

Chapter 14

Return to the West (1836)

"Do you know," Martineau wrote to Gannett before she left Boston, "that Messrs Hilliard & Gray have sent me \$300 today," with the rest "probably before I leave New Eng^d?" Martineau and Louisa next made their way to New York (almost certainly by rail) where Martineau was to spend two months. Louisa's passage had been booked on the *Orpheus*, and henceforth Martineau would rely on American friends to "hear" for her. She had promised to stay with the William Wares in mid-February, but the hearings of the abolitionists with the committee from the Massachusetts legislature had evidently kept her in Boston.

(Catharine Sedgwick now called on Martineau at her lodgings on Broadway and found her "pleasantly established" with "a fine parlor to receive her guests." But Sedgwick disliked Martineau's excited talk of immediate abolition, commenting to her friend Louisa Minot that "intimate associations in Boston with persons of enthusiastic temperament have been unfortunate for her." Martineau saw everything as if "by a conflagration," while her fear of lynching in Louisville seemed preposterous. Sedgwick hoped "the kink" would get out of Martineau's mind before she went home. Yet she feared the mischief was partly done as Martineau's brother James had cautioned her "to send her papers over at once.")

Martineau had forgiven Gannett (now "dear Stiles"). In New York, the preparations for Louisa's departure so fully occupied both travelers that "our pens have lain at rest, except for settling accounts, & making out washing bills," she commented humorously. On "a beautiful day for Louisa's departure," the first of April, Martineau had "left her on the water, two hours ago . . . in excellent spirits." With slight surprise she commented that Louisa "must have more home-pleasures in prospect than I had believed," yet she contrived to send all her "presents &c to Eng^d by her." Martineau was going out every day with "a large variety of society [including] the British consul," Henry S. Fox. Gannett was right, she told him, to "seek present tranquility" rather than to "look back on the past" as long as any of it seemed "dark" to him.¹

Preceding the second hearing before the legislature in Boston on Tuesday, 8 March, the suggestion had been made to let only the most "gentlemanly of the abolitionists" speak, rather than Garrison, which was righteously put down. During the testimony, Follen was again "desired [by the committee] to hold his tongue," but he "fought his ground inch by inch" Martineau said admiringly. The abolitionists had won a moral victory. After the next election the Massachusetts legislature "passed a series of anti-slavery resolutions by a majority of 378 to 16," she recorded, proving that "the body of the people were sound."²

Martineau was to dedicate a long passage in her autobiography to the abuse of herself that "ran through almost every paper in the Union," incited by slave traders who "haunted the Ohio at the time when I was about to descend the river with a party of friends." As part of a three-month excursion with the Follens and the Ellis Grey Loring, she had hoped to meet James Birney at Cincinnati (a former slave-owner who had freed his slaves and become an abolitionist) and Follen's brother who owned a farm in Missouri. One evening at the Channings Martineau had found Loring waiting until 11:00 to see her. A merchant, he said, had warned him that pro-slavery men in Cincinnati intended to prosecute Martineau and that "worse things

were contemplated in the slave-holding city of Louisville," Kentucky. As Martineau was tying up her papers for safe keeping next morning, Channing came in, "more moved than I had ever seen him." Wiping away the tears "that rolled down under his spectacles," he apologized for Americans' treatment of one who had done much for them. He begged her not to endanger others of her party, as well as herself, by going down the Ohio. Reluctantly, Martineau gave up her newly conceived plans.³

Possibly in Spring 1836 in New York, Martineau's reputation as an expert on the treatment of the deaf and dumb and blind brought an invitation to call on "the mother of a young lady who was deaf and dumb." Although those "deaf from birth" lacked the sense "most valuable in the formation of mind," Martineau declared in *Retrospect*, American benevolence gave them too much credit for special powers. When she told the mother of the deaf girl frankly that treatment of the deaf was not well understood, the clergyman accompanying her "looked amazed," but the mother laid her hand on Martineau's and thanked her "for pleading the cause of the depressed against those who expected too much of them." Martineau lamented not having seen the American Asylum for the deaf and dumb at Hartford, Connecticut, but "in company with several ladies, two of whom were deaf and dumb, and had been pupils in the school," she visited the New York Asylum. Instinctively entering into the spirit of the school, Martineau let the children try her ear trumpet. Though some heard sounds, the teachers discouraged such experiments. Deaf children, Martineau was to argue vehemently, "should try experiments with every ear-trumpet that has been invented." One boy at the school recognized her and wrote her name on his slate along with information about her for his companions. Another boy's composition on Niagara Falls pleased her.⁴

Martineau's whirl of social engagements continued. On an April night during an unusually bright display of the aurora borealis, she was staying "at a house in the upper part of New-York" having dined with "Miss Sedgwick, Mr. Bryant, and the author of Palmyra Leaves [William Ware]." But they--and she--missed the spectacle.⁵

Without Louisa to "hear" for her, Martineau now wrote to "Dear Aunt Susan," Eliza Follen's younger sister (Charley's aunt), to ask if she wanted to join a party with the Wares, Jenny Sedgwick, perhaps Bryant and "Miss Sedgwick" to go to West Point on 28 April "to stay & climb about there till Sat^y." Susan must be "in time to start Thurs^y morn^g at 6," they could "then proceed to Hudson on Sunday aftⁿ, & on to Stockbridge by the regular stage" on Monday.⁶

Having arrived safely in Stockbridge, Martineau raved to the Wares about the mutual "flush of pleasure at meeting, -- the Follens & I." Together they had a house of "3 good rooms," let for a month by the "widow Jones" at \$2.50 a week each (half price for Charley) including board, and "all as clean as a Shaker house." Furnishings comprised an "easy chair, desk &c, & two tender pictures: 'My little Bird'; 'My little cat.'" At the moment, Eliza and Charles were "putting their clothes into drawers & closets," Charley was "out among the chickens" and *she* was looking out the window "at the most perfect of landscapes." What would the Wares give to be there? From their hilltop she could see distant mountains and hills, the "road & the winding river" and a "soft, reddish green tinge over all the woods." Only the "glaring red" church in the village offended her eye, which she threatened to "whitewash . . . between night & morn^g, some day." The trip from the Hudson in Massachusetts to Stockbridge had been beautiful. On the boat, she met Charles Augustus Murray, whom she had seen in Kentucky, and

Gouverneur Kemble of West Point, who agreed to supply her with three numbers of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* containing Ware's "Palmyra letters."

