

## BLEEDING KANSAS



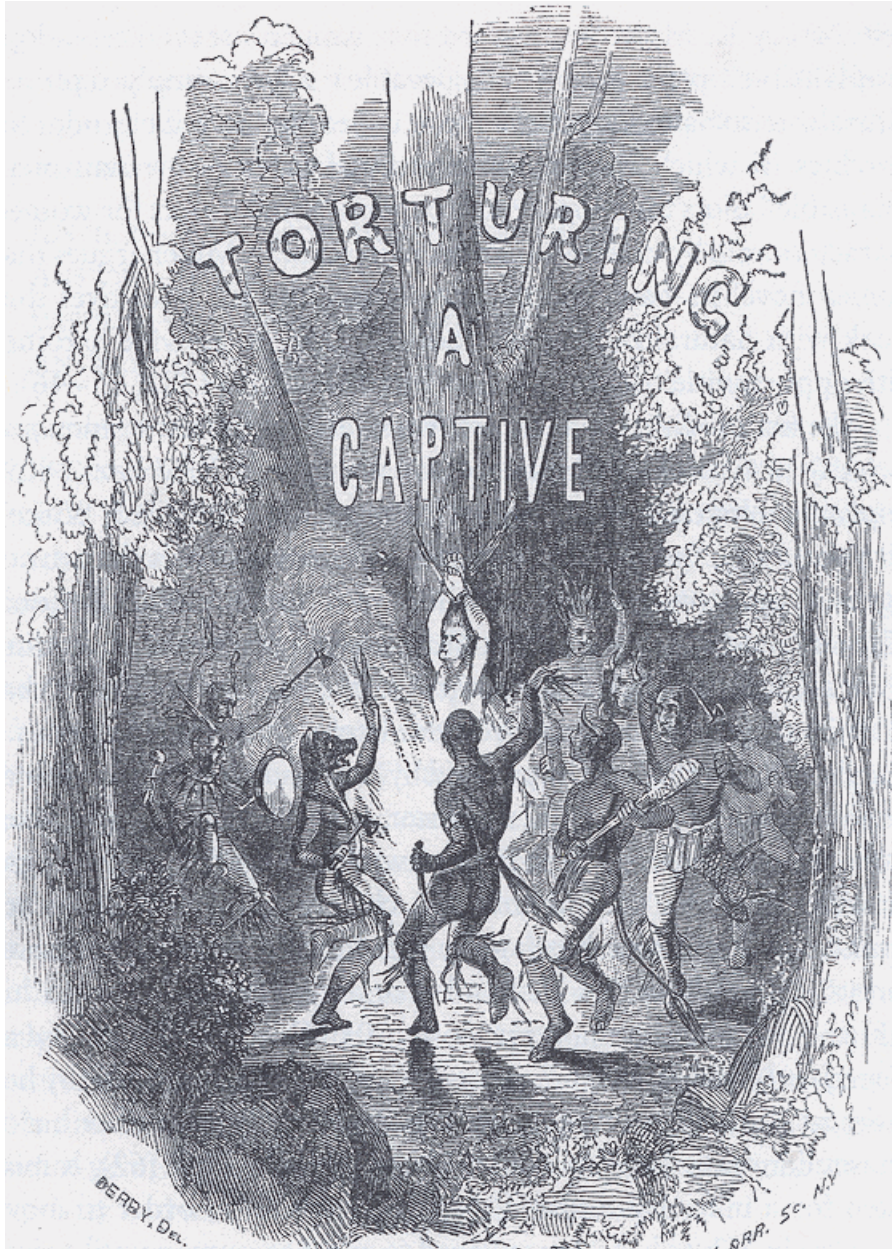
"Abolitionists often identified themselves with the slaves in a mood not so much of compassion as of self-seeking liberation."

– Bliss Perry, *THE AMERICAN SPIRIT IN LITERATURE*, page 233



1540

Francisco Vasqu ez de Coronado (Hernan Cort es had volunteered for this expedition but had been needed elsewhere) led a group of 1,000 white men from M xico City across New M xico's Zuni territory, torturing various people he caught in order to force them to reveal the whereabouts of a golden treasury, denominated the "Seven Cities of Cibola."



Many, before they died, pointed him in various directions, mostly away from wherever they were. The group explored California, [Kansas](#), Arizona, New M xico, Texas, and Oklahoma, crisscrossing where Cab za de Vac  had been. A soldier in Coronado's army, Garc a Lop ez de Card nas, was the 1st European to see the canyon of the Colorado River, probably Marble Gorge or perhaps the Grand Canyon of Arizona (he had been given directions by a Hopi). Melchor D az (under Vasqu ez de Coronado) discovered [California](#). He blazed

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more trails, saw more unexplored country, and rode more miles, than any other conquistador during the Entrada.





**KANSAS**

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**1541**

Francisco Vásquez de Coronado visited the region that would become [Kansas](#), inhabited by Wichitas and Pawnee as well as by the Kansa people.

On his 2d visit to the estuary of the St. Lawrence during this year and the following one, Jacques Cartier would attempt to establish a permanent settlement but would fail. The *Hochelaga* (Montréal) village of Iroquoian-speakers was still there — but would have vanished by 1603 when the French would make their next visit. (On Cartier's later two voyages he had three, four, or even five ships, but no greater success at making any permanent white settlement.)

It was on this voyage that Cartier introduced cabbage to Canada (the 1st written record of cabbage in what would become the US would not appear until 1669, which is to say, well over a century later).

A book to promote cooking with [sugar](#) became available in Venice (in a later timeframe, Nostradamus would author the 1st French book on this topic).

**PLANTS**



**KANSAS**

**KANSAS**

**1542**


Francisco Vásquez de Coronado crossed what is now the Texas Panhandle and Oklahoma, and ventured into [Kansas](#), in search of cities of gold. It is said that his guide, a Pawnee slave, knowing there was nothing to find, deliberately led him in circles on the plains. Eventually Coronado would have this guide killed and return to Mexico.



**KANSAS**

**KANSAS**

**1600**

 The Kansa and Osage native tribes arrived in what eventually would become [Kansas](#).

By this point at least, [Passaconaway](#) (“Child of the Bear”) had become headman of the [Penacook](#). He lived at the top of the Pawtucket Falls in what would become Lowell in what would become Massachusetts.



At this point, upstream at what would become [Concord](#) in what would become [New Hampshire](#), there were about 2,000 English settlers.



**KANSAS**

**KANSAS**

**1639**

The Taos Indians of New Mexico abandoned their pueblo to escape the Spanish and traveled with stolen horses to what eventually would become western [Kansas](#), where they built another pueblo north of Scott City. As a consequence, horses were introduced to the Kiowa, Comanche, Wichita, and other southern Plains tribes.



**KANSAS**

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**1650**

The Taos tribespeople irrigated lands along Beaver creek in what would eventually become [Kansas](#)'s Scott County.

By this point, the Anishanabeg people were living at the [Straits of Mackinac](#).

The Iroquois drove out the native tribes of the [Ohio](#) river valley during what are referred to as the Beaver Wars. Later, as the Iroquois tribes grew less powerful, other tribes from the east and south would begin to move into the region, and Shawnee, Delaware, Wyandot, and Miami would be among the groups who were living there when the initial Europeans began to arrive.





**KANSAS**

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**1724**

In this year the Natchez tribe, a direct descendant of the ancient Mississippian culture, revolted against the attempts of a local French plantation to impose new taxes and to confiscate lands in its central village, and this of course made the French eager to take the direct approach, and exterminate them (after 5 years of hostilities the “Great Sun” of the Natchez would be captured along with 480 others, and sold into [slavery](#) in the Caribbean — after which this tribe would no longer be in existence).

The French trader/explorer Étienne Veniard de Bourgmont traveled through what eventually would become northern [Kansas](#).



**KANSAS**

**KANSAS**

**1739**

Pierre and Paul Mallet led a party of French traders through what eventually would become [Kansas](#).

Native Americans traveling with French Canadian captain Charles Lemoyne de Longueil found mastodon fossils at Big Bone Lick along the Ohio River in what eventually would become [Kentucky](#) (these bones would be shipped as curiosities to King Louis XV and become the initial American fossils studied by scientists).

**THE SCIENCE OF 1739**

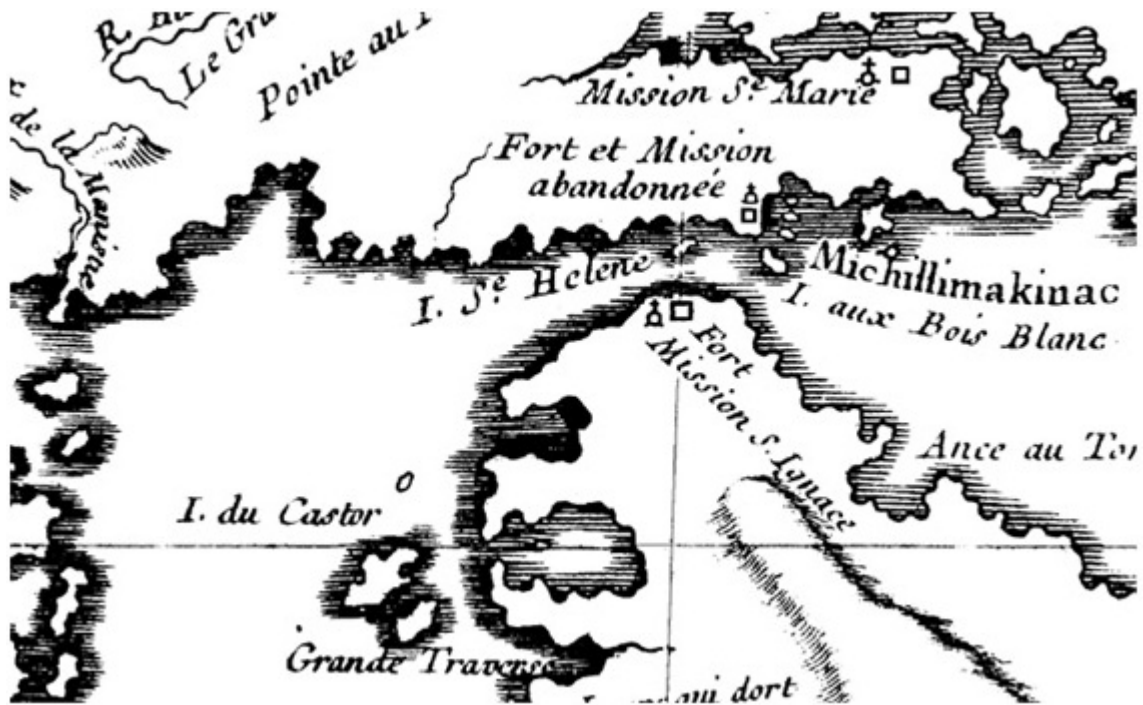
**PALEONTOLOGY**

## KANSAS

## KANSAS

1744

Tensions between French and English erupted into “King George’s War.” Here is a section from Jacques Nicolas Bellin’s map of the Great Lakes, showing the [Michillimackinac](#) locations of the successive French missions and forts in this strategic area.



The French erected Fort Cavagnial near the present site of [Fort Leavenworth](#) in what eventually would become [Kansas](#) (they would abandon this fort in about 1764).



**KANSAS**

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**1790**

The fur-trading Chouteau family began trading with the Kansa tribe in what eventually would become [Kansas](#).

A barracks structure with a floor of cobbles, capable of housing like 5 or 6 leather-armored soldiers, was constructed at Mission San Juan Capistrano.<sup>1</sup>

1. To become a Spanish soldier and defend God, one needed among other things to be at least 5 feet in stature.



KANSAS

KANSAS

1804

➡ May 25, Friday: [Ralph Waldo Emerson](#)'s 1st birthday.



Due to bad weather, the British suspend their campaign against Jeshwant Rao Holkar of Indore.

The expedition of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark passed La Charette, which was merely a cluster of 7 dwellings less than 60 miles up the Missouri River, but which was, as Floyd would note in his journal, “the last settlement of whites on this river.”

➡ June 26, Thursday: From this day into the 29th, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark would be visiting the area of Fort de Cavagnial, that had once been the farthest-out French fort in what would become our [Kansas Territory](#).

[T]he French formerly had a fort at this place, to protect the trade of this nation, the Situation appears to be a verry elligable one for a Town, the valley rich & extensive, with a Small Brook Meandering through it and one part of the bank affording yet a good landing for boats.

Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:


*5th day 26th of 6 M 1804 / I am just going to [Portsmouth](#) to attend the M Meeting A from a variety of circumstances feel very great discouragement about it - but if it does but prove a time of religious improvement I hope to be thankful as it is my lot to be so poor & lean of late that the least gleam of the fathers countenance seems very precious - Returned from Meeting & a very sweet refreshing time it was we had three good testimonies in the first meeting. Holder Almy was concerned for himself & all present that we might center down deep in the spirit of our minds & perform acceptable Worship unto the Lord - Ruth Davis then spoke to a state that she apprehended was present Whom the Lord was about to lay his hand heavily upon for Sin & admonished them to cease to do Evil & learn to do well - Obadiah Davis was then concerned to address the Youth in a sweet & moving Manner - directing us to the Wonderful counselor the everlasting father & prince of peace, in all our movements in life. He observed that by properly adverting to him we should be able to make strait steps & not be liable to err. With much more good & wholsom advice which I humbly hope may prove lasting with me The business in the last was transacted in love & condescension-*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS




## KANSAS

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 Summer: By late in the 18th Century, more than 1,000 Oto, a southern Sioux band related to the Iowa and Missouri tribes, had been living in villages along the Platte River. Then epidemics had decimated the area and the Oto and Missouri had regrouped as one band of about 250 people. The expedition of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark encountered only vacant earth lodges and planted fields because the Oto, who were farmer-hunters with crops of corn, beans, and squash, were on an extended buffalo hunt.



 Our national birthday, Wednesday the 4th of July: The 1st Fourth of July celebration west of the Mississippi occurred at Independence Creek and was celebrated by Meriwether Lewis and William Clark.

Born at 27 Union Street in Salem, Massachusetts, 2d of three children of Nathaniel and Elizabeth Clarke Manning Hathorne, a manchild named [Nathaniel Hathorne, Jr.](#)<sup>2</sup>

The expedition of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, passing through northeastern [Kansas](#) (part of area then known as Territory of Orleans) marked the first Fourth of July ever celebrated west of the Mississippi by firing its keelboat's cannon, by drinking an extra ration of whiskey, and by naming a creek (near what has become Atchinson) "Independence Creek." A good time was had by all.

The new "Concord Artillery" militia formation made its 1st march through the town of [Concord](#).

The charter says, "Whereas Major John Buttrick and Captain Isaac Davis, with a party of the armed yeomanry, did, on the birthday of our revolution, attack and defeat a superior number of the invaders of our country, who were most advantageously posted at the north bridge of Concord," it is ordered that the prayer of the petition be granted, and that two brass field-pieces, with proper apparatus, be provided for said company, with suitable engravings, "to commemorate and render honor to the action which led to the victory of the day, and to perpetuate the names of the gallant Buttrick and Davis, and also to animate in future the ardour and bravery of the defenders of our country." The inscription is as follows: "The Legislature of Massachusetts consecrate the names of Major John Buttrick and Captain Isaac Davis, whose valour and example excited their fellow-citizens to a successful resistance of a superior number of British troops at Concord Bridge, the 19th of April, 1775, which was the beginning of a contest in arms that ended in American Independence." The Captains have successively been, Thomas Heald, Jesse Churchill, Henry Saunderson, Reuben Brown, Jr., Francis Wheeler, Cyrus Wheeler, Elisha Wheeler, Eli Brown, William Whiting, John Stacy, Joshua Buttrick, and Abel B. Heywood. Cyrus Wheeler and William Whiting were promoted to the office of Colonel.<sup>3</sup>

2. Nathaniel would be able to say, with President [Thomas Jefferson](#), "The only birthday I ever commemorate is that of our Independence, the Fourth of July." (There's no reason to suppose that Tom even knew what his Sally's birthday was, let alone the birthdays of one after another of her little tan babies.)

### CELEBRATING OUR B-DAY

3. [Lemuel Shattuck](#)'s 1835 [A HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF CONCORD;....](#) Boston: Russell, Odiorne, and Company; Concord MA: [John Stacy](#)  
(On or about November 11, 1837 [Henry Thoreau](#) would indicate a familiarity with the contents of at least pages 2-3 and 6-9 of this historical study. On July 16, 1859 he would correct a date mistake buried in the body of the text.)

1806

➡ On orders from General James Wilkinson, Captain Zebulon Montgomery Pike, with a platoon of troops, crossed much of what eventually would become [Kansas](#), and invaded Spanish territory considered to be within Mexico at the headwaters of the Rio Grande.



**HISTORY ISN'T MADE OF WOULD. WHEN SOMEONE REVEALS, FOR INSTANCE, THAT AT A FORT HE WOULD CONSTRUCT IN PRESENT-DAY COLORADO, CAPTAIN PIKE WOULD BE TAKEN PRISONER WITHOUT OFFERING ANY RESISTANCE, ESCORTED TO MEXICO, AND RELEASED AFTER CONFISCATION OF HIS PAPERS, S/HE DISCLOSES THAT WHAT IS BEING CRAFTED IS NOT REALITY BUT PREDESTINARIANISM. THE RULE OF REALITY IS THAT THE FUTURE HASN'T EVER HAPPENED, YET.**

November 15, Saturday: Captain Zebulon Montgomery Pike first viewed the peak that now bears his name.

1808

➡ June 22, Wednesday: Captain Zebulon Montgomery Pike reached his peak.




Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

*4th day 22 of 6 M / I think I can say with safty that my mind has experienced a degree of divine favor thro' the day, Oh that I may bow (as I think I do at this time) in thankful acknowledgements to the holy Author of them - In the eveng a little while at C R's -*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

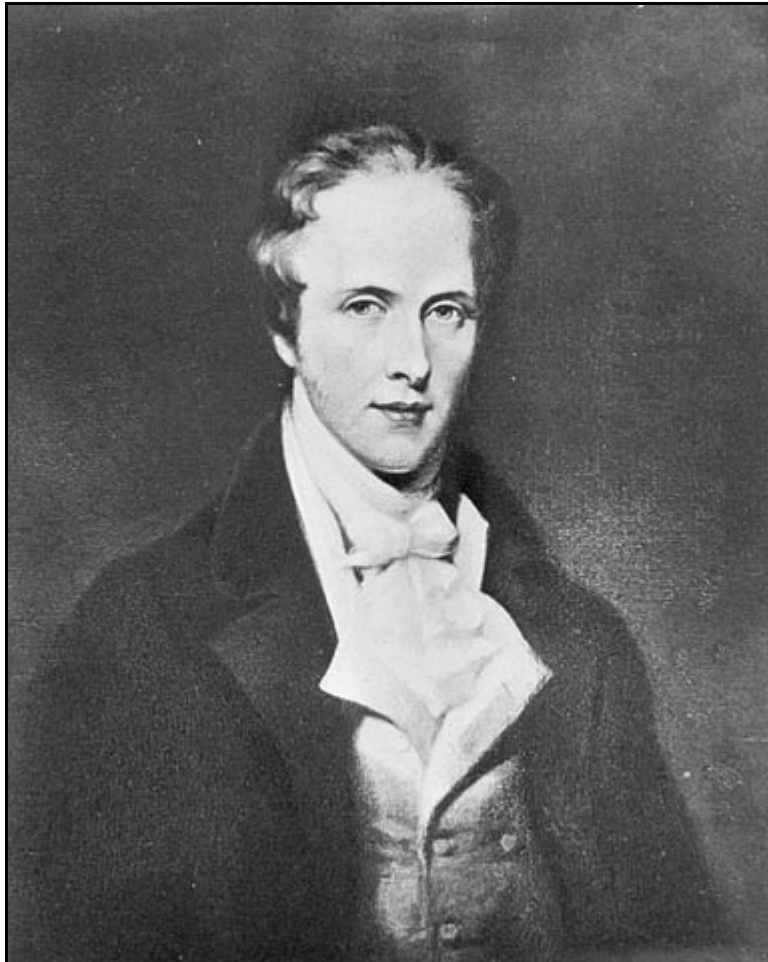


1811

 George C. Sibley became as a government trader among the Osage tribespeople of what eventually would become [Kansas](#).

The Hudson's Bay Company ceded land along the Red and Assiniboine Rivers to Thomas Douglas, 5th Earl of Selkirk.

CANADA  
CARTOGRAPHY





**KANSAS**

**KANSAS**

**1819**




Stephen Harriman Long's party visited the area of Fort de Cavagnial, which had been the farthest-out French fort in what had since become our [Kansas Territory](#).



**KANSAS**

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**1821**

 The Santa Fe Trail was established by William Becknell.


**"BLEEDING KANSAS"**



**KANSAS**

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**1822**

 July 7, Sunday: Spanish Royal Guards formed at Pardo and marched toward Madrid with a muddled plan to seize control of the government.

Three wagonloads of merchandise were brought to Santa Fe in Mejico territory by a Missouri trader named William Becknell, thus inaugurating the Santa Fe Trail — 800 miles overland from Independence Rock on the Kansas River, along the Kansas River and along the Arkansas River, toward the Rocky Mountains, and then southward through Raton Pass toward Santa Fe.

**“BLEEDING KANSAS”**

1825

➡ Since 1821 a White Stick Creek native American named William MacKintosh had been merrily signing papers of cession as they were shoved under his nose, while claiming to be the representative of all Seminoles and Creeks. At this point this man has succeeded in signing away some 25 million acres despite Creek repudiations of his claimed standing and of his actions.

“...The conflicts of Europeans with American-Indians, Maoris and other aborigines in temperate regions ... ge by the results we cannot regret that such wars have taken place ... the process by 1 continent has been acquired for European civilization [was entirely justified because of the undeniable difference between the civilization of the colonizers and that of the dis ...”



— Bertrand Russell,  
THE ETHICS OF WAR, January 1915

Goyalé (also to be known as “Geronimo”) was born.

Right-of-way for the new trail to Santa Fe was granted by a treaty with the Osage at Council Grove.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,  
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,  
*To all and singular to whom these presents shall come,  
Greeting :*


WHEREAS a Treaty between the UNITED STATES of America and the KANSAS Tribe of Indians, was made and concluded, on the sixteenth day of August, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five, at the Sora Kansas Creek, by Commissioners on the part of the United States, and certain Chiefs and Head Men of said Tribe ; which Treaty is in the words following, to wit :

WHEREAS the Congress of the United States of America being anxious to promote a direct commercial and friendly intercourse between the citizens of the United States and those of the Mexican Republic, and, to afford protection to the same, did, at their last session, pass an act, which was approved the 24 of March, 1825, “to authorize the President of the United States to cause a road to be marked out from the Western frontier of Missouri to the confines of New Mexico,” and which authorizes the President of the United States to appoint Commissioners to carry said act of Congress into effect, and enjoins on the Commissioners, so to be appointed, that they first obtain the consent of the intervening tribes of Indians, by treaty, to the marking of said road, and to the unmolested use thereof to the citizens of the United States and to the Mexican Republic.

“BLEEDING KANSAS”

# KANSAS

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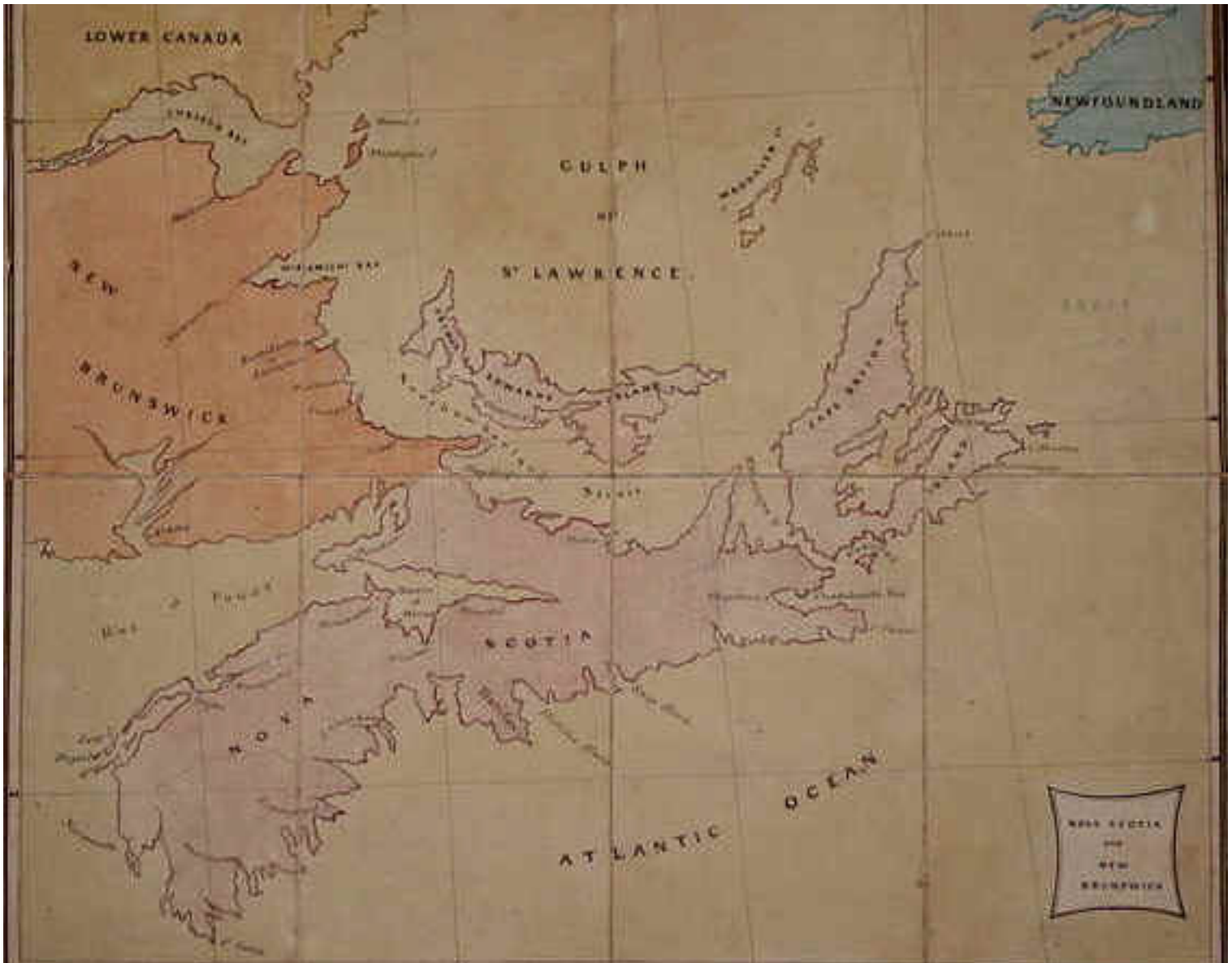
 November 7, Monday: Feierlichster Tag, for chorus by [Johann Nepomuk Hummel](#) to words of Riemer was performed for the initial time, in Weimar as part of celebrations for the 50th anniversary of [Johann Wolfgang von Goethe](#)'s service to the Weimar court.

Under the terms of a treaty with the US federal government, the "Fish" Shawnee were removed from their traditional Ohio home to an unorganized region in the [Kansas Territory](#) that was being set aside for native tribalists. ("Out of sight, out of mind.")

There was an enormous forest fire in New Brunswick, Canada.

### TIMELINE OF ACCIDENTS

This was Nova Scotia and New Brunswick as of 1820:






KANSAS

KANSAS

1826

 The last of the [Natick](#) native Americans died in this year.

*Tenskwatawa* the Shawnee Prophet established a village at the site of modern Kansas City, [Kansas](#).

[Lewis Cass](#)'s "Indians of North America" appeared in [North American Review](#) (new series, volume 13, pages 53-119). This article amounted to a review of two recent books, John Wedderburn Halkett's HISTORICAL NOTES RESPECTING THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA, WITH REMARKS ON THE ATTEMPTS MADE TO CONVERT AND CIVILISE THEM. BY JOHN HALKETT, ESQ. (London, 1825), and [John Dunn Hunter](#)'s MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF SEVERAL INDIAN TRIBES, LOCATED WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI, INCLUDING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SOIL, CLIMATE AND VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS; AND THE INDIAN MATERIA MEDICA; TO WHICH IS PREFIXED THE HISTORY OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE, DURING A RESIDENCE OF SEVERAL YEARS AMONG THEM. BY JOHN D. HUNTER (Philadelphia, 1823).

In this review the American politician Cass was derogating the "adopted white Indian" publishing phenomenon as a fraud. It seems abundantly clear now that Cass had no particular source of information to back up such a conclusion, but was merely "copping an attitude" — and that the sort of attitude he was copping was your garden-variety rancid Indian-hating racist one, all too typical for a proslavery Democrat who helped send the Cherokee on their "Trail of Tears." [Henry Thoreau](#) would read these two book reviews in about 1859 and make notes on them in his Indian Notebook #12.<sup>4</sup>

**INDIANS OF N. AMERICA**

4. The original notebooks are held by the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, as manuscripts #596 through #606. There are photocopies, made by Robert F. Sayre in the 1930s, in four boxes at the University of Iowa Libraries, accession number MsC 795. More recently, Bradley P. Dean, PhD and Paul Maher, Jr. have attempted to work over these materials.

## KANSAS

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May 17, Wednesday: Sigismund Thalberg gave his 1st public performance in London.

In [Concord](#), the Middlesex Mutual Fire Insurance Company sold its 1st policy.

[Amos Eaton](#)'s Rensselaer field expedition passed through Newport (Albion), crossed over the highway arch, and spent the night at Middleport, [New York](#). They were told of a 2-year-old who had recently drowned in the [Erie Canal](#). [Asa Fitch](#) read cantos 14 and 15 of DON JUAN. Fitch described the countryside as "fertile and productive, yielding abundant crops, to repay the labors of the husbandman."

The American people learned that in the previous year their government had entered into an agreement at Council Grove, Kansas with a group of people to the west, the Osage, called the "[Kansas](#) Tribe of Indians," which would provide them with right-of-way for their new trail to Santa Fe:

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PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,  
*To all and singular to whom these presents shall come,*  
*Greeting :*

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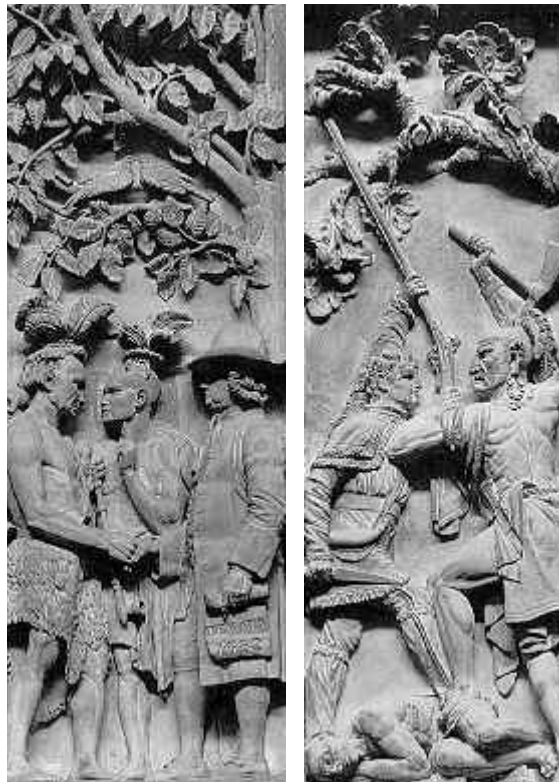


1827

David Cusick's SKETCHES OF ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE SIX NATIONS, a 28-page pamphlet without illustrations about the oral traditions of his Tuscarora tribe, was printed at Lewiston, New York. Geographical locales in the account include the Kanawage (St. Lawrence River), Yenonanatche (Mohawk River), Shawneytawty (Hudson River), Ouauweyoka (Mississippi River), Onyakarra (Niagara River), Kaunsehwatera (Susquehanna River), Kuskehsawkich (Oswego Falls), Jenneatowake (Canandaigua Lake), Kauhagwarahka (Lake Erie), Goyogoh (Cayuga Lake), Geatahgweah (Chatatigue Lake), and the forts at Kedauyerkawau (Torewanta plains), Kauhanauka, and the village of Kaunehsuntahkeh.

DAVID CUSICK'S SKETCHES

At some point during the late 1820s, a couple of interesting reliefs were placed over the north and south entrances to our Capitol rotunda:

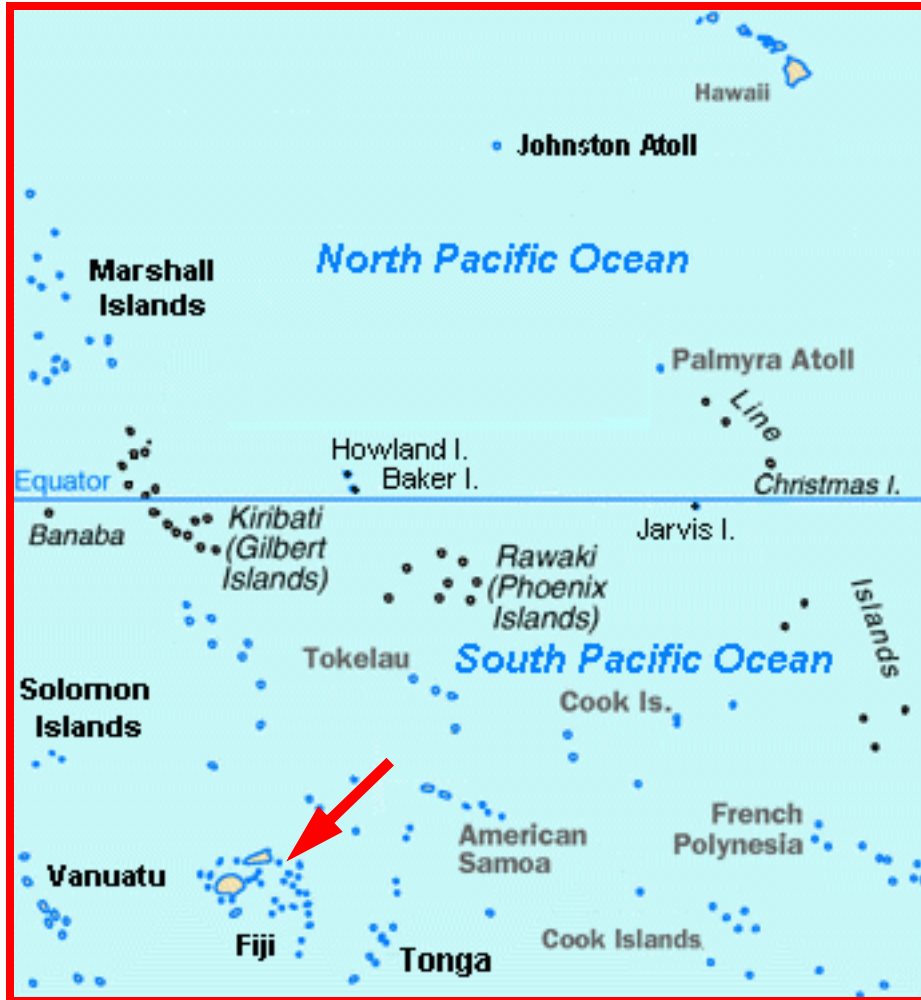


Colonel Henry Leavenworth established Fort Leavenworth, the initial permanent white settlement in the Kansas Territory.

Daniel Morgan Boone, a son of Daniel Boone, established a farm — the 1st white farmer in what eventually would become Jefferson County, Kansas.

1830

Tahitian Protestant missionaries arrived in the Navigator's Islands, also called the Samoan Islands, and in Fiji.



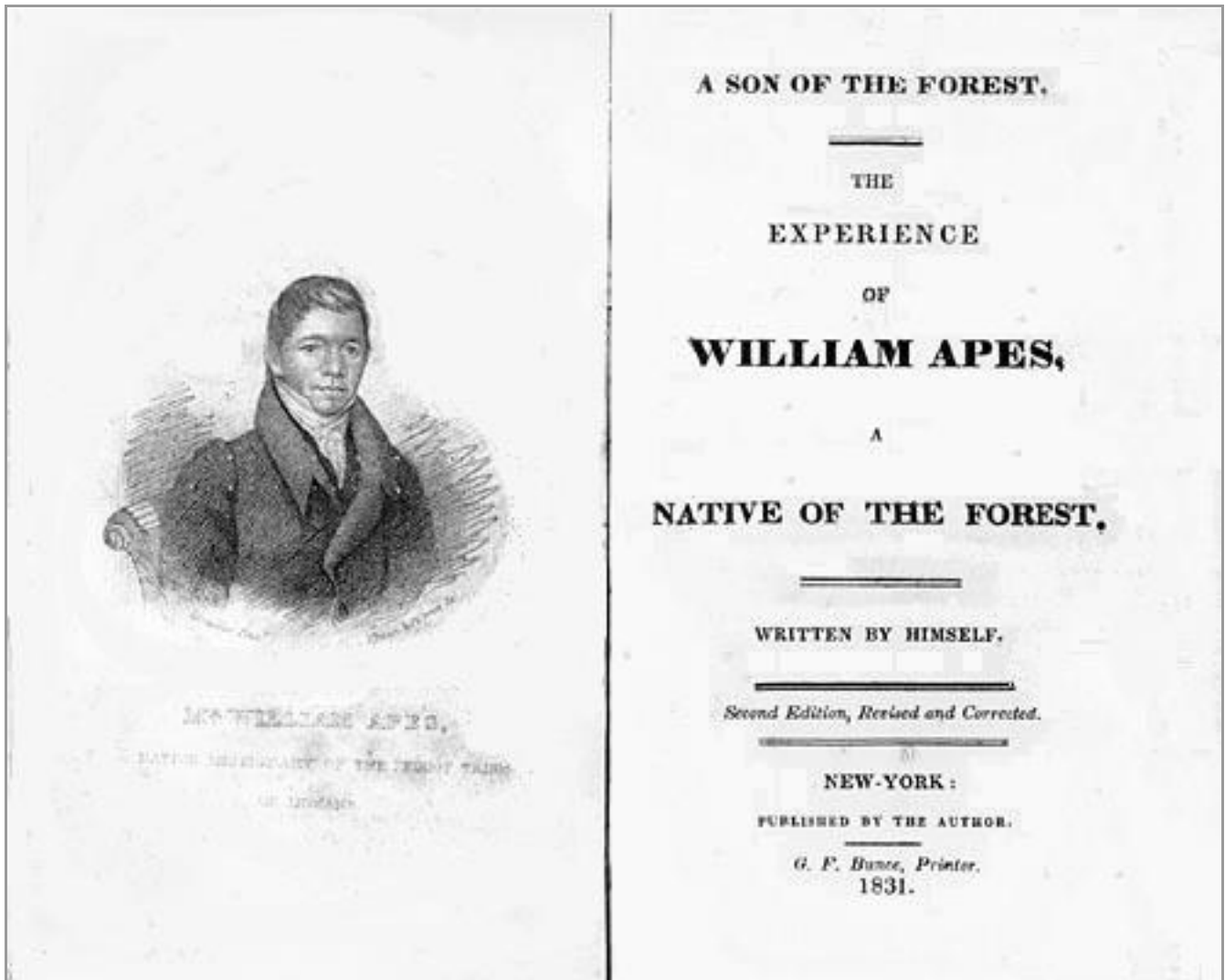
The [Shawnee Methodist Mission](#) was established by the [Reverend Thomas Johnson](#) in Turner in the [Kansas Territory](#), to minister to the [Shawnee tribe](#) that was being removed there (the Reverend was a pro-slavery slaveholder).

Summer: [Giacomo Costantino Beltrami](#) toured the Pyrenees and parts of France on a “scientific survey.”

1831



The Reverend William Apes was appointed by the New-York Annual Conference of the Protestant Methodists to minister unto his people, the members of the Pequot tribe. His book THE INCREASE OF THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST: A SERMON would be published in this year, and a revised edition of his 1828 autobiography A SON OF THE FOREST: THE EXPERIENCE OF WILLIAM APES, A NATIVE OF THE FOREST, COMPRISING A NOTICE OF THE PEQUOT TRIBE OF INDIANS under the shortened title A SON OF THE FOREST: THE EXPERIENCE OF WILLIAM APES, A NATIVE OF THE FOREST. Although this does not appear on the title page, the new INCREASE book included what might as well have been a separate writing, titled THE INDIANS: THE TEN LOST TRIBES. On at least one occasion by 1833, he would be permitted to preach of the injustices committed against people of color by white people not to the usual African-American and native American audience, but instead to a white audience.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY

## KANSAS

## KANSAS

At this point the various Tasmanian aboriginals who had been rounded up by the white intrusives were transferred to a settlement at the Lagoons on Flinders Island. They would be later resettled at Wybalenna where, restricted to a compound, they would die in such large numbers that by 1847 there would be only 47 left. There were still, however, even at this point some natives hiding out on the main island. George Augustus Robinson of Hobart Town “went bush,” was successful in gaining trust, and gathered together many of the island’s remaining native inhabitants.



The Cayuga and Mingo nations of the Iroquois ceded their Ohio reserve to the United States, relocating to the Indian Territory of Oklahoma. A few New York Seneca moved to the [Kansas Territory](#) at this time but, after the [US Civil War](#), would join the others in northeast Oklahoma to constitute the modern Seneca-Cayuga Tribe of Oklahoma.



KANSAS

KANSAS

1832



November 26, Monday: Public streetcar service began in New-York (drawn of course by horses). The fare would be 12½ cents.


[Harriet Livermore](#) considered the native American tribes to be the Lost Tribes of Israel. With the intention of leading them back to Palestine and thus producing the long-awaited [Apocalypse](#), she ventured into the Arkansas River within the [Kansas Territory](#) on this day aboard the steamboat *Volant*, Captain Charles Kelley:

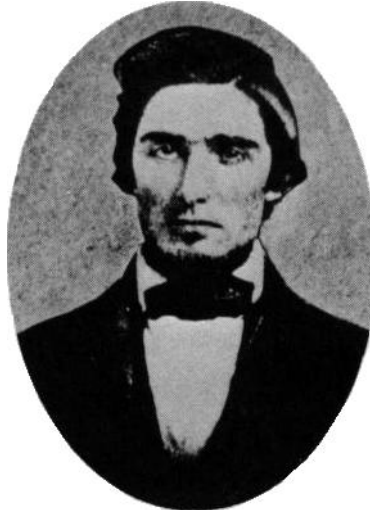
My theory "wild" I shall repeat,  
Thus named by some of you,  
That quickly the Shiloh's sacred feet,  
Will stand upon Olivet's mount elect;  
And his ancient tribes review,  
Yea, "Juda's Lion is a thief" will come,  
And the earth's disordered fabric overturn,  
Renew it, Eden to millennial bloom.

(This lady evangelist would soon find herself being summarily escorted back to civilization by officials of the federal Bureau of Indian Affairs.)

**DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.**

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**KANSAS****KANSAS****1833**

 April 17, Wednesday: [Jeremiah Goldsmith Anderson](#), one of Captain Brown's lieutenants, was born in Indiana, the son of John Anderson. His maternal grandfather, Colonel Jacob Westfall of Tygert Valley, Virginia, had been a soldier in the revolution and a [slaveholder](#).



(He would go to school at Galesburg, Illinois and Kossuth, Iowa and work as a peddler, farmer, and sawmill laborer before settling a mile from Fort Bain on the Little Osage in Bourbon County of the [Kansas Territory](#) in August 1857. He would be twice arrested by the proslavery activists, and for ten weeks would be held at Fort Scott. He would then become a lieutenant of Captain Montgomery and would be with him in the attack on Captain Anderson's troop of the First US Cavalry. He would witness a murder on his own doorstep by border ruffians, of a Mr. Denton. He would go with [John Brown](#) on the slave raid into Missouri and remain with him thereafter. On July 5, 1859 he would write 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 would be 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.")



KANSAS

KANSAS

1834

➡ February: Jotham Meeker set up the [Kansas Territory](#)'s 1st press at the Baptist Shawnee mission, just south of the city limits of the present Kansas City.

Doctor [George Parkman](#) was managing the [Boston](#) subscription list for Audubon's bird volumes, when he helped [John James Audubon](#) and Audubon's son in their attempt to suffocate a golden eagle. Their goal was to kill the bird so that by the insertion and bending of wires inside the carcass it might be placed in a frozen posture — and without any of its feathers being disarranged. First they tried charcoal fumes, then they tried sulfur fumes, but throughout this the bird just sat on its perch glaring fiercely (finally the father and the son seized this reluctant specimen and held it firmly while stabbing it to the heart).

➡ March 1, Saturday: Jotham Meeker set the 1st types in the [Kansas Territory](#)'s 1st press, at the Baptist Shawnee mission, just south of the city limits of the present Kansas City.

➡ March 8, Saturday: Jotham Meeker made the 1st press impression in the [Kansas Territory](#), at the Baptist Shawnee mission just south of the present city limits of Kansas City. During the following 3 years he would produce about 90 pieces of printed matter (mostly booklets of a religious nature translated into various native languages by himself and other missionaries).

[William Lloyd Garrison](#) reviewed, in [The Liberator](#), the 1st American edition of [Friend Jonathan Dymond](#)'s [ESSAYS ON THE PRINCIPLES OF MORALITY, AND ON THE PRIVATE AND POLITICAL RIGHTS AND OBLIGATIONS OF MANKIND. BY JONATHAN DYMOND ... WITH A PREFACE BY THE REV. G. BUSH \[1796-1859\] \(NY: Harper & Brothers\)](#). Terming Friend Jonathan “the Lord Bacon of our times,” Garrison recommended the power and perception of this book as “almost super-human.” This British Friend's thoughts finally were reaching their American audience!

READ THIS BOOK

It was in this manner that Friend Jonathan's thoughts on “Civil Obedience” (Essay III, Chapter 5) and [the Quaker Peace Testimony](#) reached an American audience. The page header for one of the pages of the chapter on “Civil Obedience” (Essay III, Chapter 5) was “RESISTANCE TO THE CIVIL POWER,” and at that point the author was observing that “satisfactory knowledge may be deduced respecting **resistance** to the civil power,” that the true and original Christian will, where appropriate, such as in regard to “acts of bloodshed and violence, or instigations to such acts,” decline to participate. This would constitute a “resistance to ... civil power” based upon “non-compliance”:

When the first Christians refused obedience to some of the existing authorities, — they did not resist. They exemplified their own precepts, — to prefer the will of God before all; and if this preference subjected them to evils, to bear them without violating other portions of His will in order to ward them off.

WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE

Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

*7th day 8th of 3rd M / I do not remember to have been more seriously struck than I was this Morning on reading in the [Newport](#) Paper Notices of the death of Catherine T Jordan aged 29 Years in Hudson where She lived with her husband — & also of*



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*Catherine F Bailey aged 26 wife of Saml Bailey & daughter of our next door neighbour E Pascal Faisnear –  
With Catherine Jordan I have known & been acquainted from her childhood - she was when a child a dilligent Attender of Friends Meeting in [Newport](#) & seldom Missed being there with her Mother on First days & she & her Husband are intimate acquaintances of our Son John in Hudson –  
Hannah T Bailey we have also known from her infancy & was a very pleasant pretty & clever girl & play Mate with John living side by side we were in habits of intimacy  
Both were in the bloom & blush of life both called away at an early age & well may we say, in the Midst of life we are in death - Man cometh up like a flower & is cut down, & to whom shall we seek for Succor but from Thee O God. – This language with several passages of Scripture have dwelt much on my Mind thro' the day.  
— I have also noticed in this evenings paper the decease of Doctor Gustavas Baylies who I well remember as a practitioner in [Newport](#) when I was a boy, The paper says he was 70 Years old, but from his appearance then I should think he was older. – he Died at Newtown on Lng Island. –*

**RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS**






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1836

 Summer: David Rice Atchison, [Alexander William Doniphan](#)'s law partner, was a member a volunteer militia unit known as the Liberty Blues, and he persuaded Doniphan to enlist. Doniphan would take part in the so-called "Heatherly War," as an aide to Colonel Samuel C. Allen. As the Liberty Blues moved toward the Missouri border, Lieutenant Colonel Stephen Watts Kearney came from Fort Leavenworth in the [Kansas Territory](#) and joined them. The Heatherly brothers, an infamous family living near the Grand River in northwestern Missouri, after selling whiskey to a hunting party of Potawatomi Indians, had stolen their horses while they were drunk, but other members of that tribe had caught up with these white men and killed three of them. The mother of the Heatherly brothers began to sponsor the notion that the Potawatomi were wicked out-of-control savages, and urging retribution. Meanwhile the remaining brothers robbed and murdered a couple of white men and tried to make it seem this had been done by the Potawatomi. The outcome of all this would be that the Heatherly family would be arrested, tried, and convicted. Returning from this escapade, [Doniphan](#) would serve a term in the Missouri legislature as a member of the Whig party.

THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT



 November: [Joseph Smith](#) attempted to establish a Kirtland Safety Society Bank — but when he couldn't obtain a charter the bank would fail and many Mormons would begin to agitate against him.

*Tenskwatawa* the Shawnee Prophet died in his village at the site of modern Kansas City, [Kansas](#).

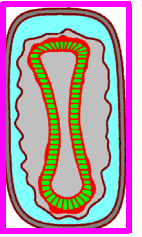
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1837



A steamboat, traveling on the Missouri River, inadvertently brought a passenger north from St. Louis who had the [small pox](#). Within a few weeks, in one of the *Mandan* villages on the banks of that river, of a population of 2,000, at most 40 pockmarked Mandans remained, attempting to dispose of the bodies of family members.



Between this year and 1840, the epidemic would be decimating all the Great Plains region, from the [Kansas Territory](#) northward, and westward to Prince Rupert's Land on the coast of the Pacific Ocean. The Blackfoot would be losing some 40,000 souls.





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**1839**



From this year into 1842, the 1st Afghan War with the British; in this year a British army was annihilated.

The [Shawnee Methodist Mission](#) that had been established by missionaries in Turner in the [Kansas Territory](#) in 1830, to minister to the Shawnee tribe that had been removed there, was relocated to Fairway, where they would erect a brick building.

The US Army sent Lieutenant [John Charles Frémont](#) with the [French](#) explorer [Jean-Nicolas Nicollet](#) to map the rivers of the midwest.





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**1842**

The US Army garrisoned [Fort Scott](#) in the [Kansas Territory](#) named in honor of General Winfield Scott.

Early in this year [Kit Carson](#) decided to return to Missouri, taking his daughter Adeline to live with relatives near the Carson family's former home of Franklin, so that she would be able to obtain an education. Then during this summer he would meet with [John Charles Frémont](#), a lieutenant in the US Army, aboard a steamboat on the Missouri River. Frémont was preparing to lead his 1st expedition across the [Kansas Territory](#) and was looking for a guide who could take him through the South Pass at the Continental Divide. Carson had in fact spent a good deal of time in that region. The 5-month journey, made with 25 men, would be a success, and Fremont's report about an "Oregon Trail" would be published by the US Congress. This report would create "a wave of wagon caravans filled with hopeful emigrants," heading toward the West.

By this point 33-year-old Kit had become engaged with Josefa Jaramillo, 13-year-old daughter of a prominent family of Taos in the New Mexico territory, had been instructed in the [Catholic](#) faith by Padre Antonio José Martínez, and had undergone baptism.

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Eventually Professor Francis Parkman would be writing about this new trail:



1843

The initial (initial white, of course) settlement at the present site of Kansas City, [Kansas](#).

[Isaac Sprague](#), inspired by [Professor Thomas Nuttall](#)'s A MANUAL OF THE [ORNITHOLOGY](#) OF THE UNITED STATES AND OF CANADA (Cambridge: Hilliard and Brown; Boston: Hilliard, Gray, four volumes 1832-1834), had been drawing the birds of eastern Massachusetts,



and his work had come to the attention of [John James Audubon](#). Isaac was invited to be one of Audubon's assistants on an expedition up the Upper Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers through the Dakotas, taking measurements and making preparatory sketches for the mammal series now called THE VIVIPAROUS

QUADRUPEDS OF NORTH AMERICA. ([Henry Thoreau](#) would have a copy of this in his personal library.)



VIVIPAROUS QUADRUPEDS

1845

January 27, Sunday: The fee for a Magnetic Telegraph Company telegram message of ten words between New-York and Philadelphia was set at \$0.<sup>25</sup>. The company's daily business gross began at about \$25 but they reassured themselves that within a few months they would be able to double that gross, to about \$50 worth of message traffic per day.

TELEGRAPHY

President John Tyler signed the bill HR 432 into law, the stated purpose of which was to reduce election fraud. (Holding local and national elections on the same day would mean that voters would be less able to cross over into other districts to vote fraudulently. Thus, in one election in the [Kansas Territory](#), the date was deliberately set for the day of the presidential election so that Missourians would stay in Missouri to vote for president rather than crossing into Kansas to vote on the slavery issue.) This bill had been sponsored by Representative Duncan of Ohio at the 2nd session of the 28th Congress (a similar bill had in the previous year passed the House but not the Senate). What this actually would accomplish would be to institute, by the election of 1848, our present timing conventions for presidential contests. The effort to substitute for the proposed November election date a date in early December (mainly because of the inconvenience this would cause in South Carolina where electors were still chosen by the legislature and the legislature was not customarily in session this early in a winter) had been overcome.



The first election to be scheduled per this new election calendar, our current one, would occur in 1848. Would Thoreau care? No, Thoreau had no intention ever to vote.





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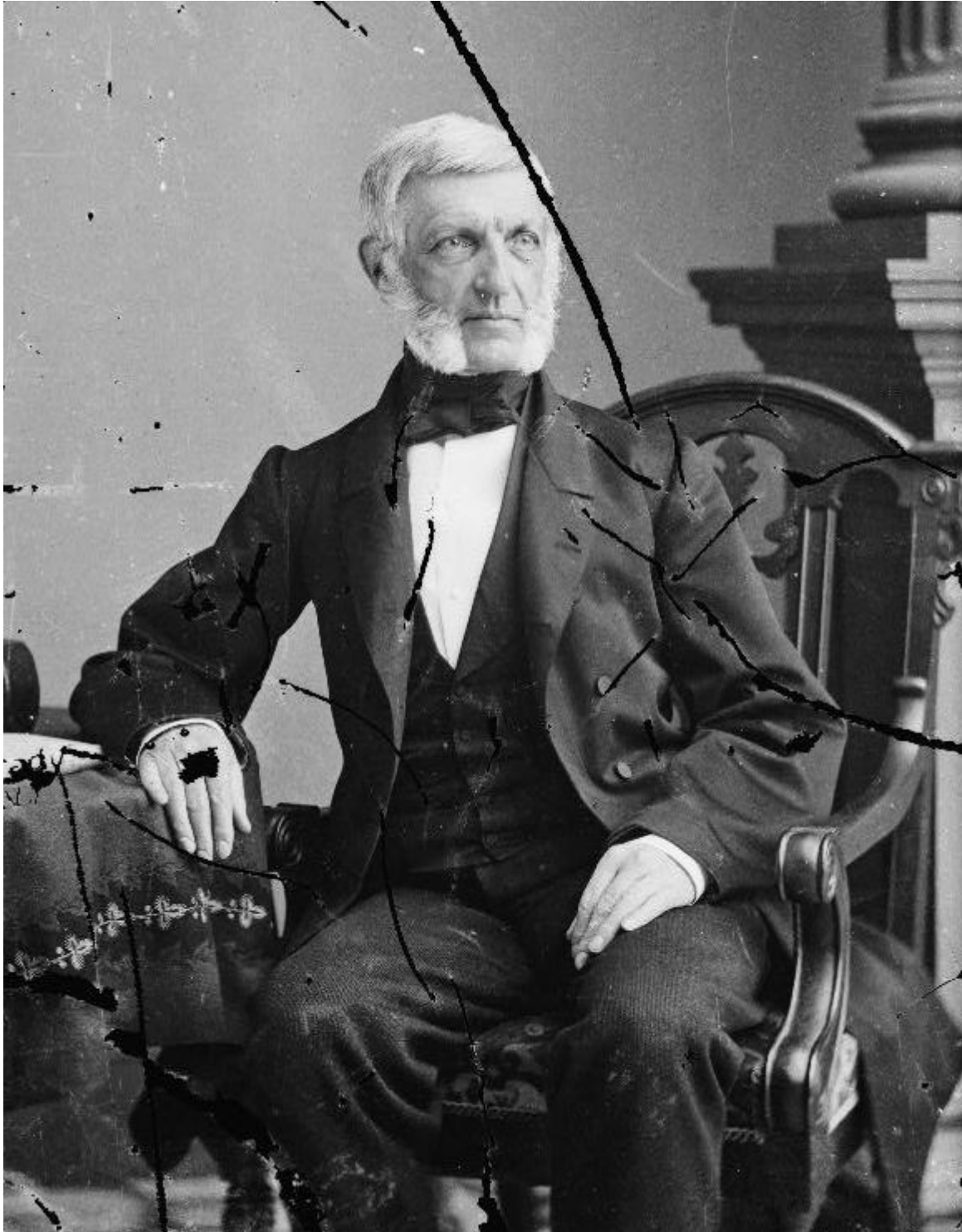
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**1846**

The Free Soil Party was formed as moderate Whigs broke with conservative, status quo Whigs over the issue of [slavery](#). This disruption drew much of the political strength toward the Democrats as the USA declared war upon [Mexico](#). Secretary of the Navy [George Bancroft](#) of Massachusetts refused to support this act of aggression, and both the Whigs and the Democrats became divided on the merits of the action.

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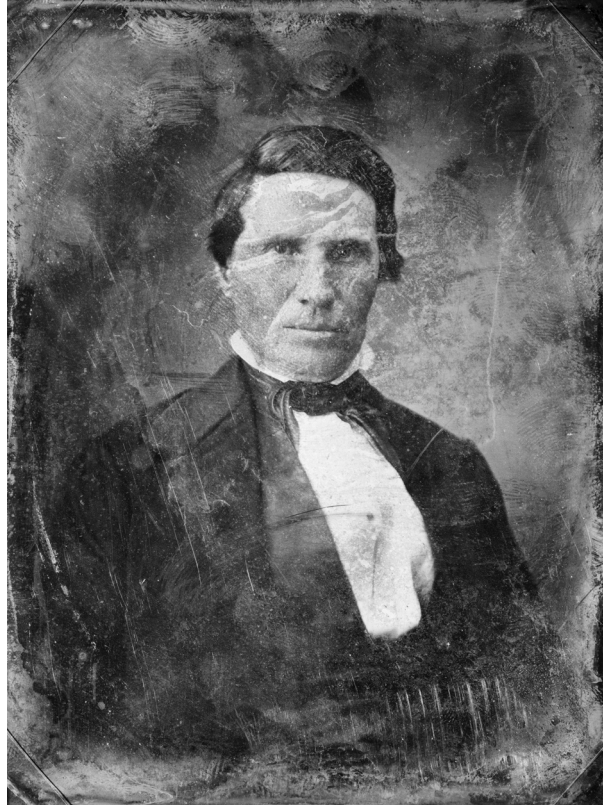


Secretary of the Navy George Bancroft of Massachusetts

# KANSAS

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[Alexander William Doniphan](#) became colonel of the 1st Regiment of Missouri Mounted Volunteers, and would participate during the war on Mexico in several campaigns, including General Stephen W. Kearny's campaign for capture of the settlement at Santa Fe and then continuing into a northern region of Mexico (present day northern New Mexico).



During the War upon Mexico, Lieutenant [William Lewis Herndon](#) would be in command of the brig *Isis*.

WAR ON MEXICO

Governor George Nixon Briggs of Massachusetts refused to grant commissions to militia officers unless they pledged to not to take their units beyond the borders of the state. Caleb Cushing raised a regiment which would serve in the war as a unit of the Regular US Army. In Massachusetts, the Liberty Party received larger voter support than it had ever before received.

**"HUCKLEBERRIES"**: In this country a political speech, whether by Mr. Seward or Caleb Cushing, is a great thing, a ray of light a little thing. It would be felt to be a greater national calamity if you should take six inches from the corporeal bulk of one or two gentlemen in Congress, than if you should take a yard from their wisdom and manhood.

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD  
CALEB CUSHING  
HIGHER LAW  
SLAVERY

During this year, in his journal of his trip to Maine, and later in his published account of the trip, Thoreau would mention this Liberty Party:

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MYRON HOLLEY

WALDO EMERSON

Fall 1846: One after another we filed into the rude lumberers' camp at this place built of logs like those I have described. Here was only the cook to receive us. A phlegmatic well fed personage who set about preparing a cup of tea and hot cakes for his visitors. His fire had been entirely put out and his fire place filled several inches deep by the rain but now it was kindled again –and we sat down on the log benches around it to dry us. The chinks were not filled against the winter –and light & air came in on every side. Here was an odd leaf of the bible –some genealogical chapter to prove their Christianity– And the next things that turned up was Emerson Address on W I Emancipation –which had made two converts to the liberty party here, an odd number of the Westminster Rev. for 1834 –& a pamphlet entitled Hist. of the Erection of the Monument on the grave of Myron Holley –& these were well thumbed and soiled

The men employed in such works as this are Jacks at all trade, who are handy at various things and accustomed to make shifts –skilful with the axe and ruder implements of good judgement and well skilled in wood and water-craft. I observed by their poles that they sometimes indulged in fishing.

Their hands not restricted to the processes of one trade only –but free and as it were intelligent to practise many. tea was served out to us in tin cups from a huge coffe pot with molasses but no milk of course and hot cakes for solid food

We did ample justice to this fare and when we had done filled our pockets with the never failing sweet cakes which remained –foreseeing that we were not soon to meet such fare again. And so informing John Morrison that we had pocketed all his sweet cakes and exchanging our batteau for a better we made haste to improve the little daylight that remained. The dam had smoothed over many a rapid for us where formerly there was a rough current to be resisted –

Beyond there was no trail –and the river and lakes was the only practicable rout. We were from 25 to 30 miles from the summit of the Mt –(though not more than 20 perhaps –in a straight line<sup>5</sup>

WEST INDIES EMANCIPATION

5.The Twin Lakes, like Quakish Lake, are enlargements of the Penobscot River. It is easy for a canoeist, unfamiliar with the area, to spend long hours seeking the river inlet to the lakes. Thoreau's party was fortunate to have an experienced guide, in attempting a crossing at night.



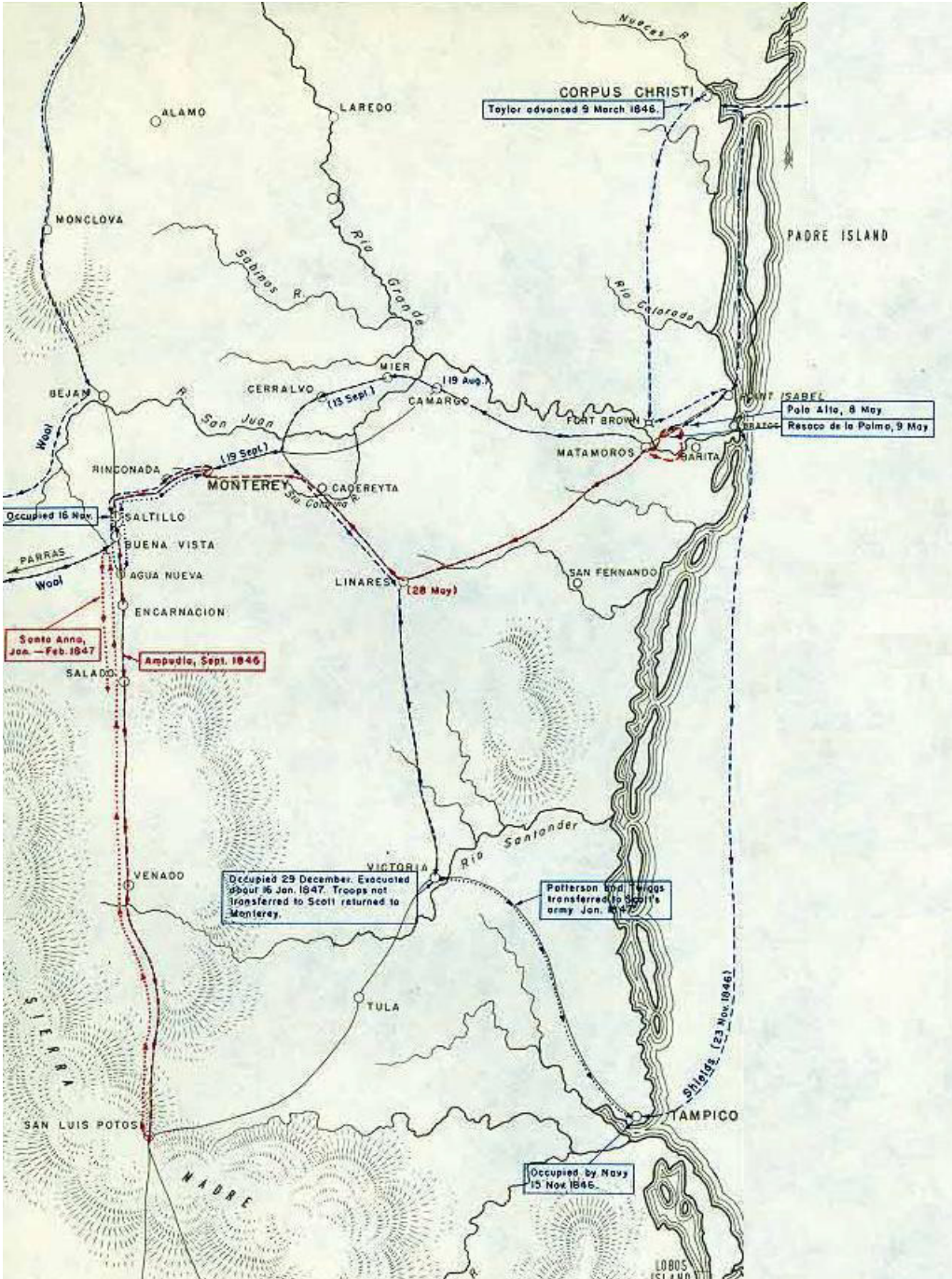
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THE MAINE WOODS: We filed into the rude logger's camp at this place, such as I have described, without ceremony, and the cook, at that moment the sole occupant, at once set about preparing tea for his visitors. His fireplace, which the rain had converted into a mud-puddle, was soon blazing again, and we sat down on the log benches around it to dry us. On the well-flattened and somewhat faded beds of arbor-vitae leaves, which stretched on either hand under the eaves behind us, lay an odd leaf of the Bible, some genealogical chapter out of the Old Testament; and, half buried by the leaves, we found Emerson's Address on West India Emancipation, which had been left here formerly by one of our company, and **had made two converts to the Liberty party here**, as I was told; also, an odd number of the Westminster Review, for 1834, and a pamphlet entitled History of the Erection of the Monument on the grave of Myron Holly. This was the readable, or reading matter, in a lumberer's camp in the Maine woods, thirty miles from a road, which would be given up to the bears in a fortnight. These things were well thumbed and soiled. This gang was headed by one John Morrison, a good specimen of a Yankee; and was necessarily composed of men not bred to the business of dam-building, but who were Jacks-at-all-trades, handy with the axe, and other simple implements, and well skilled in wood and water craft. We had hot cakes for our supper even here, white as snow-balls, but without butter, and the never-failing sweet cakes, with which we filled our pockets, foreseeing that we should not soon meet with the like again. Such delicate puff-balls seemed a singular diet for back-woodsmen. There was also tea without milk, sweetened with molasses. And so, exchanging a word with John Morrison and his gang when we had returned to the shore, and also exchanging our batteau for a better still, we made haste to improve the little daylight that remained. This camp, exactly twenty-nine miles from Mattawamkeag Point, by the way we had come, and about one hundred from Bangor by the river, was the last human habitation of any kind in this direction. Beyond, there was no trail; and the river and lakes, by batteaux and canoes, was considered the only practicable route. We were about thirty miles by the river from the summit of Ktaadn, which was in sight, though not more than twenty, perhaps, in a straight line.

EMERSON

HOLLEY





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January 14, Wednesday: [Brigham Young](#) “got married” with Margaret Alley.



At the Methodist Mission in the [Kansas Territory](#), the [Kansa tribespeople](#) ceded 2,000,000 acres of land and agreed that within 16 months they would relocate themselves to the region southeast of Council Grove.

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

[Waldo Emerson](#)'s 43d birthday.



Louis-[Napoléon](#) Bonaparte escaped imprisonment in Ham in France and made his way toward London.

Now follows the 2d day's observations I am copying from the journal of Thomas Swann Woodcock, one of the [tourists](#) who took the popular tour of this decade to the [Niagara Falls](#).

*Left Albany at 9 O'Clock by the Railway for Schenectady, a distance of 17 Miles, for which 62.5 cents is charged, we were drawn by Horses about 2 Miles, being a steep ascent, we then found a Steam Engine waiting for us (built by Stephenson and called the John Bull) the road is then quite level for 14 Miles through the poorest Country I ever saw, the sand banks are so loose that trees have been cut down and laid upon them, to promote vegetation and prevent the sand from drifting, the sides of the Road are plentifully strewn with wild flowers, amongst which I perceived the blue lupin in great abundance, we at length stop to have our carriages attached to a stationary Engine which lets us down an inclined plane, from the top of which we have a fine view of Schenectady and part of the Valley of the Mohawk. it is chiefly built of Bricks and is in a low flat situation, and I think a place of no great importance, we arrived at this place at half past 10. from the cars we proceeded to enter our names for the Packet Boat, these boats are about 70 feet long, and with the exception of the Kitchen and bar, is occupied as a Cabin, the forward part being the ladies Cabin, is seperated [sic] by a curtain, but at meal times this obstruction is*



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removed, and the table is set the whole length of the boat, the table is supplied with every thing that is necessary and of the best quality with many of the luxuries of life, on finding we had so many passengers, I was at a loss to know how we should be accomodated [sic] with berths, as I saw no convenience for anything of the kind, but the Yankees ever awake to contrivances have managed to stow more in so small a space than I thought them capable of doing, the way they proceed is as follows - The Settees that go the whole length of the Boat on each side unfold and form a cot bed. the space between this bed and the ceiling is so divided as to make room for two more, the upper berths are merely frames with sacking bottoms, one side of which has two projecting pins, which fit into sockets in the side of the boat, the other side has two cords attached one to each corner, these are suspended from hooks in the ceiling, the bedding is then placed upon them, the space between the berths being barely sufficient for a man to crawl in, and presenting the appearance of so many shelves, much apprehension is always entertained by passengers when first seeing them, lest the cords should break, such fears are however groundless, the berths are allotted according to the way bill the first on the list having his first choice and in changing boats the old passengers have the preference, the first Night I tried an upper berth, but the air was so foul that I found myself sick when I awoke, afterwards I choose an under berth and found no ill effects from the air, these Boats have three Horses, go at quicker rate and have the preference in going through the locks, carry no freight, are built extremely light, and have quite Genteel Men for their Captains, and use silver plate. the distance between Schenectady and Utica is 80 Miles the passage is \$3.50 which includes board, there are other Boats called Line Boats that carry at a cheaper rate, being found for half of the price mentioned, they are larger Boats carry freight have only two horses, and consequently do not go as quickly, and moreover have not so select a company, some Boats go as low as 1 cent per Mile the passengers finding themselves. The Bridges on the Canal are very low, particularly the old ones, indeed they are so low as to scarcely allow the baggage to clear, and in some cases actually rubbing against it, every Bridge makes us bend double if seated on anything, and in many cases you have to lie on your back. the Man at the helm gives the Word to the Passengers. "Bridge" "very low Bridge" "the lowest in the Canal" as the case may be, some serious accidents have happened for want of caution, a young English Woman met with her death a short time since, she having fallen asleep with her head upon a box had her head crushed to pieces, such things however do not often occur, and in general it affords amusement to the passengers who soon immatate [sic] the cry, and vary it with a command, such as "All Jackson men bow down." after such commands we find few Aristocrats, an anecdote is told of one man, who after travelling on the Canal got under the bed in his sleep, and when partially awake durst not lift up his head. a man who slept near me, got up early in the Morning and going to his comrades berth drew his hand gently over his face, at the same time calling out "Bridge" when he suddenly started up amidst the laughter of the passengers. The Canal was within sight of the Mohawk River, in some cases only the towing path being between, the wall rising from the Channel of the river and being elevated 20 or 30 feet. This is the Valley





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of the Mohawk. so narrow is it in some places that there seems scarcely room for the River the Road and the Canal which pass through it, the scenery is not unlike that of the Valley of the Wye in Derbyshire. the land is perfectly flat and of a fine alluvial soil, said to be the richest in the State, it is held almost exclusively by persons of German extraction who preserve the language and customs of their ancestors, this level region is called the German Flats, and is so famous for its fertility that nothing can induce the Germans to sell, it is valued at \$200 per acre, though the uplands can be bought for \$40. these Germans are enemies to all improvement, are very industrious, but not very cleanly in their habits, in the broad parts of the Valley there are some Dutch Villages which have a very neat appearance, at Frankfort 10 miles from Utica we commence on the long level which is 69.5 miles without a lock, we arrived in Utica at about half 8 O'Clock AM. I had resolved to stay at this place and visit Trenton Falls, but owing to the unfavourable [sic] state of the Weather I concluded to proceed, our Boat went close alongside the Packet for Rochester, so we had only to step out of one onto the other, which as soon as we had done she immediately sailed, we paid \$6.50 each the distance being 160 Miles, our living was first rate, we passed through Utica, which seemed to be a large and important place, we could see five Rows of Brick Stores, and the place had an appearance of prosperity, at this place we took on several passengers who had come by stage, having left the Railway Station at the same time we did, they certainly got in about 5 hours before us but the roads were so bad that they complained of sore bones, and preferred the boat which though not the quickest, is decidedly the most pleasant way of travelling, one of these was a Liverpool Lumber Merchant on his way to Canada, but who was going out of his route to see the "Falls." Three Miles West of Utica we pass through the Village of Whitesboro' [Whitestown] where Marshalls Weaving Factory is located, the Mill can be seen at a distance, surrounded by small cottage Houses, there was a person of the Name of John Harper who left Manchester about 3 years before I did who settled in this place. It was my Intention to have called upon him, as however I could not do so, I jumped off the Boat near the bridge ran into a store and enquired if he still lived there, after ascertaining that fact I got on board again, this is a most beautiful village, and is called an Old Settlement, but you will judge of its age when I tell you that it was a Wilderness in 1785. it is called after White a native of Connt [sic] who was the first settler. here is a manual labour [sic] school which is in successful operation, the student paying his own expenses by the sweat of his brow, after passing through various settlements with high sounding names of Indian and Classical origin we arrived at Syracuse, famous for its Salt Manufactories. the vats for the evaporation of the Water from the Salt by the suns rays may be seen on both sides of the Canal on the Western extremety [sic] of the village, light wooden roofs are kept ready to slide over these vats in bad weather, and the salt is taken out once in two or three days. Salina is about 1.5 Miles from Syracuse, and as its name indicates, is a Salt establishment, the mode of evaporation here is that of boiling. Liverpool is about 6 Miles distant on the edge of the Lake (which is about 6 Miles long and 2 broad), these and other villages are solely employed in the Manufacture of Salt, there



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*is a canal here that runs to Oswego on Lake Ontario, which had I have known at the time, I would have taken as the best route to the "falls," as I should then have touched at Toronto the Capital of U.C. We then pass through Palmyra, and over the Grand Embankment 72 feet high and extending 2 Miles, we at length arrived at Rochester at Eleven 0 Clock P.M. and went immediately to the Clinton Hotel where we staid for the Night, this City is elevated 500 feet above the Hudson River, from which place it is distant 270 Miles, it was first settled in 1812, and in 1827 contained 10,818 Inhabitants, the Genesee River runs through the City, the Canal being carried over by means of an aquaduct [sic]. it consists of ten arches of stone. the water rushes under with fearful rapidity, so much as to force itself up the battlements of the bridge, the water power is estimated at 38,400 horses, the whole river supplies 20,000 cubic feet a Minute; and the combined height of the falls of Rochester and Carthage is 280 feet, the water of course is so rapid as to prevent navigation. After getting breakfast we proceeded to the Village of Brighton in order to find out David Miller an acquaintance [sic] of G Woodward. it is situated about 3 Miles from the City. when we arrived there we found he had removed 3 or 4 Miles to the Northward, and accordingly shaped our course that way, after taking the wrong road for about 2 Miles, we had to retrace our Steps, proceeding in our right course we soon got into the Woods, which are now for the first time thought worth the time to subdue, everything here is new but the Forests, log houses of all grades from the Whitewashed, neatly fenced in, to the black looking, mud-surrounded hovel. the roads are of the kind called corderoy [sic] consisting of logs of Wood rolled together. I have for the first time observed the practise of Girdling that is cutting the bark all around the tree so as to prevent the rising of the sap. Capt Basil Hall calls them the Banquos of the Forest. I have seen few large trees, in that I have been disappointed, but here they certainly attain their full growth, but they are so closely packed together that they cannot send out side shoots but run towering up to a great height, when left standing by themselves the wind soon blows them down, it is also next to impossible to pass through these woods, on account of the vast quantities of decayed matter, the trees of former Generations lie in vast heaps in all the stages of decomposition, you may observe the prostrate trunk of some deceased Monarch that is apparantly [sic] sound, but if you but step upon it, it crumbles to dust, the rays of the sun cannot penetrate these recesses, consequently there is no grass or underwood, it is only in the thinly wooded country that cattle can find pasture. still when this land is cleared, it yields enormous crops. We at length reached the house of David Miller, for house it was, and the only one near, the rest being merely log huts, on making enquiries at the door we learned that he had that Morning gone to the State of Michigan, to see his Father who was lying dangerously ill, we found his daughter at home who desired us to walk in and be seated. without asking us any questions she proceeded to get us some refreshments ready, and very soon placed them on the table, this from a girl not over 13 years of age, was what I should not have suspected. I found her to be very intelligent, it seems she was left the sole housekeeper, with a small child to take care of, we had some of the best bread served up that I ever tasted, and on asking*

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whether it was not mixed up with milk instead of water, found that was the case, and a young Man her Uncle, who afterwards came in told me he never saw any other kind, it seems that Miller sold his other farm for \$30 per acre, it was on the banks of the canal, but had not a good house, he bought the present farm 2 years ago for \$37 with an excellent House upon it worth \$500. it consists of 51 acres, it was partially improved, he has cut down more since and has got a crop upon it, he now considers it worth with the crop as it now stands \$62. this land you must bear in mind though called cleared has an immense number of stumps upon it which will take years to eradicate, a person of the name of Pipkin has bought 200 acres of beautiful really clear land, with a Mansion upon it, for \$200 per acre, a person opposite him bought 4 acres with an house upon it for which he paid \$300 per acre, this land he told me had been worked for 20 years without putting anything upon it. Returned to Rochester in the Afternoon, took a survey of the flour Mills, which are fine stone Building of an immense size, at 5 0 Clock went on board the Canal Boat, the distance to Buffaloe [sic] is 93 Miles, 63 of which is on a level, the fare was \$3.50 but owing to opposition is now reduced to \$1.50. night soon coming on prevented me from seeing much of the Country, the next morning we found ourselves in the Neighbourhood of Lockport. at this place there are five double locks of excellent workmanship which elevate us 60 feet, we are therefore 560 above the Hudson and have attained the same elevation as the "falls" from which place we are only distant about 12 Miles. The following inscription I copied from the stone work on entering the lock. Erie Canal- "Let posterity be excited to perpetuate our free Institutions, and to make still greater efforts, than their Ancestors, to promote Public Prosperity by the recollection that these works of Internal Improvement were achieved by the spirit and perseverance of Republican Freemen." after going through the deep cutting immediately following the locks we arrive at Pendleton, the Entrance to the Tonawanda creek, which I think is very unwisely used for navigation their being a strong current after Rains which must greatly impede the Boats that are coming up, this Creek is used for 12 Miles, we then arrive at Tonawanda, and obtain the first glimpse of Canada and the Niagara River which now is only seperated [sic] from the Canal by an embankment, we here only see one half of the River, Grand Island being in the centre, this Island is about 12 Miles long and is covered with Oak timber, a Boston Company have Steam Saw Mills erected for the purpose of sawing it up into plank, two Ships have just been built here, the first that have been built for the Lake Trade. It was on this Island that Major Noah of New York wished to collect the scattered tribes of Israel. We next arrive at Black Rock, from which place we can distinctly see the buildings on the Canada Side, one large Building had written upon it in large letters "Cloth Establishment", the reason is obvious. John Bull can sell Cloth to his Brother Jonathan Free of duty, consequently he crosses the river for his clothes. Jonathan in turn accomodates [sic] John by letting him have his tea duty free, at half past 2 0 Clock we arrived at Buffaloe [sic], and proceeded to the Mansion House where we put up. Buffaloe is a lake Port. Steam Boats run from here to the far West, a few years ago and this was considered as such, but now nothing short of the Pacific Ocean can be considered such, from



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*the description I had read of this place by Capt. Basil Hall, I had expected to find it a thriving though a small place, and the buildings to be chiefly of wood, but instead of this I found Main Street to be entirely of brick and the Stores really splendid, fine brick buildings were springing up in all directions, at the foot of Main Street there was 17 Brick Stores nearly finished and I was told that they were all ready rented at \$700 a year, how these rents are to be paid I really cannot tell as the Port must be closed 5 Months in the year, the streets were most abominably muddy, they not being paved, a circumstance not to be Wondered at when we find that they cannot speculate in paving stones. I observed that Gentlemen wore their Pantaloons inside their boots to protect them from the mud, this is the place for speculation, the people are all going mad, in the bar rooms of the Hotels plans of intended Towns are stuck up in the same style that play bills are stuck up in Manchester. these plans look very pretty indeed, the lots are laid out quite regular, and every thing cut and dried. a parcel of these lots are put up at Auction, terms so much per cent, say 10 at the day of sale 30 per cent in 2 Months the rest on Bond and Morgage [sic]. the buyer gets a title, they are then puffed off in the newspapers and the individuals go round peddling them, sells them for an advance, pockets the difference and speculates again, sensible men agree that these places will not be settled upon during the present Generation but it serves to speculate upon and for all use full purposes land in the Moon would do just as well, in this way Chicago has been got up, but they have managed to build some houses there, it is 1,000 Miles from Buffaloe, and lots sell for from \$70 to 250 dollars a foot, that is, if a lot of Ground is 25 feet by 100 or so it would be called 25 feet, now this Buffalo is a most corrupt place as regards money matters, the whole of these fine buildings being build upon Credit, should an alteration in the value of money take place, and it most assuredly will, then these men cannot pay their Mortgages, the Banks will then claim them and as I firmly believe the Banks cannot redeem their paper now how will it be then? there is a person here by the name of Rathbun who they say has built up the place, he is the greatest builder, the Greatest Stage Contractor in fact he is at the head of everything and I see by the papers has lately offered Niagara Falls for sale for Manufacturing purposes, now this man is admitted on all hands to be unable to pay his debts and yet his notes pass current for money, the people declaring that they dare not let him break as it would ruin the whole place. a law has been passed in this state to prevent the circulation of small notes, ones and twos are at present uncurrent and illegal and 3s after next August, yet ones are quite in common circulation and those too of other States, none of which are legal under \$5. to sum up the matter it is a fine place, a splendid pyramid, but it is based on a peg. in looking out from my bed room Window I observed that the chimneys had all stages to support them and on paying attention to this circumstance I found that it was to protect them from the violence of the Gales from the Lake which I am told blow with great violence, the waves from the lake last fall made a complete breach in the canal wall and washed sand onto the bank on the other side, in fact in coming along the canal I saw plenty of evidence of the violence of the Wind in the fact of so many trees lying prostrate the roots completely torn out of the*



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*Ground. here I also found great numbers of emigrants ready to embark for the West. great numbers of poor Germans and also many Wealthy Yankees who having sold excellent farms to the Eastward were going into a Wilderness because the land was so very rich. these persons take with them their families, and as the land is so very rich and requires so little cultivation, they become a set of idle vagabonds and but one step removed from the Indians. I have however been told that many of these families are actually suffering from want, they are on the land but the land wants clearing and untill [sic] that is done they have to buy their food and I am told that pork is selling at 2 shillings per lb. and flour at \$15 per barrel.*

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August 1, Saturday: [Margaret Fuller](#) embarked on the steamer *Cambria* for England and Europe, to be foreign correspondent for the [New-York Herald Tribune](#) at \$10.<sup>00</sup> per dispatch (her traveling companions were [Marcus and Rebecca Buffum Spring](#)).<sup>6</sup>

On the island of Norderney, where Clara Schumann and Robert Schumann had gone for a vacation, Clara suffered what was probably a miscarriage.

A Mormon battalion led by Colonel James Allen arrived at [Fort Leavenworth](#) in the [Kansas Territory](#).

As reported in the Concord [Freeman](#), the Woman's Anti-Slavery Society of Concord held in Walden Woods its annual commemoration of the 1834 [emancipation](#) of the slaves of the British West Indies by [William Wilberforce](#). According to the paper, the group included the anti-paganist Reverend [William Henry Channing](#) of Boston:



Rev. W.H. Channing of Boston..., Mr. [Lewis Hayden](#), formerly a slave, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Esq. and Rev. Mr. Skinner, the Universalist clergyman of this place. Rev. Mr. Channing, in his address, if we are correctly informed, went for the formation of a new Union and a new Constitution, and dissolution of all fellowship with slaveholding!

ABOLITIONISM



In all likelihood, [Henry Thoreau](#)'s recent night in the local lockup for refusing to pay his poll tax was not a topic of conversation at this celebration in and near [Thoreau's \(Emerson's\) shanty](#). We note that there is a comment in [WALDEN](#) that reflects the subject of this meeting at the pond:

TIMELINE OF WALDEN

[WALDEN](#): I sometimes wonder that we can be so frivolous, I may almost say, as to attend to the gross but somewhat foreign form of servitude called Negro Slavery, there are so many keen and subtle masters that enslave both north and south. It is hard to have a southern overseer; it is worse to have a northern one; but worst of all when you are the slave-driver of yourself. Talk of a divinity in man! Look at the teamster on the highway, wending to market by day or night; does any divinity stir within him? His highest duty to fodder and water his horses! What is his destiny to him compared with the shipping interests? Does not he drive for Squire Make-a-stir? How godlike, how immortal, is he? See how he cowers and sneaks, how vaguely all the day he fears, not being immortal nor divine, but the slave and prisoner of his own opinion of himself, a fame won by his own deeds. Public opinion is a weak tyrant compared with our own private opinion. What a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines, or rather indicates, his fate. Self-emancipation even in the West Indian provinces of the fancy and imagination, -what Wilberforce is there to bring that about?

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE  
JOSEPH ADDISON  
"CATO, A TRAGEDY"

6. After the Springs returned to America, they and Fuller would continue to be dear friends and would keep up a correspondence. Presumably it was through the Springs that Walt Whitman kept informed of Fuller's activities: "I never met Margaret Fuller, but I knew much about her those years."



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Although we have no direct evidence that Thoreau was present, the consensus opinion of Thoreau scholars is that, most definitely, he would have been present for this occasion.

September 25, Friday: After Santa Fe had been secured, General Stephen W. Kearny left [Colonel Alexander William Doniphan](#) in charge on New Mexico and departed for California. Doniphan's orders were to wait until General Sterling Price arrived with the 2d Missouri Mounted Volunteers, who were coming from Fort Leavenworth in the [Kansas Territory](#), and then escort them to Chihuahua via El Paso, Texas. They were to link with the Brigadier General John E. Wool, who was moving southwest from San Antonio, Texas toward Guerrero and Monclova, Coahuila, with a plan to attack Monterrey, Nuevo León from the west. Kearny had been aware that the Navajo would make use of the occasion, with the Spanish gone, to test these new American soldiers, attempts to negotiate with the Navajo, the Ute, and the Apache having been to little avail. As Colonel Doniphan and his troops waited for General Price, 20 Mexican families were kidnapped by the Navajo, some shepherders killed, and a herd of 2,000 sheep stolen.

From records of the Donner party kept by Hiram Miller and James F. Reed, it would appear that they made camp in the canyon of the South Fork of the Humboldt, southwest of present Elko, Nevada: "Frid 25 September This day we made about Sixteen miles 16 for Six miles a very rough Cannon a perfect Snake trail encamped in the Cannon about 2 miles from its mout."

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?<sup>7</sup>



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

7. 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 skills, explaining that America need not have race problems.





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June 26, Saturday: [John Brown](#) showed up at an assembly of political abolitionists in Syracuse, New York, armed with his son [John Brown, Jr.](#)'s letter of the 24th, and made a speech offering himself as the leader for the forces of a free [Kansas](#). Although [Frederick Douglass](#) stood in the audience and endorsed Brown and his mission, when the money in the hat that had been passed was counted, it was found that only \$60 had been gathered. Brown would have to spend this petty cash on his family.

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.



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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.



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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.



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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.

Clearly, [Captain Brown](#) needed a support organization, a [Secret "Six."](#) if he was going to hope to provoke a 2d great American disunion on the scale of that initial great American disunion known as the "Revolutionary War," one that had placed enslavers in charge of our new nation.

[THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION](#)

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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



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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"](#).

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August: [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) attended the National Free Soil Party Convention in Buffalo, New York.

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The Reverend [Daniel Foster](#) left Salem, Massachusetts for Danvers and was ordained as a Methodist minister.

[Frederick Douglass](#) began a lecture tour of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio with [William Lloyd Garrison](#) and [Stephen Symonds Foster](#).



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August 9, Wednesday: The granite depot for the Fitchburg RR, in [Boston](#), was completed.

The Liberty Party and the Free Soil Party became one with the call for a Free Soil Party Convention in Buffalo, New York. [John Albion Andrew](#) was one of the organizers. That convention would nominate Martin Van Buren and Massachusetts's Charles Francis Adams on a platform of "Free soil, free speech, free labor and free men." The [Brooklyn Eagle](#)—a newspaper that so favored white over black that it is a marvel that it could have been willing to contaminate clean white sheets of paper with black ink—published a news report about the upcoming opposition political convention in Buffalo, predicting that white Americans would be given some fun in preventing colored Americans from participating in the national political process:

**The wild abolitionists will probably insist upon the right of these colored individuals to seats, while the moderate white delegates will refuse to receive their credentials—this will produce some fun.**

**John Van Buren is here, or coming.**

**Ten thousand strangers are in the city, and more are coming.**

**The free soil men hold their meeting, in part, to-night.**

**The great struggle will be between Judge McLean and Martin Van Buren. No other candidates are mentioned.**

**There are delegations here from Wisconsin, and from every free State in the Union. All of these delegations are caucusing to-night.**

**Mr. Van Buren will be nominated; his friends are urging his nomination by every argument they can devise.**

Salmon Portland Chase would write most of the platforms for this Free Soil Party. The party's main agenda would be no more slave states and no more slave territories. Its platform would call for an end to slavery in the territories and a ban on the admission of any new slave states to the union. It would demand free homesteads



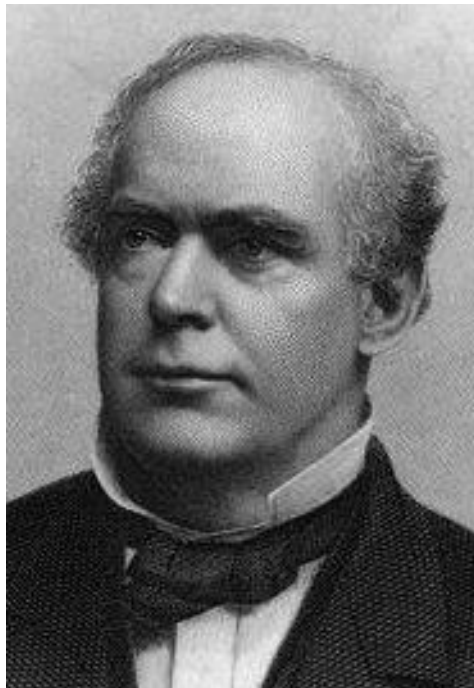
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for western settlers.



“Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Labor, and Free Men,” a slogan that climaxed the platform declarations, would be what would give the new party its name. Delegates from 18 states would adopt the platform. (Martin Van Buren would indeed become their presidential nominee. Although far from being a radical anti-slavery man, he had opposed on anti-slavery grounds the annexation of Texas. In the election, he would fail to carry a single state.)



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November 7, Tuesday: Presidential election day. The candidates were the Whig Zachary Taylor, the Democrat [Lewis Cass](#), and the Free Soil Party candidate Martin Van Buren. Until this point the Whigs had been the expectable victors in Massachusetts elections. However, dramatic “Free-Soil” gains over the Whigs in this election marked the beginning of a long period of political instability. From this point until December 1853, when the tenuous aggregation of the Free-Soilers, [Know-Nothings](#), temperance one-issue people, and Irish Catholics with the Democratic Party would begin to unravel, this uneasy coalition would have to hope for divisions within the Whig Party in order to achieve any victory at the Massachusetts polls.

### THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

This defeat marked the end of Martin Van Buren’s political career. Henry Clay had been betrayed by his friends and denied the Whig nomination. He commented ironically, in a speech at New Orleans, in regard to the presidential candidacy of the uncouth General Zachary Taylor, “I wish I could slay a Mexican” (what he meant was that maybe, could he have brought himself to be similarly uncouth, it might have been him that the Whigs nominated). There would be an echo of Clay’s sarcastic political remark “I wish I could slay a Mexican” in Thoreau’s [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#): “I felt as if I could spit a Mexican with a good relish.”

### TIMELINE OF WALDEN



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PEOPLE OF  
WALDEN

**WALDEN:** On gala days the town fires its great guns, which echo like popguns to these woods, and some waifs of martial music occasionally penetrate thus far. To me, away there in my bean-field at the other end of the town, the big guns sounded as if a puff ball had burst; and when there was a military turnout of which I was ignorant, I have sometimes had a vague sense all the day of some sort of itching and disease in the horizon, as if some eruption would break out there soon, either scarlatina or canker-rash, until at length some more favorable puff of wind, making haste over the fields and up the Wayland road, brought me information of the "trainers." It seemed by the distant hum as if somebody's bees had swarmed, and that the neighbors, according to Virgil's advice, by a faint *tintinnabulum* upon the most sonorous of their domestic utensils, were endeavoring to call them down into the hive again. And when the sound died quite away, and the hum had ceased, and the most favorable breezes told no tale, I knew that they had got the last drone of them all safely into the Middlesex hive, and that now their minds were bent on the honey with which it was smeared.

I felt proud to know that the liberties of Massachusetts and of our fatherland were in such safe keeping; and as I turned to my hoeing again I was filled with an inexpressible confidence, and pursued my labor cheerfully with a calm trust in the future.

When there were several bands of musicians, it sounded as if the village was a vast bellows, and all the buildings expanded and collapsed alternately with a din. But sometimes it was a really noble and inspiring strain that reached these woods, and the trumpet that sings of fame, and I felt as if I could spit a Mexican with a good relish, -for why should we always stand for trifles?- and looked round for a woodchuck or a skunk to exercise my chivalry upon. These martial strains seemed as far away as Palestine, and reminded me of a march of crusaders in the horizon, with a slight tantivy and tremulous motion of the elm-tree tops which overhang the village. This was one of the *great* days; though the sky had from my clearing only the same everlastingly great look that it wears daily, and I saw no difference in it.

VIRGIL

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

WAR ON MEXICO

After the election of a Whig as president, Zachary Taylor, the friends of [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#), such as [Henry Wadsworth Longfellow](#) and [James Russell Lowell](#), took up a subscription for his support.

[William J. Brown](#) of [Providence, Rhode Island](#) would recollect a tactful speech he made (we will forgive him if what he would report later is perhaps more like the speech he could have made, would have made, should have made, than like the speech he actually did make, as such is a common failing among aged recollectors), as follows:



PAGES 94-95: The Law and Order party broke up, the colored voters went over to the Whig party, the most of the Law and Order party being Whigs, still claiming our support. Their candidate for President was a slaveholder, Zachary Taylor. We did not like the



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idea of voting for a slaveholder, and called a meeting on South Main Street to see what we should do. I opposed the meeting being held in that part of the city, fearing it would prove injurious to my interest. I was in that part of the city working at shoe making, my custom was good, and I knew that if I attended that meeting and spoke in favor of the Whig candidate, I should lose their custom and perhaps get hurt. I could not speak in favor of the Democratic candidate for I was opposed to that party. I was obliged to attend the meeting in the third ward. I was at my wit's ends to know what to do. I attended the meeting and found the place packed with people, and about one hundred and fifty people filled out to the hall door. The meeting was opened when I arrived, Mr. Thomas Howland presiding as chairman. I went in and took the farthest corner of the room. George C. Willis was called, and took his position in front of the stage; addressing the chairman, he remarked, that we were in a very curious position; we must be decided in favor of one party or the other, and his opinion was of the two evils, we must choose the least; and his choice was in favor of Zachary Taylor, the Whig candidate. Several others spoke, and in harsh terms denounced the Democratic party. I was then called, and tried to decline, but the call came from every one, Brown, Brown. I was compelled to speak. I arose, addressed the president, and told the audience we were called together to settle a very grave question, which as citizens, it was our duty to decide which of the two parties we were to support. We were not to decide upon the man, but the party. If we were to decide on the candidate, it would be not to cast a vote for Taylor, for he is a slaveholder; and this I presume is the feeling of every colored voter, but we are identified with the Whig party, and it is the duty of every colored person to cast his vote for the Whig party, shutting his eyes against the candidate; as he is nothing more than a servant for the party; but I wish it understood that I am not opposed to either party as such; because I believe there are good and bad men in both parties. I have warm friends in the Democratic party, which I highly esteem, and who would take pleasure at any time in doing me a favor. Some of them are my best customers; but in speaking of the party, those men know well the duty demanded of them by their party, and would not neglect it for the sake of accommodating me. I blame no man for carrying out the principles of his party. He has a perfect right to do so, for this is a free country, and we all have a right alike to enjoy our own opinion; there being two parties we are stirred up to action. It makes lively times, and I hope the times will continue to be lively, and our meetings to increase in number, for the more we have, and the larger the attendance upon them, the more my business will increase, for the more shoes that are worn out in attending these meetings, the more custom I shall have. I sat down amid loud cheering. It was a bitter pill for us to vote for a man who was a slaveholder; but placing him in the light of a servant for the party, and we identified with that party, we managed to swallow it down whole. After voting to sustain Zachary Taylor as a candidate for the next Presidential election, we closed the meeting.



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1850

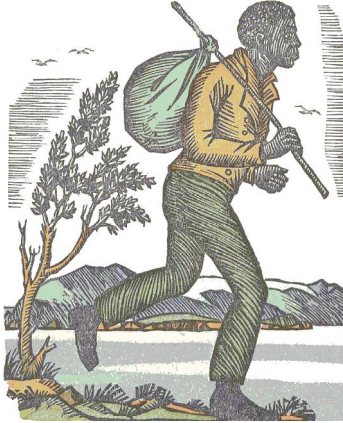
By this year [Thaddeus Hyatt](#) was married to Emeline or Emmeline Winans (1815-1870), who would bear him no children.

The mechanization of agriculture began. Mechanical reapers, and later the internal combustion engine (and consequently the tractor) altered the face of the world — and the growth and increasing urbanization of the world population. Between 1860 and 1920, about 1,000,000,000 acres of new land were brought under cultivation, with another 1,000,000,000 acres coming into production during the following six decades. Improvements in shipping, refrigeration, and processing further industrialized this process. Today's American farmer receives 4% of the price of chicken in the store and 12% of the price of a can of corn.

During this decade Joseph Henry of the [Smithsonian Institution](#), exploiting the popularity of the writings of Humboldt in an utterly typical and enviably wrongheaded manner, would be espousing a novel and dangerous notion: in this best of all possible worlds, rain follows the plow. All we need to do, therefore, in this best of all possible worlds, to transform the arid high grasslands of the center of the North American continent into an edenic paradise, is determinedly to turn that arid sod and till that arid soil. As in baseball's field of dreams, if you build it they will come! "They," in this case, would turn out to be the vast black clouds of dust and despair of the 1930s: the Dustbowl. [Ecology](#) will not be mocked. By this point fully half of the native-born Vermonters had abandoned its rocky soil for points west. Sometimes entire towns moved as groups. [Herman Melville](#) would comment after a tour during the 1850s, that "Some of these mountain townships ... look like countries depopulated by plague and war. Every mile or two a house is passed untenanted." [Horace Greeley](#) would embrace this wish-fulfillment fantasy: "Go West, Young Man!" The rolling plains of [Illinois](#) would turn out to possess singular advantages not only in terms of a more fertile soil but also in terms of a scale more appropriate to the emergence of labor-saving farm machinery. The dry plateaus of Oklahoma, the [Kansas Territory](#), Colorado, and the Texas panhandle would prove to be another, no less rocky, disappointment. And when they did turn the land into an ecological disaster, where would be Joseph Henry of the Smithsonian to say that "he was sure sorry"; where would be the federal government to make up for its poor imperial advice by the rendering of assistance to the distressed?

1851

April: In this month and the next, the Thomas Simms (Sims) affair would be furnishing [Henry Thoreau](#) with illustrative material for “SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS”. That is to say, the variety of kidnappers known as “slave catchers” were in the process of kidnapping a teenage [Boston](#) waiter known to them as “fugitive slave Sims.” [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) would be defending, but unsuccessfully, as such kidnapping was not then a federal crime but instead a federal perpetration.<sup>8</sup> Friend Seth Concklin had spirited the wife Lavinia and the



children of Peter Still away and they had made it all the way up out of Alabama and out of the South into Indiana — but then at one point Concklin had needed to be away on an errand and, during his absence, the Still family was captured. When he tried to obtain a writ of *habeas corpus* he also was thrown in the Indiana jail. After murdering him, the slave-catchers would restore the black family to its Alabama slavemaster.

The Reverend Samuel Ringgold Ward was summoned from his place of residence in Syracuse, New York to the bedside of his father in Newark, New Jersey:

After his escape, my father learned to read, so that he could enjoy the priceless privilege of searching the Scriptures. Supporting himself by his trade as a house painter, or whatever else offered (as he was a man of untiring industry), he lived in Cumberland County, New Jersey, from 1820 until 1826; in New York city from that year until 1838; and in the city of Newark, New Jersey, from 1838 until May 1851, when he died, at the age of 68.... In April I was summoned to his bedside, where I found him the victim of paralysis. After spending some few days with him, and leaving him very much better, I went to Pennsylvania on business, and returned in about ten days, when he appeared still very comfortable; I then, for a few days, left him. My mother and I knew that another attack was to be feared — another, we knew too well, would prove fatal; but when it would occur was of course beyond our knowledge; but we hoped for the best. My father and I talked very freely of his death. He had always maintained that a Christian ought to have his preparation for his departure made, and completed in Christ, before death, so as when death should come he should have nothing to do BUT TO DIE. “That,” said my father, “is enough to do at once: let repenting, believing, everything else, be sought at a proper time; let dying alone be done at the dying time.” In my last conversation with him he not only maintained, but he felt, the same. Then, he seemed as if he might live a twelvemonth....

8. Under the heading “Pacifist, Thoreau not a” on page 191 of CONCORD: CLIMATE FOR FREEDOM, a history written by the anti-pacifist Ruth R. Wheeler, the incident of the return of Thomas Simms (Sims) is cited as one of the author’s two proof-texts, demonstrating that [Henry Thoreau believed in resisting evil](#), and was characterized as follows:



Henry Thoreau at this time (April, 1851) expressed himself at length and bitterly in his Journal. He was proud to read that the man who made the prayer on the wharf was Daniel Foster of CONCORD but when he thought what a short time Foster had lived in Concord, he was ashamed that the Buttricks and Davises and Hosmers, descendants of the men who had fought at the bridge for their liberty, should be celebrating that fight on April 19th while themselves unwilling to do anything to help three million slaves attain their freedom.

But I would have done with comparing ourselves with our ancestors, for I believe that even they, if somewhat braver and less corrupt than we, were not men of so much principle and generosity as to go to war in behalf of another race in their midst. I do not believe that the North will soon come to blows with the South on this question. It would be too bright a page to be written in the history of the race at present.

History in 1861 was to show how wrong Thoreau was in this estimate.

The man who was converted to a life of violence by the violence of the Simms case was, of course, the Reverend [Daniel Foster](#), the [Concord](#) minister who had attracted notice by praying on the dock in 1851 as Simms was being extradited from Boston to Savannah GA in 1851 — not Thoreau. Leaving the Concord church, Foster had become Chaplain of the Massachusetts House of Representatives and was in attendance when Captain [John Brown](#) spoke before a committee about the [Kansas Territory](#) troubles. Almost immediately afterward he quit his Chaplaincy and moved to Kansas, “convinced that our cause must receive a baptism of blood before it can be victorious.”

*I expect to serve in Capt. John Brown’s company in the next Kansas war, which I hope is inevitable & near at hand.*

(Clearly, Wheeler was neither a reader with any capacity to recognize sarcasm nor a writer with any capacity to reserve judgment.)



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1852

[Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)'s college chum [Franklin Pierce](#) was elected 14th President of the United States of America, defeating not only the candidate of the Free Soil Party party, the abolitionist John Parker Hale, but also the victorious General Winfield Scott, the Whig candidate who had been favored in the election. Scott's defeat would draw attention to the crumbling condition of his party.

This had come about in a most interesting manner. Pierce had come out in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law, and so the Southern slavemasters of the Democratic Party had begun to consider him a sympathetic Northerner, and thus a suitable candidate for Vice-President on their ticket (their ideal slate being a vigorous Southern pro-slavery Presidential candidate, combined just for show with one or another Northern pro-slavery ineffective stuffed shirt sellout Vice-Presidential candidate). However, their convention had had an ironclad rule, that only a 2/3rds vote could confirm a slate, and so it had of course become deadlocked, and it remained deadlocked for 48 consecutive ballots — until the deadlock was broken in fatigue by their simply giving up on all their favorite sons, and promoting instead this Northern dark horse into the primary slot on their ticket. This Northern dark horse Pierce would, as he had pledged (and as depicted on a following screen), be appointing an entirely proslavery cabinet. For instance, he would appoint his good ol' buddy [Jefferson Davis](#) the [secessionist](#) as his Secretary of War.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



HDT

WHAT?

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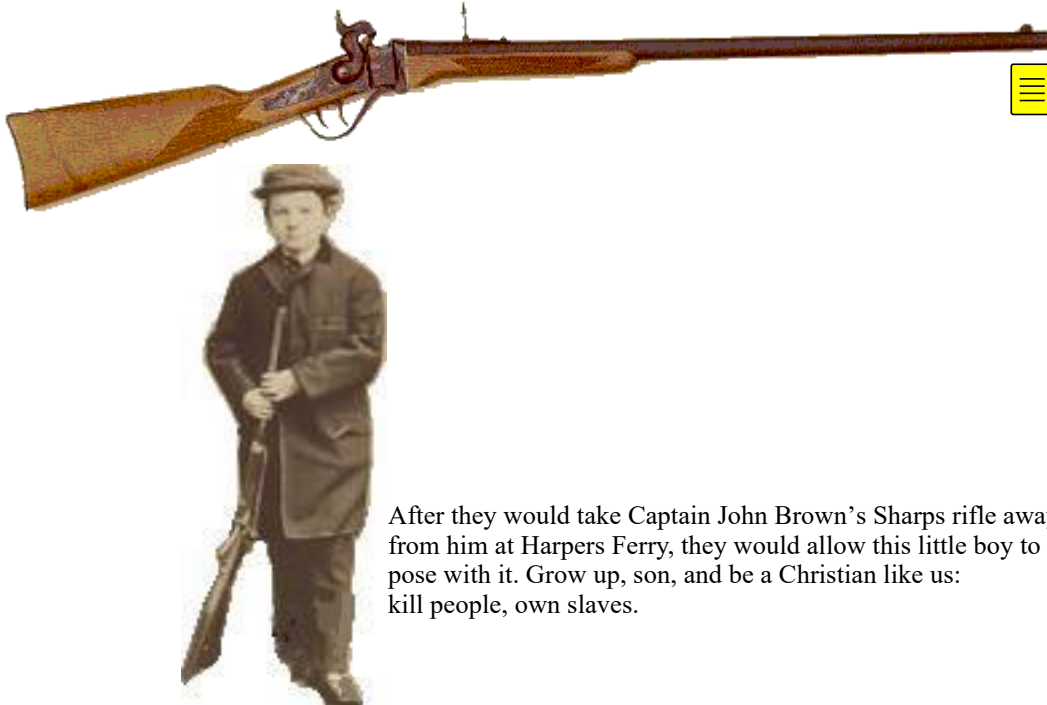
THE GOVERNORS OF KANSAS FROM 1854 TO 1861.

# KANSAS

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The 1st grist mill in the [Kansas Territory](#) was built in Wyandotte County by Mathias Splitlog, a half-breed Wyandotte who would become famous as “the millionaire Indian.” Initially horse-powered, this would grind both wheat and corn.

Samuel G. Arnold was fired by the [Brooklyn Eagle](#) for supporting the Reverend [Henry Ward Beecher](#)’s agenda of sending “Beecher’s Bibles,” that is, Sharps rifles, rather than actual Bibles, to “bleeding” [Kansas](#). He was replaced by Henry McCloskey, who had in 1851 come to the paper as its 1st full-time reporter.



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

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November: At the [Hopedale](#) community, the Reverend John Murray Spear (medium) was seized by the spirit of [Thomas Jefferson](#), which had become an antislavery spirit.



In Oregon and then [California](#), white settlers led by a former Indiana [Quaker](#), Captain Ben Wright (who while on the way by wagon train from [Kansas](#) to the West Coast in 1847 had transformed himself into a notorious Indian hunter, complete with explanatory narrative that he had fallen for a pretty young thing who had then been killed by Indians), after calling for a “peace parley” massacred 41 Modoc natives who had thus been ensnared (Dan L Thrapp, *ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FRONTIER BIOGRAPHY*, U of Nebraska P, 1991; Jeff C. Davis Riddle, *THE INDIAN HISTORY OF THE MODOC WAR AND THE CAUSES THAT LED TO IT*, Marnell and Company, 1914).



An Indiana native named Benjamin Wright had been born on October 10, 1770, so would that have been the father? Ben himself had been born in about 1827 and would die on February 23, 1856. Whatever he had acquired of the spirit, of the light, during his childhood in a Friends meeting, he quickly forgot. Reaching Oregon, Wright enlisted in a militia to put down the Cayuse tribe. After being discharged, he settled along Cottonwood Creek in California, 20 miles north of Yreka, where he continued to kill native Americans, the local Modocs, for the government bounty money. He affected a frontier appearance: buckskins, long hair, a soul patch on his chin. As a serial killer, Wright was of the trophy-collecting type: scalps, fingers, ears, noses, removed from still-living victims. He was fond of alcohol, and



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kept native women as his sexual slaves. When Yreka's gold prospectors raised a militia of 65 men, Ben Wright again enlisted. Peter Burnett, California's 1st civilian governor, had declared that "a war of extermination will continue ... until the Indian race becomes extinct," and the state legislature appropriated \$500,000 to pay for these militia raids. After receiving his bounty money, Wright recruited 20 men for a return to Modoc territory. In a dawn raid on the principal Lost River village of the Modocs, their guns killed more than 12 of these natives who had only bows and spears with which to defend themselves and their families. Then they attacked an island village, where Lost River flowed into Tule Lake, and killed 15 more. When the survivors of the two attacks took shelter in a large cave on the far side of Tule Lake. Wright and his posse piled brush at the cave's mouth and set it afire. After 24 hours of smoke and flames, Wright and his men rode back to Yreka, presuming that they had cooked or smothered the people inside the cave. The following summer Wright took another party into the Tule Lake country and attacked a group of Modocs, killing 30 to 35. When Wright and some other mounted militiamen spotted a couple of Indian women running away, they rode them down, killing one by gunshot. The other, shot only in an arm, Wright finished off with his knife. He then raised a white flag to let it be understood that he sought to negotiate. A large group of Modocs camped nearby to talk. All remained peaceful until on the dawn of the 6th day, the white men encircled the camp. Wright walked into the camp with two revolvers under his serape, and when he came to the native leader, began to shoot and run zigzag through the Indians. His men opened fire with rifles from the periphery. Not a single white was killed, and the number of native fatalities has been variously estimated at 30 to 90, most likely about 50. The California legislature was paying these militiamen at the rate of \$4 a day, which was about 8 times more than the pay of a private in the Army. Captain Wright himself received \$744. His success against the Modocs was rewarded with appointment as Indian agent along Oregon's southern coast, but then in the muddy main street of Port Orford, while drunk, he stripped naked the government interpreter who was his mistress of the moment, Chetcoe Jennie, and whipped her through the town. After being treated in such manner, Jennie formed an alliance with a group of natives under Enos, a Shoshone guide and scout who had previously worked for Wright. In the early hours of February 23, 1856, close to the mouth of the Rogue River, Enos killed Wright with an axe. Several months later when Enos would be hanged by a lynch party, Chetcoe Jennie would be nowhere to be found.



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## CHAPTER 34

# THE STRUGGLE FOR KANSAS<sup>9</sup>

Campaign of 1852.  
Pierce elected President.

349. Pierce elected President, 1852. — It was now Campaign time for a new election. The Whigs had been successful with two old soldiers, so they thought they would try again with another soldier and nominated General Winfield Scott, the conqueror of Mexico. The Democrats also nominated a soldier, Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, who had been in northern Mexico with Taylor. The Democrats and Whigs both said that they would stand by the Compromise of 1850. But many voters thought that there would be less danger of excitement with a Democrat in the White House and voted for Pierce for that reason. They soon found that they were terribly mistaken in their belief.

The Nebraska bill, 1854.  
SOURCE-BOOK, 284-287.  
Douglas asserts Compromise of 1820 to be repealed.

350. Douglas's Nebraska Bill. — President Pierce began his term of office quietly enough. But in 1854 Senator Douglas of Illinois brought in a bill to organize the Territory of Nebraska. It will be remembered that in 1820 Missouri had been admitted to the Union as a slave state. In 1848 Iowa had been admitted as a free state. North of Iowa was the free Territory of Minnesota. Westward from Missouri, Iowa, and Minnesota was an immense region without any government of any kind. It all lay north of the compromise line of 1820 (p. 222), and had been forever devoted to freedom by that compromise. But Douglas said that the Compromise of 1820 had been repealed by the Compromise of 1850. So he proposed that the settlers of Nebraska should say whether that territory should be free soil or slave soil, precisely as if the Compromise of 1820 had never been passed. Instantly there was a tremendous uproar.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.  
The Kansas-Nebraska Act, 1854.  
Antislavery senators attack the bill.  
The Independent Democrats.

