(LYDIA) MARIA FRANCIS CHILD AND DAVID LEE CHILD
February 11, Thursday: Birth of Lydia Maria Francis in Medford, Massachusetts, as the youngest of 7 children of Susannah Rand Francis and David Convers Francis, a successful baker and businessman. She would grow up under the wing of her bookish older brother Convers Francis, Jr. and attend local schools and Medford's First Parish, an orthodox Congregational church. When she would become 9, her brother would leave home to attend Harvard College. Possessed of an eager, inquiring mind, Lydia would be free to use the library of the First Parish minister, the Reverend David Osgood.

The 6th generation of Southmayds in America: Daniel Starr Southmayd was born in Waterbury, Connecticut. He was a son of Ebenezer Southmayd (January 23, 1775-September 30, 1831) and Elizabeth Starr Southmayd (January 8, 1777-July 3, 1842) who had gotten married at South Farms, Connecticut, on April 16, 1797.

1. Her paternal grandfather, a weaver by trade, had been in the fighting around Concord and Lexington in 1775, and is said to have offed 5 of the enemy before being himself offed. Her “Grandfather’s House” about which she wrote her Thanksgiving poem was on South Street in Medford, Massachusetts and supposedly is this one near the Mystic River:

2. At no point would she ever allow herself to be referred to as “Lydia.” The name “Maria” is here to be pronounced not as in Spanish or French but as if it were “Mariah,” per “they called the wind mariah.”
Boston boys Samuel Joseph May, Caleb Cushing who would become a Democratic politician, Samuel Atkins Eliot who would become mayor of Boston, 13-year-old George Bancroft who would become a national historian and Secretary of the Navy, George Barrell Emerson who would become an educational reformer, and David Lee Child who would become a radical abolitionist, were matriculants at Harvard College.

Before entering Harvard, George Barrell Emerson had undergone a few weeks of preparation at Dummer Academy in Byfield, New Hampshire. He would concentrate in mathematics and Greek. He had been taught the Linnaean system of classification by his father and it would appear that right after getting settled in his dorm room, he visited the botanic garden in order to ply Professor William Peck there with questions about plants he had noticed during his boyhood in his hometown of Wells that he had been unable to identify.

George Ticknor was admitted to the Massachusetts bar, and opened a law office in Boston.

Professor Sylvestre François Lacroix’s *TRAITÉ ÉLÉMENTAIRE D’ARITHMÉTIQUE, A L’USAGE DE L’ÉCOLE CENTRALE DES QUATRE-NATIONS* (A Paris: Chez Mˡˡᵉ veuve Courcier, Imprimeur-Libraire pour les Mathématiques, quai des Augustins, n° 57).

**THE AGE OF REASON WAS A PIPE DREAM, OR AT BEST A PROJECT. ACTUALLY, HUMANS HAVE ALMOST NO CLUE WHAT THEY ARE DOING, WHILE CREDITING THEIR OWN LIES ABOUT WHY THEY ARE DOING IT.**
Summer: Caroline Amelia of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, Princess of Wales, in exile from England, purchased the Villa d'Este on the shores of Lake Como.

The Reverend Timothy Flint embarked upon a number of missionary travels, first to Kingston and Raymond, New Hampshire, then perhaps into western Massachusetts and to Essex County in upstate New York, on behalf of the Massachusetts Society for promoting Christian Knowledge.

After the death of her mother Abba and the marriage of her favorite sister Mary Francis, her father David Convers Francis decided that Lydia Maria Francis (Lydia Maria Child) would be better off in Mary’s new home in Norridgewock, Maine. She was removed from the meandering tidal Mystic River to Norridgewock on the Kennebec River, just downstream from the Bonebasee Rips and the ancient site of the Abenaki village of the name Norridgewock, still occupied, which she would visit.
September: Amos Eaton received his MA degree from Williams College.

George Bancroft graduated from Harvard College after four years of instruction at the age of 17 (17 would not then have been at all precocious — but since this student of moderate means was graduating 2d in his class the college would offer him the opportunity to study in Europe for the following five years all expenses paid).

David Lee Child graduated from Harvard. An assignment he prepared “Astronomical Problems” (21 x 28 ¾ inches) is still on file there: <http://oasis.harvard.edu:10080/oasis/deliver/~hua17004>

3. At some point during Lydia Maria Child’s adolescent years in Maine, 1815-1821, she would allege much later in her LETTERS FROM NEW YORK, she had visited one of the Penobscot villages on the banks of the Kennebec River and had there met the sachem of the Penobscot, “Captain Neptune,” with small black eyes, “smoking a pipe and wearing a crushed hat and a dirty blanket.” Accompanying the sachem, she would say, was his nephew Etalexis, who was of marriageable age and thus was attired in “a broad band of shining brass around his hat, a circle of silver on his breast, tied with scarlet ribbons, and a long belt of curiously-wrought wampum hanging to his feet.” Miss Francis alleged that she had reached down and grabbed this young man’s wampum, and had demanded to know why the sachem himself was not so attired. “Me no want to catch ’em squaw,” she alleged the old man replied. (Miss Francis had made no mention, however, of such an incident, in her correspondence of the period, and one would have fancied that, had such an incident occurred, it would have been eagerly recounted to any number of her friends. My sense of it is that what we have here is not an account of a meeting, but a rare and privileged glimpse into this young lady’s sexual fantasy life. It wasn’t this young red man’s wampum that she took in her hand, and rather than it being this old red man who was not looking to catch ’em, it was the young woman who was hoping that this young red man was looking to catch ’em.)
At the age of 14, Ralph Waldo Emerson left Boston Latin School to matriculate at Harvard.

In those times, even if he had entered at the age of thirteen, this would not have been any indication of intellectual endowment, regardless of the hagiography of such sources as *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Waldo would be a student at Harvard into the year 1821. On the following screen is a sketch he made in his junior year of his dorm room, which was Hollis 15.

4. (“Abstract of text biography. Emerson was a precocious child, entering Harvard at the age of 14.”)

It was considered usual to enter Harvard College at such an age. By way of radical contrast, when Cotton Mather had matriculated as a freshman at Harvard College he had already read Homer and Isocrates in the original language, and Vergil and Ovid in the original language — and was but twelve years of age. Cotton indeed was precocious, and had been considered precocious.

It would continue not to be considered at all unusual, for a lad to enter Harvard College at the age of thirteen. When in 1837 Thomas Wentworth Higginson would matriculate there at the age of thirteen, nobody would see fit to make any remarks, either about precocity or about anything else (but then, don’t you know, Higginson does not, like Emerson, have a 20th-Century fan club, a gang of adorers).
lead him astray after love. the wish over wildness.

6 few: fright him with phantom dotations. wreak your vengeance as you will. He gives you free leave on this sole condition. if you can.

Juno.

August 28th
1830.
At the age of 18 Lydia Maria Francis (Lydia Maria Child) became a teacher in Gardiner, Maine. There she began to make herself familiar with the thought of Emanuel Swedenborg.

The Reverend Andrew Bigelow was ordained as an Evangelist and delivered and published Sermon at the Dedication of the First Congressional Meeting-House in Eastport, Maine.
May: “You need not fear my becoming a Swedenborgian,” Lydia Maria Francis (Lydia Maria Child) wrote her brother Convers Francis. “I am more in danger of wrecking on the rocks of skepticism than of standing on the shoals of fanaticism. I am apt to regard a system of religion as I do any other beautiful theory. It plays round the imagination, but fails to reach the heart. I wish I could find some religion in which my heart and understanding could unite; that amidst the darkest clouds of this life I might ever be cheered with the mild halo of religious consolation.”

“Historical Perspective” being a view from a particular point in time (just as the perspective in a painting is a view from a particular point in space), to “look at the course of history more generally” would be to sacrifice perspective altogether. This is fantasy-land, you’re fooling yourself. There cannot be any such thingie, as such a perspective.
Returning to Massachusetts from Maine, Lydia Maria Francis (Lydia Maria Child) was baptized at First Parish in Medford. Thereafter she always preferred her chosen baptismal name, Maria, pronounced Mar-EYE-ah.
LIKE MERE "SCIENCE FICTION," MERELY TO "HISTORY FICTION":
IT’S NOT WORTH YOUR ATTENTION.
July 17, Tuesday: At Harvard College’s commencement, the Reverend Samson Reed gave a lecture “Oration on Genius” on mystic doctrines quite similar to those of Emanuel Swedenborg, and Waldo Emerson, a graduating senior eighteen years of age, the youngest of the 59 members of the Class of 1821 [youngest by how many days??], was allowed to read a valedictory poem despite ranking but 30th (he had been made the class poet after six others who had been asked had “positively refused”). It would presumably be this lecture by the Reverend Reed which would attract Lydia Maria Francis (Lydia Maria Child) to Swedenborgian doctrines. Emerson would borrow the Reverend Reed’s manuscript, take notes from it, and then refer to these notes a number of times over the subsequent years.

Rajah Rammohan Roy’s condensation of the ISHOPANISHAD presumably had already at this point made its way via Mary Moody Emerson into Waldo’s library — because she had recommended it to him while he was still attending Harvard.

THE TASK OF THE HISTORIAN IS TO CREATE HINDSIGHT WHILE INTERCEPTING ANY ILLUSION OF FORESIGHT. NOTHING A HUMAN CAN SEE CAN EVER BE SEEN AS IF THROUGH THE EYE OF GOD.
The Oriental influence on Waldo Emerson’s writing and theological beliefs is evident early in his career. Both his father and his Aunt Mary Moody Emerson were interested in the Orient and his aunt actively encouraged Emerson in his pursuit of Oriental studies. Shortly after Emerson graduated from college, his aunt wrote him a letter suggesting that he look into the writings of Rammohan Roy, an Indian brahman from a high-caste Hindu background who was interested in the merging of world religions and had recently been published in the *Christian Register* (1819 and 1821). Hodder states that Emerson was probably already familiar with Roy, since the articles on Roy had been published in the Concord paper and because Emerson had developed an interest in the Orient when he was still at school. His poem "Indian Superstition" grew out of a paper that he was assigned as a senior: "As a graduating senior, Emerson had been assigned this topic in conjunction with the Harvard College exhibition of April 24, 1821. For the several months prior to his presentation, Emerson had poured over the growing body of literature on India and the Orient available at that time to the Boston readership" (140). Emerson was both fascinated and repelled with what he read about India. He was especially shocked over the practice of widow-burning or *sati* as it was called, a Hindu custom. However shocked he may have been when he read about some of the contemporary practices of India, he still found a great deal to admire concerning the idealism of the ancient Hindu texts.

In 1819 the *Christian Register* printed excerpts of Roy’s letters to John Digby, his British East India Company supervisor, plus a review of five of his recent treatises. In 1821 a second treatment of Roy’s writing was printed. In his critique of world religions, Roy developed a consuming interest in the Muslim doctrine of *tawhid*, or the absolute unity of God. From this viewpoint, he criticized Hindu "idolatry" and Christian Unitarianism. The liberal Unitarians were delighted because Roy provided convenient fodder for their arguments against the Trinitarians: "Today, among Hindus and Westerners alike, Rammohan Roy is hailed as the founder of the Hindu Renaissance and the father of modern India. For Emerson, however, as for his Aunt and other Boston Unitarians, Roy was at this time chiefly significant as a compelling advocate for the Unitarians in their heated exchanges with the Calvinist Trinitarian opposition." (134) The Reverend Henry Ware, Jr., professor at Harvard Divinity School, went so far as to write Roy and William Adam, a former Baptist, now Unitarian convert, a list of questions concerning the potential for Unitarian missionary work in India. Some money was collected and Roy and Adam did establish a base for the Unitarians in India, but by 1824 interest in Roy had begun to die down. Roy died in London on Sept. 27, 1833. There was still some interest in him, although it is likely that the Unitarians continued to misunderstand his motivation in assisting their cause. He had always been more interested in social reform in India than he had been in proselytizing his fellow Indians. Emerson visited England in August 1833. He met Roy’s famous patron, Dr. Lant Carpenter, but he did not meet Roy.

Hodder notes that Emerson’s commentary on the Orient continued to mature as he grew older. The more he read the more he was impressed with Oriental literature and philosophy: "By 1845 he is ready to insist that there is nothing in theology so "subtle" as the *Bhagavad Gita* and the *Vishnu Purâna,*” Emerson’s introduction to Roy, who viewed the Bible as an ethical tract, probably helped to pave the way, according to Hodder, for his growing sympathy with the Orient.
November: Never having been attracted at all to Unitarianism, Lydia Maria Francis (Lydia Maria Child), together with the Reverend Samson Reed and some 60 others, joined the local Swedenborgian Church (that is, the Boston Society of the Church of the New Jerusalem).

“NARRATIVE HISTORY” AMOUNTS TO FABULATION, THE REAL STUFF BEING MERE CHRONOLOGY
Though Lydia Maria Francis (Lydia Maria Child) was living with her brother the Reverend Convers Francis, Jr., who had become a Unitarian minister at First Parish in Watertown, and was attending his church regularly, she had become a member of the Boston Society of the New Jerusalem. Apparently, she maintained some connection there until the 1830s, when the pro-slavery stance of the pastor made her doubt “whether such a church could have come down from heaven.” Later she would be drawn to the preaching of the Reverend William Ellery Channing, though she despaired over his reluctance to embrace abolitionism wholeheartedly. She found Unitarianism “a mere half-way house, where spiritual travelers find themselves well accommodated for the night, but where they grow weary of spending the day.”
Early in the year: Early in the year, in Watertown, Massachusetts, within the span of six weeks Lydia Maria Francis (Lydia Maria Child) wrote *Hobomok: A Tale of Early Times.*

This was a novel about the noble sacrifice made in colonial times by a Native American man with a white wife, when his wife’s English husband, thought to have been lost at sea, unexpectedly reappears. Despite the fact that she has given birth to a halfbreed boy, Hobomok steps aside. The English husband adopts Hobomok’s son. This can serve as a reminder for us all that what may be construed in one era to be non-racism may well be denounceable in a following era as a continuation of racism. By the way, this was the 1st New England literary
production in the genre we now denominate “the historical novel.”

Nobody could guess what would happen next.
May: James Fenimore Cooper relocated his family from 3 Beach Street, New-York, to 345 Greenwich Street.

Lydia Maria Francis’s (Lydia Maria Child’s) novel *HOBOMOK, A TALE OF EARLY TIMES*.5

This was anonymously issued in 1,000 copies through a vanity press, Cummings, Hilliard, & Company, at a charge to the author of $495.00, and was marked to sell at retail for $0.75 each. We may well notice that in this novel a mixed marriage occurred not between a white male and a red female, which has ever been more or less countenanced, but between a white female and a red male. The result was that readership found the novel “not only unnatural, but revolting … to every feeling of delicacy in man or woman.” This has been completely missed in such analyses of the setting of this unsettling novel as that of David Leverenz in *MANHOOD AND THE AMERICAN RENAISSANCE*. According to Nancy B. Black and Bette S. Wiedman in their edition *WHITE ON RED* (NY: Kennikat Press, 1976):

Child’s humanitarian spirit led her to portray, in *HOBOMOK*, a most noble savage. Friend of the English, he remains loyal to members of the small white settlement at Salem despite stirrings of Indian hostility; he expresses his love for Mary Conant only when she is desolated by the loss of her mother and her white lover. Mary marries Hobomok while she is in a state of grief bordering on insanity, but after the birth of a son and the

5. Henry Thoreau would read this in 1834.
passage of two years, she begins to recognize and admire his manly qualities. The purportedly drowned lover returns at this time; Hobomok calls up all of his nobility and sacrifices his happiness. He goes west alone to die, foreshadowing the fate of his whole race. Despite her liberalism, Child makes it clear that Mary has lowered herself in marrying Hobomok; her "savage" husband’s nobility is measured by his self-abasement.... The book dramatizes the theory of the inevitable, benevolent displacement of the Indian; it is equally severe to rigid Puritanism and to Indian resistance. Child prefers to have her Indians survive in memory, rather than physical reality. Hobomok’s child, conveniently given his mother’s patronym, after the matrilineal style of the Indians, becomes a Cambridge graduate. Child notes, with some relief, “His father was seldom spoken of; and by degrees his Indian appellation was silently omitted.”

For several weeks Mary remained in the same stupefied state in which she had been at the time of her marriage. She would lie through the livelong day, unless she was requested to rise; and once risen, nothing could induce her to change her posture. Language has no power to shadow forth her feelings as she gradually awoke to a sense of her situation. But there is a happy propensity in the human mind to step as lightly as possible on the thorns which infest a path we are compelled to tread. It is only when there is room for hope that evils are impatiently borne. Desolate as Mary’s lot might seem, it was not without its alleviations. All the kind attentions which could suggest themselves to the mind of a savage, were paid by her Indian mother. Hobomok continued the same tender reverence he had always evinced, and he soon understood the changing expression of her countenance, till her very looks were a law. So much love could not but awaken gratitude; and Mary by degrees gave way to its influence, until she welcomed his return with something like affection. True, in her solitary hours there were reflections enough to make her wretched. Kind as Hobomok was, and rich as she found his uncultivated mind in native imagination, still the contrast between him and her departed lover would often be remembered with sufficient bitterness. Besides this, she knew that her own nation looked upon her as lost and degraded; and, what was far worse, her own heart echoed back the charge. Hobomok’s connection with her was considered the effect of witchcraft on his part, and even he was generally avoided by his former friends. However, this evil brought its own cure. Livery wound of this kind, every insult which her husband courageously endured for her sake, added romantic fervor to her increasing affection, and thus made life something more than endurable. While all her English acquaintances more or less neglected her, her old associate, Mrs. Collier, firmly and boldly stemmed the tide, and seemed resolved to do all in her power to relieve the hardships of her friends. For a long time her overtures were proudly refused; for Mary could not endure that the visits of one who had been so vastly her inferior should now be considered
an honor and Obligation. However, persevering kindness did in
time overcome this feeling, and in less than a year, Sally became
a frequent inmate of her wigwam. To this was soon likely to be
added another source of enjoyment. Before two years passed away,
she became the mother of a hopeful son. Under such
circumstances, his birth was no doubt entwined with many
mournful associations; still, the smiles of her infant son
brought more of pleasure than of pain. As Mary looked on the
little being, which was “bone of her bone, and flesh of her
flesh,” she felt more love for the innocent object than she
thought she should ever again experience.

After this general view of things, we must now pass over to the
16th of September, 1633, and leave the interim to the reader’s
imagination. The old squaw had lately died of a fever, and
symptoms of the same disorder began to appear in her little
grandson, now nearly two years old. On the morning we have
mentioned, Mrs. Collier took her own little blooming daughter
in her arms, and went into the wigwam to inquire concerning the
health of the boy. No sooner was she seated than the children,
accustomed to see each other, began to peep in each other’s
faces, and look up to their mothers, their bright, laughing eyes
beaming with cherub love. Hobomok entered, and for a moment
stood watching with delighted attention the bewitching sports
of childhood. He caught up the infant, and placing his little
feet in the center of his hand, held him high above his head.
“My boy, my brave hunter’s boy,” said he, and pressing him in
his arms he half suffocated him with caresses. He placed him in
his mother’s lap, and took down his quiver, as he said, “Hobomok
must be out hunting the deer.” The child jumped down upon the
floor, and tottering up to him, took hold of his blanket and
looked in his face, as he lisped, “Fader come back gin to see
‘ittle Hobomok.”
Again the father stooped and kissed him, as he answered,
“Hobomok very much bad, if he didn’t come back always to see
little Hobomok, and his good Mary.”
He went out, but soon returned and, lifting the blanket, which
served for a door, he again looked at his boy, who would
alternately hide his head, and then reach forward to catch
another glimpse of his father.
“Good bye, Hobomok — Good bye, Mary” — said the Indian. “Before
the sun hides his face, I shall come home loaded with deer.”
“Take care of yourself,” said his wife, affectionately; “and see
that Corbitant be not in your path.”
“Sally, you have never said one word about my marrying Hobomok,”
continued she; “and I have no doubt you think I must be very
miserable; but I speak truly when I say that every day I live
with that kind, noblehearted creature, the better I love him.”
“I always thought he was the best Indian I ever knew,” answered
Sally; ‘and within these three years he has altered so much that
he seems almost like an Englishman. After all, I believe matches
are foreordained."

"I don’t know concerning that," rejoined Mary. "I am sure I am happier than I ever expected to be after Charles’s death, which is more than I deserve, considering I broke my promise to my dying mother and deserted my father in his old age."

While conversation of this nature was going on at home, Hobomok was pursuing his way through the woods, whistling and singing as he went, in the joyfulness of his heart. He had proceeded near half a mile in this way, when he espied an eagle, soaring with a flight so lofty, that he seemed almost like a speck in the blue abyss above. The Indian fixed his keen eye upon him, and as he gradually lowered his flight, he made ready his arrow, and a moment after the noble bird lay fluttering at his feet.

"A true aim that, Hobomok," said a voice which sounded familiar to his ears. He raised his head to see from whence it proceeded. Charles Brown stood by his side! The countenance of the savage assumed at once the terrible, ashen hue of Indian paleness. His wounded victim was left untouched, and he hastily retreated into the thicket, casting back a fearful glance on what he supposed to be the ghost of his rival. Brown attempted to follow; but the farther he advanced, the farther the Indian retreated, his face growing paler and paler, and his knees trembling against each other in excessive terror.

"Hobomok," said the intruder, "I am a man like yourself. I suppose three years agone you heard I was dead, but it has pleased the Lord to spare me in captivity until this time, and to lead me once more to New England. The vessel which brought me lieth down a mile below, but I chose the rather to be put on shore, being impatient to inquire concerning the friends I left behind. You used to be my good friend, Hobomok, and many a piece of service have you done for me. I beseech you feel of my hand, that you may know I am flesh and blood even as yourself."

After repeated assurances, the Indian timidly approached—and the certainty that Brown was indeed alive was more dreadful to him than all the ghosts that could have been summoned from another world.

"You look as if you were sorry your old friend had returned," said the Englishman "but do speak and tell me one thing — is Mary Conant yet alive?"

I Hobomok fixed his eyes upon him with such a strange mixture of sorrow and fierceness that Brown laid his hand upon his rifle, half fearful his intentions were evil. At length, the Indian answered with deliberate emphasis,

"She is both alive and well."

"I thank God," rejoined his rival. "I need not ask whether she is married?"

The savage looked earnestly and mournfully upon him, and sighed deeply, as he said,

"The handsome English bird hath for three years lain in my bosom; and her milk hath nourished the son of Hobomok."

The Englishman cast a glance of mingled doubt and despair
towards the Indian, who again repeated the distressing truth. Disappointed love, a sense of degradation, perhaps something of resentment were all mingled in a dreadful chaos of agony within the mind of the unfortunate young man, and at that moment it was difficult to tell to which of the two anguish had presented her most unmingled cup. The Indian gazed upon his rival, as he stood leaning his aching head against a tree; and once and again he indulged in the design of taking his life.

"No," thought he. "She was first his. Mary loves him better than she does me; for even now she prays for him in her sleep. The sacrifice must be made to her."

For a long time, however, it seemed doubtful whether he could collect sufficient fortitude to fulfill his resolution. The remembrance of the smiling wife and the little prattling boy, whom he had that morning left came too vividly before him. It recks not now what was the mighty struggle in the mind of that dark man. He arose and touched Brown’s arm, as he said,

"'Tis all true which I have told you. It is three snows since the bird came to my nest; and the Great Spirit only knows how much I have loved her. Good and kind she has been; but the heart of Mary is not with the Indian. In her sleep she talks with the Great Spirit, and the name of the white man is on her lips. Hobomok will go far off among some of the red men in the west. They will dig him a grave, and Mary may sing the marriage song in the wigwam of the Englishman."

"No," answered his astonished companion. "She is your wife. Keep her, and cherish her with tenderness. A moment ago, I expected your arrow would rid me of the life which has now become a burden. I will be as generous as you have been. I will return from whence I came, and bear my sorrows as I may. Let Mary never know that I am alive. Love her, and be happy."

"The purpose of an Indian is seldom changed," replied Hobomok. "My tracks will soon be seen far beyond the back-bone of the Great Spirit. For Mary’s sake I have borne the hatred of the Yengees, the scorn of my tribe, and the insults of my enemy. And now I will be buried among strangers, and none shall black their faces for the unknown chief. When the light sinks behind the hills, see that Corbitant be not near my wigwam; for that hawk has often been flying round my nest. Be kind to my boy." -His voice choked and the tears fell bright and fast. He hastily wiped them away as he added, "You have seen the first and last tears that Hobomok will ever shed. Ask Mary to pray for me—that when I die, I may go to the Englishman’s God, where I may hunt beaver with little Hobomok, and count my beavers for Mary."

Before Brown had time to reply, he plunged into the thicket and disappeared. He moved on with astonishing speed, till he was aware that he must be beyond the reach of pursuit; then throwing himself upon the grass, most earnestly did he hope that the arrow of Corbitant would do the office it had long sought, and wreak upon his head deep and certain vengeance. But the weapon of his enemy came not. He was reserved for a fate that had more of wretchedness. He lay thus inactive for several hours, musing on
all he had enjoyed and lost. At last, he sprung upon his feet, as if stung with torture he could no longer endure, and seizing his bow, he pursued with delirious eagerness every animal which came within his view.

The sun was verging toward the western horizon, when he collected his game in one spot, and selecting the largest deer, and several of the handsomest smaller animals, he fastened them upon a pole and proceeded towards Plymouth.

It was dark, and the tapers were lighted throughout the village, when he entered Governor Winslow’s dwelling. Whatever was the purpose of his visit, it was not long continued; and soon after, the deer was noiselessly deposited by the side of Mr. Collier’s house, with a slip of paper fastened on his branching horns. Hobomok paused before the door of his wigwam, looked in at a small hole which admitted the light, saw Mary feeding her Indian boy from his little wooden bowl, and heard her beloved voice, as she said to her child, “Father will come home and see little Hobomok presently.”

How much would that high-souled child of the forest have given for one parting embrace — one kind assurance that he should not be forgotten. Affection was tugging hard at his heart strings, and once his foot was almost on the threshold.

“No,” said he; “it will distress her. The Great Spirit bless ‘em both.”

Without trusting another look, he hurried forward. He paused on a neighboring hill, looked toward his wigwam till his strained vision could hardly discern the object, with a bursting heart again murmured his farewell and blessing, and forever passed away from New England.
Life is lived forward but understood backward?
— No, that’s giving too much to the historian’s stories.
Life isn’t to be understood either forward or backward.

Maria Francis
“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project
Early December: David Lee Child and Lydia Maria Francis met.

NO-ONE’S LIFE IS EVER NOT DRIVEN PRIMARILY BY HAPPENSTANCE
Lydia Maria Francis (Lydia Maria Child)'s *THE REBELS; OR, BOSTON BEFORE THE REVOLUTION* (Boston: Cummings, Hilliard, and company), an experiment in local color literature. (Henry Thoreau would read this in 1834.)

She opened her own school just outside Boston.

**CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT**
July: The Reverend Jared Sparks reviewed *Hobomok: A Tale of Early Times* in the *North American Review* and found that although the plot was in bad taste, the writing in this first New England historical novel was of “agreeable style.” Sales picked up, and the “anonymous” author Lydia Maria Child would become something of a darling in Boston’s cultured society. One story has it that when the Marquis de Lafayette kissed her hand, the young lady ventured that she would never again wash it. That may or may not be a shaggy-hand story — but Maria did indeed promptly begin to attend a school to learn French.

The craft of historicizing amounts to, and this necessitates distinguishing between the set of events that must have taken place before Event E could become possible, and most carefully distinguishing them from another set of events.
That could not possibly occur until subsequent to Event E.
Margaret Fuller and Lydia Maria Francis (Lydia Maria Child) met.

ONE COULD BE ELSEWHERE, AS ELSEWHERE DOES EXIST.
ONE CANNOT BE ELSEWHEN SINCE ELSEWHEN DOES NOT.
(TO THE WILLING MANY THINGS CAN BE EXPLAINED,
THAT FOR THE UNWILLING WILL REMAIN FOREVER MYSTERIOUS.)
The 25-year-old Lydia Maria Francis (Lydia Maria Child) wrote to 17-year-old Margaret Fuller on a woman's need for independence and her need to reach beyond passionate love.

It is no coincidence that it is mortals who consume our historical accounts, for what we are attempting to do is evade the restrictions of the human lifespan. (Immortals, with nothing to live for, take no heed of our stories.)
Fall: David Child and Lydia Maria Francis (Lydia Maria Child) became engaged, despite insistence (later amply corroborated) by Maria’s father that her feckless intended’s worldly know-how amounted to something on the order of “cutting stones with a razor.”

As an attorney and as a journalist, David would turn out to be idealistic but improvident. He would be drawn into one good lost cause after another. His enthusiastic errors would lead to litigation and imprisonment, and perpetually drain his wife’s earnings.

CONTINGENCY

Although very many outcomes are overdetermined, we trust that sometimes we actually make real choices.
March 29, Saturday: David Lee Child, as editor of the Massachusetts Journal, accused State Senator John Keyes of Concord, a Jacksonian who was running for reelection, of participating in the award of an illegal state contract for printing services (Senator Keyes would sue for “false, scandalous and malicious libel”).

Der Vampyr, a grosse romantische Oper by Heinrich August Marschner to words of Wohlbruck after Nodier, Carmouche, de Jouffroy, Planche, and Ritter, was performed for the initial time, in Leipzig’s Stadttheater. Also on this day, according to his mother’s wishes and against his own, Robert Schumann matriculated in law at the University of Leipzig.

On this day Nicolò Paganini was making his debut at Vienna’s Redoutensaal. This 1st concert was not well attended but word-of-mouth accounts of his wizardry would soon be attracting the multitudes. He could make his violin go “Moo” like a cow, could make it bark like a dog, etc. He could make it sound like it was saying “Hello, how are you?” in your own language — regardless of what language that might be. The Wiener Theaterzeitung would offer “His expression seemed to mirror an inner conflict; the most unspeakable pain, the most ardent longing, the cruelest jest, even the most cutting scorn became discernible....” He would be providing a total of 14 concerts in the city over the following 4 months.

**YOU HAVE TO ACCEPT EITHER THE REALITY OF TIME OVER THAT OF CHANGE, OR CHANGE OVER TIME — IT’S PARMENIDES, OR HERACLITUS. I HAVE GONE WITH HERACLITUS.**
October 19, Sunday: Lydia Maria Francis got married with David Lee Child, becoming Mrs. Lydia Maria Child.6

The 1st clear relationship between epilepsy and a local cortical lesion was provided by Richard Bright, a physician at Guy’s Hospital, London. (While he would be able to provide many cases as evidence, his conclusion would not be generally accepted until the works of Hughlings Jackson would be published beginning in 1863.)7

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

1st day 19th of 10 M 1828 / Our Morning meeting was silent & rather a poor time to me – In the Afternoon Wm Almy attended & bore testimony to the Truth, but either he or I, or both of us were not as lively as we Sometimes are – Our friend Moses Brown came to see us in the eveng & Attended the Collection in the boys School & gave them good advice. – my mind was impressed with something to say to them, but fearing I should make an

6. David was a Harvard grad who had gone to Spain in 1817 as secretary to the American legation, but then in Spain had abandoned this position in order to participate in the rebellion of 1823. Once he had gotten back to Boston he read law, but in order to represent defendants who were indigent. At the point at which the couple got married, he was editing a newspaper and was already in deep trouble over libel. Clearly this was not a marriage of convenience.

unnecessary addition prevented my speaking - tho I believe
I should have felt better if I had have made the attempt. —

ESSENCES ARE FUZZY, GENERIC, CONCEPTUAL;
ARISTOTLE WAS RIGHT WHEN HE INSISTED THAT ALL TRUTH IS
SPECIFIC AND PARTICULAR (AND WRONG WHEN HE CHARACTERIZED
TRUTH AS A GENERALIZATION).
Lydia Maria Child’s *The Frugal Housewife* described ingenious ways to make do with little means. The popularity of this publication would help keep her household afloat as it relocated and relocated.
This would see a number of editions, the image below being as of the popular treatise’s 1833 version:

Her history of “King Phillip’s War” was issued, entitled The first settlers of New-England; or, Conquest of the Pequods, Narragansets and Pokanokets. As related by a mother to her children. By a lady of Massachusetts (Boston: Printed for the author, by Munroe and Francis).
James Fenimore Cooper issued *The Wept of Wish-ton-wish*, about the period of “King Philip’s War.”

In addition during this year there was yet another republication of Benjamin Church’s ever-entertaining *The Entertaining History of King Philip’s War, which began in the Month of June, 1675. As also of Expeditions More Lately Made Against the Common Enemy, and Indian Rebels, in the Eastern Parts of New-England*, which had been issued in 1716 in Boston, was re-published in Exeter, New Hampshire by J.&B. Williams.
January 12, Monday: David Lee Child was arraigned before the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, before a judge who was, like the plaintiff (State Senator John Keyes of Concord) a Jacksonian, which is to say, one of those self-proclaimed “champions of the underdog” consumed by a desire to retaliate against those who allegedly considered themselves better than they are — who considered this defendant to be a suitable representative of the pseudo-high-principles of the effete Boston aristocracy. Harrumph! Let’s gang up and persecute this dude in the name of fairness and democracy!

Il paria, a melodramma by Gaetano Donizetti to words of Gilardoni after Delavigne, was performed for the initial time, in Teatro San Carlo, Naples.

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

2nd day 12 of 1 M / Attended the funeral of James Mitchell the Meeting was held at the Meeting house, it was a pretty solid sitting & a few words spoken by Hannah Robinson. —

NEVER READ AHEAD! TO APPRECIATE JANUARY 12, 1829 AT ALL ONE MUST APPRECIATE IT AS A TODAY (THE FOLLOWING DAY, TOMORROW, IS BUT A PORTION OF THE UNREALIZED FUTURE AND IFFY AT BEST).
January 15, Thursday: David Lee Child was found guilty before the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts of the charge that had been brought against him by State Senator John Keyes of Concord, that while the senator was running for re-election and while he was the editor of the Massachusetts Journal he had falsely, scandalously, and maliciously libeled this senator by accusing him of having participated in his previous term in the illegal award of an state contract for printing services. The criminal journalist, Child, was sentenced to prison, and appealed.

Giacomo Meyerbeer met with Alexander von Humboldt in Paris. The composer wanted Humboldt to bring a message to King Friedrich Wilhelm III of Prussia when he traveled to Berlin. His message was to apologize that Robert le diable had not yet been produced in Berlin because it had taken two years to get it produced in Paris. Meyerbeer promised it to the king as the 1st production after Paris.

The topographical duties to which 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Artillery James Duncan Graham had been assigned were coming at this point to be recognized as an occupational specialty. He was brevetted as a captain to become a staff-assistant to the topographical engineer, so that he might enter the US Army’s Corps of Topographical Engineers and participate in government surveys in Vermont.

March: In Boston, David Child went to jail. His wife Lydia Maria Child moved to Washington Street nearby and three times each day carried her imprisoned husband’s meal down the street to him in a dinner pail.

Hannah Adams was granted the extraordinary privilege of being able to make use of the collections at the Boston Athenæum at 10½ Beacon Street despite lacking a penis (Josiah Quincy characterized the presence of a woman in these quarters as an “unaccustomed sight” that might stimulate the erection of the “masculine eyebrows” — a remark which might cause the modern reader to go “Hmmmm”).

In Concord, Samuel Burr’s new house was burned, with a loss estimated at $1,500.

Provision Against Fire. — The Fire Society was organized May 5, 1794, and holds its annual meetings on the 2d Monday in January. The Presidents have been, Jonathan Fay, Esq., Dr. Joseph Hunt Tilly Merrick, Esq., Dr. Isaac Hurd, Deacon Francis Jarvis, Hon. Samuel Hoar, and Joseph Barrett, Esq. The Engine Company was formed, and the first engine procured, in 1794. A new engine was obtained in 1818.
A Volunteer Engine Company was organized in 1827, who procured by subscription a new engine in 1831.8

(On or about November 11, 1837 Henry Thoreau would indicate a familiarity with the contents of at least pages 2-3 and 6-9 of this historical study. On July 16, 1859 he would correct a date mistake buried in the body of the text.)
July 30, Thursday: Fanny Wright began to lecture in Boston, to enthusiastic full houses. This paid lecture tour was perhaps the 1st ever by a woman and would continue for several nights. She attacked organized religion for the secondary place it assigned to women, and advocated their empowerment through divorce and birth control.

One wonders who from Concord—such as Cynthia Dunbar Thoreau—may have been in those full houses. No cause for concern, Lydia Maria Child would suggest to alarmed male friends: such proper Bostonians were merely “weary of going to the museum” and “were as thankful to Miss Wright for giving them something new to talk about, as they would have been to a Boa-Constrictor, or a caravan of monkeys.”

Lyman Beecher would comment in his LECTURES ON POLITICAL ATHEISM that “regrettably she [Wright] won over the educated, refined women ... and worst of all, women who had been friends to his own children.”

Felix Mendelssohn visited Holyrood Castle (home of Mary Queen of Scots and site of the murder of Rizzio) and was inspired to begin his “Scottish” Symphony.

According to an almanac of the period, “Battle near Eski Stamboul between the Russian division under Krassowski, and the troops of the Grand Vizier, resulting in a loss to the latter of 500 or 600 men” and “Nine

9. Concord’s Helen Louisa Thoreau, John Thoreau, Jr., David Henry Thoreau, and Sophia Elizabeth Thoreau would have been considered at that time and place to constitute a smallish family or one still being eagerly worked on. Nevertheless, Cynthia would bear no children after age 33.
persons, several of them of rank, condemned to death for high treason at Barcelona, Spain.”

**CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS**

Hector Berlioz’s entry in the Prix de Rome competition, the cantata “Cleopatre,” was performed for the initial time. No grand prize would be awarded this year — the jury desired to give the prize to Berlioz but (Adrien Boieldieu would explain to the composer) could not judge music they were incapable of understanding.