In *Society*, Martineau described the "bright carpet of green" rising from the "blue mazy Housatonic" like a scene "air-painted [or] cloud-molded." Unusually, personal trivia took up several pages: their breakfasts at half-past seven of "excellent bread, potatoes, hung beef, eggs, and strong tea" were followed by mornings spent writing and reading; at two, they dined with the family. In the afternoons they "rambled abroad," sometimes to Lenox (five miles away) to the post office, the grocery store or the cobbler's shop. In the evenings they called in the village, "or the village came up to us." Once "a tremendous spring-storm" forced the ladies to walk up the hill from the village "with handkerchiefs over their heads, India-rubbers on their feet . . . dresses tucked up, and cloaks swathed around them." Loving the hearty exercise, Martineau surprised the villagers "who were not aware how English ladies can walk." Yet even rural children in America seemed "more or less instructed," which an old almanac might help to explain. Among the preparations for winter on a farm it recommended: "'Secure your cellars from frost. Fasten loose clapboards and shingles. Secure a good schoolmaster.'" One of the widow's daughters knew all the local plants and showed the boarders "places in the woods and meadows" to gather "marsh flowers, wood anemones, and violets."⁷

"Everybody who has heard of American scenery has heard of Lake George," Martineau declared in *Retrospect*, but she feared she was going to miss the lake in upstate New York she "most desired to see . . . so many hindrances had fallen in the way of my plans." By good luck, she was able to join a party of four going to Saratoga *and* Lake George. Her companions were to be George Ripley, then minister of the Unitarian Purchase Street Church in Boston, his wife (the former Sophia Dana) and another "lady." (Ripley was a student of German philosophy and an admirer of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*; Martineau "made the Sartor her constant companion in a delightful tour" he told Carlyle.)⁸

At about noon on 12 May, the party "alighted shivering from the railcar at Saratoga" and hastened to the Adelphi to order dinner. There they found the "author of Major Jack Downing's Letters and two other gentlemen reading the newspapers round a stove." The "author" was likely Seba Smith, founder of the *Portland Courier* and a Yankee political humorist. Martineau and her friends strolled around the fashionable resort of "large white frame houses, with handsome piazzas [now] festooned with dead creepers," and viewed the "waterworks . . . looking like a giant's shower-bath." Dutifully tasting the local "Congress water" they found it quite palatable. Martineau noted a man and a boy "filling and corking the bottles with a dexterity . . . able to dispatch a hundred dozen per day." After dinner the party set out in an open carriage through Glens Falls, where the "narrow Hudson rushes along amid enormous masses of rock," leaping "sixty feet down the chasms and precipices." The surrounding wood and stone sawmills created "the busiest scene I saw near any water-power in America," Martineau later reported, but the "tremendous" noise of the water repelled her. At the Lake George inn, people were "busy cleaning, in preparation for summer company," but the unseasonable guests were welcomed. Next morning the party visited Fort William Henry and then wandered about, scrambling through "thick groves" and climbing a fence to sit on a log in the water, basking "like a party of terrapins, till dinnertime." On Saturday, they drove "in and out, up and down" the road around the lake, careful to be home before sunset when the Yankees at the inn would cease all work for the Sabbath. On Sunday Martineau visited the fort;

on Monday "a stout boy" rowed them to two islands in the lake. Diamond Island was "carpeted with forget-me-not" and ringed by waters so transparent one could easily see "fine red trout" below.⁹

Back at Stockbridge, Martineau learned of the death of young Charles Emerson (who had publicly defended her right to free speech after the November abolition meeting). It was "so heavy a stroke even on *my* heart that it made me tremble for you," she wrote to his brother Ralph Waldo. She had written to the Wares in early May about parting from *them*, but "spiritual affinity" surely meant they would meet after death. "You don't know how it strikes me, going about as I have been doing, & find^e so many rich minds & tender hearts," she urged, *not* accepting Gannett's doctrine that "to surrender altogether what we most love" showed greater faith. James had meanwhile sent her proofs of the first two of the six lectures he was publishing that were "Beautiful!" He planned seven more and seemed "to stand his toils wonderfully . . . notwith^e his sensitiveness, thinness & sallowness."¹⁰

Despite the prospect of leaving new friends, Martineau was in high spirits at the end of her two-year stay in America. The Ellis Grey Lorings evidently joined the Stockbridge party in early June, probably at Albany. In *Society*, Martineau recorded having "traversed the valley of the Mohawk twice; the first time by the [Erie] canal, the next by stage." She preferred the views from "the high road" from where they could observe "the courses of the canal and the new rail-road [for] the valley was really beautiful last June."

The Mohawk Indians, she thought romantically, must have been "heart-sore to part with it." The farms, "with all the stir of life about them," the "hanging oak-wood on the ridges," the waterfalls "trickling or leaping down" and the "knots of houses clustered about the locks and bridges of the canal" all seemed delightful. From the stage windows, they watched the
 green and white canal boats . . . stealing along under the opposite ridge,
 or issuing from behind a clump of elms or birches [or] gliding along a graceful
 aqueduct, with the diminished figures of the walking passengers seen moving
 along the bank.