351. The Kansas-Nebraska Act, 1854. — Douglas now changed his bill so as to provide for the formation of two territories. One of these he named Kansas. It had nearly the same boundaries as the present state of Kansas, except that it extended westward to the Rocky Mountains. The other territory was named Nebraska. It included all the land north of Kansas and between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. The antislavery leaders in the North attacked the bill with great fury. Chase of Ohio said that it was a violation of faith. Sumner of Massachusetts rejoiced in the fight, for he said men must now take sides for freedom or for slavery. Some, independent Democrats published "An Appeal." They asked their fellow-citizens to take their maps and see what an immense region Douglas had proposed to open to slavery. They denied that the Missouri Compromise had been repealed. Nevertheless, the bill passed Congress and was signed by President Pierce.

Territory opened to slavery.

Abraham Lincoln, Lodge and Roosevelt, HERO TALES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY, 325-335.

352. Abraham Lincoln. — Born in Kentucky, Abraham Lincoln went with his parents to Indiana and then to Illinois. As a boy he was very poor and had to work hard. But he lost no opportunity to read and to study. At the plow or in the long evenings at

Aroused by the Kansas-Nebraska Act.

<sup>9</sup> A SHORT HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FOR SCHOOL USE by Edward Channing, Professor of History in Harvard University, Author of A STUDENTS' HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, etc, with maps and illustrations, 1908



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home by the firelight he was ever thinking and studying. Growing to manhood he became a lawyer and served one term in Congress. The passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act aroused his indignation as nothing had ever aroused it before. He denied that any man had the right to govern another man, be he white or be he black, without that man's consent. He thought that blood would surely be shed before the slavery question would be settled in Kansas, and the first shedding of blood would be the beginning of the end of the Union.

Seward's challenge to the Southerners. McMaster's SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES (NY: American Book Co.), 347-351.

The Sons of the South. Fraudulent election. Hart's SOURCE-BOOK OF AMERICAN HISTORY (NY: Macmillan), 287-289.

Free-state constitution. The Senate refuses to admit Kansas.

Origin of the Republican party. McMaster's SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES (NY: American Book Co.), 352-355. Anti-Nebraska men. Presidential candidates, 1856. Buchanan. Frémont.

Dred Scott decision, 1857. McMaster's SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES (NY: American Book Co.), 355-357; Hart's SOURCE-BOOK OF AMERICAN HISTORY (NY: Macmillan), 290-291. Opinions of the judges.

353. Settlement of Kansas. — In the debate on the Kansas-Nebraska bill Senator Seward of New York said to the Southerners: "Come on, then.... We will engage in competition for the soil of Kansas, and God give the victory to the side that is strong in numbers as it is in right." Seward spoke truly. The victory came to those opposed to the extension of slavery. But it was a long time in coming. As soon as the act was passed, armed "Sons of the South" crossed the frontier of Missouri and founded the town of Atchison. Then came large bands of armed settlers from the North and the East. They founded the towns of Lawrence and Topeka. An election was held. Hundreds of men poured over the boundary of Missouri, outvoted the free-soil settlers in Kansas, and then went home. The territorial legislature, chosen in this way, adopted the laws of Missouri, slave code and all, as the laws of Kansas. It seemed as if Kansas were lost to freedom.

354. The Topeka Convention. — The free-state voters now held a convention at Topeka. They drew up a constitution and applied to Congress for admission to the Union as the free state of Kansas. The free-state men and the slave-state men each elected a Delegate to Congress. The House of Representatives now took the matter up and appointed a committee of investigation. The committee reported in favor of the free-state men, and the House voted to admit Kansas as a free state. But the Senate would not consent to anything of the kind. The contest in Kansas went on and became more bitter every month.

355. The Republican Party. — The most important result of the Kansas-Nebraska fight was the formation of the Republican party. It was made up of men from all the other parties who agreed in opposing Douglas's Kansas-Nebraska policy. Slowly they began to think of themselves as a party and to adopt the name of the old party of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe — Republican.

356. Buchanan elected President, 1856. — The Whigs and the Know-Nothings nominated Millard Fillmore for President and said nothing about slavery. The Democrats nominated James Buchanan of Pennsylvania for President and John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky for Vice-President. They declared their approval of the Kansas-Nebraska Act and favored a strict construction of the Constitution. The Republicans nominated John C. Frémont. They protested against the extension of slavery and declared for a policy of internal improvements at the expense of the nation. The Democrats won; but the Republicans carried all the Northern states save four.

357. The Dred Scott Decision, 1857. — The Supreme Court of the United States now gave a decision in the Dred Scott case that put an end to all hope of compromise on the slavery question. Dred Scott had been born a slave. The majority of the judges



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declared that a person once a slave could never become a citizen of the United States and bring suit in the United States courts. They also declared that the Missouri Compromise was unlawful. Slave owners had a clear right to carry their property, including slaves, into the territories, and Congress could not stop them.

Lincoln's policy.

His debates with Douglas.

McMaster's SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES (NY: American

Book Co.), 388-389; Hart's

SOURCE-BOOK OF AMERICAN HISTORY (NY: Mac-

millan), 290-294.

358. The Lincoln and Douglas Debates, 1858. — The question of the reelection of Douglas to the Senate now came before the people of Illinois. Abraham Lincoln stepped forward to contest the election with him. "A house divided against itself cannot stand," said Lincoln. "This government cannot endure half slave and half free.... It will become all one thing or all the other." He challenged Douglas to debate the issues with him before the people, and Douglas accepted the challenge. Seven joint debates were held in the presence of immense crowds. Lincoln forced Douglas to defend the doctrine of "popular sovereignty." This Douglas did by declaring that the legislatures of the territories could make laws hostile to slavery. This idea, of course, was opposed to the Dred Scott decision. Douglas won the election and was returned to the Senate. But Lincoln had made a national reputation.

HARPER'S FERRY.

Civil war in Kansas. Mc-

Master's SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

(NY: American Book Co.),

357.

John Brown.

The slave constitution.

Douglas opposes Buchan-

an.

359. "Bleeding Kansas." — Meantime civil war had broken out in Kansas, Slavery men attacked Lawrence, killed a few free-state settlers, and burned several buildings. Led by John Brown, an immigrant from New York, free-state men attacked a party of slave-state men and killed five of them. By 1857 the free-state voters had become so numerous that it was no longer possible to outvote them by bringing men from Missouri, and they chose a free-state legislature. But the fraudulent slave-state legislature had already provided for holding a constitutional convention at Leecompton. This convention was controlled by the slave-state men and adopted a constitution providing for slavery. President Buchanan sent this constitution to Congress and asked to have Kansas admitted as a slave state. But Douglas could not bear to see the wishes of the settlers of Kansas outraged. He opposed the proposition vigorously and it was defeated. It was not until 1861 that Kansas was admitted to the Union as a free state.

John Brown's Raid, 1859.

Higginson's YOUNG

FOLKS' HISTORY (NY:

Longmans), 286-289;

Hart's SOURCE-BOOK OF

AMERICAN HISTORY (NY:

Macmillan), 294-296.

He seizes Harper's Ferry.

His execution, 1859.

360. John Brown's Raid, 1859. — While in Kansas John Brown had conceived a bold plan. It was to seize a strong place in the mountains of the South, and there protect any slaves who should run away from their masters. In this way he expected to break slavery in pieces within two years. With only nineteen men he seized Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, and secured the United States arsenal at that place. But he and most of his men were immediately captured. He was executed by the Virginian authorities as a traitor and murderer. The Republican leaders denounced his act as "the gravest of crimes." But the Southern leaders were convinced that now the time had come to secede from the Union and to establish a Southern Confederacy.



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**1853**

The US Army discontinued use of [Fort Scott](#) in the [Kansas Territory](#), named in honor of General Winfield Scott.

With the introduction of the new 1852 [Minié rifled-barrel shoulder weapon](#) firing the new 1847 [Minié spin-stabilized ball](#) to replace its old smooth-bore musket useful only for volley fire, the British Army opened a School of Musketry at Hythe in Kent, training snipers to be able reliably to strike targets 12 inches in diameter at 1,000 yards (this innovation was the red-hot idea of an English officer, [Augustus Lane-Fox](#), who in 1858 would publish a paper entitled “On the improvement of the rifle as a weapon for general use”).



1854

Amos A. Lawrence, co-founder of the emigration company concept, has a town in the [Kansas Territory](#) named after him; after [Kansas](#) would become "[Bleeding Kansas](#)" these emigration companies would be supplying arms and ammunition to their anti-slavery settlers.

The city of Topeka was founded in the [Kansas Territory](#) by 5 anti-slavery activists.

Five of [John Brown](#)'s sons went to the [Kansas Territory](#), taking with them 2 small shotguns and a revolver and staking claims 8 or 10 miles from [Osawatimie](#).



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

The beginning of publication of the Leavenworth [Herald](#), 1st newspaper in the [Kansas Territory](#).

[Thaddeus Hyatt](#) became actively involved in the abolitionist movement after Congress passed the Kansas-Nebraska Act. The law, which mandated that the question of legalizing slavery in the [Kansas Territory](#) be settled by the territory's voters, would spark a race between proslavery and antislavery factions to move to Kansas and tip the ballot boxes. These factions would clash in what would come to be regarded as "Bleeding Kansas." Several state-level committees would be formed to provide aid to antislavery settlers, including the New York Kansas League of which [Hyatt](#) was president (during this year, also, he would be awarded Patent No. 11,695 for a "Vault-Light"). [Hyatt](#) and William Barnes simultaneously but separately embarked on efforts to organize counties in upstate New York to participate in packing the [Kansas Territory](#) with antislavery voters.

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## KANSAS

## KANSAS

Separate publication of the Reverend [Samuel Hopkins](#)'s TREATISE ON THE [MILLENNIUM](#), which had originally appeared in his THE SYSTEM OF DOCTRINES CONTAINED IN DIVINE REVELATION of 1793 and in which he had deduced from prophecies in the books of DANIEL and REVELATION that the millennium would come not far from the end of the 20th Century.



Harriet Beecher Stowe's THE MINISTER'S WOOING, in which the lead character was modeled on the Reverend [Samuel Hopkins](#) of the 1st Congregational Church at [Newport, Rhode Island](#) (who had died in 1803).

As her response to the [Kansas/Nebraska Act](#), Mrs. Stowe urged the women of America to hire lecturers, to circulate copies of speeches and petitions, and to pray. This was published as "An Appeal to the Women of America" in the [Independent](#). A petition she was circulating achieved a total of 3,050 signatures, each of these 3,050 signatures not by a mere female-type woman but by a Man Of The Cloth, a minister — and this was duly presented to the Senate of the United States.

[THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION](#)

## KANSAS

## KANSAS

January: [Jefferson Davis](#) was leading the federal administration's efforts in support of the [Kansas/Nebraska Act](#) (until May).

### THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

Friend [Joseph Sturge](#) had become active in various international peace organizations and at this point journeyed to Russia in an attempt to prevent the Crimean War.



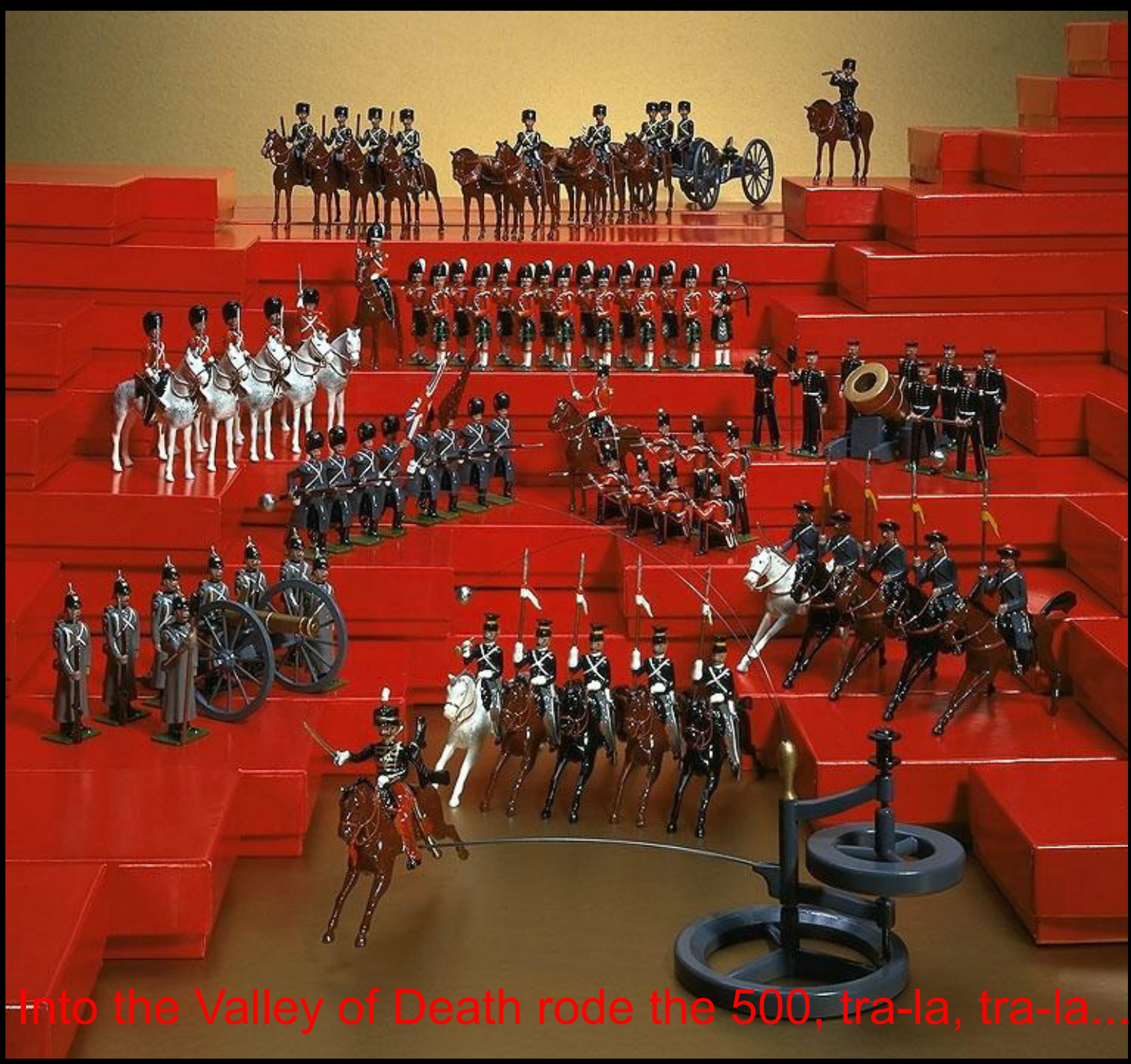
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Into the Valley of Death rode the 500, tra-la, tra-la...



# KANSAS

# KANSAS

February 28, Tuesday: At a meeting called in Ripon, Wisconsin to oppose the [Kansas/Nebraska Bill](#), the decision was reached to launch a new political party under John Fremont to take membership away from the Whigs. The host of this meeting, Alvan Bovay, motioned that the new party be denominated the [Republican Party](#) (the old Republican Party, also known as “Jeffersonian Republicans,” having withered away after losing power in 1825 and had divided into the group that had become known as “Whigs” versus a group of “Democratic Republicans” who had during the regime of President Andrew Jackson assumed the name “Democratic Party”) — and so it was. 

## THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

In [Havana](#), Spanish police boarded an American merchant ship, the *Black Warrior*, and imprisoned her crew under a charge of “violating customs regulations” (after appeals and demands by US authorities as high as President Pierce, the ship would be returned).<sup>10</sup>

March: [Henry Thoreau](#) subscribed to the New-York [Semi-Weekly Tribune](#).

The 1st election for a territorial constitution took place in [Kansas](#).



People were having difficulty understanding how totally technology was changing their lives. As an illustration of this, it had been the custom in the days before the [telegraph](#), to report on departing ships in the newspapers, as they sailed out of port heading for foreign conflicts:

[A]fter all, the news could travel no faster than the ships themselves.... As troops departed for the Crimean peninsula following the declaration of war on Russia by France and Britain in March 1854, the War Ministry in London issued precise details of the number and nature of the forces being deployed.... [D]aily reports of the British plans, lifted from that day’s copy of the [Times](#), could be telegraphed to Russia.

10. Clearly, there’s a terminology problem here. In an effort to resolve this terminology issue, at the Republican National Convention in [New York](#) during August 2004 –at which the [Republican Party](#) would for four days make an effort to strip from its face its mask of hostility to the plight of the downtrodden and reveal its true countenance of benevolent conservatism and concern– these people would be sensitively referred to by a Hoosier Republican running for the US Senate as “involuntary immigrants.”

So, perhaps, this is a good point at which to insert a story about involuntary immigrants that has been passed on to us by Ram Varmha, a retired IBM engineer whose father had briefly served as Maharaja after the independence of Cochin. He relates the story as narrated to him by his paternal grandmother who lived in Thripoonithura, Cochin: “When my grandmother (born 1882) was a young girl she would go with the elder ladies of the family to the Pazhayannur Devi Temple in Fort Cochin, next to the Cochin Lantha Palace built by the Dutch (Landers = Lantha), which was an early establishment of the Cochin royal family before the administration moved to Thripoonithura. My grandmother often told us that in the basement of the Lantha Palace, in a confined area, a family of Africans had been kept locked up, as in a zoo! By my Grandmother’s time all the Africans had died. But, some of the elder ladies had narrated the story to her of ‘Kappiries’ (Africans) kept in captivity there. It seems visitors would give them fruits and bananas. They were well cared for but always kept in confinement. My grandmother did not know all the details but according to her, ‘many’ years earlier, a ship having broken its mast drifted into the old Cochin harbor. When the locals climbed aboard, they found a crewless ship, but in the hold there were some chained ‘Kappiries’ still alive; others having perished. The locals did not know what to do with them. Not understanding their language and finding the Africans in chains, the locals thought that these were dangerous to set free. So they herded the poor Africans into the basement of the Cochin Fort, and held them in captivity, for many, many years! I have no idea when the initial incident happened, but I presume it took place in the late 1700s or early 1800s. This points to the possibility that it was, in fact, a slave ship carrying human cargo from East Africa to either the USA or the West Indies. An amazing and rather bizarre story. Incidentally, this is not an ‘old woman’s tale’! Its quite reliable. My grandmother would identify some of the older ladies who had actually seen the surviving Kappiries.”

## KANSAS

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March 20, Monday evening: A [Fourierite](#) socialist named Alvan Bovay had grown so angered with the failure of the existing political parties to demand the immediate freeing of all slaves that he had called a meeting at Ripon, Wisconsin's Little White Schoolhouse to form a new party. Most of those present were Fourierites, and they chose the name "Republican" because it was, in Bovay's words, "suggestive of equality."

### REPUBLICAN PARTY

The new party adopted a platform that pledged it to seek equality not just for slaves, but for all workers. Its slogan was "Free soil, free speech, free men," and one of its first pledges was to invalidate mortgages held by big banks in order to prevent foreclosure actions against small farmers.

The Republicans sought as well to promote women's rights, defend immigrants, advance trade union organizing, limit the amount of land that any individual could own and forbid corporate monopolies. The intent of the new party, its founders said, was nothing less than to join "the old battle –not yet over– between the rights of the toiling many and the special privileges of the aristocratic few." (It is an open question, whether the hearts of these people were filled with a longing to raise the condition of the lowly, or were animated instead with a lust to level down the overweening. Later on it would become abundantly clear from their own indignant "we are not nigger lovers" testimony that their agenda to eliminate human slavery had never amounted to an agenda to improve the lives of American black people.)

One of the first Wisconsinites attracted to their banner would be Carl Schurz, a leader of the radical German revolution of 1848 — which also had been influenced by Fourier's ideas, as well as those of Karl Marx.



Marx became a writer for [Horace Greeley](#)'s Republican newspaper, the [New-York Tribune](#), which also featured writing by Bovay and Schurz. By 1854, Schurz had settled in Watertown and soon became a leader of Wisconsin's burgeoning German community.



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Schurz rejected invitations to run for office on the Democrat line because he thought the party too conservative. But he joined the new party and, within a few years, became one of its first statewide candidates. Shortly before leaving Wisconsin to join the administration of his close friend and ally, Abraham Lincoln, Schurz addressed students at the University of Wisconsin.

In that speech, he warned against the evils of “the spirit of materialism” and “the pursuit of gain.” Republicans, he argued, sought “a higher order” in which equality would replace greed and other manifestations of “the dark side of the picture.”

In England, the Reverend Samuel Ringgold Ward was winding up his anti-slavery lecture tour:

After ten months' service for the Anti-Slavery Society of Canada, through the Committee in London, its affairs were wound up, some £1,200 having been kindly given to its treasury by the philanthropists of England and Scotland. A large meeting was holden at Crosby Hall on the 20th of March, 1854, the venerable and philanthropic Samuel Gurney, Esq., in the chair; Rev. James Sherman, Samuel Horman Horman-Fisher, Esq., L.A. Chamerovzow, Esq., Rev. James Hamilton, D.D., Rev. John Macfarlane, B.A., Josiah Conder, Esq., together with others, being on the platform; and Joseph Payne, Esq., gracing the occasion with his presence, a speech, and a piece of poetry, the last of which he kindly gave me. I hold it as a memento of its beloved author, and as a remembrance of the friendship wherewith he has been pleased to honour me.



March 21: Tuesday. At sunrise to Clamshell Hill. River skimmed over at Willow Bay last night. Thought I should find ducks cornered up by the ice; they get behind this hill for shelter. Saw what looked like clods of plowed meadow rising above the ice. Looked with glass and found it to be more than thirty black ducks asleep with their heads in their backs, motionless, and thin ice formed about them. Soon one or two were moving about slowly. There was an open space, eight or ten rods by one or two. At first all within a space of apparently less than a rod [in] diameter. It was 6.30 A. M, and the sun shining on them, but bitter cold. How tough they are! I crawled far on my stomach and got a near view of them, thirty rods off. At length they detected me and quacked. Some got out upon the ice, and when I rose up all took to flight in a great straggling flock which at a distance looked like crows, in no order. Yet, when you see two or three, the parallelism produced by their necks and bodies steering the same way gives the idea of order.



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Presumably it was at about this point that [Henry Thoreau](#) brought his manuscript of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) up to date by adding some notes about the story of the pond subsequent to his residency there, comments which are not to be found in any surviving manuscript draft:

Now the trunks of trees on the bottom, and the old log canoe, and the dark surrounding woods, are gone, and the villagers, who scarcely know where it lies, instead of going to the pond to bathe or drink, are thinking to bring its water, which should be as sacred as the Ganges at least, to the village in a pipe, to wash their dishes with! -to earn their Walden by the turning of a cock or drawing of a plug! That devilish Iron Horse, whose ear-rending neigh is heard throughout the town, has muddied the Boiling Spring with his foot, and he it is that has browsed off all the woods on Walden shore; that Trojan horse, with a thousand men in his belly, introduced by mercenary Greeks! Where is the country's champion, the Moore of Moore Hall, to meet him at the Deep Cut and thrust an avenging lance between the ribs of the bloated pest?

April: What would eventually become the “New England Emigrant Aid Company” was chartered by the legislature of Massachusetts, initially under the name “The Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Society.” The men engaged in this, Eli Thayer, Amos A. Lawrence, and others, would begin their work at once, arousing public interest and making arrangements to facilitate emigration to the [Kansas Territory](#).

### THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

The US circuit court for the district of Missouri was holding session in a small back room over a Main Street store in St. Louis. Preliminary skirmishing was taking place before Judge Robert M. Wells in the case of Dred Scott v Sandford.

In [Havana](#), a number of influential slave owners met with US Consul William H. Robertson to urge that he persuade President [Franklin Pierce](#) to send American troops to [Cuba](#) — in order to prevent slave [emancipation](#).

May 30, Tuesday: Kibrisli Mehmed Pasha replaced Mustafa Naili Pasha as Grand Vizier of the Ottoman Empire.

The [Kansas/Nebraska Act](#) was passed by the United States Congress. This left the question of slavery in these territories open to popular vote. Those opposed to slavery would perceive this as a supremely dangerous incursion of slavery into the north.

### THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

In [Boston](#), the New England Anti-Slavery Society met to try to figure out what to do, while the presser of the Brattle Street tailor shop, [Anthony Burns](#), was on trial in the courthouse, on the charge of being a fugitive from enslavement. Behind barricades of ropes stretched across Courthouse Square, the courthouse was being guarded by regiments of US troops. The night was so cold that Thoreau had to go out and cover his watermelon plants.

### RESISTING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

The [Boston Post](#), a Democratic mouthpiece, was editorializing that “What these bold, bad men [the paper instances the Reverend [Theodore Parker](#) and aristocrat [Wendell Phillips](#) by name] are doing, is nothing more



nor less than committing treason.”

A false report had appeared in the [Boston Daily Times](#), on Monday, May 29th, that Friend [John Greenleaf Whittier](#) had offered “any aid, by money or muscle,” to effect a violent rescue of Anthony Burns. (Whittier had in fact incautiously commented in a message that had become generally known, that “anything” would be preferred to sending Burns “out of Boston as a slave.”) On this day Whittier wrote to the newspaper, offering as further explanation of the attitude he was seeking to express, that “I regard all violence as evil and self-destructive.”

In [Concord](#) in the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) went to Clintonia swamp and Pond.



May 30. Tuesday. Whiteweed. *Spergularia rubra*, apparently a day or two, side of railroad above red house. Yarrow. P.M. — To Clintonia Swamp and Pond.

Saw a black snake, dead, four feet three inches long, slate-colored beneath. Saw what was called a California cat which a colored man brought home from California, — an animal at least a third smaller than a cat and shaped more like a polecat or weasel, brown-gray, with a cat-like tail of alternate black and white rings, very large ears, and eyes which were prominent, long body like a weasel, and sleeps with its head between its fore paws, curling itself about; a rank smell to it. It was lost several days in our woods, and was caught again in a tree; about a crow’s nest.<sup>11</sup>

*Ranunculus repens*, perhaps a day or two; channelled peduncle and spreading calyx and conspicuously spotted leaves. The leaves of the tall buttercup are much larger and finely cut and, as it were, peltate. Pickerel are not easily detected, — such is their color, — as if they were transparent. Vetch. I see now green high blueberries, and gooseberries in Hubbard’s Close, as well as shad-bush berries and strawberries.

In this dark, cellar-like maple swamp are scattered at pretty regular intervals tufts of green ferns, *Osmunda cinnamomea*, above the dead brown leaves, broad, tapering fronds, curving over on every side from a compact centre, now three or four feet high. Wood frogs skipping over the dead leaves, whose color they resemble. Clintonia. Medeola. The last may be earlier. I am surprised to find arethusas abundantly out in Hubbard’s Close, maybe two or three days, though not yet at Arethusa Meadow, probably on account of the recent freshet. It is so leafless that it shoots up unexpectedly. It is all color, a little hook of purple flame projecting from the meadow into the air. Some are comparatively pale. This high-colored plant shoots up suddenly, all flower, in meadows where it is wet walking. A superb flower. Cotton-grass here also, probably two or three days for the same reason. *Eriophorum polystachyon* var. *latifolium*, having rough peduncles.

The twigs of the dwarf willow, now gone to seed, are thickly invested with cotton, containing little green seed-vessels, like excrement of caterpillars, and the shrubs look at a little distance like sand cherries in full bloom. These are among the downy seeds that fly.

Found a ground-robin’s nest, under a tuft of dry sedge which the winter had bent clown, in sprout-land on the side of Heywood Peak, perfectly concealed, with two whitish eggs very thickly sprinkled with brown; made of coarse grass and weed stems and lined with a few hairs and stems of the mahogany moss.

The pink is certainly one of the finest of our flowers and deserves the place it holds in my memory. It is now in its prime on the south side of the Heywood Peak, where it grows luxuriantly in dense rounded tufts or hemispheres, raying out on every side and presenting an even and regular surface of expanded flowers. I count in one such tuft, of an oval form twelve inches by eight, some three hundred fully open and about three times as many buds, — more than a thousand in all. Some tufts consist wholly of white ones with a very faint tinge of pink. This flower is as elegant in form as in color, though it is not fragrant. It is associated in my mind with the first heats of summer, or [those] which announce its near approach. Few plants are so worthy of cultivation. The shrub oak pincushion (?) galls are larger, whiter, and less compact than those of the white oak. I find the linnaea, and budded, in Stow’s Wood by Deep Cut.

Sweet flag. Waxwork to-morrow. I see my umbrella toadstool on the hillside has already pierced the ground.

June: The New England Emigrant Aid Company dispatched Dr. Charles Robinson of Fitchburg and Mr. Charles Henry Branscomb of Holyoke to explore the [Kansas Territory](#) and select a site for a colony.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

When a museum opened on the island of [St. Helena](#) its exhibits included a sea serpent and a flying lizard. Were these extincted local species?

11. Ringtail (*Bassariscus astutus*) [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ring-tailed\\_Cat](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ring-tailed_Cat)



June 13, Tuesday: The Leavenworth Town Company was organized (these early [Kansas Territory](#) settlers were primarily from Missouri).

## THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

At 2 PM [Henry Thoreau](#) went by boat to Bittern Cliff, and from there he went to Lee's Cliff.

[Jefferson Davis](#) and [Varina Davis](#)'s son Samuel Emory Davis died.

[Charles Algernon Parsons](#) was born in London.

Documentation of the [international slave trade](#), per W.E. Burghardt Du Bois: "Report submitted by Mr. Slidell, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, on a resolution relative to the abrogation of the eighth article of the treaty with Great Britain of the 9th of August, 1842, etc."—SENATE REPORTS, 34 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 195. (Injunction of secrecy removed June 26, 1856.)

W.E. Burghardt Du Bois: During the decade there was some attempt at reactionary legislation, chiefly directed at the Treaty of Washington. June 13, 1854, Slidell, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, made an elaborate report to the Senate, advocating the abrogation of the 8th Article of that treaty, on the ground that it was costly, fatal to the health of the sailors, and useless, as the trade had actually increased under its operation.<sup>12</sup> Both this and a similar attempt in the House failed,<sup>13</sup> as did also an attempt to substitute life imprisonment for the death penalty.<sup>14</sup> Most of the actual legislation naturally took the form of appropriations. In 1853 there was an attempt to appropriate \$20,000.<sup>15</sup> This failed, and the appropriation of \$8,000 in 1856 was the first for ten years.<sup>16</sup> The following year brought a similar appropriation,<sup>17</sup> and in 1859<sup>18</sup> and 1860<sup>19</sup> \$75,000 and \$40,000 respectively were appropriated. Of attempted legislation to strengthen the laws there was plenty: e.g., propositions to regulate the issue of sea-letters and the use of our flag;<sup>20</sup> to prevent the "coolie" trade, or the bringing in of "apprentices" or "African laborers;"<sup>21</sup> to stop the coastwise trade;<sup>22</sup> to assent to a Right of Search;<sup>23</sup> and to amend the Constitution by forever prohibiting the slave-trade.<sup>24</sup>

The efforts of the executive during this period were criminally

12. SENATE JOURNAL, 34th Congress, 1-2 session, pages 396, 695-8; SENATE REPORTS, 34th Congress, 1st session, I. No. 195.

13. HOUSE JOURNAL, 31 Congress, 2d session, page 64. There was still another attempt by Sandidge. Cf. 26TH REPORT OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, page 44.

14. SENATE JOURNAL, 36th Congress, 1st session, page 274; CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 36th Congress, 1st session, page 1245.

15. CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 32d Congress, 2d session, page 1072.

16. I.e., since 1846: STATUTES AT LARGE, XI. 90.

17. STATUTES AT LARGE, XI. 227.

18. STATUTES AT LARGE, XI. 404.

19. STATUTES AT LARGE, XII. 21.

20. E.g., Clay's resolutions: CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 31 Congress, 2d session, pages 304-9. Clayton's resolutions: SENATE JOURNAL, 33d Congress, 1st session, page 404; HOUSE JOURNAL, 33d Congress, 1st session, pages 1093, 1332-3; CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 33d Congress, 1st session, pages 1591-3, 2139. Seward's bill: SENATE JOURNAL, 33d Congress, 1st session, pages 448, 451.

21. Mr. Blair of Missouri asked unanimous consent in Congress, Dec. 23, 1858, to a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to bring in such a bill; Houston of Alabama objected: CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 35th Congress, 2d session, page 198; 26TH REPORT OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, page 44.

22. This was the object of attack in 1851 and 1853 by Giddings: HOUSE JOURNAL, 32d Congress, 1st session, page 42; 33d Congress, 1st session, page 147. Cf. HOUSE JOURNAL, 38 Congress, 1st session, page 46.

23. By Mr. Wilson, March 20, 1860: SENATE JOURNAL, 36th Congress, 1st session, page 274.

24. Four or five such attempts were made: December 12, 1860, HOUSE JOURNAL, 36th Congress, 2d session, pages 61-2; January 7, 1861, CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 36th Congress, 2d session, page 279; January 23, 1861, CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 36th Congress, 2d session, page 527; February 1, 1861, CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 36th Congress, 2d session, page 690; February 27, 1861, CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 36th Congress, 2d session, pages 1243, 1259.



lax and negligent. "The General Government did not exert itself in good faith to carry out either its treaty stipulations or the legislation of Congress in regard to the matter. If a vessel was captured, her owners were permitted to bond her, and thus continue her in the trade; and if any man was convicted of this form of piracy, the executive always interposed between him and the penalty of his crime. The laws providing for the seizure of vessels engaged in the traffic were so constructed as to render the duty unremunerative; and marshals now find their fees for such services to be actually less than their necessary expenses. No one who bears this fact in mind will be surprised at the great indifference of these officers to the continuing of the slave-trade; in fact, he will be ready to learn that the laws of Congress upon the subject had become a dead letter, and that the suspicion was well grounded that certain officers of the Federal Government had actually connived at their violation."<sup>25</sup> From 1845 to 1854, in spite of the well-known activity of the trade, but five cases obtained cognizance in the New York district. Of these, Captains Mansfield and Driscoll forfeited their bonds of \$5,000 each, and escaped; in the case of the notorious Canot, nothing had been done as late as 1856, although he was arrested in 1847; Captain Jefferson turned State's evidence, and, in the case of Captain Mathew, a *nolle prosequi* was entered.<sup>26</sup> Between 1854 and 1856 thirty-two persons were indicted in New York, of whom only thirteen had at the latter date been tried, and only one of these convicted.<sup>27</sup> These dismissals were seldom on account of insufficient evidence. In the notorious case of the "Wanderer," she was arrested on suspicion, released, and soon after she landed a cargo of slaves in Georgia; some who attempted to seize the Negroes were arrested for larceny, and in spite of the efforts of Congress the captain was never punished. The yacht was afterwards started on another voyage, and being brought back to Boston was sold to her former owner for about one third her value.<sup>28</sup> The bark "Emily" was seized on suspicion and released, and finally caught red-handed on the coast of Africa; she was sent to New York for trial, but "disappeared" under a certain slave captain, Townsend, who had, previous to this, in the face of the most convincing evidence, been acquitted at Key West.<sup>29</sup>

The squadron commanders of this time were by no means as efficient as their predecessors, and spent much of their time, apparently, in discussing the Right of Search. Instead of a number of small light vessels, which by the reports of experts were repeatedly shown to be the only efficient craft, the government, until 1859, persisted in sending out three or four great frigates. Even these did not attend faithfully to their duties. A letter from on board one of them shows that, out of a fifteen months' alleged service, only twenty-two days were spent on the usual cruising-ground for slavers, and thirteen of these at anchor; eleven months were spent at Madeira and Cape Verde Islands, 300 miles from the coast and 3,000 miles from the slave market.<sup>30</sup> British commanders report the apathy of American

25. "The Slave-Trade in New York," in the Continental Monthly, January, 1862, page 87.

26. New York Herald, July 14, 1856.

27. New York Herald, July 14, 1856. Cf. SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 37th Congress, 2d session, V. No. 53.

28. 27TH REPORT OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, pages 25-6. Cf. 26TH REPORT OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, pages 45-9.

29. 27TH REPORT OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, pages 26-7.

30. 26TH REPORT OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, page 54.



officers and the extreme caution of their instructions, which allowed many slavers to escape.<sup>31</sup>

The officials at Washington often remained in blissful, and perhaps willing, ignorance of the state of the trade. While Americans were smuggling slaves by the thousands into Brazil, and by the hundreds into the United States, Secretary Graham was recommending the abrogation of the 8th Article of the Treaty of Washington;<sup>32</sup> so, too, when the Cuban slave-trade was reaching unprecedented activity, and while slavers were being fitted out in every port on the Atlantic seaboard, Secretary Kennedy naïvely reports, "The time has come, perhaps, when it may be properly commended to the notice of Congress to inquire into the necessity of further continuing the regular employment of a squadron on this [i.e., the African] coast."<sup>33</sup> Again, in 1855, the government has "advices that the slave trade south of the equator is entirely broken up;"<sup>34</sup> in 1856, the reports are "favorable;"<sup>35</sup> in 1857 a British commander writes: "No vessel has been seen here for one year, certainly; I think for nearly three years there have been no American cruisers on these waters, where a valuable and extensive American commerce is carried on. I cannot, therefore, but think that this continued absence of foreign cruisers looks as if they were intentionally withdrawn, and as if the Government did not care to take measures to prevent the American flag being used to cover Slave Trade transactions;"<sup>36</sup> nevertheless, in this same year, according to Secretary Toucey, "the force on the coast of Africa has fully accomplished its main object."<sup>37</sup> Finally, in the same month in which the "Wanderer" and her mates were openly landing cargoes in the South, President Buchanan, who seems to have been utterly devoid of a sense of humor, was urging the annexation of Cuba to the United States as the only method of suppressing the slave-trade!<sup>38</sup>

About 1859 the frequent and notorious violations of our laws aroused even the Buchanan government; a larger appropriation was obtained, swift light steamers were employed, and, though we may well doubt whether after such a carnival illegal importations "entirely" ceased, as the President informed Congress,<sup>39</sup> yet some sincere efforts at suppression were certainly begun. From 1850 to 1859 we have few notices of captured slavers, but in 1860 the increased appropriation of the thirty-fifth Congress resulted in the capture of twelve vessels with 3,119 Africans.<sup>40</sup> The Act of June 16, 1860, enabled the President to contract with the Colonization Society for the return of recaptured Africans; and by a long-needed arrangement cruisers were to proceed direct to Africa with such cargoes, instead of first landing them in this country.<sup>41</sup>

31. BRITISH AND FOREIGN STATE PAPERS, 1859-60, pages 899, 973.

32. Nov. 29, 1851: HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 32d Congress, 1st session, II. pt. 2, No. 2, page 4.

33. Dec. 4, 1852: HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 32d Congress, 2d session, I. pt. 2, No. 1, page 293.

34. HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 34th Congress, 1st session, I. pt. 3, No. 1, page 5.

35. HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 34th Congress, 3d session, I. pt. 2, No. 1, page 407.

36. Commander Burgess to Commodore Wise, Whydah, Aug. 12, 1857: PARLIAMENTARY PAPERS, 1857-8, vol. LXI. SLAVE TRADE, Class A, page 136.

37. HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 35th Congress, 1st session, II. pt. 3, No. 2, page 576.

38. HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 35th Congress, 2d session, II. pt. 1, No. 2, pages 14-15, 31-33.

39. SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 36th Congress, 2d session, I. No. 1, page 24. The Report of the Secretary of the Navy, 1859, contains this ambiguous passage: "What the effect of breaking up the trade will be upon the United States or Cuba it is not necessary to inquire; certainly, under the laws of Congress and our treaty obligations, it is the duty of the executive government to see that our citizens shall not be engaged in it": SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 36th Congress, 1st session, III. No. 2, pages 1138-9.

40. SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 36th Congress, 2d session, III. pt. 1, No. 1, pages 8-9.

June 29, Thursday: The US federal congress ratified the [Gadsden Purchase](#), adding to the United States of America parts of present-day New Mexico and Arizona. In connection with this purchase a Delegate Elect, Sylvester Mowry, had written a Memoir of the Proposed Territory of Arizona:

READ THE FULL TEXT

[President Franklin Pierce](#), a proslavery white man, appointed [Andrew Horatio Reeder](#), a Democrat and therefore another proslavery white man, to the office of the governor of the [Kansas Territory](#). Let’s make sure what goes down in this venue, shall we?

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) walked to the limekiln.



Our national birthday, Tuesday the 4th of July: This was [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)’s 50th birthday.



Rowland Hussey Macy (1822-1919) had gotten started in retail in 1851 with a dry goods store in downtown Haverhill. Macy’s policy from the very first was “His goods are bought for cash, and will be sold for the same, at a small advance.” On this date Macy’s 1st parade marched down the main drag of the little New England village. It was too hot and only about a hundred people viewed his celebration. In 1858 Macy would sell this store and, with the financial backing of Caleb Dustin Hunking of Haverhill, relocate the retail business to easier pickings in New-York. (So, have you heard of the New York Macy’s department store? –Have you shopped there?)

When the mayor of Wilmington, Delaware jailed City Council member Joshua S. Valentine for setting off firecrackers, he was mobbed by a group of indignant citizens.

CELEBRATING OUR B-DAY

[Henry Thoreau](#) went at “8 A.M. – To Framingham.”

At this abolitionist picnic celebrating our nation’s birthday and the [Declaration of Independence](#) and the successful completion of the [1st Great American Disunion](#), attended by some 600, a man the [Standard](#) described as “a sort of literary recluse,” name of Henry David Thoreau, **declared for dissolution of the federal union.**

[Thoreau](#) was a secessionist — he believed that New Englanders should secede from the federal union of the United States of America, as the necessary step in disentangling themselves from the US national sin of race



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slavery.

### THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

[Sojourner Truth](#) was another of the speakers, although we do not know whether she spoke before or after Thoreau (the newspaper reporter who was present failed entirely to notice that Sojourner took part), nor whether he sat on the platform beside her. [Stephen Symonds Foster](#) and [Abby Kelley Foster](#) were present



(Abby probably brought her daughter Alla to the picnic, for it was always a family affair, with swings for the children, boating on a nearby pond, and a convenient refreshment stand since the day would be quite hot,

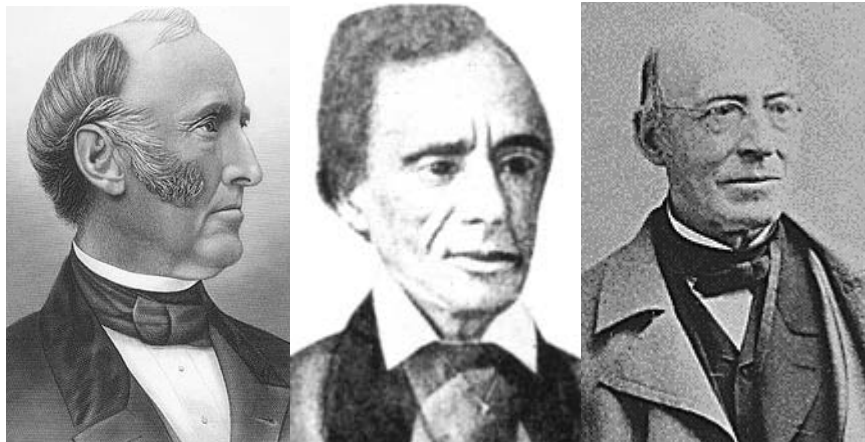
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and confined her remarks to an appeal for funds), and [Lucy Stone](#), as were [Wendell Phillips](#), Charles Lenox



Remond, and [William Lloyd Garrison](#).<sup>42</sup>



When the meeting in the shady amphitheater was called to order at 10:45AM by Charles Jackson Francis, the first order of business had to be election of officials for the day. [Garrison](#) became the event's president and



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Francis Jackson of Boston, [William Whiting](#) of [Concord](#), Effingham L. Capron of Worcester, Dora M. Taft of Framingham, Charles Lenox Remond of Salem, John Pierpont of Medford, Charles F. Hovey of Gloucester, [Jonathan Buffum](#) of Lynn, Asa Cutler of Connecticut, and Andrew T. Foss of New Hampshire its vice presidents. The Reverend Samuel J. May, Jr., of Leicester, William H. Fish of Milford, and R.F. Wallcut of Boston became its secretaries. [Abby Kelley Foster](#), Ebenezer D. Draper, Lewis Ford, Mrs. Olds of Ohio, [Lucy Stone](#), and Nathaniel B. Spooner would constitute its Finance Committee. Garrison then read from Scripture, the assembly sang an Anti-Slavery hymn, and Dr. Henry O. Stone issued the Welcome.

42. There was an active agent of the Underground railroad on that platform, we may note, and it was not the gregarious Truth but the “sort of literary recluse” Thoreau. That is, please allow me to state the following in regard to the existence of eyewitness testimony, that the Thoreau home in Concord was in the period prior to the Civil War a waystation on the Underground Railway: we might reappraise [Thoreau](#)’s relationship with [Sojourner Truth](#), of whom it has been asserted by [Ebony Magazine](#) that she was a “Leader of the Underground Railroad Movement” (February 1987), by asking whether there is any comparable eyewitness testimony, that Truth ever was involved in that risky and illegal activity? Her biographer refers to her as a “loose cannon,” not the sort of close-mouthed person who could be relied upon as a participant in a quite secret and quite illegal and quite dangerous endeavor, and considers also that no such evidence has ever been produced. The Thoreaus, in contrast, not only were never regarded as loose in this manner, but were, we know, regarded as utterly reliable — and in the case of the Thoreau family home the evidence for total involvement exists and is quite conclusive.



I will quote a couple of paragraphs about the course of the meeting from the Foster biography, AHEAD OF HER TIME:



*Heading the finance committee, Abby made her usual appeal for funds, Stephen called on the friends of liberty to resist the Fugitive Slave Law, "each one with such weapons as he thought right and proper," and Wendell Phillips, Sojourner Truth, and Lucy Stone held the audience in thrall with their "soul-eloquence." After an hour's break for refreshments Henry Thoreau castigated Massachusetts for being in the service of the Slaveholders and demanded that the state leave the Union. "I have lived for the last month -and I think that every man in Massachusetts capable of the sentiment of patriotism must have had a similar experience- with the sense of having suffered a vast and indefinite loss. I did not know what ailed me. At last it occurred to me that what I had lost was a country."*

Thoreau's speech is still reprinted, but William Lloyd Garrison provided the most dramatic moment of that balmy July day. Placing a lighted candle on the lectern, he picked up a copy of the Fugitive Slave Law and touched it to the flame. As it burned, he intoned a familiar phrase: "And let all the people say **Amen.**" As the shouts of "Amen" echoed, he burned the U.S. commissioner's decision in the Burns case. Then he held a copy of the United States Constitution to the candle, proclaiming, "So perish all compromises with tyranny." As it burned to ashes, he repeated, "And let all the people say **Amen.**" While the audience responded with a tremendous shout of "Amen," he stood before them with arms extended, as if in blessing. No one who was present ever forgot the scene; it was the high point of unity among the Garrisonian abolitionists.

This biography of Abby Kelley, with its suggestion that [Thoreau](#)'s speech, which it condenses to three sentences, must have been significant because it is "still reprinted," overlooks the fact that Thoreau had not been granted an opportunity to read his entire lecture. A contemporary comment on the speech was more accurate:



Henry Thoreau, of Concord, read portions of a racy and ably written address, the whole of which will be published in the Liberator.

That is, Thoreau delivered a 4th-of-July oration at Framingham, Massachusetts on "[SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS](#)", criticizing the governor and the chief justice of Massachusetts who were in the audience.



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–But, he was not allowed the opportunity to read his entire essay.

*The whole military force of the State is at the service of a Mr. Suttle, a slaveholder from Virginia, to enable him to catch a man whom he calls his property; but not a soldier is offered to save a citizen of Massachusetts from being kidnapped! Is this what all these soldiers, all this training has been for these seventy-nine years past? Have they been trained merely to rob Mexico, and carry back fugitive slaves to their masters? These very nights, I heard the sound of a drum in our streets. There were men training still; and for what? I could with an effort pardon the cockerels of Concord for crowing still, for they, perchance, had not been beaten that morning; but I could not excuse this rub-a-dub of the "trainers." The slave was carried back by exactly such as these, i.e., by the soldier, of whom the best you can say in this connection is that he is a fool made conspicuous by a painted coat.*

Note that on paper, at least, if not verbally as well, he made a reference to martyrdom by [hanging](#): "I would side with the light, and let the dark earth roll from under me, calling my mother and my brother to follow." In other words, lets us New Englanders secede from the federal union of the United States of America, as the necessary step in our clearing ourselves of this US national sin of race slavery.

Here is another account of the actual speech, as opposed to what was printed later, from one who was there in the audience standing before that platform draped in mourning black:

*He began with the simple words, "You have my sympathy; it is all I have to give you, but you may find it important to you." It was impossible to associate egotism with Thoreau; we all felt that the time and trouble he had taken at that crisis to proclaim his sympathy with the "Disunionists" was indeed important. He was there a representative of Concord, of science and letters, which could not quietly pursue their tasks while slavery was trampling down the rights of mankind. Alluding to the Boston commissioner who had surrendered Anthony Burns, Edward G. Loring, Thoreau said, "The fugitive's case was already decided by God, –not Edward G. God, but simple God." This was said with such serene unconsciousness of anything shocking in it that we were but mildly startled.*

– AUTOBIOGRAPHY, MEMORIES, AND EXPERIENCES OF MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY (Boston MA: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Volume I, pages 184-5.

[[Moncure Daniel Conway](#)]

DISUNION

ANTHONY BURNS

EDWARD GREELEY LORING

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At the end of the morning meeting [Thoreau](#) was on the platform while [Garrison](#), the featured speaker, burned [the federal Constitution](#) on a pewter plate as a “covenant with death” because it countenanced the return of runaway slaves to their owners — [Margaret Fuller](#)’s grandfather Timothy Fuller Sr., who had refused to consent to that document when it was originally promulgated because of its ridiculous mincing about slavery, would have been proud of him! Thoreau’s inflammatory oratory was less inflammatory than addresses made on that occasion by Garrison, [Wendell Phillips](#), and Charles Lenox Remond, for their speeches drew comments but Thoreau’s did not.

On our nation’s birthday the platform had been draped in black crepe as a symbol of mourning, as at a state funeral, and carried the insignia of the State of Virginia, which stood as the destination of [Anthony Burns](#), and this insignia of the State of Virginia was decorated with — with, in magnificent irony, ribbons of triumph! Above the platform flew the flags of [Kansas](#) and Nebraska, emblematic of the detested new [Kansas/Nebraska Act](#). As the background of all this, the flag of the United States of America was hung, but it was upside down, the symbol of distress, and it also was bordered in black, the symbol of death.

I think no great public calamity, not the death of [Daniel Webster](#), not the death of [Charles Sumner](#), not the loss of great battles during the War, brought such a sense of gloom over the whole State as the surrender of [Anthony Burns](#).

[Garrison](#) placed a lighted candle on the lectern, and touched a corner of the Fugitive Slave Law to the flame. As it burned, he orated “And let all the people say **Amen**” and the crowd shouted “Amen!” Then he touched a corner of the US commissioner’s decision in the Burns case to the candle flame. Then he touched a corner of a copy of [the federal Constitution](#) to the candle flame, and orated “So perish all compromises with tyranny.” As the paper was reduced to ashes, he orated “And let all the people say **Amen**” and stood with his arms extended as if in blessing.



[William Lloyd Garrison \(in 1865\)](#)

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[Moncure Daniel Conway](#)'s comment, later, about the moment when [Garrison](#) set the match to the constitution, and the few scattered boos and hisses were drowned out by the thunderous "Amen" of the crowd, was:

That day I distinctly recognized that the antislavery cause was a religion.

In the afternoon [Moncure Daniel Conway](#) spoke, as a Virginian aristocrat, a child of position and privilege. Look at me! It was his 1st antislavery attempt at identity politics grandstanding. Leaning on the concept, he insisted that the force of public opinion in his home state was so insane and so hotheaded that every white man with a conscience, "or even the first throbbings of a conscience," was a **slave** to this general proslavery public posture. He offered that to resist this Southern certitude, each Northerner would need to "abolish slavery in his heart."<sup>43</sup>

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(So, you see, the white man has been self-enslaved: the problem is not so much that slavery harms the black man as that slavery harms the white man, shudder.)

Then [Wendell Phillips](#) spoke.

43. We may note how different this was from the Reverend [Theodore Parker](#)'s "kill the Negro in us."



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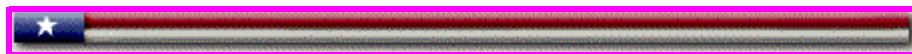
We know that [Sojourner Truth](#) spoke from that mourning-draped platform after a white man from Virginia had described his being thrown in jail there on account of his antislavery convictions, because in her speech she commented on this: how helpful it was for white people to obtain some experience of oppression. She warned that “God would yet execute his judgments upon the white people for their oppression and cruelty.” She asked why it was that white people hated black people so. She said that the white people owed the colored race a debt so huge that they would never be able to pay it back — but would have to repent so as to have this debt forgiven them. Nell Painter has characterized this message as “severe and anguished,” and has commented that despite the cheers and applause, “Her audiences preferred not to grapple with all she had to say.” Her humor must have been such, Painter infers, as to allow her white listeners to exempt themselves from this very general denunciation:

They did not hear wrath against whites, but against the advocates of slavery. It is understandable, no doubt, that Truth’s audiences, who wanted so much to love this old black woman who had been a slave, found it difficult to fathom the depths of her bitterness.



### Carleton Mabee's BLACK FREEDOM

Americans at large often held the abolitionists responsible for the war. They argued that the abolitionists' long agitation, strident as it often was, had antagonized the South into secession, thus beginning the war, and that the abolitionists' insistence that the war should not end until all slavery had been abolished kept the war going. In 1863 the widely read New York Herald made the charge devastatingly personal. It specified that by being responsible for the war, each abolitionist had in effect already killed one man and permanently disabled four others. ... While William Lloyd Garrison preferred voluntary emancipation, during the war he came to look with tolerance on the abolition of slavery by military necessity, saying that from seeming evil good may come. Similarly, the Garrisonian-Quaker editor, Oliver Johnson, while also preferring voluntary emancipation, pointed out that no reform ever triumphed except through mixed motives. But the Garrisonian lecturer Pillsbury was contemptuous of such attitudes. Freeing the slaves by military necessity would be of no benefit to the slave, he said in 1862, and the next year when the Emancipation Proclamation was already being put into effect, he said that freeing the slaves by military necessity could not create permanent peace. Parker Pillsbury won considerable support for his view from abolitionist meetings and from abolitionist leaders as well. Veteran Liberator writer Edwin Percy Whipple insisted that "true welfare" could come to the American people "only through a **willing** promotion of justice and freedom." Henry C. Wright repeatedly said that only ideas, not bullets, could permanently settle the question of slavery. The recent Garrisonian convert, the young orator Ezra Heywood, pointed out that a government that could abolish slavery as a military necessity had no antislavery principles and could therefore re-establish slavery if circumstances required it. The Virginia aristocrat-turned-abolitionist, Moncure Daniel Conway, had misgivings that if emancipation did not come before it became a fierce necessity, it would not reflect true benevolence and hence could not produce true peace. The Philadelphia wool merchant, Quaker Alfred H. Love, asked, "Can so sublime a virtue as ... freedom ... be the offspring of so corrupt a parentage as war?" The long-time abolitionist Abby Kelley Foster—the speak-inner and Underground Railroader—predicted flatly, if the slave is freed only out of consideration for the safety of the Union, "the hate of the colored race will still continue, and the poison of that wickedness will destroy us as a nation." Amid the searing impact of the war—the burning fields, the mangled bodies, the blood-splattered hills and fields—a few abolitionists had not forgotten their fundamental belief that to achieve humanitarian reform, particularly if it was to be thorough and permanent reform, the methods used to achieve it must be consistent with the nature of the reform. ... What abolitionists often chose to brush aside was that after the war most blacks would still be living in the South, among the same Confederates whom they were now trying to kill.



CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT



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July 28, Friday: Charles Henry Branscomb, a lawyer from Holyoke, Massachusetts serving as a general agent for the Emigrant Aid Society in the [Kansas Territory](#), traveled up the [Kansas River](#) as far as Fort Riley with a pioneer party of 30 persons to select a location for an antislavery town. He and Dr. Charles Robinson of Fitchburg would agree on the site of Lawrence.

### THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

A pre-publication announcement of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) titled "Life in the Woods. Former Inhabitants" appeared on the 4th page of the Boston [Daily Evening Traveller](#), in columns 1 and 2.

EXTRACT FROM MR. THOREAU'S "WALDEN." (In press, by Ticknor & Fields.)

**[Reprints "Former Inhabitants; and Winter Visitors,"  
pages 256.1-264.3.]**

### TIMELINE OF WALDEN

August: Charles H. Branscomb, a lawyer from Holyoke, Massachusetts, appointed as a general agent for the Emigrant Aid Society in the [Kansas Territory](#), would be working in various advisory capacities until he would during Summer 1857 be caught padding his expense account (he has been characterized as "less dishonest than incompetent").

[Martin Robison Delany](#) sponsored a national black emigration convention in Cleveland, Ohio, and lectured on "The Political Destiny of the Colored Race on the American Continent."



The Reverend Samuel Ringgold Ward was accompanied on a visit to Wales by Richard Griffiths, Esq., who could speak Welsh.

We visited Bangor, Holyhead, Beaumaris, Caernarvon, Llanberris, Snowdon, Aberystwyth, Welshpool, and so forth. My stay was so short that I can say but little of Wales, but must say that little with very great pleasure; for no country, no people, ever pleased me so much – excepting black people, of course.

I spent a Sabbath at Bangor, preaching three times to audiences of whom some could not understand sufficient English to follow a discourse. They came, however, because they wished to encourage the cause I represented, and to show their interest in the gospel, though preached in a language of which they could understand but few words. In one instance, however, there was a sermon in Welsh from one of the native ministers. This gave those who could not understand me an opportunity to receive benefit in their own tongue.

I had a very large anti-slavery meeting in Bangor, and the kind feeling of the audience was peculiar to that most benevolent



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people.... At Beaumaris I spoke on temperance, part of the evening, and the other part, on anti-slavery; the same at Holyhead and Caernarvon. On one of the days of our sojourn at Bangor we visited the Penryn slate quarries, belonging to the Honourable Colonel Tennant. It is a most gigantic work: the number of men employed would make quite a town, in Canada. The good order, steady industry, and regular habits, of the workmen, were quite evident. The village near the castle, composed of the labourers' cottages, and the schoolhouse and gardens, are the most beautiful and the most comfortable cottages in North Wales: indeed, I know of none equal to them anywhere. Lady Louisa, Colonel Tennant's wife, had them erected according to models of her own drawing. The school, I believe, is at her expense. Neglected as the labourers of Wales generally are, it was most gratifying to see this specimen of kind carefulness.

Beaumaris is quite a fashionable watering-place, and it is a very quiet, neat little town. It has a most capital hotel, quite equal to the great majority of English ones. The same may be true of Bangor; but the kindness of Mr. Edwards, our host, would not allow us to know. Caernarvon is, of course, rich in historic interest: its castle is a fine ruin. I spent some two or three days there very agreeably, being the guest of Mr. Hughes, a most kind and hospitable gentleman. From his house we made up a party to visit Snowdon – ascending it on foot, and returning in the same way. A more fatiguing journey of five miles it was never my fortune, good or ill, to make. What added to the discomfort of it was, that on reaching the top, we saw nothing but a thick Welsh mountain fog! but we had a most delightful view of the neighbouring hills and dales, from a point about half way to the summit. Being obliged to drive eight miles and speak that night at Caernarvon – to travel ninety-seven miles the next day, in a stage coach – and to preach three times the third day – made no small affair of the exercise.

Reaching Aberystwyth late on Saturday night, I was glad to take the comfortable quarters offered to the weary in the Royal Hotel. It had rained all day; but, in spite of rain, it was most delightful to travel amid the beautifully diversified scenery betwixt Caernarvon and Aberystwyth. It is bolder than Irish scenery, and the cultivation is far better – though not so good, I thought, as the Scotch; but the farming of Wales is far from being indifferent. I spent some four or five days in Aberystwyth, making some acquaintances I shall ever remember: among them are the excellent pastors of the Churches, and the Rev. Mr. Davies and his excellent mother. I had the honour, too, of making the acquaintance of Mr. Lloyd, one of the leading gentry of the country, now Lord Lieutenant of Cardiganshire. Mr. L. took the chair at a meeting which I addressed; and was kind enough to say, one of his inducements to attend was, that the meeting was to be addressed by a gentleman from Canada. Having been in early life stationed there with his regiment, the gallant gentleman had acquired an interest in my adopted country which did not leave him upon his return to Wales.

From Aberystwyth I returned to England by Welshpool, where I spent an evening, and attended a temperance meeting. The drive through that part of Wales is one of the most beautiful in this island of beautiful scenery. It reminds one of the valleys of the Genessee, the Susquehannah, and some portions of the St. Lawrence Valley. I know not when or where I have enjoyed a drive





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more than those through North and South Wales. Anybody else would be able to describe the scenery: all I can say is, it was most beautiful. What with the waving, ripened corn, the youthful-looking greenness of the recently mown meadows, the sparkling streamlets, the clear sky, and the gorgeously brilliant August sunlight, I was charmed beyond expression. I am sorry I cannot tell it better: please kind reader, accept the best I can perform. Since then, I have passed through portions of Wales in very rapid flying tours, as when returning from Ireland, last autumn and last spring; but have not had the pleasure of making any stay there. I think, however, that I have seen enough of Wales and the Welsh to have formed some tolerably correct views of their character.

First, however, to record an incident of no small interest to me, which occurred during my sojourn at Aberystwyth. A gentleman named Williams, an agent for one of the wealthiest landlords in Wales, lives about a mile from Aberystwyth. I learned that a little boy, a son of Mr. Williams, who was ill, was anxious to see me, and that his parents wished me to call. The Rev. Mr. Davies kindly consented to accompany me, and we drove there. We found Mr. and Mrs. Williams most kind and affable persons; and upon being introduced to the chamber where their son lay, we were struck with his emaciated appearance; but in spite of this, his eyes beamed with intelligence, and about his lips a most cheerful smile played constantly. His mother told us he had been a great sufferer. His bones were but slightly covered with a wasted colourless skin. He could not stand or walk, from lameness; and I believe there was but one position in which he could lie. When we saw the helplessness of the child, we were glad that we had visited him. He had read "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; he felt interested in the slaves, and daily prayed for them; he had carefully laid by the little presents of money which had been given him, and had a donation to give me, for the cause of the slave. But what made the deepest impression upon us was, his mother's telling us that, in the midst of the very severe pains which tortured the little sufferer, he would cry out, but immediately check himself, saying "Mamma, I ought not to complain so. How much more did Jesus suffer, for me!"

We left that house feeling that we had been highly privileged. We had learned the lesson of patient suffering at the bedside of that dear child - had seen a babe, as it were, praising God. That the child could long live, seemed out of the question; but the wheat of the surrounding fields was no more ripe for the sickle, than was that child to be gathered unto God. Since that day, I never suffer pain, complainingly, without fancying I see the bright, beaming eye of little Williams rebuking me, as he hushes his own cries, in the midst of anguish, by the recollection of "how much more Jesus suffered for him." That child may, ere this, have been called to his rest; he may be with Him whose sufferings he learned so early to contemplate: but until I meet him in another world, I shall ever remember the lesson learned at his bedside. Since that time, some of the severest pangs I ever felt have been mine, both in body and mind; but their coming is accompanied by the remembrance of what that beloved child learned, in agony. And, blessed be God! the divine consolations which lulled his pains are abundant, infinite in efficacy!

Wales is the most moral and most religious country, and her



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peasantry the best peasantry, that I know. Doubtless, many will differ from me; but such is my very decided opinion, based on the following reasons: -

1. The courts in Wales have fewer cases of scandalous crimes and misdemeanors to deal with than the courts of any other part of the kingdom, of the same population. The difference betwixt Wales and Ireland, in this respect, is immense.

2. But go to a Welsh town (such as Bangor), and how quiet and moral is it, compared with any town of the like population you can name in England, Ireland, or Scotland! Not a woman walking the streets for lewd purposes, not a drunkard brawling in the highways, no rows or fights; quietness and order reign everywhere. Holyhead is a seaport; it is the same there, and so in every town I visited.

3. The temperance cause has done more for Wales than for any other part of the kingdom. A drunken peasant is, indeed, a rare sight in Wales. The miners, the farm servants, and the ordinary labourers, all agree, somehow or other, to be temperate. Not that all are abstainers; but a more temperate peasantry, I am free to confess, there is not, even in Maine!

4. There is no begging in Wales. There are children who run after the carriages of tourists and cry, "ha'penny!" about the only English word they know; and this more for sport than halfpence. But there is little or no encouragement given to it by the inhabitants; and there is no such thing as a swarm of beggars at every corner, door, hotel, church-gate, and everywhere else, as in every part of Ireland.

5. The Welsh are poor as well as the Irish; and their landlords sufficiently neglect them, as to their dwellings: but the cleanliness of the peasantry is most striking. The contrast betwixt Holyhead and Kingstown, within four hours' sail of each other, is most remarkable. One can scarcely believe that he has not been to two opposite sides of the globe, instead of across a narrow channel. The reader will now see why I blame the Irish for their defects, in contrast with the Welsh.

6. The industry of the poorer classes in the Principality is most commendable. I know this has much to do with any people's moral and religious character. No one believes, as no one ought, in a very high-toned and exemplary morality, or a very devoted religion, conjoined with idleness. I do believe that the Welsh labouring classes are more correct in this than even the Highlanders in Scotland. Patient though not overpaid toil, mitigated by few comforts, is not only the lot, but to all appearance the choice, of the Welsh peasant. I have seen more idlers in one street, in Kingstown - in a circumference of 300 yards, in Glasgow - or in a small village, in Essex or Norfolk - than one can see in the whole of Wales.

7. The Welsh population not only attend divine service, but are religious: I say "the population," because it is not true, as in England, of a few persons only out of the many, but, like the Scotch, of the people generally. There are some curious and interesting facts in connection with this. In the first place, the Welsh are not Episcopalians: nine tenths of them dissent from the Establishment. It is most ridiculous to tax them for its support, for they do not go near it. Still, they quietly go to their chapels, and as quietly pay for their support. In the next place, they are not mere nominal members of Churches. The majority belong to the Calvinistic Methodist denomination, whose



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rules are highly and properly rigid. No laxity in morals is allowed to pass unrebuked. Besides, in travelling through Wales, it is seen that almost wherever there are a dozen houses, one of them is a chapel. The people feel their religious wants, and supply them. Moreover, the ministers of the denomination alluded to, and all others, take especial care and pains in looking after their flocks. Their preaching is deeply earnest, practical, scriptural, plain, and personal; also, most pathetic and affectionate. These combined influences are in constant operation, and are producing the very best effects upon a remarkably straightforward, simpleminded people.

Compare these sturdy, honest preachers, with the priests of Romanism! Compare their flocks with the Papal populations of, I care not what country! I cannot consent to argue the case: in the living history of present fact it stands out in bold relief. It speaks for itself, in language clear and intelligible; its truths are undeniable, unquestionable: and though our fellow subjects of the Principality are less wealthy and less learned than some more flattered inhabitants of other portions of these islands, they excel us all in some of the best, noblest, traits that ever adorned human character. Should they diffuse education more thoroughly, cling with less tenacity to their mother tongue, draw more largely from the "well of English undefiled," and mingle more with the other elements of British population, then that brave little Principality will one day be more often visited and considered: it will take rank as high in other matters, as in morals; and, in peculiar distinctive character, appear, to its present despisers, beautiful as its own valley scenery, elevated as Snowdon's loftiest summit!

I have spoken mostly of the labouring classes in Wales; and have only to add, that the better and higher classes are essentially Englishmen – with the exception, I must once more remark, of being very far behind Englishmen and Scotchmen (and, according to the papers of the day, behind Irishmen as well!) as landlords. They need to follow more closely the example set by the Honourable Colonel Tennant and the Lady Louisa, in caring for those who minister to their comforts and convenience. I am sure an one who visits the village referred to will join me in this remark.

I know what will be said, in other countries than Wales, in reply to what I say of the chastity of the Welsh female peasantry. Reference will be made to the stupid system of courtship called "bundling" – a practice for which there is no defence: most certainly, I have no word to utter in its behalf. That it has not been attended with far worse consequences, is to me a marvel. But I have the great happiness to know, that the pulpit, which is more powerful in Wales than in any Protestant country elsewhere, has turned its whole power and influence against this barbarous practice, so that not even it, to any extent, forms a drawback to the remarks I have made upon the morality of the Welsh peasantry. It is to be hoped that a custom which has nothing better than its antiquity for its apology, but is liable to the very gravest objections on the score of morality and decency, will soon be known merely as a matter of history. Surely, when a custom so pernicious shall once be put away, all will rejoice, and all will wonder that a people of such sterling sense should have suffered it to continue so long. It certainly has outlived the former bad taste of the people; and therefore,

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if for no higher reason, it ought to live no longer. Most earnestly is it to be hoped that this abominable relic of ancient British barbarism will soon be so completely banished, as no longer to mar the otherwise good and exemplary character of the honest youths and maidens of that delightful Principality.

In addition to the Rowse portraits of [Henry Thoreau](#)<sup>44</sup> and [Waldo Emerson](#) from this period, we have a photograph of Eddie, Waldo, and Edith that evidently dates to approximately this year:

[DR. EDWARD WALDO EMERSON](#)



[I find I am unable to show you Eddie Emerson's sketch of his memory of [Thoreau](#).]

44. Unfortunately the original crayon of [Henry Thoreau](#) has deteriorated to the point at which its copies are now better than it.

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August 1, Tuesday: At 6 AM [Henry Thoreau](#) went on the river. In the afternoon he went to Peter's (Peter's Path, Gleason E7-E9?).

Charles Henry Branscomb guided the initial group of eastern emigrants who would settle an antislavery town that they would name "Lawrence" in the [Kansas Territory](#): "... a party of about 30 settlers, chiefly from New England ... Mr. C.H. Branscomb, of Boston, on a tour in the territory a few weeks earlier in the summer, had selected this spot as one of peculiar loveliness for a town site."

### THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

In a letter to his friend the Reverend [William Rounseville Alger](#), a Unitarian clergyman, T. Starr King commented on [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#): "The latter half is wonderful ... I envy you your approaching rapture."<sup>45</sup> The Reverend Alger had been awaiting Thoreau's 2nd book ever since, in 1849, he had read *A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS* (he had condemned it for failing to be a simple story of a vacation sailboat adventure by two brothers, saying "[f]ew books need expurgation more than this one") and thus it was that, in Boston on this day when the very 1st copy of [WALDEN](#) was sold for one dollar at the Old Corner Bookstore, the Boston retail outlet of Ticknor & Fields, it was sold to the Reverend Alger.



45. Charles W. Wendte. THOMAS STARR KING: PATRIOT AND PREACHER (Boston: Beacon Press, 1921, pages 45-46). Walter Harding, "The First Year's Sales of Thoreau's *Walden*," [Thoreau Society Bulletin](#), number 117 (Fall 1971): 1; Gary Scharnhorst, "'He Is Able to Write a Work That Will Not Die': W. R. Alger and T. Starr King on Thoreau," [Thoreau Journal Quarterly](#), 13, numbers 1-2 (January-April 1981): 5-17.



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A review of [WALDEN](#) titled "A Massachusetts Philosopher" in the organ of the Oneida, New York utopian community, the [Circular](#), on pages 410-11. On this day Henry James, Sr. had a Daguerreotype made of him

A very curious book is in press, entitled 'Life in the Woods,' by H. D. Thoreau; from which the [New-York] [Tribune](#) prints a few extracts in advance. It is a narrative of the author's experience and mode of life during a two years' solitary hermitage in the woods, by the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Mass. The writer, being of a philosophical turn, and much given to Homer, and similar antique models, seems to have proposed to himself to reduce his mode of life to the standard nearest to primitive nature. So he took an axe, and went into the woods, to a pleasant hill-side overlooking the pond, and built himself a cabin. Of his furniture, and his views on the subject of furniture in general, he gives the following account:

**[Reprints "Economy," pages 65.14-67.10.]**

There is evident spice of truth in this. We like **Communism** particularly for its effect in relieving folks from the great mass of furniture-useless *exuvia* as Thoreau says,—that accumulates about them and seems necessary, in isolation. The Communist moves freely without being tied to any such trap. He goes from one home to another, without care for what he leaves or carrying anything with him and finds all needed furnishing in the Commune where he sits down. This is better we think than our hermit's method of getting rid of incumbrance. Here follows his agricultural experience:

**[Reprints "Economy," pages 54.16-56.13.]**

Bating the solitude, we think Thoreau's plan of agriculture is worth consideration. There is a simplicity and independence about it, that is rather fascinating, and if practicable in single solitude it would be certainly no less so in Association. In fact our method at Oneida and the other agricultural Associations in confining ourselves mostly to thorough garden-tillage, is substantially carrying things out to a similar result.

TIMELINE OF WALDEN

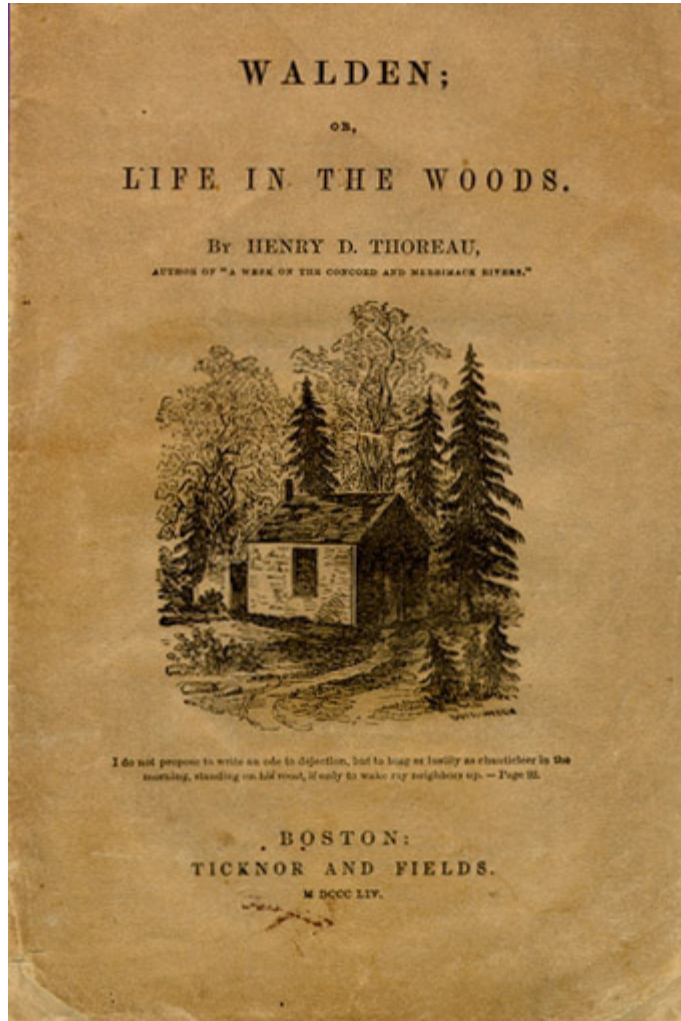
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and his son [Henry James, Jr.](#) This is now at the Houghton Library of Harvard University:



The material about [WALDEN](#) from the July 29th edition of the New-York [Daily Tribune](#) was repeated on pages 6 and 7 of this day's issue of the [Semi-Weekly Tribune](#).



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August 26, Saturday: [President Franklin Pierce](#) appointed a proslavery Democrat, [John Calhoun \(1806-1859\)](#), as Surveyor General of the [Kansas Territory](#) so that land surveys might begin (during the frequent absences of the territorial governor, the surveyor general would hold the gubernatorial power).

## THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

The chair that had emptied at the Institute was granted to Antoine Clapisson, rather than [Hector Berlioz](#).

A few days after a minor railway accident, [Phoebe Elizabeth Hough Fowler Watts Carlyle](#) gave birth. The infant was stillborn and the mother did not survive.

The new USS *Constellation* was launched at the Gosport Navy Yard in Virginia.



[Henry Thoreau](#) reported that he “Opened one of my snapping turtle’s eggs. The egg was not warm to the touch. The young is now larger and darker-colored, shell and all, more than a hemisphere, and the yolk which



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maintains it is much reduced.... These eggs, not warm to the touch, buried in the ground, so slow to hatch, are like the seeds of vegetable life." Tortoise Eggs William M. White's version of a portion of the journal entry in regard to the eggs is:

*We unconsciously step over the eggs of snapping turtles  
Slowly hatching the summer through.  
Not only was the surface perfectly dry and trackless there,  
But blackberry vines had run over the spot  
Where these eggs were buried  
And weeds had sprung up above.*

*If Iliads are not composed in our day,  
Snapping turtles are hatched and arrive at maturity.*

*It already thrusts forth its tremendous head, —  
For the first time in this sphere,—  
And slowly moves from side to side, —  
Opening its small glistening eyes  
For the first time to the light,—  
Expressive of dull rage,  
As if it had endured the trials of this world  
For a century.*

A review titled "The Battle of the Ants" appeared in the Portland [Transcript](#), 157:1.

WALDEN Print H

From Thoreau's "Life in the Woods," we extract the following interesting account of a curious scene in insect life.

**[Reprints "Brute Neighbors," pages 228.25-231.26.]**



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Also, a review of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#), by the [Reverend Thomas Starr King](#) of the Universalist Church in Charlestown, Massachusetts, under the heading "New Publications" in the [Christian Register](#), 135:5-6.

A young man, eight years out of college, of fine scholarship and original genius, revives, in the midst of our bustling times, the life of an anchorite. By the side of a secluded pond in Concord, he builds with his own hands a hut which cost him twenty-eight dollars and twelve and a half cents; and there he lived two and a half years, "cultivating poverty," because he "wanted to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and suck out all its marrow." Here he found that the labor of six weeks would support him through the year; and so he had long quiet days for reading, observation, and reflection, learning to free himself from all the hollow customs and false shows of the world, and to pity those who by slavery to inherited property seemed to be doing incredible and astonishing penance. In the account he gives us of his clothes, house, food, and furniture, we find mingled many acute and wise criticisms upon modern life; while in his descriptions of all living things around him, birds, fishes, squirrels, mice, insects, trees, flowers, weeds, it is evident that he had the sharpest eye and the quickest sympathy. One remarkable chapter is given to the sounds that came to his ear, with suggestions, full of poetry and beauty, of the feelings which these sounds awakened. But nothing interested him so much as the Pond, whose name gives the title to his book. He describes it as a clear sheet of water, about a mile in circumference; he bathed in it every morning; its cool crystal depths were his well, ready dug; he sailed upon its bosom in summer, he noted many curious facts pertaining to its ice in winter; in short, it became to him a living thing, and he almost worshipped it. But we must not describe the contents of this book any farther. Its opening pages may seem a little caustic and cynical; but it mellows apace, and playful humor and sparkling thought appear on almost every page. We suppose its author does not reverence many things which we reverence; but this fact has not prevented our seeing that he has a reverential, tender, and devout spirit at bottom. Rarely have we enjoyed a book more, or been more grateful for many and rich suggestions. Who would have looked to Walden Pond for a [Robinson Crusoe](#), or for an observer like the author of the [Natural History of Selbo\[u\]rne](#), or for a moralist like the writer of [Religio Medici](#)? Yet paragraphs in this book have reminded us of each of these. And as we shut the book up, we ask ourselves,

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will the great lesson it teaches of the freedom and beauty of a simple life be heeded? Shall this struggle for wealth, and this bondage to the *impedimenta* of life, continue forever? Will the time ever come when it will be fashionable to be poor, that is, when men will be so smitten with a purpose to seek the true ends of life that they will not care about laying up riches on the earth? Such times we know there have been, and thousands listened reverently to the reply, given in the last of these two lines, to the inquiry contained in the first;

"O where is peace, for thou its path hast trod?"

"In poverty, retirement, and with God."

Who can say that it is impossible that such a time may come round, although the fashion of this world now runs with such a resistless current in the opposite direction.



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Also, on this date, a review of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) under the heading “New Publications” on the 2d page of the Philadelphia [Saturday Evening Post](#), column 3:

We have, now and then, in this jostling, civilized world, an unmistakable human oddity, and the author of this strange, but interesting book, is one of that class. He is evidently a gentleman of educated and refined tastes; but, before he had attained to middle age, he appears—after having summed up and weighed the matter—to have come to the conclusion that Modern Civilization is a delusion and a sham. He, therefore, hied to the woods—a mile from any neighbor—on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Mass., where he had previously built himself a house—which house cost him not quite thirty dollars—and earned his living by the labor of his hands. Here he dwelt—(subsisting on rye and Indian meal without yeast, potatoes, rice, green corn, peas, a little salt pork, and less molasses and salt)—for two years and two months, and then returned to civilized life again, where he is at present a sojourner—probably a wiser, if not a better, man. While thus “alone in his glory,” our eccentric author worked a little, visited now and then, roamed about in the woods, (watching the ways of the birds, squirrels, and coons) by day, and in the evening gazed upon the moon and stars, until he chose to retire to his lonely rest. He does not like the restraints of social life, saying that “it is hard to have a Southern overseer—worse to have a Northern one—and worst of all, when you are the slave-driver of yourself.” In his humble dwelling, he had three pieces of limestone on his table—for ornament, we suppose—but finding, to his horror, that they wanted dusting every morning, he threw them out of the window. He is no believer in either expensive houses, furniture, clothes, food, or anything else—neither does he like to be crowded, and he is a little selfish, withal; for he remarks, “I would rather sit on a pumpkin, and have it all to myself, than be crowded on a velvet cushion.” He grieves for the good old days of Adam and Eve—yea, he sighs, not for the good time coming, but for the good time long since past and gone. He appears to envy the lot of the birds, beasts, and wild Indians, and to entertain strong doubts whether our boasted Civilization is a real advance in the condition of man. He would much prefer the tub of Diogenes to the palace of a monarch—the costume of a South Sea Islander to the robes of a Prince—the simplest and plainest repast to the most delicious and sumptuous banquet. Pity it is, that he was not born a turtle, that his shell might be his shelter, as he styles a house—or a bear, and then his furry hide would serve him both for shelter and raiment. Nevertheless, his ‘Life in the Woods’ is a most fascinating book.



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September 15, Friday: The Leavenworth, [Kansas Territory Herald](#) was 1st published (it would be generally pro-government, which is to say, pro-slavery).

[Henry Thoreau](#) responded to a request by Sarah E. Webb, for a copy of his July 4th speech at Framingham MA, by informing her of the copies published by the [Liberator](#) and the [Times](#). In the afternoon he went by boat under Fair Haven Hill (Gleason H7) and down the river.



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October 7, Saturday: [Governor Andrew Horatio Reeder](#) established his office at [Fort Leavenworth](#) in the [Kansas Territory](#).

WALDEN Print H

“Went to Plymouth to lecture and survey Watson’s grounds.”

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](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.)

The arrangement was that [Thoreau](#) would share [Bronson Alcott](#)’s bedchamber. On the way, Thoreau stopped at Harvard Library to check out *BHAGVAT-GEETA; OR, DIALOGUES OF KREESHNA AND ARJOON*. When Thoreau arrived for supper, he and Alcott discussed the Genesis until bedtime. Review of WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE



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WOODS titled "Ticknor, Reed and Fields" in the New York Home Journal, 7:3.

Then comes a unique volume, which might be called the aesthetics of country life; it is entitled "Life in the Woods," and records the experiences, physical and moral, of a hermit of Concord, Massachusetts, a friend of Emerson and Hawthorne – Henry D. Thoreau. The book is remarkable for its graphic descriptions, its original vein of reasoning, and its earnest introspection: a work derived from solitude and nature is a rarity in American letters; and no contemplative or imaginative reader can fail to discover in its pages refreshment and delight.





October 15, Saturday: The Lawrence, [Kansas Territory](#) [Kansas Tribune](#) appeared (it would be generally antigovernment and [anti-slavery](#)).

Florence Nightingale was solicited to organize nurses in Crimea.



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October 21, Friday: The Lawrence, [Kansas Territory Herald of Freedom](#) appeared (it would be generally antigovernment and [anti-slavery](#)).

Review of [Henry Thoreau](#)'s [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#), by "D'A" on the 1st page of the Boston [Atlas](#):

WALDEN Print H

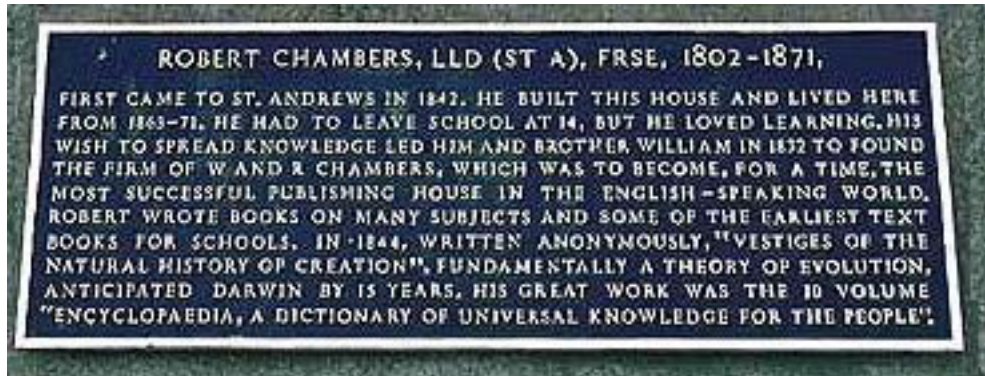
*It is a sorrowful surprise that a constant communion with so much beauty and beneficence was not able to kindle one spark of genial warmth in this would-be savage. Pithy sarcasm, stern judgement, cold condemnation - all abound in the pages of this volume.... There is not a page, a paragraph giving one sign of liberality, charitableness, kind feeling, generosity, in a word - heart.*

[TIMELINE OF WALDEN](#)

November 24, Friday: Mustafa Resid Pasha replaced Kibrisli Mehmed Pasha as Grand Vizier of the Ottoman Empire.

[Governor Andrew Horatio Reeder](#) moved his [Kansas Territory](#) office to the brick [Shawnee Methodist Mission](#) in Fairway.

A report by David Page, a disgruntled ex-employee of the Chambers publishing firm, appeared in the newspapers and would appear again on December 2, 1854. It was not clear that he could be believed in his assertion that [Robert Chambers](#) was the secret author of [VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION](#).



November 29, Wednesday: [John Wilkins Whitfield](#), a pro-government (pro-slavery) candidate, was elected as the [Kansas Territory](#) delegate to the federal Congress.

1855

During this year the Reverend [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#) sailed with his wife to the Portuguese island of Fayal and back, for her health. There is in existence a letter by the Reverend, in which he describes a trip to Mt. Ktaadn taken in this year by himself, Theophilus Brown, and eight others from Worcester. The five women of this party were wearing bloomers and sensible shoes, and the native guide reportedly commented “There’s



no better grit to be scared up anywhere than them women have.” The Reverend Higginson, and Dr. Seth Rogers,<sup>46</sup> also led groups of armed men during this year from Worcester to the [Kansas Territory](#). I don’t know whether the trip to Ktaadn was before or after the Kansas trip. [Wendell Phillips](#) contributed \$100.<sup>00</sup> to purchase carbines for anti-slavery white people emigrating to the Great Plains.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

The Reverend [Adin Ballou](#)’s [Hopedale](#) Community of Christian non-violenters near Worcester sent a party to



establish a colony for peace, about 40 miles north of St. Paul, in a location called “Union Grove” near Monticello, [Minnesota](#); however, weather, and difficulties of travel and transport and funding along the way, forced that peace party to sell its wagons and livestock and possessions and return to their origin with but the clothing on their backs. (Or, perhaps, God forced them to turn back because of the unrighteousness of their temperance.) Because the congregation of the Reverend [Henry Ward Beecher](#) funded the award of one Bible

46. Any relation to the Nathaniel Peabody Rogers of [Concord](#), New Hampshire, who put out the [Herald of Freedom](#) prior to his death in 1846, and about whom [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote in the last issue of THE DIAL, or to the Elizabeth Rogers Mason Cabot who so appreciated [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#)? This Dr. Seth Rogers was a walking and canoeing companion of Thoreau’s.

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and one Sharps carbine to each member of an anti-slavery group emigrating to the [Kansas Territory](#), these deadly 10-rounds-per-minute assault weapons would become known in succeeding years as “Beecher’s Bibles”:



The most warlike demonstration, and one which excited the greatest attention, was at New Haven. Charles B. Lines, a deacon of a New Haven congregation, had enlisted a company of 79 emigrants. A meeting was held in the church shortly before their departure, for the purpose of raising funds. Many clergymen and many of the Yale College faculty were present. The leader of the party said that Sharps rifles were lacking, and they were needed for self-defense. After an earnest address from Henry Ward Beecher, the subscription began. Professor Silliman started it with one Sharps rifle; the pastor of the church gave the second; other gentlemen and some ladies followed the example. As fifty was the number wanted, Beecher said that if twenty-five were pledged on the spot, Plymouth Church would furnish the rest. Previous to this meeting, he had declared that for the slaveholders of Kansas the Sharps rifle was a greater moral agency than the Bible; and from that time the favorite arms of the Northern emigrants became known as “Beecher’s Bibles.”





John Brown reads his Bible:

strangers for a prey, and to the wicked of the earth for a spoil; and they shall pollute it.

22 My face will I turn also from them, and they shall pollute my secret place: for the robbers shall enter into it, and defile it.

23 ¶ Make a chain: for the land is full of bloody crimes, and the city is full of violence.

24 Wherefore I will bring the worst of the heathen, and they shall possess their houses: I will also make the pomp of the strong to cease; and their holy places shall be defiled.

25 Destruction cometh; and they shall seek peace, and there shall be none.

26 Mischief shall come upon mischief, and rumour shall be upon rumour; then shall they seek a vision of the prophet; but the law shall perish from the priest, and counsel from the ancients.

27 The king shall mourn, and the prince shall be clothed with desolation, and the hands of the people of the land shall be troubled: I will do unto them after their way, and according to their deserts will I judge them; and they shall know that I am the LORD.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### *The idolatries in Jerusalem.*

AND it came to pass in the sixth year, in the sixth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I sat in mine house, and the elders of Judah sat before me, that the hand of the Lord GOD fell there upon me.

2 Then I beheld, and lo a likeness as the appearance of fire: from the appearance of his loins even downward, fire; and from his loins even upward, as the appearance of brightness, as the colour of amber.

hand; and a thick cloud of incense went up.

12 Then said he unto me, Son of man, hast thou seen what the ancients of the house of Israel do in the dark, every man in the chambers of his imagery? for they say, The LORD seeth us not; the LORD hath forsaken the earth.

13 ¶ He said also unto me, Turn thee yet again, and thou shalt see greater abominations than they do.

14 Then he brought me to the door of the gate of the LORD's house which was toward the north; and, behold, there sat women weeping for Tammuz.

15 ¶ Then said he unto me, Hast thou seen this, O son of man? turn thee yet again, and thou shalt see greater abominations than these.

16 And he brought me into the inner court of the LORD's house, and, behold, at the door of the temple of the LORD, between the porch and the altar, were about five and twenty men, with their backs toward the temple of the LORD, and their faces toward the east; and they worshipped the sun toward the east.

17 ¶ Then he said unto me, Hast thou seen this, O son of man? Is it a light thing to the house of Judah that they commit the abominations which they commit here? for they have filled the land with violence, and have returned to provoke me to anger: and, lo, they put the branch to their nose.

18 Therefore will I also deal in fury: mine eye shall not spare, neither will I have pity; and though they cry in mine ears with a loud voice, yet will I not hear them.

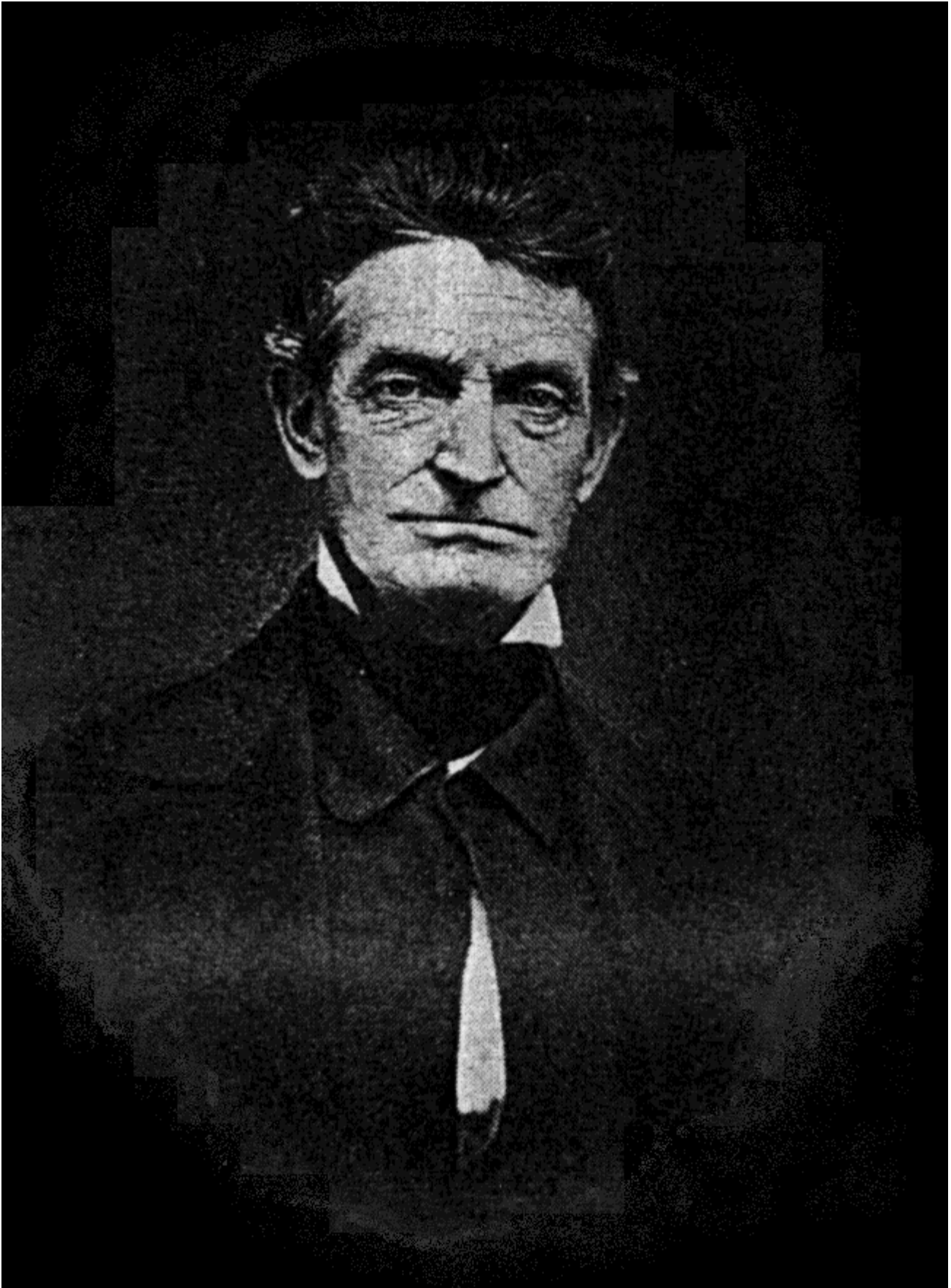
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According to this textbook, the Southern white “Christians” were organizing in a similar manner:

Yet one notable company was raised through the energy and sacrifice of Colonel Buford, of Alabama. He issued an appeal for 300 industrious and sober men, capable of bearing arms and willing to fight for the cause of the South. He would himself contribute \$20,000, and he agreed to give each man who enlisted 40 acres of good Kansas land and support him for a year. He sold his slaves to provide the money he had promised. Owing to the fervent appeals of the press, contributions from many quarters were obtained, and the enthusiasm was not confined to the men. A daughter of South Carolina sent to the editor of a newspaper a gold chain which would realize enough to furnish one man, and she begged him to let the ladies of her neighborhood know when more money was needed, for then, she wrote, “we will give up our personal embellishments and expose them for sale.”

Buford raised 280 men from South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama. Many of them were the poor relations and dependents of the wealthy slave-holders; others were poor whites. Some were intelligent, and afterwards proved worthy citizens; but the majority were ignorant and brutal, and made fit companions for the Missouri border ruffians, by whom they were received with open arms. The day that Buford’s battalion started from Montgomery, they marched to the Baptist church. The Methodist minister solemnly invoked the divine blessing on their enterprise; the Baptist pastor gave Buford a finely bound Bible, and said that a subscription had been raised to present each emigrant with a copy of the Holy Scriptures. Three or four thousand citizens gathered on the river bank to bid them farewell, and there were not lacking “the bright smiles and happy faces” of the ladies to cheer them on. A distinguished citizen made them an address, saying that “on them rested the future welfare of the South; they were armed with the Bible, a weapon more potent than Sharpe’s rifles; and, in the language of Lord Nelson, ‘every man was expected to do his duty.’” The South Carolina contingent had not, on leaving home, been provided with Bibles; it had there been proclaimed that all the equipment needed was a good common country rifle.

Further along in this text from which I am quoting, there are presumptive assertions, such as one on page 279 attesting that Sharps rifles were shipped West inside crates stamped **BIBLES**. One may cast doubt upon such tall textbook tales without contesting the existence of the Sharps repeating rifle, or contending that no churchly congregations contributed money toward their purchase, or impugning the fact that these weapons of remote rapid death were in the period humorously (!) being referred to, among the people humorously referred to as “Christians,” as “Beecher’s Bibles.” It has never to my knowledge been corroborated, that actual boxes of these rifles actually were shipped west, actually stenciled with the word **BIBLES** on the outside — it has not to my awareness been substantiated, that this was something more than merely a humorous (!) manner of talking



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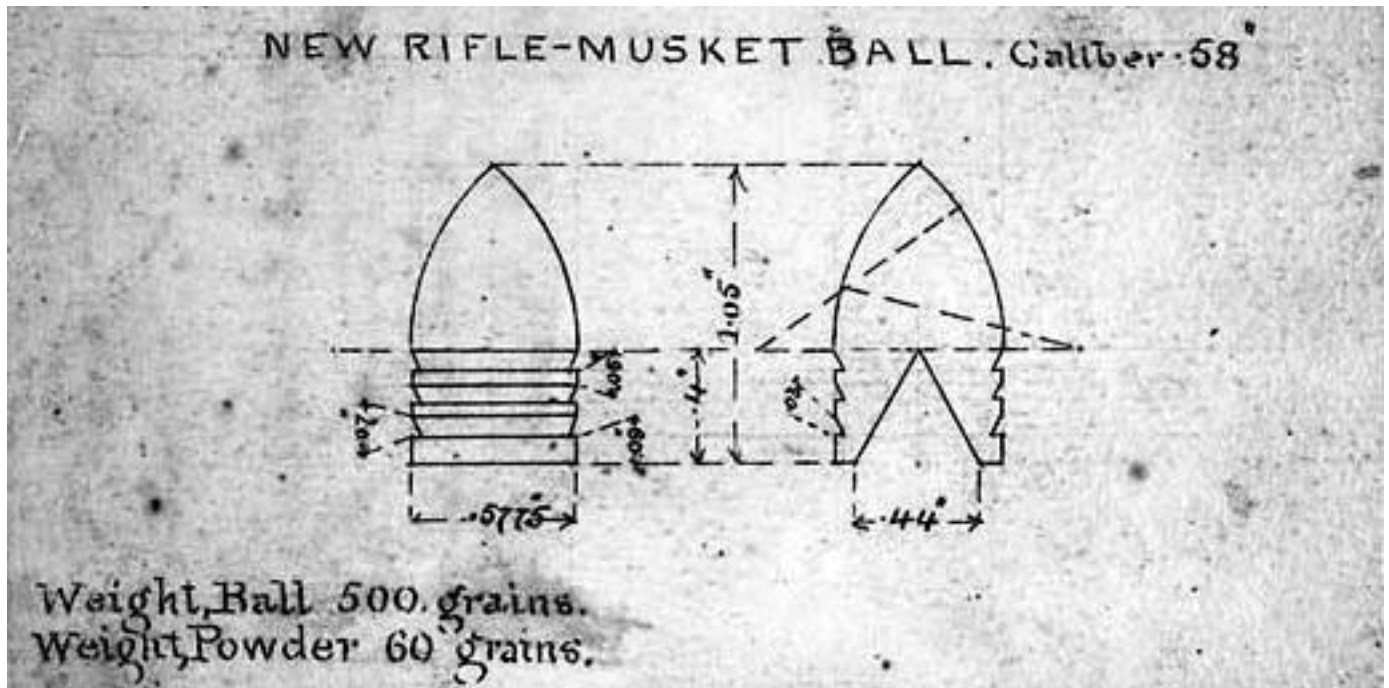
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about this righteous dealing of death.



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

This is the Minié .58-inch bullet that was being pioneered during this year at the [Harpers Ferry](#) Arsenal by armorer James H. Burton:



A nice “unintended feature” of this bullet being introduced was that since it was hollow behind, the shooter could prepare for battle by rubbing it in feces. That would ensure that any limb struck by the bullet would need to be amputated, because of the probability of sepsis from even a flesh wound that did not shatter bone. (In other words, bacteriological warfare, but initiated from the bottom up rather than from the top down.)





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**For Righteousness' Sake, by Friend [John Greenleaf Whittier](#)**

THE age is dull and mean. Men creep,  
Not walk; with blood too pale and tame  
To pay the debt they owe to shame;  
Buy cheap, sell dear; eat, drink, and sleep  
Down-pillowed, deaf to moaning want;  
Pay tithes for soul-insurance; keep  
Six days to Mammon, one to Cant.

In such a time, give thanks to God,  
That somewhat of the holy rage  
With which the prophets in their age  
On all its decent seemings trod,  
Has set your feet upon the lie,  
That man and ox and soul and clod  
Are market stock to sell and buy!

The hot words from your lips, my own,  
To caution trained, might not repeat;  
But if some tares among the wheat  
Of generous thought and deed were sown,  
No common wrong provoked your zeal;  
The silken gauntlet that is thrown  
In such a quarrel rings like steel.

The brave old strife the fathers saw  
For freedom calls for men again  
Like those who battled not in vain  
For England's Charter, Alfred's law;  
And right of speech and trial just  
Wage in your name their ancient war  
With venal courts and perjured trust.

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,  
They touch the shining hills of day;  
The evil cannot brook delay,  
The good can well afford to wait.  
Give ermined knaves their hour of crime;  
Ye have the future grand and great,  
The safe appeal of Truth to Time!



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[Thaddeus Hyatt](#) received Patent No. 12,595 for “Illuminating Vault-Covers” (this would help him pay for his antislavery activities in the [Kansas Territory](#)).

The [New-York](#) law clerk [John E. Cook](#) became a member of Charles Lenhart’s guerrilla force operated out of Lawrence in the [Kansas Territory](#). He would make himself into an excellent shot. He would be dispatched by [John Brown](#) to [Harpers Ferry](#) more than a year before the raid to work out the details on the ground, and would secure employment in the area as a lock tender on the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal, as a schoolteacher, and as a bookseller.



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

# KANSAS

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[Oliver Brown](#) went with his father [John Brown](#) to the [Kansas Territory](#), meeting there 4 other of Brown's sons who had already arrived, and settled at [Osawatomic](#).



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(Oliver would return to [North Elba](#) in October 1856, where he would marry with Martha Evelyn Brewster ([Martha Brewster Brown](#)) in 1858. She would be sent back north just before the raid on [Harpers Ferry](#).)



A man who was converted to a life of violence by the violence of the [Thomas Simms \(Sims\)](#) case was the Reverend [Daniel Foster](#), the Concord minister who had attracted notice by praying on the dock in 1851 as Simms was being extradited from Boston to Savannah, Georgia. Leaving the Concord church, Foster would become Chaplain of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1857 and would be in attendance when [John Brown](#) spoke before a committee of the House and Senate about the Kansas troubles. Almost immediately afterward Foster would quit his Chaplaincy, “convinced that our cause must receive a baptism of blood before it can be victorious,” and move to Kansas.

*I expect to serve in Capt. John Brown's company in the next Kansas war, which I hope is inevitable & near at hand.*

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A depiction of *Sagoyewatha* “Red Jacket” by McKenney and Hall, done in this year:



The First Territorial Legislature for the [Kansas Territory](#), overwhelmingly slave-state, was elected and later met at Pawnee, near Fort Riley, only to relocate to Shawnee Mission. The [Free-State](#) Topeka Movement was established, and the [Topeka Constitution](#) written.

February 3, Saturday: The Squatter Sovereign was published at Atchison in the Kansas Territory (this was initially pro-slavery).



February 3. This morning it is snowing again, as if a squall. The snow has thus spit on the ice four times since this last skating began on Tuesday, the 30th, viz. Thursday noon, Thursday evening, Friday evening, and now Saturday morning. This will deserve to be called the winter of skating. The heavens thus spit on the ice as if they had a spite against it. I even suspect that the account of the matter may be that when an atmosphere containing more moisture than usual is wafted over this chain of broad ice lakes (especially the rest of the country being bare of snow) its moisture is suddenly condensed and frozen, and there is a spitting of snow. This last flurry lasted an hour or more, and then it grew colder and windy

P. M.—Skating through snow

Skated up the river with T[appa]n in spite of the snow and wind. It had cleared up, but the snow was on a level strong three quarters of an inch deep (seemingly an inch), but for the most part blown into drifts three to ten feet wide and much deeper (with bare intervals) under a strong northwesterly wind. It was a novel experience, this skating through snow, sometimes a mile without a bare spot, this blustering day. In many places a crack ran across our course where the water had oozed out, and the driving snow catching in it had formed a thick batter with a stiffish crust in which we were tripped up and measured our lengths on the ice. The few thin places were concealed, and we avoided them by our knowledge of the localities, though we sometimes saw the air-bubbles of the midchannel through the thin ice; for, the water going down, the current is increasing and eating its way through the ice. Sometimes a thicker drift, too, threw us, or a sudden unevenness in the concealed ice; but on the whole the snow was but a slight obstruction. We skated with much more facility than I had anticipated, and I would not have missed the experience for a good deal. The water, falling rapidly, has left a part of the ice in shelves attached to the shore and to the alders and other trees and bushes, fifteen or eighteen inches above the general level, with a spongy or brittle mass of crystals suspended from its under sides five or six inches deep, or double that of the ice, looking like lace-work on the side and showing all kinds of angular geometrical figures when you look down on it turned bottom up; as if the water had sunk away faster than it could freeze solidly. I think that in my ice-flakes of the 2d the thin crust of the horizontal ice was blown off and had left these exposed. Sometimes we had to face a head wind and driving or blowing snow which concealed the prospect a few rods ahead, and we made a tedious progress

We went up the Pantry Meadow above the old William Wheeler house, and came down this meadow again with the wind and snow dust, spreading our coat-tails, like birds, though somewhat at the risk of our necks if we had struck a foul place. I found that I could sail on a tack pretty well, trimming with my skirts. Sometimes we had to jump suddenly over some obstacle which the snow had concealed before, to save our necks. It was worth the while for one to look back against the sun and wind and see the other sixty rods off coming, floating down like a graceful demon in the midst of the broad meadow all covered and lit with the curling snow-steam, between which you saw the ice in dark, waving streaks, like a mighty river Orellana braided of a myriad steaming currents,— like the demon of the storm driving his flocks and herds before him. In the midst of this tide of curling snow-steam, he sweeps and surges this way and that and comes on like the spirit of the whirlwind

At Lee's Cliff we made a fire, kindling with white pine cones, after oak leaves and twigs, — else we had lost it; these saved us, for there is a resinous drop at the point of each scale, — and then we forgot that we were outdoors in a blustering winter day

The drifts will probably harden by to-morrow and make such skating impossible. I was curious to see how my tracks looked, — what figure I cut, — and skated back a little to look at it. That little way it was like this somewhat:—

somewhat like the shallow snow-drifts.

Looking toward the sun and wind, you saw a broad river half a mile or more in width, its whole surface lit and alive with flowing streams of snow, in form like the steam which curls along a river's surface at sunrise, and in midst of this moving world sailed down the skater, majestically, as if on the surface of water while the steam curled as high as his knees

Several broad bays open on to this, some of them, like the Pantry and Larned Brook, two or more miles deep

You scarcely see a bird such a day as this

Flash go your dry leaves like powder and leave a few bare and smoking twigs. Then you sedulously feed a little flame, until the fire takes hold of the solid wood and establishes itself. What an uncertain and negative thing, when it finds nothing to suit its appetite after the first flash! What a positive and inexpugnable thing, when it begins to devour the solid wood with a relish, burning with its own wind! You must study as long at last how to put it out, as you did how to kindle it. Close up under some upright rock, where you scorch the yellow sulphur lichens. Then cast on some creeping juniper wreaths or hemlock boughs to hear them crackle, realizing Scripture

Some little boys ten years old are as handsome skaters as I know. They sweep along with a graceful floating motion, leaning now to this side, then to that, like a marsh hawk beating the bush

I still recur in my mind to that skate of the 31st. I was thus enabled to get a bird's-eye view of the river, — to



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survey its length and breadth within a few hours, connect one part (one shore) with another in my mind, and realize what was going on upon it from end to end, — to know the whole as I ordinarily knew a few miles of it only. I connected the chestnut-tree house, near the shore in Wayland, with the chimney house [Atkinson's?] in Billerica, Pelham's Pond with Nutting's Pond in Billerica. There is good skating from the mouth to Saxonville, measuring in a straight line some twenty-two miles, by the river say thirty now, Concord midway. It is all the way of one character, — a meadow river, or dead stream, — Musketcook, — the abode of muskrats, pickerel, etc., crossed within these dozen miles each way, — or thirty in all, — by some twenty low wooden bridges, sublicii pontes, connected with the mainland by willowy causeways. Thus the long, shallow lakes divided into reaches. These long causeways all under water and ice now, only the bridges peeping out from time to time like a dry eyelid. You must look close to find them in many cases. Mere islands are they to the traveller, in the waste of water and ice. Only two villages lying near the river, Concord and Wayland, and one at each end of this thirty miles

Haycocks commonly stand only in the Sudbury meadow. You must beware when you cross the deep, dark channel between the sunken willow rows, distinguishing it from the meadowy sea where the current is seen eating its way through; else you may be in overhead before you know it. I used some bits of wood with a groove in them for crossing the causeways and gravelly places, that I need not scratch my skate irons

Minott says that the white rabbit does not make a hole, — sits under a bunch of dry ferns and the like, — but that the gray one does. They and the fox love to come out and lie in the sun.

February 28, Wednesday: A census of the [Kansas Territory](#) counted 8,501 whites, 151 free blacks, and 192 black slaves. The majority of these intrusives were Missourians and other Westerners.



February 28. Still cold and clear. Ever since the 23d inclusive a succession of clear but very cold days in which, for the most part, it has not melted perceptibly during the day. My ink has frozen, and plants, etc., have frozen in the house, though the thermometer has not indicated nearly so great a cold as before. Since the 25th it has been very slowly moderating. The skating began again the 24th after the great freshet had gone down some two feet or more, but that part of the old ice which was broken up by the freshet and floated from its place, either on to the upland or meadow or on to the firm ice, made it remarkably broken and devious, not to be used by night. The deep bays and sides of the meadows have presented a very remarkable appearance, a stretching pack of great cakes of ice, often two or more upon each other and partly tilted up, a foot thick and one to two or more rods broad. The westerling sun reflected from their edges makes them shine finely. In short, our meadows have presented and still present a very wild and arctic scene. Far on every side, over what is usually dry land, are scattered these great cakes of ice, the water having now gone down about five feet on the South Branch

P. M.—To further railroad bridge and Ministerial Swamp. I see that same kind of icicle terracing about the piers of Wood's Bridge and others that I saw, I think, last spring, but not now quite so perfect, as if where the water had stood at successive levels. The lower edge now about a foot or two above water

Examined where the white maple and the apple tree were tipped over by the ice the other day at the railroad bridge. It struck them seven or eight feet from the ground, that being the height of the water, rubbed off the bark, and then bent flat and broke them. They were about ten inches in diameter, the maple partly dead before. I see where many trees have been wounded by the ice in former years. They have a hard time of it when a cake half a dozen rods in diameter and nearly two feet thick is floated and blown against them

Just south of Derby's Bridge lie many great cakes, some one upon another, which were stopped by the bridge and causeway, and a great many have a crust of the meadow of equal thickness — six inches to one foot — frozen to their under surfaces. Some of these are a rod in diameter, and when the ice melts, the meadow where they are landed will present a singular appearance. I see many also freshly deposited on the Elfin Burial-Ground, showing how that was formed. The greater part of those hummocks there are probably, if not certainly, carried by the ice, though I now see a few small but thick pieces of meadow four or five feet broad without any ice or appearance of its having been attached to them. This is a powerful agent at work. Many great cakes have lodged on a ridge of the meadow west of the river here, and suggest how such a ridge may be growing from year to year This North River is only partially open. I see where a bright gleam from a cake of ice on the shore is reflected in the stream with remarkable brightness, in a pointed, flame-like manner. Look either side you see it. Standing here, still above the Elfin Burial Ground, the outlines of Heywood the miller's house in the distance against the pine and oak woods come dimly out, and by their color are in very pleasing harmony with this wood. I think it is a dull-red house against the usual mixture of red oak leaves and dark pines. There is such a harmony as between the gray limbs of an overshadowing elm and the lichen-clad roof

We crossed the river at Nut Meadow Brook. The ice was nearly worn through all along there, with wavelike regularity, in oblong (round end) or thick crescent or kidney shaped holes, as if worn by the summits of waves, — like a riddle to sift a man through. These holes are hard to detect in some lights except by shaking the water. I saw some V cakes of ice, ten feet across and one foot thick, lodged with one end on the top of a fence-post and some seven or eight feet in the air, the other on the bottom. There is a fine pack of large cakes away in the bay behind Hubbard's Grove. I notice, looking at their edges, that the white or rotted part extends downward in

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points or triangles, alternating with the sound greenish parts, thus:— Most, however, are a thin white, or maybe snow ice, with all beneath solid and green still

Found a hangbird's nest fallen from the ivy maple, composed wholly of that thread they wipe the locomotive with ["Cotton waste."] and one real thread, all as it were woven into a perfect bag

I have a piece of a limb (alder or maple?), say five eighths of an inch in diameter, which has been cut off by a worm boring spirally, but in one horizontal plane, three times round

I observed how a new ravine is formed in a sandhill. A new one was formed in the last thaw at Clamshell Hill thus: Much melted snow and rain being collected on the top of the hill, some apparently found its way through the ground, frozen a foot thick, a few feet from the edge of the bank, and began with a small rill washing down the slope the unfrozen sand beneath. As the water continued to flow, the sand on each side continued to slide into it and be carried off, leaving the frozen crust above quite firm, making a bridge five or six feet wide over this cavern. Now, since the thaw, this bridge, I see, has melted and fallen in, leaving a ravine some ten feet wide and much longer, which now may go on increasing from year to year without limit, and thus the sand is ravished away. I was there just after it began [Audubon and Bachman think a ravine may sometimes have been produced by the gallery of a shrew mole.].

