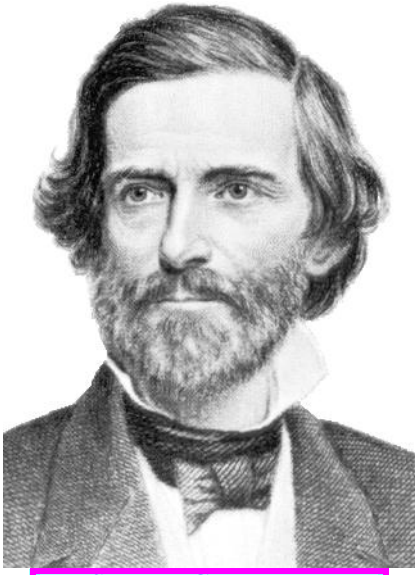
GO TO LIST OF PEOPLE INVOLVED IN HARPERS FERRY

VARIOUS PERSONAGES INVOLVED

IN THE

FOMENTING OF RACE WAR (RATHER THAN CIVIL WAR)

IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE

It is clear that Henry Thoreau was not trusted with any of the secrets of the conspiracy we have come to know as the Secret "Six," to the extent that his future editor and biographer Franklin Benjamin Sanborn confided to him nothing whatever about the ongoing meetings which he was having with the Reverend Thomas Wentworth "Charles P. Carter" Higginson, the Reverend Theodore Parker, Gerrit Smith, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, and George Luther Stearns. For Thoreau commented in his JOURNAL in regard to Captain John Brown, "it would seem that he had not confidence enough in me, **or in anybody else that I know** [my emphasis], to communicate his plans to us." -And, Thoreau could not have believed this and could not have made such an entry in his journal had any member of the Secret Six been providing him with any clues whatever that there was something going on behind the scenes, within their own private realm of scheming! Had it been the case, that Thoreau had become aware that there was in existence another, parallel, universe of scheming, rather than writing "or in anybody else that I know," he would most assuredly have written something more on the order of (perhaps) "it would seem that they had not confidence enough in me, to provide me any insight into their plans."

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

Treason being punished as what it is, why would the downtown Boston lawyer Richard Henry Dana, Jr. allow himself to become legal counsel to a "Secret Six" committee that was funding the activities of Captain John Brown, as that loose cannon prepared to raid the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry, Virginia? He was going to be implicated as having obviously had guilty prior knowledge, and was obviously making himself of necessity a prime candidate for the noose. As the going got hot he would make himself unavailable for prosecution –by venturing on a luxury trip around the globe– but the issue is not how he might extricate himself from this, but why he would have so endangered himself.

The Reverend Thomas Wentworth "Charles P. Carter" Higginson of the Secret "Six" believed that "Never in history was there an oppressed people who were set free by others" (it was therefore up to American black people to demonstrate their courage, and their worthiness to be free — basically by getting themselves exterminated). After Harpers Ferry he would attempt to organize an expedition to raid the Charles Town lockup and rescue the accused — this was an expedition Henry Thoreau would oppose, asserting that to the contrary Captain Brown's highest and best purpose was to be hung.

Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe and others of the Massachusetts State Kansas Committee raised $5,000 in one day, to buy enough Sharp's rifles to arm 200 men to the teeth in "Bleeding Kansas." He, as well as the Reverend Theodore Parker, Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, Gerrit Smith, and George Luther Stearns, fully grasped from the earliest moment the fact that the probable result of their attempt to incite a race war (black Americans against white), would be, at least initially, a defeat of the black forces of servile insurrection. These 5 of the white conspirators of the Secret "Six" finance committee clearly had been willing to sacrifice the lives of their black allies in order to foment sectional civil war between Northern and Southern white Americans.

The Reverend Theodore Parker, a stone racist, declared from his pulpit that while he ordinarily spent $1,500 a year on books, the equivalent of 4 or 5 men's annual wages, for the time being he was going to restrict himself to spending less than one man's annual wage on books per year, and devote the remaining moneys to the purchase of guns and ammunition for the white people going to the Kansas Territory. Sharps rifles, the very latest in deadliness, cost $25 apiece when had in sufficient quantity:

> *"I make all my pecuniary arrangements with the expectation of civil war."*

He would take to marking the boxes of new Sharps rifles he shipped illegally to "Bleeding Kansas" with the word **BOOKS**, and he would take to referring to these firearms as so many copies of RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE as in "The right of the people to keep and to bear arms shall not be infringed." He, as well as Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, Gerrit Smith, and George Luther Stearns of the Secret "Six", fully grasped from the earliest moment the fact that the probable result of their attempt to incite a race war, of black Americans against white Americans, would be, at least initially, a defeat of the black forces of servile insurrection. These 5 of the white conspirators clearly had been willing to sacrifice the lives of their allies among the Northern and Southern black Americans slave and free, in order to foment a rectification of the Southern white Americans.

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

Franklin Benjamin Sanborn of Concord, as well as Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the Reverend Theodore Parker, Gerrit Smith, and George Luther Stearns, fully grasped from the earliest moment the fact that the probable result of their attempt to incite a race war, of black Americans against white Americans, would be, at least initially, a defeat of their black forces. These 5 of the white Secret "Six" conspirators clearly had been willing to sacrifice the lives of their black allies for servile insurrection in order to foment sectional civil war between Northern and Southern white Americans. (John Brown, who had himself buried a wife and promptly recruited another one, once commented to Sanborn, in regard to the young man's grief over the prompt death of his young bride Ariana Walker, that he was too young to be married to a gravestone.)

The immensely wealthy "H. Ross Perot" political figure of that era was a former Millerite millennialist: Gerrit Smith. In this American's mansion outside Syracuse, New York, standing in the center of his study, was an ornate mahogany desk. Rumor had it that this had once been the desk of the emperor Napoleon Bonaparte himself. The millennium of William Miller not having arrived on schedule, Smith had become determined to, as he put it, "make himself a colored man" –he desired to explore his inner blackness– and thus he befriended Frederick Douglass (Smith would be Douglass's friend, that is, up to the point at which he would discover that black Americans were inherently racially inferior to white Americans and thus unworthy of consideration). He, as well as Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the Reverend Theodore Parker, Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, and George Luther Stearns of the Secret "Six" fully grasped from the earliest moment that the probable result of their attempt to incite a servile insurrection of black Americans against white Americans, would be, at least initially, a defeat of the black forces. These 5 of the white conspirators clearly had been willing to sacrifice the lives of their black allies, in order to disrupt relations between Northern and Southern white Americans, toward the generation of a sectional civil war.

George Luther Stearns, a Boston manufacturer of lead pipe and the secretary of the Boston Emancipation League, as well as Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the Reverend Theodore Parker, Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, and Gerrit Smith of the Secret "Six," fully grasped from the earliest moment the fact that the probable result of their attempt to incite a race war, of black Americans against white Americans, would be, at least initially, a defeat of their black forces. These 5 of the white conspirators clearly had been willing to sacrifice the lives of their black allies in servile insurrection in order to foment a sectional civil war between Northern and Southern white Americans.

THOSE INVOLVED, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY

SECRET "SIX"

Person's Name	On Raid?	Shot Dead?	Hanged?	His Function	Age	Race
Charles Francis Adams, Sr.	**No**	**No**	**No**	**Finance**		**white**
Charles Francis Adams, Sr. subscribed to the racist agenda of Eli Thayer's and Amos Lawrence's New England Emigrant Aid Company, for the creation of an Aryan Nation in the territory then well known as "Bleeding Kansas", to the tune of $25,000.						
Jeremiah Goldsmith Anderson	**Yes**	**Yes**		**Captain or Lt.**	**26**	**white**
Jeremiah Goldsmith Anderson, one of Captain Brown's lieutenants, was born April 17, 1833, in Indiana, the son of John Anderson. His maternal grandfather, Colonel Jacob Westfall of Tygert Valley VA, had been a soldier in the revolution and a slaveholder. He went to school at Galesburg IL and Kossuth IA and worked as a peddler, farmer, and sawmill laborer before settling a mile from Fort Bain on the Little Osage in Bourbon County in "Bleeding Kansas" in August 1857. He was twice arrested by the proslavery activists, and for ten weeks was held at Fort Scott. He then became a lieutenant of Captain Montgomery and was with him in the attack on Captain Anderson's troop of the First US Cavalry. He witnessed a murder on his own doorstep by border ruffians, of a Mr. Denton. He went with John Brown on the slave raid into Missouri and remained with him thereafter. On July 5, 1859 he wrote of his determination to continue to fight for freedom: "Millions of fellow-beings require it of us; their cries for help go out to the universe daily and hourly. Whose duty is it to help them? Is it yours? Is it mine? It is every man's, but how few there are to help. But there are a few who dare to answer this call and dare to answer it in a manner that will make this land of liberty and equality shake to the centre." He was killed by a bayonet-thrust of one of the Marines at Harpers Ferry. "One of the prisoners described Anderson as turning completely over against the wall [to which he was pinned by the bayonet] in his dying agony. He lived a short time, stretched on the brick walk without, where he was subjected to savage brutalities, being kicked in body and face, while one brute of an armed farmer spat a huge quid of tobacco from his vile jaws into the mouth of the dying man, which he first forced open."						
John Anderson	**?**	**?**		**Private**	**< 30**	**of color**
John Anderson, a free black youth from Boston allegedly killed at Harpers Ferry. Nothing is known as to who he was, other than that he was young, or where he came from, other than from Boston — and it is even possible that actually there had been no such person as this in John Brown's company. (The John Anderson we do know about had an entirely different life trajectory, in Canada.)						

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

Person's Name	On Raid?	Shot Dead?	Hanged?	His Function	Age	Race
Osborn Perry Anderson	**Yes**	**No**	**No**	**Private**	**29**	**of color**
Osborn Perry Anderson, "O.P. Anderson, or as we used to call him Chatham Anderson," the only participant of color to survive Harpers Ferry and elude capture, had been born free on July 27, 1830 in West Fallowfield PA. He had learned the printing trade in Canada, where he had met John Brown in 1858. He would write later of the fight at Harpers Ferry and his escape in A VOICE FROM HARPER'S FERRY: "We were together eight days before [John Edwin Cook and Albert Hazlett were] captured, which was near Chambersburg, and the next night Meriam [Francis Jackson Meriam] left us and went to Shippensburg, and there took cars for Philadelphia. After that there were but three of us left [Brown's son Owen Brown, Barclay Coppoc, and Charles Plummer Tidd], and we kept together, until we got to Centre County, Pennsylvania, where we bought a box and packed up all heavy luggage, such as rifles, blankets, etc., and after being together three or four weeks we separated…." Anderson, Coppoc, and Meriam had journeyed separately to safe exile in the area of St. Catharines, Canada. Anderson enlisted in the US Army in 1864, becoming a noncommissioned officer, and mustered out in Washington DC at the close of the war, to die a pauper of TB and lack of care in Washington on December 13, 1872.						
John Albion Andrew	**No**					**white**
Despite the fact that John Albion Andrew was a prominent Massachusetts politician, Franklin Benjamin Sanborn of the Secret "Six" would indicate long after the raid on Harpers Ferry, John Brown's "general purpose of attacking slavery by force, in Missouri or elsewhere, was known in 1857-8-9" to Governor Andrew.						
Henry Ward Beecher	**No**	**No**	**No**	**Propaganda**		**white**
The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher induced the congregation of his Plymouth Church to procure a crate of 25 rifles to ship illegally to "Bleeding Kansas" and to stamp upon that crate the term of art **BIBLES**. The Reverend's personal attitude toward American blacks was that although those like Frederick Douglass whose blood had become partly mingled with the blood of whites were worthy of consideration as human beings, those who yet remained of pure African stock were still in such a "low animal condition" (his category, his words) of pure blackness that such consideration as human beings would be inappropriate.						
Ann Brown	**No**	**No**	**No**	**Supporter**		**white**
Ann Brown, a daughter of Captain John Brown, was with the conspirators at the Kennedy farm until shortly before the attack upon Harpers Ferry. In the aftermath she would move to the West Coast.						
Frederick Brown	**No**	**No**	**No**	**Supporter**		**white**
Frederick Brown was fanatically religious to the extent that he attempted to sever his sexual organs when he was attracted to a young lady. He would have been 28 at the time of the Harpers Ferry raid, but in 1856 had been killed in the fighting in "Bleeding Kansas".						

Person's Name	On Raid?	Shot Dead?	Hanged?	His Function	Age	Race
Jason Brown	**No**	**No**	**No**	**Supporter**	**38**	**white**
Jason Brown, one of the elder sons of Captain John Brown, was a gentle sort of person who actually was trying to become an inventor. He took part in the battle at Black Jack in "Bleeding Kansas", and in the killings on the Osawatomie Creek, but was not at Harpers Ferry. He and his brother Owen Brown would become grape growers in the mountains above Pasadena, California.						
John Brown	**Yes**	**Multiple wounds**	**Yes**	**Commander**		**white**
John Brown, "Captain" John "Shubel Morgan" "Isaac Smith" Brown.						
John Brown, Jr.	**No**	**No**	**No**	**Supporter**	**38**	**white**
John Brown, Jr., 38 at the time of the Harpers Ferry raid and Captain John Brown's eldest son, had trained as a phrenologist. After the raid he would go into hiding in Ohio and, when summoned to appear before the investigatory committee of the US Senate, would refuse to appear. During the Civil War he served as Captain of Company K of the 7th Kansas Cavalry. He and his family would then find permanent safe haven on South Bass Island in Lake Erie.						
Martha Brewster Brown	**No**	**No**	**No**	**Supporter**		**white**
Martha Brewster Brown, wife of Oliver Brown and daughter-in-law of Captain John Brown, was with the conspirators at the Kennedy farm until shortly before the attack upon Harpers Ferry.						
Oliver Brown	**Yes**	**Yes**		**Captain**	**20**	**white**
Oliver Brown, the youngest of John Brown's sons to reach adulthood, was born in Franklin OH on March 9, 1839. He was a bookish lad. He went to "Bleeding Kansas" in 1855, with his father, and returned to North Elba in October 1856, where he married Martha E. Brewster (Martha Brewster Brown) in 1858. She was sent back north just before the raid on Harpers Ferry and he was shot dead at the age of 20 while serving as a sentinel at the river bridge.						
Owen Brown	**Yes**	**No**	**No**	**Captain**	**35**	**white**

Person's Name	On Raid?	Shot Dead?	Hanged?	His Function	Age	Race
Owen Brown, 3d of John Brown's sons and his stalwart aid both in "Bleeding Kansas" and at Harper's Ferry, was born November 4, 1824, at Hudson OH. He had been attempting to make a career of writing humor articles for newspapers. He was 35 at the time of the Harpers Ferry raid. He escaped from Harpers Ferry on foot toward the northwestern part of Pennsylvania. It was due largely to his psychological grit, and physical endurance despite a withered arm, that the little group of survivors of which he was the leader did reach safety. He and Charles Plummer Tidd found work and safety under assumed names, on an oil well crew in Crawford County PA. He never married. After the civil war he would grow grapes for some time in Ohio in association with two of his brothers, before migrating to California. He was the only one of the five escaped raiders not to participate in the civil war, and was the last of the raiders when he died on January 9, 1891 near Pasadena at his mountain home "Brown's Peak." A marble monument marked the mountain grave until in July 2002 it mysteriously disappeared — since the site is not a registered historical landmark or cemetery, there is not going to be an investigation.						
Salmon Brown	**No**				**23**	**white**
Salmon Brown, 23 at the time of the Harpers Ferry raid, was said to have been exactly like his father, Captain John Brown, in every particular. He would once comment to a newspaper reporter that "The tannery business, farming, wool buying and the raising of blooded stock were my father's life occupations, though all of them were subordinated to his one consuming passion — freeing the slaves." Salmon would die in Portland, Oregon in 1919.						
Watson Brown	**Yes**	**Yes**		**Captain**	**24**	**white**
Watson Brown, born at Franklin OH on October 7, 1835, married Isabella M. Thompson in September 1856. His son by this marriage would live only to his 5th year but would nevertheless survive him. He was sent out by his father John Brown to negotiate and was shot down by the citizens of Harpers Ferry. He managed to crawl back to the shelter of the engine house and lived on, groaning, his head cradled in Edwin Coppoc's lap, for a considerable period. He expired on October 18th. Recovering his body, his mother Mary Ann Day Brown eventually would be able to rebury it in the Adirondacks before heading off to her retirement in California.						
John E. Cook	**Yes**	**No**	**Yes**	**Captain**	**29**	**white**

Person's Name	On Raid?	Shot Dead?	Hanged?	His Function	Age	Race
John Edwin Cook, a well-connected 5'7" gentleman with blue eyes and long, curly blond hair, born in Summer 1830 to a well-to-do family in Haddam, Connecticut, had been a law clerk in Brooklyn and Manhattan after being expelled from Yale College for some indiscretion, and had in 1855 become a member of the guerrilla force operated out of Lawrence in "Bleeding Kansas" by Charles Lenhart and had made himself an excellent shot. He had been dispatched by John Brown to Harpers Ferry more than a year before the raid to work out the details on the ground, and had secured employment as a lock tender on the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal, as a schoolteacher, and as a bookseller. He married a Chambersburg PA woman, Mary V. Kennedy, on April 18, 1859. After having escaped by climbing into a tree and watching after Brown had sent him out to collect weapons, and after evading capture for some months, against the advice of his comrades he became reckless in his search for food, was captured on October 25th eight miles from Chambersburg PA. As an incessant and compulsive communicator he had always been considered by the Brown operatives to be indiscreet. In a confession which would be published as a pamphlet at Charles Town in the middle of November 1859 for the benefit of a man who had been crippled for life in the fighting at Harper's Ferry (Samuel C. Young), Cook would detail for his captors all his movements from the point of his 1st meeting with Brown after the battle of Black Jack in June 1856 until after his capture. At the last moment he would seek to save his life by representing that he had been deceived through false promises. For this revelation Cook would be severely censured at the time, being termed "Judas" by the friends of Brown. Despite his confession and despite his brother-in-law A.P. Willard being the governor of Indiana, he would in the end be also hanged for the treason and murder at Harpers Ferry, one of the last, on December 16th.						
John Anderson Copeland, Jr.	**Yes**	**No**	**Yes**	**Private**	**< 30**	**of color**
John Anderson Copeland, Jr. was trapped along with his uncle Lewis Sheridan Leary and John Henry Kagi in "Hall's Rifle Works" at the Harpers Ferry armory. When the three men made a run for the Shenandoah River they were trapped in a crossfire, but after Kagi had been killed and Leary had been shot several times and placed under arrest, Copeland was able to surrender without having been wounded. He refused to speak during his trial and was hanged with too short a drop and thus strangled slowly. On December 29, when a crowd of 3,000 would attend his funeral in his hometown of Oberlin, Ohio, there would be no body to bury, for after his cadaver had been temporarily interred in Charles Town it had been dug up and was in service in the instruction of students at the medical college in Winchester, Virginia. A monument was erected by the citizens of Oberlin in honor of their three fallen free citizens of color, Copeland, Leary, and Shields Green (the 8-foot marble monument would be moved to Vine Street Park in 1971). Judge Parker stated in his story of the trials (St. Louis Globe Democrat, April 8, 1888) that Copeland had been "the prisoner who impressed me best. He was a free negro. He had been educated, and there was a dignity about him that I could not help liking. He was always manly." Andrew Hunter at the same time was quoted as saying– "Copeland was the cleverest of all the prisoners ... and behaved better than any of them. If I had had the power and could have concluded to pardon any man among them, he was the man I would have picked out." (Paul Finkelman avers on page 49 of HIS SOUL GOES MARCHING ON: RESPONSES TO JOHN BROWN AND THE HARPERS FERRY RAID that his middle name was Anthony rather than Anderson.)						
Barclay Coppoc	**Yes**	**No**	**No**	**Private**	**< 21**	**white**

Person's Name	On Raid?	Shot Dead?	Hanged?	His Function	Age	Race
Barclay Coppoc, from the Quaker settlement of Springdale, Iowa, was born in Salem OH on January 4, 1839, and had not attained his majority at the time of the raid on Harpers Ferry. This Quaker escaped, although his adopted brother Edwin Coppoc surrendered and was tried and hanged. "We were together eight days before [John Edwin Cook and Albert Hazlett were] captured, which was near Chambersburg, and the next night Meriam [Francis Jackson Meriam] left us and went to Shippensburg, and there took cars for Philadelphia. After that there were but three of us left [John Brown's son Owen Brown, Barclay Coppoc, and Charles Plummer Tidd], and we kept together, until we got to Centre County, Pennsylvania, where we bought a box and packed up all heavy luggage, such as rifles, blankets, etc., and after being together three or four weeks we separated and I went on through with the box to Ohio on the cars." Osborn Perry Anderson, Barclay Coppoc, and Francis Jackson Meriam would travel separately to safe exile in the area of St. Catharines, Canada. Barclay then went to his family home in Iowa, with Virginia agents in close pursuit. There a band of young men armed themselves to defend him, and the Religious Society of Friends disowned him for bearing arms. He was back in "Bleeding Kansas" in 1860, helping to run off some Missouri slaves, and nearly lost his life in a second undertaking of this kind. He became a 1st Lieutenant in Colonel Montgomery's regiment, the 3d Kansas Infantry. Soon he was killed by the fall of a train into the Platte river from a trestle 40 feet high, the supports of which had been burned away by Confederates.						
Edwin Coppoc	**Yes**	**Unwounded**	**Yes**	**Lieutenant**	**< 30**	**white**
Edwin Coppoc, who had been born on June 30, 1835 and orphaned and adopted at the age of 6 into a nonresistant-abolitionist Quaker farm family first of Salem, Ohio and then of Springdale IA. On March 6, 1857 he was disowned by the Religious Society of Friends and in the spring of 1858 went to "Bleeding Kansas" as a settler — but did not take part in the fighting. It was during a visit to Springdale in the fall of 1858 that he met John Brown. He would surrender with Captain Brown in the engine house at Harpers Ferry, and would be tried by a jury of his white male peers immediately after the conclusion of the trial of Captain Brown while his still-Quaker brother Barclay Coppoc was eluding capture. He was sentenced on November 2. From prison before his hanging, he wrote his adoptive mother that he was *"sorry to say that I was ever induced to raise a gun."* He was hung with John Edwin Cook on December 16, 1859 and a day later his brother turned up at home in Iowa (he also would soon be disowned). The body of Edwin Coppoc was buried in Winona, Iowa after a funeral attended by the entire town (later the body would be reburied in Salem, Ohio).						
Richard Henry Dana, Jr.	**No**	**No**	**No**	**Enabler**		**white**

Person's Name	On Raid?	Shot Dead?	Hanged?	His Function	Age	Race
Treason being punished as what it is, why would the downtown Boston lawyer Richard Henry Dana, Jr. allow himself to become legal counsel to a "Secret Six" committee that was funding the activities of Captain John Brown, as that loose cannon prepared to raid the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry, Virginia? He was going to be implicated as having obviously had guilty prior knowledge, and was obviously making himself of necessity a prime candidate for the noose. As the going got hot he would make himself unavailable for prosecution –by venturing on a luxury trip around the globe– but the issue is not how he might extricate himself from this, but why he would have so endangered himself.						
Martin Robison Delany	**No**	**No**	**No**	**Supporter**		**of color**
Dr. Martin Robison Delany. At a meeting of the conspirators in Chatham in Canada West in May 1858, Doctor Delany, the Reverend William Charles Munroe of Detroit, and several other leaders of the large black expatriate community approved something termed the "Provisional Constitution and Ordinances for the people of the United States," as the charter for the pike-wielding fugitive society of raiders which was to be created in the remote fastness of the Allegheny Mountains by Captain John Brown subsequent to his raid on the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry, Virginia.						
Frederick Douglass	**No**	**No**	**No**	**Supporter**	**41**	**of color**
Waldo Emerson urged Frederick Douglass early on, to make himself into the General Toussaint Louverture of the North American continent. When Captain John Brown made a speech offering himself as the leader for the forces of freedom in "Bleeding Kansas", Douglass stood in the audience and endorsed Brown and his mission despite the unpleasant fact that the plan of the abolitionists was to permanently exclude all persons of color, whether free or enslaved, from that new state. When the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry was raided, his role was intended to be the raising aloft of the sword of General George Washington and the generaling of the black forces. His involvement in this raid was acceptable to such personages as the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher only because his blood had been mixed with white it was removed to a degree from its original "low animal condition" (the Reverend's category, the Reverend's words) of blackness. At the very last moment Douglass perceived that the prospects of the raid were for either failure or betrayal, and fled by way of Canada to England.						
Ralph Waldo Emerson	**No**	**No**	**No**	**Supporter**		**white**
Waldo Emerson, acting as an *agent provocateur* of race war, recommended to Frederick Douglass in 1844 that he become the liberator of his people on the North American continent, modeling himself upon the leader of the successful Haitian revolution of the turn of the century, Toussaint Louverture. "Let me hold your coat while some white man kills you," or something to that effect. We only know about this because Henry Thoreau rushed down to Boston right after the lecture, and had the lecture printed up as a pamphlet — after which there was no lying about the provocation that had been made and so all Emerson could do was pretend that Douglass hadn't been present.						
Hugh Forbes	**No**	**No**	**No**	**Lieutenant**		**white**

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

Person's Name	On Raid?	Shot Dead?	Hanged?	His Function	Age	Race
Captain John Brown's scheme, which he referred to as the "Subterranean Pass Way," was that the escaped, armed slaves were to "swarm" into and set up a center of resistance in the Alleghenies from which they could liberate Virginia and then invade Tennessee and northern Alabama. Such a scoping of the situation never met with much respect from other of the other schemers. In particular, the Scottish adventurer Hugh Forbes, Brown's onetime principal lieutenant, regarding blacks as inherently childlike, credulous, and cowardly, believed such a scheme to be doomed to failure from its inception. The scenario preferred by Forbes would have involved the herding of the slaves together by armed bands of white men and the driving of such herds of humans up the mountain chain toward Canada, neatly disposing of America's entire race problem — by simple relocation of it to another country. Evidently the two planners parted company over issues such as this after Forbes had functioned in Tabor, Iowa as the leader of military training for the recruits, and then Forbes attempted blackmail. When not offered a payoff, he wrote long, detailed letters to congressmen and to others, and it is one of the unresolved issues, how anyone in high office in Washington DC could have avoided knowing in advance that Brown was plotting a strike of some sort against slavery.						
George B. Gill						
George B. Gill had come to "Bleeding Kansas" in 1857 after whaling in the Pacific Ocean, and had there been recruited by John Brown. During the year before the raid, Captain Brown sent Gill to visit a black "mumper" (con artist) named Mr. Reynolds who persuaded Gill that he had gone through the South organizing and had brought into existence in areas of the South a militant organization of black men and women. Pointing out to Gill that Southern newspapers carried numerous references to the death of a favorite slave, he alleged that these were leaders of liberation plots who were being discovered and offed. Southern blacks were ready and needed only to be given a cue. There is evidence that several slaves from the Harpers Ferry area did participate in the raid itself, but returned hastily to their plantations when it became obvious that the raid was a failure. Several fires were set in the vicinity of Harpers Ferry in the week after the raid, probably by slaves and free Negroes. Richard Hinton estimates that $10,000,000 was lost in the sale of Virginia slaves in the year 1859. Census figures show that between 1850 and 1860 there was almost a 10% decline in blacks in the three counties surrounding Harpers Ferry while the total number of blacks in Maryland and Virginia was increasing by about 4%.						
Reverend James Gloucester	**No**			**Financial support**		**of color**
The Reverend James Newton Gloucester of Brooklyn.						
Shields Green	**Yes**	**No**	**Yes**	**Private**	**< 30**	**of color**

Person's Name	On Raid?	Shot Dead?	Hanged?	His Function	Age	Race
Shields Green was an escapee from South Carolina who had served as clothes cleaner in Rochester, New York (his business card there declared "I make no promise that I am unable to perform") and acted as a bodyguard for Frederick Douglass. He was known as "Emperor," although how he obtained this nickname is not now known. He decided to go with John Brown when Douglass turned back at the stone quarry prior to the Harpers Ferry raid, saying to his boss "I believe I'll go with the old man." He took part in the raid and then refused to speak during his trial. At the time of his hanging he was about 23 years of age. His cadaver would be dug up and used for the instruction of students at the medical college in Winchester, Virginia. He, like John Anderson Copeland, Jr. and Lewis Sheridan Leary, had been a resident of Oberlin, Ohio. A monument was erected by the citizens of Oberlin in honor of their 3 fallen free citizens of color (the 8-foot marble monument would be moved to Vine Street Park in 1971).						
James H. Harris						
James H. Harris						
Lewis Hayden						
Lewis Hayden, a black leader in downtown Boston whose escape from Kentucky had been aided by Delia Webster in 1844. Eight years after escaping from slavery, he raised, as an act of gratitude and duty, a sum of $650, in order to ransom the Reverend Calvin Fairbanks out of the Kentucky State Prison at Frankfort, where the Reverend had been languishing under the accusation that he had assisted 47 slaves in their escape, and had served 14 years, and had been whipped and beaten. Just before the raid on Harpers Ferry, Hayden helped recruit Francis Jackson Meriam to carry a message and cash money to the hideout of John Brown, and take part in that struggle.						
Albert Hazlett	**Yes**	**No**	**Yes**	**Capt. or Lt.**	**< 30**	**white**
Albert Hazlett, born in Pennsylvania on September 21, 1837, did not take part in the fight at Harpers Ferry but, with John Edwin Cook who had escaped from that fight by climbing a tree and who later identified him to the prosecutors, would be belatedly hanged. Before the raid he had worked on his brother's farm in western Pennsylvania, and he had joined the others at Kennedy Farm in the early part of September 1859. He was arrested on October 22d in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, near Chambersburg, where he was using the name "William Harrison," was extradited to Virginia, was tried and sentenced at the spring term of the Court, and was hanged on March 16, 1860. George B. Gill said that "I was acquainted with Hazlett well enough in Kansas, yet after all knew but little of him. He was with Montgomery considerably, and was with [Aaron D. Stevens] on the raid in which Cruise was killed. He was a good-sized, fine-looking fellow, overflowing with good nature and social feelings.... Brown got acquainted with him just before leaving "Bleeding Kansas"." To Mrs. Rebecca B. Spring he wrote on March 15, 1860, the eve of his execution, "Your letter gave me great comfort to know that my body would be taken from this land of chains.... I am willing to die in the cause of liberty, if I had ten thousand lives I would willingly lay them all down for the same cause."						

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

Person's Name	On Raid?	Shot Dead?	Hanged?	His Function	Age	Race
The Reverend Thomas Wentworth Higginson	**No**					**White**

The Reverend Thomas Wentworth "Charles P. Carter" Higginson of the Secret "Six" believed that "Never in history was there an oppressed people who were set free by others" (it was therefore up to American black people to demonstrate their courage, and their worthiness to be free — basically by getting themselves exterminated). After Harpers Ferry he would attempt to organize an expedition to raid the Charles Town lockup and rescue the accused — this was an expedition Henry Thoreau would oppose, asserting that to the contrary Captain Brown's highest and best purpose was to be hung.

Richard J. Hinton						

Richard J. Hinton, abolitionist journalist whose opposition to slavery led him to transform himself into a gunslinger. Refer to: Richard J. Hinton, JOHN BROWN AND HIS MEN (NY: Funk & Wagnalls, 1894; Reprint NY: The Arno Press, 1968).

> WHAT TO TAKE: Let your trunk, if you have to buy one, be of moderate size and of the strongest make. Test it by throwing it from the top of a three-storied house; if you pick it up uninjured, it will do to go to Kansas. Not otherwise.
>
> — James Redpath and Richard J. Hinton, HAND-BOOK TO KANSAS TERRITORY, 1859, as quoted on page 3

Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe						

Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe and others of the Massachusetts State Kansas Committee raised $5,000 in one day, to buy enough Sharp's rifles to arm 200 men to the teeth in "Bleeding Kansas." He, as well as the Reverend Theodore Parker, Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, Gerrit Smith, and George Luther Stearns, fully grasped from the earliest moment the fact that the probable result of their attempt to incite a race war (black Americans against white), would be, at least initially, a defeat of the black forces of servile insurrection. These 5 of the white conspirators of the Secret "Six" finance committee clearly had been willing to sacrifice the lives of their black allies in order to foment sectional civil war between Northern and Southern white Americans.

Julia Ward Howe	**No**					**White**

Julia Ward Howe was a racist and, because she carried out errands for her husband Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe who was on the Secret "Six" finance committee (such as having a surreptitious meeting in their home with Captain John Brown), must surely have been aware of and must surely have approved of that committee's agendas.

Person's Name	On Raid?	Shot Dead?	Hanged?	His Function	Age	Race
Thaddeus Hyatt	**No**					**white**
Thaddeus Hyatt was a businessman and financier involved in the preparation of "Bleeding Kansas" as a "free soil" or "Aryan Nation" enclave. Summoned to give testimony before the congressional committee investigating the raid on the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry, he would refuse to appear — and would be imprisoned for a period but ultimately would get away with this refusal.						
John Jones	**No**			**Support**		**white**
John Jones was a Chicago businessman of color (John Brown stayed at his home). He and his wife Mary Richardson Jones were active abolitionists, agitating for the repeal of the Illinois Black Laws. (Not only did these laws obligate black Americans to prove that they were free in order to enter the state, but once they were in state these laws barred them not only from visiting white homes, but from owning any property or merchandise, or entering into any contracts.)						
John Henry Kagi	**Yes**	**Yes**		**Secretary of War, adjutant**	**24**	**white**

Person's Name	On Raid?	Shot Dead?	Hanged?	His Function	Age	Race
Although John Henry Kagi, the best educated of the raiders, was largely self-taught, his letters to the New-York Tribune, the New-York Evening Post, and the National Era testify to his grounding. A debater, public speaker, stenographer, wannabee writer, and total abstainer from alcohol, he was cold in manner and rough in appearance. A nonparticipant in organized religion, he was an able man of business. He had been born on March 15, 1835, a son of the blacksmith for Bristolville OH in a family of Swiss descent (the name originally having been Kagy). In 1854-1855 he had taught school at Hawkinstown VA but had indicated an objection to the system of slavery there and had been compelled to return to Ohio under a pledge never to return. He had gone to Nebraska City in 1856 and been admitted to the bar. He then entered Kansas with one of General James H. Lane's parties and enlisted in Aaron D. Stevens's ("Colonel Whipple's") 2d Kansas Militia. In fighting in the town of Tecumseh in "Bleeding Kansas" he proved himself by killing at least one man, who had been coming after him with a club. After being captured by US troops he had been imprisoned at Lecompton and at Tecumseh, but was finally released. On January 31, 1857 he had been struck on the head with a gold-headed cane by a proslavery judge, drew his revolver and shot the judge in the groin, but Judge Elmore got off three shots and one struck Kagi over the heart, the bullet being stopped by a memorandum-book. He was long in recovering from these wounds, with his family in Ohio, he then returned to Kansas and joined John Brown. He bore the title of Secretary of War in the provisional government and was next in command to John Brown; he was also the adjutant. When in Chambersburg as agent for the raiders, he boarded with Mrs. Mary Rittner. At Harpers Ferry he was trapped along with John Anderson Copeland, Jr. and Lewis Sheridan Leary in the armory called Hall's Rifle Works. When the three men made a run for it, heading down to the Shenandoah River, they got themselves trapped in a crossfire and John Henry Kagi was the first killed, his body being left to float in the river. [Eyal J. Naveh in CROWN OF THORNS: POLITICAL MARTYRDOM IN AMERICA FROM ABRAHAM LINCOLN TO MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. (NY: New York UP, 1990) described Kagi as black (Page 31: "Even though black followers of Brown, such as John Henry Kagi, were also executed in Virginia, for blacks, John Brown became the most famous martyr for their freedom."), but this was just another of the long series of tendentious but uncontested errors which make such literature so unreliable.]						
Amos Lawrence	**No**					**White**
Amos Lawrence provided the large bulk of the investment capital needed by Eli Thayer's New England Emigrant Aid Company for the purchase land in the new territory then well known as "Bleeding Kansas", needed in order to encourage the right sort of black-despising poor white Americans to settle there as "decent antislavery" homesteaders. The idea was to send entire communities in one fell swoop, increasing the value of the properties owned by this company. If political control over this territory could be achieved, they would be able to set up a real Aryan Nation, from which slaves would of course be excluded because they were enslaved, and from which free blacks Americans would of course be excluded because as human material they were indelibly inferior.						
Lewis Sheridan Leary	**Yes**	**Yes**		**Private**	**25**	**of color**

Person's Name	On Raid?	Shot Dead?	Hanged?	His Function	Age	Race
Lewis Sheridan "Shad" Leary was a mulatto citizen of Oberlin, Ohio. He was descended from an Irishman, Jeremiah O'Leary, who had fought in the Revolution under General Nathanael Greene of Rhode Island, who had married a woman of mixed blood, partly African, partly of that Croatan Indian stock of North Carolina, which is believed by some to be lineally descended from the "lost colonists" left by John White on Roanoke Island in 1587. Leary was born at Fayetteville NC on March 17, 1835, and was therefore in his 25th year when killed during the raid upon the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry. Like his father, he was a saddler and harness-maker. In 1857 he had gone to Oberlin to live, marrying there and making the acquaintance of John Brown in Cleveland. To go to Harper's Ferry, he left his wife with a 6-month-old child at Oberlin, his wife being in ignorance of the purpose of his trip. He was given funds to go from Oberlin to Chambersburg in the company of his nephew John Anderson Copeland, Jr. He was isolated along with his nephew and John Henry Kagi in the armory called Hall's Rifle Works. When the three men made a run for it, heading down to the Shenandoah River, they got themselves caught in a crossfire, and after Kagi had been killed and Leary shot several times, he was taken, his wounds so severe that he would die the following morning. He was able to dictate messages to his family and is reported as saying "I am ready to die." A monument was erected by the citizens of Oberlin in honor of their three fallen free men of color, Leary, Copeland, and Shields Green (the 8-foot marble monument would be moved to Vine Street Park in 1971). The Leary child would subsequently be educated by James Redpath and Wendell Phillips.						
William H. Leeman	**Yes**	**Yes**		**Captain**	**< 21**	**white**
William H. Leeman was born on March 20, 1839 and was recruited in Maine as a 17-year-old very impressed with John Brown. Being of a rather wild disposition, he had early left his home in Maine. Educated in the public schools of Saco and Hallowell ME, he was working in a shoe factory in Haverhill MA at the age of 14. In 1856 he entered "Bleeding Kansas" with the second Massachusetts colony of that year, and became a member of Captain Brown's "Volunteer Regulars" on September 9, 1856. He fought well at Osawatomie when but 17 years old. Owen Brown found him hard to control at Springdale, Iowa. George B. Gill said of him that he had "a good intellect with great ingenuity." By the raid upon Harpers Ferry he had reached the age of 20. On October 17, 1859, the youngest of the raiders, he made a mad dash out of the relative safety of the armory to swim down the Potomac River but two militiamen caught up with him and shot 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 pushed it into the current and it was 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."						
Francis Jackson Merriam	**Yes**	**No**	**No**	**Private**	**< 30**	**white**

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

Person's Name	On Raid?	Shot Dead?	Hanged?	His Function	Age	Race
Francis Jackson Meriam, grandson and namesake of the Garrisonian abolitionist and Boston historian Francis Jackson, was a young manic-depressive with but one good eye. He helped James Redpath collect materials in Haiti and across the American South for use in a book dedicated to John Brown and Redpath arranged for Meriam to join Brown's guerrillas. He was not captured or killed at Harpers Ferry because he had been left in one of his fits of despair at the Kennedy farmhouse during the raid. After escaping through Shippensburg, Philadelphia, Boston, Concord, and the area of St. Catharines, Canada he served as a captain in the 3rd South Carolina Colored Infantry. Erratic and unbalanced, he urged wild schemes upon his superiors and sometimes attempt them. In an engagement under General Grant he received a serious leg wound. He died suddenly on November 28, 1865 in New-York.						
Charles Moffett	**Yes**					
Charles Moffett, a drifter from Iowa about whom little is known.						
Edwin Morton	**No**					
The very tall Franklin Benjamin Sanborn's intimate college friend Edwin Morton of Plymouth, a descendant of one of the prominent Founding Fathers, was about as deeply involved in the Harpers Ferry raid as any member of the Secret "Six". He was Gerrit Smith's private secretary and resided with his family, and after the raid, while the congressional investigation was going on, he fled overseas and chummed around at Shrewsbury and Hodnet with Henry Thoreau's very tall friend Thomas Cholmondeley.						
Dangerfield Newby	**Yes**	**Yes**		**bridge sentinel**	**39**	**light mulatto**
Dangerfield Newby, a free light mulatto, very tall and with a splendid physique, was serving as a sentinel at the Harpers Ferry bridge and was shot to death as he and the two white men with him retreated before the charge of the Jefferson Guards of Charles Town VA, coming across the Potomac from the Maryland side. He was not brought down by ball or bullet, but by a 6-inch spike being used as a musket projectile, which caught him in the throat and ripped him severely. Since neither of the two white men were shot, it appears that as a mulatto he was targeted. The body was beaten savagely, and its ears snipped off as trophies, and then a herd of hogs was driven up to root on it.						
The Reverend Theodore Parker	**No**					**White**