Grouped picturesquely along the railroad tracks on the opposite side stood "shanties of Irish labourers, roofed with turf."¹¹

Before reaching Syracuse, the party passed through the village of Oneida Castle on the day the Indians had come "to receive their annual government allowance of seven dollars a head." Two men were drunk, Martineau commented, but "the rest looked sober enough." Squaws were "neatly dressed in blue pantaloons edged with white," with "clean blankets over their shoulders," and the babies were "fat and lively." When their party stopped to water the horses, they saw "several boys with bows and arrows." Follen (old-world in his manners) "made them understand by signs that anyone who could strike a quarter dollar which he would fix on a post should have it." The youths took up the challenge, and their arrows "flew like hail." When one stuck deep into the post they "saw how easily fatal this weapon might be." Soon older Indians stepped up to supervise, and a youth who won the coin went away looking "as happy with his prize as if he had regained a tract of his native wood."

At Niagara on 8 June, Martineau "accomplished the feat of going behind the fall" with only "Dr. F." The Lorings hadn't come that day, and the climb down slippery rocks was too dangerous for six-year-old Charley, who stayed with his mother. At the guide's house, Martineau and Follen donned "thick cotton garments reaching to the feet [and] green oilskin

jackets and hats" (the guide's wife remembered Martineau from before, for having admired her cow!). Holding her hat brim and firmly closing her mouth to keep the water out and be able to breathe, Martineau began the descent, led by "a stout negro." Again, proving that her sense of hearing was acute in certain ranges, she found the "noise of both wind and waters inconceivable," but as soon as she realized they were really behind the cataract, "the enjoyment was intense." In almost Freudian imagery, Martineau detailed the "watery curtain," the "crystal roof" and the "precise point where the flood left the rock . . . marked by a gush of silvery light." At the end of the path, she squeezed past the guide to touch Termination Rock, and then lost her hat, "in spite of all . . . efforts to hold it on." The guide promptly put his hat on her head, but she lost that too. From above, Eliza Follen could see them emerging from the mist like "wandering ghosts."

Afterwards, they watched tree trunks being "whisked about like twigs in the boiling waters," Martineau judging it the "very best" morning she had spent at Niagara. To tease her next day, the party insisted that as "a practised traveller," Martineau should illustrate for the German-speaking Follen a word he could not understand, "*dawdle*." This would test whether she "could spend a whole day without thinking of time, meals, or the fitness of things," and simply enjoy herself. Good-naturedly, Martineau left everything to the men, who got her post and produced "bread, biscuits, cheese, ale and lemonade" for a picnic. Two incidents illustrated the dangers for tourists, however. At Goat Island where they "*dawdled* long around the American Fall, Martineau saw a woman turn and convulsively clasp the ground; and at Horseshoe Fall, she found the bridge to the viewing tower, from which she had "hung suspended" the year before, partly gone. Bravely, the party descended the Biddle staircase that spiraled down the rock on Goat Island and walked home in dark woods "on the Canada side." To make themselves visible to each other, the women playfully caught fireflies and stuck them in their bonnets.

"Bad news awaited us at home," Martineau added at the end of the chapter in *Retrospect*. Vice-President Van Buren had cast the deciding vote for the "Gag Bill." This tie-breaking vote stopped the congressional reading of petitions to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia and new territories; and the Creek war in Georgia had broken out again. (With Louisa gone and surrounded by her new friends, Martineau had almost begun to think as an American.) The letters waiting for her at Buffalo included one from William Ware in New York, but she had no time to write.¹²

"Our route had for its chief objects (after Niagara) the Northern Lakes," Martineau continued in her autobiography. On 13 June, having crossed Lake Erie to Detroit, Michigan, they arrived just in time for breakfast. Detroit had laid down boards for sidewalks, Martineau noted in *Society*, while people were earning money to move farther west. The faces of people at breakfast were the healthiest she had seen since England. In spite of local prejudice and ignorance Detroit seemed to have a high society (in the hotel reading room, however, Loring overheard a conversation about the lynching of an abolitionist and some citizens' intention to lynch an expected *party* of abolitionists). After a drive along "the quiet Lake St. Clair," they attended "a charming evening party" at Gen. Mason's. In conversation with Mason's son Stevens Thomson Mason, newly elected governor, Martineau tried to give "a true idea of Garrison" and obtained his promise to protect "to the utmost of his power" every abolitionist who came into his state. Mason also dwelt on Michigan's hopes of becoming a state --

presently held up over a border dispute with Ohio. Having heard much of the dispute at Cincinnati, Martineau now heard Michigan's side.

As the party set out westward on 15 June, Detroit's two newspapers reported Martineau's two-day stay in the city. Their hired coach soon stopped, however, the driver calling out "'broke to bits.' The team-bolt had given way." Taken up by a mail-stage, Martineau chatted with a woman travelling with her eight children to meet her husband. Finally, the party's original coach was repaired, but soon snapped a splinter-bar. A friendly settler then welcomed them in and told of buying his eighty-acre farm at a dollar an acre three years earlier, now worth twenty dollars an acre. At Ypsilanti, Martineau picked up a newspaper printed in the "raw settlement" of Ann Arbor -- a thing that "could happen nowhere out of America," she exclaimed. Leaving Wallace's Tavern at six-thirty next morning, thirteen miles beyond Ypsilanti, they passed through Tecumseh. There they saw their first strawberries of the season, "young corn in the settlers' fields" and a variety of birds, whose twittering Martineau clearly heard. That day the stage driver ran over a hog.