March 30, Friday: There was an election for the 1st [Kansas Territorial Legislature](#) in which neighboring Missourians came into the region to vote illegally on the issue of being admitted into the United States of America as a free state, or as a slave state. [Samuel J. Jones](#) led a group of proslavery men that destroyed the ballot box at Bloomington. The proslavery faction would be victorious amid much fraud.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

The state legislature passed enabling legislation to launch a survey of [New-York's](#) underwater boundaries.

[Stephen Symonds Foster](#) announced that he had demoted nonresistance to evil from an end in itself to a means toward victory. He could defend himself better, personally, by eschewing violence than by arming himself and defending himself. Others, however, might not be in such a situation. If they could not achieve their objectives best through nonviolence, then they should use violence.



March 30. 6.30 A.M. — To Island. It is a little warmer than of late, though still the shallows are skimmed over. The pickerel begin to dart from the shallowest parts not frozen. I hear many phe-be notes from the chickadees, as if they appreciated this slightly warmer and sunny morning. A fine day. As I look through the window, I actually see a warmer atmosphere with its fine shimmer against the russet hills and the dry leaves, though the warmth has not got into the house and it is no more bright nor less windy than yesterday, or many days past. I find that the difference to the eye is a slight haze, though it is but very little warmer than yesterday. To-day and yesterday have been bright, windy days, — west wind, cool, yet, compared with the previous colder ones, pleasantly, gratefully cool to me on my cheek. There is a very perceptible greenness on our south bank now, but I cannot detect the slightest greenness on the south side of Lee's Hill as I sail by it. It is a perfectly dead



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russet. The river is but about a foot above the lowest summer level. I have seen a few *F. hyemalis* about the house in the morning the last few days. You see a few blackbirds, robins, bluebirds, tree sparrows, larks, etc., but the song sparrow chiefly is heard these days. He must have a great deal of life in him to draw upon, who can pick up a subsistence in November and March. Man comes out of his winter quarters this month as lean as a woodchuck. Not till late could the skunk find a place where the ground was thawed on the surface. Except for science, do not travel in such a climate as this in November and March. I tried if a fish would take the bait to-day; but in vain; I did not get a nibble. Where are they? I read that a great many bass were taken in the Merrimack last week. Do not the suckers move at the same time?

April 2, Monday: August Bondi arrived in Kansas City in the [Kansas Territory](#).



April 2. Not only the grass but the pines also were greener yesterday for being wet. To-day, the grass being dry, the green blades are less conspicuous than yesterday. It would seem, then, that this color is more vivid when wet, and perhaps all green plants, like lichens, are to some extent greener in moist weather. Green is essentially *vivid*, or the color of life, and it is therefore most, brilliant where a plant is moist or most alive. A plant is said to be green in opposition to being withered and dead. The word, according to Webster, is from the Saxon *grene*, to grow, and hence is the color of herbage when growing.

High winds all night, rocking the house, opening doors, etc. To-day also. It is wintry cold also, and ice has formed nearly an inch thick in my boat.

P. M. — Down the river-bank.

The wind is still very strong and cold from the northwest, filling the air with dust and blowing the water, which has slightly risen, over the rocks and bushes along the shore, where it freezes in the shape of bulls' horns about the osiers, making coarse rakes with its dependent icicles when the osiers are horizontal, also turtle-shells over the rocks. It is just such a wind and freezing as that of last March (18th, I think), and, if the meadow were flooded, there would probably be as much ice as then on the bushes. There may be wind enough for this phenomenon in the winter, but then there is no open water to be blown.

April 4, Wednesday: August Bondi arrived at [Lawrence](#) in the [Kansas Territory](#).



In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) went to Lee's Cliff (Gleason K6) and then Clematis Brook (Gleason K7).



April 4 [1855]. A fine morning, still and bright, with smooth water and singing of song and tree sparrows and some blackbirds. A nuthatch is heard on the elms, and two ducks fly upward in the sun over the river.



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P.M. — To Clematis Brook *via* Lee's.

A pleasant day, growing warmer; a slight haze. Now the hedges and apple trees are alive with fox-colored sparrows [**Fox Sparrow** █ *Passerella iliaca*], all over the town, and their imperfect strains are occasionally heard. Their clear, fox-colored backs are very handsome. I get quite near to them. Stood quite near to what I called a hairy woodpecker — but, seeing the downy afterward, I am in doubt about it. Its body certainly as big as a robin. It is a question of size between the two kinds. The rows of white spots near the end of the wings of the downy remind me of the lacings on the skirts of a soldier's coat. Talked with Daniel Garfield near the old house on Conantum. He was going to see if his boat was in order for fishing. Said he had been a-fishing as early as this and caught perch, etc., with a worm. He had often caught shiners in Fair Haven Pond through the ice in March, and once a trout in deep water off Baker's steep hill, which weighed two pounds, his lines having been left in over night. He had also often caught the little perch in White Pond in midwinter for bait. Sees trout and sucker running up brooks at this season and earlier, and thinks they go out of them in the fall, but not out of the river. Does not know where they go to.

I am surprised to [find] the pond, *i.e.* Fair Haven Pond, not yet fully open. There is [a] large mass of ice in the eastern bay, which will hardly melt tomorrow. [Footnote: "The rain of the 5th, P.M., must have finished it."]

It is a fine air, but more than tempered by the snow in the northwest. All the earth is bright; the very pines glisten, and the water is a bright blue. A gull is circling round Fair Haven Pond, seen white against the woods and hillsides, looking as if it would dive for a fish every moment, and occasionally resting on the ice. The water above Lee's Bridge is all alive with ducks. There are many flocks of eight or ten together, their black heads and white breasts seen above the water, — more of them than I have seen before this season, — and a gull with its whole body above the water, perhaps standing where it was shallow. Not only are the evergreens brighter, but the pools, as that upland one behind Lee's, the ice as well as snow about their edges being now completely melted, have a peculiarly warm and bright April look, as if ready to be inhabited by frogs.

I can now put a spade into the garden anywhere. The rain of April 1st and the warmth of to-day have taken out the frost there; but I cannot put a spade into banks by the meadow where there is the least slope to the north.

Returning from Mt. Misery, the pond and river-reach presented a fine, warm view. The slight haze, which on a warmer day at this season softens the rough surfaces which the winter has left and fills the coves seemingly with life, — makes them appear to teem with life, — made the landscape remarkably fair. It would not be called a warm, but a pleasant day; but the water has crept partly over the meadows, and the broad border of button-bushes, etc., etc., off Wheeler's cranberry meadow, low and nearly flat, though sloping regularly from an abrupt curving edge on the riverside several rods into the meadow till it is submerged — this is isolated, but at this distance and through this air it is remarkably soft and elysian. There is a remarkable variety in the view at present from this summit. The sun feels as warm is in June on my ear. Half a mile off in front is this elysian water, high over which two wild ducks are winging their rapid flight eastward through the bright air; on each side and beyond, the earth is clad with a warm russet, more pleasing perhaps than green; and far beyond all, in the northwestern horizon, my eye rests on a range of snow-covered mountains, glistening in the sun.

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Mid-April: After a couple of weeks in [Lawrence](#), August Bondi made a trip through the eastern section of the [Kansas Territory](#) to acquaint himself with affairs on the border. With a partner, he would squat on a claim on the Mosquito branch of the Pottawatomie in Franklin County.



[Henry Thoreau](#) began to feel rather limp. Apparently his bad cold from February had lingered. Probably not until his legs were affected did he regard himself as truly “sick and good for nothing but to lie on back.” This feeling persisted through much of the year. During this time of a bad cough and weak knees, Thoreau grew his whiskers.

HDT health issue



April 14. 6 A.M. — To Island.

An overcast and moist day, but truly April –no sun all day– like such as began methinks on Fast-Day, or the 5th. You cannot foretell how it will turn out. The river has been steadily rising since the first of April, though you would not think there had been rain enough to cause it. It now covers the meadows pretty respectably. It is perhaps because the warm rain has been melting the frost in the ground. This may be the great cause of the regular spring rise. I see half a dozen crow blackbirds uttering their coarse rasping *char char*, like great rusty springs, on the top of an elm by the riverside; and often at each *char* they open their great tails. They also attain to a clear whistle with some effort, but seem to have some difficulty in their throats yet.

The *Populus tremuloides* by the Island shed pollen –a very few catkins– yesterday at least; for some anthers are effete and black this morning, though it [*sic*] is hardly curved down yet an is but an inch and a half long at most. White maples are now generally in bloom. The musk tortoise stirring on the bottom. Most of the stellaria has been winter-killed, but I find a few flowers on a protected and still green sprig, probably not blossomed long. At 8 A.M. — Took caterpillars’ eggs from the apple trees at the Texas house and found about thirty.

It being completely overcast, having rained a little, the robins, etc., sing at 4.30 as at sundown usually. The waters, too, are smooth and full of reflections.

May 20, Sunday: The expedition led by U.S. explorer [Dr. Elisha Kent Kane](#) abandoned the *Advance* and started home in open boats from the Arctic Sea.

Charles Sumner, US Senator from Massachusetts, termed the [Kansas/Nebraska Act](#) of 1854 a “swindle.”

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



May 20. Rains a little.

May 22, Tuesday: In the [Kansas Territory](#), there was a new election for legislative delegates in districts in which there had been demonstrable fraud in the previous election.

July 2, Monday: When the legislature of the [Kansas Territory](#) met at Pawnee, it refused to seat delegates who had been chosen in the new post-fraud election.



July 2. Young bobolinks are now fluttering over the meadow, but I have not been able to find a nest,



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so concealed in the meadow-grass.

At 2 P.M. — Thermometer north side of house. 93°

Air over river at Hubbard's Bath 88°

Water six feet from shore and one foot deep 84 1/2 "near surface in middle, where up to neck 83 1/2 °" at bottom in same place, pulling it up quickly 83 1/2

Yet the air on the wet body, there being a strong southwest wind, feels colder than the water.

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July 6, Friday: The legislature of the [Kansas Territory](#) removed to the [Shawnee Methodist Mission](#). Its session would enact "Bogus Laws" based primarily on Missouri code, protecting human enslavement in the course of creating governmental structure.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

[William Cooper Nell](#) registered the following in [William Lloyd Garrison](#)'s [The Liberator](#):

COLORED PATRIOTS OF THE AMERICAN  
REVOLUTION.

As a means of enlightening public sentiment on an interesting, but much-neglected, department of American History, the subscriber has been induced to make a compilation of facts portraying the patriotism and bravery exhibited by Colored Americans, on land and sea, in 'times that tried men's souls,' embracing the old French War of '55; the Revolution of '76, the struggle of 1812, and subsequent periods. These facts have been gleaned from military records, State documents, private correspondence, and fireside conversations, confirmed by oral and written testimonies of John Hancock, Governor Eustis, the late Judge Story, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Hon. Tristram Burgess, Hon. Charles Pinckney, etc., etc., and by the tributes of Washington, Lafayette, Kosciuszko, Thomas Jefferson and Gen. Jackson.

The subscriber is indebted for further interesting facts and testimonies to John G. Whittier, (the Bard of Freedom); Wendell Phillips, Esq.; J. W. C. Pennington, D.D.; William Howard Day, Esq.; Rev. Theodore Parker, Charles Lenox Remond, Hon. Charles Sumner, Prof. Wm. G. Allen, Lydia Maria Child, James McCune Smith, M.D.; Hon. Henry Wilson, J. Mercer Langston, Esq.; David Leo Child, Esq.; Rev. Daniel A. Payne, Hon. Anson Burlingame, James M. Whitfield, (the Poet); Robert Purvis, Esq.; Hon. J. R. Olddings, Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, Prof. Geo. B. Vashon, Edmund Jackson, Esq.; Robert Morris, Esq.; Rev. Amos G. Beman, Dr. M. R. Delany, William Wells Brown, Lewis and Milton Clark, Rev. Henry F. Harrington, the late Henry Bibb, Angolina J. Knox, Rev. John W. Lewis, Hon. Gerrit Smith, Wm. Yates, Esq.; Wm. J. Watkins, Esq.; and several others.

The work will contain an extract from the Address of the National Convention of July, 1853, and will be interspersed with interesting sketches (public and personal) of the Battle of New Orleans, the Insurrection of Nat. Turner in Virginia, and Denmark Vesley in South Carolina, and the New York Plot of 1741, as in part detailed by Pelog W. Chandler, Esq., in his 'Criminal Trials.' Also, an account of the strikes for liberty by Joseph Cinquez, on board the *Armistad*; by Madison Washington, on board the *Creole*, and by the heroes of Christiana.

Among other contents of the work will be found proofs of the non-acknowledged Citizenship of Colored Americans, with a Letter of Hon. Wm. H. Seward; an account of the proscription of colored citizens by the Federal government; New England Colonial action on the treatment of colored persons, bond and free; sentiments of the colored people on Colonization, the Fugitive Slave Law, and Self-Elevation; together with reminiscences of Phillis Wheatley, Paul Cuffe, (Navigator) David Walker, Richard Banneker, (Astronomer,) James Forten, J. B. Vashon, Richard Potter, (Ventriloquist,) Moses Easton, David Ruggles, (Hydropathist,) Rev. Lemuel Haynes, and other celebrities.

The book will be graced with an introduction by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and illustrated by engravings of prominent historical events; among them, Crispus Attucks at the Boston Massacre, 5th March, 1770, and the Colored American's valor on Bunker Hill. Also, a fac simile autographic certificate of General Washington, conveying an honorable discharge to a colored soldier.

In the effort to publish this edition, a heavy responsibility (pecuniary and otherwise) has been assumed by the subscriber, which he believes will be appreciated by the friends of humanity and progress, who are invited by this circular to forward their names and subscriptions for copies.

Should sufficient encouragement be extended, the work will be issued in May, at the price of \$1 per copy. On receipt of price, the book will be mailed (postage paid) to subscribers.

WM. O. NELL, 21 Cornhill.

Boston, April, 1856.



July 6. Rode to North Truro very early in the stage or covered wagon, on the new road, which is just finished as far as East Harbor Creek. Blackfish on the shore. Walked from post-office to lighthouse. Fog till eight or nine, and short grass very wet. Board at James Small's, the lighthouse, at \$3.50 the week. Polygala polygama well out, flat, ray-wise, all over the fields. Cakile Americana, sea-rocket, the large weed of the beach, some time and going to seed, on beach. Pasture thistle (Cirsium pumilum), out some time. A great many white ones. The boy, Isaac Small, got eighty bank swallows eggs out of the clay-bank, i. e. above the clay. Small says there are a few great gulls here in summer. I see small (?) yellow-legs. Many crow blackbirds in the dry fields hopping about. Upland plover near the lighthouse breeding. Small once cut off one's wing when mowing in the field next the lighthouse as she sat on her eggs. Many seringo-birds, apparently like ours. They say mackerel have just left the Bay, and fishermen have gone to the eastward for them. Some, however, are catching cod and halibut on the back side. Cape measures two miles in width here on the great chart.

July 16, Monday: The [Shawnee Methodist Mission](#) would serve as the 2d capital of the [Kansas Territory](#) while the legislature was under the control of pro-slavery advocates, until Spring 1856.



July 16. Why not have one large reflector instead of many small ones, for a strong light? Uva-ursi berries begin to redden. Beach-grass grows on the highest land here. Uncle Sam tells of sea-turtles, which he regarded as natives, as big as a barrel, found on the marsh, of more than one kind. Call the fishing captains skippers. The oak wood north of Rich's or Dyer's Hollow, say twenty years old, nine feet high. Red (?) oaks, etc. Can see soil on edge of bank covered five feet deep with sand which has blown up, on the highest part of bank. See three black snakes on sand just behind edge of bank. Blueberries only one inch high.



## KANSAS

## KANSAS

August 8, Wednesday: The legislature of the [Kansas Territory](#) selected Leecompton as the region's permanent capital.

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [George William Curtis](#) about revisions to "The Beach Again" (which would become Chapter 6 of [CAPE COD](#)) at [Putnam's Monthly Magazine of American Literature, Science and Art](#) (this manuscript eventually needed to be withdrawn).

*Concord Mass. Aug 8<sup>th</sup>  
1855  
Mr. Editor,  
Will you  
allow me to trouble you  
once more about my  
Cape Cod paper. I  
should like to substitute  
the accompanying sheets  
for about ten pages  
of my MS, in the  
Chapter called "The Beach  
Again," that is, for the  
pages between the words  
"heaped & then scraped" (which  
I think occur at the end  
of a paragraph about  
a dozen pages from the  
beginning of the chapter,)  
and the words "It was  
a poetic recreation &c",*

*Page 2  
as you will see.  
Yrs respectfully  
Henry D. Thoreau*

[TIMELINE OF CAPE COD](#)



Aug.8. Blue-curls, how long? Not long.



## KANSAS

## KANSAS

August 16, Thursday: In the [Kansas Territory](#), [Governor Andrew Horatio Reeder](#) was dismissed from office by [President Franklin Pierce](#) for having neglected to use his position effectively, to ensure that Kansas would as it should become an additional slave state.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

The Whig party had been destroyed by the [Know-Nothing](#) victory in the state election of 1854. Therefore the anti-slavery wing of the Whigs was reorganized as a new party, named the Republican Party. Samuel Hoar of Concord presided at the meeting in Boston that called for a State convention of this party, to be held in Worcester on September 20, 1855. Hoar's son George Frisbie Hoar was also active in the founding of this Republican Party, in a minor way.



August 27, Monday: [Acting Governor Daniel Woodson](#), knowing that it had been [Samuel J. Jones](#) who had led the group of proslavery men in destroying the ballot box at Bloomington in the [Kansas Territory](#), appointed him to be the 1st sheriff of Douglas County. Righteous acts deserve their reward!

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

Fall: [Frederick Douglass](#) had been touting a “Plan for Making [Kansas](#) a Free State,” in which he offered to create a buffer zone by settling a thousand free and armed black families in a strip of homesteads along the state's border, which would have the effect of insulating the free-soiler white homesteaders from the depredations of Southern white marauders.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

When the Free State convention was held in Topeka, Kansas during this fall, the white immigrants at that convention, despite their free-soiler convictions, proposed a constitution that would entirely bar black Americans slave or free from ever settling in their free state. They didn't want to share their America, not at all they didn't. In their minds, the problem they faced was not so much a problem of having **slaves** around to be a bother to them as it was a problem of having **black people** around to be a bother to them. As far as they were concerned, the idea of their being “protected” in a free Kansas by the presence of a bunch of armed black people was — well, as an idea this was a non-starter.

RACISM

Professor Robert Hare issued his EXPERIMENTAL INVESTIGATION OF THE SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS and lectured at the Broadway Tabernacle in [New-York](#) on the topic of “Celestial Mechanics.”

SPIRITUALISM



September 5, Wednesday: [Waldo Emerson](#) recorded in his journal that:

*All the thoughts of a turtle are turtle.*

From this what may we infer? –That Waldo has given up all hope for transcendence? If you are nothing but a turtle and therefore can think no thoughts other than turtle thoughts, then, presumably, if you are nothing but a negro you won’t be able to think any thoughts other than negro thoughts, and, presumably, if you’re nothing but a woman you won’t be able to think any thoughts other than woman thoughts, and, presumably, if you’re nothing but a child you won’t be able to think any thoughts other than child thoughts — and, presumably, if you’re nothing but a white man (such as, for one fine example, Waldo), you won’t be able to think any thoughts other than white man thoughts — thoughts such as this one?



On this day and the following one, at a political convention at the Big Springs in the [Kansas Territory](#), a “Free State Party” was being brought into existence.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

September 7, Friday: [Wilson Shannon](#) became governor of the [Kansas Territory](#).

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [Horace Greeley](#).

*Concord Sep 7<sup>th</sup> 55  
Friend Greeley,  
I have just returned from Boston where I showed your note to Ticknor. He says he will put the books into the next package which he sends to England. I did not send a single copy of Walden across the water, though Fields did two or three, to private persons alone I think.  
Thank you for the suggestion.  
I am glad to hear that you are on this side again—though I should not care if you had been detained somewhat longer, if so we could have had a few more letters from Clichy.  
Yrs  
Henry D. Thoreau*

# KANSAS

# KANSAS

September 20, Thursday: A “Mass convention” was held at the city hall in Worcester. By acclamation, the crowd passed resolutions denouncing the [Kansas/Nebraska Act](#) and opposing the admission of “any more slave states irrespective of whether they lay north or south of 36°30'.” Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar became the party’s candidate.




THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



## KANSAS

## KANSAS

At the Massachusetts Woman's Rights Convention in Boston, it appeared that the efforts of [Abby Kelley Foster](#) were no longer to be welcomed. Commented [Paulina Wright Davis](#), chairwoman of the Central Committee, "I am determined to do my utmost to remove the idea that all the woman's rights women are horrid old frights with beards and mustaches." Since Abby was not a horrid old fright with a beard and a mustache, we may presume that there was something else about her that the Central Committee did not appreciate, such as the fact that she troubled people's souls. We may presume that, just as certain leaders in the anti-slavery movement of that era, such as [Frederick Douglass](#), were irritated by followers who wanted to place primary emphasis upon respect for human rights and who considered that prejudice against race and prejudice against gender were wrong for the same reason—because they treated people differently who should be being treated deferentially—so also, certain leaders in the woman's rights movement of that era, such as Davis, were irritated by followers who needed to complicate their single issue in such a manner. [Waldo Emerson](#) delivered "Woman" for the benefit of this convention, which must have been an amusing diversion:



Man is the Will, and Woman the sentiment. In this ship of humanity, Will is the rudder, and Sentiment the sail: when Woman affects to steer, the rudder is only a masked sail. When women engage in any art or trade, it is usually as a resource, not as a primary object. The life of the affections is primary to them, so that there is usually no employment or career which they will not with their own applause and that of society quit for a suitable marriage. And they give entirely to their affections, set their whole fortune on the die, lose themselves eagerly in the glory of their husband and children. Man stands astonished at a magnanimity he cannot pretend to.

FEMINISM  
SEXISM

We may regret that [Sojourner Truth](#) was not called in as the cleaning lady to clean up after this particularly unfortunate oration:

When I was a slave away down there in New York, and there was some particularly bad work to be done, some colored woman was sure to be called upon to do it. And when I heard that man talking away there as he did almost a whole hour, I said to myself, here's one spot of work sure that's fit for colored folks to clean up after.

An example, from that era, of the manner in which complex issues were being collapsed into single-issue advocacy would be the way the property issue played in [Rhode Island](#) voting in the year in which the winning candidate was put in prison for treason for having been the winning candidate, for in that election the tactic was that voting for black males with property was traded off against voting for white males without property. An example from our contemporary world would be the leaders who are now ready to lead us forward into a totalitarian world of our own choosing, called "the nuclear security state," if by that we can obtain the decrease in greenhouse gasses upon which they prefer for us to place our focus.

# KANSAS

# KANSAS



October: [John Brown](#) joined his 5 sons in the [Kansas Territory](#).

[August Bondi](#) became acquainted with [John Brown](#). He opened a general store at [Lawrence](#), one of the first places of business there (he would keep this store until 1856).



October 23, Tuesday: Anti-slavery residents of [Kansas](#) adopted a new Free State constitution at Topeka, outlawing slavery (no black people allowed).

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

Cousin [Charles Howard Dunbar](#) reported that, at the recent Cattle Show in Haverhill, his horse had drawn 5,286 pounds up the hill from Hale's factory.

DUNBAR FAMILY

According to [Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#), [Henry Thoreau](#)'s Uncle [Charles Jones Dunbar](#) had been in the practice of mimicking a currently popular ventriloquist, magician, and juggler named Potter. In corroboration of this he quoted a snippet from Thoreau's journal:



People are talking about my uncle Charles. George Minott [a sort of cousin of the Thoreaus] tells how he heard Tilly Brown once asking him to show him a peculiar inside lock in wrestling."Now, don't hurt me, - don't throw me hard." He struck his antagonist inside his knees with his feet, and so deprived him of his legs. Edmund Hosmer remembers his tricks in the bar-room, shuffling cards, etc.; he could do anything with cards, yet he did not gamble. He would toss up his hat, twirling it over and over, and catch it on his head invariably. He once wanted to live at Hosmer's, but the latter was afraid of him. "Can't we study up something?" he asked. Hosmer asked him into the house, and brought out apples and cider, and uncle Charles talked. "You!" said he, "I burst the bully of Haverhill." He wanted to wrestle, would not be put off. "Well, we won't wrestle in the house." So they went out to the yard, and a crowd got round. "Come, spread some straw here," said uncle Charles, - "I don't want to hurt him." He threw him at once. They tried again; he told them to spread more straw, and he "burst" him. Uncle Charles used to say that he had n't a single tooth in his head. The fact was they were all double, and I have heard that he lost about all of them by the time he was twenty-one. Ever since I knew him he could swallow his nose. He had a strong head, and never got drunk; would drink gin sometimes, but not to excess. Did not use tobacco, except snuff out of another's box, sometimes; was very neat in his person; was not profane, though vulgar.



Now is the time for chestnuts. A stone cast against the trees shakes them down in showers upon one's head and shoulders. But I cannot excuse myself for using the stone. It is not innocent, it is not just, so to maltreat the tree that feeds us. I am not disturbed by considering that if I thus shorten its life I shall not enjoy its fruit so long, but am prompted to a more innocent course by motives purely of humanity. I sympathize with the tree, yet I heaved a big stone against the trunks like a robber, — not too good to commit murder. I trust that I shall never do it again. These gifts should be accepted, not merely with gentleness, but with a certain humble gratitude. The tree whose fruit we would obtain should not be too rudely shaken even. It is not a time of distress, when a little haste and violence even might be pardoned. It is worse than boorish, it is criminal, to inflict an unnecessary injury on the tree that feeds or shadows us. Old trees are our parents, and our parents' parents, perchance. If you would learn the secrets of Nature, you must practice more humanity than others. The thought that I was robbing myself by injuring the tree did not occur to me, but I was affected as if I had cast a rock at a sentient being, — with a duller sense than my own, it is true, but yet a distant relation. Behold a man cutting down a tree to come at the fruit! What is the moral of such an act?

November: The Dickinsons moved back into their home at 280 Main Street. Soon Emily’s brother Austin Dickinson would begin construction of his home “The Evergreens” at 214 Main Street, which would be connected with Emily Dickinson’s home by a board fence and a 300-foot path.

Louisa Whitman, Walt’s mother, sold the house she had purchased in May at 99 Ryerson Street on the outskirts of Brooklyn, where the family had lived while Walt Whitman, unemployed, had been putting the finishing touches to the first edition of LEAVES OF GRASS.

During this month and the following one, some 2,000 pro-slavery men, self-proclaimed “Border Ruffians,” would come to camp around the fledgling town of [Lawrence](#), on the Wakarusa River (really a creek) in the [Kansas Territory](#). After an anti-slavery man had been gunned down while attempting to cross the sentry line of the Border Ruffians, several Free State women, Mrs. Lois Brown (helpmate of the editor of the Kansas Herald of Freedom) and Mrs. Margaret Wood (helpmate of an organizer of anti-slavery immigration) would conceal sacks of gunpowder under the fronts and bustles of their dresses, and insert bars of lead into their stockings, and –pretending to be heavily gravid– ride in wagons into the town in order to arm its defenders. This was the so-called Wakarusa War, which some regard as the first military engagement of the US Civil War. The engagement would end when the governor of the territory formally recognized the militia that was being organized by the Free State settlers.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

November 11, Sunday: In Copenhagen, Denmark, Søren Aabye Kierkegaard died of “excess of the spirit”:

*The crowd is the lie.*



[Major Jefferson Buford](#) called for fellow southerners to sign up for a colonization effort to ensure that the [Kansas Territory](#), when it eventually entered the federal union, would do so as an additional slave state. He offered free transportation, a homestead of 40 acres of 1st-rate land, and provisions for the 1st year. “Buford’s Expedition” would be made up of some 400 proslavery men for the most part from Alabama, South Carolina, and Georgia.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

November 14, Wednesday: Professor [James Russell Lowell](#) “of [Cambridge](#)” was elected Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in the section of Literature and Fine Arts.



 The Law and Order Party organized in a convention at Fort Leavenworth in the [Kansas Territory](#).

[THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION](#)




Nov. 14. Minott hears geese to-day.

Heard to-day in my chamber, about 11 A.M., a singular sharp crackling sound by the window, which made me think of the snapping of an insect (with its wings, or striking something). It was produced by one of three *small* pitch pine cones which I gathered on the 7th, and which lay in the sun on the window-sill. I noticed a slight motion in the scales at the apex, when suddenly, with a louder crackling, it burst, or the scales separated, with a snapping sound on all sides of it. It was a general and sudden bursting or expanding of all the scales with a sharp crackling sound and motion of the whole cone, as by a force pent up within it. I suppose the strain only needed to be relieved in one point for the whole to go off.

I was remarking to-day to Mr. Rice on the pleasantness of this November thus far, when he remarked that he remembered a similar season fifty-four years ago, and he remembered it because on the 13th of November that year he was engaged in pulling turnips and saw wild geese go over, when one came to tell him that his father was killed by a bridge giving way when his team was crossing it, and the team falling on him walking at its side.

P. M. — Up Assabet with [Sophia](#).

A clear, bright, warm afternoon. A painted tortoise swimming under water and a wood tortoise out on the bank. The rain has raised the river an additional foot or more, and it is creeping over the meadows. My boat is two thirds full and hard to come at. The old weedy margin is covered and a new grassy one acquired. The current is stronger, though the surface is pretty smooth. Much small rubbish is drifting down and slowly turning in the eddies. The motion of my boat sends an undulation to the shore, which rustles the dry sedge half immersed there, as if a tortoise were tumbling through it. Leaves and sticks and billets of wood come floating down in middle of the full, still stream, turning round in the eddies, and I mistake them for ducks at first. See two red-wing blackbirds [[Red-winged Blackbird](#)  [Agelaius phoeniceus](#)] alight on a black willow.



## KANSAS

## KANSAS

December 3, Monday: The town of Binghamton, New York was formed out of the town of Chenango.

[Henry Thoreau](#) met John Goodwin going out with his gun.

[Harvard College](#) Professor of Literature [Henry Wadsworth Longfellow](#) reacted to the accusations of plagiarism being made against him in the media by writing privately to his friend Charles Sumner that this was “truly one of the greatest literary outrages I ever heard of.... As to having ‘taken many of the most striking incidents of the Finnish Epic and transferred them to the American Indians’ — it is absurd.... I know the Kalevala very well, and that some of its legends *resemble* the Indian stories preserved by Schoolcraft is very true. But the idea of making me responsible for that is too ludicrous.” The professor wisely kept it a close secret that in fact he had been familiar with, and had freely copied at least the style of, this epic in the construction of his THE SONG OF “[HIAWATHA](#)”. (This strategy I think was the correct one. Had the professor entered the lists in self-defense his outrage could readily have been dismissed as self-serving. In such a situation, therefore, the canner way to proceed is to allow one’s colleagues to spring forward in one’s defense — which is the way the poet did proceed. Further, since there’s nothing plagiaristic about hewing to an established style of poesy —the essence of this sort of poetry consisting in the creation of strings of words that hew to a style— there would have been no point to his making concessions on that score.)

Lawrence in the [Kansas Territory](#) was taken under siege by Missourians and others (the following 6 days would come to be known as the “Wakarusa War”), but there were no casualties.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

December 6, Thursday: Thomas Barber was shot near [Lawrence](#) in the [Kansas Territory](#):

### Burial of Barber, by [John Greenleaf Whittier](#)

BEAR him, comrades, to his grave;  
Never over one more brave  
Shall the prairie grasses weep,  
In the ages yet to come,  
When the millions in our room,  
What we sow in tears, shall reap.

Bear him up the icy hill,  
With the Kansas, frozen still  
As his noble heart, below,  
And the land he came to till  
With a freeman’s thews and will,  
And his poor hut roofed with snow!

One more look of that dead face,  
Of his murder’s ghastly trace!  
One more kiss, O widowed one!  
Lay your left hands on his brow,  
Lift your right hands up, and vow  
That his work shall yet be done.

Patience, friends! The eye of God  
Every path by Murder trod  
Watches, lidless, day and night;  
And the dead man in his shroud,  
And his widow weeping loud,  
And our hearts, are in His sight.

Every deadly threat that swells  
With the roar of gambling hells,  
Every brutal jest and jeer,  
Every wicked thought and plan  
Of the cruel heart of man,  
Though but whispered, He can hear!

We in suffering, they in crime,



## KANSAS

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Wait the just award of time,  
Wait the vengeance that is due;  
Not in vain a heart shall break,  
Not a tear for Freedom's sake  
Fall unheeded: God is true.

While the flag with stars bedecked  
Threatens where it should protect,  
And the Law shakes hands with Crime,  
What is left us but to wait,  
Match our patience to our fate,  
And abide the better time?

Patience, friends! The human heart  
Everywhere shall take our part,  
Everywhere for us shall pray;  
On our side are nature's laws,  
And God's life is in the cause  
That we suffer for to-day.

Well to suffer is divine;  
Pass the watchword down the line,  
Pass the countersign. "Endure."  
Not to him who rashly dares,  
But to him who nobly bears,  
Is the victor's garland sure.

Frozen earth to frozen breast,  
Lay our slain one down to rest;  
Lay him down in hope and faith,  
And above the broken sod,  
Once again, to Freedom's God,  
Pledge ourselves for life or death,

That the State whose walls we lay,  
In our blood and tears, to-day,  
Shall be free from bonds of shame,  
And our goodly land untrod  
By the feet of Slavery, shod  
With cursing as with flame!

Plant the Buckeye on his grave,  
For the hunter of the slave  
In its shadow cannot rest;  
And let martyr mound and tree  
Be our pledge and guaranty  
Of the freedom of the West!

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

December 15, Saturday: The [Topeka Constitution](#) excluding all blacks from the [Kansas Territory](#) was approved by Free State voters.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

The initial issue of [Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper](#) was published in [New-York](#).



December 15: How like a bird of ill omen the crow [[American Crow](#) [Corvus brachyrhynchos](#)] behaves! Still holding its ground in our midst like a powwow that is not to be exterminated! Sometimes when I am going through the Deep Cut, I look up and see half a dozen black crows flitting silently across in front and ominously eying down; passing from one wood to another, yet as if their passage had reference to me.





KANSAS

KANSAS

(I find it curious that anyone credits the late report of the [Reverend Frederick Llewellyn Hovey Willis](#), that once upon a time at Walden Pond in the presence of [the entire Alcott family](#) a crow had alighted on [Henry Thoreau](#)'s shoulder to be fed crumbs from his pocket. — After having had something like that happen, how could Henry have written a distanced note such as the above?)

### REVEREND F.L.H. WILLIS

He was talking to Mr. Alcott of the wild flowers in Walden woods when, suddenly stopping, he said: "Keep very still and I will show you my family." Stepping quickly outside the cabin door, he gave a low and curious whistle; immediately a woodchuck came running towards him from a nearby burrow. With varying note, yet still low and strange, a pair of gray squirrels were summoned and approached him fearlessly. With still another note several birds, including two crows, flew towards him, one of the crows nestling upon his shoulder. I remember it was the crow resting close to his head that made the most vivid impression upon me, knowing how fearful of man this bird is. He fed them all from his hand, taking food from his pocket, and petted them gently before our delighted gaze; and then dismissed them by different whistling, always strange and low and short, each little wild thing departing instantly at hearing its special signal.

**“NARRATIVE HISTORY” AMOUNTS TO FABULATION,  
THE REAL STUFF BEING MERE CHRONOLOGY**

1856

[William Thompson](#) started for [Kansas](#) but upon meeting the Brown sons returned with them to [North Elba](#). There he would marry with a Mary Brown who was not related to the family of [John Brown](#). His sister Isabella M. Thompson would marry with [Watson Brown](#) and his elder brother Henry Thompson would marry with Captain Brown's daughter Ruth. William would take part in the raid on the federal arsenal at [Harpers Ferry](#). When Captain Brown would send him out from the engine house to negotiate under flag of truce, the mob of citizens would place him under arrest, take him to the local hotel barroom, discuss what to do, drag him into the street, execute him by shooting him in the head, and dump his body into the Potomac River.



Friend [John Greenleaf Whittier](#)'s THE PANORAMA AND OTHER POEMS.



Letter

**From a Missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in [Kansas](#),  
to a Distinguished Politician, by [John Greenleaf Whittier](#).**

DOUGLAS MISSION, August, 1854.  
LAST week — the Lord be praised for all His mercies  
To His unworthy servant! — I arrived  
Safe at the Mission, via Westport; where  
I tarried over night, to aid in forming  
A Vigilance Committee, to send back,  
In shirts of tar, and feather-doublets quilted  
With forty stripes save one, all Yankee comers,  
Uncircumcised and Gentile, aliens from  
The Commonwealth of Israel, who despise  
The prize of the high calling of the saints,  
Who plant amidst this heathen wilderness  
Pure gospel institutions, sanctified

## KANSAS

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By patriarchal use. The meeting opened  
 With prayer, as was most fitting. Half an hour,  
 Or thereaway, I groaned, and strove, and wrestled,  
 As Jacob did at Penue! till the power  
 Fell on the people, and they cried 'Amen!'  
 "Glory to God!" and stamped and clapped their hands;  
 And the rough river boatmen wiped their eyes;  
 "Go it, old hoss!" they cried, and cursed the niggers —  
 Fulfilling thus the word of prophecy,  
 "Cursed be Cannan." After prayer, the meeting  
 Chose a committee — good and pious men —

A Presbyterian Elder, Baptist deacon,  
 A local preacher, three or four class-leaders,  
 Anxious inquirers, and renewed backsliders,  
 A score in all — to watch the river ferry,  
 (As they of old did watch the fords of Jordan,)  
 And cut off all whose Yankee tongues refuse  
 The Shibboleth of the Nebraska bill.  
 And then, in answer to repeated calls,  
 I gave a brief account of what I saw  
 In Washington; and truly many hearts  
 Rejoiced to know the President, and you  
 And all the Cabinet regularly hear  
 The gospel message of a Sunday morning,  
 Drinking with thirsty souls of the sincere  
 Milk of the Word. Glory! Amen, and Selah!

Here, at the Mission, all things have gone well:  
 The brother who, throughout my absence, acted  
 As overseer, assures me that the crops  
 Never were better. I have lost one negro,  
 A first-rate hand, but obstinate and sullen.  
 He ran away some time last spring, and hid  
 In the river timber. There my Indian converts  
 Found him, and treed and shot him. For the rest,  
 The heathens round about begin to feel  
 The influence of our pious ministrations  
 And works of love; and some of them already  
 Have purchased negroes, and are settling down  
 As sober Christians! Bless the Lord for this!  
 I know it will rejoice you. You, I hear,  
 Are on the eve of visiting Chicago,  
 To fight with the wild beasts of Ephesus,  
 Long John, and Dutch Free-Soilers. May your arm  
 Be clothed with strength, and on your tongue be found  
 The sweet oil of persuasion. So desires  
 Your brother and co-laborer. Amen!

P.S. All's lost. Even while I write these lines,  
 The Yankee abolitionists are coming  
 Upon us like a flood — grim, stalwart men,  
 Each face set like a flint of Plymouth Rock  
 Against our institutions — staking out  
 Their farm lots on the wooded Wakarusa,  
 Or squatting by the mellow-bottomed Kansas;  
 The pioneers of mightier multitudes,  
 The small rain-patter, ere the thunder shower  
 Drowns the dry prairies. Hope from man is not.  
 Oh, for a quiet berth at Washington,  
 Snug naval chaplaincy, or clerkship, where  
 These rumors of free labor and free soil  
 Might never meet me more. Better to be  
 Door-keeper in the White House, than to dwell  
 Amidst these Yankee tents, that, whitening, show  
 On the green prairie like a fleet becalmed.  
 Methinks I hear a voice come up the river  
 From those far bayous, where the alligators  
 Mount guard around the camping filibusters:  
 "Shake off the dust of Kansas. Turn to Cuba —  
 (That golden orange just about to fall,

# KANSAS

# KANSAS

O'er-ripe, into the Democratic lap;  
 Keep pace with Providence, or, as we say,  
 Manifest destiny. Go forth and follow  
 The message of our gospel, thither borne  
 Upon the point of Quitman's bowie-knife,  
 And the persuasive lips of Colt's revolvers.  
 There may'st thou, underneath thy vine and fig-tree,  
 Watch thy increase of sugar cane and negroes,  
 Calm as a patriarch in his eastern tent!"  
 Amen: So mote it be. So prays your friend.

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 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION**

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 Kansas" [*sic*]. In the "Pottawatomic 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

# KANSAS

# KANSAS

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!

[Aaron D. Stevens](#) escaped from his sentence to hard labor at Fort Leavenworth, initially taking refuge with the Delaware tribe and then joining the [Kansas](#) Free State militia of James Lane under the name "Whipple." He was made Colonel of the 2d Kansas Militia.

## THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

Free soil leaders were indicted for treason by the [Kansas](#) Territorial Legislature. Pitched battles between free-soilers and pro-[slavery](#) proponents resulted.

[Charles Plummer Tidd](#), in search of excitement, emigrated to [Kansas](#) with the party of Dr. Calvin Cutter of Worcester, Massachusetts.



## THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

(After joining [John Brown](#)'s party at Tabor in 1857 he would become one of the followers of "Shubel Morgan" who returned to [Kansas](#) in 1858 to raid into Missouri. During the Winter 1857-1858 encampment of the Brown forces in the Iowa Territory, he would "ruin" a [Quaker](#) girl and the other members of the team would need to sneak him away from Springdale, Iowa during the night. Nevertheless, the group would obtain 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](#).

## THE QUAKER PEACE TESTIMONY

Tidd and [John E. Cook](#) would be 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,



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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 would visit Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Canada and take part in the planning for the rescue of [Aaron D. Stevens](#) and [Albert Hazlett](#) while the Mason Commission of the Congress was presuming him to have been killed in the fighting at Harpers Ferry. On July 19th, 1861 he would be able to enlist under the name "Charles Plummer" and would become a 1st Sergeant of the 21st Massachusetts Volunteers. On February 8th, 1862 he would die of fever aboard the transport *Northerner* during the battle of Roanoke Island, 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, [North Carolina](#).)

[John Henry Kagi](#) went to Nebraska City, [Kansas](#) with one of General James H. Lane's parties and was there admitted to the bar. He enlisted in "Colonel Whipple's" 2d Kansas Militia. In fighting in the town of Tecumseh in the [Kansas Territory](#) he proved himself by killing at least one man, who had been coming at him with a club. After being captured by US troops he was imprisoned at LeCompton and at Tecumseh, but finally he would be released.



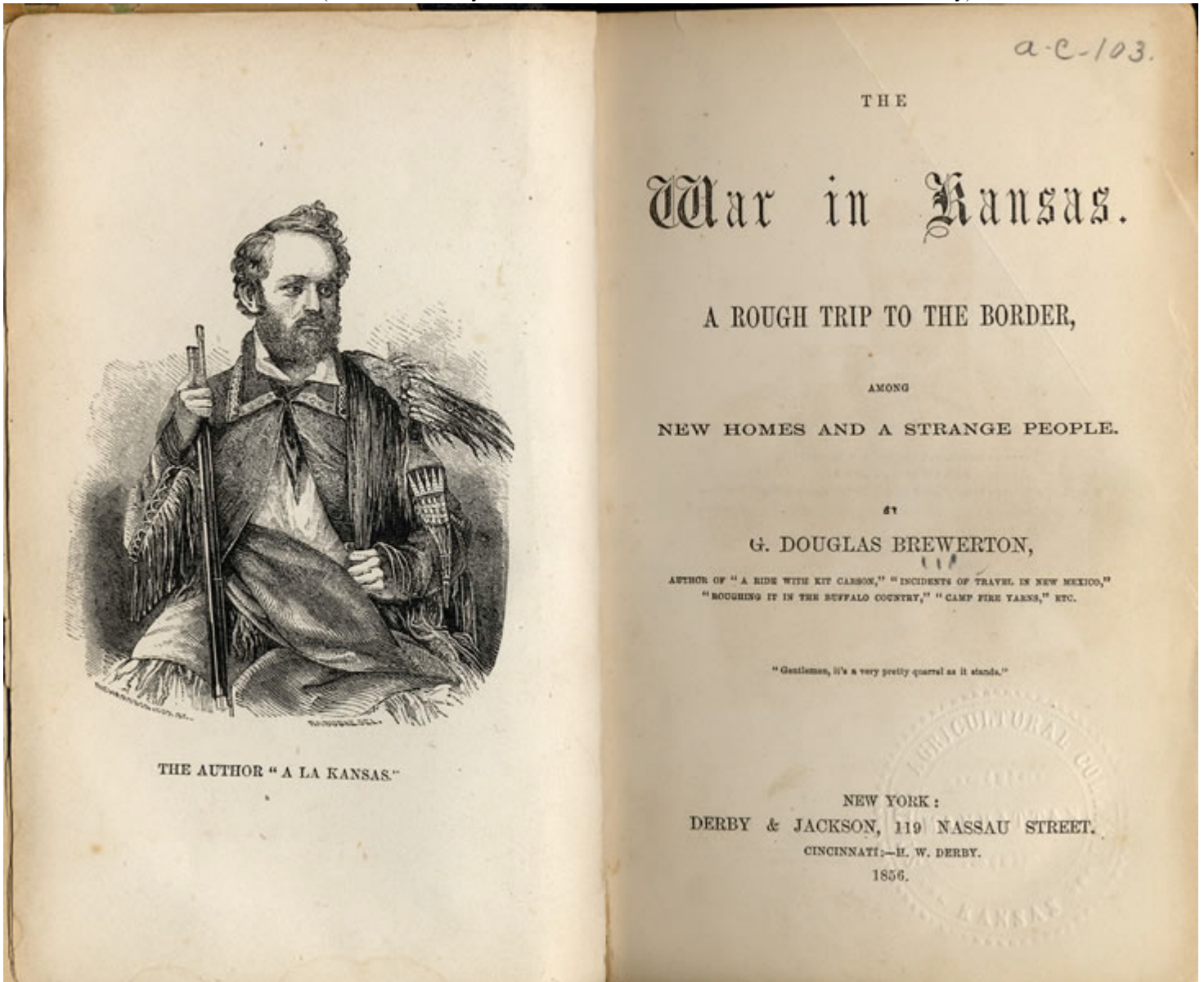
THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

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[G. Douglas Brewerton](#)'s [THE WAR IN KANSAS. A ROUGH TRIP TO THE BORDER, AMONG NEW HOMES AND A STRANGE PEOPLE](#) (New York: Derby & Jackson, 119 Nassau Street; Cincinnati: H.W. Derby).



### THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

January 15, Tuesday: [Kansas](#) state officers were elected under the [Topeka Constitution](#), and [Charles Lawrence Robinson](#) became governor.

In this timeframe, in "[Bleeding Kansas](#)," a [Quaker](#) who was active on behalf of antislavery candidates for public office was set upon by proslavery advocates, and beaten so severely he would almost die. When [Friend William Coffin](#) heard that a proslavery group known as the "Kickapoo Rangers" would pass near the home of his family, he loaded his shotgun with buckshot. At about midnight he experienced a change of heart, unloaded his shotgun, fell to his knees, and asked the Lord for forgiveness for his weakness of spirit and lack of faith in Divine providence. (These Kickapoo Rangers, it would turn out, would not pass that night in the vicinity of that family's home.)

January 24, Thursday: A lecture was delivered in the Tremont Temple of Boston, by [Robert Augustus Toombs](#), on the topic of slavery, its constitutional status, and its influence on the African race and society.

[President Franklin Pierce](#) declared the Topeka government of the [Kansas Territory](#) to be in rebellion.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote in his journal:



January 24: A journal is a record of experiences and growth, not a preserve of things well done or said. I am occasionally reminded of a statement which I have made in conversation and immediately forgotten, which would read much better than what I put in my journal. It is a ripe, dry fruit of long-past experience which falls from me easily, without giving pain or pleasure. The charm of the journal must consist in a certain greenness, though freshness, and not in maturity. Here I cannot afford to be remembering what I said or did, my scurf cast off, but what I am and aspire to become.

Reading the hymns of the Rig Veda, translated by Wilson,<sup>47</sup> which consist in a great measure of simple epithets addressed to the firmament, or the dawn, or the winds, which mean more or less as the reader is more or less alert and imaginative, and seeing how widely the various translators have differed, they regarding not the poetry, but the history and philology, dealing with very concise Sanscrit, which must almost always be amplified to be understood, I am sometimes inclined to doubt if the translator has not made something out of nothing, — whether a real idea or sentiment has been thus transmitted to us from so primitive a period. I doubt if learned Germans might not thus edit pebbles from the seashore into hymns of the Rig Veda, and translators translate them accordingly, extracting the meaning which the sea has imparted to them in very primitive times. While the commentators and translators are disputing about the meaning of this word or that, I hear only the resounding of the ancient sea and put into it all the meaning I am possessed of, the deepest murmurs I can recall, for I do not the least care where I get my ideas, or what suggests them.

WILSON

I knew that a crow [[American Crow](#), [Corvus brachyrhynchos](#)] had that day plucked the cedar berries and barberries by Flint's Pond and then flapped silently through the trackless air to Walden, where it dined on fisherman's bait, though there was no living creature to tell me.

Holbrook's elm measured to-day 11 feet 4 inches in circumference at six feet from ground, the size of one of the branches of the Davis elm (call it the Lee elm, for a Lee formerly lived there). Cheney's largest in front of Mr. Frost's, 12 feet 4 inches, at six feet; 16 feet 6 inches, at one foot. The great elm opposite Keyes's land, near by (call it the Jones elm): 17 feet 6 inches, at two behind and one plus before; 15 feet 10 inches, at four; 15 feet 5 inches, at six; 16 feet at seven and a half, or spike on west side. At the smallest place between the ground and branches, this is a little bigger than the Davis elm, but it is not so big at or near the ground, nor is it so high to the branching, — about twelve feet, — nor are the branches so big, but it is much sounder, and its top broader, fuller, and handsomer. This has an uncommonly straight-sided and solid-looking trunk, measuring only two feet less at six feet from the ground than at two.

P. M. — Up Assabet.

Even the patches of shining snow-crust between those of dry white surface snow are slightly blue, like ice and water.

You may walk anywhere on the river now. Even the open space against Merrick's, below the Rock, has been closed again, and there is only six feet of water there now. I walk with a peculiar sense of freedom over the snow-covered ice, not fearing that I shall break through. I have not been able to find any tracks of muskrats this winter. I suspect that they very rarely venture out in winter with their wet coats.

I see squirrel-tracks about the hemlocks.



They are much like rabbits, only the toes are very distinct. From this they pass into a semicircular figure

47. [Thoreau](#) had in his personal library the two volumes of [Horace Hayman Wilson](#)'s SELECT SPECIMENS OF THE THEATER OF THE HINDUS (London: Parbury, Allen & Co., 1835).

SELECT SPECIMENS, I  
SELECT SPECIMENS, II



sometimes. Some of the first are six inches from outside to outside lengthwise, with one to two feet of interval.



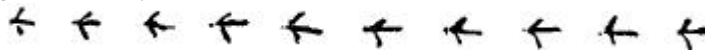
Are these the gray or red?

A great many hemlock cones have fallen on the snow and rolled down the hill.

Higher up, against the Wheeler Swamp, I see where many squirrels - perhaps red, for the tracks appear smaller - have fed on the alder cones on the twigs which are low or frozen into the ice, stripping them to the core just as they do the pine cones.

Here are the tracks of a crow, like those of the 22d, with a long hind toe, nearly two inches. The two feet arc also nearly two inches apart. I see where the bird alighted, descending with an impetus and breaking through the slight crust, planting its feet side by side.

How different this partridge-track, with its slight hind toe, open and wide-spread toes on each side, both fed: forming one straight line, exactly thus:—



(Five inches from centre to centre.) The middle toe alternately curved to the right and to the left, and what is apparently the outer toe in each case shorter than the inner one.

I see under a great many trees, black willow and swamp white oak, the bark scattered over the snow, some pieces six inches long, and above see the hole which a woodpecker has bored.

The snow is so deep along the sides of the river that I can now look into nests which I could hardly reach in the summer. I can hardly believe them the same. They have only an ice egg in them now. Thus we go about, raised, generally speaking, more than a foot above the summer level. So much higher do we carry our heads in the winter. What a great odds such a little difference makes! When the snow raises us one foot higher than we have been accustomed to walk, we are surprised at our elevation! So we soar.

I do not find a foot of open water, even, on this North Branch, as far as I go, i.e. to J. Hosmer's lot. The river has been frozen unusually long and solidly. They have been sledding wood along the river for a quarter of a mile in front of Merriam's and past the mouth of Sam Barrett's Brook, where it is bare of snow, - hard, glare ice on which there is scarcely a trace of the sled or oxen. They have sledded home a large oak which was cut down on the bank. Yet this is one of the rockiest and swiftest parts of the stream. Where I have so often stemmed the swift current, dodging the rocks, with my paddle, there the heavy, slowpaced oxen, with their ponderous squeaking load, have plodded, while the teamster walked musing beside it.

That Wheeler swamp is a great place for squirrels. I observe many of their tracks along the riverside there. The nests are of leaves, and apparently of the gray species.

There is much of the water milkweed on the little island just above Dove Rock. It rises above the deep snow there.

It is remarkable how much the river has been tracked by dogs the week past, not accompanied by their masters. They hunt, perchance, in the night more than is supposed, for I very rarely see one alone by day.

The river is pretty low and has fallen within a month, for there has been no thaw. The ice has broken and settled around the rocks, which look as if they had burst up through it. Some maple limbs which were early frozen in have been broken and stripped down by this irresistible weight.

You see where the big dogs have slipped on one or two feet in their haste, sinking to the ice, but, having two more feet, it did not delay them.

I walk along the sides of the stream, admiring the rich mulberry catkins of the alders, which look almost edible. They attract us because they have so much of spring in them. The elder red osiers, too, along the riverside in front of Merriam's on Wheeler's side.

I have seen many a collection of stately elms which better deserved to be represented at the General Court than the manikins beneath, — than the barroom and victualling cellar and groceries they overshadowed. When I see their magnificent domes, miles away in the horizon, over intervening valleys and forests, they suggest a village, a community, there. But, after all, it is a secondary consideration whether there are human dwellings beneath them; these may have long since passed away. I find that into my idea of the village has entered more of the elm than of the human being. They are worth many a political borough. They constitute a borough. The poor human representative of his party fell out from beneath their shade will not suggest a tithe of the dignity, the true nobleness and comprehensiveness of view, the sturdiness and independence, and the serene beneficence that they do. They look from township to township. A fragment of their bark is worth the backs of all the politicians in the union. They are free-sailers in their own broad sense. They send their roots north and south and east and west into many a conservative's [Kansas](#) and Carolina, who does not suspect such underground railroads, - they improve the subsoil he has never disturbed, — and many times their length, if the support of their principles requires it. They battle with the tempests of a century. See what scars they bear, what limbs they lost before we were born! Yet they never adjourn; they steadily vote for their principles, and send their roots further and wider from the same centre. They die at their posts, and they leave a tough butt for the choppers to exercise themselves about, and a stump which serves for their monument. They attend no caucus, they make no compromise, they use no policy. Their one principle is growth. They combine a true radicalism with a true conservatism. Their

DOG



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radicalism is not cutting away of roots, but an infinite multiplication and extension of them under all surrounding institutions. They take a firmer hold on the earth that they may rise higher into the heavens. Their conservative heartwood, in which no sap longer flows, does not impoverish their growth, but is a firm column to support it; and when their expanding trunks no longer require it, it utterly decays. Their conservatism is a dead but solid heart-wood, which is the pivot and firm column of support to all this growth, appropriating nothing to itself, but forever by its support assisting to extend the area of their radicalism. Half a century after they are dead at the core, they are preserved by radical reforms. They do not, like men, from radicals turn conservative. Their conservative part dies out first; their radical and growing part survives. They acquire new States and Territories, while the old dominions decay, and become the habitation of bears and owls and coons.

March 4, Tuesday: In Topeka, the [Kansas](#) legislature convened (it would adjourn on March 8th without having enacted much legislation).

[Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Horace Greeley](#) in [Washington DC](#).

*Washington, Mar. 4, '56.*

*My Friend Thoreau,*

*I want to make a suggestion and an inquiry, to which I hope you will respond.*

*I have two children—seven and five years old—and Mrs. Greeley will not consent to their attending school. So we want a private teacher, to live with and help us.*

*I have thought of this—that you might be willing to come to us, living in a cottage 36 miles out in summer and in the city in winter—and give a definite portion of your time—three or four hours per day—to the teaching of these children—the rest of your time being entirely and undisturbedly your own. Our country home is a very pleasant one, in a quiet Quaker neighborhood—our house too small, but away from any road and pleasantly hidden in a wood. Our children are probably not much worse than the average, and can soon be made better by a kind and firm teacher. Mrs. Greeley thinks highly of you and sympathises with your views more fully than I do. She has her own ideas as to what children should be taught, but I think she would not interfere in any way with your methods of teaching.*

*You would be out of doors nearly all pleasant days, under a pleasant shade, with a pleasant little landscape in view from the open hill just back of our house.*

*Do you think you could be induced to try us? Say you would give us from 9 to 12 each morning, and have all the rest of your time to yourself. I should expect to pay you, and I think we should not differ if you were willing to try us. But consider this only as a suggestion, designed to provoke suggestions from you. And if you cannot come to us yourself, do you happen to know any one, male or female, who probably would?*

*Our farm is two hours (36 miles) from New-York, on the Harlem R. Road. Please write me here.*

*Yours,*

*Horace Greeley.*

Henry D. Thoreau,  
Concord,  
N.H.

Spring There were heavy rains, and flood crests moved down the rivers of America. The levee building and drainage of swamplands, the grand schemes, of the previous decades seemed only to have been making the drainage situation worse and worse. (Actually what was wrong was that we had an entirely problematic attitude toward The Swamp.)

[Here’s an incidental thought. There is a difference to be noted between antebellum America, that is, before the Civil War, and postbellum America, in regard to the creation and maintenance of river levees. Before the Civil War all the actual heavy lifting of levee work was done by gangs of black slaves under the lash. After the Civil War virtually all the actual heavy lifting of levee work, except for emergency situations involving volunteers in panic, has been done by black chain gangs under the eye of a white guard with a shotgun. It is true to say that such American levees have not been built out of black muck, but rather, they have been built out of forced black labor. There is a hypothesis that the song “I’ve Been Workin’ on the Railroad” originated as “I’ve Been Workin’ on the Levee.” When you hear the word “levee,” don’t think of anything innocent.]

In the Charleston Mercury, Warren Wilkes, who had commanded for a time a band of so-called southern proslavery “settlers” in the Kansas Territory, alleged that: “If the south secures Kansas, she will extend slavery into all territories south of the fortieth parallel of north latitude to the Rio Grande; and this, of course, will secure for her pent-up institution of slavery an ample outlet, and restore her power in congress. If the north secures Kansas, the power of the south in congress will be gradually diminished, and the slave property will become valueless. All depends upon the action of the present moment.” (John Brown would go to “Bleeding Kansas” for the same reason as these proslavery outlaws would go — not to settle but to kill others.)



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

W.E. Burghardt Du Bois has attributed the notorious Southern penchant for violence to **hegemony**:



The white people of the South are essentially a fine kindly breed.... Perhaps their early and fatal mistake was that they refused long before the Civil War to allow the South differences of opinion.... Men act as they do in the South, they murder, they lynch, they insult, because they listen to but one side of a question.

If this analysis is correct, it must have been because of Southern hegemony that Warren Wilkes wanted to go off to the Kansas Territory to create hegemony. (If this analysis by W.E.B. Du Bois is correct, would it have been because of Northern hegemony that John Brown wanted to go off to the Kansas Territory to create hegemony? –Or would it have been because of Southern hegemony that John Brown wanted to go off to Kansas to prevent hegemony? –Gosh, don’t such analyses get real complicated real quick?)

## KANSAS

## KANSAS

April 5, Saturday: [Booker Taliaferro Washington](#) was born in Franklin County, Virginia. He would become in 1881 the first principal of the Tuskegee Institute, and would be the individual most responsible for its early development. Washington would in his day be considered the leading African-American spokesperson.

[Waldo Emerson](#) to his journal, evidently in a cute comment about explosions of puffball mushrooms:

*Walden fired a cannonade yesterday of a hundred guns, but not in honor of the birth of Napoleon.*



This image of a wagon train was published:



[Major Jefferson Buford](#)'s "Buford's Expedition" of some 400 proslavery men, for the most part from Alabama, South Carolina, and Georgia, boarded a steamboat at Montgomery, Alabama heading for the [Kansas Territory](#).

**THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION**



April 5.... P.M. — To North River at Tarbell's.

Fair weather again. Saw half a dozen blackbirds, uttering that sign-like note, on the top of Cheney's elm, but noticed no red at this distance. Were they grackles? Hear after some red-wings [[Red-winged Blackbird](#) [Agelaius phoeniceus](#)] sing *boby-lee*. Do these ever make the sign-like note? Is not theirs a fine shrill *whistle*?...



**KANSAS**

**KANSAS**

April 19, Saturday: A poem by [Louisa May Alcott](#) appeared in Boston's [Saturday Evening Gazette](#), entitled "Little Paul." The publication began one of her stories, entitled "Bertha."

[Sheriff Samuel J. Jones](#) was shot in the back in [Lawrence, Kansas](#) and badly wounded.



## KANSAS

## KANSAS

May: Faced with an indictment for high treason for having failed to satisfactorily use his position as appointed governor to ensure that the [Kansas Territory](#) would become a slave state, [Andrew Horatio Reeder](#) fled to Pennsylvania disguised as a woodchopper.

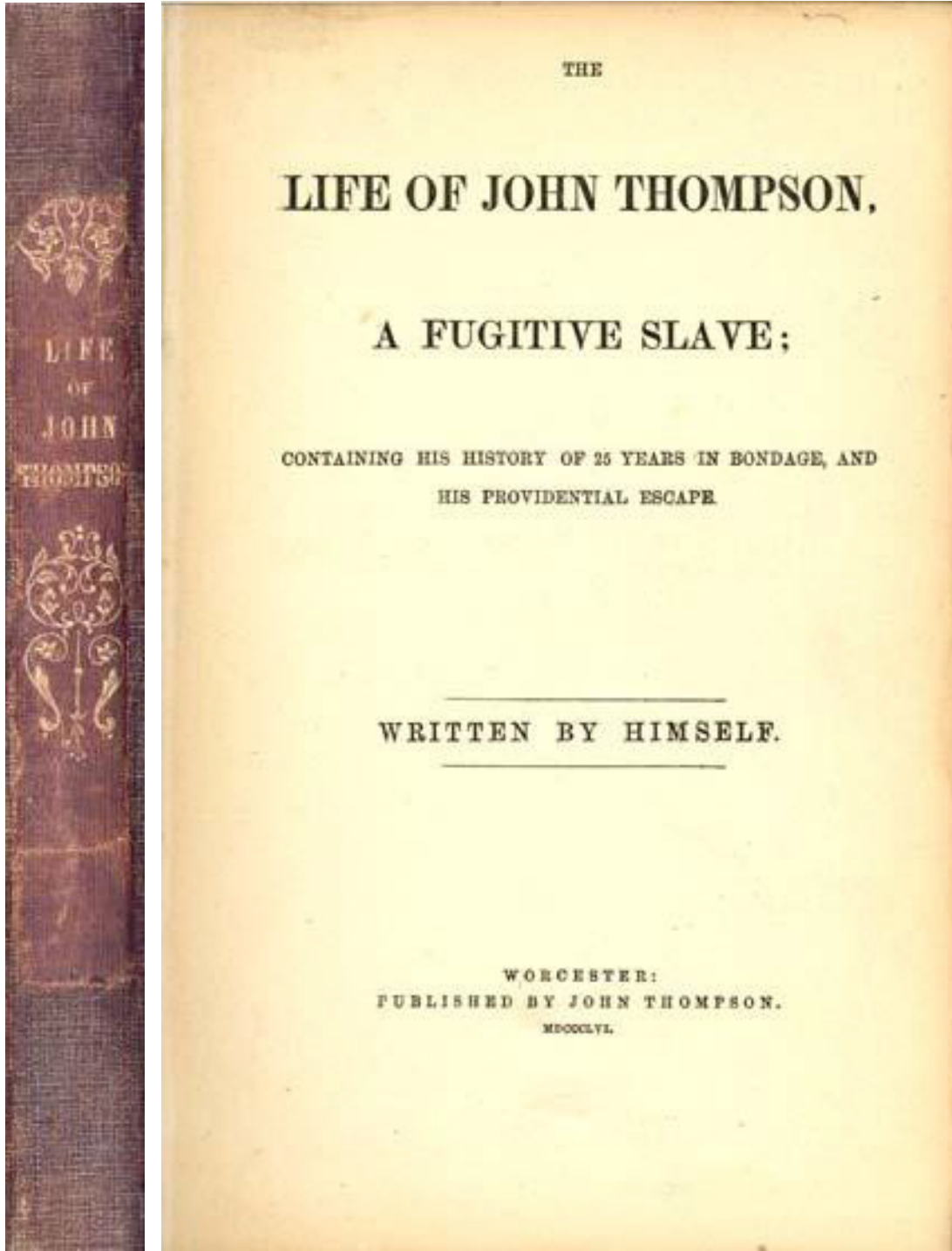
[THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION](#)

The United States of America recognized William Walker's filibustering government in Nicaraguan (Mr. Such-A-Nice-Guy was planning a military empire based on human slavery plus a trans-isthmus canal).

[US MILITARY INTERVENTIONS](#)

THE LIFE OF JOHN THOMPSON, A FUGITIVE SLAVE; CONTAINING HIS HISTORY OF 25 YEARS IN BONDAGE, AND HIS PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF was printed in Worcester, Massachusetts by C. Hamilton of

the Palladium Office:<sup>48</sup>



48. Republished in 1968 in New York by Negro Universities Press.



## KANSAS

## KANSAS

May 2, Friday: The steamboat carrying [Major Jefferson Buford](#)'s "Buford's Expedition" of some 400 proslavery men for the most part from Alabama, South Carolina, and Georgia arrived in the [Kansas Territory](#). The men were immediately enrolled in the territorial militia and dispatched in a posse under the command of US Marshal Israel B. Donalson to Lawrence to help arrest some [Free-Staters](#) who had been indicted by a Douglas County grand jury. Upon disbanding, the posse would immediately be reconstituted by Douglas County [Sheriff Samuel J. "Bogus" Jones](#) to assist in serving some writs, and would proceed to the sacking and burning of several buildings known to be occupied by free-state businesses.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

May 10, Saturday: Governor of the [Kansas Territory Charles Lawrence Robinson](#) was taken into custody and charged with treason (after 4 months of confinement he would be released on bail).

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

[Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

*Shanty, May 10<sup>th</sup> 1856.*

*Dear Mr Thoroughgood,*

*Had you not prepared me on my first acquaintance with you to consider you a bad correspondent, I should hardly feel satisfied at your silence. I think it great pity for one who so excels in epistolary writing should not exercise his pen more in this way. Cannot you turn over a new leaf. I have been in hopes to receive a letter from you announcing your intention to make us a visit soon. Any time will be agreeable, except from the 14th to the 23d of June, at which time I expect to make my annual visit to Newport.— My present opinion is that you had better come about the 25th of June unless you have designed otherwise.*

*Channing is still here, and as much of a Sphinx or something of that sort as ever. I sometimes feel quite out of patience with him. I fear too that he is selfish. I hear bad accounts from him in this way. I pity him sincerely It appears to me that his genius hardly warrants so great eccentricities and defects of character. I like the companionship of talented & cultivated people, perhaps too much, but there is a certain amount of good breeding Christian principle if you please, which I require in a friend. Somewhat dejected myself, generally, I am at times quite oppressed by C's. black mood. The paper on which I write was made in our Village, Accushnett, and has been lying in the garret of an old shop for over forty years — the keeper of which gave me a small quantity yesterday. I write with an old stub of a pen to have it in keeping & I suppose the sheet presents somewhat the appearance of one written by our country folks about the time we were "mulling & puking in the Nurse's arms."*

*We are having an old fashioned North-easter — this being the third day of his reign, or rain, or both. Turdus Melodus, Turdus Firniginicius, Turdus catbirdus, chewinks, Redstarts, Barn swallows, with the earlier Spring birds are here. And now my dear Heliogabulus farewell. Have you read an illustrated letter about Emerson's lecture & two Newspapers from me. "I pause for a reply."*

*Truly & Affectionately*



*Yours Dan<sup>l</sup> Ricketson*

May 19, Monday: Documentation of the [international slave trade](#), per W.E. Burghardt Du Bois: “Slave and Coolie Trade: Message from the President ... communicating information in regard to the Slave and Coolie trade.” – HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 34 Cong. 1 sess. XII. No. 105. (Partly reprinted in SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 34 Cong. 1 sess. XV No. 99.)

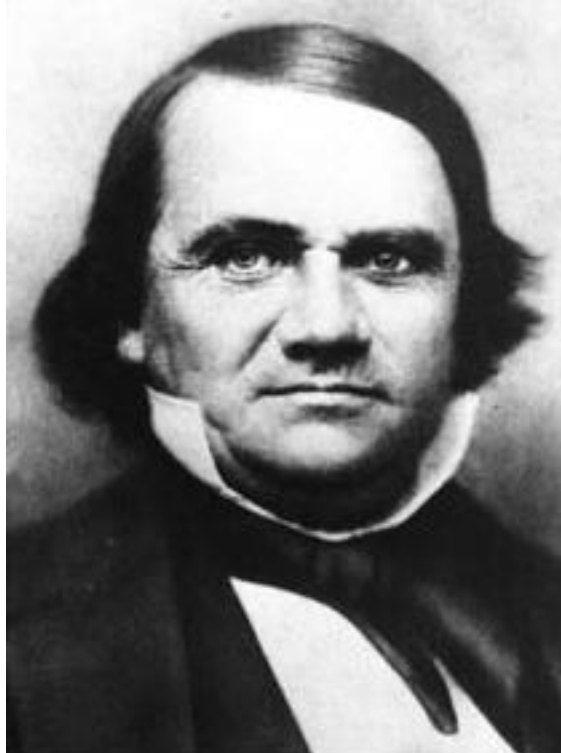
On the floor of the US Senate on this day and the following one, Massachusetts Senator Charles Sumner was denouncing the “Crime against [Kansas](#)” (the [Kansas/Nebraska Act](#)) as “in every respect a swindle” and characterized its authors, Senators Andrew P. Butler and [Stephen A. Douglass](#), as myrmidons (followers) of slavery. (This speech that occupied two days would consume 112 pages of printed proceedings.)



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

Sumner targeted two Democratic senators. Seeking frankness “within the limits of parliamentary propriety,” he characterized [Illinois](#)’s [Douglass](#) to his face as a “noise some, squat, and nameless animal ... not a proper

model for an American senator.”



South Carolina’s Andrew Butler, who was not present, received more elaborate treatment. Representative Preston S. Brooks was Butler’s South Carolina kinsman. Please note, however, that while it is correct to say that the Senator raised the question of the moral status of enslavers of fellow human beings more explicitly than had been customary on the floor of the gentleman’s club that was the US Senate, it has been quite false of our historians to presume (as any number have done, attempting to split the responsibility “fairly” down the middle) that he had in any manner slurred the personal honor of Representative Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina, or the personal honor of any of Representative Brooks’s relatives. Sumner’s remarks, according to David Grimsted, who has apparently studied them in their general context in the Congressional Record with some care, were not at all false, were not at all salacious, and were not especially personal, but were, in comparison with general Senate rhetoric, rather commonplace. “The speech was harsh about slavery and the South—especially South Carolina and Virginia— but in verbal abusiveness, personal and sectional, it was neither notable nor comparable to commonplace Southern rhetoric in Congress, much less the brutal vulgarities that poured from Brooks....”



May 19:... Apple in bloom; some, no doubt, earlier. Nighthawk’s squeals. Red-wing’s nest [**Red-winged Blackbird** **Agelaius phoeniceus**] made, and apparently a kingbird’s (?), on black willow four feet above water. [It is a robin’s without mud.]...

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THE TRUE REMEDY.

SPEECH OF HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,



19th and 20th MAY, 1856.

WASHINGTON, D. C.  
BULL & BLANCHARD, PRINTERS  
1856.

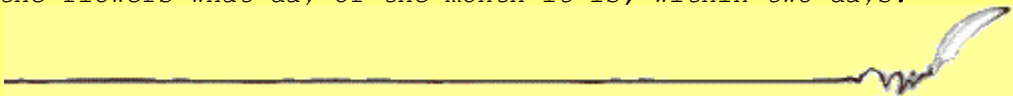


# KANSAS

# KANSAS


May 21, Wednesday: [Waldo Emerson](#) to his journal, in regard to the **Ovenbird**  *Seiurus aurocapillus* and/or **Common Yellowthroat**  *Geothlypis trichas*:

*Yesterday to the Sawmill Brook with Henry. He was in search of yellow violet (pubescens) and menyantes which he waded into the water for. & which he concluded, on examination, had been out five days. Having found his flowers, he drew out of his breast pocket his diary & read the names of all the plants that should bloom on this day, 20 May; whereof he keeps account as a banker when his notes fall due.... he heard a note which he calls that of the nightwarbler, a bird he has never identified, has been in search of for twelve years; which, always, when he sees, is in the act of diving down into a tree or bush, & which 'tis vain to seek; the only bird that sings indifferently by night & by day. I told him, he must beware of finding & booking him, lest life should have nothing more to show him. He said, "What you seek in vain for half your life, one day you come full upon all the family at dinner. You seek him like a dream, and as soon as you find him, you become his prey." He thinks he could tell by the flowers what day of the month it is, within two days.*



**When you find your dream,  
you become its prey.**



May 21: Saw two splendid rose-breasted grosbeaks [**Rose-breasted Grosbeak**  *Pheucticus ludovicianus*] with females in the young wood in Emerson's lot. What strong-colored fellows, black, white, and fiery rose-red breasts! Strong-natured, too, with their stout bills. A clear, sweet singer, like a tanager but hoarse somewhat, and not shy.

[Augustus Goddard Peabody](#) got married with Elizabeth S. Holway of Machias, Maine (the couple would produce a son and 3 daughters).

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to H.G.O. Blake, including the following closing, which Dr. Alfred I. Tauber considers relevant to Thoreau's attitude toward time and eternity: "It is not that we love to be alone, but that we love to soar, and when we do soar, the company grows thinner & thinner till there is none at all. It is either the Tribune on the plain, a sermon on the mount, or a very private **extacy** [*sic*] still higher up. We are not the less to aim at the summits though the multitude does not ascend them. Use all the society that will abet you. But perhaps I do not enter into the spirit of your talk."



Concord May 21<sup>st</sup> '56  
Mr Blake,

*I have not for a long time been putting such thoughts together as I should like to read to the company you speak of. I have enough of that sort to say, or even read, but not time now to arrange it. Something I have prepared might prove for their entertainment or refreshment perchance, but I would not like to have a hat carried round for it. I have just been reading some papers to see if they would do for your company; but though I thought pretty well of them as long as I read them to myself, when I got an audit or to try them*





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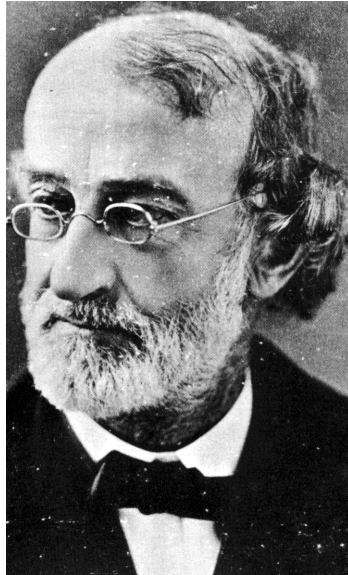
*on, I felt that they would not answer. How could I let you drum up a company to hear them? — In fine, what I have is either too scattered or loosely arranged, or too light, or else is too scientific and matter of fact (I run a good deal into that of late) for so hungry a company. I am still a learner, not a teacher, feeding somewhat omnivorously browsing both stalk & leaves — but I shall perhaps be enabled to speak with the more precision & authority by & by — if philosophy & sentiment are not buried under a multitude of details.*

*I do not refuse, but accept your invitation — only changing the time — — I consider myself invited to Worcester once for all — & many thanks to the inviter.*

*As for the Harvard excursion, will you let me suggest another? Do you & Brown come to Concord on Saturday, if the weather promises well, and spend the Sunday here on the river or hills or both. So we shall save some of our money, (which is of next importance to our souls) and lose — I do not know what. You say you talk-ed of coming here before, now do it. I do not propose this because I think that I am worth your spending time with — but because I hope that we may prove flint & steel to one another. It is at most only an hour's ride further, & you can at any rate do what you please when you get here.*

*Then we will see if we have any apology to offer for our existence. SO come to Concord! — come to Concord! — come to Concord! — or — — — — your suit shall be defaulted.*

*As for the dispute about solitude & society any comparison is impertinent. It is an idling down on the plain at the base of a mountain instead of climbing steadily to its top. Of course you will be glad of all the society you can get to go up with. Will you go to glory with me? is the burden of the song. I love society so much that I swallowed it all at a gulp — i.e. all that came in my way. It is not that we love to be alone, but that we love to soar, and when we do soar, the company grows thinner & thinner till there is none at all. It is either the Tribune on the plain, a sermon on the mount, or a very private extacy still higher up. We are not the less to aim at the summits though the multitude does not ascend them. Use all the society that will abet you. But perhaps I do not enter into the spirit of your talk. — H.D.T.*

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At [Lawrence](#) in the [Kansas Territory](#), [Sheriff Samuel J. "Bogus" Jones](#) and his proslavery posse known as the "Border Ruffians" destroyed the Free State Hotel and 2 presses. Sheriff Jones, who considered antislavery settlers to be "fanatics," was heard to exclaim:

This is the happiest day of my life!

#### [THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION](#)

One of these freedom "fanatics" had an interesting symbol for Kansas slavery, in a book he published in that same year of 1856. Quoth the raven, "Kaw":

The name of this tribe is variously spelled Kansas, Kansas, Cansas, Konzas, and Conzas; and to cap all absurdity, they scarcely know themselves by any other word than Kaw. Should the Territory be erected into a slave state, it might be advisable to adopt this latter as the title, being the ominous croak of the raven.

— Max Greene, THE KANZAS REGION, as quoted on page 98 of William Least Heat-Moon's PRAIRYERTH (A DEEP MAP) [Boston MA: Houghton Mifflin, 1991].

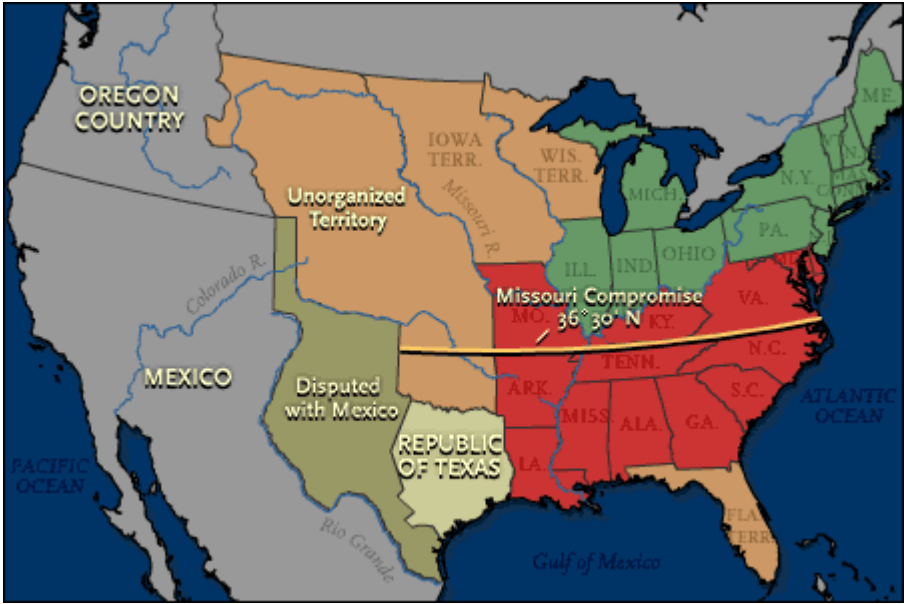
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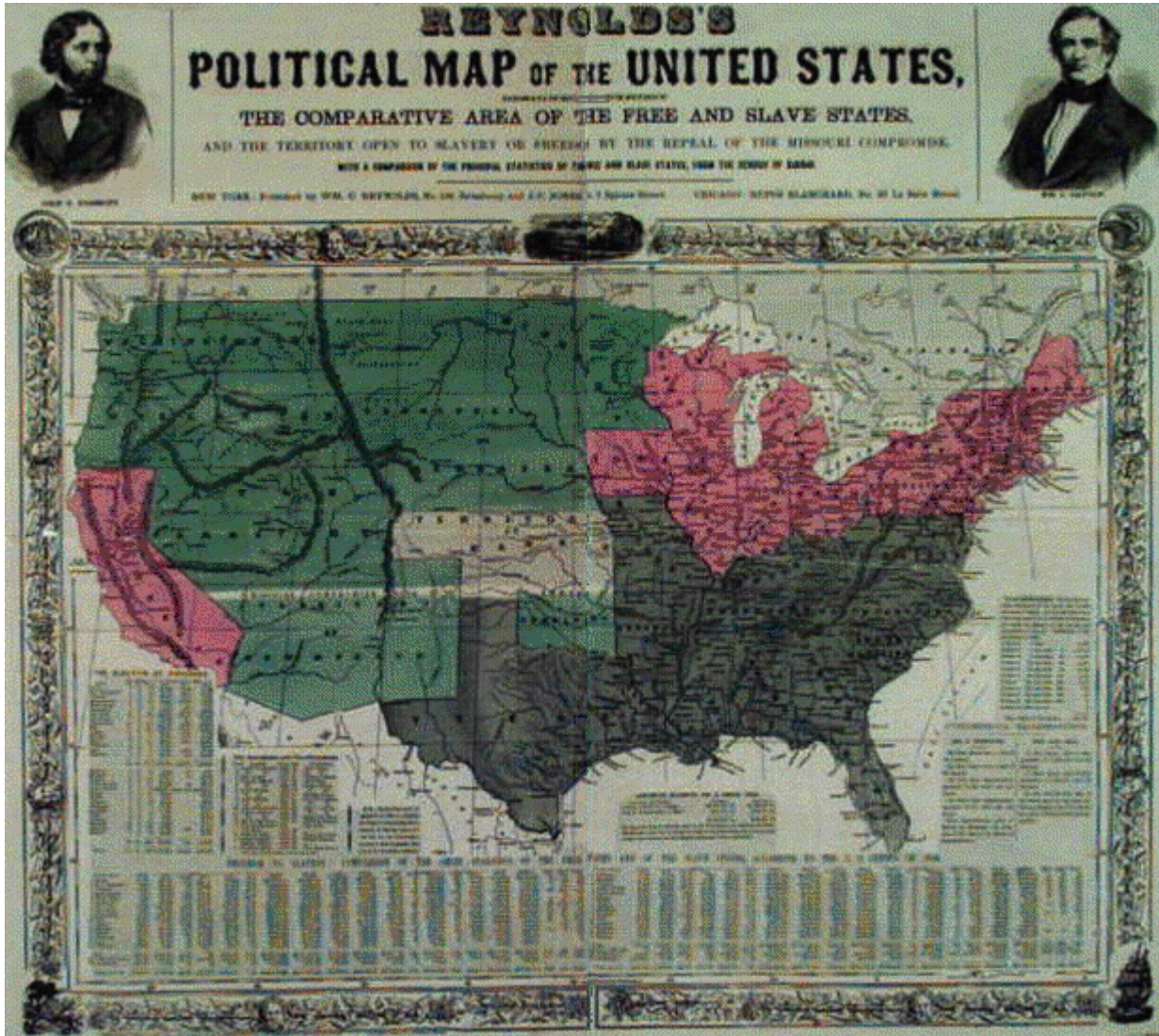


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Here is a political map dating to this year, emphasizing the split between free and slave states, and what might happen to the comparative areas of the two entities should the Missouri Compromise be repealed:



Afterward [August Bondi](#), a merchant of Lawrence, [Kansas](#), would join the company of [John Brown, Jr.](#)



When this force would disband he would join the company of John [Brown, Sr.](#), and take part in the engagement at Black Jack, and would be with Brown in his different raids along the border until the final fight at [Osawatomie](#) in September 1856. During the border warfare his own property would be destroyed by Quantrell's men, and some years later the federal government would allow him \$1,000 in damages.





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According to William G. Cutler's HISTORY OF THE STATE OF [KANSAS](#):

On Wednesday, May 21, all was ready for the grand consummation to which all previous work had tended, and for which the Administration, the United States Senate, the Court, the Territorial Governor, the Southern States, and the Law and Order party of Western Missouri and Eastern Kansas had wrought unitedly, to wit, the silencing of the Free-state press, the destruction of the Free-state organization, and the vindictive chastening of Lawrence, as the citadel of insubordination against the laws they sought to force upon an unwilling people. The story has been oftener told than any other in the history of Kansas, and with less of contradiction as to the details. It would be but the repetition of a household tale to elaborate. Early in the morning, the hostile forces gathered closer about the doomed town. A large force was stationed on Mount Oread, and cannon planted so as to cover and command the place. Gov. Robinson's house was taken as headquarters for the Marshal and the officers of his army. On every road leading to the town and on the opposite side of the river detachments of troops were posted to prevent the escape of fugitives from such justice as the Marshal and Sheriff Jones were now prepared to mete out. The forces mustered under two flags. The blood-red flag, on which was inscribed "Southern rights," floated side by side that day with the "stars and stripes." It was not so a few years later. There was no flag floating in Lawrence save an American flag, which fluttered lonesomely from its staff over the Free State Hotel.

Streets were unusually quiet. Nearly half the able-bodied men were absent - some were prisoners, some were hiding from arrest, and many ardent citizens, who had opposed the non-resistance policy of the Committee of Safety, had left in bitter disgust, scorning to witness, unresistingly, the humiliation that their enemies had prepared for them. The arms were hidden away, and the remaining citizens were quietly in pursuit of their daily avocations. The Committee of Safety were in session in their room on the second floor of the Free State Hotel, which had for the first time since its completion been open to guests on that day.

At 11 o'clock A. M., Deputy Marshal Fain, who had made two arrests in town the evening previous without resistance, again appeared with an unarmed guard of ten men. He drove directly to the hotel, where he summoned to act as his posse in serving his writs: Dr. Garvin, John A. Perry, C. W. Topliff, S. W. Eldridge and T. B. Eldridge. They readily, if not cheerfully, obeyed the summons. He arrested G. W. Deitzler, G. W. Smith and Gaius Jenkins, three of the Free-state men indicted by the grand jury for treason. No disturbance occurred and no resistance was made. Fain and his guard dined at the Free State Hotel, and shortly after departed with his prisoners without paying the bill. While in Lawrence, he was presented with a letter from the Committee of Safety, directed to his superior, which should have convinced him and all others who had doubt, that the Pro-slavery victory was complete. It read as follows:

LAWRENCE, K.T., May 21, 1856.

I.B. DONALDSON, UNITED STATES MARSHALL KANSAS  
TERRITORY:



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WE, the Committee of Public Safety for the citizens of Lawrence, make this Statement and declaration to you, as Marshal of Kansas Territory, That we represent the citizens of the United States and of Kansas, who acknowledge the constituted authorities of the Government, that we make no resistance to the execution of the law - National or Territorial - and claim it as law-abiding American citizens. For the private property already taken by your posse, we ask indemnification, and what remains to us and our citizens we throw upon you for protection, trusting that under he [sic] flag of the Union, and within the folds of the Constitution, we may obtain safety. SAMUEL C. POMEROY, C.W. BABCOCK,<sup>49</sup> W.Y. ROBERTS, S.B. PRENTISS, LYMAN ALLEN, A.H. MALLORY, JOHN PERRY, JOEL GROVER.

On the return of Marshal Fain, with his prisoners, to headquarters, at Mount Oread, he announced to the soldiers the peaceful and successful issue of his work, that he had made his arrests, and that, as a posse in his service, their duties were at an end; but, he added, "Sheriff Jones, has writs yet to be served, and you are at liberty to organize as his posse, if you desire to do so."

Sheriff Jones, quite recovered from his fright and his wound, now rode forward, greeted by cordial congratulations and loud cheers, which assured him without further formality that the posse had cheerfully transferred its allegiance to him, and were ready and impatient to do his bidding. Leaving the main body at Mount Oread, Jones, at the head of twenty armed men, entered Lawrence at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. At the hotel he halted, called for Gen. Pomeroy, who speedily presented himself and shook hands with him. Recognizing him as a leading citizen, and as one who could act for the people of Lawrence, he demanded that the arms be given up. Five minutes were given to decide upon the proposition, and thirty minutes to stack the arms in the street. Failing to comply with the demand, he threatened to at once bombard the town. After a hurried consultation with members of the committee, still in session, Pomeroy offered in their name to surrender the cannon, but declined to give up the rifles, as they were private property, in the hands of individual owners, and in no manner under the control of the committee. Jones thereupon, under the direction of Mr. Pomeroy and others of the committee, was led to the spot where the cannon had been secreted (buried under the foundation of a house). It was unearthed and surrendered, together with a few muskets not in possession of individual owners. With these Jones left the town. Meantime the soldiers had marched down toward the village to the foot of the hill, and being formed in a hollow square, were listening to a drunken, maudlin harangue from ex-Senator Atchison, which began: "Boys, to-day I am a Kickapoo Ranger, by ----." Following this remarkable exordium, Atchison proceeded to inspire the boys with a just idea of the importance of the work they had in hand. As the ideas floated through his muddled brain he delivered them to his appreciative hearers, without order or coherence. He inculcated gallantry to the ladies, but, in case one should be found with arms in her hands, "trample her under foot as you would a snake." As the people of Lawrence had

49. Messrs. Babcock, Prentiss, Mallory and Grover repudiate the letter, and are reported as denying their signatures thereto attached.



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shown no resistance, it would not do to attack them, but should there by the least show of resistance, "show them no quarter." His speech was interrupted by the return of Jones, who, on the announcement that the cannon had been surrendered and the city was defenseless, was received with enthusiastic cheers. Atchison resumed: "And now, we will go in with our highly honorable Jones, and test the strength of that d--d Free-State Hotel. Be brave, be orderly, and if any man or woman stand in your way, blow them to ---- with a chunk of cold lead."

The motley force then formed in line, and marched, under the lead of Jones, into the city, and commenced abating the indicated nuisances, by virtue of, and in obedience to, an order of the United States Court, issued by Chief Justice Samuel D. Lecompte. The two printing offices were first gutted, the presses destroyed, and the types thrown in the river. The semi-legal work was finished by destroying the Free State Hotel. The first shot fired at it from a cannon plated on the opposite side of Massachusetts street, was aimed by the tipsy Atchison, but failed to hit the building. About fifty shots were afterwards fired, with but little effect, upon the solid walls. Next it was attempted to blow it up. Several kegs of gunpowder were exploded within, with no appreciable damage to the walls. Its destruction was finally effected by the torch of the incendiary, and in the early evening it stood a roofless and smoldering ruin. The legal work was done. It was followed by petty robberies all through the defenseless and half-deserted town. Late in the evening the curtain fell, the last act being the burning of Gov. Robinson's private dwelling on Mount Oread, by the now irresponsible and lawless marauders, who had been released from all restraint when dismissed by the Sheriff.

Jones' revenge was complete. As the work of destruction went on, he was in ecstasy. "This," said he, "is the happiest moment of my life. I determined to make the fanatics bow before me in the dust and kiss the Territorial laws." As the walls of the burning hotel fell, he ejaculated, "I have done it, by ----, I have done it." Turning to the soldiers, he said, "You are dismissed, the writs have been executed."

The loss to the citizens of Lawrence and the Emigrant Aid Company, who owned the Free State Hotel, was estimated at \$150,000. The loss of the outside settlers in the vicinity of the invaders from the forced requisitions made upon them for subsistence of the army, and the robberies committed, was in some cases well-nigh ruinous. The aggregate loss to the citizens of Douglas County could not have fallen short of \$200,000.

The loss of life was summed up in the murder of two Free-state men, Brown and Stewart, and in the death of one Law and Order man, who was accidentally killed by a brick or stone which fell from the burning hotel. Two other members of the posse were wounded; one, by the accidental discharge of his own gun; the other, by being thrown from his horse while in pursuit of a Free-state man whom he had mistaken for Gov. Reeder.

On the following day, the main body of troops began to disperse. Some companies marched to Leavenworth and Atchison; a part of the force returned to Westport and the Missouri towns from whence it had come. Many stragglers, who had been attached to no particular organization, hovered about the vicinity, stealing from the farmers' horses, cattle, and whatever else was required to satisfy their not over frugal wants. A small force remained



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at Lecompton for the ostensible purpose of guarding the prisoners against any possible attempt at rescue on the part of their friends.

That the non-resistant attitude of Lawrence during the trying seasons was voluntary, and not incited by abject fear or actual defenselessness, is evinced by the fact that there were ready to march to her assistance, from Topeka and many other towns, well-organized and well-armed companies of Free-state men, in sufficient numbers to be formidable to the invading force in the open field, and to have successfully defended Lawrence from within. All such proffered aid was refused, and, at the close of the siege, despite the loss of property and the humiliation, a moral victory had been won. Lawrence had offered no resistance to the laws, and had thus robbed the outrageous affair of all possible justification in the eyes of a civilized and liberty-loving people. She had not been conquered, for she had not resisted. Her people were not subdued, but oppressed and outraged for opinion's sake. They bided patiently their time. Would that others with burdens less grievous might have shown like patient restraint. The anti-slavery press was silenced; the Free-state leaders imprisoned; and Lawrence humbled and unresistingly subservient to all behests of the Territorial authorities. Nevertheless, those conditions, so ardently desired by the Law and Order party, brought not even momentary peace to the distracted country; on the contrary, it proved the beginning of aggressive warfare on the part of the Free-state settlers, who, up to that time, while boldly denying the validity or binding force of the Territorial laws, had studiously avoided open conflict with the authorities by passively ignoring them. As a means of establishing peace, the determined efforts of those in authority to force the citizens of Lawrence into a position of abject allegiance, although a seeming success, proved a dismal failure.

Besides those who remained at Lecompton, and straggling parties not identified by any known commander, Capt. H. Clay Pate, and Coleman, the murderer of Dow, with quite a numerous force of Westport rowdies, known as the Shannon Sharp-shooters, remained encamped on the Wakarusa, between Franklin and Fish's store. Fish was a Free-state man, and it was believed he kept gunpowder to sell or give to his friends. Although the war was over, the company camped near by, prowled about the vicinity threatening to destroy the store, stopping and insulting Free-state men, supplying their wants by theft or forced contributions from the inhabitants. On the second day after their encampment, they were somewhat astonished and disgusted at a raid made into their camp by some parties, evidently not entirely friendly to them, who succeeded in capturing and making off with three valuable horses; on the next night a party from the camp going up the California road were fired into from a thicket and several wounded. They retreated precipitately to camp, leaving several horses and some arms as booty for their unseen assailants. On the same or the succeeding night a Pro-slavery man who kept a store in the log house on the California road, was robbed by a party of Free-state men of his goods and horses. It was evident that reprisals were being made on the Pro-slavery men, and that a regular guerrilla war had begun. A party attacked a house in Lecompton where some of the arms taken at Lawrence had been stored, together with some powder and other articles belonging



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to the Pro-slavery men. The occupants made no resistance, and the raiders made off with their booty. In three days after the great Law and Order victory at Lawrence, the whole surrounding country seemed infested with Free-state guerrillas who robbed and plundered the Pro-slavery settlers, and harassed the Law and Order troops without mercy. Between the two sets of marauders, the unarmed inhabitants, whether Pro-slavery or otherwise, stood equal chances of being plundered.

Even Gov. Shannon did not escape. Two valuable horses were stolen from him, and pressed into the Free-state service, whereupon His Excellency waxed wroth, and ordered the United States Dragoons, then stationed at Lecompton and at Lawrence, to patrol duty in the surrounding country. They rode the country up and down, but made no captures. He took the field himself, and, in company with his friend, Col. Titus, and members of his force, made a reconnoissance [*sic*]. He visited the residences of both Free-state and Pro-slavery settlers on the line of his march, threatening the one and reassuring the other in his official capacity. His efforts only served to show to both his friends and enemies his utter demoralization and incompetency as Governor of the Territory at that time. Henceforth, until the time of his removal, he was entirely under control of the Pro-slavery element, making the prevailing confusion worse confounded by the imbecility of his administration.

### **THE POTTAWATOMIE MURDERS. THE CROWNING HORROR.**

The news of the trouble at Lawrence, and her threatened destruction by the Southern soldiery, came to Osawatomie on the evening of June 21. Immediately, on receipt of the information, the Pottawatomie Rifles, a Free-state company under the command of John Brown, Jr., set out for the scene of disturbance. The Osawatomie company, Capt. Dayton, joined them, and together they reached "Ottawa Jones" on the morning of the 22d. There they first heard of the sack of the town, and the arrest of Deitzler, Brown and Jenkins. They, however, continued their march toward Lawrence, not knowing but their assistance might still be needed, and encamped at night "up the Ottawa Creek, near the residence of Capt. Shore." They remained in the vicinity until afternoon of the 23d, at which time they decided to return home. About noon on the 23d, Old John Brown, whose indignation was at fever heat, selected a party to go with him on a private expedition. They separated from the main party, ground their sabers, and having completed their preparations, left the camp together. Capt. John Brown, Jr., objected to their leaving his company, but, seeing his father was obdurate, silently acquiesced, with the timely caution to him to "do nothing rash." The company consisted of Old John Brown, four of his sons - Frederick, Owen, Watson, Oliver- Henry Thompson, his son-in-law, Thomas Winer and James Townsley, whom Old John had induced to carry the party in his wagon to their proposed field of operations.

They left the camp at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 23d. They were met toward sundown of that day between Pottawatomie Creek and Middle Creek, and but a few miles from the Doyle settlement, by Col. J. Blood, then on his way from Osawatomie to Lawrence.<sup>50</sup> The party halted on meeting Col. Blood,



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and a conversation ensued between him and John Brown, none of the other members of the party speaking. Brown gave him an account of the sacking of Lawrence, and the arrest of the Free-state men, denounced the members of the non-resistant committee as cowards, and seemed in a frenzied state of excitement. As they parted, he requested Col. Blood not to mention the meeting, "as they were on a secret expedition, and did not want any one to know that they were in that neighborhood."

They encamped that night between two deep ravines on the edge of the timber, some distance to the right of the main traveled road, about one mile above "Dutch Henry's crossing." There they remained unobserved until the following evening (Saturday, June 24). Some time after dark, the party left their place of hiding and proceeded on their "secret expedition." Late in the evening, they called at the house of James P. Doyle, and ordered him and his two sons, William and Drury, to go with them as prisoners. They followed their captors out into the darkness. They next called at the house of Allen Wilkinson and ordered him out. He also obeyed; thence, crossing the Pottawatomie, they came to the house of Henry Sherman (Dutch Henry). He was not at home. They, however, arrested and took along with them William, his brother. They returned to the ravine where they had previously encamped, and there spent the quiet Sabbath morning, then broke camp and rejoined the Osawatomie company some time during Sunday night, it being at that time encamped near Ottawa Jones'. The secret expedition was ended. Was it successful? Where were the prisoners? Had they escaped?

Old man Doyle and his sons were left in the road a short distance from their house. They were cut, mangled, stabbed - some say shot - it didn't matter to the Doyles - they were dead.

Sherman was left in the creek, near his brother's house. He was hacked upon the breast and hand, his skull split open, and, from the wounds, the brains oozed out into the muddy water. It did not matter to Sherman - he was dead.

Yes, the secret expedition had proved successful.

The persons who had thus suddenly gone to their long account were all believed to be Pro-slavery men of the most violent and intolerant type, of whom the Free-State settlers stood in constant dread.

The news of the horrid affair spread rapidly over the Territory, carrying with it a thrill of horror, such as the people, used as they had become to deeds of murder, had not felt before. Hitherto, in most cases ending in homicide or murder, the Free-State man had proved the victim. The crimes had been perpetrated in open day, and were often the outcome of an angry encounter or brawl between men of equal nerve and determination, both armed, or in the company of armed companions. Under these circumstances, these unavenged murders, numerous and atrocious as they were, lacked the ghastly horror of this silent, stealthy, midnight massacre of defenseless men. The news of the event had a deeper significance than appeared in the abstract atrocity of the act itself.

It meant that, when Gov. Shannon, to the committee, pleading for the safety of Lawrence, replied, "War, by ----," there were men outside of Lawrence, and beyond the control of the committee of public safety, who had taken him at his word. It meant that the

50. The statements concerning this meeting are given on the authority of a letter from Col. Blood to G. W. Brown, dated November 29, 1879.

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policy of extermination or abject submission, so blatantly promulgated by the Pro-slavery press, and proclaimed by Pro-slavery speakers, had been adopted by their enemies, and was about to be enforced with appalling earnestness. It meant that there was a power opposed to the Pro-slavery aggressors, as cruel and unrelenting as themselves. It meant henceforth, swift retaliation - robbery for robbery - murder for murder - that "he who taketh the sword shall perish by the sword." It meant that the merciless and implacable spirit of retributive vengeance, hitherto held in restraint, had broken its leash and begun its dreadful work.

The aggressive warfare thus begun, was not in accordance with the plans or purposes of the leaders of the Free-State movement; on the contrary, it was in direct opposition to their counsel, and had been persistently decried and successfully restrained up to this time. For the disorders that ensued, the Free-State organization was in no manner responsible. The aggressive movement at that time begun, was an uncontrollable outburst of rage long pent up, under the stress of suffering, intimidation, insult, humiliation, and unredressed outrage, such as, by hot-tempered men of courage, could no longer be unresistingly endured.

Upon those high in authority and wielding powerful influence, who, with deliberate purpose, counseled, planned, and executed the outrages, which at last culminated in all the horrors of anarchy, the responsibility rests for all time to come; to them, history accords the infamous distinction which their deeds merit.

After the attack on Lawrence in the [Kansas Territory](#), a proslavery grand jury indicted many free state men, including in their indictment the "Free State Hotel" in Lawrence. In accordance with the indictments of this grand jury, Pierce being a proslavery president, the US Cavalry, acting to implement the agendas of the proslavery party, arrested 2 of [John Brown](#)'s sons. [John Brown, Jr.](#) was required to trot, on foot, with his arms tied behind him, ahead of a cavalry company, the 9 miles to [Osawatimie](#).



John Brown Statue dedicated May 9, 1935 at John Brown Memorial State Park located at Osawatimie, Kansas

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May 22, Thursday: The news from [Kansas](#):

**NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE.**

**LATER FROM KANSAS.**

**REIGN OF TERROR IN THE TERRITORY.**

**ATTACK FIXED FOR YESTERDAY.**

**HUFORD'S MEN ENLISTED.**

**CLEAN WORK TO BE MADE AT LAWRENCE.**

CHICAGO, Wednesday, May 21, 1856.

Dates from Leavenworth, Kansas, to Saturday last are received. Wednesday (to-day) had been fixed upon for the attack on Lawrence. There is a general reign of terror in the Territory. Two cannon had crossed the river at Chison, destined for Lawrence. Buford's regiment were enrolled in the militia, and furnished with United States arms by Gov. Shannon. The Free-State men want arms and ammunition. Donaldson (United States Marshal) has proclaimed his intention to make clean work of what he has to do this time. Gov. Robinson is still imprisoned at Lexington.

The correspondent of *The Jefferson* (Missouri) *Enquirer* states that a petition is being circulated in the border counties praying for the immediate removal of Col Sumner.

Mr. Brown, Editor of *The Herald of Freedom*, writes that a mob entered the hotel at Kansas City where he was staying, and dragged off a man whom they supposed to be himself. On discovering their mistake, they returned and demanded him of the proprietor, who refused to deliver him up to them. A company of Michigan emigrants then entered the hotel to protect the occupants. The mob were still surrounding the hotel and gathering reinforcements at the close of his letter. No authentic intelligence has been received concerning his (Brown's) fate since his capture.

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May 23, Friday: When informed of the burning of the town of [Lawrence](#) in the [Kansas Territory](#), Captain [John Brown](#) went from his cabin into the forest to “converse with God.”



When he returned, it was to order his sons to sharpen the broadswords they had procured in Ohio. Captain Brown and his little band of [Osawatimie](#) faithful led by God, carrying surveying equipment to mask their sacred duty, set off on their little expedition to use the latest thing in efficient slaughter, the Sharps rifles known as “Beecher’s Bibles” largely donated to them by the congregation of the Reverend [Henry Ward Beecher](#), to good effect.

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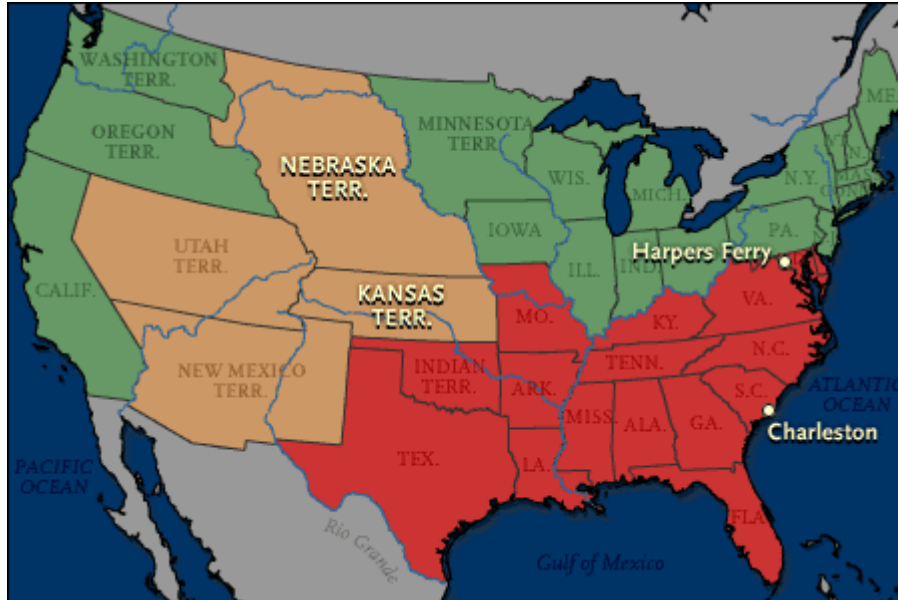


John Brown Statue dedicated May 9, 1935 at John Brown Memorial State Park located at Quawwintonia, Kansas

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A Catholic family of six, that of James P. Doyle, had ventured from Tennessee into the Kansas Territory for the same reason that the New England Emigrant Aid Company was encouraging white people to travel to the Kansas Territory from New England — that is, in order to “get to a free state where there would be no slave labor to hinder white men from making a fair day’s wage.” In other words, this family consisted of, or



conceived that it consisted of, economic refugees fleeing from the unfair competition of America’s people of color. They had been building themselves an isolated cabin on the bank of Pottawatomie Creek, about a march from the cluster of cabins known as Brown’s Station, and this midnight visit was the Brown party’s first stop on their quest for revenge for the burning of Lawrence. The evidence against Doyle, of course, was that he spoke with a Southern drawl. According to Edmund Wilson’s PATRIOTIC GORE:<sup>51</sup>

The murdered boys and their father were part of a family of illiterate poor whites who had emigrated from Tennessee in order to get away, precisely, from the competition of slave labor, and none of these people owned slaves. But Brown, who had circulated among them in his role of land surveyor, had previously satisfied himself that “each one had committed murder in his heart, and, according to the Scriptures... were guilty of murder, and I felt justified in having them killed.”

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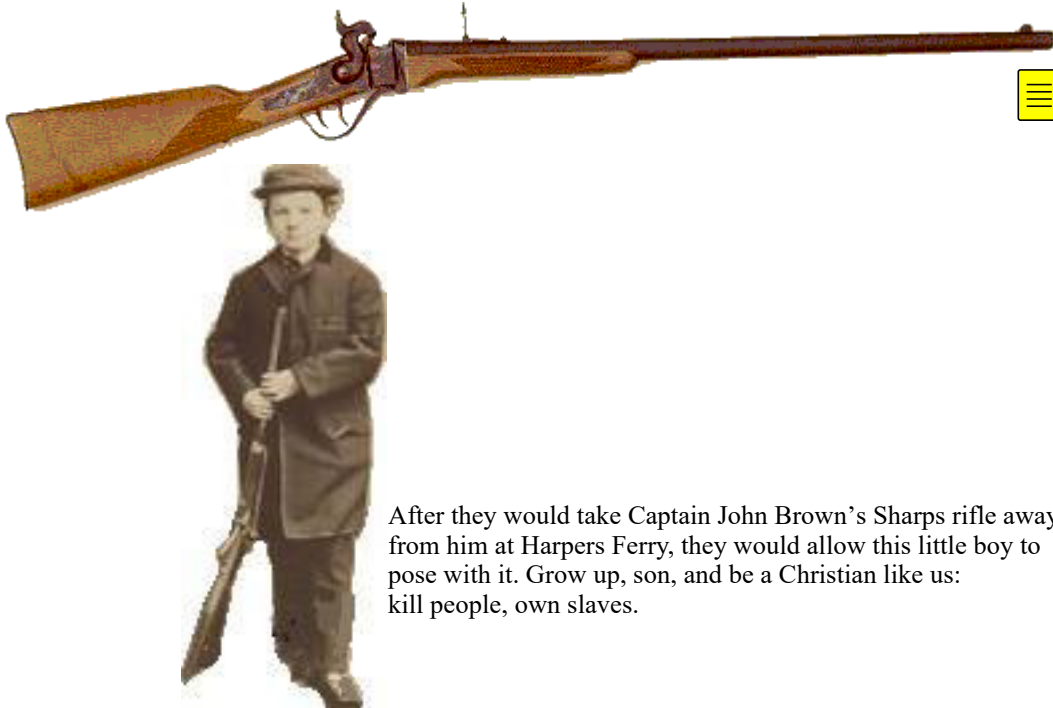
Sparing Mahala Doyle and her young daughter, and a son who was but 14 years of age, Brown would order Doyle and the two adult sons, William age 22 and Drury age 20, out of the cabin into the dark yard. The vengeance party would split open their heads with the cutlasses (I have no indication as to whether they allowed these Catholics to say their rosaries first). For some reason, perhaps an attempt at resistance, Drury Doyle’s arms would get themselves hacked off. Then the party would go on down along the creek, and an hour later they would be able to kill an actual proslavery person, Allen Wilkinson, and steal his horses, in the presence of his sick wife and several of their young children. Afterward they would go back to the family’s barn and take saddles for these horses. Riding on down the bank of Pottawatomie Creek, they would discover a William Sherman, cutting off his left hand “except a little piece of skin” and splitting open his head and

51. Richard F. Teichgraber III has commented that Henry Thoreau’s deep contempt for newspapers would have caused him to disbelieve or ignore the reports of John Brown’s massacre on Pottawatomie Creek. I do not agree. Thoreau’s contempt for news reports was in fact an entirely selective contempt.

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leaving him lying in the water, confiscating his horse and bowie knife. A nice night's work for nightriders for justice, doing God's work in the world! This affair would be complete by the 26th.



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

During the "Indian War" in the Rogue River Valley of Oregon, [John Beeson](#), a Methodist, had made himself an outspoken advocate for the Indians, and against the slaughter and atrocities committed by the whites. On this day he needed to flee from his homestead due to threats from the surrounding community of white people (my information is that both the local newspaper and the local minister were talking up the idea of holding a tar-and-feathers party with him as the guest of honor, and that this caused him to feel that he needed to sneak away in the middle of the night). He would not feel safe in returning to Oregon for more than a decade.<sup>52</sup> During that period he would publish A PLEA FOR THE INDIANS ... and lecture across the eastern United States as an advocate for native American rights.

### PLEA FOR THE INDIANS



May 23. P.M. — To Heywood Spring.

Sorrel well open on west side of railroad causeway against H. Wheeler's land. Noticed the earliest willow catkins turned to masses of cotton yesterday; also a little of the mouse-ear down begins to be loose. Hear often and distinctly, apparently from H. Wheeler's black spruce wood-lot, the *phe phee-ar* of the new muscicapa. Red-eye and wood thrush. Houstonias whiten the fields, and looked yesterday like snow, a sugaring of snow, on the side of Lee's Hill. Heard partridges drum yesterday and to-day. Observed the pads yesterday just begun to spread out on the surface with wrinkled edges and here and there a bullet-like bud; the red white lily pads still more rare as yet.

The stellaria at Heywood Spring must be the same with that near the E. Hosmer Spring, though the former has commonly fewer styles and rather slender leaves. It appears to be the *S. borealis*, though the leaves are *narrowly lanceolate*; has three to seven styles; a few petals (cleft almost to the bottom) or none; pods, some larger than the calyx and apparently ten-ribbed; petals, now about the length of the sepals.

After sunset on river.

A warm summer-like night. A bullfrog trumps once. A large devil's-needle goes by after sundown. The ring of toads is loud and incessant. It seems more prolonged than it is. I think it not more than two seconds in each case. At the same time I hear a low, stertorous, dry, but hard-cored note from some frog in the meadows and along the riverside; often heard in past years but not accounted for. Is it a *Rana palustris*?

Dor-bugs hum in the yard, — and were heard against the windows some nights ago. The cat is springing into the air for them.

CAT

52. Evidently, however, he would manage to hold onto the family claim to the homestead land along Wagner Creek.



May 24, Saturday: [Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed Mrs. Whitman’s Haverhill cemetery lots.



A story by [Louisa May Alcott](#) appeared in Boston’s [Saturday Evening Gazette](#), entitled “Mabel’s May Day.”

That night Captain [John Brown](#) and his men went to nearby Pottawatomie Creek and he directed his men in the murder of five proslavery settlers. One of the men that “St. John the Just”<sup>53</sup> Brown had hacked to pieces with broadswords was an unarmed settler named James Doyle. This is his widow speaking:

“When [we] went to Kansas, . . . it was to get to a free state where there would be no slave labor to hinder white men from making a fair day’s wages; [he] never owned any slaves, never expected to, nor did not want any.”

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What had been going around was coming around! –It appears that they considered that they were needing to kill exactly 5-count ’em-5 because their statistics were that a total of 5-count ’em-5 free-state settlers had been killed since the outbreak of factional violence in the [Kansas Territory](#) in late 1855. In addition, it seems they felt that they were taking vengeance for the beating of Senator [Charles Sumner](#), as well as for the burning of several buildings in [Lawrence](#) on May 21st by an armed band of pro-slavery Missourians. –An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, that sort of thingie.