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

Person's Name	On Raid?	Shot Dead?	Hanged?	His Function	Age	Race
The Reverend Theodore Parker, a stone racist, declared from his pulpit that while he ordinarily spent $1,500 a year on books, the equivalent of 4 or 5 men's annual wages, for the time being he was going to restrict himself to spending less than one man's annual wage on books per year, and devote the remaining moneys to the purchase of guns and ammunition for the white people going to the Kansas Territory. Sharps rifles, the very latest in deadliness, cost $25 apiece when had in sufficient quantity: *"I make all my pecuniary arrangements with the expectation of civil war."* He would take to marking the boxes of new Sharps rifles he shipped illegally to "Bleeding Kansas" with the word **BOOKS**, and he would take to referring to these firearms as so many copies of RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE as in "The right of the people to keep and to bear arms shall not be infringed." He, as well as Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, Gerrit Smith, and George Luther Stearns of the Secret "Six", fully grasped from the earliest moment the fact that the probable result of their attempt to incite a race war, of black Americans against white Americans, would be, at least initially, a defeat of the black forces of servile insurrection. These 5 of the white conspirators clearly had been willing to sacrifice the lives of their allies among the Northern and Southern black Americans slave and free, in order to foment a rectification of the Southern white Americans.						
Luke F. Parsons						
Luke F. Parsons, 22 years old and already a mercenary fighter seasoned in "Bleeding Kansas", a petty thief in need of a paycheck and a legitimating excuse.						
Richard Realf						
Richard Realf was a 23-year-old Englishman, the son of a rural constable. In 1852 he had put out a collection of poetry, GUESSES AT THE BEAUTIFUL, and in 1854, after giving up being the lover of Lady Noell Byron, widow of George Gordon, Lord Byron, he was led to the United States of America by "instincts" which he characterized as "democratic and republican, or, at least, anti-monarchical." He had been introduced to John Brown at the end of November 1857 in Lawrence in "Bleeding Kansas" while working as a correspondent for the Illinois State Gazette. It has been John Edwin Cook who had persuaded him to sign up with Brown's god-squad.						
James Redpath						
James Redpath, crusading journalist out to make a buck in the best way.						
G.J. Reynolds						

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

Person's Name	On Raid?	Shot Dead?	Hanged?	His Function	Age	Race
George J. Reynolds, a light mulatto blacksmith or coppersmith of Sandusky, Ohio, from Virginia although saying he was from Vermont, with native American as well as black African heritage, age 35 at the time of the raid on the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry, and active in the Underground Railroad.						
Richard Richardson						**of color**
Richard Richardson, a fugitive slave from Lexington, Missouri who had joined John Brown in southern Iowa, was going through that unfortunate but now-well-understood initial period of reaction to freedom in which a former slave, accustomed to servitude and unaccustomed to self-origination, attaches himself to some authoritative white man who is able with courtesy to make use of him.						
Judge Thomas Russell	**No**					**White**
Mary Ellen Russell visited John Brown in jail a few weeks before his execution. She said that although she had never approved of his violent methods, she admired him as a man of vision and idealism. Brown had been friends with the Russells for years, and had stayed at their home on several occasions despite the fact that Thomas Russell was a prominent member of the Massachusetts judiciary. Franklin Benjamin Sanborn of the Secret "Six" would allege long after the raid on Harpers Ferry that "Brown's general purpose of attacking slavery by force, in Missouri or elsewhere, was known in 1857-8-9" to Judge Russell.						
Franklin Benjamin Sanborn	**No**					**White**
Franklin Benjamin Sanborn of Concord, as well as Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the Reverend Theodore Parker, Gerrit Smith, and George Luther Stearns, fully grasped from the earliest moment the fact that the probable result of their attempt to incite a race war, of black Americans against white Americans, would be, at least initially, a defeat of their black forces. These 5 of the white Secret "Six" conspirators clearly had been willing to sacrifice the lives of their black allies for servile insurrection in order to foment sectional civil war between Northern and Southern white Americans. (John Brown, who had himself buried a wife and promptly recruited another one, once commented to Sanborn, in regard to the young man's grief over the prompt death of his young bride Ariana Walker, that he was too young to be married to a gravestone.)						
Gerrit Smith	**No**					**White**

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

Person's Name	On Raid?	Shot Dead?	Hanged?	His Function	Age	Race
The immensely wealthy "H. Ross Perot" political figure of that era was a former Millerite millennialist: Gerrit Smith. In this American's mansion outside Syracuse, New York, standing in the center of his study, was an ornate mahogany desk. Rumor had it that this had once been the desk of the emperor Napoleon Bonaparte himself. The millennium of William Miller not having arrived on schedule, Smith had become determined to, as he put it, "make himself a colored man" –he desired to explore his inner blackness– and thus he befriended Frederick Douglass (Smith would be Douglass's friend, that is, up to the point at which he would discover that black Americans were inherently racially inferior to white Americans and thus unworthy of consideration). He, as well as Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the Reverend Theodore Parker, Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, and George Luther Stearns of the Secret "Six" fully grasped from the earliest moment that the probable result of their attempt to incite a servile insurrection of black Americans against white Americans, would be, at least initially, a defeat of the black forces. These 5 of the white conspirators clearly had been willing to sacrifice the lives of their black allies, in order to disrupt relations between Northern and Southern white Americans, toward the generation of a sectional civil war.						
Stephen Smith						
Stephen Smith, lumber dealer of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.						
Lysander Spooner						
The anarchist Boston attorney Lysander Spooner, who was well aware of John Brown's plans for the raid on the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry, wrote to Gerrit Smith in January 1859 warning that Brown had neither the men nor the resources to succeed. After the raid he would plot the kidnapping of Governor Henry A. Wise of Virginia, the idea being to take him at pistol point aboard a tug and hold him off the Atlantic coast, at threat of execution should Brown be executed.						
George Luther Stearns						
George Luther Stearns, a Boston manufacturer of lead pipe and the secretary of the Boston Emancipation League, as well as Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the Reverend Theodore Parker, Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, and Gerrit Smith of the Secret "Six," fully grasped from the earliest moment the fact that the probable result of their attempt to incite a race war, of black Americans against white Americans, would be, at least initially, a defeat of their black forces. These 5 of the white conspirators clearly had been willing to sacrifice the lives of their black allies in servile insurrection in order to foment a sectional civil war between Northern and Southern white Americans.						
Aaron Dwight Stevens	**Yes**	**Badly wounded**	**Yes**	**Captain**	**28**	**white**

Person's Name	On Raid?	Shot Dead?	Hanged?	His Function	Age	Race
Aaron Dwight Stevens, John Brown's drillmaster, born in Lisbon, Connecticut on March 15, 1831, had run away from home in 1847 at the age of 16 to serve with a Massachusetts volunteer regiment in Mexico. He made himself proficient with the sword. At Taos in May 1855, he received a sentence of death for "mutiny, engaging in a drunken riot, and assaulting Major George A.H. Blake" of the 1st US Dragoons. This was commuted by President Franklin Pierce to 3 years hard labor but he escaped from Fort Leavenworth in 1856, 1st finding refuge with the Delaware tribe and then joining the Kansas Free State militia of James Lane under the name "Whipple." He became Colonel of the 2d Kansas Militia and met Brown on August 7, 1856 at the Nebraska line when Lane's Army of the North marched into "Bleeding Kansas". He became a devoted follower. He was a spiritualist. At Harpers Ferry, when Brown sent this middleaged man out along with his son Watson Brown to negotiate under a flag of truce, he received four bullets and was taken alive. The never-married Stevens was of old Puritan stock, and his great-grandfather had been a captain in the Revolutionary army. Because of a relationship with Rebecca B. Spring of the Eagleswood social experiment near Perth Amboy, New Jersey, after his execution on March 16th he would be buried there alongside Albert Hazlett. According to George B. Gill, writing after his death, "Stevens — how gloriously he sang! His was the noblest soul I ever knew. Though owing to his rash, hasty way, I often found occasion to quarrel with him more so than with any of the others, and though I liked [John Henry Kagi] better than any man I ever knew, our temperaments being adapted to each other, yet I can truly say that Stevens was the most noble man that I ever knew."						
Stewart Taylor	**Yes**	**Yes**		**Private**	**23**	**white**
Stewart Taylor, the only raider not of American birth, had been born on October 29, 1836 at Uxbridge in Canada. He became a wagonmaker and in 1853 he went to Iowa, where in 1858 he became acquainted with John Brown through George B. Gill. He was a spiritualist. A relative, Jacob L. Taylor of Pine Orchard, Canada West, wrote to Richard J. Hinton on April 23, 1860 that he had been "heart and soul in the anti-slavery cause. An excellent debater and very fond of studying history. He stayed at home, in Canada, for the winter of 1858-1859, and then went to Chicago, thence to Bloomington IL, and thence to Harper's Ferry. He was a very good phonographer [stenographer], rapid and accurate. He was overcome with distress when, getting out of communication with the John Brown movement, he thought for a time that he was to be left out."						
Eli Thayer	**No**					

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

Person's Name	On Raid?	Shot Dead?	Hanged?	His Function	Age	Race
Eli Thayer, an entrepreneur who believed in "doing well by doing good," formed the New England Emigrant Aid Company, to purchase land in the new territory then well known as "Bleeding Kansas" and encourage the right sort of black-despising poor white Americans to settle there by providing information, cheapening transportation, and setting up saw mills and flour mills to give work and incomes to such "decent antislavery" homesteaders. The idea was to send entire communities in one fell swoop, increasing the value of the properties owned by this company. If political control over this territory could be achieved, they would be able to set up a real Aryan Nation, from which slaves would of course be excluded because they were enslaved, and from which free blacks Americans would of course be excluded because as human material they were indelibly inferior. Thayer would comment in retrospect, about the antebellum abolitionists with whom he had been affiliated, that they had constituted "a mutual admiration society possessed by an unusual malignity towards those who did not belong to it." He would instance that there was never "any diffidence or modesty in sounding their own praises."						
Dauphin Adolphus Thompson	**Yes**	**Yes**		**Lieutenant**	**< 30**	**white**
Dauphin Adolphus Thompson, brother of William Thompson and a North Elba neighbor of the family of John Brown, was born April 17, 1838. He was "very quiet, with fair, thoughtful face, curly blonde hair, and baby-blue eyes." His sister Isabella M. Thompson married Watson Brown and his elder brother Henry Thompson married Captain Brown's daughter Ruth. The two brothers were shot dead at Harpers Ferry.						
William Thompson	**Yes**	**Yes**		**Captain?**	**< 30**	**white**
William Thompson was born in New Hampshire in August 1833, the son of Roswell Thompson. In Fall 1858 he married a Mary Brown who was not related to the family of John Brown. His sister Isabella M. Thompson married Watson Brown; his elder brother Henry Thompson married Captain Brown's daughter Ruth. He had started for "Bleeding Kansas" in 1856 but upon meeting the Brown sons returned with them to North Elba. Along with his brother Dauphin Adolphus Thompson, he took part in the raid on the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry, and the two of them were shot dead. When Captain Brown sent him out from the engine house to negotiate under flag of truce, the mob of citizens placed him under arrest, took him to the local hotel barroom, discussed what to do, dragged him into the street, executed him by shooting him in the head, and dumped his body into the Potomac River.						
Henry David Thoreau	**No**					**white**
When, in 1844, Waldo Emerson, acting as an *agent provocateur*, recommended to Frederick Douglass's face that, modeling himself upon the leader of the successful Haitian revolution of the turn of the century, Toussaint Louverture, he fashion himself into the liberator of his people and initiate on the North American continent a servile insurrection or race war, it was Henry Thoreau who after the lecture rushed this information right down to Boston, and had a pamphlet printed up, after which there was no way to dissimulate about the provocation that had been made — and so all Emerson was able to do was pretend that Douglass hadn't been present. (We, of course, have credited Emerson's cover story, not because there is any corroboration for it but because ... well, he's Mr. Emerson and wouldn't lie to us.)						

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

Person's Name	On Raid?	Shot Dead?	Hanged?	His Function	Age	Race
Charles Plummer Tidd	**Yes**	**No**	**No**	**Captain**	**25**	**white**
Charles Plummer Tidd was born in Palermo ME in 1834 and had emigrated to Kansas in 1856 with the party of Dr. Calvin Cutter of Worcester in search of excitement. After joining John Brown's party at Tabor in 1857 he became one of the followers of "Shubel Morgan" who returned to "Bleeding Kansas" in 1858 to raid into Missouri. During the Winter 1857-1858 encampment of the Brown forces in the Iowa Territory, he "ruined" a Quaker girl and the other members of the team had to sneak him away from Springdale, Iowa during the night. Nevertheless, the group obtained some recruits not overly impressed with the Peace Testimony of George Fox from among the residents of this town, such as the brothers Barclay Coppoc and Edwin Coppoc. He and John E. Cook were particularly warm friends. He opposed the attack on Harpers Ferry but nevertheless took part both in the raid on the planter Washington's home and on the federal arsenal itself, escaped, and made his way on foot toward the northwestern part of Pennsylvania. He and John Brown's son Owen Brown would find work and safety, under assumed names, on an oil well in the vicinity of Crawford County PA. He visited Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Canada and took part in the planning for the rescue of Aaron D. Stevens and Albert Hazlett while the Mason Commission of the Congress was presuming that he had been killed in the fighting at Harpers Ferry. On July 19, 1861 he was able to enlist under the name "Charles Plummer" and would become a 1st Sergeant of the 21st Massachusetts Volunteers. On February 8, 1862 he died of fever aboard the transport *Northerner* during the battle of Roanoke Island. (This was a battle he had particularly wished to take part in because ex-Governor Henry A. Wise of Virginia, the nemesis of the Harpers Ferry raiders, was in command of the Confederates.) Charles Plummer Tidd's grave is #40 in the National Cemetery in New Berne NC. THE QUAKER PEACE TESTIMONY						
Harriet Tubman	**No**					**of color**
Harriet Tubman was negotiated with by John Brown for participation in the raid on the federal arsenal. She mistrusted these men and had persistent dreams in which Brown and his sons appeared as serpents. The attack had been scheduled to occur on the 4th of July, symbolic of national birth. At the last moment she alleged she was ill, and for this reason as well as delays in the deliveries of supplies, the attack needed to be postponed for months. On the day of the actual attack at Harpers Ferry she had a premonition that it would fail.						
Henry Watson	**No**					**of color**
Henry Watson, barber of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania involved both with John Brown and with Frederick Douglass.						
etc.						

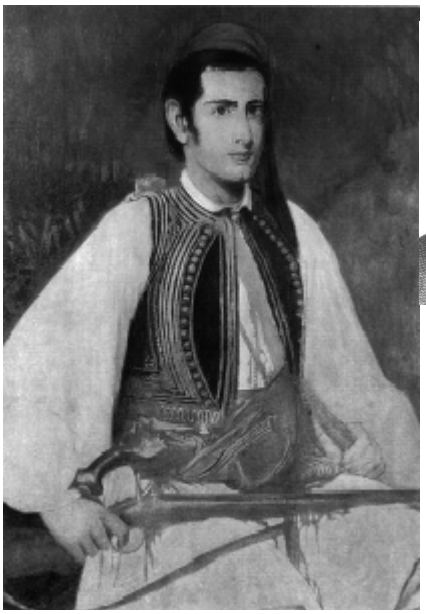
RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

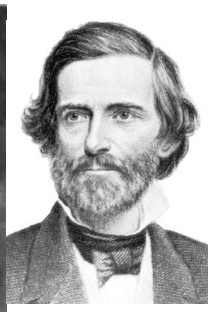
"THERE ARE NOT MANY PERSONS, I HOPE AND BELIEVE,

WHO, AFTER READING THESE PASSAGES,

CAN EVER HEAR THAT NAME WITH INDIFFERENCE":

DOCTOR SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE



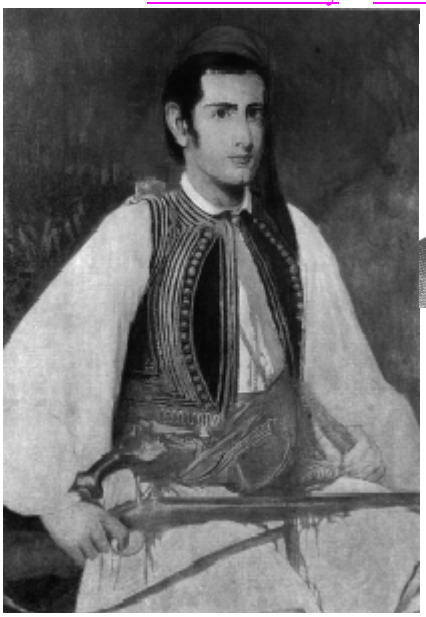


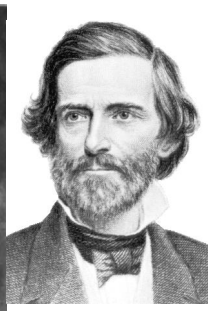
1801

November 10, Tuesday: Samuel Gridley Howe was born in Boston.

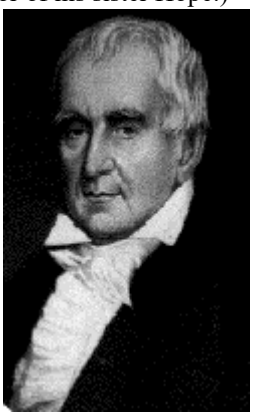
1821

The war for liberation of Greece from the Ottoman Empire began. This would last into 1829. In Rhode Island, William C. Gibbs was in charge. Samuel Gridley Howe, who like Byron would take an active part in the Greek war against Turkey, graduated from Brown University in Providence.



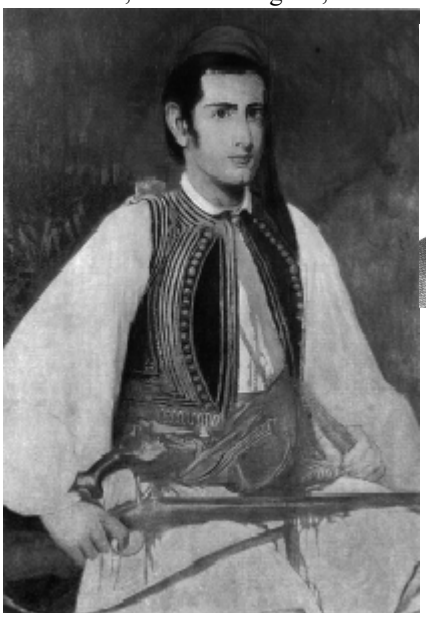


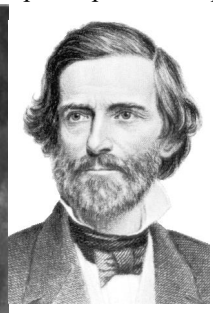
During his undergraduate education, he had been notorious for his pranks, such as leading the college president's horse up the stairs to the top floor of the College Edifice. (Speaking of the College Edifice, in this year the lot adjacent to it was being purchased upon which a 3-story brick building would be constructed by Nicholas Brown, Jr. and named in honor of his sister Hope.)



1824

Samuel Gridley Howe graduated from Harvard Medical School and sailed to participate for six years in the Greek revolution, first as a soldier, then as a surgeon, then as a participant in the postwar reconstruction.





Professors George Ticknor, Edward Everett, and George Bancroft, as high-minded academic emissaries from the backwaters in America, went off to Europe to witness real cultural currents. These three Harvard men (Ticknor the professor of belles lettres; Everett the professor of classics, Bancroft the tutor) would later become important in Massachusetts politics. While in Europe the three scholars would come belatedly in contact with the writings left behind by Herr Professor Immanuel Kant, Johann Gottlieb Fichte, Friedrich von Schelling, as well as with the contemporary writings of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Contact with German metaphysicians would reinforce the conservatism of Ticknor and Everett while developing in Bancroft what has been referred to as “democratic ideals.” Once safely back in Cambridge, the three would serve as catalysts for the new view of the world. Ticknor would advocate a really higher education, such as transforming Harvard into a university by broadening its curriculum and testing and grading students rather than tolerating advancement through mere seniority. The Reverend William Ellery Channing would also be being challenged by these three visitors to real culture, from the 1830s on, to formulate his new Unitarianism.

1829

Louis Braille, a blind instructor for the blind, was making remarkable improvements in the “point system” for the creation of raised characters that could be recognized by sensitive fingertips. There was a meeting in Boston about the new methods of training in Europe, by means of which an education was being provided for people who were blind, and the response was such enthusiasm that on the spot Thomas H. Perkins funded an Institute for the Blind, with the governor and lieutenant-governor of the state on the board of directors and with a promise of significant additional funding from the state. Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe was to be the director of this new institute and was to proceed to Europe and study the methods in use there.

PERKINS INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

1831

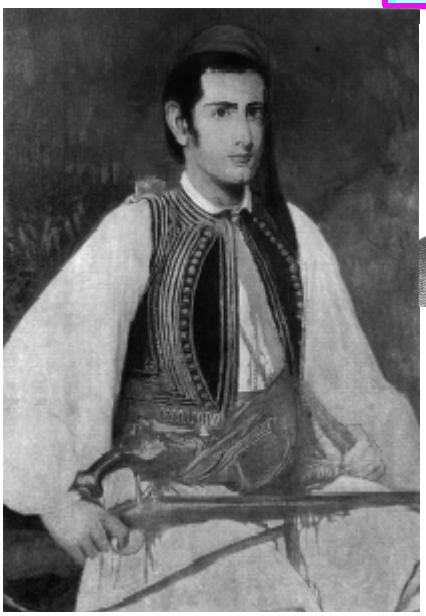
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe noticed that:

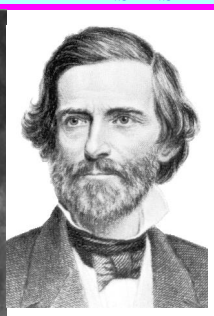
> [I]t is expected that a person who has distinguished himself in one field ... will not ... venture into one entirely unrelated. Should an individual attempt this, no gratitude is shown.

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

An individual who failed to follow Goethe's advice that one should choose a field of activity in one's life and then stick with that field, becoming not only an insurrectionary but also a medical doctor, was Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, who had been selected to be the director of the new institute in Boston for teaching people who were blind. He proceeded in this year to Europe to study the methods in use there but, as a slight detour from his overall trajectory, would be briefly imprisoned in Poland for participation in a revolt.

PERKINS INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND





1832

July: Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe returned from his investigations in Europe and, in his father's home on Pleasant Street in Boston, began to train a few blind children. Then the new institute was opened in a family mansion donated by the Boston merchant Thomas Handasyd Perkins.

This school would be known as the Perkins Institute for the Blind and the kind of raised type sponsored there would come to be known as "Boston Line Lettering." The Perkins mansion on Pearl Street would, however, prove to be unsuitable as "the house was not large enough for a suitable separation of the two sexes.... The offspring of marriages between congenital defectives almost invariably perpetuate the taint in the blood of the parents ... marriage between two blind persons he [Howe??] always denounced as against every law of morality. The justness of this view is too evident to need demonstration."[1]

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1. This, and illustrations from drawings by John Elliott, is from: Howe, Maude and Florence Howe Hall. LAURA BRIDGMAN: DR. HOWE'S FAMOUS PUPIL AND WHAT HE TAUGHT HER. Boston MA: Little, Brown, 1903.

One can imagine Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe's friend, Professor Louis Agassiz, using the same reasoning on him in regard to the suitable separation of the races. One can imagine Professor Agassiz pointing out that the offspring of marriages between persons of different race almost invariably perpetuate the taint in the blood of the colored parent, and thus are against every law of morality. One can imagine Professor Agassiz insisting in his letter that the justness of this view is too evident to need demonstration. —**But this is no exercise in fantasy, for in fact Professor Agassiz would write Dr. Howe precisely such a letter, saying precisely these things, on August 10, 1863.**

1833

The first American community service for white blind people was formed, under the direction of Doctor Samuel Gridley Howe (he would become the husband of Julia Ward Howe).[2]

2. This facility would be renamed the Perkins Institute for the Blind because Thomas H. Perkins donated his home. Thoreau would apply to Dr. Howe for a job as an assistant teacher there on March 9, 1841 but would not be selected.

1837

October 12, Thursday: At Constantine (Qusantina) west of Tunis in Algeria, Charles, Comte de Damremont, Governor-General of French North Africa, fell in combat.

Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe of the Perkins Institute for the Blind began to teach the alphabet to still-cute little blind, deaf, and mute Laura Bridgman:[3]

> Helen Keller is now Perkins' best-known deaf-and-blind graduate, but just as famous in her day was Laura Bridgman, who went to the school only five years after it opened. When Dr Howe taught her the use of language it was the first case of its kind recorded. We should think of things of this kind when we read of the atmosphere of hope and excitement then; and when we read Emerson and Thoreau urging their readers to cultivate the self and not to trust to institutions and philanthropies. We should also remember how tightly integrated this society was. Dr Howe was the husband of Julia Ward Howe, and they took their wedding journey in Europe with Horace Mann, Sr. and his bride, investigating new methods of teaching. A bust of Laura Bridgman was executed by Sophia Peabody Hawthorne, and copies were distributed at the expense of Mrs Peter Chardon Brooks, wife of one of Boston's leading philanthropists, mother of Mrs Edward Everett, Mrs Nathaniel Frothingham, Mrs Charles Francis Adams, grandmother therefore of Henry Adams, Brooks Adams, and so on. All Boston was involved in its institutions.
>
> - Martin Green, THE PROBLEM OF BOSTON (London: Longmans, Green and Co, Ltd., 1966), page 49.

How amusing it would be to be able to inform Martin Green, quoted above, that Henry Thoreau would make application on March 9, 1841 to teach at the Perkins institution despite this air of philanthropy which Green presumes he so mistrusted, and of the fact that in 1861 Thoreau would visit Minnesota with the firstborn son of the deceased Horace Mann, Sr. and his bride. Boston society seems to have been even more tightly integrated than Green has succeeded in imagining - though that is not so very important. What I would suggest that it would be important for Green to learn is that Thoreau's attitudes are no-way near so easily reducible, as he seems to suppose, to a variety of trivial self-cultivation or to a knee-jerk disdain for all things

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3. In this year, also, because they were under attack by William Lloyd Garrison, the Perkins Institute for the Blind condescended to admit one token deserving blind black child. (All you other blind black children can just go pound salt.)

social.

LAURA DEWEY BRIDGMAN

She was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, on the twenty-first of December, 1829, She is described as having been a very sprightly and pretty infant, with bright blue eyes. She was, however, so puny and feeble until she was a year and a half old, that her parents hardly hoped to rear her. She was subject to severe fits, which seemed to rack her frame almost beyond her power of endurance: and life was held by the feeblest tenure: but when a year and a half old, she seemed to rally; the dangerous symptoms subsided; and at twenty months old she was perfectly well.

Then her mental powers, hitherto stinted in their growth, rapidly developed themselves; and during the four months of health which she enjoyed, she appears (making due allowance for a fond mother's account) to have displayed a considerable degree of intelligence.

But suddenly she sickened again; her disease raged with great violence during five weeks, when her eyes and ears were inflamed, suppurated, and their contents were discharged. But though sight and hearing were gone for ever, the poor child's sufferings were not ended. The fever raged during seven weeks; for five months she was kept in bed in a darkened room; it was a year before she could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day. It was now observed that her sense of smell was almost entirely destroyed; and, consequently, that her taste was much blunted.

It was not until four years of age that the poor child's bodily health seemed restored, and she was able to enter upon her apprenticeship of life and the world.

But what a situation was hers! The darkness and the silence of the tomb were around her: no mother's smile called forth her answering smile, no father's voice taught her to imitate his sounds: - they, brothers and sisters, were but forms of matter which resisted her touch, but which differed not from the furniture of the house, save in warmth, and in the power of locomotion; and not even in these respects from the dog and the cat.

But the immortal spirit which had been implanted within her could not die, nor be maimed nor mutilated; and though most of its avenues of communication with the world were cut off, it began to manifest itself through the others. As soon as she could walk, she began to explore the room, and then the house; she became familiar with the form, density, weight, and heat, of every article she could lay her hands upon. She followed her mother, and felt her hands and arms, as she was occupied about the house; and her disposition to imitate, led her to repeat everything herself. She even learned to sew a little, and to knit.

LAURA DEWEY BRIDGMAN

At this time, I was so fortunate as to hear of the child and immediately hastened to Hanover to see her. I found her with a well-formed figure; a strongly-marked, nervous-sanguine temperament; a large and beautifully-shaped head; and the whole system in healthy action. The parents were easily induced to consent to her coming to Boston, and on the 4th of October, 1837, they brought her to the Institution.

For a while, she was much bewildered; and after waiting about two weeks, until she became acquainted with her new locality, and somewhat familiar with the inmates, the attempt was made to give her knowledge of arbitrary signs by which she could interchange thoughts with others.

There was one of two ways to be adopted: either to go on to build up a language of signs on the basis of the natural language which she had already commenced herself, or to teach her the purely arbitrary language in common use: that is, to give her a sign for every individual thing, or to give her a knowledge of letters by combination of which she might express her idea of the existence, and the mode and condition of existence, of any thing. The former would have been easy, but very ineffectual; the latter seemed very difficult, but, if accomplished, very effectual. I determined therefore to try the latter.

The first experiments were made by taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, &c., and pasting upon them labels with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt very carefully, and soon, of course. distinguished that the crooked lines **s p o o n**, differed as much from the crooked lines **k e y**, as the spoon differed from the key in form.

Then small detached labels, with the same words printed upon them, were put into her hands; and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones pasted on the articles She showed her perception of this similarity by laying the label **k e y** upon the key, and the label **s p o o n** upon the spoon. She was encouraged here by the natural sign of approbation, patting on the head.

The same process was then repeated with all the articles which she could handle; and she very easily learned to place the proper labels upon them. It was evident, however, that the only intellectual exercise was that of imitation and memory. She recollected that the label **b o o k** was placed upon a book, and she repeated the process first from imitation, next from memory, with only the motive of love of approbation, but apparently without the intellectual perception of any relation between the things.

LAURA DEWEY BRIDGMAN

After a while, instead of labels, the individual letters were given to her on detached bits of paper: they were arranged side by side so as to spell **b o o k**, **k e y**, &c.; then they were mixed up in a heap and a sign was made for her to arrange them herself so as to express the words **b o o k**, **k e y**, &c.; and she did so.

Hitherto, the process had been mechanical, and the success about as great as teaching a very knowing dog a variety of tricks. The poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated everything her teacher did; but now the truth began to flash upon her: her intellect began to work: she perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of anything that was in her own mind, and show it to another mind; and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression: it was no longer a dog, or parrot: it was an immortal spirit, eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits! I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance; I saw that the great obstacle was overcome; and that henceforward nothing but patient and persevering, but plain and straightforward, efforts were to be used

The result thus far, is quickly related, and easily conceived; but not so was the process; for many weeks of apparently unprofitable labour were passed before it was effected.

When it was said above, that a sign was made, it was intended to say, that the action was performed by her teacher, she feeling his hands, and then imitating the motion.

The next step was to procure a set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends; also a board, in which were square holes, into which holes she could set the types; so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface.

Then, on any article being handed to her, for instance a pencil, or a watch, she would select the component letters, and arrange them on her board, and read them with apparent pleasure.

She was exercised for several weeks in this way, until her vocabulary became extensive; and then the important step was taken of teaching her how to represent the different letters by the position of her fingers, instead of the cumbrous apparatus of the board and types. She accomplished this speedily and easily, for her intellect had begun to work in aid of her teacher, and her progress was rapid.

LAURA DEWEY BRIDGMAN

This was the period, about three months after she had commenced, that the first report of her case was made, in which it was stated that

> she has just learned the manual alphabet, as used by the deaf mutes, and it is a subject of delight and wonder to see how rapidly, correctly, and eagerly, she goes on with her labours. Her teacher gives her a new object, for instance, a pencil, first lets her examine it, and get an idea of its use, then teaches her how to spell it by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers the child grasps her hand, and feels her fingers, as the different letters are formed; she turns her head a little on one side like a person listening closely; her lips are apart; she seems scarcely to breathe; and her countenance, at first anxious gradually changes to a smile, as she comprehends the lesson. She then holds up her tiny fingers, and spells the word in the manual alphabet; next, she takes her types and arranges her letters; and last, to make sure that she is right, she takes the whole of the types composing the word, and places them upon or in contact with the pencil, or whatever the object may be.

The whole of the succeeding year was passed in gratifying her eager inquiries for the names of every object which she could possibly handle; in exercising her in the use of the manual alphabet; in extending in every possible way her knowledge of the physical relations of things; and in proper care of her health.

At the end of the year a report of her case was made, from which the following is an extract.

> It has been ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt that she cannot see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she have any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness, as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odours, she has no conception; nevertheless, she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure, which is plainly marked in her expressive features.
>
> She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gaiety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group.
>
> When left alone, she seems very happy if she have her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours; if she have no occupation,

LAURA DEWEY BRIDGMAN

she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or by recalling past impressions; she counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned, in the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes In this lonely self-communion she seems to reason, reflect, and argue; if she spell a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation; if right, then she pats herself upon the head, and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks roguish for a moment and laughs, and then with the right hand strikes the left, as if to correct it.

During the year she has attained great dexterity in the use of the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes; and she spells out the words and sentences which she knows, so fast and so deftly, that only those accustomed to this language can follow with the eye the rapid motions of her fingers.

But wonderful as is the rapidity with which she writes her thoughts upon the air, still more so is the ease and accuracy with which she reads the words thus written by another; grasping their hands in hers, and following every movement of their fingers, as letter after letter conveys their meaning to her mind. It is in this way that she converses with her blind playmates, and nothing can more forcibly show the power of mind in forcing matter to its purpose than a meeting between them. For if great talent and skill are necessary for two pantomimes to paint their thoughts and feelings by the movements of the body, and the expression of the countenance, how much greater the difficulty when darkness shrouds them both, and the one can hear no sound.

When Laura is walking through a passage-way, with her hands spread before her, she knows instantly every one she meets, and passes them with a sign of recognition: but if it be a girl of her own age, and especially if it be one of her favourites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition, a twining of arms, a grasping of hands, and a swift telegraphing upon the tiny fingers; whose rapid evolutions convey the thoughts and feelings from the outposts of one mind to those of the other. There are questions and answers, exchanges of joy or sorrow, there are kissings and partings, just as between little children with all their senses.

LAURA DEWEY BRIDGMAN

During this year, and six months after she had left home, her mother came to visit her, and the scene of their meeting was an interesting one.

The mother stood some time, gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding in this, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt, at finding that her beloved child did not know her.

She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognised by the child at once, who, with much joy, put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly to say she understood the string was from her home.

The mother now sought to caress her, but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances.

Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested; she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand that she knew she came from Hanover; she even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold; for, although she had feared that she should not be recognised, the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child, was too much for woman's nature to bear.

After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind, that this could not be a stranger; she therefore felt her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest; she became very pale; and then suddenly red; hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face: at this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her face, as with an expression of exceeding joy she eagerly nestled to the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

After this, the beads were all unheeded; the playthings which were offered to her were utterly disregarded; her playmates, for whom but a moment before she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms, and clung to her with eager joy.

LAURA DEWEY BRIDGMAN

The subsequent parting between them, showed alike the affection, the intelligence, and the resolution of the child.

Laura accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way, until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused, and felt around, to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving the matron, of whom she is very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother with the other; and thus she stood for a moment; then she dropped her mother's hand; put her handkerchief to her eyes; and turning round, clung sobbing to the matron; while her mother departed, with emotions as deep as those of her child.

* * * * * *

It has been remarked in former reports, that she can distinguish different degrees of intellect in others, and that she soon regarded, almost with contempt, a new-comer, when, after a few days, she discovered her weakness of mind. This unamiable part of her character has been more strongly developed during the past year.

She chooses for her friends and companions, those children who are intelligent, and can talk best with her; and she evidently dislikes to be with those who are deficient in intellect, unless, indeed, she can make them serve her purposes, which she is evidently inclined to do. She takes advantage of them, and makes them wait upon her, in a manner that she knows she could not exact of others; and in various ways shows her Saxon blood.

She is fond of having other children noticed and caressed by the teachers, and those whom she respects; but this must not be carried too far, or she becomes jealous. She wants to have her share, which, if not the lion's, is the greater part; and if she does not get it, she says,

My mother will love me.

Her tendency to imitation is so strong, that it leads her to actions which must be entirely incomprehensible to her, and which can give her no other pleasure than the gratification of an internal faculty. She has been known to sit for half an hour, holding a book before her sightless eyes, and moving her lips, as she has observed seeing people do when reading.

She one day pretended that her doll was sick; and went through all the motions of tending it, and giving it medicine; she then put it carefully to bed, and placed a bottle of hot water to its feet, laughing all the time most heartily. When I came home, she insisted upon my going to see it, and feel its pulse; and when I told her to put a blister on its back, she seemed to enjoy it amazingly, and almost screamed with delight.

LAURA DEWEY BRIDGMAN

Her social feelings, and her affections, are very strong; and when she is sitting at work, or at her studies, by the side of one of her little friends, she will break off from her task every few moments, to hug and kiss them with an earnestness and warmth that is touching to behold.

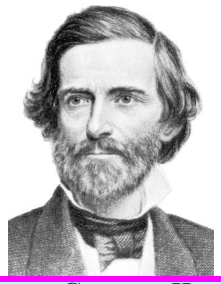
When left alone, she occupies and apparently amuses herself. and seems quite contented; and so strong seems to be the natural tendency of thought to put on the garb of language, that she often soliloquizes in the finger language slow and tedious as it is. But it is only when alone, that she is quiet: for if she becomes sensible of the presence of any one near her, she is restless until she can sit close beside them, hold their hand, and converse with them by signs.

In her intellectual character it is pleasing to observe an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and a quick perception of the relations of things. In her moral character, it is beautiful to behold her continual gladness, her keen enjoyment of existence, her expansive love, her unhesitating confidence, her sympathy with suffering, her conscientiousness, truthfulness, and hopefulness.

1841

On a visit to Boston, the redheaded 19-year-old heiress Julia Ward of Rhode Island encountered "Chev" Howe, noted philanthropist, intrepid educator, dedicated physician, dashing horse-rider, hero of a foreign war of liberation, devoted head of the Perkins Institute for the Blind, noticeably older and something of –how shall I put this– umm, something of a womanizer.

JULIA WARD HOWE



SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE

There was, of course, mutual attraction. This would be, of course, a marriage made in hell.

March 9, Tuesday: Henry Thoreau wrote to Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe from Concord, applying for the position of assistant teacher at the Perkins Institute for the Blind in Boston.
He would not be selected.

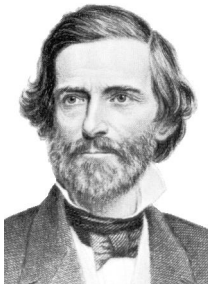
Concord March 9th 1841.
Sir,
I observed in your paper of
March 5th an advertisement for an
Asistant [sic] *Teacher in a Public Institution*
&c" — As I expect to be released from
my engagements here in a fortnight,
I should be glad to hear further of
the above — if the vacancy is not al-
ready filled.
I was graduated at Cambridge in
'37, previous to which date I had had
some experience in school-keeping — and
have since been constantly engaged as
an instruct[o]*r—for the first year,*
as principal of the [A]*cademy here,*
and for the last two, as superinten-
dant of the classical department
alone.
I refer you to Samuel Hoar esq.,

Rev. R.W. Emerson, or Dr. Josiah
*Bartlett, of this town, or to Pre*st
Quincy of Harvard University.
Yrs. respectfully
Henry D. Thoreau

July 15, Thursday: Horace Mann, Sr. suggested to Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe that a bust of Laura Bridgman be prepared. This would be sculpted by Sophia Peabody Hawthorne.

1842

January 29, Saturday: Charles Dickens visited Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe's Perkins Institute for the Blind in Boston.



From Laura Bridgman's diary: "Ladies and gentleman came to see girls." When the blind, deaf, and mute Laura was brought before them, the Dickenses were powerfully affected:[4]

4. You can imagine what the result of all this attention was — little girls all across America and England were putting out the eyes of their dolls and naming them "Laura."

The Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, at Boston, is superintended by a body of trustees who make an annual report to the corporation. The indigent blind of that state are admitted gratuitously. Those from the adjoining state of Connecticut, or from the states of Maine, Vermont, or New Hampshire, are admitted by a warrant from the state to which they respectively belong; or, failing that, must find security among their friends, for the payment of about twenty pounds English for their first year's board and instruction, and ten for the second. "After the first year," say the trustees,

> an account current will be opened with each pupil; he will be charged with the actual cost of his board, which will not exceed two dollars per week; and he will be credited with the amount paid for him by the state, or by his friends; also with his earnings over and above the cost of the stock which he uses; so that all his earnings over one dollar per week will be his own. By the third year it will be known whether his earnings will more than pay the actual cost of his board; if they should he will have it at his option to remain and receive his earnings, or not. Those who prove unable to earn their own livelihood will not be retained; as it is not desirable to convert the establishment into an almshouse, or to retain any but working bees in the hive. Those who by physical or mental imbecility are disqualified from work, are thereby disqualified from being members of an industrious community; and they can be better provided for in establishments fitted for the infirm.