On 17 June the road from Jonesville proved "more deplorable than ever," and the passengers often walked. Martineau acted "as pioneer, the gentlemen having their ladies to assist." Stranded passengers appeared all along the way. At Sturgis's Prairie, both stage-houses were crowded with one family of "fifteen or sixteen children" sleeping on chairs and floor. Martineau could hardly sleep for the heat in her tiny room until she propped the window open with a tin water-jug. For breakfast the party drove twelve miles on to White Pigeon Prairie, passing through a "wilderness of flowers; trailing roses, enormous white convolvulus, scarlet lilies, and ground ivy." Milton "must have travelled in Michigan before he wrote the garden parts of 'Paradise Lost,'" Martineau mused. At Niles, "a thriving town on the river St. Joseph," they saw Indians from the Potawatomy village nearby. Martineau had to send her boots to a cobbler; and in a "tremendous storm . . . with a deluge of rain," the man brought them back wearing "India rubbers, which reached above the knee." On 19 June they crossed the rapid St. Joseph river "by a rope ferry" to find themselves in Indian territory. In pelting rain, a family of settlers served them an "excellent breakfast" on a table "placed across the foot of two beds," Martineau noticing the beautiful daughter and an "old lady" smoking a pipe.

Entering Indiana in "reeking rain," the party tried to imagine "the celebrated Door Prairie" and reached Laporte on its edge by three o'clock. After changing horses, they set out along Lake Michigan, but the carriage "jolted and rocked from side to side" on the wet track, and at last "leaned three parts over, and stuck." Moreover, a bridge had washed away, the driver telling them he must go on with the mails and that they could spend the night with a family close by. There the bearded host, one of "the Tunker sect of Baptists," spoke candidly about his life and "peace principles." His wife was ill, but the travelers were made "thoroughly comfortable" in the three-room log house. Martineau learned of their host's eight-hundred-acre estate, bought three years earlier for a thousand dollars and now worth \$40,000. As the guests dried themselves before huge fires blazing in the chimneys, they admired "the clear windows, the bright tin water-pails, and the sheets and towels as white as snow." That night they were dispersed with family members throughout the three rooms.

Next morning Martineau read a Michigan City newspaper and busied herself writing letters. A wagon drove up, and the driver cried out that "if there was any getting to Michigan City," he was their man. Wrapping themselves in their warmest clothes and donning rubbers,

the travellers loaded their luggage on the wagon, and got ready to leave the Tunkers. Martineau was surprised and touched when the wife kissed her on both cheeks and hoped for the pleasure of her company another day. For a Norwich Unitarian, spending the night with a family of Baptists had been an unexpected new experience!

The vanished bridge had not been repaired, and they were told to wait in a nearby house. Neighbors, passengers of the mail coach and the drivers then pitched in to build a new one. Astonishingly by half-past two, the bantering and joking men had a new bridge ready. Leading the way, the wagon then bumped over each log, with water up to the hubs of the wheels. After being stuck in the middle of the water to mend a wheel rim, they ended in a drive "so exciting and pleasant, the rains having ceased," Martineau was astonished when they arrived at Michigan City. Nearing a hotel, the humorous driver blew a series of flourishes on his horn that convulsed them all with laughter, he proving a "first cousin to Paganini."

"Such a city . . . was surely never before seen," Martineau concluded of three-year old Michigan City. It had been cut out of the forest and was "curiously interspersed with little swamps," its streets "littered with stumps." Good houses might be only half finished, but its fifteen-hundred inhabitants were busy. Climbing a hill, Martineau gazed at what they "had come so far to see," the deep green inland ocean, "swelling on the horizon, and whitening into a broad and heavy surf as it rolled in." Trying to note her impressions on the spot, she could *not* convey the emotions caused by the sight of "that enormous body of tumultuous waters, rolling in . . . on the helpless forest." At the hotel their supper consisted of "young pork, good bread, potatoes, preserves, and tea" served at two tables, the men outnumbering women ten to one. In the evening they walked along the shore picking wildflowers. Charley found a small turtle, and all marveled at the colorful metamorphoses of the setting sun that "went down square."

After a cold night in the unfinished hotel they climbed into the wagon and jolted through more woods to where another bridge had fallen, then jolted back to the hotel in time for breakfast! Men were called to help build a second bridge, incredibly felling tall trees, lopping off branches and rolling the logs to the water. As Martineau watched the men work, she surmised that Americans in the back country "like the repairing of accidents -- a social employment -- better than their regular labour," while the drivers seemed to prefer "adventurous travelling to easy journeys." At last the wagon cavalcade travelled onward over hard sand, stopping for the night at what seemed like a clean log house, "prettily dressed with green boughs." Returning from a walk after supper, they learned they were "all to be stowed" in a loft with no privacy. Martineau was indignant: "It was the only place in the United States where I met with bad treatment," she recorded. More shockingly, next day, they came on the wreck of a steamer they had *almost* taken from Niles to Chicago, where the passengers had stood in deep water for twenty-four hours. Even more hair-raising near Chicago, they saw an encampment of troops sent to control an uprising among the Winnebagos, stirred up by the Comanches who were fighting for the Mexicans in Texas.

Chicago, alive with land-speculators, looked "raw and bare;" houses were ill-built and inns crowded, so the party had to stay with three different families. When a black man dressed in scarlet and riding a white horse, announced the times of sale of properties, crowds at every street corner flocked around him. Storekeepers called out offers of farms and land. Lots to a value of \$2,000,000 were being sold "along the course of a projected canal." Surprisingly, Chicago also had an "educated, refined society," a "fancy fair" being held the evening the party

arrived but Martineau was too tired to go. "There is a mixture, of course," she added in *Society* with unusual bigotry. "I even heard of a family of half breeds setting up a carriage and wearing fine jewelry." When the party called on a former Indian agent, his wife described sleeping with loaded pistols by her pillow and a dagger beneath. Yet the agent's sister had been rescued by friendly Indians who she thought had come to murder her. Martineau and her party had the "fearful pleasure" of seeing savage dances performed by the Indian agent and his brother -- though the miming of a reconnoiter and scalping made Martineau's "blood run cold." On Sunday, Follen was asked to preach in a room of the Lake House, "a new hotel then building."

