

# **STRONG HANDS AND A WILLING HEART**

*An Introduction to  
The Journal of James Lorin Chapin, 1848 – 1850*

By Jane Langton



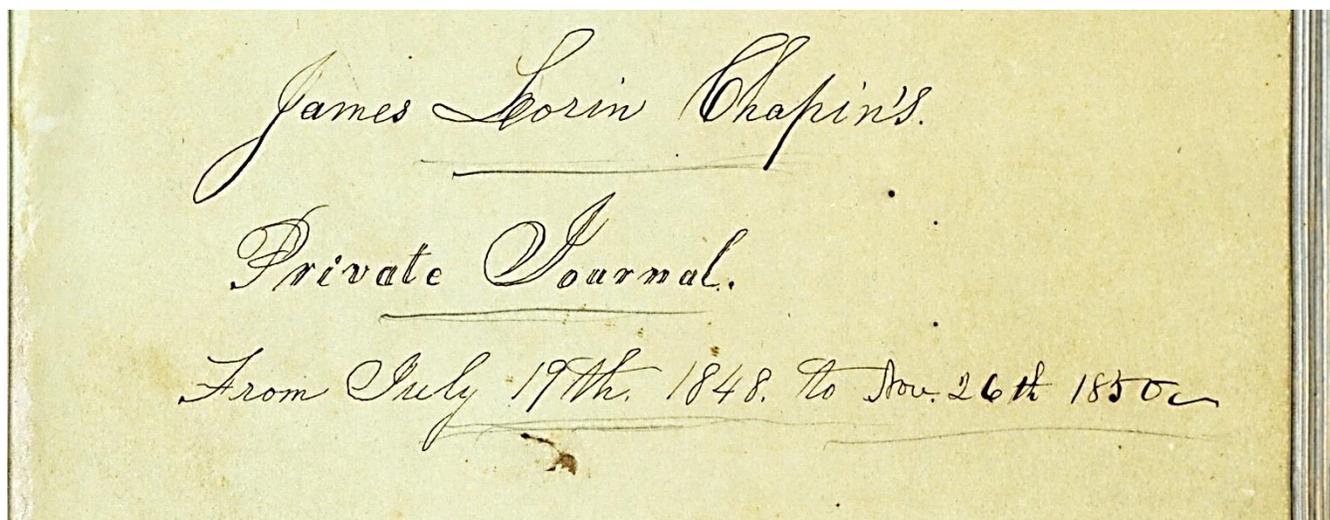
*Published by the Lincoln Historical Society, ©2013*

## James Lorin Chapin

Born July 1824

Married April 4, 1848 to Emilie Francis Smith in Lincoln, MA

Died March 1, 1902 in Lincoln, MA



### PREFACE

On visits to the Lincoln Public Library one might have noticed a woman seated at a table in the Tarbell Room, researching and busily taking notes and slipping card after index card into a large file box. This woman, local author Jane Langton, was working on her latest literary project, an introduction to the journal of James Lorin Chapin. Chapin (1824-1902), a Lincoln resident, recorded his life, thoughts, and farming record in a meticulous two-year journal. Jane's intent was to entice the general reader to explore this long and detailed account of a mid-nineteenth century life. She chose a number of topics (education, religion, slavery, farming, childbirth), and pulled out quotes from Chapin's journal and set his thoughts in the perspective of events of his day.

As Lincoln Historical Society members, we became vitally interested in bringing Jane's work to fruition. We met with Jane at her kitchen table for many sunlit hours, sorting through her notes and enjoying her humor and window garden. We then tackled the business at hand: verifying sources of quotes and illustrations, obtaining permission to cite or reproduce from authors and publishers, locating photographs, correcting attributions, editing bibliography and genealogy, and finalizing appendices. Except for a few instances where we could neither locate nor verify a source, Jane's work, *Strong Hands and a Willing Heart: An Introduction to the Journal of James Lorin Chapin, 1848-1850*, is here presented as she envisioned it.

We have established a few conventions to assist the reader. Quotes from Chapin himself are uniquely rendered in italics, preceded by their respective journal dates in bold print and placed against a gently shaded background. Quotes from persons other than Chapin are in regular type and appear either in stand-alone boxes or integrated into the narrative.

The actual Chapin journal is physically located in the Lincoln Public Library archives. The following resources are available at the Library for people who wish to read the journal for themselves: a microfilm copy, a digitized CD copy of the microfilm, and a hardcopy typed transcription. Jane's Introduction is available on the Internet.

Many dedicated people helped to bring Jane Langton's work to fruition. First, we thank the tireless archivists who researched, identified and permitted us to use valued photographs and other historical materials from their respective libraries' collections: Leslie Perrin Wilson and Constance Manoli-Skocay, Special Collections, Concord Free Public Library; Marie Wasnock, Town Archives, Lincoln Public Library; Peter Nelson, Archives and Special Collections, Amherst College; and Sean Casey, Department of Rare Books and Manuscripts, Boston Public Library. Their contributions greatly enhance the breadth and quality of the illustrations.

Thanks to Palmer Faran for tracking down and obtaining permission to use certain key illustrations, to John C. MacLean for allowing us to incorporate vintage views of Lincoln, and to Harold McAleer for embellishing the work with his own photography. We are indebted to Professor Alan Hirshfeld, Professor of Physics, University of Massachusetts, for authenticating an electrostatic machine of the type used by Chapin. Lastly, we are deeply grateful to Jim Cunningham of the Lincoln Historical Society for his addition of the Genealogy chapter and invaluable expertise in digitizing the document and rendering it in final form for publication on the Internet.

Mary Ann Hales  
Henry B. Hoover, Jr.

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July 19, 1848.

This day I complete my 24th. year, and I am resolved from this day to keep a journal of every day of my life, so long as my health will permit me to do it.

How many deeds would be left undone that are now done if each person at the close of the day would recall all the actions of the day!

Have worked hard at haying with the men and get along well.

July 20, The day has been very warm and I have drunk much cold water which is the best of all beverages for me.

To night have been to the pond to bathe and feel much refreshed by it, and hope to enjoy a better night's rest for it.

One thing occurred worthy of note showing the necessity of care in our common talk. In some of my conversation I used the expression "blast it" and Patrick, my Irishman saint there was no worse word in the world - it was worse than swearing. May I be more guarded in future in my conversation.

Figure 1 The First Page From Chapin's Journal

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# Chapter 1

## The Journal of James Lorin Chapin

July 19, 1848 to November 26, 1850

*When Adam delved and Eve span  
Who was then a gentleman?*

John Ball



**Figure 2 James Lorin Chapin**

In the small Massachusetts town of Lincoln in the summer of 1848, when James Lorin Chapin celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday by starting to keep a journal, he was a farmer, a delver in the earth like Adam. But at the same time he was most certainly a gentleman.

More importantly, to him the word *gentleman* might have seemed quaintly foreign. It had disappeared from common speech, abolished out of memory by the founding fathers. Ever the patriot, Chapin gloried in the traditions proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence.

**July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1850** – *Independence day! What Americans will ever inhabit this fine country that will not celebrate this ever to be remembered fourth of July...*

In Lincoln and neighboring Concord where Chapin taught a winter school, the pious national tradition of equality was more or less a fact.

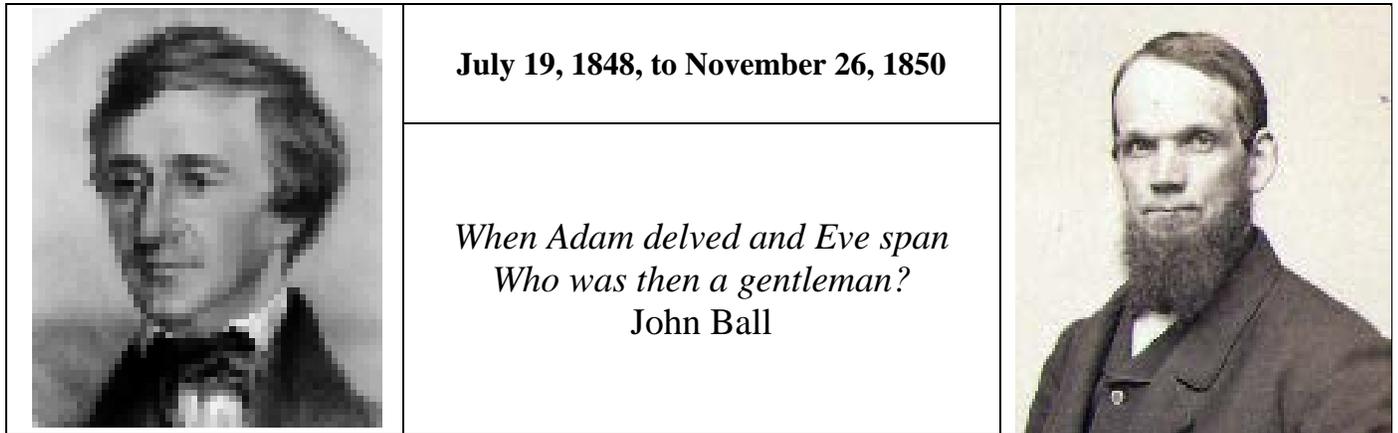
Judge George Frisbie Hoar, writing in 1898 a fond memoir about his Concord childhood, declared that “there never was in the world a better example of a pure and beautiful democracy...There was no pride of wealth or of family. The richest man in town took an interest in the affairs of the poorest, as in those of a kinsman. It never occurred to the poorest, that he must, for that reason, doff his hat to any man...” (Hoar, 1903)

In his journal Chapin does not comment on the comparative riches and social standing of any of the hundred-and-forty people who turn up on his pages, nor is there a single breath of envy. Most of the men were workers on the land like himself. His daily entries are a vivid record of what that meant. He notes down everything he did on the farm every day, whether cutting hay on the river meadow, tying asparagus, loading the wagon with apples and peaches, or setting off for the Boston market at midnight. We see him herding cows to their summer pasture in New Hampshire, helping at a barn-raising, bargaining about wages with an Irish hired hand, and suffering – far too often -- from headache. There are passages about his happy marriage, the birth of a baby daughter, his days as a Concord school master and his faithful attendance at Lincoln’s Congregational church. Especially interesting are the eager entries about politics, his hearty campaigning for Martin Van Buren in the presidential election of 1848, and his disappointment in the success of slaveholder General Taylor.

The writing is brisk and personal. There are occasional signs of restlessness, but on the whole the journal of James Lorin Chapin is a cheerful record of the ups and downs in the life of an intelligent young New England farmer, seen against the larger history of an expanding nation before the Civil War.

## Chapter 2

### Another Journal



**Figure 3 Henry David Thoreau and James Lorin Chapin**

*This day I complete my 24<sup>th</sup> year, and I am resolved from this day to keep a journal...* James Lorin Chapin, July 19, 1848

Perhaps this is the main value of a habit of writing, of keeping a journal, -- that so we remember our best hours and stimulate ourselves. Henry Thoreau, Jan 22, 1852

As they sat down to record the day's events in their journals, James Lorin Chapin and Henry Thoreau were only a few miles apart, but they might have been writing on different planets. Chapin's daily entries are firmly grounded on the tilled soil of a farm in Lincoln, Massachusetts, while Thoreau's wander freely from the woods and fields of Concord to the islands of the blessed.

Chapin was born in the western Massachusetts town of Sturbridge, one of eleven children. In his journal he mentions Monson Academy, *where I spent pleasantly the fall of 1842* (August 8, 1849). Six years later when he began his journal on his twenty-fifth birthday, he was the hardworking son-in-law of Lincoln farmer Cyrus Smith. Henry Thoreau was thirty-one in 1848, a son of Concord and a graduate of Harvard College.

But Thoreau's alma mater could not have improved Chapin's skill in the composition of polished and expressive English sentences. His prose is rounded, his spelling faultless. He can handle words like *braggadocio*, *diarrhea*, *supererogation*, and toss off an occasional French expression – *soi disant* – or Latin tag – *nolens volens*. Occasionally he revels in the absurdity of elegant language – *I went this forenoon with my organ of destructiveness greatly excited...to the pond to catch fish.* (March 15, 1849)

## *Got along pleasantly*

Even so, it's hardly fair to compare his bright and boyish journal with Thoreau's scrambled masterpiece. Chapin's phrase for the ultimate in human happiness is "Got along pleasantly," a far cry from the transcendental ecstasies of Thoreau, passages that take one's breath away --

March 24, 1842 – Very dangerous is the talent of composition, the striking out the heart of life at a blow, as the Indian takes off a scalp. (Thoreau, Journal, 1962)

And yet while Chapin rarely takes a scalp, his daily accounts are alive with earnest truthfulness.

**December 28, 1849** -- *Killed our pork today. ...It is a job I do not enjoy... blessed is he that has but a few pigs for he does not have them to kill.*

Their outward natures were as unlike as night and day. In the right company Thoreau could sing "Tom Bowline" and break into a dance, but the right company was rare. "As for taking Thoreau's arm," said Emerson, "I should as soon take the arm of an elm tree." (Harding 1955, 301) Chapin was just the reverse.

**April 23, 1850** -- *I do not know why it is so but I have been made the confidant of more young people than usually falls to the lot of men.*

Their confidences are never spilled in his journal. In fact one sometimes wishes for a drop of vitriol in Chapin's inkwell. But although he is often hard on himself, he is discreet about others. There are none of the morsels of scandal that enliven the diaries of Virginia Woolf.

Since Chapin and Thoreau were recording their days within a few miles of each other, it is tempting to set their journals side-by-side. Here, for instance, is a sunset by Chapin.

**May 16, 1849** – *As I came home just in the edge of the evening the sky was tinged with red and gold...The grass looks like a velvet carpet newly swept...*

It's hardly fair to set this workmanlike effort beside one by Thoreau, who could toss off a sunset without half-trying --

**November 11, 1850** – We walked in so pure and bright a light, so softly and serenely bright, I thought I had never bathed in such a golden flood...The west side of every wood and rising ground gleamed like the boundary of Elysium. (Thoreau, Journal, 1962) p168

## Yankee tinkers

Elysium was *terra incognita* to James Lorin Chapin. His concern was with the solid chunk of boulder-strewn soil belonging to his father-in-law. Therefore the value of comparing the two journals is to see the one in the light of the other. Chapin's is the base line from which the arc of Thoreau's genius soars up and out of sight. But Chapin too had a head on his shoulders, and both were Yankee tinkers who could turn their hands to anything.

Stumbling on extraordinary passages in Thoreau's journal one sometimes catches one's breath. Reading Chapin's journal awakens no sense of awe.

It's more like walking into a room full of family.

## James or Lorin?

Written in his own hand on the back of a photograph is the name "James L. Chapin." Years later "James L. Chapin" appears in print at the bottom of a town report. (*Receipts and Expenditures of the Town of Lincoln*, March 1, 1857, to March 1, 1858)

But in a single journal entry about his young nephews the truth drops casually from the page.

**April 18, 1849** -- *The boys were very glad to see Uncle Lorin and Aunt Emilie.*

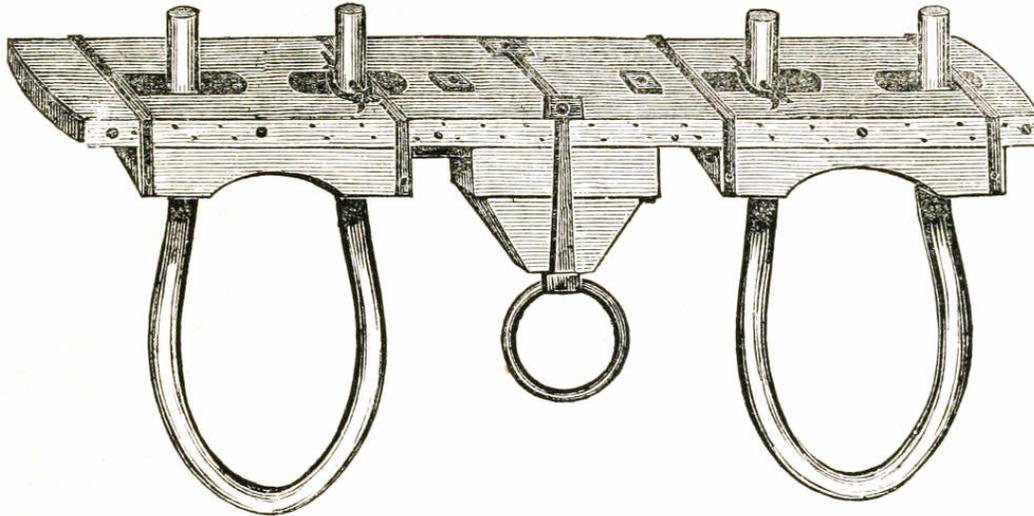
## A farm calendar

The journal of James Lorin Chapin is charming as a revelation of the life of a newly married young man, a hard-pressed schoolmaster, a faithful churchgoer and an ardent local politician in a time when the nation was thrusting westward to engulf new territories. But the journal has a greater significance as a calendar of the daily work on a New England farm in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Day by day, week by week and month by month, we follow farmer Chapin as his oxen pull the loaded wagon from river meadow to plowed field to woodlot to apple orchard and at last to market in Boston. Sturdily he lists the tasks done every day, the endless labor of his "strong hands and willing heart."

## Chapter 3

# The Farm



**Figure 4 Oxen Yoke, New England Farmer**

*(Courtesy Concord Free Public Library)*

I must not lose any of my freedom by being a farmer and landholder...

The farmer's muscles are rigid. He can do one thing long, not many well...

A very rigid Nemesis is his fate. Henry Thoreau (*Journals*, Vol I, March 27, 1841)

In this passage from his journal Thoreau might have been describing – and pitying – the bondage of Lorin Chapin to the fields and orchards and river meadow belonging to his father-in-law Cyrus Smith. Chapin sometimes pitied himself, but manfully he got out of bed every day – spring, summer and fall – and shouldered his burden.

**April 7, 1849** – *To look at the work to be done on a farm it seems to be a Herculean task yet if we keep steadily at it we shall be astonished to see how much we can accomplish in one summer.*

Sturdily he reminded himself of the fable of the old kitchen clock *which stopped because it happened to think how many times it would have to tick in the next twenty four hours.*

But when April turned into May, the tyrannical wheels and gears of the farming clock began to tick in earnest.

**May 5, 1849** – *I feel rather low spirited tonight seems to me there is nothing but poverty before me if I go ahead the same if I retreat. Yet why should I look on the*

*dark side? Have I not got strong hands and a willing heart... away ye hours of melancholy!*

One of the stereotypes about life on an old-time farm is the jolly neighborliness of barn-raising. There are several in Chapin's journal, but this one made him ill.

**June 20, 1850** -- *...in the afternoon went to the raising of Mr. T. J. Maxwell's barn....I came home with sick headache.*

### Where is the difference?

Chapin's journal is a mine of information for the agricultural historian. It is a detailed record of his farming year, from the planting of peas in April to the killing of hogs in December.

His father-in-law's farm lay along the turnpike connecting the rural villages of Lincoln and Concord with the urban centers of Cambridge and Boston.

Throughout the spring, summer and fall, Chapin worked on that rocky hillside to the limit of his strength. There are only a few mentions in his journal of any farm machinery.

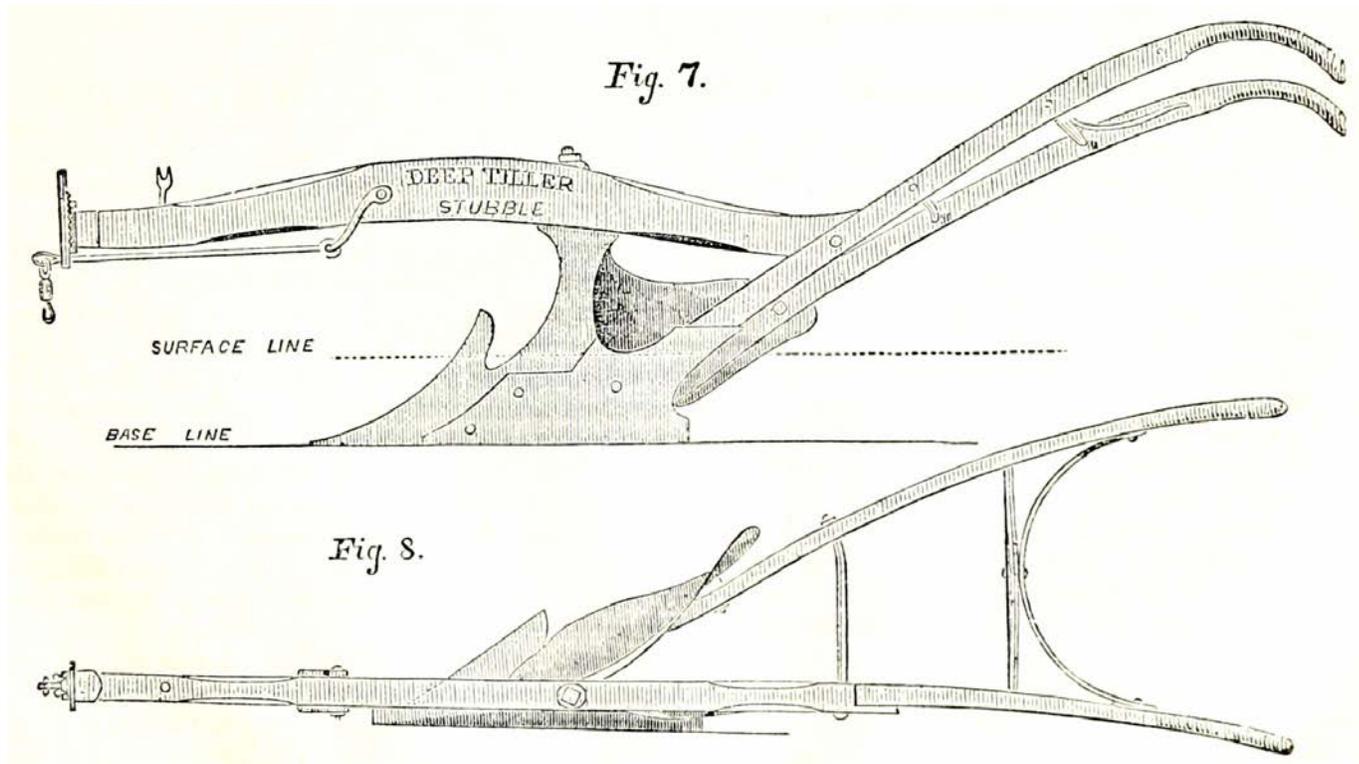
**March 19, 1849** -- *...got my hay cutter repaired.*

**May 7, 1850** – *Have been getting in our oats with the horse and cultivator.*

The farm did not boast one of John Deere's steel plows nor the reaping machine invented by Cyrus McCormick. Our young farmer might almost be one of the fifteenth-century rustics wielding hay fork, rake and scythe in a page from *The Very Rich Hours of the Duke of Berry*. Where is the difference?

What have I to do with plows? I cut another furrow than you see.

Henry Thoreau (*Journal*, Vol I, April 7, 1841)



**Figure 5 Plow**

(Courtesy Lincoln Town Archives)

### **I am as tired as any slave**

**July 23, 1849** -- *We get along very well with our work yet we are behind the times and I feel anxious to get up with the work so that I can drive it and not have it drive me.*

But the relentless burgeoning of his growing crops drove him hard.

**May 2, 1849** -- *When the clock told me it was time to get up...I did not feel as though I could...But I made out to start after much groaning and grunting...I have plowed, set out trees, grafted trees...and I am as tired as any slave...*

**August 5, 1850** -- *Have been pulling and mowing and hoeing weeds from among the trees, carrots and ruta bagas.*

The weeds grow as if in sport and frolic.

Henry Thoreau (*Journal, Vol II*, September, 1850)

### **...whether to lay aside my flannels**

But in spite of the tyranny of his endless chores, playfulness sometimes breaks through –

**June 27, 1849** – *Have been shingling the barn with father. Pound! Pound! Thump away! take care of your fingers! There! I told you, you would get hurt if you was not careful! Well never mind! Try again!*

**May 28, 1850** -- *Very pleasant, warm morning...I had begun to resolve in my mind whether...to lay aside my flannels today when alas!...a strong wind blew up from the North East...*

**May 31, 1849** – *Emilie says. “Oh! How beautiful everything looks” and so it does.*

### **...fits and starts**

Historian Robert Gross calls this a revolutionary time in the economy of New England, not only in the mills of Lowell and Lawrence but on the farm. Still, “the agricultural revolution did not come suddenly. The process was a slow and uneven one, proceeding by fits and starts.” (Email from Gross to J. Langton)

Certainly in Chapin’s case the fits and starts were few. Power was not supplied by newfangled hay sweeps and loaders, but by old-fashioned oxen, hay forks and spades, and by still more old-fashioned arms and backs. Chapin’s own strong hands made one essential tool --

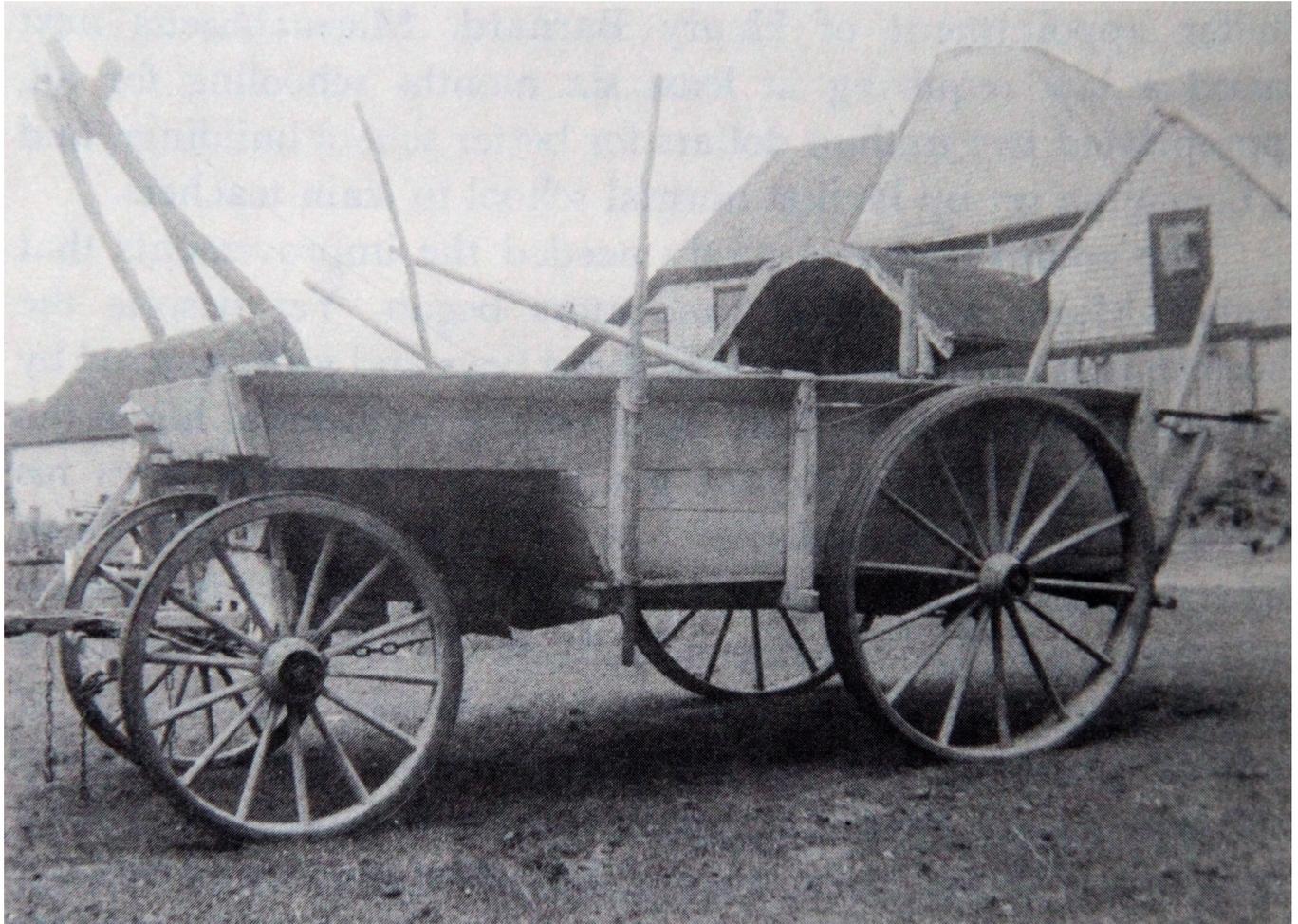
**March 12, 1849** – *I have felt very well today and have been at work making a harrow that I may be ready when the time for sowing comes.*

The time for sowing came on schedule and so did the time for harvesting, but there was a change in the final product. According to Gross, farmers were “adding greatly to the burdens of their work” by producing crops for home use and for the market as well. The combination meant that farmers “simply exploited themselves more intensively than ever.” (Email from Gross to J. Langton)

### **“Delicate produce”**

William Henry Hunt...put the family farm on a scientific basis, successfully responded to the growing demand for delicate produce that could be transported by railroad to bigger markets beyond Concord, and tapped into the dairy market as well. *Leslie Perrin Wilson* (Wilson “Henry Hunt” 2002, 70)

Except for the fact that Chapin used old-fashioned wagon transport rather than the new railroad, he seems the twin brother of farmer Hunt. His apples and peaches were “delicate produce,” and he too “tapped into the dairy market.”