I went to see this place one very fine winter morning: an Italian sky above, and the air so clear and bright on every side, that even my eyes, which are none of the best, could follow the minute lines and scraps of tracery in distant buildings. Like most other public institutions in America, of the same class, it stands a mile or two without the town, in a cheerful healthy spot; and is an airy, spacious, handsome edifice. It is built upon a height, commanding the harbour. When I paused for a moment at the door, and marked how fresh and free the whole scene was — what sparkling bubbles glanced upon the waves, and welled up every moment to the surface, as though the world below, like that above, were radiant with the bright day, and gushing over in its fulness of light: when I gazed from sail to sail away upon a ship at sea, a tiny speck of shining white, the only cloud upon the still, deep, distant blue — and, turning, saw a blind boy with his sightless face addressed that way, as though he too had some sense within him of the glorious distance: I felt a kind of sorrow that the place should be so very light, and a strange wish that for his sake it were darker. It was but momentary, of course, and a mere fancy, but I felt it keenly for all that.

The children were at their daily tasks in different rooms, except a few who were already dismissed, and were at play. Here, as in many institutions, no uniform is worn; and I was very glad of it, for two reasons. Firstly, because I am sure that nothing but senseless custom and want of thought would reconcile us to the liveries and badges we are so fond of at home. Secondly, because the absence of these things presents each child to the visitor in his or her own proper character, with its individuality unimpaired; not lost in a dull, ugly, monotonous repetition of the same unmeaning garb: which is really an important consideration. The wisdom of encouraging a little harmless pride in personal appearance even among the blind, or the whimsical absurdity of considering charity and leather breeches inseparable companions, as we do, requires no comment.

Good order, cleanliness, and comfort, pervaded every corner of the building. The various classes, who were gathered round their teachers, answered the questions put to them with readiness and intelligence, and in a spirit of oheerful contest for precedence which pleased me very much. Those who were at play, were gleesome and noisy as other children. More spiritual and affectionate friendships appeared to exist among them, than would be found among other young persons suffering under no deprivation; but this I expected and was prepared to find. It is a part of the great scheme of Heaven's merciful consideration for the afflicted.

In a portion of the building, set apart for that purpose, are workshops for blind persons whose education is finished, and who have acquired a trade, but who cannot pursue it in an ordinary manufactory because of their deprivation. Several people were at work here; making brushes, mattresses, and so forth; and the cheerfulness, industry, and good order discernible in every other part of the building, extended to this department also.

On the ringing of a bell, the pupils all repaired, without any guide or leader, to a spacious music—hall, where they took their seats in an orchestra erected for that purpose, and listened with manifest delight to a voluntary on the organ played by one of themselves. At its conclusion, the performer, a boy of nineteen or twenty, gave place to a girl; and to her accompaniment they all sang a hymn, and afterwards a sort of chorus. It was very sad to look upon and hear them, happy though their condition unquestionably was; and I saw that one blind girl, who (being for the time deprived of the use of her limbs, by illness) sat close beside me with her face towards them, wept silently the while she listened.

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It is strange to watch the faces of the blind, and see how free they are from all concealment of what is passing in their thoughts; observing which, a man with eyes may blush to contemplate the mask he wears. Allowing for one shade of anxious expression which is never absent from their countenances, and the like of which we may readily detect in our own faces if we try to feel our way in the dark, every idea, as it rises within them, is expressed with the lightning's speed and nature's truth. If the company at a rout, or drawing—room at court, could only for one time be as unconscious of the eyes upon them as blind men and women are, what secrets would come out, and what a worker of hypocrisy this sight, the loss of which we so much pity, would appear to be!

The thought occurred to me as I sat down in another room, before a girl, blind, deaf, and dumb; destitute of smell; and nearly so of taste: before a fair young creature with every human faculty, and hope, and power of goodness and affection, inclosed within her delicate frame, and but one outward sense — the sense of touch. There she was, before me; built up, as it were, in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light, or particle of sound; with her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good man for help, that an Immortal 80ul might be awakened.

Long before I looked upon her, the help had come. Her face was radiant with intelligence and pleasure. Her hair, braided by her own hands, was bound about a head, whose intellectual capacity and development were beautifully expressed in its graceful outline, and its broad open brow; her dress, arranged by herself, was a pattern of neatness and simplicity; the work she had knitted, lay beside her; her writing—book was on the desk she leaned upon. — From the mournful ruin of such bereavement, there had slowly risen up this gentle, tender, guileless, grateful-hearted being.

Like other inmates of that house, she had a green ribbon bound round her eyelids. A doll she had dressed lay near upon the ground. I took it up, and saw that she had made a green fillet such as she wore herself, and fastened it about its mimic eyes.

She was seated in a little enclosure, made by school—desks and forms, writing her daily journal. But soon finishing this pursuit, she engaged in an animated communication with a teacher who sat beside her. This was a favourite mistress with the poor pupil. If she could see the face of her fair instructress, she would not love her less, I am sure.
I have extracted a few disjointed fragments of her history, from an account, written by that one man who has made her what she is. It is a very beautiful and touching narrative; and I wish I could present it entire. Her name is Laura Bridgman.

> She was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, on the twenty—first of December, 1829, She is described as having been a very sprightly and pretty infant, with bright blue eyes. She was, however, so puny and feeble until she was a year and a half old, that her parents hardly hoped to rear her. She was subject to severe fits, which seemed to rack her frame almost beyond her power of endurance: and life was held by the feeblest tenure: but when a year and a half old, she seemed to rally; the dangerous symptoms subsided; and at twenty months old she was perfectly well.
> Then her mental powers, hitherto stinted in their growth, rapidly developed themselves; and during the four months of health which she enjoyed, she appears (making due allowance for a fond mother's account) to have displayed a considerable degree of intelligence.
> But suddenly she sickened again; her disease raged with great violence during five weeks, when her eyes and ears were inflamed, suppurated, and their contents were discharged. But though sight and hearing were gone for ever, the poor child's sufferings were not ended. The fever raged during seven weeks; for five months she was kept in bed in a darkened room; it was a year before she could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day. It was now observed that her sense of smell was almost entirely destroyed; and, consequently, that her taste was much blunted.
> It was not until four years of age that the poor child's bodily health seemed restored, and she was able to enter upon her apprenticeship of life and the world.
> But what a situation was hers! The darkness and the silence of the tomb were around her: no mother's smile called forth her answering smile, no father's voice taught her to imitate his sounds: — they, brothers and sisters, were but forms of matter which resisted her touch, but which differed not from the furniture of the house, save in warmth, and in the power of locomotion; and not even in these respects from the dog and the cat.

> But the immortal spirit which had been implanted within her could not die, nor be maimed nor mutilated; and though most of its avenues of communication with the world were cut off, it began to manifest itself through the others. As soon as she could walk, she began to explore the room, and then the house; she became familiar with the form, density, weight, and heat, of every article she could lay her hands upon. She followed her mother, and felt her hands and arms, as she was occupied about the house; and her disposition to imitate, led her to repeat everything herself. She even learned to sew a little, and to knit.

The reader will scarcely need to be told, however, that the opportunities of communicating with her, were very, very limited; and that the moral effects of her wretched state soon began to appear. Those who cannot be enlightened by reason can only be controlled by force; and this, coupled with her great privations, must soon have reduced her to a worse condition than that of the beasts that perish, but for timely and unhoped-for aid.

> At this time, I was so fortunate as to hear of the child and immediately hastened to Hanover to see her. I found her with a well-formed figure; a strongly-marked, nervous-sanguine temperament; a large and beautifully-shaped head; and the whole system in healthy action. The parents were easily induced to consent to her coming to Boston, and on the 4th of October, 1837, they brought her to the Institution.
> For a while, she was much bewildered; and after waiting about two weeks, until she became acquainted with her new locality, and somewhat familiar with the inmates, the attempt was made to give her knowledge of arbitrary signs by which she could interchange thoughts with others.
> There was one of two ways to be adopted: either to go on to build up a language of signs on the basis of the natural language which she had already commenced herself, or to teach her the purely arbitrary language in common use: that is, to give her a sign for every individual thing, or to give her a knowledge of letters by combination of which she might express her idea of the existence, and the mode and condition of existence, of any thing. The former would have been easy, but very ineffectual; the latter seemed very difficult, but, if accomplished, very effectual. I determined therefore to try the latter.
> The first experiments were made by taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, &c., and pasting upon them labels with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt very carefully, and soon, of course. distinguished that the crooked lines **s p o o n**, differed as much from the crooked lines **k e y**, as the spoon differed from the key in form.

Then small detached labels, with the same words printed upon them, were put into her hands; and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones pasted on the articles She showed her perception of this similarity by laying the label **k e y** upon the key, and the label **s p o o n** upon the spoon. She was encouraged here by the natural sign of approbation, patting on the head.

The same process was then repeated with all the articles which she could handle; and she very easily learned to place the proper labels upon them. It was evident, however, that the only intellectual exercise was that of imitation and memory. She recollected that the label **b o o k** was placed upon a book, and she repeated the process first from imitation, next from memory, with only the motive of love of approbation, but apparently without the intellectual perception of any relation between the things.

After a while, instead of labels, the individual letters were given to her on detached bits of paper: they were arranged side by side so as to spell **b o o k**, **k e y**, &c.; then they were mixed up in a heap and a sign was made for her to arrange them herself so as to express the words **b o o k**, **k e y**, &c.; and she did so.

Hitherto, the process had been mechanical, and the success about as great as teaching a very knowing dog a variety of tricks. The poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated everything her teacher did; but now the truth began to flash upon her: her intellect began to work: she perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of anything that was in her own mind, and show it to another mind; and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression: it was no longer a dog, or parrot: it was an immortal spirit, eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits! I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance; I saw that the great obstacle was overcome; and that henceforward nothing but patient and persevering, but plain and straightforward, efforts were to be used

The result thus far, is quickly related, and easily conceived; but not so was the process; for many weeks of apparently unprofitable labour were passed before it was effected.

When it was said above, that a sign was made, it was intended to say, that the action was performed by her teacher, she feeling his hands, and then imitating the motion.

The next step was to procure a set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends; also a board, in which were square holes, into which holes she could set the types; so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface.

Then, on any article being handed to her, for instance a pencil, or a watch, she would select the component letters, and arrange them on her board, and read them with apparent pleasure.

She was exercised for several weeks in this way, until her vocabulary became extensive; and then the important step was taken of teaching her how to represent the different letters by the position of her fingers, instead of the cumbrous apparatus of the board and types. She accomplished this speedily and easily, for her intellect had begun to work in aid of her teacher, and her progress was rapid.

This was the period, about three months after she had commenced, that the first report of her case was made, in which it was stated that she has just learned the manual alphabet, as used by the deaf mutes, and it is a subject of delight and wonder to see how rapidly, correctly, and eagerly, she goes on with her labours. Her teacher gives her a new object, for instance, a pencil, first lets her examine it, and get an idea of its use, then teaches her how to spell it by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers the child grasps her hand, and feels her fingers, as the different letters are formed; she turns her head a little on one side like a person listening closely; her lips are apart; she seems scarcely to breathe; and her countenance, at first anxious gradually changes to a smile, as she comprehends the lesson. She then holds up her tiny fingers, and spells the word in the manual alphabet; next, she takes her types and arranges her letters; and last, to make sure that she is right, she takes the whole of the types composing the word, and places them upon or in contact with the pencil, or whatever the object may be.

It has been ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt that she cannot see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she have any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness, as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odours, she has no conception; nevertheless, she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure, which is plainly marked in her expressive features.

She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gaiety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group.

When left alone, she seems very happy if she have her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours; if she have no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or by recalling past impressions; she counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned, in the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes In this lonely self—communion she seems to reason, reflect, and argue; if she spell a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation; if right, then she pats herself upon the head, and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks roguish for a moment and laughs, and then with the right hand strikes the left, as if to correct it.

During the year she has attained great dexterity in the use of the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes; and she spells out the words and sentences which she knows, so fast and so deftly, that only those accustomed to this language can follow with the eye the rapid motions of her fingers.

But wonderful as is the rapidity with which she writes her thoughts upon the air, still more so is the ease and accuracy with which she reads the words thus written by another; grasping their hands in hers, and following every movement of their fingers, as letter after letter conveys their meaning to her mind. It is in this way that she converses with her blind playmates, and nothing can more forcibly show the power of mind in forcing matter to its purpose than a meeting between them. For if great talent and skill are necessary for two pantomimes to paint their thoughts and feelings by the movements of the body, and the expression of the countenance, how much greater the difficulty when darkness shrouds them both, and the one can hear no sound.

The whole of the succeeding year was passed in gratifying her eager inquiries for the names of every object which she could possibly handle; in exercising her in the use of the manual alphabet; in extending in every possible way her knowledge of the physical relations of things; and in proper care of her health.

At the end of the year a report of her case was made, from which the following is an extract.

When Laura Bridgman is walking through a passage—way, with her hands spread before her, she knows instantly every one she meets, and passes them with a sign of recognition: but if it be a girl of her own age, and especially if it be one of her favourites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition, a twining of arms, a grasping of hands, and a swift telegraphing upon the tiny fingers; whose rapid evolutions convey the thoughts and feelings from the outposts of one mind to those of the other. There are questions and answers, exchanges of joy or sorrow, there are kissings and partings, just as between little children with all their senses.

During this year, and six months after she had left home, her mother came to visit her, and the scene of their meeting was an interesting one.

The mother stood some time, gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding in this, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt, at finding that her beloved child did not know her.

She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognised by the child at once, who, with much joy, put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly to say she understood the string was from her home.

The mother now sought to caress her, but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances.

Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested; she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand that she knew she came from Hanover; she even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold; for, although she had feared that she should not be recognised, the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child, was too much for woman's nature to bear.

After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind, that this could not be a stranger; she therefore felt her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest; she became very pale; and then suddenly red; hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face: at this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her face, as with an expression of exceeding joy she eagerly nestled to the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

After this, the beads were all unheeded; the playthings which were offered to her were utterly disregarded; her playmates, for whom but a moment before she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms, and clung to her with eager joy.

The subsequent parting between them, showed alike the affection, the intelligence, and the resolution of the child. Laura Bridgman accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way, until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused, and felt around, to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving the matron, of whom she is very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother with the other; and thus she stood for a moment; then she dropped her mother's hand; put her handkerchief to her eyes; and turning round, clung sobbing to the matron; while her mother departed, with emotions as deep as those of her child.

* * * * * *

It has been remarked in former reports, that she can distinguish different degrees of intellect in others, and that she soon regarded, almost with contempt, a new—comer, when, after a few days, she discovered her weakness of mind. This unamiable part of her character has been more strongly developed during the past year.

She chooses for her friends and companions, those children who are intelligent, and can talk best with her; and she evidently dislikes to be with those who are deficient in intellect, unless, indeed, she can make them serve her purposes, which she is evidently inclined to do. She takes advantage of them, and makes them wait upon her, in a manner that she knows she could not exact of others; and in various ways shows her Saxon blood.

She is fond of having other children noticed and caressed by the teachers, and those whom she respects; but this must not be carried too far, or she becomes jealous. She wants to have her share, which, if not the lion's, is the greater part; and if she does not get it, she says,

My mother will love me.

Her tendency to imitation is so strong, that it leads her to actions which must be entirely incomprehensible to her, and which can give her no other pleasure than the gratification of an internal faculty. She has been known to sit for half an hour, holding a book before her sightless eyes, and moving her lips, as she has observed seeing people do when reading.

> She one day pretended that her doll was sick; and went through all the motions of tending it, and giving it medicine; she then put it carefully to bed, and placed a bottle of hot water to its feet, laughing all the time most heartily. When I came home, she insisted upon my going to see it, and feel its pulse; and when I told her to put a blister on its back, she seemed to enjoy it amazingly, and almost screamed with delight.
>
> Her social feelings, and her affections, are very strong; and when she is sitting at work, or at her studies, by the side of one of her little friends, she will break off from her task every few moments, to hug and kiss them with an earnestness and warmth that is touching to behold.
>
> When left alone, she occupies and apparently amuses herself. and seems quite contented; and so strong seems to be the natural tendency of thought to put on the garb of language, that she often soliloquizes in the finger language slow and tedious as it is. But it is only when alone, that she is quiet: for if she becomes sensible of the presence of any one near her, she is restless until she can sit close beside them, hold their hand, and converse with them by signs.
>
> In her intellectual character it is pleasing to observe an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and a quick perception of the relations of things. In her moral character, it is beautiful to behold her continual gladness, her keen enjoyment of existence, her expansive love, her unhesitating confidence, her sympathy with suffering, her conscientiousness, truthfulness, and hopefulness.

Such are a few fragments from the simple but most interesting and instructive history of Laura Bridgman. The name of her great benefactor and friend who writes it, is Dr. Howe. There are not many persons, I hope and believe, who, after reading these passages, can ever hear that name with indifference.

A further account has been published by Dr. Howe, since the report from which I have just quoted. It describes her rapid mental growth and improvement during twelve months more, and brings her little history down to the end of last year. It is very remarkable, that as we dream in words, and carry on imaginary conversations, in which we speak both for ourselves and for the shadows who appear to us in those visions of the night, so she, having no words, uses her finger alphabet in her sleep. And it has been ascertained that when her slumber is broken, and is much disturbed by dreams, she expresses her thoughts in an irregular and confused manner on her fingers: just as we should murmur and mutter them indistinctly, in the like circumstances.

I turned over the leaves of her Diary, and found it written in a fair legible square hand, and expressed in terms which were quite intelligible without any explanation. On my saying that I should like to see her write again, the teacher who sat beside her, bade her, in their language, sign her name upon a slip of paper, twice or thrice. In doing so, I observed that she kept her left hand always touching, and following up, her right, in which, of course, she held the pen. No line was indicated by any contrivance, but she wrote straight and freely.

She had, until now, been quite unconscious of the presence of visitors; but, having her hand placed in that of the gentleman who accompanied me, she immediately expressed his name upon her teacher's palm. Indeed her sense of touch is now so exquisite, that having been acquainted with a person once, she can recognise him or her after almost any interval. This gentleman had been in her company, I believe, but very seldom, and certainly had not seen her for many months. My hand she rejected at once, as she does that of any man who is a stranger to her. But she retained my wife's with evident pleasure, kissed her, and examined her dress with a girl's curiosity and interest.

She was merry and cheerful, and showed much innocent playfulness in her intercourse with her teacher. Her delight on recognising a favourite playfellow and companion — herself a blind girl — who silently, and with an equal enjoyment of the coming surprise, took a seat beside her, was beautiful to witness. It elicited from her at first, as other slight circumstances did twice or thrice during my visit, an uncouth noise which was rather painful to hear. But on her teacher touching her lips, she immediately desisted, and embraced her laughingly and affectionately.

I had previously been into another chamber, where a number of blind boys were swinging, and climbing, and engaged in various sports. They all clamoured, as we entered, to the assistant—master, who accompanied us,

Look at me, Mr. Hart!
Please, Mr. Hart, look at me!

evincing, I thought, even in this, an anxiety peculiar to their condition, that their little feats of agility should be **seen**. Among them was a small laughing fellow, who stood aloof, entertaining himself with a gymnastic exercise for bringing the arms and chest into play; which he enjoyed mightily; especially when, in thrusting out his right arm, he brought it into contact with another boy. Like Laura Bridgman, this young child was deaf, and dumb, and blind.

Dr. Howe's account of this pupil's first instruction is so very striking, and so intimately connected with Laura Bridgman herself, that I cannot refrain from a short extract. I may premise that the poor boy's name is Oliver Caswell; that he is thirteen years of age; and that he was in full possession of all his faculties, until three years and four months old. He was then attacked by scarlet fever; in four weeks became deaf; in a few weeks more, blind; in six months, dumb. He showed his anxious sense of this last deprivation, by often feeling the lips of other persons when they were talking, and then putting his hand upon his own, as if to assure himself that he had them in the right position.

"His thirst for knowledge," says Dr. Howe,

> proclaimed itself as soon as he entered the house, by his eager examination of everything he could feel or smell in his new location. For instance, treading upon the register of a furnace, he instantly stooped down and began to feel it, and soon discovered the way in which the upper plate moved upon the lower one; but this was not enough for him, so lying down upon his face, he applied his tongue first to one, then to the other, and seemed to discover that they were of different kinds of metal.
>
> His signs were expressive; and the strictly natural language, laughing, crying, sighing, kissing, embracing, &c., was perfect.
>
> Some of the analogical signs which (guided by his faculty of imitation) he had contrived, were comprehensible; such as the waving motion of his hand for the motion of a boat, the circular one for a wheel, &c.
>
> The first object was to break up the use of these signs and to substitute for them the use of purely arbitrary ones.
>
> Profiting by the experience I had gained in the other cases, I omitted several steps of the process before employed, and commenced at once with the finger language. Taking, therefore, several articles having short names, such as key, cup, mug, &c., and with Laura for an auxiliary, I sat down, and taking his hand, placed it upon one of them, and then with my own, made the letters **k e y**. He felt my hands eagerly with both of his, and on my repeating the process, he evidently tried to imitate the motions of my fingers. In a few minutes he contrived to feel the motions of my fingers with one hand, and holding out the other he tried to imitate them, laughing most heartily when he succeeded.

Laura Bridgman was by, interested even to agitation; and the two presented a singular sight: her face was flushed and anxious, and her fingers twining in among ours so closely as to follow every motion, but so lightly as not to embarrass them; while Oliver stood attentive, his head a little aside, his face turned up, his left hand grasping mine, and his right held out: at every motion of my fingers his countenance betokened keen attention; there was an expression of anxiety as he tried to imitate the motions; then a smile came stealing out as he thought he could do so, and spread into a joyous laugh the moment he succeeded, and felt me pat his head, and Laura clap him heartily upon the back, and jump up and down in her joy.

He learned more than a half-dozen letters in half an hour, and seemed delighted with his success, at least in gaining approbation. His attention then began to flag, and I commenced playing with him. It was evident that in all this he had merely been imitating the motions of my fingers, and placing his hand upon the key, cup, &c., as part of the process, without any perception of the relation between the sign and the object.

When he was tired with play I took him back to the table, and he was quite ready to begin again his process of imitation. He soon learned to make the letters for **key**, **pen**, **pin**; and by having the object repeatedly placed in his hand, he at last perceived the relation I wished to establish between them. This was evident, because, when I made the letters **p i n**, or **p e n**, or **c u p**, he would select the article.

The perception of this relation was not accompanied by that radiant flash of intelligence, and that glow of joy, which marked the delightful moment when Laura first perceived it. I then placed all the articles on the table, and going away a little distance with the children, placed Oliver's fingers in the positions to spell **k e y**, on which Laura went and brought the article: the little fellow seemed much amused by this. and looked very attentive and smiling. I then caused him to make the letters **b r e a d**, and in an instant Laura went and brought him a piece: he smelled at it; put it to his lips; cocked up his head with a most knowing look; seemed to reflect a moment; and then laughed outright, as much as to say,

Aha! I understand now how something may be made out of this.

It was now clear that he had the capacity and inclination to learn, that he was a proper subject for instruction, and needed only persevering attention. I therefore put him in the hands of an intelligent teacher, nothing doubting of his rapid progress.

Well may this gentleman call that a delightful moment, in which some distant promise of her present state first gleamed upon the darkened mind of Laura Bridgman. Throughout his life, the recollection of that moment will be to him a source of pure, unfading happiness; nor will it shine less brightly on the evening of his days of Noble Usefulness.

The affection which exists between these two —the master and the pupil— is as far removed from all ordinary care and regard, as the circumstances in which it has had its growth, are apart from the common occurrences of life.

He is occupied now, in devising means of imparting to her, higher knowledge; and of conveying to her some adequate idea of the Great Creator of that universe in which, dark and silent and scentless though it be to her, she has such deep delight and glad enjoyment.

Ye who have eyes and see not, and have ears and hear not; ye who are as the hypocrites of sad countenances, and disfigure your faces that ye may seem unto men to fast; learn healthy cheerfulness, and mild contentment, from the deaf, and dumb, and blind! Self—elected saints with gloomy brows, this sightless, earless, voiceless child may teach you lessons you will do well to follow. Let that poor hand of hers lie gently on your hearts; for there may be something in its healing touch akin to that of the Great Master whose precepts you misconstrue, whose lessons you pervert, of whose charity and sympathy with all the world, not one among you in his daily practice knows as much as many of the worst among those fallen sinners, to whom you are liberal in nothing but the preachment of perdition!

As I rose to quit the room, a pretty little child of one of the attendants came running in to greet its father. For the moment, a child with eyes, among the sightless crowd, impressed me almost as painfully as the blind boy in the porch had done, two hours ago. Ah! how much brighter and more deeply blue, glowing and rich though it had been before, was the scene without, contrasting with the darkness of so many youthful lives within!

1843

In Boston, Laura Dewey Bridgman graduated from Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe's Perkins Institute for the Blind. She was the first deaf, mute, and blind person to complete such a course of education in the USA ("graduated" doesn't in this case mean "going anywhere," but merely means that no further educational opportunity would be offered).

Lydia Maria Child's LETTERS FROM NEW YORK, popular collections of her regular columns in the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK

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:

- Weston, Anne Warren. "The Faithful Dead"
- Bowring, John. "The Liberty Bell"
- 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"

- Milnes, Richard Monckton. “To Harriet Martineau: Christian Endurance”
- 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!]”
- Quincy, Edmund. “Two Nights in St. Domingo: ‘An Ower True Tale’”

HAITI

This lurid tale, set in Haiti, justifies slave revolt.

- Pierpont, John. “The Chase”
- 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”
- Garrison, William Lloyd. “Sonnet: On the Death of James Cropper, the Distinguished Philanthropist of England”
- 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.

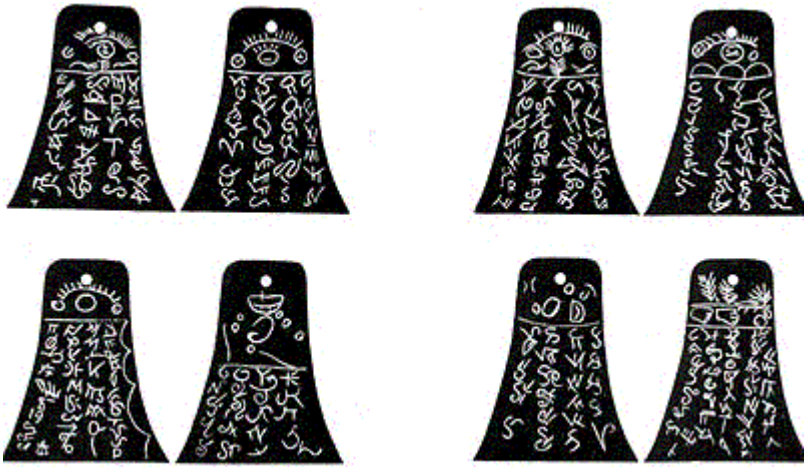
Or, if he choose, he may have a private whipping-board on-his own premises, and brutalize himself there.

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 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.

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

April 23, Sunday: At the Miller Tabernacle on Howard Street in Boston, a large number of believers awaited the end of the world. Within a few year, this building would be sold to and repurposed by another organization.

Robert Wiley of Kinderhook, Illinois summoned a group of 10 or 12 companions to help him dig further into an ancient Indian mound near the village. Not much farther than Wiley had dug on the 16th, the work crew came upon "six plates of brass of a bell shape, each having a hole near the small end, and a ring through them all, and clasped with two clasps."



The plates had been recently fabricated in a local blacksmith shop and then the inscriptions had been created with nitric acid, by Wilbur Fulgate, Bridge Whitten (the blacksmith), and Robert Wiley. They had been covered with rust to make them appear ancient and had been placed in the mound on April 16th to be thus "found." Their intent, Fulgate would confess in 1879, had been to test the claims being made by Joseph Smith, Jr.

Redheaded 21-year-old Julia Ward gave up a life of rich independence to marry a somewhat older but exceedingly dashing Boston reformer, "Chev" Howe. Her trustees drew up a marriage contract by which supposedly she would be able to retain control of her fortune. As she would put the matter in the following year, this turned out to be her "Darkest Moment":

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Hope died as I was led
Unto my marriage bed;
Nay, do not weep, 'twas I
Not thou, that slew my happiest destiny.
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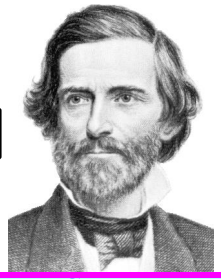
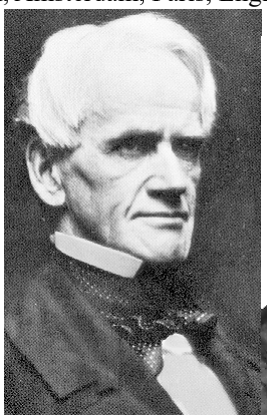
JULIA WARD HOWE



SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE

As long-term director of the Perkins Institute for the Blind, Dr. Howe would house his family in a small house on campus. It would be there that the couple would have six children (four of whom would survive to adulthood and become professionals well known in their fields). This wife's diary alleges convincingly that "Chev" would turn out to be utterly controlling, and resentful of her accomplishments. At times he would mismanage the considerable funds left to her by her father, funds that supposedly had been reserved to her by her marriage contract but for which he had managed to obtain a signed Power of Attorney document (which he would then interpret to represent a grant of veto power over any spending). Several times they would face the prospect of divorce. Much later the wife would discover that the husband had been unfaithful to her during a considerable portion of their marriage. She stayed in the marriage in part because of repeated threats that if she sought a divorce he could make full use of the legal standards and common practices of the time, to keep her away from her children. Her focus would thus be driven away from the marriage into the learning for instance of several languages. Going beyond merely working with her husband on his brief venture at publishing an abolitionist paper, the Commonwealth,[5] she would begin, despite his opposition, to become involved in public life, and in publishing her own materials. When she would take two of their children to Rome, "Chev" would stay behind in Boston — although we can trust that the husband's sex life did not suffer from this separation.

May 1, Monday: Horace Mann, Sr. and Mary Tyler Peabody were wed (he for the 2d time), at 11:30AM, and at 12:30PM their ship sailed (they were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gridley Howe and Julia Ward Howe) so that they would be able to make an examination of the educational institutions of England, Scotland, Hamburg, Magdeburg, Berlin, Potsdam, Leipzig, Saxon Switzerland, Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, Utrecht, Leyden, Haarlem, Amsterdam, Paris, England again, and Ireland.



Oh, the grand seriousness of it all (and let's hope the *Britannia* rocked that night).

At about this point Charles Stearns Wheeler was falling ill in Leipzig. This would take the form of a violent gastric fever.

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5. The Howes were your usual sort, racist abolitionists. They were opposed to the institution of human chattel slavery because they didn't suppose that black people belonged here in America, and supposed that it was this peculiar institution that gave these unwelcome people a chance to exist and to be a problem. It never occurred to either of these abolitionists, for instance, that there were blind black children as well as blind white children, and that they should be admitting these blind black children to the Perkins institution for blind children and caring for them, rather than ignoring them.

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

Joseph Smith, Jr. published, in the Times and Seasons of which he was editor, “President Joseph then asked the conference if they were satisfied with the First Presidency, so far as he was concerned, as an individual, to preside over the whole church; or would they have another? If, said he, I have done any thing that ought to injure my character, reputation, or standing; or have dishonored our religion by any means in the sight of men, or angels, or in the sight of men and women, I am sorry for it, and if you will forgive me, I will endeavor to do so no more. I do not know that I have done anything of the kind; but if I have, come forward and tell me of it. If any one has any objection to me, I want you to come boldly and frankly, and tell of it; and if not, ever after hold your peace.”

On this day, in addition, the prophet Smith “got married with” Lucy Walker, and promised the family of Helen Mar Kimball, 14 years of age, that if they would allow him to marry their “Ewe Lamb” –would willingly lay her “upon the altar” in his phrase– he could guarantee that entire family’s “eternal salvation and exaltation.”

Henry Thoreau was written to by [Ellery Channing?] presumably in Cambridge.

My dear Thoreau
I leave with you, a schedule of repairs & improvements[,] *to be made on the Red Lodge before I move into it, & upon the place generally.*

Cellar, sand put in enough to make it dry — underpinned with stone, pointed inside & out. New cellar stairs to be put.

Bank to be made round the house, round well, & in woodshed. (This is to sodded after planting.)

House interior. Kitchen-floor painted, & the woodwork of the kitchen. All the plastering white-washed. Lock to be put on front-door. Glass reset where broken. New sill put to front-door & back-door, & steps if necessary. Leaky-place about chimney, caused by pinning up the house, to be made tight. — A new entry laid at front-door.

Washroom — to be white-washed — & a spout made from sink, ~~into~~ into long enough to carry off dirty water, so as to keep it from ~~its~~ running ~~garden~~. ^ ^ well.

Well. To be cleaned out, inner stones reset (as I understand the Captain told you originally) — an outside wall to be built up, high enough to keep out all wash; this outside wall to be filled round. A new pump to be put in, & to pump up good, clean, fresh water.

The Acre, to be measured, & fenced around with a new four rail fence. [*~~the fence~~*] *The acre to be less wide than long. of the barn,*

Privy. — To be moved from where it is now, behind the end the ^ filth carried off, & hole filled in. The privy to be whitewashed, & have a new door, & the floor either renewed or cleaned up. —

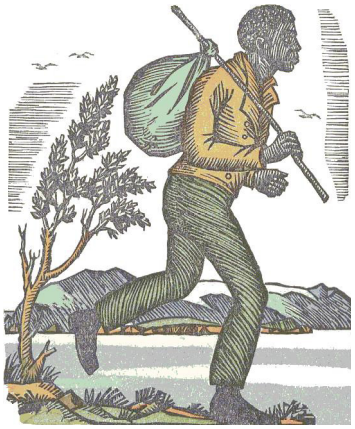
Barn. (Not done at once as I understood). New sill, & pinned up, so as to make it dry.

1846

September 24, Thursday: From records of the Donner party kept by Hiram Miller and James F. Reed, it would appear that they made camp near the entrance to the canyon of the South Fork of the Humboldt River just downstream from Twin Bridges: “Thu 24 this day North west we mad down Sinking Creek valley about 10 and encamped at the foot of a Red earth hill good grass and water wood plenty in the Vallies Such as sage greace wood & ceder &C—.”

There was a convention in Faneuil Hall to protest against returning “Joe” to New Orleans as a fugitive slave. John Quincy Adams presided. Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, the Reverend Theodore Parker, and Samuel Gridley Howe spoke. Waldo Emerson sent a letter:

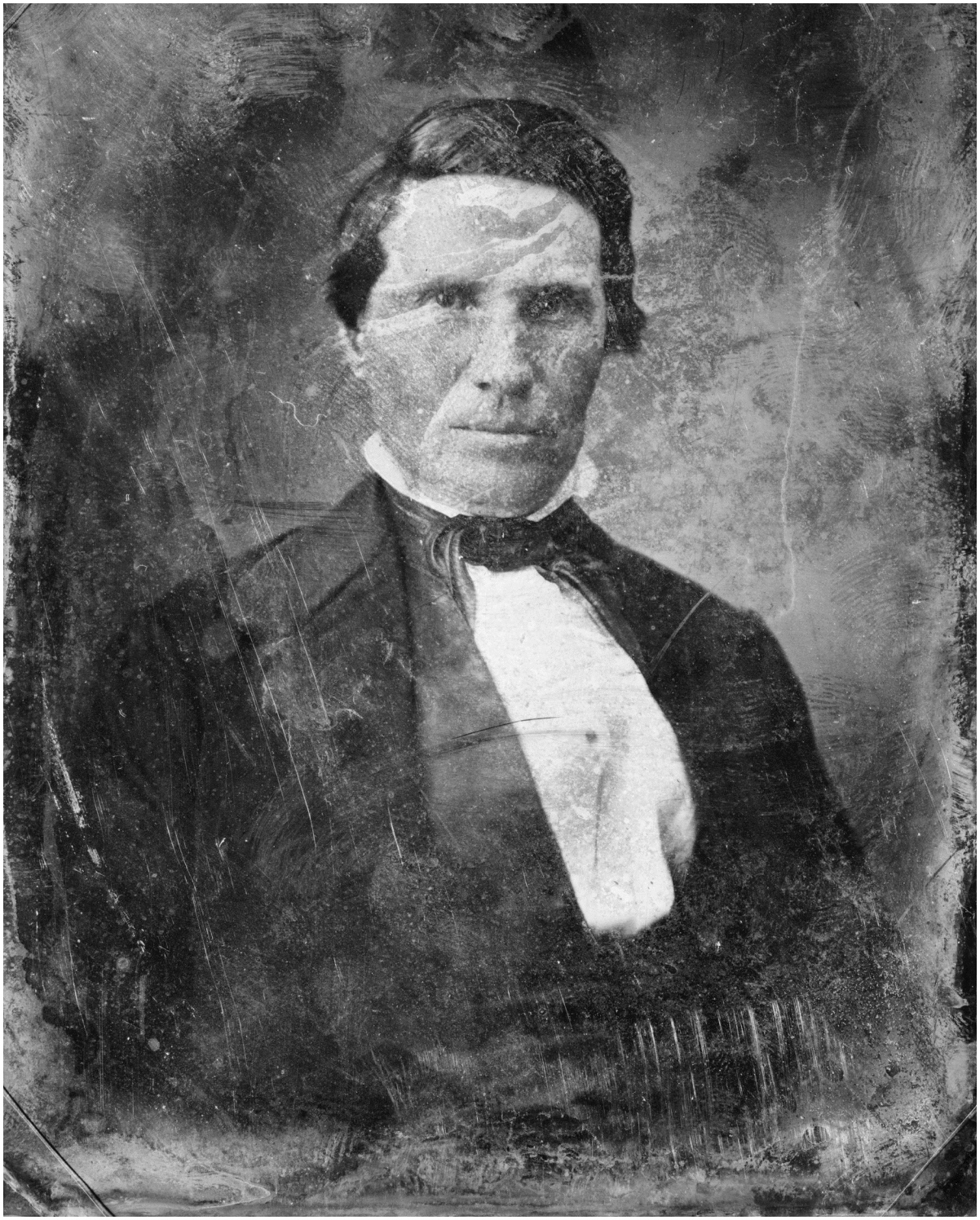
> It is high time our bad wealth came to an end. I am sure I shall cheerfully take my share in the ruin of such a prosperity, and shall very willingly turn to the mountains to chop wood, and seek to find for myself and my children labors compatible with freedom and honor.



At some point toward the end of this month Navajo warriors raided Socorro, New Mexico. General Kearny, passing nearby on his way to California after his recent conquest of Santa Fe, would learn of the raid and send a note to Colonel Alexander William Doniphan, his 2d in command in Santa Fe, ordering a regiment of soldiers into Navajo territory to one way or another secure a peace treaty with these natives.

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.

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR



Colonel Alexander William Doniphan

1847

May 24, Monday: John Brown, Jr. wrote from the Kansas Territory: "*I tell you the truth when I say that while the interest of despotism has secured to its cause hundreds of thousands of the meanest and most desperate of men, armed to the teeth with Revolvers, Bowie Knives, Rifles & Cannon —while they are not only thoroughly organized, but under pay from Slaveholders— the friends of freedom are not one fourth of them half armed, and as to military organization among them it no where exists in this territory unless they have recently done something in Lawrence. The result of this is that the people here exhibit the most abject and cowardly spirit, whenever their dearest rights are invaded and trampled down by the lawless band of miscreants which Missouri has ready at a moment's call to pour in upon them. This is the general effect upon the people here so far as I have noticed; there are a few, and but a few exceptions…. Now the remedy we propose is that the Anti-Slavery portion of the inhabitants should immediately, thoroughly arm, and organize themselves in military companies. In order to effect this, some persons must begin and lead off in the matter.*" My goodness, is someone going to volunteer to lead such a virtuous army of white men?[6]

6. As an enterprise in the spirit of "doing well by doing good," the New England Emigrant Aid Company had been formed by Eli Thayer, an entrepreneur from Worcester, to purchase land in the new territory known as Kansas and encourage the right sort of black-despising poor white Americans to settle there by providing information, cheapening transportation, and setting up saw mills and flour mills to give work and incomes to such "decent antislavery" homesteaders. The idea was to send entire communities in one fell swoop, increasing the value of the properties owned by this company. If political control over this territory could be achieved, they would be able to set up a real Aryan Nation, from which slaves would of course be excluded because they were enslaved, and from which free blacks Americans would of course be excluded because as human material they were indelibly inferior. The large bulk of the investment capital came from the industrialist Amos Lawrence, but Charles Francis Adams, Sr. subscribed to the tune of $25,000, and Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, on the board of directors, invested what he could. The Reverend Theodore Parker would become one of their shills, explaining that America need not have race problems.

December: The Reverend Theodore Parker, he who had been declaring from the pulpit that “Every man who understands Christianity ... knows that war is wrong,” declared from the pulpit that while he ordinarily spent $1,500 a year on books, the equivalent of four or five men’s annual wages, for the time being he was going to restrict himself to spending less than one man’s annual wage on books per year, and devote the remaining moneys to the purchase of guns and ammunition for the white people going to the Kansas Territory. It seems

After they took Captain John Brown’s Sharps rifle away from him at Harpers Ferry, they allowed this little boy to pose with it. Grow up, son, and be a Christian like us: kill people, own slaves.

there’s wrong, and then there’s wrong.

Sharps rifles cost $25 apiece, when bought in quantity: “I make all my pecuniary arrangements with the expectation of civil war.” He would take to marking the boxes of new Sharps rifles he shipped illegally to Kansas with the word **BOOKS**, and he would take to referring to these firearms as so many copies of RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE, as in “The right of the people to keep and to bear arms shall not be infringed.”