Beyond Chicago, they "plunged down among the prairies, 40 miles into Illinois," Martineau continued. A young lawyer with them boasted that he had given up "the five hundred dollars per day" he made in Chicago. As they rattled out onto the wet plain in their wagon and four, Martineau saw American primroses for the first time. The prairie seemed to go on and on, but distances were deceptive. Stopping to water the horses at a house on the edge of a swamp, they were given "dough nuts" and watched a crowd of emigrants pass. At the Aux Plaines river, "spelled on a sign board 'Oplain,'" a ferry monopoly arrangement made them *wait*. Martineau admired the scene, however, with "the oxen swimming over, yoked, with only their patient faces visible." They next dined at a single lone home and enjoyed "ripe and sweet" strawberries "gathered by the children in the grass round the house, within one hour." Such isolation bothered Martineau, however.

Late in the evening before they reached Joliet, their wagon had to ford the river and passengers were directed to a footbridge. A third of the way over, the double planking and handrail disappeared -- a danger for six-year old Charley owing to the fast-moving water. Soon, however, a local settler arrived to act as guide and "'did not calculate to take any pay.'" On the other bank their wagon at first passed them in the dark, then came back to deliver them to a hotel. Though "every bed was occupied," the sleepy good-hearted owners tumbled out to give up their own beds to the guests.

Next day they climbed Mount Joliet, where the view of "green levels," winding river and clouds "gently sailing in the sky" made Martineau think of "Milton's Morning Hymn." In the afternoon a prairie wolf, "like a yellow dog," crossed their path and later a black bear trotted beside them "at a little distance." Travelling through the wet swamp after dark, Martineau feared they would come down with "ague," but seeing the bear had been worth it. To pass the time, she related a long anecdote concerning English politics. At last "the Chicago beacon" came in sight and before half-past ten they were "on the bridge" and soon there.¹³

The Lorings had to return home, but Martineau and the Follens learned of a sailing vessel leaving Chicago for Detroit and Buffalo the very next day, "on her first trip" by way of Lakes Michigan and Huron. Consequently, at "two o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th [of June]," the party boarded the *Milwaukee*, the lone sailing ship on the lakes and crowded with men "who had come to the land sales at Chicago." Eliza Follen and Martineau were the only women on board and never in America, Martineau sputtered in *Society*, had she seen such bad manners and "disregard of women." The incessant swearing and spitting amazed even the Follens, some of the "gentry" coming "down into the cabin to smoke," or to "throw themselves on the cushions to sleep, while we sat at our work." At supper, neither Martineau nor Eliza was offered a place. On the following day, the captain came to their rescue and warned that anyone "would be turned out" who did not respect the ladies in the cabin and at the table. The

fare was primitive: "Salt beef and pork, and sea-biscuit; tea without milk, bread and potatoes."

For English readers of *Society*, Martineau explained that Milwaukee was "a settlement on the western shore of the lake, about eighty miles from Chicago." There on the 30th, the party watched the ship "disgorge" many of the rude passengers. In the transparent air they could see "the bright, wooded coast, with a few white dots of houses" five miles away. While Follen went on shore, the ladies had the cabin cleaned and took "complete possession of it, for both day and night." Almost at once to their surprise seven young women, the only females in a population of four hundred, came to seat themselves in the cabin and to ask questions. Martineau was impressed that a printing press had arrived in Milwaukee on that day and that a newspaper "would speedily appear." When a copy of the first number was sent to her within a few weeks she noted the "pathetic appeal to the ladies of more thickly-settled districts" to consider Milwaukee and "its hundreds of bachelors."

Follen returned to the *Milwaukee* triumphantly carrying apple pies, cheese and ale to add to their fare. When the ship went aground next day, acquaintances brought "two newspapers, some pebbles, flowers, and a pitcher of fine strawberries." Charley became a pet of the sailors who let him ride on the windlass, dressed up their dog for his amusement and took him "down into the forecabin to show him the prints that were pasted up there." One of the ship's owners "engaged in the fur trade at Mackinaw" came on board and wanted a berth in the ladies' cabin; Eliza and Martineau then helped the steward fasten up a counterpane with four forks as a partition.¹⁴

From Chicago, Martineau had written to the British Consul at New York (or an agent) about shipping "a chest of books, 3 feet each way," on which she could not afford to pay the duty. These were presents from American friends, valuable because autographed. Could the chest be allowed "to pass duty-free, as my trunks were at New York when I arrived?" On a more serious matter, she worried whether the British Government had been watching "the proceedings in Texas," where the Mexicans were being cruelly wronged. Was her government aware that "the annual importation of native Africans into Louisiana is from 13,000 to 15,000?" And that the number would *increase* if Texas were annexed to the States?¹⁵

On board the *Milwaukee*, Martineau wrote to ask Catherine Tilden about her daughter Anna, Gannett's "poor wife," who she hoped would cultivate the Follens. After crossing the Michigan territory by land and "sweeping round the southern extremity of Lake Michigan to Chicago," they were looking forward "with high expectation to the beauties of Mackinaw." Her love for the Follens grew hourly, and she rejoiced that Bryant had at length "attained his honourable object." To Mary Bowditch of Boston she reported writing "from a strange place, -- Lake Michigan;" and she had heard that Louisa had a "prosperous voyage of 3 weeks, to an hour." To the Charles Brooks, Martineau confirmed her plans to leave "with the Farrars & others in the *Orpheus*, on 1st of August." After "sailing to Mackinaw," she hoped to "proceed to Phil^a, thro' Penn^a, & reach New York as soon after the 20th as I can."¹⁶

As the sailing vessel cut through waves a dense fog shut them off from the shore, and Charley talked excitedly of the danger if they should upset. Just at sundown on 3 July they saw the "high, sandy shore of Michigan" on the east, and next day were "up before five . . . to see the Manitou Isles . . . just coming in sight." These "[s]acred Isles of the Indians," were "sandy and precipitous" on the south end, the rest being "clothed with wood." Later passing the "Fox and Beaver Islands," they saw Indian dwellings and the wreck of a schooner along the Michigan

shore. "[T]he Wisconsin coast came into view," Martineau recorded, and towards evening "the strait suddenly narrowed, and we were about to bid farewell to the great Lake whose total length we had traversed." Soon they spotted "a white speck . . . the barracks of Mackinaw" (or Mackinac), the northernmost point of Martineau's American journey. Nearing land, they spied the American flag streaming from the garrison, soldiers thronging the walls and half-French, half-Indian boys "paddling about in their little canoes." It was the 4th of July, and the population were "all abroad in their best." On the shore beside an Indian lodge they saw "a picturesque dark group" while the houses in the old French village were "shabby-looking, dusky, and roofed with bark." Neat yellow houses with red shutters backed by "swelling green knolls" showed gardens sloping down to the white beach and grass growing almost into "the clear rippling waves."