Hearing a rumor that King Charles X was planning a counter-revolution, a crowd marched to arrest the king at St. Cloud. Among the citizens was Hector Berlioz. When they reached the Etoile they found the soldiers gone, so they returned to town. 80 deputies met in the Palais Bourbon led by Jacques Lafitte and established a new regime.

Robert Schumann wrote to his mother, telling her of his decision to give up the study of law and asking her to write to Friedrich Wieck requesting his opinion of his future as a pianist.

July: David Child was released from the Boston jail. Lydia Maria Child collapsed from exhaustion and friends packed her off to the Lynn seacoast to recuperate.

At the First Baptist Church of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, in the midst of controversy, the Reverend David Benedict stepped down.

**ESSENCE IS BLUR. SPECIFICITY, THE OPPOSITE OF ESSENCE, IS OF THE NATURE OF TRUTH.**
William Lloyd Garrison having begun publication of his abolitionist newspaper, the Liberator, Lydia Maria Child would later recall how his publication “got hold of the strings of my conscience, and pulled me into Reforms.... Old dreams vanished, old associates departed, and all things became new.” She threw her support to Garrison and the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society. Under the influence of active abolitionists and Unitarians such as Henry and Maria Weston Chapman, Louisa and Ellis Gray Loring, Wendell Phillips, and Samuel J. May, she herself began to write for the cause.

In The Mother’s Book Lydia Maria Child noted that “Shameless stories and indecent jokes” were circulating in America not only orally but also, occasionally, as broadsides. And then of course there were those bawdy songs! Unwilling to provide their children with the most rudimentary of sexual information, Genteel parents were abandoning this task to “domestics, or immodest school-companions” who were
recirculating, to each new generation, the “filthy anecdotes of vice and vulgarity” of the lower orders.
THE
MOTHER'S BOOK.

BY MRS. CHILD.

AUTHOR OF "THE FRUGAL HOUSEWIFE," "THE GIRL'S OWN BOOK," "EVENINGS IN NEW ENGLAND," AND EDITOR OF "THE JUVENILE MISCELLANY."

The child is father of the man;
And I could wish his days to be
Blessed with as much by natural pity
Wordsworth.

Do you ask, then, what will educate your son? Your example will educate him: your conversation; the business he sees you transact; the likeness and dispositions you display; these will educate him—the society you live in will educate him.

SECOND EDITION.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY CARTER AND HENDEE
1831.
“Shameless stories and indecent jokes,” Lydia Maria Child noted with some pain in The Mother’s Book of 1831, circulated widely in American oral tradition. Along with bawdy songs, they continued to thrive and occasionally saw print as broadsides. American parents, she complained, were wholly unable to provide sexual information to their children, but left them to “domestics, or immodest school-companions,” who retold, each generation, “filthy anecdotes of vice and vulgarity.”

The most explicitly sexual book that the majority of Americans had a chance of reading was an old one, Aristotle’s Masterpiece. Written anonymously in seventeenth-century England but masquerading as the work of the Greek philosopher, the Masterpiece went through eleven eighteenth-century editions, and sixteen more between 1800 and 1831. It was pseudomedical in tone and explicit about the mechanics of intercourse and reproduction, but was not overtly pornographic — unlike John Cleland’s Fanny Hill: Or, The Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure, which circulated widely in England and had some clandestine American readership. Aristotle’s Masterpiece was still an “underground text,” one which could not be displayed openly on the bookshelves of respectable houses. Despite the number of editions of the Masterpiece went through, no eighteenth- or nineteenth-century American has yet been found who admitted reading it. The young men who read the book — its woodcuts and descriptions focused almost entirely on the female body — probably perused it furtively in barns or behind shops and schoolhouses. It was, in all probability, the “indecent book” that a Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, schoolteacher confiscated from a group of older boys in 1840 and burned in the schoolhouse stove.
CONTRAST UNEXPERIENCED — A MERE INTELLECTUAL CONSTRUCT. THERE EXISTS NO SUCH THING AS A MOMENT. NO INSTANT HAS EVER FOR AN INSTANT EXISTED.

April: There is in existence a letter written during this month by Lydia Maria Child, to an unidentified recipient. The correspondence was about school uniforms and worship.

DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.

November 13, Sunday: The abolitionists met in the law offices of Samuel Eliot Sewall on State Street in Boston to discuss the formation of an anti-slavery society in opposition to the gradualist agenda of the American Colonization Society.

They agreed going in that it would be mandatory to secure at least a dozen positive votes to get this abolitionist society started. Present, besides of course Sewall whose offices these were, and William Lloyd Garrison, were:

• David Lee Child, representing himself and also his spouse Lydia Maria Child who could of course not be present since this was an all-guys thing, a business meeting
• Joshua Coffin
• Isaac Knaap

“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project
Their initial ballot unfortunately produced, among the fifteen who voted, only nine persons ready to proceed on an “immediatist” or “just do it” agenda rather than the agreed magic minimum number of twelve. They would therefore need to hold another meeting, in December, and then three more such meetings, before they would be able to complete their agreement on January 1, 1832, and then confirm it with their dozen signatures, in the basement classroom of the African Meeting House on Belknap Street in the presence of black witnesses, on January 6, 1832.

**Between any two moments are an infinite number of moments, and between these other moments likewise an infinite number, there being no atomic moment just as there is no atomic point along a line. Moments are therefore figments. The present moment is a moment and as such is a figment, a flight of the imagination to which nothing real corresponds.**
Song of the Abolitionist.

I.
I am an abolitionist!
I glory in the name;
Though now by slavery’s minions kissed,
And covered o’er with shame:
It is a spell of light and power
The watchword of the free;
Who spurns it in this trying hour,
A craven soul is he!

II.
I am an abolitionist!
Then urge me not to pause;
For joyfully do I enlist
In Freedom’s sacred cause:
A noble stripe the world no’er saw,
Toenthral to disenfranchis’d;
I am a soldier for the war,
What’er may befall!

III.
I am an abolitionist—
Oppression’s deadly foe;
SINCE PAST MOMENTS HAVE PASSED OUT OF EXISTENCE AND FUTURE MOMENTS HAVE YET TO ARRIVE, WE NOTE THAT THE PRESENT MOMENT IS ALL THAT EVER EXISTS — AND YET THE PRESENT MOMENT BEING A MOMENT IS A FIGMENT TO WHICH NOTHING IN REALITY CORRESPONDS.
From this year into 1835, Lydia Maria Child would be shepherding through the press a series of five volumes of the LADIES FAMILY LIBRARY. These short biographies were intended to exemplify feminine virtues for a growing audience of middleclass women. For instance, two of her heroines, Germaine de Staël and Manon Roland, exemplified independence of mind. The final two volumes of this series began ambitiously to cover THE HISTORY AND CONDITION OF WOMEN IN VARIOUS AGES AND NATIONS.

Re-issue of Mrs. Child’s cash cow, THE AMERICAN FRUGAL HOUSEWIFE:

There is one kind of extravagance rapidly increasing in this country, which, in its effects on our purses and our habits, is one of the worst kinds of extravagance; I mean the rage for travelling, and for public amusements.... Look at our steamboats, and stages, and taverns! There you will find mechanics, who have left debts and employment to take care of themselves, while they go to take a peep at the great canal, or the opera-dancers. There you will find domestics all agog for their wages-worth of travelling; why should they look out for “a rainy day”.... However, it is not our farmers, who are in the greatest danger of this species of extravagance; ... It is from adventurers, swindlers, broken down traders, — all that rapidly increasing class of idlers, too genteel to work, and too proud to beg... (pages 99-100).
This would see a number of editions, and the image is as of the popular treatise’s 1833 edition:

![Image of book cover]

**WHAT I’M WRITING IS TRUE BUT NEVER MIND**

**YOU CAN ALWAYS LIE TO YOURSELF**
August: Dr. James Cowles Prichard pioneered “the term monomania, meaning madness affecting one train of thought … adopted in late times instead of melancholia.” (Herman Melville’s father-in-law, Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw, would utilize this concept “monomania” in a legal opinion in 1844, and Melville would deploy it in MARDI AND A VOYAGE THITHER in 1849, and then in MOBY-DICK; OR, THE WHALE in 1851 as the defining characteristic of the psychology of the maimed Captain Ahab.) As what in this year would have been considered to be a prime instance of such monomania, in this year there appeared Lydia Maria Child’s infamous APPEAL IN FAVOR OF THAT CLASS OF AMERICANS CALLED AFRICANS. (The author’s “madness affecting one train of thought” was immediately recognized, and in an attempt at a cure her library privileges at the Boston Athenæum were summarily revoked.)

The Reverend William Ellery Channing walked down to Child’s cottage from his home on Beacon Hill, a mile and a half, to discuss the book with her for all of 3 hours, but not because he agreed with her — the Reverend Channing considered Child misguided and a zealot. Child later commented that she had “suffered many a shivering ague-fit in attempting to melt, or batter away the glaciers of his prejudices.” The window of William
Davis Ticknor’s Old Corner Bookstore was smashed because this APPEAL was on display. Having overheard his parents discussing APPEAL (and perhaps having heard of that smashed window at the Old Corner Bookstore, which had been smashed by someone leaning against or being shoved against it), the 11-year-old Edward Everett Hale considered heaving a stone at it through the shop window. This is the book that a manager of the American Bible Society refused to read for fear it would make him an abolitionist, and in fact it would be what the 22-year-old Wendell Phillips would be reading just as he was abandoning the practice of law in order to devote his life to abolitionism.
Outspoken in her condemnation of slavery, Mrs. Child pointed out its contradiction with Christian teachings, and described the moral and physical degradation it brought upon slaves and owners alike — not omitting to mention the issue of miscegenation, and not excepting the North from its share of responsibility for the system. “I am fully aware of the unpopularity of the task I have undertaken,” she wrote in the Introduction, “but though I expect ridicule and censure, it is not in my nature to fear them.” As a direct result of this, she would lose her editorial post with *The Juvenile Miscellany* (if you are so impolite and inconsiderate that you mention that we
routinely molest our black servants, we certainly cannot allow you to have contact with our children).

**History’s not made of would. When someone reveals, for instance, in 1833, that a concept “monomania” would be utilized in a legal opinion in 1844, s/he discloses that what is being crafted is not reality but predestinarianism. The rule of reality is that the future hasn’t ever happened, yet — as of 1833, 1844 did not exist.**
February 19, Wednesday: David Henry Thoreau checked out, from Harvard Library, two books by Lydia Maria Child: one was her *Hobomok*, *A Tale of Early Times*, the volume about a racially mixed marriage that she had published anonymously at her own expense through a vanity press in 1824 which had been influenced by James Eastburn and Robert C. Sands’s long 1820 narrative poem *Yamoyden: A Tale of the Wars of King Philip*, and had become the 1st historical novel written in the United States of America."King Phillip's War"
(The other was THE REBELS; OR, BOSTON BEFORE THE REVOLUTION, an experiment in local color literature that Cummings, Hilliard of Boston had published for her in 1825.)

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

Winter: A black married couple came to the home of the Boston attorney David Child and his wife Lydia Maria Child in order to obtain legal advice. The consultation was necessarily a long one and so Maria, ever the dutiful housewife, left the room to prepare afternoon tea. When this black couple perceived what was happening, in order to forestall a coming embarrassment they made excuses and hurriedly departed. In spite of this discretion, a delicious rumor spread quickly through white society (were the couple being closely watched?) that this abolitionist couple had, shudder, extended “an invitation to colored people.”
January: David Lee Child was elected to be vice president of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and was nominated to run for the US Senate. During this month he wrote to George Kimball in regard to the Mexico project, and new laws in the South.

February: The Boston attorney David Lee Child sent his wife Lydia Maria Child to Washington DC, to appeal to Attorney General Benjamin Butler and then to President Andrew Jackson on behalf of a prisoner, for a stay of execution. (Since the Spaniards aboard the pirate vessel Panda would be hanged in Boston in June, and since the master of that vessel would be pardoned by the President, and since David was in fact the defense attorney on that case, may we presume that Maria’s visit asking for a stay of execution had to do with these pirates?)

May: David Lee Child traveled to Washington DC to appeal the guilty verdict for the Panda crew of Spanish pirates.

Upset over Lydia Maria Child’s unreasonable stance in regard to the abolition of human slavery, the Boston Athenæum canceled her library privileges — for access to materials needed for her research, in the future she would need to rely on friends.

July 17, Friday: On November 21, 1783, in a garden in the Bois de Boulogne, the Frenchmen Joseph-Michel and Jacques-Etienne Mongolfier had ascended into the skies in a hot-air balloon for a period of 26 minutes. But things they had been a-changing. So, when during this year of 1835 a French gunboat received orders to shoot down a hostile hot-air balloon — it would be discovered that what it had been ordered to shoot down was instead the planet Venus. Also, in this year of 1835 John Wise rode by balloon from Philadelphia to Haddonfield, New Jersey, a distance of some 9 miles. (“Now to figure out how to steer this thing.”) And, on this date in this year, the citizens of Boston got involved in the rage of the age, as their goldbeater Louis Lauriat made his first ascents.

The Reverend Henry C. Wright paid $15 to become a life member of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. He borrowed a volume of Blackstone from the Boston lawyer David Lee Child in order to read up on the law of Theft, with the objective of ascertaining what was the legal definition for human slavery. (He wouldn’t find much in the book that was helpful — of course — and would settle on a definition of slavery as consisting in involuntary and uncompensated labor — a definition which could only be described as “personal” as it would to this day never be codified either in federal jurisprudence or in federal legislation.)
August 1, Saturday: The vote to free the slaves of the British West Indies in five years had been one year before, leaving four years to go.

Allegedly, on this day Lydia Maria Child helped save George Thompson from an anti-abolitionist mob, although none of the records I have consulted have indicated in what town this allegedly happened, or in association with what event, or how many people constituted this mob, or what specifically Child did that helped save Thompson from being abused. All I have been able to find out for sure is that on this day she and David Lee Child auctioned their belongings at Cottage Place (so, it might help me a little bit to figure this out, if I could verify that this “Cottage Place” was in or near Boston).

Penny Magazine:

http://www.history.rochester.edu/pennymag/214.htm

(According to Professor Carleton Mabee’s 1970 monograph BLACK FREEDOM: THE NONVIOLENT ABOLITIONISTS FROM 1830 THROUGH THE CIVIL WAR, once upon a time some teamsters armed with horsewhips attended an abolitionist speech in Boston with the plan to kidnap George Thompson as he exited the building and ship him off to South Carolina for lynching. After Thompson’s speech, Professor Mabee avers, a group of 25 or 30 abolitionists deliberately clustered around under the guise of asking questions and moved this speaker through a rear door covered by a curtain, getting him into a carriage waiting in a back street before these pro-slavery toughs became aware that their target was no longer available. Mabee does not give a date or a street address and makes no mention of any involvement of Lydia Maria Child in this episode.)

We know that sometime during 1835 John Greenleaf Whittier and George Thompson were stoned after an abolition lecture in Plymouth, New Hampshire, by an anti-abolitionist mob, after they had traveled on to Concord, New Hampshire. According to one story, Whittier’s leg was bruised by one of the stones. According to another story his suit was ruined and he refused to have it cleaned or repaired so that he could display it during his lectures. According to a 3d story, they were shot at. According to a 4th story, someone had prepared a black dye to throw on the abolitionists, although this was not used. According to a friend of John Greenleaf Whittier, a Mrs. Cartland, in an account that has been preserved in Francis Henry Underwood’s JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER: A BIOGRAPHY, pp. 116-18: —

... Thinking themselves secure because personally unknown, the two friends drove to Plymouth, N. H., to visit Nathaniel P.
Rogers, a prominent abolitionist. On their way they stopped for the night in Concord at the house of George Kent, who was a brother-in-law of Rogers. After they had gone on their way, Kent attempted to make preparations for an antislavery meeting to be held when they should return. There was furious excitement, and neither church, chapel, nor hall could be hired for the purpose. On their arrival Whittier walked out with a friend in the twilight, leaving Thompson in the house, and soon found himself and friend surrounded by a mob of several hundred persons, who assailed them with stones and bruised them somewhat severely. They took refuge in the house of Colonel Kent, who, though not an abolitionist, protected them and baffled the mob. From thence Whittier made his way with some difficulty to George Kent's, where Thompson was. The mob soon surrounded the house and demanded that Thompson and "the Quaker" should be given up. Through a clever stratagem the mob was decoyed away for a while, but, soon discovering the trick, it returned, reenforced with muskets and a cannon, and threatened to blow up the house if the abolitionists were not surrendered.

A small company of antislavery men and women had met that evening at George Kent's, among whom were two nieces of Daniel Webster, daughters of his brother Ezekiel. All agreed that the lives of Whittier and Thompson were in danger, and advised that an effort should be made to escape. The mob filled the street, a short distance below the gate leading to Kent's house. A horse was quietly harnessed in the stable, and was led out with the vehicle under the shadow of the house, where Whittier and Thompson stood ready. It was bright moonlight, and they could see the gun-barrels gleaming in the street below them. The gate was suddenly opened, the horse was started at a furious gallop, and the two friends drove off amidst the yells and shots of the infuriated crowd. They left the city by the way of Hookset Bridge, the other avenues being guarded, and hurried in the direction of Haverhill. In the morning they stopped to refresh themselves and their tired horse. While at breakfast they found that "ill news travels fast," and gets worse as it goes; for the landlord told them that there had been an abolition meeting at Haverhill the night before, and that George Thompson, the Englishman, and a young Quaker named Whittier, who had brought him, were both so roughly handled that they would never wish to talk abolition again. When the guests were about to leave, Whittier, just as he was stepping into the carriage, said to the landlord, "My name is Whittier, and this is George Thompson." The man opened his eyes and mouth with wonder as they drove away.
From this day until the 14th, David Lee Child and Lydia Maria Child accompanied George Thompson to New-York, intending to travel with him to England to work for British anti-slavery societies. Before they could depart, David was arrested for debt and thus they would need to spend the following six months boarding with the Quaker family of farmers, Joseph and Margaret Carpenter, in New Rochelle. “David’s partner on the Massachusetts Journal and Tribune, George Snelling, not content with leaving the whole burden of the newspaper’s debts to his associate, had filed suit against him and procured an injunction against letting David leave the country. Overcome with humiliation and disappointment, Child had sat down and wept on the quay.”

Thomas George Morton was born in Philadelphia, a son of Dr. Samuel George Morton.10

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

7th day - Met with the Meeting for Sufferings & Trustees of O B Fund - dined at Wm Jenkins’s & after attending to a little buisness in the Town I returned to the School House- & lodged there. -

Fall: David Lee Child and Lydia Maria Child attended the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society and there met Angelina Emily Grimké. Benjamin Lundy persuaded David Lee Child to join his planned interracial free labor colony in Tamaulipas, Mexico. A mob of downtown Boston businesspeople attacked the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society in something we now term the “Gentlemen’s Riot” and tried to lynch William Lloyd Garrison. Publication of The History of the Condition of Women, in Various Ages and Nations as Volumes 4 and 5 of the Ladies’ Family Library (Lydia Maria Child barely finished the manuscript of this before her planned departure to England with George Thompson). Publication of Authentic Anecdotes of American Slavery.

10. He seems not to have been a Quaker. He would be educated at the University of Pennsylvania and graduate in the medical department there in 1856. He would practice general surgery in Philadelphia for the next three years, actively engage during the Civil War in the establishment of military hospitals, and be a surgeon at Satterlee hospital, and consulting surgeon to the United States army hospital, Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania. He would hold offices in numerous other hospitals, including the Orthopedic, of which he would be the originator. In 1876 he would be appointed a commissioner to erect a branch of the Pennsylvania Insane Asylum for the state’s southern district, and be chairman of its committee on plans and buildings. He would be chosen president of the Pennsylvania Society for the Restriction of Vivisection in 1880, and vice-president of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children the same year, be appointed a Commissioner of Pennsylvania Public Charities in 1883, and chairman of the Committee of Lunacy in 1886. He would introduce the ward-carriage into the Pennsylvania Hospital in 1866, the bed-elevator and carriage in 1874, and in 1876 receive the Centennial medal awarded for hospital ward dressing-carriage. He would publish numerous professional papers in the American Journal of the Medical Sciences and Pennsylvania Hospital Reports. He would publish Lecture on the Transfusion of Blood and its Practical Application (New York, 1877); he and Dr. William Hunt would prepare Surgery of Pennsylvania Hospital (Philadelphia, 1880); and he would publish Transfusion of Blood and its Practical Application (New York, 1887).
October 6, Tuesday: Waldo Emerson received the second set of four offprints of SARTOR RESARTUS from the Boston Custom Shed, which Thomas Carlyle had dispatched to him in June, and set out quite as enthusiastically to disseminate these as he had the previous set of four.

One he would dispatch to the Reverend Convers Francis in Watertown. We can be pretty sure that Francis’s sister Lydia Maria Child perused that copy, for she was departing for a tour of England and asked Emerson for a letter of introduction to its author. Francis would pass this copy on to Theodore Parker, then a student at the Theological School in Cambridge, and Parker would then loan it to his “most intimate friend,” another student, William Silsbee.

Another copy Emerson would dispatch to the Reverend William Ellery Channing in Newport, Rhode Island. With the Reverend when that copy arrived was Harriet Martineau.

Meanwhile a long anonymous review (written by Alexander H. Everett and made possible by the copy that Emerson had made available to the editor during the late summer) was appearing in the North American Review. 11

Sam Houston purchased a general’s uniform in New Orleans after being named Commander-in-Chief by the Nacogdoches “Committee of Vigilance.”

Lydia Maria Child created ANTI-SLAVERY CATECHISM, and THE EVILS OF SLAVERY AND THE CURE OF SLAVERY.

Late Summer: In late summer, Lydia Maria Child’s PHILOTHEA: A ROMANCE, set in ancient Greece, ostensibly described the marriage of a character Philothea who is said to be the daughter of Anaxagoras.  

(In actuality, the book was about Child’s understanding of Transcendentalism, the unofficial religion of her brother the Reverend Convers Francis of Watertown, Massachusetts — to whom the book was indeed dedicated. David Henry Thoreau thought enough of this effort to make two pages of extracts in his college notebook.)

After December 8, Thursday: David Henry Thoreau supplemented his borrowings from the Harvard Library by checking out, at various times before March 13th, from the library of the “Institute of 1770”, both volumes of John Hoole’s translations of Torquato Tasso (1544-1595)’s *La Giervalemme Liberata di Torquato Tasso. Con le figure di Bernardo Castello, e le annotationi di Scipio Gentili, e di Giulio Gvastavini* (Genoa: G. Bartoli, 1590) and *Goffredo, overo Gierusalemme Liberata, poema heroico del S. Torquato Tasso, nel quale sono state aggiunte molte stanze leuate, con le varie lettioni; & postiui gli argomenti, & allegorie a ciascun canto d’incerto autore. Con l’aggiunta de’ cinque canti del sig. Camillo Camilli, & i loro argomenti, del sig. Francesco Melchiori opitergino* (Vinegia: heirs of Francesco de’Franceschi, 1600), published as *Jerusalem Delivered* (London, 1764, 1783, 1797; Exeter, New
Hampshire: 1810),

and then the 3d, 4th, and 5th of the five volumes of his Professor Adam Ferguson’s THE HISTORY OF THE

Also, Thoreau would check out, from the library of his club “Institute of 1770”, Volume 35 of the North American Review containing:

- Mrs. William Minot’s “Cousin’s Philosophy,” reviewing among other works by Professor Victor Cousin the Henning Gottfried Linberg translation of his INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY (Boston, 1832)
- a review of Ebenezer Henderson’s ICELAND (ITS NATURAL PHENOMENA, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS)
- William H. Prescott’s article on “English Literature of the Nineteenth Century”
- a review of the great Romantic poets
- William B.O. Peabody’s article on the “Habits of Insects”
- “History of the Italian Language and Dialects”
- a review of D.J. Browne’s SYLVA AMERICANA, entitled “American Forest Trees”
- a review of Sir James Macintosh’s GENERAL VIEW OF THE PROGRESS OF ETHICAL PHILOSOPHY

At some point before March 13th Thoreau checked out Volume 41 of the North American Review containing:

- “THE AMERICAN ALMANAC,” in regard to the philosophy of time, and the recording of time
- “Machiavelli”
- a review of Mrs. Lydia Maria Child’s APPEAL IN FAVOR OF THAT CLASS OF AMERICANS CALLED AFRICANS, entitled “Slavery”
- “Webster’s Speeches”
- Professor Georg Heinrich Bode’s “Classic Mythology”
• a review of William Swainson’s *Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural History* (London: Longman, 1834), entitled “Study of Natural History”
• a review of Thomas Carlyle’s *Sartor Resartus: The Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh*

At some point before March 13th Thoreau checked out Issue 120 of the *Edinburgh Review* made up of an article on the new book by Professor Victor Cousin in relation to the Sutras, the Vedas, the researches of Colebrooke, mysticism, Socrates, Plato, and Kant, entitled “Cousin on the History of Philosophy”

At some point before March 13th Thoreau checked out the first two of the five volumes of Maximilien de Bethune, duc de Sully (1560-1641)’s *Memoirs* (Edinburgh, 1770, 1773), Jeremiah N. Reynolds’s *Voyage of the United States Frigate Potomac ... during the circumnavigation of the globe, in the years 1831, 1832, 1833 and 1834* (New-York, 1834-1835), the 1st volume of Edward Gibbon’s *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (London 1807, 1820, 1821),

*Gibbon, Decline & Fall I*

the first two of the volumes of Sully’s *Memoirs* (again), George Combe’s *Lectures on Moral Philosophy* (Boston: Marsh, Capen, & Lyon; New-York: D. Appleton & Co., 1836),

*George Combe Lectures*

the 1st of the three volumes of Bishop Thomas Percy (1729-1811)’s *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (compiled 1765, reprinted Philadelphia, 1823),

[http://www.lib.rochester.edu/camelot/percyleg.htm](http://www.lib.rochester.edu/camelot/percyleg.htm)

William Hazlitt’s *Lectures on English Poets* (Philadelphia, 1818; London, 1819), and the 1st volume (again) of Edward Gibbon’s *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (London 1807, 1820, 1821).
Lydia Maria Child's THE FAMILY NURSE:

1837
Early Spring: Early in this spring, David Lee Child visited Northampton to size up the area for the creation of sugar from sugar beets, in order to provide a source of sugar which was untainted by involvement in slavery, and to lecture on the manufacturing process he hoped to use in a factory on downtown Masonic Street. He leased about an acre of rich alluvial soil and planted some of his crop.

May: David Lee Child and Lydia Maria Child settled in Northampton to raise sugar beets as an alternative sweetener to slavery-produced cane sugar. The Sugar Beet Company had guaranteed David’s salary and expenses. Day after day the husband and wife would begin weeding the rows before dawn while “all the world, except the birds, are asleep.” Their next-door neighbor was a man who had made his money in slave auctioning in Charleston SC, named Thomas Napier, who had of course become a Sunday School teacher in the local Congregational Church — where he of course told the white children that it was God who had consigned the black race to perpetual slavery. The noise of this deacon’s prayers would come through the one window in the little residence of the Childs to disturb them, so David would sing and play his accordion in an attempt to drown it out. When Napier’s sister visited him, she brought with her a personal slave named Rosa, and the Childs attempted to persuade Rosa to flee. They discovered that at one point in her life’s trajectory Rosa had been guaranteed her freedom in writing, but that the document in question was unlocatable. They discovered also that in order for Rosa to flee, she would be forced to abandon her children and all other close relatives and friends, and that she could not even bear to consider such a loss. –Nor would Maria get any better results when she visited downtown hotels and confronted visiting slavemasters in the lobbies with what she described as “candor and courtesy,” attempting to argue slavery with them.

13.Unfortunately, it would be demonstrated eventually to be the case that Americans wanted purity only when it didn’t cost extra. After enormous labors David would have to file for bankruptcy. Lydia Maria Child’s patience would be exhausted, and for a decade she would live separately while consoling herself in the company of a series of young men.
August 1, Wednesday: William Lloyd Garrison orated at Charles G. Finney’s Broadway Tabernacle in Manhattan (because of the promise to liberate the slaves of the British West Indies beginning on this date, black American communities and those concerned for them had been pointedly ignoring the 4th of July in favor of the 1st of August).

Completion of the process of emancipation of all slaves in the British West Indies under six years of age, and the binding of all other slaves there as apprentices for the term of 5 to 7 years (later this would be reduced to 2 years) to be followed by emancipation, which had begun on August 1, 1834, under conditions of the Abolition Act of August 28, 1833. As a condition of their cooperation the white “owners” of these black and red “slaves” had received some £20,000,000 in compensation.

Therefore, David Lee Child had issued a handbill calling upon his neighbors in Northampton — to celebrate with him this freeing of the slaves of the British West Indies. On this morning he found a copy of his handbill nailed to his own door, with the word “persons” struck out and replaced by the word “NIGGERS.” Locally, support was stronger for the American Colonization Society, which believed that although blacks were inherently inferior and should forever be refused citizenship, “we” should find a way to kindly ship them all back where they came from — this sort of repulsive attitude represented, not the right nor the center, but the extreme far left of acceptable political opinion. As an expression of this sort of attitude toward race, even the town tax list itself was racially segregated, with the names and assessed taxes of black residents listed only after all names and assessments of white residents had been listed.

In New Bedford, on this anniversary of the emancipation of the slaves of the British West Indies, there was an ad trumpeting a “commemoration of the anniversary of the abolishment of slavery in the British West Indies.” On that occasion, the Reverend Orange Scott addressed the group at the Methodist Chapel on Elm Street in Fairhaven; the meeting being sponsored by the Young Men’s Anti-Slavery Society.
Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

4th day 1st of 8th M 1838 / We rode to Portsmouth & attended the Select Quarterly which was a time of Some favour tho’ the life was low in the forepart of it – Mary Shove opened the service in a short lively & I thought pertinent testimony - She was followed by John Meader powerfully & pertinently - & Elizabeth Wing in supplication

The buisness was gone thro’ & pretty well conducted & some feeling remarks were made on the State of the Church on reading the Answers to the Queries. –

We dined at Susanna Hathaways after which we went down to the Farm where Uncle Stanton lived on a little buisness & then came home before dark. –

Winter: The Childs’ sugar beet business in Northampton encountered a severe crisis during the late winter while David Lee Child was refining his first batch of sugar in the factory downtown. They discovered that some processing equipment which David had bought in France was rusting on the New-York dock because the Illinois Company, which had guaranteed payment, had refused to pay a bill of more than $300 due on its delivery. For awhile Lydia Maria Child considered making candy out of the sugar beets to earn the money to get this new equipment out of hock, but finally she would have to go to Boston alone to find paid employment.
In Boston, the American Anti-Slavery Society put out for sale a printing entitled THE LIBERTY BELL, as a fund-raising effort of the “Friends of Freedom”:

- Maria W. Chapman. “Sonnet Suggested by the Inscription on the Philadelphia Liberty Bell”
- Bradburn, George. “Incendiarism of Abolitionists”
- Quincy, Edmund. “Mother Coelia”
- Chapman, Ann Greene. “Address of a Russian to the Corpse of his Friend”
- Garrison, William Lloyd. “To the Memory of Ann Greene Chapman”

Like the previous item, an obituary poem for a cherished friend and inspired advocate of the oppressed. Departing from conventional gender constructions, Garrison praises not Chapman’s private life, but her public and political work.

- Weston, Anne Warren. “Lines written on hearing the remark of a friend, that a large number of abolitionists had died during the preceding years”
- David Lee Child. [Untitled prayer]
- Lydia Maria Child. “Charity Bowery”
- Weston, Caroline. “The Church and the World”

Lengthy poem chronicling the world’s hostility to Truth since the age of prophecy. As in times past, “Christ’s faithful servants here/Must walk with DANGER grim!” Interesting example of abolitionist literary iconography, particularly their self-representation as isolated, persecuted, and misunderstood, much like Christ.

- Robbins, Mary Eliza. “Freedom”
- Chapman, Maria Weston. “Lines Inscribed to the Intolerant, throughout New England and the Coasts thereof”
Poem defending fund-raising fairs as valuable abolitionist work.

- Harriet Martineau, “Extract from a Letter”
- Sargent, Henrietta. “Queen Esther’s Banquet”
- Lydia Maria Child, “Anecdote of Elias Hicks”
- Chapman, Maria Weston. “Sonnet: The Anniversary of Lovejoy’s Martyrdom”

**Elijah Parish Lovejoy** was an abolitionist newspaper editor who was murdered by a pro-slavery mob in 1837 in Alton, Illinois. This sonnet praises Lovejoy’s “sacrifice”; the poet urges readers to rejoice rather than mourn.

- Lydia Maria Child, “The Emancipated Slaveholders”
- John Pierpont. “The Fugitive Slave’s Apostrophe to the North Star.”

This swiftly-paced poem relies on vivid imagery.

- Chapman, Maria Weston. “The British India Society”
• Phillips, Wendell. “Extract From a Letter, Read Before the Glasgow Emancipation Society”
• Follen, Eliza Lee. “Pious Trust”
• Clark, Mary. “Perfect Freedom”
  Poem praising freedom in conventional terms; the Liberty Bell is a metaphor for freedom.
• Follen, Charles. “The Last Hope”
The issue of refusing to vote was coming to the forefront among abolitionists. Maria W. Chapman estimated, however, that only one in a hundred of the members of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society were refusing on principle to cooperate with the government in the manner of Henry Thoreau, to the extent of declining to cast their ballot.

In this year she published RIGHT AND WRONG IN MASSACHUSETTS, a pamphlet that argued the divisions in the Anti-Slavery Society that were being created over the issue of woman’s rights. She and two other women, Friend Lucretia Mott and Lydia Maria Child, were elected to the executive committee of the Anti-Slavery Society, and this upset some members of the society. Lewis Tappan, the brother of Arthur Tappan, the president of the society, argued that “To put a woman on the committee with men is contrary to the usages of civilized society.”

From this year until 1842, Mrs. Chapman would be editor of the abolitionist journal, Non-Resistant.
March 20, Wednesday: Waldo Emerson lectured at the Concord Lyceum in Concord. This was the initial of a total of 7 lectures from the “Human Life” series, “Home.”

William H. Leeman was born. He would be recruited in Maine as a 17-year-old very impressed with John Brown. Being of a rather wild disposition, he would early leave his home in Maine. Educated in the public schools of Saco and Hallowell ME, he would be working in a shoe factory in Haverhill MA at the age of 14. In 1856 he would enter Kansas with the second Massachusetts colony of that year, and become a member of Captain Brown’s “Volunteer Regulars” on September 9, 1856. He would fight well at Osawatomie when but 17 years old. Owen Brown would find him hard to control at Springdale IA. George B. Gill would say of him that he had “a good intellect with great ingenuity.” By the raid upon Harpers Ferry he would have reached the age of 20. On October 17, 1859, the youngest of the raiders, he would make a mad dash out of the relative safety of the armory to swim down the Potomac River but two militiamen would catch up with him and shoot him down on an islet in the river. His body would be used for target practice for hours by the drunken citizenry, until the hail of bullets would push it into the current and it would be carried downstream. Mrs. Annie Brown Adams would write of him: “He was only a boy. He smoked a good deal and drank sometimes; but perhaps people would not think that so very wicked now. He was very handsome and very attractive.”

Lydia Maria Child petitioned the Massachusetts House of Representatives to abolish antiamalgamation legislation.
March 28, Thursday: A financial reappraisal of the Northampton Silk Company’s assets and liabilities led to the withdrawal of Samuel Whitmarsh and his factory manager and the incorporation of an entirely new management team. When this concern went bankrupt, it took with it the capital that David Lee Child was counting on to underwrite his sugar beet business. Although after this event Whitmarsh would be being sued by four of his creditors and would be being described locally as having “neither cash nor credit to buy a barrel of flour,” he would promptly secure new investment funding in England for the foundation of a new silk factory, this time in Jamaica.14

14. This Northampton enterprise also would founder, when its vital shipment of imported silkworms would arrive dead. However, during this year Whitmarsh became a published author and an expert and a reputed authority on the manufacture of silk!

May 20, Monday: The remaining assets of the Northampton Silk Company that had been so heavily invested in by Samuel Whitmarsh were sold to a group of the stockholders for a mere $40,000.

Some silk manufacturing continued. The company leased 20 acres of its old farmed-out mulberry-bush hill acreage to David Lee Child for experiments with sugar beets.

June: Lydia Maria Child was in Boston at this point, staying with friends while looking for a job.

October: David Lee Child joined Lydia Maria Child in Boston.

The Seneca River Towing Path of the New York State Barge Canal connected Mud Lock on the Oswego Canal to the outlet of Onondaga Lake.

Ellery Channing departed from Massachusetts on a pilgrimage by canal boat, steamboat, and stagecoach toward the Illinois region, to take up a life behind the plow.
December: On St. Helena, of the £31,645 2s 0d that the government had paid out in “emancipation loans” a total of £28,694 13s 1d, which is to say, 91% of the amount lent, remained still unpaid and was at this point taken off the books, forgiven.¹⁵

In the ongoing effort to eliminate human slavery from the world by exploring various ways in which white people might more readily do without slaves without in any way inconveniencing themselves, David Lee Child won a premium of $100 from the Massachusetts Agricultural Society for his beet sweetener. The Sugar Beet Company again guaranteed his salary and expenses. Lydia Maria Child’s father Convers Francis agreed to move to Northampton and live with them and thus help with expenses.