May 24. Pratt gave me the wing of a sparrow (?) hawk which he shot some months ago. He was coming from his house to his shop early in the morning when he saw this small hawk, which looked like a pigeon, fly past him over the Common with a sparrow in his clutches, and alight about six feet up the south buttonwood in front of Tolman’s. Having a small Maynard’s revolver in his pocket, loaded with a ball size of a pea, he followed, and, standing twenty-two paces from the tree in the road, aimed and brought down both hawk and sparrow at a distance of about six rods, cutting off the wing of the former with the ball. Thus he confessed he could not do again if he should try a hundred times. It must be a sparrow hawk, according to Wilson and Nuttall, for the inner vanes of the primaries and secondaries are thickly spotted with brownish white. Humphrey Buttrick says that he hears the note of the woodcock [**American Woodcock** [Scolopax minor](#)] from the village in April and early in May (too late now); that there were some this year breeding or singing; by the riverside in front of Abel Heywood’s. He says that when you see one spring right up straight into the air, you may go to the spot, and he will surely come down again after some minutes to within a few feet of the same spot and of you. Has known a partridge [**Ruffed Grouse** [Bonasa umbellus](#) (Partridge)] to fly at once from one to two miles after being wounded (tracked them by the blood) without alighting. Says he has caught as many as a dozen partridges [in his hands](#). He lies right down on them, or where he knows them to be, then passes his hands back and forth under his body till he feels them. You must not lift your body at all or they will surely squeeze out, and when you feel one must be sure you get hold of their legs or head, and not feathers merely. To-day is suddenly overpoweringly warm. Thermometer at 1 P.M., 94° in the shade! but in the afternoon it suddenly fell to 56, and it continued cold the next two days.



53. So denominated by [Bronson Alcott](#).

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May 25, Sunday: [Waldo Emerson](#)'s 53d birthday.



Edward Bridgman had grown up in [Northampton](#) and at age 22 migrated to "[Bleeding Kansas](#)". He came simply to homestead but was soon caught up in the struggle over slavery. He described his arrival at



[Osawatomic](#) and the destruction of the town of [Lawrence](#) by proslavery forces, and the retaliation led by [John Brown](#) at Pottawatomie Creek, in which 5 men from the South had been killed. Several months after [Lawrence](#) was sacked, a group of proslavery men would attack Osawatomic and Bridgman would fight alongside Captain Brown. Several months later he would return to Massachusetts to sign up with the 37th Massachusetts infantry. In the early 1870s he would migrate again, this time to northern Wisconsin. In 1901 he would move into the city of Madison, where he would reside until his death in 1915.

*Dear Cousin Sidney  
 I write now to let you know my present situation and a little about the affairs of Kansas....  
 In some small towns the men are called up nearly every night to hold themselves in readiness to meet the worst as scouting parties of Alabamians Georgians and Missourians are around continually, plundering clothes yards, horses and cattle, and everything they can lay hold of. A few miles from Lawrence a man was plowing. A party of Southerners came along and being hungry killed his best ox, ate what they wanted, took away some and left the rest. Such like occurrences are almost daily taking place. Last Thursday, news came from Lawrence that she was in the hands of the Ruffians, and that they had demolished the free state Hotel, burned Robinson's house, and destroyed the two printing presses. Almost immediately a company of 30 was raised. There was no reason why I could not go for one, so I borrowed a rifle and ammunition and joined them. The thought of engaging in battle is not a pleasing one, but the free state men are compelled to. Why should I not do [so] as well as others, I have nothing to hinder*





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*me and my life is no dearer to me than the lives of others are to them. At sundown we divided into 2 divisions and took turns in walking. It was really affecting to see husbands and wives bid each other good bye. – not knowing as they would ever see each other again. yet the feeling and sympathies of the women are as much enlisted in the cause as the men. It is nothing uncommon to see them running bullets and making cartridges. One woman yesterday told me that she had often been called up nights to make them....*

*Tuesday, 27.*

*Since I wrote the above the Osawatomie company has returned to O. as news came that we could do nothing immediately, so we returned back. On our way back we heard that 5 men had been killed by Free State men. the men were butchered – ears cut off and the bodies thrown into the river[.] the murdered men (Proslavery) had thrown out threats and insults, yet the act was barbarous and inhuman whoever committed by[.] we met the men going when we were going up and knew that they were on a secret expedition, yet didn't know what it was. Tomorrow something will be done to arrest them. there were 8 concerned in the act. perhaps they had good motives, some think they had, how that is I dont know. The affairs took place 8 miles from Osawatomie. The War seems to have commenced in real earnest. Horses are stolen on all sides whenever they can be taken....*

*Weds eve.*

*Since yesterday I have learned that those men who committed those murders were a party of Browns. one of them was formerly in the wool business in Springfield, John Brown[.] his son, (Jn) has been taken today, tho he had no hand in the act, but was knowing to it, but when I write to Maria I will give further particulars[.] Osawatomie is in much fear and excitement[.] News came tonight that a co. of Georgians and Alibamians were coming to make this their headquarters. All work is nearly suspended, the women are in constant fear[.] It was really pleasing to witness the reception of our co. by the women after they came in to O. [I]t was a little after dark. A long line of women and children stood by the roadside to greet us and joy was depicted on every countenance. hands were heartily shaken and congratulations offered[.] but I must close....*

*Yours truly, E*

*It wont be best for me to write my name so you must guess who wote this[.] but very few now attach their full name to a letter*

**THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION**



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June: [Richard Josiah Hinton](#) set out with a group of [Free-Staters](#) for the [Kansas Territory](#).

[Major Jefferson Buford](#) went back to the South and would then proceed to Washington DC to attempt to obtain more proslavery men to relocate as colonists to the [Kansas Territory](#).

### THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar of Concord went to the Philadelphia convention of the new [Republican Party](#) and served on the platform committee. The party chose [John Charles Frémont](#) as its candidate for President and William L. Dayton as its candidate for Vice-President. Although the party would lose the national election, it would manage to place Banks in the governor's seat in Massachusetts. Ebenezer was appointed by Governor Banks to the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court, along the way of eventually becoming President Grant's Attorney General. With George Frisbie Hoar a representative and then a senator, people began to speak of the Hoars as Concord's "royal family."

### The Hoars Concord's "Royal Family"

[Henry Thoreau](#) ran a line near the pail factory to show the boundary, on the west side of Derby, of a woodlot George Prescott bought from David Loring.



[Waldo Emerson](#) to his journal:

*I go for those who have received a retaining fee to this party of freedom, before they came into this world. I would trust Garrison, I would trust Henry Thoreau, that they would make no compromises. I would trust Horace Greeley, I would trust my venerable friend Mr Hoar, that they would be staunch for freedom to the death; but both of these would have a benevolent credulity in the honesty of the other party, that I think unsafe.*

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

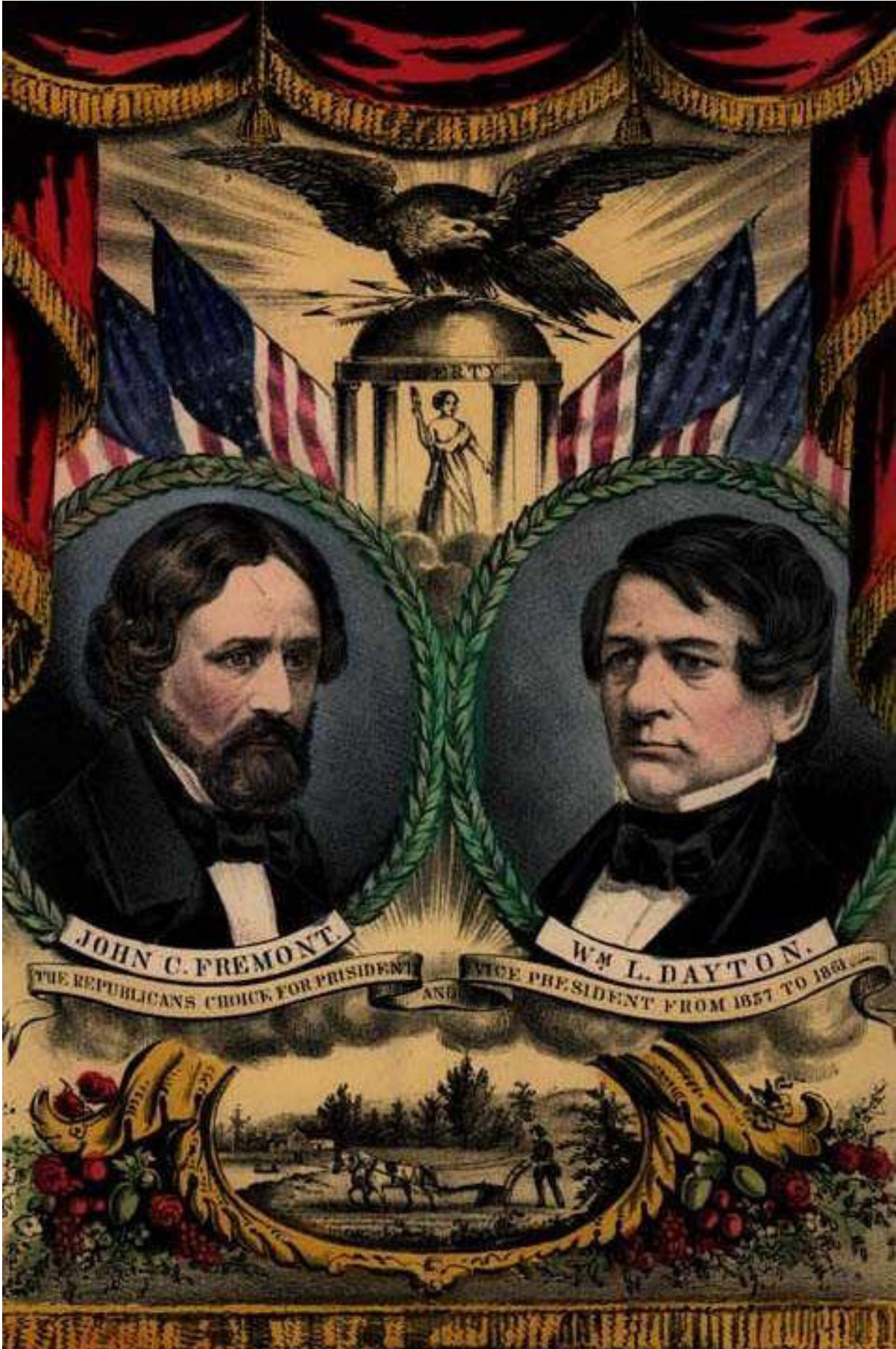
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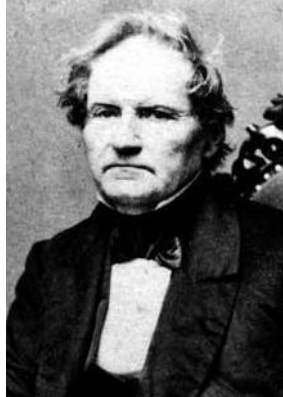


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June 1, Sunday: The [Reverend Convers Francis](#) preached in [Concord](#), repeating his “The Call for Reform” of 11 years earlier, while offering significant additions to bring it up to date with current events. Previously, when he had



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spoken of “the righteous indignation wh[ich] is now rising in the hearts of vast masses,” the referent had been to the topic of human slavery and in particular the treatment accorded by slavemasters to Concord’s Squire Hoar, but this time he added:

They [the righteous] see man holding his brother man as property just as he holds the brute beast, – divesting him of the character of a man, & selling him with his wife & children, as he would sell the brute beast at the auction stand; & to sustain this state of things laws passed wh[ich] ought to make savages blush. They see wide & far reaching plans laid by to extend broad cast over the land & to perpetuate forever, if possible, the mighty wrong of human bondage. For this purpose they see the most solemn national compacts trodden under foot, the most solemn national faith violated, & the whole force of government employed to force slavery by ruffian violence upon our brother whose honest enterprise would lay the foundation of a new State. They see the cowardly, brutal assassin at the very Senate Chamber watching his opportunity to approach a great & noble man stealthily, & smiting him down with the murderer’s bludgeon to the earth, because he had stood in his place to utter manly & eloquent words for freedom, for justice, & right; – & the same brutality threatened to others if they shall dare to utter such words, –& in the meantime the offender, instead of having the mark of Cain, at large among decent men, & even caressed & applauded. It was not for such results, I think, that the men of ’75 met the soldiers of the oppressor on the banks of yonder river. It was not for such results that you erected yonder monument, was it, fr[iend]s?

This time the topical referents were the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, the debate over the [Kansas/Nebraska Act](#) of 1854, and the beating with a cane of Massachusetts Senator Charles Sumner on the floor of the Senate by Representative Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina on May 22, 1856. Brooks, rather than being punished, had been re-elected in a sort of triumph. The Reverend Francis’s Sunday sermon thus reinforced the lecture delivered on Monday, May 26th at the protest meeting in the Concord town Hall by Waldo Emerson, “The Assault upon Mr. Sumner.” His prooftext for the Concord morning service was Jeremiah 8:22. His prooftext for the afternoon service was 1st Timothy 3:15 and his topic was “The Church of the Living God.”



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June 2, Monday: An antislavery splinter faction of the [Know-Nothing](#) party met in [New-York](#) and nominated [John Charles Frémont](#) and Pennsylvania's W.F. Johnston. They advocated a free [Kansas Territory](#), that is, a land in which only white people would be allowed.

According to a roadside marker on US 56 east of Baldwin in Douglas County, [Kansas](#), the "[battle of Black Jack](#)" on this day had amounted to:

**part of the struggle to make Kansas a free state. In May 1856, proslavery men destroyed buildings and newspaper presses in Lawrence, Free-State headquarters. John Brown's company then killed five proslavery men on Pottawatomie creek not far from this spot. In retaliation Henry C. Pate raided near-by Palmyra and took three prisoners. Early on the morning of June 2 Brown attacked Pate's camp in a grove of black jack oaks about 1/4 mile south of this sign. Both sides had several wounded and numerous desertions before Pate and 28 men surrendered, Brown claiming he had only 15 men left. As evidence of civil war this fight received much publicity and excited both North and South.**

**Erected by the Kansas State Historical Society and State Highway Commission.**

Three Jews who had a store together in [Lawrence, Kansas](#) were in Captain [John Brown](#)'s group at this engagement:

- Jacob Benjamin, originally from Bohemia, died 1866
- Theodore Wiener, immigrant from Poland, died 1906. Although Wiener would be described by Bondi as "a rank pro-slavery man" he needed John Brown's help to oust a squatter on his claim.
- [August Bondi](#), who as a lad in Vienna had taken part in the 1848 revolution, and who would enlist in the Kansas cavalry and serve as a 1st sergeant

Bondi would later write that the three of them were "[Free-State](#) men," which he would explain meant that they were hostile to any "increase in the colored population." They were taking part in this fighting, he wrote, out of "antipathy at the degradation of labor" (presumably, white labor) — certainly not out of any "sympathy with the negro slave." According to this record Bondi was alongside John Brown and ahead of the other men, going up a hill while under fire.<sup>54</sup>

We walked with bent backs, nearly crawled, that the tall dead grass of the year before might somehow by courtesy hide us from the Border Ruffian marksmen, yet the bullets kept whistling.... Weiner puffed like a steamboat, hurrying behind me. I called out to him "Nu, was meinen Sie jetzt?" ("Now what do you think of American this?"). His answer, "Sof odom muves" (a Hebrew phrase meaning "the end of man is death" or, in modern Jewish phraseology, "I guess we are up against it").

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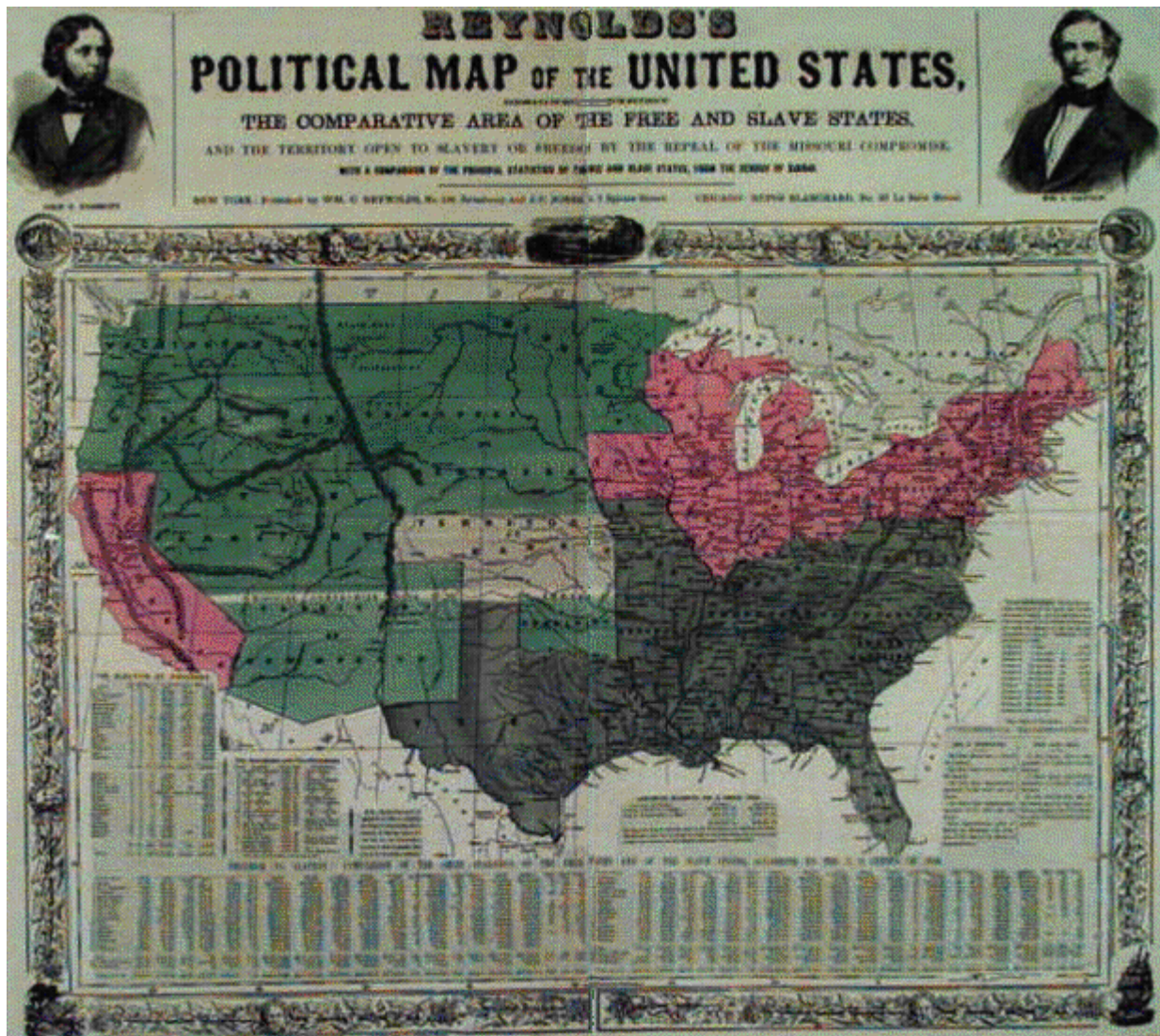
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[John E. Cook](#) 1st met Captain [John Brown](#) after this battle of Black Jack.



### THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

[Jason Brown](#) took part, but clearly he would have trepidations, for he would refuse to join his father at the raid on the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry.



## KANSAS

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June 30, Monday: [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) to his journal, in [New Bedford](#) with [Henry Thoreau](#):



*Warm and clear. rode to the Middleboro' Ponds with Thoreau. Visited Haskell's Island, so-called, in Great Quittacus Pond, from where we bathed and ate our dinner upon the west shore of the Island, then rode to Assawampsett and visited the old meeting-house now fast falling to decay and abuse, and King Philip's look-out, so called.*

The [Topeka Constitution](#) was rejected by the federal Congress, rendering the Topeka government of the [Kansas Territory](#) not a legally constituted entity.

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July: The USS *Constellation* was dispatched to protect American lives and property at Malaga during a revolution in Spain.

A force of white vigilantes defeated the Wala Walas and the Cayuses in the valley of the Grande Ronde, and the native American tribes began to sue for an end to the Yakima War.

Along with well-known abolitionists such as Andrew Reeder, [Gerrit Smith](#), and [Eli Thayer](#), [Thaddeus Hyatt](#) organized the [National Kansas Committee](#) and was elected president of the organization. Their committee purportedly collected around \$100,000 to sponsor 2,000 new settlers. Of this amount, around \$10,000 was disbursed for weaponry. Instead of leading the recruited 84 men toward [Lawrence](#) where they might be in immediate hot water, he sponsored the settlement of a "Hyattville" or "Hyatt" on the South fork of Pottawatomie Creek in Anderson County. Thaddeus Hyatt and William Arny, general agent of the National Kansas Committee, would persuade the Kansas State Central Committee to allow them to change how funds from the National Committee were dispersed by the State Central Committee, redirecting the funds and resources to their settlement venture, and because of this they would come to be suspected of attempting to turn a profit on this namesake settlement. Hyatt would insist that such claims were sponsored by a "slanderer." William Hutchinson, reporting the incident to the National Kansas Committee, primarily derogated Arny. This settlement known as "Hyattville" or "Hyatt" no longer exists, its settlers moving on to establish another settlement, on Pike's Peak.

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George Frisbie Hoar and [Eli Thayer](#) went off to a [Free Kansas Convention](#) in Buffalo, New York.



Our national birthday, Monday the 4th of July: [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)'s 52d birthday, dedicated to the firecracker and other firearms surrogates.



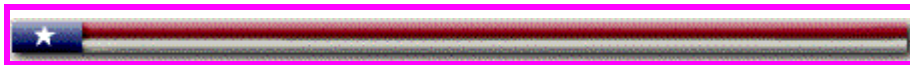
In the [Kansas Territory](#), the Topeka legislature was dispersed by the US Army. This day's date is on a petition, upon which the signatures of [Waldo Emerson](#) and [Henry Thoreau](#) appear among others, protesting an attack made upon Massachusetts people as these travelers had been transiting the territory of Missouri on their way to settle in the [Kansas Territory](#).

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In [New-York](#), the "inauguration" of Henry K. Brown's equestrian statue of [George Washington](#), the Southern slavemaster who had made himself into the Father of Our Nation through sponsoring and enabling the [1st Great American Disunion](#) (this may not be the greatest work of art ever commissioned but it does, befitting the gravity of his offense, stand a magnificent 29 feet high).

CELEBRATING OUR B-DAY



August: [Richard Josiah Hinton](#) arrived in the [Kansas Territory](#), taking up residency in [Lawrence](#).

August 7, Thursday: Eva Evelina E. Vannevar Slack posted an account of her travel to Charles Wesley Slack.

When Lane's Army of the North marched into "[Bleeding Kansas](#)", [Aaron D. Stevens](#) met [John Brown](#) at the Nebraska line. He would become a devoted follower.

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August 11, Monday: Free Soilers raided Franklin in the [Kansas Territory](#), a pro-slavery stronghold, and put parts of the town to the torch.

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In the afternoon [Henry Thoreau](#) walked to Conantum with George Partridge Bradford.



August 15, Friday: Fort Saunders in the [Kansas Territory](#) was captured by [Free-Staters](#), with no casualties.

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August 16, Saturday: The series of poems by [Louisa May Alcott](#), entitled “Beach Bubbles,” continued in Boston’s [Saturday Evening Gazette](#).

Fort Titus in the [Kansas Territory](#) was captured by [Free-Staters](#), with one fatality.

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August 18, Monday: In the [Kansas Territory](#), Governor Shannon was removed from office.

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The federal government appropriated \$8,000 to carry out the Act of March 3, 1819, and subsequent acts (STATUTES AT LARGE, XI. 90).

INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE

W.E. Burghardt Du Bois: The long and open agitation for the reopening of the slave-trade, together with the fact that the



South had been more or less familiar with violations of the laws since 1808, led to such a remarkable increase of illicit traffic and actual importations in the decade 1850-1860, that the movement may almost be termed a reopening of the slave-trade. In the foreign slave-trade our own officers continue to report "how shamefully our flag has been used;"<sup>55</sup> and British officers write "that at least one half of the successful part of the slave trade is carried on under the American flag," and this because "the number of American cruisers on the station is so small, in proportion to the immense extent of the slave-dealing coast."<sup>56</sup> The fitting out of slavers became a flourishing business in the United States, and centred at New York City. "Few of our readers," writes a periodical of the day, "are aware of the extent to which this infernal traffic is carried on, by vessels clearing from New York, and in close alliance with our legitimate trade; and that down-town merchants of wealth and respectability are extensively engaged in buying and selling African Negroes, and have been, with comparatively little interruption, for an indefinite number of years."<sup>57</sup> Another periodical says: "The number of persons engaged in the slave-trade, and the amount of capital embarked in it, exceed our powers of calculation. The city of New York has been until of late [1862] the principal port of the world for this infamous commerce; although the cities of Portland and Boston are only second to her in that distinction. Slave dealers added largely to the wealth of our commercial metropolis; they contributed liberally to the treasuries of political organizations, and their bank accounts were largely depleted to carry elections in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut."<sup>58</sup> During eighteen months of the years 1859-1860 eighty-five slavers are reported to have been fitted out in New York harbor,<sup>59</sup> and these alone transported from 30,000 to 60,000 slaves annually.<sup>60</sup> The United States deputy marshal of that district declared in 1856 that the business of fitting out slavers "was never prosecuted with greater energy than at present. The occasional interposition of the legal authorities exercises no apparent influence for its suppression. It is seldom that one or more vessels cannot be designated at the wharves, respecting which there is evidence that she is either in or has been concerned in the Traffic."<sup>61</sup> On the coast of Africa "it is a well-known fact that most of the Slave ships which visit the river are sent from New York and New Orleans."<sup>62</sup>

The absence of United States war-ships at the Brazilian station enabled American smugglers to run in cargoes, in spite of the prohibitory law. One cargo of five hundred slaves was landed in 1852, and the Correio Mercantil regrets "that it was the flag

55. Gregory to the Secretary of the Navy, June 8, 1850: SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 31 Congress, 1st session, XIV. No. 66, page 2. Cf. SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 31 Congress, 2d session, II. No. 6.

56. Cumming to Commodore Fanshawe, Feb. 22, 1850: SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 31 Congress, 1st session, XIV. No. 66, page 8.

57. New York Journal of Commerce, 1857; quoted in 24TH REPORT OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, page 56.

58. "The Slave-Trade in New York," in the Continental Monthly, January 1862, page 87.

59. New York Evening Post; quoted in Lalor, CYCLOPÆDIA, III. 733.

60. Lalor, CYCLOPÆDIA, III. 733; quoted from a New York paper.

61. FRIENDS' APPEAL ON BEHALF OF THE COLOURED RACES (1858), Appendix, page 41; quoted from the Journal of Commerce.

62. 26TH REPORT OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, pages 53-4; quoted from the African correspondent of the Boston Journal. From April, 1857, to May, 1858, twenty-one of twenty-two slavers which were seized by British cruisers proved to be American, from New York, Boston, and New Orleans. Cf. 25TH REPORT OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, page 122. De Bow estimated in 1856 that forty slavers cleared annually from Eastern harbors, clearing yearly \$17,000,000: De Bow's Review, XXII. 430-1.



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of the United States which covered this act of piracy, sustained by citizens of that great nation."<sup>63</sup> When the Brazil trade declined, the illicit Cuban trade greatly increased, and the British consul reported: "Almost all the slave expeditions for some time past have been fitted out in the United States, chiefly at New York."<sup>64</sup>

August 25, Monday: Acting Governor David Woodson declared the [Kansas Territory](#) to be in open rebellion.

**THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION**

63. SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 33d Congress, 1st session, VIII. No. 47, page 13.

64. HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 34th Congress, 1st session, XII. No. 105, page 38.



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August 30, Saturday/31, Sunday: [Frederick Brown](#) (2) was gunned down by Border Ruffians guided by the Reverend Martin White, on the doorstep of his sister Florilla Brown Adair and the Reverend Samuel L. Adair, at [Osawatomie](#) in the [Kansas Territory](#) (the Reverend would boast that it had been he himself who had fired the fatal shot, and explain that this had been warranted because Brown was not only a known abolitionist, but also

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a horse thief).



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



[Jason Brown](#) and [Salmon Brown](#) took part in the battle of [Osawatimie](#), but clearly they developed trepidations for they would refuse to join their father [John Brown](#) at the raid on the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry.



Aug. 30. Rain again in the night, as well as most of yesterday, raising the river a second time. They say there has not been such a year as this for more than half a century, — for winter cold, summer heat, and rain.

P.M. — To *Vaccinium Oxycoccus* Swamp.

Fair weather, clear and rather cool.

Pratt shows me at his shop a bottle filled with alcohol and camphor. The alcohol is clear and the camphor beautifully crystallized at the bottom for nearly an inch in depth, in the form of small feathers, like a boar frost. He has read that this is as good a barometer as any. It stands quite still, and has not been unstopped for a year; yet some days the alcohol will be quite clear, and even no camphor will be seen, and again it will be quite full of fine feathery particles, or it will be partly clear, as to-day.

*Bidens connata* abundant at Moore's Swamp, how long? The aspect of some of what I have called the swamp *Solidago stricta* there at present makes me doubt if it be not more than a variety, the leaves are so broad, smooth (*i.e.* uncurled or wrinkled), and thick, and some cauline ones so large, almost *speciosa*-like, to say nothing of size of rays.

The *Aster puniceus* is hardly yet in prime; its Great umbel-shaped tops not yet fully out. Its leaves are pretty generally whitened with mildew and unsightly. Even the chelone, where prostrate, has put forth roots from its stem, near the top.

The sarothra is now apparently in prime on the Great Fields, and comes near being open now, at 3 P.M. Bruised, it has the fragrance of sorrel and lemon, rather pungent or stinging, like a bee. *Hypericum corymbosum* lingers still, with *perforatum*.

I have come out this afternoon a-cranberrying, chiefly to gather some of the small cranberry, *Vaccinium Oxycoccus*, which [Emerson](#) says is the common cranberry of the north of Europe. This was a small object, yet not to be postponed, on account of imminent frosts, *i.e.*, if I would know this year the flavor of the European cranberry as compared with our larger kind. I thought I should like to have a dish of this sauce on the table at Thanksgiving of my own gathering. I could hardly make up my mind to come this way, it seemed so poor an object to spend the afternoon on. I kept foreseeing a lame conclusion, — how I should cross the Great Fields, look into Beck Stowe's, and then retrace my steps no richer than before. In fact, I expected little of this walk, yet it did pass through the side of my mind that somehow, on this very account (my small expectation), it would turn out well, as also the advantage of having some purpose, however small, to be accomplished — of letting your deliberate wisdom and foresight in the house to some extent direct and control your steps. If you would really, take a position outside the street and daily life of men, you must have deliberately planned your course, you must have business which is not your neighbors' business, which they cannot understand. For only absorbing employment prevails, succeeds, tallies all space, occupies territory, determines the future of



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individuals and states, drives [Kansas](#) out of your head, and actually and permanently occupies the only desirable and free Kansas against all border ruffians. The attitude of resistance is one of weakness, inasmuch as it only faces an enemy; it has its back to all that is truly attractive. You shall have your affairs, I will have mine. You will spend this afternoon in setting up your neighbor's stove, and be paid for it; I will spend it in gathering the few berries of the *Vaccinium Oxyccoccus* which Nature produces here, before it is too late, and *be paid for it also* after another fashion. I have always reaped unexpected and incalculable advantages from carrying out at last, however tardily, any little enterprise which my genius suggested to me long ago as a thing to be done. some step to be taken, however slight, out of the usual course.

How many schools I have thought of which I might go to but did not go to! expecting foolishly that some greater advantage or schooling would come to me! It is these comparatively cheap and private expeditions that substantiate our existence and batten our lives, as, where a vine touches the earth in its undulating course, it puts forth roots and thickens its stock. Our employment generally is tinkering, mending the old worn-out teapot of society. Our stock in trade is solder. Better for me, says my genius, to go cranberrying this afternoon for the *Vaccinium Oxyccoccus* in Gowing's Swamp, to get but a pocketful and learn its peculiar flavor, aye, and the flavor of Gowing's Swamp and of *life* in New England, than to go consul to Liverpool and get I don't know how many thousand dollars for it, with no such flavor. Many of our days should be spent, not in vain expectations and lying on our oars, but in carrying out deliberately and faithfully the hundred little purposes which every man's genius must have suggested to him. Let not your life be wholly without an object, though it be only to ascertain the flavor of a cranberry, for it will not be only the quality of an insignificant berry that you will have tasted, but the flavor of your life to that extent, and it will be such a sauce as no wealth can buy.

Both a conscious and an unconscious life are good. Neither is good exclusively, for both have the same source. The wisely conscious life springs out of an unconscious suggestion. I have found my account in travelling in having prepared beforehand a list of questions which I would get answered, not trusting to my interest at the moment, and can then travel with the most profit. Indeed, it is by obeying the suggestions of a higher light within you that you escape from yourself and, in the transit, as it were see with the unworn sides of your eye, travel totally new paths. What is that pretended life that does not take up a claim, that does not occupy ground, that cannot build a causeway to its objects, that sits on a bank looking over a bog, singing its desires?

However, it was not with such blasting expectations as these that I entered the swamp. I saw bags of cranberries, just gathered and tied up, on the banks of Beck Stow's Swamp. They must have been raked out of the water, now so high, before they should rot. I left my shoes send stockings on the bank far off and waded barelegged through rigid andromeda and other bushes a long way, to the soft open sphagnous centre of the swamp.

I found these cunning little cranberries lying high and dry on the firm uneven tops of the sphagnum, — their weak vine considerably on one side, — sparsely scattered about the drier edges of the swamp, or sometimes more thickly occupying some little valley a foot or two over, between two mountains of sphagnum. They were of two varieties, judging from the fruit. The one, apparently the ripest, colored most like the common cranberry but more scarlet, *i.e.* yellowish-green, blotched or checked with dark scarlet-red, commonly pear-shaped; the other, also pear-shaped, or more bulged out in the middle, thickly and finely dark-spotted, or peppered oil yellowish-green or straw-colored or pearly ground, — almost exactly like the smilacina and convallaria berries now, except that they are a little larger and not so spherical, — and with a tinge of purple. A singular difference. They both lay very snug in the moss, often the whole of the long (an inch and a half or more) peduncle buried, their vines very inobvious, projecting only one to three inches, so that it was not easy to tell what vine they belonged to, and you were obliged to open the moss carefully with your fingers to ascertain it, while the common large cranberry there, with its stiff erect vine, was commonly lifted above the sphagnum. The grayish speckled variety was particularly novel and pretty, though not easy to detect. It lay here and there snugly sunk in the sphagnum, whose drier parts it exactly resembled in color, just like some kind of swamp sparrows, eggs in their nest. I was obliged with my finger carefully to trace the slender pedicel through the moss to its vine, when I would pluck the whole together. Like jewels worn on, or set in, these sphagnous breasts of the swamp, — swamp pearls, call them. One or two to a vine and, on an average, three eighths of an inch in diameter. They are so remote from their vines, on their long thread-like peduncles, that they remind you the more forcibly of eggs, and in May I might mistake them for such. These plants are almost parasitic, resting wholly on the sphagnum, in water instead of air. The sphagnum is a living soil for it. It rests on and amid this, on an acre of sponges. They are evidently earlier than the common. A few are quite soft and red-purple.

I waded quite round the swamp for an hour, my bare feet in the cold water beneath, and it was a relief to place them on the warmer surface of the sphagnum. I filled one pocket with each variety, but sometimes, being confused, crossed hands and put them into the wrong pocket.

I enjoyed this cranberrying very much, notwithstanding the wet and cold, and the swamp seemed to be yielding its crop to me alone, for there are none else to pluck it or to value it. I told the proprietor once that they grew here, but he, learning that they were not abundant enough to be gathered for the market, has probably never thought of them since. I am the only person in the township who regards them or knows of them, and I do not regard them in the light of their pecuniary value. I have no doubt I felt richer wading there with my two pockets full, treading on wonders at every step, than any farmer going to market with a hundred bushels which he has raked, or hired to be raked. I got further and further away from the town every moment, and my good genius seemed [to] have smiled on me, leading me hither, and then the sun suddenly came out clear and bright, but it did not warm my feet. I would gladly share my gains, take one, or twenty, into partnership and get this swamp

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
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with them, but I do not know an individual whom this berry cheers and nourishes as it does me. When I exhibit it to them I perceive that they take but a momentary interest in it and commonly dismiss it from their thoughts with the consideration that it cannot be profitably cultivated. You could not get a pint at one haul of a rake, and Slocum would not give you much for them. But I love it the better partly for that reason even. I fill a basket with them and keep it several days by my side. If anybody else — any farmer, at least — should spend an hour thus wading about here in this secluded swamp, barelegged, intent on the sphagnum, filling his pocket only, with no rake in his hand and no bag or bushel on the bank, he would be pronounced insane and have a guardian put over him; but if he'll spend his tune skimming and watering his milk and selling his small potatoes for large ones, or generally in skinning flints, he will probably be made guardian of somebody else. I have not garnered any rye or oats, but I gathered the wild vine of the Assabet.

As I waded there I came across an ant-like heap, and, breaking it open with my hand, found it to my surprise to be an ant-hill in the sphagnum, full of ants with their young or ova. It consisted of particles of sphagnum like sawdust, was a foot and a half in diameter, and my feet sunk to water all around it! The ants were small and of a uniform pale sorrel-color.

I noticed also a few small peculiar-looking huckleberries hanging on bushes amid the sphagnum, and, tasting, perceived that they were hispid, a new kind to me. *Gaylussacia dumosa* var. *hirtella* (perhaps just after *resinosa*), though Gray refers it to a "sandy low soil" and says nothing of the hispid fruit. It grows from one to two feet high, the leaves minutely resinous-dotted — are not others? — and mucronate, the racemes long, with leaf-like bracts now turned conspicuously red. Has a small black hairy or hispid berry, shining; but insipid and inedible, with a tough, hairy skin left in the mouth; has very prominent calyx-lobes.

I seemed to have reached a new world, so wild a place that the very huckleberries grew hairy and were inedible. I feel as if I were in Rupert's Land, and a slight cool but agreeable shudder comes over me, as if equally far away from human society. What's the need of visiting far-off mountains and bogs, if a half hour's walk will carry me into such wildness and novelty? But why should not as wild plants grow here as in Berkshire, as in Labrador? Is Nature so easily tamed? Is she not as primitive and vigorous here as anywhere? How does this particular acre of secluded, unfrequented, useless (?) quaking bog differ from an acre in Labrador? Has any white man ever settled on it? Does any now frequent it? Not even the Indian comes here now. I see that there are some square rods within twenty miles of Boston just as wild and primitive and unfrequented as a square rod in Labrador, as unaltered by man. Here grows the hairy huckleberry as it did in Squaw Sachem's day and a thousand years before, and concerns me perchance more than it did her. I have no doubt that for a moment I experience exactly the same sensations as if I were alone in a bog in Rupert's land, and it saves me the trouble of going there; for what in any case makes the difference between being here and being there but many such little differences of flavor and roughness put together? Rupert's Land is recognized as much by one sense as another. I felt a shock, a thrill, an agreeable surprise in one instant, for, no doubt, all the possible inferences were at once drawn, with a rush, in my mind, — I could be in Rupert's Land and supping at home within the hour! This beat the railroad. I recovered from my surprise without danger to my sanity, and permanently annexed Rupert's Land. That wild hairy huckleberry, inedible as it was, was equal to a domain secured to me and reaching to the South Sea. That was an unexpected harvest. I hope you have gathered as much, neighbor, from your corn and potato fields. I have got in my huckleberries. I shall be ready for Thanksgiving. It is in vain to dream of a wildness distant from ourselves. There is none such. It is the bog in our brain and bowels, the primitive vigor of Nature in us, that inspires that dream. I shall never find in the wilds of Labrador any greater wildness than in some recess in Concord, *i.e.* than I import into it. A little more manhood or virtue will make the surface of the globe anywhere thrillingly novel and wild. That alone will provide and pay the fiddler; it will convert the district road into an untrodden cranberry bog, for it restores all things to their original primitive flourishing and promising state.

A cold white horizon sky in the north, forerunner of the fall of the year. I go to bed and dream of cranberry-pickers far in the cold north. With windows partly closed, with continent concentrated thoughts, I dream. I get my new experiences still, not at the opera listening to the Swedish Nightingale, but at Beck Stow's Swamp listening to the native wood thrush [**Wood Thrush**  *Catharus mustelina*].

Wading in the cold swamp braces me. I was invigorated, though I tasted not a berry. The frost will soon come and smite them on the surface of the sphagnum.

Consider how remote and novel that swamp. Beneath it is a quaking bed of sphagnum, and in it grow *Andromeda Polifolia*, *Kalmia glauca*, menyanthes (or buck-bean), *Gaylussacia dumosa*, *Vaccinium Oxycoccus*, — plants which scarcely a citizen of Concord ever sees. It would be as novel to them to stand there as in a conservatory, or in Greenland.

Better it is to go a-cranberrying than to go a-huckleberrying. For that is cold and bracing, leading your thoughts beyond the earth, and you do not surfeit on crude or terrene berries. It feeds your spirit, now in the season of white twilights, when frosts are apprehended, when edible berries are mostly gone.

Those small gray sparrow-egg cranberries lay so prettily in the recesses of the sphagnum, I could wade for hours in the cold water gazing at them, with a swarm of mosquitoes hovering about my bare legs, — but at each step the friendly sphagnum in which I sank protected my legs like a buckler, — not a crevice by which my foes could enter.

I see that all is not garden and cultivated field and crops, that there are square rods in Middlesex County as purely primitive and wild as they were a thousand years ago, which have escaped the plow and the axe and the



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scythe and the cranberry-rake, little oases of wildness in the desert of our civilization, wild as a square rod on the moon, supposing it to be uninhabited. I believe almost in the personality of such planetary matter, feel something akin to reverence for it, can even worship it as terrene, titanic matter extant in my day. We are so different we admire each other, we healthily attract one another. I love it as a maiden. These spots are meteoric, acrolitic, and such matter has in all ages been worshipped. Aye, when we are lifted out of the slime and film of our habitual life, we see the whole globe to be an aerolite, and reverence it as such, and make pilgrimages to it, far off as it is. How happens it that we reverence the stones which fall from another planet, and not the stones which belong to this, — another globe, not this, — heaven, and not earth? Are not the stones in Hodge's wall as good as the aerolite at Mecca? Is not our broad back-door-stone as good as any corner-stone in heaven? It would imply the regeneration of mankind, if they were to become elevated enough to truly worship sticks and stones. It is the sentiment of fear and slavery and habit which makes a heathenish idolatry. Such idolaters abound in all countries, and heathen cross the seas to reform heathen, dead to bury the dead, and all go down to the pit together. If I could, I would worship the parings of my nails. If he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is a benefactor, he who discovers two gods where there was only known the one (and such a one!) before is a still greater benefactor. I would fain improve every opportunity to wonder and worship, as a sunflower welcomes the light. The more thrilling, wonderful, divine objects I behold in a day, the more expanded and immortal I become. If a stone appeals to me and elevates me, tells me how many miles I have come, how many remain to travel, — and to the more, the better, — reveals the future to me in some measure, it is a matter of private rejoicing. If it did the same service to all, it might well be a matter of public rejoicing.

[FALL OF STONES](#)[THE BLACK STONE OF MECCA](#)

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September: [Watson Brown](#) got married with Isabella M. Thompson.



(His son by this marriage would live only to his 5th year but would nevertheless survive both his father and his grandfather, because when sent out of the engine house at [Harpers Ferry](#) by [John Brown](#) to negotiate, Watson would be gunned down by the white citizens. He would drag himself back into shelter and live on, groaning, his head cradled in [Edwin Coppoc](#)'s lap, for a considerable period. He would expire on October 18, 1859. His widow would remarry with his brother [Salmon Brown](#).)

Putnam's Monthly Magazine of American Literature, Science and Art included an anonymous essay, purportedly by a woman but actually by the [Reverend Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#) of Worcester, about "Going to Mt. Katahdin." Several of [Henry Thoreau](#)'s acquaintances were alluded to in the article. Higginson anonymously distributed copies of the magazine to the various persons who had been on the 1855 expedition to Ktaadn, suggesting that they guess the author. Theophilus Brown, who had been on the jaunt, would loan his copy of this magazine issue to [Henry Thoreau](#), for train reading, and Thoreau would mention it in his letter to H.G.O. Blake on December 6, 1856.



Thousands of settlers were pouring into [Kansas](#) from the North and from the South, armed for a conflict there over slavery. This Daguerreotype would be presented to the Kansas State Historical Society in March 1878 by [Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#), leader of the 1st South Carolina Volunteer regiment of black Union soldiers. Higginson's inscription: "Daguerreotype of one of the first [Free-State](#) batteries in Kansas. Presented to T.W. Higginson by one of the officers, at Topeka, Kansas, in September, 1856."



The "Battle of Osawatimie," according to William G. Cutler's HISTORY OF THE STATE OF KANSAS:

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The troops were guided by the Reverend Martin White, who was one of the most bitter Pro-slavery partisans in the Territory, and had himself fled from the country about the time of the Pottawatomie murders, and claimed to have been driven out. He was with the advance scouting party, which, as it approached the town, came upon David Garrison and [Frederick Brown](#), a son of old [John Brown](#). Both were, without warning or provocation, shot dead. White boasted afterward that it had been he who gave Frederick his quietus, asserting in justification of the act, that Frederick, when shot, was known to him as one of the pestiferous gang of Abolitionists, and was riding at the time a horse stolen from him; and that, it being a time of war, it was no murder.

The village was reached shortly after the double murder, by the whole force. They were there confronted by a party of about forty Free-State men, under command of that grim, mysterious, unrelenting old hero, John Brown. The town was hotly defended by the little party for a time, but at length, overpowered by numbers, they were forced to retreat and leave it to pillage and destruction. After the sacking of the store and dwellings of all valuables that could be transported, the soldiers set fire to the town and destroyed it. When the conflagration ceased, but four buildings remained among the smouldering [*sic*] ruins of what had been the thriving village of [Osawatomic](#).<sup>65</sup>



The following was Capt. Reid's report of the affair:

CAMP BELL CREEK, August 31.

Gentlemen -

I moved with 250 men on the Abolition fort and town of Osawatomic - the head-quarters of Old Brown - on night before last; marched forty miles and attacked the town without dismounting the men, about sunrise yesterday. We had five men wounded, none dangerously - Capt. Boyce, William Gordon, and three others. We killed about thirty of them, among the number, certain, a son of old Brown, and almost certain Brown himself; destroyed all their ammunition and provisions, and the boys would burn the town. I could not help it.

We must be supported by our friends. We will want more men and ammunition - ammunition of all sorts. Powder, muskets, ball and caps is the constant cry.

I write in great haste, as I have been in the saddle, road 100 miles, and fought a battle without rest.

Your friend,

REID



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Old John Brown, in his modest account of the battle, states that his force consisted-of 'some twelve or fifteen recruits,' which he brought into the town in the morning, together with ten or fifteen mounted men, under Capt. Cline, whom he met just before the battle began, and who joined forces with him in the defense. The whole defensive force did not number over thirty men. Capt. Cline's men got out of ammunition, and were forced to retire across the river. The remaining force kept up the fire until but six or seven remained. Capt. Brown summed up the losses as follows:

We had one man felled - a Mr. Powers, from Capt. Cline's company - in the fight. One of my men - a Mr. Partridge - was shot in crossing the river. Two or three of the party, who took part in the fight, are yet missing, and may be lost or taken prisoners. Two were wounded, viz., Dr. Updegralf and a Mr. Collis.

\* \* \*

The loss of the enemy, as we learn by the different statements of our own, as well as their people, was some thirty-one or two killed, and from forty to fifty wounded. After burning the town to ashes, and killing a Mr. Williams they had taken, whom neither party claimed, they took a hasty leave, carrying their dead and wounded with them. They did not attempt to cross the river, nor to search for us, and have not since returned to look over their work. I give this in great haste, in the midst of constant interruptions. My second son was with me in the fight and escaped unharmed. This I mention for the benefit of his friends.

Old preacher White, I hear, boast of having killed my son. Of course he is a liar.

JOHN BROWN,

LAWRENCE, KAN., September 7, 1856.

Reid, with his command, having destroyed the village, returned with his plunder to the encampment on Bull Creek. News reached [Lawrence](#) and Topeka of the burning of Osawatomie on Saturday evening, and a force of nearly 300 men was rallied, and on the following morning set out in pursuit of the enemy. Col. Lane, still known as Joe Cook, controlled by his advice the movements of the force, although having no open command. The march was during one of the hottest of Kansas' hottest days. The boys had made no preparations for sustenance during the hastily planned campaign. In spite of terrible suffering from hunger, thirst and heat, they made the forced march (the Topeka Company, over forty miles), and appeared in sight of the enemy, still encamped at Bull Creek, before sunset on the evening of the 31st. The cavalry came in sight of the camp while the infantry were some miles in the rear. While waiting for them to come up, they, in reconnoitering, exchanged a few shots with the pickets of the enemy. The boys, in spite of fatigue, were ready and eager to fight it out without rest. Before the infantry had come up sufficiently near to co-operate with the cavalry in an attack on the enemy, Col. Lane (Cook) advised a halt and subsequently had them retire some miles and go into camp, or rather take what rest they could in the open air, with the intention, as was supposed, of attacking the enemy on the following morning. During the night the enemy broke camp and retreated to the Missouri border, and on the following day the footsore and hungry company, disappointed of a fight, and in no amiable mood, commenced the return march, slowly and with laggard steps, until met by rumors of fresh danger and renewed outrages at home.

On its becoming known at Lecompton that a force had set out to meet the invaders, or intercept them in their retreat to Missouri, it was determined by Woodson and his advisers to make a diversion in favor of their friends, by subjecting the Free-State settlers to fresh outrages in the absence of the Free-State forces who had held them thus far under restraint. Col. P. St. George Cooke was ordered by Woodson "to proceed at the earliest moment to invest Topeka, disarm the insurrectionists, or aggressive invaders against the organized government of the Territory, to be found at or near that point, leveling to the ground their breastworks, forts and fortifications, keep the head men or leaders in close confinement, and all persons found in arms against the Government as prisoners, subject to the orders of the Marshal." He was also informed that it was very desirable to intercept the invaders on the road known as "Lane's Trail,"<sup>66</sup> leading from Nebraska to Topeka. In the opinion of Col. Cook, Woodson had transcended his instructions in the orders he had given. He did not believe it a part of his military duty to take the field for the purposes indicated in the Governor's letter, nor to further his well-known design to bring on a collision between the Free-State forces and the Government troops; nor did he propose to do the totally illegal and disgraceful work of making indiscriminate and wholesale arrests of a class of persons not individually



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charged with crime, and holding them subject to charges not yet preferred, and to writs not yet in existence. He was too much of a man and too high-minded a soldier to thus prostitute his high calling. He declined to obey such orders, except they came to him direct from the War Department.

At the same time, Marshal Donaldson and his Deputies, Newsem and Cramer, armed with writs for the arrest of the leading Free-State men, and accompanied by bands of the Territorial militia, were scouring the country with the ostensible purpose of securing their arrest. Some prisoners were taken, but in most cases the persons sought were not found at their homes, whereupon the deserted houses were burned. The business of arson and pillage was thus carried on through Sunday and Monday in all the country within retreating distance of Lecompton, until the return of the men of the Bull Creek expedition made it unsafe to continue field operations. Seven houses were burned, among them those of Judge Wakefield and Capt. Sam Walker, large quantities of provisions seized, and several arrests made. With the booty and prisoners, the raiders had sought covert at Lecompton when the companies arrived at [Lawrence](#). It was immediately decided to make an armed demonstration on Lecompton, and demand the liberation of the prisoners, among whom were Hutchinson and Sutherland, of [Lawrence](#), who were held as spies, as has been before recounted.

The forces were to march in two divisions. One, under Col. Harvey, was to proceed up the north bank of the Kansas River to a point north of the town; the other, under the direction of Gen. Lane,<sup>67</sup> to march on the south bank and occupy the heights which overlooked the village. On the afternoon of September 4, Col. Harvey with 150 men moved up the north bank, and in the evening arrived at the place appointed, which cut off completely all chances of escape from Lecompton across the river. Lane's forces did not, as had been planned, appear on his arrival. He remained in wait all through the cold and rainy night which followed when, hearing nothing from the other division, he concluded that for some reason to him unknown, the attack had been given up, and accordingly himself abandoned the post where he had waited through the stormy night, and returned with his command, to [Lawrence](#), where he arrived in the evening to learn that Lane's division had, after unexpected delay, marched as agreed, and were then at Lecompton.

The expedition of Harvey, though unsatisfactory to both him and his command, was not barren of good results.

66. The route designated as "Lane's Trail," had been traveled by him as well as by his first party who had reached Topeka on August 13, The trail was not laid out by him but by the "conductors" of the train, To them, in a greater measure than to any others, is due the credit of establishing and locating the northern road over the route Lane's men were forced to take when turned back on the Missouri River, The following, published two days after the arrival of the first party in Topeka, explains itself:

A CARD.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, August 15, 1856.

We, the undersigned, conductors of a company of emigrants, into Kansas, would hereby inform the public that we have succeeded in achieving a safe and peaceful passage through Iowa and Nebraska, and on a new road which we and our company have opened, have arrived and are now encamped in Topeka, the seat of Government of Kansas.

Along the road we have established colonies and towns for greater convenience to emigration, viz.,: Plymouth, situated three miles from the line between Kansas and Nebraska, which will be important to immigrants in crossing the frontier, as a post for supplies; Lexington, about twelve miles from Plymouth, and at a convenient distance therefrom for protective purposes and the remission of supplies for immigrants; and Holton, on Elk Creek, three miles from Skinnersville. The roads between Nebraska City and Topeka are generally excellent, and where not so, a small expense now in process of incurrence, will render them safe and easy; and we would hereby invite all emigrants to Kansas to adopt it in the transmission hither of their families and effects.

M. C. DICKEY,

CALVIN CUTTER, } Conductors of emigrants train



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Their presence the night before on the opposite side of the river, where they could successfully cut off retreat from the town in case of an attack, became known soon after their arrival, and threw the Territorial militia encamped there into panic and confusion. Moreover disagreements had arisen among the leaders themselves, a part rebelling against the work of burning and pillaging which Woodson had assigned them to do. A respectable minority absolutely refused to further pursue that mode of warfare. On the appearance of Harvey's troops, and in anticipation of the coming of another force from the other side, several officers having already left the camp and returned home in disgust, Gen. Richardson, having no confidence in his disordered and inharmonious command, decided to resign, which he did on the morning of the 5th. During the day, Woodson dismissed the forces, as of no further use to him either for offensive or defensive purposes, and also arranged to return the prisoners to [Lawrence](#). All this was unknown to Lane's force, then on its way from [Lawrence](#), and had been brought about by the appearance of Harvey's troops and the dissensions within.

About 4 o'clock P. M., the force from [Lawrence](#) took possession of the hill overlooking the town and commanding the foundations of the capitol then in process of construction, which had been utilized by the Territorial troops as a fortress. The disbanded militia made no sign of defense, but messengers were sent by Gov. Woodson in great haste, to the camp of Col. Cooke, calling on him to protect the town against the threatening enemy, who were reported "one thousand strong," and about to bombard and destroy the town.

Mr. Branscomb and Capt. Cline were sent into the town under a flag of truce, and on demanding of Gen. Marshall, the only officer who would acknowledge that he had any command, the unconditional surrender of the Free-State prisoners, were, after a short parley, informed that all the prisoners demanded had been released that morning, that provisions had been made for their escort to [Lawrence](#) on the following day by a company of dragoons, concluding by making a counter demand on Gen. Lane for all prisoners in hands of the Free-State men. The messengers returned to the Free-State camp, which they reached just as Col. Cooke arrived. He (Cooke), addressing Lane and other officers, said: Gentlemen, you have [sic] made a great mistake in coming here to-day. The Territorial militia was dismissed this morning; some of them have left, some are leaving now, and the rest will leave and go to their homes as soon as they can." Hon. Marcus J. Parrott, who had been driven from Leavenworth, had come to [Lawrence](#) for safety, and was with the party of besiegers, replied: "Col. Cooke, when we send a man, or two men, or a dozen men, to speak with the Territorial authorities, they are arrested and held like felons. How, then, are we to know what is going on in Leecompton? Why, we have to come here with an army to find out what is going on. How else could we know?" To this Col. Cooke made no reply. The prisoners<sup>68</sup> came over to the camp of their friends, and returned with them to [Lawrence](#) the following day. There was on Saturday a slight lull in the excitement at [Lawrence](#), and a feeling of satisfaction pervaded the town in contemplation of a good week's work done. During the day, Gen. Richardson passed through [Lawrence](#), when he was courteously received by Gen. Lane, who escorted him a short distance on his way to Franklin. Richardson professed to be on his way to Missouri to disband the border forces.

There were at this time many refugees from Leavenworth and vicinity in the city, who had fled from the fresh outburst of murder and rapine which had as usual burst upon the heads of the Free-State settlers of that part of the Territory, in retaliation for the victories of their better organized brothers south of the Kaw.

Marcus J. Parrott, H. Miles Moore, F. G. Adams, and scores besides, had come to [Lawrence](#), no less for personal safety than to raise a force sufficiently strong to turn the tide against their relentless foes, and to reinstate them in their homes, from which they had fled for their lives, many of them leaving defenseless families behind. A momentary peace having been conquered south of the Kaw, they appealed to the boys still in arms, to march at once upon Leavenworth. They detailed, as only living witnesses could, the horrors from which they had fled -- the murders on the road, the shooting of Phillips in his own house, the driving of defenseless women and children, by scores and hundreds, like sheep aboard the steamers, and out of Leavenworth City, by Emery and his Missouri gang, the expulsion from the county of every man who was suspected of "Abolitionism," the defenseless condition of the women and children, who, unable to flee, remained subject to all the outrages which their defenseless condition might invite -- all these were told in a way to make the appeal irresistible.

On Sunday a council of war was held, at which Lane, Harvey and all the other officers, and many of the soldiers,

67. Authorities differ as to the exact time when Gen. Lane threw off all disguise and ceased to known as Capt. Cook. If not at this time, certainly two days later, Joe Cook, alias James H. Lane, Disappears from the war annals of Kansas.

68. The prisoners here alluded to were those who had been taken for participation in the Franklin affair, and such others as had been, under various pretexts, taken by Woodson's militia and the Marshals, and should not be confounded with the Free-State prisoners - - Robinson, Jenkins and others -- who were all this time in the custody of the United States troops near Leecompton, waiting their trial for high treason.



discussed the situation, and it was then decided to “carry the way into Africa,” or what was the same thing, to cross the river and disperse the bands then prowling through Jefferson and Leavenworth Counties, and march on Leavenworth City. While the consultation was going on, old John Brown, who had not been seen or heard from since the morning when he retreated into the woods after his defense of Osawatomie, rode into [Lawrence](#). His arrival was hailed with shouts by the knot of soldiers and others that gathered around him.<sup>69</sup> A majority of the boys chose Brown as their commander in the proposed march on Leavenworth. He declined the proffered honor, on the ground that to supersede Col. Harvey, who was, under the existing military organization, entitled to the position, would be in ill taste, and might lead to dissatisfaction. So the plans for the campaign were perfected with Capt. Brown left out.

During the following week, under the command of Col. Harvey, with Capts. Hull, of Jefferson County, and Wright, of Leavenworth County, offensive Free-State operations north of the Kansas were begun. The first encounter was at Slough Creek, near the site of the present town of Oskaloosa, Jefferson County, on September 11. It was a complete surprise to the enemy there encamped, and resulted in the capture of nearly the entire force, arms, equipments and baggage.<sup>70</sup> Two days before this occurrence, not known at that time to Harvey and his men, Gov. Geary had arrived at Fort Leavenworth, and Woodson’s administration was at an end. A message from Lane was received by Harvey after the Slough Creek affair was over, which, as recalled by a reliable witness<sup>71</sup> present when it came, was essentially as follows: “Geary has come in -- I advise you to return.” He returned accordingly, reaching [Lawrence](#) at noon of the 12th.

The close of Woodson’s short rule left the whole Territory in a state of absolute anarchy. There was not a place outside [Lawrence](#), Topeka, and the region roundabout, where life or property was safe, and even there, where the Free-State men had forced Woodson to terms, it is the truth of history to state that the Pro-Slavery settlers were subject nightly to unfriendly visits from irresponsible parties of Free-State guerrillas, who rendered their tenure to personal property, especially horses and store supplies, quite uncertain, and their lives a horrid, nightmare of fearful anticipations. North of the river, forces on both sides were in a state of open war in Jefferson County, while further to the east, in Leavenworth, there was no law except that of indiscriminate murder, robbery, or proscription of all Free-State residents. Beyond the border, was encamped the army of Atchison, which had retreated from Bull Creek, receiving re-enforcements from all the Western Missouri counties, preparatory to a fresh and more formidable invasion of the Territory. Thus, in the few days of his rule, did Woodson so manage affairs as, by comparison, to throw a tinge of decency and respectability over the administration of his predecessor, that had otherwise been wanting.



## LIBERATION OF FREE-STATE PRISONERS.

The last notable occurrence before the arrival of Gov. Geary was the examination and release on bail of Gov. Robinson and his companions, who had been held on indictment for treason for the past four months. The counsel for the government was C. H. Grover; for the prisoners, Charles H. Branscomb and Marcus J. Parrott. The day set down for trial was September 8, but on that day neither judge, jury, clerk nor marshal appeared, although the prisoners were ready for trial. On the next day they appeared, and the prisoners were arraigned. Strenuous efforts were made by the counsel for the prisoners for an immediate trial, which were opposed by motions and arguments for postponement on the part of the prosecuting counsel, based first upon the grounds that, owing to the Territory’s being in insurrection, a jury could not be obtained, and that important witnesses were absent. The arguments, pro and con, lasted during the day, and resulted in a denial of all motions for postponement, and on the morning of the 10th Charles Robinson was arraigned for trial, separately, on the charge of usurpation of office. Judge Lecompte, at this stage of the proceedings, decided to continue the case, not on any grounds before urged by Mr. Grover, but upon the ground that “the great excitement prevailing in the country was such as to prevent a fair trial of the prisoners.” The prisoner was thereupon admitted to bail in the sum of \$500. He was again arraigned with the other prisoners for treason, the case being “United States against Charles Robinson and others.” The prisoners under this indictment were admitted to bail in the sum of \$5,000 each, and the cases continued. John Brown, Jr., and H. H. Williams, who had been held prisoners for some months, though not under indictment, were released on bail of \$1,000 each.

Judge Lecompte, apparently anxious to get the prisoners off his hands and out of confinement before the arrival

69. The account of Brown’s appearance in Lawrence at that date was obtained from Hon. F.G. Adams, Secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society, who at that time was in the city, a refugee from Leavenworth, and witnessed his arrival.

70. See history of Jefferson County.

71. F.G. Adams.

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of Gov. Geary, accepted the bail offered without hesitancy, and the last of the political prisoners were thus released September 10. They left the tents where they had been held in confinement for four months, and in company with friends and under military escort departed for [Lawrence](#) that afternoon. They were met and welcomed one mile out of town by the "Lawrence Stubbs," Gen. Lane and staff, and many of their friends, and escorted to Massachusetts street, where crowds of their fellow-townsmen were assembled to greet them. Speeches of congratulation on the happy issue were made by Gov. Robinson and others. The rejoicing was continued in the evening, increased by the arrival of Mr. Nute and other citizens, who had been captured by the Leavenworth brigands under Emery's men, and who had been released the day previous. The treason cases were subsequently nolle prossed. Gov. Robinson was tried on the charge of usurpation of office, before Judge Cato, in August, 1857. The Judge charged strongly against the prisoner, but the jury, believing, as ably argued by his counsel, that there could be no usurpation of an office which did not exist, gave a verdict of acquittal August 20, and the farce thus ended.

### THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

September 9, Tuesday: [John White Geary](#) arrived at Fort Leavenworth as the new governor of the [Kansas Territory](#) (he would continue to his capital, Lecompton, on the following day).

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[William H. Leeman](#) had been recruited in Maine because he was very impressed with [John Brown](#), and had ventured to [Kansas](#) with the 2d Massachusetts colony. At this point he enlisted in Captain Brown's "Volunteer Regulars." He had fought well at [Osawatomic](#) while still but 17 years old. [Owen Brown](#) would find him hard to control at [Springdale, Iowa](#). [George B. Gill](#) would say of him that he had "a good intellect with great ingenuity." By the raid upon [Harpers Ferry](#) he would have reached the age of 20. On October 17, 1859, the youngest of the raiders, he would make a mad dash out of the relative safety of the armory to swim down the Potomac River but two militiamen would catch up with him and shoot him down on an islet in the river. His body would be used for target practice for hours by the drunken citizenry, until the hail of bullets would push it into the current and it would be carried downstream. Mrs. Annie Brown Adams would write of him: "He was only a boy. He smoked a good deal and drank sometimes; but perhaps people would not think that so very wicked now. He was very handsome and very attractive."



On this morning [Henry Thoreau](#) boarded the train heading north from Brattleboro, Vermont. The wife of the Reverend Addison Brown, Ann E. Wetherbee Brown, would remember Thoreau's visit to her home for the remainder of her 99 years.



Sept. 9. Tuesday. 8 A.M. — Ascend the Chesterfield Mountain with Miss Frances and Miss Mary Brown.

The Connecticut is about twenty rods wide between Brattleboro and Hinsdale. This mountain, according to





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Frost, 1064 feet high. It is the most remarkable feature here. The village of Brattleboro is peculiar for the nearness of the primitive wood and the mountain. Within three rods of Brown's house was excellent botanical ground on the side of a primitive wooded hillside, and still better along the Coldwater Path. But, above all, this everlasting mountain is forever lowering over the village, shortening the day and wearing a misty cap each morning. You look up to its top at a steep angle from the village streets. A great part belongs to the Insane Asylum. This town will be convicted of folly if they ever permit this mountain to be laid bare. Francis [*sic*] B. says its Indian name is Wantastiquet, from the name of West River above. Very abundant about B. the *Gerardia tenuifolia*, in prime, which I at first mistook for the *purpurea*. The latter I did not see. High up the mountain the *Aster macrophyllus* as well as *corymbosus*. The (apparently) *Platanthra orbiculata* (?) leaves, round and flat on ground (*vide* press): another by it with larger and more oblong leaves. Pine-sap. A tuft of five-divided leaves, fifteen or eighteen inches high, slightly fern-like (*vide* press). *Galium circazans* var. *lanceolatum*. Top of the mountain covered with wood. Saw Ascutney, between forty and fifty miles up the river, but not Monadnock on account of woods.

P.M. — To and up a brook north of Brown's house. A large alternate cornel, four or five inches in diameter, a dark-gray stem. The kidney-shaped leaves of the *Asarum Canadense* common there. *Panax quinquefolium*, with peculiar flat scarlet fruit in a little umbel. *Clinopodium vulgare*, or basil, apparently flatted down by a freshet, rather past prime; and spearmint in brook just above. Close behind Brown's, *Liparis liliifolia*, or tway-blade, leaves and bulb.

A very interesting sight from the top of the mountain was that of the cars so nearly under you, apparently creeping along, you could see so much of their course.

The epigæa was very abundant on the hill behind Brown's and elsewhere in B. The *Populus monilifera* grows on West River, but I did not see it. The *Erigeron Philadelphicus* I saw pressed, with innumerable fine rays. Scouring-rush was common along the Coldwater Path and elsewhere.

The most interesting sight I saw in Brattleboro was the skin and skull of a panther (*Felis concolor*) (cougar, catamount, painter, American lion, puma), which was killed, according to a written notice attached, on the 15th of June by the Saranac Club of Brattleboro, six young men, on a fishing and hunting excursion.<sup>72</sup> This paper described it as eight feet in extreme length and weighing one hundred and ten pounds. The Brattleboro newspaper says its body was "4 feet 11 inches in length, and the tail 2 feet 9 inches: the animal weighed 108 pounds." I was surprised at its great size and apparent strength. It gave one a new idea of our American forests and the vigor of nature here. It was evident that it could level a platoon of men with a stroke of its paw. I was particularly impressed by the size of its limbs, the size of its canine teeth, and its great white claws. I do not see but this affords a sufficient foundation for the stories of the lion heard and its skins seen near Boston by the first settlers. This creature was very catlike, though the tail was not tapering, but as large at the extremity as anywhere, yet not tufted like the lion's. It had a long neck, a long thin body, like a lean cat. Its fore feet were about six inches long by four or five wide, as set up.

I talked with the man who shot him, a Mr. Kellogg, a lawyer. They were fishing on one of the Saranac Lakes, their guide being the Harvey Moody whom Hammond describes, when they heard the noise of some creature threshing about amid the bushes on the hillside. The guide suspected that it was a panther which had caught a deer. He reconnoitred and found that it was a panther which had got one fore paw (the left) in one of his great double-spring, long teethed or hooked bear-traps. He had several of these traps set (without bait) in the neighborhood. It fell to Kellogg's lot to advance with the guide and shoot him. They approached within six or seven rods, saw that the panther was held firmly, and fired just as he raised his head to look at them. The ball entered just above his nose, pierced his brain, and killed him at once. The guide got the bounty of twenty-five dollars, but the game fell to his employers. A slice had been sliced off one side of each ear to secure this with. It was a male. The guide thought it an old one, but Kellogg said that, as they were returning with it, the inhabitants regarded it as common; they only kicked it aside in the road, remarking that [it] was a large one.

I talked also with the Mr. Chamberlin who set it up. He showed me how sharp the edges of the broad grinders were just behind the canine teeth. They were zigzag, thus: [DRAWING] and shut over the under, scraping close like shears and, as he proved, would cut off a straw clean. This animal looked very thin as set up, and probably in some states of his body would have weighed much more. Kellogg said that, freshly killed, the body *showed the nerves* much more than as set up. The color, etc., agreed very well with the account in Thompson's History of Vermont, except that there was, now at least, no yellow about the mouth or chin, but whitish. It was, in the main, the universal color of this family, or a little browner. According to Thompson, it is brown-red on the back, reddish-gray on the sides, whitish or light-ash on the belly; tail like the back above, except its extremity, which is brownish-black, not tufted; chin, upper lip, and inside of ears, yellowish-white. Hairs on back, short, brownish tipped with red; on the belly, longer, lighter, tipped with white; hairs of face like back with whitish hairs intermingled. Canines conical, claws pearly-white. Length, nose to tail, four feet eight inches; tail, two feet six inches; top of head to point of nose, ten inches; width across forehead, eight inches. Length of fore legs, one foot two inches; hind, one foot four inches. Weight usually about one hundred pounds. The largest he ever knew was seven feet in extreme length and weighed one hundred and eighteen pounds. One had been known to leap

72. The fishing excursion to Saranac Lake had been made up of George Bradley Kellogg, Francis Goodhue, Sidney A. Miller, Linus P. Dickinson, Charles Goodhue, and Nathaniel Hayward. Bela N. Chamberlain of Pond & Chamberlain Co. had prepared the carcass of the panther "to be kept in their Hat Store in this village as a memento of the doings of the Saranac Lake Club."



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up a precipice fifteen feet high with a calf in his mouth. *Vide* Lawson, Hunter, and Jefferson in Book of Facts. Hunter when near the Rocky Mountains says, "So much were they to be apprehended... that no one ever ventured to go out alone, even on the most trifling occasion." He makes two kinds.

Emmons makes the extreme length of one of the largest cougars nine feet four inches, and the greatest length of the canine tooth of the upper jaw from the gum nine tenths of an inch. I think that the teeth of the one I saw were much larger. Says it is cowardly and "rarely if ever attacks man;" that a hunter met five in St. Lawrence County, N.Y., and, with his dog and gun only, killed three that day and the other two the next. Yet he will follow a man's track a great distance. Scream at evening heard for miles. Thinks about 45° its northern range.

EMMONS

September 10, Wednesday: Here are some comments on the events of this day by Steve King:

Ralph [Waldo Emerson](#) spoke "On the Affairs in [Kansas](#)" at a Kansas Relief Meeting in Cambridge, Mass. Two years earlier, the Kansas-Nebraska Act had repealed the Missouri Compromise banning slavery in the new territories and granted residents the right to choose for themselves on the issue. Pro-slavery gangs had been shooting and even scalping Abolitionists, and the Cambridge Relief Meeting was one of many such, as was Emerson's appeal: "The people of Kansas ask for bread, clothes, arms, and men, to save them alive, and enable them to stand against these enemies of the human race." The Relief movement generated money and support for John Brown when he came east from Kansas the following January. When Brown was hanged for the events at Harper's Ferry, Emerson allegorized him in tones designed to keep him from "a-mouldering in the grave": "For 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."

Emerson thought Brown himself a pretty fair speaker, ranking his trial speech in a league with the Gettysburg Address for passages such as this:

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 to 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. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments-I submit; so let it be done!

In *CLOUDSPLITTER*, Russell Banks's historical novel on these events (1998, finalist for Pulitzer and PEN/Faulkner), Brown is more interested in the mighty sword than the ringing word. After listening with his son, Owen, to one of Emerson's talks in Boston, Brown walks out on the Sage of Concord while the

sophisticated crowd applauds wildly:

“That man’s truly a boob!” Father blurted. “For the life of me, I can’t understand his fame. Unless the whole world is just as foolish as he is. Godless? He’s not even *rational*! You’d think, given his godlessness, his sec-u-laahr-ity, he’d be at least *rational*,” he said, and gave a sardonic laugh.

When Owen offers that Emerson’s language was thrilling, whatever it meant, Brown gives notice that he’s interested in more than talk: “His *language*? Come on, Owen. Airy nonsense, that’s all it is. For substance, the man offers us clouds, fogs, mists of words....”

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

[Henry Thoreau](#) made it amply clear in his journal on this day that although he would willingly make use of what he found in [George Bancroft](#)’s A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, FROM THE DISCOVERY OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT, he was not at all impressed by this manner of presentation. Bancroft’s history was “emasculated,” it was “cursed with a style.” Our guy would rather read a history that was off the wall such as Peters’s old history of Connecticut — with its claim of a waterfall so powerful that one “could not thrust a crowbar into it.”



Sept. 10. 10.30 A.M. —Took the cars to [Bellows Falls](#), through Dummerston, Putney, and Westminster.  
 Looked at the falls and rocks. River higher than usual this season, yet could cross all but about twenty feet on the rocks. Some pot-holes of this form:



real pot-holes, but commonly several curves commingled, thus:



or the whole more rounded. Found, spreading prostrate on the rocks amid the pot-holes, apparently a small willow [*Prunus depressa*], with shining dark-red stems and smooth, spatulate, rather obtuse serrate leaves. (*Vide press.*) I read that salmon passed these falls but not shad. When the water is lowest, it is contracted to sixteen feet here, and Peters’s, an old history of Connecticut, says it was so condensed that you could not thrust a crowbar into it. It did me good to read his wholesale hearty statements, — strong, living, human speech, so much better than the emasculated modern histories, like [Bancroft](#)’s and the rest, cursed with a style. I would rather read such histories, though every sentence were a falsehood, than our dull emasculated reports which bear the name of histories. The former, leaving a human breath and interest behind them, are nearer to nature and to truth, after all. The historian is required to feel a human interest in his subject and to so express it. President Dwight, speaking of the origin of those pot-holes, says, “The river now is often fuller than it probably ever was before the country above was cleared of its forests: the snows in open ground melting much more suddenly, and forming much greater freshets, than in forested ground.” (Vol. ii, page 92.)

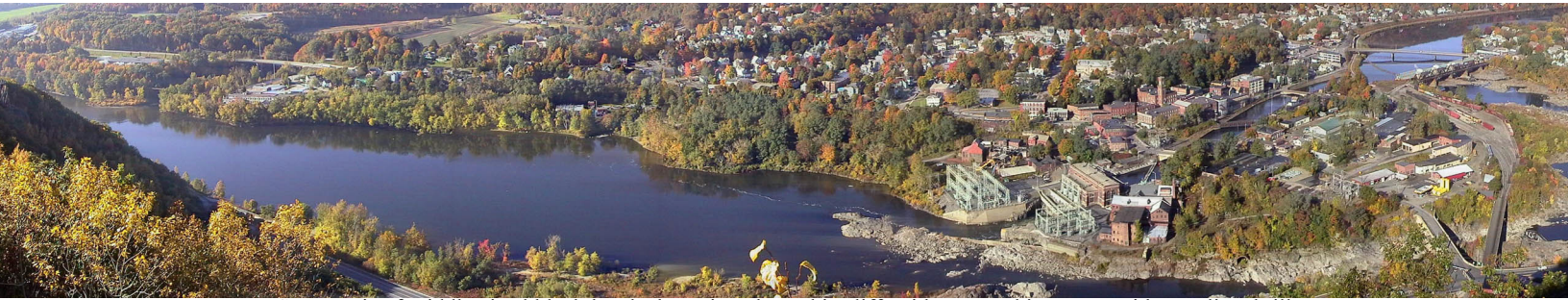
Ascended the Fall Mountain with a heavy valise on my back, against the advice of the toll-man. But when I got up so soon and easily I was amused to remember his anxiety. It is seven hundred and fifty feet high, according to Gazetteer. Saw great red oaks on this hill, particularly tall, straight, and bare of limbs, for a great distance, amid the woods. Here, as at Brattleboro, a fine view of the country immediately beneath you; but these views

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lack breadth, a distant horizon. There is a complete view of the falls from this height.



Saw a pair of middle-sized black hawks hovering about this cliff, with some white spots, with peculiar shrill snapping notes like a gull, a new kind to me.

Descending the steep south end of this hill, I saw an apparent *Corydalia glauca*, mostly withered, three feet or more, and more than usually broad and stout in proportion. (*Vide press.*) My shoes were very smooth, and I got many falls descending, battering my valise. By the railroad below, the *Solanum nigrum*, with white flowers but yet green fruit.

Just after crossing Cold River, bathed in the [Connecticut](#), evidently not far from site of the old Kilbourn fort. Clay-muddy shore. Near the site of the old Bellows Fort, saw completely purple *Polygala verticillata* abundant in road.

Rode the last mile into [Walpole](#) with a lumberer, who said that when he commenced operations at [Bellows Falls](#) he thought that there was not more than one hundred thousand there, but they had already got out four millions. He imported some of those masts I had seen go through Concord from Canada West. They were rafted along Lake Erie (a Mr. Dorr of Buffalo afterward told me that he did this part with steamers, merely running an inch chain through the butt of each log and fastening the ends to a boom, which surrounded the whole, leaving the small ends to play) and in small rafts by canal to Albany, and thence by railroad *via* Rutland to Portland, for the navy; and it cost only one third more to get them from Canada West than from [Bellows Falls](#). Remembering the difficulty in old times of loading one of these sticks in [New Hampshire](#) for the King's Navy, this seemed the greatest triumph of the railroad.

In [Walpole](#), the *Chenopodium Botrys*.

# KANSAS

# KANSAS

September 12, Friday: This drawing was based on a Daguerreotype of Captain [John Brown](#) made on this day in [Lawrence, Kansas](#):

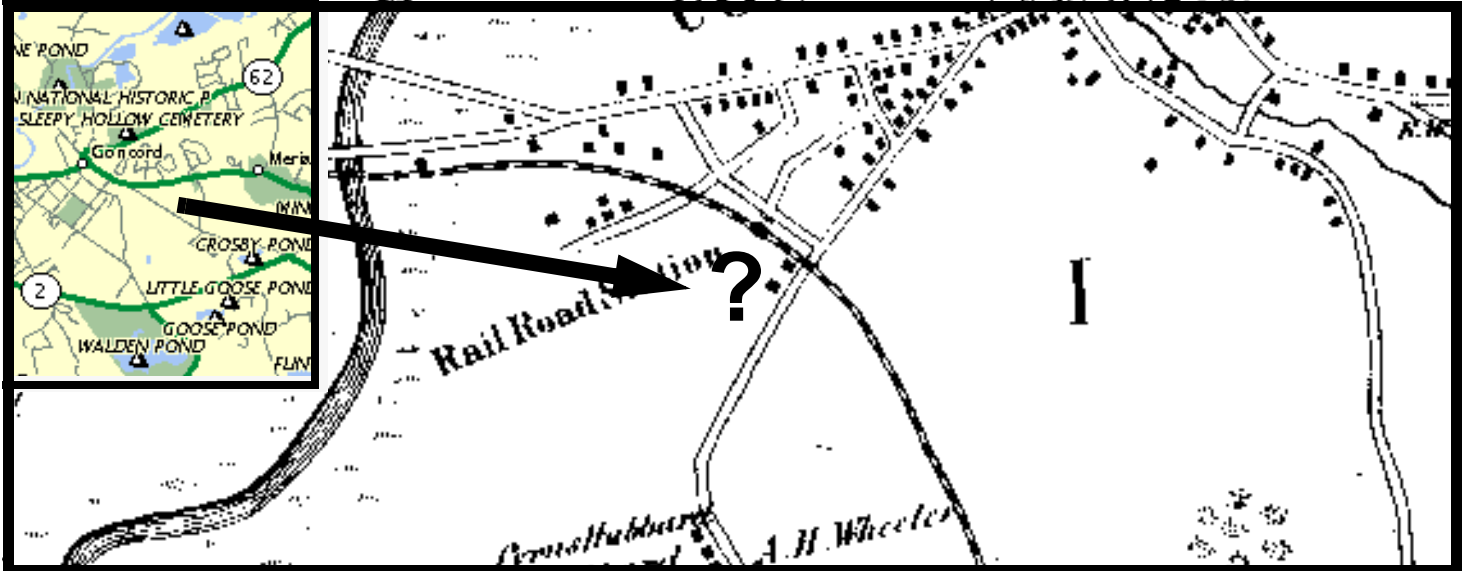


THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

## KANSAS

## KANSAS

September 13, Saturday: [Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed, for David Loring, 18 acres of Texas Street land. This lot was near William Monroe, Henry Wheeler, Cyrus Hubbard, William W. Wheildon, Nathan Brooks, [John Thoreau](#) and the discontinued road which went from Main Street near the present Belknap Street.



At the conclusion of the 2-day Battle of Hickory Point in the [Kansas Territory](#), one with no victor and probably two fatalities, 101 [Free-Staters](#) would be taken into custody by the US Army.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

September 15, Monday: With the town of [Lawrence](#) in the [Kansas Territory](#) besieged by the militia, [Governor John White Geary](#) ordered the militia to disband.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

In this timeframe [Thomas Carlyle](#) was staying with the Ashburtons in Rossshire and being bored to tears by their endless mindless grouse-shooting, and was reading about himself in the pages of [Waldo Emerson](#)'s ENGLISH TRAITS. A poem by [James Ballantine](#), "Castles in the Air," set to the tune "Bonnie Jean o' Aberdeen," would become his favorite song.

The bonnie, bonnie bairn, wha sits poking in the ase,  
Glow'ring in the fire wi' his wee round face;  
Laughing at the fuffin' lowe, what sees he there?  
Ha! the young dreamer's biggin' castles in the air.  
His wee chubby face, and his touzie curly pow,  
Are laughing and nodding to the dancing lowe.  
He'll brown his rosey cheeks, and singe his sunny hair,  
Glow'ring at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towering to the moon!  
He sees little sodgers pu'ing them a' doun!  
Worlds whombling up and doun, bleezing wi' a flare, —  
See how he loups! as they glimmer in the air.  
For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?  
He's thinking upon naething, like many mighty men;  
A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us stare. —  
There are mair folk than him biggin' castles in the air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak' him cauld:  
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak' him auld;  
His brow is brent sae braid, O pray that daddy Care,  
Would let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air!  
He'll glowre at the fire! and he'll keek at the light!  
But many sparkling stars are swallow'd up by night;  
Aulder een than his are glamour'd by a glare,

KANSAS

KANSAS

Hearts are broken, heads are turn'd wi' castles in the air.



“CASTLES IN THE AIR”

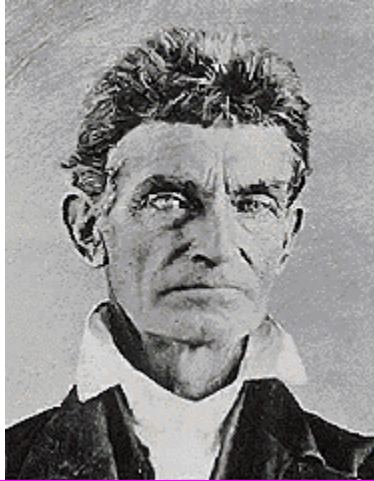
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## KANSAS

## KANSAS

October: The law offices of [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) moved to Brattle and Court Streets, Boston.

There was an Underground Railroad line, the “stations” of which were Salem in Southeastern Iowa, Tabor, Lewis, Des Moines, Grinnel, Iowa City, West Liberty, [Springdale](#), Tipton, Dewitt, and Clinton. During this month Captain [John Brown](#) was in Iowa City meeting with William Penn Clarke, Dr. Jesse Bowen, Colonel Samuel C. Trowbridge (Iowa City’s first sheriff), and other abolitionists of the Kansas National Committee for Iowa. He visited Springdale, the [Quaker](#) community east of Iowa City.



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

[Oliver Brown](#) returned from the [Kansas Territory](#) to [North Elba](#), New York, where in 1858 he would marry with Martha E. Brewster ([Martha Brewster Brown](#)).



October: [Lydia Maria Child](#) wrote to Louisa Loring on topics such as the activism for the [Kansas Territory](#), the politics of Buchanan and Frémont, and urgency.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION





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## KANSAS

October 6, Monday: [Henry Thoreau](#) added Monroe Street (now Thoreau Street) to the survey he had originally made of [Daniel Shattuck](#)'s cottage houselot on Main Street on June 19, 1850. The schoolhouse was moved to Main and River Streets when the school districts were given up.

In the [Kansas Territory](#) there was an election for the territorial legislature, in which the [Free-Staters](#) followed the tactic of refusing to participate.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

October 10, Friday: Sir Edward Hay Drummond Hay took over as the new governor of the island of [St. Helena](#). "Hay Town," an area at Rupert's Bay, would be created during his administration. "Drummond Hay Square," an area of affordable housing in Jamestown, would also originate during his administration.

A [Free-Stater](#) "Army of the North" entered the [Kansas Territory](#) via Iowa and Nebraska.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

October 20, Monday: The Surveyor General's office moved to Lecompton, that had come to function as the capital of the [Kansas Territory](#).

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to Thomas Cholmondeley in gratitude for the gift of the Indian books (you will note that in this thank-you note Thoreau makes mention of the volumes of [Jean Froissart](#)'s CHRONICLES on his shelf, in an edition printed in 1855: presumably that would be due to the fact that the antique family of his benefactor, as Cholmondeley of course well knew, had received honorable mention in that illuminated medieval work). At some point, also, Thoreau sent to England a packet including a copy of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#), Walt Whitman's POEMS and LEAVES OF GRASS,<sup>73</sup> and Frederick Law Olmsted's book on the general culture of the Southern states, A JOURNEY IN THE SEABOARD SLAVE STATES.

*Concord Mass. Oct 20<sup>th</sup> 1856.*

*Dear Cholmondeley*

*I wish to thank you again for those books. They are the nucleus of my library. I wrote to you on the receipt of them last winter, (directing as now) but not having heard from you, do not know in what part of the world this may find you. Several here are enquiring if you have returned to England, as you had just started for the Crimea at the last accounts. The books have long been shelved in cases of my own construction made partly of the driftwood of our river. They are the admiration of all beholders. Alcott and Emerson, besides myself have been cracking some of the nuts.*

*Certainly I shall never pay you for them. Of those new to me the Rig Veda is the most savory that I have yet tasted. As primitive poetry, I think as any extant. Indeed all the Vedantic literature is priceless. There they stand occupying two shelves, headed by [Froissart](#), stretching round Egypt and India "Ultima Thule", as a fit conclusion. What a world of variety. I shall browse there for some winters to come. While war has given place to peace on your side, perhaps a more serious war still is breaking out here. I seem to hear its distant mutterings, though it may be long before the bolt will fall in our midst. There has not been anything which you could call union be-*

73. Would this be the "Henry Thoreau's copy of LEAVES OF GRASS" that was knocked down on auction at Sotheby's in 2002 or 2003, evidently to a Whitman collector, for US\$119,500?





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*tween the north and south in this country for many years, and there cannot be so long as slavery is in the way. I only wish that northern—that any men—were better material, or that I for one had more skill to deal with them; that the north had more spirit and would settle the question at once, and here instead of struggling feebly and protractedly away off on the plains of Kansas. They are on the eve of a Presidential election, as perhaps you know. — and all good people are praying that of the three candidates Fremont may be the man; but in my opinion the issue is quite doubtful. As far as I have observed, the worst man stands the best chance in this country. But as for politics, what I most admire now-a-days, is not the regular governments but the irregular primitive ones, like the Vigilance committee in California and even the free state men in Kansas. They are the most divine. — I have just taken a run up country, as I did with you once, only a little farther this time; to the Connecticut river in New Hampshire, where I saw Alcott, King of men. He is among those who ask after you, and takes a special interest in the oriental books. He cannot say enough about them. “And then that he should send you a library! Think of it!”*

*I am sorry that I can give but a poor account of myself. I got “run down” they say, more than a year ago, and have not yet got fairly up again. It has not touched my spirits however, for they are as indifferently tough, as sluggishly resilient, as a dried fungus. I would it were the kind called punk; that they might catch and retain some heavenly spark. I dwell as much aloof from society as ever; find it just as impossible to agree in opinion with the most intelligent of my neighbors; they not having improved one jot, nor I either. I am still immersed in nature, have much of the time a living sense of the breadth of the field on whose verge I dwell. The great west and north west stretching on infinitely far and grand and wild, qualifying all our thoughts. That is the only America I know. I prize this western reserve chiefly for its intellectual value. That is the road to new life and freedom, — if ever we are dissatisfied with this and not to exile as in Siberia and knowing this, one need not travel it. That great north-west where several of our shrubs, fruitless here, retain and mature their fruits properly.*

*I am pleased to think of you in that England, where we all seem to have originated, or at least sojourned which Emerson values so much, but which I know so little about. That island seems as full of good things as a nut is of meat: and I trust that it still is a sound nut without mould or worm. I hope that by this time you are settled in your mind and satisfactorily employed there.*

*My father mother and sister send their best wishes, and would be glad to see you in this country again. We are all quite anxious to hear that you are safe and sound: I in particular hope that you are in all respects unscathed by the battle of life, ready for still worthier encounters.*

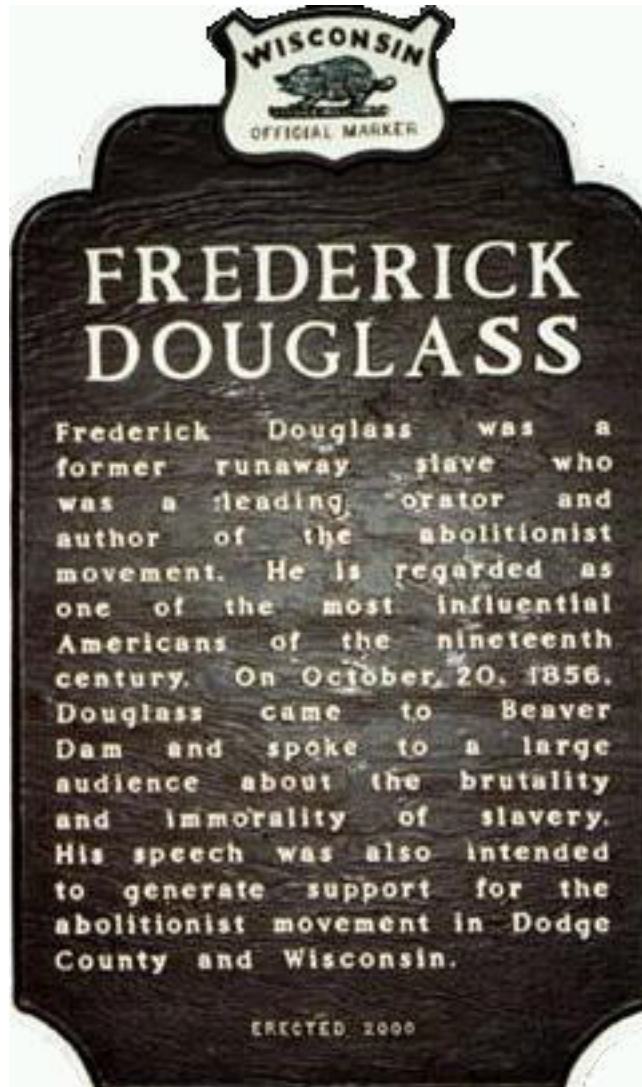
*Yours,  
H. D. T.*

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## KANSAS

## KANSAS

Frederick Douglass spoke in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin:



November 17, Monday: In the [Kansas Territory](#), an auction began of the “surplus” lands of the Delaware natives.



## KANSAS

## KANSAS

November 29, Saturday: [John Wilkins Whitfield](#) was elected as the delegate from the [Kansas Territory](#) to the federal Congress. He was pro-government, which is to say that he was a Democrat, and proslavery.

[THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION](#)

[George William Curtis](#) got married with Anna Shaw, 20-year-old daughter of the abolitionists Francis George Shaw and Sarah Blake Sturgis Shaw. The wedding was conducted by the Reverend John Parkman either in the bride's home on Staten Island or at the Unitarian Church of the Redeemer. The young couple would take up residence on Staten Island. There would be 3 children, Frank George Curtis, Elizabeth Burrill Curtis, and Sarah Shaw Curtis.



There appeared in [The Illustrated London News](#) a woodcut sketch purporting to represent a “Public Sale of Slaves in Charleston, SC.” This graphic illustration of an auction would in 1931 resurface as the centerfold of Frederic Bancroft’s [SLAVE-TRADING IN THE OLD SOUTH](#). On the reverse page an accompanying article described the slave auctions in South Carolina. Within the report appeared a typical slave sale notice as follows: “AN ENTIRE GANG OF NEGROES” Notice—Particular attention is called to the sale at auction, this day, at eleven o’clock, by Alonzo J. White, of a very prime gang of negroes, who have been accustomed to the culture of rice. Until within the last five years, they cultivated sea-island cotton. These negroes are very orderly and well disciplined, and have been long organised and worked as a gang. Among them are carpenters and a cooper.”

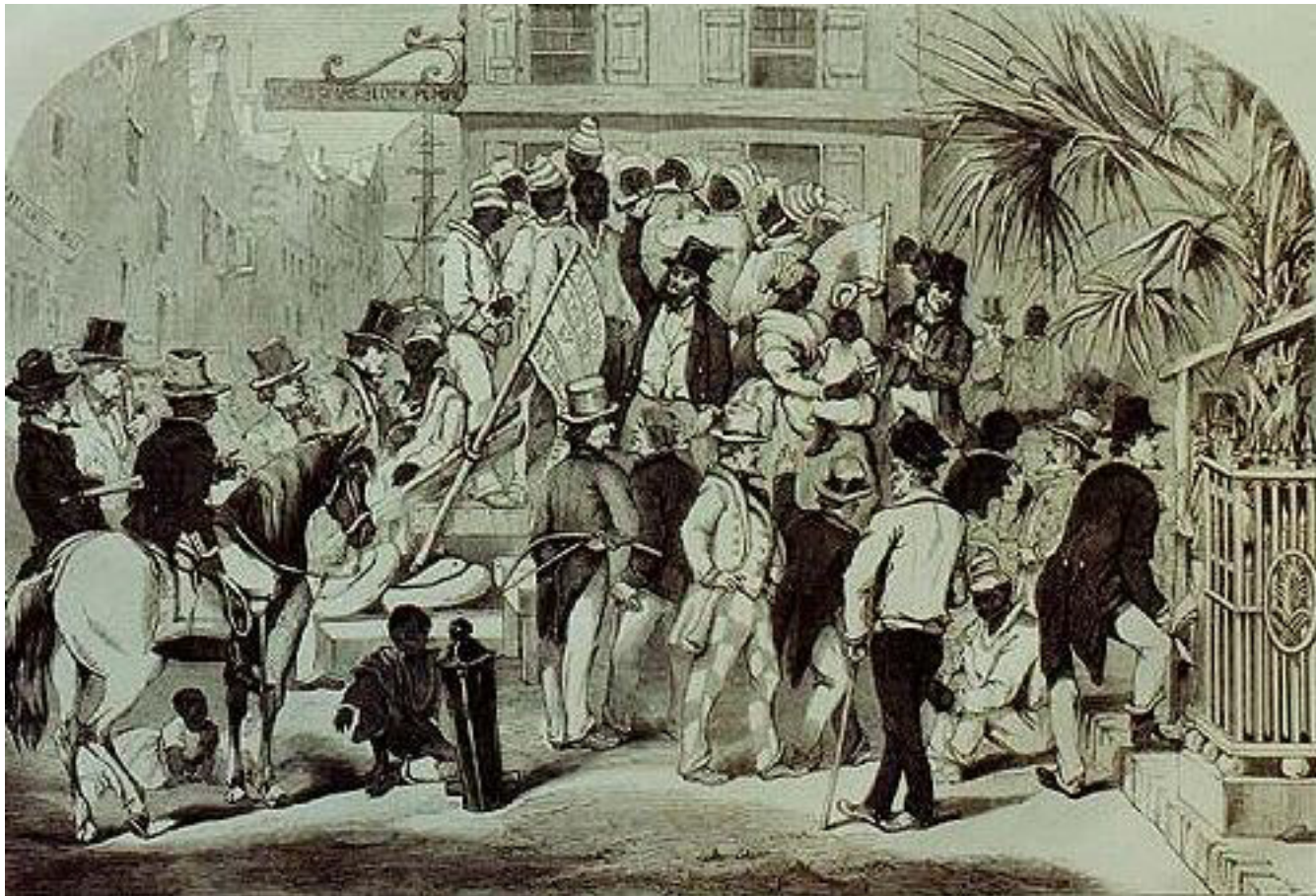
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December 18, Thursday: The following advertisement appeared in the Farmer's Cabinet, a newspaper serving the Amherst, New Hampshire area:



AMHERST LYCEUM! Lecture Dec 18th, by HENRY D. THOREAU, Esq., of Concord, Mass—SUBJECT, "Getting a Living."



On that Thursday evening, in the vestry of the Congregational Church at Amherst, New Hampshire, Henry Thoreau presumably delivered his sermon "WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT", which for the lyceum circuit he customarily referred to as "Getting a Living" in order to avoid scaring people off, for the seventh and final time, for that evening he wrote in his journal:

At my lecture, the audience attended to me closely, and I was satisfied; that is all I ask or expect generally. Not one spoke to me afterward, nor needed they. I have no doubt that they liked it, in the main, though few of them would have dared say so, provided they were conscious of it. Generally, if I can only get the ears of an audience, I do not care whether they say they like my lecture or not. I think I know as well as they can tell. At any rate, it is none of my business, and it would be impertinent for me to inquire. The stupidity of most of these country towns, not to include the cities, is in its innocence infantile. Lectured in the basement (vestry) of the orthodox church, and I trust helped to undermine it.

Thoreau's Sermon

In Lawrence in "Bleeding Kansas." Thaddeus Hyatt and W.F.M. Army initiated a colony for the all-white settling of Anderson County. About 80 men who had just been discharged from a Territorial militia company signed onto this project. They selected the north half of the southeast quarter, and the northeast quarter of Section 10 of Township 21, Range 19 east. Only 3 white families had preceded them in the western part of the county. Claims were made to plots along Cedar Creek and South Pottawatomie Creek. While in a tent camp that severe winter they would prepare timbers and built a hotel, store and blacksmith shop on the town site, which they would name Hyatt. After living out the winter in tents, they would relocate to their claims. Refer to George A. Root's "The Free State Colony Established by Thaddeus Hyatt," Lawrence Herald of Freedom, Nov. 22, 1856-Aug. 8, 1857.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER 18th]



KANSAS

KANSAS

1857

According to Louis Thomas Jones's THE QUAKERS OF IOWA (Iowa City: Iowa State Historical Society, 1914):

Showing the signs of [tuberculosis](#), [Barclay Coppoc](#) went to [Kansas](#) in 1857 for his health, and while there is said to have taken part in some of [John Brown](#)'s expeditions in that state.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

[Elizabeth A. Parkhill Gloucester](#) and [the Reverend James Newton Gloucester](#) opened a furniture store at 881 W. Broadway in [New-York](#). Alfred P. Gloucester was born (this toddler would die during 1859).

The mulatto [Lewis Sheridan Leary](#) went to [Oberlin, Ohio](#) to live.



(He would marry there and make the acquaintance of [John Brown](#) in Cleveland. To go to [Harpers Ferry](#), he would leave behind his wife with a 6-month-old child at Oberlin, she 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.](#), a student at [Oberlin College](#). He would get isolated along with his nephew and [John Henry Kagi](#)



in the armory called Hall's Rifle Works. When the three men would make a run for it, heading down to the Shenandoah River, they would get themselves caught in a crossfire, and after Kagi had been killed and Leary shot several times, he would be taken, his wounds so severe that he would die the following morning. He would be able to dictate messages to his family and is reported as saying "I am ready to die." The Leary child would subsequently be educated by [James Redpath](#) and [Wendell Phillips](#).)

[Charles Plummer Tidd](#) joined [John Brown](#)'s party at Tabor, [Kansas](#).

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



(He would become one of the followers of “Shubel Morgan” who would return to Kansas in 1858 to raid into Missouri. During the Winter 1857-1858 encampment of the Brown forces in the Iowa Territory, he would “ruin” a [Quaker](#) girl and the other members of the team would need to sneak him away from [Springdale, Iowa](#) during the night. Nevertheless, the group would obtain 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](#).

**THE QUAKER PEACE TESTIMONY**

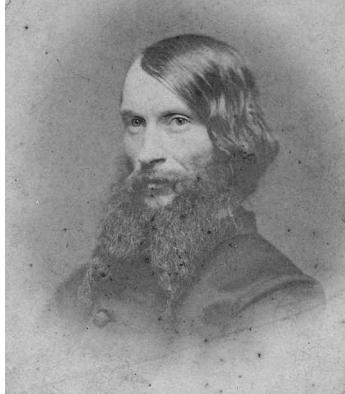
Tidd and [John E. Cook](#) would be particularly warm friends. He opposed the attack on [Harpers Ferry](#) but nevertheless took part both in the raid on the planter Washington’s home and on the federal arsenal itself, escaped, and made his way on foot toward the northwestern part of Pennsylvania. He 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, Pennsylvania. He would visit Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Canada and take 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 would be able to enlist under the name “Charles Plummer” and would become a 1st Sergeant of the 21st Massachusetts Volunteers. On February 8, 1862 he would die of fever aboard the transport *Northerner* during the battle of Roanoke Island, 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, [North Carolina](#).)



# KANSAS

# KANSAS

During this year and the following one [Thaddeus Hyatt](#) would become so interested in the possibilities of human flight that he would offer “a reward of \$1,000 to any inventor able to produce an actual flying machine.”

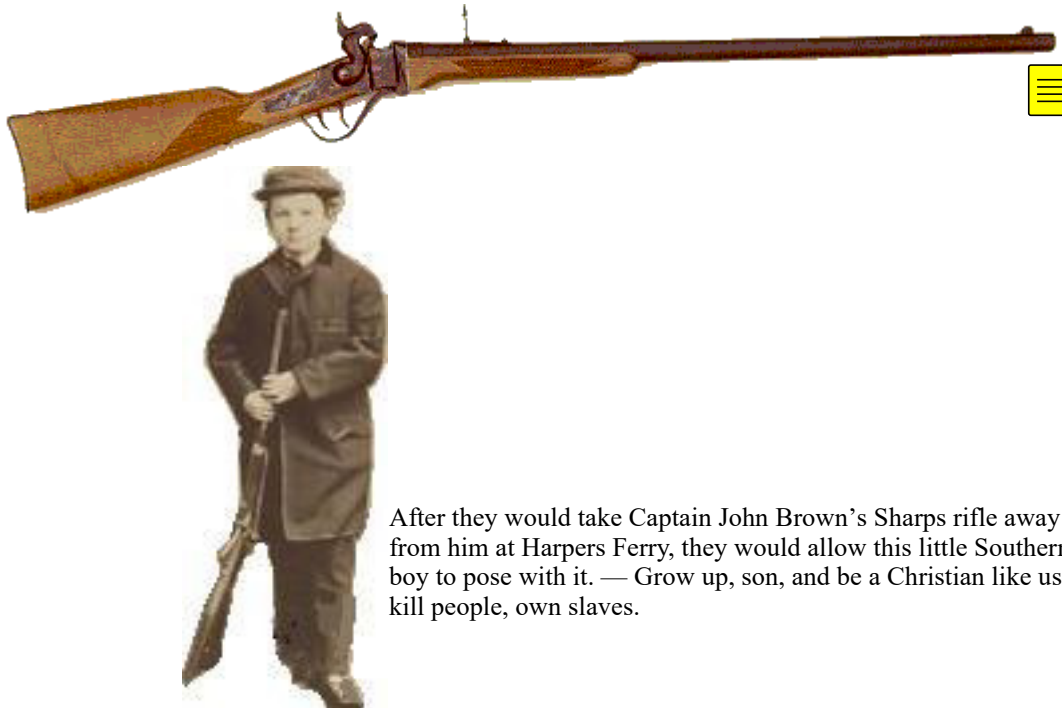


The US federal government and the Seneca Indian tribe signed a treaty at Tonawanda, [New York](#) by which the tribe repurchased local reservation lands using funds from the exchange and sale of its reservation lands in [Kansas](#).

The [Lecompton Constitution](#) was written by a pro-slave convention in the [Kansas Territory](#). A free-state-dominated territorial legislature would be chosen in the fall elections. Emporia and Abilene were founded.

## THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

Christian Sharps finally began to manufacture the breech-loading rifle in quantity, which he had invented back in 1848.



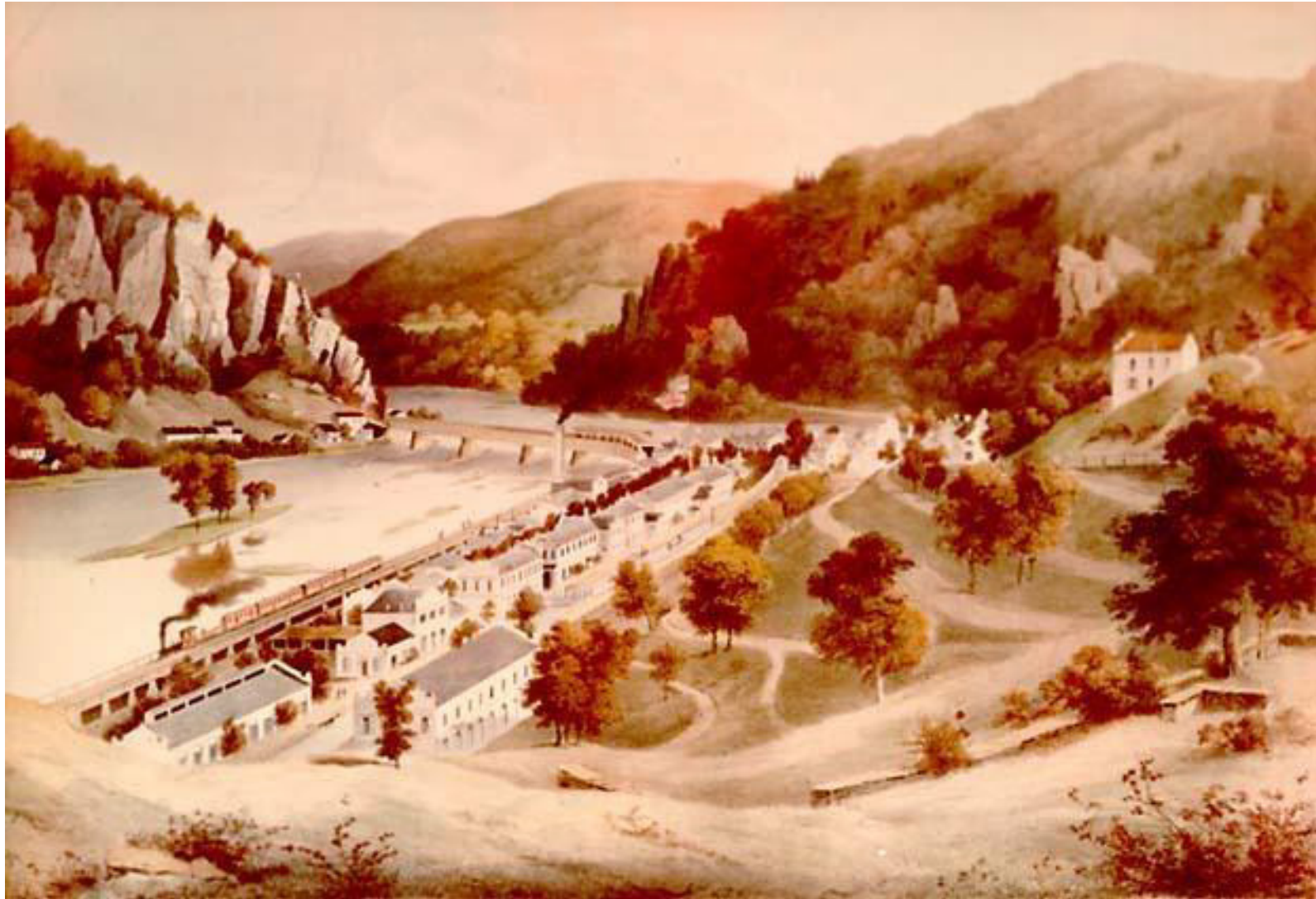
After they would take Captain John Brown’s Sharps rifle away from him at Harpers Ferry, they would allow this little Southern boy to pose with it. — Grow up, son, and be a Christian like us: kill people, own slaves.

The National [Kansas](#) Committee would meet with [John Brown](#) early in this year and indirectly provide him with 200 of these Sharps rifles, which he would take to [Harpers Ferry](#) (but the Committee would then run out of money and largely renege on its promise of \$5,000).

# KANSAS

# KANSAS

Here is how [Harpers Ferry](#) was being depicted, in this year, in Edward Beyer's ALBUM ON VIRGINIA:



# KANSAS

# KANSAS

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:



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](#).



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

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.



January 7, Wednesday: The [Free-State](#) legislature met at Topeka in the [Kansas Territory](#).

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

[Francis Ellingwood Abbot](#), while lodging at the Thoreau boardinghouse in Concord,<sup>74</sup> went to a local party and there encountered [Katharine “Katie” Fearing Loring](#), a 17-year-old lodging with her parents David Loring and Susanna Sherman Loring at a house in Concord.



That night [Henry Thoreau](#), up in his room on the top story under the roof, had a bad dream: “Now I seemed to be lying and tossing, perchance, on a horrible, a fatal rough surface, which must soon, indeed, put an end to my existence, though even in the dream I knew it to be the symbol merely of my misery; and then again, suddenly, I was lying on a delicious smooth surface, as of a summer sea, as of gossamer or down or softest plush, and life was such a luxury to live. My waking experience always has been and is such an alternate Rough and Smooth. In other words it is Insanity and Sanity.”



January 7: I go through the woods toward the Cliffs along the side of the Well Meadow Field. There is nothing so sanative, so poetic, as a walk in the woods and fields even now, when I meet none abroad for pleasure. Nothing so inspires me and excites such serene and profitable thought. The objects are elevating. In the street and in society I am almost invariably cheap and dissipated, my life is unspeakably mean. No amount of gold or respectability would in the least redeem it, –dining with the Governor or a member of Congress!! But alone in distant woods or fields, in unpretending sprout-lands or pastures tracked by rabbits, even in a bleak and, to most, cheerless day, like this, when a villager would be thinking of his inn, I come to myself, I once more feel myself grandly related, and that cold and solitude are friends of mine. I suppose that this value, in my case, is equivalent to what others get by churchgoing and prayer. I come to my solitary woodland walk as the homesick go home. I thus dispose of the superfluous and see things as they are, grand and beautiful. I have told many that I walk every day about half the daylight, but I think they do not believe it.

74. Abbot would inscribe the reverse of a photograph of the Thoreau house in Concord [bMS 540/1 (23)]: “Thoreau House where in 1856-7 I boarded three months with Mr. and Mrs. Thoreau, Sophia Thoreau and Henry D. Thoreau. My room was the upper right one (behind the trees which did not then exist).”

**GOD IN CONCORD by Jane Langton © 1992**

**25**

*In the street and in society I am almost invariably cheap and dissipated, my life is unspeakably mean.*  
Journal, January 7, 1857

**H**omer had lots of things to look up in the Boston Public Library. He narked at the Concord depot and went in on the

**ISBN 0-670-84260-5 — PS3562.A515G58**

Viking Penguin

Penguin Books USA Inc.

January 12, Monday: The National [Kansas](#) Committee active in the Free-State cause had held its one meeting. Among the items to be delivered to settlers would be 100 tons of seeds the cost of which would be underwritten by the organization's president, [Thaddeus Hyatt](#). He purchased a shallow-draft steamboat, the *Lightfoot*.

**THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION**

The 2d territorial legislature convened at [Lecompton](#) and the [Law and Order Party](#) was reorganized as the National Democratic Party.



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 12th]**

KANSAS

KANSAS

January 19, Monday: At the Place de la Roquette in Paris, the head of one M. Provost proved to be easy to remove:



HEADCHOPPING

[William T. Sherrard](#), appointed as sheriff in the [Kansas Territory](#), seriously threatened and menaced [Governor John White Geary](#) for having refused to sign his appointment.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



January 19. A snow-storm with very high wind all last night and to-day. Though not much snow falls (perhaps seven or eight inches), it is exceedingly drifted, so that the first train gets down about noon and none gets up till about 6 P. M.! There is no vehicle passing the house before 2 P. M.! A fine dry snow, intolerable to face.

January 31, Saturday: Father [Isaac Hecker](#), CSSR, wrote to [Orestes Augustus Brownson](#) from Savannah, Georgia.

[John Henry Kagi](#) was struck on the head with a gold-headed cane by Judge Elmore, a proslavery judge, whereupon he drew his revolver and shot said judge in the groin. Judge Elmore, however, got off three shots, one striking Kagi over the heart, with the bullet being stopped by a memorandum-book. Kagi would return to his family in Ohio to recuperate, and would be long in recovering from these wounds, but upon recovery he would return to "[Bleeding Kansas](#)" and join the forces of [John Brown](#). He would be assigned the title of Secretary of War in the provisional government and would be next in command to Captain Brown. He was also considered to be the group's adjutant.



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



Jan. 31. Snows fast, turning to rain at last.



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February: The Town Company of Hyatt in the [Kansas Territory](#) was created, with W.F.M. Army as its 1st President and C.J. Farley as its 1st Secretary. A plat of this townsite was filed in the district land office at Lecompton, and in the office of the Probate Judge of Anderson County.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

[August Bondi](#) laid out the town of Greeley in the [Kansas Territory](#). He would be appointed postmaster in the same year, and would hold this office for one year. From that point until the civil war he would be the conductor of the underground railway station at Greeley.