The captain "seemed to have no intention" of letting them ashore that evening, but the owner-passenger with furs on board promised to land his cargo as slowly as possible. Follen, taking Charley, went on shore to deliver letters and arrange for "the commandment and his family" to be their guides next day. Over the still waters Martineau could *hear* Charley's boyish voice. That evening they looked at "Indian manufactures" including small baskets of birch-bark "embroidered with porcupine-quills and filled with maple sugar."

Next morning at five they "descended the ship's side" to visit the Natural Bridge (a limestone arch) and to see the view from old Fort Holmes. It was like "what Noah might have seen," Martineau thought. Out of blue waters seeming to expand for "thousands of miles in every direction," rose the "bowery islands" of Bois Blanc and Round Island. The summer morning's "verdure, flowers [and] sunshine" contrasted with images Martineau remembered from childhood of the "fearful red man of the deep pine-forest" and of "moaning winds, imprisoned beneath the ice of winter." On the commandment's piazza the party enjoyed breakfast of "rich cream . . . new bread and butter, fresh lake trout, and . . . snow-white eggs." In this healthy and delightful outpost Martineau nevertheless felt the English and American "missions to the heathen" did not succeed in civilizing the Indians "so well as the French."

Before they finally sailed at nine, the captain had begun to look "a little grave." Martineau then watched until the island gradually disappeared behind a headland and lighthouse. "Lake Huron was squally, as usual," she went on in *Society*, but they could see the "faint outline of the Manitouline Islands and Canada." Once a "yellow planet sank into the heaving waters to the south; and the northern lights opened like a silver wheat-sheaf." On 7 July they were "twenty miles from the river St. Clair" leading to Lake St. Clair, the site of Detroit.

From Lake Huron, Martineau wrote to ask William Ware to "tell Capⁿ Bursley that I *do* go on 1st of Augst . . . & that Miss Tuckerman of Boston . . . will share my stateroom." No doubt the captain would remember her choice of stateroom, and she trusted the Farrars had booked *their* passage. For their ten days on the first sailing navigation of the lakes she and the Follens had the ladies' cabin to themselves -- was not that pretty? Now the ship was "bouncing & rolling so" she could scarcely write. Before she saw the Wares, she hoped to have read through the "German schools of philosophy" on which Follen was giving "brief, abstract & condensed" lectures without wasting time on "amplification & illustration," just as she liked. When she got to New York, she hoped the Wares would return to the Mountain House with her -- "reserving 2 days for packing & arranging."

A gentleman on the ship "going straight to Boston" promising to carry a farewell letter

to Justice Story, Martineau boasted to him of conditions in England: "county jails . . . thrown open for want of prisoners, & workhouses of 10 combined parishes shut up, [employment high, Ireland] taken in hand . . . a Board of Works, & unlimited Emigration for the able-bodied," plus monetary reforms. Story must come to England. "I wish you w^d visit the West India islands by the way, & see how they are flourishing." Exultingly she added that a Jamaican planter they met at Niagara praised the benefits of "Emancipation." Meanwhile, she promised to watch developments in *his* country with great interest.

By 8 July, the captain was tacking in a desperate attempt to enter the river St. Clair. But the "sky was black as night," and they were forced to drop anchor to ride out a storm. Later they saw "an immense herd of wild horses" on the prairie-like, Canada shore, scampering and "whisking their long tails." Overhead rose a cloud of pigeons, "in countless thousands," while along the Michigan shore an extensive encampment of Indians added to a "scene of wild and singular beauty." Approaching the Gratiot lighthouse, they saw people watching them, even a party of squaws . . . seated on the sands, stopped their work of cleaning fish, to see how we got through the rapids [while] groups of unclothed boys and men, looking . . . demon-like [evoked] the great staircase in the ballet of Faust.

In the twilight, Martineau spotted "a party of Indians, stepping along, in single file, under the shadow of the wood [like] ghosts or demons."

Now seeing they could not enter the river that night, the passengers tried vainly to shut the cabin against mosquitoes. Next morning found the ship floating stern foremost down the current of the river, sometimes "swinging round in the eddies" and touching "one shore or the other." Both the captain and mate were ill and became worse as they approached Detroit.

Despite the danger, Martineau took note of settlers' homes with the "old French arrangement" of dividing the land into long, narrow strips. *Hearing* cowbells and the "voices of singing children," she spotted "piles of wood for the steam-boats, and large stocks of shingles for roofing." Canoes shot across "in a streak of light" while two horsemen threaded their way along the river, chatting and exchanging salutations with "every one they met or overtook."

By 10 July, the second mate, only "efficient in swearing," had taken command, and "the deck was in great confusion." A pilferer had taken Charley's maple sugar basket, a comb and a toothbrush, and passengers were hot and exasperated. Worst of all, the cook had no provisions. When a canoe carrying two Indian men and four children wearing "no clothing but a coarse shirt each" came beside the ship, the party bought baskets and bread. Martineau thought the Indians seemed "intelligent, and far from solemn." Nearing Detroit the following day, the ship went aground. At Martineau's suggestion the mate hailed a cargo schooner, and a total of fifteen passengers scrambled on board. Perched with their baggage on top of a load of shingles they "sailed gently up to the city," Martineau wrote amusedly.