A world that obtained its sweetness out of sugar beets grown by free farmers would not need to have slavers arriving every month or so from Africa, with new crops of black slaves to use up in the sugar cane fields. There would be no need for a negrero such as the Alexander, master Hill, flying the Stars and Stripes on its one and only known Middle Passage, which vessel of US registry had sailed out of Principe during October 1839 and was at this point arriving in Cuban waters. There would be no need for the Portuguese negreros either, slave ships such as the Maria Segundo, master Figuera, on one of its ten-count-’em-ten known Middle Passage voyages, Mocambique with a cargo of 580 enslaved Africans, presently arriving at a port of Cuba. There would be no need for a negrero such as the Flor de’ Loanda, master J.J. Lopez, on one of its five known Middle Passage voyages, which had sailed out of the Congo River with a cargo of 320 enslaved Africans and was presently arriving at the port of Macae, Brazil. There would be no need for a negrero such as the Felicidade, master J. de Almeida, on one of its nine known Middle Passage voyages, which had sailed out of Angola and was presently arriving at a port of Cuba. Well, this does go on and on, doesn’t it? In a world of economic justice there would be no need for a negrero such as the Idalia, flying the Portuguese flag, under its master J. Romeiro, which had sailed out of Angola during September 1839 on its one and only known Middle Passage, and was at this point delivering its cargo of 244 enslaved Africans into the barracoon at the port of Ponta Negra, Brazil. There would be no need for a negrero such as the Ligeiro, master unknown, on one of its four known Middle Passage voyages, out of Benguela with a cargo of 321 enslaved Africans, presently arriving at the port of Paranagua, Brazil. There would be no need for a negrero such as the Animo Grande, master F. Silveira, on its one and only known Middle Passage, which had sailed out of Quelimane during October 1839 with a cargo of 590 enslaved Africans and was presently arriving at Campos, Brazil. There would be no need for a negrero such as the Aucorinha, master J. F. Silveira, on its one and only known Middle Passage, which had sailed out of Angola during November 1839 with a cargo of 280 enslaved Africans, and was presently arriving at the port of Sao Sebastiao, Brazil. There would be no need for a negrero such as the General.

¹⁵. You wouldn’t suppose this would fall under the rubric REPARATIONS, would you?
Cabreira, master J.P. de A. Kansia, on one of its five known Middle Passage voyages, which had sailed out of Angola with a cargo of 127 enslaved Africans, and was presently arriving at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. There would be no need for a negrero such as the Doze de Outubro, master J.F. da Cruz, on one of its five known Middle Passage voyages, which had sailed out of Angola during November 1839 with a cargo of 263 enslaved Africans, and was presently arriving at the port of Ilha Grande, Brazil. There would be no need for a negrero such as the Fortuna de Africa, master J.A. Passagem, on one of its three known Middle Passage voyages, which had sailed out of Quelimane, and was presently off-loading its cargo of 429 enslaved Africans into the barracoon at the port of Macae, Brazil. A world of economic justice would be a sweet world indeed. Sometimes David and Maria dreamed of this. They were dedicating their lives in Northampton to make it be so.
Northampton’s Unitarian minister would be, for a brief period, the Reverend John Sullivan Dwight, who was ordained in this year. (But he would soon discover the region to be uncongenial for religious reform, and follow the Reverend George Ripley to Brook Farm. Of course, he would be wise to recognize when he had bitten off more than he could chew: Northampton had been the town of the Reverend Jonathan Edwards, and one of its two Congregational churches was still named after him. The Tappan brothers – Arthur Tappan, Lewis Tappan, Benjamin, William, Charles, and John – had grown up in this vicinity. One of the oldest towns in the region, a bastion of New England Federalism priding itself on its conservatism, the town was dominated by the Whig party. When Lydia Maria Child lived here, while her husband David Lee Child was attempting to grow slavery-fighting sugar beets, she called this region a “Desert where no water is” in the “iron-bound Valley of the Connecticut.” Referring to the self-righteous religious attitude which she encountered while there, she opinioned that “Calvinism sits here enthroned, with high ears, blue nose, thin lips and griping fist.”)

May: At this point both of the Childs were back in Northampton, where David Lee Child was once again cultivating slavery-fighting sugar beets.

During this year a steel engraving of a bucolic Northampton scene was being published in London, but this undoubtedly was not the scene from the front porch of the Child residence:

16. Bear tradition in mind here: the Reverend Timothy Dwight, president of Yale College, had been the grandson of the Reverend Jonathan Edwards of Northampton.
Early June: Early in the month David Lee Child leased 20 acres of old farmed-out mulberry land from the failed silk factory and the family moved into a house just across from this field. This hill land would prove to be no good for sugar beets while David was scheming to add another 100 acres just like it to his holdings.

Winter: It was proving to be impossible to render this year’s poor crop of Northampton sugar beets into sweetener. Sometimes you can raise a beet’s sugar content from 8% to like 20% or more, and sometimes you can’t — this depends on soil and weather as well as on the variety of the beet and the care taken during cultivation. Whatever the reason and whatever their need, there would be no income for Lydia Maria Child and David Lee Child.
April: Lydia Maria Child and David Lee Child were offered an annual salary of $1,000 to relocate to New-York and there put out the American Anti-Slavery Society’s weekly newspaper, the National Anti-Slavery Standard. Under the circumstances, after this utter collapse of their adventure in sugar beet cultivation in Northampton, although they were reluctant, they would be forced to accept.

However, from this year into 1843, it would be Maria alone who would be serving successfully as editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard. She and David would for propriety and in accordance with expectations be listed together on the masthead — but in fact the husband had stayed behind in Massachusetts still expecting to found a sugar beet industry. “Such as I am, I am here,” she would write in her initial editorial, “ready to work according to my conscience and my ability; providing nothing but diligence and fidelity, refusing the shadow of a fetter on my free expression of opinion, from any man, or body of men and equally careful to respect the freedom of others, whether as individuals or societies.”

May: Lydia Maria Child wrote to Ellis Gray Loring: Editing paper and salary; about “N. Organization.”

June: Lydia Maria Child wrote to Ellis Gray Loring: Dislikes job; Criticizes Democrats: Approves of Garrison vs. “New Organization.”
Lydia Maria Child offered a Letter from New York in which she recounted her reading of the white planter Zephaniah Kingsley’s Treatise on the Patriarchal, or Co-operative System of Society and a fascinating conversation she had had with this miscegenating author. Since in order to conduct his interracial scheme—guess what—he had to have money, Kingsley had informed her, he needed to appropriate the forced labor of black slaves. Otherwise he would not be able to manumit his own mulatto children. He offered his own operating principle, for our consideration: “The best we can do in this world is to balance evils judiciously.”

In Boston, the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair put out for sale a printing entitled The Liberty Bell, as a fund-raising effort of the “Friends of Freedom”:

- Pierpont, John. “The Liberty Bell”
- Follen, Eliza Lee. “Women’s Work”

Prepared in the wake of the controversial debates of 1839-40 regarding the role of women in anti-slavery societies, debates which led to the break-up of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society in 1840, this volume contains many works, like Eliza Follen’s “Women’s Work,” in which women’s rights to full political participation are defended.

- Cabot, Susan C. “A Fact and a Reflection”
- Bowring, John. “Union of the Old and the New World”
- Adam, William. “Virginia”
- Harriet Martineau. “A Child’s Thought”
- Burleigh, George S. “The Dying Slave Mother”
- Lowell, James Russell. “Sonnets [Great Truths are portions of the Soul of man]”
- Jackson, Edmund. “The Effects of Slavery”
- Chapman, Maria Weston. “Boston”
- Phillips, Wendell. “Divisions”
- Webb, Richard D. “Memories of the Past”
- Haughton, James. “A Voice from Erin”
• Garrison, William Lloyd. “Song of the Abolitionist”
• Anonymous. “Sketch of ‘A Foreign Incendiary’”
• Garrison, William Lloyd. “Sonnet, to Elizabeth Pease, of Darlington, England”
• Quincy, Edmund. “American Chivalry”
• Garrison, William Lloyd. “Sonnet to Liberty”
• Rogers, Nathaniel P. “British Abolitionism”
• Story, William W. “Sonnet [Freedom is wealth, health, strength--the serene throne]”
• ---. “Sonnet [Put back the swelling ocean with thy hand!]”
• Garrison, William Lloyd. “Sonnet [England! I grant that thou dost justly boast]”
• Lydia Maria Child. “The Quadroons”
• Adams, John Quincy. “Gelon King of Syracuse, A Sonnet”
• Weston, Anne Warren. “A Lesson From History”
• May, Samuel J. “The Place to Speak”
• Collins, John A. “The Middle Course”
• Anonymous. “Woman and Her Pastor”
• Chapman, Maria Weston. “Haiti”

Dr. Benjamin Barrett of Northampton was chosen to the Massachusetts legislature.

David Lee Child placed an article about hydropathy in the National Anti-Slavery Standard. Such treatments were already available in Northampton.¹⁷

David Ruggles, a Lispenard Street grocer and bookseller, enters the annals of black New York history as an abolitionist. In 1834 he had been the 24-year-old organizer (with Henry Highland Garnet) of the Garrison Library and Benevolent Association. Sharing the concerns of Peter Williams, Jr., for boys like Isabella’s son Peter, Ruggles published a pamphlet citing the danger of their “being led into idle and licentious habits by the allurements of vice which surround them on every side.” He countered the temptations of evil by operating an informal employment agency and setting up a bookstore in his grocery to satisfy young men’s “mental appetites.” As the main agent of the

¹⁷. Hydropathy should not be confused with hydrotherapy. It involved, characteristically, a dominance by a demanding therapist who would require devotion to the regime and moral transformation, in addition to various rigorous and somewhat challenging water-related rituals. In other words, just the sort of regime that could be well calculated to make a sufferer want very much to get better quick — and get the hell out of there.
Vigilance Society, he moved the reading room to the society’s offices in the late 1830s. Until Ruggles’s eyesight began to fail in the early 1840s, he remained at the forefront of the city’s antislavery forces. The head of the Vigilance Society, he was the key figure in New York City’s underground railroad and took care of fugitive slaves from the South such as Frederick Douglass and his fiancée Anna Murray, in 1838. In 1842, the antislavery author and editor of the New-York National Anti-Slavery Standard, Lydia Maria Child, suggested that Ruggles move to her base, Northampton, where he soon joined the Northampton Association and met Sojourner Truth. Acquaintance with Ruggles in Massachusetts in the 1840s and exchanges about her son with the Reverend Peter Williams in 1839 were her closest encounters with New York’s prominent black men. These notable men, who have become synonymous with the history of black New York, were for the most part ministers, and they held their own views about what was and was not appropriate in religion and in women. They would have been embarrassed by Isabella, who lived with the white prophets and cultists who were so common a feature of the era.

May: Lydia Maria Child wrote to Ellis Gray Loring: Garrison’s article & New York mobs; dislikes Boston “perpetual agitation” & Philadelphia “milk & water abolitionists”; Standard subscriptions.
Lydia Maria Child’s LETTERS FROM NEW YORK, popular collections of her regular columns in the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

The laws of the state of New York had been protecting her from having her property attached on account of her husband’s debts, but at this point family obligations overwhelmed, and the couple elected to return to Massachusetts to reside with Maria’s aging father in his Wayland home. This would be, despite occasional periods elsewhere, Maria’s home for the remainder of her life.

In Boston, the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair put out for sale a printing entitled THE LIBERTY BELL, as a fund-raising effort of the “Friends of Freedom,” and both Maria and her husband David contributed:

- Bowditch, Henry Ingersoll. “Slavery and the Church”
- James Russell Lowell. “Elegy on the Death of Dr. Channing”
- Webb, Richard D. “A Word from Ireland”
- Burleigh, George S. “Sonnets: World-Harmonies”
- Martineau, Harriet. “Persevere”
- Follen, Eliza Lee. “To the Martyrs for Freedom”
- Morpeth, Viscount. “Letter”
- Chapman, Maria Weston. “Impromptu: To Viscount Morpeth”
- Phillips, Wendell. “A Fragment”
- Channing, William Henry. “A Day in Kentucky”
- Story, William W. “Sonnet [Be of good cheer, ye firm and dauntless few]”
- ---. “Sonnet [Slavery is wrong, most deeply, foully wrong]”
- ---. “Sonnet [Freedom! August and spirit-cheering name!]”
This lurid tale, set in Haiti, justifies slave revolt.

- Parker, Theodore. “Socrates in Boston: A Dialogue Between the Philosopher and a Yankee”
- David Lee Child. “Thoughts of a Stone-splitter, on Finding the Figure of a Bell, Beautifully and Wonderfully Marked by Shining Hornblend, in the Heart of an Immense Granite Rock”
- Lydia Maria Child. “Slavery’s Pleasant Homes: A Faithful Sketch”
- Hopper, Isaac T. “Story of a Fugitive”
- Collins, John A. “Irish Philanthropists”
- Samuel Gridley Howe. “Scene in a Slave Prison”
- Parkman, John. “Slavery and the Pulpit”
- Allen, Richard. “A Sketch”
- Sewall, Samuel E. “Harrington’s Decision”

I have passed ten days in New Orleans, not unprofitably, I trust, in examining the public institutions, — the schools, asylums, hospitals, prisons, &c. With the exception of the first, there is little hope of amelioration. I know not how much merit there may be in their system; but I do know that, in the administration of the penal code, there are abominations which should bring down the fate of Sodom [Genesis 19:24-25] upon the city. If Howard or Mrs. Fry ever discovered so ill-administered a den of thieves as the New Orleans prison, they never described it. In the negro’s apartment I saw much which made me blush that I was a white man, and which, for a moment, stirred up an evil spirit in my animal nature.

Entering a large paved court-yard, around which ran galleries filled with slaves of all ages, sexes and colors, I heard the snap of a whip, every stroke of which sounded like the sharp crack of a pistol. I turned my head, and beheld a sight which absolutely chilled me to the marrow of my bones, and gave me, for the first time in my life, the sensation of my hair stiffening at the roots. There lay a black girl flat upon her face, on a board, her two thumbs tied, and fastened to one end, her feet tied, and drawn tightly to the other end, while a strap passed over the small of her back, and, fastened around the board, compressed her closely to it. Below the strap she was
entirely naked.
By her side, and six feet off, stood a huge negro, with a long
whip, which he applied with dreadful power and wonderful
precision. Every stroke brought away a strip of skin, which
clung to the lash, or fell quivering on the pavement, while the
blood followed after it.
The poor creature writhed and shrieked, and, in a voice which
showed alike her fear of death and her dreadful agony, screamed
to her master, who stood at her head, “O, spare my life! don’t
cut my soul out!” But still fell the horrid lash; still strip
after strip peeled off from the skin; gash after gash was cut
in her living flesh, until it became a livid and bloody mass of
raw and quivering muscle.
It was with the greatest difficulty I refrained from springing
upon the torturer, and arresting his lash; but, alas! what could
I do, but turn aside to hide my tears for the sufferer, and my
blushes for humanity!
This was in a public and regularly-organized prison;
the punishment was one recognized and authorized by the law.
But think you the poor wretch had committed a heinous offence,
and had been convicted thereof, and sentenced to the lash?
Not at all. She was brought by her master to be whipped by the
common executioner, without trial, judge or jury, just at his
beck or nod, for some real or supposed offence, or to gratify
his own whim or malice. And he may bring her day after day,
without cause assigned, and inflict any number of lashes he
pleases, short of twenty-five, provided only he pays the fee.
Or, if he choose, he may have a private whipping-board on-his
own premises, and brutalize himself there.
A shocking part of this horrid punishment was its publicity, as
I have said; it was in a court-yard surrounded by galleries,
which were filled with colored persons of all sexes — runaway
slaves, committed for some crime, or slaves bought up for sale. You
would naturally suppose they crowded forward, and gazed, horror-
stricken, at the brutal spectacle below; but they did not; many
of them hardly noticed it, and many were entirely indifferent
to it. They went on in their childish pursuits, and some were
laughing outright in the distant parts of the galleries; so low
can man, in God’s image, be sunk to brutality.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson entered Harvard College’s graduate school for his ministerial training. During
this year he was seeing his name in print as the author of four published poems plus a review of Lydia Maria
Child’s *Letters from New York*.

Professors Barnas Sears, Bela Bates Edwards, and Cornelius Conway Felton prepared a collection of original
and translated selections for publication by Gould, Kendall and Lincoln of 59 Washington Street, Boston,
*Classical Studies: Essays on Ancient Literature and Art. With the Biography and
Correspondence of Eminent Philologists*. 
February: Waldo Emerson sent Lydia Maria Child freebie tickets to his current series of lectures in New York City and asked to visit her. Child attended his lectures and found them “refreshing as a glass of soda-water; but, as usual, not satisfactory.” There was something unfathomably “expansive and indefinite” about such talk. She commented that her “spirit always has to bite its finger, to know whether it exists or not.”

February 7, Tuesday: In New-York, Waldo Emerson delivered the 1st lecture of a proposed series of five lectures on “The Origins of New England Character.” He had sent Lydia Maria Child freebie tickets to this series, and had asked for permission to visit her.

Due to bad weather and inadequate accommodations, only one more of this planned series of five lectures for the Berean Society of New-York’s Universalist Church would be delivered, and Emerson would have to begin the series over again in another venue, for another society (Rusk, Volume III, page 143). Child would use her freebie tickets and attend his lectures, but would find them “refreshing as a glass of soda-water; but, as usual, not satisfactory.” To her there was something unfathomably “expansive and indefinite” about such talk. She would comment that her “spirit always has to bite its finger, to know whether it exists or not.”
February 15, Wednesday: In Concord, Henry Thoreau wrote to Waldo Emerson in New-York, about the John Adolphus Etzler review intended for April’s issue of The Dial, mentioning how they had heard thunder in the distance the previous summer during a walk and had presumed incorrectly that it was either falling rocks or the drumming of a Ruffed Grouse *Bonasa umbellus* (Partridge):

As for Etzler – I dont remember any rude and snappish speech that you made – and if you did it must have been longer than anything I had written – However here is the book still and I will try. Perhaps I have some few scraps in my Journal which you may choose to print. The translation of AEschylus I should like very well to continue anon – if it should be worth the while. – As for poetry I have not remembered to write any for sometime – it has quite slipped my mind – but sometimes I think I hear the muttering of the thunder. Dont you remember that last summer we heard a low tremulous sound in the woods and over the hills – and thought it was partridges or rocks – and it proved to be thunder gone down the river – But sometimes it was over Wayland way and at last burst over our heads – So we’ll not despair by reason of the drought.

*Lydia Maria Child* stated that nonresistance to evil was “the idea which distinguishes the gospel of Christ from all other wise and philosophic utterance.”

(I agree with her.)
May: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Louisa Loring: John rescues girl from Tombs; LETTERS FROM NEW YORK; Angelina Grimké.

Also, a letter to James Munroe & Company: Publishing LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK

July: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Louisa Loring: “I become... bigotted Swedenborgian.”

August: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Louisa Loring: Housework complaints; likes New York; dislikes Calvinists.

Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Anna Loring: Beauty of city; Quaker girl.

September: The Reverend Theodore Parker visited Lydia Maria Child in New-York while on his way to Europe.

(Parker, as a schoolteacher and divinity student in the early 1830s, had been a frequent visitor at the Reverend Convers Francis’s parsonage in Watertown, Massachusetts, for it had been Child’s brother who had been preparing him for admission to the Harvard Divinity School.) Parker’s version of Transcendentalism was the version which Child was prepared to credit.
September 4, Monday: Frederick Douglass lectured at the Liberty Hall of Oakland, Ohio, before the annual meeting of the Ohio American Anti-Slavery Society.

General Winfield Scott visited Boston.

Helen Louisa Thoreau wrote from Concord to Maria Weston Chapman mentioning that she had not commented about David Lee Child’s editorial in the National Anti-Slavery Standard, “Where We Are,” that had been reprinted in The Liberator on September 1st:

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Concord Sept. 4th 1843.

Dear Mrs. Chapman,

The proceeds of our little Sale amounted to but sixty five dollars, twenty four of which, received for your articles, I enclose. Our society sends twenty dollars to the Western mission, which I will thank you to hand to Francis Jackson.

We were very much disappointed in not receiving a visit from your sister at the time of the fair, but hope that that pleasure is still in reserve.

You do not, in the Liberator give us your opinion of D.L. Child’s editorial “Where we are,” will it pass unnoticed think you? Accept my thanks as an individual for the feast you are weekly serving us.

Yrs. truly,

Helen L. Thoreau.
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September: Attending a “social ‘palaver’” given by Bronson Alcott, Charles Lane, and the Reverend William Henry Channing, Mr. and Mrs. Child found that not only was the air in the too-small room stifling, but the palaver was confused. In particular, Lydia Maria Child was not impressed with Alcott. In fact, the couple made excuses and departed early.

October: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Louisa L.: Annon flowers; New World; Letters selling well.

The October issue of John L. O’Sullivan’s magazine:

US MAG & DEM. REV.

An anonymous article purporting to explain Transcendentalism appeared in The New Englander. 18

MR. B ENQUIRES OF MR. A
THE NEW ENGLANDER

December: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Anna Loring: Rescue boy from Tombs for Christmas.

18. This magazine was published in New Haven, Connecticut and its board consisted of four individuals: Abiel Holmes Maltby, Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, Mark H. Newman, and John Paine. Its editor from 1843 to 1846 was Edward Royall Tyler.
January: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Anna Loring: Rejects beach vacation.

June: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Louisa Loring: Ole Bull & Friend Hopper; Anna Parson.

September: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Anna Loring: Favors soul & New York over machine & Boston.

October: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Anna Loring: Promenading Broadway; Ole Bull concerts; free nature.

Letter to Louisa L.: Refuses travel and conventions; visits SingSing.

December: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Anna Loring: Christ Child selling; seeing Ole Bull & Margaret Fuller.
During this year and the next, Lysander Spooner’s *The Unconstitutionality of Slavery* was being issued in two parts. His argument that the US Constitution did not sanction slavery was that if a lawyer from a society entirely unfamiliar with the practice of human enslavement were to inspect “the naked instrument,” he would not be able to infer anything about the nature of the practice. An instrument, he offered, which did not even mention the existence of slavery, could not be said to constitute any sanction for it.

William Lloyd Garrison was advocating that abolitionists stay out of government, even to the extent of refusing to vote in protest against any union with slaveholders. The abolitionists of New York were generally opposed to such a position, and Lydia Maria Child, who had been building up the circulation of the *National Anti-Slavery Standard* as a family newspaper, considered that this extreme anti-government stance was sure to alienate the audience she wished to reach with the antislavery appeal. She resigned as editor and separated from the movement, but stayed on in New-York where the art and music of the city intrigued her, and continued writing for the cause. She was still seeking a satisfying relation to a church: “The Unitarian meetings here chill me with their cold intellectual respectability.” The Swedenborgians and Episcopalians she found similarly inadequate.

January: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Anna Loring: Broadway Journal; Ole Bull.

February: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Anna Loring: Description Fuller’s house; equates death with marriage.

August: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Anna Loring: Columbian Magazine; volumes for children; composing.

December: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Louisa Loring: Die of science, correctness, wealth & show of Boston.

Letter to Anna Loring: Fuller’s literary set; John agent of Prison Association.

Dr. Joseph Leidy was elected Librarian of the Academy of Natural Sciences, but would resign at the end of the year (eventually he became the curator).
September: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Louisa Loring: Fan mail; hermitage; prefers Catholicism and freedom.

Letter to Anna Loring: Fashion; artlessness “above” popular taste.

**LETTERS FROM NEW YORK**
January: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Anna Loring: Jewelry.

April 29, Thursday: David Greene Haskins was ordained as a deacon in the Episcopal Church by Bishop Henslaw in Providence, Rhode Island.

Lydia Maria Child embraced an Emersonian conceit in order to express her dissatisfaction with her hubby:

Poor David! He drives on at much the same result in all the affairs of life. He constantly reminds me of Emerson’s remark that “Some men expend infinite effort to arrive nowhere.”
May 12, Saturday: On the 3d day of the Astor Place Opera House riot in New-York, Lydia Maria Child and John and Rosa Hopper needed to go to the rescue of a friend, Marianne Silsbee, who happened to be staying at a hotel beleaguered by the Know-Nothing mob because it was occupied by the Shakespearean actor William Macready:

While bullets flew over their heads the three pushed their way through the infuriated mob then blocking the entrance to the hotel. They found Mrs. Silsbee inside, brought her back out through the excited crowd and, depositing her safely in a friend’s carriage, drove back to the Hoppers’ by a circuitous route. When the terrified Mrs. Silsbee exclaimed, ‘Oh what a frightful city N. York is!’ Maria could not resist reminding her friend that Boston had its own history of mob violence. Brave as she was under fire, and scornful as she might be of aristocratic squeamishness, Maria herself had little tolerance for mobs and even less for the “ruffianly” actor Edwin Forest, whom she accused of making “coarse wicked appeals to bad, petty” national prejudices. Nor did she have any good words for Isaiah Rynders, whom she dismissed as “that Jacobin demon, who guides the destinies of Tammany Hall,” and who was “doing his best to kindle a war between rich and poor by attacks on ‘the white kid gentry who frequent the opera.’” In a letter to Louisa Loring she described her anger and frustration with the whole incident: “God knows my sympathies are with the ignorant million. There are instants, when the sight of rags and starvation make me almost ready to smash thro’ the plate-glass of the rich, and seize their treasures of silver and gold. But alas for such outbreaks as these! They right no wrongs.

Lydia Maria Child would write to Ellis Gray Loring and Louisa Loring later during this month, describing these Astor Place riots.

**LETTERS FROM NEW YORK**

June: Construction began on Wisconsin’s Portage Canal.

Lydia Maria Child wrote to Ellis Gray Loring in regard to a number of topics: the French out of Italy; the riot presence; Mendelssohn, a Jew; Margaret Fuller, as Pope. She wrote to Louisa Loring about the right to be damned and about befriending a Dolores who was selling scarves.

October: Fredrika Bremer, visiting the fashionable Astor House on lower Broadway Avenue on Manhattan Island, was so anxious to meet Lydia Maria Child, who disliked making calls, that she sent a note proposing that she be allowed to visit Child at her tiny city-attic apartment — Maria promptly dressed up “like a woman of ‘property and standing’” (her exact words) and trotted herself over to the Astor House.
MR. MACREASY AS MACBETH.

Two truths are told as happy prologues to
the swelling act of the imperial theme.

Engraved by Sharrett from the Original Painting by Temple in the possession of the Publishers.
November: Lydia Maria Child wrote to Louisa Loring: “Dread... reformers”; Property and sex laws; Dolores.

Henry Stephens Randall ran for Secretary of State for New York on the Democratic ticket, but unsuccessfully.

December: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Louisa Loring: Storm.
February: Two letters from Lydia Maria Child to Ellis Gray Loring: 1.) Girls Book; “small female minds both sexes”; husband’s creditors and her rights; 2.) Money as priority; dislike “respectable Puritanical.”

March: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Ellis Gray Loring: Spirits’ education; Melodrama and Mendelssohn.
April 15, Monday: It is a sad commentary on the state of historical scholarship, demonstrating that most of what we do is copy from one history book to another, that nowhere in the many, many accounts of Sojourner Truth’s life had anybody, until very recently, “managed to discover” where her home had been in Northampton. We didn’t even know whether it was in an integrated area on the east of the Mill River or in a segregated shantytown to the west, on the river meadows. Yet when James “Jim” M. Parsons (87 Chesterfield Road, Leeds MA 01053, phone 413-584-9236) just recently took it upon himself to go and look into the registry at the local Florence courthouse, he needed but 15 minutes to find Truth’s records in Book 133, pages 104 and 124, and in Book 175, pages 11 and 31. The home that Samuel L. Hill had enabled her to purchase on this date was in a new and obviously integrated neighborhood, and was at the corner of Park and Middle Streets, now 31 Park Street although the house itself has obviously long since been completely replaced. Truth, listed as Isabella von Wagener and signed with her mark, committed to pay $300 for Lot #11 on which the house stood. (Later
she would add the lot next to it for an additional $25.00.

The most extensively realized attempt to perform Truth up to 1849 is NARRATIVE OF SOJOURNER TRUTH, A NORTHERN SLAVE EMANCIPATED FROM BODILY SERVITUDE BY THE STATE OF NEW YORK IN 1828 [Boston MA: 128 pages printed for the author, the author being identified only as “a lady,” with a frontispiece woodcut of Truth and an unsigned preface by Garrison], recorded, shaped, and filled with scribal interpolations by Olive Gilbert. Gilbert, a friend of William Lloyd Garrison, had met Truth in the 1840s through the Association of Industry and Education, a utopian community located in Massachusetts where Truth had gone to live, attracted by its diversified population of reformists. Gilbert shared with such other middle-class white women as Amy Post and Lydia Maria Child a desire to bring the voices of black women before an audience as part of their dedication to abolitionism; but in the voices of articulate black women like Harriet Jacobs and Sojourner Truth, these white experimenters in interracial shared authorship also found opportunities to express themselves. In a self-effacing act of generosity or shyness, Gilbert did not put her name into NARRATIVE in any capacity, not as scribe, compiler, editor, and certainly not as author. [pages 13-14] ... While the book was composed by Gilbert and by [Frances] Titus [the second edition, that is], Truth spoke much of it and collected most of its documentary materials. [page 21] ... Gilbert could not make up her mind about Truth, whose complexly shifting shadow scattered under her pen. On the one hand, Gilbert admired her “bright, clear, positive, and at times ecstatic” religion, which “is not tinctured in the least with gloom.” On the other hand, on a personal level, she saw that Truth “has set suspicion to guard the door of her heart,” an alarming tendency in the subject of a biography. Truth’s guarded interiorization disturbed Gilbert. [page 23] ... Gilbert was not interested in establishing Truth’s African roots or antecedents, specifically or generically. She was interested only in their function in the moral tale of slavery and its effects. Abolitionists [white abolitionists, that is!] were, above all, interested in the stories of white people: the American stories of white enslavers. [page 30] ... When Truth’s NARRATIVE appeared in 1850, Olive Gilbert had inserted into it some opinions critical of slave holidays taken fresh out of Frederick Douglass’s 1845 NARRATIVE; thus in the critical scene in which the impetuous Isabella, who liked to sing and dance, walked toward Dumont’s dearborn with the vision of Pinkster revelry before her eyes, she was framed by the words of the austere Douglass. [Stetson, Erlene and Linda David. GLORYING IN TRIBULATION: THE LIFEWORK OF SOJOURNER TRUTH. East Lansing MI: Michigan State UP, 1994]
May: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Ellis Gray Loring: Searching for peaceful place; Pages to Liverpool.

November: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Anna Loring: Visit.

Thanksgiving: Lydia Maria Child reconciled with her husband David: “I have done with building castles in the air.”

WALDEN: I learned this, at least, by my experiment; that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.
Her *Flowers For Children* included a poem under the title:

“The New-England Boy’s Song about Thanksgiving Day”

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather’s house we’ll go,
The horse knows the way,
To carry the sleigh,
Through the white and drifted snow.

Please note: Grandfather’s house not Grandmother’s, and Thanksgiving not Christmas.¹⁹

¹⁹. Presumably the river the sleigh was crossing was the Mystic, near Medford where Child lived as a child, for this Child’s grandfather’s home was in Medford Hill. The plausible story featuring the Causeway Bridge, and the various maps which show the location of the home where this trip started and the home where the grandmother of this song was supposed to have resided, are fakelore accretions of the usual sort. The father of her father David Converse Francis, a weaver by trade, had been in the fighting around Concord and Lexington in 1775, and is said to have killed five of the enemy before being himself killed. Her “Grandfather’s House” about which she wrote her Thanksgiving poem was on South Street in Medford, Massachusetts and supposedly is this one near the Mystic River:
In Boston, the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar again had out for sale a printing entitled *The Liberty Bell*, as a fund-raising effort of the “Friends of Freedom,” despite having neglected to put out an issue of this during the previous year:

- Hempstead, Martha. “Liberty Bells”
- Furness, William H. “Let your Light Shine”
- Barland, Katherine. “Love and Liberty”
- Dall, Caroline W. Healy. “Pictures of Southern Life, for the Drawing Rooms of American Women”
- Harriet Martineau. “Anomalies of the Age”
- Bowditch, William Ingersoll “Infidelity and Treason”
- May, Samuel J. “The Root of Slavery”
- Ralph Waldo Emerson. “Translations from the Persian of Hafiz [The Phoenix; Faith; The Poet; To Himself]”
- Chapman, Maria Weston. “The Spirit of the Abolitionists”
- Phillips, Wendell. “Mrs. Eliza Garnaut”
- Parker, Theodore. “The Last Poet”
- Stone, Thomas T. “The Second Reformation”
- Belloc, Madame. “Le Fils d’un Planteur”
- ——. “The Planter’s Son”
- Parker, Theodore. “A Sonnet for the Times”
- Whipple, Charles K. “Our Southern Brethren”
- Ralph Waldo Emerson. “Translation from the Persian of Nisami”
- Jackson, Edmund. “Servile Insurrections”
- Richardson, James Jr. “The Changes”
- Quincy, Edmund. “Ratcliffe Gordon: A Sketch from Memory”
- Souvestre, Emile. “Legitimite de L’esclavage”
- ---. “Is Slavery Legitimate?”
- Buckingham, Edgar. “Settled!”
• Parker, Theodore. “The Sultan’s fair Daughter and the Masters of the Flowers”
• Johnson, Samuel. “The Prestige of Slavery”
• Weston, Caroline. “Stanzas: To——, With a Bracelet Composed of Crystals and Stones from the Bernese Alps”
• Souvestre, Madame. “Influence de L’esclavage sur les Maitres”
• ---. “Influence of Slavery on Masters”
• Thomas Wentworth Higginson. “To a Young Convert”
• Browne, John W. “The Higher Law”
• Armstrong, George. “A Glance over the Field”
• David Lee Child. “National Hymn”
• Lowell, James Russell. “Yussouf”
In Boston, the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar had out for sale a printing entitled THE LIBERTY BELL, as a fund-raising effort of the “Friends of Freedom”:

- Weston, Anne Warren. “Sonnet, Suggested by the inscription on the Bell of the Hall of Independence, Philadelphia: ‘Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof’”
- Buckingham, Edgar. “Consequences”
- Michell, Emma. “The Strife with Slavery”
- Morley, John. “Courage: To the ‘Silent Workers’”
- ---. “The United States and Slavery”
- Furness, William H. “The Great Festival”
- Little, Sophia L. “The Autograph of Sims”
- Harriet Martineau. “More Warsaws than One”
- Arago, Dominique. “Extrait des Souvenirs Politiques”
- ---. “Passages from ‘Political Reminiscences’”
- Bowditch, William Ingersoll “Faith in Human Brotherhood”
- Sargent, Henrietta. “The Olive Tree”
- Parker, Theodore. “The Like and the Different”
- Lowell, Maria. “Cadiz”
- Jackson, Edmund. “The Virginia Maroons”
- Ross, Georgiana Fanny. “Stanzas In Memory of William Allen, Companion of Clarkson and Wilberforce, in their labors for the Abolition of Slavery”
- ---. “American Slavery, and the London Exhibition”
- Gilbert, Howard Worcester. “Sonnet: To a Recreant Statesman”
- Talbot, George F. “Nulla vestigia retrorsum”
- Friend Daniel Ricketson. “Lines [A mind determined to be strong]”
- Buckingham, Joseph T. “Seymour Cunningham; or, All for Liberty”
• Hall, Louisa J. “The Joy of Wealth”
• Paschoud, Martin. “Le Christianisme et l’Esclavage”
• ---. “Christianity and Slavery”
• Thompson, George. “The Slave in America”
• Phillips, Wendell. “A Letter”
• Hurnard, James. “Sonnet: To a Blackbird”
• May, Samuel Jr. “Christianity a Crime!”
• Anonymous. “To Powers, the Sculptor: Upon hearing that he was employed on a statue of California and one of America”
• Chapman, Maria Weston. “The Baron de Stael-Holstein”
• De Stael-Holstein, Le Baron. “L’Esclavage la Meme Partout”
• ---. “Slavery the Same Everywhere”
• Garrison, William Lloyd. “To Kossuth”
• Charles Chauncy Shackford “The Law of Progress and Slavery”
• George, Teuton. “The Manumitted Slave”
• Webb, Richard D. “Expostulation”
• List, Harriet Winslow. “The Ring”
• Thomas Wentworth Higginson. “Forward”
Lydia Maria Child moved to Wayland, Massachusetts. Although the Medford Historical Society at 153 Brooks Street in Medford MA preserves her cradle, her baptismal robe, and a handwritten remembrance book, Medford is only where she happened to have been born. From this year until her death in 1880 Child would live at 91 Old Sudbury Road in Wayland, and she would be buried, “femme couverte,” at the North Cemetery on Old Sudbury Road.

December: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Ellis Gray Loring: Charles Sumner; Catherine Beecher; Garrison; Lord Henry Stuart.
March: Lydia Maria Child usually came home to Wayland MA by way of the train out of Boston past Walden Pond. She would transfer to the stagecoach at Concord. One day, during this period in which she was composing her 3-volume treatise upon the world religions, Richard Fuller sat down next to her and was lecturing her on the importance of revival meetings, such as the business-men’s meetings where one could hear “men who had been devoted to lucre singing and praying so devoutly.” Whereupon she gave him a piece of her mind:

I told him I was afraid most of them were but taking out a new lease to cheat with impunity. He, very condescendingly, informed me that God did not make me to have opinions; that God made me for the affections; that he intended me to write about children and flowers; implying all the while, that it was for him, and such as he, to decide upon matters high profound.

But when Maria exited the train and took her seat in the stagecoach, she found she had merely exchanged one
religious bore for another, for the woman seated next to her was also fresh from a Boston revival meeting:

Her voice was as hard and sharp as her theology, and she had with her very pert disagreeable little girl, whom she set to reciting verses about the “Lord Jesus,” in a manner as mechanical as the Buddhist praying-machines. Alas for religion! What absurdities are everywhere enacted in its holy name!

August: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Ellis Gray Loring: Reject Jewett’s offer to republish.
L. Maria Child completed her 3-volume *magnum opus*, *The Progress of Religious Ideas through Successive Ages*. She intended these volumes to remove “the superstitious rubbish from the sublime morality of Christ” and to provide respectful attention to other world religions. (Despite the immense labor of her research and despite positive reviews this work would not sell well, and the Reverend Thomas Wentworth Higginson would attempt to explain what the problem was: it was “too learned for a popular book and too popular for a learned one.”)