**“WE MUST REMEMBER THAT  
WE WERE ONCE SLAVES IN EGYPT.”<sup>75</sup>**

John Moule patented what he termed “photogen,” also to be known as “Bengal fire,” a compound of saltpetre, sulphur, and antimony sulphide that burned with a brilliant blue-white light useful for photography. In fact said compound had been in use since 1843, in the Blue John caverns of England, to light the caverns briefly in order to impress visitors with their hidden wonders, but Moule was the first to sense its commercial importance for the art of photography.

February 9, Monday: [Territorial Governor John White Geary](#) requested military protection against the [Kansas Territory](#)’s gunslinging assassins.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

By this point the Gosse family had moved permanently from London to St Marychurch, Devon ([Philip Henry Gosse](#) refused to use the “St” and even gave his address as Torquay so as not to have anything to do with the “so-called Church of England”). He soon became the pastor and overseer of the [Plymouth Brethren](#) there, at first meeting above a stable but shortly, under Gosse’s preaching and peacemaking, in finer quarters — which he perhaps himself financed.

Treatment with ointments had done nothing to stop Emily Bowes Gosse’s breast cancer. On this day the suffering wife and mother breathed her last, entrusting her husband with their child Edmund Gosse’s salvation. In the months following Emily’s death, the grieving husband would struggle diligently with a manuscript that he obviously was considering to be a great intellectual breakthrough. Gosse considered that he alone was able neatly to resolve the seeming contradiction between the age of the earth as revealed in Holy Scripture and the age of the earth as discovered by such contemporary geologists as Charles Lyell. The argument derived from

75. From the Passover service.

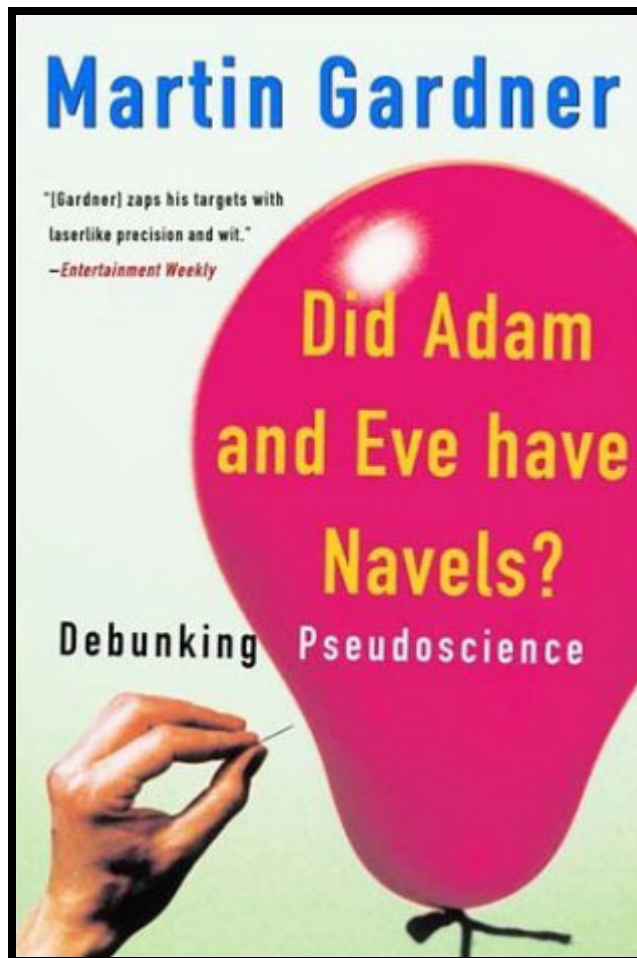


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the inherent nature of any instantaneous creation *ex nihilo*. In any such instantaneous creation, there would of necessity be the relicts of a previous existence that had actually not transpired. If mature trees were created in an instant, for instance, rather than slowly growing from seeds into saplings and in the successive seasons into mature trees, then their trunks would contain instantaneously produced tree rings, one ring for each year — and these were year rings marking years which actually had never transpired. “Omphalos” being Greek for “navel,” and the navel being the scar left by the falling off of the umbilical cord, Gosse was arguing that the first man, Adam, and the first woman, Eve, had had no natural need for navels. They had not been born of a mother, but instead, had been created by God! Nevertheless Adam and Eve were complete human beings, and a navel is part of a complete human being, and therefore God must have brought them into existence complete with navels just as He must have created trees with growth rings marking seasons that had in fact never existed.





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Gosse pointed out that the fossil record we discover encased in the rocks –even such fossils as coprolites– might also seem to be evidence of years that had never actually existed. To create the rocks of this planet Earth, God must have created it with such fossils already in position within them. The theorist’s friend, the novelist Charles Kingsley, would comment that he had read “no other book which so staggered and puzzled” him — but that he was simply not prepared for the conceit that God had “written on the rocks one enormous and superfluous lie for all mankind.” God the Liar? –Give us a break, it is Satan rather than God who is the father of all lies! Journalists would snigger at the idea that God had hidden fossils in the rocks, and point out that He must have been tempting geologists to infidelity.<sup>76</sup> *OMPHALOS: AN ATTEMPT TO UNTIE THE [GEOLOGICAL KNOT](#)* would sell so poorly that its publisher would rebind it under the new title *CREATION* “in case the obscure one had had an effect on sales,” before in 1859 giving up and disposing of most of the edition by selling it to a dealer in waste paper.

### THE GEOLOGICAL KNOT

February 11, Wednesday: Documentation of the [international slave trade](#), per W.E. Burghardt Du Bois: “Slave Trade: Letter from the Secretary of State, asking an appropriation for the suppression of the slave trade, etc.” –HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 34 Cong. 3 sess. IX. No. 70.

A correspondent to the Worcester [Daily Spy](#), probably H.G.O. Blake, wrote:

Last week I had the privilege of hearing at Fitchburg, a very remarkable lecture from Henry D. Thoreau of Concord, Mass. Mr. Thoreau will, by invitation, repeat this lecture at Brinley Hall [in Worcester] next Friday evening. His subject is ‘The Wild.’ (page 2, column 2)

[Thaddeus Hyatt](#) wrote from New-York to H.B. Hurd, secretary of the [Kansas National Committee](#), explaining that he would be in Cincinnati about March 1st. “I have purchased a steamer (the Lightfoot of Quindaro) to run on the Kansas river. She will leave Cin. March 1-10th passage \$20.00 from Cin. to Quindaro, \$3.00 from Quindaro to Lawrence.”

### THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



Feb. 11. Wednesday. The meadows, flooded by the thaw of the last half of last week and Sunday, are now frozen hard enough to bear, and it is excellent skating. Near the other swamp white oak on Shattuck’s piece I found another caterpillar on the ice. From its position I thought it *possible* that it had been washed from its winter quarters by the freshet, and so left on top of the ice. It was not frozen in, and may have been blown from the oak. It was of a different species from that of January 5th, about one and one tenth inches long, with but little fuzziness, black with three longitudinal buff stripes, the two lateral quite pale, and a black head; the foremost feet black, the others lighter colored. It was frozen quite stiffly, as many tested, being curled up like the other, and I did not dare to bend it hard for fear of breaking it, even after I took it out in the house. But being placed on the mantelpiece it soon became relaxed, and in fifteen minutes began to crawl.

76. If I myself were to do any sniggering in regard to this controversy, I would not be sniggering at Gosse (for he was merely the messenger who came to us pointing out some factoids that should always have been just obvious). I would be sniggering at the unworldly ignorance of the folks who had originally ginned up this origins story, or perhaps sniggering at the unworldly ignorance of the folks who had come to parse this origins story as involving literally only seven days of earth time — the folks who had brought us into such an absurd flight of fancy as “instantaneous creation.”

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February 18, Wednesday: The remains of Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka were deposited in Berlin, in the presence of 9 people including [Giacomo Meyerbeer](#) and an official from the Russian embassy.

Liebestreu op.3/1, a song by [Johannes Brahms](#) to words of Reinick, was performed for the initial time, in Göttingen.

In the hall of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in Boston, [Chaplain Daniel Foster](#) and an large crowd listened as Captain [John Brown](#) offered testimony about the [Kansas Territory](#) troubles before the state committee on Federal Relations.



[Chaplain Foster](#) would inform [the Reverend Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#) in April that he wanted to emigrate to the [Kansas Territory](#) because he was “convinced that our cause must receive a baptism of blood before it can be victorious.”

*I expect to serve in Capt. John Brown’s company in the next Kansas war, which I hope is inevitable & near at hand.*

John A.W. Jones put a bullet into the forehead of [Sheriff William T. Sherrard](#) during a public rally in [Leecompton](#) in the [Kansas Territory](#) (Jones, surrounded and protected by friends, would be able to safely reach his home in Pennsylvania).

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



February 18: I am excited by this wonderful air and go listening for the note of the bluebird [**Eastern Bluebird** ■ [Sialia sialis](#)] or other comer. The very grain of the air seems to have undergone a change and is ready to split into the form of the bluebird’s warble. Methinks if it were visible, or I could cast up some fine dust which would betray it, it would take a corresponding shape. The bluebird does not come till the air consents and his wedge will enter easily. The air over these fields is a foundry full of molds for casting bluebirds’ warbles. Any sound uttered now would take that form, not of the harsh, vibrating, rending scream of the jay, but a softer, flowing, curling warble, like a purling stream or the lobes of flowing sand and clay. Here is the soft air and moist expectant apple trees, but not yet the bluebird. They do not yet quite attain to song.

February 20, Friday: President-Elect James Buchanan was suffering from dysentery, and since he was due to be inaugurated as President on March 4th, he wrote to [Jefferson Davis](#) to decline an invitation to dinner. He explained that just now he needed to live “with great caution.”

The [Kansas](#) Legislature chartered the St. Joseph and Topeka Railroad Company.



this morning the ground is once more covered about one inch deep. Minott says that the house he now lives in was framed and set up by Captain Isaac Hoar just beyond the old house by Moore’s, this side the one he was born in, his mother’s (?) house (whose well is that buried by Alcott



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on the sidewalk), and there the frame stood several years, Hoar having gone off, he thinks, to Westminster. (M. helped a man take down its chimney when he was a boy; it was very old, laid in clay.) He was quite a lad and used to climb up on the frame and, with a teaspoon, take the eggs of the house wren out of the mortise-holes. At last his grandfather, Dr. Abel Prescott, "an eminent physician," bought it and moved it to where it now stands, and died in [it] in 1805, aged eighty-eight (born 1717). Said he died exactly where I sat, and the bed stood so and so, north and south from the clock. This Dr. Prescott had once probably lived with his nephew Willoughby Prescott, where Loring's is. After, when married, lived in the old rough-cast house near the poorhouse where Minott's mother was born. It was Dr. Abel P.'s son Abel (Minott's uncle) who rode into Concord before the British. Minott's father was rich, and died early in the army, Aunt says.

Minott always sits in the corner behind the door, close to the stove, with commonly the cat by his side, often in his lap. Often he sits with his hat on. He says that Frank Buttrick (who for a great many years worked at carpentering for John Richardson, and was working for him when he died) told him that Richardson called him when he was at the point of death and told him that he need not stop working on account of his death, but he might come in to the prayer if he wished to. R. is spoken of as a strong and resolute man.

I wish that there was in every town, in some place accessible to the traveller, instead [of] or beside the common directories, etc., a list of the worthies of the town, *i.e.* of those who are *worth* seeing.

Miss Minott has several old pieces of furniture that belonged to her grandfather Prescott, one a desk made for him and marked 1760. She said the looking-glass was held oldest furniture, she thought. It has the name John scratched on the middle by a madcap named John Bulkley from college, who had got so far with a diamond before he was stopped.

Beverly, after describing the various kinds of fowl that frequented the shores of Virginia, "not to mention beavers, otters, music rats, minxes," etc., etc., says, "Although the inner lands want these benefits (which, however, no pond or plash is without)," etc. I admire the offhand way of describing the superfluous fertility of the land and water.

What is the relation between a bird and the ear that appreciates its melody, to whom, perchance, it is more charming and significant than to any else? Certainly they are intimately related, and the one was made for the other. It is a natural fact. If I were to discover that a certain kind of stone by the pond-shore was affected, say partially disintegrated, by a particular natural sound, as of a bird or insect, I see that one could not be completely described without describing the other. I am that rock by the pond-side.

What is hope, what is expectation, but a seed-time whose harvest cannot fail, an irresistible expedition of the mind, at length to be victorious?

February 21, Saturday: On this morning in the [Kansas Territory](#), William T. Sherrard, shot in the forehead in Lecompton during a public rally, expired.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

BEVERLEY

CAT

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March: [Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#) brought [John Brown](#) to speak at the [Concord](#) City Hall and introduced him to [Henry Thoreau](#) during the noon meal, which they had at the Thoreau boarding house. Thoreau spent the



afternoon discoursing with Brown (Brown told Thoreau about the battle in the [Kansas Territory](#) of June 1856) and, as [Waldo Emerson](#) had just returned from a lecture tour, introduced them to one another. It is likely, however, that Emerson and Brown had already met at an earlier, privileged meeting at the home of the millionaire railroader [John Murray Forbes](#) in Milton, Massachusetts, a meeting to which they would not been likely to refer in the presence of Thoreau. Brown spoke of the struggle in the [Kansas Territory](#) in June of the previous year. In visiting the Thoreau home, he met [John Thoreau, Senior](#). We may notice in Emerson's journal that he sided with John Brown the strong white defender of the victim negro, against the Sermon on the Mount. In the following snippet from his journal, the Reverend Emerson is proclaiming in effect that the injunction "resist not evil" is a dangerous piece of mushyheadedness, and that what we need to do to make our nation into a kinder gentler America is to go out and kill some of the people who are preventing our nation from being a kind gentle America.<sup>77</sup>

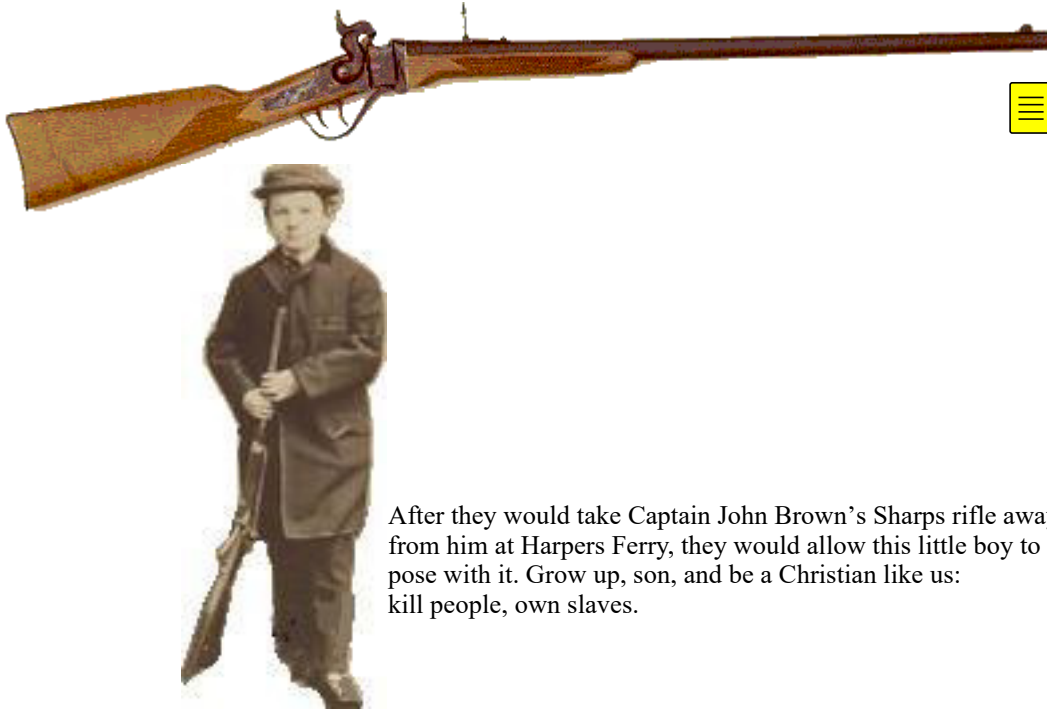
*Captain John Brown of Kansas gave a good account of himself in the Town Hall, last night, to a meeting of Citizens. One of his good points was, the folly of the peace party in Kansas, who believed, that their strength lay in the greatness of their wrongs, & so discountenanced resistance. He wished to know if their wrong was greater than the negro's, & what kind of strength that gave to the negro?*

The elder [John Thoreau](#) helped purchase for Brown one of Christian Sharps's "ten rounds per minute" 1853-model breech-loading cap-and-ball carbine, 37 3/4 inches overall with a 21 3/4-inch rifled barrel, that used a

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“pellet without cut-off” primer.<sup>78</sup>



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

This weapon was being manufactured in Hartford, Connecticut, although the fishy Christian Sharps was then in the process of selling out and moving to Philadelphia, the city of brotherly love, where he would set up another weapons manufactory. [Thoreau](#) also “subscribed a trifle.”<sup>79</sup> We should not evade anything here: it is clear that [Waldo Emerson](#), donating \$25.<sup>00</sup>, and the Thoreaus, did know at the time they made their donations that their money was to be applied not to provisions such as food or clothing but to the purchase of rifles and ammunition. Here are two company-solicited testimonials to this “hot thing” killing machine which Waldo Emerson, John Thoreau, Senior, and Henry David Thoreau helped to provide to John Brown. The first is dated

77. We may remind ourselves, as we read the above, that back during February 1854 [Waldo Emerson](#) had been scheming with the saintly [Bronson Alcott](#) on a different-but-strangely-similar final solution to the American race problem, a solution in which white men would castrate all their black men so that only the white owners would be able to fecundate their black women. We might therefore want to turn the above jotting quite around, and inquire of Mr. Emerson and Mr. Alcott what kind of strength it gave to the black man to be castrated as they had been musing in February 1854, and what kind of strength it gave to the black woman to bear children which would be in successive generations lighter and purer, until finally their taint had been erased and we had arrived at an America of blond beastly angels. It is interesting to juxtapose the musing of 1854, in which we note that the Sermon on the Mount is quite disregarded, and the musing of 1857, in which we note that the Sermon on the Mount is quite disregarded. The musing of 1857 seem to be defending the black American but the musing of 1854 seemed to have been attacking the black American — so how did we get from the malevolence-against-the-black one to the succeeding malevolence-against-the-white one while continuing to quite disregard the Sermon on the Mount? (This is nothing if not perplexing. Perhaps someone can explain the transition.)

78. The version of this weapon sold to the Chinese government was inscribed “Old Reliable” in Chinese characters.

79. This phrase “subscribed a trifle” comes from his Journal entry of October 22, 1860 in which he is evidently wrestling with his conscience, perhaps feeling that he was unduly influenced in going along with his father in this matter: “I subscribed a trifle when he was here three years ago, I had so much confidence in the man —that he would do right,— ... I do not wish to kill or to be killed, but I can foresee circumstances in which both of these things would be by me unavoidable. In extremities I could even be killed.” (XII, 437) We must bear in mind that it would have been especially painful for Thoreau to have had a falling-out with his father during this period, as Thoreau’s father was going into a period of sickness which would last some two years and would end in his taking to his room for a few weeks, and then peacefully dying. During this period he would be, as Thoreau later described, “going down-town in pleasant weather, doing a little business from time to time, hoeing a little in the garden, etc.” He was coughing and raising material from his lungs. Normally a taciturn man, he was becoming noticeably more silent even than usual.



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“Magoffansville, Texas, June, 1853”:

The ten Sharps' carbines purchased of you were all put to immediate use in arming my escort, and for range, accuracy, and rapidity of firing, they are far superior to any arm known. They have gone through what an ordinance officer would term a pretty severe field test, without the least injury.

In all of our shooting of bear, deer, wolves, &c., I have never known the ball to be found in the animal. Having been a frontier man for fourteen years, I had occasion to look after a bosom companion to stand by me in case of life or death; and hence I have given some little attention to the subject of fire arms, and think I can tolerably well appreciate their excellence; and in my search after such a comforter, I have found no arm that in all its attributes begins to compare with the Sharps' arm and for army, navy, caravan or sporting service, it is sure to take and hold the front rank.

Capt. Henry Skillman,  
U.S. Mail Contractor.

The second of these company-solicited testimonials is datelined Washington, January, 1855:

In answer to your inquiries, I take great pleasure in bearing testimony to the great value and use of Sharps' rifles. Upon two expeditions across the continent to California, I have had the ten rifles in active use the whole time in the field. With ten men armed with these rifles we felt equal to thirty. Its simplicity enabled the men to understand it at a glance, and they loaded and fired it with great accuracy and rapidity, killing game at four hundred and fifty yards. It inspired the men with great confidence in their strength and power to defend themselves against superior numbers. With ten men, a negro and a Mexican, I kept at bay one hundred and forty Apache warriors, all fully armed, just on the eve of an attack on Gov. Gardner's ranch in Sonora. I look upon it as far the best rifle and the only proper one for mounted men that I have ever seen.

Andrew B. Gray.

We must bear in mind that it would have been especially painful for [Thoreau](#) to have had a falling-out with his father during this period, as Thoreau's father [John Thoreau](#) was going into a period of sickness which would last some two years and would end in his taking to his room for a few weeks, and then peacefully dying. During this period he would be, as Thoreau later described, “going down-town in pleasant weather, doing a little business from time to time, hoeing a little in the garden, etc.” He was coughing and raising material from his lungs. Normally a taciturn man, he was becoming noticeably even more silent than usual.

Would the [John Murray Forbes](#) that Emerson had been meeting, the railroad magnate, be the daddy of the Forbes who would marry Emerson's daughter? Would he have been related to the Scottish adventurer [Hugh Forbes](#) who would soon become [John Brown](#)'s principal lieutenant?<sup>80</sup> Captain Brown had read Forbes's



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MANUAL FOR THE PATRIOTIC VOLUNTEER; ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN REGULAR AND IRREGULAR WAR; BEING THE ART AND SCIENCE OF OBTAINING AND MAINTAINING LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE (published in 1856), and Forbes's pamphlet DUTIES OF A SOLDIER, while in the [Kansas Territory](#) and had discussed this with another English-emigrant-turned-writer, William A. Phillips. Forbes had written, "Right is that which is good true honorable just humane self-sacrificing — it is the opposite of wrong." When Brown had come east on a fundraising mission, he had looked up Forbes in [New-York](#) and been impressed with his similar desire to do something about the lamentable "peculiar institution" of the American southlands, race slavery. Brown perceived the possibility of a political alliance with Forbes against the iniquity of race slavery, although Forbes believed that the black race was inherently inferior to the white, and immediately contracted with Forbes to train recruits to the cause in the [Kansas Territory](#) and at Mount Tabor, Iowa. Forbes was, however, a mercenary from the get-go, requiring his expenses plus a salary of \$100 a month, the 1st 6 months of which was to be paid in advance: Brown did agree to this.

During this month, at a racetrack in Savannah, Georgia, there was being transacted the largest auction of human beings in the history in the United States of America. During the two days it took to dispose of 436 men, women, and children, it was as if the heavens were crying, the rain fell so unceasingly. This auction would come to be known, appropriately, as "the weeping time."

Some twenty years earlier the owners, the brothers Pierce and John Butler, had inherited their family's plantations, but Pierce, [Fanny Kemble Butler](#)'s ex-husband, had squandered his \$700,000 portion and, beyond that, gotten deeply into debt. Management of the estate was transferred to trustees who sold off Pierce's once grand but now dilapidated Philadelphia mansion for \$30,000. Other Butler properties were sold as well, but it was not enough to obtain for Pierce a continuation of his luxury, so he had the trustees turn to the Georgia plantations and their "movable" property.

At the time, the overall holdings of the Butler family included 900 slaves. Half of them, 450, were assigned to the estate of the brother John, who had since died, and would remain on the plantations. Of the other 450 – Pierce's half – about 20 would be allowed to continue to live in slavery on Butler property. The remainder were herded onto railway cars and steamboats and brought to the Broeck racetrack to be sold to the highest bidder. Philadelphia socialite Sidney George Fisher would note in his diary that "It is highly honorable to [Butler] that he did all he could to prevent the sale, offering to make any personal sacrifice to avoid it," but we don't know of any such sacrifice actually made. The two-day sale of 436 human beings netted \$303,850 for Butler, amply more than he needed to satisfy all his creditors. Of the auction, Fisher wrote:

It is a dreadful affair, however, selling these hereditary Negroes.... Families will not be separated, that is to say, husbands and wives, parents and young children. But brothers and sisters of mature age, parents and children of mature age, all other relations and the ties of home and long association will be violently severed. It will be a hard thing for Butler to witness and it is a monstrous thing to do. Yet it is done every day in the South. It is one among the many frightful consequences of slavery and contradicts our civilization, our Christianity, or Republicanism. Can such a system endure, is it consistent with humanity, with moral progress? These are difficult questions, and still more difficult is it to say, what can be done? The Negroes of the South must be slaves or the South will

80. 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.





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be Africanized. Slavery is better for them and for us than such a result.


Mortimer “Doesticks” Thomson, a popular newsman, wrote a lengthy, uncomplimentary article about the auction for the New-York Tribune under the headline “What Became of the Slaves on a Georgia Plantation.” He reported how the slaves, eager to impress potential masters who they perceived as likely to be kind, would sometimes cheerfully respond to buyers “pulling their mouths open to see their teeth, pinching their limbs to find how muscular they were, walking them up and down to detect any signs of lameness, making them stoop and bend in different ways that they might be certain there was no concealed rupture or wound....” This white columnist commiserated with the unfortunate slaves after the sale, stating, “On the faces of all was an expression of heavy grief; some appeared to be resigned to the hard stroke of Fortune that had torn them from their homes, and were sadly trying to make the best of it; some sat brooding moodily over their sorrows, their chins resting on their hands, their eyes staring vacantly, and their bodies rocking to and fro, with a restless motion that was never stilled....” The highest price paid for one family –a mother with five grown children– had been \$6,180. The highest price for one individual had been \$1,750. The lowest price for one person was \$250. Soon after the last slave was sold, the rain stopped and champagne bottles were popped in celebration. Pierce, once again wealthy, would be able to make a trip to southern Europe before returning to reside to Philadelphia.

The Reverend [Samuel Joseph May](#) wrote to his cousin the Reverend [Samuel J. May, Jr.](#) to declare his embarrassment at having supported a party which had in effect to obtain votes for its candidate [John Charles](#)

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[Frémont](#) been pandering to racists, and had then **despite** such an extreme sacrifice failed to succeed at the national polls. He declared himself to be

glad the Republican Party did not succeed. 



[Thoreau](#) wrote to someone named Adams.<sup>81</sup>

At the invitation of Governor [Salmon Portland Chase](#), [Moncure Daniel Conway](#) lectured the Ohio legislature, promising worldly success to those like himself who were willing to risk all by taking their stand upon the firm bedrock of moral principle. (A pleasant fantasy, that! Civil War days would demonstrate that Conway was truly a master of the pleasant fantasy, could truly tell people what they longed to hear: Hark! Hark! I can see the light at the end of the tunnel! I have a plan for ending the bloodshed! All you need to do is pay some attention to me!)

## THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

March 4, Wednesday: An advertisement for a runaway [slave](#) appeared in the Baltimore [Sun](#):

\$20 REWARD - Ran away from the subscriber on or about the 18th or 20th of November, N E G R O "Rachel Bordley," or "Taylor," formerly living with Morris Sotler (Not sure of this word), about thirty years of age, 5 feet, 5 or 6 inches high,<sup>82</sup> rather bright copper color; the fore finger off at the second joint; scar on the back of the same hand; rather quick spoken; formerly the slave of William Grimes, deceased, of Baltimore county, Md. To be secured in Baltimore city jail. For the last 4 or 5 years had been hired out as a house servant in the city of Baltimore,  
DELIAH SIBRA  
Baltimore county, Md.

81. There was a Frank Adams in the Concord area.

82. In descriptions of runaway [slaves](#), 5 feet 5 or 6 inches was the average height.



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Reference, No. 66 South Calvert street

[Jefferson Davis](#) resigned as Secretary of War and took the oath as Senator.

James Buchanan became President of the United States of America, until March 3, 1861. When the Democratic Party had nominated Buchanan at its national convention, they had in effect abandoned their incumbent President, [Franklin Pierce](#). Buchanan had since the administration of Andrew Jackson been following a distinguished career as a Senator, Congressman, Cabinet officer, and ambassador. After a proud parade and before a gala ball for 6,000 celebrants in a specially built hall on Judiciary Square, Chief Justice Roger Taney administered the oath of office on the East Portico of the Capitol. This man was to go down in history as the 1st bachelor elected President, and the only one to remain unmarried<sup>83</sup> during his term of office.<sup>84</sup>

Fellow-Citizens: I appear before you this day to take the solemn oath "that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." In entering upon this great office I must humbly invoke the God of our fathers for wisdom and firmness to execute its high and responsible duties in such a manner as to restore harmony and ancient friendship among the people of the several States and to preserve our free institutions throughout many generations. Convinced that I owe my election to the inherent love for the Constitution and the Union which still animates the hearts of the American people, let me earnestly ask their powerful support in sustaining all just measures calculated to perpetuate these, the richest political blessings which Heaven has ever bestowed upon any nation. Having determined not to become a candidate for reelection, I shall have no motive to influence my conduct in administering the Government except the desire ably and faithfully to serve my country and to live in grateful memory of my countrymen. We have recently passed through a Presidential contest in which the passions of our fellow-citizens were excited to the highest degree by questions of deep and vital importance; but when the people proclaimed their will the tempest at once subsided and all was calm. The voice of the majority, speaking in the manner prescribed by the Constitution, was heard, and instant submission followed. Our own country could alone have exhibited so grand and striking a spectacle of the capacity of man for self-government. What a happy conception, then, was it for Congress to apply this simple rule, that the will of the majority shall govern, to the settlement of the question of domestic slavery in the Territories. Congress is neither "to legislate slavery into any Territory or State nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States." As a natural consequence, Congress has also prescribed that when the [Territory of Kansas](#) shall be admitted as a State it "shall be received into the Union with or without slavery, as their constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission." A difference of opinion has arisen in regard to the point of time when the people of a Territory shall decide this question for themselves. This is, happily, a matter of but little practical importance. Besides, it is a judicial question,

83. Since [Stephen Grover Cleveland](#) would marry his ward Frances Folsom during his term of office.

84. His niece Harriet Lane would assume some of the obligations normally performed by a First Lady.



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which legitimately belongs to the Supreme Court of the United States, before whom it is now pending, and will, it is understood, be speedily and finally settled. To their decision, in common with all good citizens, I shall cheerfully submit, whatever this may be, though it has ever been my individual opinion that under the Nebraska-Kansas act the appropriate period will be when the number of actual residents in the Territory shall justify the formation of a constitution with a view to its admission as a State into the Union. But be this as it may, it is the imperative and indispensable duty of the Government of the United States to secure to every resident inhabitant the free and independent expression of his opinion by his vote. This sacred right of each individual must be preserved. That being accomplished, nothing can be fairer than to leave the people of a Territory free from all foreign interference to decide their own destiny for themselves, subject only to the Constitution of the United States. The whole Territorial question being thus settled upon the principle of popular sovereignty—a principle as ancient as free government itself—everything of a practical nature has been decided. No other question remains for adjustment, because all agree that under the Constitution slavery in the States is beyond the reach of any human power except that of the respective States themselves wherein it exists. May we not, then, hope that the long agitation on this subject is approaching its end, and that the geographical parties to which it has given birth, so much dreaded by the Father of his Country, will speedily become extinct? Most happy will it be for the country when the public mind shall be diverted from this question to others of more pressing and practical importance. Throughout the whole progress of this agitation, which has scarcely known any intermission for more than twenty years, whilst it has been productive of no positive good to any human being it has been the prolific source of great evils to the master, to the slave, and to the whole country. It has alienated and estranged the people of the sister States from each other, and has even seriously endangered the very existence of the Union. Nor has the danger yet entirely ceased. Under our system there is a remedy for all mere political evils in the sound sense and sober judgment of the people. Time is a great corrective. Political subjects which but a few years ago excited and exasperated the public mind have passed away and are now nearly forgotten. But this question of domestic slavery is of far graver importance than any mere political question, because should the agitation continue it may eventually endanger the personal safety of a large portion of our countrymen where the institution exists. In that event no form of government, however admirable in itself and however productive of material benefits, can compensate for the loss of peace and domestic security around the family altar. Let every Union-loving man, therefore, exert his best influence to suppress this agitation, which since the recent legislation of Congress is without any legitimate object. It is an evil omen of the times that men have undertaken to calculate the mere material value of the Union. Reasoned estimates have been presented of the pecuniary profits and local advantages which would result to different States and sections from its dissolution and of the comparative injuries which such an event would inflict on other States and sections. Even descending to this low and narrow view of the



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mighty question, all such calculations are at fault. The bare reference to a single consideration will be conclusive on this point. We at present enjoy a free trade throughout our extensive and expanding country such as the world has never witnessed. This trade is conducted on railroads and canals, on noble rivers and arms of the sea, which bind together the North and the South, the East and the West, of our Confederacy. Annihilate this trade, arrest its free progress by the geographical lines of jealous and hostile States, and you destroy the prosperity and onward march of the whole and every part and involve all in one common ruin. But such considerations, important as they are in themselves, sink into insignificance when we reflect on the terrific evils which would result from disunion to every portion of the Confederacy – to the North, not more than to the South, to the East not more than to the West. These I shall not attempt to portray, because I feel an humble confidence that the kind Providence which inspired our fathers with wisdom to frame the most perfect form of government and union ever devised by man will not suffer it to perish until it shall have been peacefully instrumental by its example in the extension of civil and religious liberty throughout the world. Next in importance to the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union is the duty of preserving the Government free from the taint or even the suspicion of corruption. Public virtue is the vital spirit of republics, and history proves that when this has decayed and the love of money has usurped its place, although the forms of free government may remain for a season, the substance has departed forever. Our present financial condition is without a parallel in history. No nation has ever before been embarrassed from too large a surplus in its treasury. This almost necessarily gives birth to extravagant legislation. It produces wild schemes of expenditure and begets a race of speculators and jobbers, whose ingenuity is exerted in contriving and promoting expedients to obtain public money. The purity of official agents, whether rightfully or wrongfully, is suspected, and the character of the government suffers in the estimation of the people. This is in itself a very great evil. The natural mode of relief from this embarrassment is to appropriate the surplus in the Treasury to great national objects for which a clear warrant can be found in the Constitution. Among these I might mention the extinguishment of the public debt, a reasonable increase of the Navy, which is at present inadequate to the protection of our vast tonnage afloat, now greater than that of any other nation, as well as to the defense of our extended seacoast. It is beyond all question the true principle that no more revenue ought to be collected from the people than the amount necessary to defray the expenses of a wise, economical, and efficient administration of the Government. To reach this point it was necessary to resort to a modification of the tariff, and this has, I trust, been accomplished in such a manner as to do as little injury as may have been practicable to our domestic manufactures, especially those necessary for the defense of the country. Any discrimination against a particular branch for the purpose of benefiting favored corporations, individuals, or interests would have been unjust to the rest of the community and inconsistent with that spirit of fairness and equality which ought to govern in the adjustment of a revenue tariff. But the squandering of the public money sinks into comparative



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insignificance as a temptation to corruption when compared with the squandering of the public lands. No nation in the tide of time has ever been blessed with so rich and noble an inheritance as we enjoy in the public lands. In administering this important trust, whilst it may be wise to grant portions of them for the improvement of the remainder, yet we should never forget that it is our cardinal policy to reserve these lands, as much as may be, for actual settlers, and this at moderate prices. We shall thus not only best promote the prosperity of the new States and Territories, by furnishing them a hardy and independent race of honest and industrious citizens, but shall secure homes for our children and our children's children, as well as for those exiles from foreign shores who may seek in this country to improve their condition and to enjoy the blessings of civil and religious liberty. Such emigrants have done much to promote the growth and prosperity of the country. They have proved faithful both in peace and in war. After becoming citizens they are entitled, under the Constitution and laws, to be placed on a perfect equality with native-born citizens, and in this character they should ever be kindly recognized. The Federal Constitution is a grant from the States to Congress of certain specific powers, and the question whether this grant should be liberally or strictly construed has more or less divided political parties from the beginning. Without entering into the argument, I desire to state at the commencement of my Administration that long experience and observation have convinced me that a strict construction of the powers of the Government is the only true, as well as the only safe, theory of the Constitution. Whenever in our past history doubtful powers have been exercised by Congress, these have never failed to produce injurious and unhappy consequences. Many such instances might be adduced if this were the proper occasion. Neither is it necessary for the public service to strain the language of the Constitution, because all the great and useful powers required for a successful administration of the Government, both in peace and in war, have been granted, either in express terms or by the plainest implication. Whilst deeply convinced of these truths, I yet consider it clear that under the war-making power Congress may appropriate money toward the construction of a military road when this is absolutely necessary for the defense of any State or Territory of the Union against foreign invasion. Under the Constitution Congress has power "to declare war," "to raise and support armies," "to provide and maintain a navy," and to call forth the militia to "repel invasions." Thus endowed, in an ample manner, with the war-making power, the corresponding duty is required that "the United States shall protect each of them [the States] against invasion." Now, how is it possible to afford this protection to California and our Pacific possessions except by means of a military road through the Territories of the United States, over which men and munitions of war may be speedily transported from the Atlantic States to meet and to repel the invader? In the event of a war with a naval power much stronger than our own we should then have no other available access to the Pacific Coast, because such a power would instantly close the route across the isthmus of Central America. It is impossible to conceive that whilst the Constitution has expressly required Congress to defend all the States it should yet deny to them, by any fair



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construction, the only possible means by which one of these States can be defended. Besides, the Government, ever since its origin, has been in the constant practice of constructing military roads. It might also be wise to consider whether the love for the Union which now animates our fellow-citizens on the Pacific Coast may not be impaired by our neglect or refusal to provide for them, in their remote and isolated condition, the only means by which the power of the States on this side of the Rocky Mountains can reach them in sufficient time to "protect" them "against invasion." I forbear for the present from expressing an opinion as to the wisest and most economical mode in which the Government can lend its aid in accomplishing this great and necessary work. I believe that many of the difficulties in the way, which now appear formidable, will in a great degree vanish as soon as the nearest and best route shall have been satisfactorily ascertained. It may be proper that on this occasion I should make some brief remarks in regard to our rights and duties as a member of the great family of nations. In our intercourse with them there are some plain principles, approved by our own experience, from which we should never depart. We ought to cultivate peace, commerce, and friendship with all nations, and this not merely as the best means of promoting our own material interests, but in a spirit of Christian benevolence toward our fellow-men, wherever their lot may be cast. Our diplomacy should be direct and frank, neither seeking to obtain more nor accepting less than is our due. We ought to cherish a sacred regard for the independence of all nations, and never attempt to interfere in the domestic concerns of any unless this shall be imperatively required by the great law of self-preservation. To avoid entangling alliances has been a maxim of our policy ever since the days of Washington, and its wisdom's no one will attempt to dispute. In short, we ought to do justice in a kindly spirit to all nations and require justice from them in return. It is our glory that whilst other nations have extended their dominions by the sword we have never acquired any territory except by fair purchase or, as in the case of Texas, by the voluntary determination of a brave, kindred, and independent people to blend their destinies with our own. Even our acquisitions from Mexico form no exception. Unwilling to take advantage of the fortune of war against a sister republic, we purchased these possessions under the treaty of peace for a sum which was considered at the time a fair equivalent. Our past history forbids that we shall in the future acquire territory unless this be sanctioned by the laws of justice and honor. Acting on this principle, no nation will have a right to interfere or to complain if in the progress of events we shall still further extend our possessions. Hitherto in all our acquisitions the people, under the protection of the American flag, have enjoyed civil and religious liberty, as well as equal and just laws, and have been contented, prosperous, and happy. Their trade with the rest of the world has rapidly increased, and thus every commercial nation has shared largely in their successful progress. I shall now proceed to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution, whilst humbly invoking the

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blessing of Divine Providence on this great people.





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Also, on March 4th, [John Brown](#)'s "To the Friends of Freedom" solicitation appeared in the New-York [Daily Tribune](#):

# New-York Daily Tribune

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1857.

## To the Friends of Freedom.

The undersigned, whose individual means were exceedingly limited when he first engaged in the struggle for Liberty in Kansas, being now still more destitute and no less anxious than in time past to continue his efforts to sustain that cause, is induced to make this earnest appeal to the friends of Freedom throughout the United States, in the firm belief that his call will not go unheeded. I ask all honest lovers of *Liberty and Human Rights, both male and female* to hold up my hands by contributions of pecuniary aid, either as counties, cities, towns, villages, societies, churches or individuals.

I will endeavor to make a judicious and faithful application of all such means as I may be supplied with. Contributors may be sent in drafts to W. H. D. Callender, Cashier State Bank, Hartford, Ct. It is my intention to visit as many places as I can during my stay in the States, provided I am first informed of the disposition of the inhabitants to aid me *in my efforts*, as well as to receive my visit. Information may be communicated to me (care of Massasoit House) at Springfield, Mass. Will editors of newspapers friendly to the cause kindly second the measure, and also give this some half dozen insertions? Will either gentlemen or ladies, or both, who love the cause, volunteer to take up the business? It is with *no little sacrifice of personal feeling* that I appear in this manner before the public.

JOHN BROWN.

New-York, March, 1857.

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[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 4th]

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March 11, Wednesday: [Thaddeus Hyatt](#) wrote to H.B. Hurd: "I must rush into [Kansas](#) in time to meet my Boat which started from Cincinnati Tuesday morning 10th inst...."

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March 11. I see and talk with Rice, sawing off the ends of clapboards which he has planed, to make them square, for an addition to his house. He has got a fire in his shop, and plays at house-building there. His life is poetic. He does the work himself. He combines several qualities and talents rarely combined. Though he owns houses in the city, whose repair he attends to, finds tenants for them, and collects the rent, he also has his Sudbury farm and bean-fields. Though he lived in a city, he would still be natural and related to primitive nature around him. Though he owned all Beacon Street, you might find that his mittens were made of the skin of a woodchuck that had ravaged his bean-field, which he had cured. I noticed a woodchuck's skin tacked up to the inside of his shop. He said it had fattened on his beans, and William had killed [it] and expected to get another to make a pair of mittens of, one not being quite large enough. It was excellent for mittens. You could hardly wear it out.

Spoke of the cuckoo, which was afraid of the birds, was easily beaten; would dive right into the middle of a poplar, then come out on to some bare twig and look round for a nest to rob of young or eggs. Had noticed a pigeon woodpecker go repeatedly in a straight line from his nest in an apple tree to a distant brook-side in a meadow, dive down there, and in a few minutes return.

March 19, Thursday: Sir [George Back](#) was promoted to rear-admiral on the reserve list. Until the end of his life he would participate actively in the Royal Geographical Society, of which he would be a member in council, and for seven years vice-president.

[Thaddeus Hyatt](#) wrote to H.B. Hurd that on its way to the [Kansas Territory](#), the low-water steamboat *Lightfoot* had reached St. Louis.

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March 19. Heavy rain in the night and to-day, i.e. A.M. This, as usual, rapidly settles the ways, for, taking the frost out, the water that stood on the surface is soaked up, so that it is even drier and better walking before this heavy rain is over than it was yesterday before it began. It is April weather. I observed yesterday a dead shiner by the riverside, and to-day the first sucker.

March 20, Friday: [Governor John White Geary](#) of the [Kansas Territory](#) resigned.

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[Henry Thoreau](#) dined at the Emersons, where Professor [Louis Agassiz](#) was a guest. He recorded that the scientist "thinks that the suckers die of asphyxia, having very large air-bladders and being in the habit of coming to the surface for air. But then, he is thinking of a different phenomenon from the one I speak of, which last is confined to the very earliest spring or winter."

WALDO EMERSON



March 20. Dine with Agassiz at R.W.E.'s. He thinks that the suckers die of asphyxia, having very large air-bladders and being in the habit of coming to the surface for air. But then he is thinking of a different phenomenon from the one I speak of, which last is confined to the very earliest spring or winter. he says that the *Emys picta* does not copulate till seven years old, and then does not lay till four years after copulation, or when eleven years old. The *Cistudo Blandingii* (which he has heard of in Massachusetts only at Lancaster) copulates at eight or nine years of age. He says this is not a *Cistudo* but an *Emys*. He has eggs of the *serpentina* from which the young did not come forth till the next spring. He thinks that the Esquimaux dog is the only indigenous one in the United States. He had not observed the silvery appearance and the dryness of the lycoperdon fungus in water which I showed. He had broken caterpillars and found the crystals of ice in them, but had not thawed them. When I began to tell him of my experiment on a frozen fish, he said that Pallas had shown that fishes were frozen and thawed again, but I affirmed the contrary, and then Agassiz agreed with me.

DOG



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Says Aristotle describes the care the pouts take of their young. I told him of Tanner's account of it, the only one I had seen.

The river over the meadows again, nearly as high as in February, on account of rain of the 19th.

LOUIS AGASSIZ

March 21, Saturday: [Governor John White Geary](#) had been fearing for his personal safety ever since his private secretary, Dr. John Gihon, was assaulted by proslavery ruffians. With the election of President James Buchanan, he was as a federal appointee of course more or less automatically out of office. Armed with two guns, he left the [Kansas Territory](#) during this night to return to the comparative safety of Washington DC. He would speak to anyone who would listen about the danger posed by current struggles in the territory.

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[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR MARCH 21st]

Spring: The settlers of Hyatt in the [Kansas Territory](#) erected a sawmill, to which in the next fall a grist mill would be attached.

With the opening of a US land office in [Lecompton](#), it became possible to file land claims in the [Kansas Territory](#).

[Ellery Channing](#) vacationed in Concord for at least a dozen days.

April: The [disowned Edwin Coppoc](#)'s brother [Barclay Coppoc](#) was disciplined by the [Religious Society of Friends](#) for using profane language and for striking a man in anger. He accepted the discipline and was forgiven.

[Chaplain Daniel Foster](#) informed [the Reverend Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#) that he wanted to emigrate to [Kansas](#) because he was "convinced that our cause must receive a baptism of blood before it can be victorious."

*I expect to serve in Capt. John Brown's company in the next Kansas war, which I hope is inevitable & near at hand.*

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

April 2, Thursday: [Thaddeus Hyatt](#)'s shallow-water steamboat *Lightfoot* arrived in Kansas City, Missouri on its way into the [Kansas Territory](#). After a couple of days the Kansas City [Enterprise](#), a weekly, would be printing the following notice:

STEAMER LIGHTFOOT.—A neat little steamer with the above name arrived at our wharf on Thursday under the command of our old friend Capt. Mott Morrison. She is intended for a Kansas River Packet.... This makes the fourth boat for the Kansas River the present season....

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



April 2: Go to New Bedford. A great change in the weather. I set out apple trees yesterday, but in the night it was very cold, with snow, which is now several inches deep. On the sidewalk in Cambridge I see a toad, which apparently hopped out from under a fence last evening, frozen quite hard in a sitting posture. Carried it into Boston in my pocket, but could not thaw it into life. The other day as I came to the front of the house I

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caught sight of a genuine wayfaring man, an oldish countryman, with a frock and a bundle strapped to his back, who was speaking to the butcher, just then driving off in his cart. He was a gaunt man with a flashing eye, as if half crazy with travel, and was complaining, "You see it shakes me so, I would rather travel the common road." I supposed that lie referred to the rail-road, which the butcher had recommended for shortness. I was touched with compassion on observing the butcher's apparent indifference, as, jumping to his seat, he drove away before the traveller had finished his sentence, and the latter fell at once into the regular wayfarer's gait, bending under his pack and holding the middle of the road with a teetering gait. On my way to New Bedford, see within a couple of rods of the railroad, in some country town, a boy's box trap set for some muskrat or mink by the side of a little pond. The lid was raised, and I could see the bait on its point. A black snake was seen yesterday in the Quaker burying-ground here.



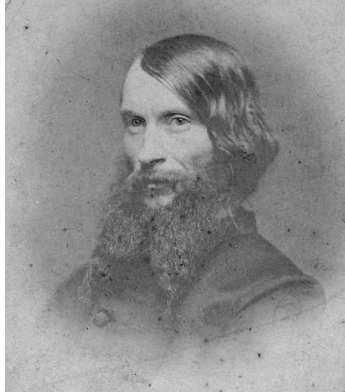
NEW BEDFORD MA



# KANSAS

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April 7, Tuesday: [Thaddeus Hyatt](#)'s shallow-water steamboat *Lightfoot* arrived at [Lawrence](#) in the [Kansas Territory](#).



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[William Cooper Nell](#) became the manager of Boston's recently formed Histrionic Club.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was making a journal entry which he would later use a half a paragraph from, in one of his few alterations of his [CAPE COD](#) manuscript, in Chapter 6. No journal materials subsequent to this entry appear in the book, even though he would visit the cape again a couple of months later and make many lively and appropriate observations that he might well have added.

## ROSS/ADAMS COMMENTARY



April 7. Tuesday. Went to walk in the woods. When I had got half a mile or more away in the woods alone, and was sitting on a rock, was surprised to be joined by R's large Newfoundland dog Ranger, who had smelled me out and so tracked me. Would that I could add his woodcraft to my own! He would trot along before me as far as the winding wood-path allowed me to see him, and then, with the shortest possible glance over his shoulder, ascertain if I was following. At a fork in the road he would pause, look back at me, and deliberate which course I would take.

DOG

At sundown I went out to gather bayberries to make tallow of. Holding a basket beneath, I rubbed them off into it between my hands, and so got about a quart, to which were added enough to make about three pints. They are interesting little gray berries clustered close about the short bare twigs, just below the last year's growth. The berries have little prominences, like those of an orange, encased with tallow, the tallow also filling the interstices, down to the nut.

They require a great deal of boiling to get out all the tallow. The outmost case soon melted off, but the most part I did not get even after many hours of boiling. The oily part rose to the top, making it look like a savory black broth, which smelled just like balm or other herb tea. I got about a quarter of a pound by weight from these say three pints of berries, and some yet remained. Boil a great while, let it cool, then skim off the tallow from the surface; melt again and strain it. What I got was more yellow than what I have seen in the shops. A small portion cooled in the form of small corns (nuggets I called them when I picked them out from amid the berries), flat hemispherical, of a very pure lemon yellow, and these needed no straining. The berries were left black and massed together by the remaining tallow.

Cat-briar (*Smilax*) they call here "the devil's wrapping yarn." I see several emperor moth cocoons, with small eggs on the back, apparently of the ichneumon fly, that has destroyed the nymph.



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May: The Reverend [Daniel Foster](#) was one of the party that founded the town of Mapleton in the [Kansas Territory](#). Soon afterward he would be elected to and would sit with the “unofficial” (anti-slavery) Kansas Territory House of Representatives during a couple of brief and chaotic terms in 1857.

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[Sojourner Truth](#) again was speaking in the vicinity of Battle Creek, Michigan.

[Senator Jefferson Davis](#) would be visiting Mississippi between sessions of the federal Congress, until November, and speaking extensively.

May 24, Sunday: [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [Concord](#), to his journal:



ELLERY CHANNING

WALDO EMERSON

LIDIAN EMERSON

ELLEN EMERSON

EDITH EMERSON

EDDIE EMERSON

*Sunday fine and warm – wind light. Thermometer at 86 above zero north side Mr. Thoreau’s house at 2 P.M. Rowed upon the river with Thoreau this forenoon. Walked up Lee’s Hill and visited the old Lee farm, the house having been lately burned. The barn and hen-houses are very complete affairs. Dined at Mr. Thoreau’s; spent part of the P.M. in my room at Channing’s house talking with Thoreau upon various topics. Took a long walk this P.M., leaving at four and returning at seven to the cliff with Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, their two daughters, Ellen and Edith, son Edward, and my friend Thoreau; had tea and spent the remainder of the evening with the Emersons. Much pleased with Mrs. E.’s fine sense and sensibility as well as humanity, topics relative to which were the principal part of my conversation with her on the walk this P.M.*

[Governor Robert John Walker](#) arrived in the [Kansas Territory](#), promising the impossible, fair and satisfactory dealings with all political factions.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



May 24. A.M.— To Hill.

White ash, apparently yesterday, at Grape Shore but not at Conantum. What a singular appearance for some weeks its great masses of dark-purple anthers have made, fruit-like on the trees!

A very warm morning. Now the birds sing more than ever, methinks, now, when the leaves are fairly expanding, the first really warm summer days. The water on the meadows is perfectly smooth nearly all the day. At 3 P. M. the thermometer is at 88°. It soon gets to be quite hazy. Apple out. Heard one speak to-day of his sense of awe at the thought of God, and suggested to him that awe was the cause of the potato-rot. The same speaker dwelt on the sufferings of life, but my advice was to go about one’s business, suggesting that no ecstasy was ever interrupted, nor its fruit blasted. As for completeness and roundness, to be sure, we are each like one of the laciniae of a lichen, a torn fragment, but not the less cheerfully we expand in a moist day and assume unexpected colors. We want no completeness but intensity of life. Hear the first cricket as I go through a warm hollow, bringing round the summer with his everlasting strain.

IRISH POTATO FAMINE

May 30, Saturday: [Thaddeus Hyatt](#) wrote to H.B. Hurd of “a series of untoward events and misfortunes connected with my boat,” the low-water steamboat *Lightfoot*. During the greater part of its first and only journey on the Kansas River of the [Kansas Territory](#) it had gotten itself hung up on sandbar after sandbar.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



May 30. P.M.— To chestnut oaks. I think that there are many chestnut-sided warblers this season. They are pretty tame. One sits within six feet of me, though not still. He is much painted up. Blue-stemmed goldenrod is already a foot high. I see the geranium and two-leaved Solomon's-seal out, the last abundant. The red *pyrus* by the path, not yet, but probably the same elsewhere. The young black oak leaflets are dark red or reddish, thick and downy; the scarlet oak also are somewhat reddish, thick and downy, or thin and green and little downy, like red oak, but rather more deeply cut; the red oak broad, thin, green and not downy; the white pink-red. Was it not a whip-poor-will I scared up at the base of a bush in the woods to-day, that went off with a clumsy flight? By the path near the northeast shore of Flint's Pond, just before reaching the wall by the brook, I see what I take to be an uncommonly large *Uvularia sessilifolia* flower, but, looking again, am surprised to find it the *Uvularia perfoliata*, which I have not found hereabouts before. It is a taller and much more erect plant than the other, with a larger flower, methinks. It is considerably past its prime and probably began with the other. Chestnut oak not yet in bloom, though the black and scarlet are well out in ordinary places. Its young leaves have a reddish-brown tinge. All the large trees are cut down. The white oak is not out. It is remarkable that many beech and chestnut oak leaves, which so recently expanded, have already attained their full size! How they launch themselves forth to the light! How suddenly Nature spreads her umbrellas! How little delay in expanding leaves! They seem to expand before our eyes, like the wings of moths just fallen from the cocoon. Buttercups thickly spot the churchyard. Perhaps I could write meditations under a rock in a shower. When first I had sheltered myself under the rock, I began at once to look out on the pond with new eyes, as from my house. I was at Lee's Cliff as I had never been there before, had taken up my residence there, as it were. Ordinarily we make haste away from all opportunities to be where we have instinctively endeavored to get. When the storm was over where I was, and only a few thin drops were falling around me, I plainly saw the rear of the rain withdrawing over the Lincoln woods south of the pond, and, above all, heard the grand rushing sound made by the rain falling on the freshly green forest, a very different sound when thus heard at a distance from what it is when we are in the midst of it. In the latter case we are soothed by a gentle pattering and do not suspect the noise which a rain-storm makes. This Cliff thus became my house. I inhabited it. When, at length, it cleared up, it was unexpectedly early and light, and even the sun came out and shone warm on my back as I went home. Large puddles occupied the cart-paths and rose above the grass in the fields. In the midst of the shower, though it was not raining very hard, a black and white creeper came and inspected the limbs of a tree before my rock, in his usual zigzag, prying way, head downward often, and when it thundered loudest, heeded it not. Birds appear to be but little incommoded by the rain. Yet they do not often sing in it. The blue sky is never more celestial to our eyes than when it is first seen here and there between the clouds at the end of a storm,—a sign of speedy fair weather. I saw clear blue patches for twenty minutes or more in the southwest before I could leave my covert, for still I saw successive fine showers falling between me and the thick glaucous white pine beneath. I think that such a projection as this, or a cave, is the only effectual protection that nature affords us against the storm. I sang "Tom Bowling" there in the midst of the rain, and the dampness seemed to be favorable to my voice. There was a slight rainbow on my way home. Met Conant riding home, who had been caught in town and detained, though he had an umbrella. Already a spider or other insect had drawn together the just expanded leaves of a hickory before my door with its web within them, making a close tent. This twig extended under my rocky roof and was quite dry. Probably a portion of the Cliff, being undermined by rain, had anciently fallen out and left this rocky roof above.


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This mention of a "pumpkin pine," above, requires some explanation: "Men derive very various nutriment from the same nature, their common habitat, like plants. Some derive, as it were directly from the soil, a brawny body, and their cheeks bulge out like pumpkin sweetings. They seem more thoroughly naturalized here, and the elements are kinder to them. They have more of the wind and rain and meadow muck in their composition. They flourish in the swampy soil like vegetables and do not fear toothache or neuralgia. Some grow like a pumpkin pine, at least. They fish and hunt and get the meadow-hay. Compared with ordinary men, they grow like a Rohan potato beside a Lady's-Finger. Their system has great power of assimilation. The soil is native to them. As different elements go to the composition of two human bodies as the thoughts that occupy their brains are different. How much more readily one nature assimilates to beef and potatoes and makes itself a brawny body of them, than another." And in 1853 [Henry Thoreau](#) had written in his journal something that would get into his [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) manuscript, "Having each some shingles of thought well dried, we walk and whittle them, trying our knives, and admiring the clear yellowish grain of the pumpkin pine."  So — what the halibut is a pumpkin pine? Explanation follows:

### The Mystery of the Pumpkin Pine, by Ed Nizalowski

On September 7, 1997, an article written by Rick Marsi entitled "The Great Pumpkin Mystery" appeared in the [Press and Sun-Bulletin](#). Rick had visited with Harry Hagelberg of Windsor NY, whose entire home was made of wood which had been referred to as "pumpkin pine." The wood in question is a type of white pine which has an especially bright and unusual coloring.

Hagelberg first became aware of this in 1955 while in the process of remodeling his home. He contacted a variety of foresters for information. They ventured a theory that the boards had come from virgin pine which might be several hundred years old. When these trees were able to grow for this length of time, the oxidation of sugars inside the tree caused the heartwood to take on this "dark pumpkin-colored patina." Hagelberg's home had been built prior to the Civil War and was very likely built from the trees of the primeval forest. It was also surmised that the home





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might have come from one single tree.

I found this article very intriguing and fascinating, but I could not buy into the theory that the pumpkin pine was simply a characteristic of old growth. I felt that there was some other factor or factors which came into play.

Learning about the character and nature of the primeval forest that existed in the Southern Tier has become another one of my quests, but it has been difficult to find much specific information. Since I don't know of any logging much earlier than the 1790's, this entire area was one large primeval forest. In one the histories written about Tioga County back in the 1880's, it mentions that there were instances of white pine in the Town of Candor that were 5' in diameter and 175' high. White pine of this type could probably be found throughout the Southern Tier. In the book *TIMBER FRAME CONSTRUCTION* by Jack Sobon and Roger Schroeder, they state that the dense heartwood of old growth white pine became reddish brown, but that would normally not apply to the entire log. They also gave the dimensions used for masts back in the colonial period: a 100 footer, squared to 3X3 at the butt and 2 feet square at the top and a 120 footer, 4 feet square at the butt and 30 inches at the top. The original masts on a ship like the USS *Constitution* were single trees, but it was discovered that laminating the masts made them withstand greater cannon fire.

A letter by John Pochis which appeared in the [Press and Sun-Bulletin](#) on September 15 provided further information. According to John, Norm Abram of the PBS series *NEW YANKEE WORKSHOP* referred to pumpkin pine as the heartwood of mature eastern white pine trees. It was a favorite of colonial furniture makers because of its color and uniform consistency. Many described the workability of the wood like cutting into a pumpkin. Pochis also mentioned that there were many accounts of pumpkin pine exceeding 200' in height and 8' in diameter.

Although much of the old growth was gone by the period that Mr. Hagelberg's house was being built (1840-1850), some stands still existed. However, it is not likely that you would build your entire house from a single tree, regardless of the size. You might obtain most of your boards from a single tree, but for the frame you would select specimens that would be more in the range of 2 feet in diameter and perhaps 100 feet tall. This kind of tree is much easier to hand hew.

An internet search pulled up 58 references to pumpkin pine. Almost all of them were in New England: country inns, bed and breakfasts and real estate agencies. It also included a reference from *WALDEN* by Henry David Thoreau.

A fellow in Branford, Connecticut, will make you a pumpkin pine table from 5' to 9' long ranging in price from \$1,095 to \$1,695. An Aged Woods outlet in York, Pennsylvania sells "antique distressed" white pine which has a wine stain color.

I spoke with Ellis Bradley who runs a shop in Connecticut and he said that the term was coined by Pennsylvania woodcrafters and then was subsequently adopted by New Englanders. He said that the old growth white pine would have a much greater percentage of heartwood. Not only would the initial color be different, but this would change once it had contact with the air and would change with subsequent working of the wood.

I contacted Mr. Hagelberg by phone and was able to pay him a visit on November 17th. Hagelberg, it turns out, was of Finnish



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origin and had moved to Windsor from Brooklyn in the early 1950's. He gave me a tour of the house which exhibited the typical construction of homes from the early to mid-1800s. I had a chance to view the flattened logs which served as floor joists in the cellar and the 45' plates which ran the full length of the attic.

His pumpkin pine boards shown in their brilliance in his living room although I would describe their color as more of a light brown with a yellowish-golden cast which seems to hover just over the surface. It was a remarkable tour given by a remarkable man. In spite of being born in 1901, he was still in pursuit of understanding more about this remarkable wood which had sheltered him and his family for so many years. He appreciated my interest, my research and my visit.

In my estimation the pumpkin pine is still a mystery. It is more wide spread than I had imagined, but it still seems to be unique. If it were simply a function of old growth, primeval forest, then it should be fairly common because most everything built prior to the Civil War came from an old growth forest that stretched from Maine to Michigan.

I speculate that it might be something in the soil which is taken up by the pine or perhaps large pine stands eventually change something in the soil after tons and tons of needles, limbs and logs have dropped over the years. One point that helps support this theory is that the original article of September 7th mentioned that a 10' trunk of white pine was near Hagelberg's home. The shavings indicate that it is pumpkin pine, but this is not likely a tree from 150 years ago. This stump cannot be that old since white pine stumps do not last that long. And if the frame (plates, posts and purlins) were from moderately sized trees, these might still be quite old but certainly not ancient and the percentage of heartwood would not be that great. Be that as it may, the mystery and wonder of the pumpkin pine is one of the historical oddities that help keep the neurons of your mind from lapsing into complacency.

I will end this pumpkin pine missive with Thoreau's reference which comes from the chapter "Winter Visitors." He mentions one particular visitor with whom Thoreau spent many an evening: "A blue-robed man, whose fittest roof is the overarching sky which reflects his serenity." In a wonderful analogy combining philosophy, intellect and nature, Thoreau pays homage to the white pine which he loved so much:

"Having each some shingles of thought well dried, we sat and whittled them, trying our knives, and admiring the clear yellowish grain of the pumpkin pine."

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June: In the new town of Hyatt in the [Kansas Territory](#), a post-office was established. W.F.M. Army would serve as postmaster.

In a New-York newspaper this newly formed political party, the “Black Republicans,” was depicted as an opera singer effusing his admiration for two repulsively sturdy female figures — one a Negro woman, the other an Irish woman:



**THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION**

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote two letters that have not been preserved (one of them presumably to John Langdon Sibley).

June 24, Wednesday: Peoria, Kaskaskia, Wea, and Pinakashaw tribal lands declared to be “surplus” were sold.

**“BLEEDING KANSAS”**



June 24, Wednesday: P.M. —To Farmer’s Owl-Nest Swamp. Melvin thinks there cannot be many black ducks’ nests in the town, else his dog would find them, for he will follow their trail as well as another bird’s, or a fox. The dog once caught five black ducks here but partly grown. Farmer was hoeing corn with his Irishmen. The crows had got much of it, and when he came to a vacant hill he took a few beans from his pocket -- for each

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DOG

hoer had a pocketfull -- and dropped them there, so making his rows complete. Melvin was there with his dog, which had just caught a woodchuck. M. said that he once saw a fox jump over a wall with something in his mouth, and, going up, the fox dropped a woodchuck and a mouse, which he had caught and was carrying home to his young. He had eaten the head of the woodchuck. When M. looked there the next morning they were gone. Went to Farmer's Swamp to look for the screech owl's nest Farmer had found. You go about forty-five rods on the first path to the left in the woods and then turn to the left a few rods. I found the nest at last near the top of a middling-sized white pine, about thirty feet from the ground. As I stood by the tree, the old bird dashed by within a couple rods, uttering a peculiar mewing sound, which she kept up amid the bushes, a blackbird in close pursuit of her. I found the nest empty, on one side of the main stem but close to it, resting on some limbs. It was made of twigs rather less than an eighth of an inch thick and was almost flat above, only an inch lower in the middle than at the edge, about sixteen inches in diameter and six or eight inches thick, with the twigs in the midst, and beneath was mixed with sphagnum and sedge from the swamp beneath, and the lining or flooring was coarse strips of grape-vine bark; the whole pretty firmly matted together. How common and important a material is grape-vine bark for birds' nests! Nature wastes nothing. There were white droppings of the young on the nest and one large pellet of fur and small bones two and a half inches long. In the meanwhile, the old bird was uttering that hoarse worried note from time to time, somewhat like a partridge's, flying past from side to side and alighting amid the trees or bushes. When I had descended, I detected one young bird two thirds grown perched on a branch of the next tree, about fifteen feet from the ground, which was all the while staring at me with its great yellow eyes. It was gray with gray horns and a dark beak [Long-eared Owl, *Asio otus*]. As I walked past near it, it turned its head steadily, always facing me, without moving its body, till it looked directly the opposite way over its back, but never offered to fly. Just then I thought surely that I heard a puppy faintly barking at me four or five rods distant amid the bushes, having tracked me into the swamp, —*what what, what what what*. It was exactly such a noise as the barking of a very small dog or perhaps a fox. But it was the old owl, for I presently saw her making it. She repeated [*sic*] perched quite near. She was generally reddish-brown or partridge-colored, the breast mottled with dark brown and fawn-color in downward strings [*sic*] and had plain fawn-colored thighs.

Summer: Otilie Assing was living with the Douglasses in Rochester, New York. For the following period of 22 years she would shuttle back and forth from summers with [Frederick Douglass](#) to winters in her rooms at Hoboken, New Jersey — rooms which Frederick frequently would be visiting.



In the new town of Hyatt in the [Kansas Territory](#), B.F. Allen opened a store. That summer there would be much sickness and a number of deaths.

The attorney Charles H. Branscomb, a general agent for the Emigrant Aid Society in the [Kansas Territory](#), was caught padding his expense account (he has been described as “less dishonest than incompetent”). He would open a law office in Lawrence.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

By this point the National [Kansas](#) Committee of [Thaddeus Hyatt](#) had dispersed its supplies and depleted its funds, and so the activities of his organization would begin to wind down.



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July 15, Wednesday: [John Brown](#) wrote a long autobiographical letter to [George Luther Stearns](#).<sup>85</sup>



[Governor Robert John Walker](#) declared Lawrence in the [Kansas Territory](#) to be in rebellion on account of its having established an illegal government.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

85.This letter would be passed along to [Waldo Emerson](#) and many of its allegations and much of its phrasing would appear in a presentation delivered by him in Salem on January 6, 1860.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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August: The 45-year-old, famous, married man Charles Dickens met and impressed an impressionable 18-year-old actress named Ellen Ternan.



Actually it was a little more complicated than that. Wilkie Collins had written a play, “The Frozen Deep,” that was a sort of public catharsis for the loss of [Sir John Franklin](#). This play featured Dickens as producer, director, and actor in a leading role, and he had modified it substantially as it had gone along. Queen Victoria herself had seen the production and announced that she had been pleased, so Dickens arranged for his Company of Strolling Players, which had consisted of his family and friends of the family, to stage performances in Manchester. At this point, however, Dickens replaced the female members of his family with professional actresses including Frances Ternan and two daughters, Maria and Ellen. Thus Dickens and Ellen performing together in “The Frozen Deep.”

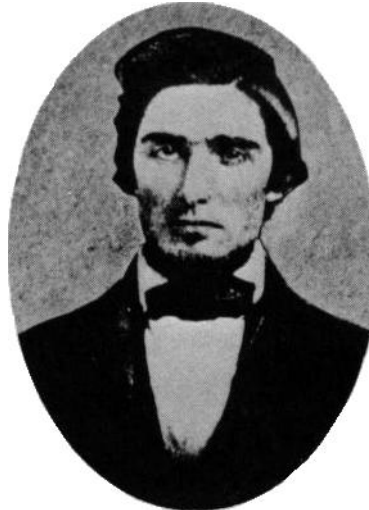


Having tied up his loose ends in [New-York](#), the mercenary [Hugh Forbes](#) set out for Mount Tabor, Iowa, to set up a training school to drill [John Brown](#)'s private army in use of the stash of weapons that they had stored in that town, only to discover that the sole “Patriotic Volunteers” available for him to train were [John Brown](#) and his son [Owen Brown](#). Over and above that, Captain Brown would be entirely incapable of continuing to pay this mercenary's \$100/month wages, plus expenses. When Forbes was briefed on Brown's plan for [servile insurrection](#), he was shocked. Such a plan could never succeed. The only thing that could possibly work would be for white men to round up the black slaves in the northern borderlands of slavery, and drive them through the mountains to [Canada](#) — where they would become someone else's problem!

# KANSAS

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[Jeremiah Goldsmith Anderson](#) settled a mile from Fort Bain on the Little Osage in Bourbon County of the [Kansas Territory](#). He would be twice arrested by the proslavery activists, and for 10 weeks would be held at Fort Scott. He would then become a lieutenant of Captain Montgomery and would be with him in the attack on Captain Anderson's troop of the First US Cavalry. He would witness a murder on his own doorstep by border ruffians, of a Mr. Denton. He would go with [John Brown](#) on the slave raid into Missouri and remain with him thereafter.



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(On July 5, 1859 he would write 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 would be 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.")

August 8, Saturday: [John Brown](#) wrote from Tabor, Iowa, reporting to [George Luther Stearns](#) in Boston about the difficulties of his wagon journey toward the [Kansas Territory](#), about a lack of adequate contributions, and about a great many unexpected large expenses: "This has exceedingly mortified me. I could tell you much more had I room and time. Have not given up."

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



August 8, Saturday: Get home at 8.30 A.M.

I find that B.M. Watson sent me from Plymouth, July 20th, six glow-worms, of which two remain, the rest having escaped. He says they were found by his family on the evenings of the 18th and 19th of July. "They are very scarce, these being the only ones we have found as yet. They were mostly found on the way from the barn to James's cottage, under the wild cherry trees on the right hand, in the grass where it was very dry, and at considerable distance from each other. We have had no rain for a month."

Examining them by night, they are about three quarters of an inch long as they crawl. Looking down on one, it shows two bright dots near together on the head, and, along the body, nine transverse lines of light, succeeded by two more bright dots at the other extremity, wider apart than the first. There is also a bright dot on each side opposite the transverse lines. It is a greenish light, growing more green as the worm is brought into more light. A slumbering, glowing, *inward* light, as if shining for itself inward as much as outward. The other worm, which was at first curled up still and emitted a duller light, was one and one twentieth inches in length and also showed two dots of light only on the forward segment. When stretched out, as you look down on them, they have a square-edged look, like a row of buns joined together. Such is the ocular illusion. But whether stretched out or



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curled up, they look like some kind of rare and precious gem, so regularly marked, far more beautiful than a uniform mass of light would be.

Examining by day, I found the smallest to be seven eighths to one inch long, and the body about one sixth of an inch wide and from one thirteenth to one twelfth of an inch deep, convex above, pointed at head, broader at tail; head about one twentieth of an inch wide. Yet these worms were more nearly linear, or of a uniform breadth (being perhaps broadest at forward extremity), than the *Lampyre* represented in my French book, which is much the broadest behind and has also two rows of dots down the back. They have six light-brown legs within a quarter of an inch of the forward extremity. The worm is composed of twelve segments or overlapping scales, like the abdominal plates of a snake, and has a slight elastic projection (?) beneath at tail. It has also six short antennae-like projections from the head, the two outer on each side the longest, the two inner very short. The general color above was a pale brownish yellow or buff; the head small and dark brown; the antennae chestnut and white; white or whitish on sides and beneath. You could see a faint dorsal line. They were so transparent that you could see the internal motions when looking down on them.

I kept them in a sod, supplying a fresh one each day. They were invariably found underneath it by day, next the floor, still and curled up in a ring, with the head within or covered by the tail. Were apt to be restless on being exposed to the light. One that got away in the yard was found again ten feet off and down cellar.

What kind are these?

In the account of the Glow-worm in Rees's Cyclopaedia it is said, "The head is small, flat, hard, and black, and sharp towards the mouth; it has short antennae, and six moderately long legs; the body is flat and is composed of twelve rings, whereas the body of the male consists only of five; it is of a dusky color, with a streak of white down the back."

[Knapp](#), in "Journal of a Naturalist," speaks of "the luminous caudal spot" of the *Lampyris noctiluca*.<sup>86</sup> Speaking with Dr. Reynolds about the phosphorescence which I saw in Maine, etc., etc., he said that he had seen the will-o'-the-wisp, a small blue flame, like burning alcohol, a few inches in diameter, over a bog, which moved when the bog was shaken.

86. Vide September 16th for an account of another kind. Vide January 15, 1858.



KANSAS

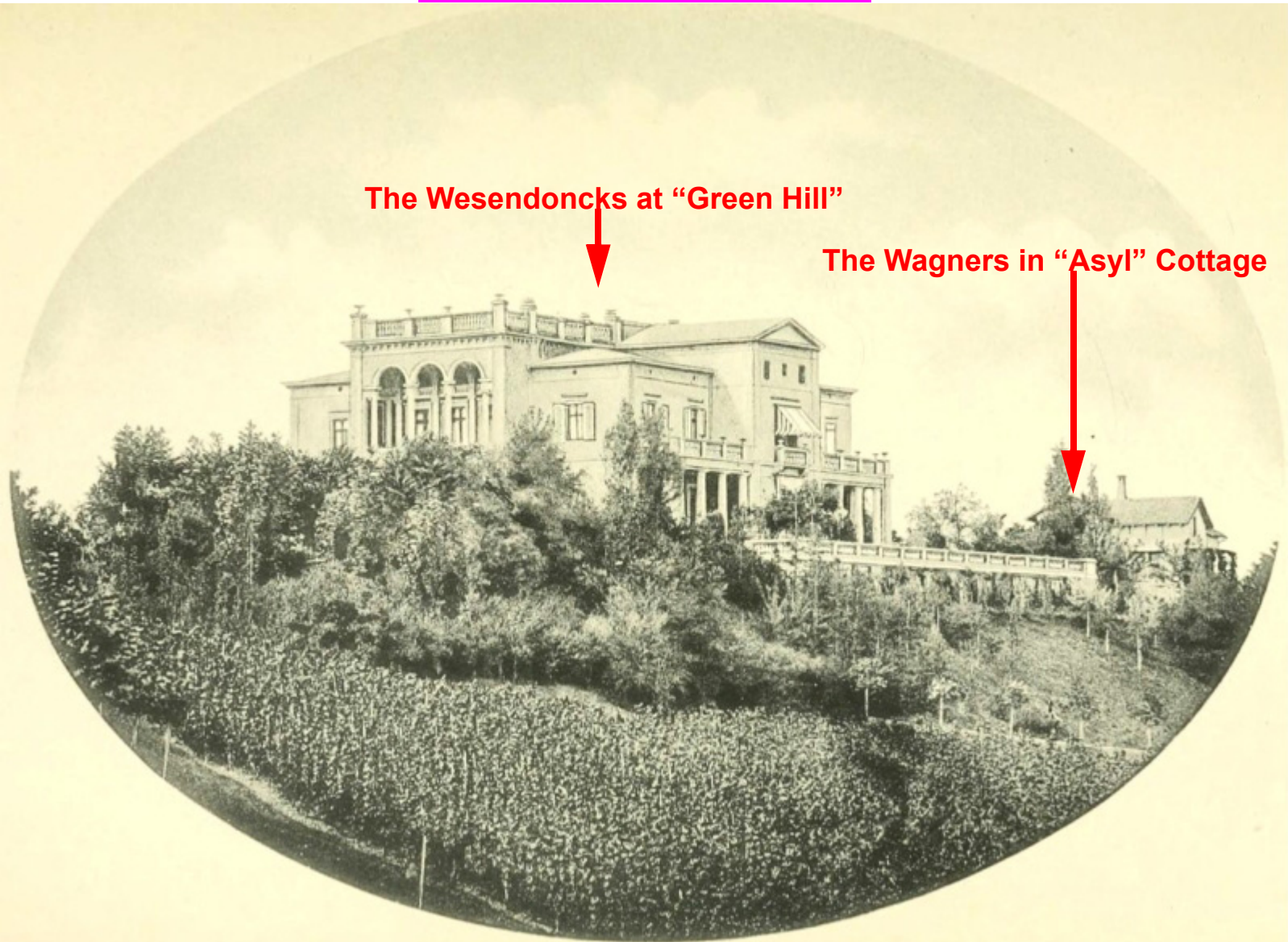
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August 20, Thursday: In the [Kansas Territory](#), [Charles Lawrence Robinson](#) was acquitted of a charge of treason by a district court.

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In the cottage "Asyl" at the [Otto Friedrich Ludwig Wesendonck](#) villa "Green Hill" outside Zürich, [Richard Wagner](#) stopped work on *Siegfried* to begin *Tristan und Isolde*.

LISTEN TO IT NOW



August 20, Thursday: P.M. -To Hubbard's Close. The hillside at Clintonia Swamp is in some parts quite shingled with the rattlesnake-plantain (*Goodyera pubescens*) leaves overlapping one another. The flower is now apparently in its prime.



August 20, Thursday: As I stand there, I hear a peculiar sound which I mistake for a woodpecker's tapping, but I soon see a cuckoo [**Black-billed Cuckoo** ■ *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*] hopping near suspiciously or inquisitively, at length within twelve feet, from time to time uttering a hard, dry note, very much



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like a woodpecker tapping a dead dry tree rapidly, its **full** clear white throat and breast toward me, and slowly lifting its tail from time to time. Though somewhat allied to that throttled note it makes by night, it was quite different from that.

I go along by the hillside footpath in the woods about Hubbard's Close. The *Goodyera repens* grows behind the spring where I used to sit, amid the dead pine leaves. Its leaves partly concealed in the grass. It is just done commonly.

*Helianthus*, *strumosus*-like, at the south end of Stow's cold pool; how long?

September: [Daniel Foster](#) moved to Russell in the [Kansas Territory](#) and spent most of the next two months traveling around the south-central part of the Territory taking a "Free-Soil Census."

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

September 7, Monday: In the [Kansas Territory](#), the Lecompton Constitutional Convention convened, pro government (pro slavery).

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

In [New Bedford](#), [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) was writing to [Henry Thoreau](#).

*The Shanty, Sept. 7th  
1857 —  
Dear Thoreau,  
I wrote you some  
two weeks ago that I  
intended visiting Concord,  
but have not yet found  
the way there. The object  
of my now writing is  
to invite you to make  
me a visit. Walton's  
small sail-boat is now*

Page 2  
*in Apawampset Pond.  
We took it up in our  
farm waggen to the south  
shore of Long-pond-(Appo  
nogue) visited the  
three islands in course  
and passed through the  
river that connects the  
said ponds. This is the  
finest season as to weather  
to visit the ponds and  
I feel much stronger  
than when you were  
here last spring. The*

Page 3  
*boys & myself have made  
several excursions to*

*our favourite region this  
summer, but we have left  
the best of it, so far as  
the voyage is concerned  
for you to accompany us.  
We hear nothing of Channing  
but conclude that he is  
with you — trust he has  
not left us entirely &  
hope to see him again  
before long. Now should*

Page 4

*my invitation prove  
acceptable to you, I  
should be glad to see  
you just as soon after  
the receipt of this as you  
you like to come — im-  
mediately if you please.  
If you cannot come and  
should ~~be~~ like to see me  
in Concord please  
inform me, but we all  
hope to see you here.  
Mrs R. & the rest join in  
regards & invitation.  
Remember us      Yrs truly  
to Channing.      D.R.*



September 7, Monday: P.M. —To Dodge Brook Wood. It occurred to me some weeks ago that the river-banks were not quite perfect. It is too late then, when the mikania is in bloom, because the pads are so much eaten then. Our first slight frost in some places this morning. Northwest wind to-day and cool weather; such weather as we have not had for a long time, a new experience, which arouses a corresponding breeze in us. Rhus venenata berries are whitening. Its leaves appear very fresh, of a rich, dark, damp green, and very little eaten by insects.

Go round by the north side of Farmer's (?) Wood, turn southeast into the shut-in field, and thence to Spencer Brook, a place for hawks. Bidens chrysanthemoides there; how long? There are three or four larch trees near the east edge of the meadows here. One measures two feet and seven inches in circumference at six feet from ground; begins to branch there, but is dead up to ten feet from ground, where its diameter is apparently about twelve feet; and from this it tapers regularly to the top, which is about forty-five feet from the ground, forming a regular, sharp pyramid, yet quite airy and thin, so that you could see a hawk through it pretty well. These are young and healthy trees.

Measured that large tupelo behind Merriam's, which now is covered with green fruit, and its leaves begin to redden. It is about thirty feet high, with a round head and equally broad near the ground. At one foot from the ground, it is four and a third feet in circumference; at seven feet, three and a third in circumference. The principal [branches] diverge at about fifteen or sixteen feet from the ground and tend upward; the lower ones are small and partly dead. The lowest, at about thirteen or fourteen feet from the ground, are three or four inches in diameter, and first grow out horizontally about six feet, then, making an abrupt angle, straggle downward nearly to the ground, fifteen feet from the tree. This leaves the tree remarkably open in the middle.

Returning to my boat, at the white maple, I see a small round flock of birds, perhaps blackbirds, dart through the air, as thick as a charge of shot, —now comparatively thin, with regular intervals of sky between them, like the holes in the strainer of a watering-pot, now dense and dark, as if closing up their ranks when they roll over

one another and stoop downward.

October 5, Monday: For the 1st time, on this day and the following one, [Free-Staters](#) would be able to elect a majority to the [Kansas](#) territorial legislature.

**THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION**



October 5, Monday: 1 P.M. – To Yellow Birch Swamp.

I go by the river and Hunt's Bridge. A warm and bright October afternoon. One man is making a gutter, to be prepared for rains, in his piece recently laid down in Merrick's pasture, where the grass is just springing up. I see many haws still green and hard, though their leaves are mostly fallen. Do they ever turn red and edible? Their leaves are a very dull reddish cast. The surface of the river sparkles in this air here and there. I see in most orchards the apples in heaps under the trees, and ladders slanted against their twiggy masses. The earth shines now as much as, or more than, ever in spring, especially the bare and somewhat faded fields, pastures, stubble, etc. The light is reflected as from a ripe surface, no longer absorbed to secure maturity.

I go north by Jarvis's lane from the old pump-maker's house. There is not that profusion and consequent confusion of events which belongs to a summer's walk. There are few flowers, birds, insects, or fruits now, and hence what does occur affects us as more simple and significant. The cawing of a crow, the scream of a jay. The latter seems to scream more fitly and with more freedom now that some fallen maple leaves have made way for his voice. The jay's voice resounds through the vacancies occasioned by fallen maple leaves.

The mulberry<sup>87</sup> was perhaps the first tree that was conspicuously turned after the maples. Many maples are still quite green; so that their gala-day will be prolonged. I see some hickories now a crisped mass of imbrowned yellow, green in the recesses, sere brown on the prominences, though the eye does not commonly thus discriminate. The smooth sumach is very important for its mass of clear red or crimson. Some of it is now a very dark crimson.

In the old Carlisle road I see a great many pitch pine twigs or plumes, cast down, evidently, by squirrels, –but for what?

Many are now gathering barberries.

Am surprised to see a large sassafras tree, with its rounded umbrella-like top, without limbs beneath, on the west edge of the Yellow Birch Swamp, or east of Boulder Field. It is some sixteen inches in diameter. There are seven or eight within two rods. Leaves curled, but not changed. See a red squirrel cast down a chestnut bur. The pigeon woodpecker utters his whimsical ah-week ah-week, etc., as in spring. The yellow birch is somewhat yellowed. See a cherry-bird. Many robins feeding on poke berries on Eb Hubbard's hill. There is a great abundance of poke there. That lowest down the hill, killed by frost, drooping and withered, no longer purple-stemmed, but faded; higher up it is still purple.

I hear the alarm of a small red squirrel. I see him running by fits and starts along a chestnut bough toward me. His head looks disproportionately large for his body, like a bulldog's, perhaps because he has his chaps full of nuts. He chirrup and vibrates his tail, holds himself in, and scratches along a foot as if it were a mile. He finds noise and activity for both of us. It is evident that all this ado does not proceed from fear. There is at the bottom, no doubt, an excess of inquisitiveness and caution, but the greater part is make-believe and a love of the marvellous. He can hardly keep it up till I am gone, however, but takes out his nut and tastes it in the midst of his agitation. "See there, see there," says he, "who's that? O dear, what shall I do? "and makes believe run off, but doesn't get along an inch, –lets it all pass off by flashes through his tail, while he clings to the bark as if he were holding in a race-horse. He gets down the trunk at last on to a projecting knot, head downward, within a rod of you, and chirrup and chatters louder than ever. Tries to work himself into a fright. The hind part of his body is urging the forward part along, snapping the tail over it like a whip-lash, but the fore part, for the most part, clings fast to the bark with desperate energy. Squirr, "to throw with a jerk," seems to have quite as much to do with the name as the Greek skia oura, shadow and tail.

The lower limbs of trees often incline downwards as if from sympathy with the roots; the upper tend upwards with the leading stem.

I found on the 4th, at Conantum, a half-bushel of barberries on one clump about four feet in diameter at base, falling over in wreaths on every side. I filled my basket, standing behind it without being seen by other pickers only a dozen rods off. Some great clumps on Melvin's preserve, no doubt, have many more on them.

I hear nowadays again the small woodpecker's sharp, shrill note from high on the trees....

It is evident that some phenomena which belong only to spring and autumn here, lasted through the summer in that latitude, as the peeping of hylodes and blossoming of some flowers that long since withered here were there still freshly in bloom, in that fresher and cooler atmosphere, –the calla for instance. To say nothing of the myrtle-bird and F. hyemalis which breed there, but only transiently visit us in spring and fall. Just as a river which here freezes only a certain distance from the shore, follow it further north, is found to be completely bridged over. The toads, too, as I have said, rang at this season. What is summer where Indian corn will not ripen?

87. Or ash??



## KANSAS

## KANSAS

November: Having amassed a substantial debt while working for the anti-slavery cause in the [Kansas Territory](#), [Daniel Foster](#) came back to New England to raise money and lecture about the anti-slavery government in Kansas and the Free-Soil cause. He would lecture in the Boston area until May 1858.<sup>88</sup>

[THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION](#)

88. Captain [John Brown](#), in a few of his letters, refers to Daniel Foster in a context that makes it sound as though he was involved in various secret activities during the 1857- 59 period, perhaps even acting as a liaison for Brown and various reformers in the East.

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## KANSAS

November: During the winter encampment of [Captain John Brown](#)'s forces in the Iowa Territory, [Charles Plummer Tidd](#) "ruined" a [Quaker](#) girl (something about which the local Quakers do not like to speak) and the other members of the team needed to sneak him away from [Springdale, Iowa](#) during the night.



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

Nevertheless, the group was able to obtain some recruits not overly impressed with the Peace Testimony of Friend [George Fox](#) from among the residents of this town, such as the brothers [Barclay Coppoc](#) and [Edwin](#)

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[Coppoc.](#)

## KANSAS



[THE QUAKER PEACE TESTIMONY](#)



([Charles Plummer Tidd](#) would become one of the followers of “Shubel Morgan” who would return to the [Kansas Territory](#) in 1858 to raid into Missouri. He and [John Edwin Cook](#) would be particularly warm friends. He opposed the attack on [Harpers Ferry](#) but nevertheless would take part both in the raid on the planter Washington’s home and on the federal arsenal itself, escape, and make his way on foot toward the northwestern part of Pennsylvania. He and [Owen Brown](#) would find work and safety, under assumed names, on an oil well in the vicinity of Crawford County, Pennsylvania. He would visit Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Canada and take 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 would be able to enlist under the name “Charles Plummer” and would become a 1st Sergeant of the 21st Massachusetts Volunteers. On February 8, 1862 he would die of fever aboard the transport *Northerner* during the battle of Roanoke Island, 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.



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You may view [Charles Plummer Tidd](#)'s grave as #40 in the National Cemetery in New Berne, [North Carolina](#).)

November 19, Thursday: The Reverend [Richard Chenevix Trench](#), dean of Westminster, again delivered his address that he had delivered on November 5th, "On Some Deficiencies in Our English Dictionaries," which would lead eventually to the New English Dictionary. (This DD thus stands as the original suggester of the Oxford English Dictionary project, and the original outlines of the characteristics of that project.)

Sale of "surplus" [Shawnee](#) tribal lands began.

**"BLEEDING KANSAS"**



November 19, Thursday: P.M. – To Cliffs.


In Stow's sprout-land west of railroad cut, I see where a mouse which has a hole under a stump has eaten out clean the insides of the little *Prinos verticillatus* berries. These may be the doubtful seeds of the 14th. What pretty fruit for the mice, these bright *prinos* berries! They run up the twigs in the night and gather this shining fruit, take out the small seeds, and eat their kernels at the entrance to their burrows. The ground is strewn with them there.

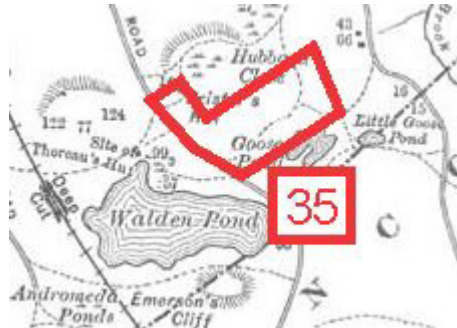
Turning up a stone on Fair Haven Hill, I find many small dead crickets about the edges, which have endeavored to get under it and apparently have been killed by the frost; quite under it and alive, two or three small purplish-brown caterpillars; and many little ants, quite active, with their white grubs, in spacious galleries, somewhat semicylindrical, whose top often was the bottom of the stone. You would think they had been made by a worm. Going along close under the Cliffs, I see a dozen or more low blackberry vines dangling down a perpendicular rock at least eight feet high, and blown back and forth, with leaves every six inches, and one or two have reached the ground and taken firm root there. There are also many of the common cinquefoil with its leaves five inches asunder, dangling down five or six feet over the same rock. I see many acorn and other nut shells which in past years have been tucked into clefts in the rocks.



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November 30, Monday-December 3: [Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed, for [Waldo Emerson](#), some woodlots at Goose Pond and [Walden Pond](#) belonging to John Richardson. His sketch showed the road leading from Lincoln to Concord Meeting (now Route 126) as it was in 1797 when the land of Duncan Ingraham, “one of the Squires of the village,” was sold to Richardson for \$533.<sup>33</sup> The land on the east side of that road had belonged to a farmer named Brister, and Thoreau wrote “Brister Lot, now the state’s because the owner, Brister, was a foreigner.”<sup>89</sup> The sketch pinpoints Emerson’s land between Richardson’s and John Potter’s along the “Road to Wayland,” the present Walden Street. Thoreau copied a second survey of Emerson’s land made in December 1848  by Cyrus Hubbard and, at the bottom, noted that in 1791 this land had belonged to William Savage.



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](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/35a.htm](http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/35a.htm)



November 30, Monday: A still, warm, cloudy, rain-threatening day. Surveying the J. Richardson lot. The air is full of geese [[Canada Goose](#)  [Branta canadensis](#)]. I saw five flocks within an hour, about 10 A.M., containing from thirty to fifty each, and afterward two more flocks, making in all from two hundred and fifty to three hundred at least, all flying southeast over Goose and Walden Ponds. The former was apparently well named Goose Pond. You first hear a faint honking from one or two in the northeast and think there are but a few wandering there, but, looking up, see forty or fifty coming on in a more or less broken harrow, wedging their way southwest. I suspect they honk more, at any rate they are more broken and alarmed, when passing over a village, and are seen falling into their ranks again, assuming the perfect harrow form. Hearing only one or two honking, even for the seventh time, you think there are but few till you see them. According to my calculation a thousand or fifteen hundred may have gone over Concord to-day. When they fly low and near, they look very black against the sky.<sup>90</sup>  
Northwest of Little Goose Pond, on the edge of Mrs. Bigelow’s wood-lot, are several hornbeams (Carpinus).

89. Would this be the very land on which recently they tried to erect a humongous office building, until they were stopped by the collection of money at rock concerts? Goose Pond actually was two tiny ponds, one of which has now been filled in by the Concord Town Dump:

[WALDEN](#): Goose Pond, of small extent, is on my way to Flint’s....

GOOSE POND

90.I hear that one was killed by Lee in the Corner about this time.



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Looking into a cleft in one of them about three feet from the ground, which I thought might be the scar of a blazing, I found some broken kernels of corn, probably placed there by a crow or jay. This was about half a mile from a corn-field.

Just at the end of this November, in Lawrence in the [Kansas Territory](#), [Richard Realf](#), published poet and a correspondent for the [Illinois State Gazette](#), was being introduced to [John Brown](#). [John E. Cook](#), a member of Brown's sacred squad, would persuade this Englishman to sign up for their holy crusade.

**THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION**

December 7, Monday: The federal Congress convened.

[Acting governor Frederick Perry Stanton](#) called an extra session of the [Kansas](#) legislature.

Henry Wilson (1812-1875) wrote from [Washington DC](#) to Charles Wesley Slack, inquiring about the election, and asking him to please collect \$30 owed to him by two individuals.



December 7, Monday: Running the long northwest side of Richardson's Fair Haven lot. It is a fair, sunny, and warm day in the woods for the season. We eat our dinners on the middle of the line, amid the young oaks in a sheltered and very unfrequented place. I cut some leafy shrub oaks and cast them down for a dry and springy seat. As I sit there amid the sweet-fern, talking with my man Briney, I observe that the recent shoots of the sweet-fern—which, like many larger bushes and trees, have a few leaves in a tuft still at their extremities—toward the sun are densely covered with a bright, warm, silvery down, which looks like frost, so thick and white. Looking the other way, I see none of it, but the bare reddish twigs. Even this is a cheering and compensating discovery in my otherwise barren work. I get thus a few positive values, answering to the bread and cheese which make my dinner. I owe thus to my weeks at surveying a few such slight but positive discoveries.

Briney, who has been in this country but few years, says he has lost three children here. His eldest boy fell on the deck in rough weather and struck his knee on the anchor-chain, and though he did not mind it then, his whole body ran out of the wound within two or three months.

I would rather sit at this table with the sweet-fern twigs between me and the sun than at the king's.

December 17, Thursday: The extra session of the [Kansas](#) legislature adjourned by calling for a referendum vote on the entire [Lecompton](#) Constitution.

[Governor Robert John Walker](#) resigned and [Acting governor Frederick Perry Stanton](#) was removed from office.

US troops were dispatched to quell troubles in the [Fort Scott](#) area.

**THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION**

December 21, Monday: In [Kansas](#), the [Lecompton Constitution](#) with slavery was approved by pro-government voters in an election in which [Free-Staters](#) and [anti-slavery](#) people refused to participate. [James William "Jim" Denver](#) became acting governor.

**THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION**

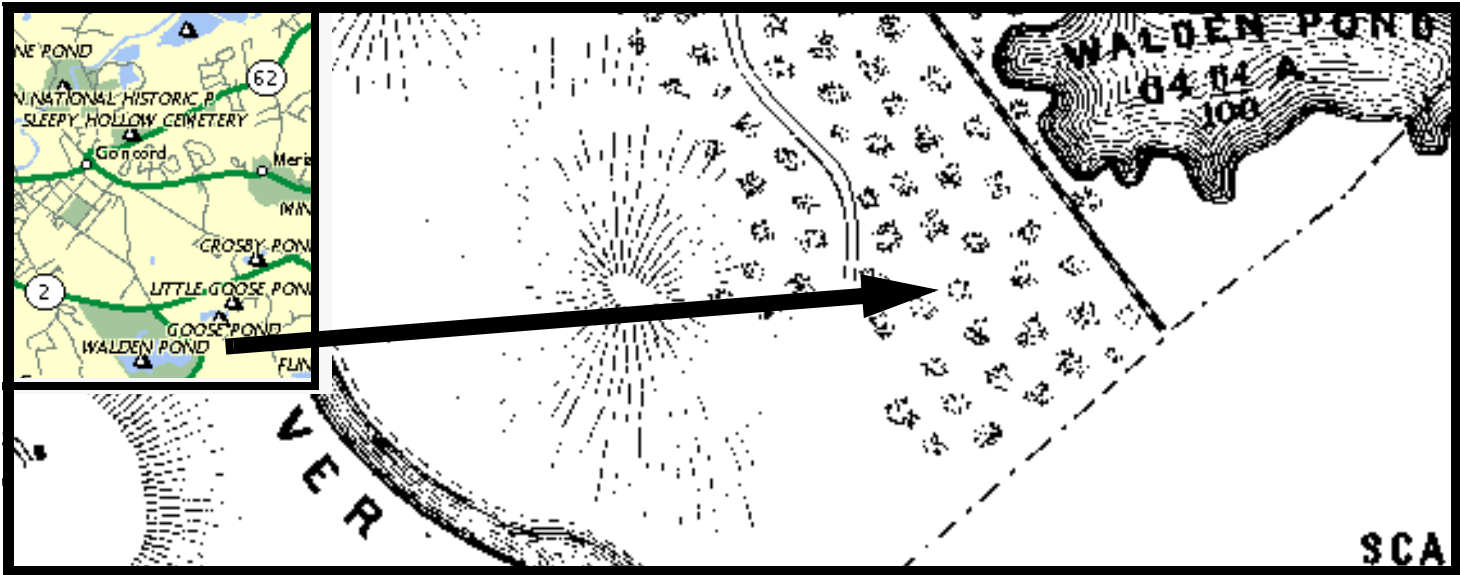


December 21: Walking over the Andromeda Ponds between Walden and Fair Haven, which have only frozen just enough to bear me, I see in springy parts, where the ice is thin, good-sized pollywogs wiggling away, scared by the sound of my steps and cracking of the ice. They appear to keep in motion in such muddy pond-

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holes, where a spring wells up from the bottom till midwinter, if not all winter.

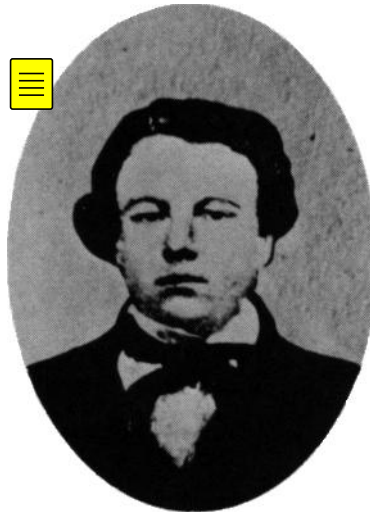
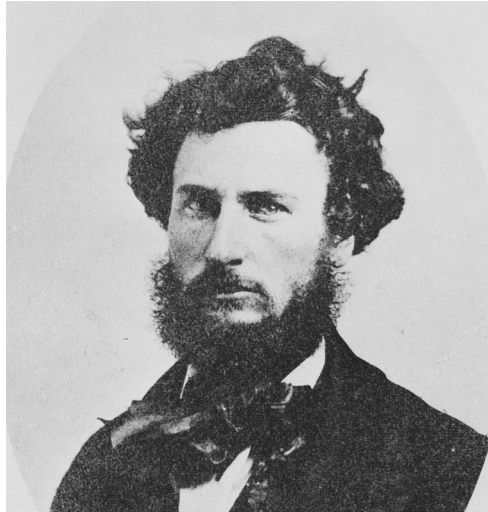


Late in the year: Late in 1857, when [Major Jefferson Buford](#) returned to the [Kansas Territory](#), he discovered that of the some 400 proslavery men he had brought as homesteaders in 1855 many had returned south to their respective southern homes.

[THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION](#)

1858

Through [George B. Gill](#) (back from whaling in the Pacific Ocean), [Stewart Taylor](#) became acquainted with [John Brown](#).



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

[August Bondi](#) was appointed enrolling officer for the 8th Brigade in Anderson County of the [Kansas Territory](#).



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

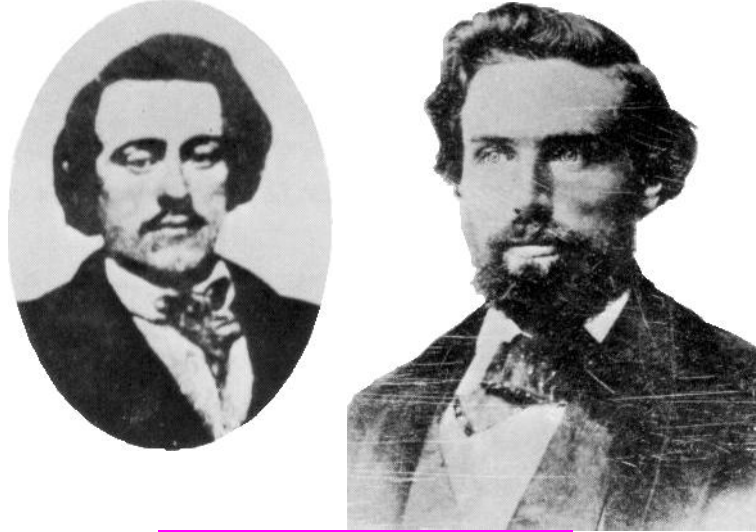
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## KANSAS

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Charles M. Gloucester was born to [Elizabeth A. Parkhill Gloucester](#) and [the Reverend James Newton Gloucester](#) (he would die during 1908).

[Charles Plummer Tidd](#) was one of the followers of “Shubel Morgan” who returned to the [Kansas Territory](#) to raid into Missouri. He and [John E. Cook](#) became particularly warm friends.



### THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

(He would oppose the attack on [Harpers Ferry](#) but nevertheless would take part both in the raid on the planter Washington’s home and on the federal arsenal itself, escape, and make 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, Pennsylvania. He would visit Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Canada and take 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 would be able to enlist under the name “Charles Plummer” and would become a 1st Sergeant of the 21st Massachusetts Volunteers. On February 8, 1862 he would die of fever aboard the transport *Northerner* during the battle of Roanoke Island, 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, [North Carolina](#).)

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During this year, in Beyer's ALBUM OF VIRGINIA: ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE OLD DOMINION, an illustration of [Harpers Ferry](#) as it appeared from Thomas Jefferson's rock was published:



In the new town of Hyattville Hyatt in the [Kansas Territory](#), a school was established with Miss Josephine Ramsey as the teacher.

[Thaddeus Hyatt](#) was issued Patent No. 21,050 for "Illuminating-Glass for Vault-Covers."

During this year the Reverend [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#) wrote "Saints and Their Bodies," the 1st of his many essays for [The Atlantic Monthly](#). He wrote the 1st of his many nature essays, this one entitled "Water Lilies." He collaborated with [Lucy Stone](#) on the [Woman's Rights Almanac](#).



He met with [John Brown](#) and agreed to provide financial support for his cause.

Pages 476-7 of Henry Mayer's ALL ON FIRE: Brown spent the balance of the year [1858] recruiting soldiers, including an adventurer named Hugh Forbes who had fought with Garibaldi in Italy. With [Kansas](#) embroiled in political combat rather than open warfare, however, the captain brooded more and more upon the idea of "troubling Israel" with raids in the South and asked his eastern friends to help him raise money "for secret service, and no questions asked." At the end of January 1858, Brown came east to meld his black and white supporters into a revolutionary conspiracy. With magnetic fervor he sketched for Frederick Douglass the latest version of his plan to build a guerrilla



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strike force, and although Douglass had some tactical criticism, he agreed to help Brown raise some money and find recruits. From Douglass's house, Brown wrote manipulative letters to his best Boston prospects, making each out to be his more trustworthy friend, with news that he had "perfected arrangements for carrying out an important measure, in which the world has a deep interest," that lacked only money from people willing to give "practical shape" to their abolition theories. "Do you think any of my Garrisonian friends either at Boston, Worcester, or in any other place, can be induced to supply a little 'straw,' if I will absolutely make 'bricks'?" Brown asked [the Reverend [Theodore Parker](#)]. While awaiting replies, Brown went on to Peterboro and persuaded his old patron [Gerrit Smith](#) to support the idea, which had now metamorphosed from a slave-running operation ("railroad business on a somewhat extended scale," he called it) into provocation of a full-fledged slave insurrection and establishment—under a constitution he had drafted at Douglass's—of a provisional mountain republic of liberated slaves and freedom fighters. There is absolutely no evidence that Parker or anyone else approached [William Lloyd Garrison](#) about Brown's latest scheme, but Sanborn, Higginson, Howe, and Stearns all manifested interest, and in the first week of March 1858, the mysterious "Nelson Hawins" from somewhere in Iowa or perhaps Ohio registered at the American Hotel for a few days of conferences with his business associates. [Henry Mayer indicates that this material is a synthesis of material in Oswald Garrison Villard's *JOHN BROWN 1800-1859: A BIOGRAPHY FIFTY YEARS AFTER* (Boston, 1910), Stephen B. Oates's *TO PURGE THIS LAND WITH BLOOD: A BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN BROWN* (NY, 1970), Franklin Benjamin Sanborn's *LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN BROWN* (Concord MA, 1885), and Edward J. Renehan, Jr.'s *THE SECRET SIX: THE TRUE TALE OF THE MEN WHO CONSPIRED WITH JOHN BROWN* (NY, 1995).]

**THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION**

January 4, Monday: When the initial session of the [Kansas Territory](#) legislature met at Lecompton, it was controlled by [Free-Staters](#).

The [Lecompton Constitution](#) would be rejected by the 2d election.

**THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION**



January 4: P.M.— The weather still remarkably warm; the ice too soft for skating. I go through by the Andromeda Ponds and down river from Fair Haven. I am encouraged by the sight of men fishing in Fair Haven Pond, for it reminds me that they have animal spirits for such adventures. I am glad to be reminded that any go a-fishing. When I get down near to Cardinal Shore, the sun near setting, its light is wonderfully reflected from a narrow edging of yellowish stubble at the edge of the meadow ice and foot of the hill, an edging only two or three feet wide, and the stubble but a few inches high. (I am looking east.) It is remarkable because the ice is but a dull lead-color (it is so soft and sodden), reflecting no light, and the hill beyond is a dark russet, here and there patched with snow, but this narrow intermediate line of stubble is all aglow. I get its true color and brightness best when I do not look directly at it, but a little above it toward the hill, seeing it with the lower part of my eye more truly and abstractly. It is as if all the rays slid over the ice and lodged against and were reflected by the stubble. It is surprising how much sunny light a little straw that survives the winter will reflect.

The channel of the river is open part of the way. The *Cornus sericea* and some quite young willow shoots are the red-barked twigs so conspicuous now along the riversides.

That bright and warm reflection of sunlight from the insignificant edging of stubble was remarkable. I was coming down-stream over the meadows, on the ice, within four or five rods of the eastern shore. The sun on my left was about a quarter of an hour above the horizon. The ice was soft and sodden, of a dull lead-color, quite dark and reflecting no light as I looked eastward, but my eyes caught by accident a singular sunny brightness



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reflected from the narrow border of stubble only three or four inches high (and as many feet wide perhaps) which rose along the edge of the ice at the foot of the hill. It was not a mere brightening of the bleached stubble, but the warm and yellow light of the sun, which, it appeared, it was peculiarly fitted to reflect. It was that amber light from the west which we sometimes witness after a storm, concentrated on this stubble, for the hill beyond was merely a dark russet spotted with snow. All the yellow rays seemed to be reflected by this insignificant stubble alone, and when I looked more generally a little above it, seeing it with the under part of my eye, it appeared yet more truly and more bright; the reflected light made its due impression on my eye, separated from the proper color of the stubble, and it glowed almost like a low, steady, and serene fire. It was precisely as if the sunlight had mechanically slid over the ice, and lodged against the stubble. It will be enough to say of something warmly and sunnily bright that it glowed like lit stubble. It was remarkable that, looking eastward, this was the only evidence of the light in the west.

Here and there in the meadow, etc., near springy places, you see where the thinner ice has been pushed up tentwise

or



and cracked, either for want of room, two fields crowding together, or expanding with heat from below.

March 4, Thursday: [Henry Thoreau](#) perused A DICTIONARY OF THE ABNAKE LANGUAGE of the French Jesuit missionary [Father Sébastien Rasles](#) of the province of Québec.

[Matthew Calbraith Perry](#) died in [New-York](#).

At the final meeting of the Topeka legislature in the [Kansas Territory](#) there was not a quorum, due entirely to a lack of interest.

In a speech before the federal Senate, James Henry Hammond outlined a “Mudsill” theory of economic life:

In all social systems there must be a class to do the menial duties, to perform the drudgery of life. That is, a class requiring but a low order of intellect and but little skill. Its requisites are vigor, docility, fidelity. Such a class you must have, or you would not have that other class which leads progress, civilization, and refinement. It constitutes the very mud-sill of society and of political government; and you might as well attempt to build a house in the air, as to build either the one or the other, except on this mud-sill. Fortunately for the South, she found a race adapted to that purpose to her hand. A race inferior to her own, but eminently qualified in temper, in vigor, in docility, in capacity to stand the climate, to answer all her purposes. We use them for our purpose, and call them slaves. We found them slaves by the common “consent of mankind,” which, according to Cicero, *lex naturae est*. The highest proof of what is Nature’s law. We are old-fashioned at the South yet; slave is a word discarded now by “ears polite;” I will not characterize that class at the North by that term; but you have it; it is there; it is everywhere; it is eternal.

The Senator from New York said yesterday that the whole world had abolished slavery. Aye, the name, but not the thing; all the powers of the earth cannot abolish that. God only can do it when





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he repeals the fiat, "the poor ye always have with you;" for the man who lives by daily labor, and scarcely lives at that, and who has to put out his labor in the market, and take the best he can get for it; in short, your whole hireling class of manual laborers and "operatives," as you call them, are essentially slaves. The difference between us is, that our slaves are hired for life and well compensated; there is no starvation, no begging, no want of employment among our people, and not too much employment either. Yours are hired by the day, not cared for, and scantily compensated, which may be proved in the most painful manner, at any hour in any street in any of your large towns. Why, you meet more beggars in one day, in any single street of the city of New-York, than you would meet in a lifetime in the whole South. We do not think that whites should be slaves either by law or necessity. Our slaves are black, of another and inferior race. The status in which we have placed them is an elevation. They are elevated from the condition in which God first created them, by being made our slaves. None of that race on the whole face of the globe can be compared with the slaves of the South. They are happy, content, unambitious, and utterly incapable, from intellectual weakness, ever to give us any trouble by their aspirations. Yours are white, of your own race; you are brothers of one blood. They are your equals in natural endowment of intellect, and they feel galled by their degradation. Our slaves do not vote. We give them no political power. Yours do vote, and, being the majority, they are the depositories of all your political power. If they knew the tremendous secret, that the ballot-box is stronger than "an army with banners," and could combine, where would you be? Your society would be reconstructed, your government overthrown, your property divided, not as they have mistakenly attempted to initiate such proceedings by meeting in parks, with arms in their hands, but by the quiet process of the ballot-box. You have been making war upon us to our very hearthstones. How would you like for us to send lecturers and agitators North, to teach these people this, to aid in combining, and to lead them?

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March 23, Tuesday: A constitutional convention met at Minneola in the [Kansas Territory](#) and voted to relocate to [Fort Leavenworth](#).

[Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed a farm on Bedford Road near the intersection of Old Bedford Road for Charles Gordon. The fee was \$4.<sup>50</sup>. Gordon was related to the Jacob B. Farmer family of Lowell Road and owned a woodlot near Bateman's Pond on Lowell Road.



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](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/43.htm](http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/43.htm)

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Spring: [Edwin Coppoc](#) migrated to the [Kansas Territory](#) as a settler, but, since he had been raised as an adopted child in a nonresistant-abolitionist [Quaker](#) farm family, would take no part in the fighting there.



“Colonel” [Hugh Forbes](#), who after receiving \$600 as his initial 6-month salary had cooled his heels in Mount Tabor, Iowa for 3 months for the arrival of troops to train for [Captain John Brown](#), had begun writing letters to various influential people such as [Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#) and [Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe](#) and members of the Massachusetts State Kansas Committee (whom he was referring to sarcastically as “humanitarians”), demanding to know why they were starving his wife and son and daughter in France. This loose cannon had definitely rolled from the asset category into the liability category.



(It would be during a visit to [Springdale, Iowa](#) in Fall 1858 that he would meet [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 brother [Barclay Coppoc](#) was eluding capture. He would be sentenced to death on November 2, 1859. From prison before his hanging, he would write to his adoptive mother that he was

*“sorry to say that I was ever induced to raise a gun.”*

He would be hung with [John E. Cook](#) on December 16, 1859. The body would be buried in Winona after a funeral attended by the entire town. Later the body would be reburied in Salem, Ohio.)



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May: In [Washington DC](#), [Hugh Forbes](#) attempted to alert, or did alert, [Senator John Parker Hale of New Hampshire](#), [Senator Henry Wilson of Massachusetts](#), and [Senator William Henry Seward of New York](#), among others to [John Brown](#)'s plan to raid the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry (although Senator Seward would acknowledge that this meeting had indeed taken place, he would of course deny having been informed of any such plan). Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe wrote to [the Reverend Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#) that he was supposing Forbes to be "bungling about in the dark," but added a note to his letter alerting Higginson that Forbes had disclosed information to [Senator Seward](#).

The Reverend [Daniel Foster](#) moved with his family to Sumner in the [Kansas Territory](#), an anti-slavery stronghold on the Missouri River just south of the pro-slavery stronghold of Atchinson.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

May 12, Wednesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) for the 14th time (Dr. Bradley P. Dean had noticed) deployed in his journal a weather term that had been originated by [Luke Howard](#): "The peculiarity seems to be that the sky is not generally overcast, but elsewhere, south and northeast, is a fair-weather sky with only innocent **cumuli**, etc., in it."

[Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe](#) wrote [Senator Henry Wilson of Massachusetts](#) in [Washington DC](#), assuring him that "no countenance has been given to [Brown](#) for any operations outside of [Kansas](#)," and that whatever Senator Wilson had heard from Colonel [Hugh Forbes](#) to the contrary was coming from a "disappointed and malicious man, working with all the activity which hate and revenge can inspire."

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

May 14, Friday: [George Luther Stearns](#) of the Massachusetts Kansas Committee wrote from Boston to loose cannon [John Brown](#) in [Chatham](#), Ontario, Canada West, pointing out that the weapons the Massachusetts State Kansas Committee had entrusted to him had been intended specifically for the defense of the [Kansas Territory](#) and not for any other purpose (at this point the weapons were being hidden by an abolitionist associate of John Brown, Jr. in a furniture warehouse in Ashtabula County, Ohio beneath an inventory of ready-made coffins). A member of the committee was on his way "to confer with you as to the best mode of disposing of them."

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(Remember the Golden Rule, Captain: Those who have the gold make the rules.)



May 14. 5.30 A.M. — Up railroad.

Hear and see the red-eye on an oak. The tail is slightly forked and apparently three quarters of an inch beyond wings; all whitish beneath. Hear and see a redstart. Methinks I did also on the 10th? The rhythm a little way off is *ah, tche tche tche'-ar*.


10 A.M. — To Hill.

A kingbird. Saw a young robin dead. Saw the *Viola palmata*, early form, yesterday; how long? Look at White Avens Shore. See what I call vernal grass in bloom in many places.

The *Salix sericea*, large and small, and the *petiolaris* or loose-catkinned (so far as I know their staminate flowers) are now out of bloom. The *rostrata* not quite done. Some of its catkins now three and a half inches long. The *alba* not quite done. *S. pedicellaris* by railroad about done, and the *Torreyana* done.

Picked up, floating, an *Emys picta*, hatched last year. It is an inch and one-twentieth long in the upper shell and agrees with Agassiz's description at that age. Agassiz says he could never obtain a specimen of the *insculpta* only one year old, it is so rarely met with, and young *Emydidae* are so aquatic. I have seen them frequently.

To-day, for the first time, it appears to me summerlike and a new season. There is a tender green on the meadows and just leafing trees. The blossoms of the cherry, peach, pear, etc., are conspicuous, and the air is suddenly full of fragrance. Houses are seen to stand amid blossoming fruit trees, and the air about them is full of fragrance and the music of birds.

As I go down the railroad at evening, I hear the incessant evening song of the bay-wing [[Vesper Sparrow](#)  [Poocetes gramineus](#)] from far over the fields. It suggests pleasant associations. Are they not heard chiefly at this season?

LOUIS AGASSIZ



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The fruit of the early aspen is almost as large — its catkins — as those of the early willow. It will soon be ripe. The very common puffed-up yellow ovaries make quite a show, like some normal fruit; even quite pretty. I discovered this morning that a large rock three feet in diameter was partially hollow, and broke into it at length with a stone in order to reach some large black crystals which I could partly see. I found that it had been the retreat of a squirrel, and it had left many nuts there. It had entered a small hole bristling with crystals, and there found a chamber or grotto a foot long at least, surrounded on all sides by crystals. They thus explore and carry their nuts into every crevice, even in the rocks.  
Celandine by cemetery. One tells me he saw to-day the arum flower.

May 18, Tuesday: The [Leavenworth](#) Constitution that would prohibit slavery and allow black citizenship was approved by the voters of the [Kansas Territory](#).

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

Charlotte L. Forten wrote “Had a great surprise in the arrival of Mr. Putnam [George W. Putnam of Lynn] and Mr. Nell [[William Cooper Nell](#)]. Stood almost transfixed with astonishment.”

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [James Russell Lowell](#).

*Concord May 18<sup>th</sup>*

*1858*

*Dear Sir,*

*The proofs, for which I did ask in the note which accompanied the MS, would have been an all sufficient “Bulletin”.*

*I was led to suppose by Mr Emerson’s account, –and he advised me to send immediately– that you were not always even one month ahead. At any rate it was important to me that the paper be disposed of soon –*

*I send by express this morning the remainder of the story – of which allow me to ask a sight of the proofs.*

*Yrs truly*

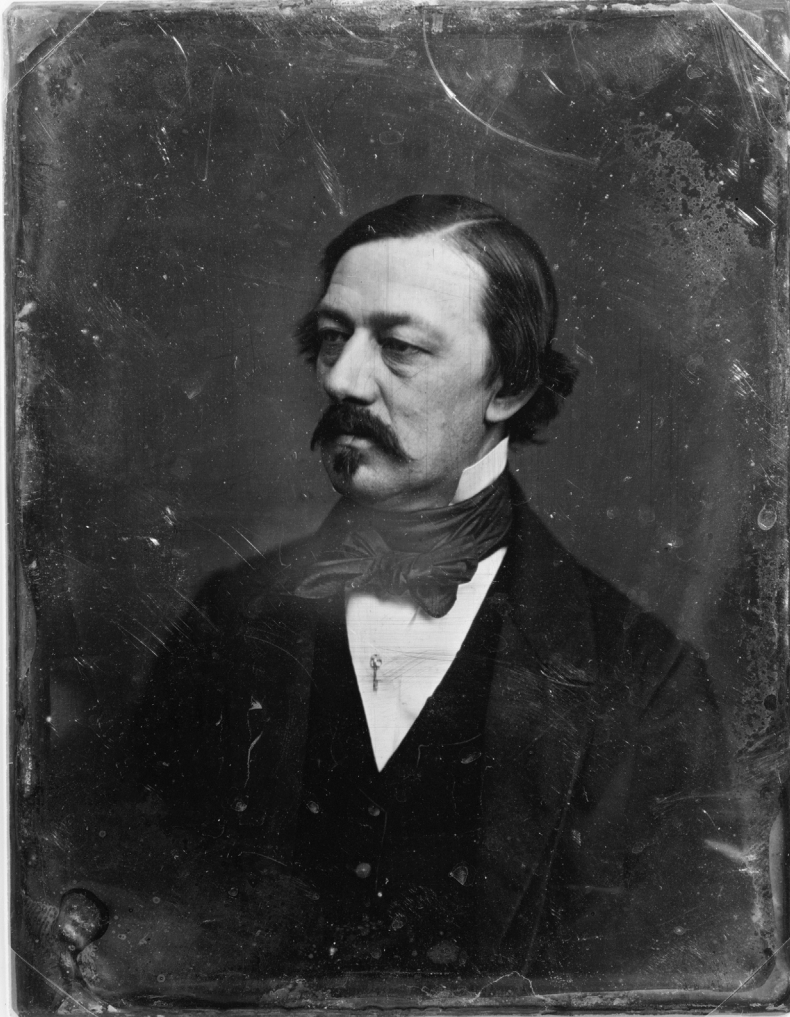
*Henry D. Thoreau*

That night, during the hours of darkness, a column of 158 soldiers under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Edward J. Steptoe managed to escape from encirclement by approximately 1,000 Coeur d’Alene warriors, and wend their way toward safety inside the city limits of Spokane, Washington.

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At the age of 51, the widower [Henry William Herbert](#) had gotten married for a 2d time. About three months into this marriage, however, his Mrs. had been visited by a woman who had said some things to her – unspecified things – and suddenly there was a lawyer in the picture and this new marriage was decidedly over. In despair on this morning at about 2AM he committed [suicide](#) by shooting himself in the chest in his bedroom on the 2d floor of the Stevens House boarding house in Broadway by the Bowling Green, Manhattan Island.



He left a long and detailed missive forgiving every man who had wronged him and asking forgiveness of every man whom he had wronged — a long and detailed suicide note that would be published to the world in all its juicy detail by the [New York Times](#), known to all as “the newspaper of record.” The anonymous obituary writer would recount some unfortunate and some pleasant details of the deceased’s period on this planet and whip out his own upbeat summation:

To those who were familiar with Mr. HERBERT’S irascible temper and his general course of life, the event will not create any very great surprise, and the feelings of those who may have entertained a contempt for his morose and wayward manners will be converted into compassion for his sufferings.



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May 19, Wednesday: On this morning some 30 Missourian white men led by Captain Charles A. Hamilton arrived at a "Blooming Grove" trading post in Linn County in the southern portion of the [Kansas Territory](#). When they set out on the road back toward Missouri, they intercepted along the way 11 unarmed free-state men. It appears that most of these Kansas men had been Hamilton's neighbors while he had been living in the vicinity, and none had been taking any part in any of the fighting (they evidently had no intimation, therefore, that their former neighbor meant them any particular harm). However, when his column came to a defile surrounded by mounds near the Marais du Cygne of the French voyageurs, they herded their prisoners into line against one side of this defile and formed themselves into another line along the other side.

### "BLEEDING KANSAS"

Patrick Ross, B.L. Reed, William A. Stillwell, Asa and William Hairgrove, Austin and Amos Hall, William Colpetzer, M. Robinson, Asa Snyder, and John F. Campbell were drawn up in line. Hamilton himself fired the initial shot. John F. Campbell, William Colpetzer, Patrick Ross, William A. Stillwell, and M. Robinson were killed by the volley and 5 others were wounded (while one person was able to fall in the pile unharmed and escape injury). Captain Hamilton ordered his [firing squad](#) to dismount and finish the job with pistols, but it is clear they did not. (John Brown, arriving at the scene toward the end of June, would construct a 2-story flat-roofed log fortification some 220 yards south of the site of the massacre, at a place where water from a spring could seep into a pit at its southwest corner. Friend [John Greenleaf Whittier](#) would write a poem, "Le Marais du Cygne" that would appear in the September 1858 issue of [The Atlantic Monthly](#). Although William Griffith of Bates County, Missouri would be arrested during Spring 1863 and hanged on October 30, 1863 for participation in this day's events, Hamilton himself would be able to return to Georgia and would be able to there survive until 1880.)

<http://www.ksks.org/places/marais/history.htm>

### Le Marais du Cygne, by [John Greenleaf Whittier](#).

A BLUSH as of roses  
Where rose never grew!  
Great drops on the bunch-grass,  
But not of the dew!  
A taint in the sweet air  
For wild bees to shun!  
A stain that shall never  
Bleach out in the sun!

Back, steed of the prairies!  
Sweet song-bird, fly back!  
Wheel hither, bald vulture!  
Gray wolf, call thy pack!  
The foul human vultures  
Have feasted and fled;  
The wolves of the Border  
Have crept from the dead.

From the hearths of their cabins,  
The fields of their corn,  
Unwarned and unweaponed,  
The victims were torn, —  
By the whirlwind of murder  
Swooped up and swept on  
To the low, reedy fen-lands,  
The Marsh of the Swan.

With a vain plea for mercy  
No stout knee was crooked;  
In the mouths of the rifles  
Right manly they looked.  
How paled the May sunshine,  
O Marais du Cygne!  
On death for the strong life,  
On red grass for green!



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In the homes of their rearing,  
Yet warm with their lives,  
Ye wait the dead only,  
Poor children and wives!  
Put out the red forge-fire,  
The smith shall not come;  
Unyoke the brown oxen,  
The ploughman lies dumb.

Wind slow from the Swan's Marsh,  
O dreary death-train,  
With pressed lips as bloodless  
As lips of the slain!  
Kiss down the young eyelids,  
Smooth down the gray hairs;  
Let tears quench the curses  
That burn through your prayers.

Strong man of the prairies,  
Mourn bitter and wild!  
Wail, desolate woman!  
Weep, fatherless child!  
But the grain of God springs up  
From ashes beneath,  
And the crown of his harvest  
Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial  
The shade moves along,  
To point the great contrasts  
Of right and of wrong:  
Free homes and free altars,  
Free prairie and flood, —  
The reeds of the Swan's Marsh,  
Whose bloom is of blood!

On the lintels of Kansas  
That blood shall not dry;  
Henceforth the Bad Angel  
Shall harmless go by;  
Henceforth to the sunset,  
Unchecked on her way,  
Shall Liberty follow  
The march of the day.

### THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

June 3, Thursday: [John Brown](#) left Boston with \$500 in gold and with permission to retain the rifles he had in the [Kansas Territory](#).

At about this point in time, 3 weeks after the Chatham, Ontario convention, [George J. Reynolds](#) disclosed some information about the John Brown agenda in the assembly hall of a black secret military society in Sandusky, Ohio, an assembly hall in which they were maintaining “a fine collection of guns.”

### THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

[Henry Thoreau](#) for the 15th time (Dr. Bradley P. Dean has noticed) deployed in his journal a weather term that had been originated by [Luke Howard](#): “Yet I was surprised to observe that a long, straggling downy **cumulus** extending north and south a few miles east of us, when the sun was perhaps an hour high, cast its shadow along the base of the Peterboro Hills, and did not fall on the other side, as I should have expected.”



June 3. At length, by 3 o'clock, the signs of dawn appear, and soon -we hear the robin and the *Fringilla hyemalis*, -its prolonged jingle, -sitting on the top of a spruce, the chewink, and the wood thrush. Whether you have slept soundly or not, it is not easy to lie abed under these circumstances, and we rose at 3.30, in order to see the sun rise from the top and get our breakfast there. Concealing our blankets under a shelving rock near the camp, we set out.





It was still hazy, and we did not see the shadow of the mountain until it was comparatively short. We did not get the most distant views, as of the Green and White Mountains, while we were there. We carried up fuel for the last quarter of a mile. A *Fringilla hyemalis* seemed to be attracted by the smoke of our fire, and flew quite near to us. They are the prevailing bird of the summit, and perhaps are baited by the crumbs left by visitors. It was flitting about there, and it would sit and sing, on the top of a dwarf spruce, the strain I have often heard.

I saw just beneath the summit, and commencing some fifteen or twenty rods from it, dwarfish *Rhodora Canadensis*, not yet anywhere quite out, much later than in the valley, very common; lambkill; and checkerberry; in slightly boggy places, quite dwarfish specimens of *Eriophorum vaginatum*, quite common in similar localities all over the rocky part, six inches high or more. A little water andromeda with it, scarcer out, and Labrador tea., scarcely suggesting flowers. (This I observed only in two or three places on the northerly side.) A viburnum (probably *nudum* or a form of it) was quite common, just begun to leaf, and with nemopanthes, showing its *transparent* leaflets not yet expanded, a little behind the other, was quite sizable, especially the latter. These two, with the spruce, the largest shrubs at this height. In the little thickets made by these bushes, grew the two-leaved Solomon's-seal, not nearly out, and *Clintonia borealis*, not budded, though out in the valley. Within the folded leaves of the last, was considerable water, as within the leaves of the seaside goldenrod on the sands of the Cape. *Cornus Canadensis*, along the base of the rocks, not out. Diervilla. And, on the moist ground or in the small bogs, *Lycopodium annotinum*, resembling at first sight the *L. lucidulum*, but running, was very common in boggy places, sometimes forming quite conspicuous green patches.

Tile above plants of the mountain-top, except perhaps the mountain cranberry, extended downward over the whole top or rocky part of the mountain and were there mingled with a little *Polypodium vulgare*; a peculiar *Amelanchier Canadensis*, apparently variety *oligocarpa*, just begun to bloom, with few flowers, short roundish petals, and finely serrate leaves; red cherry, not out; *Populus tremuliformis*, not common and quite small; small willows, apparently *discolor*, etc., also *rostrata*, and maybe *humilis*; canoe birch and yellow birch, for the most part scrubby, largest in swampy places; meadow-sweet; *Lycopodium clavatum*; *Amelanchier Canadensis* var. *oblongifolia*, not quite out, a little of it; and also a little very dwarfish hemlock and white pine (two or three feet high); a little mayflower and *Chiogenes hispidula*.

We concluded to explore the whole rocky part of the mountain in this wise, to saunter slowly about it, about the height and distance from the summit. of our camp, or say half a mile, more or less, first going north from the summit and returning by the western semicircle, and then exploring the east side, completing the circle, and return over the summit at night.

To sum up, these were the *Plants of the Summit*, i.e. within a dozen rods of it: *Potentilla tridentata* (and lower); *Vaccinium Vitis-Idæa*; fine grass [Was it not *Juncus trifidus* of August, 1860?]; sericocarpus-like radical leaves [Was it not *Solidago thyrsoides* of August, 1860?]; *Arenaria Grælandica*; dwarf black spruce; a little dry moss; the two kinds of cladonia, white and green, and the small leather-colored lichen of rocks [*U. erosa* (?) or *hyperborea* (?). *Vide* Sept. 21, 1858, and a specimen from Lafayette. *Vide* specimen of August, 1860.], mingled with the larger *Umbilicaria pustulata*. All these but the *V. Vitis-Idæa* generally dispersed over the rocky part [The *Vaccinium Vitis-Idæa* also in patches lower down. *Vide* August, 1860.].

Within fifteen or twenty rods of it, or scarcely, if at all, lower than the last: *Vaccinium Pennsylvanicum* and perhaps the variety *angustifolium*; *Pyrus arbutifolia*; mountain-ash. Generally distributed.

Commencing fifteen or twenty rods below it: *Rhodora*; lambkill; checkerberry; *Eriophorum vaginatum*; water andromeda; Labrador tea; *Viburnum*, (*nudum*,?); nemopanthes; two-leaved Solomon's-seal; clintonia; *Cornus Canadensis*; *Lycopodium annotinum*; diervilla.

Generally lower than the above, in the rest of the bare rocky part, with all of the above: *Ribes prostratum*; *Polypodium vulgare*; *Amelanchier Canadensis* var. *oligocarpa* red cherry; *Populus tremuliformis*; *Salix* apparently *discolor*, perhaps also *humilis*, certainly *rostrata*; meadow-sweet; canoe birch; yellow birch; *Lycopodium clavatum*; *Amelanchier oblongifolia*; a little red elder; hemlock; white pine; mayflower; chiogenes. [Saw the raspberry in '52 and '60.]

Did not examine particularly the larger growth of the swamps, but think it was chiefly spruce, white and yellow birch, mountain-ash, etc.

The *Vaccinium Pennsylvanicum* and the *Abies nigra* are among the most prevailing conspicuous plants.

We first descended somewhat toward the north this forenoon, then turned west over a ridge lay which some ascend from the north. There: are several large ponds not far from the mountain on the north, and I thought there was less forest to be seen on this side than on the south. We crossed chic or two now dry watercourses, there, however, judging from the collections of rubbish or drift, much water must have flown at some other season.

Jackson in his map in the Report on the Geology of Massachusetts calls this mountain "mica slate and porphyritic granite," and [says] that the rocks on the summit are "a hard variety of gneiss filled with small crystals of garnets."

We observed that the rocks were remarkably smoothed, almost polished and rounded, and also scratched. The scratches run from about north-northwest to south-southeast. The sides of the rocks often straight, upright walls, several rods long; from north to south and five to ten feet high, with a very smooth, rounded edge. There were many of these long, straight, rounded walls of rock, especially on the northwest and west. Some smaller or lower ones were so rounded and smooth as to resemble at a little distance long-fallen trunks of trees. The rocks were,



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indeed, singularly worn on a great scale. Often a vertical cross-section would show some such profile as this:



as if they had been grooved with a tool of a corresponding edge. There were occasionally conspicuous masses and also veins of white quartz, and very common were bright-purple or wine-colored garnets imbedded in the rock, looking like berries in a pudding'. In many parts, as on the southeast plateau especially, the rocks were regularly stratified, and split into regular horizontal slabs about a foot in thickness, projecting one beyond another like steps.

The little bogs or mosses, sometimes only a rod in diameter, are a similar feature. Ordinarily the cladonia and other lichens are crackling under your feet, when suddenly you step into a miniature bog filling the space between two rocks and you are at a loss to tell where the moisture comes from. The amount of it seems to be that some spongy moss is enabled to grow there and retain some of the clouds which rest on it. Moisture and aridity are singularly near neighbors to each other up there. The surface is made up of masses of rock more or less smoothed and rounded, or else jagged, and the little soil between is a coarse, gravelly kind, the ruins of the rocks and the decayed vegetation that has grown there. You step unexpectedly from Arabia Petraea, where the dry lichens crackle under your feet, into a miniature bog, say Dismal Swamp, where you suddenly sink a foot in wet moss, and the next step carries you into Arabia Petraea again. In more extensive swamps I slumped through moss to water sometimes, though the bottom was of rock, while a fire would rapidly spread in the and lichens around. Perhaps the mosses grow, in the wettest season chiefly, and so are enabled to retain some moisture through the driest. Plants of the bogs and of the rocks grow close to each other. You are surprised to see a great many plants of bogs growing close to the most barren and driest spots, where only cladonias cover the rocks. Often your first notice of a bog in the midst of the arid waste, where the lichens crackle under your feet, is your slumping a foot into wet moss. Methinks there cannot be so much evaporation going on up there, - witness the water in the clintonia leaves, as in the solidago by the sandy seashore, and this (which is owing to the coolness), rather than the prevalence of mist, may account for the presence of this moisture forming bogs. In a shallow rain-water pool, or rock cistern, about three rods long by one or one and a half wide, several hundred feet below the summit, on the west side, but still on the bare rocky top and on the steepest side of the summit, I saw toad-spawn (black with white bellies), also some very large spawn new to me. There were four or five masses of it, each three or four inches in diameter and of a peculiar light misty bluish white as it lay in the water near the surface, attached to some weed or stick, as usual. Each mass consisted of but few large ova, more than a quarter of an inch in diameter, in which were pale-brown tadpoles flattened out. The outside of the mass when taken up was found to consist of large spherical or rounded gelatinous projections three quarters of an inch wide, and blue in the light and air, while the ova within were greenish. This rain-water pool was generally less than a foot deep, with scarcely a weed in it, but considerable mud concealing its rocky bottom. The spawn was unusually clean and clear. I suspect it to be that of bullfrogs, [Probably *Rana jontinalis*. Vide August, 1860.] though not a frog was to be seen; they were probably lurking beneath the rocks in the water at that hour. This pool was bounded on one or two sides by those rounded walls of rock five or six feet high. My companion had said that he heard a bullfrog the evening before. Is it likely that these toads and frogs ever hopped up there? The hylodes peeped regularly toward night each day in a similar pool much nearer the summit. Agassiz might say that they originated on the top. Perhaps they fell from the clouds in the form of spawn or tadpoles or young frogs. I think it more likely that they fell down than that they hopped up. Yet how can they escape the frosts of winter? The mud is hardly deep enough to protect them.

Having reached the neighborhood of our camp again arid explored the wooded portion lower down along the path up the mountain, we set out northeast along the east side of the mountain. The southeast part of the mountain-top is an extended broad rocky *almost* plateau, consisting of large flat rocks with small bogs and rain-water pools and easy ascents to different levels. The black spruce tree which is scattered here and there over it, the prevailing tree or shrub of the mountaintop, evidently has many difficulties to contend with. It is generally of a yellowish green, its foliage. The most exposed trees are very stout arid spreading close to the rock, often much wider close to the rock than they are high, and these lower, almost their only, limbs completely filling and covering openings between the rocks. I saw one which grew out of a narrow crack in the rock, which was three feet high, five inches in diameter at the ground, arid six feet wide on the rock. It was shaped like a bodkin, - the main stem. The spruce commonly grows in clefts of the rocks; has many large limbs, and longer than the tree is high, perhaps, spreading close and low over the rock in every direction, sometimes eight or ten within a foot of the rock; then, higher up the stem, or midway for three or six feet, though perfectly perpendicular, is quite bare on the north side and commonly showing no trace of a limb, no stubs, but the limbs at this height all ray out southward, and the top is crowned with a tuft of tender twigs. This proves the violence of the storms which they have to contend with. Its branches love to run along flat on the rocks, filling the openings between the rocks. It forms dense coverts and forms, apparently, for the rabbits, etc. A single spruce tree of this habit would sometimes make a pretty good shelter, while the rocks on each side were your walls.

As I walked over this plateau, I first observed, looking toward the summit, that the steep angular projections of

the summit and elsewhere and the brows of the rocks were the parts chiefly covered with dark brown lichens,



— umbilicaria, etc., — as if they were to grow on the ridge and slopes of a man's nose only. It was the steepest and most exposed parts of the high rocks alone on which they grew, where you would think it most difficult for them to cling. They also covered the more rounded brows on the sides of the mountain, especially the east side, where they were very dense, fine, crisp, and firm, like a sort of shagreen, giving a firm footing or hold to the feet where it was needed. It was these that gave that Ararat-brown color of antiquity to these portions of the mountain, which a few miles distant could not be accounted for compared with the more prevalent gray. From the sky-blue you pass through the misty gray of the rocks, to this darker and more terrene color. The temples of the mountain are covered with lichens, which color the mountain for miles.

The west side descends steeply from the summit, but there is a broad almost plateau on the southeast and east, not much beneath the summit, with a precipitous termination on the east, and the rounded brows of the last are covered with the above-named lichens. A spur of moderate length runs off northerly; another, but lower, southwesterly; another, much longer, a little Higher than the last, southerly; and one longer and higher than these, one or two miles long, northeasterly. As you creep down over those eastern brows to look off the precipice, these rough and rigid lichens, forming a rigid crust, as it were baked, clone brown, in the stuff of centuries, afford a desirable hand and foot hold.

They seemed to me wild robins that placed their nests in the spruce up there. I noticed one nest. William Emerson, senior, says they do not breed on Staten Island. They do breed at least at Hudson's Bay. They are certainly a hardy bird, and are at home on this cool mountain-top.

We boiled some rice for our dinner, close by the edge of a rain-water pool and bog, on the plateau southeast from the summit. Though there was so little vegetation, our fire spread rapidly through the dry cladonia lichens on the rocks, and, the wind being pretty high, threatened to give its trouble, but we put it out with a spruce bough dipped in the pool. [And wet the ground with it. You cook beside such a moss for the sake of water.] I thought that if it had spread further, it must soon have come to a bog. Though you could hardly tell what was moist and what dry till the fire came to it. Nothing could be drier than the cladonia, which was often adjacent to a mass of moss saturated with moisture.

These rain-water pools or cisterns are a remarkable feature. There is a scarcity of bubbling springs, but this water was commonly cool enough in that atmosphere and warm as the day was. I do not know why they were not warmer, for they were shallow and the nights were not cold. Can there be some concealed snow or ice about? Hardly. They are quite shallow, but sometimes four or five rods over and with considerable mud at the bottom at first, decayed lichens, and disintegrated rock. Apparently these were the origin of the bogs, *Eriophorum vaginatum*, moss, and a few other boggy plants springing up in them and gradually filling them; yet, though sometimes filled with sedge (?) or fine grass, and generally the dwarfish *Eriophorum vaginatum* in the moss, they were singularly barren, and, unless they were fairly converted into swamps, contained very little variety. You never have to go far to find water of some kind. On the top, perhaps, of a square half-acre of almost bare rock, as in what we called our wash-room by our camp, you find a disintegrated boy, wet moss alternating with dry cladonia (sign and emblem of dryness in our neighborhood), and water stands in little holes, or if you look under the edges of a boulder there, you find standing water, yet cool to drink.

After dinner we kept on northeast over a high ridge east of the summit, whence was a good view of that part of Dublin and Jaffrey immediately under the mountain. There is a fine, large lake extending north and south, apparently in Dublin, -which it would be worth the while to sail on. When on the summit of this, I heard the ring of toads from a rain-pool a little lower and northeasterly. It carried me back nearly a month into sprint; (though they are still ringing and copulating in Concord), it sounded so springlike in that clear, fresh air. Descending to that pool we found toads copulating at the bottom of the water.

In one or two places on this side of the mountain, which, as I have said, terminated in an abrupt precipice, I saw bogs or meadows four or six rods wide or more, but with only grass and moss and eriophorum, without bushes, in them, close to the edge of the mountain or precipice, where, if you stood between the meadow and the summit, looking east, there would appear to be a notch in the rim of the cap or saucer on the east and the meadow ready to spill over and run down the mountain on that side; but when you stood on this notched edge, the descent



was seen to be much less precipitous than you had expected. Such spongy mountain bogs, however, are



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evidently the sources of rivers. Lakes of the clouds when they are clear water. Between this and the northeast spur or ridge was the largest swamp or bog that I saw, consisting, perhaps, of between one and two acres, as I remember. It was a grassy and mossy bog without large bushes, in which you sank a foot, with a great many fallen trees in it, showing their bleached upper side here and there but almost completely buried in the moss. This must once have been a dense swamp, full of pretty large trees. The trees buried in the moss were much larger than any now standing at this height. The outlet of this, if it had any, must have been northwesterly. This was a wild place enough.

Having ascended the highest part of the northeastern ridge north of this bog, we returned to the summit, first to the ridge of the plateau, and west on it to the summit, crossing a ravine between. I noticed, in many places upon the mountain, sandy or gravelly spaces from a few feet to a rod in diameter, where the thin sward and loam appeared to have been recently removed or swept away. I was inclined to call them scars, and thought of very violent winds and tempests of rain as the cause, perhaps, but do not know how to account for them.

We had thus made a pretty complete survey of the top of the mountain. It is a very unique walk, and would be almost equally interesting to take though it were not elevated above the surrounding valleys. It often reminded me of my walks on the beach, and suggested how much both depend for their sublimity on solitude and dreariness. In both cases we feel the presence of some vast, titanic power. The rocks and valleys and bogs and rain-pools of the mountain are so wild and unfamiliar still that you do not recognize the one you left fifteen minutes before. This rocky region, forming what you may call the top of the mountain, must be more than two miles long by one wide in the middle, and you would need to ramble about it many times before it would begin to be familiar. There may be twenty little swamps so much alike in the main that [you] would not know Whether you had seen a particular one before, and the rocks are trackless and do not present the same point. so that it has the effect of the most intricate labyrinth and artificially extended walk.

This mountain is said in the Gazetteer to extend northeast [and] southwest five miles, by three wide, and the streams on the east to empty into the Contoocook and Merrimack, on the west into the Ashuelot and Connecticut; is 3718 feet high; and, judging from its account, the top was wooded fifty years ago.

We proceeded to get our tea on the summit, in the very place where I had made my bed for a night some fifteen years before. There were a great many insects of various kinds on the topmost rocks at this hour, and among them I noticed a yellow butterfly and several large brownish ones fluttering over the apex.

It was interesting to watch from that height the shadows of fair-weather clouds passing over the landscape. You could hardly distinguish them from forests. It reminded me of the similar shadows seen on the sea from the high bank of Cape Cod beach. There the perfect equality of the sea, atoned for the comparatively slight elevation of the bank. We do not commonly realize how constant and amusing a phenomenon this is in a sunnier day to one standing on a sufficiently elevated point. In the valley or on the plain you do not commonly notice the shadow of a cloud unless you are in it, but on a mountain-top, or on a lower elevation in a plain country or by the seaside, the shadows of clouds flitting over the landscape are a never-failing source of amusement. It is commonly easy to refer a shadow to its cloud, since in one direction its form is preserved with sufficient accuracy. Yet I was surprised to observe that a long, straggling downy cumulus extending north and south a few miles east of us, when the sun was perhaps an hour high, cast its shadow along the base of the Peterboro Hills, and did not fall on the other side, as I should have expected. It proved the clouds not so high as I supposed. It suggested how with tolerable accuracy you might easily calculate the height of a cloud with a quadrant and a good map of the country; e. g., observe at what distance the shadow of a cloud directly overhead strikes the earth, and then take the altitude of the sun, and you may presume that you have the base and two angles of a right-angled triangle, from which the rest may be calculated; or you may allow for the angle of elevation of the mountain as seen from the place where the shadow falls. Also you might determine the breadth of a cloud by observing the breadth of the shadow at a given distance, etc., etc. Many such calculations would be easy in such a locality. It was pleasant enough to see one man's farm in the shadow of a cloud, -which perhaps he thought covered all the Northern States, - while his neighbor's farm was in sunshine. It was still too hazy to allow of our seeing the shadow of the mountain, so we descended a little before the sun set, but already the hylodes had been peeping for some time.

Again the wood thrush, chewink, etc., sang at eve. I had also heard the song sparrow.

As the sky was more cloudy this evening, we looked out a shelving rock near our camp, where we might, take shelter from the rain in the night if necessary, i. e., if our roof did not prove tight enough. There were plenty of clefts and small caverns where you might be warm and dry. The mosquitoes troubled us a little this night.

Lying up there at this season, when the nighthawk is most musical reminded me of what I had noticed before, that this bird is crepuscular in its habits. It was heard by night only up to nine or ten o'clock and again just before dawn, and marked those periods or seasons like a clock. Its note very conveniently indicated the time of night. It was sufficient to hear the nighthawk booming when you awoke to know how the night got on, though you had no other evidence of the hour. I did not hear the sound of any beast. There are no longer any wolves to howl or panthers to scream. One man told me that many foxes took refuge from (logs and sportsmen on this mountain. The plants of cold northern bogs grow on this mountain-top, and even they have a boreal habit here, more dwarfish than such of them as grow in our swamps. The more memorable and peculiar plants of the mountaintop were the mountain cranberry and the *Potentilla tridentata*, the *dwarfish* spruce, *Arenaria Grœnlandica* (not now conspicuous). The *Ribes prostratum*, or fetid currant, was very abundant from quite near the summit to near the base, and its currant-acid fragrance was quite agreeable to me, partly, perhaps, from its relation to the currant of



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the gardens. You also notice many small weed-like mountain-ashes, six or eight inches high, which, on trying to pull up, you find to be very firmly rooted, having an old and large root out of proportion to their top. I might also name in this connection not only the blueberry but the very common but dwarfish *Eriophorum vaginatum* and the *Lycopodium annotinum*, also the amelanchier, variety *oligocarpa*. I was not prepared to find vegetation so much later there than below or with its, since I once found blueberries ripe on Wachusett unexpectedly early. However, it was a pleasing lateness, and gives one a chance to review some of his lessons in natural history. On the rocky part, the only plants, as I noticed, which were or had been in bloom were the salix, now generally done; *Ribes prostratum*, in prime; *Eriophorum vaginatum*, *Vaccinium Pennsylvanicum*, just begun; *Amelanchier oligocarpa*, little, not long; water andromeda, ditto, ditto; and *probably* (?) the populus, birches (?), mayflower, and spruce.



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Note that in his journal, where [Thoreau](#) refers as above to “the Gazetteer,” he is referring as always to a volume now in Special Collections at the Concord Free Public Library, the 7th edition published in 1839 in Concord, New Hampshire and Boston of John Hayward’s [THE NEW ENGLAND GAZETTEER](#); CONTAINING DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL THE STATES, COUNTIES AND TOWNS IN NEW ENGLAND: ALSO DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PRINCIPAL MOUNTAINS, RIVERS, LAKES, CAPES, BAYS, HARBORS, ISLANDS, AND FASHIONABLE RESORTS WITHIN THAT TERRITORY. ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

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BY JOHN HAYWARD,  
Author of the *Columbian Traveller*, *Religious Creeds*, &c. &c.

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SEVENTH EDITION.

CONCORD, N. H. :  
ISRAEL S. BOYD AND WILLIAM WHITE.  
BOSTON :  
JOHN HAYWARD.  
1839.

**NEW ENGLAND GAZETTEER**

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August 2, Monday: As a result of the Sepoy uprisings of 1857, Great Britain instituted the Government of India Act. As of November 1st, the Mogul Empire and the British East India Company would dissolve as the British government instituted direct rule over [India](#) through a Viceroy.

The British Parliament organized the territory of New Caledonia into the Crown Colony of British Columbia.

In the [Kansas](#) legislature, the final vote was to reject the [Lecompton Constitution](#) in response to the federal government’s English Bill offer.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



August 2. P.M. – Up Assabet.

Landed at the Bath-Place and walked the length of Shad-bush Meadow. I noticed meandering down that meadow, which is now quite dry, a very broad and distinct musquash-trail, where they went and came continually when it was wet or under water in the winter or spring. These trails are often nine or ten inches wide and half a dozen deep, passing under a root and the lowest overhanging shrubs, where they glided along on their bellies underneath everything. I traced one such trail forty rods, till it ended in a large cabin three feet high,~ with blueberry bushes springing still from the top; and other similar trails led off from it on opposite sides. Near the cabin they had burrowed or worn them out nine or ten inches deep, as if this now deserted castle had been a place of great resort. Their skins used to be worth fifty cents apiece.

I see there what I take to be a marsh hawk of this year, hunting by itself. It has not learned to be very shy yet, so that we repeatedly get near it. What a rich brown bird! almost, methinks, with purple reflections.

What I have called the Panicum latifolium has now its broad leaves, striped with red, abundant under Turtle Bank, above Bath-Place.

August 21, Saturday: The [negro schooner Echo](#), taken with a cargo of 306 [slaves](#), was brought to the port of [Charleston](#), South Carolina (HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 35th Congress, 2d session II, part 4, Number 2, part 4, pages 5, 14).

INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE

The citizens of the [Kansas Territory](#) voted, in a referendum, 11,812 over 1,926, to reject the federal government’s “English Bill” sponsored by Representative William Hayden English. They were most definitely not going to embrace the [Lecompton Constitution](#).

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

Life must have seemed quite a bit different on this day, for [Abraham Lincoln](#) and for [Henry Thoreau](#):



August 21: P.M.–A-berrying to Conantum. I notice hardhacks clothing their stems now with their erected leaves, showing the whitish under sides. A pleasing evidence of the advancing season.

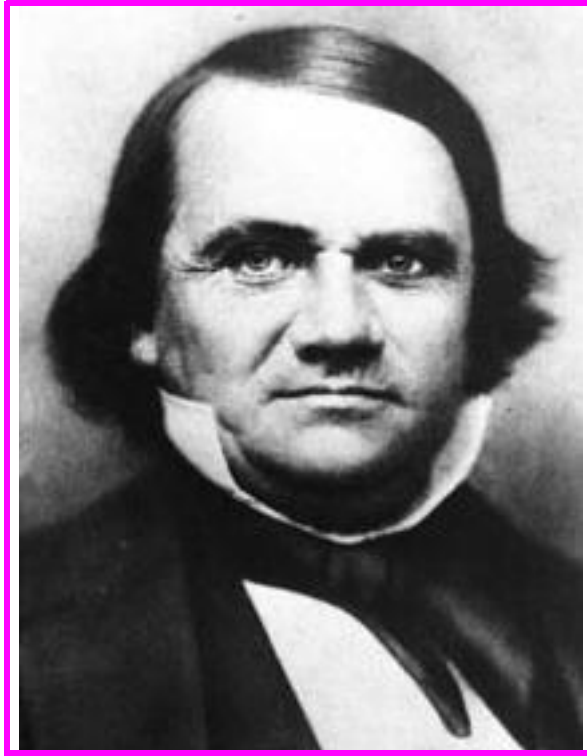
How yellow that kind of hedgehog (?) sedge, [1] in the toad pool by Cyrus Hubbard’s corner.

I still see the patch of epilobium on Bee Tree Hill as plainly as ever, though only the pink seed-vessels and stems are left.

JAMES BAKER

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Per the COLLECTED WORKS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, here is the 1st debate with Stephen A. Douglas, that was taking place on this day at Ottawa, [Illinois](#):



**August 21, 1858**

**Mr. Douglas' Speech.**

Ladies and gentlemen: I appear before you to-day for the purpose of discussing the leading political topics which now agitate the public mind. By an arrangement between Mr. Lincoln and myself, we are present here to-day for the purpose of having a joint discussion as the representatives of the two great political parties of the State and Union, upon the principles in issue between these parties and this vast concourse of people, shows the deep feeling which pervades the public mind in regard to the questions dividing us.

Prior to 1854 this country was divided into two great political parties, known as the Whig and Democratic parties. Both were national and patriotic, advocating principles that were universal in their application. An old line Whig could proclaim his principles in Louisiana and Massachusetts alike. Whig principles had no boundary sectional line, they were not limited by the Ohio river, nor by the Potomac, nor by the line of the free and slave States, but applied and were proclaimed wherever the Constitution ruled or the American flag waved over the American soil. (Hear him, and three cheers.) So it was, and so it is with the great Democratic party, which, from the days of Jefferson until this period, has proven itself to be the historic party of this nation. While the Whig and Democratic parties differed in regard to a bank, the tariff, distribution, the specie circular and the sub-treasury, they agreed on the great slavery question which now agitates the Union. I say that the Whig party and the Democratic party agreed on this slavery





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question while they differed on those matters of expediency to which I have referred. The Whig party and the Democratic party jointly adopted the Compromise measures of 1850 as the basis of a proper and just solution of this slavery question in all its forms. Clay was the great leader, with Webster on his right and Cass on his left, and sustained by the patriots in the Whig and Democratic ranks, who had devised and enacted the Compromise measures of 1850.

In 1851, the Whig party and the Democratic party united in Illinois in adopting resolutions endorsing and approving the principles of the compromise measures of 1850, as the proper adjustment of that question. In 1852, when the Whig party assembled in Convention at Baltimore for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the Presidency, the first thing it did was to declare the compromise measures of 1850, in substance and in principle, a suitable adjustment of that question. (Here the speaker was interrupted by loud and long continued applause.) My friends, silence will be more acceptable to me in the discussion of these questions than applause. I desire to address myself to your judgment, your understanding, and your consciences, and not to your passions or your enthusiasm. When the Democratic convention assembled in Baltimore in the same year, for the purpose of nominating a Democratic candidate for the Presidency, it also adopted the compromise measures of 1850 as the basis of Democratic action. Thus you see that up to 1853-'54, the Whig party and the Democratic party both stood on the same platform with regard to the slavery question. That platform was the right of the people of each State and each Territory to decide their local and domestic institutions for themselves, subject only to the federal constitution.

During the session of Congress of 1853-'54, I introduced into the Senate of the United States a bill to organize the Territories of [Kansas](#) and Nebraska on that principle which had been adopted in the compromise measures of 1850, approved by the Whig party and the Democratic party in Illinois in 1851, and endorsed by the Whig party and the Democratic party in national convention in 1852. In order that there might be no misunderstanding in relation to the principle involved in the [Kansas](#) and Nebraska bill, I put forth the true intent and meaning of the act in these words: "It is the true intent and meaning of this act not to legislate slavery into any State or Territory, or to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the federal constitution." Thus, you see, that up to 1854, when the [Kansas](#) and Nebraska bill was brought into Congress for the purpose of carrying out the principles which both parties had up to that time endorsed and approved, there had been no division in this country in regard to that principle except the opposition of the abolitionists. In the House of Representatives of the Illinois Legislature, upon a resolution asserting that principle, every Whig and every Democrat in the House voted in the affirmative, and only four men voted against it, and those four were old line Abolitionists. (Cheers.)

In 1854, Mr. [Abraham Lincoln](#) and Mr. Trumbull entered into an arrangement, one with the other, and each with his respective friends, to dissolve the old Whig party on the one hand, and to dissolve the old Democratic party on the other, and to connect



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the members of both into an Abolition party under the name and disguise of a [Republican party](#). (Laughter and cheers, hurrah for Douglas.) The terms of that arrangement between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Trumbull have been published to the world by Mr. Lincoln's special friend, James H. Matheny, Esq., and they were that Lincoln should have Shields' place in the U.S. Senate, which was then about to become vacant, and that Trumbull should have my seat when my term expired. (Great laughter.) Lincoln went to work to abolitionize the Old Whig party all over the State, pretending that he was then as good a Whig as ever; (laughter) and Trumbull went to work in his part of the State preaching Abolitionism in its milder and lighter form, and trying to abolitionize the Democratic party, and bring old Democrats handcuffed and bound hand and foot into the Abolition camp. ("Good," "hurrah for Douglas," and cheers.) In pursuance of the arrangement, the parties met at Springfield in October, 1854, and proclaimed their new platform. Lincoln was to bring into the Abolition camp the old line Whigs, and transfer them over to Joshua Reed Giddings, Chase, Ford, [Frederick Douglass](#) and Parson Lovejoy,<sup>91</sup> who were ready to receive them and christen them in their new faith. (Laughter and cheers.) They laid down on that occasion a platform for their new [Republican party](#), which was to be thus constructed. I have the resolutions of their State convention then held, which was the first mass State Convention ever held in Illinois by the Black [Republican party](#), and I now hold them in my hands and will read a part of them, and cause the others to be printed. Here is the most important and material resolution of this Abolition platform.

1. Resolved, That we believe this truth to be self-evident, that when parties become subversive of the ends for which they are established, or incapable of restoring the government to the true principles of the constitution, it is the right and duty of the people to dissolve the political bands by which they may have been connected therewith, and to organize new parties upon such principles and with such views as the circumstances and exigencies of the nation may demand.

2. Resolved, That the times imperatively demand the reorganization of parties, and repudiating all previous party attachments, names and predilections, we unite ourselves together in defence of the liberty and constitution of the country, and will hereafter co-operate as the [Republican party](#), pledged to the accomplishment of the following purposes: to bring the administration of the government back to the control of first principles; to restore Nebraska and [Kansas](#) to the position of free territories; that, as the constitution of the United States, vests in the States, and not in Congress, the power to legislate for the extradition of fugitives from labor, to repeal and entirely abrogate the fugitive slave law; to restrict slavery to those States in which it exists; to prohibit the admission of any more slave States into the Union; to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia; to exclude slavery from all the territories over which the general government has exclusive jurisdiction; and to resist the acquirements of any more territories unless the practice of slavery therein forever shall have been prohibited.

3. Resolved, That in furtherance of these principles we will use such constitutional and lawful means as shall seem best adapted

91. Joshua Reed Giddings, U.S. representative from Ohio, and Thomas H. Ford, Ohio Know-Nothing and abolitionist.



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to their accomplishment, and that we will support no man for office, under the general or State government, who is not positively and fully committed to the support of these principles, and whose personal character and conduct is not a guaranty that he is reliable, and who shall not have abjured old party allegiance and ties.

(The resolutions, as they were read, were cheered throughout.)

Now, gentlemen, your Black Republicans have cheered every one of those propositions, ("good and cheers,") and yet I venture to say that you cannot get Mr. Lincoln to come out and say that he is now in favor of each one of them. (Laughter and applause. "Hit him again.") That these propositions, one and all, constitute the platform of the Black [Republican party](#) of this day, I have no doubt, ("good") and when you were not aware for what purpose I was reading them, your Black Republicans cheered them as good Black Republican doctrines. ("That's it," etc.) My object in reading these resolutions, was to put the question to [Abraham Lincoln](#) this day, whether he now stands and will stand by each article in that creed and carry it out. ("Good." "Hit him again.") I desire to know whether Mr. Lincoln to-day stands as he did in 1854, in favor of the unconditional repeal of the fugitive slave law. I desire him to answer whether he stands pledged to-day, as he did in 1854, against the admission of any more slave States into the Union, even if the people want them. I want to know whether he stands pledged against the admission of a new State into the Union with such a constitution as the people of that State may see fit to make. ("That's it;" "put it at him.") I want to know whether he stands to-day pledged to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. I desire him to answer whether he stands pledged to the prohibition of the slave trade between the different States. ("He does.") I desire to know whether he stands pledged to prohibit slavery in all the territories of the United States, North as well as South of the Missouri Compromise line, ("[Kansas](#) too.") I desire him to answer whether he is opposed to the acquisition of any more territory unless slavery is first prohibited therein. I want his answer to these questions. Your affirmative cheers in favor of this Abolition platform is not satisfactory. I ask [Abraham Lincoln](#) to answer these questions, in order that when I trot him down to lower Egypt I may put the same questions to him. (Enthusiastic applause.) My principles are the same everywhere. (Cheers, and "hark.") I can proclaim them alike in the North, the South, the East, and the West. My principles will apply wherever the Constitution prevails and the American flag waves. ("Good," and applause.) I desire to know whether Mr. Lincoln's principles will bear transplanting from Ottawa to Jonesboro? I put these questions to him to-day distinctly, and ask an answer. I have a right to an answer ("that's so," "he can't dodge you," etc.), for I quote from the platform of the [Republican party](#), made by himself and others at the time that party was formed, and the bargain made by Lincoln to dissolve and kill the old Whig party, and transfer its members, bound hand and foot, to the Abolition party, under the direction of Joshua Reed Giddings and [Frederick Douglass](#). (Cheers.) In the remarks I have made on this platform, and the position of Mr. Lincoln upon it, I mean nothing personally disrespectful or unkind to that gentleman. I have known him for nearly twenty-five years. There were many points



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of sympathy between us when we first got acquainted. We were both comparatively boys, and both struggling with poverty in a strange land. I was a school-teacher in the town of Winchester, and he a flourishing grocery-keeper in the town of Salem. (Applause and laughter.) He was more successful in his occupation than I was in mine, and hence more fortunate in this world's goods. [Abraham Lincoln](#) is one of those peculiar men who perform with admirable skill everything which they undertake. I made as good a school-teacher as I could and when a cabinet maker I made a good bedstead and tables, although my old boss said I succeeded better with bureaus and secretaries than anything else; (cheers,) but I believe that Lincoln was always more successful in business than I, for his business enabled him to get into the Legislature. I met him there, however, and had a sympathy with him, because of the up hill struggle we both had in life. He was then just as good at telling an anecdote as now. ("No doubt.") He could beat any of the boys wrestling, or running a foot race, in pitching quoits or tossing a copper, could ruin more liquor than all the boys of the town together, (uproarious laughter,) and the dignity and impartiality with which he presided at a horse race or fist fight, excited the admiration and won the praise of everybody that was present and participated. (Renewed laughter.) I sympathised with him, because he was struggling with difficulties and so was I. Mr. Lincoln served with me in the Legislature in 1836, when we both retired, and he subsided, or became submerged, and he was lost sight of as a public man for some years. In 1846, when Wilmot introduced his celebrated proviso, and the Abolition tornado swept over the country, Lincoln again turned up as a member of Congress from the Sangamon district. I was then in the Senate of the United States, and was glad to welcome my old friend and companion. Whilst in Congress, he distinguished himself by his opposition to the Mexican war, taking the side of the common enemy against his own country; ("that's true,") and when he returned home he found that the indignation of the people followed him everywhere, and he was again submerged or obliged to retire into private life, forgotten by his former friends. ("And will be again.") He came up again in 1854, just in time to make this Abolition or Black Republican platform, in company with Joshua Reed Giddings, Lovejoy, Chase, and [Frederick Douglass](#) for the [Republican party](#) to stand upon. (Laughter, "Hit him again," &c.) Trumbull, too, was one of our own contemporaries. He was born and raised in old Connecticut, was bred a federalist, but removing to Georgia, turned nullifier when nullification was popular, and as soon as he disposed of his clocks and wound up his business, migrated to Illinois, (laughter,) turned politician and lawyer here, and made his appearance in 1841, as a member of the Legislature. He became noted as the author of the scheme to repudiate a large portion of the State debt of Illinois, which, if successful, would have brought infamy and disgrace upon the fair escutcheon of our glorious State. The odium attached to that measure consigned him to oblivion for a time. I helped to do it. I walked into a public meeting in the hall of the House of Representatives and replied to his repudiating speeches, and resolutions were carried over his head denouncing repudiation, and asserting the moral and legal obligation of Illinois to pay every dollar of the debt she owed and every bond that bore her seal. ("Good," and cheers.)



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Trumbull's malignity has followed me since I thus defeated his infamous scheme.

These two men having formed this combination to abolitionize the old Whig party and the old Democratic party, and put themselves into the Senate of the United States, in pursuance of their bargain, are now carrying out that arrangement. Matheny states that Trumbull broke faith; that the bargain was that [Abraham Lincoln](#) should be the Senator in Shields' place, and Trumbull was to wait for mine; (laughter and cheers,) and the story goes, that Trumbull cheated Lincoln, having control of four or five abolitionized Democrats who were holding over in the Senate; he would not let them vote for Lincoln, and which obliged the rest of the Abolitionists to support him in order to secure an Abolition Senator. There are a number of authorities for the truth of this besides Matheny, and I suppose that even Mr. Lincoln will not deny it. (Applause and laughter.)

Mr. Lincoln demands that he shall have the place intended for Trumbull, as Trumbull cheated him and got his, and Trumbull is stumping the State traducing me for the purpose of securing that position for Lincoln, in order to quiet him. ("Lincoln can never get it, &c.") It was in consequence of this arrangement that the Republican Convention was empanelled to instruct for Lincoln and nobody else, and it was on this account that they passed resolutions that he was their first, their last, and their only choice. Archy Williams was nowhere, Browning was nobody, Wentworth was not to be considered, they had no man in the [Republican party](#) for the place except Lincoln, for the reason that he demanded that they should carry out the arrangement. ("Hit him again.")

Having formed this new party for the benefit of deserters from Whiggery, and deserters from Democracy, and having laid down the Abolition platform which I have read, Lincoln now takes his stand and proclaims his Abolition doctrines. Let me read a part of them. In his speech at Springfield to the convention which nominated him for the Senate, he said:

In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half Slave and half Free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved--I do not expect the house to fall---but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other. Either the opponents of Slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States ---old as well as new, North as well as South.

("Good," "good." and cheers.)

I am delighted to hear you Black Republicans say "good." (Laughter and cheers.) I have no doubt that doctrine expresses your sentiments ("hit them again," "that's it,") and I will prove to you now, if you will listen to me, that it is revolutionary and destructive of the existence of this Government. ("Hurrah for Douglas," "good," and cheers.) Mr. Lincoln, in the extract from which I have read, says that this Government cannot endure permanently in the same condition in which it was made by its framers - divided into free and slave



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States. He says that it has existed for about seventy years thus divided, and yet he tells you that it cannot endure permanently on the same principles and in the same relative condition in which our fathers made it. ("Neither can it.") Why can it not exist divided into free and slave States? Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, Hamilton, Jay, and the great men of that day, made this Government divided into free States and slave States, and left each State perfectly free to do as it pleased on the subject of slavery. ("Right, right.") Why can it not exist on the same principles on which our fathers made it? ("It can.") They knew when they framed the Constitution that in a country as wide and broad as this, with such a variety of climate, production and interest, the people necessarily required different laws and institutions in different localities. They knew that the laws and regulations which would suit the granite hills of New Hampshire would be unsuited to the rice plantations of South Carolina, ("right, right,") and they, therefore, provided that each State should retain its own Legislature, and its own sovereignty with the full and complete power to do as it pleased within its own limits, in all that was local and not national. (Applause.) One of the reserved rights of the States, was the right to regulate the relations between Master and Servant, on the slavery question. At the time the Constitution was formed, there were thirteen States in the Union, twelve of which were slaveholding States and one a free State. Suppose this doctrine of uniformity preached by Mr. Lincoln, that the States should all be free or all be slave had prevailed and what would have been the result? Of course, the twelve slaveholding States would have overruled the one free State, and slavery would have been fastened by a Constitutional provision on every inch of the American Republic, instead of being left as our fathers wisely left it, to each State to decide for itself. ("Good, good," and three cheers for Douglas.) Here I assert that uniformity in the local laws and institutions of the different States is neither possible or desirable. If uniformity had been adopted when the government was established, it must inevitably have been the uniformity of slavery everywhere, or else the uniformity of negro citizenship and negro equality everywhere. We are told by [Abraham Lincoln](#) that he is utterly opposed to the Dred Scott decision, and will not submit to it, for the reason that he says it deprives the negro of the rights and privileges of citizenship. (Laughter and applause.) That is the first and main reason which he assigns for his warfare on the Supreme Court of the United States and its decision. I ask you, are you in favor of conferring upon the negro the rights and privileges of citizenship? ("No, no.") Do you desire to strike out of our State Constitution that clause which keeps slaves and free negroes out of the State, and allow the free negroes to flow in, ("never,") and cover your prairies with black settlements? Do you desire to turn this beautiful State into a free negro colony, ("no, no,") in order that when Missouri abolishes slavery she can send one hundred thousand emancipated slaves into Illinois, to become citizens and voters, on an equality with yourselves? ("Never," "no.") If you desire negro citizenship, if you desire to allow them to come into the State and settle with the white man, if you desire them to vote on an equality with yourselves, and to make them eligible to office, to serve on juries, and to adjudge your rights, then support Mr. Lincoln and the Black [Republican](#)



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party, who are in favor of the citizenship of the negro. ("Never, never.") For one, I am opposed to negro citizenship in any and every form. (Cheers.) I believe this government was made on the white basis. ("Good.") I believe it was made by white men, for the benefit of white men and their posterity for ever, and I am in favour of confining citizenship to white men, men of European birth and descent, instead of conferring it upon negroes, Indians and other inferior races.

("Good for you." "Douglas forever.")

Mr. Lincoln, following the example and lead of all the little Abolition orators, who go around and lecture in the basements of schools and churches, reads from the Declaration of Independence, that all men were created equal, and then asks how can you deprive a negro of that equality which God and the Declaration of Independence awards to him. He and they maintain that negro equality is guaranteed by the laws of God, and that it is asserted in the Declaration of Independence. If they think so, of course they have a right to say so, and so vote. I do not question Mr. Lincoln's conscientious belief that the negro was made his equal, and hence is his brother, (laughter,) but for my own part, I do not regard the negro as my equal, and positively deny that he is my brother or any kin to me whatever. ("Never." "Hit him again," and cheers.) Abraham Lincoln has evidently learned by heart Parson Lovejoy's catechism. (Laughter and applause.) He can repeat it as well as Farnsworth,<sup>92</sup> and he is worthy of a medal from father Joshua Reed Giddings and Frederick Douglass for his Abolitionism. (Laughter.) He holds that the negro was born his equal and yours, and that he was endowed with equality by the Almighty, and that no human law can deprive him of these rights which were guaranteed to him by the Supreme ruler of the Universe. Now, I do not believe that the Almighty ever intended the negro to be the equal of the white man. ("Never, never.") If he did, he has been a long time demonstrating the fact. (Cheers.) For thousands of years the negro has been a race upon the earth, and during all that time, in all latitudes and climates, wherever he has wandered or been taken, he has been inferior to the race which he has there met. He belongs to an inferior race, and must always occupy an inferior position. ("Good," "that's so," &c.) I do not hold that because the negro is our inferior that therefore he ought to be a slave. By no means can such a conclusion be drawn from what I have said. On the contrary, I hold that humanity and christianity both require that the negro shall have and enjoy every right, every privilege, and every immunity consistent with the safety of the society in which he lives. (That's so.) On that point, I presume, there can be no diversity of opinion. You and I are bound to extend to our inferior and dependent being every right, every privilege, every facility and immunity consistent with the public good. The question then arises what rights and privileges are consistent with the public good. This is a question which each State and each Territory must decide for itself---Illinois has decided it for herself. We have provided that the negro shall not be a slave, and we have also provided that he shall not be a citizen, but protect him in his civil rights, in his life, his person and his property, only depriving him of all political rights whatsoever, and refusing



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to put him on an equality with the white man. ("Good.") That policy of Illinois is satisfactory to the Democratic party and to me, and if it were to the Republicans, there would then be no question upon the subject; but the Republicans say that he ought to be made a citizen, and when he becomes a citizen he becomes your equal, with all your rights and privileges. ("He never shall.") They assert the Dred Scott decision to be monstrous because it denies that the negro is or can be a citizen under the Constitution. Now, I hold that Illinois had a right to abolish and prohibit slavery as she did, and I hold that Kentucky has the same right to continue and protect slavery that Illinois had to abolish it. I hold that New York had as much right to abolish slavery as Virginia has to continue it, and that each and every State of this Union is a sovereign power, with the right to do as it pleases upon this question of slavery, and upon all its domestic institutions. Slavery is not the only question which comes up in this controversy. There is a far more important one to you, and that is, what shall be done with the free negro? We have settled the slavery question as far as we are concerned; we have prohibited it in Illinois forever, and in doing so, I think we have done wisely, and there is no man in the State who would be more strenuous in his opposition to the introduction of slavery than I would; (cheers) but when we settled it for ourselves, we exhausted all our power over that subject. We have done our whole duty, and can do no more. We must leave each and every other State to decide for itself the same question. In relation to the policy to be pursued towards the free negroes, we have said that they shall not vote; whilst Maine, on the other hand, has said that they shall vote. Maine is a sovereign State, and has the power to regulate the qualifications of voters within her limits. I would never consent to confer the right of voting and of citizenship upon a negro, but still I am not going to quarrel with Maine for differing from me in opinion. Let Maine take care of her own negroes and fix the qualifications of her own voters to suit herself, without interfering with Illinois, and Illinois will not interfere with Maine. So with the State of New York. She allows the negro to vote provided he owns two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of property, but not otherwise. While I would not make any distinction whatever between a negro who held property and one who did not; yet if the sovereign State of New York chooses to make that distinction it is her business and not mine, and I will not quarrel with her for it. She can do as she pleases on this question if she minds her own business, and we will do the same thing. Now, my friends, if we will only act conscientiously and rigidly upon this great principle of popular sovereignty which guarantees to each State and Territory the right to do as it pleases on all things local and domestic instead of Congress interfering, we will continue at peace one with another. Why should Illinois be at war with Missouri, or Kentucky with Ohio, or Virginia with New York, merely because their institutions differ? Our fathers intended that our institutions should differ. They knew that the North and the South having different climates, productions and interests, required different institutions. This doctrine of Mr. Lincoln's of uniformity among the institutions of the different States is a new doctrine, never dreamed of by Washington, Madison, or the framers of this Government. Mr. [Abraham Lincoln](#) and the





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Republican party set themselves up as wiser than these men who made this government, which has flourished for seventy years under the principle of popular sovereignty, recognizing the right of each State to do as it pleased.

Under that principle we have grown from a nation of three or four millions to a nation of about thirty millions of people; we have crossed the Alleghany Mountains and filled up the whole Northwest, turning the prairies into a garden, and building up churches and schools, thus spreading civilization and Christianity where before there was nothing but savage barbarism. Under that principle we have become, from a feeble nation, the most powerful on the face of the earth, and if we only adhere to that principle, we can go forward increasing in territory, in power, in strength, and in glory until the Republic of America shall be the north star that shall guide the friends of freedom throughout the civilized world. And why can we not adhere to the great principle of self-government upon which our institutions were originally based? I believe that this new doctrine preached by Mr. Lincoln and his party will dissolve the Union if it succeeds.

\* This extract from Mr. Lincoln's Peoria Speech of 1854, was read by him in the Ottawa debate, but was not reported fully or accurately, in either the Times or Press & Tribune. It is inserted now as necessary to a complete report of the debate. [Footnote written by Lincoln in the margin of the debates scrapbook.]

[5] "Materially" corrected by Lincoln to "materials."

[6] "Whas" corrected by Lincoln to "What."

[7] U.S. Senator Charles E. Stuart ("my friend from Michigan").

[8] This episode is not reported in the Press and Tribune, and was deleted by Lincoln in the debates scrapbook.

[9] The five preceding paragraphs composing this digression were deleted by Lincoln in the debates scrapbook. The bias of the Times reporter is obvious, but it may be well to note that the episode appears in the Press and Tribune as follows:

"MR. LINCOLN---Let the Judge add that Lincoln went along with them.

"JUDGE DOUGLAS.---Mr. Lincoln says let him add that he went along with them to the Senate Chamber. I will not add that for I do not know it.

"MR. LINCOLN.---I do know it.

"JUDGE DOUGLAS.---But whether he knows or not my point is this, and I will yet bring him to his milk on this point."

[10] This paragraph is not in the Press and Tribune.



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



October 10, Sunday: [Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#) read a poem "[America](#)" at the opening of the initial session of the Fraternity Lectures for 1858-59.

[James William "Jim" Denver](#) resigned.

**"BLEEDING KANSAS"**

At this point [Donati's comet](#) was closest to the earth, at half an astronomical unit in distance. Its dust trail, also of about half an astronomical unit in length, reached 60 degrees across the sky.

**SKY EVENT**

[Henry Thoreau](#) was far from the only one staring at this magnificent object in the heavens. John Hedges from Hampstead, London, aboard a ship sailing from England toward Australia, had been keeping a journal which upon arrival he would copy out in ink and mail as a letter to his mother back home. He and his wife and children had left the Mersey River in September, in a berth right next to a gang of Irish. On [Christmas Day](#) the body of a 12-year-old passenger would be consigned to the sea, and the coast of Australia would be sighted. On the 4th of January, 1859, his own son would die, and his first task ashore would be the burial of this child. But on this day, a Sunday, John was jotting down news of the [comet VI Donati](#) to which Thoreau had been referring on September 23d,  September 29th,  October 1st,  and October 5th,  and to which he would again be referring on November 1st:  "A beautiful day, we have averaged 8<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> miles per hour since yesterday. (A nautical day commences at noon and ends at noon the next day.) Captain read prayers today. We still see the Comet every night but we cannot see it so many hours as we could a week ago, the Mate told me today that we were 1800 miles on our voyage...."



Forebodings of a coming storm were in the air, in everyone's hearts and minds and mouths. Every natural phenomenon was clothed with peculiar significance. The great comet that flamed across the heavens was taken as a sign of approaching war. Strange celestial lights, which nightly illuminated the heavens for weeks with a lurid brazen glow, the like of which had never been seen before by the people; filled their minds with morbid dread. Every one seemed on an intense strain. The slightest incident shattered the nerves.

**ASTRONOMY**



October 10, Sunday: P. M. — To Annursnack.

November has already come to the river with the fall of the black willow and the button-bush, and the fall and blackening of the pontederia. The leaves of the two former are the greater part fallen, letting in the autumn light to the water, and the ducks have less shelter and concealment.

As I go along the Groton road, I see afar, in the middle of E. Wood's field, what looks like a stone jug or post, but my glass reveals it a woodchuck, a great, plump gray fellow, and when I am nearly half a mile off, I can still see him nibbling the grass there, and from time to time, when he hears, perchance, a wagon on the road, sitting erect and looking warily around for approaching foes. I am glad to see the woodchuck so fat in the orchard. It proves that is the same nature that was of yore.

The autumnal brightness of the foliage generally is less, or faded, since the fading of the maples and hickories, which began about the 5th.<sup>93</sup> Oak leaves generally (perhaps except scarlet?) begin to wither soon after they begin to turn, and large trees (except the scarlet) do not generally attain to brilliancy.<sup>94</sup>

Apparently *Fringilla pusilla* yet.

The *Salix humilis* leaves are falling fast in Wood Turtle Path (A. Hosmer's), a dry wood-path, looking curled and slaty-colored about the half-bare stems. Thus each humble shrub is contributing its mite to the fertility of

93. But the oaks became brighter. *Vide* 15th.

94. [Queried in pencil.]

the globe. I find the under sides of the election-cake fungi there covered with pink-colored fleas, apparently poduras, skipping about when it is turned up to the light.

The simplest and most lumpish fungus has a peculiar interest to us, compared with a mere mass of earth, because it is so obviously organic and related to ourselves, however mute. It is the expression of an idea; growth according to a law; matter not dormant, not raw, but inspired, appropriated by spirit. If I take up a handful of earth, however separately interesting the particles may be, their relation to one another appears to be that of mere juxtaposition generally. I might have thrown them together thus. But the humblest fungus betrays a life akin to my own. It is a successful poem in its kind. There is suggested something superior to any particle of matter, in the idea or mind which uses and arranges the particles.

Genius is inspired by its own works; it is hermaphroditic.

I find the fringed gentian abundantly open at 3 and at 4 P. M., — in fact, it must be all the afternoon, — open to catch the cool October sun and air in its low position. Such a dark blue! surpassing that of the male bluebird's back, who must be encouraged by its presence.<sup>95</sup>

The indigo-weed, now partly turned black and broken off, blows about the pastures like the flyaway grass.

I find some of those little rooty tubers (?), now woody, in the turtle field of A. Hosmer's by Eddy Bridge.

Pulling up some *Diplopappus linariifolius*, now done, I find many *bright-purple* shoots, a half to three quarters of an inch long, freshly put forth underground and ready to turn upward and form new plants in the spring.

October 25, Monday: [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) began work on his romance about the satyr of Praxiteles.

At the Corinthian Hall in Rochester, New York, [William Henry Seward](#) delivered himself of a speech on "The Irrepressible Conflict" between North and South:



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

The unmistakable outbreaks of zeal which occur all around me, show that you are earnest men — and such a man am I. Let us therefore, at least for a time, pass by all secondary and collateral questions, whether of a personal or of a general nature, and consider the main subject of the present canvass. The democratic party — or, to speak more accurately, the party which wears that attractive name — is in possession of the federal government. The republicans propose to dislodge that party, and dismiss it from its high trust.

The main subject, then, is, whether the democratic party deserves to retain the confidence of the American people. In attempting to prove it unworthy, I think that I am not actuated

95. Inclosing it in a mass of the sphagnum near or in which it often grows, I carry it home, and it opens for several days in succession.



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by prejudices against that party, or by prepossessions in favor of its adversary; for I have learned, by some experience, that virtue and patriotism, vice and selfishness, are found in all parties, and that they differ less in their motives than in the policies they pursue.

Our country is a theatre, which exhibits, in full operation, two radically different political systems; the one resting on the basis of servile or slave labor, the other on the basis of voluntary labor of freemen. The laborers who are enslaved are all negroes, or persons more or less purely of African derivation. But this is only accidental. The principle of the system is, that labor in every society, by whomsoever performed, is necessarily unintellectual, groveling and base; and that the laborer, equally for his own good and for the welfare of the state, ought to be enslaved. The white laboring man, whether native or foreigner, is not enslaved, only because he cannot, as yet, be reduced to bondage.

You need not be told now that the slave system is the older of the two, and that once it was universal.

The emancipation of our own ancestors, Caucasians and Europeans as they were, hardly dates beyond a period of five hundred years. The great melioration of human society which modern times exhibit, is mainly due to the incomplete substitution of the system of voluntary labor for the old one of servile labor, which has already taken place. This African slave system is one which, in its origin and in its growth, has been altogether foreign from the habits of the races which colonized these states, and established civilization here. It was introduced on this new continent as an engine of conquest, and for the establishment of monarchical power, by the Portuguese and the Spaniards, and was rapidly extended by them all over South America, Central America, Louisiana and Mexico. Its legitimate fruits are seen in the poverty, imbecility, and anarchy, which now pervade all Portuguese and Spanish America. The free-labor system is of German extraction, and it was established in our country by emigrants from Sweden, Holland, Germany, Great Britain and Ireland.

We justly ascribe to its influences the strength, wealth, greatness, intelligence, and freedom, which the whole American people now enjoy. One of the chief elements of the value of human life is freedom in the pursuit of happiness. The slave system is not only intolerable, unjust, and inhuman, towards the laborer, whom, only because he is a laborer, it loads down with chains and converts into merchandise, but is scarcely less severe upon the freeman, to whom, only because he is a laborer from necessity, it denies facilities for employment, and whom it expels from the community because it cannot enslave and convert him into merchandise also. It is necessarily improvident and ruinous, because, as a general truth, communities prosper and flourish or droop and decline in just the degree that they practice or neglect to practice the primary duties of justice and humanity. The free-labor system conforms to the divine law of equality, which is written in the hearts and consciences of man, and therefore is always and everywhere beneficent.

**“The slave system is one of constant danger, distrust, suspicion, and watchfulness.”**

The slave system is one of constant danger, distrust, suspicion, and watchfulness. It debases those whose toil alone can produce



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wealth and resources for defense, to the lowest degree of which human nature is capable, to guard against mutiny and insurrection, and thus wastes energies which otherwise might be employed in national development and aggrandizement.

The free-labor system educates all alike, and by opening all the fields of industrial employment, and all the departments of authority, to the unchecked and equal rivalry of all classes of men, at once secures universal contentment, and brings into the highest possible activity all the physical, moral and social energies of the whole state. In states where the slave system prevails, the masters, directly or indirectly, secure all political power, and constitute a ruling aristocracy. In states where the free-labor system prevails, universal suffrage necessarily obtains, and the state inevitably becomes, sooner or later, a republic or democracy.

Russia yet maintains slavery, and is a despotism. Most of the other European states have abolished slavery, and adopted the system of free labor. It was the antagonistic political tendencies of the two systems which the first Napoleon was contemplating when he predicted that Europe would ultimately be either all Cossack or all republican. Never did human sagacity utter a more pregnant truth. The two systems are at once perceived to be incongruous. But they are more than incongruous – they are incompatible. They never have permanently existed together in one country, and they never can. It would be easy to demonstrate this impossibility, from the irreconcilable contrast between their great principles and characteristics. But the experience of mankind has conclusively established it. Slavery, as I have already intimated, existed in every state in Europe. Free labor has supplanted it everywhere except in Russia and Turkey. State necessities developed in modern times, are now obliging even those two nations to encourage and employ free labor; and already, despotic as they are, we find them engaged in abolishing slavery. In the United States, slavery came into collision with free labor at the close of the last century, and fell before it in New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, but triumphed over it effectually, and excluded it for a period yet undetermined, from Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia. Indeed, so incompatible are the two systems, that every new state which is organized within our ever extending domain makes its first political act a choice of the one and the exclusion of the other, even at the cost of civil war, if necessary. The slave states, without law, at the last national election, successfully forbade, within their own limits, even the casting of votes for a candidate for president of the United States supposed to be favorable to the establishment of the free-labor system in new states.

Hitherto, the two systems have existed in different states, but side by side within the American Union. This has happened because the Union is a confederation of states. But in another aspect the United States constitute only one nation. Increase of population, which is filling the states out to their very borders, together with a new and extended net-work of railroads and other avenues, and an internal commerce which daily becomes more intimate, is rapidly bringing the states into a higher and more perfect social unity or consolidation. Thus, these antagonistic systems are continually coming into closer contact,



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and collision results.

**“It is an irrepressible conflict  
between opposing and enduring forces,  
and it means that the United States  
must and will, sooner or later,  
become either entirely a slaveholding nation,  
or entirely a free-labor nation.”**

Shall I tell you what this collision means? They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators, and therefore ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slaveholding nation, or entirely a free-labor nation. Either the cotton and rice-fields of South Carolina and the sugar plantations of Louisiana will ultimately be tilled by free labor, and Charleston and New Orleans become marts for legitimate merchandise alone, or else the rye-fields and wheat-fields of Massachusetts and New York must again be surrendered by their farmers to slave culture and to the production of slaves, and Boston and New York become once more markets for trade in the bodies and souls of men. It is the failure to apprehend this great truth that induces so many unsuccessful attempts at final compromise between the slave and free states, and it is the existence of this great fact that renders all such pretended compromises, when made, vain and ephemeral. Startling as this saying may appear to you, fellow citizens, it is by no means an original or even a moderate one. Our forefathers knew it to be true, and unanimously acted upon it when they framed the constitution of the United States. They regarded the existence of the servile system in so many of the states with sorrow and shame, which they openly confessed, and they looked upon the collision between them, which was then just revealing itself, and which we are now accustomed to deplore, with favor and hope. They knew that either the one or the other system must exclusively prevail.

Unlike too many of those who in modern time invoke their authority, they had a choice between the two. They preferred the system of free labor, and they determined to organize the government, and so to direct its activity, that that system should surely and certainly prevail. For this purpose, and no other, they based the whole structure of government broadly on the principle that all men are created equal, and therefore free - little dreaming that, within the short period of one hundred years, their descendants would bear to be told by any orator, however popular, that the utterance of that principle was merely a rhetorical rhapsody; or by any judge, however venerated, that it was attended by mental reservations, which rendered it hypocritical and false. By the ordinance of 1787, they dedicated all of the national domain not yet polluted by slavery to free labor immediately, thenceforth and forever; while by the new constitution and laws they invited foreign free labor from all lands under the sun, and interdicted the importation of African slave labor, at all times, in all places, and under all



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circumstances whatsoever. It is true that they necessarily and wisely modified this policy of freedom, by leaving it to the several states, affected as they were by differing circumstances, to abolish slavery in their own way and at their own pleasure, instead of confiding that duty to congress; and that they secured to the slave states, while yet retaining the system of slavery, a three-fifths representation of slaves in the federal government, until they should find themselves able to relinquish it with safety. But the very nature of these modifications fortifies my position that the fathers knew that the two systems could not endure within the Union, and expected that within a short period slavery would disappear forever. Moreover, in order that these modifications might not altogether defeat their grand design of a republic maintaining universal equality, they provided that two-thirds of the states might amend the constitution.

It remains to say on this point only one word, to guard against misapprehension. If these states are to again become universally slaveholding, I do not pretend to say with what violations of the constitution that end shall be accomplished. On the other hand, while I do confidently believe and hope that my country will yet become a land of universal freedom, I do not expect that it will be made so otherwise than through the action of the several states cooperating with the federal government, and all acting in strict conformity with their respective constitutions. The strife and contentions concerning slavery, which gently-disposed persons so habitually deprecate, are nothing more than the ripening of the conflict which the fathers themselves not only thus regarded with favor, but which they may be said to have instituted.

**“In the field of federal politics,  
slavery ... has at length made a stand,  
not merely to retain its original defensive position,  
but to extend its sway throughout the whole Union.”**

It is not to be denied, however, that thus far the course of that contest has not been according to their humane anticipations and wishes. In the field of federal politics, slavery, deriving unlooked-for advantages from commercial changes, and energies unforeseen from the facilities of combination between members of the slaveholding class and between that class and other property classes, early rallied, and has at length made a stand, not merely to retain its original defensive position, but to extend its sway throughout the whole Union. It is certain that the slaveholding class of American citizens indulge this high ambition, and that they derive encouragement for it from the rapid and effective political successes which they have already obtained. The plan of operation is this: By continued appliances of patronage and threats of disunion, they will keep a majority favorable to these designs in the senate, where each state has an equal representation. Through that majority they will defeat, as they best can, the admission of free states and secure the admission of slave states. Under the protection of the judiciary, they will, on the principle of the Dred Scott case, carry slavery into all the territories of the United States now existing and



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hereafter to be organized. By the action of the president and the senate, using the treaty-making power, they will annex foreign slaveholding states. In a favorable conjecture they will induce congress to repeal the act of 1808, which prohibits the foreign slave trade, and so they will import from Africa, at the cost of only twenty dollars a head, slaves enough to fill up the interior of the continent. Thus relatively increasing the number of slave states, they will allow no amendment to the constitution prejudicial to their interest; and so, having permanently established their power, they expect the federal judiciary to nullify all state laws which shall interfere with internal or foreign commerce in slaves. When the free states shall be sufficiently demoralized to tolerate these designs, they reasonably conclude that slavery will be accepted by those states themselves. I shall not stop to show how speedy or how complete would be the ruin which the accomplishment of these slaveholding schemes would bring upon the country. For one, I should not remain in the country to test the sad experiment. Having spent my manhood, though not my whole life, [i]n a free state, no aristocracy of any kind, much less an aristocracy of slaveholders, shall ever make the laws of the land in which I shall be content to live. Having seen the society around me universally engaged in agriculture, manufactures and trade, which were innocent and beneficent, I shall never be a denizen of a state where men and women are reared as cattle, and bought and sold as merchandise. When that evil day shall come, and all further effort at resistance shall be impossible, then, if there shall be no better hope for redemption than I can now foresee, I shall say with Franklin, while looking abroad over the whole earth for a new and more congenial home, "Where liberty dwells, there is my country."

You will tell me that these fears are extravagant and chimerical. I answer, they are so; but they are so only because the designs of the slaveholders must and can be defeated. But it is only the possibility of defeat that renders them so. They cannot be defeated by inactivity. There is no escape from them, compatible with non-resistance. How, then, and in what way, shall the necessary resistance be made. There is only one way. The democratic party must be permanently dislodged from the government. The reason is, that the democratic party is inextricably committed to the designs of the slaveholders, which I have described. Let me be well understood. I do not charge that the democratic candidates for public office now before the people are pledged to – much less that the democratic masses who support them really adopt – those atrocious and dangerous designs. Candidates may, and generally do, mean to act justly, wisely and patriotically, when they shall be elected; but they become the ministers and servants, not the dictators, of the power which elects them. The policy which a party shall pursue at a future period is only gradually developed, depending on the occurrence of events never fully foreknown. The motives of men, whether acting as electors or in any other capacity, are generally pure. Nevertheless, it is not more true that "hell is paved with good intentions," than it is that earth is covered with wrecks resulting from innocent and amiable motives.

The very constitution of the democratic party commits it to execute all the designs of the slaveholders, whatever they may be. It is not a party of the whole Union, of all the free states





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and of all the slave states; nor yet is it a party of the free states in the north and in the northwest; but it is a sectional and local party, having practically its seat within the slave states, and counting its constituency chiefly and almost exclusively there. Of all its representatives in congress and in the electoral colleges, two-thirds uniformly come from these states. Its great element of strength lies in the vote of the slaveholders, augmented by the representation of three-fifths of the slaves. Deprive the democratic party of this strength, and it would be a helpless and hopeless minority, incapable of continued organization. The democratic party, being thus local and sectional, acquires new strength from the admission of every new slave state, and loses relatively by the admission of every new free state into the Union.

A party is in one sense a joint stock association, in which those who contribute most direct the action and management of the concern. The slaveholders contributing in an overwhelming proportion to the capital strength of the democratic party, they necessarily dictate and prescribe its policy. The inevitable caucus system enables them to do so with a show of fairness and justice. If it were possible to conceive for a moment that the democratic party should disobey the behests of the slaveholders, we should then see a withdrawal of the slaveholders, which would leave the party to perish. The portion of the party which is found in the free states is a mere appendage, convenient to modify its sectional character, without impairing its sectional constitution, and is less effective in regulating its movement than the nebulous tail of the comet is in determining the appointed though apparently eccentric course of the fiery sphere from which it emanates.

**“To expect the democratic party to resist slavery and favor freedom, is as unreasonable as to look for protestant missionaries to the catholic propaganda of Rome.”**

To expect the democratic party to resist slavery and favor freedom, is as unreasonable as to look for protestant missionaries to the catholic propaganda of Rome. The history of the democratic party commits it to the policy of slavery. It has been the democratic party, and no other agency, which has carried that policy up to its present alarming culmination. Without stopping to ascertain, critically, the origin of the present democratic party, we may concede its claim to date from the era of good feeling which occurred under the administration of President Monroe. At that time, in this state, and about that time in many others of the free states, the democratic party deliberately disfranchised the free colored or African citizen, and it has pertinaciously continued this disfranchisement ever since. This was an effective aid to slavery; for, while the slaveholder votes for his slaves against freedom, the freed slave in the free states is prohibited from voting against slavery.

In 1824, the democracy resisted the election of John Quincy Adams - himself before that time an acceptable democrat and in 1828 it expelled him from the presidency and put a slaveholder in his place, although the office had been filled by slaveholders thirty-two out of forty years.

In 1836, Martin Van Buren -the first non-slaveholding citizen



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of a free state to whose election the democratic party ever consented— signalized his inauguration into the presidency by a gratuitous announcement, that under no circumstances would he ever approve a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. From 1838 to 1844, the subject of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia and in the national dockyards and arsenals, was brought before congress by repeated popular appeals. The democratic party thereupon promptly denied the right of petition, and effectually suppressed the freedom of speech in congress, so far as the institution of slavery was concerned.

From 1840 to 1843, good and wise men counseled that Texas should remain outside the Union until she should consent to relinquish her self instituted slavery; but the democratic party precipitated her admission into the Union, not only without that condition, but even with a covenant that the state might be divided and reorganized so as to constitute four slave states instead of one.

In 1846, when the United States became involved in a war with Mexico, and it was apparent that the struggle would end in the dismemberment of that republic, which was a non-slaveholding power, the democratic party rejected a declaration that slavery should not be established within the territory to be acquired. When, in 1800, governments were to be instituted in the territories of California and New Mexico, the fruits of that war, the democratic party refused to admit New Mexico as a free state, and only consented to admit California as a free state on the condition, as it has since explained the transaction, of leaving all of New Mexico and Utah open to slavery, to which was also added the concession of perpetual slavery in the District of Columbia, and the passage of an unconstitutional, cruel and humiliating law, for the recapture of fugitive slaves, with a further stipulation that the subject of slavery should never again be agitated in either chamber of congress. When, in 1854, the slaveholders were contentedly reposing on these great advantages, then so recently won, the democratic party unnecessarily, officiously and with super-serviceable liberality, awakened them from their slumber, to offer and force on their acceptance the abrogation of the law which declared that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude should ever exist within that part of the ancient territory of Louisiana which lay outside of the state of Missouri, and north of the parallel of 36° 30' of north latitude — a law which, with the exception of one other, was the only statute of freedom then remaining in the federal code.

In 1856, when the people of [Kansas](#) had organized a new state within the region thus abandoned to slavery, and applied to be admitted as a free state into the Union, the democratic party contemptuously rejected their petition, and drove them with menaces and intimidations from the halls of congress, and armed the president with military power to enforce their submission to a slave code, established over them by fraud and usurpation. At every subsequent stage of the long contest which has since raged in [Kansas](#), the democratic party has lent its sympathies, its aid, and all the powers of the government which it controlled, to enforce slavery upon that unwilling and injured people. And now, even at this day, while it mocks us with the assurance that [Kansas](#) is free, the democratic party keeps the



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state excluded from her just and proper place in the Union, under the hope that she may be dragooned into the acceptance of slavery.

The democratic party, finally, has procured from a supreme judiciary, fixed in its interest, a decree that slavery exists by force of the constitution in every territory of the United States, paramount to all legislative authority, either within the territory, or residing in congress.

Such is the democratic party. It has no policy, state or federal, for finance, or trade, or manufacture, or commerce, or education, or internal improvements, or for the protection or even the security of civil or religious liberty. It is positive and uncompromising in the interest of slavery – negative, compromising, and vacillating, in regard to everything else. It boasts its love of equality, and wastes its strength, and even its life, in fortifying the only aristocracy known in the land. It professes fraternity, and, so often as slavery requires, allies itself with proscription. It magnifies itself for conquests in foreign lands, but it sends the national eagle forth always with chains, and not the olive branch, in his fangs. This dark record shows you, fellow citizens, what I was unwilling to announce at an earlier stage of this argument, that of the whole nefarious schedule of slaveholding designs which I have submitted to you, the democratic party has left only one yet to be consummated – the abrogation of the law which forbids the African slave trade.

Now, I know very well that the democratic party has, at every stage of these proceedings [sic], disavowed owed the motive and the policy of fortifying and extending slavery, and has excused them on entirely different and more plausible grounds. But the inconsistency and frivolity of these pleas prove still more conclusively the guilt I charge upon that party. It must, indeed, try to excuse such guilt before mankind, and even to the consciences of its own adherents. There is an instinctive abhorrence of slavery, and an inborn and inhering love of freedom in the human heart, which render palliation of such gross misconduct indispensable. It disfranchised the free African on the ground of a fear that, if left to enjoy the right of suffrage, he might seduce the free white citizens into amalgamation with his wronged and despised race. The democratic party condemned and deposed John Quincy Adams, because he expended twelve millions a year, while it justifies his favored successor in spending seventy, eighty and even one hundred millions, a year. It denies emancipation in the District of Columbia, even with compensation to masters and the consent of the people, on the ground of an implied constitutional inhibition, although the constitution expressly confers upon congress sovereign legislative power in that district, and although the democratic party is tenacious of the principle of strict construction. It violated the express provisions of the constitution in suppressing petition and debate on the subject of slavery, through fear of disturbance of the public harmony, although it claims that the electors have a right to instruct their representatives, and even demand their resignation in cases of contumacy. It extended slavery over Texas, and connived at the attempt to spread it across the Mexican territories, even to the shores of the Pacific ocean, under a plea of enlarging the area of freedom. It abrogated the Mexican slave law and the



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Missouri compromise prohibition of slavery in [Kansas](#), not to open the new territories to slavery, but to try therein the new and fascinating theories of non-intervention and popular sovereignty; and, finally, it overthrew both these new and elegant systems by the English Lecompton bill and the Dred Scott decision, on the ground that the free states ought not to enter the Union without a population equal to the representative basis of one member of congress, although slave states might come in without inspection as to their numbers.

Will any member of the democratic party now here claim that the authorities chosen by the suffrages of the party transcended their partisan platforms, and so misrepresented the party in the various transactions, I have recited? Then I ask him to name one democratic statesman or legislator, from Van Buren to Walker, who, either timidly or cautiously like them, or boldly and defiantly like Douglas, ever refused to execute a behest of the slaveholders and was not therefor, and for no other cause, immediately denounced, and deposed from his trust, and repudiated by the democratic party for that contumacy.

I think, fellow citizens, that I have shown you that it is high time for the friends of freedom to rush to the rescue of the constitution, and that their very first duty is to dismiss the democratic party from the administration of the government.

Why shall it not be done? All agree that it ought to be done. What, then, shall prevent its being done? Nothing but timidity or division of the opponents of the democratic party.

Some of these opponents start one objection, and some another. Let us notice these objections briefly. One class say that they cannot trust the republican party; that it has not avowed its hostility to slavery boldly enough, or its affection for freedom earnestly enough.

I ask, in reply, is there any other party which can be more safely trusted? Every one knows that it is the republican party, or none, that shall displace the democratic party. But I answer, further, that the character and fidelity of any party are determined, necessarily, not by its pledges, programmes, and platforms, but by the public exigencies, and the temper of the people when they call it into activity. Subserviency to slavery is a law written not only on the forehead of the democratic party, but also in its very soul – so resistance to slavery, and devotion to freedom, the popular elements now actively working for the republican party among the people, must and will be the resources for its ever-renewing strength and constant invigoration.

Others cannot support the republican party, because it has not sufficiently exposed its platform, and determined what it will do, and what it will not do, when triumphant. It may prove too progressive for some, and too conservative for others. As if any party ever foresaw so clearly the course of future events as to plan a universal scheme of future action, adapted to all possible emergencies. Who would ever have joined even the whig party of the revolution, if it had been obliged to answer, in 1770, whether it would declare for independence in 1776, and for this noble federal constitution of ours in 1787, and not a year earlier or later? The people will be as wise next year, and even ten years hence, as we are now. They will oblige the republican party to act as the public welfare and the interests of justice and humanity shall require, through all the stages of its



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career, whether of trial or triumph. Others will not venture an effort, because they fear that the Union would not endure the change. Will such objectors tell me how long a constitution can bear a strain directly along the fibres of which it is composed? This is a constitution of freedom. It is being converted into a constitution of slavery. It is a republican constitution. It is being made an aristocratic one. Others wish to wait until some collateral questions concerning temperance, or the exercise of the elective franchise are properly settled. Let me ask all such persons, whether time enough has not been wasted on these points already, without gaining any other than this single advantage, namely, the discovery that only one thing can be effectually done at one time, and that the one thing which must and will be done at any one time is just that thing which is most urgent, and will no longer admit of postponement or delay. Finally, we are told by faint-hearted men that they despond; the democratic party, they say is unconquerable, and the dominion of slavery is consequently inevitable. I reply that the complete and universal dominion of slavery would be intolerable enough, when it should have come, after the last possible effort to escape should have been made. There would then be left to us the consoling reflection of fidelity to duty.

But I reply further, that I know -few, I think, know better than I- the resources and energies of the democratic party, which is identical with the slave power. I do ample prestige to its traditional popularity. I know, further -few, I think, know better than I- the difficulties and disadvantages of organizing a new political force, like the republican party, and the obstacles it must encounter in laboring without prestige and without patronage. But, understanding all this, I know that the democratic party must go down, and that the republican party must rise into its place. The democratic party derived its strength, originally, from its adoption of the principles of equal and exact justice to all men. So long as it practiced this principle faithfully, it was invulnerable. It became vulnerable when it renounced the principle, and since that time it has maintained itself, not by virtue of its own strength, or even of its traditional merits, but because there as yet had appeared in the political field no other party that had the conscience and the courage to take up, and avow, and practice the life-inspiring principle which the democratic party had surrendered. At last, the republican party has appeared. It avows, now, as the republican party of 1800 did, in one word, its faith and its works, "Equal and exact justice to all men." Even when it first entered the field, only half organized, it struck a blow which only just failed to secure complete and triumphant victory. In this, its second campaign, it has already won advantages which render that triumph now both easy and certain.

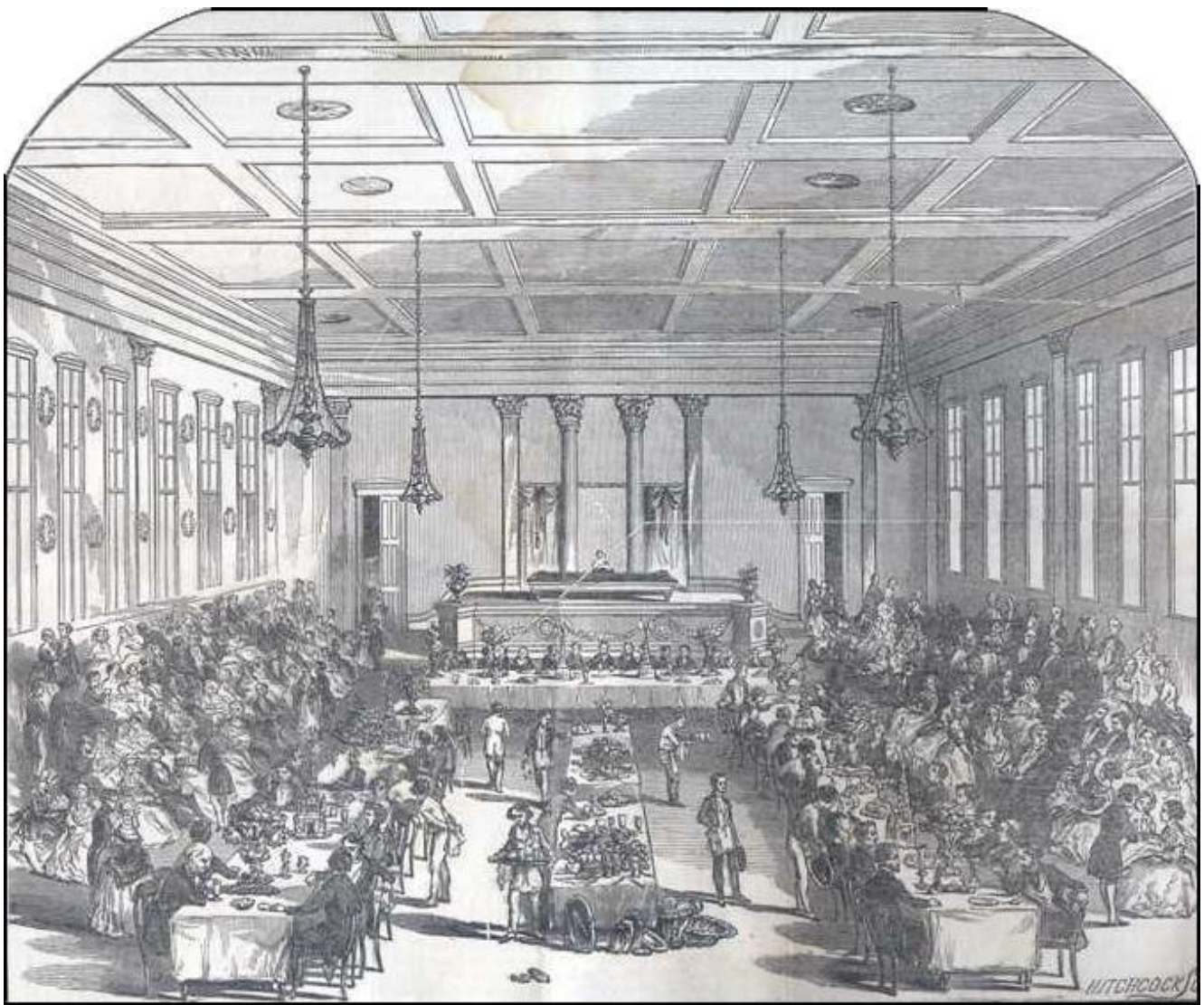
The secret of its assured success lies in that very characteristic which, in the mouth of scoffers, constitutes its great and lasting imbecility and reproach. It lies in the fact that it is a party of one idea; but that idea is a noble one - an idea that fills and expands all generous souls; the idea of equality- the equality of all men before human tribunals and human laws, as they all are equal before the Divine tribunal and Divine laws.

I know, and you know, that a revolution has begun. I know, and

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all the world knows, that revolutions never go backward. Twenty senators and a hundred representatives proclaim boldly in congress to-day sentiments and opinions and principles of freedom which hardly so many men, even in this free state, dared to utter in their own homes twenty years ago. While the government of the United States, under the conduct of the democratic party, has been all that time surrendering one plain and castle after another to slavery, the people of the United States have been no less steadily and perseveringly gathering together the forces with which to recover back again all the fields and all the castles which have been lost, and to confound and overthrow, by one decisive blow, the betrayers of the constitution and freedom forever.



October 25: P.M.— To the Beeches.

I look at the willows by the causeway, east side, as I go,— *Salix discolor*, *Torreyana*, *rostrata*, and *lucida* are all almost quite bare, and the remaining leaves are yellow or yellowish. Those of the last the clearest and most conspicuous yellow. *S. pedicellaris* is merely yellowish, being rather green and not fallen. The *S. alba* at a distance looks very silvery in the light.

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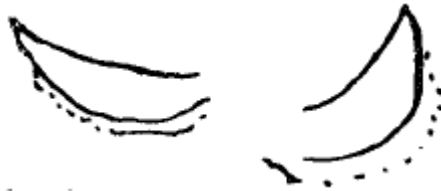
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Now that the leaves are fallen (for a few days), the long yellow buds (often red-pointed) which sleep along the twigs of the *S. discolor* are very conspicuous and quite interesting, already even carrying our thoughts forward to spring. I noticed them first on the 22d. They may be put with the azalea buds already noticed. Even bleak and barren November wears these gems<sup>96</sup> on her breast in sign of the coming year. How many thoughts lie undeveloped, and as it were dormant, like these buds, in the minds of men!

This is the coolest day thus far, reminding me that I have only a half-thick coat on. The easterly wind comes cold into my ear, as yet unused to it. Yet this first decided coolness –not to say wintriness– is not only bracing but exhilarating and concentrating [to] our forces. So much the more I have a hearth and heart within me. We step more briskly, and brace ourselves against the winter.

I see some alders about bare. Aspens (*tremuliformis*) generally bare.

Near the end of the causeway, milkweed is copiously discounting. This is much fairer than the thistle-down. It apparently bursts its pods after rain especially (as yesterday's), opening on the underside, away from succeeding rains. Half a dozen seeds or more, attached by the tips of their silks to the core of the pod, will be



blown about there a long time before a strong puff launches them away, and in the meanwhile they are expanding and drying their silk.

In the cut the *F. hyemalis*, which has been here for a month, flits away with its sharp twitter amid the falling leaves. This is a fall sound.

At the pond the black birches are bare; how long?

Now, as you walk in woods, the leaves rustle under your feet as much as ever. In some places you walk pushing a mass before you. In others they half cover pools that are three rods long. They make it slippery climbing hills. Now, too, for the different shades of brown, especially in sprout-lands. I see [three] kinds of oaks now, – the whitish brown of the white oak, the yellowish brown of the black oak, and the red or purplish brown [of the scarlet oak]<sup>97</sup> (if it can be called brown at all, for it is not faded to brown yet and looks full of life though really withered (*i.e.* the shrubs) for the most part, excepting here and there leading shoots or spring twigs, which glow as bright a scarlet as ever). There is no red here, but perhaps that may be called a lighter, yellowish brown, [*Vide* October 31st.] and so distinguished from the black in color. It has more life in it now than the white and black, not withered so much. These browns are very pure and wholesome colors, far from spot and decay, and their rustling leaves call the roll for a winter campaign. How different now the rustling of these sere leaves from the soft, fluttering murmur of the same when alive! This sharp rustle warns all to go home now who are not prepared for a winter campaign. [The fields are russet now when the oaks are brown, especially where the red blackberry vine tinges [?], and continue so to be for a week or two, as November 3d.]

The scarlet oak shrubs are as distinct amid the other species as before they had withered, and it is remarkable how evenly they are distributed over the hills, by some law not quite understood. Nature ever plots against [Baker](#) and Stow, Moore and Hosmer.

The black scrub oak, seen side by side with the white, is yet lighter than that.

How should we do without this variety of oak leaves, – the forms and colors? On many sides, the eye requires such variety (seemingly infinite) to rest on.

Chestnut trees are generally bare, showing only a thin crescent of burs, for they are very small this year. I climb one on Pine Hill, looking over Flint's Pond, which, indeed, I see from the ground. These young chestnuts growing in clumps from a stump are hard to climb, having few limbs below, far apart, and they dead and rotten. The brightest tint of the black oaks that I remember was some yellow gleams from half green and brownish leaves; *i.e.* the tops of the large trees have this yellowish and green look. It is a mellow yellow enough, without any red. The brightest of the red oaks were a pretty delicate scarlet, inclining to a brownish yellow, the effect enhanced by the great size of the leaf.

When, on the 22d, I was looking from the Cliffs on the shrub oak plain, etc., calling some of the brightest tints flame-like, I saw the flames of a burning –for we see their smokes of late– two or three miles distant in Lincoln rise above the red shrubbery, and saw how in intensity and brilliancy the real flame distanced all colors, even by day.

Now, especially, we notice not only the silvery leaves of the *Salix alba* but the silvery sheen of pine-needles; *i.e.*, when its old leaves have fallen and trees generally are mostly bare, in the cool Novemberish air and light we observe and enjoy the trembling shimmer and gleam of the pine-needles. I do not know why we perceive this more at this season, unless because the air is so clear and all surfaces reflect more light; and, besides, all the needles now left are fresh ones, or the growth of this year. Also I notice, when the sun is low, the light

96. Thoreau underscored this word doubtless to emphasize its etymology, –from the Latin *gemma*, a bud.

97. A loose sheet of Thoreau's manuscript, apparently of one of his lectures, in reproducing this passage has supplied us with these missing words.



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reflected from the parallel twigs of birches recently bare, etc., like the gleam from gossamer lines. This is another Novemberish phenomenon. Call these November Lights. Hers is a cool, silvery light.

In November consider the sharp, dry rustle of withered leaves; the cool, silvery, and shimmering gleams of light, as above; the fresh bright buds formed and exposed along the twigs; walnuts.

The leaves of the *Populus grandidentata*, though half fallen and turned a pure and handsome yellow, are still wagging as fast as ever. These do not lose their color and wither on the tree like oaks and beeches and some of their allies, and hickories, too, and buttonwood, neither do maples, nor birches quite, nor willows (except the *Salix tristis* and perhaps some of the next allied), – but they are fresh and unwilted, full of sap and fair as ever when they are first strewn on the ground. I do not think of any tree whose leaves are so fresh and fair when they fall.

The beech has just fairly turned brown of different shades, but not yet crisped or quite withered. Only the young in the shade of the woods are yet green and yellow. Half the leaves of the last are a light yellow with a green midrib, and are quite light and bright seen through the woods. The lower parts, too, of the large tree are yellow yet. I should put this tree, then, either with the main body of the oaks or between them and the scarlet oak. I have not seen enough to judge of their beauty.

Returning in an old wood-path from top of Pine Hill to Goose Pond, I see many goldenrods turned purple – all the leaves. Some of them are *Solidago cæsia* and some (I think) *S. puberula*. Many goldenrods, as *S. odorata*, turn yellow or paler. The *Aster undulatus* is now a dark purple (its leaves), with brighter purple or crimson under sides. The *Viburnum dentatum* leaves, which are rather thin now, are drooping like the *Cornus sericea* (although fresh), and are mixed purplish and light green.

November 22, Monday: [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#).

*Concord Nov. 22<sup>d</sup> 1858*

*Friend Ricketson*

*I thank you for your "History," Though I have not yet read it again, I have looked far enough to see that I like the homeliness of it; that is the good old-fashioned way of writing as if you actually lived where you wrote. A man's interest in a single bluebird, is more than a complete, but dry, list of the fauna & flora of a town. It is also a considerable advantage to be able to say at any time, If R. is not here, here is his book. Alcott being here and inquiring after you (whom he has been expecting) I lent the book to him almost immediately. He talks of going west the latter part of this week. Channing is here again, as I am told, but I have not seen him. I thank you also for the account of the trees. It was to my purpose, and I hope that you got something out of it too. I suppose that the cold weather prevented your coming here. Suppose you try a winter walk or skate–*

*Please remember me to your family–  
Yrs H.D.T.*





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[Thoreau](#) continued a survey he made for the estate of Heartwell Bigelow on December 25, 1857. He made surveys for the estate of a woodlot near Walden Street east of the present Fairyland, and of the old woodlot which had belonged to Caleb Bates, Sr.

A land speculator from the eastern Kansas Territory, General William Larimer, positioned some cottonwood logs to mark off a claim on the bluff overlooking the confluence of the South Platte River and Cherry Creek, across the creek from the existing mining settlement of Auraria on the site of the existing townsite of St. Charles. He named this town site “Denver City” in hope of currying favor with the man he supposed to be the Kansas Territorial Governor, James W. Denver (Governor Denver had resigned from office). His hope was that this honorific naming would help his new town site become the county seat of Arapaho County. The location was accessible to existing trails and across the South Platte River from the site of seasonal encampments of the Cheyenne and Arapaho tribespeople (he site has now become Confluence Park, near downtown Denver). Larimer, along with his associates in the St. Charles City Land Company, would attempt to vend plots to merchants and miners.



November 22. In surveying Mr. Bigelow’s wood-lot today I found at the northeasterly angle what in the deed from the Thayers in ’38 was called “an old stump by the wall.” It is still quite plain and may last twenty years longer. It is oak.

This is quite a pleasant day, but hardly amounting to Indian summer. I see swarms of large mosquito-like insects dancing in the garden. They may be a large kind of *Tipulidæ*. Had slender ringed abdomens and no plumes. The river is quite low, – about as low as it has been, for it has not been very low.

About the first of November a wild pig from the West, said to weigh three hundred pounds, jumped out of a car at the depot and made for the woods. The owner had to give up the chase at once, not to lose his passage, while some railroad employees pursued the pig even into the woods a mile and a half off, but there the pig turned and pursued them so resolutely that they ran for their lives and one climbed a tree. The next day being Sunday, they turned out in force with a gun and a large mastiff, but still the pig had the best of it, – fairly [Excursions, p. 279; Riv. 342.] frightened the men by his fierce charges, – and the dog was so wearied and injured by the pig that the men were obliged to carry him in their arms. The pig stood it better than the dog. Ran between the gun man’s legs, threw him over, and hurt his shoulder, though pierced in many places by a pitchfork. At the last accounts, he had been driven or baited into a barn in Lincoln, but no one durst enter, and they were preparing to shoot him. Such pork might be called venison. [Caught him at last in a snare, and so conveyed him to Brighton.]

December 1, Wednesday: [Samuel Medary](#) became governor.

“BLEEDING KANSAS”

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by a T.G. Cary in Boston, soliciting a donation for the maintenance of the [Harvard Library](#) on behalf of the Association of the Alumni of Harvard College.

*HARVARD COLLEGE.*

*BOSTON, December 1<sup>st</sup>, 1858.*

*SIR:—*

*At the annual meeting of the Association of the Alumni of Harvard College, held in July last, a committee, appointed at a previous meeting “to take into consideration the state of the college library, and to devise means for its increase, maintenance, and administration,” made their report in print, a copy of which has been sent to you. A committee has lately been appointed to carry the recommendations of this report into effect, in behalf of whom we now ask of you a contribution to aid in supplying the deficiencies that have been made known.*

*If you should not yet have examined the report, we earnestly ask that it may receive your particular attention, together with the statements appended thereto from the president, the librarians, and other*



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*officers of the college, showing such pressing want of means to keep up with the advance of the age, that professors and tutors are obliged to expend a portion of their moderate salaries in the purchase of new and expensive books, which should be found in the library, for their use and for that of the students.*

*The college has ever maintained the highest rank among the institutions of learning in the United States, and the influence which it has exerted on the intellectual and moral culture not only of this community, but, to a great extent, of the whole country, is very generally acknowledged. In aiding it to maintain this pre-eminence and to continue the exercise of this salutary influence, the library is of the highest importance; yet the provision for its increase is utterly inadequate to supply, from year to year, even a moderate portion of the new works actually needed to meet the reasonable expectation of its friends and of the community.*

*This state of things seems to call earnestly upon all who have been at any time connected with the college, to make some return for the advantages which they have received from the munificence of its former benefactors, by providing in their turn for the wants that have arisen in the lapse of years and the progress of literature and science; it calls on the community, in the midst of which the college is situated, to sustain one of its noblest ornaments in a manner creditable to itself and to the country, and it calls on the friends of education generally to assist in maintaining at Cambridge the highest standard of scholarship. Again referring to the printed statements for a more particular account of the wants of the library, we respectfully urge you to aid us in obtaining such a fund for investment as may be necessary for its proper support, feeling sure that only a general misapprehension of its resources has prevented the friends of the college and the community at large from placing it long ago beyond the need of such an appeal. To keep scholarship at Cambridge even with the advance of knowledge in this age, requires, for the annual purchase of new works, the income of a fund of not less than one hundred thousand dollars, and such a fund we hope to obtain.*

*While the exigencies of the case seem to demand a liberal subscription from those whose means will warrant it, we beg every one to respond to our call in some amount, however small, remembering that a few dollars from each one of the many who have not the ability to give largely, will in the aggregate be an important aid to the library.*

*We request you, therefore, on the receipt of this communication, or as soon after as may be convenient, to return the annexed paper, with your name and the amount of your donation, (either enclosing the money, or stating the time when we may expect to receive it,) to Henry G. Denny, Secretary and Treasurer of the Committee, 42, Court Street, or to Amos A. Lawrence, Esq., Treasurer of Harvard College, 30, Court Street, Boston. You will also confer a great favor by obtaining, as far as you have the power, further subscriptions, or*



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*by promoting bequests from those who are liberally disposed, in aid of the fund.*

*Should you not have received a copy of the report, please send your post-office address to the secretary of the committee, and one will be forwarded immediately.*

*We are, Sir, respectfully,  
Your obedient servants,  
Thomas [G.] Cary,  
George Livermore,  
Henry G. Denny.*

December 16, Thursday: James Montgomery raided [Fort Scott](#) in the [Kansas Territory](#) and freed a prisoner, at the cost of one killed.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

December 20, Monday: The [John Brown](#) group raided into Missouri Territory and plundered the homes of a couple of slavemasters there. Executing one of these property holders, they liberated 11 slaves. In addition the expedition confiscated several wagons, horses and mules, 5 firearms, and almost \$100.00 toward the expense of their antislavery crusade.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



December 20: Walden is frozen over, except two small spots, less than half an acre in all, in middle.

December 28, Tuesday: At the American consulate in [Florence](#), [Edward Sherman Hoar](#) got married with his childhood neighbor [Elizabeth Hallett Prichard](#) (through that winter and spring the couple would reside at the apartment of [Elizabeth Sherman Hoar](#) in Rome and associate with the Anglo-American community there).

[Governor Samuel Medary](#) of [Kansas](#) requested that federal troops be sent into Bourbon, Linn, and Lykins counties.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



December 28: P.M. –To Walden.

The earth is bare. I walk about the pond looking at the shores, since I have not paddled about it much of late years. What a grand place for a promenade! Methinks it has not been so low for ten years, and many alders, etc., are left dead on its brink. The high blue-berry appears to bear this position, alternate wet and dry, as well as any shrub or tree. I see winterberries still abundant in one place.

That rocky shore under the pitch pines which so reflects the light, is only three feet wide by one foot high; yet there even to-day the ice is melted close to the edge, and just off this shore the pickerel are most abundant. This is the warm and sunny side to which any one—man,–bird, or quadruped—would soonest resort in cool weather. I notice a few chickadees there in the edge of the pines, in the sun, lispings and twittering cheerfully to one another, with a reference to me, I think,—the cunning and innocent little birds. One a little further off utters the phoebe note. There is a foot more or less of clear open water at the edge here, and, seeing this, one of these birds hops down as if glad to find any open water at this season, and, after drinking, it stands in the water on a stone up to its belly and dips its head and flirts the water about vigorously, giving itself a good washing. I had not suspected this at this season. No fear that it will catch cold.

The ice cracks suddenly with a shivering jar like crockery or the brittlest material, such as it is. And I notice, as I sit here at this open edge, that each time the ice cracks, though it may be a good distance off toward the middle, the water here is very much agitated. The ice is about six inches thick.

Aunt Jane says that she was born on [Christmas Day](#), and they called her a Christmas gift, and she remembers hearing that her Aunt Hannah Orrock was so disconcerted by the event that she threw all the spoons outdoors,



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when she had washed them, or with the dish-water.

Father says that he and his sisters (except Elizabeth) were born in Richmond Street, Boston, between Salem and Hanover Streets, on the spot where a bethel now stands, on the left hand going from Hanover Street. They had milk of a neighbor, who used to drive his cows to and from the Common every day.

AUNT JANE THOREAU

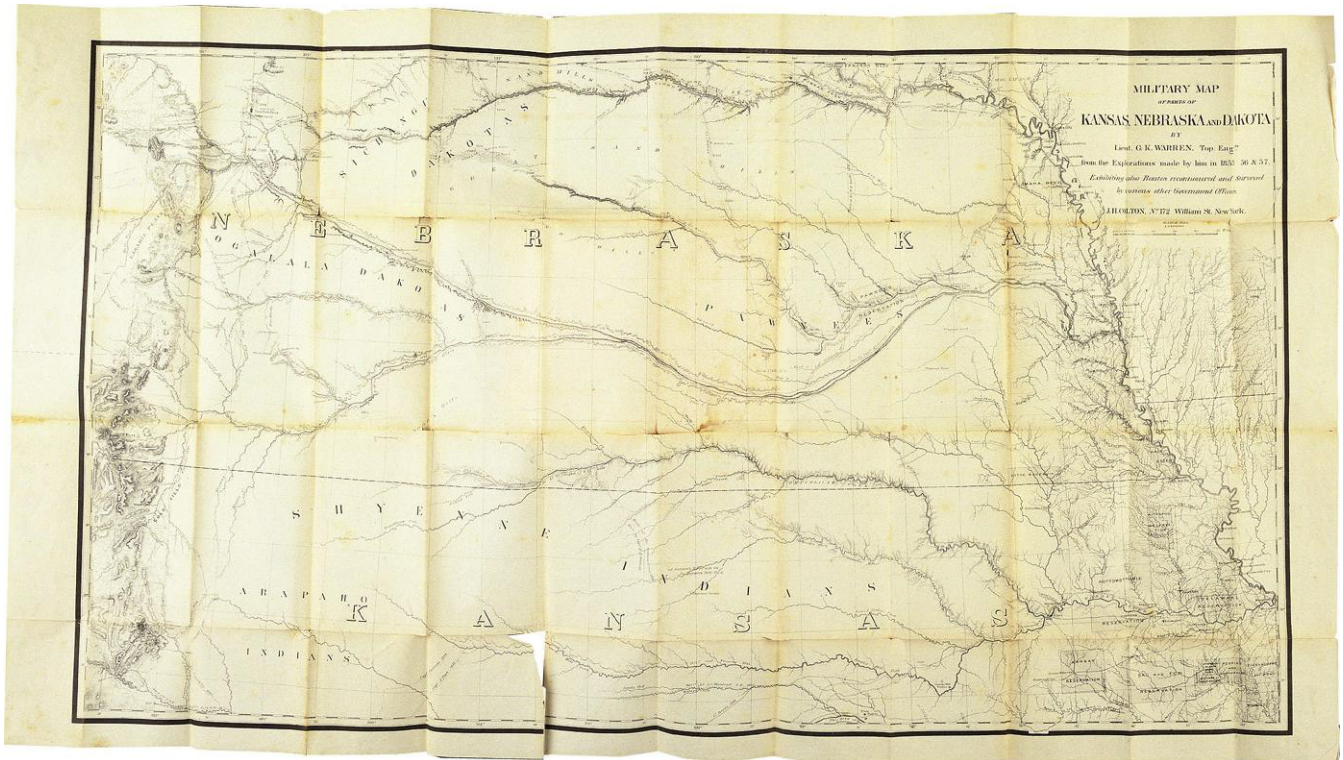
BOSTON COMMON

BOSTON

**THOREAU  
LIFESPANS**

1859

The [Kansas Territory](#)'s 4th constitutional convention convened at Wyandotte, and the Wyandotte Constitution was written. The new town of Hyatt was virtually abandoned at this point, with many of its settlers moving on to Pikes Peak — nothing now remains.



#### THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

The firebrand Reverend [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#) headed west, to aid in the Kansas free-state movement. There he would become involved again with [John Brown](#). In this year the following revealing comment appeared in a Kansas newspaper:

We believe it to our interest to discourage the settlement of free negroes in Kansas. The two races never have, and never can associate together on terms of equality. But at the same time, if we have got to have them here, we would have them educated; we are opposed to ignorance in every shape.

— Samuel Newitt Wood, in the [Kansas Press](#), 1859, as quoted on page 418 of William Least Heat-Moon's [PrairieErth](#) (a deep map) [Boston MA: Houghton Mifflin, 1991].



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January 25, Tuesday: Hell und Voll op.216, a waltz by Johann Strauss, was performed for the initial time, in the Sophiensaal, Vienna.

After the [Battle of the Spurs](#) with no shots fired, [John Brown](#) was able to leave the [Kansas Territory](#) with 12 freed slaves, having sustained no casualties.

### THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



January 25. The river has gone down about eight inches, and the ice still adhering to the shore all about the meadows slants downward for some four or five feet till it meets the water, and it is there cracked, often letting the water up to overflow it, so that it is hard to get off and on in some places.

That channel ice of the 22d (q. v.), lifted up, looks thin, thus:-

The edges of the outside portions are more lifted up now, apparently by the weight of the water on them.

February 23, Wednesday: The Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad opened, connecting the [Kansas Territory](#) to the East.



[Henry Thoreau](#) lectured again in H.G.O. Blake's Worcester parlor on "AUTUMNAL TINTS":



February 23: P.M.- Walk to Quinsigamond Pond, where was good skating yesterday, but this very pleasant and warm day it is suddenly quite too soft. I was just saying to Blake that I should look for hard ice in the shade, or [on the] north side, of some wooded hill close to the shore, though skating was out of the question elsewhere, when, looking up, I saw a gentleman and lady very gracefully gyrating and, as it were, courtesying to each other in a small bay under such a hill on the opposite shore of the pond. Intervening bushes and shore concealed the ice, so that their swift and graceful motions, their bodies inclined at various angles as they gyrate forward and backward about a small space, looking as if they would hit each other, reminded me of the circling of two winged insects in the air, or hawks receding and approaching.

I first hear and then see eight or ten bluebirds going over. Perhaps they have not reached Concord yet. One boy tells me that he saw a bluebird in Concord on Sunday, the 20th.<sup>98</sup>

I see, just caught in the pond, a brook pickerel which, though it has no transverse bars, but a much finer and slighter reticulation than the common, is very distinct from it in the length and form of the snout. This is much shorter and broader as you look down on it, thus

In Bell Pond Brook Common (once Bladder Pond) on the same road, near to Worcester, they were catching little shiners, only, at most, two inches long, for perch bait. (The perch and pickerel they commonly catch at Quinsigamond are small.) They cut a round hole about three feet in diameter and let down a simple net of this form, with only a stone to sink it in the bottom, then cast Indian meal or bits of cracker into the water, and the minnows swim forward after the bait, and the fisherman, without seeing them, pulls up the net at a venture.

May 18, Wednesday: The [Free-State Party](#) reorganized as the Republican Party at Osawatimie in "[Bleeding Kansas.](#)"

### THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

[Henry Thoreau](#) completed the surveying he had begun on May 9th for Cyrus Stow in Lincoln.

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](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/121b.htm](http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/121b.htm)



98. Vide March 9th. According to newspaper, they were seen 2-d February also in Connecticut, and March ~d in West Roxbury.



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May 18. Surveying for Stow in Lincoln.

Two-leaved Solomon's-seal. I hear of young song sparrows and young robins since the 16th. That handsome spawn of Ed. Emerson's aquarium—minute transparent ova in a double row on the glass or the stones—turns out to be snail-spawn, it having just hatched, and there was no salamander-spawn, as I thought on the 18th of April. Not *Paludina decisa*, but the smaller and simpler one.

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July 5, Tuesday: In [“Bleeding Kansas.”](#) the [Wyandotte Constitutional Convention](#) opened.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

Captain N.C. Brooks, aboard the [Hawaiian](#) bark *Gambia*, claimed Midway Island in the name of the United States of America.

The beginning at London of a new popular literary magazine, to be known as “Once A Week. An Illustrated Miscellany of Literature, Art, Science, and Popular Information”:

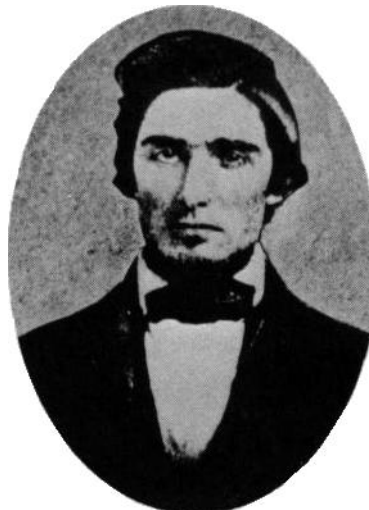




At present I am able to show you, electronically, only the copies of this magazine from June 1860 to June 1861:

JUN 1860 ONCE A WEEK
JUL 1860 ONCE A WEEK
AUG 1860 ONCE A WEEK
SEP 1860 ONCE A WEEK
OCT 1860 ONCE A WEEK
NOV 1860 ONCE A WEEK
DEC 1860 ONCE A WEEK
JAN 1861 ONCE A WEEK
FEB 1861 ONCE A WEEK
MAR 1861 ONCE A WEEK
APR 1861 ONCE A WEEK
MAY 1861 ONCE A WEEK
JUN 1861 ONCE A WEEK

[Jeremiah Goldsmith Anderson](#) 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 would be 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.”)





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July 5. P.M.— To Ball's Hill, sounding river.

Having sounded the river yesterday and to-day from entrance to Fair Haven Pond to oak at Ball's Hill, the water being to-day three inches lower than yesterday,—or now a foot and a quarter above what I call summer level,—I make these observations:—[FROM NOW TILL THE MIDDLE OF AUGUST THOREAU DEVOTED MUCH OF HIS TIME TO A STUDY OF THE PHYSIOGRAPHY OF CONCORD RIVER, AND THE JOURNAL CONTAINS MANY TABLES OF STATISTICS CONCERNING ITS DEPTH, ITS RISE AND FALL, ITS MEANDERS, THE RAPIDITY OF ITS CURRENT, AND THE LIKE. MOST OF THEM ARE OMITTED.] Calling any place above Ball's Hill where the water is eleven feet deep or more at summer level a deep hole, I find six such deep holes within the above limits, viz.: 1st, under the steep hill at southwest part of Fair Haven Pond; 2d, at Bittern Cliff; 3d, four rods below French's Rock, or opposite mouth of Bill Brook; 4th, deep hole at ash; 5th, deep hole at sharp bend; 6th, deep hole at northeast angle of the Holt. In the order of depth they stand thus:—

1. Purple Utricularia Bay 19 1/2
2. Sharp bend by Holt 17
3. Northeast angle of Holt 16 1/4
4. French's Rock 12 1/4
5. Bittern Cliff 11
6. Deep hole by ash 11

These "holes" appear to be of two kinds. In two, if not three, of the above instances they appear to be a trace of the original formation of the river valley, and to be independent of the river and not necessarily at an angle. No. 1 is evidently traceable to a very steep and high hill half a dozen rods off, and No. 5 to a small rocky cliff some three rods off. There is a part of the bare, precipitous cliff under water at lowest level. No. 4 appears to be of a similar character with the last.

The others (or 2, 3, and 6) are of a different character,—where there is meadow on each side and they are not betrayed by any elevation of the shore. In each case they are close to the positive side at an angle in the river. The deepest (and also the deepest of any in the river proper), which will serve for a sample, is at the sharpest bend in the river in Concord, and, I think, at the narrowest part of the river in the town. The stream, not deep and rather more than ordinarily swift above, here strikes square (or worse [?]) against the easterly bank (which is only some three feet above summer level), and has eaten out a channel to that depth, so near the bank (some twelve feet) that you could jump from the bank into the deepest place in the river proper in the town. Thence it shoals regularly to the opposite shore. The bottom exactly in the deepest holes of this last description is not muddy but sandy. In each of these three instances there is a muddy, stagnant expansion on the opposite side just below (or else about opposite), betraying a reaction to this force. There is also a low meadow or point on the opposite side where the river has flowed at a comparatively recent period. The river is not particularly swift at these places.

Calling all places which are four or less feet deep at summer level shallows, there are at least seven such between Fair Haven Pond and Ball's Hill.

Potamogetons begin to prevail below four and a half [FEET] (five and a half in sluggish water), and reach quite across the river at three feet. They invariably occupy these shoals, except the one below ash tree with a bottom of shifting sand, though they are densest on broad sandbars occupying the midstream, on which there is one to two and a half or three feet [OF] water and a clearer channel on one or both sides or in the middle.

With one exception (i.e. Barrett's Bar) these shoals are just below (?) considerable bends. Also the river is generally narrower than the average at the shoals.

The river (in Concord) is much more variable in depth below the junction of the two rivers than above it.

The great bends in Concord above Ball's Hill are about nine. The only remarkable, or Great, Bend in Concord is the Holt, where a new channel might be cut, saving nearly two thirds the distance.

All these bends in C. (except perhaps the Holt in part (?)) are occasioned by the river striking firmer land or a hill or cliff and being turned by it. It is like the wriggling of a snake controlled between two fences. It is not so with the Sudbury Meadow bends.

From a rude estimate I should say about one mile, or say one eighth (?) part the river in Concord, is weedy.

There is a peculiarly long, sluggish, wide, deep, and lake-like reach, muddy in the broadest parts (for Concord), from Fair Haven Pond to Nut Meadow Brook. Though in meadows, it is pretty straight. Not enough current to make a meander.

Many a farmer living near the river will tell you of some deep hole which he thinks the deepest in all the river, and which he says has never been sounded (which may have been true, and hence its reputation), where he has chanced to fish, or possibly bathed, or somebody has been drowned. It only need to be considerably over his head to acquire this reputation. If you tell him you have sounded it, and it was not very deep, he will think that you did not find the right spot.

The deep places in the river are not so obvious as the shallow ones and can only be found by carefully probing it. So perhaps it is with human nature.

Fair Haven Pond, though not very deep generally, is a kind of deep hole, to be referred to Fair Haven and Lee's



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Cliff, etc.

The deepest part of the river is generally rather toward one side, especially where the stream is energetic. On a curve it is generally deepest on the inside bank, and the bank most upright.

Those deep holes in the Great Meadows are somewhat like trout-holes under the bank in Second Division Brook.

The principal weedy place for length (in Concord) is from boat's place to oak; for density, shallowness, and length, all together, is Barrett's Bar.

The swifter places that I remember, between Fair Haven Pond and Ball's Hill, leaving out bridges, [Aug. 4th. I do not remember any of consequence above except amid weeds at Rice's Bend.] are:—

Clamshell  
Hubbard's Bath  
Merrick's Island shoal, etc.  
French Rock. etc., the shoal below  
Rocks below Old North Bridge  
Barrett's Bar  
Sharp Bend Reach  
Holt's Ford

That is, generally the shoal and weedy places, but also where the obstruction is a sharp bend or rocks.

August 15, Monday: Ratifications of the [China](#)/United States treaty were exchanged at Pei-t'ang.

The telegraph line reached [Fort Leavenworth](#) in [Kansas](#).

[Henry Thoreau](#) checked out, from [Harvard Library](#), the Reverend [Cotton Mather](#)'s *MAGNALIA CHRISTI AMERICANA; OR THE ECCLEFIASTICAL HIFTORY OF NEW-ENGLAND, FROM ITS FIRST PLANTING IN THE YEAR 1620. UNTO THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, 1698. IN SEVEN BOOKS* (the initial American edition, published by Silas Andrews and printed by Roberts & Burr in Hartford, Connecticut)<sup>99</sup>

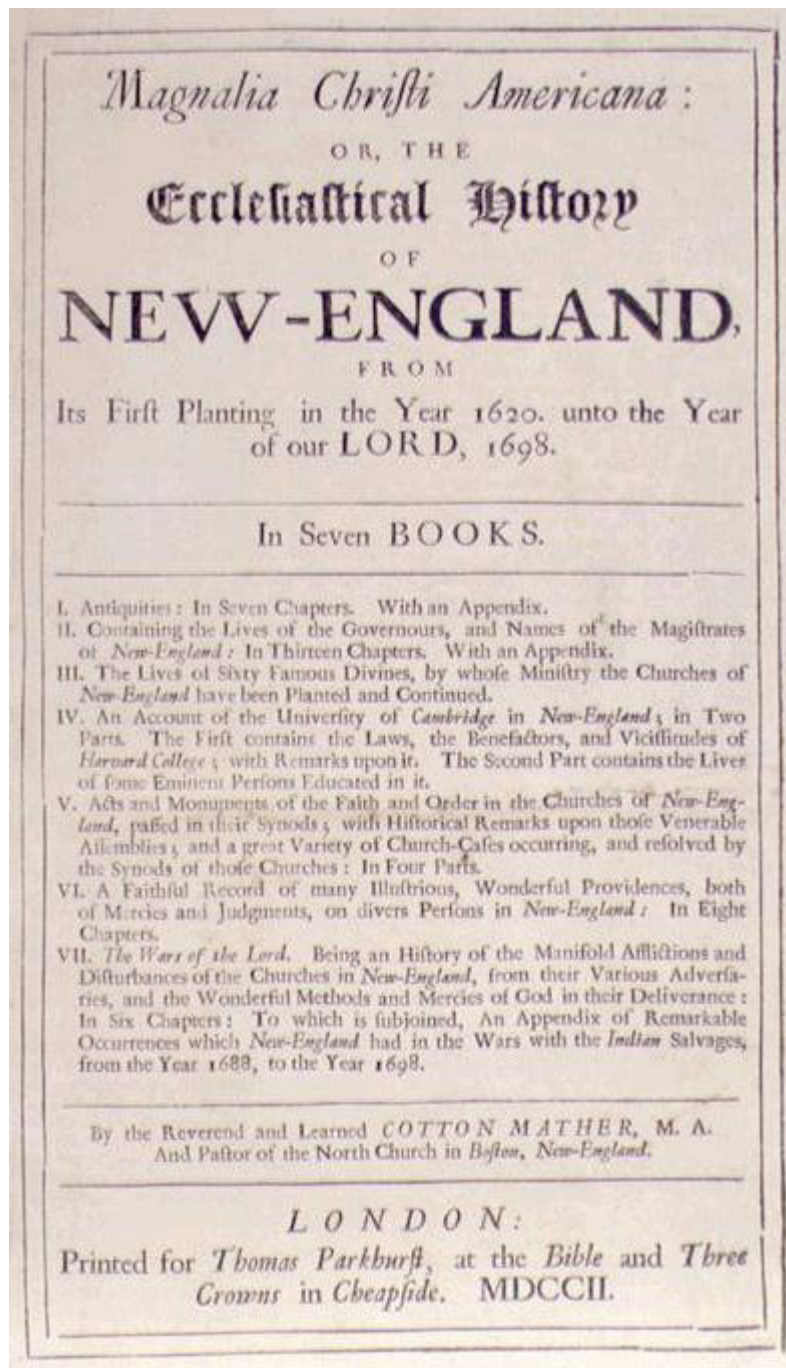
**MATHER'S MAGNALIA, I**

**MATHER'S MAGNALIA, II**

[Thoreau](#) also checked out the volume of the 3 volumes of [Pierre-Louis-Georges Du Buat](#)'s *PRINCIPES D'HYDRAULIQUE ET DE PYRODYNAMIQUE VÉRIFIÉS PAR UN GRAND NOMBRE D'EXPÉRIENCES* (Paris: Firmin Didot, 1816) that dealt mathematically with the analysis of fluid flow.

**DU BUAT, ANALYSIS**

99. He would copy extracts into his Indian Notebook #12 and utilize some of the material in [CAPE COD](#).



**CAPE COD:** The Harbor of Provincetown—which, as well as the greater part of the Bay, and a wide expanse of ocean, we overlooked from our perch— is deservedly famous. It opens to the south, is free from rocks, and is never frozen over. It is said that the only ice seen in it drifts in sometimes from Barnstable or Plymouth. Dwight remarks that “The storms which prevail on the American coast generally come from the east; and there is no other harbor on a windward shore within two hundred miles.” J.D. Graham, who has made a very minute and thorough survey of this harbor and the adjacent waters, states that “its capacity, depth of water, excellent anchorage, and the complete shelter it affords from all winds, combine to render it one of the most valuable ship harbors on our coast.” It is the harbor of the Cape and of the fishermen of Massachusetts generally. It was known to navigators several years at least before the settlement of Plymouth. In Captain John Smith’s map of New England, dated 1614, it bears the name of Milford Haven, and Massachusetts Bay that of Stuard’s Bay. His Highness, Prince Charles, changed the name of Cape Cod to Cape James; but even princes have not always power to change a name for the worse, and as Cotton Mather said, Cape Cod is “a name which I suppose it will never lose till shoals of codfish be seen swimming on its highest hills.”

PEOPLE OF CAPE COD

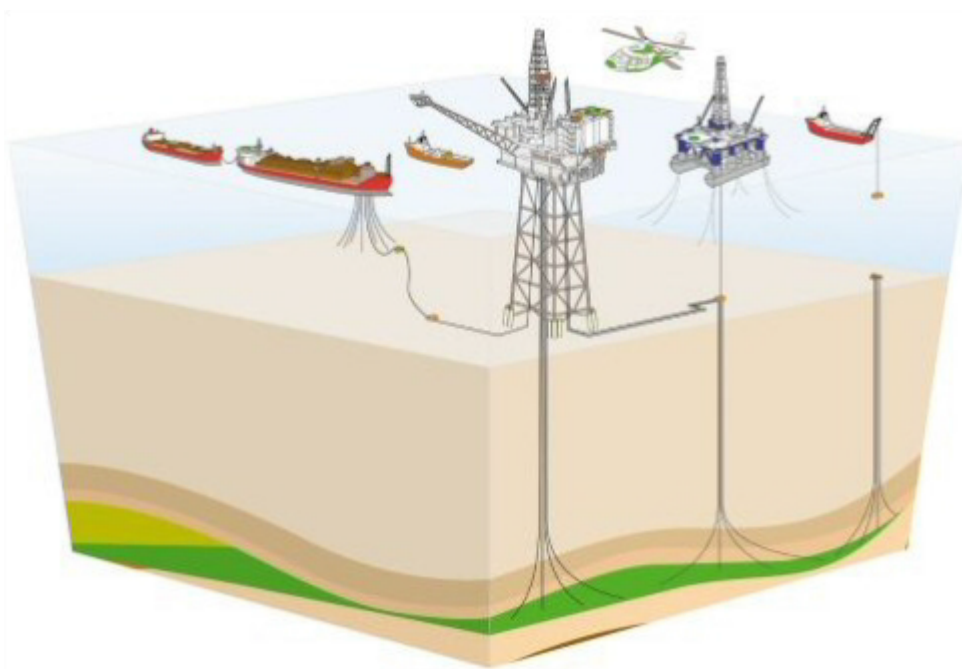
DWIGHT

GRAHAM

JOHN SMITH

REVEREND COTTON MATHER

CHARLES I



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR AUGUST 15th]



KANSAS

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October 4, Tuesday: [Kansas](#) voters 10,420 over 5,530 accepted the [Wyandotte Constitution](#), banning [slavery](#).

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

[Rufus Leighton, Jr.](#) read a poem "[Character](#)" at the opening of the 2d session of the Fraternity Lectures for 1858-59.

Some aphorisms which are commonly mined from [Henry Thoreau](#)'s journal at this point:

It is only when we forget all our learning that we begin to know.

Your greatest success will be simply to perceive that such things are, and you will have no communication to make to the Royal Society.



October 4. When I have made a visit where my expectations are not met, I feel as if I owed my hosts an apology for troubling them so. If I am disappointed, I find that I have no right to visit them.

I have always found that what are called the best of manners are the worst, for they are simply the shell without the meat. They cover no life at all. They are the universal slaveholders, who treat men as things. Nobody holds you more cheap than the man of manners. They are marks by the help of which the wearers ignore you and remain concealed themselves. Are they such great characters that they feel obliged to make the journey of life incognito? Sailors swear; gentlemen make their manners to you.

All men sympathize by their lower natures; the few, only, by their higher. The appetites of the mistress are commonly the same as those of her servant, but her society is commonly more select. The help may have some of the tenderloin, but she must eat it in the kitchen.

P.M.— To Conantum.

How interesting now, by wall-sides and on open springy hillsides, the large, straggling tufts of the dicksonia fern above the leaf-strewn greensward, the cold fall-green sward! They are unusually preserved about the Corner Spring, considering the earliness of this year. Long, handsome lanceolate green fronds, pointing in every direction, recurved and full of fruit, intermixed with yellowish and sere brown and shrivelled ones. The whole clump, perchance, strewn with fallen and withered maple leaves and overtopped by now withered and unnoticed osmundas. Their lingering greenness so much the more noticeable now that the leaves (generally) have changed. They affect us as if they were evergreen, such persistent life and greenness in the midst of their own decay. I do not notice them so much in summer. No matter how much withered they are, with withered leaves that have fallen on them, moist and green they spire above them, not fearing the frosts, fragile as they are. Their greenness so much the more interesting because so many have already fallen and we know that the first severer frost will cut off them too. In the summer greenness is cheap; now it is something comparatively rare and is the emblem of life to us.

It is only when we forget all our learning that we begin to know. I do not get nearer by a hair's breadth to any natural object so long as I presume that I have an introduction to it from some learned man. To conceive of it with a total apprehension I must for the thousandth time approach it as something totally strange. If you would make acquaintance with the ferns you must forget your botany. You must get rid of what is commonly called knowledge of them. Not a single scientific term or distinction is the least to the purpose, for you would fain perceive something, and you must approach the object totally unprejudiced. You must be aware that no thing is what you have taken it to be. In what book is this world and its beauty described? Who has plotted the steps toward the discovery of beauty? You have got to be in a different state from common. Your greatest success will be simply to perceive that such things are, and you will have no communication to make to the Royal Society. If it were required to know the position of the fruit-dots or the character of the indusium, nothing could be easier than to ascertain it; but if it is required that you be affected by ferns, that they amount to anything, signify anything, to you, that they be another sacred scripture and revelation to you, helping to redeem your life, this end is not so surely accomplished. In the one case, you take a sentence and analyze it, you decide if it is printed in large [SIC] primer or small pica; if it is long or short, simple or compound, and how many clauses it is composed of; if the i's are all dotted, or some for variety without dots; what the color and composition of the ink and the paper; and it is considered a fair or mediocre sentence accordingly, and you assign its place among the sentences you have seen and kept specimens of. But as for the meaning of the sentence, that is as completely overlooked as if it had none. This is the Chinese, the Aristotelean, method. But if you should ever perceive the meaning you would disregard all the rest. So far science goes, and it punctually leaves off there, — tells you

finally where it is to be found and its synonyms, and rests from its labors.

This is a fine and warm afternoon, Indian-summer-like, but we have not had cold enough before it.

Birds are now seen more numerous than before, as if called out by the fine weather, probably many migrating birds from the north. I see and hear probably flocks of grackles with their split and shuffling note, but no red-wings for a long time; chip-birds (but without chestnut crowns; is that the case with the young?), bay-wings on the walls and fences, and the yellow-browed sparrows. Hear the pine warblers in the pines, about the needles, and see them on the ground and on rocks, with a yellow ring round the eye (!), reddish legs, slight whitish bar on wings. Going over the large hillside stubble-field west of Holden Wood, I start up a large flock of shore larks; hear their sweet sweet and sweet sweet sweet, and see their tails dark beneath. They are very wary, and run in the stubble for the most part invisible, while one or two appear to act the sentinel on rock, peeping out behind it perhaps, and give their note of alarm, when away goes the whole flock. Such a flock circled back and forth several times over my head, just like ducks reconnoitring before they alight. If you look with a glass you are surprised to see how alert these spies are. When they alight in some stubbly hollow they set a watch or two on the rocks to look out for foes. They have dusky bills and legs.

The birds seem to delight in these first fine days of the fall, in the warm, hazy light, – robins, bluebirds (in families on the almost bare elms), phoebes, and probably purple finches I hear half-strains from many of them, as the song sparrow, bluebird, etc., and the sweet phe-be of the chickadee.

Now the year itself begins to be ripe, ripened by the frost, like a persimmon. [Vide bottom of 11th.]

The maidenhair fern at Conantum is apparently unhurt by frost as yet.

November 30, Wednesday: Lombardy was officially annexed by the Kingdom of Sardinia.

Presidential candidate [Abraham Lincoln](#) crossed the Missouri River at St. Joseph by ferry and spoke at Elwood in "[Bleeding Kansas.](#)"



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

According to the Elwood [Free Press](#) for December 3rd, the senatorial candidate's remarks were received there with great enthusiasm:

He stated the reasons why he was unable to make a speech this evening. He could only say a few words to us who had come out to meet him the first time he had placed his foot upon the soil of Kansas. Mr. Lincoln said that it was possible that we had local questions in regard to Railroads, Land Grants and internal improvements which were matters of deeper interest to us than the questions arising out of national politics, but of these local interests he knew nothing and should say nothing. We had, however, just adopted a State Constitution, and it was probable, that, under that Constitution, we should soon cease our Territorial existence, and come forward to take our place in the brotherhood of States, and act our parts as a member of the confederation. Kansas would be Free, but the same questions we had had here in regard to Freedom or Slavery would arise in regard to other Territories and we should have to take our part in deciding them. People often ask, "why make such a fuss about



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a few niggers?" I answer the question by asking what will you do to dispose of this question? The Slaves constitute one seventh of our entire population. Wherever there is an element of this magnitude in a government it will be talked about. The general feeling in regard to Slavery had changed entirely since the early days of the Republic. You may examine the debates under the Confederation, in the Convention that framed the Constitution and in the first session of Congress and you will not find a single man saying that Slavery is a good thing. They all believed it was an evil. They made the Northwest Territory -the only Territory then belonging to the government- forever free. They prohibited the African Slave trade. Having thus prevented its extension and cut off the supply, the Fathers of the Republic believed Slavery must soon disappear. There are only three clauses in the Constitution which refer to Slavery, and in neither of them is the word Slave or Slavery mentioned. The word is not used in the clause prohibiting the African Slave trade; it is not used in the clause which makes Slaves a basis of representation; it is not used in the clause requiring the return of fugitive Slaves. And yet in all the debates in the Convention the question was discussed and Slaves and Slavery talked about. Now why was this word kept out of that instrument and so carefully kept out that a European, be he ever so intelligent, if not familiar with our institutions, might read the Constitution over and over again and never learn that Slavery existed in the United States. The reason is this. The Framers of the Organic Law believed that the Constitution would outlast Slavery and they did not want a word there to tell future generations that Slavery had ever been legalized in America. Your Territory has had a marked history - no other Territory has ever had such a history. There had been strife and bloodshed here, both parties had been guilty of outrages; he had his opinions as to the relative guilt of the parties, but he would not say who had been most to blame. One fact was certain - there had been loss of life, destruction of property; our material interests had been retarded. Was this desirable? There is a peaceful way of settling these questions - the way adopted by government until a recent period. The bloody code has grown out of the new policy in regard to the government of Territories. Mr. Lincoln in conclusion adverted briefly to the Harper's Ferry Affair. He believed the attack of Brown wrong for two reasons. It was a violation of law and it was, as all such attacks must be, futile as far as any effect it might have on the extinction of a great evil. We have a means provided for the expression of our belief in regard to Slavery -it is through the ballot box -the peaceful method provided by the Constitution. John Brown has shown great courage, rare unselfishness, as even Gov. Wise [Governor [Henry A. Wise](#) of Virginia] testifies. But no man, North or South, can approve of violence or crime. Mr. Lincoln closed his brief speech by wishing all to go out to the election on Tuesday and to vote as became the Freemen of Kansas.





# KANSAS

# KANSAS

Maria Black of Rock Island, [Illinois](#) wrote to Governor [Henry A. Wise](#) of Virginia:

*Rock Island*

*Illinois*



*Novr 30th '59*

*Gov'r Wise*

*Dear Sir*

*My two daughters have left with a party of young women who purpose to effect the rescue of John Brown. They number about sixteen & wear large petticoats filled with powder, having slow matches attached. If caught they intend to set themselves off & (so effective is the inflammable material about them) the consequence will be awful. In fact, Virginia will be blown sky high. My anxiety about my two children aforesaid & my affectionate concern for your welfare induce me to forewarn you of the imminent peril that awaits you. If you find the girls, send them back before the blow up & send some chivalry along. There is none of your kind up north.*

*Truly yrs*

*Maria Black*

**JOHN BROWN**

William L. Taylor, James J. Rankin, and Cambridge Ritter also were writing this governor:

*Newyork Nov 30/59*

*to Dishonorable Gov Wise*



*[image of skull and crossbones]*

*death to you if John Brown not pardoned*

*Look for our Band it is dress in Black*

*in name of Black Band of NewYork*

*Pres William L. Taylor*

*Sec James J. Rankin*

*Tres Cambridge Ritter*

**JOHN BROWN**

[Bronson Alcott](#) recorded in his journal that he had seen [Henry Thoreau](#) again, and [Waldo Emerson](#), in regard to the "Brown Services" that they were planning for that Friday: "We do not intend to have any speeches made on the occasion, but have selected appropriate passages from Brown's words, from the poets, and from the Scriptures, to be read by Thoreau, Emerson, and myself, chiefly; and the selection and arrangement is ours." The reason for this is obvious. In case there is an infiltrator at this meeting in the Concord Town Hall, and they are charged with treason, they will be able to defend themselves by pointing out that no treasonous remark of any sort was uttered, and that they had merely been a literary group meeting to read to one another from the classics, and from records of current events!

**JOHN BROWN**



November 30: I am one of a committee of four, viz. Simon Brown (Ex-Lieutenant-Governor), [R.W. Emerson](#), myself, and [John Keyes](#) (late High Sheriff), instructed by a meeting of citizens to ask liberty of the selectmen to have the bell of the first parish tolled at the time Captain Brown is being hung, and while we shall be assembled in the town house to express our sympathy with him. I applied to the selectmen yesterday.



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Their names are George M. Brooks, Barzillai Hudson, and Julius Smith. After various delays they at length answer me to-night that they “are uncertain whether they have any control over the bell, but that, *in any case*, they will not give their consent to have the bell tolled.” Beside their private objections, they are influenced by the remarks of a few individuals. Dr. Bartlett tells me that Rockwood Hoar said he “hoped no such foolish thing would be done,” and he also named Stedman Buttrick, John Moore, Cheney (and others added Nathan Brooks, senior, and Francis Wheeler) as strongly opposed to it; said that he had heard “five hundred” (!) damn me for it, and that he had no doubt that if it were done some counter-demonstration would be made, such as firing minute-guns. The doctor himself is more excited than anybody, for he has the minister under his wing. Indeed, a considerable part of Concord are in the condition of Virginia to-day,—afraid of their own shadows.

I see in E. Hubbard’s gray oak wood, four rods from the old wall line and two or three rods over the brow of the hill, an apparent downy woodpecker’s nest in a dead white oak stub some six feet high. It is made as far as I can see, like that which I have, but looks quite fresh, and I see, by the very numerous fresh white chips of dead wood scattered over the recently fallen leaves beneath, that it must have been made since the leaves fell. Could it be a nuthatch or chickadee’s work? [EDITORIAL COMMENT: PROBABLY A DOWNY WOODPECKER’S WINTER QUARTERS.]

This has been a very pleasant month, with quite a number of Indian-summer days,—a pleasanter month than October was. It is quite warm to-day, and as I go home at dusk on the railroad causeway, I hear a hyloides peeping.

**DR. JOSIAH BARTLETT**

December 1, Thursday: [Bronson Alcott](#) wrote in his journal that he had again seen [Henry Thoreau](#) and [Waldo Emerson](#), in regard to the “Brown Services” being arranged for the day of the hanging of [John Brown](#):

It is arranged that I am to read the Martyr Service, Thoreau selections from the poets, and Emerson from Brown’s words.

In Virginia, [Mrs. Mary Day Brown](#) was allowed to visit with her husband for several hours in his cell. Previously (perhaps because he knew she had been involved in planning with the Reverend [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#) of the [Secret “Six”](#) conspiracy to convince him that martyrdom was not his lot and to effect his escape), he had been refusing to see her.

On this bitterly cold morning Presidential candidate [Abraham Lincoln](#) continued on from Elwood, [Kansas](#) to Troy, speaking there for nearly 2 hours in the early afternoon, and then continued some 10 miles to Doniphan where he delivered another speech and would spend the night.

**THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION**



November 30, December 1 and 2 were remarkably warm and springlike days,—a moist warmth. The crowing of cocks and other sounds remind you of spring, such is the state of the air. I wear only one coat.

December 2, Friday morning: A life-size effigy of Captain [John Brown](#) was found tied to a large tree in front of the Concord Town Hall and quickly cut down.



It bore a note:

*Last Will and Testament of Old John Brown, of Jefferson County, Virginia.*

*I bequeath to Hon. Simon Brown my execution robe, the emblem of spotless purity and an unswerving politician.*

*I bequeath to Hon. John S. Keyes my execution cord, made of material warranted to last to hang all the aiders and abettors of Old John Brown.*

*I bequeath to H.D. Thoreau, Esq., my body and soul, he having eulogized my character and actions at Harper's Ferry above the Saints in Heaven.*

*I bequeath to my beloved friend, Charles Bowers, my old boots, and emblems of the souls of those I have murdered.*

*I bequeath to Ralph Waldo Emerson all my personal property, and my execution cap, which contains nearly all the brains I ever had.*

*I bequeath to Dr. Josiah Bartlett the superintending of the ringing of the bells, and flags at half-mast, union down.*

JOHN SHEPARD KEYES

WALDO EMERSON

DR. JOSIAH BARTLETT

Both the effigy and the note were quickly destroyed, but a copy of the will would appear the next day in the Boston [Post](#), with a synopsis of the day's events in [Concord](#). [Henry Thoreau](#) would later remark in his journal: "Certain persons disgraced themselves by hanging Brown in effigy in this town on the 2d. I was glad to know that the only four whose names I heard mentioned in connection with it had not been long resident here, and had done nothing to secure the respect of the town."

Pages 500-2 of Henry Mayer's [ALL ON FIRE: Friday, December 2, 1859](#), broke clear and summerlike over a nation solemn and awed by the grim business taking place in Virginia. Southerners put up a facade of business-as-usual, but in the free states church bells tolled morning, noon, and night from Cape Cod to Kansas. In Concord, [Thoreau](#) argued with the narrow-minded selectmen who [were refusing] to endorse the ringing and [were threatening]



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to fire off the town's minute guns [in celebration of this traitor's execution] as a countermeasure, but in Albany the council authorized a one-hundred-gun salute in tribute to Brown and in Syracuse the great fire bell in City Hall rang mournfully all through the day. In Hartford three men climbed to the top of the state capital's dome and draped a statue of Liberty in mourning. Cleveland residents hung crepe banners in its streets, bankers closed their doors in Akron, and public prayer meetings took place in churches in New York and Philadelphia, the tabernacles of black congregations from Detroit to New Bedford, and the clapboard meetinghouses of New England and the Western Reserve. In Boston an interracial union service ran all day in the Twelfth Street Baptist Church, and when at four in the afternoon the telegraph confirmed that the execution had taken place a little before noon, many business places, black and white, closed and people put on mourning bands or rosettes studded with a likeness of the martyred Brown. Willie Garrison that afternoon received a private shock. Stopping by the Phillipses' to meet his friend Phoebe Garnaut, he discovered her deep in conversation with George Hoyt, the young attorney who had defended Brown, and he "unavoidably caught the information that Francis Meriam was in Boston." Let in on the secret, Willie learned that his old schoolmate had endured an eight-day escape on foot, pursued by baying hounds around him, hiding in thickets, and stumbling along a railroad track in a snowstorm before gaining fresh clothes and shelter among friends who helped him to Canada. Where he grew restless and struck out for home "under the insane idea that he must revenge Brown's death." Hoyt was convinced that the unstable young man had to be "gotten out of the way forthwith," and Phillips had gone to consult with Mr. Jackson about the arrangements. Overwrought, eyes filmed over, babbling incoherently, Meriam was a pitiable sight, but the old abolitionists dispatched him that night to Concord, where a nervous Sanborn, certain that Meriam would yet expose them all, got a friend—later identified as Thoreau—to drive the agitated young man to an out-of-the-way station and muscle him onto a westbound train and a second exile in the black community at [Chatham](#), Ontario, just across the river from Detroit. If the editor [[William Lloyd Garrison](#)] knew that day of Meriam's presence, he never acknowledged it, but spent the afternoon overseeing the arrangements for the meeting at Tremont Temple. Lydia Maria Child had come in from Wayland the day before expressly to help him, and the two old apostles recalled their pioneering years in the movement as they decorated the platform and positioned placards and slogans around the barn-like auditorium—Saint Paul's "Remember them in bonds . . .," Jeremiah's "Execute justice in the morning . . .," Jefferson's "I tremble for my country . . .," Henry's "Give me liberty . . ." and other key statements of the American civil and spiritual litany. No funeral drapery, no black crepe, they decreed, and they made instead a lectern centerpiece of Brown's portrait supported by a cross and wreathed in evergreen and amaranth. Above the stage they hung a bright painted banner bearing the Great Seal of Virginia with its insurrectionary image of Liberty's soldier bestride a vanquished oppressor and the confident motto "Sic Semper Tyrannis." Just before the program began—half an hour early owing to the crush of four thousand people in the seats and three thousand more crowded in the street outside—a young



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man unfurled a banner from the gallery reading, "He dies by the mandate of the Slave Power, yet 'still lives' by virtue of his heroic deeds," and the temple erupted in an immense shout that gave the keynote for the evening. There were many speakers, including the militant young fugitive slave John Sella Martin, who had recently assumed the pastorate of the Belknap Street Church. He first stunned the audience by charging that America had delivered up "the Barabbas of Slavery" and crucified "the John Brown of Freedom," and then brought the crowd to its feet by exclaiming that as a Christian and peace man, he would not quibble with John Brown for taking the revolutionary means extolled by white men and using them for black men instead. There were poems and tears and prayers and a collection for the Brown family taken up by a cadre of young men that included Willie Garrison. The meeting, however, was his father's idea, and though the subject was Brown, the night belonged to the editor. It was Garrison who read aloud the victim's now-celebrated address to the court, and it was Garrison who, upon rising once more to give the eulogy, basked in the overwhelming affection the emanated from every part of the hall and fused the aura of Brown's martyrdom and the radiant energy of the pioneer into a beam of truth illuminated.

"Captain" [John Brown](#), having been duly found guilty of treason and murder by a jury of his white male peers, was on this day to be hanged. Cleaning up on the prison cell, a guard came upon a discarded letter from Mrs. Mahala Doyle, widow of a Catholic from Tennessee whom Brown had chopped on Pottawatomie Creek in the [Kansas Territory](#) on account of his Southern drawl. This is the missive to which Brown had made no response: "Although vengeance is not mine, I confess that I do feel gratified to hear that you were stopped in your fiendish career at Harpers Ferry with the loss of your two sons. You can now appreciate my distress in Kansas when you then and there entered my house at midnight and arrested my husband and two boys, and took them out in the yard, and in cold blood [killed] them dead in my hearing." On the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, the conspirators [George Luther Stearns](#) and [Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe](#) of the [Secret "Six"](#) conspiracy sat listening to "the dirge of the cataract" at about 11:30AM, the time of Brown's hanging. In Rome, the Reverend [Theodore Parker](#), who was also aware that this was the day of Brown's hanging, was coughing blood in a darkened bedroom and conversing with his physician: "I shall be seeing Brown soon. We two have an appointment; my old friend and I are booked on separate trains to the same distant place. I shall ask him when I see him there. Hold a séance and I shall let you know his answer. (Spasm of coughing) Yes, good doctor. Hold



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a séance as old [William Lloyd Garrison](#) will most assuredly do, and —should I get through, should I even be a thing that would know to want to get through— I'll give you that and oh, so many other answers.”<sup>100</sup>

That morning Presidential candidate [Abraham Lincoln](#) had traveled on in [Kansas](#) to Atchison, arriving in the afternoon and at 8PM beginning a 2 hour and 20 minute speech before a large crowd in the auditorium of the Methodist Church. When the news of Brown's hanging reached him, Lincoln commented that although Brown had “shown great courage, rare unselfishness,” he had simply gone too far. “Old John Brown has just been executed for treason against the state. We cannot object, even though he agreed with us in thinking slavery wrong. That cannot excuse violence, bloodshed, and treason. It could avail him nothing that he might think himself right.”

### THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

December 3, Saturday: Tuscany, Parma, Piacenza, Modena, and Reggio formed The United Provinces of Central Italy.

[Harpers Ferry](#) residents George Mauzy and Mary Mauzy wrote again to their daughter Eugenia Mauzy Burton and son-in-law James H. Burton, who were then living in England (Burton had been a machinist, foreman, and Acting Master Armorer at the Harpers Ferry Armory between 1844-1854):

To Mr. & Mrs. James H. Burton

December 3, 1859

My dear Children:

Well the great agony is over. “Old Osawatomie Brown” was executed yesterday at noon - his wife came here the day before, & paid him a short visit, after which she returned here under an escort, where she and her company remained until the body came down from Charlestown, in the evening, after which she took charge of it and went home.

This has been one of the most remarkable circumstances that ever occurred in this country, this old fanatic made no confession whatever, nor concession that he was wrong, but contended that he was right in everything he done, that he done great service to God, would not let a minister of any denomination come near or say anything to him, but what else could be expected from him, or anyone else who are imbued with “Freeloveism, Socialism, Spiritualism,” and all the other isms that were ever devised by man or devil.

There is an immense concourse of military at Charlestown, not less than 2000 men are quartered there, the Courthouse, all the churches & all the Lawyers offices are occupied. We have upwards of 300 regulars & 75 or 80 Montgomery Guards. These men were all sent here by the Sec. of War & Gov. Wise to prevent a rescue of

100. It is said that [William Lloyd Garrison](#), a believer in spiritualism, once was convinced during a séance that he was communicating with the soul of Nat Turner. In an undated letter from the Reverend [Theodore Parker](#) in exile in Rome to [Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe](#) which [Julia Ward Howe](#) quotes from on page 243 of his *REMINISCENCES, 1819-1899* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1900), we find the horrific racist comment “What a pity that the map of our magnificent country should be destined to be so soon torn in two on account of the negro, that poorest of human creatures, satisfied, even in slavery, with sugar cane and a banjo.” (NOTE: Gary Wills, on page 110 of *LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG: THE WORDS THAT REMADE AMERICA*, NY: Simon & Schuster, 1992, has termed this the Reverend's “constricted” view of the abilities of the black race!) Mrs. Howe's “ideal negro,” she commented, although of course not enslaved, would need to be “refined by white culture, elevated by white blood,” because when it is a matter of a “negro among negroes,” what you are dealing with inevitably is “a coarse, grinning, flat-footed, thick-skulled creature, ugly as Caliban, lazy as the laziest of brutes, chiefly ambitious to be of no use to any in the world.” The remedy would be that “He must go to school to the white race and his discipline must be long and laborious.” Even if labor were made quite compulsory for such creatures, that would be better than their just lazing around all day the way they naturally do. (We may safely presume that if a dear friend could write to Doctor Howe in such a manner and not be rebuked, and if his dear wife could hold such opinions and not be rebuked, the Doctor himself must most assuredly have himself shared such a mindset whether or not we are able to discover in his own handwriting any such recorded sentiment. Corroboration for this would be in the disinclination of the [Perkins Institute for the Blind](#), while he headed it, to provide any services at all to blind children of color.)

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Brown & his party by northern infidels and fanatics: of which they boasted loudly, but their courage must have oozed out of their finger ends, as none made their appearance. We are keeping nightly watch, all are vigilant, partys of 10 men out every night, quite a number of incendiary fires have taken place in this vicinity & County, such as grain stacks, barns & other out-buildings. -George Mauzy



John Brown Statue dedicated May 9, 1935 at John Brown Memorial State Park located at Quowatomio, Kansas

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

Upon learning that [John Brown](#) had indeed been executed, [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) continued his musing in his journal:

HANGING



*Learned that John Brown was hanged in Charlestown, Virginia, yesterday, between 11 and 12 A.M., – a martyr to the cause of the oppressed slave, – meeting death with the dignity and composure of a Christian martyr, as he undoubtedly was, although I do not think he took the wisest or best way to effect his noble object, – that of liberating the slaves of this professed republic. Peace to his memory. Good men will bless his name, and his memory will be venerated by the wise and good.*

*His death must prove the destruction of the blood-cemented union of this nation.*

*Mark this record, whosoever may at some future day read this page. I would make this record with due humility, and with a tender solicitude for the best interests of my countrymen. I wish not the blood of the tyrant, but that he may become abashed and conscience-stricken before God. My soul truly yearneth for peace and prosperity to all mankind, but cruelty and slavery must cease.*





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[Mary Ann Day Brown](#) would be granted the corpse of her [hanged](#) husband, but not those of her two sons.



The widow Brown would continue to bear the year of *Jubilee* as best she could.

The Reverend [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#) would visit her and then write *A VISIT TO JOHN BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD IN 1859*, and Edmund Wilson has commented, in regard to this (page 247), that Higginson interviewed the “widow in her bleak little Adirondack farm with a piety that could not have been more reverent if Mrs. Brown had been the widow of Emerson.”

On this morning [Francis Jackson Meriam](#) had come out from Boston to Concord on the train, and made an appearance on the doorstep of [Secret “Six”](#) conspirator [Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#). Sanborn wondered whether the man was being activated by a “wish for suicide,” and sicked his inconvenient fugitive on his friend [Henry Thoreau](#) under the name “Mr. Lockwood.” They got [Waldo Emerson](#) to rent a horse and covered wagon so Thoreau could drop him off at the train station in South Acton in the morning, where he would be less likely to be noticed as he boarded the train (toward Boston, although Sanborn was presuming toward Canada). Thoreau referred to Meriam in his journal as “X” and noted: “Rode with a man this forenoon who said that if



he did not clean his teeth when he got up, it made him sick all the rest of the day, but he found by late



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experience that when he had not cleaned his teeth for several days they cleaned themselves. I assured him that such was the general rule, —that when from any cause we were prevented from doing what we had commonly thought indispensable for us to do, things cleaned or took care of themselves. X was betrayed by his eyes, which had a glaring film over them and no serene depth into which you could look. Inquired particularly the way to Emerson's and the distance, and when I told him, said he knew it as well as if he saw it. Wished to turn and proceed to his house. Told me one or two things which he asked me not to tell S. Said, "I know I am insane," — and I knew it too. Also called it "nervous excitement." At length, when I made a certain remark, he said, "I don't know but you are Emerson; are you? You look somewhat like him." He said as much two or three times, and added once, "But then Emerson would n't lie." Finally put his questions to me, of Fate, etc., etc., as if I were Emerson. Getting to the woods, I remarked upon them, and he mentioned my name, but never to the end suspected who his companion was. Then "proceeded to business," — "since the time was short," — and put to me the questions he was going to put to Emerson. His insanity exhibited itself chiefly by his incessant excited talk, scarcely allowing me to interrupt him, but once or twice apologizing for his behavior. What he said was for the most part connected and sensible enough." [Francis Jackson Meriam](#) made it safely to Boston without being identified and arrested, and would be hid out for several days in the home of his namesake grandfather on Hollis Street, the Garrisonian abolitionist and Boston historian Francis Jackson.



December 3: Suddenly quite cold, and freezes in the house.

Rode with a man this forenoon who said that if he did not clean his teeth when he got up, it made him sick all the rest of the day, but he had found by late experience that when he had not cleaned his teeth for several days they cleaned themselves. I assured him that such was the general rule,—that when from any cause we were prevented from doing what we had commonly thought indispensable for us to do, things cleaned or took care of themselves.

X was betrayed by his eyes, which had a glaring film over them and no serene depth into which you could look. Inquired particularly the way to Emerson's and the distance, and when I told him, said he knew it as well as if he saw it. Wished to turn and proceed to his house. Told me one or two things which he asked me not to tell S. [SANBORN]. Said, "I know I am insane,"—and I knew it too. Also called it "nervous excitement." At length, when I made a certain remark, he said, "I don't know but you are Emerson; are you? You look somewhat like him." He said as much two or three times, and added once, "But then Emerson wouldn't lie." Finally put his questions to me, of Fate, etc., etc., as if I were Emerson. Getting to the woods, I remarked upon them, and he mentioned my name, but never to the end suspected who his companion was. Then "proceeded to business," — "since the time was short,"— and put to me the questions he was going to put to Emerson. His insanity exhibited itself chiefly by his incessant excited talk, scarcely allowing me to interrupt him, but once or twice apologizing for his behavior. What he said was for the most part connected and sensible enough.

When I hear of John Brown and his wife weeping at length, it is as if the rocks sweated.

According to the Elwood [Free Press](#) for this date, this had been candidate [Abraham Lincoln](#)'s speech at Elwood in "[Bleeding Kansas.](#)" a speech that must have been delivered on or about November 30th:

Mr. Lincoln was received with great enthusiasm. He stated the reasons why he was unable to make a speech this evening. He could only say a few words to us who had come out to meet him the first time he had placed his foot upon the soil of Kansas. Mr. Lincoln said that it was possible that we had local questions in regard to Railroads, Land Grants and internal improvements which were matters of deeper interest to us than the questions arising out of national politics, but of these local interests he knew nothing and should say nothing. We had, however, just adopted a State Constitution, and it was probable, that, under that Constitution, we should soon cease our Territorial existence, and come forward to take our place in the brotherhood of States, and act our parts as a member of the confederation. Kansas would be Free, but the same questions we had had here in regard to Freedom or Slavery would arise in regard to other Territories and we should have to take our part in deciding them. People often ask, "why make such a fuss about a few niggers?" I answer the question by asking what will you do to dispose of this question? The Slaves constitute one seventh of our entire



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population. Wherever there is an element of this magnitude in a government it will be talked about. The general feeling in regard to Slavery had changed entirely since the early days of the Republic. You may examine the debates under the Confederation, in the Convention that framed the Constitution and in the first session of Congress and you will not find a single man saying that Slavery is a good thing. They all believed it was an evil. They made the Northwest Territory –the only Territory then belonging to the government– forever free. They prohibited the African Slave trade. Having thus prevented its extension and cut off the supply, the Fathers of the Republic believed Slavery must soon disappear. There are only three clauses in the Constitution which refer to Slavery, and in neither of them is the word Slave or Slavery mentioned. The word is not used in the clause prohibiting the African Slave trade; it is not used in the clause which makes Slaves a basis of representation; it is not used in the clause requiring the return of fugitive Slaves. And yet in all the debates in the Convention the question was discussed and Slaves and Slavery talked about. Now why was this word kept out of that instrument and so carefully kept out that a European, be he ever so intelligent, if not familiar with our institutions, might read the Constitution over and over again and never learn that Slavery existed in the United States. The reason is this. The Framers of the Organic Law believed that the Constitution would outlast Slavery and they did not want a word there to tell future generations that Slavery had ever been legalized in America. Your Territory has had a marked history – no other Territory has ever had such a history. There had been strife and bloodshed here, both parties had been guilty of outrages; he had his opinions as to the relative guilt of the parties, but he would not say who had been most to blame. One fact was certain – there had been loss of life, destruction of property; our material interests had been retarded. Was this desirable? There is a peaceful way of settling these questions – the way adopted by government until a recent period. The bloody code has grown out of the new policy in regard to the government of Territories. Mr. Lincoln in conclusion adverted briefly to the [Harpers Ferry](#) Affair.<sup>101</sup> He believed the attack of [Brown](#) wrong for two reasons. It was a violation of law and it was, as all such attacks must be, futile as far as any effect it might have on the extinction of a great evil. We have a means provided for the expression of our belief in regard to Slavery – it is through the ballot box – the peaceful method provided by the Constitution. John Brown has shown great courage, rare unselfishness, as even Gov. [[Henry A. Wise](#) of Virginia] testifies. But no man, North or South, can approve of violence or crime. Mr. Lincoln closed his brief speech by wishing all to go out to the election on Tuesday and to vote as became the Freemen of Kansas.

On this evening candidate [Abraham Lincoln](#) was speaking in Stockton Hall at Leavenworth, Kansas. This is how his speech would be reported in the newspaper:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: You are, as yet, the people of a Territory; but you probably soon will be the people of

101. October 16-18, 1859. This is apparently [Abraham Lincoln](#)'s 1st reference to [John Brown](#), whose execution scheduled for December 2, 1859, undoubtedly placed him in the forefront of conversational topics among his former friends and enemies in Kansas.



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a State of the Union. Then you will be in possession of new privileges, and new duties will be upon you. You will have to bear a part in all that pertains to the administration of the National Government. That government, from the beginning, has had, has now, and must continue to have a policy in relation to domestic slavery. It cannot, if it would, be without a policy upon that subject. And that policy must, of necessity, take one of two directions. It must deal with the institution as being wrong or as not being wrong.

Mr. Lincoln then stated, somewhat in detail, the early action of the General Government upon the question – in relation to the foreign slave trade, the basis of Federal representation, and the prohibition of slavery in the Federal territories; the Fugitive Slave clause in the Constitution, and insisted that, plainly that early policy, was based on the idea of slavery being wrong; and tolerating it so far, and only so far, as the necessity of its actual presence required.

He then took up the policy of the Kansas-Nebraska act, which he argued was based on opposite ideas – that is, the idea that slavery is not wrong. He said:

You, the people of Kansas, furnish the example of the first application of this new policy. At the end of about five years, after having almost continual struggles, fire and bloodshed, over this very question, and after having framed several State Constitutions, you have, at last, secured a Free State Constitution, under which you will probably be admitted into the Union. You have, at last, at the end of all this difficulty, attained what we, in the old North-western Territory, attained without any difficulty at all. Compare, or rather contrast, the actual working of this new policy with that of the old, and say whether, after all, the old way – the way adopted by Washington and his compeers – was not the better way.

Mr. Lincoln argued that the new policy had proven false to all its promises – that its promise to the Nation was to speedily end the slavery agitation, which it had not done, but directly the contrary – that its promises to the people of the Territories was to give them greater control of their own affairs than the people of former Territories had had; while, by the actual experiment, they had had less control of their own affairs, and had been more bedeviled by outside interference than the people of any other Territory ever had.

He insisted that it was deceitful in its expressed wish to confer additional privileges upon the people; else it would have conferred upon them the privilege of choosing their own officers. That if there be any just reason why all the privileges of a State should not be conferred on the people of a Territory at once, it only could be the smallness of numbers; and that if while their number was small, they were fit to do some things, and unfit to do others, it could only be because those they were unfit to do, were the larger and more important things – that, in this case, the allowing the people of Kansas to plant their soil with slavery, and not allowing them to choose their own Governor, could only be justified on the idea that the planting a new State with slavery was a very small matter, and the



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election of Governor a very much greater matter. "Now," said he, "compare these two matters and decide which is really the greater. You have already had, I think, five Governors, and yet, although their doings, in their respective days, were of some little interest to you, it is doubtful whether you now, even remember the names of half of them. They are gone (all but the last) without leaving a trace upon your soil, or having done a single act which can, in the least degree, help or hurt you, in all the indefinite future before you. This is the size of the Governor question. Now, how is it with the slavery question? If your first settlers had so far decided in favor of slavery, as to have got five thousand slaves planted on your soil, you could, by no moral possibility, have adopted a Free State Constitution. Their owners would be influential voters among you as good men as the rest of you, and, by their greater wealth, and consequent, greater capacity, to assist the more needy, perhaps the most influential among you. You could not wish to destroy, or injuriously interfere with their property. You would not know what to do with the slaves after you had made them free. You would not wish to keep them as underlings; nor yet to elevate them to social and political equality. You could not send them away. The slave States would not let you send them there; and the free States would not let you send them there. All the rest of your property would not pay for sending them to Liberia. In one word, you could not have made a free State, if the first half of your own numbers had got five thousand slaves fixed upon the soil. You could have disposed of, not merely five, but five hundred Governors easier. There they would have stuck, in spite of you, to plague you and your children, and your children's children, indefinitely. Which is the greater, this, or the Governor question? Which could the more safely be intrusted to the first few people who settle a Territory? Is it that which, at most, can be but temporary and brief in its effects? or that which being done by the first few, can scarcely ever be undone by the succeeding many?"

He insisted that, little as was Popular Sovereignty at first, the Dred Scott decision, which is indorsed by the author of Popular Sovereignty, has reduced it to still smaller proportions, if it has not entirely crushed it out. That, in fact, all it lacks of being crushed out entirely by that decision, is the lawyer's technical distinction between decision and dictum. That the Court has already said a Territorial government cannot exclude slavery; but because they did not say it in a case where a Territorial government had tried to exclude slavery, the lawyers hold that saying of the Court to be dictum and not decision. "But," said Mr. Lincoln, "is it not certain that the Court will make a decision of it, the first time a Territorial government tries to exclude slavery?"

Mr. Lincoln argued that the doctrine of Popular Sovereignty, carried out, renews the African Slave Trade. Said he: "Who can show that one people have a better right to carry slaves to where they have never been, than another people have to buy slaves wherever they please, even in Africa?"

He also argued that the advocates of Popular Sovereignty, by their efforts to brutalize the negro in the public mind – denying him any share in the [Declaration of Independence](#), and comparing him to the crocodile – were beyond what avowed pro-slavery men ever do, and really did as much, or more than they, toward making



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the institution national and perpetual. He said many of the Popular Sovereignty advocates were "as much opposed to slavery as any one;" but that they could never find any proper time or place to oppose it. In their view, it must not be opposed in politics, because that is agitation; nor in the pulpit, because it is not religion; nor in the Free States, because it is not there; nor in the Slave States, because it is there. These gentlemen, however, are never offended by hearing Slavery supported in any of these places. Still, they are "as much opposed to Slavery as anybody." One would suppose that it would exactly suit them if the people of the Slave States would themselves adopt emancipation; but when Frank Blair tried this last year, in Missouri, and was beaten, every one of them threw up his hat and shouted "Hurrah for the Democracy!"

Mr. Lincoln argued that those who thought Slavery right ought to unite on a policy which should deal with it as being right; that they should go for a revival of the Slave Trade; for carrying the institution everywhere, into Free States as well as Territories; and for a surrender of fugitive slaves in Canada, or war with Great Britain. Said he, "all shades of Democracy, popular sovereign as well as the rest, are fully agreed that slaves are property, and only property. If Canada now had as many horses as she has slaves belonging to Americans, I should think it just cause of war if she did not surrender them on demand.

"On the other hand, all those who believe slavery is wrong should unite on a policy, dealing with it as a wrong. They should be deluded into no deceitful contrivances, pretending indifference, but really working for that to which they are opposed." He urged this at considerable length.

He then took up some of the objections to [Republicans](#). They were accused of being sectional. He denied it. What was the proof? "Why, that they have no existence, get no votes in the South. But that depends on the South, and not on us. It is their volition, not ours; and if there be fault in it, it is primarily theirs, and remains so, unless they show that we repeal them by some wrong principle. If they attempt this, they will find us holding no principle, other than those held and acted upon by the men who gave us the government under which we live. They will find that the charge of sectionalism will not stop at us, but will extend to the very men who gave us the liberty we enjoy. But if the mere fact that we get no votes in the slave states makes us sectional, whenever we shall get votes in those states, we shall cease to be sectional; and we are sure to get votes, and a good many of them too, in these states next year.

You claim that you are conservative; and we are not. We deny it. What is conservatism? Preserving the old against the new. And yet you are conservative in struggling for the new, and we are destructive in trying to maintain the old. Possibly you mean you are conservative in trying to maintain the existing institution of slavery. Very well; we are not trying to destroy it. The peace of society, and the structure of our government both require that we should let it alone, and we insist on letting it alone. If I might advise my [Republican](#) friends here, I would say to them, leave your Missouri neighbors alone. Have nothing whatever to do with their slaves. Have nothing whatever to do with the



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white people, save in a friendly way. Drop past differences, and so conduct yourselves that if you cannot be at peace with them, the fault shall be wholly theirs.

You say we have made the question more prominent than heretofore. We deny it. It is more prominent; but we did not make it so. Despite of us, you would have a change of policy; we resist the change, and in the struggle, the greater prominence is given to the question. Who is responsible for that, you or we? If you would have the question reduced to its old proportions go back to the old policy. That will effect it.

But you are for the Union; and you greatly fear the success of the Republicans would destroy the Union. Why? Do the Republicans declare against the Union? Nothing like it. Your own statement of it is, that if the Black Republicans elect a President, you won't stand it. You will break up the Union. That will be your act, not ours. To justify it, you must show that our policy gives you just cause for such desperate action. Can you do that? When you attempt it, you will find that our policy is exactly the policy of the men who made the Union. Nothing more and nothing less. Do you really think you are justified to break up the government rather than have it administered by Washington, and other good and great men who made it, and first administered it? If you do you are very unreasonable; and more reasonable men cannot and will not submit to you. While you elect [the] President, we submit, neither breaking nor attempting to break up the Union. If we shall constitutionally elect a President, it will be our duty to see that you submit. Old John Brown has just been executed for treason against a state. We cannot object, even though he agreed with us in thinking slavery wrong. That cannot excuse violence, bloodshed, and treason. It could avail him nothing that he might think himself right. So, if constitutionally we elect a President, and therefore you undertake to destroy the Union, it will be our duty to deal with you as old John Brown has been dealt with. We shall try to do our duty. We hope and believe that in no section will a majority so act as to render such extreme measures necessary.

Mr. Lincoln closed by an appeal to all –opponents as well as friends– to think soberly and maturely, and never fail to cast their vote, insisting that it was not a privilege only, but a duty to do so.

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December 6, Tuesday: [Charles Lawrence Robinson](#) was elected as Kansas governor under the [Wyandotte Constitution](#).

## “BLEEDING KANSAS”

Loaded pistols were being flourished on the floor of the House of Representatives. Here is how Peter Wallenstein has parsed the situation in his article “Incendiaries All”:

Thus it was that, while the House was debating the speakership, Senator [Alfred] Iverson of Georgia went wild. Charging Northern senators with duplicity, he noted that they “disclaim for themselves and their people any sympathy whatever with Brown and his acts and his intentions. And yet, sir, look at what is transpiring this very day in this very Capital.” By supporting John Sherman, the Republican party was “this day attempting to raise to the third office in this Government a man who has openly indorsed sentiments more incendiary in their character than anything that John Brown has ever uttered.”

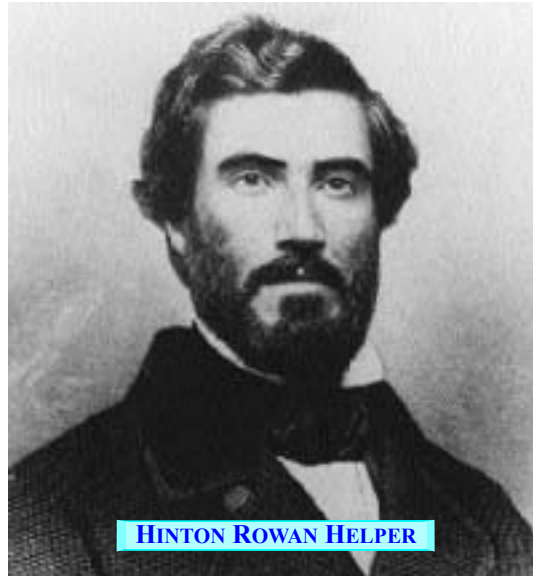
## REPUBLICAN PARTY



The troublesome sentiments that this Ohio congressman John Sherman of the Republican Party (pictured above) had been endorsing happen to have been those of the notorious Southern racist-abolitionist admirer of



[Waldo Emerson](#), [Hinton Rowan Helper](#).



HINTON ROWAN HELPER

In his journal, [Henry Thoreau](#) was making a distinction between the uncredentialed earnestness of the writing of [John Brown](#) and the credentialed lack of earnestness of the writing, by way of invidious contrast, of such recognized masters as [Washington Irving](#) and [Benjamin Franklin](#).<sup>102</sup>



December 6: P.M. – To Walden and Baker Bridge, in the shallow snow and mizzling rain.

It is somewhat of a lichen day. The bright-yellow sulphur lichens on the walls of the Walden road look novel, as if I had not seen them for a long time. Do they not require cold as much as moisture to enliven them? What surprising forms and colors! Designed on every natural surface of rock or tree. Even stones of smaller size which make the walls are so finished, and piled up for what use? How naturally they adorn our works of art! See where the farmer has set up his post-and-rail fences along the road. The sulphur lichen has, as it were, at once leaped to occupy the northern side of each post, as in towns handbills are pasted on all bare surfaces, and the rails are more or less gilded with them as if it had rained gilt. The handbill which nature affixes to the north side of posts and trees and other surfaces. And there are the various shades of green and gray beside.

Though it is melting, there is more ice left on the twigs in the woods than I had supposed.

The mist is so thick that we cannot quite see the length of Walden as we descend to its eastern shore. The reflections of the hillsides are so much the more unsubstantial, for we see even the reflected mist veiling them. You see, beneath these whitened wooded hills and shore sloping to it, the dark, half mist-veiled water. For two rods in width next the shore, where the water is shallowest and the sand bare, you see a strip of light greenish two or three rods in width, and then dark brown (with a few green streaks only) where the dark sediment of ages has accumulated. And, looking down the pond, you see on each side successive wooded promontories –with their dim reflections– growing dimmer and dimmer till they are lost in the mist. The more distant shores are a mere dusky line or film, a sort of concentration of the mistiness.

In the pure greenish stripe next the shore I saw some dark-brown objects above the sand, which looked very much like sea turtles in various attitudes. One appeared holding its great head up toward the surface. They were very weird-like and of indefinite size. I supposed that they were stumps or logs on the bottom, but was surprised to find that they were a thin and flat collection of sediment on the sandy bottom, like that which covered the bottom generally further out.

When the breeze rippled the surface some distance out, it looked like a wave coming in, but it never got in to the shore.

No sooner has the snow fallen than, in the woods, it is seen to be dotted almost everywhere with the fine seeds and scales of birches and alders, – no doubt an ever-accessible food to numerous birds and perhaps mice. Thus it is alternate snow and seeds.

Returning up the railroad, I see the great tufts of sedge in Heywood’s meadow curving over like locks of the



meadow's hair, above the snow.



JOHN BROWN

These browned the meadow considerably. Then came a black maze, of alders moistened by the rain, which made a broad black belt between the former brown and the red-brown oaks higher up the hillside.

The white pines now, seen through the mist, the ends of their boughs drooping a little with the weight of the glaze, resemble very much hemlocks, for the extremities of their limbs always droop thus, while pines are commonly stiffly erect or ascendant.

Came upon a round bed of tansy, half a dozen feet in diameter, which was withered quite black, as seen above the snow, – blacker than any plant I remember. This reminded me that its name was by some thought to be from *ἀθάνασία*, or immortality, from its not withering early, but in this case it suggested its funereal reputation.

What a transit that of his horizontal body alone, but just cut down from the gallows-tree! We read that at such a time it passed through Philadelphia, and by Saturday night had reached [New York](#). Thus like a meteor it passed through the Union from the Southern regions toward the North. No such freight have the cars borne since they carried him southward alive.<sup>103</sup>

What avail all your scholarly accomplishments and learning, compared with wisdom and manhood? To omit his other behavior, see what a work this comparatively unread and unlettered man has written within six weeks! Where is our professor of *belles-lettres*, or of logic and rhetoric, who can write so well? He has written in prison, not a History of the World like Raleigh, for his time was short, but an American book which shall live longer than that.

The death of [Irving](#), which at any other time would have attracted universal attention, having occurred while these things were transpiring, goes almost unobserved. Literary gentlemen, editors, and critics think that they know how to write because they have studied grammar and rhetoric; but the art of composition is as simple as the discharge of a bullet from a rifle, and its masterpieces imply an infinitely greater force behind it. This unlettered man's speaking and writing is standard English. Some words and phrases deemed vulgarisms and Americanisms before, he has made standard American. "*It will pay.*" It suggests that the one great rule of composition – and if I were a professor of rhetoric I should insist on this – is to *speak the truth*. This first, this second, this third. This demands earnestness and manhood chiefly.<sup>104</sup>

I felt that he, a prisoner in the midst of his enemies and under sentence of death, if consulted as to his next step, could answer more wisely than all his countrymen beside. He best understood his position; he contemplated it most calmly. All other men, North and South, were beside themselves. Our thoughts could not revert to any greater or wiser or better men with whom to compare him, for he was above them all. The man this country was about to hang was the greatest and best in it.<sup>105</sup>

Commonly men live according to a formula, and are satisfied if the order of law is observed, but in this instance they returned to original perceptions and there was a revival of old religion; and they saw that what was called order was confusion, what was called justice, injustice, that the best was deemed the worst.

Most Northern men, and not a few Southern ones, have been wonderfully stirred by Brown's behavior and words. They have seen or felt that they were great, heroic, noble, and that there has been nothing quite equal to them in this country, if in the recent history of the world. But the minority have been unmoved by them. They have only been surprised and provoked by the attitude of their neighbors. They have seen that Brown was brave and believed that he had done right, but they have not detected any further peculiarity in him. Not being accustomed to make fine distinctions or to appreciate noble sentiments, they have read his speeches and letters as if they read them not, – they have not known when they burned. They have not felt that he spoke with authority, and hence they have only remembered that the law must be executed. They remember the old formula; they do not hear the new revelation. The man who does not recognize in Brown's words a wisdom and nobleness, and therefore an authority, superior to our laws, is a modern Democrat. This is the test by which to try him. He is not willfully but constitutionally blind, and he is consistent with himself. Such has been his past life. In like manner he has read history and his Bible, and he accepts, or seems to accept, the last only as an established formula, and not because he has been convicted by it. You will not find kindred sentiments in his commonplace-book.<sup>106</sup>

And in these six weeks what a variety of themes he has touched on! There are words in that letter to his wife, respecting the education of his daughters, which deserve to be framed and hung over every mantelpiece in the land. Compare their earnest wisdom with that of [Poor Richard](#)!<sup>107</sup>

“He nothing common did or mean  
Upon that memorable scene,

103. Cape Cod, and Miscellanies, page 449; Misc., Riv. 247.

104. Cape Cod, and Miscellanies, pages 446-448; Misc., Riv. 244, 245.

105. Cape Cod, and Miscellanies, pages 441, 442; Misc., Riv. 237, 238.

106. Cape Cod, and Miscellanies, pages 443, 444; Misc., Riv. 240, 241.

107. Cape Cod, and Miscellanies, page 447; Misc., Riv. 244, 245.



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Nor called the gods with vulgar spite,  
To vindicate his helpless right;  
But bowed his comely head  
Down, as upon a bed.”<sup>108</sup>

Years are no longer required for a revolution of public opinion; days, nay hours, produce marked changes. Fifty who were ready to say, on going into some meeting in honor of him, that he ought to be hung, will not say it when they come out. They hear his words read, every one of which “conveys the perfect charm;” they see the earnest faces of the congregation; and perhaps they join in singing the hymn in his praise.

What confessions it has extorted from the cold and conservative! Witness the Newton letter.

The order of instruction has been reversed. I hear that the preacher says that his act was a failure, while to some extent he eulogizes the man. The class-teacher, after the services, tells his grown-up pupils that at first he thought as the preacher does now, but now he thinks that John Brown was right. But it is understood that the pupils are as much ahead of the teacher as he is ahead of the priest; and the very little boys at home ask their parents why God did not save him.

They, whether in the church or out of it, who adhere to the spirit and abandon the letter, and who are accordingly called infidel, have been foremost in this movement.<sup>109</sup>

I took out my boots, which I have not worn since last spring, with the mud and dust of spring still on them, and went forth in the snow. That is an era, when, in the beginning of the winter, you change from the shoes of summer to the boots of winter.

108. Cape Cod, and Miscellanies, page 449; Misc., Riv. 247.

109. Cape Cod, and Miscellanies, pages 442, 443; Misc., Riv. 238, 239.

1860

[Barclay Coppoc](#), who had escaped from the raid on [Harpers Ferry](#) through Pennsylvania and Ohio into Canada, had at this point ventured back into Iowa with Virginia agents in close pursuit — and had eluded them and gone on to [“Bleeding Kansas.”](#)



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

At this point, in Kansas, he was helping to run off some Missouri slaves, and nearly lost his life. (On July 24, 1861 he would become a 1st Lieutenant in Colonel Montgomery’s regiment, the 3d Kansas Infantry. Soon he would be 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.)

[Thaddeus Hyatt](#) came under suspicion after [John Brown](#)’s unsuccessful raid on the federal arsenal at [Harpers Ferry](#), Virginia because he had supported Brown’s ideology of militant abolitionism and had provided Brown with financial support, and because Brown was known to have frequented the Hyatt home in [New-York](#). In the course of this year he would submit a 23-page argument that the federal Senate investigative committee lacked subpoena power to compel his testimony. He would decorate his cell in order to entertain visitors in style. The committee would only be able to hold him, however, for about 3 months before it would dissolve. Eventually the federal Supreme Court would affirm the Congress’s right to summon witnesses but long before that Hyatt would have been cut loose. When released he would telegraph to New-York “Have been kicked out. Will be home to-morrow.” The 1860 US Census, under “Products of Industry,” records “Thaddeus Hyatt, Patent Vault Lights. Real capital worth \$1,000, raw materials worth \$4,900 (20,000 pounds of glass @ \$2,400 and other articles @ \$2,500). Employees average 30 hands, \$900 average monthly wages. Previous year’s production 7,000 feet of vault lights valued at \$40,000.”



This year marked the culmination of a devastating drought in [Kansas](#), and [Hyatt](#) would travel there to meet with starving settlers and direct his newly formed Kansas Relief Committee’s aid. Hyatt would become outraged by the inattention of national newspapers and the federal government consumed by the prospect of civil war. In a 70-page pamphlet he would petition outgoing President [James Buchanan](#) **JAMES BUCHANAN** to provide enough federal aid to halt foreclosures on homesteads. The President would veto the Homestead Act of 1860, which might have delayed such environmental-disaster foreclosures.



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In Fairfield, South Carolina in the fall of 1843,  one John L. Brown had been sentenced “to hang by the neck until your body be dead” for having aided a South Carolinian who was trying to escape from enslavement in South Carolina. But this had not been the famous enslaver of [Providence, Rhode Island, John Brown](#), nor had it been the businessman [John Brown](#) of Newburyport, nor had it been the businessman [John Brown](#) of [Concord](#), nor had it been the northern interloper of 1859, Captain [John Brown](#) — this had been a Maine man. The national and international petitions for clemency in this case, landing on the desk of Governor James Henry Hammond (1810-1864), had caused the governor to commute the sentence of death and then to respond at length in defense of the institution of chattel slavery and in opposition to the practice of slave stealing, and the [Charleston, South Carolina Mercury](#) had subsequently put his thoughts out in the form of pamphlets, and then they had been republished as PRO-SLAVERY ARGUMENT,  and in this year this Southern gentleman’s responses received additional general publication as COTTON IS KING AND PRO-SLAVERY ARGUMENTS.

[COTTON UNDERGROUND RAILROAD](#)

William Still went into the stove business. Later he would branch out into the coal business.

[Oberlin, Ohio](#)’s population of 2,115 including 422 black Americans, which would work out to be 20%. A monument was erected in honor of the town’s 3 free men of color who had died in the raid on [Harpers Ferry](#) or been hanged for treason, [John Anderson Copeland, Jr.](#), his uncle [Lewis Sheridan Leary](#), and “Emperor” [Shields Green](#) (the 8-foot marble monument would be moved to Martin Luther King, Jr. Park on Vine Street in 1971).

[THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION](#)

There was such severe drought in [Kansas](#) that, as the President of the United States of America refused to help them, 30,000 disillusioned white homesteaders abandoned the region.

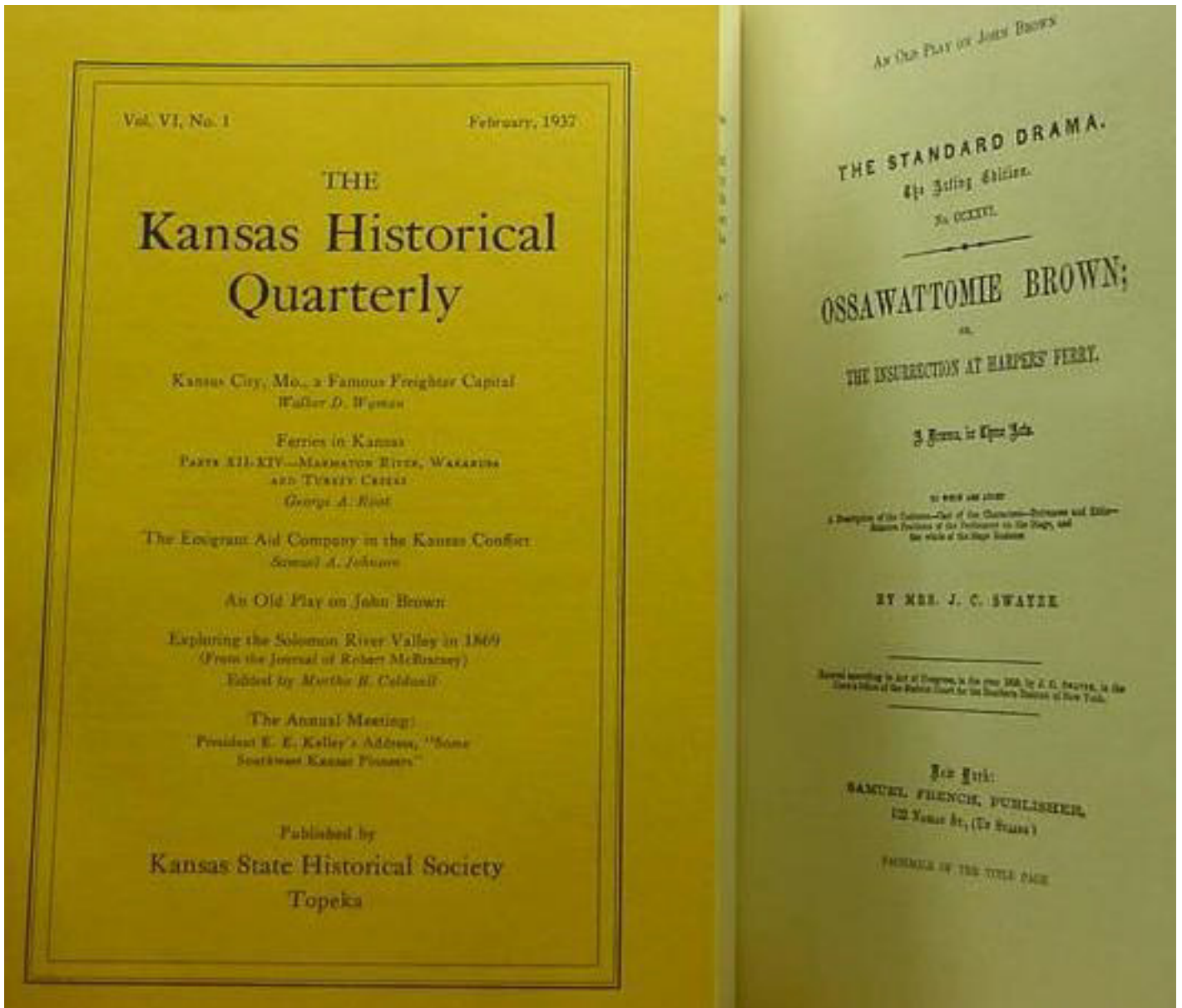


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During this year the Reverend [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#) would be creating the essays “Visit to John Brown’s Household,” “The Maroons of Jamaica,” and “The Maroons of Surinam,” the last two essays being illustrations of the practicality of [Captain John Brown](#)’s aim to enable slaves to arm themselves and form autonomous communities in the mountains.

The story of [Captain Brown](#) had so seized the attention of the nation, that it had become subject matter for a play, “[Ossawatimie Brown](#), or, The Insurrection at Harpers’ Ferry”:



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION



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March: US Army headquarters in New-York City ordered 3 columns to operate independently in the Kiowa-Comanche country during the summer: one out of Fort Riley in the [Kansas Territory](#), one out of Fort Kearny, Nebraska, and one out of New Mexico.

A review of [James Redpath](#)'s THE PUBLIC LIFE OF [CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN](#). WITH AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HIS CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH (Thayer and Eldridge, Boston, price \$1.00) appeared in this month's [Atlantic Monthly](#) magazine. This book generalized, on its page 229, a truly preposterous allegation, that: "In the Canadian Provinces there are thousands of fugitive slaves. They are the picked men of the Southern States. Many of them are intelligent and rich; and all of them are deadly enemies of the South. Five hundred of them, at least, annually visit the Slave States, passing from Florida to Harpers Ferry, on heroic errands of mercy and deliverance. They have carried the Underground Railroad and the Underground Telegraph into nearly every Southern State." One way to distance oneself from such glorious generalizations by this Redpath person would be to pay attention to William Lloyd Still's detailed records as to the locales from which slaves were able to escape. Of some 800 cases recorded by Still, nearly all were from Maryland, Delaware, or Virginia (although there were a few North Carolinians who had been able to make their way to Norfolk and board a coastal vessel). Anyway, here is the review that was published in the [Atlantic Monthly](#):

### UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

It would have been well, had this book never been written. Mr. Redpath has understood neither the opportunities opened to him, nor the responsibilities laid upon him, in being permitted to write the "authorized" life of John Brown. His book, in whatever light it is viewed, -whether as the biography of a remarkable man, as an historic narrative of a series of extraordinary and important events, or simply as a mere piece of literary jobwork,- is equally unsatisfactory. He has shown himself incompetent to appreciate the character of the man whom he admires, and he has, consequently, done great wrong to his memory.

There never was more need for a good life of any man than there was for one of John Brown. The whole country was curious to learn about him, and to be told his story. Those who thought the best of him, and those who thought the worst, were alike desirous to know more of him than the newspapers had furnished, and to become acquainted with the course of his life, and the training which had prepared him for Kansas and brought him to Harper's Ferry. Whatever view be taken of his character, he was a man so remarkable as to be well worthy of study. In the bitter and excited state of public feeling in regard to him, there was but one way in which his life could be properly told, - and that way was, to allow him, as far as possible, to tell it in his own words. For that part of his life which there were no letters of his to illustrate, his biographer should have been content to state facts in the simplest and most careful manner, entering into no controversy, and keeping himself entirely out of sight. Thus only could John Brown's character produce its due effect. His letters from prison had shown that he was a master of the homeliest and strongest English. His words said what they meant, and they were understood by everybody; he had found them in the Bible, and had been familiar with them all his life. Whatever he was, he could have told us better than any other man; and he was the only man who would have been listened to with much confidence concerning himself. Mr. Redpath has, very unfortunately, thought differently. He has not taken pains to collect even all the letters of John Brown which had been previously published; he has written in the worst temper and spirit of partisanship, so that with every cautious reader



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doubts attend many statements which rest only on his authority; he has thrust himself continually forward; and he has exercised no proper care in arranging his materials.

The truth is, that a life of Brown was not now needed for those who already admired the stalwart nature of the man, even though they might deplore his course, -for those who had had their hearts touched and stirred by his manliness, his truth, his courage, and his unwavering fidelity to conscience and faith in God; but it was greatly needed for that much larger class, -the mass of the Northern community, -whose timidity had been startled at his rash attempt, whose sympathy had been more or less awakened by his bearing and his death, but who were and are in a painful state of perplexity, in the endeavor to reconcile their abhorrence, or at least their disapproval, of his attack on Virginia, with their sense of the admirable nature of the qualities he displayed. It was needed also for the very large class who received from the newspapers but a confused and imperfect account of the events which took place in Virginia from October to December, and who, according to their political predilections, condemn or applaud the course of Captain Brown. And, above all, it was needed for the men who have disgraced themselves by denying to Brown the possession of any virtues, and who have outstripped his Southern enemies in applying to him the most opprobrious and the falsest epithets. Now, none of these classes will Mr. Redpath's book reach with effect. Its tone is such, it is so violent, so extravagant, that it will offend all right-thinking men. Even those who have known how to hold a steady and clear opinion, in the midst of the confusion of the popular mind, -who have not applauded Brown's acts of violence, and have condemned his judgment, but who have, nevertheless, honored what was noble in him, and sympathized with him in his strong love of liberty, -who, while acknowledging him guilty under the law, mourned that the law should not be tempered with mercy, -and who have recognized in him at once the excellences and the errors of an enthusiast, -those who have most faithfully endeavored to find the truth concerning him, though they will obtain some interesting information from Mr. Redpath's book, will be the most dissatisfied with it.

It has always been among the offences of the out-and-out Abolitionists, to abuse the force of words, and to make exclusive pretensions to virtue and the love of liberty. This book is written in the spirit and style of an Abolition tract. In representing John Brown as little more than a mere hero of the Abolitionists, the author has done essential disservice to the cause of freedom, and to the memory of a man who was as free from party-ties as he was from personal ambitions.

Although John Brown's character was a simple one, a long time must pass before it will be generally understood, and justice be done to it. The passion and the prejudice which the later acts of his life have excited cannot die away for years. Mr. Redpath has done his best to perpetuate them. In seasons of excitement, and amid the struggles of political contention, the men who use the most extravagant and the most violent words have, for a time, the advantage; but, in the long run, they damage whatever cause they may adopt; and the truth, which their declamations have obscured or their falsehoods have violated, finally asserts itself. In our country, the worth and the





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strength of temperance and moderation of speech seem to be peculiarly forgotten. Words, which should stand for things, are too commonly used with no respect to their essential meaning. Political debates are embittered, personal feeling wounded, the tone of manners lowered, and national character degraded, by this disregard of words as the symbol and expression of truth. Moderation is brought into disrepute, and justice, fairness, and honesty of opinion tendered as rare as they are difficult of attainment. The manner in which John Brown has been spoken of affords the plainest illustration of these facts. Extravagance in condemnation has been answered by extravagance in praise of his life and deeds.

The most interesting and the most novel part of Mr. Redpath's book is the letter written by John Brown in 1857, giving some account of his early life. It is, in all respects, a remarkable composition. It exhibits the main influences by which his character was formed; it affords a key to the history of his life; it illustrates the nature of the social institutions under which such a man could grow up; and it shows his natural traits, before they had become hardened and trained under the discipline of later experience and circumstance. Nothing has been more marked in the various exhibitions of his character, as they have come successively to view, than their complete consistency. This letter, this account of his youth, squares perfectly with what we know of his manhood. The whole of it should be read by all who would understand the man, with his native faculty of command, with his mingled sternness and tenderness, with his large heart, his steadfast will. The base of his soul was truth; and the motive power of his life, faith in the justice of God. He was a man of a rare type, - so rare in our times as to seem like a man of another age. He belonged to the same class with the Scottish Covenanters and the English Regicides. He belonged to the great company of those who have followed the footsteps of Gideon, and forgot that the armory of the Lord contained other weapons than the sword. He belonged to those who from time to time have adopted some cause, - the good old cause, - and have shrunk from no sacrifice which it required at their hands. "I have now been confined over a month," wrote John Brown to his children, in one of that most affecting series of letters from his prison, "with a good opportunity to look the whole thing as fair in the face as I am capable of doing, and I now feel most grateful that I am counted in the least possible degree worthy to suffer for the truth." "Suffering is a gift not given to every one," wrote one of the Covenanters, who was hanged in the Grassmarket in Edinburgh, in 1684, - "and I desire to bless God's name with my whole heart and soul, that He has counted such a poor thing as I am worthy of the gift of suffering."

That John Brown was wrong in his attempt to break up slavery by violence, few will deny. But it was a wrong committed by a good man, - by one who dreaded the vengeance of the Almighty and forgot His long-suffering. His errors were the result of want of patience and want of imagination, and he paid the penalty for them. He had faith in the Divine ordering of the affairs of this world; but he forgot that the processes by which evils like that of slavery are done away are thousand-year-long, - that, to be effectual, they must be slow, - that wrong is no remedy for wrong. He was an anachronism, and met the fate of all anachronisms that strive to stem and divert the present current by modes which the



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world has outgrown. But now that he and those dearest to him have so bitterly expiated his faults, both charity and justice demand that his virtues should be honored, and he himself mourned. It will be a gloomy indication of the poor, low spirit of our days, if fear and falsehood, if passion or indifference, should cause the lesson of John Brown's life to be neglected, or should check a natural sympathy with the noble heart of the old man. That lesson is not for any one part of the country more than another; that sympathy may be given by the South as well as by the North. It is not sympathy for his acts, but for the spirit of his life and the heroism of his death. The lesson of manliness, uprightness, and courage, which his life teaches, is to be learned by us, not merely as lovers of liberty, not as opponents of slavery, but as men who need more manliness, more uprightness, more courage and simplicity in our common lives. All that is possible of apology for John Brown is to be found in his letters and in his speech to the court before his sentence. It is, perhaps, too soon to hope that these letters and this speech will be read with candor and a feeling of human brotherhood by those who now look with abhorrence or with indifference on his memory. But the time will come when they will be held at their true worth by all, as the expressions of a large, tender soul, — when they will be read with sympathetic pity, even by those who still find it difficult to forgive their author for his offence against society. These letters appeal to the better nature of every man and woman in America; and it will be a sad thing, if their appeal be disregarded. We trust, that, before long, a fairer and fuller biography than that by Mr. Redpath will remove the obstacle which this book now presents to the general appreciation of the character and life of John Brown.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

March 20, Tuesday: Construction began on the Elwood & Marysville Railroad, which would be the 1st crossing [Kansas](#) terrain.

Senator Wilson proposed that engaging in the international slave trade should be punishable by life imprisonment rather than a capital crime of piracy only to be punished by execution (for which in fact not one person had ever been so punished in the entire history of the suppression of American participation in the trade to this date), and proposed also that everyone involved in such slaving expeditions, rather than only the principals, should be subject to that punishment — to which the US Senate unanimously consented:

"Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire into the expediency of so amending the laws of the United States in relation to the suppression of the African slave trade as to provide a penalty of imprisonment for life for a participation in such trade, instead of the penalty of forfeiture of life, as now provided; and also an amendment of such laws as will include in the punishment for said offense all persons who fit out or are in any way connected with or interested in fitting out expeditions or vessels for the purpose of engaging in such slave trade." SENATE JOURNAL, 36th Congress, 1st session, page 274.

"Mr. Wilson asked, and by unanimous consent obtained, leave to bring in a joint resolution (Senate, No. 20) to secure the right of search on the coast of Africa, for the more effectual suppression of the African slave trade." Read twice, and



referred to Committee on Foreign Relations. SENATE JOURNAL, 36th Congress, 1st session, page 274.

"Mr. Wilson asked, and by unanimous consent obtained, leave to bring in a bill (Senate, No. 296) for the construction of five steam screw sloops-of-war, for service on the African coast." Read twice, and referred to Committee on Naval Affairs; May 23, reported with an amendment. SENATE JOURNAL, 36th Congress, 1st session, pages 274, 494-5.

W.E. Burghardt Du Bois: The enhanced price of slaves throughout the American slave market, brought about by the new industrial development and the laws against the slave-trade, was the irresistible temptation that drew American capital and enterprise into that traffic. In the United States, in spite of the large interstate traffic, the average price of slaves rose from about \$325 in 1840, to \$360 in 1850, and to \$500 in 1860.<sup>110</sup> Brazil and Cuba offered similar inducements to smugglers, and the American flag was ready to protect such pirates. As a result, the American slave-trade finally came to be carried on principally by United States capital, in United States ships, officered by United States citizens, and under the United States flag.

Executive reports repeatedly acknowledged this fact. In 1839 "a careful revision of these laws" is recommended by the President, in order that "the integrity and honor of our flag may be carefully preserved."<sup>111</sup> In June, 1841, the President declares: "There is reason to believe that the traffic is on the increase," and advocates "vigorous efforts."<sup>112</sup> His message in December of the same year acknowledges: "That the American flag is grossly abused by the abandoned and profligate of other nations is but too probable."<sup>113</sup> The special message of 1845 explains at length that "it would seem" that a regular policy of evading the laws is carried on: American vessels with the knowledge of the owners are chartered by notorious slave dealers in Brazil, aided by English capitalists, with this intent.<sup>114</sup> The message of 1849 "earnestly" invites the attention of Congress "to an amendment of our existing laws relating to the African slave-trade, with a view to the effectual suppression of that barbarous traffic. It is not to be denied," continues the message, "that this trade is still, in part, carried on by means of vessels built in the United States, and owned or navigated by some of our citizens."<sup>115</sup> Governor Buchanan of Liberia reported in 1839: "The chief obstacle to the success of the very active measures pursued by the British government for the suppression of the slave-trade on the coast, is the *American flag*. Never was the proud banner of freedom so extensively used by those pirates upon liberty and humanity, as at this season."<sup>116</sup> One well-known American slaver was boarded fifteen times and twice taken into port, but always escaped by means of her papers.<sup>117</sup> Even American officers report that the English are doing all they can, but that the American flag protects the trade.<sup>118</sup> The evidence which

110. Cf. United States census reports; and Olmsted, COTTON KINGDOM.

111. HOUSE JOURNAL, 26th Congress, 1st session, page 118.

112. HOUSE JOURNAL, 27th Congress, 1st session, pages 31, 184.

113. HOUSE JOURNAL, 27th Congress, 2d session, pages 14, 15, 86, 113.

114. SENATE JOURNAL, 28th Congress, 2d session, pages 191, 227.

115. HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENTS, 31st Congress, 1st session, III. pt. I. No. 5, page 7.

116. Foote, AFRICA AND THE AMERICAN FLAG, page 152.

117. Foote, AFRICA AND THE AMERICAN FLAG, pages 152-3.



literally poured in from our consuls and ministers at Brazil adds to the story of the guilt of the United States.<sup>119</sup> It was proven that the participation of United States citizens in the trade was large and systematic. One of the most notorious slave merchants of Brazil said: "I am worried by the Americans, who insist upon my hiring their vessels for slave-trade."<sup>120</sup> Minister Proffit stated, in 1844, that the "slave-trade is almost entirely carried on under our flag, in American-built vessels."<sup>121</sup> So, too, in Cuba: the British commissioners affirm that American citizens were openly engaged in the traffic; vessels arrived undisguised at Havana from the United States, and cleared for Africa as slavers after an alleged sale.<sup>122</sup> The American consul, Trist, was proven to have consciously or unconsciously aided this trade by the issuance of blank clearance papers.<sup>123</sup>

The presence of American capital in these enterprises, and the connivance of the authorities, were proven in many cases and known in scores. In 1837 the English government informed the United States that from the papers of a captured slaver it appeared that the notorious slave-trading firm, Blanco and Carballo of Havana, who owned the vessel, had correspondents in the United States: "at Baltimore, Messrs. Peter Harmony and Co., in New York, Robert Barry, Esq."<sup>124</sup> The slaver "Martha" of New York, captured by the "Perry," contained among her papers curious revelations of the guilt of persons in America who were little suspected.<sup>125</sup> The slaver "Prova," which was allowed to lie in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, and refit, was afterwards captured with two hundred and twenty-five slaves on board.<sup>126</sup> The real reason that prevented many belligerent Congressmen from pressing certain search claims against England lay in the fact that the unjustifiable detentions had unfortunately revealed so much American guilt that it was deemed wiser to let the matter end in talk. For instance, in 1850 Congress demanded information as to illegal searches, and President Fillmore's report showed the uncomfortable fact that, of the ten American ships wrongly detained by English men-of-war, nine were proven red-handed slavers.<sup>127</sup>

The consul at Havana reported, in 1836, that whole cargoes of slaves fresh from Africa were being daily shipped to Texas in American vessels, that 1,000 had been sent within a few months, that the rate was increasing, and that many of these slaves "can scarcely fail to find their way into the United States." Moreover, the consul acknowledged that ships frequently cleared for the United States in ballast, taking on a cargo at some

118. Foote, AFRICA AND THE AMERICAN FLAG, page 241.

119. Cf. e.g. HOUSE DOCUMENTS, 28th Congress, 2d session, IV. pt. I. No. 148; 29th Congress, 1st session, III. No. 43; HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENTS, 30th Congress, 2d session, VII. No. 61; SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENTS, 30th Congress, 1st session, IV. No. 28; 31st Congress, 2d session, II. No. 6; 33d Congress, 1st session, VIII. No. 47.

120. Foote, AFRICA AND THE AMERICAN FLAG, page 218.

121. Foote, AFRICA AND THE AMERICAN FLAG, page 221.

122. Palmerston to Stevenson: HOUSE DOCUMENTS, 26th Congress, 2d session, V. No. 115, page 5. In 1836 five such slavers were known to have cleared; in 1837, eleven; in 1838, nineteen; and in 1839, twenty-three: HOUSE DOCUMENTS, 26th Congress, 2d session, V. No. 115, pages 220-1.

123. PARLIAMENTARY PAPERS, 1839, Volume XLIX., SLAVE TRADE, class A, Further Series, pages 58-9; class B, Further Series, page 110; class D, Further Series, page 25. Trist pleaded ignorance of the law: Trist to Forsyth, HOUSE DOCUMENTS, 26th Congress, 2d session, V. No. 115.

124. HOUSE DOCUMENTS, 26th Congress, 2d session, V. No. 115.

125. Foote, AFRICA AND THE AMERICAN FLAG, page 290.

126. HOUSE DOCUMENTS, 26th Congress, 2d session, V. No. 115, pages 121, 163-6.

127. SENATE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENTS, 31st Congress, 1st session, XIV No. 66.



secret point.<sup>128</sup> When with these facts we consider the law facilitating "recovery" of slaves from Texas,<sup>129</sup> the repeated refusals to regulate the Texan trade, and the shelving of a proposed congressional investigation into these matters,<sup>130</sup> conjecture becomes a practical certainty. It was estimated in 1838 that 15,000 Africans were annually taken to Texas, and "there are even grounds for suspicion that there are other places ... where slaves are introduced."<sup>131</sup> Between 1847 and 1853 the slave smuggler Drake had a slave depot in the Gulf, where sometimes as many as 1,600 Negroes were on hand, and the owners were continually importing and shipping. "The joint-stock company," writes this smuggler, "was a very extensive one, and connected with leading American and Spanish mercantile houses. Our island<sup>132</sup> was visited almost weekly, by agents from Cuba, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, and New Orleans.... The seasoned and instructed slaves were taken to Texas, or Florida, overland, and to Cuba, in sailing-boats. As no squad contained more than half a dozen, no difficulty was found in posting them to the United States, without discovery, and generally without suspicion.... The Bay Island plantation sent ventures weekly to the Florida Keys. Slaves were taken into the great American swamps, and there kept till wanted for the market. Hundreds were sold as captured runaways from the Florida wilderness. We had agents in every slave State; and our coasters were built in Maine, and came out with lumber. I could tell curious stories ... of this business of smuggling Bozal negroes into the United States. It is growing more profitable every year, and if you should hang all the Yankee merchants engaged in it, hundreds would fill their places."<sup>133</sup> Inherent probability and concurrent testimony confirm the substantial truth of such confessions. For instance, one traveller discovers on a Southern plantation Negroes who can speak no English.<sup>134</sup> The careful reports of the Quakers "apprehend that many [slaves] are also introduced into the United States."<sup>135</sup> Governor Mathew of the Bahama Islands reports that "in more than one instance, Bahama vessels with coloured crews have been purposely wrecked on the coast of Florida, and the crews forcibly sold." This was brought to the notice of the United States authorities, but the district attorney of Florida could furnish no information.<sup>136</sup> Such was the state of the slave-trade in 1850, on the threshold of the critical decade which by a herculean effort was destined finally to suppress it.

128. Trist to Forsyth: HOUSE DOCUMENTS, 26th Congress, 2d session, V. No. 115. "The business of supplying the United States with Africans from this island is one that must necessarily exist," because "slaves are a hundred *per cent*, or more, higher in the United States than in Cuba," and this profit "is a temptation which it is not in human nature as modified by American institutions to withstand": HOUSE DOCUMENTS, 26th Congress, 2d session, V. No. 115.

129. STATUTES AT LARGE, V. 674.

130. Cf. STATUTES AT LARGE, V., page 157, note 1.

131. Buxton, THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE AND ITS REMEDY, pages 44-5. Cf. 2D REPORT OF THE LONDON AFRICAN SOCIETY, page 22.

132. I.e., Bay Island in the Gulf of Mexico, near the coast of Honduras.

133. REVELATIONS OF A SLAVE SMUGGLER, page 98.

134. Mr. H. Moulton in SLAVERY AS IT IS, page 140; cited in FACTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE SLAVE TRADE (Friends' ed. 1841), page 8.

135. In a memorial to Congress, 1840: HOUSE DOCUMENTS, 26th Congress, 1st session, VI. No. 211.

136. BRITISH AND FOREIGN STATE PAPERS, 1845-6, pages 883, 968, 989-90. The governor wrote in reply: "The United States, if properly served by their law officers in the Floridas, will not experience any difficulty in obtaining the requisite knowledge of these illegal transactions, which, I have reason to believe, were the subject of common notoriety in the neighbourhood where they occurred, and of boast on the part of those concerned in them?": BRITISH AND FOREIGN STATE PAPERS, 1845-6, page 990.



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March 20. Worm-piles in dooryard this morning.

A foggy morning; turns to some April-like rain, after east wind of yesterday.

A. Buttrick says he saw and heard woodcocks the 5th of March this year, or much earlier than ever before. Thinks they are now laying. His dog put them up at the brushy point below Flint's,—one pair there. Is another pair at Hunt's Pond, another at Eleazer Davis's Hill. He says that he caught three skunks and a crow last week in his traps baited with muskrat for mink. Says a fox will kill a skunk and eat him greedily before he smells, but nothing will eat a mink.

2 P. M.—Thermometer about 49.

This is a slight, dripping, truly April-like rain. You hardly know whether to open your umbrella or not. More mist than rain; no wind, and the water perfectly smooth and dark, but ever and anon the cloud or mist thickens and darkens on one side, and there is a sudden rush of warm rain, which will start the grass. I stand on Hunt's Bridge and, looking up-stream, see now first, in this April rain, the water being only rippled by the current, those alternate dark and light patches on the surface, all alike dimpled with the falling drops. (The ground now soaks up the rain as it falls, the frost being pretty commonly out.) It reminds me of the season when you sit under a bridge and watch the dimples made by the rain.

I see where some one has lately killed a striped snake.

The white maple by the bridge is abundantly out, and of course did not open this rainy day. Yesterday, at least, it began.

I observed on the 18th a swarm of those larger tipulidae, or fuzzy gnats, dancing in a warm sprout-land, about three feet above a very large white pine stump which had been sawed off quite smoothly and was conspicuous. They kept up their dance directly over this, only swaying to and fro slightly, but always recovering their position over it. This afternoon, in the sprinkling rain, I see a very small swarm of the same kind dancing in like manner in a garden, only a foot above the ground but directly over a bright tin dish,—apparently a mustard-box,—and I suspect that they select some such conspicuous fixed point on the ground over which to hover and by which to keep their place, finding it for their convenience to keep the same place. These gyrate in the air as water-bugs on the water. [For same, vide March 10, 1859.]

Methinks this gentle rainy day reminds me more of summer than the warmest fair day would.

A. Buttrick said to-day that the black ducks come when the grass begins to grow in the meadows, i. e. in the water.

Perhaps calm weather and thermometer at about 50, the frost being commonly out and ground bare, may be called an April-like rain.

The 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th were very pleasant and warm days, the thermometer standing at 50°, 55°, 56°, 56°, and 51° (average 53 1/2°),—quite a spell of warm weather (succeeding to cold and blustering), in which the alders and white maples, as well as many more skunk-cabbages, bloomed, and the hazel catkins became relaxed and elongated.

A. Buttrick says he has seen ground squirrels some time. I hear that the first alewives have been caught in the Acushnet River.

Our own mistakes often reveal to us the true colors of objects better than a conscious discrimination. Coming up the street the other afternoon, I thought at first that I saw a smoke in Mr. Cheney's garden. It was his white tool-house.

Spring: On account of problems in [George William Benson](#)'s throat, the Benson family relocated from New-York to just outside Lawrence, [Kansas](#).



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April 3, Tuesday: Frederik van Eeden was born in Haarlem in the Netherlands.

Pony Express service began, crossing northeastern [Kansas](#). Giddyup!

On assurances by Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar that the [John Brown](#) flap was over and that he was no longer in danger of arrest by Senator [James Mason](#)'s special investigatory committee of the US Senate, [Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#) of the [Secret "Six"](#) conspiracy had returned to Concord, Massachusetts. Hoar proved to be quite mistaken as on this day US marshals appeared in Concord with a warrant for this conspirator's arrest. As Sanborn would later recount the incident, a police sergeant who knew that he had come back home from exile in [Canada](#) took four men and went that night to his home in Concord:<sup>137</sup>

An attempt was made to drag me in irons from my house here to Washington. This was on the night of 3 April 1860. On the next day, having been released from these wretches by my neighbors who acted under the laws of Massachusetts as a sheriff's posse to enforce a writ of habeas corpus issued by Judge Hoar, I appeared before the Supreme Court of this Commonwealth, and was declared at liberty to go where I pleased. I went home to my ordinary way of life, and was not further molested by Mason or Davis.

Senator [James Mason](#) would comment in regard to this altercation that [Sanborn](#), already in handcuffs, had been rescued by "a tumultuous body of people, whom I call a mob." [Anna Maria Whiting](#) in particular, bless her, got really physical during the struggle, fending off the deputies with a cane:

Annie Whiting got into the kidnapper's carriage so that they could not put Sanborn in. One grabbed her and said, Get out. I won't, said Annie. I'll tear your clothes. Tear away, they said. We'll whip up the horses and make them run away if you don't get out. So let them run to the devil, I won't stir. She didn't budge until it was all over. Sanborn's schoolboys rushed about like heroes. After so long an interval, with no effort at arresting me, I had fairly concluded the Senate officials had given up their idea of taking me to Washington. This they would have done, had they been wise. But on the evening of April 3rd, after I had been out making calls in the village of Concord, and was sitting quietly in my study on the first floor, after nine o'clock, my door-bell rang. Julia had gone to bed. Sarah was in her room. Without anticipating any harm, I went down into the front hall in my robe and answered the bell. A young man presented himself, and handed me a note, which I stepped back to read by the light of the hall lamp. It said the bearer was a person deserving charity. When I looked up from reading the note, four men had entered my hall. One of them came forward and layed his hand on me, saying, I arrest you. I said, By what authority? If you have a warrant read it, for I will not go with you unless you show your warrant. He began to read the order of the Senate for my arrest. Sarah, who had feared, as I did not, what this visit meant, now rushed down the stairs, opened the other door of the hall, and began to cry out to the neighbors. Seeing they were likely to be interrupted in their mission, my five callers slipped a pair of handcuffs on my wrists and forced me from the house. I was young and strong and I resented this indignity. They had to lift me and carry me to the door, where my sister

137. This illustration "Arrest and Rescue of Frank B. Sanborn, Esq., at Concord, Massachusetts, on the Night of April 3, 1860" is courtesy of the William Munroe Special Collections at the Concord Free Public Library.



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stood, screaming. I braced my feet against the doorposts and delayed them. I did the same at the posts of the veranda. The church bells were ringing a fire alarm, the people were gathering by tens. I braced my feet against the stone posts of the gateway, checking their progress once more. When the four rascals lifted me to insert me, feet foremost, in their covered hack, an anxious driver on the box, I braced myself against the sides of the carriage door and broke them in. They then realized it was my unfettered feet that made all this trouble, so one of the four grasped my feet and brought them together, so that I could no longer use them in resistance. They got me into the hack only as far as my knees, when my sister, darting forward, grasped the long beard of my footman and pulled with so much force he lost his grasp. My feet felt the ground again, outside the carriage. A great crowd had collected, among them Colonel Whiting and his daughter Annie. With his stout cane, the Colonel began to beat the horses. My bearers were left a rod or two behind the hack into which they had not been able to force me. Still they held me, hatless and in my evening slippers, in the street in front of my house. At that moment, my counsel, J.S. Keyes, appeared by my side, asking if I petitioned for a writ of Habeas Corpus. By all means, I told him. Keyes hurried over to Judge Hoar's house. Hearing the tumult, and suspecting what it was, he had already begun filling out a writ of personal replevin. In less than ten minutes, the writ was in the hands of Concord's deputy sheriff, John Moore, who made the formal demand on my captors to surrender their prisoner. Stupidly, they refused. So the sheriff called on the 150 men and women present to act as his posse comitatus, which some twenty of the men gladly did, and I was forcibly snatched from senatorial custody. At the same time, my Irish neighbors rushed upon them and forced them to take to their broken carriage, and make off toward Lexington, the way they had come. They were pursued by twenty or thirty of my townsmen, some of them as far as Lexington. I was committed to the custody of Captain George L. Prescott, and spent the night in his house, armed, for my better defense, with a six-shooter, which Mr. Bull, the inventor of the Concord grape and then chairman of the Selectmen, had insisted I should take. I slept peacefully all the rest of that night.





After Judge Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar had issued his writ and the marshals had gone away, arrangements were made for Sanborn to hide for the rest of the night with a pistol at Captain George L. Prescott's home, while [Henry Thoreau](#) spent the rest of the night at Sanborn's home so his sister [Sarah E. Sanborn](#) would not be alone.

[Louisa May Alcott](#) would record: "Sanborn was nearly kidnapped for being a friend of John Brown; but his sister rescued him when he was handcuffed, and the scamps drove off. A meeting and general flurry."

Here is [John Shepard Keyes](#)'s account of the incident:

Sanborn had I never doubted full knowledge of his plans, and Concord subscriptions had helped his cause without however knowing its purpose. So that when Mason of Virginia began in the U.S. Senate the investigation Sanborn was summoned to testify. He was afraid and unwilling to trust himself in Washington and refused to attend. He consulted with me, and I had a correspondence with Mason on the subject endeavoring to induce the comtee to take his deposition here. I think that was one object I had in going to Washington myself but do not recall any interview with Mason. At length the U.S. Marshal made the attempt to take Sanborn and carry him off as a witness. I was sitting quietly in my house of a moonlight evening when Grace Mitchell one of Sanborns scholars came wildly rushing in with the news that they were carrying him off. I ran to his house next to the high school house to find him handcuffed in the carry all with the 3 depy marshals holding him, and an excited crowd of 30 men & women holding the horse and stopping the road in



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front. Sanborn terribly excited, and waving frantically his manacles and calling for help and rescue I enquired of the officers who recognized me their purpose and authority which they gave and then telling the crowd to detain them till I got back, rushed off to Judge Hoar's house where I found him quietly smoking in his library to which the cries and shouts of the scene almost penetrated. I applied to him for a writ of Habeas Corpus for Sanborn and as soon as he understood the matter he granted it. I writing the petition therefore while he filled out the writ. Armed with this I hastened back to find the crowd swelled to a mob of hundreds, in which some Democrats had mingled trying to take the part of the officers, and getting roughly handled for so doing. Shouting for my old deputy Capt Moore, the crowd gave way he came forward served the writ by taking Sanborn from the wagon and releasing him from the officers and the handcuffs. They who were thoroughly alarmed for their safety, gladly drove off after hearing the writ saluted with a parting volley of stones & groans and when the town clerk had shoved the collector Col Holbrook into the gutter as the fit place for his pro slavery remarks, the women helped Sanborn to his house, the men walked off and when I got through a short consultation with him, and turned homeward Concord street were quiet and the excitement over save that Rufus Hosmer had fallen dead of heart disease in the tumult that had been going on there. My coolness and legal instinct alone prevented a dreadful row. Carleton & Freeman & Coolidge the officers were armed, and but for my prompt interference would have made sad work and a terrible result, instead of the quiet surrender I brought about by means of the writ. It was the best instance of presence of mind I can recall in my whole experience! Byron like, I woke the next morning to find the newspapers full of the encoutre and myself famous for my interposition. In the excited state of feeling over slavery and the John Brown invasion, it was almost a declaration of war. I appeared before the Supreme Court hastily collected in full bench with Gov. Andrew as senior counsel for Sanborn while the Marshal with the U.S. District Atty was on the other side. The Court House was crammed the excitement red hot, I suggested the point when the warrant was produced under which the officers were acting that as it was addressed only to the Sergeant at Arms of the Senate, he could not deputize his authority to a bailiff for want of any such direction in the warrant and therefore the service by such bailiff was utterly void and nugatory, and cited the decision of our Supreme Court to that effect in the case of a writ directed to a sheriff and served by a constable. Charley Woodbury the Dist Atty, replied. Andrew closed and the court after consultation sustained the point and discharged Sanborn. The crowd cheered Sanborn was the hero of the hour, and though for a month he had been hiding in Concord garrets and writing to me from Patinas, he must make the most of his notoriety by the aid of newspapers, interviews, and cards of thanks. I came home at night to find Concord stirred to its depths, with reporters and emissaries of all kinds, and more foolish stories in circulation of attacks, and captures, than could be imagined- The papers here and in N.Y. Washington were filled with it. Congress got excited, Mason threatened and it seemed as if war might actually begin. Sanborn was carefully guarded, and the story that the Marines were to be sent out in the night to take him, came so straight from Mrs Jackson who was

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connected with the Emerson & Bartlett family that videlles [...] were sent out mounted to watch and give the alarm. Altogether it was another 19th of April and I sat on horseback for hours on the Lincoln hill watching. I had the officers arrested brought to Concord tried before Ball Justice for assault & battery, & bound over to criminal term. Brought a suit for Sanborn in the Supreme Court for \$10000 damages, and with the Atty. Gen appeared in the U.S. Court where the comtees case was carried by Woodbury & in short had lots of business growing out of the affair. The Legislature took it up, and Congress got excited over it, and it was a great row! Meantime politics must be attended to and I went to the State Convention at Worcester where I helped elect the Andrew ticket for delegates to Chicago, and was chosen the member of the State Convention from the Midx Senatorial District, also was chosen with Sweetzer at the District Convention in Concord a district delegate to Chicago after a hard fight, in which my friends rallied to pay me for my defeat as sheriff, and thus I was busy again in political movements.