> There were twenty copies of Sharp’s RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE in their hands, of the new and improved edition, and diverse Colt’s six shooters also.... But what a comment were the weapons of that company on the boasted democracy of America! Those rifles and pistols were to defend their soil from the American Government, which wishes to plant slavery in Kansas!

By way of contrast with the improved rifle above, here is an image of the Brunswick, which was the model

then in use by the British Army:

In New-York, the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher induced the congregation of the Plymouth Church to procure a crate of 25 rifles to ship illegally to Kansas and to stamp upon that crate, as Jesus H. Christ himself would have done, the word **BIBLES**. (Chuckle.)

> Dr. Howe [Samuel Gridley Howe] and others [of the Massachusetts State Kansas Committee] raised five thousand dollars one day last week to buy Sharp's rifles. We want a thousand rifles, and got two hundred in one day.

This "Massachusetts State Kansas Committee" would evolve into the Secret "Six".

1852

In London, Lajos Kossuth became an intimate of Giuseppe Mazzini, and joined his revolutionary committee.

ITALY

Thomas Mayne Reid, Jr.'s THE YOUNG VOYAGEURS; OR, THE BOY HUNTERS IN THE NORTH. The author engaged in a plan for Kossuth to travel incognito across Europe as his man-servant "James Hawkins" under a Foreign Office passport "for the free passage of Captain Mayne Reid, British subject, travelling on the Continent with a man-servant."

In Nathaniel Hawthorne's THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE (initially being issued in London by Chapman and Hall as 2 volumes octavo in blind-stamped brown cloth with spines lettered in gilt, prior to being printed in America) there was talk of the reading of THE DIAL:

> Being much alone, during my recovery, I read interminably [page 677] in Mr. Emerson's Essays, the Dial, Carlyle's works, George Sand's romances, (lent me by Zenobia,) and other books which one or another of the brethren or sisterhood had brought with them. Agreeing in little else, most of these utterances were like the cry of some solitary sentinel, whose station was on the outposts of the advance-guard of human progression; or, sometimes, the voice came sadly from among the shattered ruins of the past, but yet had a hopeful echo in the future. They were well adapted (better, at least, than any other intellectual products, the volatile essence of which had heretofore tinctured a printed page) to pilgrims like ourselves, whose present bivouac was considerably farther into the waste of chaos than any mortal army of crusaders had ever marched before. Fourier's works, also, in a series of horribly tedious volumes, attracted a good deal of my attention, from the analogy which I could not but recognize between his system and our own. There was far less resemblance, it is true, than the world chose to imagine; inasmuch as the two theories differed, as widely as the zenith from the nadir, in their main principles.

There was also talk of the reading of Waldo Emerson's essays:

> Being much alone, during my recovery, I read interminably [page 677] in Mr. Emerson's Essays, the Dial, Carlyle's works, George Sand's romances, (lent me by Zenobia,) and other books which one or another of the brethren or sisterhood had brought with them. Agreeing in little else, most of these utterances were like the cry of some solitary sentinel, whose station was on the outposts of the advance-guard of human progression; or, sometimes, the voice came sadly from among the shattered ruins of the past, but yet had a hopeful echo in the future. They were well adapted (better, at least, than any other intellectual products, the volatile essence of which had heretofore tinctured a printed page) to pilgrims like ourselves, whose present bivouac was considerably farther into the waste of chaos than any mortal army of crusaders had ever marched before. Fourier's works, also, in a series of horribly tedious volumes, attracted a good deal of my attention, from the analogy which I could not but recognize between his system and our own. There was far less resemblance, it is true, than the world chose to imagine; inasmuch as the two theories differed, as widely as the zenith from the nadir, in their main principles.

At some point during this year the proud author sat for his portrait in the studio of G.P.A. Healy at West Street and Washington Street in Boston. His new book was in part about "the Juvenalian and Thoreauvian ideology of Blithedale," an experiment in community which was "in spite of its Edenic pretensions, located in an area of market gardens catering to the needs of the expanding 'New England metropolis'."

> When "Wakefield" was published in 1836, most of Hawthorne's audience, like Hawthorne himself, would only have known of the conditions of urban life treated in the sketch by having read about them. Hawthorne takes advantage of the exoticism of a European metropolitan setting, just as Poe was to have done a few years later in "The Man of the Crowd" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." Yet by 1852, when THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE was published, the urbanization of American was no longer an abstract possibility; it was, thanks to economic growth, industrial development, and large-scale immigration, an increasingly insistent reality. The intellectual and social movements represented by the Blithedale community were, in large measure, a response to these historic changes. The process of urbanization is therefore never entirely out of sight in THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE. Expressing the ideas implicit in the agrarian experiment, Coverdale offers several standard Transcendentalist criticisms of urban life. Driving through the

> streets of Boston, he describes "how the buildings, on either side, seemed to press too closely upon us, insomuch that our mighty hearts found barely room enough to throb between them" (3:11). Observing how the snow falling upon the city is blackened by smoke, and molded by boots, Coverdale makes it into a metaphor for the way in which human nature is corrupted by the "falsehood, formality, and error" (3:11) of city life. In addition, Coverdale identifies cities as the sources of the "selfish competition," which powers the "weary treadmill of established society" (3:19). Yet, although Coverdale will occasionally express the Juvenalian and Thoreauvian ideology of Blithedale, he implicitly recognizes, late in the book, that it may be futile to attempt to arrest the advance of urban civilization. When he observes a crowd at a village lyceum, it seems to him to be "rather suburban than rural" (3:197). The decline of authentic rusticity has been implied earlier when we learn that Blithedale, in spite of its Edenic pretensions, is located in an area of market gardens catering to the needs of the expanding "New England metropolis." From the very beginning of THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE, we know that the utopian experiment has failed and that Coverdale has returned to the urban existence he originally fled.

During this year Kossuth was fundraising practically everywhere in America, including in the First Church at Northampton. He had a letter of introduction to the Motts of Philadelphia, and they invited him to dinner at their home. The Governor's advisers insisted that he call there only for an informal chat while refraining from breaking bread with any such notorious abolitionists — lest news of such an indiscretion get out and he be embarrassed. During his visit and chat, Friend Lucretia somehow formed the opinion that although this politician was afraid to say so, in his heart he would have to be opposed to human slavery in any form. (Madam Pulzysky, Kossuth's sister, also visited the Motts, and by way of contrast she was willing to argue the advantages of human slavery with them.)

What sort of man was this Kossuth? Utterly ruthless. Cold-blooded murder was not beyond him, when the result would prove useful. When he had needed to safeguard the royal gems of Hungary, for instance, including the crown of St. Stephen which was held to be necessary for the coronation of any true king of Hungary, he had had them buried at a spot on the banks of the Danube, and he had employed for this work "a detachment of prisoners who were shot after the concealment was complete." His plot was that this portable property was to be recovered later, packed in marmalade, and carried via Constantinople to "the well-known Philhellene" of Boston, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe. However, when it came to be time, during this year, to dig up the jewels and pack them in marmalade for shipment to Boston, the man whom he would entrust to do this would betray his trust. –Eventually the jewels, including the crown of St. Stephen, would come into the control of the government of Austria.

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

Kossuth somehow suborned the cooperation of William James Stillman in his abortive scheme to recover the jewels, and this American artist sailed off to Hungary on this wild-goose chase.

According to page 153 and pages 161-6 of Larry J. Reynolds's influence study EUROPEAN REVOLUTIONS AND THE AMERICAN LITERARY RENAISSANCE (New Haven: Yale UP, 1988), virtually everything about Henry Thoreau during this period is to be accounted for in terms of the manifold influences upon him and upon the times, of European revolutionaries such as Kossuth here:

Faced with this threat of mental contamination, our guy allegedly has become literally obsessed with maintaining his self-concept and his self-satisfaction:

> Thoreau, stirred by Lajos Kossuth's visit and news of European affairs, returned to the manuscript of WALDEN and revised and expanded it throughout 1852. Although engaged by current events, Thoreau fought a spiritual battle to remain aloof, "to preserve the mind's chastity" by reading "not the Times" but "the Eternities." Imagining that he had won, he celebrated his victory in WALDEN.... Kossuth's visit to the United States and Concord brought to a head a struggle Thoreau had been engaged in for some time. During the years following the European revolutions of 1848-1849, Thoreau struggled to develop his spiritual side and rid himself of what he considered a degrading interest in current events. He also tried to communicate to Waldo Emerson and the world his own capacity for heroism. After the disappointing reception of A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS in the summer of 1849, Thoreau had become uncertain about how to proceed with his life. Setting the third draft of WALDEN aside as unpublishable, he studied Hinduism, visited Cape Cod several times, took a trip to Canada, and began his Indian book project. The next year, 1851, he started to focus his energies, and, as Lewis Leary has said, these twelve months were a watershed in his life, a time of consolidation, of self-discovery, of preparation for some important new effort. "I find myself uncommonly prepared for **some** literary work...," he wrote in his journal on September 7, 1851. "I am prepared not so much for contemplation, as for forceful expression." Subsequently, 1852 became Thoreau's *annus mirabilis*, the year his months of living deliberately yielded a value of its own, he lavished upon

it the care and craft that turned it into his richest literary achievement; he also wrote at this time most of his essay "Life without Principle," which, as Walter Harding has observed, "contains virtually all the fundamental principles upon which he based his life"; and, more important, he radically revised and reshaped WALDEN, changing it from a factual account of his life in the woods into the embryo of a profound spiritual autobiography, illuminated by the idea of spiritual renewal, shaped and informed by the cycle of the seasons.

The catalyst for the metamorphosis of WALDEN was Thoreau's desire to resolve, in writing if not in fact, the conflict he felt between the spiritual and the animal in himself. On the one hand, his recent communion with nature had yielded, as it had in his youth, transcendence — not of the world of material fact, but rather of the world of trivial fact. At times he achieved a state of pure spirituality in the woods. On August 17, 1851, for example, he recorded in his journal, "My heart leaps into my mouth at the sound of the wind in the woods. I, whose life was but yesterday so desultory and shallow, suddenly recover my spirits, my spirituality, through my hearing.... I did not despair of worthier moods, and now I have occasion to be grateful for the flood of life that is flowing over me." At such times, he reexperienced the ecstasy of his youth, when, as he put it, "the morning and the evening were sweet to me, and I led a life aloof from society of men." Despite these experiences, which he valued greatly, another aspect of Thoreau's personality cared about society, cared passionately about justice, about the actions of governments, about the fate of actual men in the nineteenth century. This part of him, however, he associated with his impure animal nature, and he sought to purge it.

Thoreau had no way of knowing whether the body was Margaret Fuller's or not, but she was surely on his mind, and her endeavor to convince others of the legitimacy of her "title" may have been as well. His description, which obviously contrasts with his earlier one, reveals the power and significance the facts possessed in his eyes. Here as always he cared too much about the human to dismiss its annihilation with convincing disdain.

During the last months of 1850 and all of 1851, Thoreau dedicated himself to living deliberately, to fronting what he called the essential. During these months, he spent many hours walking through the fields and woods of Concord, recording his observations in his journal. At the same time, he read the newspapers and found himself engaged by what he found. The political news from Europe focused upon the failure of the republican movement, the reaction and reprisals, the futile attempts by exiles such as Mazzini and Kossuth to enlist aid in the struggle for a new round of upheavals. Austria, meanwhile, charged that the United States, especially its new Secretary of State Daniel Webster, was encouraging anti-Austrian sentiment and intruding in the affairs of Europe. On November 17, 1850,

Thoreau revealed both his disdain for the news of the day and his concern about its power to capture his attention: "It is a strange age of the world this, when empires, kingdoms, and republics come a-begging to our doors and utter their complaints at our elbows. I cannot take up a newspaper but I find that some wretched government or other, hard pushed and on its last legs, is interceding with me, the reader, to vote for it, — more importunate than an Italian beggar." At times the newspapers contributed to the problem he called "the village," which kept him from getting to the woods in spirit, although he walked miles into it bodily. One way he tried to overcome this problem was through the process of diminution, which can be seen in the following outburst of May 1, 1851: "Nations! What are nations? Tartars! and Huns! and Chinamen! Like insects they swarm. The historian strives in vain to make them memorable. It is for want of a man that there are so many men." Quoting from "The Spirit of Lodin," ... he claims to "look down from my height on nations, / And they become ashes before me." By adopting an Olympian point of view, Thoreau elevates himself and diminishes men both in size and importance. Like Waldo Emerson in the "Mind and Manners" lectures, he also reaffirms his belief that the regeneration of the self, the building up of the single solitary soul, is far more important than the activities of masses of men, be they parties, tribes, or nations.

Throughout 1851, as Thoreau continued to read the papers, he developed a loathing for them linked to that part of himself unable to ignore them. The news, he came to assert, could profane the "very *sanctum sanctorum*" of the mind:

> I find it so difficult to dispose of the few facts which to me are significant, that I hesitate to burden my mind with the most insignificant, which only a divine mind could illustrate. Such is, for the most part, the news, — in newspapers and conversation. It is important to preserve the mind's chastity in this respect.... By all manners of boards and traps, threatening the extreme penalty of the divine law, ... it behooves us to preserve the purity and sanctity of the mind.... It is so hard to forget what it is worse than useless to remember. If I am to be a channel or thoroughfare, I prefer that it be of the mountain springs, and not the town sewers, — the Parnassian streams.

"I do not think much of the actual," he wrote himself. "It is something which we have long since done with. It is a sort of vomit in which the unclean love to wallow." During the writing of the 4th version of WALDEN, which coincided with Kossuth's tour of the country, Thoreau created a myth about himself as someone who had risen above the affairs of men, someone who felt the animal dying out in him and the spiritual being established.

In WALDEN, the European revolutions of 1848-1849, the reaction and reprisals that followed, all the attention given in the

newspapers to Kossuth's visit, to Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, to a possible war between France and Great Britain, all these go unmentioned, and the absence reveals how earnestly, perhaps even how desperately, Thoreau sought to diminish their importance to his life. In his journals we see his fascination with and antagonism toward the news of national and international affairs. He devotes half of his essay "Life without Principle," moreover, to a castigation of the news, telling the reader about its dangers, its foulness, its profanity — even mentioning Kossuth by name and ridiculing the "stir" about him: "That excitement about Kossuth, consider how characteristic, but superficial, it was!... For all the fruit of that stir we have the Kossuth hat."[7] In WALDEN, however, he purifies his book and his *persona* by ignoring contemporary world affairs. Characterizing himself (untruthfully) as one "who rarely looks into the newspapers," he claims that "nothing new does ever happen in foreign parts, a French revolution not excepted."

Thoreau's struggle to achieve an oriental aloofness from the affairs of men seems to have first become a serious endeavor for him in the summer of 1850, when Emerson asked him to go to Fire Island to retrieve the body and possessions of Margaret Fuller. As Robert D. Richardson, Jr. has pointed out, "Death gave life a new imperative for Thoreau." Despite Fuller's rejections of his DIAL contributions in the early 1840s, Thoreau became her friend and admirer, and during her last summer in Concord, he took her boat riding at dawn on the river. The task he faced at Fire Island thus could not have been pleasant, yet in his journal and in letters to others, he strove to project a philosophical serenity about what he found. In a letter to his admirer H.G.O. Blake, he wrote that he had in his pocket a button torn from the coat of Giovanni Angelo, *marchése d'Ossoli*: "Held up, it intercept the light, — and actual button, — and yet all the life it is connected with is less substantial to me, and interests me less, than my faintest dream. Our thoughts are the epochs in our lives: all else is but a journal of the winds that blew while we were here." Thoreau had not known Ossoli, so his aloof serenity here comes easily; he had known Fuller though, and his attempt to rise above the fact of her death shows strain.

When Thoreau arrived at the site of the wreck, Fuller's body had not been found, but he stayed in the area and a week later learned that something once human had washed ashore. As he approached it, he saw bones, and in the draft of this letter to Blake he asserted, "There was nothing at all remarkable about them. They were simply some bones lying on the beach. They would

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7. The Kossuth hat was a black, low-crowned felt hat with left brim fastened to crown, having a peacock feather. The story of its "invention" by John Nicholas Genin (1819-1878) and its rise to high fashion is told in Donald S. Spencer's LOUIS KOSSUTH AND YOUNG AMERICA — A STUDY IN SECTIONALISM AND FOREIGN POLICY, 1848-1852 (Columbia, London: U of Missouri P, 1977, pages 59-61). This proprietor of a hat shop on Broadway in New-York next to the American Museum, Genin, also designed a best-selling Jenny Lind Riding Hat.

not detain the walker there more than so much seaweed. I should think that the fates would not take the trouble to show me any bones again, I so slightly appreciated the favor." He recalled the experience in his journal some three months later, however, and there revealed the difficulty he had in dismissing what he had seen: "I once went in search of the relics of a human body...," he wrote, "which had been cast up the day before on the beach, though the sharks had stripped off the flesh.... It was as conspicuous on that sandy plain as if a generation had labored to pile up a cairn there.... It reigned over the shore. That dead body possessed the shore as no living one could. It showed a title to the sands which no living ruler could."

In the winter of 1851-1852, Thoreau's struggle to assure his own purity became obsessive. Sherman Paul has traced his dissatisfaction with himself to surveying, which Thoreau found trivial and coarsening. Mary Elkins Moller has speculated that Thoreau was also having sexual fantasies about Mrs. Lidian Emerson and felt ashamed of them. Whatever the truth of these views (and I think the second takes Thoreau's references to chastity too literally), the fact remains that Thoreau at this time was also struggling to escape from his interest in current events. Surprisingly, this private denouncer of the press had become a subscriber to Horace Greeley's Weekly Tribune, a fact that heightened the tension he felt about preserving his mind's chastity. On January 20, 1852, he wrote,

> I do not know but it is too much to read one newspaper in a week, for I now take the weekly Tribune, and for a few days past, it seems to me, I have not dwelt in Concord; the sun, the clouds, the snow, the trees say not so much to me. You cannot serve two masters.... To read the things distant and sounding betrays us into slighting these which are then apparently near and small. We learn to look abroad for our mind and spirit's daily nutriment, and what is this dull town to me? ...All summer and far into the fall I unconsciously went by the newspapers and the news, and now I find it was because the morning and the evening were full of news to me. My walks were full of incidents. I attended not to the affairs of Europe, but to my own affairs in Concord fields.

Thoreau's quest for purity and serenity had become particularly difficult because of the excitement surrounding Lajos Kossuth's visit and the new interest Waldo Emerson had taken in things Thoreau considered trivial, including Kossuth. The gradual estrangement of the two men may have begun while Emerson was in England in 1847-1848, writing letters home for Lidian and Thoreau which were little more than catalogues of the great people he had met. Although we know this was his way of providing himself a record of his activities, it probably disappointed. After his return from Europe, Emerson had lectured throughout

> the country, praising England and its people, but when he engaged Thoreau in a conversation on the topic, Henry, not surprisingly, said that the English were "mere soldiers" and their business was "winding up." In the summer of 1851, Emerson, unaware of the new scope and grandeur of Thoreau's journal, unaware of the growth in his spiritual development, wrote off his friend as one who "will not stick." "He is a boy," Emerson added, "& will be an old boy. Pounding beans is good to the end of pounding Empires, but not, if at the end of years, it is only beans."
>
> In a like manner, Thoreau at about this time began to see that his friend would continue to disappoint him. He bristles at Emerson's patronizing attitude; he disagreed with his treatment of Margaret Fuller in the MEMOIRS; and most of all he resented his new worldliness. In ENGLISH TRAITS (1856) Emerson, drawing on his lectures of 1848-1850, would celebrate the manners of the British aristocracy and assert that "whatever tends to form manners or to finish men, has a great value. Every one who has tasted the delight of friendship will respect every social guard which our manners can establish." For Thoreau, there was "something devilish in manners" that could come between friends, and writing of Emerson in the winter of 1851, he complained, "One of the best men I know often offends me by uttering made words — the very best words, of course, or dinner speeches, most smooth and gracious and fluent repartees.... O would you but be simple and downright! Would you but cease your palaver! It is the misfortune of being a gentleman and famous." As Joel Porte has observed, the failure of A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS and Emerson's "manifest success" had probably contributed to Thoreau's bitterness.

A pushy little ultra-conservative mofo, the Reverend Professor Francis Bowen had what was termed at the time "a remarkable talent for giving offense." Precisely while Kossuth was riding the crest of the wave of American political correctness, Bowen publicly denounced that revolutionary. (***Nota Bene***: This differs from Henry Thoreau's reaction not merely as public denunciation differs from private distaste but also as cheap motivation differs from abundant reason.)

But this is all very easy to figure out, at least as far as Larry J. Reynolds is concerned — what has happened was merely that Kossuth has come between Waldo Emerson and Thoreau! – Wow, now that we understand that, it all becomes perfectly clear. Continuing to quote, from pages 166-70 of this extraordinarily confident EUROPEAN REVOLUTIONS AND THE AMERICAN LITERARY RENAISSANCE influence study:

> In the early months of 1852, Kossuth's visit to Concord widened the separation between Thoreau and Emerson into a permanent gulf. As Thoreau spent more and more time communing with nature, trying to cleanse himself of what he called the "news," Emerson saw fit to criticize him for these efforts. Frustrated, Thoreau declared in his journal, "I have got to that pass with my friend that our words do not pass with each other for what they are worth. We speak in vain; there is none to hear. He finds fault with me that I walk alone, when I pine for want of a companion;

that I commit my thoughts to a diary even on my walks, instead of seeking to share them generously with a friend; curses my practice even." Emerson, who would soon lecture on the "Conduct of Life" in Canada and then deliver his "Address to Kossuth" in Concord, could not see the heroism in Thoreau's aloofness. Thoreau, meanwhile, who sought to become a better man through his solitary walks, felt unappreciated and frustrated. On May 4, in an entry both defensive and immodest, he dismissed the great Kossuth and those like Emerson who honored him:

> This excitement about Kossuth is not interesting to me, it is so superficial. It is only another kind of dancing or of politics. Men are making speeches to him all over the country, but each expresses only the thought, or the want of thought, of the multitude. No man stands on truth.... You can pass your hand under the largest mob, a nation in revolution even, and, however solid a bulk they may make, like a hail-cloud in the atmosphere, you may not meet so much as a cobweb of support. They may not rest, even by a point, on eternal foundations. But an individual standing on truth you cannot pass your hand under, for his foundations reach to the centre of the universe. So superficial these men and their doings, it is life on a leaf or a chip which has nothing but air or water beneath.

The length and tone of this entry reveals the importance of the matter to him; obviously, he considers himself the "individual standing on truth," whose depth far exceeds that of any "nation in revolution" or military hero. And one week later, during the excitement surrounding Kossuth's visit to Concord, during the afternoon of Emerson's speech and reception, Thoreau, in order to show how little he thought of these matters, entered only the following in his journal: "P.M. — **Kossuth here**."

All of Thoreau's struggle with current events, with Kossuth's visit, with Emerson's worldliness and disesteem lay behind the important fourth version of WALDEN. As he revised and expanded his manuscript throughout 1852, Thoreau endowed his persona with a serene aloofness, creating a hero interested in eternal truths, not pointless political ones. Having discovered that "a sane and growing man revolutionizes every day" and that no "institutions of man can survive a morning experience," he fashioned an answer to his best friend, who thought Kossuth a great man and Henry Thoreau an unsociable boy.

As he revised WALDEN, Thoreau made major additions.... The thrust of almost all of these additions is to show how nature, which is holy and heroic, can bestow those virtues on one who practices chastity. His central statement on chastity was added, of course, to "Higher Laws" and asserts that "we are conscious of an animal in us, which awakens in proportion as out higher nature slumbers.... Chastity is the flowering of man; and what are called Genius, Heroism, Holiness, and the like, are but

various fruits which succeed it. Man flows at once to God when the channel of purity is open.... He is blessed who is assured that the animal is dying out in him day by day, and the divine being established. Not surprisingly, Thoreau presents himself as having achieved this assuredness. He is among the blessed.

The chastity Thoreau has in mind is as much intellectual as physical, and to attain it one must abstain not merely from sexual intercourse but also from trivial thoughts and interests. In his addition to "Solitude" he explains the process it involves: "By a conscious effort of the mind we can stand aloof from actions and their consequences; and all things, good and bad, go by us like a torrent." The result is a feeling of doubleness, whereby a person "may be either a drift-wood in the stream, or Indra in the sky looking down on it." He admits that "this doubleness may easily make us poor neighbors and friends sometimes," but he makes it clear that it is worth the price. In "The Ponds" he adds paragraphs stressing the "serenity and purity" of Walden and suggests a correspondence between it and himself. "Many men have been likened to it," he writes, "But few deserve that honor." That he has earned the honor through his way of life is a point made repeatedly. In his addition to "Baker Farm", Thoreau highlights the blessedness which communion with nature has accorded him. Like Walt Whitman's persona in "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry," or more recently Loren Eiseley's star thrower, Thoreau's hero becomes literally illuminated by nature. He stands one day at the base "of a rainbow's arch, which filled the lower stratum of the atmosphere, tinged the grass and leaves around, and dazzling [him] as if [he] looked through colored crystal." TO emphasize the religious implications of the experience, he adds, "As I walked on the railroad causeway, I used to wonder at the halo of light around my shadow, and would fain fancy myself one of the elect." In the additions to the "Conclusion," Thoreau makes explicit the successful effort to achieve spiritual renewal through aloofness. "I delight to come to my bearings, —" he declares, "not walk in procession with pomp and parade, in a conspicuous place, but to walk even with the Builder of the universe, if I may, — not to live in this restless, nervous, bustling, trivial Nineteenth Century, but stand or sit thoughtfully while it goes by."

The place he would sit, of course, is far above men and their doings, which diminishes them in his eyes. And this particular view is the one dramatized in his most famous addition, the classic battle of the ants in "Brute Neighbors." The episode comes from an entry made in his journal on January 22, 1852, while Kossuth was visiting Washington and while Horace Greeley in his Tribune and James Watson Webb in his Courier and Enquirer were debating the nature of the Hungarian War. Thoreau, like most of his contemporaries, found himself engaged (against his will, however) by what called "the great controversy now going on in the world between the despotic and the republican principle," and this is why he associates the two tribes of

warring ants with the European revolutionary scene and calls them "the red republicans and the black despots or imperialists." His description of their war has become famous because of its frequent use in anthologies, and is surely right when he says that one reason for its selection is that it is "easily taken from its context."

Raymond Adams errs though in adding that "it is an episode that hardly has so much as a context." By virtue of both its hidden connection to revolutionary Europe and its subtle connection to the theme of spiritual serenity, the episode is part of larger contexts that shaped its features.

As Thoreau describes the battle of the ants, he reveals that side of his personality engaged by physical heroism in the actual world. The ferocity and resolve of the combatants, the mutilation and gore that attend their life-and-death struggle thoroughly engage him. "I felt for the rest of that day," he admits, "as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door." On the other hand, through the use of the mock-heroic, Thoreau generates an irony that allows him to stress once more the spiritual side of his persona, the side that dismisses politics, revolutions, and wars as trivial. The mother of a single red ant, we are told, has charged her son "to return with his shield or upon it," and the fighting ants, the narrator speculates, could, not to his surprise, have "had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and played their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants." With such irony Thoreau diminishes the importance, not of the ants, but of the men they resemble. Just as he claimed that Kossuth and his American admirers were involved in "life on a leaf or a chip," he here brings the metaphor to life and makes the same statement about warring nations. The purpose of this addition, and of his others, is to show that true heroism is associated with aloof serenity, not brutal warfare.

When Thoreau revised his journal entry for inclusion in WALDEN, he claimed the ant battle occurred "in the Presidency of James Knox Polk, five years before the passage of Daniel Webster's Fugitive-Slave Bill," thus making it contemporaneous with his stay at the pond and registering his criticism, as he had in "Civil Disobedience," of the Mexican War. Ultimately, the issue of slavery disturbed him far more than revolution in Europe, and he found it difficult to resist the temptation to speak out against it. In later versions of WALDEN, Thoreau expanded upon the ideas he introduced in 1852, extending his treatment of the triumph of the spiritual over the animal and filling out his account of the progress of the seasons, which, of course, complements the theme of renewal. Meanwhile, paradoxically, he remained a deeply passionate man, more engaged than others of his acquaintance by the "trivial Nineteenth Century." When the

> slave Anthony Burns was arrested in 1854, Thoreau, burning with rage, publicly denounced the Massachusetts authorities in his inflammatory "Slavery in Massachusetts": "I walk toward one of our ponds," he thundered, "but what signifies the beauty of nature when men are base? ...Who can be serene in a country where both the rulers and the ruled are without principle? The remembrance of my country spoils my walk. My thoughts are murder to the State, and involuntarily go plotting against her." Five years later, of course, he stepped forward to defend John Brown more ardently than anyone else in the country. Clearly then, in 1852, when Thoreau endowed the persona of WALDEN with remarkable purity and serenity, he was mythologizing himself; he was, in response to the "*tintinnabulum* from without," creating a new kind of hero for a revolutionary age.

Have we got this very clear now? According to Larry J. Reynolds, it has been demonstrated that Thoreau, a boy playing at life, was not merely fighting a spiritual battle to remain aloof but indeed was fantasizing that he had won this battle, and celebrating his final victory. But Thoreau has been detected as nevertheless full of bitterness, as resentful, as feeling unappreciated and frustrated. Fundamentally a "defensive and immodest" pretense rather than any sort of record of a spiritual journey, WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS merely celebrated cheaply in words what its author could not accomplish in fact: the big win in a struggle between the spiritual in its author and the warrior-wannabee. This is Thoreau as a mere self-deluding boy who, when confronted by a real life hero out of the real world of struggle, struggles to stand "aloof" in order to console himself by considering himself to be the true hero, to be indeed the "individual standing on truth" whose real worth far exceeds the appreciation offered to any such mere celebrity wrapped up in mere mundane push-and-shove concerns. It is hard to imagine that Reynolds is not terming Thoreau a self-deluded coward.

FIGURING OUT WHAT AMOUNTS TO A "HISTORICAL CONTEXT" IS WHAT 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.

1854

It was at some point during the early 1850s that the Howes established a summer residence in South Portsmouth at Lawton's Valley on Aquidneck Island. Eventually Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe and Julia Ward Howe and their six children would have the house at 745 Union Street known as "Oak Glen" as their long-term summer home.

RHODE ISLAND

1855

January 27, Saturday: Richard Henry Dana, Jr. dined again with the Saturday Club at the Albion Hotel in downtown Boston, with James Russell Lowell, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, Edwin Percy Whipple, and Waldo Emerson. Either before or after this meal Emerson was lecturing in Worcester.

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.

1856

Slavery advocates were swarming into Kansas in an effort to stack the territorial legislature with men who would vote to make Kansas a slave state; a move made possible by the "popular sovereignty" principle of the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854. Olathe was founded. Wide-spread violence was breaking out between pro-slavery and abolitionists groups (the phrase "Bleeding Kansas" derives from this period). The Worcester Unitarian reverend, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, was appointed as agent for the Massachusetts Kansas Aid Committee that was helping recruit and arm people who would emigrate to Kansas and would there vote against the territory becoming a new slave state (the Kansas/Nebraska Act repealing the Missouri Compromise). During this year the Reverend authored "A Ride Through Kanzas" [*sic*]. In the "Pottawatomie Massacre," John Brown and his followers murdered five supposedly pro-slavery men. While the "Chevalier" Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe was away, heroically leading anti-slavery settlers to the territory, back home the undutiful wife and mother Julia Ward Howe was publishing poetry and plays. There are references in their correspondence not only to love turning into alienation, but also to familial violence.

In support of freedom voters moving into Kansas, Friend John Greenleaf Whittier wrote:

THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS.

WE cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged Northern pine!

We're flowing from our native hills
As our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our Mother-land
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools,
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the Ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon
Shall flout the setting sun!

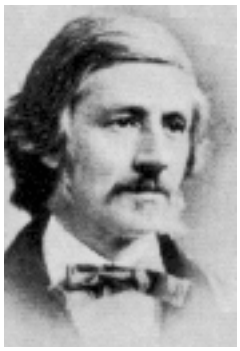
We'll tread the prairie as of old
Our fathers sailed the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

1857

New Years: According to Utagawa Hiroshige, foxes had gathered at an old hackberry tree in homage to the rice field god, for whom the fox serves as messenger, just before the New Year. The foxes had set a number of foxfires, which the rice farmers could count in order to anticipate their upcoming harvest:

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

A few days after New Year's in 1857 on a windy, bitter cold afternoon in Boston, a somber-faced man named John Brown appeared at the offices of the Massachusetts Kansas Committee. The gray-haired, fifty-six-year-old abolitionist had recently returned from the Kansas Territory, where for over a year he had helped lead the struggle against slavery. Brown believed that armed force had to be used to prevent a proslavery takeover in Kansas, and he had come east seeking funds to further free-state military efforts. After introducing himself and presenting this references, he was welcomed by the committee's newly appointed secretary, young Franklin Benjamin Sanborn.



Their meeting began a three-year relationship, during which Sanborn and five prominent abolitionists —the Reverend Theodore Parker, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the Reverend Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Gerrit Smith, and George Luther Stearns— would not only help Brown collect funds for Kansas, but would also form a secret committee to subsidize his Harpers Ferry raid. By March 1858, these six men had become engaged in a conspiracy to provide the cash, arms, and equipment for Brown's violent thrust at slavery. They supported Brown's plan to "make a dash" south, incite a slave uprising, and retreat into the mountains of Virginia, where a fortress would be established and other similar attacks prepared.

1859

February: In Brooklyn, New York, The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher wrote to Charles Wesley Slack seeking a list of the lecturers in the Lyceum course and also mentioning the fact that the Reverend Theodore Parker was no longer welcome to lecture at the Boston Lyceum on account of his “peculiar moral doctrines.” Meanwhile, the Reverend and Mrs. Parker were seen off by the Reverend George Ripley, as they departed by steamship, accompanied on this leg of their quest for health by their friends and co-conspirators Doctor and Mrs. Samuel Gridley Howe (Samuel Gridley Howe and Julia Ward Howe), for the warmer climes of Cuba and Santa Cruz never to return.

July 7, Thursday: The Reverend Thomas Wentworth Higginson of the Secret "Six" conspiracy wrote to Gerrit Smith that "I could not live with myself if I thought I were knowingly sending Brown [!] in the way of certain death."[8]


Eventually the slavecatchers from Kentucky and from Columbus who had trapped the fugitive John Price had been arrested by Ohio officials and charged with kidnapping and, in return for that charge being dropped, had agreed to drop their charges against the rescuers, including Professor Henry C. Peck of Oberlin College. Thus,

on this day, everyone except Simeon Bushnell, who was still serving out his 60-day sentence, was able to return to Oberlin, Ohio. There they were the guests of honor at a great celebration. Bonfires lined the streets that led to the church in which this celebration was held. Even their Cleveland jailer got introduced during the celebrations, and was able to go on about how he had been acting as the prisoners' "postmaster." All sang the "Marseillaise." (When Simeon Bushnell also would be released and would be able to return on July 11, 1859,

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8. Later, with the benefit of hindsight and with the benefit of self-legitimation, it would become clear to Higginson that his co-conspirators Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the Reverend Theodore Parker, Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, Gerrit Smith, and George Luther Stearns of the Secret "Six" conspiracy had, unlike him, fully grasped from the earliest moment the fact that the probable result of their attempt to incite a race war, of black Americans against white Americans, would be, at least initially, a defeat of their black forces. These other five of the white conspirators clearly had been willing to sacrifice the lives of their black allies in order to foment civil war between Northern and Southern white Americans. But not him, he believed in the light of his Monday-morning quarterbacking, and he dug out this old letter to Smith to prove how unaware he himself had been of the outcome to be anticipated for the raid on the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry. (However, if you look carefully at this quoted letter, you see that Higginson was not agonizing over the fate to which he had unknowingly subjected a number of anonymous black men, but was, rather, agonizing over the fate to which he had unknowingly subjected one particular named white friend: "…if I thought I were knowingly sending **Brown** in the way of certain death.")

he also would be greeted by a hailing crowd of his fellow citizens.)[9]

July 7: P.M.–To Great Meadows.

P. Hutchinson says he once found a wood duck's nest in a hollow maple by Heywood's meadow (now by railroad), and tried to get the young as soon as hatched, but they were gone too soon for him.

On the first, or westerly, part of the Great Meadows, i. e. the firmer parts and the bank, I find, mixed with sedges of different kinds, much red-top (coloring the surface extensively), fowl-meadow (just begun to bloom and of a purplish lead-color, taller than the red-top), the slender purple-spiked panic, Agrostis (perennans? or scabra??). In the wet, or main, part, beside various other sedges,–as [CAREX] stellulata, lanuginosa, stricta, etc., etc.,–wool-grass, now in flower, a sedge (apparently C. ampullacea var. utriculata toward Holbrook's) thicker-culmed than wool-grass, but softer and not round, with fertile spikes often three inches long, and slender. A great part of the meadow is covered with, I think, either this or wood grass (not in flower). I am not certain which prevails, but I think wool-grass, which does not flower. Also, mixed with these and lower,

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9. We know definitely that Oberlin College preparatory student John Anderson Copeland, Jr. did not go to jail with the other rescuers. The rumor was that he had escorted John Price to Canada and was staying there with his adopted sister.

dulichium, Eleocharis palustris, etc., etc. [Vide back, June 16th.]
First notice pontederia out; also tephrosia, how long?
The note of the bobolink has begun to sound rare?
Do not young nighthawks run pretty soon after being hatched? I hear of their being gone very soon.
Bathing at Barrett's Bay, I find it to be composed in good part of sawdust, mixed with sand. There is a narrow channel on each side, deepest on the south. The potamogeton is eight feet long there in eighteen inches of water.
I learn from measuring on Baldwin's second map that the river (i. e. speaking of that part below Framingham) is much the straightest in the lower part of its course, or from Ball's Hill to the Dam.
It winds most in the broad meadows. The greatest meander is in the Sudbury meadows.
From upper end of Sudbury Canal to Sherman's Bridge direct is 558 rods (1 mile 238 rods); by thread of river, 1000 rods (3 miles 40 rods), or nearly twice as far.
But, though meandering, it is straighter in its general course than would be believed. These nearly twenty-three miles in length (or 16+ direct) are contained within a breadth of two miles twenty-six rods; i. e., so much it takes to meander in. It can be plotted by the scale of one thousand feet to an inch on a sheet of paper seven feet one and one quarter inches long by eleven inches wide.
The deep and lake-like are the straightest reaches. The straightest reach within these limits above Ball's Hill is from Fair Haven Pond to Clamshell Hill.
I observed in Maine that the dam at the outlet of Chesuncook Lake, some twenty miles off, had raised the water so as to kill the larches on the Umbazookskus extensively. They were at least four or five miles up the Umbazookskus.

October 19, Wednesday: Wilhelm Tempel discovered a diffuse nebula around the Pleid star Merope.

John Brown was being taken from Harpers Ferry to the nearby Charles Town jail. (Brown's white jailer there, John Avis, it seems, had been a childhood friend of Dr. Martin Robison Delany.) Full reports of the event at Harpers Ferry were appearing in this day's newspapers.

Henry Thoreau and Bronson Alcott were visiting Waldo Emerson when the news was brought in, of Captain John Brown's raid at Harpers Ferry. Thoreau immediately began working over his materials about Brown.



"If Christ should appear on earth he would on all hands be denounced as a mistaken, misguided man, insane and crazed."

–Thoreau, October 19, 1859


JOURNAL:

Here comes Jesus again

mistaken, misguided

insane and crazed

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

When Julia Ward Howe read in the Boston Transcript about the raid upon the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry, Virginia, her husband Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe would casually remarked to her "Brown has got to work." The newspapers were beginning to carry an account of an intriguing set of papers that had been discovered where Brown had unaccountably left them behind, when he had gone off on the morning of the 16th to launch his raid on the Harpers Ferry arsenal. Among the papers, in addition to an envelope from Dr. Howe incriminatingly addressed to Brown, were a note from Gerrit Smith and two letters from Franklin Benjamin Sanborn.

The Reverend Thomas Wentworth Higginson began to plan a rescue of Brown from the jail cell in Charles Town. He actually would succeed in raising aid for the Brown family. He would opinion, much later in life, after having had a chance to compare and contrast his ineffectiveness as a member of the Secret "Six" with the effectiveness of the revolutionary terror organized by the Communist Party in Russia, that:

> The Russian revolutionists, who were so efficient in making the tyrant Tsar Alexander II explode, have much to teach us about practical terror.

Thoreau was being written to by Theophilus Brown in Worcester.