**Figure 6 Chapin's wagon may have looked more or less like this**

(Russell, 1976, p344)

His journal does not give a tidy accounting of the number of barrels of apples he trundled to Boston nor how many cows produced the milk that was sold to Mr. Hobbs of Lexington. When the tired young farmer dropped into a chair in the evening to empty his mind and heart into his journal, he was not thinking about statisticians to come.

In fact, the words *cow*, *pig*, *oxen*, *peaches*, *blackberries*, *Northern Spy* and *Nonesuch apples* must be gleaned from a multitude of entries. Sorted or not, they pile up. There is a powerful sense of the relentless pressure on the exhausted farmer as crop after overlapping crop burst from the ground, ripened on the trees and burgeoned in the sun.

But the success of Chapin's orchard called for more than laborious harvesting.

**March 9, 1849** – *I took my saw and jack knife...to cut scions from the trees in the orchard.*

Good Baldwins, Greenings, Russets, and Pearmains continued to sell, and alert apple men top-grafted scions of these varieties on their ordinary trees (*Russell 1976, 217*)

The work was unending, but Lorin was proud of his trees.

**April 26, 1849** – *I mean to have an orchard that I shall not be ashamed to own...*

Of course apples had been around since the Garden of Eden, but in mid-century New England a different crop was beginning to be profitable.

Concord...farmers had begun in the 1850's to fill their sandy plains with asparagus roots. (*Russell 1976, 270*)

Asparagus was a fashionable new market crop, but preparing it for sale was fussy work --

**May 10, 1850** – *Ploughed in the forenoon and in the afternoon worked with father cutting and tying up asparagus.*

The neatly tied bundles went to market in the spring, the apples and peaches in late summer and fall. During the three annual harvest seasons recorded in his journal, Chapin made 143 trips to the Boston market with his loaded wagon.

A twentieth century farmer, Terry McHugh, raised asparagus in Concord on Old Bedford Road. "With asparagus you got cash in the spring early...Everybody that had a piece of land around here grew asparagus." Farmer Sanford Benson would leave for market around noon-time "to get there by dark and stay overnight. The loaded wagon would be left in the street, the horse taken to a stable, and we would return to sleep in the hayloft." Benson's asparagus brought three dollars a bushel, "three dozen bunches packed to a bushel box." (Garrelick 1985, 133-134)

### **This day is the beginning of sorrow**

**August 30, 1849** – *This day is the beginning of sorrow. Have picked peaches and have to go to Boston and stay till the harvest closes all for money.*

In 1849 the cornucopia of the peach orchard was so lavish that Chapin had to spend weeks in Boston, in order to sell it all. Since his hotel was the trusty wagon, he must have come home in a somewhat scruffy condition.

**June 18, 1850** – *It is rather hard to start away soon after one gets fairly asleep and ride fifteen miles and be out all day.*

But sometimes his poetical instincts enlivened the journey –

**June 19, 1850** – *Softly my fine grey nag. It is a long road and a warm night to go to Boston. How brightly that new moon shone...*

The ten thousand fruit were his market crop. Barrel after barrel of apples and peaches were sold, and a good deal of money changed hands.

### Another celebrated market place



**Figure 7 Brighton Cattle Market, c1850**

Cattle yards in Brighton Center (c1850) behind the Cattle Fair Hotel. The raised structure in the center was the auctioneer's platform. Courtesy of the Brighton Allston Historical Society

**October 25, 1849** -- *...with Uncle Calvin Smith and Charles went to Brighton, looked at a great many pairs of working oxen and bought one pair...Brighton is justly a celebrated market place...no end to the cattle there today.*

For the celebration in 1904 of Lincoln's 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary, Lorin Chapin's brother-in-law, Lewis Smith, remembered cattle market day at Brighton. "*The latter part of each week the fields were filled with droves of horned cattle, sheep and swine, and occasionally might be seen on the road 50 or 75 horses in pairs attached to a rope between them.*" (*Town of Lincoln 1754-1904*, 199)

### Emilie...bespoke a bonnet.

**October 11, 1849** -- *...Father Smith and I settled our accounts... We found ourselves richer than we expected.*

Richer they may have been, but for Father Smith's son-in-law the four-hour journey to Boston was an ongoing hardship. Why did he not transport his produce by train, like farmer Hunt? The east-bound cars of the Fitchburg Railroad surely stopped in Lincoln after rattling past Walden Pond. Perhaps the freightage was too costly. There would also have been the trouble of driving the wagon across town to the depot, transferring the barrels into one of the cars and unloading them again in Boston.

And Boston had other beguiling attractions --

**June 12, 1850** – *Have been to Boston, sold a little asparagus...and waited upon Emilie while she...bespoke a bonnet.*

### **For home consumption**

'To market, to market' went the chickens and the eggs, the asparagus, the berries, the potatoes, apples and peaches. Other small crops were raised for the table -- cabbages, corn, squash, currants, grapes, muskmelons, peas, pole-beans, pumpkins, onions, radishes, rhubarb, rutabagas, sugar beets, turnips, watermelons and white beans.

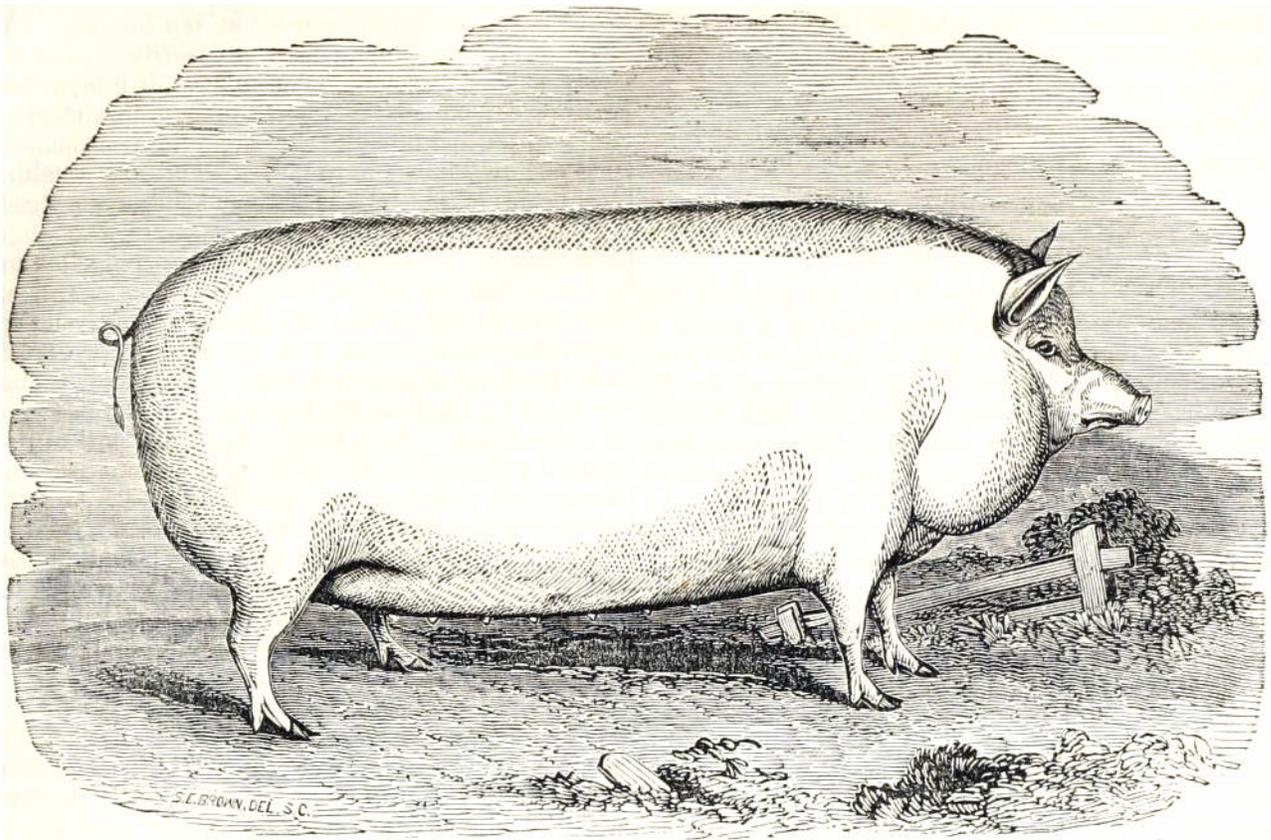
Another useful commodity came by itself, crystallizing on nearby Sandy Pond.

**March 2, 1850** –...*after milking we went to the pond getting ice and got enough to fill about half of the ice house.*



**Figure 8 Ice Blocks being hauled to the Ice House**  
*(Lincoln Historical Society 2003, 57)*

## Livestock



**Figure 9 What a Fat Pig!**  
(Courtesy of Lincoln Town Archives)

**December 30, 1848** – *The sleighing is not so good...The snow being moist collected on the feet of the horse.*

**January 11, 1850** – *This evening have been preparing meat for sausages...*

**March 12, 1849** – *have been to get the shoes new set on the colt.*

**March 15, 1849** – *This afternoon I have been to the auction of Uncle Fiske.... We bought a cow...*

**April 26, 1849** – *Mr. Smith has been to Brighton and reports that he has bought three yoke of oxen to turn into the pasture for beef.*

**November 28, 1849** – *Have been to Brighton intending to buy some pigs.*

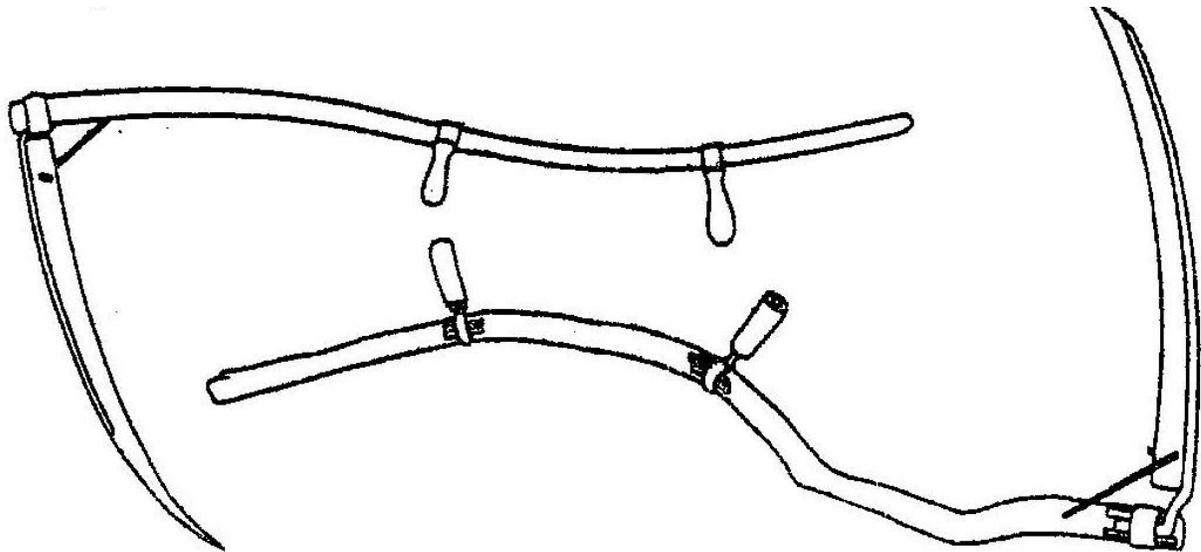
**November 16, 1850** – *Have killed and dressed 12 chickens this evening.*

**Thanksgiving Day, November 30, 1848...** *In due time the huge roast turkeys came on to the dinner table.*

...Thanksgiving was the great day of the year...  
 Christmas was hardly noticed. William Henry Hunt (Wilson 2002, p.102)

**Monday, December 25, 1848** – *Merry Christmas! Again!...Have got along well with my school...*

### Scythes, sneaths and keg staves



**Figure 10 Scythes**

If there had been an inventory of the personal estate of the Chapin/Smith farm and household, it might have looked much like that of Concord farmer Peter Jones, who died in 1845. After cataloguing his dining table and silver spoons, his inventory lists the farm produce and equipment.

30 bushels rye \$22.5, 16 bushels corn \$9.60, 5 bus. oats 2...

125 bushels potatoes \$25...

20 bushels carrots 5

One Horse 5, 2 cows 36 one swine 8...lot Eng. Hay 36

two shovels one manure fork 1.5

One sleigh 3, one ox cart 10

lot cooper tools 2, two scythes + sneaths 1...

1 plow 3, lot keg staves 1

(Tyler 2000)

## Hay

...about the middle of August the farmers are getting their meadow-hay. If you sail up the river, you will see them in all meadows, raking hay and loading it on to carts, great towering...teams, under which the oxen stand like beetles...

Thoreau *Journals* Vol II, 1962



**Figure 11 John Quincy Adams haying with Dan Ryan**

*(Image of America: Lincoln)*

The number of cows in Chapin's barn remains mysterious, but whether they were few or many, they needed fodder for the winter. Therefore, day after exhausting summer day, Chapin's oxen drew his stalwart wagon to Father Smith's meadow beside the Concord River to be piled high with new-mown hay. It was another punishing job.

**July 21, 1848** – *This morning went to mowing while the stars were shining and have worked hard all day.*

**August 8, 1848** -- *Have mowed the meadow round and round. Till I'm sick of the very sound.*

**August 10, 1848** – *This morning began cutting a ditch across Mr. Cheney's meadow so that we can drain our meadow.*

Reliable meadows needed to be well ditched and sometimes even diked...

**August 11, 1848** – *Have been at work in the meadow throwing out muck for manure and am tired enough with using the shovel and turf knife.*

We are in the midst of the meadow-haying season...

Almost every meadow has half a dozen mowers or rakers.

I passed 60 or a hundred...I hear their scythes.

Henry Thoreau, *Journals*, August 5, 1854

**July 12, 1849** – *Still warmer than yesterday. Thermometer at 95 degrees at noon. ..bought four new scythes so as to go to haying for the grass is all drying up and must be cut.*

Yesterday, the day before, & today, another storm of heat. The day is dangerous, the sun acts like a burning glass...& the very slugs on the pear leaves seem broiled in their own fat.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Journal*, July 13, 1849 (Porte 1982, 402)

But hot or not, dry weather for haying was crucial.

**July 14, 1849** – *We had some hay to get in and we got one load before the rain... We mowed about three acres last night and this morning and we also got that dry enough to put into cocks.*



**Figure 12 Haystacks on Sudbury meadow, above Concord**  
*(Gleason collection, Courtesy Concord Free Public Library)*

**December 18, 1849** -- ...to Barretts to mill and get some corn ground.



**Figure 13 Barrett's Mill, Concord**  
(Gleason collection, July 30, 1900, Courtesy Concord Free Public Library)



**Figure 14 Barrett's Mill, Concord**

*(Courtesy Paul Maccone)*

**...the land of granite mountain and pine forests**

By pasturing part of their herds on the less costly New Hampshire lands under the care of hired help, farmers could reduce their acreage of pasturage in Lincoln.

*(MacLean, A Rich Harvest, 1987, 448)*



**Figure 15 Warren Flint, Sr.**

(Courtesy Clive Russ)

A descendant of Lorin Chapin's, Warren Flint, Jr., explains the nature of dairy farming as it was practiced by his father, Warren Flint, Sr., on the family farm on Lexington Road.

“Cows produce milk to feed their calves. The general practice is that once a cow has calved, she is milked for nine months. Then she is allowed to dry off (they stop milking her and she stops producing milk) to restore her energy, and then she calves three months later to start the cycle over again. When we had dairy cows, most of them were dried off in June for a September calving and the beginning of the milking cycle.

“During my lifetime, the dry cows and heifers were pastured in summer on the Wheeler land and never left Lincoln. However, Father remembers as a child going on cattle drives to New Hampshire, where the family owned pasture land.”

(Warren Flint Letter to Jane Langton, 2009)

Warren Flint, Jr., and his sister Peggy were photographed in the early 1950's herding their father's cows down from the Wheeler field to their father's barn.



**Figure 16 Herding cows down from Wheeler field**

*(Courtesy Flint Family)*

Warren Flint, Sr., was born in 1911. The cattle drives he remembered from the 1920's might have been much like those described by Lorin Chapin seventy years earlier.

**May 13, 1850** – *Started in good season with the cattle for the pasture and joined company with Uncle Jonas Smith and went as far as Townsend where we put up tonight in company with messrs. Wheeler, Farmer, Hubbard, Barrett, Dakin and Clark of Concord, Hoar and Foster of Lincoln, Houghton of Lexington, Conant of Acton and Procter of Littleton at Mr. Willard's hotel.*

From Lincoln to Hancock, New Hampshire, was a walk of more than fifty miles.

**May 14, 1850** – *Hancock, N. H. tonight. I have reached the land of granite mountains and pine forests and find myself safely lodged at the hotel of Mr. David Patten... We have a pasture where we turn out cows at Mason.*

One journal entry at first glance seems to reveal the number of Chapin's cows --

**November 10, 1848** – *Have had a hard days drive to day with the cattle 56 in number.*

Fifty-six cows? But surely several herds were banded together. If Father Smith really owned that many cows, his barn must have been very large indeed, and it would have taken a small army to milk them twice a day

In his analysis of three centuries of New England farming, *A Long, Deep Furrow*, Howard S. Russell counts the cattle on a typical farm. “The small general farmer pridefully trained and used his yoke or two of oxen...He also kept from three to ten milch cows.” (Russell 1976, 202)

Cows spend their winters in barns and cow-yards... In summer, therefore, they may low with emphasis, “To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.”

Henry Thoreau (*Journals* May-June, 1850)

### **Pinched and grudging**

Undoubtedly a comfortable livelihood resulted from Chapin’s drudgery in barn, field, meadow and orchard, and from his cattle drives to New Hampshire. But there was an iron lid on the prosperity of the family. Like all the other farms in the neighborhood, theirs was pinched by the nature of the countryside.

Concord’s mixed husbandry and woodland system... faced tight local limits... the most powerful constraint of all lay in the land itself, which granted its rewards grudgingly. - (Donahue 2004, 231)

*The land itself* -- it was of course the infamous rocky soil of New England, so grudging in its rewards that many a frustrated farmer abandoned it in 1849 for the lure of El Dorado.

### **The mania for gold**

January 27, 1849 – *The mania for gold is raging greatly, vessels are going every week... a runaway soldier is said to have found a rock of gold weighing 839 lbs 1 ½ oz.*

Even Lorin’s brother Henry was tempted.

**July 31, 1849** – *The Doctor...has nothing to do in his profession and seems to feel uneasy. I don’t know but he may go to California if no one is sick soon.*

Luckily someone must have fallen ill. The Doctor stayed put.

So did most of the sturdy farmers. Their ox teams continued to drag boulders out of the ground, their apple trees never stopped bearing fruit, and the owners of those tyrannical orchards and stony fields toiled on. The system was harsh, but it worked.

Guided by such restraints, by local control of their economies, and by a commitment to civic society, New Englanders achieved a modest prosperity that was remarkably broad for its time. - (Donahue 2004, 231)

### **A modest prosperity**

The 1850 figures for this *modest prosperity* appear in *A Compendium of the Seventh Census* by J.B.D. DeBow. By his accounting there were—

**Table 1A Compendium of the Seventh Census, 1850, by J.D.B. DeBow**

2,363,958	number of farmers in Massachusetts
34,069	number of farms in Massachusetts
4,293	number of farms in Middlesex County`
99	average acres per farm
46,611	working oxen
130,099	milch cows
\$389,177	value of orchard production in Massachusetts
\$3,202	average value of farms
\$136,640	value of orchard production in Middlesex County
\$220,982	value of produce of market gardens in Middlesex County

### **...a more famous farmer**

It is interesting to put side by side with the New England farming journal of James Lorin Chapin the garden and farm books of a more famous farmer in Virginia. From 1767 until his death in 1826, Thomas Jefferson recorded the progress of his vegetable garden at Monticello. In 1821, for instance, his peas were sown on the first of March and *came to table* on the second of June. (Jefferson 1987, 162).

Chapin too raised peas, but there was an essential difference. Who did most of the work?

For Jefferson, black slaves, for Chapin, Irishmen.



**Figure 17 Farmer McHugh on his Land in Concord**

*(Courtesy Concord Free Public Library)*

Many years after Chapin plowed the Lincoln fields of his father-in-law, men worked with horse and rake on Old Bedford Road in Concord. Things seem little changed since Chapin's time.

## Chapter 4

# Hired Men from the Emerald Isle

**April 3, 1850** -- “Good morning sir “D’ye want to hire ever a hand” says the native of the green isle. What do you expect to get for wages? Fourteen dollars, sir! No I don’t want any at that price. “What would ye give me”...



**Figure 18 The Irish**

(Courtesy of Mary Evans Picture Library, LTD, London, England)  
From the *Illustrated London News*, Cork Quays, May 10, 1851

Some of the most captivating passages in Chapin’s journal concern his Irish hired hands. But his comments about Michael Gallahan, John Horan, Timothy Lynhaun, John Mansfield, Timothy McCarthy, Barney McLaughlin, John and Patrick Sullivan, Patrick Tobin, and “our man James,” are often perplexed.

Only once does he mention the terrible reason why so many Patricks and Timothy's and Michaels were trudging along the roads and byways of Middlesex County looking for work.

**July 29, 1849** -- *Since supper I have acted as amanuensis to one of our Irishmen... This man has a wife and family near Cork, and he feels very anxious about them for fear they will starve.*

### **The operation of natural causes**

In his book *The Great Hunger*, Cecil Woodham-Smith tells the appalling story of famine and disease in mid-nineteenth-century Ireland. He is scathing about the failure of Charles Edward Trevelyan to halt the course of the catastrophe, although famine relief was in his charge. In Trevelyan's opinion the disaster was simply a matter of market forces. Since these forces were the reflection of God's will, they were not his problem. The right course was simply "to do *nothing* for Ireland, and to leave things to the operation of natural causes." (Woodham-Smith 1991, 256)

In the exasperated opinion of the Earl of Clarendon, the operation of natural causes was a euphemism for *wholesale deaths from starvation and disease*. (Woodham-Smith 1991, 256)

Eventually the euphemism rose to more than two million, while for his management of Irish relief Trevelyan was awarded the Order of the Bath.

### **"Nothing but falsehoods"**

In the summer of 1849 Clarendon's despair turned to hope. Surely the visit of Queen Victoria to Dublin would awaken her to Ireland's desperate peril?

But to a cynical Irish peer the royal visit was doomed from the start.

"I would not have her go *now*," said Lord Fitzwilliam, "unless she went to Killarney workhouse... instead of Cork, Dublin, where she will have nothing but falsehoods."

A tour of Killarney workhouse was not on the royal schedule. Victoria went to Dublin, where falsehoods were what she got. It's true that the thoughtful young queen noted in her diary that *many of the people who crowded the streets looked poor and haggard*, but she was overwhelmed by their adoration. At a levee in Dublin castle she sat on a throne, her gown embroidered with shamrocks, while four thousand citizens of Dublin danced Irish jigs – and while the inmates of Irish workhouses were said to be *more than half naked*.

The royal pageant in Dublin had no effect on the rampant famine in Ireland. Men, women and children stubbornly continued to starve. Thousands who could scrape together the passage money – about six months’ wages – fled the calamity by taking ship for America. During the 1840’s and 1850’s, one-and-a-half million left their native land.

The flood of Irish emigrants was not only an escape from desperate times; it was also a hopeful progress *toward* something, the promise (often false) of a better life.

### “The men”

**August 8, 1849** -- On the day of Queen Victoria’s grand levee in Dublin, James Lorin Chapin recorded in his journal -- *The men have got in four loads of hay from the meadows in the pastures.*

The men were his Irish hired hands.

It is not clear why Chapin depended for help only on Irishmen. Perhaps they came cheap. In his journal he includes a debate about wages.

**April 10, 1849** -- *...had a talk with our hired man James about the wages he was to have, he thinking he was to have fifteen dollars a month while we only agreed to give him fourteen. ...I told him he might stay or not as he pleased but we should pay him only fourteen dollars a month. I hope he will stay for he is a good hand...*

Chapin’s figure is close to the average wage for “farm hand with board” in DeBow’s *Statistical View of the United States, 1854* --

States and Territories	Average Wages, 1850
Monthly to a farm hand with board	Massachusetts \$13.55

(DeBow 1854, 164)

### I have seen three to day

**April 11, 1849** – *To night a young good looking Irishman has stopped here and wants to stay a week as he has just arrived in this country and cannot find any one who wants him to work and he is discouraged. I really pity him and think we shall let him stay a few days and perhaps we may hire him if he does not want too much wages.*

**May 4, 1849** – *I have seen three to day. It seems rather hard for them to want for work, yet the fault is their own...they try to get too much wages. Help is too plenty for them to get as much as they have in years past.*

**October 15, 1850** -- *Our man Tobin came home this morning badly bruised in the face, and reports that he was assaulted in the highway between Lowell and Chelmsford...He has always been honest with me...I do not know whether to believe this or not, so addicted have I come to consider the Irish to lying...*

It's clear in all of Chapin's comments on his hired hands that two wildly different cultures were grinding together and striking off sparks. The underclass Irishmen were often illiterate, and many lacked the "Protestant ethic" that is now called *middle-class values*. Chapin's journal is full of baffled commentary about the easygoing clannish bands of Irishmen who worked for him.

