiful enough to last forever. Soon, naturalists and artists heard of the Adirondacks' beauty and flocked to the region to be inspired.

As the tourists came, land developers and hotel barons crowded in to serve the clientele, building lavish structures to accommodate the hordes thirsting for a taste of "the wild." The parks clear lakes and streams coupled with crisp mountain air soon caused prominent physicians to prescribe trips to the region for their patients.

Schneider ends his human history of the Adirondacks with a look at the present state of the area. Housing development and resort communities intermingled with the semi-protected forest provides the background for the environmentalist/ conservationist battle that has engulfed the region for some time. The 1894 New York State Constitution states that land contained within the Forest Preserve in Adirondack Park "shall be forever kept as wild forest lands." From this point on, the fight has raged over how the park's land and resources would be used.

The second level of history that Schneider provides is the environmental history of the Adirondacks. He illustrates how,

through human influences and natural occurrences, the land, wildlife, and resources changed over time. He is especially enlightening on the timber industry and how its practices and influences have effected the region. This relates to the third level of history: how humans and the environment effect one another.

Schneider takes the human side and blends it with the environments', and provides the reader with several different points to ponder and levels to understand the past. He writes in a way that his readers not only understand what he is describing, but they "feel" the Adirondacks through his words. In addition, Schneider allows the reader to understand the park today by illuminating its past.

Schneider peppers his narrative with colorful characters. Sigmund Freud, Herbert Hoover, Benjamin Harrison, Calvin Coolidge, Teddy Roosevelt, Robert Louis Stevenson, and many other notables that trod the mountains trails, hotel lobbies, or cabin porches. He does not forget the layman either, describing guides, fishermen, trappers, thieves, and loggers. This allows the reader to live through these characters, if only for a moment. They can stalk a deer or sit on the porch of their great camp in the woods. Imaginative folk can take tea on the veranda of the Saratoga Hotel or swim in Lake George. The main point is that no matter if the reader is a historian, environmentalist, booklover, or just likes a great story, they will enjoy THE ADIRONDACKS because of its great narrative, vivid descriptions, and interesting information.

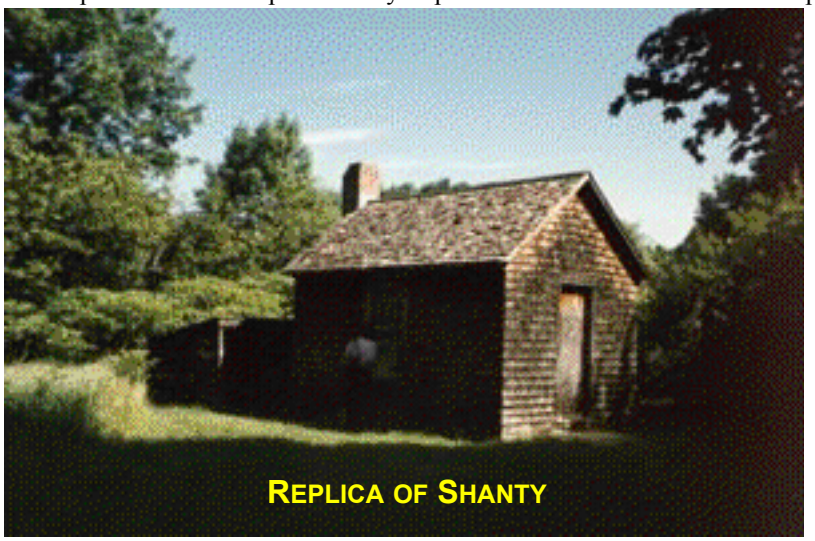
Despite the great prose, however, the book does contain some problems. The endnotes are confusing to follow. The chronology is difficult to understand. Certain chapters appear out of place. For example, chapter thirteen describes the mining business in the park, listing amounts and locations of ore pockets in the 1800-1900s. The following chapter forwards to the present and covers ice climbing and the changing role of the Adirondack guide. In chapter fifteen, Schneider moves into the past again, and lists the authors and artists that frequented the area in the 19th century, ending with Dr. Edward L. Trudeau's Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium.