Worcester Oct 19
Friend Thoreau— The book
came duly to hand, and
as it was not for me,
I intend to send ^you the money
for it in this note—
Blake must speak for him
-self and not for me when
speaking of that mountain
walk of ours. I enjoyed it
well enough, and aught to
be ashamed of myself that
I did, perhaps, since it
yielded me so little.
Our Cape Cod walk salts
down better with me, & yet
there was'nt much salt
in that,—enough to save
it perhaps, but not ^enough of the
sea & sand & sky. The good
things I got in it were rather
incidental—[&]*did not belong*
to the sea. But I did get

Page 2
some glimpses of the sea.
I remember a smoke we
had on a little ^barren knoll where
we heard the plover, in North
Dennis, in the twilight after
a long & hot days walk.
We heard the pounding of the
surf against a shore
twenty miles off[,—(]*so said*
the man at whose house
we passed the night,—)—and
we were expecting to arrive
there the next day.
I have been in the habit of
thinking our journey culmin
-ated in that smoke, if it
did'nt end there, for, though

we arrived at the beach the
next day according to programme
& found the thirty miles stretch
of it, with its accompaniments
too large to complain of,
yet—our anticipations
were immense. But now

Page 3
in thinking of it the actual
sea & sky loom up larger,
while our smoke & dreams
—hold their own pretty
well—
Your friend
Theo's Brown

October 20, Thursday: Fragmentary news of the raid upon the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry was appearing in the Brooklyn Eagle:

Who is Responsible ?

[From the Journal of Commerce.]

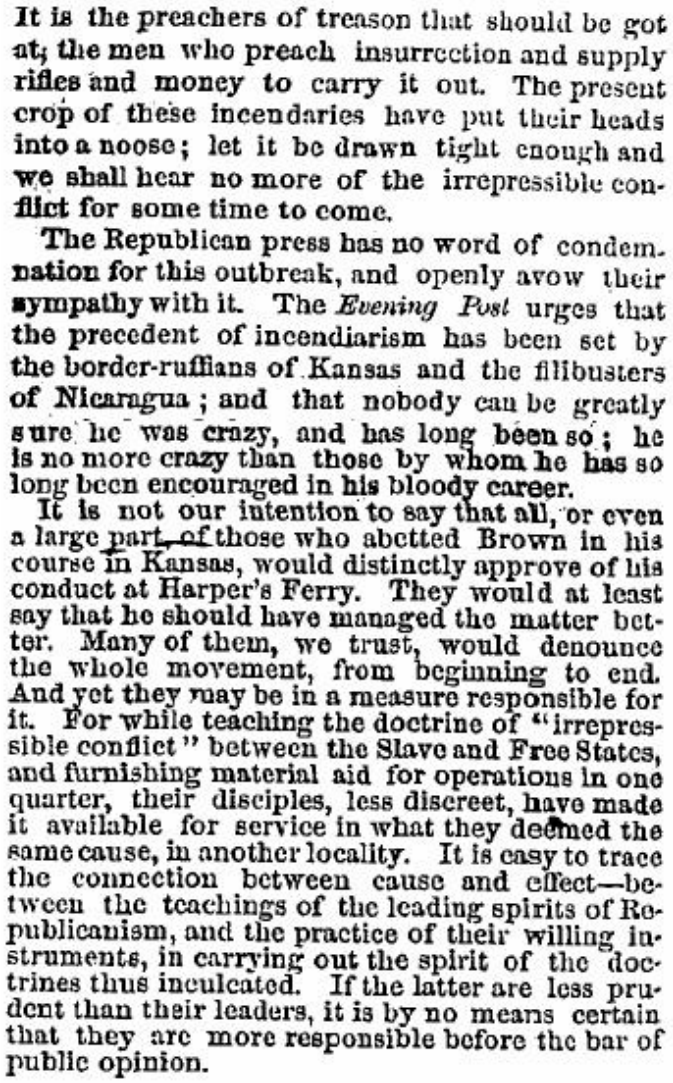
No wonder that some of the leading organs of Republicans writhe under the disclosures of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry. The first accounts were ambiguous. They were not such as to connect the outrages of Ossawatamie Brown and his associates with their former well-known confederates in the North. But the evidence deepens, and each hour adds new testimony. Letters and remittances have been found among the effects of the insurgents, from Gerrit Smith and Frederick Douglass. Other documents are in possession of Governor Wise, of Virginia, the purport of which is not yet known to us. No wonder that the *Evening Post*, *Tribune*, and other journals of the same class, would fain palliate the enormities which have sent such a thrill of horror through the land. Well do they know that the sanguinary scenes of Harper's Ferry were but the carrying out of the principles inculcated by such journals. Well do they remember the proceedings at the North Church, New Haven, on the 31st of March; 1856, when Silliman, Kill'em & Co., subscribed rifles wherewith to arm their fellow-citizens who

Also:

Yesterday various documents forming part of the insurrectionary scheme were transmitted to Washington. They are in cypher, and are supposed to be of the highest importance. Harpers Ferry remains in the hands of Federal troops. Capt. Cook with his fugitives have still eluded pursuit, though the chase is hotly urged.

THE PRISONERS.—It is now stated by telegraph from Harper's Ferry, that "Ossawatamie Brown," Commander-in-Chief of all the Abolition forces, is likely to recover, although shockingly wounded. His two sons are dead. One was killed in Kansas. So he has lost three sons in his battles for freedom, as he would probably call them, and will probably lose his own life by the halter. He and the other prisoners are to be tried for murder by the Courts of Virginia, while the United States Courts will try them for treason. According to the telegraph, Gov. Wise told U. S. District Attorney Ould that "he had no objection to the General Government proceeding against the prisoners; that is, what will be left of them by the time the Virginia authorities have done with them."

Also:



It is the preachers of treason that should be got at; the men who preach insurrection and supply rifles and money to carry it out. The present crop of these incendaries have put their heads into a noose; let it be drawn tight enough and we shall hear no more of the irrepressible conflict for some time to come.

The Republican press has no word of condemnation for this outbreak, and openly avow their sympathy with it. The *Evening Post* urges that the precedent of incendiarism has been set by the border-ruffians of Kansas and the filibusters of Nicaragua; and that nobody can be greatly sure he was crazy, and has long been so; he is no more crazy than those by whom he has so long been encouraged in his bloody career.

It is not our intention to say that all, or even a large part, of those who abetted Brown in his course in Kansas, would distinctly approve of his conduct at Harper's Ferry. They would at least say that he should have managed the matter better. Many of them, we trust, would denounce the whole movement, from beginning to end. And yet they may be in a measure responsible for it. For while teaching the doctrine of "irrepressible conflict" between the Slave and Free States, and furnishing material aid for operations in one quarter, their disciples, less discreet, have made it available for service in what they deemed the same cause, in another locality. It is easy to trace the connection between cause and effect—between the teachings of the leading spirits of Republicanism, and the practice of their willing instruments, in carrying out the spirit of the doctrines thus inculcated. If the latter are less prudent than their leaders, it is by no means certain that they are more responsible before the bar of public opinion.

During this morning the conspirators George Luther Stearns and Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe of the Secret "Six" conspiracy were consulting with their Boston lawyer of recourse, John Andrew (Boston lawyer Richard Henry Dana, Jr., the chairperson of their conspiracy, being at the moment conveniently on a vacation trip around the world), and were being heartily reassured that in his considered initial opinion they would be quite safe from any prosecution: "A man cannot be held guilty of an overt act of levying war who was not present at the overt act of war; who participated in none of the transactions of the principal actors at the scene and did not, in any manner, render assistance, or attempt to do so, or put himself in a position where he might do so, if occasion offered at the time…. Still, if one joins in a conspiracy to levy war, and war is, afterward, in fact levied, and he performs any act, which in the case of a felony, would render one an accessory, he thereby renders himself a principal to the treason, since, in treason all who are guilty at all are principals. Thus — if he gives arms, ammunition, horses or what not, to aid the war, pursuant to the conspiracy, such acts, when the war has been

actually levied, will doubtless be deemed overt acts of treason, in themselves; but the party committing them can only be tried in the District where they were committed. A man who gave a cannon in Maine to the service of the cause of treason could not be tried for it in Texas, merely because it was in Texas that other men, afterward, fired it."

Ruth Weaver to Governor Henry A. Wise:

Gov[erno]r of V[irgini]a

Smyrna 10t Mo 20th 1859

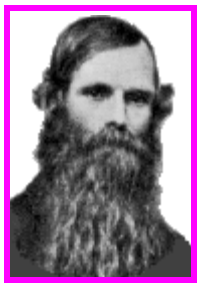
Chenango Co Ny

In the stillness and depth of night I have arose from my sleepless bed to write to thee (in the fear and dread of the Majesty of Heaven and also in a measure of his love which breaths "peace on earth and good will to men") a warning not to suffer anything done to those late prisoners in a hasty or harsh manner although they have committed an high offence against thier country and also in the sight of the great Creator and Judge of all the earth but Oh! let justice and judgment go forth in His spirit seek his to know His will, and remember the example of Him our Lord and Saviour when nailed to the cross how He prayed for his murderers and now friend who art chosen to fill the Chiefest seat in thy States government if thou and thy people will let a measure of this spirit of divine love rule your hearts in proceding against those poor crimanals if you inflict death it will be in a mild and easy way for even that is a great responsibility to take that from our fellow men that which we cannot is impossible for us again to restore; but O beware of in the heat of excitement of giving away to heathinsh examples of inflicting cruel and terrible deaths upon their prisoners and captives in their power and thus provoke the Majesty of heaven who hath said "vengence is mine I will repay saith the Lord" for we all shall have to stand beffre the judgment-seat of Christ, from a lover of truth & righteousness

Ruth Weaver

November 13, Sunday: By crossing the frontier at Taurogen, Alyeksandr Borodin left Russia for the 1st time.

George Luther Stearns and Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe of the Secret "Six" conspiracy were advised that their Boston attorney John Andrew had reversed his previous opinion that the Secret "Six" were in no jeopardy of legal action.



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER 13th]

Shortly before Christmas: Having been excused from having to respond to the summons of the Special Investigatory Committee of the US Senate headed by Senator James Mason of Virginia on the grounds of illness, Gerrit Smith was able to be released from the insane asylum in which he had found refuge:[10]

> All the members of the Secret "Six", Thomas Wentworth Higginson included, must have breathed a sigh of relief when Smith was finally not required to appear. Smith and the committee would not have been a good combination. Smith knew as much about John Brown's plans as anyone. On his best day, without undue pressure, he was loudly self-righteous, hotheaded, unstable, and unpredictable. He could lose his demeanor quite easily. Cool heads, such as Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe and George Luther Stearns, would fare better and reveal less under the unimaginative questioning of the committee. Armed with what Smith might have given away, the committee's questions for Howe

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10. Senator Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, the principal inquisitorial agent of this committee, was livid, since he was convinced with good reason that this rich man would have been the key to uncovering the extent of the treasonous Secret "Six" conspiracy to create race war in America. Very likely cooler heads in Washington were bearing in mind that they really **didn't want to find out** the true extent of this conspiracy, since **it was perfectly likely that any number of members of the federal government had been privy to it from its very inception**. What was needed was the pretense of an investigation, with a likelihood of no great success. Joel Silbey has contended, in "The Civil War Synthesis in American History," that postbellum American historians have been misconstruing antebellum American politics by viewing them in conjunction with our knowledge of the bloodbath that followed. It is only after the fact that we can "know" that the US Civil War amounted to a sectional dispute, North versus South. We avoid learning that before the fact, it was undecided whether this conflict was going to shape up as a race conflict, a class conflict, or a sectional conflict. We avoid knowing that the raid on Harpers Ferry might have resulted in a race war, in which peoples of color would be exterminated in order to create an all-white America, or might have resulted in a class war, in which the laboring classes might have first destroyed the plantation owners' equity by killing his slaves, and then gone on to purge the nation of the white plantation owners themselves, with their privileged-class endowments.

and Stearns might have been that much more targeted.

1860

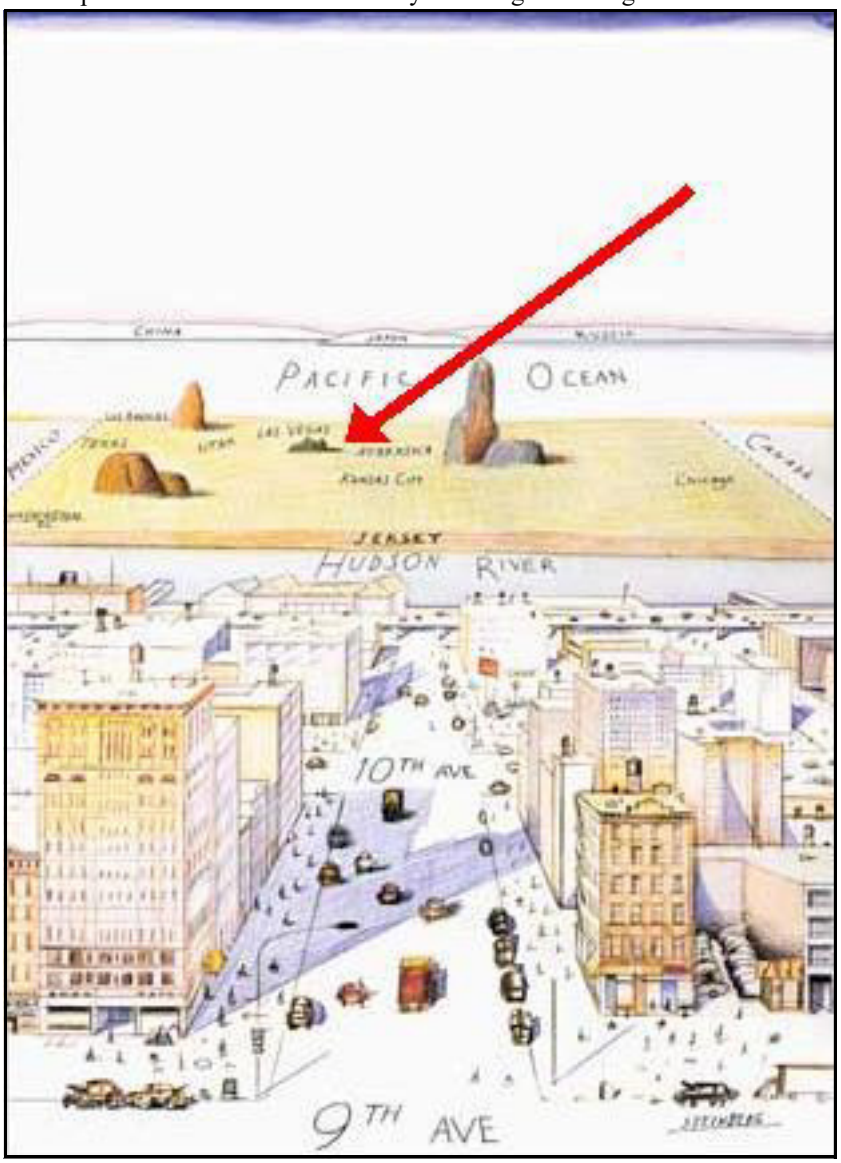
January 11, Wednesday: Richard Henry Dana, Jr. sailed off across the Pacific Ocean, bound for the Orient.

AND NOW, FOR SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, A REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR:

On the morning of the 11th January, 1860, I passed, for the eighth time, through the Golden Gate, on my way across the delightful Pacific to the Oriental world, with its civilization three thousand years older than that I was leaving behind. As the shores of California faded in the distance, and the summits of the Coast Range sank under the blue horizon, I bade farewell– yes, I do not doubt, forever– to those scenes which, however changed or unchanged, must always possess an ineffable interest for me.

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

Senator James Mason's committee to investigate the raid upon the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry issued summonses for the Secret "Six" conspirators Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, and Gerrit Smith. A summons for their co-conspirator George Luther Stearns was overlooked but would follow in due course. The committee would learn that Stearns and Dr. Howe, like Boston attorney Richard Henry Dana, Jr., had fled to California, but eventually the Reverend Stearns would appear and testify that he believed John Brown to be the representative man of this century as George Washington had been of the previous one.



On this date Bronson Alcott made the following entry in his journal:

> Emerson, Alcott, Thoreau, Channing, Wasson, Sanborn, and Hawthorn, which comes to 7 persons. Opened once a week for conversations, without form, and from 7 to 10

in the evening, at private houses.

[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 11th]

May 10, Thursday: At 1PM at the office of the Old State House in Boston, the firm of N.A. Thompson & Co. auctioned John B. Moore's farm in Concord on the basis of the survey plan that Henry Thoreau had prepared on April 19th, showing his farmland and the owners of the land that abutted his, oriented with true north at upper left (a 17-inch by 25-inch document printed on cloth):

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

Theodore Parker died of tuberculosis in Firenze, Italy, not quite 50 years of age. The physician in attendance removed his brain and posted it, floating in a jar of preservative, to the Reverend's Secret "Six" co-conspirator still in Boston, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe.[11] Here is a remark by the Reverend Moncure Daniel Conway:

> From many censorious lips came the homage to Parker's dust which had been denied in his living presence.

Here is the Reverend's reverent obituary as it would appear in the pages of The Atlantic Monthly:

THEODORE PARKER.

> "Sir Launcelot! ther thou lyest; thou were never matched of none earthly knights hands; thou were the truest freende to thy lover that ever bestrood horse; and thou were the kindest man that ever strooke with sword; and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortall foe that ever put spere in the rest." LA MORTE D'ARTHUR.

In the year 1828 there was a young man of eighteen at work upon a farm in Lexington, performing bodily labor to the extent of twenty hours in a day sometimes, and that for several days together, and at other times studying intensely when work was less pressing. Thirty years after, that same man sat in the richest private library in Boston, working habitually from twelve to seventeen hours a day in severer toil. The interval was crowded with labors, with acquisitions, with reproaches, with victories, with honors; and he who experienced all this died exhausted at the end of it, less than fifty years old, but looking seventy. That man was Theodore Parker.

The time is far distant when out of a hundred different statements of contemporaries some calm biographer will extract

11. Not knowing what to do with this grisly item, the Howe family would stick it up on the top shelf of a back cupboard and attempt to forget it was there.

sufficient materials for a true picture of the man; and meanwhile all that each can do is to give fearlessly his own honest impressions, and so tempt others to give theirs. Of the multitude of different photographers, each perchance may catch some one trait without which the whole portraiture would have remained incomplete; and the time to secure this is now, while his features are fresh in our minds. It is a daring effort, but it needs to be made.

Yet Theodore Parker was so strong and self-sufficing upon his own ground, he needed so little from any other, while giving so freely to all, that one would hardly venture to add anything to the autobiographies he has left, but for the high example he set of fearlessness in dealing with the dead. There may be some whose fame is so ill-established, that one shrinks from speaking of them precisely as one saw them; but this man's place is secure, and that friend best praises him who paints him just as he seemed. To depict him as he *was* must be the work of many men, and no single observer, however intimate, need attempt it.

The first thing that strikes an observer, in listening to the words of public and private feeling elicited by his departure, is the predominance in them all of the sentiment of love. His services, his speculations, his contests, his copious eloquence, his many languages, these come in as secondary things, but the predominant testimony is emotional. Men mourn the friend even more than the warrior. No fragile and lovely girl, fading untimely into heaven, was ever more passionately beloved than this white-haired and world-weary man. As he sat in his library, during his lifetime, he was not only the awakener of a thousand intellects, but the centre of a thousand hearts; — he furnished the natural home for every foreign refugee, every hunted slave, every stray thinker, every vexed and sorrowing woman. And never was there one of these who went away uncomforted, and from every part of this broad nation their scattered hands now fling roses upon his grave.

This immense debt of gratitude was not bought by any mere isolated acts of virtue; indeed, it never is so bought; love never is won but by a nobleness which, pervades the life. In the midst of his greatest cares there never was a moment when he was not all too generous of his time, his wisdom, and his money. Borne down by the accumulation of labors, grudging, as a student grudges, the precious hour that once lost can never be won back, he yet was always holding himself at the call of some poor criminal, at the Police Office, or some sick girl in a suburban town, not of his recognized parish perhaps, but longing for the ministry of the only preacher who had touched her soul. Not a mere wholesale reformer, he wore out his life by retailing its great influences to the poorest comer. Not generous in money only, — though the readiness of his beneficence in that direction had few equals, — he always hastened past that minor bestowal to ask if there were not some other added gift possible, some personal service or correspondence, some life-blood, in short, to be lavished in some other form, to eke out the already

liberal donation of dollars.

There is an impression that he was unforgiving. Unforgetting he certainly was; for he had no power of forgetfulness, whether for good or evil. He had none of that convenient oblivion which in softer natures covers sin and saintliness with one common, careless pall. So long as a man persisted in a wrong attitude before God or man, there was no day so laborious or exhausting, no night so long or drowsy, but Theodore Parker's unsleeping memory stood on guard full-armed, ready to do battle at a moment's warning. This is generally known; but what may not be known so widely is, that, the moment the adversary lowered his spear, were it for only an inch or an instant, that moment Theodore Parker's weapons were down and his arms open. Make but the slightest concession, give him but the least excuse to love you, and never was there seen such promptness in forgiving. His friends found it sometimes harder to justify his mildness than his severity. I confess that I, with others, have often felt inclined to criticize a certain caustic tone of his, in private talk, when the name of an offender was alluded to; but I have also felt almost indignant at his lenient good-nature to that very person, let him once show the smallest symptom of contrition, or seek, even in the clumsiest way, or for the most selfish purpose, to disarm his generous antagonist. His forgiveness in such cases was more exuberant than his wrath had ever been.

It is inevitable, in describing him, to characterize his life first by its quantity. He belonged to the true race of the giants of learning; he took in knowledge at every pore, and his desires were insatiable. Not, perhaps, precocious in boyhood, —for it is not precocity to begin Latin at ten and Greek at eleven, to enter the Freshman class at twenty and the professional school at twenty-three,— he was equalled by few students in the tremendous rate at which he pursued every study, when once begun. With strong body and great constitutional industry, always acquiring and never forgetting, he was doubtless at the time of his death the most variously learned of living Americans, as well as one of the most prolific of orators and writers.

Why did Theodore Parker die? He died prematurely worn out through this enormous activity, — a warning, as well as an example. To all appeals for moderation, during the latter years of his life, he had but one answer, — that he had six generations of long-lived farmers behind him, and had their strength to draw upon. All his physical habits, except in this respect, were unexceptionable: he was abstemious in diet, but not ascetic, kept no unwholesome hours, tried no dangerous experiments, committed no excesses. But there is no man who can habitually study from twelve to seventeen hours a day (his friend Mr. Clarke contracts it to "from six to twelve," but I have Mr. Parker's own statement of the fact) without ultimate self-destruction. Nor was this the practice during his period of health alone, but it was pushed to the last moment: he continued in the pulpit

long after a withdrawal was peremptorily prescribed for him; and when forbidden to leave home for lecturing, during the winter of 1858, he straightway prepared the most laborious literary works of his life, for delivery as lectures in the Fraternity Course at Boston.

He worked thus, not from ambition, nor altogether from principle, but from an immense craving for mental labor, which had become second nature to him. His great omnivorous, hungry intellect must have constant food, — new languages, new statistics, new historical investigations, new scientific discoveries, new systems of Scriptural exegesis. He did not for a day in the year nor an hour in the day make rest a matter of principle, nor did he ever indulge in it as a pleasure, for he knew no enjoyment so great as labor. Wordsworth's "wise passiveness" was utterly foreign to his nature. Had he been a mere student, this had been less destructive. But to take the standard of study of a German Professor, and superadd to that the separate exhaustions of a Sunday-preacher, a lyceum-lecturer, a radical leader, and a practical philanthropist, was simply to apply half a dozen distinct suicides to the abbreviation of a single life. And, as his younger companions long since assured him, the tendency of his career was not only to kill himself, but them; for each assumed that he must at least attempt what Theodore Parker accomplished.

It is very certain that his career was much shortened by these enormous labors, and it is not certain that its value was increased in a sufficient ratio to compensate for that evil. He justified his incessant winter-lecturing by the fact that the whole country was his parish, though this was not an adequate excuse. But what right had he to deprive himself even of the accustomed summer respite of ordinary preachers, and waste the golden July hours in studying Sclavonic dialects? No doubt his work in the world was greatly aided both by the fact and the fame of learning, and, as he himself somewhat disdainfully said, the knowledge of Greek and Hebrew was "a convenience" in theological discussions; but, after all, his popular power did not mainly depend on his mastery of twenty languages, but of one. Theodore Parker's learning was undoubtedly a valuable possession to the community, but it was not worth the price of Theodore Parker's life.

"Strive constantly to concentrate yourself," said the laborious Goethe, "never dissipate your powers; incessant activity, of whatever kind, leads finally to bankruptcy." But Theodore Parker's whole endeavor was to multiply his channels, and he exhausted his life in the effort to do all men's work. He was a hard man to relieve, to help, or to cooperate with. Thus, the "Massachusetts Quarterly Review" began with quite a promising corps of contributors; but when it appeared that its editor, if left alone, would willingly undertake all the articles, — science, history, literature, everything,— of course the others yielded to inertia and dropped away. So, some years later, when some of us met at his room to consult on a cheap series of

popular theological works, he himself was so rich in his own private plans that all the rest were impoverished; nothing could be named but he had been planning just that for years, and should by-and-by get leisure for it, and there really was not enough left to call out the energies of any one else. Not from any petty egotism, but simply from inordinate activity, he stood ready to take all the parts.

In the same way he distanced everybody; every companion-scholar found soon that it was impossible to keep pace with one who was always accumulating and losing nothing. Most students find it necessary to be constantly forgetting some things to make room for later arrivals; but the peculiarity of his memory was that he let nothing go. I have more than once heard him give a minute analysis of the contents of some dull book read twenty years before, and have afterwards found the statement correct and exhaustive. His great library, —the only private library I have ever seen which reminded one of the Astor,— although latterly collected more for public than personal uses, was one which no other man in the nation, probably, had sufficient bibliographical knowledge single-handed to select, and we have very few men capable of fully appreciating its scholarly value, as it stands. It seems as if its possessor, putting all his practical and popular side into his eloquence and action, had indemnified himself by investing all his scholarship in a library of which less than a quarter of the books were in the English language.

All unusual learning, however, brings with it the suspicion of superficiality; and in this country, where, as Mr. Parker himself said, "every one gets a mouthful of education, but scarce one a full meal," —where every one who makes a Latin quotation is styled "a ripe scholar,"— it is sometimes difficult to distinguish the true from the counterfeit. It is, however, possible to apply some tests. I remember, for instance, that one of the few undoubted classical scholars, in the old-fashioned sense, whom New England has seen, —the late John Glen King of Salem,— while speaking with very limited respect of the acquirements of Rufus Choate in this direction, and with utter contempt of those of Daniel Webster, always became enthusiastic on coming to Theodore Parker. "He is the only man," said Mr. King more than once to the writer, "with whom I can sit down and seriously discuss a disputed reading and find him familiar with all that has been written upon it." Yet Greek and Latin were only the preliminaries of Mr. Parker's scholarship.

I know, for one, —and there are many who will bear the same testimony,— that I never went to Mr. Parker to talk over a subject which I had just made a speciality, without finding that on that particular matter he happened to know, without any special investigation, more than I did. This extended beyond books, sometimes stretching into things where his questioner's opportunities of knowledge had seemed considerably greater, — as, for instance, in points connected with the habits of our native animals and the phenomena of out-door Nature. Such were

his wonderful quickness and his infallible memory, that glimpses of these things did for him the work of years. But, of course, it was in the world of books that this wonderful superiority was chiefly seen, and the following example may serve as one of the most striking among many.

It happened to me, some years since, in the course of some historical inquiries, to wish for fuller information in regard to the barbarous feudal codes of the Middle Ages, —as the Salic, Burgundian, and Ripuarian,— before the time of Charlemagne. The common historians, even Hallam, gave no very satisfactory information and referred to no very available books; and supposing it to be a matter of which every well-read lawyer would at least know something, I asked help of the most scholarly member of that profession within my reach. He regretted his inability to give me any aid, but referred me to a friend of his, who was soon to visit him, a young man, who was already eminent for legal learning. The friend soon arrived, but owned, with some regret, that he had paid no attention to that particular subject, and did not even know what books to refer to; but he would at least ascertain what they were, and let me know. (N.B. I have never heard from him since.) Stimulated by ill-success, I aimed higher, and struck at the Supreme Bench of a certain State, breaking in on the mighty repose of His Honor with the name of Charlemagne. "Charlemagne?" responded my lord judge, rubbing his burly brow, — "Charlemagne lived, I think, in the sixth century?" Dismayed, I retreated, with little further inquiry; and sure of one man, at least, to whom law meant also history and literature, I took refuge with Charles Sumner. That accomplished scholar, himself for once at fault, could only frankly advise me to do at last what I ought to have done at first, — to apply to Theodore Parker. I did so. "Go," replied he instantly, "to alcove twenty-four, shelf one hundred and thirteen, of the College Library at Cambridge, and you will find the information you need in a thick quarto, bound in vellum, and lettered 'Potgiesser de Statu Servorum.'" I straightway sent for Potgiesser, and found my fortune made, it was one of those patient old German treatises which cost the labor of one man's life to compile and another's to exhaust, and I had no reason to suppose that any reader had disturbed its repose until that unwearied industry had explored the library.

Amid such multiplicity of details he must sometimes have made mistakes, and with his great quickness of apprehension he sometimes formed hasty conclusions. But no one has a right to say that his great acquirements were bought by any habitual sacrifice of thoroughness. To say that they sometimes impaired the quality of his thought would undoubtedly be more just; and this is a serious charge to bring. Learning is not accumulation, but assimilation; every man's real acquirements must pass into his own organization, and undue or hasty nutrition does no good. The most priceless knowledge is not worth the smallest impairing of the quality of the thinking. The scholar cannot afford, any more than the farmer, to lavish his strength in clearing more

land than he can cultivate; and Theodore Parker was compelled by the natural limits of time and strength to let vast tracts lie fallow, and to miss something of the natural resources of the soil. One sometimes wished that he had studied less and dreamed more, — for less encyclopedic information, and more of his own rich brain.

But it was in popularizing thought and knowledge that his great and wonderful power lay. Not an original thinker, in the same sense with Emerson, he yet translated for tens of thousands that which Emerson spoke to hundreds only. No matter who had been heard on any subject, the great mass of intelligent, "progressive" New-England thinkers waited to hear the thing summed up by Theodore Parker. This popular interest went far beyond the circle of his avowed sympathizers; he might be a heretic, but nobody could deny that he was a marksman. No matter how well others seemed to have hit the target, his shot was the triumphant one, at last. Thinkers might find no new thought in the new discourse, leaders of action no new plan, yet, after all that had been said and done, his was the statement that told upon the community. He knew this power of his, and had analyzed some of the methods by which he attained it, though, after all, the best part was an unconscious and magnetic faculty. But he early learned, so he once told me, that the New-England people dearly love two things, — a philosophical arrangement, and a plenty of statistics. To these, therefore, he treated them thoroughly; in some of his "Ten Sermons" the demand made upon the systematizing power of his audience was really formidable; and I have always remembered a certain lecture of his on the Anglo-Saxons as the most wonderful instance that ever came within my knowledge of the adaptation of solid learning to the popular intellect. Nearly two hours of almost unadorned fact, — for there was far less than usual of relief and illustration, — and yet the lyceum-audience listened to it as if an angel sang to them. So perfect was his sense of purpose and of power, so clear and lucid was his delivery, with such wonderful composure did he lay out, section by section, his historical chart, that he grasped his hearers as absolutely as he grasped his subject: one was compelled to believe that he might read the people the Sanscrit Lexicon, and they would listen with ever fresh delight. Without grace or beauty or melody, his mere elocution was sufficient to produce effects which melody and grace and beauty might have sighed for in vain. And I always felt that he well described his own eloquence while describing Luther's, in one of the most admirably moulded sentences he ever achieved, — "The homely force of Luther, who, in the language of the farm, the shop, the boat, the street, or the nursery, told the high truths that reason or religion taught, and took possession of his audience by a storm of speech, then poured upon them all the riches of his brave plebeian soul, baptizing every head anew, — a man who with the people seemed more mob than they, and with kings the most imperial man."

Another key to his strong hold upon the popular mind was to be

found in his thorough Americanism of training and sympathy. Surcharged with European learning, he yet remained at heart the Lexington farmer's-boy, and his whole atmosphere was indigenous, not exotic. Not haunted by any of the distrust and over - criticism which are apt to effeminate the American scholar, he plunged deep into the current of hearty national life around him, loved it, trusted it, believed in it; and the combination of this vital faith with such tremendous criticism of public and private sins formed an irresistible power. He could condemn without crushing, — denounce mankind, yet save it from despair. Thus his pulpit became one of the great forces of the nation, like the New York "Tribune." His printed volumes had but a limited circulation, owing to a defective system of publication, which his friends tried in vain to correct; but the circulation of his pamphlet-discourses was very great; he issued them faster and faster, latterly often in pairs, and they instantly spread far and wide. Accordingly he found his listeners everywhere; he could not go so far West but his abundant fame had preceded him; his lecture-room in the remotest places was crowded, and his hotel-chamber also, until late at night. Probably there was no private man in the nation, except, perhaps, Beecher and Greeley, whom personal strangers were so eager to see; while from a transatlantic direction he was sought by visitors to whom the two other names were utterly unknown. Learned men from the continent of Europe always found their way, first or last, to Exeter Place; and it is said that Thackeray, on his voyage to this country, declared that the thing in America which he most desired was to hear Theodore Parker talk.

Indeed, his conversational power was so wonderful that no one could go away from a first interview without astonishment and delight. There are those among us, it may be, more brilliant in anecdote or repartee, more eloquent, more profoundly suggestive; but for the outpouring of vast floods of various and delightful information, I believe that he could have had no Anglo-Saxon rival, except Macaulay. And in Mr. Parker's case, at least, there was no alloy of conversational arrogance or impatience of opposition. He monopolized, not because he was ever unwilling to hear others, but because they did not care to hear themselves when he was by. The subject made no difference; he could talk on anything. I was once with him in the society of an intelligent Quaker farmer, when the conversation fell on agriculture: the farmer held his own ably for a time; but long after he was drained dry, our wonderful companion still flowed on exhaustless, with accounts of Nova Scotia ploughing and Tennessee hoeing, and all things rural, ancient and modern, good and bad, till it seemed as if the one amusing and interesting theme in the universe were the farm. But it soon proved that this was only one among his thousand departments, and his hearers felt, as was said of old Fuller, as if he had served his time at every trade in town.

But it must now be owned that these astonishing results were bought by some intellectual sacrifices which his nearer friends

do not all recognize, but which posterity will mourn. Such a rate of speed is incompatible with the finest literary execution. A delicate literary ear he might have had, perhaps, but he very seldom stopped to cultivate or even indulge it. This neglect was not produced by his frequent habit of extemporaneous speech alone; for it is a singular fact, that Wendell Phillips, who rarely writes a line, yet contrives to give to his hastiest efforts the air of elaborate preparation, while Theodore Parker's most scholarly performances were still stump-speeches. Vigorous, rich, brilliant, copious, they yet seldom afford a sentence which falls in perfect cadence upon the ear; under a show of regular method, they are loose and diffuse, and often have the qualities which he himself attributed to the style of John Quincy Adams, — "disorderly, ill-compacted, and homely to a fault." He said of Dr. Channing,— "Diffuseness is the old Adam of the pulpit. There are always two ways of hitting the mark, — one with a single bullet, the other with a shower of small shot: Dr. Channing chose the latter, as most of our pulpit orators have done." Theodore Parker chose it also.

Perhaps Nature and necessity chose it for him. If not his temperament, at least the circumstances of his position, cut him off from all high literary finish. He created the congregation at the Music Hall, and that congregation, in turn, moulded his whole life. For that great stage his eloquence became inevitably a kind of brilliant scene-painting, —large, fresh, profuse, rapid, showy;— masses of light and shade, wonderful effects, but farewell forever to all finer touches and delicate gradations! No man can write for posterity, while hastily snatching a half-day from a week's lecturing, during which to prepare a telling Sunday harangue for three thousand people. In the perpetual rush and hurry of his life, he had no time to select, to discriminate, to omit anything, or to mature anything. He had the opportunities, the provocatives, and the drawbacks which make the work and mar the fame of the professional journalist. His intellectual existence, after he left the quiet of West Roxbury, was from hand to mouth. Needing above all men to concentrate himself, he was compelled by his whole position to lead a profuse and miscellaneous life.

All popular orators must necessarily repeat themselves, — preachers chiefly among orators, and Theodore Parker chiefly among preachers. The mere frequency of production makes this inevitable, — a fact which always makes every finely organized intellect, first or last, grow weary of the pulpit. But in his case there were other compulsions. Every Sunday a quarter part of his vast congregation consisted of persons who had never, or scarcely ever, heard him before, and who might never hear him again. Not one of those visitors must go away, therefore, without hearing the great preacher define his position on every point, — not theology alone, but all current events and permanent principles, the Presidential nomination or message, the laws of trade, the laws of Congress, woman's rights, woman's costume, Boston slave-kidnappers, and Dr. Banbaby, — he must put

it all in. His ample discourse must be like an Oriental poem, which begins with the creation of the universe, and includes all subsequent facts incidentally. It is astonishing to look over his published sermons and addresses, and see under how many different names the same stirring speech has been reprinted; — new illustrations, new statistics, and all remoulded with such freshness that the hearer had no suspicions, nor the speaker either, — and yet the same essential thing. Sunday discourse, lyceum lecture, convention speech, it made no difference, he must cover all the points every time. No matter what theme might be announced, the people got the whole latitude and longitude of Theodore Parker, and that was precisely what they wanted. He broke down the traditional non-committalism of the lecture-room, and oxygenated all the lyceums of the land. He thus multiplied his audience very greatly, while perhaps losing to some degree the power of close logic and of addressing a specific statement to a special point. Yet it seemed as if he could easily leave the lancet to others, grant him only the hammer and the forge. Ah, but the long centuries, where the reading of books is concerned, set aside all considerations of quantity, of popularity, of immediate influence, and sternly test by quality alone, — judge each author by his most golden sentence, and let all else go. The deeds make the man, but it is the style which makes or dooms the writer. History, which always sends great men in groups, gave us Emerson by whom to test the intellectual qualities of Parker. They cooperated in their work from the beginning, in much the same mutual relation as now; in looking back over the rich volumes of the "Dial," the reader now passes by the contributions of Parker to glean every sentence of Emerson's, but we have the latter's authority for the fact that it was the former's articles which originally sold the numbers. Intellectually, the two men form the complement to each other; it is Parker who reaches the mass of the people, but it is probable that all his writings put together have not had so profound an influence on the intellectual leaders of the nation as the single address of Emerson at Divinity Hall.

And it is difficult not to notice, in that essay in which Theodore Parker ventured on higher intellectual ground, perhaps, than anywhere else in his writings, —his critique on Emerson in the "Massachusetts Quarterly,"— the indications of this mental disparity. It is in many respects a noble essay, full of fine moral appreciations, bravely generous, admirable in the loyalty of spirit shown towards a superior mind, and all warm with a personal friendship which could find no superior. But so far as literary execution is concerned, the beautiful sentences of Emerson stand out like fragments of carved marble from the rough plaster in which they are imbedded. Nor this alone; but, on drawing near the vestibule of the author's finest thoughts, the critic almost always stops, unable quite to enter their sphere. Subtile beauties puzzle him; the titles of the poems, for instance, giving by delicate allusion the key-note of each, — as "Astraea," "Mithridates," "Hamatreya," and "Étienne de la

Boéce," — seem to him the work of "mere caprice"; he pronounces the poem of "Monadnoc" "poor and weak"; he condemns and satirizes the "Wood-notes," and thinks that a pine-tree which should talk like Mr. Emerson's ought to be cut down and cast into the sea.

The same want of fine discrimination was usually visible in his delineations of great men in public life. Immense in accumulation of details, terrible in the justice which held the balance, they yet left one with the feeling, that, after all, the delicate main-springs of character had been missed. Broad contrasts, heaps of good and evil, almost exaggerated praises, pungent satire, catalogues of sins that seemed pages from some Recording Angel's book, — these were his mighty methods; but for the subtilest analysis, the deepest insight into the mysteries of character, one must look elsewhere. It was still scene-painting, not portraiture; and the same thing which overwhelmed with wonder, when heard in the Music Hall, produced a slight sense of insufficiency, when read in print. It was certainly very great in its way, but not in quite the highest way; it was preliminary work, not final; it was Parker's Webster, not Emerson's Swedenborg or Napoleon.

The same thing was often manifested in his criticisms on current events. The broad truths were stated without fear or favor, the finer points passed over, and the special trait of the particular phase sometimes missed. His sermons on the last revivals, for instance, had an enormous circulation, and told with great force upon those who had not been swept into the movement, and even upon some who had been. The difficulty was that they were just such discourses as he would have preached in the time of Edwards and the "Great Awakening"; and the point which many thought the one astonishing feature of the new excitement, its almost entire omission of the "terrors of the Lord," the far gentler and more winning type of religion which it displayed, and from which it confessedly drew much of its power, this was entirely ignored in Mr. Parker's sermons. He was too hard at work in combating the evangelical theology to recognize its altered phases. Forging lightning-rods against the tempest, he did not see that the height of the storm had passed by.