Friends in New York meanwhile had been horrified by news of a Great Lakes steamer sunk with eight-hundred passengers on board. "Catastrophes," Martineau remarked in *Society*, "grow as fast as other things in America." Welcomed by acquaintances in Detroit, Martineau finally declared *her* voyage a "heavenly state of leisure & communion."¹⁷

Excitement was running high in Detroit. Congress had agreed to admit Michigan to the Union provided she give up her claims in the boundary dispute with Ohio. Martineau's party, meanwhile, left by stage for Cleveland (Ohio) and Beaver (Pennsylvania) on the Ohio River. At Economy, eighteen miles below Pittsburgh (Pennsylvania), Martineau revisited the communistic

community founded by George Rapp. She hoped "to learn how five hundred persons could be kept in the necessary subjection by one." Their three thousand acres of "vineyards, cornfields, orchards and gardens" gladdened the eye, and she found their manufactured silk had improved in quality since her first visit. Their "woollen manufactory" had in fact burned down in 1834 "occasioning a loss of sixty thousand dollars." They were so wealthy they did not need to work, however, and Rapp succeeded by keeping his celibate followers ignorant and vain and telling them of their "superiority over the rest of the world." Yet a group of seceders, "abjuring celibacy" (though led by a swindler who stole their funds), had so far survived. Martineau concluded in *Society* that the "remarkable communities [of Shakers and Rappites] in whom the functions of proprietor and labourer are joined" in a peculiar way, "make them a separate class."¹⁸

From Pittsburgh, the party was to traverse the entire State to Philadelphia by canal and railroad, in four days, at an expense of only forty-two dollars, not including provisions. At the start of their journey, an "omnibus" conveyed them at nine in the evening from their hotel in Pittsburgh to an "extraordinarily clean" canal boat of the new line. Temporary berths had been put up in the "ladies' dressing room," but the travellers were called out at an early hour next morning as the mid-July heat would be oppressive. Martineau "could not remain in the shade of the cabin," moreover, "the scenery . . . was so beautiful." They had only to "remember perpetually to avoid the low bridges . . . every quarter of an hour." Charley's favorites were the "horizontal ones" when they had to "lie down flat." He "understood the construction and management of the locks," Martineau declared fondly, and went ashore with his father to pick flowers and "run along the bank to the next lock."

The romance of Indian place names delighted her, and she pronounced the "valley of the Kiskiminities" with its fields of wheat and corn and "a few coal and salt works" a "fruitful park." Their canal boat then crossed the Conemaugh River "by a fine aqueduct" to enter a long dark tunnel "piercing the heart of the mountain." On the second morning, they were "called up before four" with barely time to dress and take their places in a train car to set off on the slow climb up the mountain. The train worked chiefly by steam power, partly by horse, partly by "descending weight, and at the last . . . by our own weight."

That day they "crossed the Juniatta by a rope ferry" and the Susquehanna "by means of the towing path." The "last stage of this remarkable journey, the eighty-one-mile train ride from Columbia to Philadelphia," took seven hours, with "frequent and long" stoppages. (In *Society*, Martineau outlined the engineering, political and social background and building of the railroad.)¹⁹

The Follens may have accompanied Martineau from Philadelphia to New York where she was to stay with the Wares and their four children (Henry, Louisa, Mary and baby Willy), whom she likened to James's four. "James's magnificent book" was waiting for her, and she promptly caught up with correspondence. Sending Henry Clay her "respectful and affectionate remembrance," she invited him to call at 17 Fludyer Street, Westminster, if he should chance to visit England again. Gannett received an encouraging message. She knew he was "cheerfully & patiently waiting for the full restoration of [his] strength & peace," but in her last, frantic 48 hours, he was right not to try to come to see her. Instead she urged him to write, "fully & fearlessly, & without the slightest painful recurrence to the bodily indisposition which spoiled the pleasure of our last intercourse."²⁰

Ware had faithfully delivered Martineau's passage money to his friend Captain Bursley of the *Orpheus* and changed her American money for sterling. Her ship "party of six" comprised Sarah Tuckerman, Eliza and John Farrar, a young college graduate going with the Farrars to travel in Europe, and the American naval lieutenant Charles Wilkes. Wilkes was traveling to England to prepare for command of "the American Exploring Expedition" to carry out a scientific study of the Pacific. Two or three younger people proved "good-humoured and agreeable comrades," Martineau noted in her autobiography, "in the midst of a set of passengers who were as far as possible from being either."

Fearing she might be in for "moral tempests" on the part of one or two of the passengers, the Wares begged Martineau "to keep a very full journal of the voyage, and send it for their private reading." At eleven o'clock on 1 August, "an intensely hot . . . dismal morning," Martineau and the Wares boarded a steamboat to be taken out to the *Orpheus*. For the children, the voyage seemed an "extremely pleasant affair" the motion was so smooth as the sailing vessel was towed out of the harbor, "the shores so bright, and the luncheon in the cabin so good." The Wares stayed on board to Sandy Hook, returning at four o'clock by a steamboat (Martineau labeling it the "ugliest" she had ever seen). Out at sea, one of Martineau's party put the whole amount of her fare into her hands -- a surprise gift from an unknown benefactor!²¹

1 HM to Gannett, Boston [3 March] and New York, 1 April [1836], *CL* 1: 289-90 and 290-91; Hilliard and Grey's part-payment was for *Miscellanies* (see chap. 13, note 26); Martineau praised the railroad line from Boston to Providence and the "very speedy communication" from Providence to New York (*SA* 2: 186); Louisa was running out of funds for her half of their travel expenses; Martineau may also have stayed in Hartford with the Wells: see HM to Mr. Wells, 18 February 1836, *CL* 1: 288-89; Catharine Sedgwick to Louisa Minot, 16 March 1836 (Stearns 538).