Although the chapter on ice climbing and the "new" Adirondack guide is important, its location in the text is questionable. Lastly, several chapters are less than three or four pages long. The reader may have been better served if this information was integrated into the other chapters. Perhaps a stronger editing hand could have solved some of the problems.

Although THE ADIRONDACKS contains a few minor problems, they do not take away from this great history or the author's ability to tell a worthwhile and interesting story.

1999

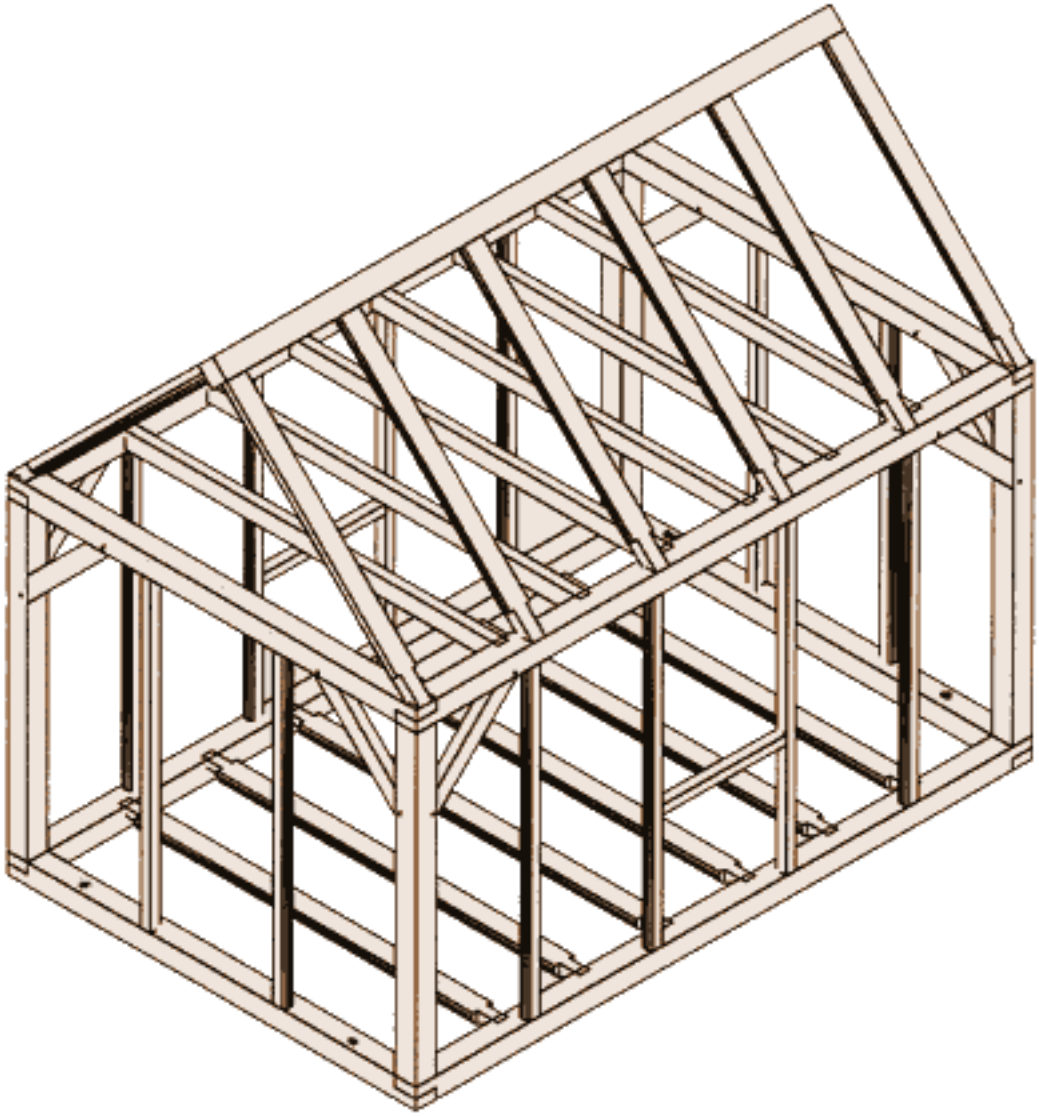
June: W. Barksdale Maynard, an adjunct faculty member of the Delaware College of Art and Design, writing in the Art Bulletin for June 1999 on "Thoreau's House at Walden" (pages 303-325), properly protested that although Henry Thoreau has been "long mythologized as a uniquely brilliant and self-sufficient figure," literary scholars have been failing to provide the sort of "broadly contextual studies" which are needed if we are to understand how the guy fitted into his locale and his era. An example of this, he offers, is the improper adulation which has been expressed for Thoreau as a seminal architectural thinker who, in the first half of the 19th Century, was allegedly writing already in anticipation of the tradition of Frank Lloyd Wright and other 20th-Century architectural innovators. That sort of adulation is improper because these hagiographers really have not make any serious study of 19th-Century architectural attitudes or of how Thoreau's own attitudes compared with these. They have not properly contextualized their appreciation. Maynard's present article is offered in partial correction of this deficiency: it is an attempt at such a contextualization, demonstrating that rather than being a seminal architectural thinker who was already in the 1st half of the 19th Century anticipating such 20th-Century figures as Frank Lloyd Wright, Thoreau was actually a man of his times, with architectural attitudes typical of the most enlightened of his times. The 10 X 15 shanty at Walden Pond, which was framed not with the new "balloon" framing that had been being pioneered in Chicago but with the older style of in-place framing, "has seldom been examined in the full context of contemporary architectural thought." The shanty structure was not depicted with exact precision by Sophia Thoreau in her famous frontispiece drawing, for