These are legitimate criticisms to make on Theodore Parker, for he was large enough to merit them. It is only the loftiest trees of which it occurs to us to remark that they do not touch the sky, and a man must comprise a great deal before we complain of him for not comprising everything. But though the closest scrutiny may sometimes find cases where he failed to see the most subtile and precious truth, it will never discover one where, seeing, he failed to proclaim it, or, proclaiming, failed to give it force and power. He lived his life much as he walked the streets of Boston, — not quite gracefully, nor yet statelily, but with quick, strong, solid step, with sagacious eyes wide open, and thrusting his broad shoulders a little forward, as if butting away the throng of evil deeds around him,

> and scattering whole atmospheres of unwholesome cloud. Wherever he went, there went a glance of sleepless vigilance, an unforgetting memory, a tongue that never faltered, and an arm that never quailed. Not primarily an administrative nor yet a military mind, he yet exerted a positive control over the whole community around him, by sheer mental and moral strength. He mowed down harvests of evil as in his youth he mowed the grass, and all his hours of study were but whetting the scythe.
> And for this great work it was not essential that the blade should have a razor's edge. Grant that Parker was not also Emerson; no matter, he was Parker. If ever a man seemed sent into the world to find a certain position, and found it, he was that man. Occupying a unique sphere of activity, he filled it with such a wealth of success, that there is now no one in the nation whom it would not seem an absurdity to nominate for his place. It takes many instruments to complete the orchestra, but the tones of this organ the Music Hall shall never hear again. One feels, since he is gone, that he made his great qualities seem so natural and inevitable, we forgot that all did not share them. We forgot the scholar's proverbial reproach of timidity and selfishness, in watching him. While he lived, it seemed a matter of course that the greatest acquirements and the heartiest self-devotion should go together. Can we keep our strength, without the tonic of his example? How petty it now seems to ask for any fine-drawn subtilties of poet or seer in him who gave his life to the cause of the humblest! Life speaks the loudest. We do not ask what Luther said or wrote, but only what he did; and the name of Theodore Parker will not only long outlive his books, but will last far beyond the special occasions out of which he moulded his grand career.

May 10. River six and one eighth inches below summer level.
Thermometer at 2 P. M., 71. The winds died away with April.
In the midst of a remarkable drought. Hear of great fires in the woods up country the past week, it is so dry. Some farmers plowed around their houses to save them.

P. M.—To Bateman's Pond.
Salix alba flower in prime and resounding with the hum of bees on it. The sweet fragrance fills the air for a long distance. How much the planting of this willow adds to the greenness and cheerfulness of our landscape at this season!
As I stand on Hunt's Bridge, I notice the now comparatively dark green of the canary grass (*Phalaris*), the coarse grass vigorously spring[ing] up on the muddy islands and edges, the glaucous green of *Carex stricta* tufts, and the light yellowish green of the very coarse sedges of the meadow.
Going over the hill behind S. Brown's, when we crossed the triangular space between the roads beyond the pump-maker's, I saw countless little heaps of sand like the small ant-hills, but, looking more closely, the size of the holes (a little less than a quarter of an inch) and the comparative irregularity of the heaps — as if the sand had been brought forth and dropped in greater quantity at once — attracted my attention and I found they were the work of bees. The bees were hovering low over the surface, and were continually entering and issuing from the holes. They were about the size of a honey-bee, black bodied, with, I thought, yellow thighs, — if it was not pollen. Many of the holes appeared to have been freshly stopped up with granules of moist sand. These holes were made close together in the dry and sandy soil there, with very little grass on it, sloping toward the west, between the roads, and covered a triangular space some seven rods by three. I counted twenty-four in a square foot. There must have been some twenty-five thousand of these nests in all. The surface was yellowed with

them. Evidently a kind of mining bee.
I see in roadside hard sward, by the brook beyond, a sedge darker than the *stricta* and not in tufts, quite short.
Is it the *C. vulgaris*? Its leading spikes are effete.
Evergreen-forest note.
Some very young oaks — white oak, etc. — in woods begin to leaf.
Hear the first cricket.
The red maples, fruiting now, are in the brick-red state.
I heard yesterday one or two warblers. One's note was, in rhythm, like a very feeble field sparrow. Was it the redstart? Probably one or two strange warblers now. Was it not the parti-colored warbler, — with bluish head and yellow beneath, but not the screeper note, but note ending with a jingle slightly like the field sparrow?
Meadow fox-tail grass out several days.

May 12, Saturday: Henry Thoreau surveyed the boundary between Moses Prichard's woods skirting the river, which were furnished with winding walks and rustic seats and formed an attractive and cool retreat, and the Joseph Holbrook houselots on Main Street in Concord. Thoreau's charge was $1.$\frac{50}{}$. Holbrook's house was on the site of the house of common entertainment that belonged to William Buss in 1660, almost opposite the site that is now the Concord Free Public Library. This survey shows that the garbage disposal of that day was the pig, for Thoreau included the "piggery." Thoreau's charge was $0.$\frac{25}{}$. Joseph Holbrook also owned land in Great Meadows and part of Frosty Poplar Hollow near Gowing's Swamp and Copan.

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/55.htm

A group of 105 white miners were trekking toward Pyramid Lake, seeking retribution against the redskins for their having massacred the five white rapists at Williams Station, when the Payute intercepted the group, managing to kill roughly half of them.
Two days after the Reverend Theodore Parker's death, Dr. B. Appleton (a Boston physician who had been in attendance during his last months) and Parker's close friend Professor Pierre Jean Édouard Desor performed an autopsy, removing the brain and the heart. Expecting the corpse to be shipped back to Massachusetts for reburial, they sealed it in a lead casket, packed tightly in hemp and pickled in strong spirits. The brain and heart were put in separate boxes and sent on ahead, perhaps assuming that after the organs were studied they would be interred in the casket with the rest of Parker's corpse. Parker's widow, however, considered that moving his

corpse would violate one of his final wishes, and would have the remainder interred in the Protestant cemetery

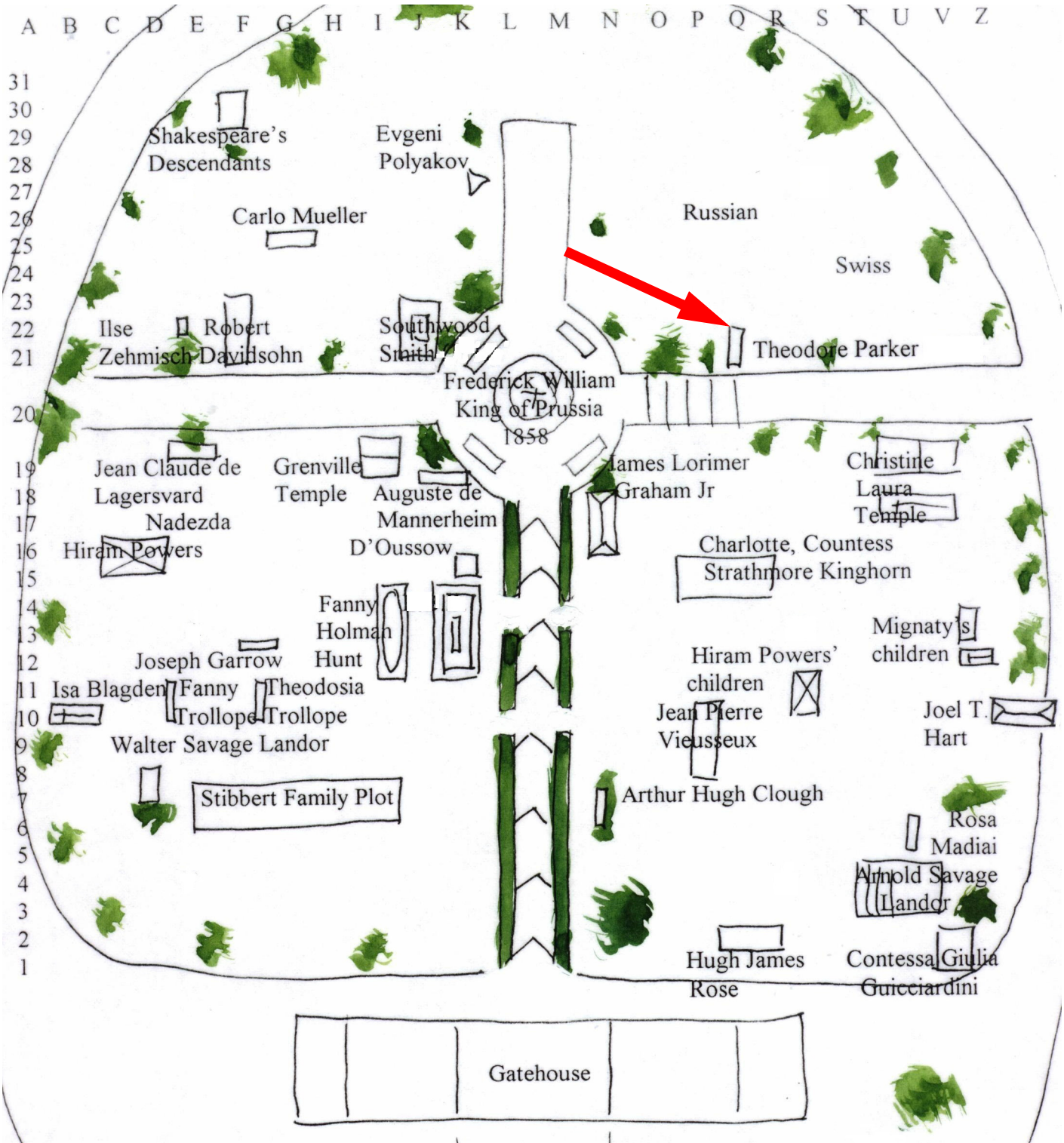
in Firenze in which Elizabeth Barrett Browning would be being interred in the following year, and Thoreau's friend Thomas Cholmondeley in 1864:

> So have I seen a pine tree in the woods, old, dry at its roots, capped with age-resembling snow; it stood there, and seemed to stand; but a little touch of wind drove it headlong, and it fell with a long, resounding crash.
>
> —Theodore Parker

We know that his brain was sent to Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe at the Perkins School for the Blind, for a sailor would show up at the Howes' door unexpectedly with a brain in a box. The cover letter had been lost in transit, so Julia Ward Howe stuck the box and its grisly contents in a closet on the top floor of the Perkins School (one of the Howe daughters would reminisce about being terrified of that closet as a child). Dr. Howe, meanwhile, would not mention the disgusting matter to anyone; for years, even Mrs. Parker would not know where her husband's brain had gotten to. What happened to the box containing the heart is even more unclear; it may have been sent to Dr. Samuel Cabot, Parker's physician and president of the Boston Society of Natural History.

Parker's gravestone in Italy is of marble, about 4 feet high, and is topped by an "eternal flame" in a lamp that resembles a Unitarian-Universalist chalice. The stone provides a side view of Parker's bust, with laurel wreath. The stone has become tilted and someday may fall and shatter. The cemetery is opened for visitors from 10AM to 1PM, except on Sundays and Mondays.

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR



THEODORE PARKER
THE GREAT AMERICAN PREACHER
BORN AT LEXINGTON MASSACHUSETTS
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
AUGUST 24 1810
DIED AT FLORENCE ITALY
MAY 10 1860
HIS NAME IS ENGRAVED IN MARBLE
HIS VIRTUES IN THE HEARTS OF THOSE HE
HELPED TO FREE FROM SLAVERY
AND SUPERSTITION

May 12. Celandine. Very hot.

2.30 P. M.—81°.
We seek the shade to sit in for a day or two. The neck-cloth and single coat is too thick; wear a half-thick coat at last [?].
The sugar maple blossoms on the Common resound with bees.

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

Ostrya flower commonly out on Island, how long? Maybe a day or two.
First bathe in the river. Quite warm enough.
River five and one half plus inches below summer level.
Very heavy dew and mist this morning; plowed ground black and moist with it. The earth is so dry it drinks like a sponge.

1861

Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe and Julia Ward Howe became involved in the US Sanitary Commission, an important and poorly remembered institution of social service. More men would die during the Civil War from disease caused by poor sanitary conditions in prisoner of war camps and their own army camps than would die in battle by bullet or bayonet. The Sanitary Commission was the chief institution of reform for that condition, leading to far fewer deaths later in the war than earlier.

Fall: At about this point the estate of and the self-concept artifacts of the Reverend Theodore Parker of the Secret "Six" conspiracy (who had died of TB while in exile in Florence, Italy), was being dispositioned. Another of the conspirators, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, was present with his wife at a ceremony at the Massachusetts State House as Governor John Andrew, who as an attorney had advised the conspirators in how to evade prosecution, presented the legislature with the British rifle which the Reverend's grandfather, Captain John Parker, had obtained during the "battle" of Lexington. Here is Mrs. Julia Ward Howe:[12]

> After a brief but very appropriate address, the governor pressed the gun to his lips before giving it into the keeping of the official guardian of such treasures.

12. One must be very careful at such ceremonies. Had the governor, for instance, instead of kissing the British gun, taken its barrel in his mouth — such a gesture might have been misunderstood.

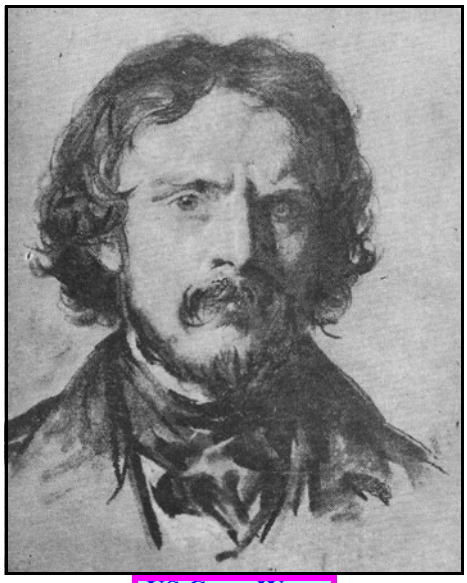
RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

At the outbreak of civil war, William James Hubard beat his plowshare into a sword by converting the Washington Foundry near Richmond, Virginia, in which he had created his statue of George Washington after the Houdon marble, to the production of rough bronze castings for machining into cannon barrels. Suddenly

the focus was shifting from honoring one's heroes to killing one's enemies. Our guy also began experimenting with gunpowder. His cannon were finished in the Richmond machine shops of Thomas Samson and James Pae — bronze field pieces, battlefield litter, have been found marked with Hubard's initials coupled with "S & P" indicating "Samson & Pae Company" and in rare instances with an additional "W.F." presumably indicating

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

“Washington Foundry.”



US CIVIL WAR

1862

February 11, Tuesday: Fighting began at Fort Donelson in Tennessee.

US CIVIL WAR

On the 9th anniversary of his New-York debut, Louis Moreau Gottschalk gave at Niblo's Saloon his only public concert in that city in 5 years.

William Brooks wrote from Washington DC to Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, sending along some petitions relative to emancipation that had been submitted to the US Senate.

Sophia Elizabeth Thoreau wrote for Henry Thoreau to W.D. Ticknor and James T. Fields, currently the editors of The Atlantic Monthly, who were interested in publishing more easy-reading crowd-pleasing nature-related stuff:

> I have no objection to having the papers you refer to printed in your monthly—if my feeble health will permit me to prepare them for the printer.

Bradley P. Dean has commented that since Thoreau knew his condition, "he was probably more interested in moving some of his lectures into print than his rather nonchalant reply to Ticknor & Fields seems to indicate."

Concord Feb. 11.th '62
Messrs, Editors
Only extreme illness has prevented my answering your note earlier. I have no objection to having the papers you refer to printed in your monthly—if my feeble health will permit me to prepare them for the printer— What will you give me for them? They are, or have been used as, lectures of the usual length, taking about an hour to read & I dont see how they can be divided without injury— How many pages can you print at once?— Of course, I should expect that no sentiment or sentence be altered or omitted without my consent, & to retain the copyright of the paper after you had used it in your monthly.— Is your monthly copyrighted?
Yours respectfully,
S.E. Thoreau
for H.D. Thoreau

February 14, Friday: R. Burgess wrote from Greenboro, Vermont to Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, asking to be commissioned to deliver lectures on behalf of the Emancipation League.

February 18, Tuesday: The 1st Congress of the Confederate States of America met in Richmond.

US CIVIL WAR

Brooks Williams wrote from Washington DC to Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, offering further information about the petitions on emancipation that had been submitted to the House of Representatives.

Henry Thoreau wrote to Ticknor & Fields, promising to forward "AUTUMNAL TINTS" to them in a day or two, in the original "culled out of a very large imperfect essay, whose integrity I wish to restore," which they would need to return to him since he had no duplicate.

Concord Feb. 18th 1862.
Messrs Ticknor & Fields,
I will accept the offer contained in your last, & will forward to you a paper called "Autumnal Tints" in a day or two.
I must ask two favors. First, that I may see the proofs, chiefly that I may look after my peculiarities, for I may not be well enough thoroughly to revise them, and therefore trust that you have a sharp-eyed reader, who will save me that labor.
Secondly, I wish to have the MSS. of this article preserved, since I have no duplicate, & what I send will be culled out from a very large imperfect essay, whose integrity I wish to restore.
Yrs respectfully
Henry D. Thoreau

1863

January: At his mansion in Medford, Massachusetts, George Luther Stearns of the Secret "Six" conspiracy staged an unveiling ceremony for a heroic bust of Captain John Brown which he had commissioned from the sculptor Edwin Brackett to place in the corner of his elaborately decorated Victorian foyer. Waldo Emerson recited his "The Boston Hymn" poem and Julia Ward Howe recited her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" poem. The Reverend Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who had become a Colonel in command of a black regiment, was of course understandably unable to be present. The New York millionaire Gerrit Smith had not responded to the formal invitation, made no appearance, and offered no explanation. In addition to Stearns and Brackett as providers, and Emerson and Mrs. Howe as performers, the ceremony was attended by John Murray Forbes, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, Wendell Phillips, and Franklin Benjamin Sanborn. The ceremony was catered by a black caterer who, when he saw who it was who was being honored, attempted to refuse payment and had to have a note jammed into his pocket.

Louisa May Alcott contracted the cholera at Army Hospital and was administered massive doses of calomel, a mercury-based emetic.[13] While lying desperately ill, Louisa May Alcott received $100.00 for her first "lurid" piece for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, a piece titled "Pauline's Passion and Punishment" published under the pseudonym "A.M. Barnard." But she was thinking of Henry Thoreau, and writing a poem about him. The poem would be published in The Atlantic Monthly, in the summer of 1863, as "Thoreau's flute."

13. She would suffer for the remainder of her life from this systemic poisoning. Under such a regimen it was common for the hair and teeth of the patient to fall out, and for their tongues to protrude until they lost their voices and could scarcely swallow. In fact, if the patient's reaction were not sufficiently severe, the physician of that era was likely to increase the dosage. (In May 1863, too late for Louisa May, the Surgeon General of the United States would proscribe this use of the calomel emetic.)

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

As I shall forget the strange fancies that haunted me I shall amuse myself with recording some of them. The most vivid & enduring was a conviction that I had married a stout, handsome Spaniard dressed in black velvet with very soft hands & a voice that was continually saying, "Lie still, my dear." This was mother, I suspect, but with all the comfort I often found in her presence there was blended an awful fear of the Spanish spouse who was always coming after me, appearing out of closets, in at windows, or threatening me dreadfully all night long. I appealed to the Pope & really got up & made a touching plea in something I meant for Latin they tell me. Once I went to heaven & found it a twilight place with people darting thro the air in a queer way. All very busy & dismal & ordinary. Miss Dix, W.H. Channig [sic] *& other people were there but I thought it dark & "slow" & wished I hadn't come. A mob at Baltimore breaking down the door to get me; being hung for a witch, burned, stoned & otherwise maltreated were some of my fancies. Also being tempted to join Dr. W. & two of the nurses in worshipping the Devil. Also tended millions of sick men who never died or got well.*

US CIVIL WAR

August 8, Saturday: President Abraham Lincoln wrote to his wife regarding their surviving son Tad's lost goat.

A report from Walt Whitman:

"Specimen Days"

HOME-MADE MUSIC

To-night, as I was trying to keep cool, sitting by a wounded soldier in Armory-square, I was attracted by some pleasant singing in an adjoining ward. As my soldier was asleep, I left him, and entering the ward where the music was, I walk'd half-way down and took a seat by the cot of a young Brooklyn friend, S. R., badly wounded in the hand at Chancellorsville, and who has suffer'd much, but at that moment in the evening was wide awake and comparatively easy. He had turn'd over on his left side to get a better view of the singers, but the mosquito-curtains of the adjoining cots obstructed the sight. I stept round and loop'd them all up, so that he had a clear show, and then sat down again by him, and look'd and listen'd. The principal singer was a young lady-nurse of one of the wards, accompanying on a melodeon, and join'd by the lady-nurses of other wards. They sat there, making a charming group, with their handsome, healthy faces, and standing up a little behind them were some ten or fifteen of the convalescent soldiers, young men, nurses, [Page 732] &c., with books in their hands, singing. Of course it was not such a performance as the great soloists at the New York opera house take a hand in, yet I am not sure but I receiv'd as much pleasure under the circumstances, sitting there, as I have had from the best Italian compositions, express'd by world-famous performers. The men lying up and down the hospital, in their cots, (some badly wounded — some never to rise thence,) the cots themselves, with their drapery of white curtains, and the shadows down the lower and upper parts of the ward; then the silence of the men, and the attitudes they took — the whole was a sight to look around upon again and again. And there sweetly rose those voices up to the high, whitewash'd wooden roof, and pleasantly the roof sent it all back again. They sang very well, mostly quaint old songs and declamatory hymns, to fitting tunes. Here, for instance:

My days are swiftly gliding by, and I a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly, those hours of toil and danger;
For O we stand on Jordan's strand, our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore we may almost discover.
We'll gird our loins my brethren dear, our distant home discerning,
Our absent Lord has left us word, let every lamp be burning,
For O we stand on Jordan's strand, our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore we may almost discover.

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

August 10, Monday: President Abraham Lincoln was meeting with Frederick Douglass to consider his petition for the full equality of the Union's "Negro troops." While they were at it, the President wrote Douglass out a pass enabling him to go with safety through Union lines.

US CIVIL WAR

Meanwhile, Professor Louis Agassiz of Harvard College was writing to Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, who was at the time on the American Freedman's Inquiry Commission, to warn him against government policies that might allow our "manly population descended from cognate nations" to deteriorate into "effeminate progeny of mixed races, half indian, half negro, sprinkled with white blood," like our neighbor to our south, Mexico. That would reduce us to the same "degradation" as that mongrel nation. Amalgamation was clearly an "unnatural" thing. The scientist recommended to the medical doctor that "all legislation with reference to [half-breeds] ... be regulated with this view & so ordained as to accelerate their disappearance from the Northern States."

EVOLUTIONARY ETHICS

"Scientists have power by virtue of the respect commanded by the discipline. We may therefore be sorely tempted to misuse that power in furthering a personal prejudice or social goal — why not provide that extra oomph by extending the umbrella of science over a personal preference in ethics or politics?"

— Stephen Jay Gould
BULLY FOR BRONTOSAURUS
NY: Norton, 1991, page 429

We may presume that Dr. Howe was persuaded by this scientifically objective information about race purity, coming as it was from a prominent scientist of impeccable credentials. (At some point during this year Dr. Howe confided to a friend that the Reverend Theodore Parker's brain had come into his possession and that he was planning to deposit this grisly object in the family crypt at Mt. Auburn — whether Dr. Howe ever would carry out this resolution, we do not know.)

1872

April: Franklin Benjamin Sanborn's "John Brown in Massachusetts" appeared in the The Atlantic Monthly (April 1872 - 1872.04; Volume 29, No. 174; page 420-433):

> It is still too early, perhaps, to tell the whole of the remarkable story of John Brown, the hero of Virginia in the nineteenth century, as that romantic chieftain of like plainness of name and vigor of spirit, John Smith, was its hero in the seventeenth century. Neither of them belonged to Virginia, — let us say rather that Virginia belonged to them; they took it for their stage of action, and there, for a few months or years, they exhibited in view of all the world the qualities which all the world with one consent, since the world was made, now agrees to call heroic. Their contemporaries did not all have this opinion of them; the Virginians of John Smith's time found him almost as troublesome as those of our time esteemed John Brown; and though they did not hang him, they would have been glad to do so if they could. The ancestors of John Randolph on the copper-colored side did their best to kill Smith, just as the descendants of John Randolph on the white side, if he had left any, would have joined in the killing of Brown, as the Washingtons and Masons of our time did. This parallel need not be carried further, except by saying that both John Smith and John Brown have also connected their names with Massachusetts history; and it may not be too early to present some reminiscences of Brown in Massachusetts, where his first American ancestor dwelt, and where he found in his last enterprise a few hearty friends and supporters.
>
> It would be curious to trace the English ancestry of Captain Brown, which, some suppose, goes back to that stout-hearted John Brown, of Henry VIII's time, who was one of the victims of Popish persecution in the early years of that king. Fox, in his "Book of Martyrs," tells the story of his martyrdom at the stake, in the early summer of 1511, at Ashford, where he dwelt; and adds that his son, Richard Brown, was imprisoned for his faith in the later days of Queen Mary, and would have been burned but for the proclaiming of Queen Elizabeth, in 1558. Peter Brown, who came over in the Mayflower, and his brother John, who came afterward, both settling in Duxbury, near the hill of Miles Standish, may perhaps have been grandchildren or great-grandchildren of John Brown the martyr of Ashford. They were born probably about 1580, but very little is known of their history. The younger of the two brothers, as we suppose, Peter Brown of the Mayflower company, was a carpenter, and was twice married between his landing in 1620 and his death in 1633. He is believed to have had four children, of whom the youngest, Peter, was born in Duxbury in 1632, and, some twenty years later, removed to Windsor in Connecticut, and died there in 1692. From him,

through a succession of John Browns, was descended Owen Brown, who married Ruth Mills, daughter of Rev. Gideon Mills of Simsbury, in 1793, and whose oldest son was John Brown, of Kansas and Harpers Ferry. He was born at Torrington, Connecticut, on The 9th of May, 1800.[14] Those curious in ethnology may take notice that while the Brown family was English, the Mills family was Dutch, and the Owens, of whom was John Brown's paternal grandmother, were Welsh. His ancestors were mostly farmers, and among them was the proper New England proportion of ministers, deacons, squires, and captains. Both his grandfathers were officers in the Connecticut contingent to Washington's army, and one of them, Captain John Brown, died in the service. It is his gravestone which the pilgrim to his grandson's grave, in the Adirondack woods, sees standing by the great rock that marks the spot.

John Brown, when a boy of five, emigrated with his father to Ohio. His first visit to Massachusetts was probably when he came here at the age of eighteen or twenty to fit for college, -- a purpose which he was soon compelled to abandon, from poverty and weakness of sight. Plainfield, in Hampshire County, a small hill town adjoining Cummington, the birthplace of the poet Bryant, was the place selected for his college preparation. It had been for many years the home of a learned minister, Rev. Moses Hallock, whose brother, Rev. Jeremiah Hallock, of Brown's native region, had married a relative of Brown, and it was through his kinsman, Jeremiah Hallock, that the young student was sent to Parson Hallock's then famous school in Plainfield, where Bryant had been a pupil some years before, and which had a reputation for graduating missionaries and parish ministers. John Brown meant to enter the ministry, after his college course, and we may well believe that his failure to go on with his education was a serious grief to him.

The young student was a tanner by trade, and brought with him from Ohio to Plainfield a piece of sole-leather which he had himself kept in the tanpits of his father at Hudson for seven years, and with which he meant to sole his thick boots when they should require it. He lived in the parsonage-house of Mr. Hallock while he remained in Plainfield, which seems to have been but a few months. His design probably was to enter Amherst College, which was founded about that time, and of which his cousin, Dr. Heman Humphrey, was, soon after, for many years the president. Disappointed in the hope of a ministerial education, and crossed in love, he returned to Ohio about 1820, and soon after, as he says in his autobiography, "led by his own inclination and *prompted also* by his father, he married a *remarkably plain*, but neat, industrious, and economical girl, of excellent character, earnest piety, and good practical common

14. The house in which John Brown was born is still standing in Torrington on a hill-top, — a brown wooden farm-house, now tenanted by a colored family; and even the bedroom on the ground floor in which he was born is shown to visitors, and has had half its door cut off and carried away for relics of the martyr. The homestead is "about a mile northwest of the meeting-house," and may be reached from Wolcottville on the Naugatuck Railroad, by drive across the hills.

sense, about one year younger than himself." The italics here are Brown's own, and they indicate that the excellent Dianthe Lusk, whom he married, was not the Rachel he had striven to win. But she was a good wife to him, and so he goes on to say: "This woman, by her mild, frank, and, more than all else, by her very consistent conduct, acquired, and ever while she lived maintained, a most powerful and good influence over him. Her plain but kind admonitions generally had the right effect, without arousing his haughty, obstinate temper." She was the mother of his first seven children, and died in 1832. The next year he married again; his second wife survives him, and now lives, with four of her thirteen children, in California.

It was about fourteen years after this second marriage that John Brown came again to Massachusetts, where he lived from 1846 to 1849. In the intervening years, since he studied with Parson Hallock at Plainfield, he had been a tanner in Ohio and Pennsylvania, and a shepherd in Ohio, — the latter occupation, as he says, "being a calling for which in early life he had a kind of enthusiastic longing." At the age of thirty-nine, when he entered upon this "calling" as a regular business, he also had, as he says, "the idea that as a business it bid fair to afford him the means of carrying out his greatest or principal object." This object was the liberation of the slaves, and the plan which he had formed for this was in substance the same in 1839 that it was twenty years later, when he put it in execution. This statement is made on the authority of his wife, who declares that he communicated it to her as early as 1839, and that all her children were brought up to believe in it and to aid in it. The precise time when this plan was formed it is perhaps impossible now to determine, nor is it important to do so, if we accept Mr. Waldo Emerson's view of the matter in his speech at Salem, a month after Brown's martyrdom: "His enterprise was not a piece of spite or revenge, a plot of two years, or of twenty years, but the keeping of an oath made to heaven and earth forty-seven years before. Forty-seven years at least, though I incline to accept his own account of the matter at Charlestown, which makes the date a little older, when he said, 'This was all settled millions of years before the world was made.'" He was indeed a most implicit believer in foreordination, as his Puritan forefathers had been. He had long looked upon himself as called to take part in the liberation of the slaves, and how constantly his mind dwelt on this subject will appear from an incident which is now for the first time published.

When he came to live in Massachusetts, in 1846, it was as the agent of sheep-farmers and wool-growers in Ohio, one of whom he had been for half a dozen years. Their interests required, as they thought, that an agency to stand between them and the New England manufacturers, to whom they sold their wool, should be established at Springfield in Massachusetts, and Brown was selected as the fittest person to manage this agency. He accepted the trust and was active and faithful in it, but he held the position also as a means of developing his scheme of

emancipation. Before he took up his residence in Springfield he carried his family thither, and his sons there made the acquaintance of a colored man, a fugitive from the eastern shore of Maryland, Thomas Thomas by name, who was living in a humble capacity at Springfield. The young men accompanied Thomas to the African church in the town, learned his history and something of his upright and courageous character, and engaged him to work for their father when he should come to take charge of his wool business at Springfield. In due time John Brown came, and sent for Thomas to call and see him. He did so, and was directed to come and begin work as a porter at the wool-warehouse the next morning. "How early shall I come?" said Thomas. "We begin work at seven," replied Brown, "but I wish you would come round earlier, for I want to talk with you." Thomas accordingly went to his work the next morning between five and six o'clock; found Brown waiting for him, and there received from him the outlines of his plan to liberate the slaves, and was invited to join in the enterprise, which he agreed to do. This was nine years before Brown went to Kansas, four years before the Fugitive Slave Bill was passed, and two years before Sumner, Wilson, Adams, Wendell Phillips, Hoar, and their friends formed the Free Soil Party of Massachusetts. Thomas was afterwards sent by Brown to look up Madison Washington, the leader of the courageous slaves of the vessel Creole, who was wanted as a leader among the colored recruits that Brown hoped to enlist in his band of liberators. But Washington, when found, proved to be an unfit person for such a position.

The house in which John Brown lived during the three years of his residence in Springfield, Massachusetts is still standing, on Franklin Street, a short distance north of the railroad station. His wool-warehouses were close by the railroad, and have been partially removed to make way for new buildings. His business was at one time very large and promised to be successful, but from a variety of causes it turned out badly. He understood the value of wool and the best way to sort and grade it, better than he knew how to deal with his Eastern customers, who preferred to grade their own wool, and did not wish to have any man stand between them and the Ohio farmers, of whom they had formerly bought directly and with much advantage to themselves. Brown believed that some of the manufacturers combined against him, and that they hired a person in his employ to be more careful of their interests than those of his employers. The result was a sharp controversy, ending in lawsuits, some of which he won and some of which he lost; but his business suffered, and was finally ruined by his shipping a large stock of wool to Europe, where it was sold at a low rate and fell into the hands of the very men to whom he had refused it in Springfield. In 1849 he removed from the town and went to live for a while in the Adirondack woods at North Elba.

The occasion of his choosing that wild retreat was characteristic of the man, and an indication of the persistence with which he followed up his great purpose. It was about the

time of Brown's visit to Europe, in 1848, that Mr. Gerrit Smith, who had inherited from his father landed estates in more than half the counties of New York, offered to give away his thousands of acres in the Adirondack wilderness for farms to such colored men as would accept them and live upon them. The offer was a princely one and came from a princely heart, but there were many difficulties in the way of its acceptance by the Southern fugitives and the free people of color in the Northern cities. It was then, much more than now, a backwoods region, with few roads, schools, or churches, and very few good farms. The great current of summer travel, which now flows through it every year, had scarcely begun to be felt; a few sportsmen from New York and New England, and the agents of men interested in iron-mines and smelting-forges, were the chief visitors. The life of a settler there was rough pioneer work, the forest was to be cut down and the land burnt over; the family supplies must be produced mainly in the household; the men made their own sugar from the maple woods, and the women spun and wove the garments from the wool that grew on the backs of the farmers' sheep. Winter lingers there for six months in the year, and neither wheat nor Indian corn will grow on these hillsides in ordinary years. The crops are grass, oats, and potatoes; cows, and especially sheep, are the wealth of the farmer and, as Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson mentions, the widow of Oliver Brown, who was killed at Harpers Ferry, was considered not to be absolutely penniless, because her young husband had left her five sheep, valued at ten dollars. Such a region was less attractive to the colored people than Canada, for it was as cold, less secure from the slave-hunter, and gave little choice of those humble but well-paid employments, indispensable in towns, to which the colored race naturally resort. There was no opening in the woods of Essex County for cooks or barbers, coachmen or washerwomen, and the hard life of a backwoodsman had few charms even for the fugitive timber-cutters and wood-choppers from the eastern shore of Maryland. Still a small colony braved the hardships of the place, and established themselves on Mr. Smith's property. Hearing of this in 1849, John Brown, who had no previous acquaintance with Mr. Smith, presented himself one day at his hospitable country-house in Peterboro, New York, and made this proposal to him: "I am something of a pioneer, and accustomed to the climate and the way of life that your colony at North Elba have so little experience in. I will take a farm there myself, if you do not object, clear it up and plant it, and show the colored people how such work should be done. I will employ some of them, as I have occasion, look after them in all ways that are needful, and try to be a kind of father to them." Mr. Smith liked the man and his plan, and readily consented to his taking charge of the colony in this way; and Brown did so, living at North Elba himself for a year or more, and leaving his family there the greater part of the ten years' period that intervened between his first settlement there and his death at Charlestown. His eldest living daughter, Mrs. Ruth Thompson, wife of Henry

Thompson, who was wounded in one of his Kansas fights, is the only one of his family now living at North Elba, where she occupies, with her husband and children, a farm adjoining that on which John Brown first settled.

There is no doubt that, in retiring with his colored neighbors to the woods of North Elba, he had in view the mustering and training of a company of men which should form the nucleus of his army of liberation at the South. He said this himself, and, if his word needed any confirmation, it could be found in the statements of his wife and children. But neither Gerrit Smith nor any of his later friends and supporters, outside of the small circle of his family connections and a few of the colored people, knew aught of this, till many years after. With all his devotion to the great task of his life, he never neglected the present work which he had in hand; and for several years after removing to North Elba he was engaged in settling up his wool business and in a renewal of sheep-farming in Ohio. The firm of Perkins and Brown, which had carried on business at Springfield, Massachusetts under his direction, and in Ohio under that of Mr. Perkins, was involved in several lawsuits, one of which, of much consequence pecuniarily, was tried in Boston before Judge Cushing in the winter of 1852-53, and was one of the last cases tried by Mr. Cushing, before leaving his seat on the Supreme bench of Massachusetts to take his place in General Pierce's Cabinet as Attorney-General. The suit was brought by the Burlington Mills Company of Vermont, represented in Boston by Jacob Sleeper and others, against John Brown and others, for a breach of contract in supplying wool to these mills of certain grades, and the damages were laid at sixty thousand dollars. It was pending for a long time, the counsel against Brown being Rufus Choate and Francis B. Hayes, and his own senior counsel being the eminent New York lawyer, Joshua V. Spencer. It finally came to trial in Boston, January 14, 1853, and after several postponements and the taking of much testimony it was settled, February 3, 1853, by a compromise between the counsel, the anticipated decision of the court being against Brown. About a year later he won a similar suit in a New York court; and he always believed that he should have won his Boston suit, if the case had been tried on its merits. It is not probable that his good opinion of Mr. Cushing and Mr. Choate, or the political cause with which they were identified, was at all increased by the issue of this trial; but, on the other hand, it was not decreased, and could not well be. And it is worth mentioning, that, after his condemnation to death in Virginia, and while an appeal on his case was pending, he spoke of Mr. Cushing as a prominent Democratic lawyer who had knowledge of him, from the circumstances of this wool case, and who would perhaps take some interest in the motion for a new trial in Virginia. Mr. Cushing, however, as might have been anticipated, refused to have anything to do with such a political offender as John Brown.

After Brown's removal from Springfield in 1849, and before the settlement of his Boston lawsuit, he was often in Springfield

on various errands of necessity or mercy, and on one of these visits he assisted in the organization of an armed resistance to the Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850, which is so characteristic of his spirit and purposes, through all these years, that it deserves to be specially mentioned. Some notice of it was published in the Independent newspaper two years ago by William Wells Brown, and from his communication is copied this striking paper, written by John Brown in January, 1851. It exists in his handwriting, and is signed by forty-four men and women then resident in Springfield, including both white and colored persons, but largely made up of fugitives from slavery and their connections: —

"WORDS OF ADVICE.

Branch of the United States League of Gileadites Adopted January 15, 1851, as written and recommended by John Brown.

"'UNION IS STRENGTH.'

"Nothing so charms the American people as personal bravery. The trial for life of one bold and to some extent successful man, for defending his rights in good earnest, would arouse more sympathy throughout the nation than the accumulated wrongs and sufferings of more than three millions of our submissive colored population. We need not mention the Greeks struggling against the oppressive Turks, the Poles against Russia, nor the Hungarians against Austria and Russia combined, to prove this. *No jury can be found in the Northern States that would convict a man for defending his rights to the last extremity. This is well understood by Southern congressmen, who insisted that the right of trial by jury should not be granted to the fugitive.* Colored people have more fast friends amongst the whites than they suppose, and would have ten times the number they now have were they but half as much in earnest to secure their dearest rights as they are to ape the follies and extravagances of their white neighbors, and to indulge in idle show, in ease, and in luxury. Just think of the money expended by individuals in your behalf in the past twenty years. Think of the number who have been mobbed and imprisoned on your account. Have any of you seen the Branded Hand? Do you remember the names of Elijah Parish Lovejoy and Torrey?

"Should one of your number be arrested, you must collect together as quickly as possible, so as to outnumber your adversaries who are taking an active part against you. Let no able bodied man appear on the ground unequipped, or with his weapons exposed to view; let that be understood beforehand. Your plans must be known only to yourself, and with the understanding that all traitors

must die, wherever caught and proven to be guilty. 'Whosoever is fearful or afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead.' (Judges, vii. chap., 3 verse; Deut., xx. chap., 8 verse.) Give all cowards an opportunity to show it on condition of holding their peace. *Do not delay one moment after you are ready; you will lose all your resolution if you do. Let the first blow be the signal for all to engage, and when engaged do not do your work by halves; but make clean work with your enemies, and be sure you meddle not with any others.* By going about your business quietly, you will get the job disposed of before the number that an uproar would bring together can collect; and you will have the advantage of those who come out against you, for they will be wholly unprepared with either equipments or matured plans; all with them will be confusion and terror. Your enemies will be slow to attack you after you have once done up the work nicely; and, if they should, they will have to encounter your white friends as well as you, for you may safely calculate on a division of the whites, and may by that means get to an honorable parley.

"Be firm, determined, and cool; but let it be understood that you are not to be driven to desperation without making it an awful dear job to others as well as to you. Give them to know distinctly that those who live in wooden houses should not throw fire, and that you are just as able to suffer as your white neighbors. *After effecting a rescue, if you are assailed, go into the houses of your most prominent and influential white friends with your wives, and that will effectually fasten upon them the suspicion of being connected with you, and will compel them to make a common cause with you, whether they would otherwise live up to their profession or not. This would leave them no choice in the matter.* Some would, doubtless, prove themselves true of their own choice; others would flinch. That would be taking them at their own words. You may make a tumult in the court-room where a trial is going on by burning gunpowder freely in paper packages, if you cannot think of any better way to create a momentary alarm, and might possibly give one or more of your enemies a hoist. But in such case the prisoner will need to take the hint at once and bestir himself; and so should his friends improve the opportunity for a general rush.

"A lasso might possibly be applied to a slave-catcher for once with good effect. Hold on to your weapons, and never be persuaded to leave them, part with them, or have them far away from you. *Stand by one another, and by your friends, while a drop of blood remains; and be*

hanged, if you must, but tell no tales out of school. Make no confession."