**March 10, 1849** – *They will leave the best place in the world and travel 500 miles for the sake of being near a friend. On the contrary a Yankee will go 500 miles into the forest away from every body for ...a chance to make money.*

### **“...an exuberant people”**

In Thomas H. O'Connor's *Civil War Boston*, Chapin's bewilderment is echoed in a grumpy report about Irish troops – “Discipline was lax...nobody cared anything about military authority.” Perhaps, suggests O'Connor, the author of the report “was overreacting to idiosyncrasies among an exuberant people he did not really know...” (O'Connor 1997, 74)

*An exuberant people!* In the century to come it was that very exuberance and native Irish wit that would carry them far. As Chapin was making the first entries in his journal, a young immigrant from County Limerick in Ireland, James Fitzgerald, was struggling to find a foothold in Boston. Before long he went into partnership with his brother Thomas in a “combination grocery-groggery.” (Goodwin 1987,16) As Doris Kearns Goodwin recounts the history of the Fitzgeralds and Kennedys, one of Thomas's nine sons was John Fitzgerald, an enterprising boy whose skyrocketing ascent was like a schoolbook lesson in upward mobility. (Goodwin, Introduction) The rags-to-riches story ends of course with the election of John's grandson, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, to the presidency of the United States.

One wishes that Chapin could have seen all this in a crystal ball, because sometimes his hired hands drove him crazy.

### **“I say it is a free country”**

**April 30, 1850** – *He [John Mansfield] says it is a free country and he shall go where and when he has a mind to, and I say it is a free country and I will hire who I please and keep them as long as I please. So we go! Up and down all life long!*

There was another angry exchange when two of his men refused to eat beans at the breakfast table.

**August 16, 1850** – *Had quite an explosion of my feelings...in regard to the Irishmans eating no meat on Friday...I told them that they would swear, lie, steal etc. and yet were afraid to eat food cooked in a greasy dish for fear of eating damnation to their souls...*

Of course their refusal to eat meat on Friday was in obedience to their Catholic faith. But their devotion to this alien religion was yet another puzzle for that poor benighted Protestant, James Lorin Chapin.

**July 21, 1850** -- *Barney our Irishman walked to Waltham to a Catholic meeting today.*

It was a round trip of ten or twelve miles. But long walks were not unusual in a time that was still a half-century away from the motor car. A few years after Barney McLaughlin walked to church in Waltham, Louisa May Alcott tramped from Concord to Boston -- “one day, twenty miles, in five hours, and went to a party in the evening.” (Alcott)

### **...everyone’s favorite**

Several Irish girls were household help for Emilie. One had the catchall name of Bridget. Another was everyone’s favorite –

**February 3, 1849** – *Elizabeth Noon an Irish girl who worked for us more than a year and to whom we became very much attached.*

### **“The foreign element”**

In 1878 Edward Jarvis published a memoir about his Concord childhood that is a monument to statistics. One of his lists purports to give the “Effect of the Foreign Element on the General Rate of Mortality.” Incoming Norwegians had the longest lives, Irish immigrants the shortest. Another table shows the rate of “Births to Marriage.” In Massachusetts (that chill and pious state) the average wedded pair reproduced itself only 3.37 times, the citizens of England 3.67 times, while Irish women, 5.3 times. (Jarvis 1993, 219)

Of course Chapin’s Irish hands were not items on a statistical table, but he reveals very little about them in his journal. Where, for instance, did they live? With the Chapins? Were some of them married? Did they have children? Did the children go to school?

I see with joy the Irish emigrants landing at Boston, at New York, & I say to myself, There they go – to school.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (*Journal Vol XVI*, July 1866)

Henry Thoreau's journal, on the other hand, has much to say about Concord's "shanty Irish." His remarks are clear-eyed and cool. But about one Irish child his objectivity falls away completely.

*...this tender gobbet for the fates...*

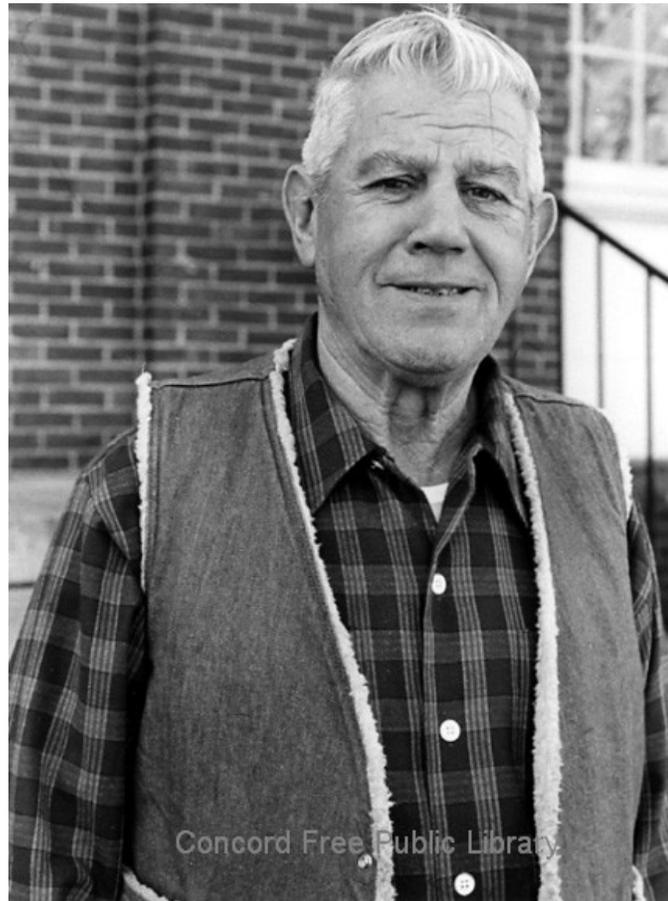
They showed me Johnny Riordan to-day, with one thickness of ragged cloth over his little shirt for all this cold weather, with shoes with large holes in the toes...This little mass of humanity, this tender gobbet for the fates, cast into a cold world with a torn lichen leaf wrapped about him. - (Thoreau *Journal* January 28, 1852)

Another passage in Thoreau's journal is positively doting.

...as bright a boy of five years as ever trod our paths, whom you could not see for five minutes without loving and honoring him. He lives in what they call the shanty in the woods. He had on, in the middle of January of the coldest winter we have had for twenty years, one thickness only of ragged cloth sewed on to his pantaloons over his little shirt, and shoes with large holes in the toe...he who had trodden five winters under his feet! Thus clad he walked a mile to school every day...over the bleakest of rr [railroad] causeways...all to get learning and warmth and there sit at the head of his bench... These clothes, with countless patches, which had for vehicle – O shame! Shame! – pantaloons that had been mine...set as if his mother had fitted them to a tea-kettle first.

(Thoreau, *Journal*, Walden Woods Project, Digital Collection, 1852)

What happened to little Johnny? Perhaps some of the thirty-four Riordans in the current Boston phone book are his descendants. Present-day Concord boasts many an Irish family. Mark Mara's memories of working on his uncle's farm are told in *Concord in the Days of Strawberries and Streetcars*, by Renee Garrelick and William M. Bailey.



**Figure 19 Mark Mara**  
(Courtesy Concord Free Public Library)

“We used to get there at 4:15 in the morning and take care of five teams of horses, clean the barn, wash the cows and start the milking at 5:00. We milked until 7:30...At 8:00 you went out to work for the day, being back at the barn at 4:30...to wash and milk the cows again until 7:30, and then my uncle sent us home. For all that work, seven days a week, we got the great sum of twelve dollars, a chance to learn the business, and all the water you could drink.” - (Garrelick & Bailey 1985)

## Chapter 5

### Emilie

*How comfortable, after the labors of the day, is the privilege of sitting down by ones own fireside...I enjoy the company and conversation of my wife more than common.*

James Lorin Chapin, Oct 24, 1848



**Figure 20 Emilie Smith Chapin**

(Courtesy of Lincoln Town Archives)

Two hundred years of annual town reports are stored on the shelves in the History Room of the Lincoln Library. The report for 1850 includes this entry under the heading for marriages --

James Lorin Chapin, 23, farmer,  
son of James & Apama of Sturbridge, and  
Emilie F. Smith, 20, d. Cyrus & Tryphema, Ap. 4, 1848.

Lorin was born in Sturbridge, Massachusetts, and grew up in a dense crowd of brothers and sisters. In twenty-two years his mother gave birth eleven times. Perhaps after so much parturition she died of exhaustion, because his father was a widower when Lorin began his journal in Lincoln in the house of his father-in-law, Cyrus Smith.

Lorin's older brother Henry was sent to medical school, but Lorin himself had only a few months of higher education.

**August 8, 1850** -- ...it seems but the last hour when I was associated with many happy youths in the capacity of students at Monson Academy where I spent pleasantly the fall of 1842.

Why did Lorin Chapin come east to the town where he met his future wife? It may have been his friendship with Charles Hartwell, a fellow student at Monson Academy, who had been born in Lincoln. Hartwell was an Amherst College classmate of Austin Dickinson, brother of the poet, Emily Dickinson.

Went to S Hadley with Dickinson (November 17, 1847. *Diary of Charles Hartwell*)



**Figure 21 Lucy (Stearns) and Charles Hartwell**

(Courtesy of Amherst College Library, Amherst, MA)

**July 28, 1849**– Charles and Mary Ann Hartwell...called here and spent a pleasant hour. Charles is a fine fellow very open hearted yet honest and candid and gives

*promise of making more than a middling man in the world. He is to graduate at Amherst College a week from next Thursday...*

August 8, 1849 a social note in *The Springfield Republican* --  
In the afternoon, tea at Edward Dickinson's. (Leyda 1960, 157)

The Dickinson teas were "annual features of Commencement Week." (Sewall 1974, 64)  
It's possible that Chapin's friend Hartwell accepted a cup from the hand of nineteen-year-old Emily Dickinson.

### **...a blessing we cannot too highly praise**

But if it was not Charles Hartwell who was responsible for his old friend's presence in Lincoln, perhaps Lorin was following in the footsteps of his older brother Henry, "the Doctor," whose medical degree from Berkshire Medical College dates from 1840.

In any case, when Lorin married Cyrus Smith's daughter Emilie on April 4, 1848, he settled down in Lincoln for the rest of his life. The wedding was probably celebrated in the old wooden Congregational church in the center of town. Today its massive stone successor looks out on the mountains of New Hampshire from the same hillside.

On July 19, 1848, the day he began keeping a journal, Lorin had been living for three months in a state of marital bliss in the house of his father-in-law.

**January 23, 1849** -- *... a wife suitable for us, one that loves us truly and gives herself up wholly heart and body, all her confidence -- is a blessing we cannot too highly praise...Yes! I feel that we ought to thank God that he has given me my Emilie to be a help and a comfort to me.*

For Chapin the marriage was not merely a comfort, it may also have been a step up in the world.

**June 9, 1849** -- *I married a reported rich mans daughter...*

### **...sweet communion with a kindred spirit.**

Happy as they were together, Emilie and Lorin were often apart during the winter while he taught in a district school in Concord, coming home from his boarding house only on weekends.

**December 29, 1848** -- *I am a little inclined to melancholy...I would willingly give the price of one days labor if I could see my dear wife.*

**February 10, 1849** – *I am heartily glad to get home again and spend the night in my own bed and with my own wife and hold sweet communion with a kindred spirit.*

By *sweet communion* the proper young husband was surely not referring to anything so unmentionable as sex. His journal never even hints at the reason why his calves so miraculously came into being. But of course, there was normal intimacy in the marriage bed resulting in the birth of baby Carrie the following October.

### **Sea captains**

Was Lorin Chapin the kind of husband so often denounced by feminists like Margaret Fuller? He was probably unaware of the publication in 1843 of her “Woman in the Nineteenth Century,” with its pugnacious challenge, “*We would have every path laid open to Woman as freely as to man.*” (Fuller 1971, 37)

Emilie Chapin might have smiled at Fuller’s buccaneering remark, *Let women be sea captains if you will.* (Fuller 1971, 174) Clearly Emilie needed no instruction in marital seamanship.

### **The majestic oak and the clinging vine**

Another brilliant feminist, Lydia Maria Child, warned that the uppity new independence of women would surely be distressing to their husbands.

Some men will exclaim, “It is a duty for them to lean upon us, and it is our pride and pleasure to protect and support them. Man is the strong, majestic oak; and woman should be the graceful, clinging vine.”(Karcher 1997, 406)

Mrs. Child lived only a few miles away in the neighboring town of Wayland, but it is not recorded what Emilie Chapin thought of her rambunctious principles. In any case, Emilie was probably far too busy as a normal wife and townswoman to twine gracefully around her husband’s oaken frame. Lorin mentions one of her concerns with affectionate condescension.

### **...armed with four knitting needles**

**May 2, 1849** -- *A great day among the ladies. The Ladies’ Charitable Society met here today, and consequently I saw nothing in the forenoon but sweeping, washing, scouring, and baking, and this afternoon nothing but a train of ladies, old and young, each armed with four knitting needles busy with their fingers and as busy with their tongues.*

For Lorin the knitting needles and gossiping tongues were perfectly acceptable, but the notion that women might meddle in politics was not.

**January 19, 1850** -- *...went to the Post Office and got...a bundle of circulars...coming professedly from Thirty Two Ladies of Cambridge stating that they were starting a fourth party in the district to be founded principally upon gallantry and the "rights of woman" ...What the object of the movement is I cannot see unless it be to fool some of the voters.*

This night I heard Mrs. S – lecture on womanhood...She was a woman in the too common sense after all. You had to fire small charges...for fear of blowing away all her works...I carried her lecture for her in my pocket wrapped in her handkerchief; my pocket exhales cologne - (Thoreau Journal, December 31, 1851)

### **...crawled in at the window**

**April 4, 1849** (the first wedding anniversary) *...it has opened sources of happiness to me that I never knew before...The love of a wife (such as I have got) grows stronger every day, and cannot be bought for any money. Oh Lovely woman! Truly thou art a helper!*

But the course of wedded life did not always run smooth.

**April 5, 1850** – *Have spent the evening very pleasantly at Mr. Micajah Peirces. When I got home I found all the doors fastened and crawled in at the window, the dog barking furiously in the mean time.*

### **I shall have to be up with her all night**

**October 13, 1849**...*hard day's work in Boston – home to find Emilie on the bed, complaining some, and I expect...I shall have to be up with her all night.*

One guesses at once why Emilie was complaining, although her husband has given us no hint. Perhaps pregnancy was an unfit subject for a manly journal. Lorin does not even adopt the polite circumlocution that his wife was “in a family way.” And when Emilie was actually giving birth he dodged sideways and called it *her business*. Was the word *childbirth* too coarse?

**October 14, 1849** --*...at home all day tending to Emilie, who has been making some fuss but has not as yet (7½ o'clock pm) made any great progress with her business.*

Did either of them worry about the dangers of childbed fever and hemorrhage and stillbirth and the death of the mother? One of the first entries in Lorin's journal records the

childbed death of Mrs. Spaulding, a member of their own church congregation. In the Vital Records of Lincoln her death is attributed to puerperal convulsions.

**July 23, 1848** --*To see a young man just commencing life thus bereft of her who should be the sharer of his toils and to have the responsibility of rearing two children one of them two years old and the other one week all thrown upon a man...May I never be placed in the same trying circumstances!*

Surely the fate of widower Spaulding weighed on Lorin's mind as Emilie's labor began.

### **“...they drove me out of bed like a rocket”**

The Boston journal of Caroline Healey Dall describes the birth of a baby only eleven days after Emilie's:

...slept quietly till a little after eleven when I woke with pains so severe that they drove me out of bed like a rocket...There was no interval between my pains, they overlapped, and my agony was almost too great for human nature...At twenty minutes before one – the first low cry of a daughter rung upon my ear, and I shall never forget the voice in which her father audibly thanked God – for the precious gift. - (Deese 2005, 119)

Historian Amalie Kass has much to say about childbirth in nineteenth-century Boston in her biography of pioneering obstetrician Walter Channing:

“Everyone had a friend, mother, or sister who had died... everyone knew a close relative whose baby was born dead.” - (Kass 2002, 73)

Kass quotes an anguished description by Richard Henry Dana, Jr., of his wife's excruciating labor:

“It is an hour of harrowing anxiety...There is surely no pain like it in the world...It is the rending asunder of all but soul & body.” (Kass 2002, 73)

Luckily Emilie Chapin was brought to bed not long after the appearance of a new drug for the relief of pain, heralded by Dr. Walter Channing in his treatise on *Etherization in Childbirth*.

### **“Fanny was courageous enough to be the first”**

Kass describes the use of ether to relieve the sufferings of the wife of another famous writer. On April 7, 1847, Fanny Longfellow went into labor with her third child. The attending physician, Nathan Cooley Keep, later reported the successful administration of ether:

“Five and a half hours having elapsed from the commencement of labor, her pains...becoming severe, the vapor of ether was inhaled by the nose and exhaled by the mouth...In the course of twenty minutes four pains had occurred without suffering...Consciousness was unimpaired and labor not retarded...No unpleasant symptoms occurred, and the result was highly satisfactory.” (Kass 2002, 170/171)

As noted by Kass, Longfellow was proud of his wife:

“Fanny was courageous enough to be the first in this part of the world to inhale the vapor of Ether...The effect was magical.” (Kass 2002, 170-171)

### **The irrelevancy of Eve**

Magical it might have been, but Kass explains that to some conservative Christians the use of ether was morally questionable. Labor was, after all:

“...the punishment women were ordained to suffer because of Eve’s sin in the Garden of Eden.” (Kass 2002, 172)

And since women shared the guilt of Eve, perhaps they should continue to scream in pious submission.

Not, however, in Lincoln, Massachusetts, on the fifteenth of October, 1849. Even in this good Congregational household the irresponsible behavior of Eve in the Garden of Eden had nothing to do with the case. Childbirth might be an ordeal, but God was not glowering vengefully down on Emilie Chapin as her labor began.

*October 15, 1849 -Have been at home all day tending to Emilie who has been making some progress but has not as yet (7 o’clock P. M.) made any great progress with her business. She has had considerable pain but has used ether to mitigate the sensation with great success.*

But even with the new drug, childbirth was no joke.

### **He always drove at breakneck speed.**

*October 15, 1849- Have had such a day as I hope and pray I never may experience again. Emilie continued to have her pains through the night, and all the forenoon till one o’clock.P.M. when she was delivered of a fine daughter weighing 8¼ pounds. About 10 (AM) she had sharp pain and continued without affecting anything till the Doctor [Chapin’s brother Henry] began to fear that it would be necessary to use instruments to remove the foetus, and accordingly sent for Dr. Bartlett to assist...but before Bartlett arrived the child was born, and we were saved*

*the pain of seeing the operation performed, and also saved the life of the child on which Emilie had set her heart.*

They sent for Dr. Bartlett! Josiah Bartlett was the saintly doctor who has come down in Concord history for his heroic response to every summons. Historian Ruth Wheeler gives a verbal portrait -- His practice in Concord extended from 1819 to 1878. Only once in fifty years had he failed to get to a patient and then his sleigh upset every two rods and when he changed to horseback, his horse floundered in a drift and slipped him off his tail...He always drove at breakneck speed. (Wheeler 1967, 156)



**Figure 22 Dr. Josiah Bartlett**  
(Courtesy Concord Free Public Library)

Breakneck speed or not, on this occasion Dr. Bartlett was too late. By the time he appeared at Emilie Chapin's bedside, baby Carrie had already been born. One hopes he was paid for his trouble.

**O! woman thou art truly born to a lot of pain and suffering.**

**October 15, 1849-** *Till this day I never knew the power of endurance that my dear wife possessed. She has suffered enough for the last 24 hours to lay any common man in the grave, yet she seemed as calm and happy as though she had no more than had a tooth extracted.*

*O! woman thou art truly born to a lot of pain and suffering. 'Tis thou must attend the new born infant...thou must be the instructor of the youth: the companion (slave) of manhood: the solace of old age!*

*Who brought me forth in great distress?  
Who watched my youthful tenderness?  
And all my walks of life will bless?  
'Tis Woman!*

After the baby's birth, Emilie's return to normal life was slower than the brisk postpartum practice of today.

**November 4, 1849** -- *...Emilie...is now much better and has been into the kitchen for the first time since her confinement three weeks ago.*

Of course the baby was now the fulltime concern of her mother as well as the noisy disturber of the peace. Socially, of course, she was a great success.

**November 13, 1849** – *Mrs. Abel Wheeler called to see the baby. What a treasure a baby is to the whole neighborhood.*

The baby would grow up to be a treasure to the whole town. In adulthood Carrie Chapin was a much-respected teacher in the high school between the Unitarian and Congregational churches.

About the rest of Emilie's *curriculum vitae*, her husband tells little. Was she a hearty farm wife or a fine lady? Did she do the cooking and housework, or turn over those chores to household help?

What about her kitchen? Perhaps it was like the one remembered by the worthy Dr. Jarvis, with "a large fireplace...a pair of large iron andirons, a crane...half a dozen hooks...one big and one small brass kettle...a great iron pot holding about 8 gallons...a brass skillet on high legs...a tin and a copper coffee pot" and a clockwork jack to turn the spit. But Jarvis goes on to say that stoves "gradually gained in favor and at length overcame all opposition." (Jarvis 1993, 65-66)

What about lighting? Instead of whale oil lamps, did they use kerosene, that great and new blessing? Did the house boast an indoor pump like the one still to be seen in the Alcott kitchen in Concord? Or did the young Chapins and their elders draw water from the well?

**June 28, 1850** – *I have been making a curb and windlass to put around the well in the garden where we draw water for washing.*

And since there were no supermarkets with neatly packaged cuts of meat, was butchering done in the kitchen? On the day the pig was slaughtered, did Emilie grind the raw pork for sausages? Did she obey the thrifty advice of Mrs. Child and make use of every part of the slaughtered animal? Farm cooking was not for the faint of heart.

When the eyes drop out, the pig is half done. (Child 2007)

### **Inferior to man?**

What about her other domestic duties? Did Emilie Chapin heat flatirons on the stove to press her petticoats? Did she make her full-skirted dresses by hand, or did the household possess one of Elias Howe's new sewing machines? Or did she hand over the job to someone else?

**June 20, 1850** – *Sarah Viles has been here making a dress for Emilie.*

Did Emilie share the opinion of young Martha Prescott of Concord, that corsets were “silly things?” (Prescott 1834-36, 133) Often Chapin gives only sidelong glimpses of his wife, who is usually in motion.

**May 11, 1849** -- *Emilie has just got home from uncle Fiske's and is flying around as though she would tear the house down in a short time.*

Of course like the other womenfolk of the town she paid social calls and attended to good works.

**May 3, 1849** -- *Emilie quite unwell to night...I think she has worked too hard for the last few days. The excitement of the Charitable Society meeting...did her no good. She is young and has always had very good health, and she is...prodigal of it.*

Although the Charitable Society might have been too exciting, it was a conventionally worthy cause. Emilie Chapin was not one of the daring women whose attempts to burst out of their velvet prisons were the subject of noisy debate. Apparently she was content with her comfortable village horizon -- the Charitable Society, the Singing School and, no doubt, the church.

**January 10, 1849** – *This evening I have been to the Lyceum and heard a lecture from Simon Brown on some of the causes that have operated to cause the favorite opinion that she [woman] is inferior to man in the powers of body and mind. It...suits my ideas very well.*

Oh, the traitor.

## Chapter 6

# Kinfolk

It is with infinite yearning and aspiration that I seek solitude

Henry Thoreau, August 14, 1854

...They like a rattling town, where a great deal of business is done.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, Journal Vol XI, 1849



**Figure 23 Weston Road, Late 1800s**

(Images of America, 2003, 27)

If every Lincoln dwelling built after 1850 were subtracted from the map, the remaining houses might seem scattered and lonely. But in Chapin's time separation by a mile or two of country road was no obstacle to sociability. There was a great deal of informal visiting.

In 1850 the first telephone exchange was twenty-eight years away, and therefore friends came unannounced. It is not clear how they came, whether on foot or horseback, carriage or sleigh, but come they did.

Turning a page in Chapin's journal is like walking into a room full of family.

## **Cousins whom he reckons up by dozens**

Many of the visitors were related to Lorin and Emilie. In a complete list of the 140 people who turn up on the pages of his journal, forty are relatives. There are aunts and uncles, parents and parents-in-law, sisters and sisters-in-law, brothers and brothers-in-law and so many other kinfolk that they rival the family of Sir Joseph Porter in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pinafore* -- multitudes of *cousins whom he reckons up by dozens, and the AUNTS*.

It's easy to understand why the young Chapins were wreathed around with dozens of cousins. Birth control was doubtful and families large. Of course many of the adult children left home. "There was a high rate of geographical mobility," explains Robert Gross, "with sons and daughters of old families moving out of Concord and Lincoln in ever-greater numbers over the first half of the 19<sup>th</sup> century." (Email from Robert Gross to Jane Langton) But like acorns falling near the parent tree, others stayed close to home. Emilie Chapin's Brooks relations were like a village in themselves.

Therefore many of the social events described in the journal were family occasions. And since Lorin was born in Sturbridge, nearly fifty miles away across the state, most of the visiting relatives were kinfolk of Emilie's. Only Lorin's younger brother George and his older brother Henry, "the Doctor," were Chapins. Henry was perhaps the most looked-up-to of the three. In a memoir written in 1904, he appears as dedicated to his strenuous calling as Dr. Bartlett –

Rapidly winning the confidence of the people, his circuit soon came to embrace several of the adjoining towns, and the testimony of one who knew him well is that no night was so dark or stormy, no distance so great and no weariness so exhausting that he failed cheerfully and promptly to respond to the call of the suffering. The rich and the poor were alike the objects of his conscientious and patient care, although often in the case of the latter he well knew that no compensation could be rendered. This ministry of faithful service lasted for more than fifty years...

An Account of the 150<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebration  
by the Town of Lincoln, April 23, 1904, 224

Brothers and uncles, cousins and friends *took tea* and passed the evening *pleasantly* -- Chapin's word of choice for having a good time.

The man I meet with is not often so instructive as the silence he breaks.

Henry Thoreau, January 7, 1857

Unlike Thoreau, who cherished his isolation, Chapin was a gregarious young man. Here he seems uneasy without company --

**December 26, 1849** – *Emilie has gone with George and Lewis to the singing school yet I am here all alone and feel quite sad.*

George Chapin was Lorin's younger brother. Lewis Smith was Emilie's. During Lorin's journal-writing years, Lewis was a student at Lawrence Academy in Groton. On a trip to New Hampshire to bring home his cows, Lorin paid a visit to his young brother-in-law.

**November 8, 1848** -- *...we arrived in Groton about sunrise and stopped to see brother Lewis.*

Eventually Lewis Smith earned a degree from Brown University. Later he founded "Smith's Academy and Commercial College" in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Fifty-five years after the evening at the singing school, during the celebration of the town's 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary, Edwin Stearns fondly remembered his Lincoln childhood – "I attended school in the typical old red schoolhouse in the east District...Did we have fun? Echo answers FUN."

An Account of the 150<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebration  
by the Town of Lincoln, April 23, 1904, 210

### **Demoniacal shouts and screams**

The word "fun" is missing from Chapin's journal, but perhaps "passing the evening pleasantly" meant the same thing. Other than Sunday sermons and the sober lectures of the Lyceums, his amusements were homespun, with one exception –

**February 12, 1849** -- *Just returned from a concert of music from Mr. Dodge, the famous comic singer...He sang one piece to night the most heart rending of anything I ever heard or saw...His shouts and screams were the most demoniacal that I ever thought of hearing. It was truly heart rending...*

This sort of nonsense was rare. The entertainment that was always available was the customary friendly visiting. Chapin notes these events casually, usually merely naming the company. He seldom stoops to gossip. (The entry for March 14, 1850 is a rare exception.)

### **...the whirls of a cotillion**

When schoolmaster Chapin boarded in Concord with the congenial family of James Wood, the society was somewhat more sophisticated. Away from his wife during the week, he was a temporary and highly virtuous bachelor. The Woods were hospitable. Guests came

and went. There were pleasant young ladies, games of whist and Lyceum lectures, but when the Wood girls went to a dance, Lorin's comment was a little stuffy --

**February 23, 1849** -- *...I have no more time to spend studying the passions and emotions of the occupants of a ballroom. Dancing may be innocent enough in itself but...I have full enough to vitiate the mind without getting it into the whirls of a cotillion or the ups and downs of a contra dance...I'll not stay and be tempted. Get thee behind me, Satan.*

But other social occasions were welcome for their companionable talk.