REPLICA OF SHANTY

Henry noted in his copy of the book that "I would suggest a little alteration, chiefly in the door, in the wide projection of the roof at the front; and that the bank more immediately about the house be brought out more distinctly." Evidently, in accordance with what was considered good architectural design in that period, Thoreau had made the eves of the roof project a bit farther out over the doorway than was depicted by his sister, in order to protect his lintel from falling rain, and evidently the structure was, in accordance with what was then considered the best siting for a country villa, more snugly than would be apparent in Sophia's drawing under the protection of the slope to the northwest.

This is what the frame of the shanty would have looked like, standing in the woods before any boards or shingles or lathe and plaster had been applied:



(I would not myself have bothered to demonstrate that the hagiographers who have alleged that Thoreau was not a man of his times, but had already in the 1st half of the 19th Century uniquely been anticipating such 20th-Century architects as Frank Lloyd Wright, had their heads up their collective asses. I would have assumed that **everyone who matters already is very well aware** that such hagiographers have their heads up their collective asses. I would have automatically assumed that such hagiographers had actually not done their homework, had not done any comparative research whatever into architectural history. I have **met** some of these hagiographers, and understand where they are coming from. I ignore their work product.)

Along the way, W. Barksdale Maynard points out that Roland Wells Robbins found the cabin foundation at 204 feet from the pond edge (when the pond is full enough to form a marsh in Thoreau's Cove), whereas on Thoreau's manuscript map (to his eye) the distance to the little marshy protrusion appears to be about 190 feet,[32] and whereas, in the text of WALDEN, Thoreau roughly indicated this distance as merely some "half a dozen rods," which, if it had been intended as a precise measurement rather than a fuzzy approximation, would have been precisely 99 feet and therefore most inaccurate. "About a dozen rods" would be appropriate, if the foundation that Robbins dug into was indeed the foundation of Thoreau's shanty rather than that of some other unknown previous or subsequent structure that had stood on that small ledge of land. The orientation of the shanty, on Thoreau's 1846 manuscript survey map of Walden Pond, is at about 145 degrees, its door facing between southeast and south-southeast. The compass declination taken by Robbins from the chimney foundation which he uncovered, when corrected for the known magnetic differences between 1846 and 1946, does corroborate this survey map.

(I find that I am not as amazed as Maynard, that Thoreau's fuzzy approximation "half a dozen rods" actually was off by about half a dozen rods.)

32. This is now controverted by Professor Donald W. Linebaugh, who tells me that he has overlaid Thoreau's map over his own GPS map of Robbins's diggings and has demonstrated that they do match within a foot or two.