AGREEMENT.

"As citizens of the United States of America, trusting in a just and merciful God, whose spirit and all-powerful aid we humbly implore, *we will ever be true to the flag of our beloved country, always acting under it.* We whose names are hereunto affixed do constitute ourselves a branch of the United States League of Gileadites. That we will provide ourselves at once with suitable implements, and will aid those who do not possess the means, if any such are disposed to join us. We invite every colored person whose heart is engaged for the performance of our business, whether male or female, old or young. The duty of the aged infirm, and young members of the League shall be to give instant notice to all members in case of an attack upon any of our people. We agree to have no officers except a Treasurer and Secretary *pro tem.*, until after some trial of courage and talent of able-bodied members shall enable us to elect officers from those who shall have rendered the most important services. Nothing but wisdom and undaunted courage, efficiency, and general good conduct shall in any way influence us in electing our officers."

Then follows, in the original manuscript, a code of laws or regulations, such as John Brown, with his methodical, forward-looking mind, was in the habit of drawing up whenever he organized any branch of his grand movement against slavery. Such he no doubt considered this "League of Gileadites" to be, and companies of this kind were perhaps enrolled elsewhere. Some features of this organization strikingly resemble that formed by him in Canada, in May, 1858, (the Constitution of which was captured, among his papers at Harpers Ferry,) especially the agreement that "we will ever be true to the Flag of our beloved Country, always acting under it." This was reproduced in the "Provisional Constitution of 1858," the forty-sixth article of which reads thus: --

"ART. XLVI. *These Articles not for the Overthrow of Government.* The foregoing articles shall not be construed so as in any way to encourage the overthrow of any State Government, or of the General Government of the United States, and look to no dissolution of the Union, but simply to amendment and repeal, *and our flag shall be the same that our fathers fought under in the Revolution."*

This devotion to the flag and the principles of the Revolution,

the latter as set forth in the Declaration of Independence, was fixed and constant in Captain Brown's mind, as it had been in the hearts of his two grandfathers who fought under Washington. He did not believe in the possibility of dissolving the Union, would not willingly bear it discussed, and once said to one of his friends, with the most serious emphasis, weighing every word as he uttered it (such was his manner), "I believe in the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence. I think they both mean the same thing; and it is better that a whole generation should pass off the earth, men, women, and children, by a violent death, than that one jot of either should fail, in this country." He acted consistently on this principle, though a man of peace from his youth up, and inclining to the Quaker habit of not bearing arms in time of peace. Writing to his wife at North Elba, from Springfield, Massachusetts, about the time he formed his "league" there, in 1851, he says: "Since the sending off of Long (a fugitive) from New York, I have improved my leisure hours quite busily with colored people here, in advising them how to act, and in giving them all the encouragement in my power. They very much need encouragement and advice, and some of them are so alarmed that they tell me they cannot sleep, on account of either themselves or their wives and children. I can only say I think I have been enabled to do something to revive their broken spirits. I want all my family to imagine themselves in the same dreadful condition." Such was the practical way in which he made his exegesis of that text so often on his lips and in his heart, "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them." No occasion was offered of putting in practice his directions for resisting the seizure of fugitives in Springfield, Massachusetts, such as occurred soon after in Worcester and Boston, nor does it appear that Brown was present at any of the fugitive slave trials which disgrace the annals of Massachusetts, though he was with difficulty prevented by his friends in New York, in May, 1854, from going to Boston to head a movement for the rescue of Anthony Burns.

In the winter of 1854-55 the four elder sons of John Brown, John, Jason, Owen, and Frederick, then living in or near Akron, Ohio, made their arrangements to settle in Kansas, then just opened to emigrants, and they did establish themselves the next spring in Lykins County, about eight miles from Osawatomie, a town afterwards made famous by their father's defence of it, August 30, 1856. John Brown himself did not go to Kansas till the autumn of 1855, and in the preceding summer, shortly before he set out to join his sons there, he was again in Massachusetts, and saw some of his old friends in Springfield, — among them, Thomas, the Maryland fugitive, who had engaged with him in the great work nine years before. He expressed his belief that the struggle for the liberation of the slaves was soon to come on, but does not seem to have made, at that time, any special effort to enlist men for service in Kansas. Probably with his characteristic caution, he meant first to explore the ground and see what was necessary, and what could be done. Nor did he

receive any of the money which, in 1855 and 1856, was raised in Massachusetts for the benefit of the Free State men in Kansas, to the amount of $100,000 and upward. He was aided by a subscription in Central New York, to which Gerrit Smith contributed, but the amount was not large, and he and his family, for the most part, carried on their Kansas campaign at their own charges. Before going to Kansas he carried back his family, who had been in Ohio with him, to his farm at North Elba, where they remained for several years after his death. In the spring of 1856 he had with him in Kansas, however, all his seven sons and his son-in-law, Henry Thompson, with his wife, Ruth Brown. In the late autumn of that year he left Kansas, leaving one son dead there, and one made temporarily insane by ill-treatment while a prisoner, while another son and his son-in-law had been wounded. It was with these testimonials of service in the Free State cause that he came slowly eastward in the winter of 1856-57, and presented himself before the State Kansas Committee of Massachusetts.

This committee, before which John Brown appeared in January, 1857, had been organized the preceding summer in the midst of the excitement attending the outrages committed in Kansas on the Free State settlers there, many of whom had gone out from Massachusetts. It consisted of many members from different parts of the State, but its work was mainly done by an executive committee, of which, as of the larger committee, the late George Luther Stearns of Medford was chairman, and F.B. Sanborn of Concord was secretary. Other members of the executive committee were Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, Dr. Samuel Cabot (who were also members of a National Kansas Committee), Dr. William R. Lawrence, Judge Thomas Russell, and Mr. Patrick T. Jackson, who was treasurer of the committee. In the autumn of 1856 and the following winter the labors of this committee were so active that it was thought proper the secretary should devote his whole time to them, and he did so, occupying an office in Niles's Block, on School Street in Boston, and there receiving all persons who had business with the committee. It was in this room very early in January, 1857, that John Brown of Osawatomie — "Osawatomie Brown," as he was then called— first introduced himself to the acquaintance of those Massachusetts men on whom he afterwards relied so much, and who aided him with money and in other ways to carry out his long-cherished design. He came to this room early one morning, accompanied by his son Owen, who had escaped with him from Kansas; he brought a letter of introduction to the secretary from Mr. George Walker of Springfield, Massachusetts, and, on making known who he was, his welcome was a very cordial one. The fame of his exploits in Kansas had preceded him, and given him a title to great consideration; but his own aspect and manner would have made him distinguished anywhere, among men who know how to recognize courage and greatness of mind. He was then in his fifty-seventh year, but active and vigorous when not suffering from an ague contracted in Kansas; his figure was tall, slender, and

commanding, his bearing military, and his garb a singular blending of the soldier and the deacon. His coat, waistcoat, and trousers were of a brown color, such as he always selected when possible, and of a cut far from fashionable; his gray overcoat was of that shape which our soldiers a few years after made so familiar to all eyes, and he wore a patent-leather stock, which also suggested the soldier of former years. His fur cap was more in keeping with his military overcoat than with the Sunday suit of a deacon, which he wore beneath it; his face was close shaven, displaying the force of his firm and wide mouth, and his positive chin. The long white beard which he wore a year or two later; and which nearly all his portraits now show, added a picturesque finish to a face that was in all its features severe and masculine. His eyes were a piercing blue-gray, not very large, but looking out from under brows

"Of dauntless courage and considerate pride";

his hair was dark brown touched with gray, short and bristling, and shooting back from a forehead of middle height and breadth; his ears were large, his frame angular, his voice deep and metallic, his walk positive and intrepid, though somewhat slow. His manner was modest, and in a large company even diffident; he was by no means fluent of speech, but his words were always to the point, and his observations original, direct, and shrewd. His mien was serious and patient rather than cheerful; it betokened the "sad wise valor" which Herbert praises; though earnest and almost anxious, it was never depressed. In short, he was then, to the eye of insight, what he afterwards seemed to the world, a brave and resolved man, conscious of a work laid upon him, and confident that he should accomplish it.

In a few days Captain Brown made the acquaintance of the men in Boston whom he wished to consult, -- of Mr. Stearns, Dr. Cabot, Theodore Parker, Amos A. Lawrence, Judge Russell, Dr. Howe, Mr. Garrison, and all who were then conspicuous in maintaining the cause of the Kansas pioneers. His special object was to obtain control of some two hundred Sharpe's rifles, belonging to the Massachusetts committee, with which to arm a force of a hundred men for the purpose of defending Kansas and making excursions, if necessary, into Missouri and other slave States. His Virginia plan was then in his mind, but he did not communicate it to any person in Massachusetts for more than a year; only taking pains to say that with the arms, money, and clothing that he might get for his company, be should act on his own responsibility, without taking orders from any committee. With this understanding, and having great confidence in him, the Massachusetts executive committee, on the 8th of January, 1857, gave him an order for taking possession of the two hundred rifles, with their belongings, then stored at Tabor, in the southwestern part of Iowa. This order, however, did not authorize him to make any use of the arms, though it appropriated five hundred dollars for his expenses in getting possession of them; and it was not until April 11, three months later, that a

vote was passed allowing Captain Brown to sell a hundred of the rifles to Free State inhabitants of Kansas. At the same time another sum of five hundred dollars was voted him, to be used "for the relief of persons in Kansas." The arms thus placed at his disposal were a part of those afterwards carried by him to Harpers Ferry, and, as the true nature of the transaction by which they came, honestly, into his possession, for use in Virginia, has never been well understood, it may here be explained.

In the winter of 1855-56 a large subscription was collected in Boston by Dr. Samuel Cabot and others, expressly for the purchase of arms for Kansas settlers, and with this money a hundred Sharpe's rifles and some other arms were purchased by Dr. Cabot and forwarded to Kansas early in 1856. These were no part of the arms of Captain Brown, which were purchased by the Massachusetts State Kansas Committee in the autumn of 1856, and forwarded, through the National Committee, having its head-quarters at Chicago, by the Iowa and Nebraska route to Kansas. They never seem to have got farther than Tabor, where they were lying when Captain Brown made his exit from Kansas by that route, in November, 1856. On reaching Chicago, soon after, he appears to have made application to Messrs. George W. Dole, J. D. Webster (afterwards General Webster, of General Grant's staff), and Henry B. Hurd, the Chicago members of the National Committee, for the custody of the rifles at Tabor. This application was not granted, perhaps because the committee distrusted Captain Brown, perhaps because they recognized the Massachusetts committee to be owners of the arms, as the fact was. The Chicago committee did afterwards, however, lay claim to the control of these arms; and one reason for the Massachusetts order of January 8, 1857, above alluded to, was to place them in the hands of a man who had shown his ability to protect whatever was in his custody. Before taking actual possession of them, Captain Brown attended a full meeting of the National Committee at the Astor House in New York, January 22-25, 1857 for the purpose of securing an appropriation from that committee for his company of minute-men; and, in order to settle the question, which Committee controlled the arms at Tabor, he made a request for those arms as a part of the appropriation. This request was vehemently opposed by Mr. Hurd of Chicago, who expressed great anxiety lest Brown should make incursions into Missouri or other slave States. Mr. Sanborn, who represented Massachusetts at the Astor House meeting, as proxy for Drs. Cabot and Howe, supported the application of Captain Brown, which was viewed with favor by a majority of the meeting. As a final compromise, it was voted that the arms at Tabor should be restored to the Massachusetts committee, to be disposed of as they should think best; and that an appropriation of several thousand dollars, in money and clothing, should be made to Captain Brown's company by the National Committee. This left the Massachusetts committee at liberty to use their own property as they saw fit, and they then gave Captain Brown undisputed possession of the arms, subject, however, to future votes of the committee at Boston. In point

of fact, though this was not known to the committee till a year later, the rifles were brought from Tabor to Ohio in the year 1857, and remained there till they were sent to Chambersburg by John Brown, Jr., in July, 1859, for use at Harpers Ferry. During the year 1857 the expenditures of the Massachusetts committee, for the relief of the famine in Kansas were very large; and as advances of money were made by the chairman, Mr. Stearns, much in excess of the current receipts, it was finally voted to reimburse him by giving him the assets of the committee. These consisted of the arms above named, certain notes of hand given by the Kansas settlers for clothing, wheat, etc., furnished them by the committee, and other property of small money value. Hence it resulted that, early in 1858, when the Massachusetts committee had ceased its active operations, Mr. Stearns was the legitimate owner of all the assets of the committee, with the understanding that, if he should realize from them more than the amount of his advances, the excess should go into the committee's treasury. No such excess was ever collected, and Mr. Stearns virtually contributed to the committee several thousand dollars which he had thus advanced; but he retained the ownership of the rifles, the money value of which would perhaps cover his contributions.

Thus matters stood in March, 1858 when, as we are told, Captain Brown first communicated to a few of his Boston friends his plan for invading Virginia. Mr. Stearns was one of these, and, as owner of the rifles, he verbally consented that Brown should use them in his expedition. They were therefore legitimately and honestly in Brown's possession in May, 1854 when, at the suggestion of Senator Wilson, Mr. Stearns directed Brown by letter not to use them for any other purpose than the defence of Kansas, "and to hold them subject to my order as chairman of said committee." This letter, it must be said, while intended to prevent any immediate use of the arms in Virginia, was mainly a blind to satisfy Senator Wilson and other Republican politicians, who were alarmed at rumors of Brown's plans, and knew nothing of the real ownership of the arms. In the same spirit Dr. Howe wrote to Mr. Wilson, May 15, 1858, that "prompt measures have been taken and will be resolutely followed up, to prevent any such monstrous perversion of a trust as would be the application of means raised for the defence of Kansas to a purpose which the subscribers of the fund would disapprove and vehemently condemn." This language was literally true, yet it did not express the whole truth, inasmuch as it did not correct the general misapprehension that these arms were then the property of the committee.

But to return to John Brown in Massachusetts. He was here a large part of January and February and the early weeks of March and April, 1857. On the 18th of February he appeared before a committee of the State Legislature to urge that Massachusetts should make an appropriation of money in aid of the emigrants from the State who had settled in Kansas, and his speech on that occasion is printed in Redpath's Life. It was one of the few

speeches made by him in Massachusetts that year, and was mainly read from his manuscript. In March he made his first visit to Concord, where he addressed a large audience in the Town Hall, and spoke without notes, in a very impressive and eloquent

manner. Among his hearers were Mr. R.W. Emerson and Mr. Henry Thoreau, who had made his acquaintance the preceding day, under circumstances that it may be interesting to mention, since both these gentlemen were his warm admirers, and took up his cause when he had but few champions among the scholars of Massachusetts. Mr. Thoreau's noble appeal in his behalf, given at Concord on Sunday evening, October 30, 1859, and repeated at the Tremont Temple in Boston, November 1st, was the earliest address in his praise to which the Massachusetts public listened, as it still is the best; and it was soon followed by Mr. Emerson's famous mention of Brown in a Boston lecture as one who had "made the gallows glorious, like the cross," and by his speech at the Tremont Temple relief meeting, November 18, 1859, at which John Albion Andrew presided.

The first occasion of John Brown's visit to Concord was to speak at the public meeting just mentioned, in March, 1857, which had been called at the instance of Mr. Sanborn, then living in that town. On the day appointed, Brown went up from Boston at noon and dined with Mr. Thoreau, then a member of his father's family, and residing not far from the railroad station. The two idealists, both of them in revolt against the civil government then established in this country, because of its base subservience to slavery, found themselves friends from the beginning of their acquaintance. They sat after dinner, discussing the events of the border warfare in Kansas, and Brown's share in them, when, as it often happened, Mr. Emerson called at Mr. Thoreau's door on some errand to his friend. Thus the three men, so celebrated each in his own way, first met under the same roof, and found that they held the same opinion of what was uppermost in the mind of Brown. He did not reveal to them, either then or later, his Virginia plans; but he declared frankly, as he always did, his purpose of attacking slavery,

wherever it could be reached; and this was the sentiment of his speech at the evening meeting, when he told the story of his Kansas life to the grandsons of the men who began the war of the Revolution at Concord Bridge. He spoke of the murder of one of his seven sons, the imprisonment and insanity of another; and as he shook before his audience the chain which his free-born son had worn, for no crime but for resisting slavery, his words rose to thrilling eloquence, and made a wonderful impression on his audience. From that time the Concord people were on his side, as they afterwards testified on several occasions. He was again in Concord for several days in April, 1857, and on this visit was the guest of Mr. Emerson for a day; from whose house he drove across the country to Mr. Stearns's house at Medford, one pleasant Sunday morning in that April. The journals of Emerson, Thoreau, and, two years later, of their friend Bronson Alcott, no doubt bear witness to the impression made by Captain Brown on these three founders of a school of thought and literature.

In the latter part of March, 1857, Captain Brown, in company with Martin F. Conway, afterwards a member of Congress from Kansas, and Mr. Sanborn of the Massachusetts committee, met by appointment at the Metropolitan Hotel in New York, and proceeded in company to Easton, Pennsylvania, where Mr. Andrew H. Reeder, a former governor of Kansas, was living, for the purpose of inducing him, if possible, to return to Kansas, and become the leader of the Free State party there. The journey was undertaken at the instance of the Massachusetts committee, of which both Brown and Conway were, or had been, agents. It resulted in nothing, for Governor Reeder was unwilling to leave his family and his occupations at Easton to engage again in the political contests of Kansas. Captain Brown had quite a different conception of his own duty to his family, as compared with his duty to the cause in which he had enlisted. Although he had been absent from home nearly two years, he refrained from a visit to North Elba, where his family then were, until he had arranged all his military affairs in Boston, New York, and Connecticut; and he finally reached his rough mountain home late in April. He found his daughter Ellen, whom he had left an infant in the cradle, old enough to hear him sing his favorite hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow!" to the old tune of Lenox. "He sung all his own children to sleep with it," writes his daughter Anne, "and some of his grandchildren too. He seemed to be very partial to the first verse; I think that he applied it to himself when he was at home (I think it was the first time he came from Kansas), he told Ellen that he had sung it to all the rest, and must to her too. She was afraid to go to him alone" (the poor child had forgotten her father in two years' absence), "so father said that I must sit with her. He took Ellen on one knee and me on the other and sung it to us." How touching this modern rendering of the scene between Hector and Astyanax!

It was on this visit to North Elba that John Brown carried with him the old tombstone of his grandfather Captain John Brown, the Revolutionary soldier, from the burial-place of his family in

Canton, Connecticut. He caused the name of his murdered son Frederick, who fell in Kansas, to be carved on this stone, with the date of his death, and placed it where he desired his own grave to be, beside a huge rock on the hillside where his house stands, giving directions that his own name and the date of his death should be inscribed there too, when he should fall, as he expected in the conflict with slavery. That stone now marks his grave and tells a story which more costly monuments and longer inscriptions could not so well declare.

Although Captain Brown spent the winter of 1856-57 in New England, he did not by any means forget or neglect his family at North Elba, but busied himself in securing for them an addition to the two farms in the wilderness, on which his wife and his married daughter, Mrs. Thompson, were living. Several of his Massachusetts friends, chief among whom were Mr. Amos A. Lawrence and Mr. Stearns, raised a subscription of $1,000 to purchase one hundred and sixty acres of land for division in equal portions between these farms. Mr. Stearns contributed $260 to this fund, and Mr. Lawrence about the same amount; these two gentlemen having made up the sum by which the original subscription fell short of $1,000. The connection of Mr. Lawrence with this transaction, and his personal acquaintance with Brown in 1857, were afterwards held to imply that he had some knowledge of Brown's plans, which was not the case. The subscription thus raised was expended in completing the purchase of the tract in question, originally sold by Gerrit Smith to the brothers of Henry Thompson, Brown's son-in-law, but which had not been wholly paid for. In August, 1857, an agent of Messrs. Stearns and Lawrence visited North Elba, examined the land, paid the Thompsons their stipulated price for improvements, and to Mr. Smith the remainder of the purchase-money; took the necessary deeds and transferred the property to Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Thompson, according to the terms arranged by Captain Brown in the preceding spring. When Mrs. Brown sold her farm, on her removal to California, seven or eight years ago, her share of this purchase of 1857 was sold, but Mrs. Thompson still lives on her farm, as thus enlarged.

Notwithstanding the success attending some of his efforts in New England in the spring of 1857, John Brown failed to raise at that time a sufficient sum of money to equip and support his company of mounted minute-men, and he left Massachusetts, late in April, much saddened by this failure. Before leaving Boston he wrote a brief paper, headed "Old Brown's Farewell to the Plymouth Rocks, Bunker Hill Monuments, Charter Oaks, and Uncle Tom's Cabins," in which he says he had been trying, since he came out of Kansas, "to secure an outfit, or, in other words, the means of arming and thoroughly equipping his regular minutemen, who are mixed up with the people of Kansas"; but that he goes back with a feeling of deepest sadness that, after having exhausted his own small means, and with his family and his brave men suffered hunger, cold, nakedness, and some of them sickness, wounds, imprisonment in irons, with extreme cruel treatment, and

others death,.... he cannot secure, amidst all the wealth, luxury, and extravagance of this 'Heaven-exalted' people, even the necessary supplies of the common soldier." He had formed an elaborate plan for raising and drilling such a company of men, and, without the knowledge of his Massachusetts friends, had engaged an English Garibaldian, Hugh Forbes, whom he found giving fencing-lessons in New York, to go out with him to Western Iowa, and there train his recruits for service in the field against slavery. Disappointed in raising the money he had expected, Captain Brown was obliged to cancel his engagement with Forbes, who, as the event proved, was a very useless and embarrassing person. Forbes had travelled from New York to Tabor in Iowa, in July and August, 1857, and returned early in November, angry and disappointed, to New York, whence he soon began to write abusive and threatening letters denouncing Brown, and speaking of his plans in a way that surprised Brown's Massachusetts friends, who had never beard of Forbes before, and who knew absolutely nothing of the grand scheme for invading Virginia. It may be that this quarrel with Forbes impelled Brown to impart his plans more fully to his Massachusetts friends, or a few of them; at any rate, he did so impart them, early in the year 1858, and in a manner which will be hereafter related. For the present it is enough to say that, up to the close of 1857, though Brown had then cherished his Virginia scheme for nearly twenty years, and had revealed it ten years before to his colored friend Thomas in Springfield, Massachusetts, there was no person among the Abolitionists or Kansas committee-men of Massachusetts, so far as we know, who had even a suspicion of his main purpose. So well had he kept his secret, not by dissimulation, but by mere power of silence, that when it was revealed to a chosen few, in February, 1858, it came upon them all with a shock of surprise.

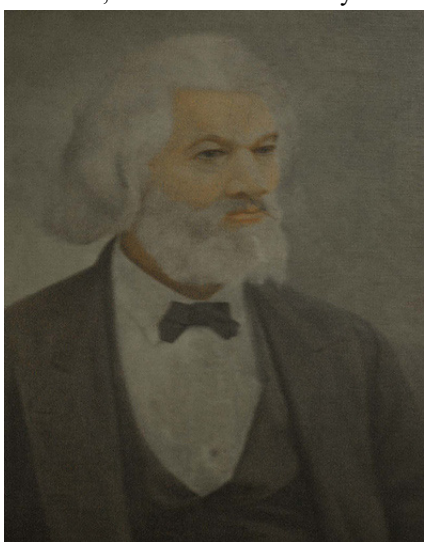
SECRET "SIX"

1876

January 19, Wednesday: Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe died in Boston. He would be succeeded as director of the Perkins Institute for the Blind by Dr. Michael Anagnos, born in Epirus, Greece, who would himself be the director until his own death in 1906.

1881

May 30, Monday: Frederick Douglass delivered, as the Decoration Day address at the 14th anniversary of Storer



College, Harpers Ferry, West Virginia, a speech entitled simply “John Brown.” Among the guests on the platform was Andrew Hunter, who had been the District Attorney of Charles Town during the prosecution and conviction of John Brown for murder and treason.

HARPERS FERRY, FROM THE POTOMAC SIDE

HARPERS FERRY, FROM THE BLUE RIDGE

INTRODUCTION.

In substance, this address, now for the first time published, was prepared several years ago, and has been delivered in many parts of the North. Its publication now in pamphlet form is due to its delivery at Harpers Ferry, West Virginia, on Decoration day, 1881, and to the fact that the proceeds from the sale of it are to be used toward the endowment of a John Brown Professorship in Storer College, Harpers Ferry — an institution mainly devoted to the education of colored youth.

That such an address could be delivered at such a place, as such a time, is strikingly significant, and illustrates the rapid, vast and wonderful changes through which the American people have been passing since 1859. Twenty years ago Frederick Douglass and others were mobbed in the city of Boston, and driven from Tremont Temple for uttering sentiments concerning John Brown similar to those contained in this address. Yet now he goes freely to the very spot where John Brown committed the offense which caused all Virginia to clamor for his life, and without reserve or qualification, commends him as a hero and martyr in the cause of liberty. This incident is rendered all the more significant by the fact that Hon. Andrew Hunter, of Charlestown, – the District Attorney who prosecuted John Brown and secured his execution,– sat on the platform directly behind Mr. Douglass during the delivery of the entire address and at the close of it shook hands with him, and congratulated him, and invited him to Charlestown (where John Brown was hanged), adding that if Robert E. Lee were living, he would give him his hand also.

ADDRESS.

Not to fan the flame of sectional animosity now happily in the process of rapid and I hope permanent extinction; not to revive and keep alive a sense of shame and remorse for a great national crime, which has brought own punishment, in loss of treasure, tears and blood; not to recount the long list of wrongs, inflicted on my race during more than two hundred years of merciless bondage; nor yet to draw, from the labyrinths of far-off centuries, incidents and achievements wherewith to rouse your passions, and enkindle your enthusiasm, but to pay a just debt long due, to vindicate in some degree a great historical character, of our own time and country, one with whom I was myself well acquainted, and whose friendship and confidence it was my good fortune to share, and to give you such recollections, impressions and facts, as I can, of a grand, brave and good old man, and especially to promote a better understanding of the raid upon Harpers Ferry of which he was the chief, is the object of this address.

In all the thirty years' conflict with slavery, if we except the late tremendous war, there is no subject which in its interest and importance will be remembered longer, or will form a more thrilling chapter in American history than this strange, wild, bloody and mournful drama. The story of it is still fresh in the minds of many who now hear me, but for the sake of those who may have forgotten its details, and in order to have our subject in its entire range more fully and clearly before us at the outset, I will briefly state the facts in that extraordinary transaction.

On the night of the 16th of October, 1859, there appeared near the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, a party of nineteen men — fourteen white and five colored. They were not only armed themselves, but had brought with them a large supply of arms for such persons as might join them. These men invaded Harpers Ferry, disarmed the watchman, took possession of the arsenal, rifle-factory, armory and other government property at that place, arrested and made prisoners nearly all the prominent citizens of the neighborhood, collected about fifty slaves, put bayonets into the hands of such as were able and willing to fight for their liberty, killed three men, proclaimed general emancipation, held the ground more than thirty hours, were subsequently overpowered and nearly all killed, wounded or captured, by a body of United States, troops, under command of Colonel Robert E. Lee, since famous as the rebel Gen. Lee. Three out of the nineteen invaders were captured whilst fighting, and one of these was Captain John Brown, the man who originated, planned and commanded the expedition. At the time of his capture Capt. Brown was supposed to be mortally

wounded as he had several ugly gashes and bayonet wounds on his head and body; and apprehending that he might speedily die, or that he might be rescued by his friends, and thus the opportunity of making him a signal example of slave-holding vengeance would be lost, his captors hurried him to Charlestown two miles further within the border of Virginia, placed him in prison strongly guarded by troops, and before his wounds were healed he was brought into court, subjected to a nominal trial, convicted of high treason and inciting slaves to insurrection, and was executed. His corpse was given to his woe-stricken widow, and she, assisted by Antislavery friends, caused it to be borne to North Elba, Essex County, N.Y., and there his dust now reposes amid the silent, solemn and snowy grandeur of the Adirondacks.

Such is the story; with no line softened or hardened to my inclining. It certainly is not a story to please, but to pain. It is not a story to increase our sense of social safety and security, but to fill the imagination with wild and troubled fancies of doubt and danger. It was a sudden and startling surprise to the people of Harpers Ferry, and it is not easy to conceive of a situation more abundant in all the elements of horror and consternation. They had retired as usual to rest, with no suspicion that an enemy lurked in the surrounding darkness. They had quietly and trustingly given themselves up to "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," and while thus all unconscious of danger, they were roused from their peaceful slumbers by the sharp crack of the invader's rifle, and felt the keen-edged sword of war at their throats, three of their numbers being already slain.

Every feeling of the human heart was naturally outraged at this occurrence, and hence at the moment the air was full of denunciation and execration. So intense was this feeling, that few ventured to whisper a word of apology. But happily reason has her voice as well as feeling, and though slower in deciding, her judgments are broader, deeper, clearer and more enduring. It is not easy to reconcile human feeling to the shedding of blood for any purpose, unless indeed in the excitement which the shedding of blood itself occasions. The knife is to feeling always an offence. Even when in the hands of a skillful surgeon, it refuses consent to the operation long after reason has demonstrated its necessity. It even pleads the cause of the known murderer on the day of his execution, and calls society half criminal when, in cold blood, it takes life as a protection of itself from crime. Let no word be said against this holy feeling; more than to law and government are we indebted to this tender sentiment of regard for human life for the safety with which we walk the streets by day and sleep secure in our beds at night. It is nature's grand police, vigilant and faithful, sentineled in the soul, guarding against violence to peace and life. But whilst so much is freely accorded to feeling in the economy of human welfare, something more than feeling is necessary to grapple with a fact so grim and significant as was this raid. Viewed apart and alone, as a transaction separate and distinct from its antecedents and bearings, it takes rank with the most cold-blooded and atrocious wrongs ever perpetrated; but just here is the trouble — this raid on Harpers Ferry, no more than Sherman's march to the sea can consent to be thus viewed alone.

There is, in the world's government, a force which has in all ages been recognized, sometimes as Nemesis, sometimes as the judgment of God and sometimes as retributive justice; but under whatever name, all history attests the wisdom and beneficence of its chastisements, and men become reconciled to the agents through whom it operates, and have extolled them as heroes, benefactors and demigods.

To the broad vision of a true philosophy, nothing in this world stands alone. Everything is a necessary part of everything else. The margin of chance is narrowed by every extension of reason and knowledge, and nothing comes unbidden to the feast of human experience. The universe, of which we are a part, is continually proving itself a stupendous whole, a system of law and order, eternal and perfect. Every seed bears fruit after its kind, and nothing is reaped which was not sowed. The distance between seed time and harvest, in the moral world, may not be quite so well defined or as clearly intelligible as in the physical, but there is a seed time, and there is a harvest time, and though ages may intervene, and neither he who ploughed nor he who sowed may reap in person, yet the harvest nevertheless will surely come; and as in the physical world there are century plants, so it may be in the moral world, and their fruitage is as certain in the one as in the other. The bloody harvest of Harpers Ferry was ripened by the heat and moisture of merciless bondage of more than two hundred years. That startling cry of alarm on the bank of the Potomac was but the answering back of the avenging angel to

the midnight invasions of Christian slave-traders on the sleeping hamlets of Africa. The history of the African slave-trade furnishes many illustrations far more cruel and bloody.

Viewed thus broadly our subject is worthy of thoughtful and dispassionate consideration. It invites the study of the poet, scholar, philosopher and statesman. What the masters in natural science have done for man in the physical world, the masters of social science may yet do for him in the moral world. Science now tells us when storms are in the sky, and when and where their violence will be most felt. Why may we not yet know with equal certainty when storms are in the moral sky, and how to avoid their desolating force? But I can invite you to no such profound discussions. I am not the man, nor is this the occasion for such philosophical enquiry. Mine is the word of grateful memory to an old friend; to tell you what I knew of him –what I knew of his inner life –of what he did and what he attempted, and thus if possible to make the mainspring of his actions manifest and thereby give you a clearer view of his character and services.

It is said that next in value to the performance of great deeds ourselves, is the capacity to appreciate such when performed by others; to more than this I do not presume. Allow me one other personal word before I proceed. In the minds of some of the American people I was myself credited with an important agency in the John Brown raid. Governor Henry A. Wise was manifestly of that opinion. He was at the pains of having Mr. Buchanan send his Marshals to Rochester to invite me to accompany them to Virginia. Fortunately I left town several hours previous to their arrival.

What ground there was for this distinguished consideration shall duly appear in the natural course of this lecture. I wish however to say just here that there was no foundation whatever for the charge that I in any wise urged or instigated John Brown to his dangerous work. I rejoice that it is my good fortune to have seen, not only the end of slavery, but to see the day when the whole truth can be told about this matter without prejudice to either the living or the dead. I shall however allow myself little prominence in these disclosures. Your interests, like mine, are in the all-commanding figure of the story, and to him I consecrate the hour.

His zeal in the cause of my race was far greater than mine –it was as the burning sun to my taper light– mine was bounded by time, his stretched away to the boundless shores of eternity. I could live for the slave, but he could die for him. The crown of martyrdom is high, far beyond the reach of ordinary mortals, and yet happily no special greatness or superior moral excellence is necessary to discern and in some measure appreciate a truly great soul. Cold, calculating and unspiritual as most of us are, we are not wholly insensible to real greatness; and when we are brought in contact with a man of commanding mold, towering high and alone above the millions, free from all conventional fetters, true to his own moral convictions, a “law unto himself,” ready to suffer misconstruction, ignoring torture and death for what he believes to be right, we are compelled to do him homage.

In the stately shadow, in the sublime presence of such a soul I find myself standing to-night; and how to do it reverence, how to do it justice, how to honor the dead with due regard to the living, has been a matter of anxious solicitude.

Much has been said of John Brown, much that is wise and beautiful, but in looking over what may be called the John Brown literature, I have been little assisted with material, and even less encouraged with any hope of success in treating the subject. Scholarship, genius and devotion have hastened with poetry and eloquence, story and song to this simple altar of human virtue, and have retired dissatisfied and distressed with the thinness and poverty of their offerings, as I shall with mine.

The difficulty in doing justice to the life and character of such a man is not altogether due to the quality of the zeal, or of the ability brought to the work, nor yet to any imperfections in the qualities of the man himself; the state of the moral atmosphere about us has much to do with it. The fault is not in our eyes, nor yet in the object, if under a a murky sky we fail to discover the object. Wonderfully tenacious is the taint of a great wrong. The evil, as well as “the good that men do, lives after them.” Slavery is indeed gone; but its long, black shadow yet falls broad and large over the face of the whole country. It is the old truth oft repeated, and never more fitly than now, “a prophet is without honor in his own country and among his own people.” Though more than

twenty years have rolled between us and the Harpers Ferry raid, though since then the armies of the nation have found it necessary to do on a large scale what John Brown attempted to do on small one, and the great captain who fought his way through slavery has filled with honor the Presidential chair, we yet stand too near the days of slavery, and the life and times of John Brown, to see clearly the true martyr and hero that he was and rightly to estimate the value of the man and his works. Like the great and good of all ages –the men born in advance of their times, the men whose bleeding footprints attest the immense cost of reform, and show us the long and dreary spaces, between the luminous points in the progress of mankind,– this our noblest American hero must wait the polishing wheels of after-coming centuries to make his glory more manifest, and his worth more generally acknowledged. Such instances are abundant and familiar. If we go back four and twenty centuries, to the stately city of Athens, and search among her architectural splendor and her miracles of art for the Socrates of today, and as he stands in history, we shall find ourselves perplexed and disappointed. In Jerusalem Jesus himself was only the "carpenter's son" –a young man wonderfully destitute of worldly prudence –pestilent fellow, "inexcusably and perpetually interfering in the world's business," –"upsetting the tables of the money-changers" –preaching sedition, opposing the good old religion –"making himself greater than Abraham," and at the same time "keeping company" with very low people; but behold the change!

He was a great miracle-worker, in his day, but time has worked for him a greater miracle than all his miracles, for now his name stands for all that is desirable in government, noble in life, orderly and beautiful in society. That which time has done for other great men of his class, that will time certainly do for John Brown.

The brightest gems shine at first with subdued light, and the strongest characters are subject to the same limitations. Under the influence of adverse education and hereditary bias, few things are more difficult than to render impartial justice. Men hold up their hands to Heaven, and swear they will do justice, but what oaths against prejudice and against inclination! In the face of high-sounding professions and affirmations we know well how hard it is for a Turk to do justice to a Christian, or for a Christian to do justice to a Jew. How hard for an Englishman to do justice to an Irishman, for an Irishman to do justice to an Englishman, harder still for an American tainted by slavery to do justice to the Negro or the Negro's friends. "John Brown," said the late Wm. H. Seward, "was justly hanged." "John Brown," said the late John A. Andrew, "was right." It is easy to perceive the sources of these two opposite judgments: the one was the verdict of slave-holding and panic-stricken Virginia, the other was the verdict of the best heart and brain of free old Massachusetts. One was the heated judgment of the passing and passionate hour, and the other was the calm, clear, unimpeachable judgment of the broad, illimitable future.

There is, however, one aspect of the present subject quite worthy of notice, for it makes the hero of Harpers Ferry in some degree an exception to the general rules to which I have just now adverted. Despite the hold which slavery had at time on the country, despite the popular prejudice against the Negro, despite the shock which the first alarm occasioned, almost from the first John Brown received a large measure of sympathy and appreciation. New England recognized in him the spirit which brought the pilgrims to Plymouth rock and hailed him as a martyr and saint. True he had broken the law, true he had struck for a despised people, true he had crept upon his foe stealthily, like a wolf upon the fold, and had dealt his blow in the dark whilst his enemy slept, but with all this and more to disturb the moral sense, men discerned in him the greatest and best qualities known to human nature, and pronounced him "good." Many consented to his death, and then went home and taught their children to sing his praise as one whose "soul is marching on" through the realms of endless bliss. One element in explanation of this somewhat anomalous circumstance will probably be found in the troubled times which immediately succeeded, for "when judgments are abroad in the world, men learn righteousness." The country had before this learned the value of Brown's heroic character. He had shown boundless courage and skill in dealing with the enemies of liberty in Kansas. With men so few, and means so small, and odds against him so great, no captain ever surpassed him in achievements, some of which seem almost beyond belief. With only eight men in that bitter war, he met, fought and captured Henry Clay Pate, with twenty-five well armed and mounted men.  In this memorable encounter, he selected his ground so wisely, handled

his men so skillfully, and attacked the enemy so vigorously, that they could neither run nor fight, and were therefore compelled to surrender to a force less than one-third their own. With just thirty men on another important occasion during the same border war, he met and vanquished four hundred Missourians under the command of Gen. Read. These men had come into the territory under an oath never to return to their homes till they had stamped out the last vestige of free State spirit in Kansas; but a brush with old Brown took this high conceit out of them, and they were glad to get off upon any terms, without stopping to stipulate. With less than one hundred men to defend the town of Lawrence, he offered to lead them and give battle to fourteen hundred men on the banks of the Waukerusia river, and was much vexed when his offer was refused by Gen. Jim Lane and others to whom the defense of the town was confided. Before leaving Kansas, he went into the border of Missouri, and liberated a dozen slaves in a single night, and, in spite of slave laws and marshals, he brought these people through a half dozen States, and landed them safely in Canada. With eighteen men this man shook the whole social fabric of Virginia. With eighteen men he overpowered a town of nearly three thousand souls. With these eighteen men he held that large community firmly in his grasp for thirty long hours. With these eighteen men he rallied in a single night fifty slaves to his standard, and made prisoners of an equal number of the slave-holding class. With these eighteen men he defied the power and bravery of a dozen of the best militia companies that Virginia could send against him. Now, when slavery struck, as it certainly did strike, at the life of the country, it was not the fault of John Brown that our rulers did not at first know how to deal with it. He had already shown us the weak side of the rebellion, had shown us where to strike and how. It was not from lack of native courage that Virginia submitted for thirty long hours and at last was relieved only by Federal troops; but because the attack was made on the side of her conscience and thus armed her against herself. She beheld at her side the sullen brow of a black Ireland. When John Brown proclaimed emancipation to the slaves of Maryland and Virginia he added to his war power the force of a moral earthquake. Virginia felt all her strong-ribbed mountains to shake under the heavy tread of armed insurgents. Of his army of nineteen her conscience made an army of nineteen hundred.