**December 18, 1848** – *Got up early and took my horse...spending the evening at my boarding place and in company with Mr. George M. Barrett and wife and daughter. Went through with all the minutiae of the fashions for trimming bonnets... With Mr. Barrett I discussed the qualities of various cattle...on the whole had a very good time.*

In the evening went to a party...Was introduced to two young women. The first one was as lively and loquacious as a chickadee; had been accustomed to the society of watering-places...The other was said to be pretty-looking, but I rarely look people in their faces...(Henry Thoreau (*Journals*, November 14, 1851))

### **“...games which tend to debase the mind”**

**January 23, 1849** – *...came home and blacked my boots, shaved my beard, brushed up my clothes, and took Sarah Wood to 9-acre corner.*

Whenever this proper young husband mentions Sarah Wood, one gets the impression that he had fun in her company. In fact, although he adored his wife and went home joyfully on weekends, there is a touch of friskiness in his entries about the jolly evenings with Sarah's family in the boarding house on Lowell Road.

**November 14, 1848** -- *Took tea at Warren Brown's and spent the evening at Mr. Wood's indulged in a game of whist. I see no harm in playing a game of whist occasionally.*

In the word “occasionally” there is a twinge of conscience. Whist was precisely the sort of sociable entertainment that was thundered at from the pulpit by that soggiest of wet blankets, the pastor of Lincoln's Congregational church.

**April 8, 1849** -- *Mr. Jackson preached a fine discourse upon indulging in carnal affections and lusts. He spoke of the dangers of tasting the cup of wine, of going to the theatre, of parties of pleasure and games which tend to debase the mind.*

But surely Reverend Jackson would not have scowled at a party of pleasure on that same April day –

*This evening Emilie, George, and myself have been singing a little. I love to sing a few tunes once in a while that I may not entirely forget what little I once knew about music.*

Henry Thoreau could sing a tune too, and even “take the roof of the house off,” but he was scornful about polite society. *I have found myself as well off when I have fallen into a quagmire, as in an armchair in the most hospitable house.* (Harding, 1965, 379)

But even Thoreau might have been interested in another of Chapin’s “parties of pleasure.”

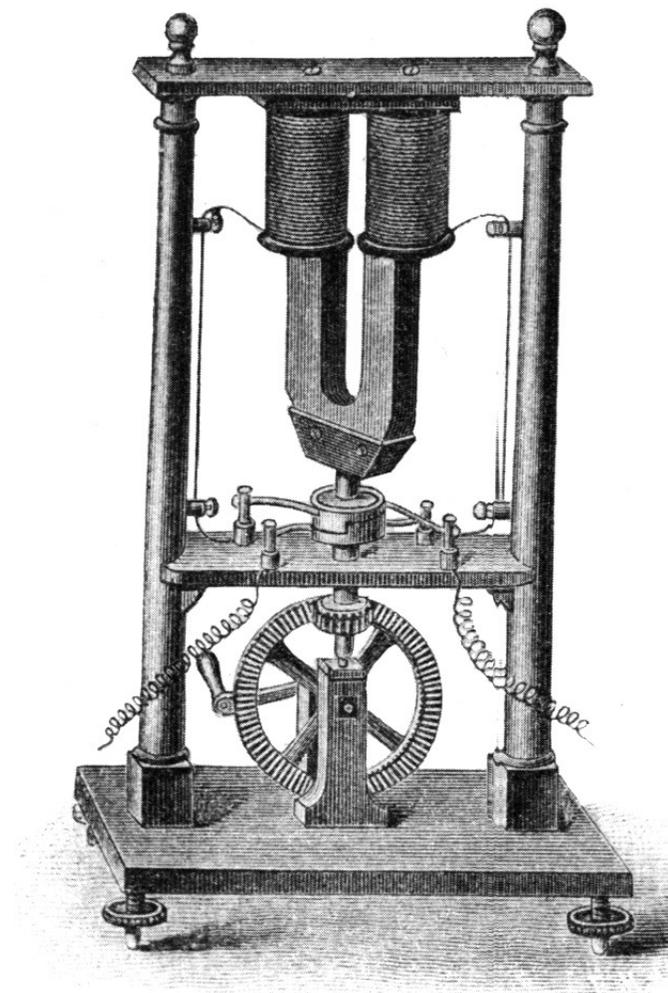
### **...took shocks from the Doctors Electro-Magnetic machine...**

Most of the kinsmen in Chapin’s journal were relatives of Emilie’s, but an important exception was Lorin’s brother Henry, “the Doctor.” Henry Chapin’s education was broader than Lorin’s. Nine years older, he had earned a medical degree from the Berkshire Medical College in Pittsfield in 1840.

**December 12, 1848** – *We had a fine time in the evening, took shocks from the Doctors Electro-Magnetic machine till we were tired of it.*

What on earth was going on?

Professor Alan Hirshfeld of the University of Massachusetts explains. “I suspect it was an electrostatic generator, a hand-cranked mechanical device that rubbed together two materials to produce static electricity discharges onto the finger or tongue. Such sparks are not dangerous.” (Hirshfeld, email to Langton)



**Figure 24 Hippolyte Pixii's original "electro-magnetic machine," 1832**

Two months later the family played with the electro-magnetic machine again. And surely the attractive young couple were themselves a magnet to their hosts of friends and relations.

**August 21, 1849** -- *...Mr. Alfred Brooks was here and took dinner with us...Emilie and Maria went to Uncle Calvin Smiths and just as they got started, Mr. Jacob Baker, Mr. Marsh and wife and Abigail Baker came and spent the afternoon and took tea... We have had a good visit.*

They took tea, but never wine. It is clear that this was a tee totaling household. Chapin was shocked by the spectacle of public drunkenness in Concord at a grand Muster of Militia.

**August 24, 1849** -- *many who carried such a load that they reeled under it and some...were lying senseless in the ditches.*

The scandal of intoxication was a major theme in the 1878 memoir of Edward Jarvis about his youth in Concord. *The tavern on the main street on Groton road...had a larger bar...It*

*was more the resort of those who ...were given to frequent indulgence and even intoxication. (Jarvis, 1993, 160)*

### **Put on the fixings**

Sometimes the social engagements of the young Chapins lasted all day.

**August 11, 1849** -- *Worked at repairing the peach boxes a spell in the morning, but a little past nine o'clock put on the fixings and went and spent the rest of the day waiting on the ladies and visiting. We...first went to Sam'l H. Pierce's and took dinner, from there to Uncle Fiske's and took tea and after tea to Dr. Chapins and spent the evening till nearly nine o'clock. I enjoyed the day very much...*

**January 7, 1850** -- *This afternoon went and carried Emilie and the baby to Mr. Gleasons and took tea and spent the evening. Had a good game of whist...When we came home the snow was falling very fast.*

The dear privacy and retirement and solitude which winter makes possible!

Henry Thoreau (*Journals*, December 6, 1850)

### **...every thing seemed hearty**

**March 14, 1850** -- *went to Mr. Rice's...and took tea and spent the evening playing whist in company of Mr. Rice, Miss Sarah Edes, Geo. Prescott, Eugene Dennis and the Rice girls. We have had a very social pleasant time. Miss Edes is very pretty...*

**July 25, 1850** -- *Brother and sister Thompson and cousin Caroline M. Brooks were here to dinner and I went with them to Uncle Calvin Smith's to tea and from there we went and took a row upon the pond and from there to Uncle Jonas Smith's and back to Uncle Fiske's...every thing seemed hearty...*

But perhaps in this journal entry there is a faint echo of the wary aloofness of Henry Thoreau --

**July 25, 1850** -- *Why is it that we New Englanders shut ourselves away from society so much when we enjoy visiting as well as any people on the face of the globe...!*

It's evident that Lorin and Emilie did not shut themselves away very often. One can't help wondering what they talked about with their friends and relations.

The beatitude of conversation...I have no book & no pleasure in life comparable to this. (Ralph Waldo Emerson (Porte 1982, 396))

The conversation of the young Chapins was surely not as exalted as the transcendental beatitudes of Mr. Emerson, but perhaps the gossip of visitors like Uncle Jonas and Mrs. Tidd was as lively as the chatter of the aunts around Mrs. Thoreau's table.

Chapin seldom reports what was said by the guests who came to the house and *took tea*, but we can imagine the young bride carrying into the sitting room a three-decker cake-stand with teapot, cups and saucers. Of course teatime *chez* Chapin may have been simpler, merely a steaming kettle and a few chairs pulled up to the kitchen table.

**October 18, 1850** -- *Jonas Hartwell has made us a short call this evening. He is always full of talk when he comes here. Some people can never stop talking and some (of whom I am one) can never begin to talk unless I am well acquainted...*

I laugh when you tell me of the danger of impoverishing myself by isolation. It is here that the walrus and the seal, and the white bear, and the eider ducks and auks on which I batten, most abound. (Henry Thoreau (*Journals*, December 28, 1856))

# Chapter 7

## School Master

<b>Public Schools (1850)</b>			
States and Territories	Number	Teachers	Pupils
Massachusetts	3,679	4,443	176,475

DeBow, *Statistical View of the United States*, 1854, 142

Conceive the quicksilver a child is  
And wonder by what surprising skill he is held civil and fast to his books.

Bronson Alcott (Tolman 1861, 32)

At school I learned nothing. (William Henry Hunt (Wilson 2007, 71))

The school in which William Henry Hunt learned nothing was in Concord's District Seven. Leslie Perrin Wilson tells the tragic story of Hunt's sister Martha, a nineteen-year-old teacher in one of Concord's district schools. In July, 1845, she "succumbed to despair over her situation and drowned herself in the Concord River."

Nathaniel Hawthorne joined the search for Martha's drowned body. Afterwards he was told that her diary exhibited "many high and remarkable traits...I suppose one friend would have saved her, but she died for want of sympathy, -- a severe penalty for having cultivated and refined herself out of the sphere of her natural connections."

Poor Martha! If only she had not hankered after Concord's *beau monde*! Unitarian minister Barzillai Frost was perhaps closer to the truth when he guessed that it was the sixty unruly children in her classroom who had made their teacher despair. (Wilson 2007, 71)

Rowdiness in the public schools of Concord was nothing new. The father of a child who came home in a black-and-blue condition was warned by the schoolmaster to remove the boy: "He would as soon put a child of his on board a man of war, as to send him to that school." (Gross 1994, Saunterer, 7)

### Mary Goss

Like unhappy Martha Hunt, another young Lincoln girl kept a journal. Her daily record of life at a normal school in Lexington is pious and naïve.

January 7, 1846 -- I felt sad when I first entered the school, but as I looked over the faces of the teachers and pupils, love seemed to be stamped on each one of them, and I felt I was not alone.

February 26, 1846 – I have been trying all day to understand about fractions, it seems just as impossible to understand them, as it would be for me to sit on a chest, and then try to open it. (Goss 1846)

Alas for Mary Goss -- if she had a career in teaching it was brief. She died of typhoid fever on September 17, 1849, while Chapin was in Boston selling peaches and sleeping in the wagon. Her name does not appear in his journal.

### **God hath designed nothing in vain.**

Another young woman, Mary Wheeler, gives a glimpse of her Lincoln public school in a letter written in March, 1816. “You must not be surprised to see how much I have improved in writing...I have attended principally to Geography am not quite so ignorant of the world as I used to be.” When Mary’s family considered sending her to boarding school, her brother worried that “she would be apt to think that Milking Cows, feeding Hogs, &c was vulgar employment...” (MacLean 1987, 372)

Young Emily Dickinson had no cows to milk or hogs to feed, and the school founded by her grandfather was close at hand. She could walk up the street to Amherst Academy, which had an “admirable corps of teachers” as well as a “Preceptress...to assist in the instruction of Females.” (Tuckerman 1929, unbound) After all, declared her grandfather, “The female mind, so sensitive, so susceptible of improvement should not be neglected...God hath designed nothing in vain.” (Leyda 1960, 17-18)

### **...a certificate for teaching school**

During the winter months when Lorin Chapin’s trusty wagon no longer rattled into Boston with cash crops of apples and peaches, he needed another source of income. Since he was a well-spoken young man with credentials from Monson Academy and previous teaching experience, he was snapped up as a Concord schoolmaster.

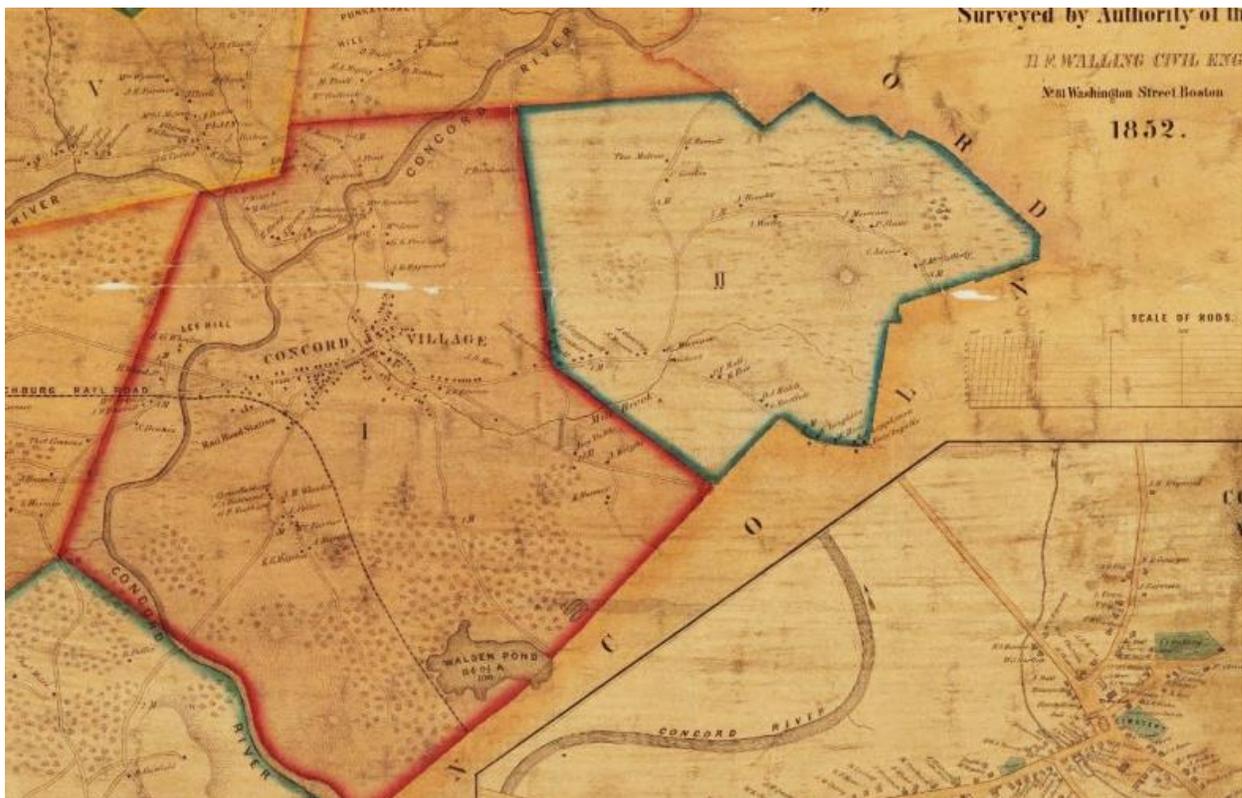
**December 1, 1848** – *I went [to] Concord to get [a] certificate for teaching school which the committee gave me without an examination on the ground that they knew enough without questioning me.*

The Concord Town Report for 1848 (?) shows why the committee knew enough to forego the examination. Chapin had taught in Concord before. As a schoolmaster in 1847 in Concord’s District Six, J. L. Chapin had been paid \$118.75.

### ...in its glory days

The first settlers of Concord...had among them men of great intelligence and moral worth and even of educational ambition for their children. They early provided school for all...(Edward Jarvis, 1878 (Jarvis, Ed S. Chapin 1993, 106))

A book by Morton Seavey, “Concord Schools from Candles to Kerosene” lists the seven school districts as they were in 1817 -- Central, East, Corner, Darby, Groton Road and Buttrick. Once again Chapin was assigned to District Six, on the way to Groton and close to Concord’s northern border with Carlisle.



**Figure 25 Map of the Town of Concord, 1852**

(Courtesy of Lincoln Town Archives)

Now a private dwelling, the school still stands on the immense stones of its granite foundation in the fork between Lowell and Westford Roads.

For the school master it was a long way from home -- three miles to the Milldam in the center of Concord, then another three along the Cambridge turnpike to Cyrus Smith’s farm.

**Monday, February 26, 1849** – *I walked from home this morning and when I got up here I was so exhausted that I thought I should not be able to go through with the exercises of the day.*

Since home and school were far apart, the new schoolmaster boarded during the week with the congenial family of James Wood, and went home only on weekends. Perhaps on most Saturday afternoons someone came for him with the carriage or the ever-rolling wagon. Or perhaps it was often a plodding six-mile journey on foot.

Although Chapin enjoyed the social and intellectual amenities of the sophisticated town of Concord – his jolly evenings with the Wood family, his attendance at the Lyceum lectures of Theodore Parker, Henry Thoreau and Ralph Waldo Emerson – there is no hint in his journal that Concord was in its glory days. Most of his entries reflect the challenges he faced every weekday morning and afternoon – that roomful of young scholars.

### ...the young hopefuls

**December 4, 1848** – *Rose early in the morning and came from home about half past seven o'clock A. M. to Concord to begin my school. I arrived safely in season and found 27 scholars in the morning and 29 in the afternoon.*

**December 5, 1848** – *I have heard the young hopefuls read, spell, recite in geography, arithmetic etc.*

What sort of books did his young hopefuls read? Fortunately *The New England Primer* with its crude woodcuts and moral fables was long out of date –

He that ne'er learns his A, B, C,  
For ever will a Blockhead be;  
But he that learns thefe Letters fair  
Shall have a Coach to take the Air. (Jarvis 1993, 119)

The only textbook mentioned in Chapin's journal is a grammar by a Mr. Greene of Boston, but in the Concord Library's Special Collections there are a few dog-eared volumes of the sort that might have been used in his classroom.

**December 28, 1848** – *I have all my copies to write for to morrow*

Jarvis explains what was meant by 'copies:' "The master set copies for the young writers. Marks, turn or hook at bottom or top of n, then o, then a, etc. Next one word as cat, pit at the top, copied through the page. Then sentences --- mottoes, moral sayings....."

(Jarvis 1993, 120)

I pay the schoolmaster, but 'tis the school-boys that educate my son.

(Emerson, Vol XI, 1960)

## **My school has got along very well.**

The entries about his school in Chapin's journal are tantalizing because they leave so much out. What, for instance, was the age-range of the scholars in his care? From his desk he probably looked down at very little children as well as lumbering teenagers. Keeping twenty-seven boys and girls moving forward at different levels must have been a challenge, just as it was for thousands of other men and women in one-room schools across the land, young teachers like my mother in Wyoming many years later.

Of course Chapin's district school in this sophisticated New England town was well-appointed, although he has much to say about its discomforts.

**January 10, 1849** -- *...the floor is so open that the cold comes in as freely as though we were out at the door.*

Today the chimney of the house that may once have been Chapin's school rises near the front of the building. In his day it would have been connected to a stove-pipe and a stove like the one in District No. 7, the school where William Henry Hunt "learned nothing." *Heat was provided by a box-shaped woodstove...held together by iron bolts. The wood was kept outside...* (Wilson 2002, 70)

From the beginning, schoolmaster Chapin set his sights high.

**December 7, 1848** – *my school has got along very well...I wish it was in my power to impress on the minds of all the importance of improving these precious school-days, and thus fitting themselves for the duties of a citizen...I wish I could make them feel that those duties will be as much more important to them as the country will have enlarged its borders and increased in population and improved in literature.*

They [the citizens of Lincoln] supported good schools that stood high among the schools of the State; and although kept in little modest houses and taught mostly by graduates of these schools, they turned out men and women who were good citizens... (George M. Baker, 1904 (*Town of Lincoln, 1754- 1904*, 171))

In 1856 Henry Thoreau visited a Quaker community in New Jersey, and found the children *not so bright as N.E. children.* (Thoreau letter to his sister Sophia, Nov 1, 1856)

Chapin's classroom was filled with N.E. children. In his first weeks he was pleasantly surprised by some of them.

**December 27, 1848** – *My scholars have brought in their second set of compositions...I find more talent among them than I had dared to hope for.*

*I think there are those in my school who in point of correctness of style and good use of language would not disgrace any high school or young ladies seminary in the country. I wish I had cultivated my powers of composition more when I was young and I should not have been such a bungler at it as I am now.*

**January 3, 1849** – *I have a first rate class of four girls in Algebra and I like to teach them. It is next to impossible not to feel a partiality for good scholars*

But there were bad days as well as good.

### **...I have had two of them crying...**

**January 13, 1849** – *...the scholars are unusually sensitive to day as I have had two of them crying and I did not think of saying anything harsh to them.*

Day after day he soldiered on, doing his best to prepare his scholars for the day of examination by the school committee. But sometimes, even on a good day, he found it hard to control his temper.

**January 30, 1849** – *The class in Algebra and some of the classes in arithmetic are getting on bravely...Some of the time I find I am disposed to be rather cross...I try to restrain my natural vehemence of temper, but fear I succeed poorly most of the time...*

**February 20, 1849** – *The scholars have been very inattentive and made much disturbance with their laughing...I mean...to be master as well as teacher and be obeyed as well as heard.*

Mrs. Edith Flint, wife of Chapin's great-nephew Ephraim, recollected the Lincoln classroom taught by Lorin's daughter. Perhaps Carrie Chapin had borrowed the arrangement of the desks from her father's Concord schoolroom, decades earlier.

...the beginners sat across the front of the room just under the platform on which Miss Chapin had her desk...On this same platform, off at one side, was the "Naughty Boy's Corner." (Edith Flint, Unpublished Memoir, LPL Archives)

### **I had to work fast...**

In the district schools of Concord when school master Chapin taught his winter classrooms, the great event of the year was the examination day in March. For this public ordeal he did his best to prepare his scholars.

**March 3, 1849** – *I had to work fast all the morning to get ready in season, but at last I found myself in school with about 30 happy looking faces all dressed in their best...Some of the classes did not fully answer my expectations but as a whole it was as good as could be expected from the school. The committee expressed their entire satisfaction with the improvement of the school although I could not but think some of their remarks were designed as a soft Soaping of me.*

An examination day in the district school at Nine-Acre Corner was described by Mary Wheeler in 1932 -- “Then we all arrayed ourselves in our best clothes...we were supposed to be at our best mentally, also...to speak pieces, read compositions, and recite in geography, arithmetic, history, etc., and to be on our best behavior. Parents and neighbors came, and sat on the narrow benches along the two sides of the room, while the School Committee...and other special guests occupied the platform.” (Seavy 1946, 15)

Closer to Chapin’s time, an examination day in Lincoln was recalled by Edwin M. Stearns in 1904. (*Town of Lincoln, 1754-1904*, 210)

“The children in their Sunday clothes were on their mettle to excel, and the teachers were on tenter-hooks, lest something should go amiss.”

What does education often do?

It makes a straight cut ditch of a free, meandering brook.

Henry Thoreau, 1850

### **The high seriousness of the School Committee**

For a broader understanding of the Concord school system during the first half of the nineteenth century, the well-stocked memory of Edward Jarvis is a horn of plenty. In his “Traditions & Reminiscences of Concord, Massachusetts, 1779-1878,” he explains why girls happened to be in Concord classrooms in the first place. “In 1828... finding the school small in November...I proposed to the committee that the girls be allowed to attend the school at least as long as there should be room for them. The committee consented, and girls have not since been excluded.” (Jarvis 1993, 21)

The consenting committee was of course the Concord School Committee, which took its responsibilities with high seriousness. In the year 1846 its members made 141 visits to the seven schools in their charge. Their report for the school year ending April 1, 1848, details the improvements to the building in which Lorin Chapin was to be the schoolmaster. The report rejoices in splendid language.

In District No. 6, on the Lowell road, instead of the little square pen in which the children were huddled, there is now a neat and ample structure of classic proportions...Instead of the old windows, with their little, dingy, multitudinous lights, like the boy's rusty jack knife, which he could neither open or shut...there are large lights and handsome sashes...Instead of the old box-stove, shut up in the middle of the tight room, like a covered pot, in which all the heat, steam and odors are retained, until every brain is parboiled...there is a handsome ventilating stove...and there are ventilators, taking all the impure air...to be purified in the great alembic of nature.

...Let us imagine all the children in this district coming up to...this neat and tasteful little temple of learning...A few years ago, nothing but reading, writing and arithmetic, was allowed in the district school. Now it is a gratifying spectacle to see...many scholars...showing an acquaintance with Algebra, Geometry, Physiology, Philosophy, Surveying, Book-keeping, Composition, etc., which a few years ago would have done honor to the graduates from our best academies. (Report of Concord School Committee, 1848)

A chart in the 1849 report of the Concord School Committee shows the sums paid for instruction to the seven men and eleven women who taught in Concord's seven district schools. In District No. 6, Mr. James L. Chapin received \$110.50 for 70 days of teaching (\$1.56 per day), while Miss C. R. Garfield was paid only \$157.50 for teaching 224 days (about \$.70 per day).

But which teacher's students scored the highest? Lydia Maria Child, that great champion of women's causes, would have exulted in the next chart, which demonstrates that the scores of the boys and girls taught by Miss Charlotte Hunt were higher than those of the children in the classrooms of any of the six male teachers, one of whom was James L. Chapin.

To Concord historian Ruth Wheeler the inequality was traditional: "in 1740 the town paid Daniel Wheeler 'four pounds for his wife's keeping school ten weeks in Billings End in the summer last past.' A man would have received a pound and a half a week." (Wheeler 1967, 77)

### **No rapping of umbrellas**

Today the disparity between the low wages of the women teachers and the high achievement of their students would be a scandal, but in mid-nineteenth-century Concord it seems to have caused no dismay. Clarissa Garfield did not rap her umbrella smartly on

the door of the Town House and demand EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL WORK, although in the 1851 report of the School Committee she was highly praised: “Miss Clarissa R. Garfield has taught the West Centre school during the past year with her usual success. Her pupils made very thorough and satisfactory recitations at the examination, and gave evidence of much drilling.” (Concord School Committee Annual Report, 1851)

Other American women were less contented with their lot. On July 19, 1848, the very day James Lorin Chapin began keeping his journal, Elizabeth Cady Stanton stood on a platform in Seneca Falls, New York, to proclaim a list of women’s grievances. One was her complaint that men: “...had monopolized nearly all the profitable employments, and from those she is permitted to follow, she receives but a scanty remuneration.” (Blum 1981, 260)

### **...a hornet’s nest**

Lorin Chapin makes no mention of the scanty wages paid to the women teachers of Concord. But from any point of view he surely deserved the highest possible remuneration for his willingness to tackle another school the following year, the east school in Concord’s District 2 -- *a great undertaking for the school has been in a bad condition for the last three years.* (Concord School Committee Annual Report, 1850)

Since it was on the road to Lexington, this school was closer to home. But Chapin found it a hornet’s nest.

### **22 scholars as full of mischief as any I ever saw.**

**January 22, 1850** – *Began my school with 22 scholars as full of mischief as any I ever saw. I don’t know what I shall do with them but I will give them a trial and see if they cannot be brought into subjection to proper discipline.*

But bringing this boisterous schoolroom into subjection was easier said than done.