**1854**

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November: Letter from David Lee Child and Lydia Maria Child to Ellis Gray Loring: Crichtlow as rogue; Buddhist tracts.
December 18, Monday: In the afternoon Henry Thoreau walked down the Fitchburg Railroad tracks and reached the Sudbury River by way of Andromeda or Cassandra Ponds:

**Walden Pond** froze.

Just at this point in time for the holidays Phineas Taylor Barnum’s autobiography *The Life of P.T. Barnum, Written by Himself* was being brought onto the market, despite the fact that it had gone through the press bearing the date 1855. Incidentally, this author neither wrote, not to anyone’s memory ever spoke, any expression such as the infamous

One a minute.

In this book, having a pretty close estimate of what would make a book sell, Barnum supplied a rather detailed woodcut of the famed “Feejee Mermaid” which he had used to carry around with him on his temperance lectures:
WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS was reviewed on page 3 of the National Anti-slavery Standard, presumably by Lydia Maria Child, who described Thoreau as “one man whose aim manifestly is to live”: 
Here’s my thought on the subject: It is stupid to suppose that the original uncontaminated teachings of the founder of a religion are necessarily perfect just because this guy was the original founder, and that therefore any deviation from or development of these ideas must represent an invidious falling away. That’s a stupid fallacy — and yet again and again we see people fall for it. One might suppose, therefore, that we could shoot that stupid supposition in the head merely by accepting, contrariwise, that as religious ideas develop through the ages, they necessarily are getting better and better. –But no, that would be just as stupid. Just as it is stupidly simplistic to suppose that the earliest must of necessity be the best, it is likewise stupidly simplistic to suppose that the latest must of necessity be the best. Both the conceit that changes in ideas necessarily involve a falling away from the original truth, and the conceit that changes in ideas necessarily involve a progress toward ultimate truth, are, as heuristics for the discovery of religious truth, non-starters.
June: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Ellis Gray Loring: Mrs. Martineau in Paris; Mrs. Shaw in Europe.

November: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Ellis Gray Loring: Engages in phrenology of reactionary woman (& man).

December: Letter from David Lee Child and Lydia Maria Child to Ellis Gray Loring: Crichtlow; Spirits & Evangelists; Opponents attack her as woman.
July: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Ellis Gray Loring: Women’s suffrage; rails against men; problems in Missouri.

October: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Louisa Loring: Activism for Kansas; Buchanan or Frémont; urgency.

November: Two letters from Lydia Maria Child to Ellis Gray Loring, the first to communicate that her father was dying, the second to communicate that he had died.

December: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Ellis Gray Loring: On father’s will.
January: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Ellis Gray Loring: Enjoys music, perfume, and being tipsy.

July: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Ellis Gray Loring.

September: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Ellis Gray Loring: Short magazine story.

November: Lydia Maria Child wrote three times during this month to Ellis Gray Loring. She wrote about her niece, about “all the progressive movts of the day,” about Plato & socialism, and about Ellis as a “benigted modern.” She wrote about Louisa being ill.

November: During this winter John Brown went east and met with David Lee Child and with the Reverend George Luther Stearns.

December: Lydia Maria Child wrote to Louisa Loring, about how she wanted to move to Florida, and about how her baby girl was asserting her wits vs. baby boy.
January: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to unidentified recipient: Complains “modern affectation” & intellect over moral sentiments.
October 26, Wednesday: Franklin Benjamin Sanborn and the Reverend George Luther Stearns of the Secret “Six” conspiracy determined that they needed to return from their temporary panicky refuge in Québec, in part due to a note they had just received from Waldo Emerson assuring them that legal opinion had it that he was safe from prosecution for treason due to the opinion rendered by Boston attorney John Andrew, “I see no possible way in which any one can have done anything in Massachusetts for which he can be carried to any other state. I know nothing for which you could be tried even here.”

John E. Cook, who had escaped from Harpers Ferry to climb a tree and watch the carnage, was arrested in Pennsylvania along with Albert Hazlett, who had not participated in the fighting.

The Valley Spirit expressed editorial dismay at learning that the town of Chambersburg PA had apparently been useful to the raiders of the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry, as a staging area.

Amos A. Laurence to Governor Henry A. Wise of Virginia:

October 26. 59.

Dear Sir

From the Telegrhic. Report of the trial of Capt. Brown it appears to be uncertain whether he will have a trial in the usual form. Permit one who loves the whole country as much as yourself to urge on you the necessity of securing this. Brown is a Puritan, whose mind has become disordered by hardship & illness. He has the qualities wh. endear him to our people & his sudden execution would send a thrill of horror through the whole North. From his blood would spring an army of martyrs all eager to die in the cause of human liberty. I am sure that I express the desire of all conservative men here when I beg you to insist on a fair trial.

Respectfully utmly

Yr obt serv

Amos A. Laurence

His Excelly

Gov. Wise

Lydia Maria Child wrote to Governor Henry A. Wise of Virginia, enclosing a note from her to John Brown
which she asked him to read and then to deliver:

Dear Capt Brown, Though personally unknown to you, you will recognize in my name an earnest friend of Kansas.... Believing in peace principles, I cannot sympathize with the method you chose to advance the cause of freedom. But I honor your generous intentions, I admire your courage, moral and physical, I reverence you for the humanity which tempered your zeal. I sympathize with your cruel bereavements, your suffering, and your wrongs. In brief, I love you and bless you. Thousands of hearts are throbbing with sympathy as warm as mine. I think of you night and day, bleeding in prison, surrounded by hostile faces, sustained only by trust in God and your own strong heart. I long to nurse you, to speak to you sisterly words of sympathy and consolation. I have asked permission of Gov. Wise to do so. If the request is not granted, I cherish the hope that these few words may, at least, reach your hands, and afford you some little solace. May you be strengthened by the conviction that no honest man ever sheds his blood for freedom in vain, however much he may be mistaken in his efforts. May God sustain you, and carry you through whatsoever may be in store for you! Yours with heartfelt respect, sympathy, and affection.

L. Maria Child

December 17, Saturday: Oberlin College Professor James Monroe set off from Oberlin, Ohio to retrieve the corpse of John Anderson Copeland, Jr. from Virginia authorities.

Precious opportunity! Lydia Maria Child responded to the indignant letter she had received from the slaveholding wife of Senator James Mason:


Prolonged absence from home has prevented my answering your letter so soon as I intended. I have no disposition to retort upon you the "two-fold damnation" to which you consign me. On the Contrary, I sincerely wish you well, both in this world and the next. If the anathema proved a safety valve to your own boiling spirit, it did some good to you, while it fell harmless upon me. Fortunately for all of us, the Heavenly Father rules His universe by laws, which the passions or the prejudices of mortals have no power to change.

As for John Brown, his reputation may be safety trusted to the impartial pen of History; and his motives will be righteously judged by Him who knoweth the secrets of all hearts. Men, however great they may be, are of small consequence in comparison with principles; and the principle for which John Brown died is the question issue between us.

You refer me to the Bible, from which you quote the favorite text of slaveholders:—

"Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the forward."

— 1 Peter, 2:18.

Abolitionists also have favorite texts, to some of which I would
call your attention:—

“Remember those that are in bonds as bound with them.” — Hebrews 13:3.

“Hide the outcasts. Betray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee. Be thou a convert to them from the face of the spoiler.” — Isaiah 16: 3, 4.

“Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee. He shall dwell with thee where it liketh him best. Thou shalt not oppress him.” — Deuteronomy 23: 15, 16.

“Open thy mouth for the dumb, in the cause of all such are appointed to destruction. Open thy mouth judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy.” — Proverbs 29: 8, 9.

“I would especially commend to slaveholders the following portions of that volume, wherein you say God has revealed the duty of masters:—

“Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal, knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven.” — Colossians 4:1.

“Neither be ye called masters; for one is your master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren.” — Matthew 23: 8, 10.

“Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.” — Matthew 7: 12.

“Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?” — Isaiah 58: 6.

“They have given a boy for a harlot, and sold a girl for wine, that they might drink.” — Joel 3: 3.

“He that oppresseth the poor, reproacheth his Maker.” — Proverbs 14: 31.

“Rob not the poor, because he is poor; neither oppress the afflicted. For the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil the soul of those who spoiled them.” — Proverbs 22: 22, 23.

“Woe unto him that useth his neighbor’s service without wages, and giveth him not for his work.” — Jeremiah 22: 13.

“Let him that stole, steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands.” — Ephesians 4: 28.

“Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and that write grievousness which they have prescribed; to turn aside the needy from judgment, and to take away the right from the poor, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless.” — Isaiah 10: 1, 2.

“If I did despise the cause of my man-servant or my maid-servant, when they contend with me, what then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer Him?” — Job 31: 13, 14.

“Thou hast sent widows away empty, and the arms of the fatherless have been broken. Therefore snares are round about thee, and sudden fear troubleth thee; and darkness, that thou canst not see.” — Job 22: 9, 10, 11.

“Behold, the hire of your laborers, who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabbath. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts as in a day of slaughter; ye have condemned and killed the just.” — James 5: 4.

If the appropriateness of these texts is not apparent, I will try to make it so, by evidence drawn entirely from Southern sources. The Abolitionists are not such an ignorant set of fanatics as you suppose. They know whereof they affirm. They are
familiar with the laws of the Slave States, which are alone sufficient to inspire abhorrence in any humane heart or reflecting mind not perverted by the prejudices of education and custom. I might fill many letters with significant extracts from your statue-books; but I have space only to glance at a few, which indicate the leading features of the system you cherish so tenaciously.

The universal rule of the slave State is, that "the child follows the condition of its mother." This is an index to many things. Marriages between white and colored people are forbidden by law; yet a very large number of the slaves are brown or yellow. When Lafayette visited this country in his old age, he said he was very much struck by the great change in the colored population of Virginia; that in the time of the Revolution, nearly all the household slaves were black, but when he returned to America, he found very few of them black. The advertisements in Southern newspapers often describe runaway slaves that "pass themselves for white men." Sometimes they are described as having straight, light hair blue eyes, and clear complexion." This could not be, unless their fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers had been white men. But as their mothers were slaves, the law pronounces them slaves, subject to be sold on the auction-block whenever the necessities or convenience of their masters or mistresses required it. The sale of one’s own children, brother, or sisters, has an ugly aspect to those who are unaccustomed to it; and, obviously, it cannot have a good moral influence, that law and custom should render licentiousness a profitable vice.

Throughout the Slave States, the testimony of no colored person, bond or free, can be received against a white man. You have some laws, which, on the face of them, would seem to restrain inhuman men from murdering or mutilating slaves; but they are rendered nearly null by the law I have cited. Any drunken master, overseer, or patrol, may go into the negro cabins, and commit what outrages he pleases, with perfect impunity, if no white person is present who chooses to witness against him. North Carolina and Georgia leave a large loophole for escape, even if white persons present, when murder is committed. A law to punish persons for "maliciously killing a slave" has this remarkable qualification: "Always provided that this act shall not extend to any dying of moderate correction." We at the North find it difficult to understand how moderate punishment can cause death. I have read several of your law books attentively, and I find no cases of punishment for the murder of a slave, except by fines paid to the owner, to indemnify him for the loss of his property: the same as if his horse or cow had been killed.

In South Carolina Reports is a case where the State had indicated Guy Raines for the murder of slave Isaac. It was proved that William Gray, the owner of Isaac, had given him a thousand lashes. The poor creature made his escape, but was caught, and delivered to the custody of Raines, to be carried to the county jail. Because he refused to go, Raines gave him five hundred lashes, and he died soon after. The counsel for Raines proposed
that he should be allowed to acquit himself by his own oath. The Court decided against it, because white witnesses had testified; but the Court of afterward decided he ought to have been exculpated by his own oath, and he was acquitted. Small indeed is the chance for justice to a slave, when his own color are not allowed to testify, if they see him maimed or his children murdered; when he has slaveholders for Judges and Jurors; when the murderer can exculpate himself by his own oath; and when the law provides that it is no murder to kill a slave by “moderate correction”!

Your laws uniformly declare that “slave shall be deemed a chattel personal in the hands of his master, to all intents, constrictions, and purposes whatsoever.” This, of course, involves the right to sell his children, as if they were pigs; also, to take his wife from him “for any intent or purpose whatsoever.” Your laws also make it death for him to resist a white man, however brutally he may be treated, or however much his family may be outraged before his eyes. If he attempts to run away, your laws allow any man to shoot him. By your laws, all a slave’s earnings belong to his master. He can neither receive donations or transmit property. If his master allows him some hours to work for himself, and by great energy and perseverance he earns enough to buy his own bones and sinews, his master may make him pay two or three times over, and he has no redress. Three such cases have come within my knowledge. Even a written promise from his master has no legal value, because slave can make no contracts.

Your laws also systematically aim at keeping the minds of the colored people in the most abject state of ignorance. If white people attempt to teach them to read or write, they are punished by imprisonment or fines; if they attempt to teach each other, they are punished with from twenty to thirty-nine lashes each. It cannot be said that the anti-slavery agitation produced such laws, for they date much further back; many of them when we were Provinces. They are the necessities of the system, which, being itself an outrage upon human nature, can be sustained only by perpetual outrages.

The next reliable source of information is the advertisements in the Southern papers. In the North Carolina (Raleigh) Standard, Mr. Mieajah Ricks advertises, “Runaway, a negro woman and her two children. A few days before went off, I burned her with a hot iron on the left side of her face. I tried to make the letter M.” in the Natchez Courier, Mr. J.P. Ashford advertises a runaway negro girl, with “a good many teeth missing, and the letter A branded on her cheek and forehead.” In the Lexington (Ky.) Observer, Mr. William Overstreet advertises a runaway negro with “his left eye out, scars from a dirk on his left arm, and much scarred with the whip.” I might quote from hundreds of such advertisements, offering rewards for runaways, “dead or alive,” and describing them with “ears cut off,” “jaws broken,” scarred by rifle-balls,” &c.

Another source of information is afforded by your “Fugitives
from Injustice," with many of whom I have conversed freely. I have seen scars of the whip and marks of the branding-iron, and I have listened to their heart-breaking sobs, while they told of "piccaninnies" torn from their arms and sold.

Another source of information is furnished by emancipated slaveholders Sarah Moore Grimké, daughter of the late Judge Grimké, of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, testifies as follows: "As I left my native State on account of Slavery, and deserted the home of my fathers to escape the sound of the lash and the shrieks of tortured victims, I would gladly bury in oblivion the recollection of those scenes with which I have been familiar. But this cannot be. They come over my memory like gory sceptres, and implore me, with resistless power, in the name of a God of mercy, in the name of a crucified Saviour, in the name of humanity, for the sake of the slaveholder, as well as the slave, to bear witness to the horrors of the Southern prison-house." She proceeds to describe dreadful tragedies, the actors in which she says were "men and women of the families in South Carolina;" and that their cruelties did not, in the slightest degree, affect their standing in society. Her sister, Angelina Emily Grimké Weld, declared: "While I live, and Slavery lives, I must testify against it. Not merely for the sake of my poor brothers and sisters in bonds; for even were Slavery no curse to its victims, the exercise of arbitrary power works such fearful ruin upon the hearts of slaveholders, that I should feel impelled to labor and pray for its overthrow with my latest breath." Among the horrible barbarities she enumerates is the case of a girl thirteen years old, who was flogged to death by her master. She says: "I asked a prominent lawyer, who belonged to one of the first families in the State, whether the murderer of this helpless child could not be indicted, and he coolly replied that the slave was Mr. ----'s property, and if he chose to suffer the loss, no one else had any thing to do with it." She proceeds to say: "I felt there could be for me no rest in the midst of such outrages and pollutions. Yet I saw nothing of Slavery in its most vulgar and repulsive forms. I saw it in the city, among the fashionable and the honorable, where it was garnished by refinement and decked out for show. It is my deep, solemn, deliberate conviction, but this is a cause worth dying for. I say so from what I have seen, and heard, and known, in a land of Slavery, whereon rest the darkness of Egypt and the sin of Sodom." I once asked Miss Angelina if she thought Abolitionists exaggerated the horrors of Slavery. She replied, with earnest emphasis: "They cannot be exaggerated. It is impossible for imagination to go beyond the fact." To a lady who observed that the time had not yet come for agitating the subject, she answered: "I apprehend if thou wert a slave, toiling in the fields of Carolina, thou wouldst think the time had fully come." Mr. Thome, of Kentucky, in the course of his eloquent lectures on this subject, said: "I breathed my first breath in an atmosphere of Slavery. But though I am heir to a slave
inheritance, I am bold to denounce the whole system as an outrage, a complication of crimes, and wrongs, and cruelties, that make angels weep."

Mr. Allen of Alabama, in a discussion with the students at Lane Theological Seminary in 1834, had told of a slave who was tied up and beaten all day, with a paddle full of holes. "At night, his flesh was literally pounded to a jelly. The punishment was inflicted within hearing of the Academy and the Public Green. But no one took any notice of it. No one thought any wrong was done. At our house, it is so common to hear screams from a neighboring plantation, that we think nothing of it. Lest any one should think that the slaves are generally well treated, and that the cases I have mentioned are exceptions, let me be distinctly understood that cruelty is the rule, and kindness is the exception."

In the same discussion, a student from Virginia, after relating cases of great cruelty, had related: "Such things are common all over Virginia; at least, so far as I am acquainted. But the planters generally avoid punishing their slaves before strangers."

Miss Mattie Griffith, of Kentucky, whose entire property consisted in slaves, emancipated them all. The noble-hearted girl wrote to me: "I shall go forth into the world penniless; but I shall work with a heart, and, best of all, I shall live with an easy conscience." Previous to this generous resolution, she had never read any Abolition document, and entertained the common Southern prejudice against them. But her own observation so deeply impressed her with the enormities of Slavery, that she was impelled to publish a book, called "The Autobiography of a Female Slave." I read it with thrilling interest; but some of the scenes made my nerves quiver so painfully, that told her I hoped they were too highly colored. She shook her head sadly, and replied: "I am sorry to say that every incident in the book has come within my own knowledge."

St. George Tucker, Judge and Professor of Law in Virginia, speaking of the legalized murder of runaways, said: "Such are the cruelties to which a state of Slavery gives birth — such the horrors to which the human mind is capable of being reconciled by its adoption." Alluding to our struggle in '76, he said: "While we proclaimed our resolution to live free or die, we imposed on our fellow-men, of different complexion, a Slavery ten thousand times worse than the utmost extremity of the oppressions of which we complained."

Governor Giles, in a Message to the Legislature of Virginia, referring to the custom of selling free colored people into Slavery, as a punishment for offences not capital, said: "Slavery must be admitted to be a punishment of the highest order; and, according to the just rule for the apportionment of punishment to crimes, it ought to be applied only to crimes of the highest order. The most distressing reflection in the application of this punishment to female offenders, is that it extends to their offspring; and the innocent are thus punished
with the guilty." Yet one hundred and twenty thousand innocent babies in this country are annually subjected to a punishment which your Governor declared "ought to be applied only to crimes of the highest order."

Jefferson said: "One day of American Slavery is worse than a thousand years of that which we rose in arms to oppose." Alluding to insurrections, he said: "The Almighty has no attribute that can take side with us in such a contest."

John Randolph declared: "Every planter is a sentinel at his own door. Every Southern mother, when she hears an alarm of fire in the night, instinctively presses her infant closer to her bosom."

Looking at the system of slavery in the light of all this evidence, do you candidly think we deserve "two-fold damnation" for detesting it? Can you not believe that we may hate the system, and yet be truly your friends? I make allowance for the excited state of your mind, and for the prejudices induced by education. I so not care to change your opinion of me; but I so wish you could be persuaded to examine this subject dispassionately, for the sake of Virginia, and the welfare of unborn generations, both white and colored. For thirty years, Abolitionists have been trying to reason with slaveholders, through the press, and in the halls of Congress. Their efforts, though directed to the masters only, have been met with violence and abuse almost equal to that poured on head of John Brown. Yet surely we, as a portion of the Union, involved in the expense, the degeneracy, the danger, and the disgrace, of the iniquitous and fatal system, have a right to speak about it, and a right to be heard also. At the North, we willingly publish pro-slavery arguments, and ask only a fair field and no favor for the other side. But you will not even allow your own citizens a chance to examine this important subject. Your letter to me is published in Northern papers, as well as Southern; my reply will not be allowed to appear in any Southern paper. The despotic measures you take to silence investigation, and shut out the light from your own white population, prove how little reliance you have on the strength of your cause. In this enlightened age, all despotisms ought to come to an end by the agency of moral and rational means. But if they resist such agencies, it is in the order of Providence that they must come to an end by violence. History is full of such lessons. Would that the evil of prejudice could be removed from your eyes. If you would candidly examine the statements of Governor Hincks of the British West Indies, and of the Rev. Mr. Bleby, long time a Missionary in those Islands, both before and after emancipation, you could not fail to be convinced that Cash is a more powerful incentive to labor than the Lash, and far safer also. One fact in relation to those Islands is very significant. While the working people were slaves, it was always necessary to order out the military during the Christmas holidays; but since emancipation, not a soldier is to be seen. A hundred John Browns might land there, without exciting the slightest alarm.
To the personal questions you ask me, I will reply in the name of all the women of New England. It would be extremely difficult to find any woman in our villages who does not sew for the poor, and watch with the sick, whenever occasion requires. We pay our domestic generous wages, with which they can purchase as many Christmas gowns as they please; a process far better for their characters, as well as our own, than to receive their clothing as a charity, after being deprived of just payment for their labor. I have never known an instance where the "pangs of maternity" did not meet with requisite assistance; and here at the North, after we have helped the mothers, we do not sell the babies.

I readily believe what you state concerning the kindness of many Virginia matrons. It is creditable to their hearts: but after all, the best that can be done in that way is a poor equivalent for the perpetual wrong done to the slaves, and the terrible liabilities to which they are always subject. Kind masters and mistresses among you are merely lucky accidents.

If any one chooses to be a brutal despot, your laws and customs give him complete power to do so. And the lot of those slaves who have the kindest masters is exceedingly precarious. In case of death, or pecuniary difficulties, or marriages in the family, they may at any time be suddenly transferred from protection and indulgence to personal degradation, or extreme severity; and if they should try to escape from such sufferings, any body is authorized to shoot them down like dogs.

With regard to your declaration that "no Southerner ought henceforth to read a line of my composition," I reply that I have great satisfaction in the consciousness of having nothing to lose in that quarter. Twenty-seven years ago, I published a book called "An Appeal in behalf of that class of Americans called Africans." It influenced the minds of several young men, afterward conspicuous in public life, through whose agency the cause was better served than it could have been by me. From that time to this, I have labored too earnestly for the slave to be agreeable to slaveholders. Literary popularity was never a paramount object with me, even in my youth; and, now that I am old, I am utterly indifferent to it. But, if I cared for the exclusion you threaten I should at least have the consolation of being exiled with honorable company. Dr. Channing's writings, mild and candid as they are, breathe what you would call arrant treason. William C. Bryant, in his capacity of editor, is openly on our side. The inspired muse of Whittier has incessantly sounded the trumpet for moral warfare with your iniquitous institution; and his stirring tones have been answered, more or less loudly, by Pierpont, Lowell, and Longfellow. Emerson, the Plato of America, leaves the scholastic seclusion he love so well, and disliking noise with all his poetic soul, bravely takes his stand among the trumpeters. George W. Curtis, the brilliant wealth of his talent on the altar of Freedom, and makes common cause with rough-shod reformers.

The genius of Mrs. Stowe carried the outworks of your
institution at one dash, and left the citadel open to besiegers, who are pouring in amain. In the church, on the ultra-liberal side, it is assailed by the powerful battering-ram of Theodore Parker’s eloquence. On the extreme orthodox side is set a huge fire, kindled by the burning words of Dr. [George Barrell?] Cheever. Between them is Henry Ward Beecher, sending a shower of keen arrows into your entrenchments; and with him ride a troop of sharp-shooters from all sects. If you turn to the literature of England or France, you will find your institution treated with as little favor. The fact is, the whole civilized world proclaims Slavery an outlaw, and the best intellect of the age is active in hunting it down.

L. MARIA CHILD.

THE TOUCHSTONE.

BY WILLIAM ALLENGHAME.

A man there came, whence none could tell,
Bearing a touchstone in his hand,
And tested all things in the land
By its unerring spell.
A thousand transformations rose,
From fair to foul, from foul to fair;
The golden crown he did not share,
Nor scorn the beggar’s clothes.
Of heirloom jewels, prized so much,
Were many changed to chips and clods,
And even statues of the gods
Crumbled beneath its touch.
Then angrily the people cried,
“The loss outweighs the profit far,
Our goods suffice us as they are,
We will not have them tried.”
But since they could not so avail
To check his unrelenting quest,
They seized him, saying, “Let him test
How real is our jail.”
But though they slew him with their swords,
And in the fire the touchstone burned,
Its doings could not be o’erturned,
Its undoings restored.
And when, to stop all future harm,
They strewed his ashes to the breeze,
They little guessed each grain of these
Conveyed the perfect charm.

After escaping from the raid on Harpers Ferry Barclay Coppoc appeared on this day at the family home in Cedar County, Iowa. A most unusual situation developed there: despite its Quaker status, during his presence the Coppoc house would be surrounded at night by men waiting in the dark with firearms, to protect him in his rest if the occasion arose, from capture by federal agents!
On March 6, 1857 Edwin Coppoc had been disowned by the Red Cedar Monthly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends in the West Branch/Springdale area. During April 1857 Barclay Coppoc had been disciplined by the Quakers for using profane language and for striking a man in anger. Several months after his return from Harpers Ferry, Barclay Coppoc would be disowned for absenting himself from meetings for worship and for bearing arms. The following is from chapters entitled “The Iowa Quakers and the Negroes” and “The Springdale Quakers and Old John Brown” in Louis Thomas Jones's *The Quakers of Iowa* (Iowa City: Iowa State Historical Society, 1914, pages 195-7):

Haggard and worn with his long flight, with a price upon his head, and hunted by an official with a requisition from Governor Wise of Virginia upon Governor Kirkwood of Iowa for his immediate rendition to justice, Barclay Coppoc reached his home in Iowa on December 17th [1859]. On the day before, his brother Edwin, loaded with chains and shackles, had yielded up his life upon a Virginia scaffold. Thus the mother’s parting prophecy had been fulfilled. [According to this source, when the two departed the mother had said to them: "When you get the halters around your necks, will you think of me?"]

For the sake of accurate history, it now seems necessary to make plain the real relation which the much-eulogized Coppoc boys bore to the Society of Friends at the time of the events in question. Early in life both of the boys developed wayward tendencies, discomfiting to their mother and to the church. Edwin took to dancing, and though repeatedly dealt with in the “spirit of restoring love” by the Monthly Meeting, he spurned all advice, refused to “condemn his course,” and was in consequence duly disowned from membership in the Society on March 6, 1857. Barclay, also, about the same time gave the Springdale Friends grave concern. Fresh from the stirring scenes in Kansas, he had engaged in a fight soon after reaching home, and a month after his brother's disownment the complaint was entered on the records of the Monthly Meeting that “Barclay Coppoc has used profane language, and struck a man in anger.” “Coppoc gave the proper satisfaction for this first offense. and the meeting “passed it by.” But immediately upon his return from Harpers Ferry his conduct called for new attention. With the officers close upon his heels Coppoc sought his home in Cedar County; and upon his arrival there a large number of the young men in the vicinity united as a military guard to prevent his capture, while he himself went heavily armed. His presence of course attracted wide attention, and the Overseers of the Preparative Meeting called upon him. Action was made to the [Red Cedar] Monthly Meeting that “Barclay Coppoc has neglected attendance at our religious meetings & is in the practice of bearing arms.” The usual care was extended to him, but with no avail. Two months later Barclay, like his brother, was formally disowned; and thus came to a close this interesting episode in the history of the Iowa Friends.
Antislavery Tracts. No. 1. New Series.
Correspondence between
Lydia Maria Child,
and
Gov. Henry A. Wise and Mrs. Mason, of Virginia.

New York: Published by the American Anti-Slavery Society.

1860. Correspondence.


Governor Wise: I have heard that you were a man of chivalrous sentiments, and I know you were opposed to the iniquitous attempt to force upon Kansas a Constitution abhorrent to the moral sense of her people. Relying upon these indications of honor and justice in your character, I venture to ask a favor of you. Enclosed is a letter to Capt. John Brown. Will you have the kindness, after reading it yourself, to transmit it to the prisoner?

I and all my large circle of abolition acquaintances were taken by surprise when news came of Capt. Brown’s recent attempt; nor do I know of a single person who would have approved of it, had they been apprised of his intention. But I and thousands of others feel a natural impulse of sympathy for the brave and suffering man. Perhaps God, who sees the inmost of our souls, perceives some such sentiment in your heart also. He needs a mother or sister to dress his wounds, and speak soothingly to him. Will you allow me to perform that mission of humanity? If you will, may God bless you for the generous deed!

I have been for years an uncompromising Abolitionist, and I should scorn to deny it or apologize for it as much as John Brown himself would do. Believing in peace principles, I deeply regret the step that the old veteran has taken, while I honor his humanity towards those who became his prisoners. But because it is my habit to be as open as the daylight, I will also say, that if I believed our religion justified men in fighting for freedom, I should consider the enslaved everywhere as best entitled to that right. Such an avowal is a simple, frank expression of my sense of natural justice.

But I should despise myself utterly if any circumstances could tempt me to seek to advance these opinions in any way, directly or indirectly, after your permission to visit Virginia has been obtained on the plea of sisterly sympathy with a brave and suffering man. I give you my word of honor, which was never broken, that I would use such permission solely and singly for the purpose of nursing your prisoner, and for no other purpose whatsoever.

Yours, respectfully,

L. Maria Child.
Richmond, Va., Oct. 29th, 1859.

Madam: Yours of the 26th was received by me yesterday, and at my earliest leisure I respectfully reply to it, that I will forward the letter for John Brown, a prisoner under our laws, arraigned at the bar of the Circuit Court for the country of Jefferson, at Charlestown, Va., for the crimes of murder, robbery and treason, which you ask me to transmit to him. I will comply with your request in the only way which seems to me proper, by enclosing it to the Commonwealth’s attorney, with the request that he will ask the permission of the Court to hand it to the prisoner. Brown, the prisoner, is now in the hands of the judiciary, not of the executive, of this Commonwealth.

You ask me, further, to allow you to perform the mission “of mother or sister, to dress his wounds, and speak soothingly to him.” By this, of course, you mean to be allowed to visit him in his cell, and to minister to him in the offices of humanity. Why should you not be so allowed, Madam? Virginia and Massachusetts are involved in no civil war, and the Constitution which unites them in one confederacy guarantees to you the privileges and immunities of a citizen of the United States in the State of Virginia. That Constitution I am sworn to support, and am, therefore, bound to protect your privileges and immunities as a citizen of Massachusetts coming into Virginia for any lawful and peaceful purpose.

Coming, as you propose, to minister to the captive in prison, you will be met, doubtless, by all our people, not only in a chivalrous, but in a Christian spirit. You have the right to visit Charlestown, Va., Madam; and your mission being merciful and humane, will not only allowed, but respected if not welcomed. A few unenlightened and inconsiderate persons, fanatical in their modes of thought and action, to maintain justice and right, might molest you, or be disposed to do so; and this might suggest the imprudence of risking any experiment upon the peace of a society very much excited by the crimes with whose chief author you seem to sympathize so much.

But still, I repeat, your motives and avowed purpose are lawful and peaceful, and I will, as far as I am concerned, do my duty in protecting your rights in our limits. Virginia and her authorities would be weak indeed — weak in point of folly, and weak in point of power — if her State faith and constitutional obligations cannot be redeemed in her own limits to the letter of morality as well as of law; and if her chivalry cannot courteously receive a lady’s visit to a prison, every arm which guards Brown from rescue on the one hand, and from Lynch law on the other, will be ready to guard your person in Virginia.

I could not permit an insult even to woman in her walk of charity among us, though it to be to one who whetted knives of butchery for our mothers, sisters, daughters and babes. We have no sympathy with your sentiments of sympathy with Brown, and are surprised that you were “taken by surprise when news came of Capt. Brown recent attempt.” His attempt was a natural consequence of your sympathy, and the errors of that sympathy ought to make you doubt its virtue from the effect on his conduct. But it is not of this I should speak. When you arrive at Charlestown, if you go there, it will be for the Court and its officers, the Commonwealth’s attorney, sheriff and jailer, to say whether you may see and wait. On the prisoner. But whether you are thus permitted or not, (and you will be, if my advice can prevail) you may rest assured that he will be humanely, lawfully and mercifully dealt by in prison and on trial.

Respectfully,

HENRY A. WISE.
MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD TO GOV. HENRY A. WISE.

In your civil but very diplomatic reply to my letter, you inform me that I have a constitutional right to visit Virginia, for peaceful purposes, in common with every citizen of the United States. I was perfectly well aware that such was the theory of constitutional obligation in the Slave States; but I was also aware of what you omit to mention, viz.; that the Constitution has, in reality, been completely and systematically nullified, whenever it suited the convenience or the policy of the Slave Power. Your constitutional obligation, for which you profess so much respect, has never proved any protection to citizens of the Free States, who happened to have a black, brown, or yellow complexion; nor to any white citizen whom you even suspected of entertaining opinions opposite to your own, on a question of vast importance to the temporal welfare and moral example of our common country. This total disregard of constitutional obligation has been manifested not merely by the Lynch Law of mobs in the Slave States, but by the deliberate action of magistrates and legislators. What regard was paid to constitutional obligation in South Carolina, when Massachusetts sent the Hon. Mr. Hoar there as an envoy, on a purely legal errand? Mr. Hedrick, Professor of Political Economy in the University of North Carolina, had a constitutional right to reside in that State. What regard was paid to that right, when he was driven from his home, merely for declaring that he considered Slavery an impolitic system, injurious to the prosperity of States? What respect for constitutional rights was manifested by Alabama, when a bookseller in Mobile was compelled to flee for his life, because he had, at the special request of some of the citizens, imported a few copies of a novel that everybody was curious to read? Your own citizen, Mr. Underwood, had a constitutional right to live in Virginia, and vote for whomsoever he pleased. What regard was paid to his rights, when he was driven from your State for declaring himself in favor of the election of Fremont? With these, and a multitude of other examples before your eyes, it would seem as if the less that was said about respect for constitutional obligations at the South, the better. Slavery is, in fact, an infringement of all law, and adheres to no law, save for its own purposes of oppression.

You accuse Captain John Brown of “whetting knives of butchery for the mothers, sisters, daughters and babes” of Virginia; and you inform me of the well-known fact that he is “arraigned for the crimes of murder, robbery and treason.” I will not here stop to explain why I believe that old hero to be no criminal, but a martyr to righteous principles which he sought to advance by methods sanctioned by his own religious views, though not by mine. Allowing that Capt. Brown did attempt a scheme in which murder, robbery and treason were, to his own consciousness, involved, I do not see how Gov. Wise can consistently arraign him for crimes he has himself commended. You have threatened to trample on the Constitution, and break the Union, if a majority of the legal voters in these Confederated States dared to elect a President unfavorable to the extension of Slavery. Is not such a declaration proof of premeditated treason? In the Spring of 1842, you made a speech in Congress, from which I copy the following:—

"Once set before the people of the Great Valley the conquest of the rich Mexican Provinces, and you might as well attempt to stop the wind. This Government might send its troops, but they would run over them like a herd of buffalo. Let the work once begin, and I do not know that this House would hold me very long. Give me five millions of dollars, and I would undertake to do it myself. Although I do not know how to set a single squadron in the field, I could find men to do it. Slavery should pour itself abroad, without restraint, and find no limit but the Southern Ocean. The Camanches should no longer hold the richest mines of Mexico. Every golden image which had received the profanation of a false worship, should soon be melted down into good American eagles. I would cause as much gold to cross the Rio del Norte as the mules of Mexico could carry; aye, and I would make better use of it, too, than any lazy, bigoted priesthood under heaven."
When you thus boasted that you and your “booted loafers” would overrun the troops of the United States “like a herd of buffalo,” if the Government sent them to arrest your invasion of a neighboring nation, at peace with the United States, did you not pledge yourself to commit treason? Was it not by robbery, even of churches, that you proposed to load the mules of Mexico with gold for the United States? Was it not by the murder of unoffending Mexicans that you expected to advance those schemes of avarice and ambition? What humanity had you for Mexican “mothers and babes,” whom you proposed to make childless and fatherless? And for what purpose was this wholesale massacre to take place? Not to right the wrongs of any oppressed class; not to sustain any great principles of justice, or of freedom; but merely to enable “Slavery to pour itself forth without restraint.”

Even if Captain Brown were as bad as you paint him, I should suppose he must naturally remind you of the words of Macbeth:

“We but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips.”

If Captain Brown intended, as you say, to commit treason, robbery and murder, I think I have shown that he could find ample authority for such proceedings in the public declarations of Gov. Wise. And if, as he himself declares, he merely intended to free the oppressed, where could he read a more forcible lesson than is furnished by the State Seal of Virginia? I looked at it thoughtfully before I opened your letter; and though it had always appeared to me very suggestive, it never seemed to me so much so as it now did in connection with Captain John Brown. A liberty-loving hero stands with his foot upon a prostrate despot; under his strong arm, manacles and chains lie broken; and the motto is, “Sic Semper Tyrannis”; “Thus be it ever done to Tyrants.” And this is the blazon of a State whose most profitable business is the Internal Slave-Trade! — in whose highways coffles of human chattles, chained and manacled, are frequently seen! And the Seal and the Coffles are both looked upon by other chattles, constantly exposed to the same fate! What if some Vezey, or Nat Turner, should be growing up among those apparently quiet spectators? It is in no spirit of taunt or of exultation that I ask this question. I never think of it but with anxiety, sadness, and sympathy. I know that a slave-holding community necessarily lives in the midst of gunpowder; and, in this age, sparks of free thought are flying in every direction. You cannot quench the fires of free thought and human sympathy by any process of cunning or force; but there is a method by which you can effectually wet the gunpowder. England has already tried it, with safety and success. Would that you could be persuaded to set aside the prejudices of education, and candidly examine the actual working of that experiment! Virginia is so richly endowed by nature that Free Institutions alone are wanting to render her the most prosperous and powerful of the States.