What Maynard intends by all this is that "within the boundaries of the nearly fourteen acres owned by Emerson, [Thoreau] had located his house in precisely the way prescribed by the villa books" that were contemporary in Thoreau's era, books that he may well have perused either firsthand or secondhand. "Suiting the ideal –and at the same time adapting itself to the somewhat awkward orientation of Emerson's lot– it stood partway up a moderate rise, was protected to the north and east, and faced southeast, toward a sunny exposure and the view of the lake." Could this similarity to the recommendations of the existing villa books have been a mere coincidence? "Naturally, some of the similarities between Thoreau's situation at Walden and the villa books are coincidental, but his own written accounts seem to emphasize these similarities deliberately, as if to signal his awareness of accepted principles concerning the fitness of a country house to its location."

> Building on pastoral conventions popularized by eighteenth-century poetry, these men advocated the habit of retirement and the reform of domestic architecture along the lines of the humble English cottage, a model of integrity, fitness, and the rustic Picturesque.

Maynard provides an interesting commentary on Thoreau's lengthy architectural remark in WALDEN,

> Far from being novel, this is an eloquent summary of philosophies in the villa books, signaling Thoreau's sympathy for a central goal of those books — to reform architecture in light of "humble log huts and cottages of the poor." It is in this same spirit of the "indweller" that he attacks the "take up a handful of earth" conceit: "What do you take up a handful of dirt for — Why dont [*sic*] you paint your house with your blood?" ... [Thoreau] did not pioneer fitness, truth, or the "organic"; all these ideas he borrowed, shaping them to his own purposes and expressing them in bold, sharp words that [Andrew Jackson] Downing, bound by polite conventions, necessarily avoided. Rather than seeing Thoreau as an anomalous visionary, we should appreciate his shrewd grasp and effective rephrasing of the radical architectural ideas current in his day.

WALDEN: True, there are architects so called in this country, and I have heard of one at least possessed with the idea of making architectural ornaments have a core of truth, a necessity, and hence a beauty, as if it were a revelation to him. All very well perhaps from his point of view, but only a little better than the common dilettantism. A sentimental reformer in architecture, he began at the cornice, not at the foundation. It was only how to put a core of truth within the ornaments, that every sugar plum in fact might have an almond or caraway seed in it –though I hold that almonds are most wholesome without the sugar,– and not how the inhabitant, the indweller, might build truly within and without, and let the ornaments take care of themselves. What reasonable man ever supposed that ornaments were something outward and in the skin merely, –that the tortoise got his spotted shell, or the shellfish its mother-o'-pearl tints, by such a contract as the inhabitants of Broadway their Trinity Church? But a man has no more to do with the style of architecture of his house than a tortoise with that of its shell, nor need the soldier be so idle as to try to paint the precise **color** of his virtue on his standard. The enemy will find it out. He may turn pale when the trial comes. This man seemed to me to lean over the cornice and timidly whisper his half truth to the rude occupants who really knew it better than he. What of architectural beauty I now see, I know has gradually grown from within outward, out of the necessities and character of the indweller, who is the only builder, –out of some unconscious truthfulness, and nobleness, without ever a thought for the appearance; and whatever additional beauty of this kind is destined to be produced will be preceded by a like unconscious beauty of life. The most interesting dwellings in this country, as the painter knows, are the most unpretending, humble log huts and cottages of the poor commonly; it is the life of the inhabitants whose shells they are, and not any peculiarity in their surfaces merely, which makes them **picturesque**; and equally interesting will be the citizen's suburban box, when his life shall be as simple and as agreeable to the imagination, and there is as little straining after effect in the style of his dwelling. A great proportion of architectural ornaments are literally hollow, and a September gale would strip them off, like borrowed plumes, without injury to the substantials. They can do without **architecture** who have no olives nor wines in the cellar. What if an equal ado were made about the ornaments of style in literature, and the architects of our bibles spent as much time about their cornices as the architects of our churches do? So are made the *belles-lettres* and the *beaux-arts* and their professors. Much it concerns a man, forsooth, how a few sticks are slanted over him or under him, and what colors are daubed upon his box. It would signify somewhat, if, in any earnest sense, **he** slanted them and daubed it; but the spirit having departed out of the tenant, it is of a piece with constructing his own coffin, –the architecture of the grave, and "carpenter" is but another name for "coffin-maker." One man says, in his despair or indifference to life, take up a handful of the earth at your feet, and paint your house that color. Is he thinking of his last and narrow house? Toss up a copper for it as well. What an abundance of leisure he must have! Why do you take up a handful of dirt? Better paint your house your own complexion; let it turn pale or blush for you. An enterprise to improve the style of cottage architecture! When you have got my ornaments ready I will wear them.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU AND OUR NEW TOURIST INDUSTRY