**January 24, 1850** -- *...found the house in tolerable order except one boy who had a stick of wood shouldered and was performing various maneuvers with it and last of all when I came up to him he threw it upon the floor in the middle of the room...accordingly I laid him beside the stick of wood without any ceremony...This had a good effect...*

The effect did not last --

**February 12, 1850** – *The school has been worse than ever today and I am at a stand to know what to do with...one or two of the scholars. There appears to be no reasoning with them to do any good and they are too old to flog...*

That is, until his patience was exhausted.

### ...such a thrashing

**February 13, 1850** – *Have had a hard day in school again having given one of the oldest boys such a thrashing as will lead him to think that I mean something by my talk.*

The best teachers may...from time to time, be obliged to use the rod of correction...  
(Concord School Committee Annual Report, 1850)

Edward Jarvis has much to say about the rod of correction. “Every master armed himself with a *ferule*...an instrument of mahogany, walnut, oak, maple or thin strong wood... used by striking the boy on the palm of hand.”

He describes a beating he witnessed as a schoolboy. “I remember one such boy, handy, tough, good natured...a frequent trespasser...One day the master feruled him with very great severity. The boy bore it unflinchingly...When the master had finished, the boy...said...‘Thank you sir, I feel much refreshed.’ ” (Jarvis 1993, 112)

The eminent Concord statesman George Frisbie Hoar must have sown a few wild oats himself as a schoolboy. “The chief weapon of torture was the *ferule*, to the efficacy of which I can testify from much personal knowledge.” (Hoar 1903, 53)

Today that kind of corporal punishment would bring legal action in a court of law, but in Chapin’s time discipline was at the schoolmaster’s discretion.

### ...such an exam!

As the time drew near for the annual examination by the School Committee, the distracted schoolmaster in District Two must have expected the worst.

**March 14, 1850** --...*they came at two...and such an exam! The scholars appeared to be frightened and could not tell the very little they do know...at length we were relieved from our purgatory by the escape of a little extra gas from Mr. Goodnow.*

In the end, the judgment by the school committee of Chapin’s handling of his unruly school was generous.

**March 29, 1850** – *Have received a report of the school committee...which was full as commendatory as I could wish for under the existing circumstances.*

### ...the promise of a nobler life?

An 1896 report on the schools of Lexington sums up the changes in public education since the primitive conditions of earlier days, and asks a severe question – “But how about the results? Are the schools of to-day developing better manhood and womanhood than those of the olden times? Are they inspiring high aims, pure tastes and earnest striving for the best things, and so giving promise of a nobler life in the home, the state and the nation?” (Lexington School Committee Report, 1896)

High aims and the promise of a nobler life! One early Concord school surely lived up to these exacting standards.

### **...a peculiar school**

It is hardly fair to compare Chapin’s public school in District Six with the private school kept by Henry and John Thoreau between 1838 and 1841. Edward Emerson remembered it as “a peculiar school, there was never a boy flogged or threatened, yet I never saw so absolutely military discipline.” (Edward Emerson 1968)

Another young student described it in a letter to his father:

In the morning I recite in Solid Geometry...Geography comes next, immediately after recess...Grammar comes next. Parker and Fox’s is used...I borrow it of Mr. Thoreau...The school hours are from half past eight to half past twelve in the morning and from two to four in the afternoon. Mr. Thoreau reads aloud those compositions which he thinks will please the scholars, which sometimes occasions a great deal of laughter...

In the afternoon we went off into the woods...We went to Goose pond where we heard a tremendous chirping of frogs. It has been disputed whether the noise was caused by frogs...Mr. Thoreau ...caught...two of them in the act of chirping. While bringing them to me one of them chirped in his hat. (Meltzer and Harding 1962, 41)

### **I was placed in a new situation**

On a cold day in the early spring of 1850, schoolmaster Chapin was enjoying his usual Sunday holiday at home when something unexpected happened.

**March 3, 1850** -- *towards eleven o’clock...got ready and went to the town meeting...I was placed in a new situation...I was chosen moderator...*

## Chapter 8

# Young Farmer in Sunday Clothes

When I see one of our young farmers in Sunday clothes, I feel the greatest respect for & joy in them...there is no arrogance in their bearing, but a perfect gentleness...

Ralph Waldo Emerson Journals, December 14, 1849

...the modern Christian...All his prayers begin with “Now I lay me down to sleep.”  
 Thoreau, October 30, 1859)

Lorin Chapin was the perfect embodiment of Emerson’s young farmers in Sunday clothes, but he was also one of Thoreau’s modern Christians, because after six days of heavy labor he found it hard to keep awake in Lincoln’s Congregational church. He blamed it on the airless surroundings.

**May 27 1849** – *Mr. Jackson preached...a very good discourse I suppose but I was so sleepy that I could not keep awake during sermon time. The day was so warm and the house close that it produced a sort of lethargy...*

On another Sunday, Chapin took a cautionary morning nap.

**July 7, 1850** – *Did not go to church in the morning but went to bed and took a real snooze. In the afternoon went to church and heard a good sermon by Mr. Jackson from the text John 5.40.*

Sometimes one would like to hand him an aspirin --

**May 19, 1850** – *Have been to church this morning and have the usual accompaniment of sitting in our church, the head ache...*

But often he gamely went to church not only once, but twice. *No one considered one morning service of worship a sufficient diet for the Lord’s Day.*

### ...a gentle nudge from Mr. Jackson

Therefore on the fifty-one Sundays recorded in his journal the hardworking young farmer sat obediently in his pew, receiving from Mr. Jackson many a gentle (or not so gentle) nudge.

Rev. William C. Jackson, the fifth pastor of the church...Installed at Lincoln, April 15, 1848...an able, judicious, and devout minister of the gospel. His work was, for many years, prosecuted under peculiar difficulties, owing to ill-health in his family... (Hurd 1890)



**Figure 26 Original Meetinghouse, 1746 – 1859**  
(Styron 2003)

The Congregational church in which Reverend Jackson delivered his two Sunday sermons stood on the hill in the center of town, facing south. Since there was a vigorous system of pulpit exchange, he was not the only preacher. Chapin heard the discourses of twenty-seven other clergymen.

...we tolerate incredible dullness. I need only suggest what kind of sermons are still listened to in the most enlightened countries...

Henry Thoreau, *Walden*, "Conclusion"

**Sunday, October 28, 1849** – *Went to church in the morning and heard a discourse by a stranger to me...He had a very good sermon...yet he seemed to lack a feeling of toleration to other denominations: Giving the lie to the Baptist, hitting the Unitarians a job with the elbow, accusing the Transcendentalist of departing from the truth; and sending the whole race of Catholics to perdition.*

## ...the whole race of Catholics

It is clear that Chapin was sometimes baffled by the devotion of his Irish hired hands to their Catholic faith. Their dedication was a reproof to the feeble piety of his fellow Protestants –

**April 14, 1849** – *The pagan is ready to throw himself under the car of his god – the Mohammedan is ready to shed his last drop of blood for the cause of Mahomet – the catholic adheres to his faith amidst famine and pestilence and will give his last morsel to those who are priests of his sect while the Christian is not ready to give one hundredth part for the spread of what he calls true religion.*

(Catholics were not Christians?)

This mild praise of the Catholic by a good Protestant like Chapin contrasts with the anti-Catholic ranting of Tennessee governor William G. Brownlow –

Popery is a system of mere human policy, altogether of Foreign origin; Foreign in its support, importing Foreign vassals and paupers by multiplied thousands; and sending into every State and Territory in this Union, a most baneful Foreign and anti-Republican influence. (Brownlow 1856, 7)

So much for the devotion of that foreign vassal, Chapin's hired hand Barney McLaughlin, setting out on his long walk to a Catholic meeting in Waltham.

### The soreness of knees

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.

Shakespeare, Cymbeline Act 4, Scene II

In spite of Lorin Chapin's diligent church attendance, for the rest of the week he seems concerned only with worldly tasks. If his knees were sore, it was from hard work in the field, not penitential prayer. In his journal there are a few expressions of restless disappointment with his lot, but most of the time he cheerfully accepts the daily round, whether in orchard or meadow, Boston market or district school.

During his winter months of teaching in Concord, he attended the Lyceum lectures of eminent philosophers and reported them diligently in his journal. But on weekends he seemed grateful to leave the yeasty ferment of transcendental Concord behind him.

Foreign to his nature perhaps were the mystical exaltations of Thoreau, to whom the services in Concord's First Parish Church were mere fragments of miscellaneous information. Foreign to Chapin too might have been Emerson's disappointment when the Reverend Barzillai Frost failed to mention in his sermon the beautiful snow falling outside the window.

Of course Chapin was capable of high flights of his own, passages of wonder at nature's beauty. But it was the humdrum work of every day that he usually set down. Clearly he has earned the right to take his wages.

### **Missionary zeal**

In 1960 Charles Styron, minister of Lincoln's combined Unitarian and Congregational churches, wrote a history of the First Parish that includes the background of the man who preached so many sermons to a dutiful, if drowsy, James Lorin Chapin.

Reverend William Jackson had not come to the Lincoln pulpit straight from seminary but from missionary work in Turkey. "His zeal for the missionary enterprise increased the interest of the church in its support." (Styron 2003, 59)

A close friend of Chapin's was infected with the same zeal. Charles Hartwell was the Amherst graduate who in Lorin's opinion gave promise *of being more than a middling man in the world*. In Styron's history, Hartwell amply fulfilled that promise. After ordination in the Lincoln church as a missionary he "...was sent out to China by the American board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, where he served for many years in the Foochow Mission..." (Styron 2003, 59)

### **...the seventh day is a Sabbath to the LORD your God...**

These were a Bible-reading people who knew many a scriptural passage by heart. One of the Ten Commandments was a boon to Chapin.

...Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour...But the seventh day is a Sabbath to the LORD your God; in it you shall not do any work...

*(Exodus 20: 10)*

Thankfully our exhausted young farmer obeyed this friendly commandment. But putting aside the scythe and the hay fork did not mean staying home from the meeting-house.

### **...the total depravity of human nature**

**November 19, 1848** – *Have been to church half the day and listened to a discourse from Rev. Harvey Newcomb...he is no preacher. I think I never heard a minister*

*whose style of oratory was more disagreeable than his. His text was from Gen. 6.5. "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually."*

Surprisingly it was not the dire message that was displeasing. *The matter of the sermon was good, but the preacher was so confined to his notes that he could not go on at all when he looked off.*

Sometimes Chapin's own pastor resembles the archetypical black-browed Puritanical preacher. And yet the savagery of one of his sermons did not blow Lorin out of his pew.

**February 24, 1850** – *Went to church in the morning and heard Mr. Jackson preach upon the total depravity of human nature. I felt so sleepy in the forenoon I did not go in the afternoon.*

#### DIVINE SERVICE IN THE ACADEMY HALL

...From this window I can compare the written with the preached word: within is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth; without, grain fields and grasshoppers, which give those the lie direct. (*Henry Thoreau, August 5, 1838*)

#### **...spades, shovels and pitchforks**

Churchgoer Chapin may have taken with a grain of salt the Calvinist echoes of the sermons in the Congregational pulpit. There are few twinges of conscience in his journal. His Monday-through-Saturday entries are plain common sense. Nor are there many sermon-inspired vows to reform, although the famous Protestant work-ethic is present throughout the journal in spades, shovels and pitchforks.

His lament on the first day of August, 1848, might be the motto of a Sunday School tract – *"Work, work, work, has been my lot this day."*

#### **...the end for which I was created**

It is curious that the references in the journal to the "Almighty" are few, and the words "Jesus" and "Christ" do not appear at all. Completely absent is the word "guilty," our favorite choice for the state of the ancestral conscience. Nor does the word "sin" pop up on Chapin's pages. The general tone is hopeful and healthy-minded.

Robert Gross explains the omissions. "Liberal Protestantism was not centered on Christ in many congregations, unlike the evangelicals, who were preoccupied with the personality of the Savior and anxious to experience saving grace." (Letter to Jane Langton )

On the whole, Chapin was content with his lot, or perhaps he merely wished to seem so. His summing up of the year 1848 is an expression of gratitude and hope --

**December 31, 1848** – *Since the year commenced I have completed the school I was then teaching with satisfaction to all concerned. I have...taken a wife and thus added much to the sum total of my happiness. I have been enabled to assist in carrying on the farm...with some pecuniary profit...I hope with the commencement of another year I may begin to do more for the good of mankind and the end for which I was created.*

### **Theological bones were rattled**

Rev. William Jackson had been the pastor of the Congregational church for only a few months when Chapin began his journal. When Mr. Jackson first climbed the pulpit stairs in the spring of 1848, the disruption of the “Unitarian heresy” was comfortably in the past, the time when, in Styron’s words, “Theological bones were being rattled on every hand.” (Styron 2003, 45)

The physical result of the bone-rattling loomed large only a little way down the hill, the proud new church of the Unitarians. In Styron’s words, “The new place of worship, the present White Church, was completed in 1842 at a total cost of \$2782.13.” (Styron 2003, 50)



**Figure 27 First Parish in Lincoln**

The split in the neighboring town had been just the reverse. In Concord it was the conservatives who withdrew from the high-steepled church on Lexington Road.

“In 1826,” explains Robert Gross, “a little band of unhappy Calvinists, including Thoreau’s aunts, withdrew from Ezra Ripley’s liberal First Parish.” (Gross 1985, 318)

The consequence of that explosive departure can be seen in Concord today. While the Unitarians sat tight in their inherited pews, the rebellious Trinitarians built a church of their own around the corner on Walden Street. The present church with its lofty steeple replaces an original structure destroyed by fire in 1924.

**...all the elite of wealth and fashion**

Which denomination was more stylish?

Harriet Beecher Stowe, sister of Congregational pastor Henry Ward Beecher, tells the blunt truth. *Calvinism or orthodoxy was the despised and persecuted form of faith...Unitarianism reigned in its stead. All the literary men of Massachusetts were Unitarian. All the trustees and professors of Harvard College were Unitarians...All the elite of wealth and fashion crowded Unitarian churches.* (Fields 1897)

In Chapin's day there were both Unitarian and Congregational meeting houses in the center of Lincoln, but his journal gives no hint of religious tension. The two churches apparently conducted their Sunday services amicably, side by side. They continued to do so until reunited nearly a century later in 1942. In Lorin's journal there is only one random mention of the breakaway Unitarians.

**January 1, 1849** – *In the evening I went with Emilie to the Unitarian Fair at the town House...The object of the fair was to procure a library for the Sabbath School.*

### **...they came, old and young**

Mr. Jackson's sermons have not survived, but the order of events in his services probably followed a typical Congregational pattern – SINGING, OPENING PRAYER OR INVOCATION, SCRIPTURE READING, SINGING, LONG PRAYER, SERMON, SINGING, BLESSING. Charles Styron imagines a typical Sunday morning as it might have been a few years before the time of Chapin's journal.

Six days a week these hardy pioneers labored, from sun-up until its setting and even after, but the seventh day was reserved for the business and worship of the Lord...In the early times there were no comfortable and elegant conveyances, but only rude carts and wagons, to bring them to church. Some came on horseback. Others had nothing but their feet to bring them. But they came, old and young, entire families together. They brought their food for the noon meal. They came early in the morning and stayed through the day, returning to their homes only in time to do the necessary evening chores...(Styron 2003, 14)

In winter the worship of the Lord must have been a trial. George Frisbie Hoar's engaging autobiography paints a chilling picture of the old Concord meeting-house of his childhood.

The windows rattled...and the cold wind came in through the cracks. There was a stove...but it did little to temper the coldness of a day in midwinter. We used to carry to church a little foot-stove with a little tin pan in it, which we filled with coal from the stove in the meeting-house, and the ladies of the family would pass it round to each other to keep their toes from freezing... (Hoar 1903, Vol 1, 51)

## ...sacred musick

Styron's history has much to say about music. He writes with awe about the great Reverend Charles Stearns, minister of Lincoln's orthodox Congregational church for forty-five years until his death in 1826. Here is praise by Reverend Stearns for the church choir in 1792 – "To you we owe the revival of sacred musick in this place, which had well nigh slept in silence...Long may your society exist on earth to enliven our devotion; and at last join the grand choir of saints and angels in heaven." (Styron 2003, 29)

By the middle of the nineteenth century the custom of "lining out" the hymns by the deacons, one line at a time, had been abandoned. Undoubtedly, suggests Styron, the result was "joy in many hearts." He adds a scrap of doggerel from "Salem Church" --

Could poor King David but for once  
To Salem church repair,  
And hear his Psalms thus warbled out,  
Good Lord, how he would swear! (Styron 2003, 26)

The improvement of the music in the Lincoln church was so great "...that the town meeting voted to move the singers down from the gallery and to convert the short seats on the main floor between General Brooks' Pew and the Broad Isle and those between Mr. Abbot's Pew and the Broad Isle into pews to accommodate them." (Styron 2003, 28)

## Isaac Watts

According to Styron's history, the hymns of Isaac Watts were the first sacred music to appear in the church as printed books. Lorin Chapin probably sang from the 1824 edition of *Watts' Psalms and Hymns*. A version of one of those hymns is still sung at every Sunday service in Lincoln's First Parish Church, to the tune of Old Hundred --

*From all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise,  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.*

## 18 From All That Dwell Below the Skies

ISAAC WATTS, 1719

OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1551

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's  
 2. E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord, E - ter - nal truth at -  
 praise a - rise! Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung  
 tends thy word: Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore  
 Through ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue!  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more. A - men.

Figure 28 Old Hundredth

During the pastorate of Mr. Jackson the church did not possess an organ to dignify the service with showy keyboard ripples and booming pedal notes. Instead there was a bass viol, like the fictional one in a country church in Thomas Hardy's *Return of the Native*.

"...as I was afeard there might be some tumult among us, I got behind the bass-viol and didn't see no more." (Hardy, 1974) p 241

### I paid him three dollars...

Chapin says nothing about a church choir, nor is there a single word about congregational singing. He does mention, however, the awkward question of the minister's salary. Before the great sundering of church and state by act of the General Court, ministerial salaries were paid by local taxes, but after 1834 the pastor's income had to be teased out of the pockets of the membership. Lorin's response to the necessary badgering seems a little unfair.

**October 23, 1849** – Dea. Bemis called this afternoon to get the subscription for the ministers salary and I paid him three dollars. Every one who has a charity to ask of us or a subscription paper to present is sure to do it as soon as possible after we get through with our peach harvest thinking no doubt that there is then no end to the money...

## ***“DO YOU THUS PROMISE?”***

Were the young Chapins and their elders actually members of the church? In order to be admitted to “Full Communion,” it was probably necessary to “own the Covenant” --

Professing a sincere and hearty belief in the sacred Scriptures, you do now, in an everlasting covenant, give up yourself to God in Jesus Christ. You humbly ask of God the remission of all your sins, original and actual, through the blood of Christ; do exercise true repentance towards God; and, with all your heart, do accept of Jesus Christ for your Redeemer and only Saviour, as he is offered to poor sinners in the Gospel... DO YOU THUS PROMISE?

Later in the nineteenth century the much-respected pastor Henry Richardson wrote a “Historical Manual of the Church of Christ in Lincoln, Mass., 1872.” It includes a catalogue of members – probably those who accepted the Covenant -- between 1846 and 1871. Mysteriously there is only one Chapin on the list -- *November, 1864, George Chapin, Congregational Church, Southbridge*. Perhaps he was Lorin’s younger brother George, who turns up often in the journal. (Richardson 1872, 107)

A doctoral dissertation by Richard John Holmes shows fourteen men and twenty-three women “admitted to Full Communion” in Lincoln’s Congregational church between 1840 and 1849, but does not list them by name. Lorin Chapin may or may not have been among them. Perhaps he had already squared himself with God in a church at Monson or Sturbridge. Or perhaps, in spite of his regular church attendance and close attention to the sermons of Reverend Jackson, he was not quite *ready to accept of Jesus Christ for his Redeemer and only Saviour*. (Holmes 1978, 370)

### **...one of Job’s comforters...**

What were the Sunday sermons like, the discourses that Chapin tried so diligently to remember? The sermons themselves have not survived, but he faithfully recorded the Biblical texts that inspired them. A few were from the Old Testament -- the Book of Psalms and First Samuel -- but most were chosen by Mr. Jackson from the New Testament, especially from the Gospel of John.

**January 28, 1849** – ...heard Mr. Jackson preach from the text 1 John 3.1. “Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God” ...

Chapin was clearly comfortable with the Bible himself. Apt verses pop up.

**July 27, 1850** – *Father has got a boil, one of Job’s comforters on the forehead.*

## Christmas

Noteworthy is one extreme difference in Protestant customs between Chapin's time and our own. In the middle of the nineteenth century Christmas was not the gigantic orgy that it has since become. For Chapin in 1848 it was a mere speck on the calendar. He kept school just as usual.

**December 25, 1848** – *Merry Christmas! Again! It seems but a short time since I wished my friends a merry Christmas yet another year is past! How sad the reflection! Have got along well with my school although I have been troubled with headache.*

Fifty miles away in the Connecticut valley, the celebration of Christmas by the orthodox Congregational church was even more austere. In Amherst, Austin Dickinson had been brought up to believe that "Christmas was a joint device of the Devil and the Romish Church." (Leyda, Vol I 1960, 133)

At Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary where his sister was studying sensible things like astronomy and mathematics, she was subjected to extreme Calvinist pressure. The notion of Christmas was firmly squelched.

Mt. Holyoke Journal, December 25, 1847 – Attended to our usual business to day. There has been a good degree of quiet. I have hardly heard one "Merry Christmas" this Morning...

Mt. Holyoke Journal, January 3, 1848 – Miss Lyon...spoke of the great No. that must go down to death, the word would never reach them, many will begin the wail of despair to-day...the impenitent met in Sem. Hall... (Leyda, Vol I, 1960, 133)

### **...standing alone in rebellion**

But one of the impenitent remained deaf to the wail of despair, then and ever after. --

**Emily Dickinson to Jane Humphrey, April 30, 1850** – *Christ is calling everyone here, all my companions have answered...and I am standing alone in rebellion...*  
(Leyda, Vol I, 171)

Unlike Emily Dickinson, Lorin Chapin was not subjected to pious arm-twisting. Cheerfully he went his own way in spite of the numbing orthodoxy of all those Sunday sermons. A fresh breeze ruffles the pages of his journal, and at one point he too seems to stand alone in rebellion.

**June 16, 1850** – *Have...heard a discourse from Mr. Jackson from the text “And the times of this ignorance God winked at but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.”*

*I thought he was unusually eloquent but still...I have heard the same arguments many times without producing any effect upon me.*

### **Sacred and secular**

What did it mean, Chapin’s dutiful churchgoing on Sundays and the utterly secular nature of his entries the rest of the week? Perhaps he was politely honoring the traditions of the past while thinking – quietly and without fuss – entirely for himself.

Did the great moral and political questions of the day enter the sanctuary? One of them did. During the presidential election of 1848, Mr. Jackson plunged headlong into the fray.

**Sunday, November 5, 1848** – *Mr. Jackson preached an excellent discourse from the text “Render therefore unto Caesar the things that be Caesar’s and unto God, the things that are God’s” The great object of the discourse seemed to be to impress on the minds of the hearers...to perform their duties at the ballot box conscientiously...spoke of attempt making to introduce slavery upon territory now free that we ought to oppose it with our might.”*

# Chapter 9

## The Slavery Question

**December 9, 1848** - The great political question of the present time viz the slavery question.

...there was something in that struggle with slavery which exalted the hearts of those who had a part in it, however humble, as no other political battle in history  
(Hoar 1903, 131)

Although 1848 was a time of crisis in Europe, there is no mention in Chapin's journal of world-shaking events across the Atlantic. But in the United States it was an election year and he was full of zeal, campaigning for Free Soil presidential candidate Martin Van Buren against Zachary Taylor, the conqueror of Mexico, "*that prince of slaveholders.*" (Chapin Nov 12, 1849)

...the nomination of General Taylor, a Southerner, one of the largest slaveholders in the country...upon a platform silent upon the extension of slavery, could not be borne. (Hoar 1903, 146)

**October 4, 1848** – *Saw a man bareheaded mounted in a wagon making a speech in favor of General Taylor and thought to myself if the society had offered premiums on donkeys, this same lecturer would have taken the first premium.*

### ...free soil and free men

Pluckily Chapin hit the campaign trail himself, taking on the mantle of political rebel in support of Van Buren. His candidate was the champion of the Free Soil platform, which called for "Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Labor, and Free Men."

I breathed a pure and bracing atmosphere in those days...It was a pretty good education, better than that of any university, to be a young  
Free Soiler in Massachusetts. (Hoar 1903, 132)

**September 27, 1848** – *Arrived safely in Boston...and spent the day in business and talking politics as the election approaches the members of the old parties...use all their powers of argument, ridicule and invective to recall those who formerly went with them, but it is like calling spirits from the vasty deep, they won't come.*

Even so, as one of the spirits from the vasty deep, Chapin's minority position wasn't easy.

**October 6, 1848** – *As a Free Soil man I have been the butt of ridicule to day from both Whigs and Democrats...*

But his patriotic fervor was high.

**October 14, 1848** – *Have had a war of words with my brother Henry upon political subjects. He goes with the old Whig party which supports General Taylor for the presidency while I go with the free Soil party and support Martin van Buren... although they may call me turncoat, traitor...still I will vote for what I think is right...*

Some of his fellow citizens thought the same way.

**October 16, 1848** – *This evening I have been out as a missionary of the great Free Soil principles, have been and spent the evening at Mr. Thomas Brooks and find them in the right spirit in regard to the slavery question.*

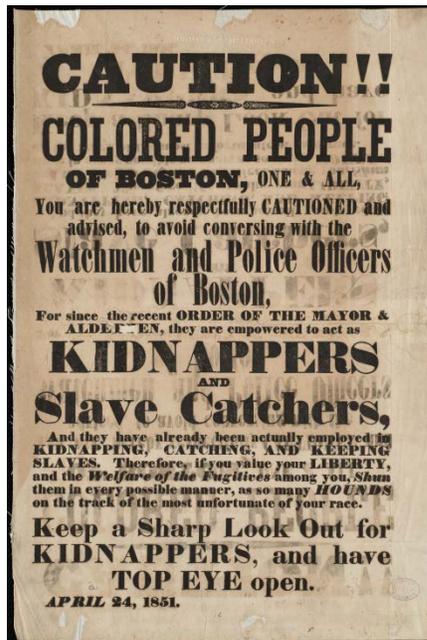
### **God speed the cause in Lexington...!**

**October 19, 1848** – *Mr. Wellington has been here and left some notices of a Free Soil meeting at Lexington...I say to them God speed the cause in Lexington, the place where the first blood was shed in the struggle for our countries independence! May they never be found backward in any good cause, particularly in this contest of the freedom of soil and enfranchisement of generations yet unborn on our great Pacific coast.*

### **...the mark of the beast**

**October 22, 1848** – *Thank God I live on Free Soil away from the curse of human slavery! I am led to this exclamation by reading extracts from southern papers on the subject of slavery. Anyone...may see the mark of the beast on all they write.*

But in Boston there were stout defenders of fugitives from slavery. Theodore Parker put up a warning –



**Figure 29 Caution!! Colored People of Boston**  
(Courtesy of the Trustees of the Boston Public Library / Rare Books)

### The die is cast!

**November 2, 1848** – *After a hard days labor among the rocks I have just returned from a Taylor meeting at the south school house...one of our free soil men, Webster Smith sung out, Three cheers for Van Buren and immediately the house rang with our “Hurrahs”...*

**November 7, 1848** – *The die is cast!...What a spectacle to behold is this three millions of freemen going to the polls...I most sincerely hope that we may not by our acts to day say that slave holders shall rule over us and that our policy shall be that of the slave power.*

But the inspiring spectacle had a dismal outcome.