J.S. KEYES AUTOBIOGRAPHY

April 11, Wednesday: The US federal House of Representatives resolved to accept [Kansas's Wyandotte Constitution](#).

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

“We’re taking sides. You, you’re on the North side.”



April 11. P.M.— To Cliffs.



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The hills are now decidedly greened as seen a mile off, and the road or street sides pretty brightly so. I have not seen any lingering heel of a snow-bank since April came in.

Acer rubrum west side Deep Cut, some well out, some killed by frost; probably a day or two at least. Hazels there are all done; were in their prime, methinks, a week ago at least. The early willow still in prime. Salix humilis abundantly out, how long?

Epigaea abundantly out (probably 7th at least).

Stow's cold pool three quarters full of ice.

My early sedge, which has been out at Cliffs apparently a few days (not yet quite generally), the highest only two inches, is probably Carex umbellata.

June 1, Friday: The federal Census listed 107,204 people in [Kansas](#), primarily Westerners.

Assistant Marshall Samuel H. Rhoades of the US Census of 1860 reported that the Thoreau household consisted of Henry D[avid] Thoreau, 42, M[ale]; C[ynthia] D[unbar Thoreau], 73, F[emale]; Louisa Dunbar, 75, F[emale]; Sophia Dunbar, 79, F[emale]; Sophia E. Thoreau, 40, F[emale]. Cynthia was listed as born in New Hampshire, the rest in Massachusetts. Henry D. Thoreau was listed as surveyor and no occupations were given for the others. The real estate of the household was valued at \$4,000.<sup>00</sup>, personal property at \$1,500.<sup>00</sup>.

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by Chauncey Smith in Boston:

*Boston June 1<sup>st</sup> 1860  
Mr Henry D Thoreau  
Dear Sir I enclose  
to you my brothers note with my  
endorsement, at his request.  
Please acknowledge to him its  
reception  
Yours truly  
Chauncey Smith*



June 1. 2 P.M.— River 1 3/8 above summer level.

6 P.M. 1 6/8 " " "

Farmer has heard the quail a fortnight. Channing yesterday. The barberry flower is now in prime, and it is very handsome with its wreaths of flowers. Many low blackberry flowers at Lee's Cliff. June-grass there well out. Krigia, how long?

Breams' nests begun at Hubbard's Grove shore. They have carefully cleaned the bottom, removing the conferva, small weeds, etc., leaving the naked stems of some coarse ones, as the bayonet rush, bare and red.

Young Stewart tells me that when he visited again that gray squirrel's nest which I described about one month ago up the Assabet, the squirrels were gone, and he thought that the old ones had moved them, for he saw the old about another nest. He found another, similar nest with three dead blind gray squirrels in it, the old one probably having been killed. This makes three gray squirrels' nests that I have seen and heard of (seen two of them) this year, made thus of leaves and sticks open in the trees, and I hear of some more similar ones found in former years, so that I think this mode of nesting their young may be the rule with them here. Add to this one red squirrel's nest of the same kind.

June 22, Friday: President [James Buchanan](#) **JAMES BUCHANAN** vetoed the initial version of homestead legislation for places such as [Kansas](#) to be enacted by the federal Congress, saying that he anticipated that setting a price of 25 cents per acre (rather than bestowing the land for free) might not so much benefit small farmers as fuel land speculation, and also that he was not certain that such disposing of federal land was a constitutional act.

June 28, Thursday: At Fort Leavenworth, [Kansas](#), August Bondi got married with Henrietta Einstein. She had been born in Germany on October 15, 1833 and was a daughter of Israel and Sophia Kettner Einstein. The couple would produce 8 daughters and 2 sons. Henrietta Einstein Bondi would die at Salina on August 24, 1900.



[The Hawthorne family](#)'s ship docked in Boston. As soon as the family was ensconced in "The Wayside" again, the Emersons threw a strawberry party for them which [the Alcott family](#) and Thoreau family attended.



June 28.—Assabet Bath and Sunset Interval.

On the 25th I first noticed that the black willows—the sterile ones, not whitened with down—were just begun to be handsome, with their light ethereal green against other trees. They are now getting to be sufficiently thick. This month, it must be 85° at 2 P. M. and still to make hot weather. 80° with wind is quite comfortable.

June-grass is now generally browned atop, its spikes being out of bloom and old. Herd's-grass out, two or three days.

I now see and hear many young birds about; young barn swallows on telegraph-wire, etc.

Farmer said yesterday that he thought foxes did not live so much in the depth of the woods as on open hillsides, where they lay out and overlooked the operations of men,—studied their ways,—which made them so cunning. The 21st I began to notice the *Festuca ovina* in dry pastures, prevailing and so marking a season. Fowl-meadow grass, though not quite in bloom, has now begun to make an impression on the inlands and in the meadows, with its dense-growing recurved or drooping green tops. *Panicum latifolium*, how long?

I see no tortoises laying nowadays, but I meet to-day with a wood tortoise which is eating the leaves of the early potentilla, and, soon after, another in Hosmer's sandy bank field north of Assabet Bridge, deliberately eating sorrel. It was evidently quite an old one, its back being worn quite smooth, and its motions peculiarly sluggish. It continued to eat when I was within a few feet, holding its head high and biting down at it, each time bringing away a piece of a leaf. It made you think of an old and sick tortoise eating some salutary herb to cure itself with, and reminded me of the stories of the ancients, who, I think, made the tortoises thus cure themselves with dittany or origanum when bitten by a venomous snake. That is, it impressed me as if it must know the virtues of herbs well and could select the one best suited [to] its condition of body. When I came nearer, it at once drew in its head. Its back was smooth and yellowish,—a venerable tortoise. When I moved off, it at once withdrew into the woods.

See two of those remarkably brilliant beetles near the caving edge here, with copper and green reflections (head green), and blue ones. They are sluggish and can be transported on a leaf.

On the alder leaves by the riverside in Sunset Interval, I see countless small black miller-like insects three eighths of an inch and of this form:



but all of them had not feelers.

I think they were the same that hover in a swarm over the water at evening.



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October 29, Monday: “The prayer of [Thaddeus Hyatt](#) to James Buchanan, President of the United States, in behalf of [Kansas](#), asking for a Postponement of all the Land Sales in that Territory, and for other relief; together with correspondence and other documents setting forth its deplorable destitution from the drought and famine: submitted under oath, October 29, 1860” (Washington: Henry Polkinhorn, Printer).

### ... IN BEHALF OF KANSAS ...



**HENRY L. SHATTUCK**

October 29: P.M.— To Eb. Hubbard’s old black birch hill.

Henry Shattuck’s is a new pitch pine wood, say thirty years old. The western, or greater, part contains not a single seed-bearing white pine. It is a remarkable proof of my theory, for it contains thousands of little white pines but scarcely one little pitch pine. It is also well stocked with minute oak seedlings. It is a dense wood, say a dozen rods wide by three or four times as long, running east and west, with an oak wood on the north, from which the squirrels brought the acorns. A strip of nearly the same width of the pitch pine was cut apparently within a year on the south (a part of the above), and has just been harrowed and sown with rye, and still it is all dotted over with the little oak seedlings between the [STUMPS], which are perhaps unnoticed by Shattuck, but if he would keep his plow and fire out he would still have a pretty green patch there by next fall. A thousand little red flags (changed oak leaves) already wave over the green rye amid the stumps. The farmer stumbles over these in his walk, and sweats while he endeavors to clear the land of them, and yet wonders how oaks ever succeed to pines, as if he did not consider what these are. Where these pines are dense they are slender and tall. On the edge or in open land they are more stout and spreading.

Again, as-day before yesterday, sitting on the edge of a pine wood, I see a jay fly to a white oak half a dozen rods off in the pasture, and, gathering an acorn from the ground, hammer away at it under its foot on a limb of the oak, with an awkward and rapid seesaw or teetering motion, it has to lift its head so high to acquire the requisite momentum. The jays scold about almost every white oak tree, since we hinder their coming to it.

At some of the white oaks visited on the 11th, where the acorns were so thick on the ground and trees, I now find them perhaps nearly half picked up, yet perhaps little more than two thirds spoiled. The good appear to be all sprouted now. There are certainly many more sound ones here than at Beck Stow’s and Hubbard’s Grove, and it looks as if the injury had been done by frost, but perhaps some of it was done by the very heavy rains of September alone.

Yesterday and to-day I have walked rapidly through extensive chestnut woods without seeing what I thought was a seedling chestnut, yet I can soon find them in our Concord pines a quarter or half a mile from the chestnut woods. Several have expressed their surprise to me that they cannot find a seedling chestnut to transplant. I think that [IT] is with them precisely as with the oaks; not only a seedling is more difficult to distinguish in a chestnut wood, but it is really far more rare there than in the adjacent pine, mixed, and oak woods. After considerable experience in searching for these and seedling oaks, I have learned to neglect the chestnut and oak woods and go only to the neighboring woods of a different species for them. Only that course will pay.

On the side of E. Hubbard’s hill I see an old chestnut stump some two feet in diameter and nearly two feet high, and its outside and form well kept, yet all the inside gone; and from this shot up four sprouts in a square around it, which were cut down seven or eight years ago. Their rings number forty-six, and they are quite sound, so that the old stump was cut some fifty-three years ago. This is the oldest stump of whose age I am certain. Hence I have no doubt that there are many stumps left in this town which were cut in the last century. I am surprised to find on this hill (cut some seven or eight years ago) many remarkably old stumps wonderfully preserved, especially on the north side the hill,—walnuts, white oak and other oaks, and black birch. One white oak is eighteen and a half inches in diameter and has one hundred and forty-three rings. This is very one-sided in its growth, the centre being just four inches from the north side, or thirty-six rings to an inch. Of course I counted the other side. Another, close by, gave one hundred and forty-one rings, another white oak fifteen and a half inches in diameter had one hundred and fifty-five rings. It has so smooth (sawed off) and solid, almost a polished or marble-like, surface that I could not at first tell what kind of wood it was. [Was it not a walnut?] Another white oak the same as last in rings, i. e. one hundred and fifty-five, twenty-four inches [IN] diameter. All these were sound to the very core, so that I could see the first circles, and I suspect that they were seedlings. The smaller, but oldest ones had grown very slowly at first, and yet more slowly at last, but after some sixty-five years they had then grown much faster for about fifteen years, and then grew slower and slower to the last. The rings were exceedingly close together near the outside, yet not proportionably difficult to count. For aught that appeared, they might have continued to grow a century longer. The stumps are far apart, so that this formed an open grove, and that probably made the wood sounder and more durable. On the south slope many white pines had been cut about forty-six years ago, or when the chestnut was, amid the oaks. I suppose that these were seedlings, and perhaps the hill was cleared soon after the settlement of the town, and after a while pines sprang up in the open land, and seedling oaks under the pines, and, the latter being cut near the end of the seventeenth century, those oaks sprang up, with or without pines, but all but these were cut down when they were about sixty years old.

If these are seedlings, then seedlings make much the best timber. I should say that the pasture oaks generally

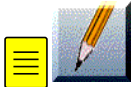


must be seedlings on account of their age, being part of the primitive wood. I suspect that sprouts, like the chestnut, for example, may grow very rapidly, and make large trees in comparatively few years, but they will be decaying [?] as fast at the core as they are growing, at the circumference. The stumps of chestnuts, especially sprouts, are very shaky. It is with men as with trees; you must grow slowly to last long. The oldest of these oaks began their existence about 1697. I doubt if there were any as old trees in our primitive wood as stood in this town fifty years ago. The healthiest of the primitive wood, having at length more room, light, and air, probably grew larger than its ancestors. Some of the black birch stumps gave about one hundred rings. The pasture oak which Sted Buttrick cut some seven or eight years ago, northeast of this, was, as near as I could tell,—one third was calculation,—some one hundred years old only, though larger than any of these. The fine chips which are left on the centre of a large stump preserve it moist there, and rapidly hasten its decay. The site of the last-named pasture oak was easily discovered, by a very large open grass-sward where no sweet-fern, lambkill, huckleberry, and brakes grew, as they did almost everywhere else. This may be because of the cattle assembling under the oak, and so killing the bushes and at the same time manuring the ground for grass. There is more chestnut in the northern part of the town than I was aware of. The first large wood north of Ponkawtasset is oak and chestnut. East of my house.

November 28, Thursday: [Christian Karl Josias, Freiherr von Bunsen](#) died. Before dying he asked his wife [Frances Waddington Bunsen](#) to publish recollections of their common life; she would comply in 1868 with a volume of memoirs containing much private correspondence.

[Governor Samuel Medary](#) requested US troops be used to control a situation in Linn and Bourbon counties in [Kansas](#).

**THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION**



November 28: P.M.— To Annurnsnack.

Looking from the hilltop, I should say that there was more oak woodland than pine to be seen, especially in the north and northeast, but it is somewhat difficult to distinguish all in the gleaming sunlight of mid-afternoon. Most of the oak, however, is quite young. As for pines, I cannot say surely which kind is most prevalent, not being certain about the most distant woods. The white pine is much the most dispersed, and grows oftener in low ground than the pitch pine does. It oftenest forms mixed woods with oak, etc., growing in straight or meandering lines, occasionally swelling into a dense grove. The pitch pines commonly occupy a dry soil — a plain or brow of a hill, often the site of an old grain-field or pasture — and are much the most seclusive, for, being a new wood, oaks, etc., have had no opportunity to grow up there, if they could. I look down now on the top of a pitch pine wood southwest of Brooks's Pigeon-place, and its top, so nearly level, has a peculiarly rich and crispy look in the sun. Its limbs are short and its plumes stout as compared with the white pine and are of a yellowish green.

There are many handsome young walnuts ten or twelve feet high scattered over the southeast side of Annurnsnack, or above the orchard. How came they there? Were they planted before a wood was cut? It is remarkable how this tree loves a hillside.

Behind G.M. Barrett's barn a scarlet oak stump 18 1/2 inches [in] diameter and about 94 rings, which has sent up a sprout two or three years since. On the plain just north of the east end of G.M.B.'s oaks, many oaks were sawed off about a year ago. Those I look at are seedlings and very sound and rings very distinct and handsome. Generally no sprouts from them, though one white oak sprout had been killed by frost.

One white oak, 17 inches [in] diameter, has 100 rings.

A second, 16 1/2 " " " also 100 "

The last has two centres which coalesced at the thirtieth ring, which went round them both including old bark between them. This was an instance of natural grafting.

Many seem to be so constituted that they can respect only somebody who is dead or something which is distant. The less you get, the happier and the richer you are. The rich man's son gets cocoanuts, and the poor man's, pignuts; but the worst of it is that the former never goes a-cocoanutting, and so he never gets the cream of the cocoanut as the latter does the cream of the pignut.

That on which commerce seizes is always the very coarsest part of a fruit, —the mere husk and rind, in fact, —for her hands are very clumsy. This is what fills the holds of ships, is exported and imported, pays duties, and is finally sold at the shops.

It is a grand fact that you cannot make the finer fruits or parts of fruits matter of commerce. You may buy a servant or slave, in short, but you cannot buy a friend. You can't buy the finer part of any fruit —i.e. the highest use and enjoyment of it. You cannot buy the pleasure which it yields to him who truly plucks it; you can't buy a good appetite even.

What are all the oranges imported into England to the hips and haws in her hedges? She could easily spare the

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one, but not the others. Ask Wordsworth, or any of her poets, which is the most to him. The mass of men are very easily imposed on. They have their runways in which they always travel, and are sure to fall into any pit or box trap set therein. Whatever a great many grown-up boys are seriously engaged in is considered great and good, and, as such, is sure of the recognition of the churchman and statesman. What, for instance, are the blue juniper berries in the pasture, which the cowboy remembers so far as they are beautiful merely, to church or state? Mere trifles which deserve and get no protection. As an object of beauty, though significant to all who really live in the country, they do not receive the protection of any community. Anybody may grub up all that exist. But as an article of commerce they command the attention of the civilized world. I read that "several hundred tons of them are imported annually from the continent" into England to flavor gin with; "but even this quantity," says my author, "is quite insufficient to meet the enormous consumption of the fiery liquid, and the deficiency is made up by spirits of turpentine." Go to the English Government, which, of course, is representative of the people, and ask, What is the use of juniper berries? The answer is, To flavor gin with. This is the gross abuse of juniper berries, with which an enlightened Government—if ever there shall be one—will have nothing to do. Let us make distinctions, call things by the right names.

December 17, Monday: Documentation of the [international slave trade](#), per W.E. Burghardt Du Bois: "Deficiencies of Appropriation, etc.: Letter from the Secretary of the Interior, communicating estimates for deficiencies in the appropriation for the suppression of the slave trade, etc."—HOUSE EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT, 36 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 11. (Contains names of captured slavers.)

When [Governor Samuel Medary](#) resigned, [George Monroe Beebe](#) became for a brief period the acting governor of [Kansas](#).

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to [Louis A. Surette, Jr.](#), the current curator of the Concord Lyceum.



Concord Dec 17<sup>th</sup> '60

Mr Surette

Dear Sir

*I am very sorry to say that the illness of my mother, who is confined to her bed, will prevent her showing to Mr Phillips the attention*





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*which she desired to— The prospect is also that I shall be kept at home Wednesday evening by an influenza— My mother wishes me to say, however, that Mrs Brooks will be happy to entertain Mr Phillips at her house— Yrs truly  
Henry D. Thoreau*



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1861

January 7, Monday: Florida forces occupied Fort Marion at St. Augustine.

US CIVIL WAR

The Constitution of Alabama.

READ THE FULL TEXT

[Representative Henry Emerson Etheridge \(Whig, Tennessee\)](#) offered a resolution to the US House of Representatives.

§ 5. The migration or importation of persons held to service or labor for life, or a term of years, into any of the States, or the Territories belonging to the United States, is perpetually prohibited; and Congress shall pass all laws necessary to make said prohibition effective (CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, 36th Congress, 2d session, page 279).

INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE

As the last territorial legislature of [Kansas](#) met at [Lecompton](#) and adjourned to [Lawrence](#), the Mayor of [New-York](#), Fernando Wood, a Democrat who well knew the “common sympathy” that existed between the [Irish-American](#) laborers he represented and the landed [slaveholders](#) of America with their Southern plantations, proposed in effect that the island of Manhattan secede from the continent and no longer consider itself to have anything to do with the mainland of the United States of America.

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

[Henry Thoreau](#) was being written to by L.L. & C.H. Smith of [New-York](#).

*New York Jany 7 1861*

*Mr H.D. Thoreau  
Dear Sir, We Enclose herein our note for \$100 @ 3 months,  
for last 100 lbs Please be  
Respy  
[L.L.H.] Smith*



[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 7th]

# KANSAS

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January 21, Monday: When [Jefferson Davis](#) and 4 other Southerners resigned from the US federal Senate, it was Senator Davis who delivered a farewell address shaking the dust from off their sandals (when this august body on this day decided to approve [Kansas](#)'s antislavery [Wyandotte Constitution](#), Senator Davis would not be one of those casting a ballot pro or con).



THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

And in whatsoever place ye shall enter, and they receive you not, in my name ye shall leave a cursing instead of a blessing, by casting off the dust of your feet against them as a testimony, and cleansing your feet by the wayside.



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 21st]**

January 29, Tuesday: The state of Georgia's declaration of [secession](#).

US CIVIL WAR

With the signature of President Buchanan, [Kansas](#) became the 34th state of the United States, with a constitution prohibiting slavery (no slaves means no people of color: we'll be white folks only, very much all by ourselves alone).

Camelien-Polka op.248 by Johann Strauss was performed for the initial time, in the Dianabad-saal, Vienna.

[Thomas Carlyle](#) acknowledged receipt of [Waldo Emerson](#)'s CONDUCT OF LIFE.



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 29th]**

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April 29, Monday: August Bondi took an oath of allegiance to the federal government.

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The legislature of the state of [Maryland](#) voted 52-13 to continue as part of the United States of America.



**[THOREAU MADE NO ENTRY IN HIS JOURNAL FOR APRIL 29th]**

May 31, Saturday: M. Choufleuri restera chez lui le..., an operetta by Jacques Offenbach to words of Saint-Rémy (pseudonym of le Duc de Morny), L'Epine, Crémieux and Halévy, was performed for the initial time, at the Présidence du Corps Législatif, Paris.

In the [Minnesota](#) Territory, [Henry Thoreau](#) paid another visit to Dr. Anderson.

Confederate President [Jefferson Davis](#) met with John Letcher, P. G. T. Beauregard, and [General Robert E. Lee](#).

Federal troops occupied Fort Leavenworth, [Kansas](#).

THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION

December 23, Monday: August Bondi enlisted in Company K of the 5th [Kansas](#) Cavalry. He would be at nearly all the engagements in which this regiment took part.



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[August Bondi](#) became commissary sergeant in the [Kansas](#) troops; later he would become 1st sergeant. He would receive several wounds.



**THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION**

[Henry Youle Hind](#)'s A SKETCH OF AN OVERLAND ROUTE TO BRITISH COLUMBIA ... ([Toronto](#), W.C. Chewett & Co., Printers).

**OVERLAND ROUTE TO B. C.**

Mary Helen Dunlop has pointed out, in her SIXTY MILES FROM CONTENTMENT: TRAVELING THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY AMERICAN INTERIOR (NY: HarperCollins BasicBooks, 1995, page 108), that when white travelers chanced upon a native village they had a tendency to shop their way through any Indian possessions left untended, and when there was no one present to sell, simply take whatever seemed at all worth the carrying off:

In [Kansas](#) in 1862, Miriam Colt and her mother sorted through every object in a large and temporarily deserted Indian village: "buffalo horns, buffalo skins and mats, tin pans, plates, tin sieves, knives, spoons, wooden bowls, camp pails, brass kettles, clam shells, and Indian trinkets. We made a selection," wrote Colt in the language of the shopper. The two women returned home with a wagon full of their "plunder," as they called it, but while they scoured up the items for use, they comfortably reclassified them as "thrown-away Indian utensils."

Early in the year: [Richard Josiah Hinton](#) helped recruit volunteers for the [1st Regiment Kansas Volunteer Infantry \(Colored\)](#) being formed at Fort Scott, [Kansas](#) and was appointed adjutant with the rank of 1st Lieutenant.

**THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION**

Using pacing runners to help him keep his speed, Louis "Deerfoot" or "Red Jacket" Bennett was managing to set a new record for the amount of ground that could be covered in an hour, by covering 11<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> miles. He had 16 seconds to spare as he passed that marker (this record would stand until 1953).

April: The [Continental Monthly](#), a magazine devoted to literature and national policy, in its 4th issue, included an article about "The War Between Freedom and Slavery in Missouri":

**US CIVIL WAR**

It is admitted that no man can write the history of his own times with such fullness and impartiality as shall entitle his record



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to the unquestioning credence and acceptance of posterity. Men are necessarily actors in the scenes amid which they live. If not personally taking an active part in the conduct of public affairs, they have friends who are, and in whose success or failure their own welfare is in some way bound up. The bias which interest always gives will necessarily attach to their judgment of current events, and the leading actors by whom these events are controlled. Cotemporaneous history, for this reason, will always be found partisan history—not entitled to, and, if intelligently and honestly written, not exacting, the implicit faith of those who shall come after; but simply establishing that certain classes of people, of whom the writer was one, acted under the conviction that they owed certain duties to themselves and their country. It will be for the future compiler of the world's history, who shall see the end of present struggles, to determine the justice of the causes of controversy, and the wisdom and honesty of the parties that acted adversely. To such after judgment, with a full knowledge of present reproach as a partisan, the writer of this article commends the brief sketch he will present of the beginning and military treatment of the great Rebellion in the State of Missouri. He will not attempt to make an episode of any part of this history, because of the supposed vigor or brilliancy of the martial deeds occurring in the time. Least of all would he take the "Hundred Days," which another pen has chosen for special distinction, as representing the period of heroism in that war-trampled State. Any "hundred days" of the rebellion in Missouri have had their corresponding nights; and no one can be bold enough yet to say that the day of permanent triumph has dawned. Humiliation has alternated with success so far; and the most stunning defeats of the war in the West marked the beginning and the close of the hundred days named for honor. This fact should teach modesty and caution. For while justice to men requires us to admit that the greatest abilities do not always command success, devotion to principle forbids that a noble cause should be obscured to become the mere background of a scene in which an actor and popular idol is the chief figure. It is with a consciousness of such partialities as are common to men, but with an honest purpose, so far as the writer is able, to subordinate men to principles, that this review of the origin and chief incidents of the rebellion in Missouri is begun.

The close connection of the State of Missouri with the slavery agitation that has now ripened into a rebellion against the government of the United States, is a singular historical fact. The admission of the State into the Union was the occasion of vitalizing the question of slavery extension and fixing it as a permanent element in the politics of the country. It has continued to be the theatre on which the most important conflicts growing out of slavery extension have been decided. It will be the first, in the hope and belief of millions, to throw off the fetters of an obsolete institution, so long cramping its social and political advancement, and to set an example to its sister slave-holding States of the superior strength, beauty, and glory of Freedom.

The pro-slavery doctrines of John C. Calhoun, after having pervaded the democracy of all the other slave-holding States, and obtained complete possession of the national executive, legislative and judicial departments, finally, in 1844, appeared



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also in the State of Missouri. But it was in so minute and subtle a form as not to seem a sensible heresy. Thomas H. Benton, the illustrious senator of the Jackson era, was then, as he had been for twenty-four years, the political autocrat of Missouri. He had long been convinced of the latent treason of the Calhoun school of politicians. He was able to combat the schemes of the Southern oligarchy composing and controlling the Cabinet of President Polk; unsuccessfully, it is true, yet with but slight diminution of his popularity at home. Nevertheless, the seeds of disunion had been borne to his State; they had taken root; and, like all evil in life, they proved self-perpetuating and ineradicable. In 1849 the Mexican war, begun in the interest of the disunionists, had been closed. A vast accession of territory had accrued to the Union. It was the plan and purpose of the disunion party to appropriate and occupy this territory; to organize it in their interests; and, finally, to admit it into the Union as States, to add to their political power, and prepare for that struggle between the principle of freedom and the principle of slavery in the government, which Mr. Calhoun had taught was inevitable. But the hostility of Benton in the Senate was dreaded by the Southern leaders thus early conspiring against the integrity of the Union. The Missouri senator seemed, of all cotemporaneous statesmen, to be the only one that fully comprehended the incipient treason. His earnest opposition assumed at times the phases of monomania. He sought to crush it in the egg. He lifted his warning voice on all occasions. He inveighed bitterly against the "Nullifiers," as he invariably characterized the Calhoun politicians, declaring that their purpose was to destroy the Union. It became necessary, therefore, before attempting to dispose of the territories acquired from Mexico, to silence Benton, or remove him from the Senate. Accordingly, when the legislature of Missouri met in 1849, a series of resolutions was introduced, declaring that all territory derived by the United States, in the treaty with Mexico, should be open to settlement by the citizens of all the States in common; that the question of allowing or prohibiting slavery in any territory could only be decided by the people resident in the territory, and then only when they came to organize themselves into a State government; and, lastly, that if the general government should attempt to establish a rule other than this for the settlement of the territories, the State of Missouri would stand pledged to her sister Southern States to co-operate in whatever measures of resistance or redress they might deem necessary. The resolutions distinctly abdicated all right of judgment on the part of Missouri, and committed the State to a blind support of Southern "Nullification" in a possible contingency. They were in flagrant opposition to the life-long principles and daily vehement utterances of Benton—as they were intended to be. Nevertheless, they were adopted; and the senators of Missouri were instructed to conform their public action to them. These resolutions were introduced by one Claiborne F. Jackson, a member of the House of Representatives from the County of Howard, one of the most democratic and largest slave-holding counties in the State. The resolutions took the name of their mover, and are known in the political history of Missouri as the "Jackson resolutions." And Claiborne F. Jackson, who thus took the initiative in foisting treason upon the statute-books of Missouri, is, to-day, by curious coincidence,



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the official head of that State nominally in open revolt. But Jackson, it was early ascertained, was not entitled to the doubtful honor of the paternity of these resolutions. They had been matured in a private chamber of the Capitol at Jefferson City, by two or three conspirators, who received, it was asserted by Benton, and finally came to be believed, the first draft of the resolutions from Washington, where the disunion cabal, armed with federal power, had its headquarters. Thus the bolt was launched at the Missouri senator, who, from his prestige of Jacksonism, his robust patriotism, his indomitable will, and his great abilities, was regarded as the most formidable if not the only enemy standing in the way of meditated treason. It was not doubted that the blow would be fatal. Benton was in one sense the father of the doctrine of legislative instructions. In his persistent and famous efforts to "expunge" the resolutions of censure on Gen. Jackson that had been placed in the Senate journal, Benton had found it necessary to revolutionize the sentiments or change the composition of the Senate. Whigs were representing democratic States, and Democrats refused to vote for a resolution expunging any part of the record of the Senate's proceedings. To meet and overcome this resistance, Benton introduced the dogma that a senator was bound to obey the instructions of the legislature of his State. He succeeded, by his great influence in his party, and by the aid of the democratic administration, in having the dogma adopted, and it became an accepted rule in the democratic party. Resolutions were now invoked and obtained from State legislatures instructing their senators to vote for the "Expunging Resolutions," or resign. Some obeyed; some resigned. Benton carried his point; but it was at the sacrifice of the spirit of that part of the Constitution which gave to United States senators a term of six years, for the purpose of protecting the Senate from frequent fluctuations of popular feeling, and securing steadiness in legislation. Benton was the apostle of this unwise and destructive innovation upon the constitutional tenure of senators. He was doomed to be a conspicuous victim of his own error. When the "Jackson resolutions" were passed by the legislature of Missouri, instructing Benton to endorse measures that led to nullification and disunion, he saw the dilemma in which he was placed, and did the best he could to extricate himself. He presented the resolutions from his seat in the Senate; denounced their treasonable character, and declared his purpose to appeal from the legislature to the people of Missouri. On the adjournment of Congress, Benton returned to Missouri and commenced a canvass in vindication of his own cause, and in opposition to the democratic majority of the legislature that passed the Jackson resolutions, which has had few if any parallels in the history of the government for heat and bitterness. The senator did not return to argue and convert, but to fulminate and destroy. He appointed times and places for public speaking in the most populous counties of the State, and where the opposition to him had grown boldest. He allowed no "division of time" to opponents wishing to controvert the positions assumed in his speeches. On the contrary, he treated every interruption, whether for inquiry or retort, on the part of any one opposed to him, as an insult, and proceeded to pour upon the head of the offender a torrent of denunciation and





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abuse, unmeasured and appalling. The extraordinary course adopted by Benton in urging his "appeal," excited astonishment and indignation among the democratic partisans that had, in many cases, thoughtlessly become arrayed against him. They might have yielded to expostulation; they were stung to resentment by unsparing vilification. The rumor of Benton's manner preceded him through the State, after the first signal manifestations of his ruthless spirit; and he was warned not to appear at some of the appointments he had made, else his life would pay the forfeit of his personal assaults. These threats only made the Missouri lion more fierce and untamable. He filled all his appointments, bearing everywhere the same front, often surrounded by enraged enemies armed and thirsting for his blood, but ever denunciatory and defiant, and returned to St. Louis, still boiling with inexhaustible choler, to await the judgment of the State upon his appeal. He failed. The pro-slavery sentiment of the people had been too thoroughly evoked in the controversy, and too many valuable party leaders had been needlessly driven from his support by unsparing invective. An artful and apparently honest appeal to the right of legislative instructions,—an enlargement of popular rights which Benton himself had conferred upon them,—and—the unailing weapon of Southern demagogues against their opponents—the charge that Benton had joined the "Abolitionists," and was seeking to betray "the rights of the South," worked the overthrow of the hitherto invincible senator. The Whigs of Missouri, though agreeing mainly with Benton in the principles involved in this contest, had received nothing at his hands, throughout his long career, but defeat and total exclusion from all offices and honors, State and National. This class of politicians were too glad of the prospective division of his party and the downfall of his power, to be willing to re-assert their principles through a support of Benton. The loyal Union sentiments of the State in this way failed to be united, and a majority was elected to the legislature opposed to Benton. He was defeated of a re-election to the Senate by Henry S. Geyer, a pro-slavery Whig, and supporter of the Jackson resolutions, after having filled a seat in that august body for a longer time consecutively than any other senator ever did. Thus was removed from the halls of Congress the most sagacious and formidable enemy that the disunion propagandists ever encountered. Their career in Congress and in the control of the federal government was thenceforth unchecked. The cords of loyalty in Missouri were snapped in Benton's fall, and that State swung off into the strongly-sweeping current of secessionism. The city of St. Louis remained firm a while, and returned Benton twice to the House; but his energies were exhausted now in defensive war; and the truculent and triumphant slave power dominating, the State at last succeeded, through the coercion of commercial interests, in defeating him even in the citadel of loyalty. He tried once more to breast the tide that had borne down his fortunes. He became a candidate for governor in 1856; but, though he disclaimed anti-slavery sentiments, and supported James Buchanan for President against Fremont, his son-in-law, he was defeated by Trusten Polk, who soon passed from the gubernatorial chair to Benton's seat in the United States Senate, from which he was, in course of time, to be expelled. Benton retired to private life, only to labor more assiduously in compiling historical evidences against the fast ripening treason of the



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times.

The Missouri senator was no longer in the way of the Southern oligarchs. A shaft feathered by his own hands—the doctrine of instructions—had slain him.

But yet another obstacle remained. The Missouri Compromise lifted a barrier to the expansion of the Calhoun idea of free government, having African slavery for its corner-stone. This obstacle was to be removed. Missouri furnished the prompter and agent of that wrong in David E. Atchison, for many years Benton's colleague in the Senate. Atchison was a man of only moderate talents, of dogged purpose, willful, wholly unscrupulous in the employment of the influences of his position, and devoid of all the attributes and qualifications of statesmanship. He was a fit representative of the pro-slavery fanaticism of his State; had lived near the [Kansas](#) line; had looked upon and coveted the fair lands of that free territory, and resolved that they should be the home and appanage of slavery. It is now a part of admitted history, that this dull but determined Missouri senator approached Judge Douglas, then chairman of the Committee on Territories, and, by some incomprehensible influence, induced that distinguished senator to commit the flagrant and terrible blunder of reporting the Kansas-Nebraska bill, with a clause repealing the Missouri Compromise, and thus throwing open [Kansas](#) to the occupation of slavery. That error was grievously atoned for in the subsequent hard fate of Judge Douglas, who was cast off and destroyed by the cruel men he had served. Among the humiliations that preceded the close of this political tragedy, none could have been more pungent to Judge Douglas than the fact that Atchison, in a drunken harangue from the tail of a cart in Western Missouri, surrounded by a mob of "border ruffians" rallying for fresh wrongs upon the free settlers of [Kansas](#), recited, in coarse glee and brutal triumph, the incidents of his interview with the senator of Illinois, when, with mixed cajolery and threats, he partly tempted, partly drove him to his ruin. The Kansas-Nebraska bill was passed. What part Atchison took, what part Missouri took, under the direction of the pro-slavery leaders that filled every department of the State government, the "border-ruffian" forays, the pillage of the government arsenal at Liberty, the embargo of the Missouri river, and the robbing and mobbing of peaceful emigrants from the free States, the violence at the polls, and the fraudulent voting that corrupted all the franchises of that afflicted territory, do sufficiently attest. It is not needed to rehearse any of this painful and well-known history.

The Territory of [Kansas](#) was saved to its prescriptive freedom. The slavery propagandists sullenly withdrew and gave up the contest. The last days of the dynasty that had meditated the conquest of the continent to slave-holding government were evidently at hand. The result of the struggle in [Kansas](#) had reversed the relation of the contesting powers. The oligarchs, who had always before been aggressive, and intended to subordinate the Union to slavery, or destroy it, found themselves suddenly thrown on the defensive; and, with the quick intelligence of a property interest, and the keen jealousy of class and caste which their slave-holding had implanted, they saw that they were engaged in an unequal struggle, that their sceptre was broken, and that, if they continued to rule, it would have to be over the homogeneous half of a dismembered Union.



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From this moment a severance of the Slave States from the Free was resolved on, and every agency that could operate on governments, State and National, was set to work. It was not by accident that Virginia had procured the nomination of the facile Buchanan for President in the Baltimore Convention of 1856; it was not by accident that Floyd was made Secretary of War, or that, many months before any outbreak of rebellion, this arch traitor had well-nigh stripped the Northern arsenals of arms, and placed them where they would be "handy" for insurgents to seize. It was not by accident that John C. Breckenridge headed the factionists that willfully divided and defeated the National Democracy, that perchance could have elected Judge Douglas President; nor was it by accident that Beriah Magoffin, a vain, weak man, the creature, adjunct, and echo of Breckenridge, filled the office of governor of Kentucky, nominated thereto by Breckenridge's personal intercession. And lastly, to return to the special theatre of this sketch, it was not by accident that Claiborne F. Jackson, the original mover for Benton's destruction, was at this remarkable juncture found occupying the governor's chair, with Thomas C. Reynolds for his lieutenant governor, a native of South Carolina, an acknowledged missionary of the nullification faith to a State that required to be corrupted, and that he had, during his residence, zealously endeavored to corrupt.

We have now reached the turning point in the history of Missouri. The State is about to be plunged into the whirlpool of civil war. Undisguised disunionists are in complete possession of the State government, and the population is supposed to be ripe for revolt. Only one spot in it, and that the city of St. Louis, is regarded as having the slightest sympathy with the political sentiments of the Free States of the Union. The State is surely counted for the "South" in the division that impends, for where is the heart in St. Louis bold enough, or the hand strong enough, to resist the swelling tide of pro-slavery fanaticism that was about to engulf the State? Years ago, when it was but a ripple on the surface, it had overborne Benton, with all his fame of thirty years' growth. What leader of slighter mold and lesser fame could now resist the coming shock? In tracing the origin and growth of rebellion in Missouri, it is interesting to gather up all the threads that link the present with the past. It will preserve the unity of the plot, and give effect to the last acts of the drama.

The first visible seam or cleft in the National Democratic party occurred during the administration of President Polk, in the years 1844-48. Calhoun appeared as Polk's Secretary of State. Thomas Ritchie was transferred from Richmond, Va., to Washington, to edit the government organ, in place of Francis P. Blair, Sr. The Jackson regime of unconditional and uncompromising devotion to the "Federal Union" was displaced, and the dubious doctrine of "States' Rights" was formally inaugurated as the chart by which in future the national government was to be administered. But the Jackson element was not reconciled to this radical change in the structure and purpose of the National Democratic organization; and, although party lines were so tensely drawn that to go against "the Administration" was political treason, and secured irrevocable banishment from power, the close of Polk's administration found many old Democrats of the Jackson era ready for the sacrifice.



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The firm resolve of these men was manifested when, after the nomination of Gen. Cass, in 1848, in the usual form, at Baltimore, by the Democratic National Convention, they assembled at Buffalo and presented a counter ticket, headed by the name of Martin Van Buren, who had been thrust aside four years previously by the Southern oligarchs to make way for James K. Polk. The entire artillery of the Democratic party opened on the Buffalo schismatics. They were stigmatized by such opprobrious nicknames and epithets as "Barnburners," "Free Soilers," "Abolitionists," and instantly and forever ex-communicated from the Democratic party. In Missouri alone, of all the Slave States, was any stand made in behalf of the Buffalo ticket. Benton's sympathies had been with Van Buren, his old friend of the Jackson times; and Francis P. Blair, Sr., of the Globe, had two sons, Montgomery Blair and Francis P. Blair, Jr., resident in St. Louis. These two, with about a hundred other young men of equal enthusiasm, organized themselves together, accepted the "Buffalo platform" as their future rule of faith, issued an address to the people of Missouri, openly espousing and advocating free soil-principles; and, by subscription among themselves, published a campaign paper, styled the Barnburner, during the canvass. The result at the polls was signal only for its insignificance; and the authors of the movement hardly had credit for a respectable escapade. But the event has proved that neither ridicule nor raillery, nor, in later years, persecutions and the intolerable pressure of federal power, could turn back the revolution thus feebly begun. In that campaign issue of the Barnburner were sown the seeds of what became, in later nomenclature, the Free Democracy, and, later still, the "Republican" party of Missouri. The German population of St. Louis sympathized from the start with the free principles enunciated. Frank Blair, Jr., became from that year their political leader; right honestly did he earn the position; and right well, even his political foes have always admitted, did he maintain it.

Frank Blair was a disciple of Benton; yet, as is often the case, the pupil soon learned to go far ahead of his teacher. In 1852, there was a union of the Free Democrats and National Democrats of Missouri, in support of Franklin Pierce. But the entire abandonment of Pierce's administration to the rule of the Southern oligarchs sundered the incongruous elements in Missouri forever. In 1856 Benton was found supporting James Buchanan for President; but Blair declined to follow his ancient leader in that direction. He organized the free-soil element in St. Louis to oppose the Buchanan electoral ticket. An electoral ticket in the State at large, for John C. Fremont, was neither possible nor advisable. In some districts no man would dare be a candidate on that side; in others, the full free-soil vote, from the utter hopelessness of success, would not be polled; and thus the cause would be made to appear weaker than it deserved. To meet the emergency, and yet bear witness to principle, the free-soil vote was cast for the Fillmore electoral ticket, "under protest," as it was called, the name of "John C. Fremont" being printed in large letters at the head of every free-soil ballot cast. By this means the Buchanan electors were beaten fifteen hundred votes in St. Louis City and County, where, by a union as Benton proposed, they would have had three thousand majority. But the "free-soilers" failed to defeat Buchanan in the State.



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Nothing discouraged by this result, Blair resumed the work of organizing for the future. The Fillmore party gave no thanks to the free-soilers for their aid in the presidential election, nor did the latter ask any. They had simply taken the choice of evils; and now, renouncing all alliances, Blair became the champion and leader of a self-existing, self-reliant State party, that should accomplish emancipation in Missouri. He again established a newspaper to inculcate free principles in the State. By untiring effort, he revived and recruited his party. He gave it platforms, planned its campaigns, contested every election in St. Louis, whether for municipal officers, for State legislature, or for Congress; and always fought his battles on the most advanced ground assumed by the growing free-soil party of the Union. The powerful and rapidly-increasing German population of St. Louis responded nobly to his zeal and skillful leadership. Soon a victory was gained; and St. Louis declared for freedom, amid acclamations that reverberated throughout the States that extended from the Ohio to the lakes, and from the Mississippi to the Atlantic. But, having wrenched victory from a people so intolerant as the pro-slavery population of Missouri, it was not to be expected that he would retain it easily. He was set upon more fiercely than ever. The loss of the city of St. Louis was considered a disgrace to the State; and the most desperate personal malignity was added to the resentment of pro-slavery wrath in the future election contests in that city. The corrupting appliances of federal power were at last invoked, under Buchanan's administration; and Blair was for the moment overwhelmed by fraud, and thrown out of Congress. But, with a resolution from which even his friends would have dissuaded him, and with a persistency and confidence that were a marvel to friend and foe, he contested his seat before Congress, and won it. And this verdict was soon ratified by his brave and faithful constituency at the polls. Such was the Republican party, such their leader in St. Louis, when the black day of disunion came. And in their hands lay the destiny of the State.

As soon as the presidential election was decided, and the choice of Abraham Lincoln was known, the disunionists in Missouri commenced their work. Thomas C. Reynolds, the lieutenant-governor, made a visit to Washington, and extended it to Virginia, counseling with the traitors, and agreeing upon the time and manner of joining Missouri in the revolt. The legislature of Missouri met in the latter part of December, about two weeks after the secession of South Carolina. A bill was at once introduced, calling a State convention, and passed. The message of Claiborne F. Jackson, the governor, had been strongly in favor of secession from the Union. The Missouri Republican, the leading newspaper of the State, whose advocacy had elected the traitor, declared, on the last day of the year, that unless guaranties in defence of slavery were immediately given by the North, Missouri should secede from the Union. And so the secession feeling gathered boldness and volume.

Candidates for the State convention came to be nominated in St. Louis, and two parties were at once arrayed—the unconditional Union party, and the qualified Unionists, who wished new compromises. Frank Blair was one of the leaders of the former, and he was joined by all the true men of the old parties. But the secessionists—they might as well be so called, for all their



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actions tended to weaken and discredit the Union-nominated an able ticket. The latter party were soon conscious of defeat, and began to hint mysteriously at a power stronger than the ballot-box, that would be invoked in defence of "Southern rights." To many, indeed to most persons, this seemed an idle threat. Not so to Frank Blair. He had imbibed from Benton the invincible faith of the latter in the settled purpose of the "nullifiers" to subvert and destroy the government. And in a private caucus of the leaders of the Union party, on an ever-memorable evening in the month of January, he startled the company by the proposition that the time had come when the friends of the government must arm in its defence. With a deference to his judgment and sagacity that had become habitual, the Unionists yielded their consent, and soon the enrolment of companies began; nightly drills with arms took place in nearly all the wards of the city; and by the time of election day some thousands of citizen soldiers, mostly Germans, could have been gathered, with arms in their hands, with the quickness of fire signals at night, at any point in the city. The secessionists had preceded this armed movement of the Union men by the organization of a body known as "minute-men." But the promptness and superior skill that characterized Frank Blair's movement subverted the secession scheme; and it was first repudiated, and then its existence denied. The day of election came, and passed peacefully. The unconditional Union ticket was elected by a sweeping majority of five thousand votes. The result throughout the State was not less decisive and surprising. Of the entire number of delegates composing the convention, not one was chosen who had dared to express secession sentiments before the people; and the aggregate majority of the Union candidates in the State amounted to about eighty thousand. The shock of this defeat for the moment paralyzed the conspirators; but their evil inspirations soon put them to work again. Their organs in Missouri assumed an unfriendly tone towards the convention, which was to meet in Jefferson City. The legislature that had called the convention remained in session in the same place, but made no fit preparations for the assembling of the convention, or for the accommodation and pay of the members. The debate in the legislature on the bill for appropriations for these purposes was insulting to the convention, the more ill-tempered and ill-bred secession members intimating that such a body of "submissionists" were unworthy to represent Missouri, and undeserving of any pay. The manifest ill feeling between the two bodies—the legislature elected eighteen months previously, and without popular reference to the question of secession, and the convention chosen fresh from the people, to decide on the course of the State—soon indicated the infelicity of the two remaining in session at the same time and in the same place. Accordingly, within a few days after the organization of the convention, it adjourned its session to the city of St. Louis. It did not meet a cordial reception there. So insolent had the secession spirit already grown, that on the day of the assembling of the convention in that city, the members were insulted by taunts in the streets and by the ostentatious floating of the rebel flag from the Democratic head-quarters, hard by the building in which they assembled. Being left in the undisputed occupancy of the seat of government, the governor, lieutenant-governor, and legislature



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gave themselves up to the enactment of flagrant and undisguised measures of hostility to the federal government. Commissioners from States that had renounced the Constitution, and withdrawn, as they claimed, from the Union, arrived at Jefferson City as apostles of treason. They were received as distinguished and honorable ambassadors. A joint session of the legislature was called to hear their communications. The lieutenant-governor, Reynolds, being the presiding officer of the joint session, required that the members should rise when these traitors entered, and receive them standing and uncovered. The commissioners were allowed to harangue the representatives of Missouri, by the hour, in unmeasured abuse of the federal government, in open rejoicings over its supposed dissolution, and in urgent appeals to the people of Missouri to join the rebel States in their consummated treason. Noisy demonstrations of applause greeted these commissioners; and legislators, and the governor himself, in a public speech in front of the executive mansion, pledged them that Missouri would shortly be found ranged on the side of seceded States. The treason of the governor and legislature did not stop with these manifestations. They proceeded to acts of legislation, preparatory to the employment of force, after the manner of their "Southern brethren." First, it was necessary to get control of the city of St. Louis. The Republican party held the government of the city, mayor, council, and police force—a formidable Union organization. The legislature passed a bill repealing that part of the city charter that, gave to the mayor the appointment of the police, and constituting a board of police commissioners, to be appointed by the governor, who should exercise that power. He named men that suited his purposes. The Union police were discharged, and their places filled by secessionists. Next, the State militia was to be organized in the interests of rebellion, and a law was passed to accomplish that end. The State was set off into divisions; military camps were to be established in each; all able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and fifty were liable to be called into camp and drilled a given number of days in the year; and, when summoned to duty, instead of taking the usual oath to support the Constitution of the United States, they were required only to be sworn "to obey the orders of the governor of the State of Missouri." These camps were styled camps of instruction. One of them was established at St. Louis, within the corporate limits of the city, about two miles west of the court-house, on a commanding eminence. Thus the lines began to be drawn closely around the Unionists of St. Louis. The State convention had adjourned, and its members had gone home, having done but little to re-assure the loyalists. They had, indeed, passed an ordinance declaring that Missouri would adhere to the Union; but the majority of the members had betrayed such hesitancy and indecision, such a lack of stomach to grapple with the rude issues of the rebellion, that their action passed almost without moral effect. Their ordinance was treated with contempt by the secessionists, and nearly lost sight of by the people; so thoroughly were all classes lashed into excitement by the storm of revolution now blackening the whole Southern Hemisphere. The friends of the Union could look to but one quarter for aid, that was Washington, where a new administration had so recently been installed, amid difficulties that seemed to have paralyzed



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its power. The government had been defied by the rebellion at every point; its ships driven by hostile guns from Southern ports; its treasures seized; its arsenals occupied, and its abundant arms and munitions appropriated. Nowhere had the federal arm resented insult and robbery with a blow. This had not been the fault of the government that was inaugurated on the fourth of March. It was the fruit of the official treason of the preceding administration, that had completely disarmed the government, and filled the new executive councils with confusion, by the numberless knaves it had placed in all departments of the public service, whose daily desertions of duty rendered the prompt and honest execution of the laws impossible. But the fact was indisputable; and how could St. Louis hope for protection that had nowhere else been afforded? The national government had an arsenal within the city limits. It comprised a considerable area of ground, was surrounded by a high and heavy stone wall, and supplied with valuable arms. But so far from this establishment being a protection to the loyal population, it seemed more likely, judging by what had occurred in other States, that it would serve as a temptation to the secession mob that was evidently gathering head for mischief, and that the desire to take it would precipitate the outbreak. The Unionists felt their danger; the rebels saw their opportunity. Already the latter were boasting that they would in a short time occupy this post, and not a few of the prominent Union citizens of the town were warned by secession leaders that they would soon be set across the Mississippi river, exiles from their homes forever. As an instance of the audacity of the rebel element at this time, and for weeks later, the fact is mentioned that the United States soldiers, who paced before the gates of the arsenal as sentinels on duty, had their beats defined for them by the new secession police, and were forbidden to invade the sacred precincts of the city's highway. The arsenal was unquestionably devoted to capture, and it would have been a prize to the rebels second in value to the Gosport navy-yard. It contained at this time sixty-six thousand stand of small arms, several batteries of light artillery and heavy ordnance, and at least one million dollars' worth of ammunition. It was besides supplied with extensive and valuable machinery for repairing guns, rifling barrels, mounting artillery, and preparing shot and shell. The future, to the Union men of St. Louis, looked gloomy enough; persecution, and, if they resisted, death, seemed imminent; and no voice from abroad reached them, giving them good cheer. But deliverance was nigh at hand. About the middle of January, Capt. Nathaniel Lyon, of the Second Infantry, U.S.A., arrived in St. Louis with his company; and his rank gave him command of all the troops then at the arsenal and Jefferson Barracks, a post on the river, ten miles below, the department being under the command of Brigadier General Harney. Capt. Lyon had been garrisoning a fort in [Kansas](#). He was known to some of the Union men of St. Louis; and his resolute spirit and devoted patriotism marked him as their leader in this crisis. Frank Blair at once put himself in communication with Capt. Lyon, and advised him fully and minutely as to the political situation. He exposed to him the existence of his volunteer military organization. At his request Capt. Lyon visited and reviewed the regiments; and it was arranged between them that if an outbreak should occur, or any attempt be made





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to seize the arsenal, Capt. Lyon should receive this volunteer force to his assistance, arm it from the arsenal, and take command for the emergency. It should be known, however, to the greater credit of the Union leaders of St. Louis, that they had already, from private funds, procured about one thousand stand of arms, with which their nightly drills, as heretofore stated, had been conducted. As soon as Capt. Lyon's connection with this organization was suspected, an attempt was made to have him removed, by ordering him to [Kansas](#) on the pretext of a court of inquiry; but this attempt was defeated. Thus matters stood for a time, the Union men beginning to be reassured, but still doubtful of the end. After a while, Fort Sumter was opened upon, and fell under its furious bombardment. The torch of war was lit. President Lincoln issued his proclamation for volunteers. Gov. Jackson telegraphed back an insolent and defiant refusal, in which he denounced the "war waged by the federal government" as "inhuman and diabolical." Frank Blair instantly followed this traitorous governor's dispatch by another, addressed to the Secretary of War, asking him to accept and muster into service the volunteer regiments he had been forming. This offer was accepted, and the men presented themselves. But Brig. Gen. Harney, fearing that the arming of these troops would exasperate the secession populace, and bring about a collision with the State militia, refused to permit the men to be mustered into service and armed. This extraordinary decision was immediately telegraphed to the government, and Gen. Harney was relieved, leaving Capt. Lyon in full command. This was the 23d of April. In a week four full regiments were mustered in, and occupied the arsenal. A memorial was prepared and sent to Washington by Frank Blair, now colonel of the first of these regiments, asking for the enrolment of five other regiments of Home Guards. Permission was given, and in another week these regiments also were organized and armed. The conflict was now at hand. Simultaneously with this arming on the part of the government for the protection of the arsenal, the order went forth for the assembling of the State troops in their camps of instruction. On Monday, the 6th of May, the First Brigade of Missouri militia, under Gen. D.M. Frost, was ordered by Gov. Jackson into camp at St. Louis, avowedly for purposes of drill and exercise. At the same time encampments were formed, by order of the governor, in other parts of the State. The governor's adherents in St. Louis intimated that the time for taking the arsenal had arrived, and the indiscreet young men who made up the First Brigade openly declared that they only awaited an order from Gov. Jackson—an order which they evidently had been led to expect—to attack the arsenal and possess it, in spite of the feeble opposition they calculated to meet from "the Dutch" Home Guards enlisted to defend it. A few days previously, an agent of the governor had purchased at St. Louis several hundred kegs of gun-powder, and succeeded, by an adroit stratagem, in shipping it to Jefferson City. The encampment at St. Louis, "Camp Jackson," so called from the governor, was laid off by streets, to which were assigned the names "Rue de Beauregard," and others similarly significant; and when among the visitors whom curiosity soon began to bring to the camp a "Black Republican" was discovered by the soldiers,—and this epithet was applied to all unconditional Unionists,—he was treated with unmistakable coldness, if not positive insult. If additional proof of the



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hostile designs entertained against the federal authority by this camp were needed, it was furnished on Thursday, the 9th, by the reception within the camp of several pieces of cannon, and several hundred stand of small arms, taken from the federal arsenal at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, which was then in the possession of the rebels. These arms were brought to St. Louis by the steamboat J.C. Swon, the military authorities at Cairo having been deceived by the packages, which were represented to contain marble slabs. On the arrival of the Swon at the St. Louis levee, the arms were taken from her, sent to Camp Jackson, and received there with demonstrations of triumph.

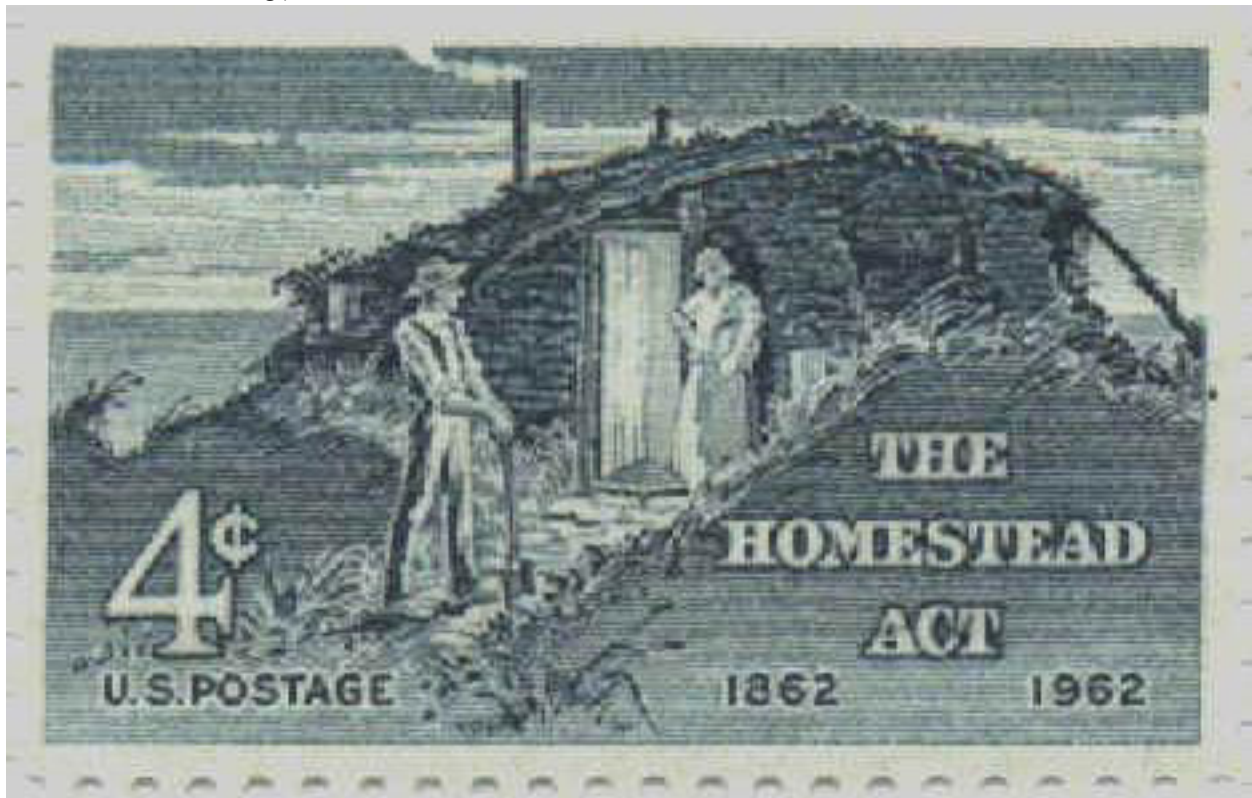
When Capt. Lyon was entrusted with full command at St. Louis, President Lincoln had named, in his orders to him, a commission of six loyal and discreet citizens with whom he should consult in matters pertaining to the public safety, and with whose counsel he might declare martial law. These citizens were John How, Samuel T. Glover, O.D. Filley, Jean J. Witsig, James O. Broadhead, and Col. Frank P. Blair. The last mentioned—Colonel Blair—was Capt. Lyon's confidential and constant companion. They were comrades in arms, and a unit in counsel. Their views were in full accord as to the necessity of immediately reducing Camp Jackson. Defiance was daily passing between the marshalling hosts, not face to face, but through dubious partisans who passed from camp to camp, flitting like the bats of fable in the confines of conflict. Capt. Lyon's decision, urged thereto by Col. Blair, was made without calling a council of the rest of his advisers. They heard of it, however, and, though brave and loyal men all, they gathered around him in his quarters at the arsenal, Thursday evening, and besought him earnestly to change his purpose. The conference was protracted the livelong night, and did not close till six o'clock, Friday morning, the 10th. They found Capt. Lyon inexorable,—the fate of Camp Jackson was decreed. Col. Blair's regiment was at Jefferson Barracks, ten miles below the arsenal, at that hour. It was ordered up; and about noon on that memorable Friday, Capt. Lyon quietly left the arsenal gate at the head of six thousand troops, of whom four hundred and fifty were regulars, the remainder United States Reserve Corps or Home Guards, marched in two columns to Camp Jackson, and before the State troops could recover from the amazement into which the appearance of the advancing army threw them, surrounded the camp, planting his batteries upon the elevations around, at a distance of five hundred yards, and stationing his infantry in the roads leading from the grove wherein their tents were pitched. The State troops were taken completely by surprise; for, although there had been vague reports current in camp of an intended attack from the arsenal, the cry of the visitors at the grove, "They're coming!" "They're coming!" raised just as the first column appeared in sight, found them strolling leisurely under the trees, chatting with their friends from the city, or stretched upon the thick green grass, smoking and reading.

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May 20, Wednesday: President [Abraham Lincoln](#) signed the Federal Homestead Act granting 160 acres of free public land to “anyone” who would claim and then work the property for 5 years. This effectively limited the privilege of becoming homesteaders to citizens and to those immigrants whose intention it was to become citizens.

**READ THE FULL TEXT**

(That, of course, intentionally left free black Americans out in the cold, completely unable to participate in the all-white development of [Kansas](#), North and South Dakota, and Oklahoma. In the commemorative stamp below, for instance, you can be very certain that the husband and wife depicted as standing outside their sod hut are white people. Thousands of white citizens would cross the Mississippi to tame the “Wild West.” Blacks attempting to do this would in general be turned back by volunteer white patrols on the eastern bank guarding the river crossing.)



“In those parts of the Union in which the negroes are no longer slaves, they have in no wise drawn nearer to the whites. On the contrary, the prejudice of the race appears to be stronger in the States which have abolished slavery ... and nowhere is it so intolerant as in those States where servitude has never been known.”



— Alexis de Tocqueville



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One for me and one for you and one for me, one for me and one for you and one for me. From a demographic standpoint, and from an ecological standpoint, the Homestead Act would be a disaster, as many of the quarter-sections of prairie handed out “for free” would be simply inadequate to support the life of one human being. A number approaching half of the US citizens who would avail themselves of the opportunity would fail to carry the process through to completion and would not ever obtain title to “their land,” while the direct result of this denuding of the countryside would be the great Dust Bowl of the 1930s. –On the bright side, a whole lot of the land would be disposed of in block grants to corporations, primarily railroads, and the railroads would in general do very well indeed.



“There is only one way to accept America and that is in hate; one must be close to one’s land, passionately close in some way or other, and the only way to be close to America is to hate it; it is the only way to love America.”



– Lionel Trilling

[Sophia Elizabeth Thoreau](#) wrote about her brother [Henry](#) to [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#):

*You ask for some particulars relating to Henry’s illness. I feel like saying that Henry was never affected, never reached by it. I never before saw such a manifestation of the power of spirit over matter. Very often I have heard him tell his visitors that he enjoyed existence as well as ever. He remarked to me that there was as much comfort in perfect disease as in perfect health, the mind always conforming to the condition of the body. The thought of death, he said, could not begin to trouble him. His thoughts had entertained him all his life, and did still. When he had wakeful nights, he would ask me to arrange the furniture so as to make fantastic shadows on the wall, and he wished his bed was in the form of a shell, that he might curl up in it. He considered occupation as necessary for the sick as for those in health, and has accomplished a vast amount of labor during the past few months in preparing some papers for the press. He did not cease to call for his manuscripts till the last day of his life.*

*During his long illness I never heard a murmur escape him, or the slightest wish expressed to remain with us; his perfect contentment was truly wonderful. None of his friends seemed to realize how very ill he was, so full of life and good cheer did he seem. One friend, as if by way of consolation, said to him, “Well, Mr. Thoreau, we must all go.” Henry replied, “When I was a very little boy I learned that I must die, and I set that down, so of course I am not disappointed now. Death is as near to you as it is to me.”*

*There is very much that I should like to write you about my precious brother, had I time and strength. I wish you to know how very gentle, lovely, and submissive he was in all his ways. His little study bed was brought down into our front parlor, when he could no longer walk with our assistance, and every arrangement pleased him. The devotion of his friends was most rare and touching; his room was made fragrant by the gift of flowers from young and old; fruit of every kind which the season afforded, and game of all sorts was sent him. It was really pathetic, the way in which the town was moved to minister to his comfort. Total strangers sent grateful messages, remembering the good he had done them. All this attention was fully appreciated and very gratifying to Henry; he would sometimes say, “I should*

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*be ashamed to stay in this world after so much had been done for me, I could never repay my friends." And they so remembered him to the last. Only about two hours before he left us, Judge Hoar [Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar] called with a bouquet of hyacinths fresh from his garden, which Henry smelled and said he liked, and a few minutes after he was gone, another friend came with a dish of his favorite jelly.*

*I can never be grateful enough for the gentle, easy exit which was granted him. At seven o'clock Tuesday morning he became restless and desired to be moved; dear mother, Aunt Louisa, and myself were with him; his self-possession did not forsake him. A little after eight he asked to be raised quite up, his breathing grew fainter and fainter, and without the slightest struggle, he left us at nine o'clock.*



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**1863**

The [Kansas](#) legislature established a state agricultural college at Manhattan, [Kansas](#) and a state normal school in Emporia, [Kansas](#).

Wichita, [Kansas](#) began as an Indian village.

January 13, Tuesday: The initial 6 companies (a battalion) of the [1st Regiment Kansas Volunteer Infantry \(Colored\)](#) mustered at Fort Scott, [Kansas](#) under the command of Colonel James M. Williams (enough additional men of color would be mustered, to fill 4 additional companies).

[THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION](#)

August 21, Friday: There was fighting at Chattanooga, and [Confederate](#) terrorists sacked and burned Lawrence, [Kansas](#) murdering 150 male inhabitants and injuring 30.

[THE 2D GREAT AMERICAN DISUNION](#)

1864

March 1, Tuesday: A patent was issued to Louis Ducos du Hauron for taking and projecting motion pictures (he never would, however, construct such a machine).

In an attempt to break the power of the Polish nobility, Tsar Alyeksandr II granted a third of the land in Poland to the peasants.

Alejandro M3n Men3ndez replaced Lorenzo Arrazola Garc3a as Prime Minister of Spain.

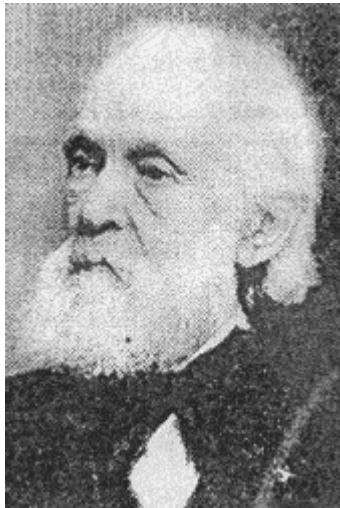
Governor Thomas Carney of [Kansas](#) signed a bill authorizing the creation of a state university at Lawrence (this institution would open its doors for its initial class of "Literary" students, folks who were to a man almost entirely unprepared, during September 1866).

In an attempt to reconcile the positions of the [monogenists](#) and [polygenists](#) on human origins, [Alfred Russel Wallace](#) presented "The Origin of Human Races Deduced From the Theory of 'Natural Selection'" before the Anthropological Society of London.



BIOLOGY

November 10, Thursday: [August Bondi](#) was discharged at Leavenworth, [Kansas](#). For a short period he would have a grocery store there and then would open a store in Salina, [Kansas](#).



Austrian Archduke Maximilian became emperor of Mexico.

Piano Concerto no.4 by Anton Rubinstein was performed for the initial time, in the Hall of the Nobility, St. Petersburg, with the composer at the keyboard.



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**1865**

[Winthrop E. Faulkner](#) served with the 7th [Kansas](#) Cavalry, with the rank of Colonel.<sup>138</sup>

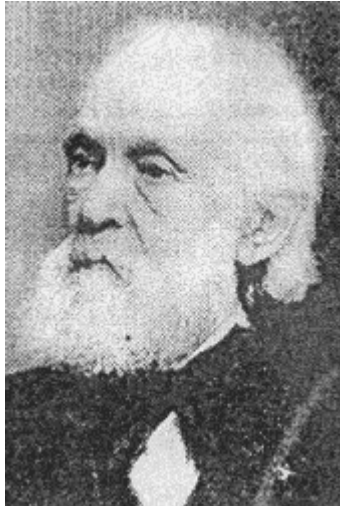
138. The men of this formation were initially stationed by detachments in the St. Louis district, fighting guerrillas, but then on July 18th they marched for Omaha City in the New Territory, arriving on July 31st, after which they marched on toward Fort Kearney. Orders soon arrived that they were to march back to Fort Leavenworth and there muster out. They would arrive on September 14th and on September 29th would disband.

**US CIVIL WAR**



1866

[August Bondi](#) opened a store in Salina, [Kansas](#).



The Eastern Division of the Union Pacific Railroad opened a line between Topeka and Leavenworth, [Kansas](#), which would be operating as far as Junction City before the end of the year.

September 21, Friday: At [Fort Leavenworth, Kansas](#), black Americans were recruited into the US Army as “Buffalo Soldiers” to form a racially segregated 10th Cavalry Regiment commanded by white officers. This would initially be used to suppress native American tribes (in WWI this unit would be downgraded from combat duty to stateside combat support and combat service support duties, and by WWII, would be further downgraded to the performance of non-combat utility tasks such as the loading of ammunition ships).

1867

[James Henry Harris](#) became a council member of the Union League of America.

[Mary Ann Shadd Cary](#) relocated to Detroit, Michigan, where she obtained work as a teacher.



[Lucy Stone](#), Henry Blackwell, Clarina Nichols, and others traveled to [Kansas](#) to agitate for women’s suffrage. After months of campaigning, the suffragists were defeated on the fall ballot.

FEMINISM

[Chicago](#) livestock dealer Joseph McCoy purchased land in Abilene, [Kansas](#), constructed pens with loading chutes and scales, and promised Texas ranchers \$40 per head for cattle the ranchers were able to sell for only \$4 per head at home. The “cattletown” era opened with the arrival of the 1st cattle to be loaded at the railroad head.



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|  
The Treaty of Medicine Lodge was signed between the US federal government and 5 Southern Plains Indian tribes.

At the American Equal Rights Association annual meeting, opinions divided sharply on supporting the enfranchisement of black men before women.

What may be the only cross-racially collected scalp remaining on exhibit in America is preserved in salt water in the Union Pacific Railroad Museum in downtown Omaha, Nebraska. This body part once belonged to a worker on the Union Pacific Railroad, William Thompson, who was scalped by Cheyenne in this year of Our Lord. Which raises an interesting question: why would it be that precisely all the cross-racially collected “bounty” scalps of native American men, women, and children have as of this date been thrown out, and just this one cross-racially collected scalp preserved? At first blush it might have appeared, at least in accordance with the usual strictures regarding the preservation of historical evidences, that scalps accumulated by local governments in return for bounty payments would have stood a much better chance of having been preserved! Is it only a coincidence that the one scalp we have left for our consideration is of a white victim, victimized by non-whites — or is this most definitely not any coincidence at all?

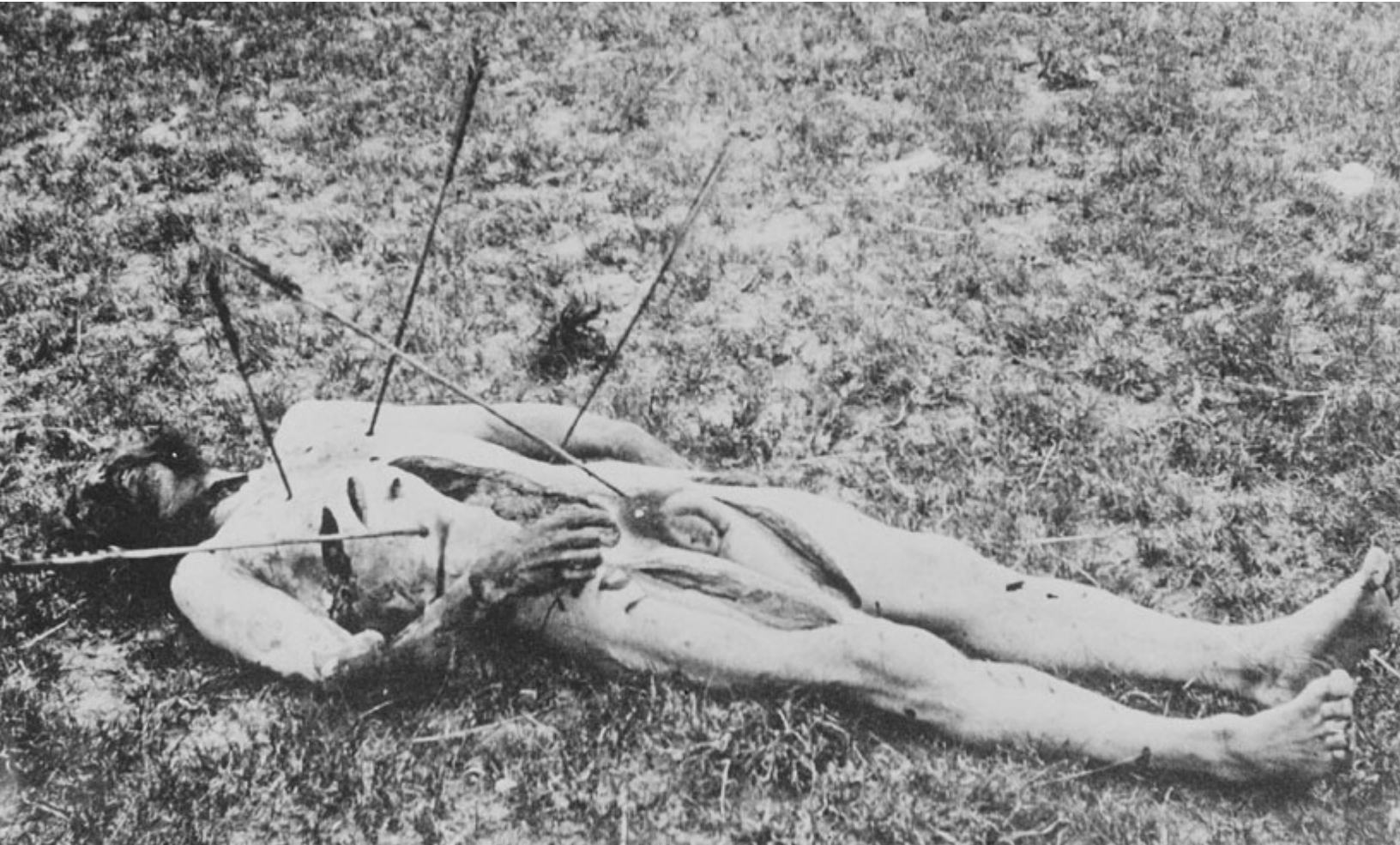
**THE MARKET FOR HUMAN BODY PARTS**

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June 26, Wednesday: Dr. William Bell, a member of the Ethnological Society of Great Britain, photographed the corpse of Sergeant Frederick Wyllyams, G Troop, 7th US Cavalry at dawn outside Fort Wallace, [Kansas](#) just after the departure of a war party made up of Arapaho, Lakota, and Cheyenne warriors.





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**1868**

Winter: [General Philip Henry Sheridan](#) led a “Winter Offensive” against the Cheyenne on the [Kansas](#) prairie.



Lecture Season of '68/69, at the [Odeon Hall](#) in [Boston](#):

**28th Season of [The Lowell Institute](#)**

Robert von Schlagintweit.  
*Orthography and Physical Geography of High Asia . . . .* 12 lectures

Alexander Melville Bell.  
*Elocution . . . . .* 6 lectures

Reverend A.A. Livermore.  
*The Debt of the World to Christianity . . . . .* 12 lectures

Professor J.P. Cooke, Jr.  
*Electricity . . . . .* 12 lectures

George W. Greene.  
*The American Revolution . . . . .* 12 lectures

Members of Massachusetts Historical Society:  
*The Early History of Massachusetts . . . . .* 13 lectures

(a) Robert C. Winthrop. *Introductory.*

(b) Reverend George E. Ellis. *Aims and Objects of the Founders.*

(c) Reverend George E. Ellis. *Treatment of Intruders.*

(d) Samuel T. Haven. *Grants under the Great Council.*

(e) William Brigham. *The Plymouth Colony.*

(f) Professor Emory Washburn. *Slavery in Massachusetts.*

(g) Reverend Charles W. Upham. *Records of Massachusetts.*

(h) Professor Oliver Wendell Holmes.  
*The Medical Profession in Massachusetts.*

(i) Samuel Eliot. *Efforts for the Indians.*

(j) Reverend Chandler Robbins. *The Regicides.*

(k) Professor Joel Parker. *Religious Legislation.*

(l) Reverend Edward Everett Hale. *Puritan Politics.*

(m) George B. Emerson. *Education in Massachusetts.*

Reverend Edward A. Lawrence.  
*Providence in History . . . . .* 12 lectures

Alexander Hyde, A.M.  
*Agriculture . . . . .* 12 lectures

Dr. F.G. Lemercier.  
*Physiology of Man, Animals, and Plants . . . . .* 12 lectures

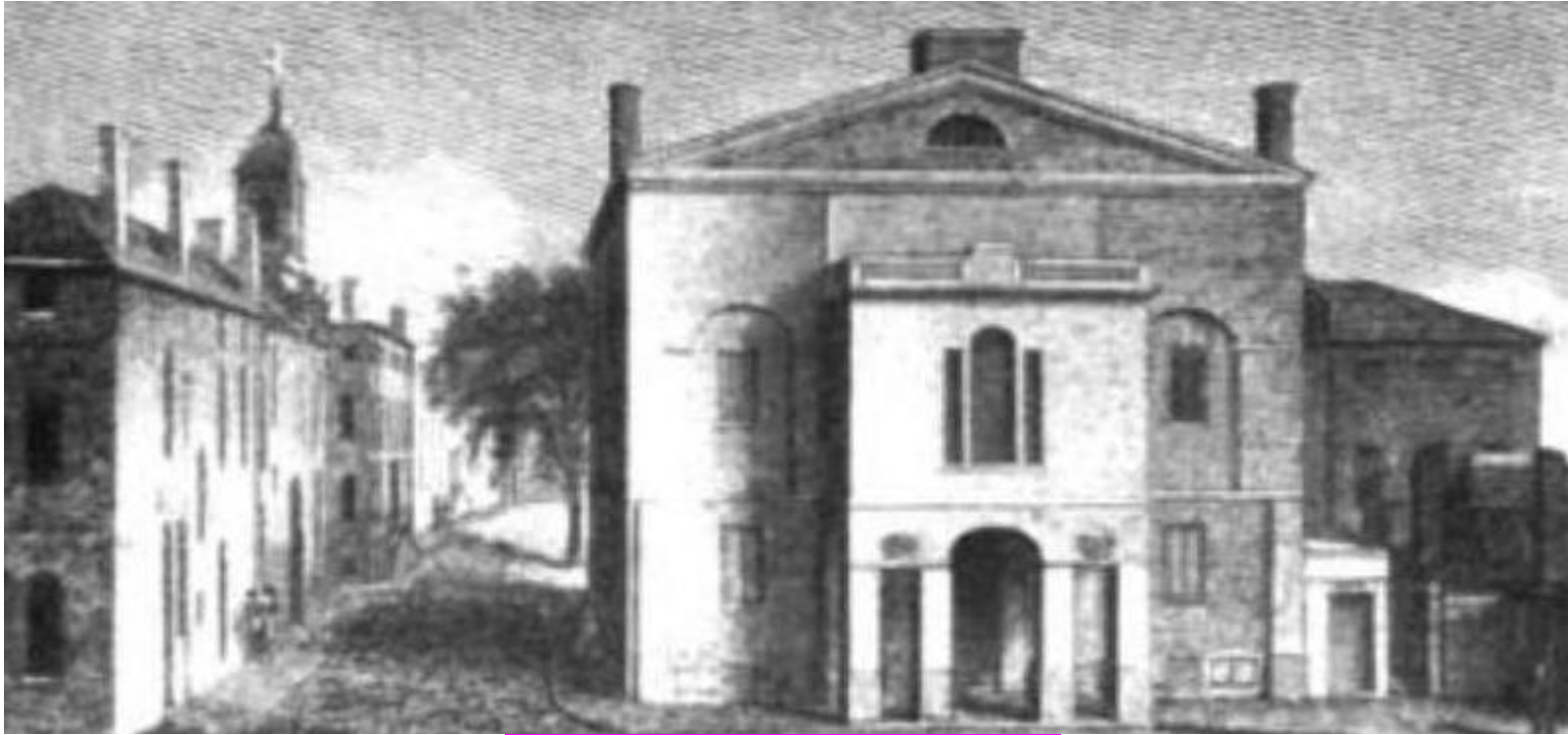
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**THE LOWELL INSTITUTE**



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**1869**

[George William Benson](#) was chosen to represent District No. 136 (Wakarusa Township) of [Kansas](#).





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**1870**

James Boyle sent to [Sojourner Truth](#) the stereotype plates that had been used in the 1850 printing in [Boston](#) of her NARRATIVE, for her use in preparing, with Frances Titus, an expanded edition which would appear, eventually, in 1878.

At this point [Sojourner](#) began to speak conspicuously against [alcohol](#), [tobacco](#), and fashionable dress. From this point into 1874 Truth would be campaigning from Massachusetts to [Kansas](#), for the fulfillment of the promise of western land for the freed slaves.

## KANSAS

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THE HOME NATURALIST: WITH PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLLECTING, ARRANGING, AND PRESERVING NATURAL OBJECTS; CHIEFLY DESIGNED TO ASSIST AMATEURS. BY [HARLAND COULTAS](#), LATE LECTURER ON [BOTANY](#) AT THE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE, CHARING-CROSS HOSPITAL (London: The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row; 65, St. Paul's Churchyard; and 164, Piccadilly).

[Henry Youle Hind](#)'s "On two gneissoid series in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, supposed to be the equivalent of the Huronian (Cambrian) and Laurentian" ([Geological Society of London, Quarterly Journal](#), 26: 468-78).

The rivalry between fossil collectors [Othniel Charles Marsh](#) and [Edward Drinker Cope](#) turned ugly when [Marsh](#) publicly pointed out [Cope](#)'s error in reconstructing a fossil marine reptile (OK, an expert putting an animal's head on the tip of its tail makes for fairly pleasant newspaper copy). Their rivalry was the public's gain as they attempted to outdo each other in identifying new dinosaur species — over 130.

### THE SCIENCE OF 1870

[Professor Joseph Leidy](#) had his picture taken:



[Othniel Charles Marsh](#) discovered, in chalk deposits in [Kansas](#), the 1st North American pterosaur. He calculated the wingspan at 20 feet (during the following year he would collect more fossils to confirm this calculation).

PALEONTOLOGY



## KANSAS

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In January, Representative [George William Benson](#) participated in the session of the [Kansas](#) Legislature in Kansas City. During the decades of the 1870s and 1880s, homesteaders would be flocking to [Kansas](#). There would be a great influx of domestic and foreign immigrants, bemused by the rain-follows-the-plow mythology of Eastern making-it-up-as-they-go-alongers such as [Horace Greeley](#). The rapid settlement of central [Kansas](#) after our Civil War would increase the state population to 364,499. The Kansas Pacific Railroad would complete its track to Denver. A town named “Silkville” would be founded in Franklin county for the development of an American [silk](#) industry (the pipe dream that had already failed in several other venues such as [Northampton](#), Massachusetts).



[Alfred Russel Wallace](#) became President of the Entomological Society of London (he would continue in this capacity until early 1872). He estimated the age of the earth in part on the basis of inferences drawn from land surface erosion rates, and for this would receive a medal of the Société de Géographie. When a flat-earthier issued a £500 challenge that he “prove” the earth to be other than flat, he took the time to create a winning and persuasive proof but of course this fellow reneged, initiating a barrage of harassment that would be dragging on drearily for a full decade.

November: [Julian Hawthorne](#) got married with May Amelung in New-York.

Representative [George William Benson](#) was again chosen to represent Wakarusa Township at the [Kansas](#) Legislature.

A letter to the editor from “W” headlined “Victor Hugo’s ‘Nature’” appeared in [Appleton’s Journal of Literature, Science, and Art](#), in rebuttal of [John Burroughs](#)’s “More about Nature and the Poets” that had appeared in a September issue, and in which Burroughs had asserted that Victor Hugo had described “a mad-dog nature”: “To insist that [Hugo’s] works shall be classed as monstrosities, because their treatment of the natural world, like that of Rembrandt or Turner in painting, or Æschylus or Shakespeare in poetry, is not in the manner of [Mr. Thoreau](#), who, [Burroughs] thinks, looked upon Nature ‘with a kindred eye,’ is to deny to Art her time-founded privilege, and to dishonor and proscribe the great artists and poets I have named, whose works are, one and all, as void of the ‘homely Nature’ and as wide of ‘the simple fact’ which fascinate your critic as any of Victor Hugo’s can possibly.”



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**1871**

Cowpokes herded 700,000 longhorns 700 miles from the vicinity of San Antonio in [Texas](#), where they weren't worth much if anything, to Abilene in [Kansas](#), where they would fetch a few dollars each — because there they could be fattened up in stockyards and then conveyed by railroad to slaughterhouses outside Chicago (all tickets one way).

Henry W. Bradley was awarded a US patent for creating [oleomargarine](#) out of animal fats mixed with vegetable oils, primarily cheap [cottonseed oil](#) — a one-way ticket to Heart Attack City.



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**1872**

The [Kansas Magazine](#) appeared, the 1st monthly periodical published in that state.

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad completed its track to the western border of [Kansas](#).

A woman's suffrage proposal before the legislature of the Dakota Territory failed by a single vote.

**FEMINISM**



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**1874**

German Mennonites settling in Marion County brought Turkey hard red winter wheat to [Kansas](#).

The United States Military Prison was established by Act of Congress at [Fort Leavenworth](#) in [Kansas](#). Military prisoners would be used for the bulk of the construction, which would begin in 1875 and be completed in 1921. The facility would eventually be able to extend hospitality to up to 1,500 persons at a time.

By this point 22-year-old gunslinger from [Texas](#) John Wesley Hardin had 20 notches on his pistol handle, without much if any legal complication. However, this year he got a little cocky and killed a sheriff, Charles Webb.

1875

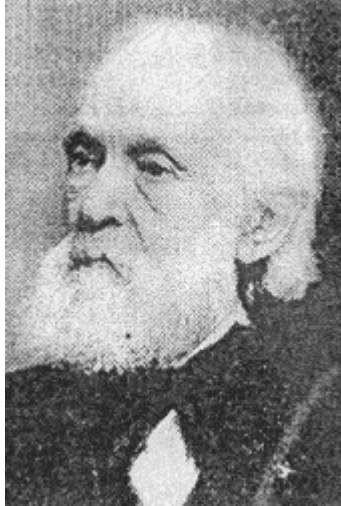
➡ A new form of barbed wire was developed in this year:



Most of the buffalo herds that used to roam the tall-grass prairies of [Kansas](#) had by this point been destroyed in order to remove the livelihood of red American tribalists so they could be confined to racial reservations, so they were no longer available to simply walk through minor obstructions such as the above. On a related note, military prisoners were beginning in this year the construction of a massive United States Military Prison at [Fort Leavenworth](#) (this work would be completed in 1921 and would be able to extend its hospitality to up to 1,500 persons at a time: America is all about freedom, and don't you forget it).

1876

[August Bondi](#) would be serving as a probate judge of Saline County, [Kansas](#) until 1878.



The first Fred Harvey restaurant opened in the Santa Fe depot in Topeka, [Kansas](#).

July: [Alfred Russel Wallace](#) moved to Rose Hill in Dorking.

The initial consignment of flax, 100 bales each weighing 4 cwt, from the Colonial Fibre Company of [St. Helena](#).

For Macon in Atlantic Beach, North Carolina had been used to confine Confederate soldiers, active Southern sympathizers, and Union soldiers being disciplined. At this point the remaining prisoners were relocated to the new United States Military Prison at [Fort Leavenworth](#) in [Kansas](#).



1878

February: Former Governor of the [Kansas Territory](#) Robinson wrote: "I never had much doubt that [Capt. John Brown](#) was the author of the blow at Pottawatomie, for the reason that he was the only man who comprehended the situation, and saw the absolute necessity of some such blow, and had the nerve to strike it."

A report from Walt Whitman:

"Specimen Days"

FEBRUARY DAYS

Mid-afternoon. - One of my nooks is south of the barn, and here I am sitting now, on a log, still basking in the sun, shielded from the wind. Near me are the cattle, feeding on corn-stalks. Occasionally a cow or the young bull (how handsome and bold he is!) scratches and munches the far end of the log on which I sit. The fresh milky odor is quite perceptible, also the perfume of hay from the barn. The perpetual rustle of dry corn-stalks, the low sough of the wind round the barn gables, the grunting of pigs, the distant whistle of a locomotive, and occasional crowing of chanticleers, are the sounds.

March: The [St. Helena](#) Church Provident Society for Women was formed.

This Daguerreotype was presented to the Kansas State Historical Society by Colonel [Thomas Wentworth Higginson](#), leader of the 1st South Carolina Volunteer regiment of black Union soldiers. Higginson's inscription: "Daguerreotype of one of the first Free-State batteries in [Kansas](#). Presented to T.W. Higginson by one of the officers, at Topeka, Kansas, in September, 1856."



1879

[August Bondi](#) was register clerk in the United States Land Office. He was also a police judge.

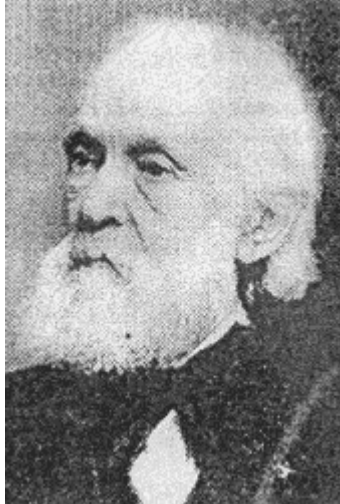


A large exodus of Southern blacks to [Kansas](#) begins as restrictions against former slaves increase in states of the old Confederacy. Many of the ones who come to Kansas do so because they cannot afford to join the movement to return to Africa and found the new country of Liberia. That state is viewed favorably by blacks because of the Kansas abolitionist John Brown; earlier migrants have already founded the town of Nicodemus.

Fall: [Sojourner Truth](#) was working with black refugees from the South arriving in [Kansas](#). She greatly favored the migration of these "[Exodusters](#)": "God still lives and means to see the black people in full possession of all their rights, even if the entire white population of the South has to be annihilated in the accomplishment of His purpose."

1880

[August Bondi](#) was a member of the commission to appraise the old Fort Harker Military Reservation. During



this decade, all 105 [Kansas](#) counties would be being organized (“homesteading,” an advance preparation for the Dust Bowl ecological tragedy of the 1930s).

During this decade [Henry Youle Hind](#) would serve as a member of the board of governors of King’s College in Windsor, [Canada](#), and author a history of the college.

August: Continuation of serial publication of [Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevski](#)’s THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV in The Russian Herald: Book XI, 6-10 (Alesha was voicing Ivan’s dilemma, of whether to testify or remain silent).

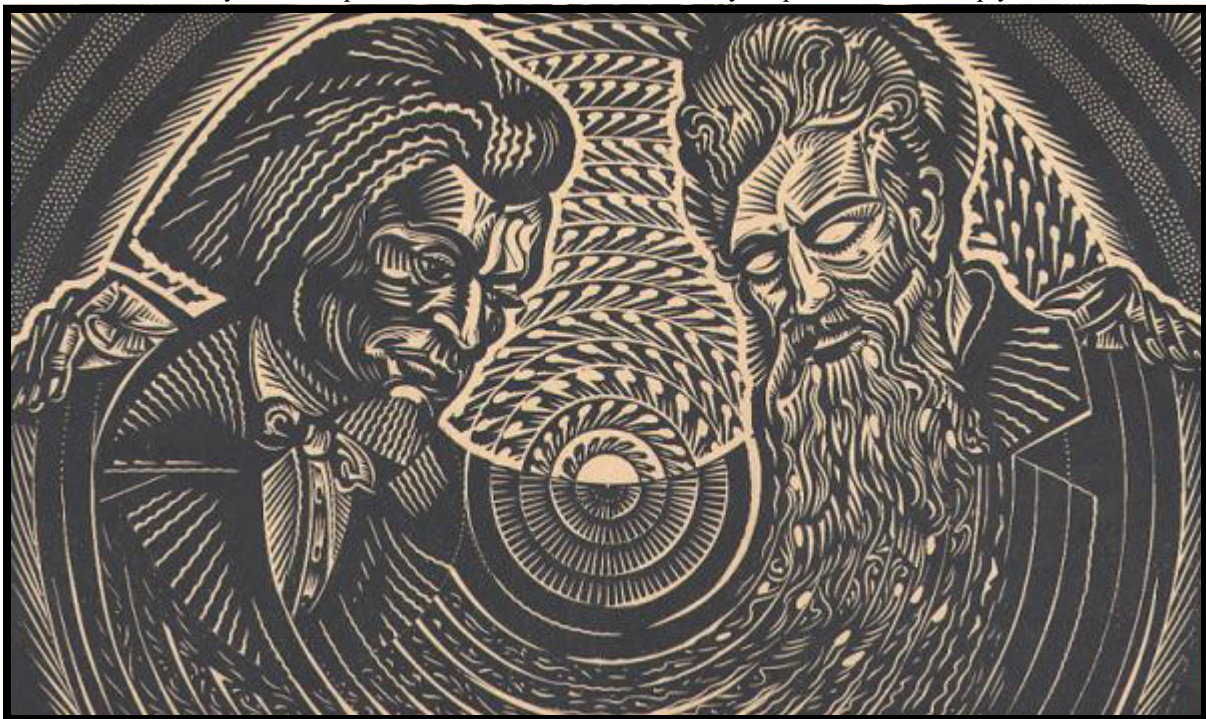
On [St. Helena](#) a pair of storks were sighted, but when one was shot the other simply died. Four ostriches were imported, 2 male and 2 female, but both of the males would die within 10 months.

1881

February 19, day: [Kansas](#) made itself the 1st state to ban all alcoholic beverages.

The initial complete public performance of Franz Schubert’s Symphony no.3 D.200 was given in the Crystal Palace, London, 66 years after it had been composed.

May 30, Monday: [Frederick Douglass](#), a trustee of Storer College, [Harpers Ferry](#), West Virginia, delivered, as the Decoration Day address upon the institution’s 14th anniversary, a speech entitled simply “[John Brown](#).”



Among the guests on the platform was Andrew Hunter, who had while Douglass had been fleeing to Canada and then England been the District Attorney of Charles Town, participating in the prosecution and conviction of [Captain Brown](#) for murder and treason. Imagine what he must have been thinking!

HARPERS FERRY, FROM THE POTOMAC SIDE



HARPERS FERRY, FROM THE BLUE RIDGE





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## 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



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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



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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.








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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.



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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 Vallandingham, 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, Vallandingham 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,



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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



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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



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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

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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 Conocochequi 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



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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'ev'e 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'ev'e 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. Vallandigham 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. Vallandigham, one other of the inquisitorial party;



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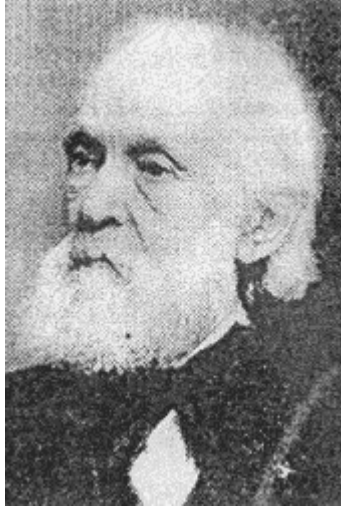
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for he too went down in the tremendous whirlpool created by the powerful hand of this bold invader. If John Brown did not end the war that ended slavery, he did at least begin the war that ended slavery. If we look over the dates, places and men, for which this honor is claimed, we shall find that not Carolina, but Virginia—not Fort Sumter, 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.



1884

[August Bondi](#) was appointed a member of the [Kansas](#) State Board of Trustees of Charitable Institutions. For three years during President Cleveland's last term he would be postmaster of Salina.





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**1885**

The Kansas State Board of Agriculture printed 60,000 copies of a book on [Kansas](#) in English, German, and Danish in order to encourage emigration.

The English Revised Version of the BIBLE.

**HISTORY OF  
THE BIBLE**

April 22, Wednesday: [Leonard Withington](#) died at the age of 95 in [Newbury, Massachusetts](#). He had been the last survivor of Yale College's Class of 1814. The body would be placed in the Oak Hill Cemetery of Newburyport. He was survived by two of the sons and all four of the daughters of his 2d marriage.

This was a day of great sorrow in [Kansas](#) as surviving citizens collected the bodies of the drowned after a nighttime flash flood of the Medicine River and Elm Creek. One survivor, [Nellie B. Brown Jones](#), would recount how she had helped retrieve the bodies of four of her classmates, and how after hunting for five days, the body of the father of these children would be discovered buried in the sand, "all except his hand."

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1886

[Black Elk \(Hekaka Sapa\)](#) went to Europe as a performer in the William Cody “Wild Western” Circus.



The family of young [John Greenleaf Neihardt](#) moved to a sod house in rural northwestern [Kansas](#).

After being baptized as a [Baptist](#) and after marrying a Baptist reverend, [Prudence Crandall](#) had been living in [Illinois](#) and [Kansas](#). At this point the Connecticut legislature attempted restitution for the events of 1832-1833 by offering this elderly lady the sum of \$400.<sup>00</sup> per year for life in compensation for her losses during the crisis 52 years before, in which their reaction had been to outlawed the education of out-of-state blacks and then jail her three times (before eventually reversing themselves). The Reverend Samuel J. May, Jr., the Reverend Samuel Joseph May’s cousin, remarked “But what a peddling, wooden-nutmeg sort of action it is!”<sup>139</sup>



139. A wooden nutmeg, in case you didn’t know, is a kind of consumer fraud. Back when nutmegs were inordinately expensive, in the heyday of the Spice Trade, rural folks would sit around whittling fake nutmegs out of scraps of wood, to vend on the street.

1887

Blizzards like those of 1886 continued in the northern Great Plains. A 72-hour storm at the end of January killed millions of open-range cattle in [Kansas](#), Montana, Wyoming, and the Dakotas. Whole families were found frozen in their tar-paper cabins and dugouts. As the cattle and sheep ranches went bankrupt, homesteader moved in to turn the sod, and frictions would soon develop between the surviving ranchers and the new homesteaders.

[Mary Ann Shadd Cary](#) was one of two representatives of color at the annual congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women in New-York (Frances Ellen Watkins Harper also attended).



[Rhode Island](#) made itself the 1st eastern state to vote on a woman’s suffrage referendum — but voted down this amendment to the state Constitution. [Elizabeth Buffum Chace](#), in bed recovering from surgery, pointedly inquired of a friend:

“Well, what shall we do next?”

The United States Supreme Court struck down the law that had enfranchised women in the Washington Territory. Meanwhile, the United States Congress denied the right to vote to the women of Utah. Meanwhile, however, the women of [Kansas](#) won the right to vote, but only in municipal elections.



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April 4, Wednesday: [Susanna Madora Salter](#) became the 1st woman mayor in the USA when she became Mayor of the [Quaker](#) village of Argonia, [Kansas](#).

The 1st Colonial Conference opened in London during [Queen Victoria](#)'s jubilee year.



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**1888**

The Victoria Hotel in Kansas City, [Kansas](#) was the 1st in the region to boast a bath for every room.

The family of young [John Greenleaf Neihardt](#) moved from their rural [Kansas](#) sod house into Kansas City.



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1889

January 28, Monday: [Prudence Crandall](#) died of the flu in Elk Falls, [Kansas](#).

There is now a Kansas Historical Society sign at a roadside park on US160 on the west edge of this town which offers the passing cars the information that:

In 1831, Prudence Crandall, educator, emancipator, and human rights advocate, established a school which in 1833, became the first Black female academy in New England at Canterbury, Connecticut. This later action resulted in her arrest and imprisonment for violating the "Black Law."

Although she was later released on a technicality, the school was forced to close after being harassed and attacked by a mob. She moved with her husband Reverend Calvin Philleo to Illinois. After her husband died in 1874, she and her brother moved to a farm near Elk Falls. Prudence taught throughout her long life and was an outspoken champion for equality of education and the rights of women. In 1886, supported by Mark Twain and others, an annuity was granted to her by the Connecticut Legislature. She purchased a house in Elk Falls where she died January 27, 1890.

Over a hundred years later, legal arguments used by her 1834 trial attorney were submitted to the Supreme Court during their consideration of the historic civil rights case of Brown vs. Topeka Board of Education.

Erected by Kansas Historical Society & Kansas Department of Transportation.

The 2d marker that you see in this photograph reads as follows:

The State of Connecticut proudly joins the State of Kansas in honoring the lifetime achievements of Prudence Crandall, educator and champion of human rights. Crandall's courage and determination serve as examples to all who face seemingly insurmountable odds and to those who refuse to be limited by social conventions. To this day, her efforts to promote equality in education remains unequalled. The building which housed Crandall's academy in Canterbury, Connecticut opened as a museum in 1984 and is administered by the Connecticut Historical Commission. The museum's national importance was recognized in 1991 when it was designated a National Historic Landmark by the U. S. Department of the Interior.

This plaque was made possible through the generous donations of citizens of the State of Connecticut.



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(Prudence is, after all, the designated state heroine of Connecticut.)





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**1891**

The father having abandoned his family, 10-year-old [John Greenleaf Neihardt](#) moved with his mother and sisters from Kansas City, [Kansas](#) to Wayne, Nebraska.



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**1895**

Remember when grandparents and great-grandparents told you they had only an 8th-grade education? Well, could any of us have passed the 8th grade in 1895? This 6-hour final is on file at the Smokey Valley Genealogical Society and Library of Salina KS and has been reprinted by the Salina [Journal](#):

## **8th Grade Final Exam: Salina, [Kansas](#)**

### **Grammar (Time: 1 hour)**

Give nine rules for the use of capital letters. Name the parts of speech and define those that have no modifications. Define verse, stanza and paragraph. What are the principal parts of a verb? Give principal parts of "lie," "play," and "run." Define case; illustrate each case. What is punctuation? Give rules for principal marks of punctuation. Write a composition of about 150 words and show therein that you understand the practical use of the rules of grammar.

### **Arithmetic (Time: 1.25 hours)**

Name and define the Fundamental Rules of Arithmetic. A wagon box is 2 ft. deep, 10 feet long, and 3 ft. wide. How many bushels of wheat will it hold? If a load of wheat weighs 3942 lbs., what is it worth at 50cts/bushel, deducting 1050 lbs. for tare? District No. 33 has a valuation of \$35,000. What is the necessary levy to carry on a school seven months at \$50 per month, and have \$104 for incidentals? Find the cost of 6720 lbs. coal at \$6.00 per ton. Find the interest of \$512.60 for 8 months and 18 days at 7 percent. What is the cost of 40 boards 12 inches wide and 16 ft. long at \$20 per meter? Find bank discount on \$300 for 90 days (no grace) at 10 percent. What is the cost of a square farm at \$15 per acre, the distance of which is 640 rods? Write a Bank Check, a Promissory Note, & a Receipt.

### **U.S. History (Time: 45 minutes)**

Give the epochs into which U.S. History is divided. Give an account of the discovery of America by Columbus. Relate the causes and results of the Revolutionary War. Show the territorial growth of the United States. Tell what you can of the history of [Kansas](#). Describe three of the most prominent battles of the Rebellion. Who were the following: Morse, Whitney, Fulton, Bell, Lincoln, Penn, and Howe? Name events connected with the following dates: 1607, 1620, 1800, 1849, and 1865.

### **Orthography (Time: 1 Hour)**

What is meant by the following: Alphabet, phonetic, orthography, etymology, syllabication. What are elementary sounds? How classified? What are the following, and give examples of each: Trigraph, sub vocals, diphthong, cognate letters, linguals. Give four substitutes for caret 'u.' (HUH?) Give two rules for spelling words with final 'e.' Name two exceptions under each rule. Give two uses of silent letters in spelling. Illustrate each. Define the following prefixes and use in connection with a word: bi, dis, mis, pre, semi, post, non, inter, mono, sup. Mark diacritically and divide into syllables the following, and



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name the sign that indicates the sound: card, ball, mercy, sir, odd, cell, rise, blood, fare, last. Use the following correctly in sentences: cite, site, sight, fane, fain, feign, vane, vain, vein, raze, raise, rays. Write 10 words frequently mispronounced and indicate pronunciation by use of diacritical marks and by syllabication.

### Geography (Time: 1 Hour)

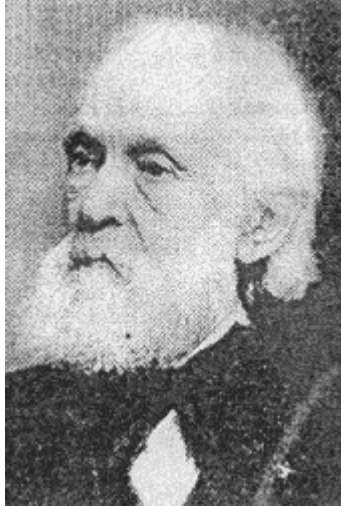
What is climate? Upon what does climate depend? How do you account for the extremes of climate in [Kansas](#)? Of what use are rivers? Of what use is the ocean? Describe the mountains of North America. Name and describe the following: Monrovia, Odessa, Denver, Manitoba, Hecla, Yukon, St. Helena, Juan Fernandez, Aspinwall and Orinoco. Name and locate the principal trade centers of the U.S. Name all the republics of Europe and give the capital of each. Why is the Atlantic Coast colder than the Pacific in the same latitude? Describe the process by which the water of the ocean returns to the sources of rivers. Describe the movements of the earth. Give the inclination of the earth.

September: [Floyd Schmo](#) was born, a 6th-generation [Quaker](#). We have not been able to discover the exact day of his birth. His given middle name was Wilfred. In this year the first trail was being constructed into Paradise Valley on the slopes of [Mount Rainier](#). Floyd would grow up on a wheat farm near Rantoul, [Kansas](#).

The Cuban Revolutionary Party, under the direction of chief policy leader Tomás Estrada Palma, was formed to encourage and to support the Cuban insurgency and to campaign for US recognition of the [Cuban](#) belligerency.

1896

[August Bondi](#) was admitted to the practice of law.





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**1901**

[Richard Realf](#). FREE-STATE POEMS: EDITED BY [R.J. HINTON](#) (Topeka).

1921

Military prisoners completed the construction of the United States Military Prison at Fort Leavenworth in Kansas. This facility of the hospitality industry would be able to close its doors on up to 1,500 guests at a time.

In 1907 it had been estimated that since the US Civil War a third of the large Southern planters had been "holding their negro employees to a condition of peonage, and arresting and returning those that leave before alleged indebtedness is paid," but it had seemed impossible to do anything effective about this. As of this Year of Our Lord 1921, however, Booker T. Washington had joined secretly with federal agencies to eliminate this practice of peonage in the South. It had been noticed that a Reconstruction-Era law, enacted in 1867, was still on the books, outlawing forced servitude to creditors. This law seemed to be fortuitous, since it would be quite impossible for the US Congress during this post-Reconstruction period to enact any federal legislation over the opposition of Southern representatives. Authorities concerned over Southern practices began to attempt to employ the existing statute to harass Southern plantation managers who were in the practice of holding Southern black laborers to involuntary servitude because of "debt." But this 1921 effort would of course fail. The only fruit of it was that one Southern white plantation owner, of a 2,000-acre plantation, who was under investigation for holding his black laborers in peonage, serially murdered 11 of them in cold blood and disposed of their bodies in an attempt to destroy the evidence which supported the peonage accusation.<sup>140</sup> This murderer served several years in the penitentiary, but this had been the only such indictment since 1877 and would be the last indictment for the 1st-degree murder of a Southern black

140. What is the difference between a peon and a slave? Pete Daniel, in THE SHADOW OF SLAVERY: PEONAGE IN THE SOUTH, 1901-1969, insisted that it would be that "unlike slaves, the peons had no monetary value. They could be replaced at the nearest jail." I regard Pete's answer as insufficiently cynical. I would propose a more interesting difference between empeonagement and enslavement: empeonagement is illegal, whereas enslavement, due to the fact that the XIIIth Amendment has never been acted upon, is still quite as legal in 1997 as ever it was in, say, 1797.



"No matter how cynical you get,  
it is impossible to keep up."  
- Lily Tomlin




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person by a Southern white person until 1966. 



4 7/8 inches, \$30, on the internet





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1937

September 17, Friday: John Paul Smith was born in La Crosse, [Kansas](#), where Dad (the Reverend Benjamin Bearl Smith) had been sent to preach after having some problems with keeping his pecker in his pants as an apprentice pastor in Indiana. Dad was again getting into trouble, as he couldn't seem to stay away from the girls in the choir. As the Dust Bowl clouds were becoming darker and darker and more and more pervasive, he was forced out of his United Brethren church and he got us in our car and headed east, to Wilmington, Delaware to reside with a Japan missionary family, the Pietsches.

ASSLEY

My mother's name was Mildred Geraldine Mattox Smith. The name on my birth certificate was John Paul Smith (obviously it is going to take some telling to explain how I gradually became who I now am, Austin Meredith, a Quaker — and this story isn't always going to be either a pleasant one or a “justifiable” one).

Birthdays on September 17th:

- In 879, Charles III (The Simple), king of France (893-923)
- In 1271, Wenceslas II, king of Bohemia and Poland (1278-1305)
- In 1730, Baron Frederick von Steuben, made the Continental Army winners
- In 1743, Marquis de Condorcet, French Enlightenment philosopher
- In 1819, Thomas A. Hendricks (Democrat), 21st US vice-president, died in office
- In 1857, Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, pioneer in rocket and space research

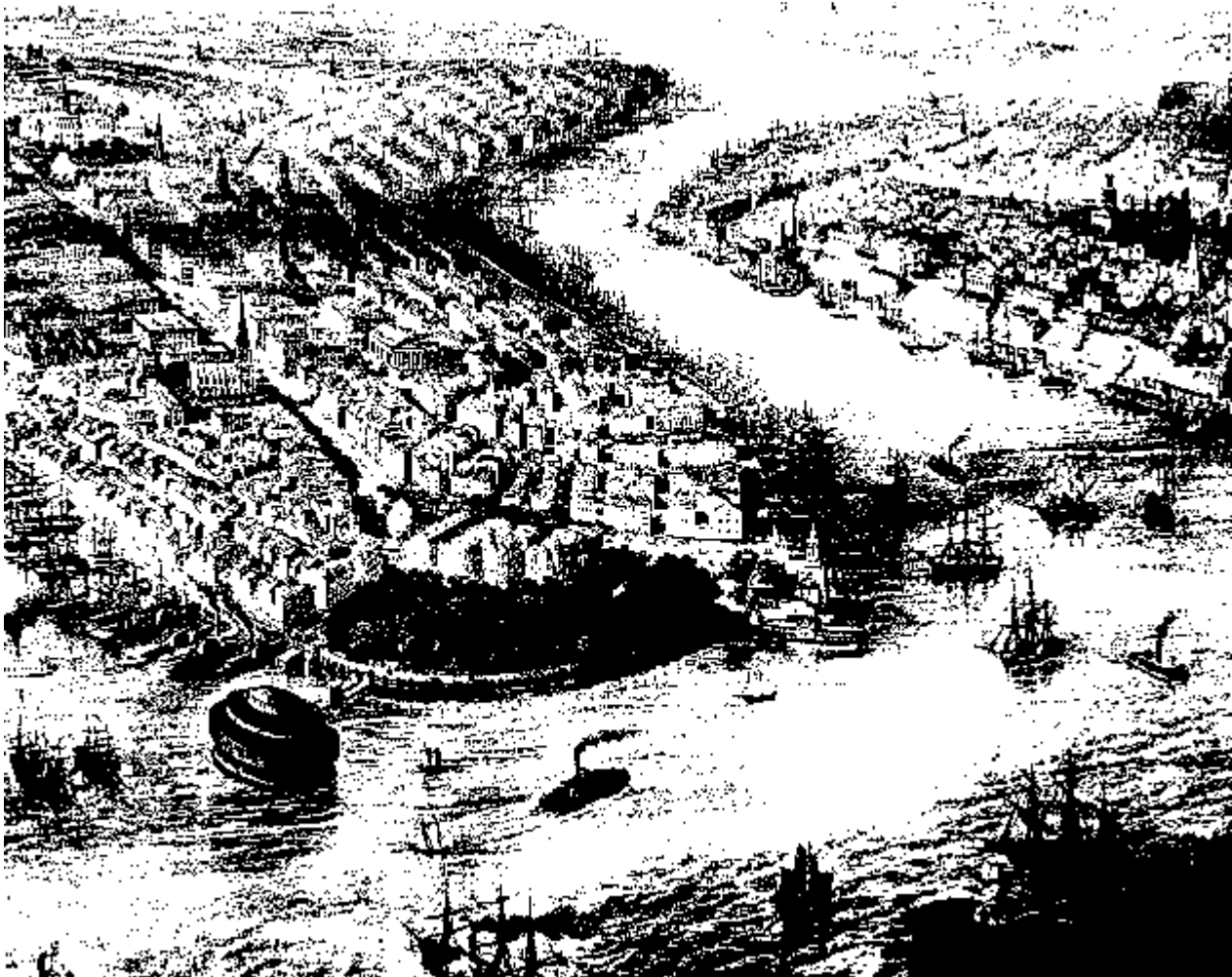
Events worth noting, that happened on a September 17th:

- Impression of the supposed “Stigmata” of St. Francis
- St. Lambert's Day (Anglican)
- In 1630, Boston was founded.
- In 1776, the Presidio of San Francisco was founded as Spanish fort.
- In 1787, the US Constitution was adopted and formally signed (which is why the day is known as “Constitution Day”).
- In 1789, William Herschel discovered Mimas, a satellite of Saturn.
- In 1819, the 1st whaling ship arrived at Hawaii.
- In 1862 in Maryland, the battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam) — bloodiest day of the war.

1975

A 38-foot cross was erected to mark the site where in 1541 Spanish explorer Francisco Basques de Coronado crossed the Arkansas River of [Kansas](#) in search of fabled cities of gold.

In a related piece of news, after 34 years of restoration work by the National Park Service [Castle Clinton](#) on the toe of Manhattan Island re-opened its fortress doors. “Today where fish once swam lazily, where anxious immigrants awaited entry into the land of their choice, where audiences cheered a favorite performer, and where lookouts squinted as they searched for a British invasion fleet that never came, you can learn the remarkable history of this unpretentious fortress. you can attend a concert, small community festival, a fair, or just sit on one of the benches in Battery Park, eating lunch and daydreaming about Castle Clinton in all its various manifestations. Or you can just people-watch. It’s that kind of place. Enjoy it, the view, and your daydreams.”



Castle Clinton closes once per year, for observation of Christmas Day.



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"It's all now you see. Yesterday won't be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago."  
- Remark by character "Garin Stevens" in William Faulkner's INTRUDER IN THE DUST



# 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



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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.