W. Barksdale Maynard gives Thomas Woodson full credit for having already pointed out to us that there was an obvious and important link yet to be discovered between Thoreau's excursion to the Berkshires and Catskills during 1844 and his subsequent sojourn on Walden Pond. "His country house ... seems to have been initially suggested by a Catskills 'mountain house' he had recently admired," a house which, when it was looked for, turns out, most sadly, no longer to be in existence. (We can visit the approximate site of this structure – but there is now nothing there.)

At this point Maynard conflates the author Thoreau with the literary protagonist he created in WALDEN, and conflates Thoreau's stay at Walden Pond with the book by that title: "His Catskills trip has been virtually overlooked as an essential source of inspiration for Walden." In committing such an elementary error, Maynard more or less places himself in the same boat as the folks who summer after summer wrongheadedly make a pilgrimage to Walden Pond expecting that this venue will inspire them, only to find themselves turned off by its crowds, noise, trash, and natural degradation, and its general local crassness being right next door to a trailer park and a dump and visible from a well-traveled road and from a railroad tracks on which there are frequent trains. Such reader pilgrims depart cursing Concord and/or the 20th Century, and cursing their fellow tourists, but only because they fail to recognize that the book WALDEN wasn't about **finding** some really great geographical place to be at, the very best place to be at, better than any other place to have a pic-nic at, a beautiful pristine place that can in itself because of its beauteousness and pristineness provoke endless inspiration, and reporting that place's location so that everybody and her brother could go there and enjoy it, but rather was about **learning how to make the place where one is**, wherever one is, whatever its condition, become endlessly inspiring by means of an internal change in one's personal climate of mentation. Maynard supposes that the book WALDEN was preaching about the external circumstances which Thoreau describes – a mistake which admittedly is an easy one to commit because Thoreau simply does not allow any easy binary opposition between the external and the internal. By making such a conflation, however, Maynard puts Thoreau more than I would consider entirely appropriate in the same bucket with other 19th-Century disaffected individualist types such as Friend Ricketson of New Bedford, folks who equivalently indulged themselves with personal shanties.

In the wake of his Catskills trip of 1844, Maynard alleges,

> Thoreau creatively translated wilderness values to a suburban location as part of his desire "to live a primitive and frontier life, though in the midst of an outward civilization." Following, in part, the lead of the villa books, he published his house design in WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS (1854), urging it as a model both intellectual and practical, stressing its complete opposition to all that was false and pretentious in the architecture of the day and highlighting its affinities to the so-called primitive hut, thereby joining the many contemporaries concerned with the origins of architecture and the promise, by return to "first principles," of true architectural reform. Viewed in context, the Walden experiment no longer seems, as it is so often portrayed, anomalous, antisocial, and escapist; instead, it may be understood as an intelligent and ambitious attempt to engage in current dialogues on the villa, the rustic, and the reform of domestic architecture, as Thoreau sought to participate in a popular new kind of lifestyle, suburban retirement.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU AND OUR NEW TOURIST INDUSTRY

(While I cannot disagree that the author of WALDEN is often portrayed as "anomalous, antisocial, and escapist," I do not agree that at this point our scholars need to produce any further refutations of such popular attitudes. Such attitudes are held only by those who have not yet begun their study of this literary figure, and do not needed to be treated with any seriousness.)