**November 13, 1848** – *I have heard a great firing of cannon probably on account of the election of Gen. Taylor as president. It is said that the navy are going to fire 1000 guns for Old Zack. What folly!*

Almost audible in the reverberation of that blast is the boom of the guns of Charleston thirteen years later, firing on Fort Sumter.

### ...“insult and injury, outrage and wrong”

In 1846 the Free Soil party had urged passage of the Wilmot Proviso, a controversial amendment forbidding slavery in any new territory of the United States – ...*neither*

*slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist in any part of said territory.* (Blum 1981, 289)

The Proviso aroused a classic confrontation. Although the bill was actually more in favor of free white labor in the new territories than for the exclusion of slavery, one Virginia congressman saw it as an “insult and injury, outrage and wrong.” (Blum 1981, 289)

Echoes of the confrontation rattled windows in New England.

**November 6, 1848** – *Have been to Concord this evening to hear the address of S. P. Adams of Lowell...He showed that [Gen. Cass]...thinks Congress ought not to exercise any power over the territories, but the people be left to settle the matter of slavery among themselves...At the close of the meeting they gave three hearty cheers for S. P. Adams and the free soil cause.*

### **Manifest destiny**

The Wilmot Proviso failed. To a majority in Congress in 1846 it was manifest that the nation was destined to reach all the way across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But in an era of surging national growth, the question of slavery in the territories was a buzz-saw, one that would continue to rasp and tear at the certainties of south and north until the outbreak of the Civil War.

The spirited entries in Chapin’s journal show which side he was on.

**August 1, 1848** -- *...this is the anniversary of the emancipation of the slaves in the British W. India Islands.....to day has been held a convention at Concord the object of which was to choose delegates to attend a convention at Buffalo, N. Y. to nominate a President and Vice President who shall be opposed to the extension of slavery. Speed to the measure! May the time soon come when the name of slave shall be as that of a thing which was but is no more in this our model republic!*

### **...even the sixteenth thousandth part of a hairs breadth**

Vast new western lands were booty from the triumph over Mexico in the war of 1846-1848. But with that victory arose a question -- should California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico be absorbed into the nation as slave or free states?

**March 14, 1849** – *I have just been reading the papers and am very highly pleased by the speech of Gen. Wilson of New Hampshire in the House of Representatives. He takes a decided stand against the extension of slavery even the sixteenth part of a hairs breadth. So I say!*

## Popular Sovereignty

The Compromise of 1850 made California a free state. It also admitted to the Union the free state of Maine and adopted the principle of popular sovereignty – that the people of a new state should themselves decide whether to accept or forbid slavery within their borders.

This accommodation between adversaries as powerful as Senators Henry Clay and Daniel Webster has been credited with delaying the outbreak of the war between the states for ten years.

**December 10, 1850** – *I have...read President Polk's message to congress in which he takes the position...that of leaving the question of slavery with the people of the territories to decide whether there shall be slavery introduced into new territories.*

On the surface the compromise seemed fair enough, but to the enemies of slavery the notion of “popular sovereignty” was a threat to the balance between free and slave states.

### ...fist-fights in the House

Massachusetts Congressman Horace Mann wrote to his wife about a stormy encounter in the House over a routine money bill, to which “the slave party had tacked on a proviso that all new territories should be admitted to the Union without any restrictions as to slavery.” (Tharp 1953, 139)

On March 5, 1849, after continuous sessions for two days and three nights, Mann wrote to his wife again. “At last, at about 2 o'clock this morning we succeeded in attaching an amendment to the proviso which virtually took the slavery out of it...There were two regular fist-fights in the House, -- in one of which blood flowed freely, & one in the Senate.” (Tharp 1953, 240)

### ...the slave power will be crushed

Chapin was a diligent reader of newspapers, especially *The Congressional Globe*, which reported all the doings in House and Senate.

**March 24, 1849** -- *...the question of slavery seems to agitate all minds at the present time... especially the southern members, who...are all alive and trying to show that California and New Mexico are well calculated for slave states...I think the time... is not far distant when the slave power will be crushed never to rise again.*

“The question of slavery” was spellbinding, but in Chapin’s journal it had to share space with spring plowing.

**April 21, 1849** – *I have been trying the new plow among the rocks and bushes of the pasture, breaking up a piece which we mean to plant with potatoes. It is very hard I get very tired when night comes...I have this evening finished...the reading of Mr. Manns speech in Congress on slavery and slave trade in the District of Columbia published in the Republican this week. It is the most cutting comment on slavery and slave holders that I have ever come across. He shows it up to them in its true form, just as it appears to all reasonable northern men. I wish every slaveholder had to sit and hear Mr. Mann deliver it...*

### **...a roar from the Free Soil party**

**November 12, 1849** -- *...I took four calves into the wagon and carried to Bedford...as soon as I got dinner I started for town meeting to vote for governor, Lieutenant governor, senators, representative to congress and a representative to the general court.*

Self-government by town meeting is still a hallowed tradition in New England villages. Local citizens gather in town halls and school gymnasiums to consider and vote on articles in the warrant, leaping to their feet to speak while the moderator handles the gavel and calls a noisy meeting to order.

In Concord in 1875, George William Curtis called it “the true glory” of the town. (Jarvis 1993, Introduction)

At the Lincoln town meeting attended by Chapin in 1849 his choices failed, but nevertheless he took heart.

**November 12, 1849--** *We have had rather a stormy time... We may be defeated but not annihilated and we shall surely triumph over the great slavery allied party...The Whig and Democratic parties are destined ere long to hear a roar from the Free Soil party that will cause them to flee away...*

### **“...the land vaguely realizing westward”**

The land was ours before we were the land’s...

Such as we were we gave ourselves outright

(The deed of gift was many deeds of war)

To the land vaguely realizing westward... (Lathem, ed, 1979, 348)

In the famous poem written by Robert Frost for the inauguration of President Kennedy, the nation spread its misty border *vaguely westward*. But of course there was nothing vague about the way the far western lands became part of the United States.

The great issue in Congress in 1850 was whether the new states and territories crowding into the map would condone slavery or condemn it.

**“I WILL BE HEARD.”**

Although his journal never mentions William Lloyd Garrison, Chapin would probably have shared the sentiments of Garrison’s fire-eating anti-slavery Boston newspaper, “The Liberator” – “I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice...I will not retreat a single inch – AND I WILL BE HEARD.” (Korngold 1950, 47)



**Figure 30 William Lloyd Garrison**  
(Courtesy Concord Free Public Library)

But there were anti-slavery matters even closer to home. The burning question of what to do about fugitive slaves – runaways who had escaped from their masters -- had smoldered in Concord for years. Chapin was aware of the heroism of activists in his neighboring town.

**March 16, 1849** – *There was a meeting there of some fugitive slaves. Concord is a great resort for such people...many people there who are active members of the AntiSlavery society and they assist as many as they can from slavery.*

**“O Christian, will you send me back?”**

In his chapter on “Visitors” in *Walden*, Thoreau writes of “runaway slaves with plantation manners, who listened from time to time, like the fox in the fable, as if they heard the hounds a-baying on their track, and looked at me beseechingly, as much as to say, -- “O Christian, will you send me back?” (Thoreau 2004, 146)

In neighboring Lincoln, Lorin Chapin was indignant at the general indifference to the great question.

**October 10, 1850** -- *The people at the North have too much apathy upon this subject. They must be aroused and the sooner the better. Shall we stand and look carelessly on when our dearest rights are invaded?*

Even Mr. Emerson, that serene philosopher of Concord, was provoked to anger by the betrayal of the great Daniel Webster in his championship of the Fugitive Slave Law, which condemned not only the runaway slave but anyone failing to send him back to his master.

### ***Fugitive Slave Act of 1850***

...any person who shall knowingly and willingly obstruct, hinder, or prevent such claimant...from arresting such a fugitive...shall...be subject to a fine...and imprisonment... (Schnieder 2007, 413)

### **I will not obey it, by God.**

With a smoking pen, Emerson wrote of the capture in Boston of a fugitive slave –

And this man the Statute says, you men of Massachusetts shall kidnap & send back again...And this filthy enactment was made in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century, by people who could read & write. I will not obey it, by God. (Porte 1982, 429)

The day of infamy was March 7, 1850, when Webster spoke for three hours in the U. S. Senate. “...he never looked at his notes...the speech came on, as the Mississippi rolls from its fountains, increasing in depth and width till it terminates in the ocean.” (Lewis 1969, 401)

Mr. President, in the excited times in which we live, there is found to exist a state of crimination and recrimination between the North and South. There are lists of grievances produced by each...there has been found at the North...a disinclination to perform fully their constitutional duties in regard to the return of persons bound to service who have escaped into the free States...the article of the Constitution which says to these States that they shall deliver up fugitives from service is as binding in honor and conscience as any other article. (Lewis 1969, 406)

The response to this speech on the part of anti-slavery men in Massachusetts was outrage. To Wendell Phillips, Webster was one of “the greatest intellects God ever let the Devil buy.”

Chapin shared their indignation.

**March 25, 1850** – *Attended a meeting...in Faneuil Hall to take into consideration the late speech of Daniel Webster on slavery. Addressed ably by Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips and S. B. Ward a colored man of much talents...*

**...what a caving-in was there.**

The wrath of eloquent Boston preacher Theodore Parker was white-hot.

Mr. Webster “stamped his foot, and broke through into the great hollow of practical atheism, which undergulf the State and Church. Then what a caving in was there.”  
(Commager 1936, 218)

There were hot coals in Chapin’s inkwell too.

**Shall it be said of Massachusetts...No!**

**October 26, 1850** – *Have been about town among the Free Soil men to notify them of a meeting...in which Rev. Joseph Whitman will speak on the Fugitive Slave Law lately passed by Congress...I for one, mean to do my part...Shall it be said of Massachusetts and men who live within sight of the battle fields of Lexington and Concord that they tamely submitted to a law in comparison with which the stamp act was righteous. No!*

**Another Webster**

The notorious March 7<sup>th</sup> speech of Daniel Webster was not the most sensational news of 1850. That distinction belonged to another man named Webster.

**March 23, 1850** – *This evening have been reading the trial of Dr. John W. Webster for the murder of Dr. Geo. Parkman at Boston last Nov. It will be a very long case before they get through, report says there are between 70 and 80 witnesses summoned for the defense and a great many for government.*

In the end, the highly respectable Dr. Webster was hanged.

# Chapter 10

## Afterward

“Tell us, then, of yourselves and the old-time.” (*Charles Francis Adams, 1904*)

Chapin’s journal ends on November 26, 1850, with a laconic remark about the price of turkeys in the market -- *I wanted some but did not buy at the price they ask*. Why did he stop? An earlier entry hints that something was up.

**July 11, 1850** – *There have been two men and 4 ladies here this afternoon to look at...the farm...Father has offered to sell them his place for \$10,000, but I hope they will not take it for I have become pretty firmly wedded to these bare hills of rocks...here I came a stranger and I found one who is to be my partner for life...and I have come to look upon and call it home.*

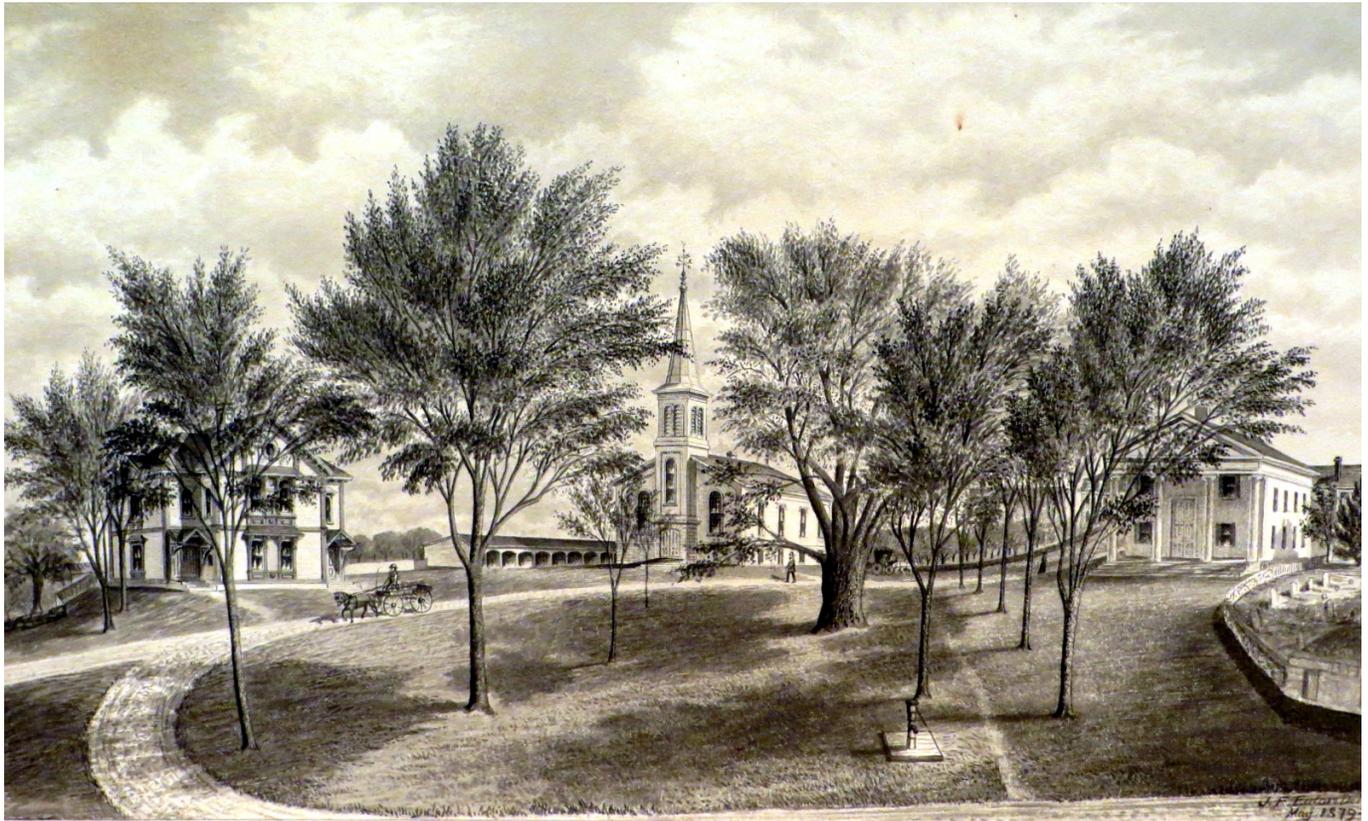
It’s not clear whether Father Smith sold the farm to the two men and four ladies or to someone else, but sell it he did. James Lorin Chapin was a farmer no longer. A Lincoln map of 1858 shows several properties belonging to J. L. Chapin in the center of town. His house between the two churches is still owned by his Flint family descendants.



**Figure 31 Chapin House**

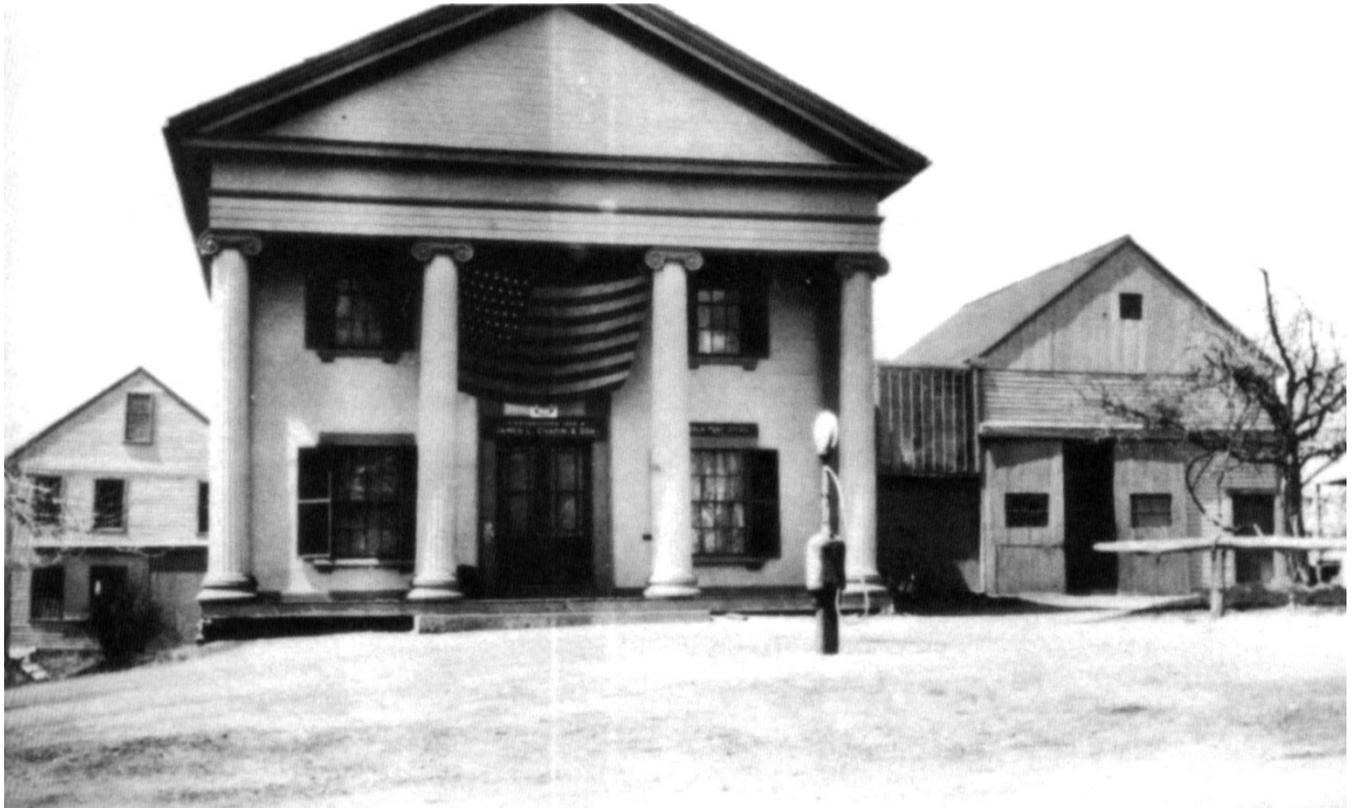
(MacLean 1987, 431)

Next door in a now-vanished building, Chapin acted as both storekeeper and postmaster from 1858 to 1890. In the 1880's his daughter Carrie taught in the high school that was built just above his house in the early 1870's.



**Figure 32 The Town Green**  
(Courtesy Lincoln Town Archives, Lincoln, MA)

The family presence in the neighborhood was further increased in the 1890's when Chapin acquired the splendid Greek Revival temple that had once been the town hall. Trundled across the street from the other side of Bedford Road, it conferred dignity on the sorting of letters and the selling of lamp chimneys. Since this was an era of footloose architecture, it later frolicked down Lincoln Road to settle on a new foundation, where it still serves the town as an imposing store and post office.



**Figure 33 The Old Town Hall**

(MacLean 1987, 430)

After their move away from the farm, Emilie and Lorin had four more children. Only one of them lived to adulthood. Born in 1860, George Loring Chapin survived to carry on the family name far into the twentieth century. His unmarried daughters Bertha and Louise grew old in the porch-enwrapped house built in 1890 by their father, right around the corner on Sandy Pond Road.

George's son married into the Flint family. Some of his Flint descendants still plow their twenty-eight-acre field on Lexington Road, just as generations of Flints have done before them since the seventeenth century.

The political career of ex-farmer Chapin is proof that New England villages can be schools for statesmanship. A Lincoln selectman might be a Harvard-educated descendant of presidents like Charles Francis Adams, Jr., or a bookish storekeeper/postmaster like James Lorin Chapin, a "long-limbed, black-eyed, nervous plain-spoken Yankee." Chapin's name appears again and again on the annual reports of *Receipts & Expenditures of the Town of Lincoln*, respectfully submitted by the selectmen:

WILLIAM F. WHEELER  
 WILLIAM FOSTER  
 JAMES L. CHAPIN

For the year ending March 1, 1854, James L. Chapin received \$3.50 for his services as a selectman and another \$12.50 as assessor. In 1864 he was awarded an abatement of taxes to the amount of \$21.60 and paid \$30.59 as tax-collector, \$1.50 as constable, and \$36.67 for “ringing bell 22 months.” In 1866 his brother Henry, “the Doctor,” received \$13.85 for his services as Town Clerk and another \$50 for vaccinating the town, probably against smallpox.

Something should be said of Emilie’s younger brother Lewis Smith. From Lawrence Academy, Lewis went on to Brown, graduating in 1853. Late in life he must have had a distinguished reputation, because for Lincoln’s 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary in 1904 he was asked to contribute recollections of his Lincoln childhood.

Lorin lived on into the twentieth century. Two years after his death in 1902, Charles Francis Adams was a principal speaker at the anniversary celebration. In his speech he warmly praised the “genuine statesmanship” of James Lorin Chapin and his “absolute confidence in destiny,” and reminded his fellow townsmen that when Concord had threatened to take possession of Sandy Pond, Chapin had been one of the bulwarks “whose prescience, shrewdness and assiduity then saved for Lincoln its patrimony.” (Lincoln 1905, 12)

Adams finished his remarks with a peroration addressed to the men of former days. “Tell us of yourselves and of the Lincoln in which you lived...your meeting-house, your school...your church and its pastor...the social life you led, and the bones of contention amongst you. You once lived and lived here!...Tell us, then, of yourselves and the old-time, the original Lincoln, -- long since dead and buried and forgotten.”

Adams did not know that the story “of the old-time, the original Lincoln,” had not been buried and forgotten. It had been written down on 425 lively pages in the journal of that bookish storekeeper and plain-spoken Yankee, James Lorin Chapin.

# Chapter 11

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# Chapter 12

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# Chapter 13

## Calendar of Chapin's Work on the Farm

Journal Date	Journal Entry
July 21-25, 1848	Mowing hay
July 26, 1848	Blackberries
July 27, 1848	Oats
July 29, 1848	Milk to Mr. Hobbs, Lexington
August 1 & 7, 1848 [?]	Mowing hay [?] [or is Aug 7 about milk?]
August 4, 1848	My six men help with haying
August 9, 1848	Have been ditching today.
August 12, 1848	Horse and carriage [??]
August 14, 1848	Harnessed the colt
August 18, 1848	Peach house [????]
August 21, 1848	Apple harvest begins
October 14, 1848	Getting in corn.
October 15, 1848	Corn grows in peach orchard
October 17, 1848	Father Smith home from Mason, New Hampshire, with the cows.
October 18, 1848	Digging stone on the hill
October 19, 1848	Threshing white beans. Men husking corn. Set snares for partridge
October 21, 1848	Finished getting in corn
October 23, 1848	Begun fall work. Carting muck into the yard
October 24, 1848	Digging stones
October 28, 1848	Blasting rocks. To blacksmith to sharpen drills
October 30, 1848	Blasting.
November 1, 1848	Digging stone and laying wall (Other passages about this)
November 5 & 6, 1848	Getting in root crops, sugar beets
November 8, 1848	I think he's in Hancock, New Hampshire, to get cows [????] (Shock about election on return)
November 12, 1848	Takes care of cattle at home
November 14, 1848	After doing chores about the farm, helped kill a hog
November 17, 1848	Finished pulling turnips
November 18, 1848	Sorting apples of second quality (some are rotten)
January 21, 1848	Chopped wood and made two whip handles
November 23, 1849	Dug a few parsnips. (many references to preparing apples for market)
November 29, 1848	Picking over all our apples - most sold for \$1.50 for the good ones
November 30, 1848	Thanksgiving "After doing the chores, went to church"
December 1, 1848	Mr. Thompson and I went to the woods for partridge. Helped load apples at midnight. "got my horse taken care of."
January 1, 1849	Helped milk cows, mended harness.
January 20, 1849	Cutting and loading ice, half-fills the cellar
January 29, 1849	Cutting and loading ice.
February 3, 1849	I have been posting the books of the company on the farm for the last month.
February 5, 1849	Advice about not supplying cattle with salt ???
February 12, 1849	Milked three cows before breakfast tinkered milk pans and cleaned whetstones...but got saturated with grease on the way (from Uncle Thomas)...boiled them a half day in ashes and water, then washed and rubbed them... Rabbits are making bad work with young apple trees in the nursery, eating off all that they can get hold of and gnawing the bark of the larger ones. I have made a large box trap and baited it for them and hope to stop their havoc! Cleaned and oiled the carriage.
February 18, 1849	I rose earlier than usual to assist about milking (Irish hired man James is away). To

Journal Date	Journal Entry
	Framingham with Mr. Leland for charcoal to put in cellar to keep potatoes from freezing.
February 25, 1849	In spite of pain in his side that kept him home from church, "I can even go to barn to take care of the cattle." (Self-accusation)
March 5, 1849	I went with father down into the woods to see if the men were doing right there. I came home and took care of the cattle.
March 8, 1849	Mr. Phillips here to get scions for grafting trees...the best there are. A very laudable enterprise.
March 9, 1849	Took saw and jackknife to cut scions from the trees in the orchard... I on the trees pruning them and he on the ground cutting them from the limbs.
March 10, 1849	Worked in the shop making a harrow.
March 12, 1849	At work making the harrow, that I may be ready when the time for sowing comes.
March 14, 1849	To Tim (?) Brooks...to buy some hay. [Brooks?] fears he'll be cheated.
March 15, 1849	Bought a cow at auction of Uncle Fisk
March 16, 1849	Had a serious pull with her...she had never been led before.
March 19, 1849	In Boston got hay cutter repaired at agricultural warehouse (Ruggles, etc.)
March 21, 1849	Helped milk and do chores at barn... Took oxen and cart...left cart at Mr. Newhall's for repair.
March 22, 1849	Pruning peach trees...spring is fast coming
March 26, 1849	After milking, got team ready to go to Concord for hay (but it rained)
March 27, 1849	Started two teams and with Francis to Concord for two loads of hay.
March 28, 1849	Rain - worked in barn fixing a place to keep grain
March 29, 1849	To Lexington for meal to feed cows.
March 31, 1849	Pruned, cut scions for grafting, transplanted some trees and pruned. Harnessed colt.
April 3, 1849	Got last load of hay from Fiske. Handled a few stones in preparation for plowing a piece of land for a peach orchard (helped by George --his brother -- who did well).
April 4, 1849	Joy in spring affects cows and calves.
April 5, 1849	All hands busy preparing asparagus bed. Col. Calvin Weston here to day, we sold him a calf to fat.
April 7, 1849	Set out asparagus roots after digging, trenching. Begun to plan [vegetable] garden and mean to get ready to set out vegetables for seeds as soon as can get ground ready. Calvin Weston bought calf to fat (??) brought? We get no profit from farming unless we take pains. ??
April 7, 1849	Set out asparagus roots...two years old. A good deal of work, first to dig trenches and then to dig the roots and place them in the trenches. Begun to plan the garden and mean to get ready to set out our vegetables for seeds as soon as I can get the ground ready for it. I look at the work to be done on a farm. It seems to be a Herculean task yet if we keep steadily at it we shall be astonished to see how much we can accomplish in one summer.
April 9, 1849	Set out rhubarb, beets, carrots, parsnips. I like to work among plants in the garden and see them all put in proper order to grow. Mr. Smith has been to Boston and bought a ton of fine feed for cows and 50 bushels of white flat corn.
April 11, 1849	Planting peas and setting roots for seed. Preparing asparagus bed. Pruning peach trees at great orchard. <i>The work comes...so fast on us that I am almost sick yet I see no chance for a cessation of the labor for the present... I am almost sick of farming.</i>
April 14, 1849	Stayed late in bed owing to severe labor of holding plow yesterday.
April 16, 1849	Have some beets set out in the field for seed (but cold may kill them).
April 17, 1849	Went out to plowing, and had gone around the piece twice and was going the third time when! crack went my plow all to smash! So there was \$5 at least.
April 18, 1849	Mr. Smith in Boston bought a new plow. Trimming trees and setting out peach trees.
April 19, 1849	Plowed in AM men harrowing trimmed apples and peach trees.
April 20, 1849	Breaking up a piece for potatoes.