2 See *RWT* 3: 158-65; WLG to Helen E. Garrison, 7 March 1836, *Letters of William Lloyd Garrison* 2: 59.

3 See "Section III, Period IV" in *Auto.* 2: 46-50.

4 "Mutes and Blind," *RWT* 3: 92-139.

5 "Hot and Cold Weather," *RWT* 3: 187; William and Mary Ware lived at Warnings 91 Reade Street, a block north of the city hall; William Ware, "The Letters of Lucius M. Piso, from Palmyra, to his Friend Marcus Curtius, at Rome: Now First Translated and Published," *The Knickerbocker, or New York Monthly Magazine* [edited by Timothy Flint] 7 (1835) 221-32, 329-40, 507-20, 613-27; 8 (1836): 75-90, 215-30, 316-28, 714-33; [later published as a book: New York: S. C. Francis; Boston: J. H. Francis, 1837]; "Palmyra Letters" (an historical novel) portrayed a young Roman at the court of Queen Zenobia of Palmyra in the age of Aurelian; William Cullen Bryant had returned from Europe in March 1836 to resume editorship of the *New York Evening Post*.

6 HM to Susan Cabot, 20 April 1836, *CL* 1: 291-92 ("Jenny" Sedgwick was probably Jane Minot Sedgwick, Catharine's sister-in-law).

7 HM to the William Wares, 5 May 1836, *CL* 1: 293-95 (Martineau later disparaged the square [Anglican] church steeple visible from her Ambleside terrace); Murray, 2: 278; "New England Farm-house," *SA* 3: 260-67.

8 "Lake George," *RWT* 3: 260-71; the following December Ripley asked Carlyle if he had "happened to meet" Martineau, "a rare being" needing "only to be known to be loved": George

Ripley to TC, 29 December 1836 (*Carlyle Letters* 9: 134, note 6); see Joseph Slater, "George Ripley and Thomas Carlyle," *PMLA* 67 (June 1852): 341-44; Thomas Carlyle, *Sartor Resartus; the Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh* (Boston: Munroe and Company, 1836).

9 George Ripley's varied writings included *Discourses on the Philosophy of Religion. Addressed to Doubtters Who Wish to Believe* (Boston: James Munroe, 1836); for Seba Smith, cf. *Dictionary of Literary Biography*; Smith's "Letters" were widely reprinted in American newspapers, then published in book form to forestall imitators--the chief being Charles Augustus Davis in the *New York Daily Advertiser*; Martineau described the fierce fighting at Fort William Henry between the French and English in 1755 and the "horrible scene of "butchery" two years later when the Indian allies of the French slaughtered 3,000 English men, "and many women and children," as they marched out after surrendering (*RWT* 3: 264-66).

10 HM to Ralph Waldo Emerson, 21 May [1836], *CL* 1: 295-96; *Auto.* 2: 63; HM to William and Mary Ware, 5 May 1836, *CL* 1: 293-95; JM, *The Rationale of Religious Enquiry; or the Question Stated of Reason, the Bible, and the Church: in Six Lectures* (London: Whittaker, 1836).

11 "Internal Improvements," *SA* 2: 209-18 (Martineau included a pocket history of the Erie Canal, opened in 1825 by the state of New York); for Martineau's travel on the canal from Schenectady to Utica in autumn 1834, see chap. 9.

12 Incidents of Martineau's second westward journey featured in "Niagara," *RWT* 1: 163-74.

13 *Auto.* 2: 54; "Picture of Michigan" and "The Northern Lakes," *SA* 1: 312-364 and 2: 1-28 (Michigan became a state in January 1837); for Martineau's meeting with General Mason on her first night in New York, see chap. 9; Martineau sympathized with the Indians, unfairly treated by squatters farming their lands.

14 In "Gold, Bread, and Something More" (*OW* 9 [17 October 1863]: 454-58), Martineau confirmed that the trip from Chicago to Buffalo through the chain of lakes was on the first sailing ship to make the journey and that they disembarked at Detroit.

15 HM to "Sir," 25 June 1836, *CL* 1: 296-97.

16 HM to Catherine B. Tilden, 1 July 1836, *CL* 1: 298-99 (Martineau must mean Bryant's becoming half-owner and controlling voice of the *Evening Post*: see note 5); HM to Mary Bowditch, 2 July 1836, *CL* 1: 300; HM to Charles Brooks, 2 July 1836, *CL* 1: 300-301.

17 For Martineau's record of her journey through the Northern Lakes, see note 14; the fort and town on Mackinac had been moved from the mainland during the American Revolution; HM to William Ware, 7 July 1836, *CL* 1: 302-304 (six weeks later on board the *Orpheus* Martineau gave a talk on Kant); HM to Joseph Story, 7 July 1836, *CL* 1: 301-302.

18 Martineau boasted that she had urged the governor not to agree to Congress's usurpation of power from the Supreme Court in the matter; "Agriculture," *SA* 2: 55-65.

19 Martineau had "caught glimpses of the stupendous Portage rail-road running between the two canals" in November 1834 and greatly admired that sign of progress; *SA* 2: 190-97 and 209-10.

20 For James's book, see note 10; HM to Henry Clay, 26 July 1836, *CL* 1: 304; HM to Gannett, 30 July 1836, *CL* 1: 304-305.

21 *Auto.* 2: 91-92; as a naval commander in 1861 Wilkes was to cause the notorious *Trent* affair (see chap. 47); though Martineau begged Ware *not* to let the captain read any of the passengers' ill-natured complaints, her journal was published (with names altered) as "A Month

at Sea," *Penny Magazine* 14, 21, 28 October and 4 November 1837: 398-400, 405-8, 414-16 and 429-31 (see chap. 13, note 4).