In your letter, you suggest that such a scheme as Captain Brown’s is the natural result of the opinions with which I sympathize. Even if I thought this to be a correct statement, though I should deeply regret it, I could not draw the conclusion that humanity ought to be stifled, and truth struck dumb, for fear that long-successful despotism might be endangered by their utterance. But the fact is, you mistake the source of that strange outbreak. No abolition arguments or denunciations, however earnestly, loudly, or harshly proclaimed, would have produced that result. It was the legitimate consequence of the continual and constantly increasing aggressions of the Slave Power. The Slave States, in their desperate efforts to sustain a bad and dangerous institution, have encroached more and more upon the liberties of the Free States. Our inherent love of law and order, and our superstitious attachment to the Union, you have mistaken for cowardice; and rarely have you let slip any opportunity to add insult to aggression.
The manifested opposition to Slavery began with the lectures and pamphlets of a few disinterested men and women, who based their movements upon purely moral and religious grounds; but their expostulations were met with a storm of rage, with tar and feathers, brickbats, demolished houses, and other applications of Lynch Law. When the dust of the conflict began to subside a little, their numbers were found to be greatly increased by the efforts to exterminate them. They had become an influence in the State too important to be overlooked by shrewd calculators. Political economists began to look at the subject from a lower point of view. They used their abilities to demonstrate that slavery was a wasteful system, and that the Free States were taxed, to an enormous extent, to sustain an institution which, at heart, two-thirds of them abhorred. The forty millions, or more, of dollars, expended in hunting Fugitive Slaves in Florida, under the name of the Seminole War, were adduced, as one item in proof, to which many more were added. At last, politicians were compelled to take some action on the subject. It soon became known to all the people that the Slave States had always managed to hold in their hands the political power of the Union, and that while they constituted only one-third of the white population of these States, they held more than two-thirds of all the lucrative, and once honorable offices; an indignity to which none but a subjugated people had ever submitted. The knowledge also became generally diffused, that while the Southern States owned their Democracy at home, and voted for them, they also systematically bribed the nominally Democratic party, at the North, with the offices adroitly kept at their disposal.

Through these, and other instrumentalities, the sentiments of the original Garrisonian Abolitionist became very widely extended, in forms more or less diluted. But by far the most efficient co-laborers we have ever had have been the Slave States themselves. By denying us the sacred Right of Petition, they roused the free spirit of the North, as it never could have been roused by the loud trumpet of Garrison, or the soul-animating bugle of Phillips. They bought the great slave, Daniel, and according to their established usage, paid him no wages for his labor. By his cooperation, they forced the Fugitive Slave Law upon us, in violation of all our humane instincts and all our principles of justice. And what did they procure for the Abolitionist by that despotic process? A deeper and wider detestation of Slavery throughout the Free States, and the publication of Uncle Tom’s Cabin, an eloquent outburst of moral indignation, whose echoes wakened the world to look upon their shame.

By filibustering and fraud, they dismembered Mexico, and having thus obtained the soil of Texas, they tried to introduce it as a Slave State into the Union. Failing to effect their purpose by constitutional means, they accomplished it by a most open and palpable violation of the Constitution, and by obtaining the votes of Senators on the false pretences.20

Soon afterward, a Southern Slave Administration ceded to the powerful monarchy of Great Britain several hundred thousands of square miles, that must have been made into Free States, to which that same Administration had declared that the United States had “an unquestionable right;” and then they turned upon the weak Republic of Mexico, and, in order to make more Slave States, wrested from her twice as many hundred thousands of square miles, to which we had not a shadow of right.

20. The following Senators, Mr. Niles, of Connecticut, Mr. Dix, of New York, and Mr. Tappan, of Ohio, published statements that their votes had been obtained by false representations; and they declared that the case was the same with Mr. Heywood, of North Carolina.
Notwithstanding all these extra efforts, they saw symptoms that the political power so long held with a firm grasp was in danger of slipping from their hands, by reason of the extension of Abolition sentiments, and the greater prosperity of Free States. Emboldened by continual success in aggression, they made use of the pretence of “Squatter Sovereignty” to break the league into which they had formerly cajoled the servile representatives of our blinded people, by which all the territory of the United States south of 36° 30’ was guaranteed to Slavery, and all north of it to Freedom. Thus Kansas became the battle-ground of the antagonistic elements in our Government. Ruffians hired by the Slave Power were sent thither temporarily, to do the voting, and drive from the polls the legal voters, who were often murdered in the process. Names, copied from the directories of cities in other States, were returned by thousands as legal voters in Kansas, in order to establish a Constitution abhorred by the people. This was their exemplification of Squatter Sovereignty. A Massachusetts Senator, distinguished for candor, courtesy, and stainless integrity, was half murdered by slaveholders, merely for having the manliness to state these facts to the assembled Congress of the nation. Peaceful emigrants from the North, who went to Kansas for no other purpose than to till the soil, erect mills, and establish manufactories, schools, and churches, were robbed, outraged, and murdered. For many months, a war more ferocious than the warfare of wild Indians was carried on against a people almost unresisting, because they relied upon the Central Government for aid. And all this while, the power of the United States, wielded by the Slave Oligarchy, was on the side of the aggressors. They literally tied the stones, and let loose the mad dogs. This was the state of things when the hero of Osawatomie and his brave sons went to the rescue. It was he who first turned the tide of Border-Ruffian triumph, by showing them that blows were to be taken as well as given.

You may believe it or not, Gov. Wise, but it is certainly the truth that, because slaveholders so recklessly sowed the wind in Kansas, they reaped a whirlwind at Harper’s Ferry.

The people of the North had a very strong attachment to the Union; but, by your desperate measures, you have weakened it beyond all power of restoration. They are not your enemies, as you suppose, but they cannot consent to be your tools for any ignoble task you may choose to propose. You must not judge of us by the crawling sinuosities of an Everett; or by our magnificent hound, whom you trained to hunt your poor cripples, and then sent him sneaking into a corner to die — not with shame for the base purposes to which his strength had been applied, but with vexation because you withheld from him the promised bone. Not by such as these must you judge the free, enlightened yeomanry of New England. A majority of them would rejoice to have the Slave States fulfill their oft-repeated threat of withdrawal from the Union. It has ceased to be a bugbear, for we begin to despair of being able, by any other process, to give the world the example of a real republic. The moral sense of these States is outraged by being accomplices in sustaining an institution vicious in all its aspects; and it is now generally understood that we purchase our disgrace at great pecuniary expense. If you would only make the offer of a separation in serious earnest, you would here the hearty response of millions, “Go, gentlemen, and

‘Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once!’"

Yours, with all due respect,

L. MARIA CHILD.
EXPLANATORY LETTER.

To The Editor Of The New York Tribune:

Sir: I was much surprised to see my correspondence with Governor Wise published in your columns. As I have never given any person a copy, I presume you must have obtained it from Virginia. My proposal to go and nurse that brave and generous old man, who so willingly gives his life a sacrifice for God’s oppressed poor, originated in a very simple and unmeritorious impulse of kindness. I heard his friends inquiring, “Has he no wife, or sister, that can go to nurse him? We are trying to ascertain, for he needs some one.” My niece said she would go at once, if her health were strong enough to be trusted. I replied that my age and state of health rendered me a more suitable person to go, and that I would go most gladly. I accordingly wrote to Captain Brown, and enclosed the letter to Governor Wise. My intention was to slip away quietly, without having the affair made public. I packed my trunk and collected a quantity of old linen for lint, and awaited tidings from Virginia. When Governor Wise answered, he suggested the “imprudence of trying any experiment upon the peace of a society already greatly excited,” &c. My husband and I took counsel together, and we both concluded that, as the noble old veteran was said to be fast recovering from his wounds, and as my presence might create a popular excitement unfavorable to such chance as the prisoner had for a fair trial, I had better wait until I received a reply from Captain Brown himself. Fearing to do him more harm than good by following my impulse, I waited for his own sanction. Meanwhile, his wife, said to be a brave-hearted Roman matron, worthy of such a mate, has gone to him, and I have received the following reply.

Respectfully yours,

L. MARIA CHILD.

Boston, Nov. 10, 1859.
MARIA FRANCIS

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD TO JOHN BROWN.


Dear Capt. Brown:

Though personally unknown to you, you will recognize in my name an earnest friend of Kansas, when circumstances made that Territory the battle-ground between the antagonistic principles of slavery and freedom, which politicians so vainly strive to reconcile in the government of the United States.

Believing in peace principles, I cannot sympathize with the method you chose to advance the cause of freedom. But I honor your generous intentions — I admire your courage, moral and physical. I reverence you for the humanity which tempered your zeal. I sympathize with you in your cruel bereavement, your sufferings, and your wrongs. In brief, I love you and bless you.

Thousands of hearts are throbbing with sympathy as warm as mine. I think of you night and day, bleeding in prison, surrounded by hostile faces, sustained only by trust in God and your own heart. I long to nurse you — to speak to you sisterly words of sympathy and consolation. I have asked permission of Governor Wise to do so. If the request is not granted, I cherish the hope that these few words may at least reach your hands, and afford you some little solace. May you be strengthened by the conviction that no honest man ever sheds blood for freedom in vain, however much he may be mistaken in his efforts. May God sustain you, and carry you through whatsoever may be in store for you!

Yours, with heartfelt respect, sympathy and affection,

L. MARIA CHILD.
Mrs. L. Maria Child:

My Dear Friend — Such you prove to be, though a stranger — your most kind letter has reached me, with the kind offer to come here and take care of me. Allow me to express my gratitude for your great sympathy, and at the same time to propose to you a different course, together with my reasons for wishing it. I should certainly be greatly pleased to become personally acquainted with one so gifted and so kind, but I cannot avoid seeing some objections to it, under present circumstances. First, I am in charge of a most humane gentleman, who, with his family, has rendered me every possible attention I have desired, or that could be of the least advantage; and I am so recovered of my wounds as no longer to require nursing. Then, again, it would subject you to great personal inconvenience and heavy expense, without doing me any good. Allow me to name to you another channel through which you may reach me with your sympathies much more effectually. I have at home a wife and three young daughters, the youngest but little over five years old, the oldest nearly sixteen. I have also two daughters-in-law, whose husbands have both fallen near me here. There is also another widow, Mrs. Thompson, whose husband fell here. Whether she is a mother or not, I cannot say. All these, my wife included, live at North Elba, Essex county, New York. I have a middle-aged son, who has been, in some degree, a cripple from his childhood, who would have as much as he could well do to earn a living. He was a most dreadful sufferer in Kansas, and lost all he had laid up. He has not enough to clothe himself for the winter comfortably. I have no living son, or son-in-law, who did not suffer terribly in Kansas.

Now, dear friend, would you not as soon contribute fifty cents now, and a like sum yearly, for the relief of those very poor and deeply afflicted persons, to enable them to supply themselves and their children with bread and very plain clothing, and to enable the children to receive a common English education? Will you also devote your own energies to induce others to join you in giving a like amount, or any other amount, to constitute a little fund for the purpose named?

I cannot see how your coming here can do me the least good; and I am quite certain you can do immense good where you are. I am quite cheerful under all my afflictive circumstances and prospects; having, as I humbly trust, “the peace of God which passeth all understanding” to rule in my heart. You may make such use of this as you see it fit. God Almighty bless and reward you a thousand fold!

Yours in sincerity and truth,

JOHN BROWN.

Lydia Maria Child's *The Duty of Disobedience to the Fugitive Slave Act (An Appeal to the Legislators of Mass.*)* was published in Boston as No. 9 (36 pages) in a new series of Anti-Slavery Tracts:

**THE DUTY OF DISOBEDIENCE TO THE FUGITIVE SLAVE ACT: AN APPEAL TO THE LEGISLATORS OF MASSACHUSETTS, BY L. MARIA CHILD.**

"Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is
escaped from his master unto thee.”—DEUT. 23:15.

BOston:
PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.
1860.

APPEAL
TO THE
LEGISLATORS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

I feel there is no need of apologizing to the Legislature of Massachusetts because a woman addresses them. Sir Walter Scott says: "The truth of Heaven was never committed to a tongue, however feeble, but it gave a right to that tongue to announce mercy, while it declared judgment." And in view of all that women have done, and are doing, intellectually and morally, for the advancement of the world, I presume no enlightened legislator will be disposed to deny that the "truth of Heaven" is often committed to them, and that they sometimes utter it with a degree of power that greatly influences the age in which they live. I therefore offer no excuses on that score. But I do feel as if it required some apology to attempt to convince men of ordinary humanity and common sense that the Fugitive Slave Bill is utterly wicked, and consequently ought never to be obeyed. Yet Massachusetts consents to that law! Some shadow of justice she grants, inasmuch as her Legislature have passed what is called a Personal Liberty Bill, securing trial by jury to those claimed as slaves. Certainly it is something gained, especially for those who may get brown by working in the sunshine, to prevent our Southern masters from taking any of us, at a moment's notice, and dragging us off into perpetual bondage. It is something gained to require legal proof that a man is a slave, before he is given up into perpetual bondage. It is something gained to require legal proof that a man is a slave, before he is given up to arbitrary torture and unrecompensed toil. But is that the measure of justice becoming the character of a free Commonwealth? "Prove that the man is property, according your laws, and I will drive him into your cattle-pen with sword and bayonet," is what Massachusetts practically says to Southern tyrants. "Show me a Bill of Sale from the Almighty!" is what she ought to say. No other proof should be considered valid in a Christian country.

One thousand five hundred years ago, Gregory, a Bishop in Asia Minor, preached a sermon in which he rebuked the sin of slaveholding. Indignantly he asked, "Who can be the possessor of human beings save God? Those men that you say belong to you, did not God create them free? Command the brute creation; that is well. Bend the beasts of the field beneath your yoke. But are your fellow-men to be bought and sold, like herds of cattle? Who can pay the value of a being created in the image of God? The whole world itself bears no proportion to the value of a soul, on which the Most High has set the seal his likeness. This world will perish, but the soul of man is immortal. Show me, then,
your titles of possession. Tell me whence you derive this strange claim. Is not your own nature the same with that of those you call your slaves? Have they not the same origin with yourselves? Are they not born to the same immortal destinies?” Thus spake a good old Bishop, in the early years of Christianity. Since then, thousands and thousands of noble souls have given their bodies to the gibbet and the stake, to help onward the slow progress of truth and freedom; a great unknown continent has been opened as a new, free starting point for the human race; printing has been invented, and the command, “Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them,” has been sent abroad in all the languages of the earth. And here, in the noon-day light the nineteenth century, in a nation claiming to be the freest and most enlightened on the face of the globe, a portion the population of fifteen States have thus agreed among themselves: “Other men shall work for us, without wages while we smoke, and drink, and gamble, and race horses, and fight. We will have their wives and daughters for concubines, and sell their children in the market with horses and pigs. If they make any objection to this arrangement, we will break them into subjection with the cow-hide and the bucking-paddle. They shall not be permitted to read or write, because that would be likely to ‘produce dissatisfaction in their minds.’ If they attempt to run away from us, our blood-hounds shall tear the flesh from their bones, and any man who sees them may shoot them down like mad dogs. If they succeed in getting beyond our frontier, into States where it is the custom to pay men for their work, and to protect their wives and children from outrage, we will compel the people of those States to drive them back into the jaws of our blood-hounds.” And what do the people of the other eighteen States of that enlightened country answer to this monstrous demand? What says Massachusetts, with the free blood of the Puritans coursing in her veins, and with the sword uplifted in her right hand, to procure “peaceful repose under liberty”? Massachusetts answers: “O yes. We will be your blood-hounds, and pay our own expenses. Only prove to our satisfaction that the stranger who has taken refuge among us is one of the men you have agreed among yourselves to whip into working without wages, and we will hunt him back for you. Only prove to us that this woman, who has run away from your harem, was bought for a concubine, that you might get more drinking-money by the sale of the children she bears you, and our soldiers will hunt her back with alacrity.” Shame on my native State! Everlasting shame! Blot out the escutcheon of the brave old Commonwealth! Instead of the sword uplifted to protect liberty, let the slave-driver’s whip be suspended over a blood-hound, and take for your motto, Obedience to tyrants is the highest law. Legislators of Massachusetts, can it be that you really understand what Slavery is, and yet consent that a fugitive slave, who seeks protection here, shall be driven back to that dismal house of bondage? For sweet charity’s sake, I must
suppose that you have been too busy with your farms and your merchandise ever to have imagined yourself in the situation of a slave. Let me suppose a case for you; one of a class of cases occurring by hundreds every year. Suppose your father was Governor of Carolina and your mother was a slave. The Governor’s wife hates your mother, and is ingenious in inventing occasions to have you whipped. You don’t know the reason why, poor child! but your mother knows full well. If they would only allow her to go away and work for wages, she would gladly toil and earn money to buy you. But that your father will not allow. His laws have settled it that she is his property, “for all purposes whatsoever,” and he will keep her as long as suits his convenience. The mistress continually insists upon her being sold far away South; and after a while, she has her will. Your poor mother clings to you convulsively; but the slave-driver gives you both a cut of his whip, and tells you to stop your squalling. They drive her off with the gang, and you never hear of her again; but, for a long time afterward, it makes you very sad to remember the farewell look of those large, loving eyes. Your poor mother had handsome eyes; and that was one reason her mistress hated her.

You also are your father’s property; and when he dies, you will be the property of your whiter brother. You black his shoes, tend upon him at table, and sleep on the floor in his room, to give him water if he is thirsty in the night. You see him learning to read, and you hear your father read wonderful things from the newspapers. Very naturally, you want to read, too. You ask your brother to teach you the letters. He gives you a kick, calls you a “damned nig,” and informs his father, who orders you to be flogged for insolence. Alone on the hard floor at night, still smarting from your blows, you ponder over the great mystery of knowledge and wonder why it would do you any more harm than it does your brother. Henceforth, all scraps of newspapers you can find are carefully laid by. Helplessly you pore over them, at stolen moments, as if you expected some miracle would reveal the meaning of those printed signs. Cunning comes to your aid. It is the only weapon of the weak against the strong. When you see white boys playing in the street, you trace a letter in the sand, and say, “My young master calls that B.” “That ain’t B, you dammed nigger. That’s A”! they shout. Now you know what shape is A; and diligently you hunt it out wherever it is to be found on your scraps of newspaper. By slow degrees you toil on, in similar ways, through all the alphabet. No student of Greek or Hebrew ever deserved so much praise for ingenuity and diligence. But the years pass on, and still you cannot read. Your master-brother now and then gives you a copper. You hoard them, and buy a primer; screening yourself from suspicion, by telling the bookseller that your master wants it for his sister’s little boy. You find the picture of a cat, with three letters by its side; and now you know how cat is spelt. Elated with your wonderful discovery, you are eager to catch a minute to study your primer. Too eager, alas! for your
mistress catches you absorbed in it, and your little book is promptly burned. You are sent to be flogged, and your lacerated back is washed with brine to make it heal quickly. But in spite of all their efforts, your intelligent mind is too cunning for them. Before twenty years have passed, you have stumbled along into the Bible; alone in the dark, over a rugged road of vowels and consonants. You keep the precious volume concealed under a board in the floor, and read it at snatches, by the light of a pine knot. You read that God has created of one blood all the nations of the earth; and that his commandment is, to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us. You think of your weeping mother, torn from your tender arms by the cruel slave-trader; of the interdicted light of knowledge; of the Bible kept as a sealed book from all whose skins have a tinge of black, or brown, or yellow; of how those brown and yellow complexions came to be so common; of yourself, the son of the Governor, yet obliged to read the Bible by stealth, under the penalty of a bleeding back washed with brine. These and many other things revolve in your active mind, and your unwritten inferences are worth whole folios of theological commentaries. As youth ripens into manhood, life bears for you, as it does for others, its brightest, sweetest flower. You love young Amy, with rippling black hair, and large dark eyes, with long, silky fringes. You inherit from your father, the Governor, a taste for beauty warmly-tinted, like Cleopatra’s. You and Amy are of rank to make a suitable match; for you are the son of a Southern Governor, and she is the daughter of a United States Senator, from the North, who often shared her master’s hospitality; her handsome mother being a portion of that hospitality, and he being large-minded enough to “conquer prejudices.” You have good sympathy in other respects also, for your mothers were both slaves; and as it is conveniently and profitably arranged for the masters that “the child shall follow the condition of the mother,” you are consequently both of you slaves. But there are some compensations for your hard lot. Amy’s simple admiration flatters your vanity. She considers you a prodigy of learning because you can read the Bible, and she has not the faintest idea how such skill can be acquired. She gives you her whole heart, full of the blind confidence of a first love. The divine spark, which kindles aspirations for freedom in the human soul, has been glowing more and more brightly since you have emerged from boyhood, and now her glances kindle it into a flame. For her dear sake, you long to be a free man, with power to protect her from the degrading incidents of a slave-girl’s life. Wages acquire new value in your eyes, from a wish to supply her with comforts, and enhance her beauty by becoming dress. For her sake, you are ambitious to acquire skill in the carpenter’s trade, to which your, master-brother has applied you as the best investment of his human capital. It is true, he takes all your wages; but then, by acquiring uncommon facility, you hope to accomplish your daily tasks in shorter time, and thus obtain some extra hours to do jobs for yourself. These you can eke out
by working late into the night, and rising when the day dawns. 
Thus you calculate to be able in time to buy the use of your own 
limbs. Poor fellow! Your intelligence and industry prove a 
misfortune. They charge twice as much for the machine of your 
body on account of the soul-power which moves it. Your master-
brother tells you that you would bring eighteen hundred dollars 
in the market. It is a large sum. Almost hopeless seems the 
prospect of earning it, at such odd hours as you can catch when 
the hard day’s task is done. But you look at Amy, and are 
inspired with faith to remove mountains. Your master-brother 
graciously consents to receive payment by instalments. These 
prove a convenient addition to the whole of your wages. They 
will enable him to buy a new race horse, and increase his stock 
of choice wines. While he sleeps off drunkenness, you are 
toiling for him, with the blessed prospect of freedom far ahead, 
but burning brightly in the distance, like a Drummond Light, 
guiding the watchful mariner over a midnight sea.
When you have paid five hundred dollars of the required sum, 
your lonely heart so longs for the comforts of a home, that you 
can wait no longer. You marry Amy, with the resolution of buying 
er also, and removing to those Free States, about which you 
have often talked together, as invalids discourse of heaven. Amy 
is a member of the church, and it is a great point with her to 
be married by a minister. Her master and mistress make no 
objection, knowing that after the ceremony, she will remain an 
article of property, the same as ever. Now come happy months, 
during which you almost forget that you are a slave, and that 
it must be a weary long while before you can earn enough to buy 
yourself and your dear one, in addition to supporting your 
dissipated master. But you toil bravely on, and soon pay another 
hundred dollars toward your ransom. The Drummond Light of 
Freedom burns brighter in the diminished distance.
Alas! in an unlucky hour, your tipsy master-brother sees your 
gentle Amy, and becomes enamored of her large dark eyes, and the 
rich golden tint of her complexion. Your earnings and your 
ransom-money make him flush of cash. In spite of all your efforts 
to prevent it, she becomes his property. He threatens to cowhide 
you, if you ever speak to her again. You remind him that she is 
your wife; that you were married by a minister. “Married, you 
damned nigger!” he exclaims; “what does a slave’s marriage 
amount to? If you give me any more of your insolence, you’ll get 
a taste of the cowhide.”
Anxious days and desolate nights pass. There is such a heavy 
pain at your heart, it is a mystery to yourself that you do not 
die. At last, Amy contrives to meet you, pale and wretched as 
yourself. She has a mournful story to tell of degrading 
propositions, and terrible threats. She promises to love you 
always, and be faithful to you till death, come what may. Poor 
Amy! When she said that, she did not realize how powerless is 
the slave, in the hands of an unprincipled master. Your 
interview was watched, and while you were sobbing in each 
other’s arms, you were seized and ordered to receive a hundred
lash. While you are lying in jail, stiff with your wounds, your master-brother comes to tell you he has sold you to a trader from Arkansas. You remind him of the receipt he has given you for six hundred dollars, and ask him to return the money. He laughs in your face, and tells you his receipt is worth no more than so much brown paper; that no contracts with a slave are binding. He coolly adds, “Besides, it has taken all my spare money to buy Amy.” Perhaps you would have killed him in that moment of desperation, even with the certainty of being burnt to cinders for the deed, but you are too horribly wounded by the lash to be able to spring upon him. In that helpless condition, you are manacled and carried off by the slave-trader. Never again will Amy’s gentle eyes look into yours. What she suffers you will never know. She is suddenly wrenched from your youth, as your mother was from your childhood. The pall of silence falls over all her future. She cannot read or write; and the post-office was not instituted for slaves.

Looking back on that dark period of desolation and despair, you marvel how you lived through it. But the nature of youth is elastic. You have learned that law offers colored men nothing but its penalties; that white men engross all its protection; still you are tempted to make another bargain for your freedom. Your new master seems easy and good-natured, and you trust he will prove more honorable than your brother has been. Perhaps he would; but unfortunately, he is fond of cards; and when you have paid him two hundred dollars, he stakes them, and you also, at the gaming-table, and loses. The winner is a hard man, noted for severity to his slaves. Now you resolve to take the risk of running away, with all its horrible chances. You hide in a neighboring swamp, where you are bitten by a venomous snake, and your swollen limb becomes almost incapable of motion. In great anguish, you drag it along, through the midnight darkness, to the hut of a poor plantation-slave, who binds on a poultice of ashes, but dares not, for fear of his life, shelter you after day has dawned. He helps you to a deep gully, and there you remain till evening, half-famished for food. A man in the neighborhood keeps blood-hounds, well trained to hunt runaways. They get on your track, and tear flesh from the leg which the snake had spared. To escape them, you leap into the river. The sharp ring of rifles meets your ear. You plunge under water. When you come up to take breath, a rifle ball lodges in your shoulder and you plunge again. Suddenly, thick clouds throw their friendly veil over the moon. You swim for your life, with balls whizzing round you. Thanks to the darkness and the water, you baffle the hounds, both animal and human. Weary and wounded, you travel through the forests, your eye fixed hopefully on the North Star, which seems ever beckoning you onward to freedom, with its bright glances through the foliage. In the day-time, you lie in the deep holes of swamps, concealed by rank weeds and tangled vines, taking such rest as can be obtained among swarms of mosquitoes and snakes. Through incredible perils and fatigues, footsore and emaciated, you arrive at last in the
States called Free. You allow yourself little time to rest, so eager are you to press on further North. You have heard the masters swear with peculiar violence about Massachusetts, and you draw the inference that it is a refuge for the oppressed. Within the borders of that old Commonwealth, you breathe more freely than you have ever done. You resolve to rest awhile, at least, before you go to Canada. You find friends, and begin to hope that you may be allowed to remain and work, if you prove yourself industrious and well behaved. Suddenly, you find yourself arrested and chained. Soldiers escort you through the streets of Boston, and put you on board a Southern ship, to be sent back to your master. When you arrive, he orders you to be flogged so unmercifully, that the doctor says you will die if they strike another blow. The philanthropic city of Boston hears the bloody tidings, and one of her men in authority says to the public: “Fugitive slaves are a class of foreigners, with whose rights Massachusetts has nothing to do. It is enough for us, that they have no right to be here.”

Legislators of Massachusetts! if you had been thus continually robbed of your rights by the hand of violence, what would you think of the compact between North and South to perpetuate your wrongs, and transmit them to your posterity? Would you not regard it as a league between highwaymen, who had “no rights that you were bound to respect”? I put the question plainly and directly to your consciences and your common sense, and they will not allow you to answer, No. Are you, then, doing right to sustain the validity of a law for others, which you would vehemently reject for yourselves in the name of outraged justice and humanity?

The incidents I have supposed might happen to yourselves if you were slaves, are not an imaginary accumulation of horrors. The things I have described are happening in this country every day. I have talked with many “fugitives from injustice,” and I could not, within the limits of these pages, even hint at a tithe of the sufferings and wrongs they have described. I have also talked with several slaveholders, who had emancipated themselves from the hateful system. Being at a safe distance from lynching neighbors, they could venture to tell the truth; and their statements fully confirm all that I have heard from the lips of slaves. If you read Southern Laws, you will need very small knowledge of human nature to be convinced that the practical results must inevitably be utter barbarism. In view of those laws, I have always wondered how sensible people could be so slow in believing the actual state of things in slaveholding communities.

There are no incidents in history, or romance, more thrilling than the sufferings, perils, and hair-breadth escapes of American slaves. No Puritan pilgrim, or hero of ’76, has manifested more courage and perseverance in the cause of freedom, than has been evinced, in thousands of instances, by

21. Said by the U.S. Commissioner, George Ticknor Curtis, at a Union Meeting, in the Old Cradle of Liberty.
this persecuted race. In future ages, popular ballads will be sung to commemorate their heroic achievements, and children more enlightened than ours will marvel at the tyranny of their white ancestors.

All of you have doubtless read some accounts of what these unhappy men and women have dared and endured. Did you never put yourselves in their stead, and imagine how you would feel, under similar circumstances? Not long ago, a young man escaped from slavery by clinging night and day to the under part of a steamboat, drenched by water, and suffering for food. He was discovered and sent back. If the Constitution of the United States sanctioned such an outrage upon you, what would you think of those who answered your entreaties and remonstrances by saying, "Our fathers made an agreement with the man who robs you of your wages and your freedom. It is law; and it is your duty to submit to"? I think you would then perceive the necessity of having the Constitution forthwith amended; and if it were not done very promptly, I apprehend you would appeal vociferously to a higher law.

A respectable lady, who removed with her family from Virginia to New York, some years ago, had occasion to visit the cook’s cabin, to prepare suitable nourishment for a sick child, during the voyage. This is the story she tells: "The steward kindly assisted me in making the toast, and added a cracker and a cup of tea. With these on a small waiter, I was returning to the cabin, when, in passing the freight, which consisted of boxes, bags, &c., a little tawny, famished-looking hand was thrust out between the packages. The skeleton fingers, agitated by a convulsive movement, were evidently reached forth to obtain the food. Shocked, but not alarmed by the apparition, I laid the cracker on the hand, which was immediately withdrawn. None observed the transaction, and I went swiftly to the cabin. In the afternoon, I went to the steward again, in behalf of the little invalid. Finding he was a father, I gave him presents for his children, and so ingratiated myself into his favor, that I had free access to the larder. Whatever I could procure, I divided with the famished hand, which had become to me a precious charge. As all was tranquil on board, it was evident that I alone was aware of the presence of the fugitive. I humbly returned thanks to God for the privilege of ministering to the wants of this his outcast, despised and persecuted image. That the unfortunate being was a slave, I doubted not. I knew the laws and usages in such cases. I knew the poor creature had nothing to expect from the captain or crew; and again and again I asked myself the agonizing question whether there would be any way of escape. I hoped we should arrive in the night, that the fugitive might go on shore unseen, under favor of the darkness. I determined to watch and assist the creature thus providentially committed to my charge. We had a long passage. On the sixth day, I found that the goods were being moved to come at something which was wanted. My heart seemed to die within me; for the
safety of the sufferer had become dear to me. When we sat down to dinner, the dishes swam before my eyes. The tumbling of the freight had not ceased. I felt that a discovery must take place. At length, I heard sudden, Hallo! Presently, the steward came and whispered the captain, who laid down his knife and fork, and went on deck. One of the passengers followed him, but soon returned in a laughing manner, he told us that a small mulatto boy; who said he belonged to Mr. ----, of Norfolk, had been found among the freight. He had been concealed among the lumber on wharves for two weeks, and had secreted himself in the schooner the night before we sailed. He was going to New York, to find his father, who had escaped two years before. 'He is starved to a skeleton,' said he, 'and is hardly worth taking back.' Many jokes were passed as to the manner of his being renovated, when he should fall into the hands of his master. 

"The unfortunate child was brought on deck, and we all left the cabin to look at him. I stood some time in the companion-way before I could gain strength to move forward. As soon as he discovered me, a bright gleam passed over his countenance, and he instantly held out to me that famished hand. My feelings could no longer be controlled. There stood before me a child, not more than eleven or twelve years of age, of yellow complexion, and a sad countenance. He was nearly naked; his back was seared with scars, and his flesh was wasted to the bone. I burst into tears, and the jeers of others were for a moment changed into sympathies. It began, however, to be suspected that I had brought the boy away; and in that case, the vessel must put back, in order to give me up also. But I related the circumstances, and all seemed satisfied with the truth of my statement."

"I asked to be allowed to feed the boy, and the request was granted. He ate voraciously, and, as I stood beside him, he looked into my face at every mouthful. There was something confiding in his look. When he had finished his meal, as I took the plate, he rubbed his fingers softly on my hand, and leaned his head toward me, like a weary child. O that I could have offered him a place of rest! that I could have comforted and protected him! a helpless child! a feeble, emaciated, suffering, innocent child, reserved for bondage and torture!"

"The captain informed us that the vessel had been forbidden to enter the port with a fugitive slave on board. He must discharge her cargo where she lay, and return, with all possible dispatch, to Norfolk. Accordingly, we came to anchor below the city, and the passengers were sent up in a boat, I said to the captain, 'There is a great ado about a poor helpless child.' He replied, 'The laws must be obeyed.' I could not help exclaiming, 'Is this the land of boasted freedom?' Here was an innocent child treated like a felon; manacled, and sent back to slavery and the lash; deprived of the fostering care which even the brute is allowed to exercise toward its young. The slender boy was seeking the protection of a father. Did humanity aid him? No. Humanity was prevented by the law, which consigns one portion of the people to the control and brutality of the other. Humanity can only
Legislators of Massachusetts! suppose for one moment that poor
abused boy was your own little Johnny or Charley, what would you
say of the law then? Truly, if we have no feeling for the
children of others, we deserve to have our own children reserved
for such a fate; and I sometimes think it is the only lesson
that will teach the North to respect justice and humanity.

It is not long ago, since a free colored man in Baltimore was
betrothed to a young slave of eighteen, nearly white, and very
beautiful. If they married, their children would be slaves, and
he would have no power to protect his handsome wife from any
outrages an unprincipled master, or his sons, might choose to
perpetrate. Therefore, he wisely resolved to marry in a land of
freedom. He placed her in a box, with a few holes in it, small
enough not to attract attention. With tender care, he packed hay
around her, that she might not be bruised when thrown from the
cars with other luggage. The anxiety of the lover was dreadful.
Still more terrible was it, when waiting for her in
Philadelphia, he found that the precious box had not arrived.
They had happened to have an unusual quantity of freight, and
the baggage-master, after turning the box over, in rough,
railroad fashion had concluded to leave it till the next train.
The poor girl was thrown into a most uneasy position, without
the power of changing it. She was nearly suffocated for want of
air; the hay-seed fell into her eyes and nostrils, and it
required almost superhuman efforts to refrain from sneezing or
choking. Added to this was terror lest her absence be
discovered, and the heavy box examined. In that state of mind
and body, she remained more than two hours, in the hot sun on
the railroad platform. At last, the box arrived in Philadelphia,
and the lover and his friends conveyed it to a place of safety
as speedily as possible. Those who were present at the opening,
say it was the most impressive scene they ever witnessed.
Silently, almost breathlessly, they drew out the nails,
effecting to find a corpse. When the cover was lifted, she smiled
faintly in the anxious face of her lover. “O God, she is alive!”
he exclaimed, and broke down in a paroxysm of sobs. She had a
terrible brain fever, and when she recovered from it, her glossy
hair was sprinkled with gray, and the weight of ten years was
added to her youthful face. Thanks to the vigilance and secrecy
of friends, the hounds of the United States, who use the
Constitution for their kennel, did not get a chance to lap the
blood of this poor trembling hare.

Legislators of Massachusetts! suppose this innocent girl had
been your own Mary or Emma, would you not straightway demand
amendment of the Constitution, in no very measured terms? And
if it could not be obtained right speedily, would you not ride
over the Constitution roughshod? If you would not, you do not
deserve to have such blessings as lovely and innocent daughters.
You have all heard of Margaret Garner, who escaped from Kentucky
to Ohio, with her father and mother, her husband and four
children. The Cincinnati papers described her as “a dark
mulatto, twenty-three years of age, of an interesting appearance, considerable intelligence, and a good address.” Her husband was described as “about twenty-two years old, of a very lithe, active form, and rather a mild, pleasant countenance.” These fugitives were sheltered by a colored friend in Ohio. There the hounds in pay of the United States, to which “price of blood” you and I and all of us contribute, ferreted them out, and commanded them to surrender. When they refused to do so, they burst open the door, and assailed the inmates of the house with cudgels and pistols. They defended themselves bravely, but were overpowered by numbers and disarmed. When Margaret perceived that there was no help for her and her little ones, she seized a knife and cut the throat of her most beautiful child. She was about to do the same by the others, when her arm was arrested. The child killed was nearly white, and exceedingly pretty. The others were mulattoes, and pretty also. What history lay behind this difference of complexion, the world will probably never know. But I have talked confidentially with too many fugitive women not to know that very sad histories do lie behind such facts. Margaret Garner knew very well what fate awaited her handsome little daughter, and that nerved her arm to strike the death-blow. It was an act that deserves to take its place in history by the side of the Roman Virginius. The man who claimed this unfortunate family as chattels acknowledged that they had always been faithful servants. On their part, they complained of cruel treatment from their master, as the cause of their attempt to escape. They were carried to the United States Court, under a strong guard, and there was not manhood enough in Cincinnati to rescue them. What was called law decided that they were property, and they were sent back to the dark dungeon of interminable bondage. The mother could not be induced to express any regret for the death of her child,—her “pretty bird,” as she called her. With tears streaming from her eyes, she told of her own toils and sufferings, and said, “It was better they should be killed at once, and end their misery, than to be taken back to slavery, to be murdered by inches.” To a preacher, who asked her, “Why did you not trust in God? Why didn’t you wait and hope?” she answered, “We did wait; and when there seemed to be no hope for us, we run away. God did not appear to help us, and I did the best I could.” These poor wretches were escorted through the streets by a National Guard, the chivalry of the United States. There was not manhood enough in the Queen City of the West to attempt a rescue; though they are very fond of quoting for themselves, “Give me Liberty, or give me Death!” Men satisfied themselves by saying it was all done according to law. A powerful plea, truly, for a people who boast so much of making their own laws! These slaves were soon after sent down the Mississippi to be sold in Arkansas. The boat came in collision with another boat, and many were drowned. The shock threw Margaret overboard, with a baby in her arms. She was too valuable a piece of property to
lose, and they drew her out of the water; but the baby was gone. She evinced no emotion but joy, still saying it was better for her children to die than to be slaves.
The man who could not afford to let this heroic woman own her little ones, was very liberal in supporting the Gospel, and his wife was a member of the church. Do you think that mother had a murderer’s heart? Nay, verily. Exceeding love for her children impelled her to the dreadful deed. The murder was committed by those human hounds, who drove her to that fearful extremity, where she was compelled to choose between Slavery or Death for her innocent offspring.
Again I ask, what would be your judgment of this law, if your own daughter and infant grand-daughter had been its victims? You know very well, that had it been your own case, such despotism, calling itself law, would be swept away in a whirlwind of indignation, and men who strove to enforce it would be obliged to flee the country.
—— “They are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all the race.”