Journal Date	Journal Entry
April 24, 1849	Hard plowing to break up piece for potatoes
April 25, 1849	A twig set in the ground will produce a large tree.
April 26, 1849	Mr. Smith bought three yoke of oxen to turn into the pasture for beef. <i>The season of hard labor has come.</i> John the old Irishman, digging holes to set out orchard of apples and peaches. Took bands off peaches I budded last fall. Buds starting.
April 27, 1849	I mean to have an orchard that I shall not be ashamed to own when it is grown up to be a large one.
April 28, 1849	Men getting stones out of ground, getting it ready to plow. George has been to get the oxen shod. (his brother)
April 30, 1849	Finished setting out trees in new orchard and plowing part of the time with the old horse, part of the time with the colt, part of the time with the oxen. Father cutting asparagus. I tie it up for market. 6 bunches might be worth as much as 16 another time.
May 1, 1849	Father began to sow oats and grass seed.
May 2, 1849	Have plowed, set out trees, grafted trees, cut asparagus... I am as tired as any slave
May 3, 1849	To Dexter Wheelers for a pair of steers...I had them up on the top of a stone wall once... Went to Mr. Seppelmans ? after a roller but it was in use. Plowing and harrowing peach orchard
May 4, 1849	Got roller, finished leveling our field of oats and grass seed. The rest of the folks finished plowing the peach orchard and have harrowed the field on the Deacon's Hill and begun to plow the wheat field. Father and I cutting and tying up asparagus 35 bunches...Father will carry to Boston tomorrow...no end of work...yet plenty of men to let themselves.
May 5, 1849	Putting balls on the horns of some of our best cows. James harrowing for potatoes, George and John finished plowing peach orchard. Father to Boston with asparagus, got good prices.
May 7, 1849	Begun to furrow my field for corn and putting up asparagus to send to Boston by Mr. White
May 8, 1849	Furrowed young peach orchard on the hill...have been grafting... Sat on ground, sawed off the tops of young trees, split them apart and in the cleft inserted the stock [of] a different kind of fruit – just as the Almighty cuts us off suddenly... God ordereth all things well. Get cattle ready to start for pastures in New Hampshire...we started them about 5 o'clock in the morning and met Uncle Jonas and Calvin at Concord with their cattle and assisted them through Concord. All this on one day?
May 9, 1849	With George dug holes for melon and squash vines, planted potatoes. In shop made a form for washing [?] and mended harness.
May 10, 1849	Ready to sow sugar beets...grafting, rather tired of it.
May 11, 1849	Pruned trees in orchard; cut and put up asparagus (for market) 53 bunches, men planting corn
May 14, 1849	Cut asparagus, trimmed apple trees, went to grafting, tying up asparagus and cutting more.
May 16, 1849	To Concord to Mr. Farmer (?) for carrot seed...he gave me scions of Northern Spy apples which I have set out this afternoon. Took seed sower and sowed carrots, began on beets, it broke, went to grafting.
May 17, 1849	Grafting large apple tree, planted water melon, musk melon, crook neck squashes
May 18, 1849	George cut his thumb grafting
May 19, 1849	Finished sowing sugar beet seeds, cut asparagus, brought a fair price today 87½c a dozen [bunches]
May 21, 1849	Sowed ruta бага [his spelling], carried sower to Major Flints
May 23, 1849	Planted pole beans and sweet corn, some southern corn
May 24, 1849	Preparing old cider mill for hen house. Hens trouble our garden, have laid well with no care [but food] – meant to kill them when they showed disposition to set.
May 28, 1849	Finished trimming trees in peach orchard, trimmed in the wheat field, cut asparagus, trimmed small trees in nursery... came for some melon seeds. Who?
May 29, 1849	Pruning in orchard, hoeing and scraping of trees, apple trees places where bark has burst

Journal Date	Journal Entry
	open. Fixed door post under barn, mended pig pen, put up shelf in cellar, let down windows in chambers
June 1, 1849	Varnished carriage...tore out cross sills in old barn for new door
June 4, 1849	A great deal of asparagus to cut and tie up
June 5, 1849	Father going to Boston to carry asparagus and buy lumber to repair old barn.
June 7, 1849	Plowing out corn for weeding. Weed root crops...the men planting southern corn for fodder for cows next fall and winter.
June 8, 1849	Putting up asparagus, carried to Mr. White's.
June 9, 1849	Trimming apple trees, cut asparagus and put up the grape vines.
June 11, 1849	Borrowed George Weston's tools to repair old barn.
June 12, 1849	Asparagus to tie and get ready for tomorrow. Father brought a load of shingles and boards from Lexington. [when did Cyrus G. Smith come for melon seeds?]
June 13, 1849	Bought sashes, glass, nails, door rollers etc. for the old barn, begun to shingle barn.
June 14, 1849	A new pump put into well in the house
June 15, 1849	At work on top of old barn, finished shingling one side.
June 16, 1849	Planing clapboards for barn
June 18, 1849	Planing boards to make doors to barn. Hands sore with holding saw and plane. Cut asparagus for last time; men finished weeding beets and carrots, begun on rutabagas.
June 21, 1849	Unless we get some rain the crop of upland, hay will be small. Vegetables in garden wilted in hot sun; Barn doors up on rollers, a new thing.
June 27, 1849	Shingling barn with father. Pound! pound! This shingling is serious business...Hark! a red squirrel in the cherry tree! Bang! George has shot him! He will never get more of our cherries, but he will make good food for the fowls. Here come James and Francis! Have just got the rutabaga all weeded! George has turned painter & glasier.
June 28, 1849	Finished shingling barn, working alone till Mr. Weston ready to help me.
June 30, 1849	Behind with work; just got our corn hoed once and potatoes all but half an acre – have all our corn to hoe again and our root crops before haying.
July 1, 1849	Weeds have grown with the corn (to the same height). Sight of peach orchard made him homesick.
July 2, 1849	Worked among them (weeds) with James and weeds? Cultivator till 9 AM. Transplanting lettuce for seed. I have felt very well and enjoyed myself.
July 2, 1849	Plowing and hoeing; tired, crops backward, corn hardly large enough for second hoeing. Grass about ready to cut. Fruit looks bad, except peaches; cherries nearly all blasted, apples dropping off badly.
July 4, 1849	Mr. Weston finished working for us. Hope he'll come again in August.
July 5, 1849	Little done: pruned a tree, picked some peaches
July 7, 1849	Picked peaches, plowed corn
July 9, 1849	Brings cattle home with brother Thompson (Emilie's brother-in-law)...in Groton rested our cow, gave calf a chance to suck, home about ten.
July 11, 1849	Picking peaches
July 12, 1849	Picking peaches. Bought 4 new scythes for haying, for grass all drying and must be cut.
July 13, 1849	Began haying (temperature 97)
July 14, 1849	We got one load in before the rain and one after without getting much wet. We mowed about 3 acres and got that dry enough to put into cocks.
July 16, 1849	Potatoes will hardly be any thing if we do not have rain soon. Grass is light owing to dry weather
July 17, 1849	First rate hay day...mowed the lot in the Deacon's pasture and finished the acre piece, and got in three loads of hay.
July 18, 1849	Have mowed about 3 acres of clover besides getting 3 loads of hay into barn
July 19, 1849 (his birthday)	Haying today quite hard...pitched on and off 3 loads of hay
July 20, 1849	Cut our rye today – to Moore's to carry a grain cradle home.
July 21, 1849	To center of town to get wagon repaired
July 23, 1849	Mowing before breakfast and after, 4 loads of hay before 8 AM – then all but one picked

Journal Date	Journal Entry
(representative day)	peaches till noon. After dinner we got up the rye cut last Friday, then raked hay we mowed this morning...We get along well with our work yet I feel anxious so that I can drive it, and not have it drive me.
July 24, 1849	Haying and picking peaches, got in 4 loads of hay from the coal-pit piece so called.
July 25, 1849	Have got in our oats that we mowed yesterday and mowed raked and cocked about 100 cocks of hay.
July 26, 1849	In morning finished mowing in the Nonesuch, picked peaches, worked hard till 5 o'clock
July 27, 1849	To see Mr. Page in Concord to buy barrels. Worked hard this afternoon getting hay, got 5 loads in the barn and unloaded before supper.
July 28, 1849	Three men seen at hen roost by Timothy Brooks; lock on roost to prevent thieves.
August 1, 1849	Mowed all the Brooks meadow, 5 acres
August 2, 1849	Early start at meadow, secured all our hay...got home 3 loads and left 115 cocks of hay on meadow.
August 10, 1849	(Much-needed rain) vegetation [had been] very stunted, pasture land suffers much, also the esculent roots: Beets nearly dried to ground Potatoes need rain Repairing peach boxes ready for harvest
August 18, 1849	Tinkered upon peach boxes, carted muck from meadow
August 22, 1849	Budding with Lewis...I want to learn it
August 27, 1849	Shingled old barn; got apples and potatoes ready for market
August 28, 1849	Picked and put up some apples, got a load ready
August 30, 1849	Picking apples and peaches, load ready for market
September 13, 1849	New scythes had to be put in order, sharpened?
October 6, 1849	...[at home] after weeks of selling peaches. Emptied a ton of grain from bags this morning, put up 2 barrels apples and picked and put up peaches till 9pm. How precious is home after being away so long
October 7, 1849	Big wind, fears apples will be shaken from trees
October 9, 1849	Picked peaches in the morning a spell and have been putting up apples and peaches...to market tonight.
October 12, 1849	Begin to secure the winter apples...very poor, nearly 2/3 eaten with worms and unfit to barrel as good ones. Have got a load of apples and peaches...going to Boston
October 18, 1849	Putting apples into barrels
October 22, 1849	Put a barrel of apples into papers to keep through the winter
October 23, 1849	Old barn [what about old barn?] Getting in corn and pumpkins. This evening husked corn for first time. This fall [it] appears very good
October 24, 1849	Hard at work securing things against the frost; got in all pumpkins and apples and got potatoes pretty well guarded. Not time to dig them...will soon get them all in cellar. Have put in a nice lot of pumpkins, 4 full cartloads.
October 26, 1849	To Bedford with 2 calves...got all our apples in barn. To blacksmith... Got a load ready for Boston.
October 29, 1849	Digging potatoes as fast as we can while weather warm.
October 30, 1849	Ploughing greensward all day got load of apples to carry to Boston tomorrow.
November 1, 1849	Getting sugar beets in cellar
November 2, 1849	Getting sugar beets and carrots – 60 bushels beets in cellar and part ? of carrots. ? Cutting apples for sauce.
November 3, 1849	Indian summer weather, good for [correct?] securing our crops of roots already secured 60 bushels sugar beets and 44 bushels carrots – next the rutabagas and field turnips. To Leonard Hoar's to see pigs, but he asks too much. Husking corn till 8.
November 12, 1849	Took 4 calves into wagon to Bedford
June 17, 1850	Cow corn
October 10, 1850	Picking winter apples
October 22, 1850	Putting them up
November 1, 1850	Winter apples under cover
November 5, 1849	(Tomorrow) into the country to get home the cattle, Uncle Jonas Smith to go with me.
November 6, 1849	Arrived Townsend about 9, came on to Mason New Hampshire paid bill for care of the

Journal Date	Journal Entry
	pasture
November 7, 1849	(Returning) so dark we could hardly see the cattle
November 8, 1849	Started from Hancock at 7, drove through mud and mist – to Mason village 5pm, put out our cattle, stopped at hotel
November 9, 1849	Mason village...came to pasture, got rest of cattle and drove to Groton—stay tonight at the Central House
November 10, 1849	Rain fell in torrents; from home 5 days. Bad rainy week for driving cattle
November 13, 1849	Pleasant day, getting rutabagas into cellar and corn into barn. James asks too much for working this winter.
November 17, 1849	At railroad bought 4000 lbs oil meal to feed cows fall and winter, after dinner went with the rest of the men and pulled turnips.
November 19, 1849	Pulling turnips, getting them home, husking corn in barn.
November 20, 1849	Husking corn...now nothing more to secure than some turnips. Settled with Uncle Calvin Smith about going into the country and paying for the pasture
November 22, 1849	Butchered a cow, cut tops off turnips and put in cellar
November 24, 1849	Finished getting turnips into cellar
November 26, 1849	Winnowed the cranberries. Began job of digging rocks on the hill. Picked over cranberries with James and Timothy
November 30, 1849	All hands picking over cranberries and have them all done tonight.
December 1, 1849	Prospect of cold night...Have been about the house and barn taking care of the cattle and doing some work.
December 2, 1849	Quantity of pumpkins and some apples exposed to the cold at the barn – I had to cover them up to keep them from being spoiled. Stayed home from church to take care for cattle.
December 3, 1849	Did little but take care of the cattle
December 10, 1849	Busy about the cattle most of the day
December 12, 1849	Preparing barn to keep cold away from the horses this winter.
December 13, 1849	Having a care for the comfort of the horses, shingled one side of the stable to keep out the cold.
December 18, 1849	Painted a little on the barn.
December 19, 1849	Sawing and splitting wood at the door to clear up the yard before a storm
December 20, 1849	George threshing oats – I have taken care of the cattle
December 21, 1849	Threshing most of the time...hard work.
December 24, 1849	Winnowing oats and doing chores
December 25, 1849	Visitor meant no time to do anything but take care of cattle.
December 26, 1849	Overtured a pile of turnips in cellar that were rotting badly and cut some wood
December 28, 1849	Killed our pork today. We had only two, and they were soon despatched. Blessed is he that has but a few pigs for he does not have them to kill.
January 1, 1850	Busy a good part of the day taking care of the cattle
January 5, 1850	Busy about the barn, taking care of the cattle
January 8, 1850	Not done anything except the chores.
January 10, 1850	Ground the knives to the haycutter
January 11, 1850	Preparing meat for sausages
January 12, 1850	Picked over potatoes in the cellar
January 14, 1850	Done little but take care of cattle and split a little wood at the door.
January 15, 1850	After taking care of cattle in the morning, bought a ton of rice meal.
January 16, 1850	Took the oxen to Lexington, brought home a ton of rice meal to feed the hogs, cows, etc...emptied the meal out of the bags, then helped do the milking.
January 17, 1850	Got up a load of wood...headache
January 21, 1850	After doing chores in the morning and setting George to work...to Concord to get teaching certificate.
February 1, 1850	Before school – considerable work to do owing to some tools being broken, which the men want to work with today

Journal Date	Journal Entry
February 16, 1850	Don't keep school today. Father quite unwell. Helped take care of cattle, then went to Concord to see about building a cart.
March 15, 1850	After assisting the men to do chores, went to exam in school
March 19, 1850	Got a load of wood in the woods, helped chop
March 20, 1850	Cutting wood at the door all day, feel stiff
March 21, 1850	Same
March 29, 1850	Chopping wood and putting tools in order
March 30, 1850	Cutting wood at the door
April 3, 1850	A little in forenoon at digging up some trees and pruning, some
April 8, 1850	Home all day getting out manure and pruning apple trees
April 9, 1850	Men have been getting manure of [out of?] the Deacon's hill, so called, and have worked well
April 10, 1850	Bought some salt for manure
April 13, 1850	Our men have been getting out manure all the time they could work out of doors during the week.
April 15, 1850	Cutting wood at the door and digging stones in the field
April 17, 1850	Worked in garden transplanting some currant bushes
April 18, 1850	Digging some rocks
April 20, 1850	Laying stone, getting them off the field to be ready to plough. This afternoon preparing asparagus bed.
April 22, 1850	Prepared asparagus bed, all ready for the tops to grow and be cut. Began to plough peach orchard. Afternoon began to lay stone on my wall around the young peach orchard...shelled some corn, read papers, helped milk cows – tired
April 23, 1850	Getting home some hay bought from Mr. White and Mrs. Gould – paid too much. Men plowing on Deacon's hill and in peach orchard, but not yet begun to plant, though it's time to have a garden made and partly sowed.
April 24, 1850	Have been digging, drawing, blasting and laying stones upon my young peach orchard. Patrick and Michael with me, but Michael so stupid and Irish-like that I took John with us in afternoon and left him to plough
April 24, 1850	Late spring, no green spots of grass...I long to see some grass starting up...to feed the cattle
April 25, 1850	Can almost see buds on peach and apple trees swell and burst open...sap now flowing, work on stone in young peach orchard – got them all off and begun to plough it.
April 26, 1850	Everything looks like spring, even the little flies which always torment me in the time of ploughing, worked among trees in the nursery, digging up some to set out and getting ground ready to set them
April 27, 1850	At work with Patrick setting out apple trees in peach orchard. Set 55, 30 more to set. Much troubled with hired help...
April 30, 1850	Setting out trees all day, not done.
May 1, 1850	Finished setting out fruit trees. Patrick and Timothy ploughing in the great peach orchard. Vegetation comes forward very fast...some peach buds begin to show blossoms a little. The prospect of a peach crop is good yet, every place in this section of the country.
May 2, 1850	Harrowing on the Deacon's hill
May 3, 1850	Getting stones off Deacon's hill, setting out vegetables for seed
May 7, 1850	Getting in our oats with the horse and cultivator – set out the rest of my roots for seed. I have now turnips, rutabagas, sugar beets, carrots and parsnips set for seed
May 8, 1850	Ploughing in afternoon, morning cutting asparagus. Planted some peas, cabbages and radishes. Hurried with work, being short one hand (Patrick laid up)
May 9, 1850	At work on empty peach boxes for going to market in fall
May 10, 1850	Ploughed in forenoon – worked with father [in-law] cutting and tying up asparagus
May 20, 1850	Furrowed part of a field for corn
May 21, 1850	Planting corn, first this season
May 22, 1850	Furrowed the Deacon's hill both ways ready for manure. Put manure on acre lot,

Journal Date	Journal Entry
	finished planting first lot
May 23, 1850	Planting on Deacon's hill.
May 25, 1850	Dug stones a while with the men. Came home put up a frame for grape vines.
May 28, 1850	Cold wind, put up the fence around a part of the pasture so that cows need not get out again as they did last night, which delayed milking so couldn't go to Concord to hear election results. Cut and tied asparagus, then went to work on grape vines, finished putting up the Isabellas and began upon the others.
May [28 or 29], 1850	Patrick planting southern corn. Put up last of grape vines and hoed them and dug around the rhubarb so garden begins to look as if I was going to get some of the weeds out of it.
May 30, 1850	Planted sweet corn and potatoes
May 31, 1850	Plowed garden, planting some of my vines such as watermelons and cucumbers. John digging grass out of garden. Load ready for market.
June 3, 1850	Helped cut asparagus and wash it and planted some cantaloupe melons. But my severe cold so done little but tie up about 40 bunches asparagus
June 4, 1850	Done nothing but cut and tie asparagus and carry it to Mr. White's
June 5, 1850	Finished planting our corn and potatoes on the Russell lot, sowed carrots, got ground ready for rutabagas and sugar beets...went after seed sower at Major Flint's.
June 6, 1850	Sowed ½ acre of rutabagas
June 7, 1850	Sowed my sugar beets, took care of asparagus
June 8, 1850	Shower, just what we need to sprout late-sown seeds
June 10, 1850	Pruning apple trees I grafted last year.
June 13, 1850	All things look flourishing and I begin to look to see them grow almost in a day out of our sight or knowledge
June 14, 1850	Plowing in peach orchard and getting some loam under the cattle. It will not do for us to neglect making manure when the crops are growing... must make as much as possible. Not felt well, so only cut and tied up asparagus.
June 15, 1850	Begun to plough out our corn for hoeing. Not yet got our peach orchard plowed the last time. I hope as soon as men get it done to begin first hoeing.
June 17, 1850	Planted ½ acre of white beans and begun to hoe our cow corn. We have a great deal of plowing to do with the team which takes off two hands and prevents us from going on with our other work as we ought to do. Two days more will finish the ploughing – then we can go at hoeing in good earnest. [note two spellings of plow/ploughing]
June 18, 1850	Putting up bushes for peas to grow upon, staking little apple trees and cutting asparagus (to Boston tonight)
June 20, 1850	Very hot, ploughed out corn a spell in forenoon
June 21, 1850	Ploughed out corn, cut and tied asparagus for market. We close our cutting for the season. We generally cut till green peas are plenty, but not this year.
June 22, 1850	Ploughed out corn, hoed garden. Gave the men a start today and think I got one third more work done than I should any other way.
June 24, 1850	Mowed a little grass in the garden. Everything looks finely now and I hope we shall have good crops
June 26, 1850	Hoed corn all afternoon, first time this year
June 27, 1850	Hoed a part of our vines today, helped men hoe in the field a little by way of encouragement.
June 28, 1850	Hoed a little in the morning before breakfast and since then have been making a curb and windlass to put around the well in the garden where we draw water for washing.
July 1, 1850	Hoed carrots till after supper when I helped milk the cows, then made a coop for some little chickens that a hen came off yesterday.
July 2, 1850	Hoed turnips, then to Newhall's about wagon... got a load of potatoes for market in the morning.
July 6, 1850	(Wind blew) Picking up green peaches with all the help we could muster. Although the trees did not blossom till late in the spring the fruit seems as forward as last year... It has fallen very much so that the labor of thinning it is not near as great as some years.
July 7, 1850	Father will drive to Mason (New Hampshire) pasture in the morning

Journal Date	Journal Entry
July 8, 1850	Father has gone to Mason with some cows and to drive some home. Work upon peach trees, thinning out the fruit...since milking time have made a coop and taken off a brood of chickens. I think I have done pretty well to get 19 chickens from 2 hens.
July 9, 1850	Picked green peaches...in afternoon went and took one man and helped raise Joshua Brooks' barn – got there at 2, had to wait till 4, but not long in putting it up though rather weak in numbers
July 10, 1850	Still thinning out peaches...weeds grow very fast...if we do not do hoeing soon we shall have to mow them before we can get a hoe to the ground.
July 11, 1850	Cut grass about the barn. Men hoeing potatoes.
July 12, 1850	Begun to hoe our corn the last time, find it quite large and the pumpkin vines so long as to be troublesome about ploughing. Have got in one load of hay for the first time
July 13, 1850	Hoeing on the Deacon's hill with the men. Patrick went to Boston
July 15, 1850	Thinned off peaches
July 16, 1850	Ground scythes. Took none of the men into the haying field but set them all to hoeing, picked off a few peaches Didn't feel like doing much after what mowing I did in the morning.
July 17, 1850	First beginning at haying, mowed till 9AM. Patrick's scythe did not cut well, bought him a new one in Concord
July 18, 1850	Busy all day haying. Mowed the onion garden piece and got in three loads of hay
August 5, 1850	Women folks have picked a lot of berries. Father to Boston with them tonight.
August 22, 1850	Finished mowing at home, got hay all raked together. It seems a relief after haying for a long time to get even the mowing at home done...no time to visit John at Doctor's [his two brothers]...If I would get along comfortably here I must stick close to my business for Mr. and Mrs. Smith [his parents-in-law] think no virtue greater than diligence.
August 24, 1850	Haying with all the men on the river meadows, done a great day's work
August 26, 1850	Getting apples ready for market.
August 29, 1850	Plowed stubble in forenoon -- then to blacksmith
September 3, 1850	Putting strings on the peach boxes Getting ready for peach harvest almost at the door (about to begin)
October 10, 1850	(after much about market) Picking winter apples, a good crop
October 11, 1850	Hope we shall have a few more pleasant days till we get our apples all picked.
October 15, 1850	Picking and getting apples ready for market
October 19, 1850	Picked and put up apples all day, prepared chickens for market. Father says if he can only get rid of what chickens we have he will be careful about raising so many again. Thinks they cost more than they are worth in the market, wants them killed off.
October 22, 1850	Putting up our winter apples. (Uncle and Aunt Fiske to dinner, hindered me a little, severe headache hindered me more.)
October 28, 1850	All day picking up apples
October 29, 1850	Putting up apples all day, tedious
October 30, 1850	Finished putting up good apples and put up a load of windfalls for the market.
October 31, 1850	Killed some chickens to carry to market.
November 1, 1850	Getting our nice winter apples under cover in anticipation of a rain storm. Have put 90 barrels in old barn and left 14 exposed to the weather (no time)
November 2, 1850	Getting a load of apples ready for Boston
November 5, 1850	Worked hard all day getting our apples under cover away from another storm.
November 8, 1850	Worked at getting in RutaBaga
November 11, 1850	Getting Ruta Bagas into the cellar – but was sure to be on hand in afternoon for the voting.
November 13, 1850	Getting in Rutabagas. Mr. White here to Speak about dividing the hay on his Father Brooks' place and asks Mr. Smith and myself to do it tomorrow morning.
November 14, 1850	Have divided the hay for Mr. White getting Rutabagas into the cellar
November 16, 1850	Finished getting the Rutabagas into the cellar, got a little corn into the barn, have killed and dressed 12 chickens
November 19, 1850	Carrying apples to Major Flint's to make our cider.