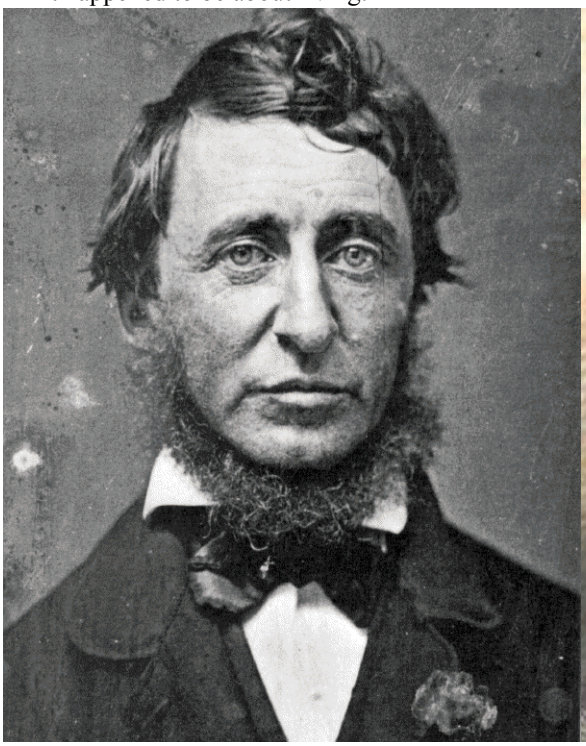
However, I have a further caveat: Was that all that Henry David Thoreau's life and writing supposedly was about? –About a mere seeking to "participate in a popular new kind of lifestyle, suburban retirement," as indicated by this architectural historian in the summation to his article? If this was indeed so, I suggest, Cynthia should have sent our poet up garret at once: "And don't you sneak back down here, either, Hank, my boy, until you are ready to be a full human being!" No, this wasn't so. Thoreau's life and writing, although it was conducted largely within a town, Concord, which was at that point becoming a bedroom community connected to beautiful downtown business Boston by a commuter rail line, was **not** about seeking retirement to the suburbs as a popular new kind of lifestyle. Get a clue!

WALDEN: A comfortable house for a rude and hardy race, that lived mostly out of doors, was once made here almost entirely of such materials as Nature furnished ready to their hands. Gookin, who was superintendent of the Indians subject to the Massachusetts Colony, writing in 1674, says, "The best of their houses are covered very neatly, tight and warm, with barks of trees, slipped from their bodies at those seasons when the sap is up, and made into great flakes, with pressure of weighty timber, when they are green.... The meaner sort are covered with mats which they make of a kind of bulrush, and are also indifferently tight and warm, but not so good as the former.... Some I have seen, sixty or a hundred feet long and thirty feet broad.... I have often lodged in their wigwams, and found them as warm as the best English houses." He adds, that they were commonly carpeted and lined within with well-wrought embroidered mats, and were furnished with various utensils. The Indians had advanced so far as to regulate the effect of the wind by a mat suspended over the hole in the roof and moved by a string. Such a lodge was in the first instance constructed in a day or two at most, and taken down and put up in a few hours; and every family owned one, or its apartment in one.

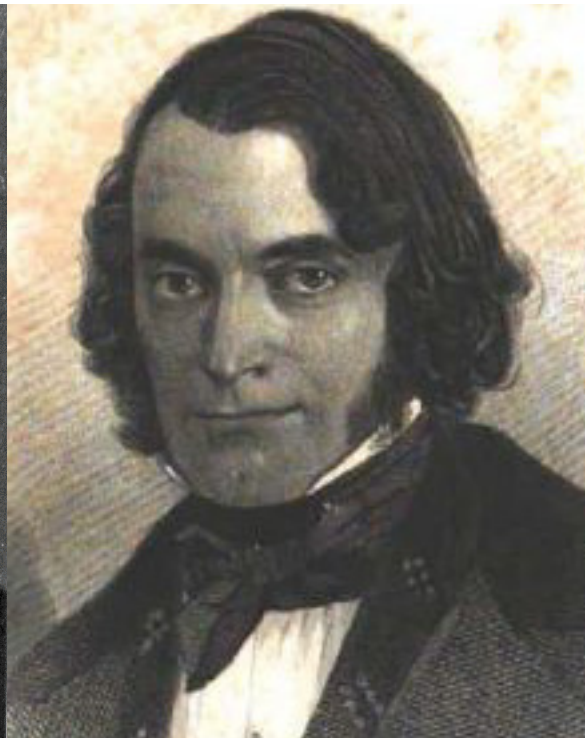
DANIEL GOOKIN

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

To encapsule my personal attitude in regard all this, WALDEN didn't happen to be about living in a house, it happened to be about living:



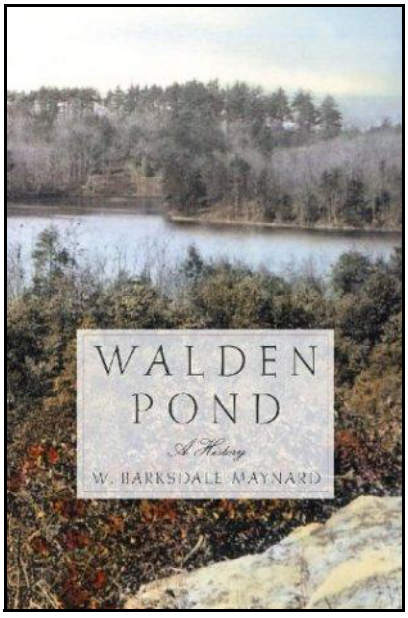
(WROTE WALDEN)



(DID NOT WRITE WALDEN)

But don't bother to consult our architect wannabee's lengthy 1999 article. Due to the passage of time, you can consult his hot idea at greater length:

W. Barksdale Maynard. WALDEN POND: A HISTORY. NY: Oxford UP, 2004



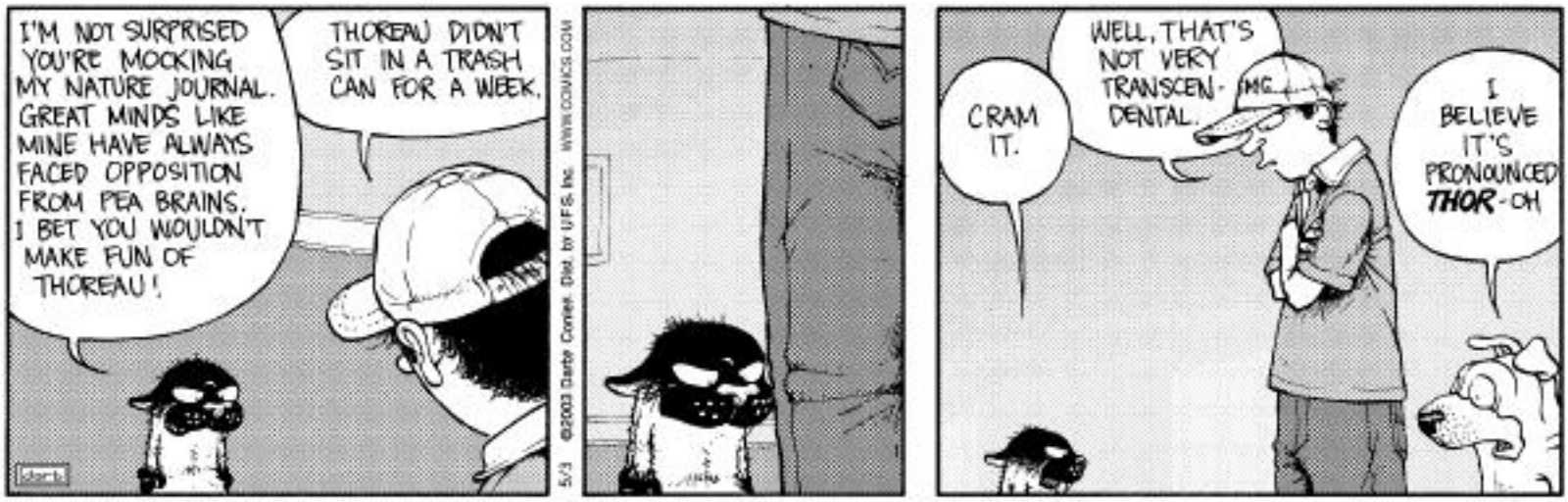
2003

May 3: The Great Stone Face fell overnight. Nobody even heard it fall.
It's all gone. Since about 1960 it had been being held together with cables connected to anchoring spikes, and epoxy glue.

Before

(With this rock formation, of course, fell the ashes of the guy who had been interred in the eye-socket. So it goes.)

Not that this has anything to do with our falling face, but in the newspapers on this fatal day, a dude who had been born in Concord and grew up in Carlyle, Darby Conley, happened to be including a reference to Thoreau in his comic strip, "Fuzzy":



"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: July 8, 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.

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.