I was lately talking with Friend Whittier, whose poetry so stirs the hearts of the people in favor of freedom and humanity. He told me he thought the greatest pain he ever suffered was in witnessing the arrest of a fugitive slave in Philadelphia. The man had lived there many years; he bore a good character, and was thriving by his industry. He had married a Pennsylvania woman, and they had a fine family of children. In the midst of his prosperity and happiness, the blood-hounds of the United States tracked him out. He was seized and hurried into court. Friend Whittier was present, and heard the agonized entreaties of his wife and children. He saw them clinging to the half frantic husband and father, when the minions of a wicked law tore him away from them for ever. That intelligent, worthy, industrious man was ruthlessly plunged into the deep, dark grave of slavery, where tens of thousands perish yearly, and leave no record of their wrongs. “A German emigrant, who witnessed the scene, poured out such a tornado of curses as I never before heard,” said Whittier; “and I could not blame the man. He came here supposing America to be a free country, and he was bitterly disappointed. Pity for that poor slave and his bereaved family agonized my heart; and my cheeks burned with shame that my country deserved the red-hot curses of that honest German; but stronger than either of those feelings was overpowering indignation that people of the Free States were compelled by law to witness such barbarities.”
Many of you have heard of William and Ellen Crafts, a pious and intelligent couple, who escaped from bondage some years ago. She disguised herself in male attire, and passed for a white gentleman, taking her darker colored husband with her as a servant. When the Fugitive Slave Act went into operation, they received warning that the hounds were on their track. They sought temporary refuge in the house of my noble-hearted friend, Ellis Gray Loring, who then resided in the vicinity of Boston.
He and his family were absent for some days; but a lady in the house invited Mr. Crafts to come in and stay till they returned. “No, I thank you,” he replied. “There is a heavy fine for sheltering fugitives; and it would not be right to subject Mr. Loring to it without his consent.” “But you know he is a true friend to the slaves,” urged the lady. “If he were at home, I am sure he would not hesitate to incur the penalty.” “Because he is such a good friend to my oppressed race, there is all the more reason why I should not implicate him in my affairs, without his knowledge,” replied this nobleman of nature. His wife had slept but little the previous night, having been frightened by dreams of Daniel Webster chasing her husband, pistol in hand. The evening was stormy, and she asked him if they could not remain there till morning. “It would not be right, Ellen,” he replied; and with tears in her eyes, they went forth into the darkness and rain. Was that a man to be treated like a chattel? How many white gentlemen are there, who, in circumstances as perilous, would have manifested such nicety of moral perception, such genuine delicacy of feeling? England has kindly received that worthy and persecuted couple. All who set foot on her soil are free. Would to God it were so in Massachusetts! It is well known that Southerners have repeatedly declared they do not demand fugitives merely to recover articles of property, or for the sake of making an example of them, to inspire terror in other runaways; that they have a still stronger motive, which is, to humiliate the North; to make them feel that no latitude limits their mastership. Have we no honest pride, that we so tamely submit to this? What lethargic disease has fallen on Northern souls, that they dare not be as bold for Freedom as tyrants are for Slavery? It was not thus with our fathers, whose sepulchres we whiten. If old Ben Franklin had stood as near Boston Court House as his statue does, do you believe he would have remained passive, while Sims, the intelligent mechanic, was manacled and driven through the streets, guiltless of any crime, save that of wishing to be free? My belief is that the brave old printer of ’76 would have drawn down the lightning out of heaven upon that procession, with a vengeance. What satisfactory reasons can be alleged for submitting to this degradation? What good excuse can be offered? Shall we resort to the Old Testament argument, that anodyne for the consciences of “South-Side” divines? Suppose the descendants of Ham were ordained to be slaves to the end of time, for an offence committed thousands of years ago, by a progenitor they never heard of. Still, the greatest amount of theological research leaves it very uncertain who the descendants of Ham are, and where they are. I presume you would not consider the title even to one acre of land satisfactorily settled by evidence of such extremely dubious character; how much less, then, a man’s ownership of himself! Then, again, if we admit that Africans are descendants of Ham, what is to be said of thousands of slaves, advertised in Southern newspapers as “passing themselves for white men, or white women”? Runaways with “blue eyes, light
hair, and rosy complexions”? Are these sons and daughters of our Presidents, our Governors, our Senators, our Generals, and our Commodores, descendants of Ham? Are they Africans?
If you turn to the favorite New Testament argument, you will find that Paul requested Philemon to receive Onesimus, “no longer as a servant, but as a brother beloved.” Is that the way Southern masters receive the “fugitives from injustice” whom we drive back to them? Is it the way we expect they will be received? In 1851, the intelligent young mechanic, named Thomas Sims, escaped from a hard master, who gave him many blows and no wages. By his own courage and energy, he succeeded in reaching our Commonwealth, where mechanics are not compelled by law to work without wages. But the authorities of Boston decreed that this man was “bound to such service or labor.” So they ordered out their troops and sent him back to his master, who caused him to be tied up and flogged, till the doctor said, “If you strike another blow, you will kill him.” “Let him die,” replied the master. He did nearly die in prison, but recovered to be sold farther South. Was this being received as “a brother beloved”? Before we send back any more Onesimuses, it is necessary to have a different set of Philemons to deal with. The Scripture is clearly not obeyed, under present circumstances.
If you resort to the alleged legal obligation to return fugitives, it has more plausibility, but has it in reality any firm foundation? Americans boast of making their own laws, and of amending them whenever circumstances render it necessary. How, then, can they excuse themselves, or expect the civilized world to excuse them, for making, or sustaining, unjust and cruel laws? The Fugitive Slave Act has none of the attributes of law. If two highwaymen agreed between themselves to stand by each other in robbing helpless men, women and children, should we not find it hard work to “conquer our prejudices” so far as to dignify their bargain with the name of law? That is the light in which the compact between North and South presents itself to the minds of intelligent slaves, and we should view it in the same way, if we were in their position. Law was established to maintain justice between man and man; and this Act clearly maintains injustice. Law was instituted to protect the weak from the strong; this Act delivers the weak completely into the arbitrary power of the strong, “Law is a rule of conduct, prescribed by the supreme power, commanding what is right, and forbidding what is wrong.” This is the commonly received definition of law, and obviously, none more correct could be substituted for it. The application of it would at once annul the Fugitive Slave Act, and abolish slavery. That Act reverses the maxim. It commands what is wrong, and forbids what is right. It commands us to trample on the weak and defenceless, to persecute the oppressed, to be accomplices in defrauding honest laborers of their wages. It forbids us to shelter the homeless, to protect abused innocence, to feed the hungry, to “hide the outcast.” Let theological casuists argue as they will, Christian hearts will shrink from thinking of Jesus as surrendering a
fugitive slave; or of any of his apostles, unless it be Judas. Political casuists may exercise their skill in making the worse appear the better reason, still all honest minds have an intuitive perception that no human enactment which violates God’s laws is worthy of respect. By what law of God can we justify the treatment of Margaret Garner? the surrender of Sims and Burns? the pitiless persecution of that poor little “famished hand”?

There is another consideration, which ought alone to have sufficient weight with us to deter us from attempting to carry out this tyrannical enactment. All history, and all experience, show it to be an immutable law of God, that whosoever injures another, injures himself in the process. These frequent scuffles between despotism and freedom, with despotism shielded by law, cannot otherwise than demoralize our people. They unsettle the popular mind concerning eternal principles of justice. They harden the heart by familiarity with violence. They accustom people to the idea that it is right for Capital to own Labor; and thus the reverence for Liberty, which we inherited from our fathers, will gradually die out in the souls of our children. We are compelled to disobey our own consciences, and repress all our humane feelings, or else to disobey the law. It is a grievous wrong done to the people to place them between these alternatives. The inevitable result is to destroy the sanctity of law. The doctrine that “might makes right,” which our rulers consent to teach the people, in order to pacify slaveholders, will come out in unexpected forms to disturb our own peace and safety. There is “even-handed justice” in the fact that men cannot aid in enslaving others, and themselves remain free; that they cannot assist in robbing others, without endangering their own security.

Moreover, there is wrong done, even to the humblest individual, when he is compelled to be ashamed of his country. When the judge passed under chains into Boston Court House, and when Anthony Burns was sent back into slavery, I wept for my native State, as a daughter weeps for the crimes of a beloved mother. It seemed to me that I would gladly have died to have saved Massachusetts from that sin and that shame. The tears of a secluded woman, who has no vote to give, may appear to you of little consequence. But assuredly it is not well with any Commonwealth, when her daughters weep over her degeneracy and disgrace.

In the name of oppressed humanity, of violated religion, of desecrated law, of tarnished honor, of our own freedom endangered, of the moral sense of our people degraded by these evil influences, I respectfully, but most urgently, entreat you to annul this infamous enactment, so far as the jurisdiction of Massachusetts extends. Our old Commonwealth has been first and foremost in many good works; let her lead in this also. And deem it not presumptuous, if I ask it likewise for my own sake. I am a humble member of the community; but I am deeply interested in the welfare and reputation of my native State, and that gives me some claim to be heard. I am growing old; and on this great
question of equal rights I have toiled for years, sometimes with a heart sickened by "hope deferred." I beseech you to let me die on Free Soil! Grant me the satisfaction of saying, ere I go hence—

"Slaves cannot breathe among us. If their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free!
They touch our country, and their shackles fall!"

If you cannot be induced to reform this great wickedness, for the sake of outraged justice and humanity, then do it for the honor of the State, for the political welfare of our own people, for the moral character of our posterity. For, as sure as there is a Righteous Ruler in the heavens, if you continue to be accomplices in violence and fraud, God will not "save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

L. MARIA CHILD.

APPEAL TO THE CONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE ACT.

The Hon. Robert Rantoul, Hon. Horace Mann, Hon. Charles Sumner, and other able men, have argued against the Constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Bill, proving it to be not only contrary to the spirit and meaning of the Constitution, but also to be unauthorized by the letter of that document. That this nefarious Bill is contrary to the spirit and intention of the Constitution is shown by the published opinions of those who framed it; by the debates at the time of its adoption; and by its Preamble, which sets forth that it was ordained to "establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty." The arguments adduced to prove that this bill is unauthorized by the letter of the Constitution, I will endeavor to compress into a few words.

Article 10 of the Amendments to the Constitution expressly provides that

"Powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

Article 4 of the Constitution contains four compacts. The first is:

"Full faith and credit shall be given in each of the States to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other State. And the Congress may, by general laws, prescribe the manner in which such acts, records and proceedings shall be proved, and the effect thereof."

Here, power is expressly delegated by the Constitution to the United States.

The second compact is:

"The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States."

Under this provision, an attempt was made to obtain some action of Congress for the protection of colored seamen in slaveholding
ports; but it was decided that Congress had no power to act on the subject, because the Constitution had not delegated any power to the United States in the clause referred to. Slaveholders are very strict in adherence to the Constitution, whenever any question of protection to colored people is involved in their decisions; but for purposes of oppression, they have no scruples. They reverse the principle of Common Law, that "in any question under the Constitution, every word is to be construed in favor of liberty."

The third compact is:

"A person charged in any State with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice, or be found in another State, shall, on demand of the Executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime."

It has never been pretended that Congress has any power to act in such cases. There is no clause delegating any power to the United States; consequently, all proceedings on the subject have been left to the several States.

The fourth compact is:

"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

If the framers of the Constitution had meant that Congress should have power to pass a law for delivering up fugitives "held to service or labor," they would have inserted a clause delegating such power, as they did in the compact concerning "public acts and records." The Constitution does not delegate any such power to the United States. Consequently, Congress had no constitutional right to pass the Fugitive Slave Bill, and the States are under no constitutional obligation to obey it.

The Hon. Horace Mann, one of Massachusetts’ most honored sons, in his able speech on this subject in Congress, 1851, said:—

"In view of the great principles of civil liberty, out of which the Constitution grew, and which it was designed to secure, my own opinion is that this law cannot be fairly and legitimately supported on constitutional grounds. Having formed this opinion with careful deliberation, I am bound to speak from it and to act from it. I have read every argument and every article in defence of the law, from whatever source emanating. Nay, I have been more anxious to read the arguments made in its favor, than the arguments against it; and I think I have seen a sound legal answer to all the former."

* * *

"It is a law that might be held constitutional by a bench of slaveholders, whose pecuniary interests connect them directly
with slavery; or by those who have surrendered themselves to a pro-slavery policy from political hopes. But if we gather the opinions of unbiassed and disinterested men, of those who have no money to make, and no office to hope for, through the triumph of this law, then I think the preponderance of opinion is decidedly against its constitutionality. It is a fact universally known, that gentlemen who have occupied and adorned the highest judicial stations in their respective States, together with many of the ablest lawyers in the whole country, have expressed opinions against the constitutionality of this law."

* * *

“When I am called upon to support such a law as this, while it lasts, or to desist from opposing it in all constitutional ways, my response is, Repeal the law! that I may no longer be called upon to support it. I demand it, because it is a law which conflicts with the Constitution of the country, and with all the judicial interpretations of that Constitution, wherever they have been applied to the white race. Because it is a law abhorrent to the moral and religious sentiments of a vast majority of the community called upon to enforce it. Because it is a law which, if executed in the Free States, divests them of the character of Free States, and makes them voluntary participants in the guilt of slaveholding. Because it is a law which disgraces our country in the eyes of the whole civilized world, and gives plausible occasion to the votaries of despotic power to decry republican institutions. Because it is a law which forbids us to do unto others as we would have them do unto us, and which makes it a crime to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to visit and succor the sick and imprisoned. Because it is a law which renders the precepts of the Gospel and the teachings of Jesus Christ seditious; and were the Savior and his band of disciples now on earth, there is but one of them who would escape its penalties by pretending to ‘conquer his prejudices.’"

* * *

“Suppose the whole body of the white population should be as much endangered by this law, as the colored people now are, would the existence of the law be tolerated for an hour? Would there not be a simultaneous and universal uprising of the people against it, and such a yell of execration as never before burst from mortal lips?”
The Hon. Charles Sumner, always true to the right, as the needle to the pole, in his learned and able speech in Congress, 1852, said:— “The true principles of our political system, the history of the National Convention, the natural interpretation of the Constitution, all teach that this Act is a usurpation by Congress of powers that do not belong to it, and an infraction
of rights secured to the States. It is a sword, whose handle is at the National Capital, and whose point is everywhere in the States. A weapon so terrible to personal liberty the nation has no power to grasp." * * * "In the name of the Constitution, which it violates; of my country, which it dishonors; of humanity, which it degrades; of Christianity, which it offends, I arraign this enactment, and now hold it up to the judgment of the Senate and the world." * * * *

"The Slave Act violates the Constitution, and shocks the public conscience. With modesty, and yet with firmness, let me add, it offends against the Divine Law. No such enactment can be entitled to support. As the throne of God is above every earthly throne, so are his laws and statutes above all the laws and statutes of man. To question these, is to question God himself. But to assume that human laws are above question, is to claim for their fallible authors infallibility. To assume that they are always in conformity with those of God, is presumptuously and impiously to exalt man to an equality with God. Clearly, human laws are not always in such conformity; nor can they ever be beyond question from each individual. Where the conflict is open, as if Congress should demand the perpetration of murder, the office of conscience, as final arbiter, is undisputed. But in every conflict, the same queenly office is hers. By no earthly power can she be dethroned. Each person, after anxious examination, without haste, without passion, solemnly for himself must decide this great controversy. Any other rule attributes infallibility to human laws, places them beyond question, and degrades all men to an unthinking, passive obedience. The mandates of an earthly power are to be discussed; those of Heaven must at once be performed; nor can any agreement constrain us against God. Such is the rule of morals. And now the rule is commended to us. The good citizen, as he thinks of the shivering fugitive, guilty of no crime, pursued, hunted down like a beast, while praying for Christian help and deliverance, and as he reads the requirements of this Act, is filled with horror. Here is a despotic mandate, 'to aid and assist in the prompt and efficient execution of this law.' Let me speak frankly. Not rashly would I set myself against any provision of law. This grave responsibility I would not lightly assume. But here the path of duty is clear. By the Supreme Law, which commands me to do no injustice; by the comprehensive Christian Law of Brotherhood; by the Constitution, which I have sworn to support, I am bound to disobey this Act. Never, in any capacity, can I render voluntary aid in its execution. Pains and penalties I will endure; but this great wrong I will not do."

* * *

"For the sake of peace and tranquillity, cease to shock the public conscience! For the sake of the Constitution, cease to exercise a power which is nowhere granted, and which violates
inviolable rights expressly secured. Repeal this enactment! Let its terrors no longer rage through the land. Mindful of the lowly, whom it pursues; mindful of the good men perplexed by its requirements; in the name of charity, in the name of the Constitution, repeal this enactment, totally, and without delay! Be admonished by these words of Oriental piety: ‘Beware of the groans of the wounded souls. Oppress not to the utmost a single heart; for a solitary sigh has power to overset a whole world.’

Robert Rantoul, Jr., whose large heart was so true to Democratic principles, that the party wanted to expel him from their ranks, (as parties are prone to do with honest men,) opposed the Fugitive Slave Bill with all the power of his strong intellect. In a speech delivered in 1851, he said: "I am as devotedly attached as any other man to the Union of these States, and the Constitution of our government; but I admire and love them for that which they secure to us. The Constitution is good, and great, and valuable, and to be held for ever sacred, because it secures to us what was the object of the Constitution. I love the Union and the Constitution, not for themselves, but for the great end for which they were created—to secure and perpetuate liberty; not the liberty of a class, superimposed upon the thralldom of groaning multitudes: not the liberty of a ruling race, cemented by the tears and blood of subject races, but human liberty, perfect liberty, common to the whole people of the United States and to their posterity. It is because I believe all this, that I love the Union and the Constitution. If it were not for that, the Union would be valueless, and the Constitution not worth the parchment on which it is written. God-given Liberty is above the Union, and above the Constitution, and above all the works of man."

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TESTIMONIES AGAINST THE FUGITIVE SLAVE ACT.

The Hon. Josiah Quincy, senior, whose integrity, noble intellect, and long experience in public life, give great weight to his opinions, made a speech at a Whig Convention in Boston, 1854, from which I extract the following:— "The circumstances in which the people of Massachusetts are placed are undeniably insupportable. What has been seen, what has been felt, by every man, woman and child in this metropolis, and in this community? and virtually by every man, woman and child in Massachusetts? We have seen our Court House in chains, two battalions of dragoons, eight regiments of artillery, twelve companies of infantry, the whole constabulary force of the city police, the entire disposable marine of the United States, with its artillery loaded for action, all marching in support of a Praetorian Band, consisting of one hundred and twenty friends and associates of the U.S. Marshal, with loaded pistols and drawn swords, and in military costume and array; and for what purpose? To escort and conduct a poor trembling slave from a Boston Court House to the fetters and lash of his master!"
"This scene, thus awful, thus detestable, every inhabitant of this metropolis, nay, every inhabitant of this Commonwealth, may be compelled again to witness, at any time, and every day in the year, at the will or the whim of the meanest and basest slaveholder of the South. Is there a man in Massachusetts with a spirit so low, so debased, so corrupted by his fears, or his fortune, that he is prepared to say this is a condition of things to be endured in perpetuity by us? and that this is an inheritance to be transmitted by us to our children, for all generations? For so long as the fugitive-slave clause remains in the Constitution, unobliterated, it is an obligation perpetual upon them, as well as upon us.

"The obligation incumbent upon the Free States must be obliterated from the Constitution, at every hazard. I believe that, in the nature of things, by the law of God, and the laws of man, that clause is at this moment abrogated, so far as respects common obligation. In 1789, the Free States agreed to be field-drivers and pound-keepers for the Slaveholding States, within the limits, and according to the fences, of the old United States. But between that year and this A.D. 1854, the slaveholders have broken down the old boundaries, and opened new fields, of an unknown and indefinite extent. They have multiplied their slaves by millions, and are every day increasing their numbers, and extending their field into the wilderness. Under these circumstances, are we bound to be their field-drivers and pound-keepers any longer? Answer me, people of Massachusetts! Are you the sons of the men of 1776? Or do you 'lack gall, to make oppression bitter?'

"I have pointed out your burden. I have shown you that it is insupportable. I shall be asked how we are to get rid of it. It is not for a private individual to point the path which a State is to pursue, to cast off an insupportable burden; it belongs to the constituted authorities of that State. But this I will say, that if the people of Massachusetts solemnly adopt, as one man, in the spirit of their fathers, the resolve that they will no longer submit to this burden, and will call upon the Free States to concur in this resolution, and carry it into effect, the burden will be cast off; the fugitive-slave clause will be obliterated, not only without the dissolution of the Union, but with a newly-acquired strength to the Union."

In the spring of 1860, there was a debate on this subject in the Legislature of New York. In the course of it, Mr. Smith, of Chatauqua, said: — "How came slavery in this country? It came here without law; in violation of all law. It came here by force and violence; by the force of might over right; and it remains here to-day by no better title. And now we are called upon, by the ruling power at Washington, not merely to tolerate it, but to legalize it all over the United States! By the Fugitive Slave Bill, we are forbidden to shelter or assist the forlornest stranger who ever appealed for sympathy or aid. We are required by absolute law to shut out every feeling of compassion for

22. The Hon. Josiah Quincy, while in Congress, always opposed the annexation of foreign territory to the United States, on the ground of its unconstitutionality.
suffering humanity. Fines and imprisonment impend over us, for exercising one of the holiest charities of our religion. Virtue and humanity are legislated into crime. Let us meet the issue like men! Let us assert our utter abhorrence of all human laws, that compel us to violate the common law of humanity and justice; and by so acting assert the broad principles of the Declaration of American Independence, and the letter and spirit of the Constitution. If the North was as devoted to the cause of Freedom as the South is to Slavery, our national troubles would vanish like darkness before the sun. Our country would then become what it should be,—free, happy, prosperous, and respected by all the world. Then we could say, truthfully, that she is the home of the free, the land of the brave, the asylum of the oppressed."

In the same debate, Mr. Maxson, of Allegheny, said:— "All laws, whether Constitutions or statutes, that invade human rights, are null. A community has no more power to strike down the rights of man by Constitutions, than by any other means. Do those who give us awfully solemn lessons about the inviolability of compacts, mean that one man is bound to rob another because he has agreed to? In this age of schools, of churches and of Bibles, do they mean to teach us that an agreement to rob men of their rights, in whatever solemn form that agreement may be written out, is binding? Has the morality of the nineteenth century culminated in this, that a mere compact can convert vice into virtue? These advocates of the rightfulness of robbery, because it has been agreed to, and that agreement has been written down, have come too late upon the stage, by more than two hundred years. Where does the proud Empire State wish to be recorded in that great history, which is being so rapidly filled out with the records of this "irrepressible conflict"? For myself, a humble citizen of the State, I ask no prouder record for her than that, in the year 1860, she enacted that the moment a man sets foot on her soil, he is free, against the world!"

Wendell Phillips, one of earth’s bravest and best, made a speech at Worcester, 1851, from which I make the following extract:— "Mr. Mann, Mr. Giddings, and other leaders of the Free Soil party, are ready to go to the death against the Fugitive Slave Law. It never should be enforced, they say. It robs men of the jury trial, it robs them of habeas corpus, and forty other things. This is a very good position. But how much comfort would it have been to Ellen Crafts, if she had been sent back to Macon, to know that it had been done with a scrupulous observance of all the forms of habeas corpus and jury trial? When she got back, some excellent friend might have said to her, 'My dear Ellen, you had the blessed privilege of habeas corpus and jury trial. What are you grieving about? You were sent back according to law and the Constitution. What could you want more?' From the statements of our Free Soil friends, you would suppose that the habeas corpus was the great safeguard of a slave’s freedom; that it covered him as with an angel’s wing. But suppose habeas corpus and jury trial granted, what then? Is any man to be even so surrendered, with our consent? No slave shall be sent back—
except by *habeas corpus*. Stop half short of that! No slave shall be sent back!"

Rev. A.D. Mayo, of Albany, is one of those clergymen who believe that a religious teacher has something to do with questions affecting public morality; and his preaching is eloquent, because he is fearlessly obedient to his own convictions. In a Sermon on the Fugitive Slave Bill, he said:— "Remember that despotism has no natural rights on earth that any man is bound to respect. I know there is no political party, no Christian sect, no Northern State, as a whole, yet fully up to this. But the Christian sentiment of the country will finally bring us all to the same conclusion."

**NO SLAVE HUNT IN OUR BORDERS!**

What asks the Old Dominion? If now her sons have proved False to their fathers’ memory, false to the faith they loved; If *she* can scoff at Freedom, and its Great Charter spurn, Must we of Massachusetts from truth and duty turn? We hunt your bondmen, flying from Slavery’s hateful hell? Our voices, at your bidding, take up the blood-hound’s yell? We gather, at your summons, above our fathers’ graves, From Freedom’s holy altar-horns to tear your wretched slaves? Thank God! not yet so vilely can Massachusetts bow, The spirit of her early time is with her even now. Dream not, because her Pilgrim blood moves slow, and calm, and cool, She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister’s slave and tool! For ourselves and for our children, the vow which we have given For Freedom and Humanity, is registered in Heaven. No slave-hunt in our borders! No pirate on our strand! No fetters in the Bay State! No slave upon our land!  

*J.G. WHITTIER.*

**THE HIGHER LAW.**

Man was not made for forms, but forms for man; And there are times when Law itself must bend To that clear spirit, that hath still outrun The speed of human justice. In the end, Potentates, not Humanity, must fall. Water will find its level; fire will burn; The winds must blow around this earthly ball; This earthly ball by day and night must turn. Freedom is typed in every element. Man must be free! If not through law, why then Above the law! until its force be spent, And justice brings a better. When, O, when, Father of Light! shall the great reckoning come, To lift the weak, and strike the oppressor dumb?  

*C.P. CRANCH.*

**ON THE SURRENDER OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE.**

Look on who will in apathy, and stifle, they who *can,* The sympathies, the hopes, the words, that make man truly man; Let those whose hearts are dungeoned up, with interest or with ease, Consent to hear, with quiet pulse, of loathsome deeds like these. I first drew in New England’s air, and from her hardy breast Sucked in the tyrant-hating milk, that will not let me rest; And if my words seem treason to the dullard and the tame,
'Tis but my Bay State dialect — our fathers spake the same. 
Shame on the costly mockery of piling stone on stone 
To those who won our liberty! the heroes dead and gone! 
While we look coldly on and see law-shielded ruffians slay 
The men who fain would win their own! the heroes of to-day! 
Are we pledged to craven silence? O, fling it to the wind, 
The parchment wall that bars us from the least of human kind! 
That makes us cringe, and temporize, and dumbly stand at rest, 
While Pity’s burning flood of words is red-hot in the breast! 
We owe allegiance to the State; but deeper, truer, more, 
To the sympathies that God hath set within our spirit’s core. 
Our country claims our fealty; we grant it so; but then 
Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men! 
Though we break our fathers’ promise, we have nobler duties first, 
The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accurst. 
Man is more than Constitutions. Better rot beneath the sod, 
Than be true to Church and State, while we are doubly false to God!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought
Which well might shame extremest hell?
Shall freemen lock the indignant thought?

Shall Pity’s bosom cease to swell?
Shall Honor bleed? Shall Truth succumb?
Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb?
What! shall we guard our neighbor still.

While woman shrieks beneath his rod, 
And while he tramples down, at will,

The image of a common God?
Shall watch and ward be round him set
Of Northern nerve and bayonet?
And shall we know, and share with him,

The danger and the growing shame?
And see our Freedom’s light grow dim,

Which should have filled the world with flame?
And, writhing, feel, where’er we turn,
A world’s reproach around us burn?
No! By each spot of haunted ground,

Where Freedom weeps her children’s fall;
By Plymouth’s rock, and Bunker’s mound;

By Griswold’s stained and shattered wall;
By Warren’s ghost; by Langdon’s shade;
By all the memories of our dead;
By their enlarging souls, which burst

The bands and fetters round them set;
By the free Pilgrim spirit, nursed

Within our bosoms yet;
By all above, around, below,
Be ours the indignant answer — NO!

J. G. WHITTIER.
April: Early in this month, *Lydia Maria Child’s* tract *The Patriarchal Institution, as Described by Members of its Own Family and The Right Way, the Safe Way, Proved by Emancipation in the British West Indies* was printed and ready for distribution. She mailed off the first 1,000 copies to every Southerner whose name and address she could ascertain, as well as all the members of the US Congress, and to every governor and judge listed in the *American Almanac*.

Completing work that began in April 1850, *Henry Thoreau* surveyed land on Lexington Road for John B. Moore. This was the site of the home of Dr. Prescott of Revolutionary War fame. Moore was purchasing and draining swampland for farming. The February 1853 survey shows land sold to Ephraim Wales Bull, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bronson Alcott, and Charles B. Davis. The land stretched over the hill to Bedford Road and as far east as the Merriam land on the Old Bedford Road. (The entire parcel would be sold at auction on May 10th.)

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

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

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

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

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/94b.htm

Thoreau testified for one last day in court in Boston, during this month, in the continuing case of his aunts *Aunt Maria Thoreau* and *Aunt Jane Thoreau* vs. the spite fence that had been erected by Eliza Pallies.23

23. This case had been before the court since June 1858.
July or August: Harriet Ann Jacobs, who had escaped from slavery in 1842, approached Lydia Maria Child to discuss the possibilities of publication of her manuscript INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A SLAVE GIRL. Lydia agreed to edit the work and was instrumental in securing a publication contract from Thayer & Eldridge. Jacobs and Child began a friendship that would endure for the rest of their lives. (This publisher, however, folded.)

Winter: The Massachusetts legislature granted land on Berkeley Street, between Boylston Street and Newbury Street, to the Boston Society of Natural History, which had for some time been located on Mason Street, for the construction of a 3-story brick museum.

Residing now in Massachusetts, first in Medford, Lydia Maria Child indulged again in the Boston-area activism, and expressed that “When there is anti-slavery work to be done, I feel as young as twenty.” She would relocate from Medford to Wayland and, at the outbreak of war, begin to accumulate supplies for “contrabands,” southern slaves who would manage to make their way across the war zone and behind Union lines. She began compilation of her FREEDMEN’S BOOK, which was to be a reading primer for these former slaves.
December 3, Monday: Wendell Phillips and Frederick Douglass, among others, orated at the Tremont Temple in Boston, in a meeting chaired by James Redpath and billed as a memorial for John Brown, and there was an invasion by a group of rowdy gentlemen. They took over the platform. The Boston police, out of sympathy for these indignant gentlemen, closed the meeting and emptied the hall. The abolitionists simply moved down into the Negro Church on Joy Street. One account of the evening has it that Lydia Maria Child clapped so hard during a speech by Phillips on the topic of freedom of speech that she broke her wedding band. (A week later, Douglass would orate on freedom of speech at the Boston Music Hall.) As on other occasions, Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, who was exceedingly tall and thus could look over the heads of the people in a crowd, was armed and was acting as Phillips's bodyguard. In the issue of December 15th there would appear in Harper's Weekly: A Journal of Civilization of New-York, an illustration of the breaking up of the meeting, engraved by Winslow Homer, entitled: “EXPULSION OF NEGROES AND ABOLITIONISTS FROM TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON,
Massachusetts on December 3, 1860:

Refer to Journal 14:291-2 for an account of a conversation Henry Thoreau had on this evening, defending John Brown against Joel W. Walcott’s and Sam Staples’s charge that he “did wrong” by dying. Henry Thoreau was chilled in Hill, Massachusetts while counting the rings of a hickory stump. –He found that the tree had been sixteen inches in diameter at twelve feet above the ground, and had “112 rings distinct, the first 50 within five and three quarters inches.”

On this day President James Buchanan was delivering his annual message to the federal Congress:

It is with great satisfaction I communicate the fact that since the date of my last annual message not a single slave has been imported into the United States in violation of the laws prohibiting the African slave trade. This statement is founded upon a thorough examination and investigation of the subject. Indeed, the spirit which prevailed some time since among a portion of our fellow-citizens in favor of this trade seems to have entirely subsided” (Senate Executive Document, 36th Congress, 2d session, I, No. 1, page 24).

Thoreau was being written to by Hobart & Robbins in Boston:

Mr. Henry D. Thoreau Concord, N.H.
Dr. Sir
Enclosed are Nine Dollars, to pay our order of the 26th.
Return the enclosed bill receipted.

Yr’s Resp’y
When *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl* appeared in the bookstores in this year at the encouragement of Friend Amy Post, it was written by Harriet Jacobs, using the pseudonym Linda Brent, and then merely "edited" by Lydia Maria Child.

(*Incidents* has sometimes been presumed to be something of a novel by Child, more or less in the genre of *The Autobiography of a Female Slave* which had been published four years earlier by a free white Southern woman author, Mattie Griffiths.)

A literature so diffuse obviously varies widely in style, purpose, and competence. Some books are works of enduring value from a literary as well as a "protest" perspective. The autobiographies of Frederick Douglass, Henry Bibb, and Solomon Northup fuse imaginative style with keenness of insight. They are penetrating and self-critical, superior autobiography by any standards. The quality of mind and spirit of their authors is apparent.... The majority of slave narratives, like most autobiographies, are more parochial and weaker in literary quality. Many are confused.... The very shortcomings of their books as literature in part testify to their authenticity as historical sources. The style of their books is a product of their schooling. A number of slave narratives are of such doubtful validity that they may be shelved at the start. When the authenticity of a "memoir," *The Narrative of James Williams* (1838), dictated by one black man to the Quaker poet John Greenleaf Whittier, was questioned, Williams was nowhere to be found. The book was withdrawn from publication. James Williams seems to have been a free Negro who culled stories from neighbors and invented others for a little ready cash. The antislavery press is full of warnings against such bogus fugitives. Two other books, *The Slave: Or the Memoirs of Archie Moore* (1836) and *The Autobiography of a Female Slave* (1856), were works of antislavery fiction. The first was written by the American historian Richard Hildreth; the second was composed by Mattie Griffith, the white daughter of a Kentucky slaveholder. Such potential hoaxes led to careful investigation of the stories fugitives wrote for publication. Narrators were subjected to detailed questioning by committees of knowledgeable people; letters were written to former masters and neighbors for corroboration. A tale so
seemingly improbable as the life of Henry Bibb led to an extensive correspondence with white Southerners, all of whom verified Bibb’s account — the improbable was the real. Solomon Northup’s fantastic experiences were verified by a basketful of legal documents. Because few slaves were literate enough to write their names, much less their autobiographies, and were thus forced to rely on amanuenses, usually abolitionists, scholars have rightly wondered where the slave’s experience began and that of the antislavery recorder left off. Some have maintained that the typical slave narrative is so doctored that all are suspect as sources. Ulrich B. Phillips, for example, believed that such narratives “were issued with so much abolitionist editing that as a class their authenticity is doubtful.”

To recuperate Harriet Jacobs’s work from doubt as to white authorship has required an elaborate scholarly apparatus created by Jean Fagan Yellin, inclusive of holographs of Jacobs’s correspondence.

Per the memoirs of Samuel M. Janney, late of Lincoln, Loudoun County, Virginia, a minister in the Society of Friends, 1st Edition, Philadelphia PA: Friends Book Association, 1881, pages 191-3, on events in the life of Friend Samuel Mcpherson Janney on his return from the 1861 Yearly Meeting in Baltimore:

On the following day, while we were at dinner, the soldiers came from me and conducted me to Leesburg, nine miles distant, where General Evans, of the Southern army, had his headquarters. I was taken before him just after nightfall, and the following dialogue ensued:
Gen. Evans. - “When did you come from Maryland?”
S.M.J. - “Yesterday.”
Gen. Evans. - “What did you go for?”
S.M.J. - “To attend Friends’ Yearly meeting.”
Gen. Evans. - Don’t you know that your first duty is to your country?”
S.M.J. - “No; my first duty is to God.”
Gen Evans (after a pause). - “Yes; but your second duty is to your country.”
S.M.J. - “I do not know that I have violated any law of my country.”
Gen. Evans.– “If you have not violated any law of your country, you have transgressed a military order. Why did you not apply for a permit to pass our lines?”
S.M.J. - “Because I was pretty sure I could not obtain one.”
After some other remarks, the General said: “You may go to the hotel, and I will see you in the morning.”
I went accordingly, and found the hotel crowded and dirty; but I was thankful that I was not sent to jail, as I had expected to


25. Two early articles describing the research project, one in 1981 and the other in 1985, but the 1987 reprint edition of Harriet Jacobs by Yellin is now the definitive source. (Although the full text is to be found in Henry Louis Gates, Jr.’s THE CLASSIC SLAVE NARRATIVES, he has omitted the extensive notes.)
me. Next morning I called on the General soon after breakfast, and found him in a better humor than he had been the night before. He said: "I have received a letter from Mrs. Lee, saying that you have been very kind to our sick soldiers." The person alluded to was the widow of Dr. Lee, whose daughter Orra had been one of my pupils. She was one of the managers of the hospital at Leesburg, and at her request I had, some time before, taken a load of bread and vegetables, contributed by our Friends [note SMJ uses a capital "F" to indicate members of the Society of Friends], for the relief of the sick. On being informed of my arrest, she had immediately interceded for my release."