Another feature of the times, worthy of notice, was the effect of this blow upon the country at large. At the first moment we were stunned and bewildered. Slavery had so benumbed the moral sense of the nation, that it never suspected the possibility of an explosion like this, and it was difficult for Captain Brown to get himself taken for what he really was. Few could seem to comprehend that freedom to the slaves was his only object. If you will go back with me to that time you will find that the most curious and contradictory versions of the affair were industriously circulated, and those which were the least rational and true seemed to command the readiest belief. In the view of some, it assumed tremendous proportions. To such it was nothing less than a wide-sweeping rebellion to overthrow the existing government, and construct another upon its ruins, with Brown for its President and Commander-in-Chief; the proof of this was found in the old man's carpet-bag in the shape of a constitution for a new Republic, an instrument which in reality had been executed to govern the conduct of his men in the mountains. Smaller and meaner natures saw in it nothing higher than a purpose to plunder. To them John Brown and his men were a gang of desperate robbers, who had learned by some means that government had sent a large sum of money to Harpers Ferry to pay off the workmen in its employ there, and they had gone thence to fill their pockets from this money. The fact is, that outside of a few friends, scattered in different parts of the country, and the slave-holders of Virginia, few persons understood the significance of the hour. That a man might do something very audacious and desperate for money, power or fame, was to the general apprehension quite possible; but, in face of plainly-written law, in face of constitutional guarantees protecting each State against domestic violence, in face of a nation of forty million of people, that nineteen men could invade a great State to liberate a despised and hated race, was to the average intellect and conscience, too monstrous for belief. In this respect the vision of Virginia was clearer than that of the nation. Conscious of her guilt and therefore full of suspicion, sleeping on pistols for pillows, startled at every unusual sound, constantly fearing and expecting a repetition of the Nat. Turner insurrection, she at once understood the meaning, if not the magnitude of the affair. It was this understanding which caused her to raise the lusty and

imploring cry to the Federal government for help, and it was not till he who struck the blow had fully explained his motives and object, that the incredulous nation in any wise comprehended the true spirit of the raid, or of its commander. Fortunate for his memory, fortunate for the brave men associated with him, fortunate for the truth of history, John Brown survived the saber gashes, bayonet wounds and bullet holes, and was able, though covered with blood, to tell his own story and make his own defense. Had he with all his men, as might have been the case, gone down in the shock of battle, the world would have had no true basis for its judgment, and one of the most heroic efforts ever witnessed in behalf of liberty would have been confounded with base and selfish purposes. When, like savages, the Wises, the Vallandinghams, the Washingtons, the Stuarts and others stood around the fallen and bleeding hero, and sought by torturing questions to wring from his supposed dying lips some word by which to soil the sublime undertaking, by implicating Gerrit Smith, Joshua Reed Giddings, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, George Luther Stearns, Edwin Morton, Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, and other prominent Anti-slavery men, the brave old man, not only avowed his object to be the emancipation of the slaves, but serenely and proudly announced himself as solely responsible for all that had happened. Though some thought of his own life might at such a moment have seemed natural and excusable, he showed none, and scornfully rejected the idea that he acted as the agent or instrument of any man or set of men. He admitted that he had friends and sympathizers, but to his own head he invited all the bolts of slave-holding wrath and fury, and welcomed them to do their worst. His manly courage and self-forgetful nobleness were not lost upon the crowd about him, nor upon the country. They drew applause from his bitterest enemies. Said Henry A. Wise, “He is the gamest man I ever met.” “He was kind and humane to his prisoners,” said Col. Lewis Washington.

To the outward eye of men, John Brown was a criminal, but to their inward eye he was a just man and true. His deeds might be disowned, but the spirit which made those deeds possible was worthy highest honor. It has been often asked, why did not Virginia spare the life of this man? why did she not avail herself of this grand opportunity to add to her other glory that of a lofty magnanimity? Had they spared the good old man’s life — had they said to him, “you see we have you in our power, and could easily take your life, but we have no desire to hurt you in any way; you have committed a terrible crime against society; you have invaded us at midnight and attacked a sleeping community, but we recognize you as a fanatic, and in some sense instigated by others; and on this ground and others, we release you. Go about your business, and tell those who sent you that we can afford to be magnanimous to our enemies.” I say, had Virginia held some such language as this to John Brown, she would have inflicted a heavy blow on the whole Northern abolition movement, one which only the omnipotence of truth and the force of truth could have overcome. I have no doubt Gov. Wise would have done so gladly, but, alas, he was the executive of a State which thought she could not afford such magnanimity. She had that within her bosom which could more safely tolerate the presence of a criminal than a saint, a highway robber than a moral hero. All her hills and valleys were studded with material for a disastrous conflagration, and one spark of the dauntless spirit of Brown might set the whole State in flames. A sense of this appalling liability put an end to every noble consideration. His death was a foregone conclusion, and his trial was simply one of form.

Honor to the brave young Col. Hoyt who hastened from Massachusetts to defend his friend’s life at the peril of his own; but there would have been no hope of success had he been allowed to plead the case. He might have surpassed Choate or Webster in power — a thousand physicians might have sworn that Capt. Brown was insane, it would have been all to no purpose; neither eloquence nor testimony could have prevailed. Slavery was the idol of Virginia, and pardon and life to Brown meant condemnation and death to slavery. He had practically illustrated a truth stranger than fiction, —a truth higher than Virginia had ever known, — a truth more noble and beautiful than Jefferson ever wrote. He had evinced a conception of the sacredness and value of liberty which transcended in sublimity that of her own Patrick Henry and made even his fire-flashing sentiment of “Liberty or Death” seem dark and tame and selfish. Henry loved liberty for himself, but this man loved liberty for all men, and for those most despised and scorned, as well as for those most esteemed and

honored. Just here was the true glory of John Brown's mission. It was not for his own freedom that he was thus ready to lay down his life, for with Paul he could say, "I was born free." No chain had bound his ankle,

no yoke had galled his neck. History has no better illustration of pure, disinterested benevolence. It was not Caucasian for Caucasian —white man for white man; not rich man for rich man, but Caucasian for Ethiopian —white man for black man —rich man for poor man —the man admitted and respected, for the man despised and rejected. "I want you to understand, gentlemen," he said to his persecutors, "that I respect the rights of the poorest and weakest of the colored people, oppressed by the slave system, as I do those of the most wealthy and powerful." In this we have the key to the whole life and career of the man. Than in this sentiment humanity has nothing more touching, reason nothing more noble, imagination nothing more sublime; and if we could reduce all the religions of the world to one essence we could find in it nothing more divine. It is much to be regretted that some great artist, in sympathy with the spirit of the occasion, had not been present when these and similar words were spoken. The situation was thrilling. An old man in the center of an excited and angry crowd, far away from home, in an enemy's country —with no friend near —overpowered, defeated, wounded, bleeding —covered with reproaches —his brave companions nearly all dead —his two faithful sons stark and cold by his side —reading his death-warrant in his fast —oozing blood and increasing weakness as in the faces of all around him —yet calm, collected, brave, with a heart for any fate —using his supposed dying moments to explain his course and vindicate his cause: such a subject would have been at once an inspiration and a power for one of the grandest historical pictures ever painted....

With John Brown, as with every other man fit to die for a cause, the hour of his physical weakness was the hour of his moral strength —the hour of his defeat was the hour of his triumph —the moment of his capture was the crowning victory of his life. With the Allegheny mountains for his pulpit, the country for his church and the whole civilized world for his audience, he was a thousand times more effective as a preacher than as a warrior, and the consciousness of this fact was the secret of his amazing complacency. Might with the sword of steel, he was mightier with the sword of the truth, and with this sword he literally swept the horizon. He was more than a match for all the Wises, Masons, Vallandinghams and Washingtons, who could rise against him. They could kill him, but they could not answer him.

In studying the character and works of a great man, it is always desirable to learn in what he is distinguished from others, and what have been the causes of this difference. Such men as he whom we are now considering, come on to the theater of life only at long intervals. It is not always easy to explain the exact and logical causes that produce them, or the subtle influences which sustain them, at the immense heights where we sometimes find them; but we know that the hour and the man are seldom far apart, and that here, as elsewhere, the demand may in some mysterious way, regulate the supply. A great iniquity, hoary with age, proud and defiant, tainting the whole moral atmosphere of the country, subjecting both church and state to its control, demanded the startling shock which John Brown seemed especially inspired to give it.

Apart from this mission there was nothing very remarkable about him. He was a wool-dealer, and a good judge of wool, as a wool-dealer ought to be. In all visible respects he was a man like unto other men. No outward sign of Kansas or Harpers Ferry was about him. As I knew him, he was an even-tempered man, neither morose, malicious nor misanthropic, but kind, amiable, courteous, and gentle in his intercourse with men. His words were few, well chosen and forcible. He was a good business man, and a good husband and father: a man

apparently in every way calculated to make a smooth and pleasant path for himself through the world. He loved society, he loved little children, he liked music, and was fond of animals. To no one was the world more beautiful or life more sweet. How then as I have said shall we explain his apparent indifference to life? I can find but one answer, and that is, his intense hatred to oppression. I have talked with many men, but I remember none, who seemed so deeply excited upon the subject of slavery as he. He would walk the room in agitation at mention of the word. He saw the evil through no mist or haze, but in a light of infinite brightness, which left no line of its ten thousand horrors out of sight. Law, religion, learning, were interposed in its behalf in vain. His law in regard to it was that which Lord Henry Peter Brougham described, as "the law above all the enactments of human codes, the same in all time, the same throughout the world — the law unchangeable and eternal-the law written by the finger of God on the human heart-that law by which property in man is, and ever must remain, a wild and guilty phantasy."

Against truth and right, legislative enactments were to his mind mere cobwebs —the pompous emptiness of human pride —the pitiful outbreathings of human nothingness. He used to say "whenever there is a right thing to be done, there is a 'thus said the Lord' that it shall be done."

It must be admitted that Brown assumed tremendous responsibility in making war upon the peaceful people of Harpers Ferry, but it must be remembered also that in his eye a slave-holding community could not be peaceable, but was, in the nature of the case, in one incessant state of war. To him such a community was not more sacred than a band of robbers: it was the right of any one to assault it by day or night. He saw no hope that slavery would ever be abolished by moral or political means: "he knew," he said, "the proud and hard hearts of the slave-holders, and that they never would consent to give up their slaves, till they felt a big stick about their heads."

It was five years before this event at Harpers Ferry, while the conflict between freedom and slavery was waxing hotter and hotter with every hour, that the blundering statesmanship of the National Government repealed the Missouri compromise, and thus launched the territory of Kansas as a prize to be battled for between the North and South. The remarkable part taken in this contest by Brown has been already referred to, and it doubtless helped to prepare him for the final tragedy, and though it did not by means originate the plan, it confirmed him in it and hastened its execution.

During his four years' service in Kansas it was my good fortune to see him often. On his trips to and from the territory he sometimes stopped several days at my house, and at one time several weeks. It was on this last occasion that liberty had been victorious in Kansas, and he felt that he must hereafter devote himself to what he considered his larger work. It was the theme of all his conversation, filling his nights with dreams and his days with visions. An incident of his boyhood may explain, in some measure, the intense abhorrence he felt to slavery. He had for some reason been sent into the States of Kentucky, where he made the acquaintance of a slave boy, about his own age, of whom he became very fond. For some petty offense this boy was one day subjected to a brutal beating. The blows were dealt with an iron shovel and fell fast and furiously upon his slender body. Born in a free State and unaccustomed to such revolted at the shocking spectacle and at that early age he swore eternal hatred to slavery. After years never obliterated the impression, and he found in this early experience an argument against contempt for small things. It is true that the boy is the father of the man. From the acorn comes the oak. The impression of a horse's foot in the sand suggested the art of printing. The fall of an apple intimated the law of gravitation. A word dropped in the woods of Vincennes, by royal hunters, gave Europe and the world a "William the Silent," and a thirty years' war. The beating of a Hebrew bondsman, by an Egyptian, created a Moses, and the infliction of a similar outrage on a helpless slave boy in our own land may have caused, forty years afterwards, a John Brown and Harpers Ferry Raid. Most of us can remember some event or incident which has at some time come to us, and made itself a permanent part of our lives. Such an incident came to me in the year 1847. I had then the honor of spending a day and night under the roof of a man, whose character and conversation made a very deep impression on my mind and heart; and as the circumstance does not lie entirely out of our present observations, you will pardon for a moment a

seeming digression. The name of the person alluded to had been several times mentioned to me, in a tone that made me curious to see him and to make his acquaintance. He was a merchant, and our first meeting was at his store — a substantial brick building, giving evidence of a flourishing business. After a few minutes' detention here, long enough for me to observe the neatness and order of the places, I was conducted by him to his residence where I was kindly received by his family as an expected guest. I was a little disappointed at the appearance of this man's house, for after seeing his fine store, I was prepared to see a fine residence; but this logic was entirely contradicted by the facts. The house was a small, wooden one, on a black street in a neighborhood of laboring men and mechanics, respectable enough, but not just the spot where one would expect enough, but not just the spot where one would expect to find the home of a successful merchant. Plain as was the outside, the inside was plainer. Its furniture might have pleased a Spartan. It would take longer to tell what was not in it, than what was; no sofas, no cushions, no curtains, no carpets, no easy rocking chairs inviting to enervation of rest or repose. My first meal passed under the misnomer of tea. It was none of your tea and toast sort, but potatoes and cabbage, and beef soup; such a meal as a man might relish after following the plough all day, or after performing a forced march of a dozen miles over rough ground in frosty weather. Innocent of paint, veneering, varnish or tablecloth, the table announced itself unmistakably and honestly pine and of the plainest workmanship. No hired help passed from kitchen to dining room, staring in amazement at the colored man at the white man's table. The mother, daughters and sons did the serving, and did it well. I heard no apology for doing their own work; they went through it as if used to it, untouched by any thought of degradation or impropriety. Supper over, the boys helped to clear the table and wash the dishes. This style of housekeeping struck me as a little odd. I mention it because household management is worthy of thought. A house is more than brick and mortar, wood or paint; this to me at least was. In its plainness it was a truthful reflection of its inmates: no disguises, no illusions, no make-believe here, but stern truth and solid, purpose breathed in all its arrangements. I was not long in company with the master of this house before I discovered that he was indeed the master of it, and likely to become mine too, if I staid long with him. He fulfilled St. Paul's idea of the head of the family — his wives believe in him, and his children observed him with reverence. Whenever he spoke, his words commanded earnest attention. His arguments which I ventured at some points to oppose, seemed to convince all, his appeals touched all, and his will impressed all. Certainly I never felt myself in the presence of a stronger religious influence than while in this house. "God and duty, God and duty," run like a thread of gold through all his utterances, and his family supplied a ready "Amen." In person he was lean and sinewy, of the best New England mould, built for times of trouble, fitted to grapple with the flintiest hardships. Clad in plain American woolen, shod in boots of cowhide leather, and wearing a cravat of the same substantial material, under six feet high, less than one hundred and fifty lbs. in weight, aged about fifty, he presented a figure straight and symmetrical as a mountain pine. His bearing was singularly impressive. His head was not large, but compact and high. His hair was coarse, strong, slightly gray and closely trimmed and grew close to his forehead. His face was smoothly shaved and revealed a strong square mouth, supported by a broad and prominent chin. His eyes were clear and grew, and in conversation they alternated with tears and fire. When on the street, he moved with a long springing, race-horse step, absorbed by his own reflections, neither seeking nor shunning observation. Such was the man whose name I heard uttered in whispers —such was the house in which he lived —such were family and household management —and such was Captain John Brown.

He said to me at this meeting, that he had invited me to his house for the especial purpose of laying before me his plan for the speedy emancipation of my race. He seemed to apprehend opposition on my part as he opened the subject and touched my vanity by saying, that he had observed my course at home and abroad, and wanted my co-operation. He said he had been for the last thirty years looking for colored men to whom he could safely reveal his secret, and had almost despaired, at times, of finding such, but that now he was encouraged for he saw heads rising up in all directions, to whom he thought he could with safety impart his plan. As this plan then lay in his mind it was very simple, and had much to commend it. It did not, as was supposed by many,

contemplate a general rising among the slaves, and a general slaughter of the slave masters (an insurrection he thought would only defeat the object), but it did contemplate the creating of an armed force which should act in the very heart of the South. He was not averse to the shedding of blood, and thought the practice of carrying arms would be a good one for the colored people to adopt, as it would give them a sense of manhood.
No people he said could have self-respect or be respected who would not fight for their freedom. He called my attention to a large map of the U. States, and pointed out to me the far-reaching Alleghanies, stretching away from the borders of New York into the Southern States. "These mountains," he said, "are the basis of my plan. God has given the strength of these hills to freedom; they were placed here to aid the emancipation of your race; they are full of natural forts, where one man for defense would be equal to a hundred for attack; they are also full of good hiding places where a large number of men could be concealed and baffle and elude pursuit for a long time. I know these mountains well and could take a body of men into them and keep them there in spite of all the efforts of Virginia to dislodge me, and drive me out. I would take at first about twenty-five picked men and begin on a small scale, supply them arms and ammunition, post them in squads of fives on a line of gathering recruits from the surrounding farms, seeking and selecting the most restless and daring."
He saw that in this part of the work the utmost care must be used to guard against treachery and disclosure; only the most conscientious and skillful should be sent on this perilous duty. With care and enterprise he thought he could soon gather a force of one hundred hardy men, men who would be content to lead the free and adventurous life to which he proposed to train them. When once properly drilled and each had found the place for which he was best suited, they would begin work in earnest; they would run off the slaves in large numbers, retain the strong and brave ones in the mountains, and send the weak and timid ones to the North by the underground Rail-road; his operations would be enlarged with increasing numbers and would not be confined to one locality. Slave-holders should in some cases be approached at midnight and told to give up their slaves and to let them have their best horses to ride away upon. Slavery was a state of war, he said, to which the slaves were unwilling parties and consequently they had a right to anything necessary to their peace and freedom. He would shed no blood and would avoid a fight except in self-defense, when he would of course do his best. He believed this movement would weaken slavery in two ways-first by making slave property insecure, it would become undesirable; and secondly it would keep the anti-slavery agitation alive and public attention fixed upon it, and thus lead to the adoption of measures to abolish the evil altogether. He held that there was need of something startling to prevent the agitation of the question from dying out; that slavery had come near being abolished in Virginia by the Nat. Turner insurrection, and he thought his method would speedily put an end to it, both in Maryland and Virginia. The trouble was to get the right men to start with and money enough to equip them. He had adopted the simple and economical mode of living to which I have referred with a view to save money for this purpose. This was said in no boastful tone, for he felt that he had delayed already too long and had no room to boast either his zeal or his self-denial.
From 8 o'clock in the evening till 3 in the morning, Capt. Brown and I sat face to face, he arguing in favor of his plan, and I finding all the objections I could against it. Now mark! this meeting of ours was full twelve years before the strike at Harpers Ferry. He had been watching and waiting all that time for suitable heads to rise or "pop up" as he said among the sable millions in whom he could confide; hence forty years had passed between his thought and his act. Forty years, though not a long time in the life of a nation, is a long time in the life of a man; and here forty long years, this man was struggling with this one idea; like Moses he was forty years in the wilderness. Youth, manhood, middle age had come and gone; two marriages had been consummated, twenty children had called him father; and through all the storms and vicissitudes of busy life, this one thought, like the angel in the burning bush, had confronted him with its blazing light, bidding him on to his work. Like Moses he had made excuses, and as with Moses his excuses were overruled. Nothing should postpone further what was to him his only apology for existence. He often said to me, though life was sweet to him, he would willingly lay it down for the freedom of my people; and on one occasion he added, that he had already lived about as long as most men, since he had slept less, and if he should now lay down his life

the loss would not be great, for in fact he knew no better use for it. During his last visit to us in Rochester there appeared in the newspapers a touching story connected with the horrors of the Sepoy War in British India. A Scotch missionary and his family were in the hands of the enemy, and were to be massacred the next morning. During the night, when they had given up every hope of rescue, suddenly the wife insisted that relief would come. Placing her ear close to the ground she declared she heard the Slogan — the Scotch war song. For long hours in the night no member of the family could hear the advancing music but herself. "Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it?" she would say, but they could not hear it. As the morning slowly dawned a Scotch regiment was found encamped indeed about them, and they were saved from the threatened slaughter.

This circumstance, coming at such a time, gave Capt. Brown a new word of cheer. He would come to the table in the morning his countenance fairly illuminated, saying that he had heard the Slogan, and he would add, "Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it?" Alas! like the Scotch missionary I was obliged to say "No." Two weeks prior to the mediated attack, Capt. Brown summoned me to meet him in an old stone quarry on the

Conecochequi river, near the town of Chambersburgh, Penn.  His arms and ammunition were stored in that town and were to be moved on to Harpers Ferry. In company with Shields Green I obeyed the summons, and prompt to the hour we met the dear old man, with John Henry Kagi, his secretary, at the appointed place. Our meeting was in some sense a council of war. We spent the Saturday and succeeding Sunday in conference on the question, whether the desperate step should then taken, or the old plan as already described should be carried out. He was for boldly striking Harpers Ferry at once and running the risk of getting into the mountains afterwards. I was for avoiding Harpers Ferry altogether. Shields Green and Mr. Kagi remained silent listeners throughout. It is needless to repeat here what was said, after what has happened. Suffice it, that after all I could say, I saw that my old friend had resolved on his course and that it was idle to parley. I told him finally that it was impossible for me to join him. I could see Harpers Ferry only as a trap of steel, and ourselves in the wrong side of it. He regretted my decision and we parted.

Thus far, I have spoken exclusively of Capt. Brown. Let me say a word or two of his brave and devoted men, and first of Shields Green. He was a fugitive slave from Charleston, South Carolina, and had attested his love of liberty by escaping from slavery and making his way through many dangers to Rochester, where he had lived in my family, and where he met the man with whom he went to the scaffold. I said to him, as I was about to leave, "Now Shields, you have heard our discussion. If in view of it, you do not wish to stay, you have but to say so, and you can go back with me." He answered, "I b'l'eve I'll go wid de old man;" and go with him he did, into the fight, and to the gallows, and bore himself as grandly as any of the number. At the moment when Capt. Brown was surrounded, and all chance of escape was cut off, Green was in the mountains and could have made his escape as Osborn Perry Anderson did, but when asked to do so, he made the same answer he did at Chambersburg, "I b'l'eve I'll go down wid de ole man." When in prison at Charlestown, and he was not allowed to see his old friend, his fidelity to him was in no wise weakened, and no complaint against Brown could be extorted from him by those who talked with him.

If a monument should be erected to the memory of John Brown, as there ought to be, the form and name of Shields Green should have a conspicuous place upon it. It is a remarkable fact, that in this small company of men. but one showed any sign of weakness or regret for what he did or attempted to do. Poor John Edwin Cook broke down and sought to save his life by representing that he had been deceived, and allured by false promises. But Aaron D. Stevens, Albert Hazlett and Green went to their doom like the heroes they were, without a murmur, without a regret, believing alike in their captain and their cause.

For the disastrous termination of this invasion, several causes have been assigned. It has been said that Capt. Brown found it necessary to strike before he was ready; that men had promised to join him from the North who failed to arrive; that the cowardly negroes did not rally to his support as he expected, but the true cause as stated by himself, contradicts all these theories, and from his statement there is no appeal. Among the questions put to him by Mr. Vallandingham after his capture were the following: "Did you expect a general uprising of the slaves in case of your success?" To this he answered, "No, sir, nor did I wish it. I expected to gather strength from time to time and then to set them free." "Did you expect to hold possession here until then?" Answer, "Well, probably I had quite a different idea. I do not know as I ought to reveal my plans. I am here wounded and a prisoner because I foolishly permitted myself to be so. You overstate your strength when you suppose I could have been taken if I had not allowed it. I was too tardy after commencing the open attack in delaying my movements through Monday night and up to the time of the arrival of government troops. It was all because of my desire to spare the feelings of my prisoners and their families."

But the question is, Did John Brown fail? He certainly did fail to get out of Harpers Ferry before being beaten down by United States soldiers; he did fail to save his own life, and to lead a liberating army into the mountains of Virginia. But he did not go to Harpers Ferry to save his life. The true question is, Did John Brown draw his sword against slavery and thereby lose his life in vain? and to this I answer ten thousand times, No! No man fails, or can fail who so grandly gives himself and all he has to a righteous cause. No man, who in his hour of extremest need, when on his way to meet an ignominious death, could so forget himself as to stop and kiss a

little child, one of the hated race for whom he was about to die, could by any possibility fail. Did John Brown fail? Ask Henry A. Wise in whose house less than two years after, a school for the emancipated slaves was taught. Did John Brown fail? Ask James M. Mason, the author of the inhuman fugitive slave bill, who was cooped up in Fort Warren, as a traitor less than two years from the time that he stood over the prostrate body of John Brown. Did John Brown fail? Ask Clement C. Vallandingham, one other of the inquisitorial party; for he too went down in the tremendous whirlpool created by the powerful hand of this bold invader.

If John Brown did not end the war that ended slavery, he did at least begin the war that ended slavery.

If we look over the dates, places and men, for which this honor is claimed, we shall find that not Carolina, but Virginia —not Fort Sumpter, but Harpers Ferry and the arsenal —not Col. Anderson, but John Brown, began the war that ended American slavery and made this a free Republic. Until this blow was struck, the prospect for freedom was dim, shadowy and uncertain. The irrepressible conflict was one of words, votes and compromises. When John Brown stretched forth his arm the sky was cleared. The time for compromises was gone —the armed hosts of freedom stood face to face over the chasm of a broken Union —and the clash of arms was at hand. The South staked all upon getting possession of the Federal Government, and failing to do that, drew the sword of rebellion and thus made her own, and not Brown's, the lost cause of the century.

1883

July: Antonio Maceo resigned his posts in Honduras and declared,

Our enslaved Cuba demands that its sons fight for its freedom.

Franklin Benjamin Sanborn's "Comment by a radical Abolitionist" appeared in the Century Magazine, commenting upon the article immediately preceding it, by Alexander R. Boteler, entitled "Recollections of the John Brown Raid by a Virginian Who Witnessed the Fight" (Volume 26, pages 411-15, 399-411):

> It is hard –nay, impossible– to carry the reader of these pages in 1883 back in memory to that period of our country's history when John Brown captured the town and arsenal at Harpers Ferry, or make real to ourselves the despotism which a few slaveholders then exercised over the rest of mankind in this country. Though a meager minority in their own South, they absolutely controlled there not only four millions of slaves, but six millions of white people, nominally free, while they directed the policy and the opinions of more than half the free people of the non-slaveholding States. They had dictated the nomination and secured the election of James Buchanan as President, — the most complete servant of the slave power who ever held that office; they had not only refused to terminate the slave-trade (as by treaty we were bound to assist in doing), but they had induced the importation of a few cargoes of slaves into Carolina and Georgia; they had broken down the Missouri compromise of 1820 (imposed by themselves on the unwilling North), and had done their best to extend slavery over the new territories of the nation, and to legalize its existence in all the Free States. Through the mouth of Chief-Justice Roger Brooke Taney, who simply uttered the decrees of the slave-holding oligarchy, they had made the Supreme Court declare that four million Americans, of African descent, had practically "no rights which a white man was bound to respect"; and they exerted themselves in every way to give due effect to that dictum. The Dred Scott decision was given by Taney in 1857, and it led at once to the execution of John Brown's long-cherished purpose of striking a blow at slavery in its own Virginian stronghold. That decision flashed into the minds of Northern men the conviction which John Quincy Adams had long before formulated and expressed — that "the preservation, propagation, and perpetuation of slavery was the

vital and animating spirit of the national Government." It was this conviction that led to the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860, as it had led John Brown and his small band of followers to form their conspiracy and begin their campaign in 1858-'59. While the unpaid labor of the slaves was believed by the slave-holders to be the real source of our national prosperity, it was the merit and the fate of John Brown first to see and act upon the sad knowledge that slavery and our national existence were incompatible. Thirty years before he died for the blacks in Virginia, he chose the side of the nation against slavery; and in less than ten years after his death the whole people followed in the path he had marked out — the straight and thorny road of emancipation by force.

It is in this broad way that the Harpers Ferry raid must be looked at, — not as a midnight foray of robbers and murderers. It was an act of war, and was accepted by the South as a sure omen that war was at hand. Brown told the slave-holders this in his famous conversation with James Mason of Virginia and Vallandigham of Ohio. "I claim to be here," he said, "carrying out a measure I believe to be perfectly justifiable, and not to be acting the part of an incendiary or ruffian; on the contrary, I am here to aid those suffering under a great wrong. I wish to say, furthermore, that you had better —all you people of the South— prepare yourselves for a settlement of this question. It must come up for settlement sooner than you are prepared for it, and the sooner you commence that preparation the better for you. You may dispose of me very easily. I am nearly disposed of now. But this question is still to be settled; this negro question, I mean. The end of that is not yet." This was a veritable "Thus saith the Lord" — as his hearers and the whole world soon found out. But to such as then doubted the message of the prophet Brown condescended to verify his credentials in that wonderfully eloquent speech to the court that sentenced him to the gallows:

> This court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the Law of God. I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be the BIBLE or, at least, the New Testament. That teaches me, "that all things whatsoever I would that men should do unto me, I should do even so to them." It teaches me further, to "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them." I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done —as I have always freely admitted I have done— in behalf of His despised poor, was not wrong but right.

There was John Brown's authority for the capture of Harpers Ferry, — the same which Ethan Allen alleged, with less reason, a Ticonderoga, where he commanded surrender "in the name of the great Jehovah." Brown "had gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord" long before his death, and the song of the people marching to avenge that death were but the public proclamation

of his commission from above. Since the details of that strange conversation with Mason of Virginia have faded from the popular memory, let me quote another passage in which Brown pursues the same line of reasoning he afterward held in court.

> SENATOR MASON: How do you justify your acts?
>
> CAPTAIN BROWN: I think, my friend, you are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity –I say it without wishing to be offensive,– and it would be perfectly right for any one to interfere with you so far as to free those you willfully and wickedly hold in bondage. I do not say this insultingly.
>
> SENATOR MASON: I understand that.
>
> CAPTAIN BROWN: I think I did right, and that others will do right who interfere with you, at any time, and all times. I hold that the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty.
>
> LIEUTENANT STUART: But you don't believe in the BIBLE?
>
> CAPTAIN BROWN: Certainly I do.
> * * *
> I want you to understand, gentlemen, that I respect the rights of the poorest and weakest of the colored people, oppressed by the slave system, just as much as I do those of the most wealthy and powerful. That is the idea that has moved me, and that alone. We expected no reward except the satisfaction of endeavoring to do for those in distress –the greatly oppressed– as we would be done by. The cry of distress of the oppressed is my reason, and the only thing that prompted me to come here.

Brown's plan of action in Virginia was wholly his own, as he more than once declared; and it was not until he had long formed and matured it that he made it known (so far as an attack on slavery in Virginia was concerned) to the few friends who shared his confidence in that matter. I cannot say how numerous these were; but beyond his own family and the armed followers who accompanied him, I have never supposed that his Virginia plan was known to fifty persons. Even to those few it was not fully communicated, though they knew that he meant to fortify himself somewhere in the mountains of Virginia or Tennessee, and from that fastness, with his band of soldiers, sally out and liberate slaves by force. His plan to this extent was known, early in 1858, by Frederick Douglass, Gerrit Smith (at whose house and in whose presence I first heard Brown declare it), Theodore Parker, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, George Luther Stearns, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and myself, and we all raised money to aid Brown in carrying this plan forward.

I know this, because some of the money and nearly all the correspondence relating to the contributions passed through my

hands in 1858-9. I talked more than once in those years with all the persons above named, concerning Brown's Virginia plans and had letters from all except Douglass in regard to it. Brown's general purpose of attacking slavery by force, in Missouri or elsewhere, was known in 1857-8-9 to Waldo Emerson, A. Bronson Alcott, Henry Thoreau, Wendell Phillips, Thomas Russell, John Albion Andrew, and others of the anti-slavery men of Massachusetts, none of whom discountenanced it, while most of them, in my hearing, distinctly approved it, generally, however, as a last resort or a measure of retaliation for the outrages of the slave-holders and their allies. Had these gentlemen known of the Virginia plan, most of them would have strongly disapproved it as premature or impracticable. Such, also, it seemed at first, and generally afterward, to those of us who contributed money to aid Brown in it. I speak particularly of Gerrit Smith, Theodore Parker, George L. Stearns, Dr. Howe, Col. Higginson, and myself. But we all felt, as Governor Andrew afterward said, that whatever the old worthy might plan or do, "John Brown himself was right," and upon that feeling we acted, in spite of doubts and many misgivings. The end has justified our instinctive sentiment; and it has more than justified, it has glorified Brown. I do not wonder that Virginians cannot all see this yet; but the world sees it, and Brown has become, to the world in general, one of the immortal champions of liberty —historical or mythical— among whom we reckon Leonidas, Maccabeus, Tell, Winkelried, Wallace, Hofer, and Marco Bozzaris. I knew John Brown well. He was often a my house and at the houses of my friends and I traveled with him for days. He was what all his speeches, letters, and actions avouch him — a simple, brave, heroic person incapable of anything selfish or base. The higher elements of his character are well seen in the portrait which accompanies these pages There were darker and sterner traits which fitted him for the grim work he had to do and which are better shown in his bearded portraits, and in some which I possess, taken in the year 1857. But the face that here looks out upon us bespeaks that warm love for God's despised poor which was his deepest trait, and that noble disregard of everything but justice which distinguished his every action But above and beyond these personal qualities he was what we may best term a historic character; that is, he had, like Cromwell and Spartacus, a certain predestined relation to the political crisis of his time, for which his character fitted him and which, had he striven against it, he could not avoid. Like Cromwell and all the great Calvinists, he was an unquestioning believer in God's fore-ordination and the divine guidance of human affairs; but he was free from the taint of guile that disfigured Cromwell's greatness. Of course, he could not rank with Cromwell or with many inferior men in leadership; but in this God-appointed, inflexible devotion to his object in life he was inferior to no man, and he rose in fame far above more gifted persons because of this very fixedness and simplicity of character. His renown is secure, and the artless (I must think

prejudiced) narrative of Mr. Boteler does but increase it for those who read understandingly. As Tennyson said of the great Duke, we may say of Brown:

> Whatever record leap to light,
> He never shall be shamed.

Young men never knew, perhaps, and some old men have forgotten, that we once had statesmen (so called) who loudly declared that negro slavery was the basis not only of our national greatness, but of the white man's freedom. This groveling doctrine found favor in Virginia in John Brown's time, and it was his work, as much as any man's, to overthrow it. A hundred years ago one of the great Virginians, a statesman indeed by nature and by training, said:

> With what execration should that statesman be loaded who, permitting one-half the citizens to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots and these into enemies? Can the liberties of a nation be deemed secure when we have removed their only firm basis — a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God, that they are not to be violated without his wrath? Indeed, I tremble for my country (Virginia) when I reflect that God is just, that His justice cannot sleep forever; that, considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference. The Almighty has no attribute that can take sides with us in such a contest.

This was the language of Jefferson in his "Notes on Virginia," written in 1783, and it was in the county of Jefferson that Brown made his foray in 1859. He harbored in the county of Washington, in Maryland, for three months. He descended upon Jefferson County in Virginia at the end of that time; and when the astonished successors of Washington and Jefferson saw him first, he held in his hand Washington's sword, and was enacting Jefferson's Declaration of Independence in favor of the slaves of Colonel Washington, — that the Scriptures might be fulfilled. And they were fulfilled to the utmost in the years of war and ruin that followed.

At the critical period of that Civil War when its issue was still undecided save in the councils of heaven, — at the close of the year 1862 Abraham Lincoln put forth his first edict of emancipation, and followed it up, January 1, 1863, with the final proclamation that the slaves in the rebellious States were from that day free. John Brown had been in his woodland grave among the Adirondack Mountains but little more than three years when we saw this triumph of his hopes, this crown of his toil and martyrdom. His friends gathered to celebrate so happy an event at the house of one of the most faithful and active of his supporters in the Virginia campaign, George Stearns, of Medford,

in Massachusetts. It was one of the last of those meetings in which the old anti-slavery men and women came together with hearts united, and rejoiced together face to face. Garrison and Phillips were there, Waldo Emerson and Bronson Alcott (Thoreau had died eight months before), Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe and his poetic wife, Mrs. Child, Moncure Conway, Martin Conway of Kansas, and many others now dead or widely sundered. The host and his wife, Mrs. Mary Stearns, who also had been an enthusiastic friend of John Brown, could give their guests not only the graceful hospitalities of a house always open to the friends of freedom, but what was then a new sight, Brackett's marble bust of Brown, standing crowned with flowers in the wide hall. This is the only bust of Brown for which the sculptor studied the hero's own features, and it was made after a visit by Brackett to Brown in prison at Charlestown. Though not, in all respects, a portrait, it has the air of Brown, with a majesty that made Charles Sumner exclaim, when he first saw it: "This is like the Moses of Michael Angelo." And when a sibylline negress, a fugitive from Maryland, saw it in my house, she went into an ecstasy of grief and adoration, declaring that Brown was not a mere man, but the Messiah of her people.

"In a great age," says Cousin, speaking of Pascal, "everything is great." John Brown came to prominence in an age by no means grand or noble; but such was his own heroic character that he conferred importance on events in themselves trivial. His petty conflicts in Kansas and the details of his two days' campaign in Virginia will be remembered when a hundred battles of our Civil War are forgotten. He was one of ten thousand, and, as Thoreau said, could not be tried by a jury of his peers, because his peers did not exist; yet so much was he in accord with what is best in the American character that he will stand in history for one type of our people, as Franklin and Lincoln do, but with a difference. He embodied the distinctive qualities of the Puritan, but with a strong tincture of the more humane sentiments of later times. No man could be more sincere in his faith toward God, more earnest in love for man; his belief in fore-ordination was absolute, his courage not less so. The emotion of fear seemed to be quite unknown to him, except in the form of diffidence, — if that were not rather a sort of pride. He was diffident of his power in speech or writing, yet who, of all his countrymen, has uttered more effective or immortal words?

Part of the service he rendered to his country was by this heroic impersonation of traits that all mankind recognize as noble. The cause of the poor slave had need of all the charm that romantic courage could give it; his defenders were treated with the contempt which attached to himself. They were looked upon with aversion by patriots; they were odious to trade, distasteful to fashion and learning, impious in the sight of the Church. At the single stroke of Brown, all this was changed; the cause that had been despised suddenly became hated, feared, and respected; and out of this new fear and hatred our national safety was born.

Ten years more of disgraceful security, and the nation might have been lost; but the rash and frantic efforts of the South to defend its barbarous system brought on the revolution that has regenerated us politically. No doubt the affair at Harpers Ferry hastened our political crisis by at least ten years, — and what fatal years they might have been but for John Brown!

One evening in January, 1860, as I sat in Emerson's study at Concord, talking of this old friend of ours, for whose widow and orphans we were then raising a fund, I spoke to Emerson about a

speech of his at Salem, a few weeks earlier, in which the poet-philosopher had renewed his homage to the memory of Brown. He went to one of the cabinets in which his manuscripts were kept, took out the half-dozen pages on which his remarks had been written down, and gave them to me for publication. I have ever since cherished the manuscript, in which, with bold strokes of his quill, Emerson had written these words at the close:

> It would be nearer the truth to say that all people, in proportion to their sensibility and self-respect, sympathize with John Brown. For it is impossible to see courage and disinterestedness and the love that casts out fear, without sympathy. All gentlemen, of course are on his side. I do not mean by "gentlemen" people of scented hair and perfumed handkerchiefs, but men of gentle blood and generosity, "fulfilled with all nobleness"; who, like the Cid, give the outcast leper a share of their bed — like the dying Sidney, pass the cup of cold water to the wounded soldier who needs it more. For what is the oath of gentle blood and knighthood? What but to protect the weak and lowly against the strong oppressor?
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> * * *
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> Who makes the abolitionist? The slave-holder. The sentiment of mercy is the natural recoil which the laws of the universe provide to protect mankind from destruction by savage passions. The arch-abolitionist, older than Brown, and older than the Shenandoah Mountains, is Love, whose other name is Justice, — which was before Alfred, before Lycurgus, before Slavery and will be after it.

The generous, immortal traits which these words portray in Brown and bespeak in Emerson, are those which the artist has caught in the remarkable engraving of my old friend in this number of

1891

Spring: Franklin Benjamin Sanborn made arrangements in the spring for himself and his wife to travel overseas, ostensibly so that he could tour poorhouses, asylums, and prisons, and collect information for his LIFE OF DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE, PHILANTHROPIST, which would before the end of this year be published in New York.

DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE

1909

October 17, Sunday: It was the 50th anniversary of John Brown's raid on Harpers Ferry, and the survivors of that scheme met in the riverside brick mansion of Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, on Elm Street in Concord.

When the 77-year-old Sanborn took Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson's elbow to lead his 86-year-old friend into the sitting room, the Colonel pulled his arm away — despite the fact that the Reverend was now walking by use of a cane. In the siting room, a circle of six chairs had been set out, one chair for each of the original Secret "Six": The Reverend Theodore Parker, Gerrit Smith, George Luther Stearns, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, Colonel Higginson, and Sanborn, despite the fact that Parker, Smith, Stearns, and Howe had by this point deceased. The chair for Dr. Howe was occupied by 90-year-old Julia Ward Howe, who remained seated when the others entered, with a shawl around her shoulders. Julia had her ear trumpet with her so that she would not need to miss any of the conversation. Also in the room was a young reporter, Katherine Mayo, who had been detailed to take copious notes by a grandson of William Lloyd Garrison, the author Oswald Garrison Villard. Villard was then wrapping up work on a study of Captain Brown that hopefully would be an improvement on Sanborn's botched 1885 attempt at a biography. Colonel Higginson needed to make certain that Miss Mayo clearly understood, so that she could convey this information to Villard, that he and the other members of this 6-member finance committee had been entirely aware of John Brown's intent to incite a slave rebellion in Virginia, and that they'd been quite as prepared that Brown's raid would turn into a disaster for him and his little band as they had been prepared that it might prove against all odds to be a success.

SERVILE INSURRECTION

RACE WAR, NOT CIVIL WAR

"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: August 4, 2016

RACE WAR, **NOT CIVIL WAR**

ARRGH AUTOMATED RESEARCH REPORT

GENERATION HOTLINE

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

request for information we merely push a button.

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

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