Journal Date	Journal Entry
November 22, 1850	Desirable to get our young cattle home from New Hampshire; hurried off to Concord to take the cars which have recently commenced running to Mason Village. Ten minutes too late, had to wait for next train which started from Concord at noon. Went by way of Fitchburg RR to Groton junction, detained for some time for downward train from Fitchburg. We then went on passing through West Groton, Townsend Harbor, Townsend Centre, West Townsend to a depot within a mile of Mason Village to which we were conveyed by coach, the bridge over the river for the railroad not yet being completed. Walked about 1½ miles to Mr. Merriam's and staid there waiting for him and settling with him, till about sunset when I started my cattle and came to Mr. Willard's in Townsend where I find a good supper and quiet house.
November 23, 1850	Hurried along down to Littleton, stopped took dinner about 12:30 came on home about dark, tired as I ever was. I am just not accustomed to driving cattle, my legs ache so that I can hardly keep still.
November 26, 1850	End of Journal

# Chapter 14

## Trips to Quincy and Brighton Markets

Journal Date	Noted Trip
July 26, 1848	Have been to Boston with a small load of blackberries, suffered with heat
August 22, 1848	Putting up a load of apples, berries and peaches for market
August 28, 1848	Mended peach boxes, put up some apples, picked peaches, next day to market
October 9, 1848	Sorting apples for market
October 18, 1848	To market in rain. Worst market. Second quality Baldwins sold at 1 dollar a barrel, windfalls at \$.62 a barrel
November 16, 1848 *or 9?	Drove cattle from Brighton, bought yoke of oxen
November 16, 1848 ??	To Brighton with beef cattle, bought a yoke of oxen, saw a drove of turkeys
November 19, 1848	Putting up a load for Boston (had rather stay home)
November 20, 1848	Arose at one o'clock to go, but storm of snow, so went back to bed.
November 22, 1848	Have been to Boston, tired, travelling bad.
November 23, 1848	Dug a few parsnips (Many references to preparing apples for market) Picked over apples to go to Boston, went towards night (or just to get colt shod?)
November 24, 1848	Have been to Boston with a load of apples; travelling bad; many loaded teams cut up road.
November 25, 1848	Picking over apples to carry to market rotten
November 28, 1848	To Boston after picking over apples, 5 am to 4 pm. market full of articles for Thanksgiving – turkeys, chickens, beef, pork, etc.
November 29, 1848	Picking over all our apples. Most sold for \$1.50 for the good ones.
November 30, 1848	After doing the chores, went to church.
December 1, 1848	Helped load apples. At midnight “got my horse taken care of”
April 19, 1849	Father (or Mr. Smith?) to Brighton with Uncle Calvin, bought three cows – oxen too high, cows cheap on account of milk being so plenty
April 26, 1849	Mr. Smith to Brighton bought 3 yoke of oxen to turn into the pasture for beef.
May 11, 1849	Will take 53 bunches of his own asparagus, as well as Mrs. Gould's, Mr. White's and the Doctor's (Henry Chapin's) “It is not a very desirable job to get up... at one o'clock in the morning, and ride to Boston. Yet I enjoy going to market very well probably for the excitement of the day, selling my load, etc. etc.”
May 12, 1849	Carried some asparagus to market, and some eggs and chickens. For the asparagus I got 12½ cents and for the eggs 12c a dozen; for the chickens 75c a pair.
May 16, 1849	Mr White reports market “dull – only 75c a dozen for asparagus and some even refused at 50c.”
May 19, 1849	[Asparagus?] brought a fair price today 87½c a dozen [bunches]?
May 25, 1849	Mr. White has brought his asparagus for me to carry to Boston
May 26, 1849	Started for Boston about 1AM – there at 4am – but spent most of the time looking about the city with George – State House, fountain in Frog Pond on the common and the Custom House, Oak Hall clothing establishment...home tired about 6.
May 29, 1849	Sent 72 bunches asparagus to Whites' for him to carry to market.
June 1, 1849	Tie up asparagus – to Boston (correct?) tomorrow. Mr. White here with his asparagus and also F. Dexter Wheeler
June 2, 1849	Delightful day – rose at midnight – on the road a charming time – moon shone
June 5, 1849	Father going to Boston to carry asparagus and buy some lumber to repair the old barn
June 13, 1849	To market – asparagus \$1.00 a dozen [bunches]
August 3, 1849	We are getting on finely with haying
August 9, 1848	Mr. Smith to Boston with berries
August 24, 1849	Got a small load ready to go to Boston in the morning

Journal Date	Noted Trip
August 25, 1849	Rose at 12, been to Boston sold my potatoes, bought some rye
August 29, 1849	Started for market about 2AM... good day for sales – took Irishman to buy clothes.
August 30, 1849	James Wood took tea, having been to Brighton market (his landlord while teaching school in Concord)
August 31, 1849	Carried first peaches of the season to market and sold them very well... but the beginning of the labour... more than we have ever had and not so sure (dependable) help to get them ready because it is a new business to them (probably his Irish hired hands)... got home at 4 o'clock – going back tonight
September 1, 1849	Got into Boston through the rain stayed at the Patterson House kept by Mr. Wilde. Day unfavorable to marketing – had to stay till noon to sell load (peaches, apples, berries, cherries – berries not very good, didn't sell well)... at home put up apples till 8.
September 3, 1849	Started at sunset arrived 11AM, a cold ride – market dull, fruit not in great demand. Sold my load and got home a little past 5., tired, sleepy and a little cross.
September 4, 1849	Helped pick a load of peaches, went to Boston and sold them home 11pm -- carried Mother (Smith) to Boston
September 5, 1849	Picking peaches, preparing for market (sold half a bushel to Bacon)
September 6, 1849	Get load of peaches ready to go – to Boston. Will stay till Saturday
September 7, 1849	(in Boston) selling peaches 2-5AM – Father came with a load just before night and is coming with another before morning.... sell well but do not bring a very great price.
September 8, 1849	A lot of peaches to sell, market dull. took all day to get rid of them... got home with Father 9 PM
September 9 to September 22, 1849	Have been to Boston selling peaches for the last two weeks – no time to write – sometimes sold well, sometimes ill but on the whole done very well... very large crop. I have got to go again next week and stay one or two weeks more... rather hard to be gone all the time but what will not any real Yankee do for the sake of – <u>money</u> .
October 8, 1849	To Boston all the way in a northeaster (a vessel lost). Peaches sold well and apples. We got ready to come home at a quarter before 5 got home at 8:30 [3 ¾ hours] good sales, I bring home a good sum of money.
October 10, 1849	Sold my apples readily at a fair price, but the peaches – I could do nothing with the last of them... put them into a cellar and left them till I go again.
October 13, 1849	Hard days work at Boston...quite tired... find Emilie in bed complaining some (baby born next day)
October 16, 1849	Getting load ready for Boston, and also put up some of the winter apples
October 17, 1849	To Boston starting at 11pm. Carried peaches and apples. Apples sold quick at a good price, but peaches not in demand at any price. Sold my load except a few beans before 9.
October 19, 1849	Putting up apples getting ready to go to Boston
October 20, 1849	Have been to Boston with apples and found the market not as good for them as it has been. New York apples begin to come in pretty freely, and consequently ours are at a discount.
October 25, 1849	With Uncle Calvin Smith and Charles went to Brighton looked at a great many pairs of working oxen and bought 1 pair...started for home at 3, got here at 8, tired. Far from an easy task to go to Brighton and buy oxen: there are so many one gets confused...Brighton is justly a celebrated market place...no end to the cattle there today.
October 27, 1849	Delightful day. To Boston with a load of apples. Part were sold, but the others were not in great demand and I sold for less than I hoped...Sold only four barrels (of our good apples).
October 31, 1849	Left home a little before 2, got to Boston at 7 – Sold part at East Cambridge. Apples in good demand. Went with Timothy McCarty to get a suit of clothes and send money to his family in Ireland.
November 14, 1849	To market with a load of apples...brought Mother home.

Journal Date	Noted Trip
November 15, 1849	Up at 12 at night, drove 4 oxen to Brighton had them sold. Bought a cow and calf about 5 months old and a yearling bull, drove them home.
November 22, 1849	Butchered a cow, cut tops off turnips and put in cellar.
November 28, 1849	Have been to Brighton to buy some pigs, but too dear – came back to Mr. Hoar's and took 3 of his (paid too much) in company with Francis Flagg.
December 11, 1849	To Boston carried some cranberries which I sold for \$2.75 a bushel and brought Lewis home from college (from railroad station?)
February 22, 1850	Left home 4AM – kept busy till 2pm when I started home. Bought grain for cattle, articles for family use, sold 1 barrel of Baldwin apples for \$5.00
March 16, 1850	Rose at 3AM and went to Boston upon several small matters arrived at home safely at 7pm
April 9, 1850	Got ready to start early for Boston to get several articles for use upon the farm, and for the family
May 2, 1850	Father to Brighton. Didn't find cattle (that he liked)
May 4, 1850	(taking Lewis to Boston) I had a few eggs to dispose of and then to buy some flour, sugar, tea, etc., etc... Looked for [?], couldn't find one at a fair price...went to a great many stores to find a barrel of good Havanna molasses (failed)
May 6, 1850	To Mr. White's to carry a little asparagus to market
May 8, 1850	Father to Uncle Calvin's to see about buying cattle, going to Brighton tomorrow
May 11, 1850	To Boston with asparagus – market pretty well filled up with greens, and considerable doing.
May 17, 1850	Just back from New Hampshire – cut and tied asparagus to be ready for market – have a large load to carry – Mr. White's, Uncle Calvin's, Mrs. Gould's, Mr. Hosmer's besides ours
May 18, 1850	Sold the asparagus – market better than I expected – at home paid Mrs. Gould for hers
May 24, 1850	To Boston with a little asparagus, brought home a cask of molasses 21c a gallon.
May 31, 1850	Started at 1AM for market, sold out what little I had, talked politics some and bought Tea, coffee, butter etc
June 7, 1850	Going to market tonight – seems rather small pay to go with 50 bunches of asparagus yet we must do it to accommodate other people.
June 8, 1850	Market rather bad for sellers... an abundance of all marketable stuff so it was low. Hope I shall never have to sell asparagus so cheap – some I sold for 55 cents a (dozen) bunch[es] and for some got 62½ cents. Did not get much for potatoes – only \$1.00 a barrel...slow going home because weather warm, horse could only walk and had to rest.
June 11, 1850	Mr. White has brought over quite a large lot of asparagus for me to carry down – Will meet Emilie in Boston
June 12, 1850	To Boston, sold a little asparagus, bought a few articles for family use and waited upon Emilie while she bought a bill of dry goods, and bespoke a bonnet...I'm very tired, more than usual when I get back from Boston.
June 18, 1850	It is rather hard to start away soon after one gets fairly asleep and ride 15 miles and be out all day
June 19, 1850	Rose at 11pm, fed my horse, took a lunch and got started at 12... Softly my fine grey nag. It is a long road and a warm night...How brightly that new moon shines! Half way, and the moon has set, and the air begins to feel quite cool to me: I will put on my outside coat to keep out the chill. The market! Half a dollar a dozen for asparagus, and a dollar and an eighth for a barrel of potatoes is rather cheap... Loaded with barrels at 1 shilling each... Brought a young Simonds up from Boston to his fathers...He is at work in a store in Boston. But unwell...got home about 4:00 and washed asparagus then went and laid down a short time...very tired.
July 3, 1850	To Boston, sold a few potatoes, bought a few articles for family use, tea, sugar etc.
July 30, 1850	Father to market with berries in the morning
August 1, 1850	Father to market with berries.

Journal Date	Noted Trip
August 5, 1850	Women folks have picked a lot of berries Father to Boston with them tonight.
August 28, 1850	To Boston, carried a few poor apples sold for very little – then bought some barrels (earlier he had failed to buy barrels in Lowell) – paid a great deal.
August 31, 1850	To Boston brought home a load of barrels – tedious – (he had to walk all the way or go faster than one would walk, just as bad.) At home unloaded and packed the barrels away
September 2, 1850	Put up some apples which with a few peaches. Will make a load for market tomorrow
September 9, 1850	Lewis with me on his way to college. Sold load of apples and peaches at low prices. To Waltham, picked up my watch.
September 4 to September 22, 1850	Kept no journal because invariably I had a load of peaches to sell in the morning and getting the boxes together for the next days load. Not well – much pain in my stomach
October 5, 1850	Returned from Boston to day Having nearly closed the peach trade. Have been in Boston every day for 4½ weeks, and have got tired enough of staying. Have some good times but there are generally too many rowdies about to suit me. Have sold about 150 [??] bushels of peaches for about as many dollars...this year peach sales at a lower price than any year since I have been to market.
October 9, 1850	To market with a load of peaches, which were as unmarketable as old maids at fifty...stayed till noon, disposed of my load all but 3½ bushels which I stored in a cellar and left till next time I go to Boston
October 10, 1850	(To market tomorrow) and I anticipate no great pleasure to that. great amount of work
October 16, 1850	To Boston with a load of windfall apples – hard work to sell. Father to Bedford to carry some calves to the butcher
October 17, 1850	To Brighton with some fat oxen which we sold and bought a pair of nice oxen to keep at home to do our work next summer.
October 21, 1850	Good luck to sell my load (apples) off pretty early in morning at a fair price
October 23 - 25, 1850	Putting up apples all day
October 30, 1850	Finished putting up good apples and put up a load of windfalls for the market.
October 31, 1850	To Boston with a load of apples and [killed?] some chickens
November 2, 1850	Getting a load of apples ready for Boston
November 4, 1850	Came home tired enough with the consoling reflection that I must get up at midnight and go to market with a load of apples.
November 12, 1850	(Amidst politics) to Boston with [a load of?] apples Have also heard glorious news!
November 18, 1850	To market with a load of apples and a few chickens (after a day of headache from sitting up with a sick man)
November 20, 1850	To market with a load of apples and a few live chickens, came home by way of Brighton.
November 25, 1850	To Boston with a load of apples – sold readily at a higher price than I expected...Hurried home, got another load ready to go in the morning and have it already sold.
November 26, 1850	Snow storm, the first of the season. Started for Boston with a load of apples at two o'clock and got home about 3 pm. The storm makes the holders of poultry rather anxious yet they ask great prices for it. Turkeys from 12 ½ cents a pound and good chickens 14\$ a hundred. I wanted some but did not buy at the prices they ask.

# Chapter 15

## Chapin Family Genealogy

- 1 Luke Chapin b: 23 Jun 1762 Palmer, MA, d: 1809 in Greenwich, NY  
 .... + Prudence Clark b: 1761 Sturbridge, MA, d: 15 Dec 1837 in Greenwich, NY  
 .....2 James Chapin b: 11 Dec 1788 Whitehall, NY, d: 25 Sep 1855 in Sturbridge, MA  
 ..... + Apama Parsons b: 15 Nov 1791 Lebanon, CT, m: 07 Apr 1814 Sturbridge, MA, d: 15 Apr 1844 in Sturbridge, MA  
 .....3 Dr Henry Clark Chapin b: 15 Oct 1815 Sturbridge, MA, d: 31 Oct 1896 in Lincoln, MA  
 ..... + Lydia Dresser Bacon b: 30 Apr 1818 MA, d: 24 Mar 1882 in Lincoln, MA  
 .....4 Charles Theodore Chapin b: 26 Jul 1844 Lincoln, MA  
 ..... + Ida Stanhope b: Abt. 1853, m: 31 May 1882 Boston, MA  
 ..... + Marietta Cook b: 22 Apr 1854 Boston, MA, m: 03 Mar 1873 Wakefield, MA, d: 25 Jul 1929 in Brookline, MA  
 .....5 Carrie Etta Bacon Chapin b: 30 Dec 1873 Waltham, MA  
 ..... + Edwin Albert Symmes b: 22 May 1865 Lawrence, MA, m: 10 Oct 1900 Waltham, MA, d: 03 Aug 1906 in Malden, MA  
 .....4 Francis Henry Chapin b: 06 Feb 1842 Lincoln, MA, d: 19 Sep 1876 in Boston, MA  
 ..... + Adrie A Thompson b: Abt. 1846, m: 14 Nov 1867 Boston, MA  
 ..... + Louisa L Hersey b: Abt. 1837, m: 06 May 1873 Boston, MA  
 .....4 Lucius Loyd Chapin b: 25 Aug 1846 Lincoln, MA, d: Abt. 1897  
 ..... + Eva May Morrison b: Abt. 16 Mar 1864 Kingston, NB, Canada, m: 23 Jan 1886 Boston, MA  
 ..... + Mercy Annie Morrison b: 1852 NB, Canada, m: 21 Sep 1873 Cambridge, MA, d: 11 Feb 1884 in East Cambridge, MA  
 .....5 Minnie Evyline Chapin b: Jun 1874 Cambridge, MA, d: 1875 in Cambridge, MA  
 .....5 Alexander Lloyd Ninnes Chapin b: 21 Sep 1875 Cambridge, MA, d: 03 Feb 1880 in Cambridge, MA  
 .....5 Lydia May Chapin b: 21 Jul 1880 Cambridge, MA  
 .....5 Mercy Annie Chapin b: Jan 1884 Cambridge, MA, d: 27 Jul 1884 in Cambridge, MA  
 .....4 Lydia Jane "Jennie" Chapin b: 16 May 1852 Lincoln, MA, d: 03 Mar 1928 in Lincoln, MA  
 .....4 Elizabeth Gleason "Lizzie" Chapin b: 25 Jul 1858 Lincoln, MA, d: 16 Oct 1928 in Lincoln, MA  
 .....3 Hanna Sophia Chapin b: 03 Nov 1816 Sturbridge, MA, d: 21 Jul 1858 in Woodstock, CT  
 .....3 Abigail Chapin b: 18 Mar 1818 Sturbridge, MA, d: 13 May 1905 in Worcester, MA  
 ..... + Elkanah Spring Penniman b: 09 Jul 1815 Woodstock, CT, m: 29 Jan 1840 Sturbridge, MA, d: 30 Sep 1885 in Worcester, MA  
 .....4 Abby Louise Penniman b: 07 Jan 1855 Woodstock, CT  
 .....4 Silas May Penniman b: 23 Apr 1842 Woodstock, CT, d: 28 May 1904 in Scranton, PA  
 ..... + Myra D Howe b: Abt. 1845 Paxton, m: 02 Jan 1873 Millbury, MA  
 .....4 Emory James Penniman b: 12 May 1848 Woodstock, CT, d: 27 Aug 1852 in Woodstock, CT  
 .....3 Prudence Maria Chapin b: 18 Jun 1820 Sturbridge, MA, d: 27 Jul 1823 in Sturbridge, MA  
 .....3 Nancy Apama Chapin b: 03 May 1822 Sturbridge, MA, d: 12 Jan 1909 in Sturbridge, MA  
 ..... + Asa Hunting b: 06 Aug 1796 Belchertown, MA, m: Mar 1858 North Woodstock, CT, d: 04 Sep 1880 in Boston, MA  
 3 James Lorin Chapin b: 19 Jul 1824 Sturbridge, MA, d: 01 Mar 1902 in Lincoln, MA  
 ..... + Emely Frances Smith b: 29 Apr 1828 Lincoln, MA, m: 04 Apr 1848 Lincoln, MA, d: 25 Apr 1912 in Lincoln, MA  
 .....4 Carrie Brooks Chapin b: 15 Oct 1849 Lincoln, MA, d: 22 Nov 1942 in Lincoln, MA  
 .....4 Cyrus Smith Chapin b: 17 Jun 1856 Lincoln, MA, d: 27 Jan 1933  
 ..... + Alice Etta Bigelow b: 03 Oct 1861 Cambridge, MA, m: 17 Mar 1881 Lincoln, MA, d: Aft. 1929  
 .....5 Robert Bigelow Chapin b: 02 Feb 1884 Somerville, MA, d: 16 Aug 1943 in Boston, MA  
 .....6 Alice H Chapin b: 03 Oct 1910 Los Angeles, CA  
 ..... + Cooper B Harpin b: Beachmont, MA, m: 20 Oct 1934 Nashua, NH  
 .....7 Peter Harpin b: 01 Mar 1936 Boston, MA, d: 13 Jun 2011 in Sudbury, MA  
 ..... + Betty Dagg  
 .....8 Bonnie Sperlich Harpin  
 ..... + Littrell  
 .....8 Jennifer Sperlich Harpin  
 ..... + Grannan  
 .....9 Jessie Grannan  
 .....9 Macey Grannan  
 .....7 Nancy Harpin b: Abt. 1939 MA  
 .....6 Robert Bigelow Chapin b: 09 Oct 1911 MA, d: 26 Aug 1995 in Norfolk, MA  
 ..... + Anne Claire Malone b: 13 Feb 1918 Burlington VT, m: 26 Aug 1944 Enfield, NH, d: 09 Aug 1990 in Norfolk, MA  
 .....7 Christopher B. Chapin b: 05 May 1957 MA, d: 24 Nov 1992 in Boston, MA  
 .....7 Robert Bigelow Chapin b: 01 Dec 1954, d: 15 Jul 1985 in Norfolk, MA  
 .....6 Elizabeth Dunbar Chapen b: 07 Nov 1912 Lincoln, MA  
 ..... + Gardener M Brown b: Abt. 1911 Cambridge, MA, m: 20 Oct 1934 Boscawen, NH  
 .....6 David Brooks Chapin b: 05 Feb 1916 Newton, MA, d: 18 Nov 1988 in Quincy, MA  
 .....5 Helen Gertrude Chapin b: 14 Feb 1890 Somerville, MA, d: 23 Mar 1987 in Bristol, RI  
 .....5 Elliott Chapin b: May 1895 MA  
 .....5 Eleanor A Chapin b: 08 Feb 1903 Newton, MA  
 .....4 George Loring Chapin b: 11 Jan 1860 Lincoln, MA, d: 27 May 1918 in Lincoln, MA  
 ..... + Clara Louise Flint b: 14 Feb 1867 Lincoln, MA, m: 16 Oct 1889 Lincoln, MA  
 .....5 Arthur Flint Chapin b: 22 Feb 1891 Lincoln, MA, d: 31 Oct 1941 in Lincoln, MA  
 ..... + Zoe Buxton b: 1898 NY, m: 28 Jan 1928 Manhattan, NY  
 .....5 Louise Bemis Chapin b: 03 Jun 1895 Lincoln, MA, d: Feb 1979 in Lincoln, MA

- .....5 Marion Brooks Chapin b: 03 Aug 1898 Lincoln, MA, d: 31 Oct 1913 in Lincoln, MA
- .....5 Bertha Loring Chapin b: 11 Dec 1902 Lincoln, MA, d: 08 Aug 1990 in Lincoln, MA
- .....4 Emma Frances Chapin b: 14 Feb 1853 Lincoln, MA, d: 24 Jan 1870 in Lincoln, MA
- .....4 Martha Smith Chapin b: 28 Mar 1855 Lincoln, MA, d: 07 May 1855 in Lincoln, MA
- .....3 John Flavil Chapin b: 04 Jun 1826 Sturbridge, MA
- .....3 Emma Alphleda Chapin b: 31 Aug 1828 Sturbridge, MA, d: 17 Oct 1910 in Worcester, MA
- .....3 George Parsons Chapin b: 26 Oct 1829 Sturbridge, MA, d: 13 Jan 1905 in Chelsea, MA
- ..... + Eliza Ann Bullard b: 28 Apr 1828 CT, m: 23 Sep 1854 West Woodstock, CT, d: 04 Feb 1894
- .....4 Jennie Eliza Chapin b: 17 Jun 1855 West Woodstock, CT, d: 24 Aug 1918 in Stoughton, MA
- ..... + Charles Ansel Stevens b: Feb 1854 ME, d: 06 Jul 1929 in CA
- .....5 Idella Eliza Stevens b: 28 Jul 1894 MA, d: 11 Sep 1894 in MA
- .....5 Milton Arthur Stevens b: 07 Feb 1885 Stoughton, MA, d: 03 Aug 1885
- .....5 George Albion Stevens b: 08 May 1879 MA, d: 08 Sep 1879
- .....5 Charles Harrison Stevens b: 10 Jan 1878 MA
- .....5 Ralph Theodore Stevens b: 06 Oct 1898 MA, d: 05 Sep 1967
- .....5 Harriet May Stevens b: 22 May 1891 MA
- .....5 Cora Amelia Stevens b: 02 Jul 1889 MA, d: 17 Feb 1980
- .....5 Jennie Rebecca Stevens b: 09 Mar 1887 MA
- .....5 Alice Gertrude Stevens b: 09 Oct 1881 MA
- .....5 Herbert Leeson Stevens b: 22 Sep 1880 MA, d: 29 Mar 1957
- .....5 Myra Louise Stevens b: 07 Feb 1885 Stoughton, MA, d: 10 Apr 1959 in Brockton, MA
- .....4 Anna Sophia Chapin b: 02 Apr 1860 MA
- .....4 George Arthur Chapin b: 19 Jun 1862 Northborough, MA
- ..... + Hattie M Talbot b: Apr 1859 Sharon, MA, m: 18 Nov 1884 Stoughton, MA
- .....5 Edmund Arthur Chapin b: 13 Aug 1889 Sharon, MA, d: 22 Mar 1938
- .....4 Edgar Chapin b: 01 Mar 1865 Lincoln, MA, d: 17 Mar 1878 in Hingham, MA
- .....4 Walter Parsons Chapin b: 16 Aug 1868 Wayland, MA
- ..... + Abbie Rosalie Charest b: Montpelier, VT, m: 22 May 1909 Manchester, NH
- ..... + Alma L McIntyre b: Abt. 1868, m: 02 Jul 1888 Stoughton, MA
- .....3 Joseph Lloyd Chapin b: 16 Jun 1833 Sturbridge, MA, d: 21 Nov 1855 in KS
- ..... + Harriet Ellis Shaw b: 03 Sep 1835 Albany, NY, m: 24 Mar 1855 Monson, MA, d: 24 Dec 1898 in Acushnet, MA
- .....3 Mitta Adelia Chapin b: 16 Feb 1836 Sturbridge, MA, d: 06 Feb 1909 in Worcester, MA
- ..... + George F Forbes b: Abt. 1831 Belchertown, MA, m: 04 Jul 1854 Sturbridge, MA

**Cyrus Smith Chapin**

b: 17 Jun 1856 in Lincoln, MA  
 m: 17 Mar 1881 in Lincoln, MA  
 d: 27 Jan 1933

**James Lorin Chapin**

b: 19 Jul 1824 in Sturbridge, MA  
 m: 04 Apr 1848 in Lincoln, MA  
 d: 01 Mar 1902 in Lincoln, MA

**Emely Frances Smith**

b: 29 Apr 1828 in Lincoln, MA  
 d: 25 Apr 1912 in Lincoln, MA

**James Chapin**

b: 11 Dec 1788 in Whitehall, NY  
 m: 07 Apr 1814 in Sturbridge, MA  
 d: 25 Sep 1855 in Sturbridge, MA

**Apama Parsons**

b: 15 Nov 1791 in Lebanon, CT  
 d: 15 Apr 1844 in Sturbridge, MA

**Cyrus Smith**

b: 04 Aug 1792 in Lincoln, MA  
 m: 24 Oct 1819 in Lincoln, MA

**Tryphena Brooks**

b: 11 Aug 1794 in Lincoln, MA

**Luke Chapin**

b: 23 Jun 1762 in Palmer, MA  
 d: 1809 in Greenwich, NY

**Prudence Clark**

b: 1761 in Sturbridge, MA  
 d: 15 Dec 1837 in Greenwich, NY

**Zachariah Smith**

b: 22 Aug 1749 in Waltham, MA  
 m: 17 Jun 1779 in Waltham, MA

**Sarah Bemis**

b: 24 Jan 1759 in Waltham, MA  
 d: 06 Jul 1828 in Lincoln, MA

**Daniel Brooks**

b: 06 Sep 1764 in Lincoln, MA  
 m: 20 Dec 1786 in Lincoln, MA

**Bathsheba Dakin**

b: 12 Jan 1767 in Lincoln, MA  
 d: 20 Oct 1847 in Lincoln, MA

## About the Author



Jane Gillson Langton was born December 30, 1922, in Boston, Massachusetts. After attending Wellesley College 1940-42, she received her B.S degree from the University of Michigan in 1944, her M.A. degree from University of Michigan in 1945 and a second M.A. from Radcliffe College in 1948. A prolific writer of children's books, Ms. Langton is also well known for her "Homer Kelly" mystery novels for adults of all ages. She taught mystery writing at Radcliffe, Simmons College, and Salem State College, and has prepared material for educational programs in the natural sciences for WGBH, Channel 2 in Boston. Her awards include two Edgar Allen Poe nominations, Mystery Writers of America, 1962 and 1985; Newbery Honor Book Award, American Library Association; Nero Wolfe Award, 1984; and the Lifetime Achievement Award, 2000, Boucheron Mystery Convention. Ms. Langton resides in Lincoln, Massachusetts and is an avid gardener.

### Book Description

*Strong Hands and A Willing Heart: An Introduction to the Journal of James Lorin Chapin, 1848-1850* by Jane Langton.

An online publication of 117 pages including 33 illustrations, Bibliography, Calendar of Chapin's Work on the farm, Trips to Quincy and Brighton Markets, Chapin Family Genealogy and Author's biography

Noted Lincoln author, Jane Langton, introduces the reader to a young Lincoln farmer and teacher through selections from his meticulous journal of mid-nineteenth century life. Langton has organized her presentation into major topics of the day as reflected in Chapin's own words, as well as others of his time. Period illustrations enliven the book. With extensive research, intellectual zest and her distinctive humor, Langton brings Chapin to life and sets his ideas and lifestyle into the perspective of the times.



**Figure 34** Editors Mary Ann Hales and Henry Hoover meet with Jane Langton