[After a couple of days, SMJ and another man arrested on the same grounds as Janney are released on agreeing to return on two days notice if called.] "... We returned to our homes, and were never required to re-appear. This result was not unexpected; for we considered the bond required of us merely a pretext to get rid of us, without seeming to acknowledge that we were blameless."

[SMJ’s memoirs go on to describe various arrests of Friends, confiscation and/or destruction of property by both sides; the following passage (pages 208-9) seems to have been written during the war, following a comment that he could often hear cannon fire of battles.]

"Often have my prayers been put up to the Ruler of the Universe, - the Author of all good- that He would be pleased, in His own good time, to cause the raging storm of war to cease, and to breathe upon the hearts of those engaged in it, causing them to relinquish the bloody strife, and to unite once more in the peaceable maintenance of our excellent civil government.

"I have long been satisfied that nearly all our National troubles have sprung from the oppression of our fellow-creatures, and the calamities that have come upon the slaveholding states may be considered a just retribution for transgression.

"The system of slavery, as it has existed here, degrades the slave and corrupts the master. It has engendered, in the dominant race, a degree of arrogance and priced that induced them to spurn the restraints of law, and, moreover, it has produced habits of idleness and dissipation, ruinous to the estates and the morals of many. During nearly forty years past I have found it my duty to bear testimony against this enormous evil, both with my voice and the pen, and every year I live confirms the abhorrence of it. I may acknowledge, however, that during a few years immediately preceding the rebellion, I found fewer opportunities to urge the claims of the down-trodden slave to the rights of humanity.

"Those who supported the system had grown callous and reckless; blinded by their supposed interests, and misled by their clergy, they rushed forward to destruction."
Incidents in the Life
of a Slave Girl

WRITTEN BY HERSELF

“Northerners know nothing at all about Slavery. They think it is perpetual
bondage only. They have no conception of the depth of degradation involved
in that word, SLAVERY; if they had, they would never cease their efforts until
so horrible a system was overthrown.”

A WOMAN OF NORTH CAROLINA.

“Rise up, ye women that are at ease! Hear my voice, ye careless daughters!
Give ear unto my speech.”

ISAIAH xxxii. 9.

EDITED BY L. MARIA CHILD
BOSTON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR
1861.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by L. MARIA CHILD. In the Clerk's
Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR

READER, be assured this narrative is no fiction. I am aware that some of my adventures may
seem incredible; but they are, nevertheless, strictly true. I have not exaggerated the wrongs
inflicted by Slavery; on the contrary, my descriptions fall far short of the facts. I have concealed
the names of places, and given persons fictitious names. I had no motive for secrecy on my own
account, but I deemed it kind and considerate towards others to pursue this course.

I wish I were more competent to the task I have undertaken. But I trust my readers will excuse
deficiencies in consideration of circumstances. I was born and reared in Slavery; and I remained
in a Slave State twenty-seven Years. Since I have been at the North, it has been necessary for me
to work diligently for my own support, and the education of my children. This has not left me
much leisure to make up for the loss of early opportunities to improve myself; and it has com-
pelled me to write these pages at irregular intervals, whenever I could snatch an hour from house-
hold duties. When I first arrived in Philadelphia, Bishop Paine advised me to publish a sketch of
my life, but I told him I was altogether incompetent to such an undertaking. Though I have
improved my mind somewhat since that time, I still remain of the same opinion; but I trust my
motives will excuse what might otherwise seem presumptuous. I have not written my experiences in order to attract attention to myself; on the contrary, it would have been more pleasant to me to have been silent about my own history. Neither do I care to excite sympathy for my own sufferings. But I do earnestly desire to arouse the women of the North a realizing sense of the condition of two millions of women at the South, still in bondage, suffering what I suffered, and most of them far worse. I want to add my testimony to that of abler pens to convince the people of the Free States what Slavery really is. Only by experience can any one realize how deep, and dark, and foul is that pit of abominations. May the blessing of God rest on this imperfect effort in behalf of my persecuted people!

LINDA BRENT

INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITOR

THE author of the following autobiography is personally known to me, and her conversation and manners inspire me with confidence. During the last seventeen years, she has lived the greater part of the time with a distinguished family in New York, and has so deported herself as to be highly esteemed by them. This fact is sufficient, without further credentials of her character. I believe those who know her will not be disposed to doubt her veracity, though some incidents in her story are more romantic than fiction.

At her request, I have revised her manuscript; but such changes as I have made have been mainly for purposes of condensation and orderly arrangement. I have not added any thing to the incidents, or changed the import of her very pertinent remarks. With trifling exceptions, both the ideas and the language are her own. I pruned excrescences a little, but otherwise I had no reason for changing her lively and dramatic way of telling her own story. The names of both persons and places are known to me; but for good reasons I suppress them.

It will naturally excite surprise that a woman reared in Slavery should be able to write so well. But circumstances will explain this. In the first place, nature endowed her with quick perceptions. Secondly, the mistress, with whom she lived till she was twelve years old, was a kind, considerate friend, who taught her to read and spell. Thirdly, she was placed in favorable circumstances after she came to the North; having frequent intercourse with intelligent persons, who felt a friendly interest in her welfare, and were disposed to give her opportunities for self-improvement.

I am well aware that many will accuse me of indecorum for presenting these pages to the public; for the experiences of this intelligent and much-injured woman belong to a class which some call delicate subjects, and others indelicate. This peculiar phase of Slavery has generally been kept veiled; but the public ought to be made acquainted with its monstrous features, and I willingly take the responsibility of presenting them with the veil withdrawn. I do this for the sake of my sisters in bondage, who are suffering wrongs so foul, that our ears are too delicate to listen to them. I
do it with the hope of arousing conscientious and reflecting women at the North to a sense of their
duty in the exertion of moral influence on the question of Slavery, on all possible occasions. I do
it with the hope that every man who reads this narrative will swear solemnly before God that, so
far as he has power to prevent it, no fugitive from Slavery shall ever be sent back to suffer in that
loathsome den of corruption and cruelty.

L. MARIA CHILD

July: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to William Cutler: Public Enemy; higher law than slavery; free institutions/
labor; problem of masters; laissez faire on social equality; English and Hindoos.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK

September 6, Saturday: 1st issue of the Reverend Moncure Daniel Conway’s and Franklin Benjamin Sanborn’s anti-
slavery Commonwealth. This paper would publish works by Harriet Beecher Stowe, Octavius Brooks
Frothingham, Lydia Maria Child, Julia Ward Howe, the Reverend David Wasson, Elizabeth Palmer Peabody,
Bronson Alcott, and Louisa May Alcott.

On some date subsequent to Miss Mary Moody Emerson’s death, I haven’t established exactly when, Sanborn
would provide a savage “obituary” in which he would declare that this little lady while still among the living
had been capable of “saying more disagreeable things in a half-hour than any person living.”
July 13, Monday through July 16, Thursday: Antebellum white anti-slavery people were forced to have categorically excessive positive feelings for the American black as victim, because the race issue was so troublesome and dangerous that the only alternative attitude available to them would have been an unacceptably bitter resentment of American blacks in all their troublesomeness. In fact this submerged resentment did from time to time come to the surface, as in the New-York anti-draft riot of this summer, and ever and again would need to be pushed down into the cultural unconsciousness.

During this four-day period in steamy New-York, a largely Irish proslavery Copperhead mob attacked the Colored Orphan Asylum at 5th Avenue and 43d Street, driving the orphans into the street. One of the orphans, ten year old, by the name of Jane Barry, was killed when the rioters were heaving a bureau out of a window and by accident it landed on top of her.

During the four days in which this sort of thing would be going on, the mob would also lynch some citizens of African descent, lightening people up by hanging them from lamp-posts. Sometimes they lightened them up by cutting off their fingers and toes.

In regard to a Mr. William Jones whom they hanged from a tree on Clarkson Street, they lit a fire beneath him as he swung. After they had strongarmed a disabled black coachman by the name of Abraham Franklin from his home and strung him up in this manner, an 18-year-old Irishman by the name of Patrick Butler dragged the corpse of Abraham Franklin through the streets by the genitals, to general applause. The mob drove some blacks into the river, where they drowned. The Roman Catholic bishop there, John Joseph Hughes, who had been born in Ireland, helped bring this to a stop, but mostly, what brought it to a stop was the arrival of US
Army troops still alive after an intense struggle which had taken place at Gettysburg PA (July 2d and 3d) to take military control over the streets of the city. For these four days the city police made themselves very scarce—precisely as the white-dominated LAPD would make itself scarce while the 1992 riots in LA were starting, though perhaps for quite opposite tactical reasons—while these gangs of “outraged citizens” went into black neighborhoods and set them to the torch. The question of the day among these outraged whites was, “Is it not outrageous that Irish men are being drafted by the Union government in Washington DC, merely to send them off and endanger their precious lives in order to obtain freedom for these unworthy black people?” In other words, these race riots were draft riots, with anger directed against the distant government that was offering to let rich men escape the draft for a cash payment of $300, and yet were redirected against innocent and helpless local people.

26. This factoid has been offered by some in a demonstration that it is not categorically correct to presume that during this period, due to the intensity of the economic competition, the American Irish were hopelessly hostile to American blacks on a racial basis. If it makes you feel better to suppose this, fine, but factor into your thinking that once upon a time during a correspondence with the convert to Catholicism Orestes Augustus Brownson, Archbishop John Joseph Hughes declared himself as perplexed and frustrated at the insanity of a crusade to end human enslavement in America:

[S]ometimes it has appeared to us that abolitionism ... stands in need of a strait jacket and the humane protection of a lunatic asylum.
The complex of events would be described by Herman Melville in “The House-Top: A Night Piece”:

No sleep. The sultriness pervades the air
And blinds the brain — a dense oppression, such
As tawny tigers feel in matted shades,
Vexing their blood and making apt for ravage.
Beneath the stars the roopy desert spreads
Vacant as Libya. All is hushed near by.
Yet fitfully from far breaks a mixed surf
Of muffled sound, the Atheist roar of riot.
Yonder, where parching Sirius set in drought,
Balefully glares red Arson — there — and there.
The town is taken by its rats — ship-rats
And rats of the wharves. All civil charms
And priestly spells which late held hearts in awe —
Fear-bound, subjected to a better sway
Than sway of self; these like a dream dissolve
And man rebounds whole aeons back in nature.
Hail to the low dull rumble, dull and dead,
And ponderous drag that jars the wall,
Of black artillery; he comes, though late;
In code corroborating Calvin’s creed
And cynic tyrannies of honest kings;
He comes, nor parlies; and the Town, redeemed,
Gives thanks devout; nor, being thankful, heeds
The grimy slur on the Republic’s faith implied,
Which holds that man is naturally good,
And — more — is Nature’s Roman, never to be scourged.

The rioters, it would turn out, had been able to disrupt police communications merely by clipping single telegraph lines. This would have the effect of forcing the police to become intensely aware of their need to establish multiple independent routes for information flow: redundancy. And it was this sort of concern for the reliability which comes only through redundancy which would eventually lead to Dr. Douglas C. Engelbart’s proposal in 1950 that we establish a national information network. Just as it was the police in 1863 that first grasped the need for local redundancy, it would be the military in 1950 that would first grasp the need for national redundancy. This was achieved by asking the military hard questions such as “How does the East Coast give orders to the West Coast after Castro has taken out the Midwest?” and the result would be an item in the development of ELECTRIC WALDEN technology, the military ARPAnet of 1969.

Commenting on the Scorsese movie “Gangs of New York”:
“In my own research of New York history, through first-person accounts and newspaper reports, I have found that our past was often at least as violent and squalid, if not more so, than the movie depicts.”
— Kevin Baker
Eric Foner refers to this event as “the largest civil insurrection in American history other than the South’s rebellion. Nevertheless it has been the sort of non-event which Mary McCarthy, writing in 1946, would term, like Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the phenomenon of the “hole in human history.” There is such a hole in human history, it would seem, at every point at which an atrocity has been committed by some group which then "won.” —For instance, the hole in Concord history which resulted from the racial mass murder on the watershed of Walden Pond as of the Massachusetts race war in 1675-1676.—For instance, the hole in human history which resulted from the use of Christian Dakota as hostages during this race war of 1863. Writing thirty years after the fact of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Ralph Lapp, who had worked on the A-bomb, would ask “If the memory of things is to deter, where is that memory?” He would add that “Hiroshima has been taken out of the American conscience, eviscerated, extirpated.” We might easily say “The New-York draft riot of 1863 has been taken out of the American conscience, eviscerated, extirpated.”

Speaking of holes in American history, one hole was left when the bulk of the private papers of Friend Isaac T. Hopper were destroyed in the sacking and torching of the home of his daughter Abby Hopper Gibbons. The home was known to the Copperhead rioters to have been one that had housed antislavery activists. Abby herself was not endangered by the proslavery New-York rioters because at the time she was nursing wounded at the front. However, we have been forced to reconstruct the detail of Friend Hopper’s life out of what Lydia Maria Child had included in her 1853 biography of him.27

27. Lydia Maria Child, ISAAC T. HOPPER: A TRUE LIFE (Boston: Jewett)
Here are these New-York draft riots, as they would be described in Frederick Douglass’s 1893 LIFE AND TIMES:

This [race prejudice] was especially true of New York, where there was a large Irish population. The attempt to enforce the draft in that city was met by mobs, riot, and bloodshed ... the Irish began to hang, stab, and murder the negroes in New York.

Douglass had come to detest the American Irish and lower-class Catholics in general. At one point he would become reflective, attempting to figure out why it was that these marginal whites were “among our bitterest persecutors.” Here is his rumination, in which, to put the matter in the vernacular, his concept was simply that what had been going around had been coming around:

It is said that a negro always makes the most cruel negro driver.... The Irishman has been persecuted for his religion about as rigorously as the black man has been for his color.

*   *    *

They [the immigrant Irish, arriving as foreigners] are taught to believe that he [the native-born American negroes] eats the bread that belongs to them.

What Douglass had to say to Ireland in 1893, by way of amelioration of this hostile standoff, was utterly blunt and hostile:

[S]end no more such children here.

(For background, on the following screens appears the article “The Conscription a Great National Benefit” as it was printed on this day in The New-York Times.)
The National Enrollment Act, the enforcement of which was commenced in this City on Saturday, will be carried into execution until the quota of the State of New York and of every State in the Union shall be raised and in the field. It may not be necessary that a man of those drafted shall ever go into line of battle during this war. Yet it is a national blessing that the Conscription has been imposed. It is a matter of prime concern that it should now be settled, once for all, whether this Government is or is not strong enough to compel military service in its defence. More than any other one thing, this will determine our durability as a Republic and our formidableness as a nation. Once establish that not only the property, but the personal military service of every ablebodied citizen is a the command of the national authorities, constitutionally exercised, and both successful rebellion and successful invasion are at once made impossible for all time to come. From that time it will be set down as a known fact that the United States is the most solidly based Government on the face of the earth.

The standing reproach against the Republican form of government hitherto has been, that its superior freedom was obtained at the expense of its security. It has been deemed a very comfortable sort of Government for fair weather, but quite unfit for a storm. A Federal Republic, made up like ours of distinct States, has been considered particularly weak. Every philosophical writer who has treated of our institutions, has put his finger upon the weakness of the central authority as the special reason for doubting their perpetuity. De Tocqueville himself, much as he admired our constitutional system, did not hesitate to say, “It appears to me unquestionable that if any portion of the Union seriously desired to separate itself from the other States, they would not be able, nor indeed would they attempt, to prevent it.” and to illustrate the helplessness of the federal authority, he cites from a letter of Jefferson’s to Lafayette the statement that, “during the War of 1812, four of the Eastern States were only attached to the Union like so many inanimate bodies to living men.” Everybody knows that one of the chief embarrassments of that war was the unwillingness of some of the State authorities to surrender the control of their military forces to the Federal Executive. Another of these embarrassments was the great difficulty of keeping the armies up to the necessary figure, notwithstanding extraordinary bounties for the encouragement of the enlistments. The Secretary of War, at that period, in his strait for soldiers, proposed a Conscription system, but it was deemed by Congress dangerous and impracticable, and hardly obtained a
hearing.
In fact, up to the last year the popular mind had scarcely bethought itself for a moment that the power of an unlimited Conscription was, with the sanction of Congress, one of the living powers of the government in time of war. The general notion was that Conscription was a feature that belonged exclusively to despotic Governments, and that the American reliance could only be upon volunteered effort, as prompted by patriotic feeling or pecuniary inducements. It was not until the second year of this terrible rebellion that the public mind began seriously to question whether it would answer to depend entirely upon these precarious stimulants; and even then it began to question only in a whisper. Even the boldest shrank; for they well understood how quickly the factious enemies of the Government would seize upon the old hated word Conscription, and do their best with it to make the war itself odious. But as the war lingered on without result, the Government gradually braced itself up to the responsibility of demanding under the mild name of a National Enrollment bill, what was in reality nothing less than a Conscription law on the European model. Congress, after deliberation, framed and passed such a law. The great practical question now to be determined is whether such a law can be sustained or not in other words, whether this American Republic has or has not the plenary power of its own defence which is possessed by a European monarchy.
For a time after the act was passed, the chiefs of faction were free in their threats that any attempt to carry it out should be resisted by force and arms. In some few localities they succeeded in working up popular passion against its first processes, even to a fighting place; but it was very quickly made apparent that the people at large would never sustain any such resort to violence, and that it was worse than idle to contend thus with the Government. Since then, the talk of these factionists on the platform and in their newspaper organs has been that the appeal shall be carried to the ballot-box. They flatter themselves that, by working diligently upon the basest motives and meanest prejudices, they can secure popular majorities that will force a repeal of the measure, or at least deter the Government from carrying it out to its complete execution.
Well, let them do their worst. We want it determined whether the majority of the American people can be induced by any such influences to abandon the cause of their country. So far as the Government itself is concerned, we have no fear that it will fail to do its duty. Every day adds new evidence that it means to go
straight on to the complete enforcement of the act. The world will now have a better chance to judge than ever before what the real strength of this Republic is. And unless we greatly mistake, it will be seen that an overwhelming majority of the people will stand by the Government in this exercise of the mightiest of its powers; and will show a proud satisfaction in demonstrating that freemen are as capable as subjects and serfs of abiding any needful requirements for the national safety. No people on the face of the earth have such reason to submit to the extremist sacrifices for the salvation of their Government; and, if conscription be necessary to replenish its struggling armies, no population, we undertake to say, has ever endured it with more patience or cheerfulness than the American people will now do. The Government is the people’s Government, and the people will never consent that their Government shall suffer in a critical hour for the want of a power which is not grudged even the worse Government when its existence is threatened. When it is once understood that our national authority has the right, under the Constitution, to every dollar and every right arm in the country for its protection, and that the great people recognize and stand by that right, thenceforward, for all time to come this Republic will command a respect, both at home and abroad, far beyond any ever accorded to it before. It will be a new and priceless security against all future rebellion and wanton foreign attack.
LABOR COMPETITION AND THE NEW YORK DRAFT RIOTS OF 1863

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The New York draft riots of July, 1863, had their origin largely in a fear of black labor competition which possessed the city’s Irish unskilled workers. Upon emancipation, they believed, great numbers of Negroes would cross the Mason-Dixon line, underbid them in the Northern labor market and deprive them of jobs. Similar fears helped produce mass anti-Negro violence in World Wars I and II, also periods of acute labor shortage. The movement of Negro strikebreakers into the East St. Louis, Illinois, area, for example, touched off the demonstrations which occurred there in July, 1917, while the upgrading of a few Negro employees signalled the start of the ugly Philadelphia transit strike of August, 1944.

But the New York draft disturbances remain the bloodiest race riots of American history. Police figures on deaths among the white rioters ranged from 1,200 to 1,500, and it is impossible to know how many bodies of Negro victims of the lynch mobs were borne away by the waters on either side of Manhattan Island.

Significantly, the Negro population of the metropolis dropped 20% between 1860 and 1865, declining from 12,472 to 9,945.

This article will seek to answer some of the more important questions bearing upon the white workers’ dread of labor competition from contrabands: What predictions as to the consequences of emancipation were made by pro-slavery politicians and journalists between the campaign of 1860 and the sultry week of July 12, 1863? How did abolitionists and Republicans try to allay the fear stirred up in the minds of white workers by opponents of emancipation? Did former slaves within Union lines in the South really wish to go northward at that time? Was there any appreciable migration to the North? In addition, this article will examine the actual, rather than anticipated, labor competition between whites and Negroes in various occupations in New York, with special attention to the crucial longshore field and to the anti-Negro violence which marked the waterfront strikes of 1855 and 1863. For that violence was to be repeated, intensified a thousandfold, in the draft riots immediately following the strikes of 1863.

At the outset, mention should be made of the fact that before the spurt in immigration in the decades of the forties and 1860s, New York City’s population had been declining since 1840, with the exception of a small rise in 1849. Of 74,700 Negroes then in New York City, 23,300 were mulattoes; 24,200, Negroes; and 27,200, Negro free children of color. Of the total Negro population, 13,700 were engaged in manufacturing, 28,700 in domestic service, and 18,600 in trades and mechanical employments. Of 26,000 domestic servants, 12,700 (59%) were Negroes, and in 1860 there were 5,080 Negro mechanics. In 1860, there were 30,070 Negroes in New York City, of whom 19,700 were in domestic service, 6,570 in manufactures, and 3,800 in the trades and mechanical occupations.

28. Arna Bontemps and Jack Conroy, They Seek a City (Garden City, 1945), pp. 125-131.
32. For a preliminary but suggestive treatment of the subject of labor competition, see Williston H. Loften, “Northern Labor and the Negro during the Civil War,” Journal of Negro History, XXXIV (July, 1949), 251.
fifties, such occupations in New York as those of longshoremen, hod-carriers, brickmakers, whitewashers, coachmen, stablemen, porters, bootblacks, barbers, and waiters in hotels and restaurants had been almost wholly in the hands of colored men. Domestic maids, cooks, scullions, laundresses and seamstresses were generally colored women. They were secure in these types of employment and earned relatively good wages. But with the huge influx of white foreigners, particularly after the Irish famine of 1846, their position changed radically.

The unskilled Irish swarmed into the menial occupations which had been monopolized by the colored. Offering to work for any wages they could obtain, they reduced the Negroes’ earnings drastically and deprived many of employment.

As Frederick Douglass wrote, admonishing Negroes to learn trades or perish: "Every hour sees the black man elbowed out of employment by some newly arrived emigrant whose hunger and whose color are thought to give him a better title to the place." Thus the Irish themselves had earlier subjected Negroes to the same job rivalry that Democratic politicians and journalists prophesied would be offered to the Irish by former slaves from the South. To those dire predictions, especially as uttered during the election campaigns of 1860, 1861 and 1862 and after the Emancipation Proclamation and adoption of the draft act in March, 1863, we shall now turn.

At the Democratic rally on October 8, 1860, to ratify the coalition Douglas-Breckinridge-Bell slate of presidential electors in New York, James W. Gerard, prominent lawyer and candidate for Congress, ventured a typical prediction of intensified Negro-white labor competition in the event of emancipation. He warned his listeners—above all, his "friends from Ireland" and immigrants from other countries—that the Republican party was an abolition party:

Abraham Lincoln, if honest to his party, means to do his best that the free men of the North shall make free the laboring population of the South. (Cries of "Never," and cheers.) ... I call upon all adopted citizens to stand up and vote against Abraham Lincoln, or you will have negro labor dragging you from your free labor.

Speaking again later in the month, Gerard returned to this theme, cautioning Irish and German laborers not to vote Republican lest in casting their ballots to exclude slavery, they "exclude bread from their own table."
Likewise, General Leslie Combs, of Kentucky, declared at a Democratic mass meeting in New York during the campaign of 1860 that if the slaves in the South were liberated, they would come North and take away the jobs of white longshoremen and other laborers. He warned:

Let the four millions of slaves in the South be set at liberty, and left to their own free will and desires, and we should very soon have, not the great conflict so long predicted between free labor and slave labor, but a terrible conflict between white labor and black labor. (Applause.) ... The unemployed slaves will be found among you in sufficient numbers to compete with you at your wharves and your docks, and in every branch of labor in which white people alone are now employed.38

Pro-South business houses, too, brought pressure to bear upon their employees to vote for the fusion Democratic ticket, to preserve themselves from Negro competition.39

During the campaign of 1860, the virulently anti-Negro Herald also carried editorials foretelling catastrophe if Lincoln were elected. A wholesale exodus of four million Negroes from the South would occur. If they were anything like the fugitive slaves "of the most vicious and degraded, character" who had already emigrated to the North, it said on one occasion, they would refuse to work and would steal the fruits of Northern industry and burden Northern workers with taxes for their maintenance." The Herald did not hesitate to contradict itself in its arguments, however, for after dwelling one day upon the supposed laziness of freed Negroes, the tax burden for their support, and their criminal tendencies, on another day it would raise the spectre of job competition from apparently hard-working contrabands:

Hundreds of thousands will emigrate to their friends - the republicans -- North, and be placed by them side by side in competition with white men. Are you ready to divide your patrimony with the negro? Are you ready to work with him in competition to work more than you do now for Less pay? If you are, vote for the republican candidate.40

Similar to this was the final appeal of James Gordon Bennett, editor of the Herald, to Irish and German laborers on election day, 1860: "If Lincoln is elected to-day, you will have to compete with the labor of four million emancipated negroes.... The North will be flooded with free negroes, and the labor of the white man will be depreciated and degraded."41

Even the surge of patriotism which swept the city immediately

38. Herald, October 25, 1860.
40. Herald, October 1, 1860.
41. Herald, November 5, 1860.
after the attack on Port Sumter did not delete from Democratic newspapers the theme of Negro labor competition upon emancipation. It was reiterated by the demagogic Fernando Wood in campaigning for the office of mayor of New York in the fall of 1861. He charged that his Republican opponent was the candidate of a party which would fill regiments with Irish and German laborers and then bring Negroes North to take their jobs away. Wood also used the inconsistent argument that the support of contraband paupers in the North would be a crushing financial burden. He played upon fear of Negro labor competition most often in bidding for Irish votes. In the mayoralty campaign of 1861 the Herald once more used its stock prediction of the displacement of white workers, notably the Irish, by black workers, should the Republicans prevail.

In the interval between the campaigns of 1861 and 1862, there were few allusions by politicians and press to the danger of Negro labor competition in the event of emancipation. But with the appearance of the preliminary proclamation of emancipation in September, 1862, and the Seymour Wadsworth contest for the New York governorship that year, the old warnings were re-echoed. George Francis Train, the Irish nationalist, said that the abolitionists were “combining to manacle the white man” and were engaged in a “conspiracy against the Irish,” whom they sought to degrade by placing Negroes to work beside the. Another Irish-American leader, Richard O’Gorman, describing himself as “a sincere friend of the negro,” spoke of the impolicy of freeing the black man from the civilizing restraints of servitude. “May not these poor people, joying their newly acquired freedom, swarm on us here in the North?” he asked.

Congressman Samuel S. Cox, of Ohio, felt sure that New Yorkers would elect the Democratic candidate for Governor, Horatio Seymour, because “they would never consent to have negroes compete with them.” Indeed, he suggested that when whites and freed Negroes clashed in New York’s labor market, blood would flow and colored men would get the worst of it. In his campaign pronouncements Seymour himself was more restrained in criticizing Lincoln’s preliminary proclamation on the score of Negro labor competition. Of course, the Herald ran true to form editorials on the menace of Negro labor, addressed to Irish and German laborers. “The Irish and German immigrants, to say nothing of native laborers of the white race, must feel enraptured,” Bennett wrote, “at the prospect of hordes of darkeys overrunning the Northern States and working for half wages, and thus ousting them from employment.”

42. Herald, November 6, 1860.
43. Herald, April 20, 1861; Irish American, May 24, 1861.
45. Herald, November 30, 1861; Tribune, November 30, 1861.
47. Herald, October 20, 31, November 27, 28, 1861.
48. Herald, September 24, 1862; Tribune, October 2, 1862; Irish American, October 11, 1862.
49. Herald, November 8, 1862.
50. Herald, October 29, 1862.
Promulgation of the Emancipation Proclamation on January 1, 1863, and adoption of the conscription act on March 3, 1863, caused a new outburst. The rabid New York Weekly Caucasian rejoiced that the Proclamation had led the Metropolitan Record, which had been the official organ of the Catholic Archbishop of New York, to oppose the war and asserted that its course was generally approved by Irish Americans, who did not relish the thought of having Negroes on their economic level. The newly-formed Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge, an anti-emancipation propaganda group in New York City, published as its first pamphlet a letter written by Henry Clay twenty years before, depicting a horrible doom for white labor in the North if slavery were abolished. As Orestes A. Brownson, one of the few leading anti-slavery Catholics, wrote, Democratic leaders and journalists in this period convinced the Irish that in resisting the draft they were simply refusing to fight for their own economic suicide.

How did Republicans and Abolitionists deal with these predictions of their opponents? In 1860 and 1861 they failed to answer them at all. In 1862, however, they began to grasp the fact that the labor competition argument was making a deep impression upon the working people of New York, particularly the Irish, and that it could no longer be allowed to go unchallenged. In fact, Horace Greeley declared on the eve of the election of 1862 that it was the most common argument advanced against the abolition of slavery.

From the summer of 1862 on, Greeley and other Republican and abolitionist leaders undertook to refute it on every possible occasion. Whatever Negroes had migrated to the North had done so to escape slavery, they said. Eliminate slavery, and the movement northward would stop, the Negro having an exceptionally strong attachment to the locality in which he was born, according to General Hunter. Furthermore, with the terror of the auction block removed, the colored population of the North would go south, as it was by nature better suited to the climate there and more adept at raising cotton, tobacco, rice and sugar than earning a living at other pursuits in the North. It was therefore clearly to the interest of white workers, including Irish laborers, to support emancipation.

This was the approach of James S. Wadsworth, in his message in October, 1862, accepting the Union party’s nomination for Governor of New York and defending Lincoln’s preliminary proclamation against the Negro labor competition arguments Daniel S. Dickinson, erstwhile Democratic leader, reasoned the...
same way, as did Secretary of War Stanton, Senator Charles Sumner, Governor John A. Andrew of Massachusetts, Major General Cassius M. Clay (who was most disturbed by the effect of the competition idea upon the Irish), and Robert Dale Owen.57

Greeley also ridiculed the inconsistency of anti-emancipationists in contending that former slaves would work so hard and so cheaply that they would displace white men and then adding in the same breath that they would be indolent paupers whose upkeep would drain the public treasury.58

In his extremely eloquent oration on the Emancipation Proclamation, on February 6, 1863, at the Cooper Institute, Frederick Douglass similarly heaped scorn upon such logic.59

Once Greeley was bold enough to declare that even if there were an influx of fugitives into the North, it would not injure white workers, because the normal labor force of the North had been depleted by the demands of the army and needed supplementing.60

The Negroes would produce as much as they would consume, he insisted, observing not very convincingly that they would, moreover, leave whites free to secure “higher, easier, better recompensed positions.”61

Lincoln himself took note of the Negro labor competition argument against the emancipation program in his message to Congress on December 1, 1862.62 His answer was colonization: “Reduce the supply of black labor by colonizing the black laborers out of the country, and by precisely so much you increase the demand for, and the wages of, white labor.” But Lincoln denied that even without the deportation of freed slaves there would be any mass migration northward and supplanting of white workers, since Negroes would no longer have to flee from bondage in the South.

Unfortunately, information on whether there was actually any movement of freed Negroes from the South to the Northeast is scanty, incidental and inconclusive.63

There is a hint here and there buried in the fine print of a Civil War newspaper, a random suggestion in an obscure pamphlet, but no authoritative or extended treatment of this interesting problem. The Tribune would, at one time, admit unqualifiedly that Negroes were leaving the South in considerable numbers to escape slavery. “Were slavery dead tomorrow, the main current of negro migration would flow southward, not northward,” wrote Greeley in January, 1863.64 To the same effect he declared in

57. Tribune, November 5, 1862.
58. Tribune, August 4, 1862.
60. Herald, October 6, 1862; Tribune, October 6, 23, 1862; Brummer, op. cit., pp. 238-240.
61. Tribune, October 7, 9, 22, November 24, December 5, 1862; Herald, October 8, 17, 1862.
62. Tribune, July 5, August 6, 1862; March 27, 1863.
63. Tribune, February 7, 1863; National Anti-Slavery Standard, February 14, 1863.
64. Tribune, October 17, 1862.
March: "There is at present a very general exodus of poor people from the region cursed by the Slaveholders' Rebellion ... Black men are fleeing to escape from Slavery to traitors." Yet within a month of making this last assertion he said of liberated slaves: "It is quite certain that up to this time many thousands have been liberated, but as far as we can learn, very few have come among us." This, however, was contradicted in January 1863 by Fincher’s Trades Review, which stated that a large number of colored persons had already reached the Northern states and that many of them were filling positions formerly occupied by white men. The leading labor paper of its time then proceeded to demand that the government place restrictions on the ingress of emancipated slaves into the North.

It is doubtless true that by the summer of 1863 thousands of former slaves had left Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi for Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas and Minnesota, despite stringent laws passed by some midwestern states forbidding the immigration of contrabands lest whites be deprived of employment. So many Negroes left Missouri, in fact, that it was predicted that crops would perish or remain undeveloped for want of labor. The codes of these states which excluded former slaves but urgently needed agricultural workers to replace men serving in the army were hotly denounced by abolitionists as examples of the absurd lengths to which fear of Negro labor competition could carry white people. But the opposition to emancipation could still point to the northward movement of Negroes in the midwest and predict a similar influx into New York and consequent unemployment for white men.

Into the Middle Atlantic states only a negligible migration of freed Negroes took place. The demand for colored labor in Washington, D.C., and on Maryland plantations exceeded the supply. Three hundred contrabands did arrive in Washington in the summer of 1862 from various parts of Virginia, but the men among them were promptly hired about government hospitals and camps and on public works, while the women did washing for the soldiers. The advent of a small number of contrabands in Chester County, Pennsylvania, however, did cause some excitement, which was reported in the New York press. False rumors arose that they were so numerous that they took work away from whites and accepted employment for ten cents a day. These

65. The idea of giving Negroes land confiscated from rebels was hailed by Greeley and Roscoe Conkling as removing the apprehension of white workers that the North would be swamped by an influx of freedmen. Tribune, February 12, March 21, 1863; Loyal National League, Opinions of Loyalists Concerning the Great Questions of the Times ... Mass Meeting on Union Square, New York, on the 11th of April, 1863 (New York, 1863), p. 96.
66. Carl Sandburg, Abraham Lincoln - the War Years (New York, 1941), I, 620, 621.
68. Tribune, January 12, 1863.
69. Tribune, March 27, 1863; Anti-Slavery Standard, March 7, 1863.
70. Tribune, April 16, 1863.
71. Fincher’s Trades Review, June 13, 1863.
72. Tribune, August 4, October 30, 1862; Herald, September 22, 1862; Anti-Slavery Standard, January 30, June 30, 1863. On the fear of an influx of contrabands into Kentucky, see Governor Robinson’s message to the Kentucky legislature upon the issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation. Tribune, January 12, 1863.
statements led to assaults upon Negroes in Northern cities.\textsuperscript{73} When about a hundred fugitives who came from the South by boat landed in Philadelphia in March, 1862, an immense crowd greeted them with shrieks of abuse.\textsuperscript{74} There was probably a trickle of Negroes into New Jersey also, for anti-administration forces there called upon the legislature early in 1863 to bar former slaves from the state.\textsuperscript{75}

Some migration of Negroes to New York City did unquestionably occur, at least enough to give an appearance of validity to the predictions of politicians and press and the fear of the Irish proletariat regarding black labor competition.\textsuperscript{76} Refugees may well have settled in the Five Points neighborhood, in close proximity to the Irish.\textsuperscript{77} During the longshore strike a month before the draft riots it was reported that three carloads of contrabands had reached Jersey City and that the Negroes then took the ferry to New York.\textsuperscript{78} One source suggests that the colored workers used to break the strikes of longshoremen in 1863 were emancipated slaves, but there is no definite proof of that.\textsuperscript{79} It does, seem, though, that the Negroes sheltered in the Seventh Avenue Arsenal during the draft riots included contrabands,\textsuperscript{80} and not to be forgotten is that shout by "someone with an Irish accent" who interrupted Archbishop John Hughes’s speech appealing to Catholics to abstain from rioting: "Let the niggers stay in the South!"\textsuperscript{81} The following day, speaking of Negroes "that float hither from the South," the Freeman’s Journal and Catholic Register urged that they be "driven out again, imprisoned or exterminated."\textsuperscript{82} Such a furor could hardly have arisen without some pretext.

But that the pretext was small is apparent from the available information on whether the Negroes of the South did really wish to go north in 1862 and 1863. Although it was well known that General Hunter, commander of the army’s Department of the South, at Port Royal, South Carolina, gave passes to the North to all Negroes seeking them, he stated in July, 1862, that not more than a dozen had applied to him for such passes since his arrival.\textsuperscript{83} Hunter branded the idea of a general migration of Negroes to the North a “carefully fostered delusion.” The superintendent in charge of contrabands in Washington, D. C., made a special investigation into the supposed desire of former

\textsuperscript{73} Anti-Slavery Standard, June 20, 1863.
\textsuperscript{74} Tribune July 9, 1862; Anti-Slavery Standard, May 9, 30, 1863. Minnesota farmers did employ contrabands in place of whites serving in the army. Anti-Slavery Standard, May 30, 1863.
\textsuperscript{75} Tribune, October 30, 1862.
\textsuperscript{76} Anti-Slavery Standard, January 10, 1863.
\textsuperscript{77} Tribune, August 11, 1862.
\textsuperscript{78} Tribune, July 11, August 6, 1862; Anti-Slavery Standard, March 28, 1863.
\textsuperscript{79} Tribune, April 3, 1862.
\textsuperscript{80} Tribune, January 12, 1863.
\textsuperscript{81} Woodson’s work has an account of the migration of fugitives to New York City in the first half of the century. Woodson, op. cit., pp. 82-86.
\textsuperscript{82} Committee of Representatives of the New York Yearly Meeting of Friends upon the Condition and Wants of the Colored Refugees, Report (New York, 1862), P. 20.
\textsuperscript{83} Tribune, June 10, 1863; Committee of New York Meeting of Friends, op. cit., p. 14.
slaves to emigrate to the North and found it non-existent. Of those who came under his charge during his first four months in office, not thirty-five were willing to go farther north.

The most thorough attempt to ascertain whether Southern Negroes wished to move to the North was made by a special committee of the Emancipation League. Late in 1862 this committee sent a questionnaire to the different superintendents of contrabands in the South containing the following query, among others: "Do they desire to go North? In the event of general emancipation, and fair treatment at home, would there, in your judgment, be any disposition to go North?" Even though the question was obviously loaded, the answers received leave little room for doubt that the contrabands did not wish to leave the South. The reply from Fortress Monroe, Virginia, was typical: Very few are willing to go North, except for safety. I have had applications from large numbers wishing servants, and offering good wages, lying over for months, because of the unwillingness of any to go." The results of this survey were confirmed by a report of the American Freedmen's Inquiry Commission in June, 1863, that there was no disposition on the part of Negro refugees within Union lines in South Carolina and Florida to go north.

The preceding pages have described the manner in which political leaders and journalists in New York played upon the fear of white workers that freed Negroes would compete with them for jobs. They have also discussed the extent to which there was a movement of contrabands from the South who could compete with them. It is now appropriate to look into the competition actually taking place between Negroes and whites before the draft riots of July, 1863.

Such competition was omnipresent in the South, to be sure. It greatly heightened the tension between Negroes and poor whites, with slaves used in skilled capacities both on plantations and in towns and cities, as well, where their masters easily underbid white mechanics. It extended to almost all branches of manual labor. Everywhere the Southern white worker turned, the Negro seemed to deprive him of a job, except for the most dangerous occupations, in which it would be folly to expose a valuable slave to injury or death.

In the North, some contrabands were competing with white workers by June, 1863, at least according to Fincher's Trades Review, and this development drew a cry for restrictions by the Federal government upon the movement of emancipated slaves into free states. Although our information about racial competition in the longshore field, which will be explored below, is rather plentiful, the press was not very specific about other areas in

84. Spero and Harris, op. cit., p. 17.
85. Tribune, July 18, 1863; Herald, July 18, 1863.
86. Herald, July 18, 1863; Daily News, July 18, 1863; Irish American, July 18, 1863.
87. Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register, July 18, 1863.
88. Tribune, August 4, 1862.
89. Tribune, November 7, 1862.
which the new rivalry was occurring. Random reports did tell of trouble in Washington, D. C., where navy yard workers showed hostility toward twenty or thirty colored calkers brought from Baltimore, and of the replacement of white domestic servants by Negro contrabands in St. Louis. The agitation throughout the North during the Civil War for state laws banning the immigration of Negroes from the South can also be taken as a probable indication of job competition between blacks and whites.

In New York, the ousting of the Democratic party from control of the Federal government in 1861 appeared ominously to bring even political patronage to Negroes. Colored men were appointed to positions in the custom house, replacing good Irish Democrats, said the newspapers, and depressing the wages paid custom house employees. When, in July, 1862, Negro workers were substituted for whites on a ferry line in New York harbor, and the press carried rumors of contrabands' taking away the jobs of white men in Pennsylvania by agreeing to work for ten cents a day, it seemed high time to stop this trend. The method of doing so which was applied by a mob of Irishmen in Brooklyn in August, 1862, may well have been suggested by attacks in recent weeks upon Negroes in Cincinnati and Toledo, Ohio, and Evansville, Indiana.

In the midst of an Irish neighborhood in south Brooklyn stood two tobacco factories. All the employees of one were colored, numbering from fifty to seventy-five and consisting mostly of women and children. About 250 persons, colored and white, were employed in the other and worked harmoniously side by side. The resentment against the employment of the Negroes that had been smoldering among the Irish in that area finally broke into flames on August 4, 1862, when a mob of from two to three thousand whites, stirred up by pothouse politicians I talk of competition from contrabands, smashed their way into one of the factories, shouting “Down with the nagurs!” Many were drunk from liquor dispensed at the neighborhood’s numerous rum-shops, where the attack on the factory was planned. Failing to reach the Negro employees barricaded on the second floor, they prepared to set fire to the place and were prevented from doing so only by the arrival of a strong detachment of police, who quelled the riot, after a fashion, by clubbing the Negroes.

The rioters may be said to have won their point, however. Although one tobacco factory closed down entirely, the proprietor of the other promised not to hire any more colored

90. Tribune, January 27, 1863; Anti-Slavery Standard, February 7, 1863.
94. Fincher’s Trades Review, June 13, 1863; Frank Tracy Carlton, History and Problem of Organized Labor (Boston and New York, 1920), p. 64.
95. Herald, September 26, 1862.
Thus the effectiveness of mob violence in reducing black labor competition was fully demonstrated. Greeley raged, but his editorial lectures to the rioters were scarcely of a type which would cause them to repent, conceding the very competition that had incensed them in the first place. In a characteristic piece he flayed Democratic leaders for playing upon the Irishman’s fear of black labor competition and then continued in this dubious manner:

Least of all have the laboring white men of the United States, native or foreign, cause to hate the negro. He takes off from them the discredit of the lowest social place, and does offices which leave them free to compete for the higher rewards of industry.... The fugitive colored porter, waiter, or stevedore promotes some shrewd Irish lad to keep a shop, to become constable, or alderman, or to go to Congress.... The transformation of four million chattel slaves into four million free citizens ... will benefit no class so much as that whose tasks they assume and whose toils they relieve.97

In the weeks following the attack on the tobacco factory, there were a number of cases in Brooklyn and New York City in which gangs of Irishmen beat up individual Negroes.98 A secret organization of workingmen formed in New York at this time inserted in its otherwise radical statement of principles a warning about the danger of emancipated slave labor.99 In refusing to work with Negroes, the longshoremen, whose strikes and anti-Negro violence will be discussed presently, were not unique. The Tribune cited the typical experience of a Negro cooper, a refugee from the South, who had just been refused work at several barrel-making establishments in New York. The employer at each place told him: “Yes, I have work; I would like to employ you; but my journeymen would all leave me if I did, and I cannot.”100

Another movement of workingmen at this time expressed apprehension about Negro competition. It consisted of whites concerned over the importation of cheap labor from abroad by employers, with the cooperation of the Lincoln administrations. Iron and shipbuilding workers, in particular, faced the prospect of wage reductions occasioned by an influx of foreigners. Early in February, 1863, they held a mass meeting at Tammany Hall, primarily to protest the importation of foreign labor. It is noteworthy, however, that they also adopted an angry statement denouncing steps by employers “to bring hordes of blacks from the South, as well as whites from Europe, to fill the shops, yards and other places of labor, and by that means compel us to compete with them for the support of our families.” To cope with this menace, they declared their intention “to effect a

96. Freeman’s Tourna, January 17, 1863.
98. Lee, op. cit., p. 139; Tribune, August 6, 1862.
99. Tribune, August 8, 1862.
100. Tribune, August 5, 6, 1862; Lee, op. cit., pp. 139, 140.
common organization of all the artisans and laborers throughout the country against the anticipated inundation of contrabands in Northern cities.” One speaker at this gathering of ironworkers charged that their masters had already started to introduce contrabands in their midst.101

But the fiercest competition, with the most violent and far-reaching results, occurred in the longshore field. The remainder of this article will be devoted chiefly to an analysis of longshore work, labor organization among waterfront workers, their strikes of 1855, 1862, and 1863, and their violence against Negro strikebreakers.

Almost all longshoremen in New York City were Irish.102 Strictly speaking, it is incorrect to classify their work as unskilled labor.103 It required a degree of special competence to perform the more difficult branches of the work which could be acquired only by years of experience and which raised it above the level of what is ordinarily known as common labor. It was, however, an exhausting, hazardous, casual, and oversupplied occupation.104 The irregular employment of longshoremen resulted in unstable earnings which made a settled standard of living impossible.105 One of the persistent complaints of striking longshoremen in 1855, 1862, and 1863 was that they averaged only three or four days of work a week. At the October, 1862, pay rate of $1.50 a day, this meant that they earned between $4.50 and $6.00 a week, which was low even according to Civil War wage standards.

Their irregularity of employment and hanging about piers in the hope of being hired also led longshoremen to drift into waterfront bars and encouraged drinking.106 Many of the waterfront assaults on Negroes by longshoremen during the spring of 1863 and at the time of the draft riots planned in groggeries on West Street and South Street, across from the piers.107 Press reports to that effect were borne out by the testimony of the police captain in charge of stopping fights between whites and Negroes along the waterfront in April, 1863: “The trouble is due more to the influence of rum than anything else.”108

Nevertheless, having no steady jobs to be endangered, longshoremen flared up at bad treatment more quickly than men in other trades. Hence their readiness to strike.109 The first longshore strike in New York of which there is record took place in February, 1836, when for several days the men paraded through

101. Tribune, January 24, 1863.
102. Tribune, August 8, 1862.
103. Tribune, August 21, 22, 29, September 4, 6, 1862.
104. Tribune, August 8, 1862.
105. Tribune, November 25, 1862; January 24, 1863.
106. Weekly Caucasian, February 14, 1863; Tribune, February 7, 1863.
107. Nor were urban occupations the only ones in which there were complaints of racial competition. A few days before the draft riots, contrabands obtained from a Government agent were reported working for no pay on farms near New York City. Daily News, July 10, 1863.
the streets and before the docks in what amounted to a kind of picketing’s.\textsuperscript{110} The strike of 1836 eventually became so violent that the civil authorities called out a regiment of soldiers, which, abundantly supplied with ammunition, established itself at City Hall, thereby intimidating the longshoremen.

The earliest permanent associations of New York longshoremen were formed for benevolent purposes. The Longshoremen’s Union Benevolent Society, the organization of longshoremen most frequently mentioned by the press during the first two years of the Civil War, was founded in 1852 and had as its chief functions to provide relief to members who were injured or sick, to aid in the burial of deceased members, and to give financial assistance to their widows and orphans.\textsuperscript{111} It was overwhelmingly Irish in make-up. But although members complained at its meetings of the high cost of living during the war, calling for wage increases and threatening to strike, the Longshoremen’s U. B. Society, as it was called, never had any power as a labor union in the present-day sense of the term.

Negro-white friction on the waterfront became pronounced in the middle fifties. In December 1854, the merchants of New York reduced the wages of longshoremen from $1.75 to $1.50, using as one reason for the slash the allegation that the Longshoremen’s U. B. Society had “attempted to dictate to them.”\textsuperscript{112} A strike, not led by the Society, broke out. Gangs of strikers visited ships from which other longshoremen were still unloading cargo, forced them to desist, and beat them as they came ashore. The merchants, however, called the police, under whose protection the work of loading and unloading vessels was resumed. When employers replaced striking Irishmen with colored labor, anti-Negro violence resulted, with the whites trying to prevent the blacks from working.\textsuperscript{113} But, handicapped by the fact that shipping was slow at the time, the strike petered out in the ensuing weeks.\textsuperscript{114} The Negroes, having served their strikebreaking purpose, were gradually discharged by the merchants, and by the middle of February, 1855, only a few were still working, in the employ of shippers who had taken the lead in the movement to reduce wages.

There is no evidence that the Longshoremen’s U. B. Society called the strikes of 1862 and 1863. By the time of the Civil War it had evidently abandoned any pretense to trade union action and confined itself exclusively to benevolent, social and Irish functions, including annual balls and St. Patrick’s Day parades.\textsuperscript{115} Its members would turn out six hundred strong on the latter occasions, dressed in handsome green and gold regalia and carrying Irish and American flags and the Society’s imposing banners.

\textsuperscript{111} Charles B. Barnes, The Longshoremen (New York, 1915), pp. 55-92; Tribune, January 19, 1855; Herald, October 22, 1862.
\textsuperscript{112} Barnes, op. cit., pp. 13 ff.
\textsuperscript{113} Herald, April 14, 1863; Anti-Slavery Standard, April 18, July 25, 1863.
\textsuperscript{114} Herald, April 16, 1863.
\textsuperscript{115} Barnes, op. cit., p. 93.
Scattered items in the press in June and July, 1863, indicate the existence of one or two other organizations of longshoremen at the time of the draft riots. In June, 1863, a Longshoremen’s Association was established and within a week enrolled three hundred members. During the riots it was said that white workers, in driving the Negroes from the docks, were insisting that longshore jobs be held exclusively by members of the Longshoremen’s Association and such other whites as they permitted upon the waterfront. The only other longshore labor organization mentioned during the strike of June, 1863, was a Joint Committee of the North and East Rivers, which agreed upon a general rate of wages to be asked of the shippers.

In the interval between the winter of 1854-1855 and October, 1862, no major labor disputes occurred on the city’s waterfront. In the autumn of 1862, however, the strain of having to buy with 1855 wages goods sold at war-inflated prices became too great for the longshoremen, who were then working only three days a week. On October 20 they struck. Through a representative committee they demanded that wages be increased from $1.50 a day to $1.75, overtime rates raised, and the working day reduced from nine to eight hours, giving as their reason for wanting more pay “the advanced prices of food, clothing, and other necessaries.” Alongside one editorial on the danger of an influx of Negro labor into the North, the Herald published another supporting the strike, which the next day brought fulsome praise from the chairman of a strikers’ meeting at the Battery. What role, if any, Negro strikebreakers played in this dispute is not clear, but it appears that the longshoremen failed to win an increase in wages at that time.

For late in January, 1863, workers in one section of the waterfront were informed that thenceforth their pay would be only $1.12 a day instead of the $1.50 they had been receiving previously. This action of the merchants started a labor war on the docks of New York which, except for brief truces, continued till the draft riots in July. Upon reduction of their wages the longshoremen went on strike. They were willing to go back at $1.25 a day provided they were employed permanently, claiming that their irregular work on the waterfront often compelled them to seek jobs elsewhere or remain idle much of the time. Press accounts of two longshore strikes in March, 1863, which refer to $1.12 a day as the prevailing rate of wages, indicate, though, that the cut was put into effect on a wide scale and that the January strike against it did not succeed. But on March 23, 1863, longshoremen working on the North River...
piers of the Erie Railroad Company, having previously won back part of the slash and restored their wages to $1.25 a day, struck for $1.50.124

When the company foreman refused to yield to their terms and announced that he would employ other workers in their places, a thousand men gathered in the street in front of the pier. No disturbances broke out until the foreman hired a gang of Negroes to move bales of cotton. Instantly the crowd fell upon the Negroes with sticks, stones, and fists and drove them from the waterfront. The company then agreed to pay $1.50 a day but declined to hire about half the strikers. At first some measure of solidarity was shown by the group, as those whom the company offered to take back held out for the reemployment of the others. By the next morning, however, this unity had disappeared. The company hired all but sixty of the most militant strikers, and work resumed under strong police protection.125

The example set by the Erie Railroad longshoremen was immediately followed by employees of the Hudson River Railroad, who struck for an increase in wages from $1.12 a day to $1.50 and notified the company’s directors that they would not allow any other persons to take their places for lower wages. Nevertheless, with a squad of police standing by, the company did hire both white and colored strikebreakers. Although here no violence actually broke out, the defeated workers seethed with resentment against those replacements whose dark skin made them stand out conspicuously and rendered them easy targets for revenge.

The next month, April, new strikes broke out among the longshoremen of lower Manhattan. Their exact wage demands are not clear, but for three days mobs of Irish longshoremen, inflamed by drink, beat up Negroes found working on the waterfront and chased them from the docks, shouting “Drive off the damn niggers” and “Kill the niggers.”126 “They were determined, they said, that the blacks should not drive white labor out of the market, and remonstrated against the employment of negroes along shore.”127 Four or five hundred white longshoremen took part in these disturbances, and with difficulty the Metropolitan Police saved from lynching a couple of Negroes who tried to defend themselves. At least two hundred colored longshoremen were employed on the docks at that time, and according to police they did not receive less than the usual rate of wages. In the course of this outbreak, crowds of longshoremen also hunted down and stoned Negroes in other

123. Daily News, July 17, 1863. Speaking of the longshore and railroad workers strikes in 1863, McNeil says that “assaults were made upon the non-unionists who took the place of the men on strike.” (Emphasis added.) George E. McNeil, The Labor Movement—the Problem of Today (Boston and New York, 1887), p. 126. This implies the existence of a union conducting the strike. See also United States Commissioner of Labor, Third Annual Report (1887), p. 1048.
125. Tribune, October 21, 22, 1862; Herald, October 21, 22, 1862.
126. Tribune
sections of lower Manhattan besides the waterfront, pursuing all
the colored porters, cartmen and laborers within sight until
routed by the locust batons of the police.

Greeley regarded the episode as the natural result of the
persistent efforts of the pro-slavery press of New York to
strengthen its readers' prejudices and to persuade them that
"white men were to be cheated out of work by an immigration of
negroes." Said he further:

If longshoremen or any other class of laborers do not
choose to work with negroes they need not. No law
compels them. But the negro, as well as the white man,
has a right to work for whoever will employ and pay him,
and the law, and courts, and police, and public opinion
ought to protect him in that right, and will.128

May was a quiet month on the waterfront, but trouble flared up
again early in June, when the longshoremen of New York stopped
work en masse, demanding an increase in pay to twenty-five cents
an hour during the regular working day and overtime of fifty
cents an hour after 6 PM. Five hundred of them marched from pier
to pier, inducing men who were still working to quit. Their
number swelled as they proceeded. When non-strikers at one pier
balked at leaving work, they were attacked by the strikers and
compelled to desist until the police arrived and gave them
protection.129

After a week of fruitless negotiation between committees of
strikers and shipowners, the United States government stepped
in. It was a now-familiar story: Army transports, supposed to
sail with cargoes of ammunition and other supplies, were being
held up by the strike.130 Accordingly, about 150 deserters from
Governor’s Island and sixty-five convalescent soldiers from
Bedloe’s Island were put to work loading the transports, as a
detachment of regular troops stood guard with fixed bayonets and
nearly five hundred policemen patrolled the waterfront.131

But the strike grew despite this formidable show of might
opposing it. By the middle of June three thousand longshoremen
were idle.132 On June 18, however, a group of important shipping
firms gave notice that they would pay $2.00 for a day of nine
hours and twenty-five cents an hour overtime, and that was
probably the formula on which the strike ended. One thousand of
the strikers accepted it by returning to their jobs the next
day.133

While the longshoremen were thus engaged in June, 1863, (with
the impassioned support, it might be noted, of the pro-slavery

128. Tribune, February 2, 1863.
129. Tribune, March 25, 1863; Herald, March 25, 1863.
130. Times, March 24, 1863; Tribune, March 24, 1863; Herald, March 24, 1863.
132. Herald, April 18, 1863.
133. Herald, April 16, 1863. See also Herald, April 14, 15, 1863; Tribune, April 13-16, 1863; Anti-Slavery Standard, April 18, 1863;
Lee, op. cit., pp. 141, 142.
Daily News), occupational groups closely related to them struck successfully for higher pay. These included workers on canal boats and barges in the lower part of the city and freight handlers on the Hudson River Railroad and the New York Central. Another strike of Erie Railroad employees for a wage increase occurred. Again the company hired strike breakers, although it is not certain that they were Negroes, and again the strikebreakers were assaulted by some of the old employees.

Similar work stoppages for higher wages took place in other northern cities during the Civil War. Negroes were often used as strikebreakers, with uniformly violent results.

Such strikes are important as a partial explanation of the draft riots in those places. Perhaps the most serious disorders broke out in Buffalo. In August, 1862, striking Buffalo longshoremen demanded higher pay and sought to keep non-strikers from continuing to work at the former rates, but the racial aspect does not seem to have entered into their struggle at that time. The same is true of another strike of longshoremen and grain shovellers in Buffalo in May, 1863, when they won an increase in pay to $1.50 a day. Only a week before the draft riots, though, some Buffalo shippers tried to replace Irish longshoremen with colored workers, and violence ensued, with three Negroes slain and twelve badly beaten. Not only did Irish longshoremen seek to prevent Negroes from working on the docks, but, in addition, mobs of other whites attacked colored inhabitants of the city generally. A prominent Democratic politician was heard to declare publicly that every Negro and every Black Republican ought to be driven out of town. More truthfully than they knew, the editors of Fincher’s Trades Review commented on the Buffalo situation two days before the draft riots began: “This, we fear, is but the beginning of the end.”

The result of this labor strife was that when resistance to the draft started in New York on July 13, 1863, longshoremen formed the van of the mobs. Deputations recruiting rioters thoroughly canvassed the waterfront, so that by the second day of the upheaval the loading and unloading of ships in the harbor had stopped, except at a wharf here and there which happened to be under the guns of an armed vessel. No colored dockhands were

134. Tribune, April 14, 1863.
135. Herald, June 6, 9, 1863; Tribune, June 8, 9, 20, 1863.
137. Similar to the longshore situation in 1863 was the strike of New York longshoremen in October, 1945, at the end of World War II. At that time, Federal authorities, pleading the piling up of military cargoes on the docks, sent two platoons of Negro soldiers with longshore experience to unload mail and baggage from the British transport, Queen Elizabeth. Times, October 10, 11, 1945. The Negro troops performed this task amid the hissing and booing of the strikers.
139. Tribune, June 20, 1863; Herald, June 20, 1863; Daily News, June 20, 1863.
140. Tribune, June 16, 1863; Herald, June 16, 1863; Tribune, June 17, 1863.
141. Daily News, June 20, 1863.
142. Spero and Harris, Op., Cit., pp. 197, 198; Wesley, op. cit., pp. 99, 100. For an interesting account of anti-Negro violence in a Toledo, Ohio, longshore strike, during which the members of the local board of trade were sworn in as special police, see Tribune, July 11, 1862.
to be found on any pier. Negroes who ventured on the streets near the waterfront or near saloons frequented by longshoremen were horribly tortured and beaten to death by bands of longshoremen and their bodies cast into the East River and Hudson River. One reporter described conditions about the piers thus:

So determined and bitter is the feeling of the ‘longshoremen against negroes that not one of the latter dares show himself upon the docks or piers even when a regular employee of the place. The white workmen have resolved, by concerted action, to keep colored men from this branch of labor, and have evinced, by their conduct toward their former comrades in work, a spirit as murderous and brutal as it is illiberal and selfish. It is a prevalent rumor, to which the authorities give full credence, and which the ‘longshoremen seem proud of, that scores of these unfortunates have been thrown into the river and drowned, for no other reason than that they were obnoxious to the sensitive-minded individuals of a lighter color.

Another observer likewise noted that longshoremen made no attempt to conceal their determination to keep negroes ... from that sort of labor. They insist upon it that the colored people must and shall be driven to other departments of industry, and that the work upon the docks, the stevedoring, and the various job-work therewith connected, shall be attended to solely and absolutely by members of the ‘Longshoremen’s Association, and such white laborers as they see fit to permit upon the premises.

The mobs along the waterfront which attacked other Negroes besides dock workers consisted, in all likelihood, of white longshoremen. Next to the colored dock workers, waiters and other Negro employees in downtown hotels and restaurants were the chief objects of the rioters’ fury. One firm, fearful that its property might be destroyed by demonstrators who believed it to have employed colored persons, sought to avert that fate by placing in the window a sign in conspicuous capitals: “No niggers in the rear.”

It is not contended here that the competition of Negroes with whites ceased completely with the draft disturbances. Indeed, as early as Saturday, July 18, the last day of the riot week, a

143. Tribune, August 13, 1862.
144. Tribune, May 14, 1863; Herald, May 14, 16, 1863.
145. Fincher’s Trades Review, July 11, 1863; Tribune, July 8, 1863; Herald, July 8, 1863; Daily News, July 11, 1863.
146. Tribune, July 10, 1863.
147. Fincher’s Trades Review, July 11, 1863.
148. Emerson David Fite, Social and Industrial Conditions in the North during the Civil War (New York, 1910), pp. 189, 190; Spero and Harris, op. cit., pp. 197, 198.
149. Daily News, July 15, 1863; Weekly Caucasian, July 18, 1863; Stoddard, op. cit., p. 158.
150. Herald, July 17, 1863.
few colored workers began to pursue their usual vocations in public without being molested. On Monday, the 20th, more colored people, including waiters in several restaurants, summoned up enough courage to return to their jobs, and this trend continued in the succeeding days, to a point where even some Negro longshoremen returned to the docks of the Erie Railroad Company.

But the committee of merchants formed to give relief to colored victims of the riots was forced to admit that after this civil war within a Civil War many Negroes discharged by employers who feared destruction of their property because they had hired colored workers were not taken back in their old positions, despite years of service. White workers who wished to drive their competitors from the city were responsible, said the merchants, for pressure upon employers not to reinstate Negroes. They also persuaded the street railway companies to refuse colored persons permission to ride on their cars, making it difficult for or them to travel to work.

To alleviate these conditions, the committee kept its office open as an employment agency after it stopped dispensing financial relief, in pursuance of a resolution, adopted at its first meeting, on July 18:

That we will exert all the influence we possess to protect the colored people of this city in their rights to pursue unmolested their, lawful occupations.... That we will not recognize or sanction any distinction of persons of whatever nation, religion, or color, in their natural right to labor peaceably in their vocations in the support of themselves and those dependent upon them.

Brave talk this, but its implementation was another matter. As the more timorous merchants and transportation companies continued to withhold jobs from Negro former employees, their brethren connected with the committee could only shake their heads and repeat that the whole sorry mess was the result of the merchants' having tolerated months ago the dictation of striking longshoremen as to whom they should employ and on what terms.

That many, Negroes were not restored to their old jobs is also clear from editorials in the Tribune after the riots. Greeley urged the merchants of New York to welcome Negroes back "to any work they are able and willing to do at a satisfactory price."


152. Times, July 17, 1863; Anti-Slavery Standard, July 25, 1863.


154. Tribune, July 17, 1863.

155. Barnes, op. cit., p. 34; Stoddard, op. cit., pp. 80, 81, 91; Alexander, op. cit., 111, 68. Colored servants in private homes were another large class assaulted by rioters. Herald, July 17, 1863.

156. Tribune, July 20, 1863. When the danger abated, this concern denied the charge that it had disclaimed having any Negro employees, asserting that it sheltered a number of colored refugees during, the disorders. Tribune, July 21, 1863.
and, in a thrust at the Irish, urged that colored persons -- "American born and bred" -- be protected in the exercise of this right. Failure to do so meant capitulation to the demands of the rioters:

_The mob exults in the belief that, if it failed in its other objects, it [had?] at least secured possession of the labor of the city, and has driven the blacks to seek work elsewhere... . It is the duty of merchants and other employers to take pains to recall their workmen immediately, and assure them of permanent protection._

Greeley observed, nevertheless, that reluctance to reemploy Negroes persisted. Of course, the great decrease in the city’s colored population by 1865 also indicated a drop in the employment of Negroes.

To review the main points of this article, Democratic leaders and newspapers in New York, from the secession crisis to the draft riots, constantly harped upon the note that if the slaves were freed, they would flock north and take away the jobs of Irish laborers. The election campaigns of 1860, 1861, and 1862 and Lincoln’s emancipation program were the occasions for their heaviest barrages of propaganda on this score. Republicans and abolitionists were slow to answer their opponents’ predictions. When they finally did reply, they argued that elimination of slavery would forestall any danger of an inundation of blacks.

Although information about the actual movement of Negroes during the Civil War is sparse, it appears that some northward migration of contrabands did take place. It was small, to be sure, but enough seemingly to give point to the warnings of anti-administration politicians and journalists and to alarm the New York proletariat, despite surveys proving that the great majority of former slaves had no desire to leave the South.

Rivalry for jobs between Negroes and Irishmen in New York had existed before the Civil War, and employers had occasionally hired black workers to break the strikes of white workers. During the war, with the numerous strikes for higher wages which it brought, the use of Negro strikebreakers by employers became much more frequent, particularly in the longshore field, dominated by the Irish. In the first half of 1863 the longshoremen of New York went on strike after strike for increased pay, only to see their places filled by colored men who had fled from the city during the riots.
working for less money under police protection. While longshore wages gradually rose, white labor on the waterfront was, obsessed with the fear of competition from Negroes which needed only the commencement of the draft to be transformed into wholesale murder. The violence inflicted upon black workers on the docks and in other occupations by the draft rioters did, in fact, result in a decline for some years to come in the job rivalry which the former had offered. Thus the rioters partially achieved their aims.

ALBON P. MAN, JR.

New York, New York
Late January: For the annual antislavery reception in Boston, Lydia Maria Child rode into Boston with Amos Bronson Alcott and Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, with Bronson keeping the ladies entertained by informing them at a length approximating the length of their train ride of the significance of the distinction that there was to be made between “personality” and “individuality.”
Thomas Wentworth Higginson wrote a number of Newport essays, such as “Driftwood Fire,” that would later be published in the collection OLDPORT DAYS. He helped found the Boston-based Radical Club and the Free Religious Association. The first convention of this Free Religious Association was held in Boston, with Unitarians such as Waldo Emerson and Bronson Alcott attending. “It has been a great hindrance to genuine progress that religion has not been free, and freedom has not been religious.” Lydia Maria Child was quick to notice that although she was being given zero credit, what this convention was doing was embracing the principles of the two volumes of THE PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS, THROUGH SUCCESSIVE AGES that had been published by her in 1855. So it goes.

She would be attending the Free Religious Association meetings regularly during her stays in Boston, and more frequently subsequent to her husband David’s death in 1874.

Those Unitarians who could not stomach this new Free Religious Association separated themselves as the conservative “National Conference of Unitarian Churches” (a wound which would not heal over until 1938).

The Hopedale Community had feebly survived in the form of a religious organization — until in this year it was converted into the Hopedale Parish. Three months later the religious society was accepted into the local Unitarian association.
Thomas Wentworth Higginson wrote essays on Margaret Fuller and Lydia Maria Child for EMINENT WOMEN.

Elizabeth Oakes Smith was a founding member of the first women’s club in New-York.
Edith O’Gorman’s Trials and Persecutions of Miss Edith O’Gorman.

Friend John Greenleaf Whittier’s Miriam and Other Poems.

When she found that Friend John and Lucy Larcom had included an Italian poem in Child Life, Lydia Maria Child informed him that this had been a mistake for such material might have the effect of seducing a Protestant child into Catholicism! But Friend John had not included the material because of any sympathy for Popery: “Ireland is cursed with Popery. The Protestant section of the island never starves and never begs.” The victims of the Irish Potato Famine, it appears, had come to pester us here in America because their superstitious religion had caused them to become lazy beggars!

“To understand is not to forgive. It is only to understand. It is not an end but a beginning.”

— Rebecca West

July: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Anna Loring: European feminists; Suffrage as efficient & educational; Harmony of sexes; Prussian ambition, Communism, and Versailles Jesuits.

October: Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Anna Loring(?): Chicago fire & KKK; Grant & South; Tweed Ring; German feminists; free labor.
May: After a visit to Boston, Lydia Maria Child stopped by Concord to visit with the Alcott family.

(As “Lydia Maria Francis” and “Abigail May,” she and Abba Alcott had been girlhood friends.)
November: With “Evenings in the Library: Bryant” in Belford’s Monthly Magazine, George Stewart, Jr. continued to offer to the media circus various collections of more or less accurate facts and more or less considered opinions picked up 2d-hand or 3d-hand about matters in regard to which he personally knew nothing at all.

Letter from Lydia Maria Child to Anna Loring: Birthday.
Lydia Maria Child had Roberts Brothers of Boston print her own “eclectic Bible” of quotations from the world’s religions, ASPIRATIONS OF THE WORLD: A CHAIN OF OPALS, her motive being stated as: “to do all I can to enlarge and strengthen the hand of human brotherhood.”

ASPIRATIONS OF THE WORLD

The Virginia supreme court, in Kinney v. Commonwealth, 71 Virginia 858, 869, considered it the state’s duty to protect the moral welfare of both races by banning any and all sorts of interracial mingling: “The purity of public morals, the moral and physical development of both races, and the highest advancement of our cherished southern civilization, under which two distinct races are to work out and accomplish the destiny to which the Almighty has assigned them on this continent — all require that they should be kept distinct and separate, and that connections and alliances so unnatural that God and nature seem to forbid them, should be prohibited by positive law, and be subject to no evasion.” Folks, let’s not go there.

NARRATIVE OF SOJOURNER TRUTH; A BONDSWOMAN OF OLDEN TIME, EMANCIPATED BY THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE IN THE EARLY PART OF THE PRESENT CENTURY; WITH A HISTORY OF HER LABORS AND
CORRESPONDENCE DRAWN FROM HER "BOOK OF LIFE."161

161. You will notice that I do not have here an illustration of the correct edition.
You do know that Sojourner kept an autograph collection, don’t you? Here are some of her specimens:

162. William Lloyd Garrison
   President Abraham Lincoln
   Parker Pillsbury
   Gilbert Haven
   Susan B. Anthony
   Calvin Fairbanks
   Wendell Phillips
   Harriet Beecher Stowe
   Charles S. White
   Friend Lucretia Mott
   Lydia Maria Child
   George Thompson
   Gerrit Smith
   Captain Jonathan Walker
   R.S. Griffing
   Reverend Samuel Joseph May
   O.O. Howard
   Rowland Johnson
   Lydia Mott
   Friend Amy Post
Susan B. Anthony
Calvin Coolidge
Nelson A. Miles
Nelson
Charles S. White
Lucretia Mott,
J. Maria Child,
Geo Thompson
Pettit
Janet, Pulcin
R.S. Griffin

Saul F. May

O.O. Howard

Publ. Johnson

Lydia Chauncey

Amy Post
October 20, Wednesday: In Newcastle, England, Joseph Wilson Swan gave a large-scale demonstration of the carbon-filament bulbs he had been developing since about 1860. The Swan incandescent lamp consisted of a resistive filament in an evacuated glass tube. In one process he was using sulfuric acid to carbonize cotton thread for his filaments, and in another process he was squirting collodion into a coagulating solution and then heating the threads of nitrocellulose until they carbonized.

After becoming free of the necessity of caring for her husband David in 1874, Lydia Maria Child had enjoyed greater financial prosperity, so that at the point of her death, her estate was valued at $36,000. Wendell Phillips gave the eulogy in a service at her Wayland home. She was “ready to die for a principle and starve for an idea,” Phillips said. “We felt that neither fame, nor gain, nor danger, nor calumny had any weight with her.” She was buried beside David in the town’s old burial ground.
Friend John Greenleaf Whittier provided a biographical introduction to LETTERS OF LYDIA MARIA CHILD. When the career of Senator George Frisbie Hoar of Concord seemed in political jeopardy, Friend John Greenleaf Whittier returned to active political engagement in order to assist him behind the scenes, in the smoke-filled rooms of the inner workings and power centers of the Republican Party with which Whittier was so familiar.¹⁶³

But while feeling, and willing to meet, all the responsibilities of citizenship, and deeply interested in questions which concern the welfare and honor of the country, I have, as a rule, declined overtures for acceptance of public stations. I have always taken an active part in elections, but have not been willing to add my own example to the greed of office.

¹⁶³. At this point there was no longer any overriding principle or agenda to be served, but Friend John Greenleaf Whittier had simply become, by this point, out of long exposure, such a committed supporter of the Republican Party whatever it was up to, that he could not tolerate that the party which he termed its “enemy,” the Democrats, should achieve any successes.
Helene G. Baer’s *The Heart Is Like Heaven: The Life of Lydia Maria Child*. 1964
Milton Meltzer’s *Tongue of Flame: The Life of Lydia Maria Child*. 

1965
William S. Osborne’s *Lydia Maria Child*.
Deborah Pickman Clifford’s *Crusader for Freedom: A Life of Lydia Maria Child* (Boston: Beacon Press).


In Northampton, Massachusetts, a project began to create a memorial statue to honor the life and work of Sojourner Truth, former slave, abolitionist, and social activist who had resided in the Florence neighborhood from 1843 to 1856.
Arthur Versluis’s *American Transcendentalism and Asian Religions*. Religion in America Series. NY: Oxford UP, 1993. Those who suppose “the Western tradition” was something –somewhere, sometime– fixed in the United States will have this notion upset by this study of the relationship between the American transcendentalists and Asian religions. While fundamentalists and conservatives were denouncing aliens scriptures, the Transcendentalists were embracing the influx of new information on Buddhism, Hinduism, and Taoism. This account does not leave off with Emerson and Thoreau, but continues on into the early 20th Century, considering John Weiss, Samuel Johnson, William Rounseville Alger, Octavius Brooks Frothingham, Moncure Daniel Conway, and Lydia Maria Child.
Carolyn L. Karcher’s THE FIRST WOMAN IN THE REPUBLIC: A CULTURAL BIOGRAPHY OF Lydia Maria Child.

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“It’s all now you see. Yesterday won’t be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago.”
- Remark by character “Garin Stevens” in William Faulkner’s Intruder in the Dust

Prepared: December 30, 2015
This stuff presumably looks to you as if it were generated by a human. Such is not the case. Instead, someone has requested that we pull it out of the hat of a pirate who has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (as above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture (this is data mining). To respond to such a request for information we merely push a button.
Commonly, the first output of the algorithm has obvious deficiencies and we need to go back into the modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and recompile the chronology—but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary "writerly" process you know and love. As the contents of this originating contexture improve, and as the programming improves, and as funding becomes available (to date no funding whatever has been needed in the creation of this facility, the entire operation being run out of pocket change) we expect a diminished need to do such tweaking and recompiling, and we fully expect to achieve a simulation of a generous and untiring robotic research librarian. Onward and upward in this brave new world.

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