

MILTON BRADLEY AND THE LIFE-AS-A-JOURNEY CROWD



Through the efforts of the Reverend John Bunyan and the game manufacturer Milton Bradley (with some assistance from Seneca the Younger, Sir Thomas More, Samuel Johnson, Thomas Cole, and Louisa May Alcott), we have become infatuated with the conceit that our lives are best understood as "like a journey."

This perennially causes conceptual difficulties, there being any number of ways in which life is very different from a journey. For instance, typically we expect a journey to have an intended destination and, typically, the agenda of such a journey would be to arrive at its intended destination – but very few of us would seek to embrace warmly the attitude that their agenda in life was to die. Somehow, that seems like an analogy pushed too hard and too far.

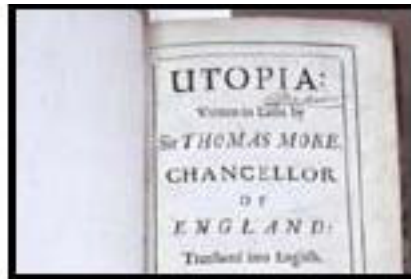
1516

On his return to London, Sir Thomas More finished his *UTOPIA*. The white people he depicted as engaged in a game of life "not unlike our chess" that consisted of "a battle between the virtues and the vices." According to this author, the local colored peoples did not need ever to get in the way of white agriculturalists, for they could simply be shoved aside for the good of all:

The Utopian way of life makes the land fruitful enough for both groups, though previously it was too poor and barren for either. All natives who refuse to live under Utopian law are driven out of the colony and war is waged on the natives who resist. Utopians regard a war as just if it is waged to oust a people who refuse to allow vacant land to be used according to the very law of nature.

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1630

Daniel Bradley came in the *Elizabeth* (this was not part of the Winthrop fleet of 11 vessels) from London at the age of 20, probably first residing at Rowley.

At Horsmonden in Kent in this year or the following one, [Simon Willard](#) got married for the 1st of three times, with Mary Sharpe (daughter of Henry Sharpe and Jane Feylde christened in Saint Margaret's Church there on October 16, 1614). The couple would produce nine children.

1678

February: The Reverend [John Bunyan](#)'s [THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS](#).



[In Brad Dean's dissertation on "WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT", the exegesis of [Henry Thoreau](#)'s remark "and is the last and most admirable invention of the human race only an improved muck-rake?" is that in Bunyan's PILGRIM'S PROGRESS a man, looking only downward as he probes the filth, misses the heavenly crown above him (London: Oxford UP, 1945, pages 238-39). In this extended parable, Bunyan falls into and emerges from a slough of despond.]

Bunyan glossed the image presented by [Æsop](#) and by English emblem books, of two white men attempting to scrub the black off a black man, in THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, as "They saw one Fool and one Want-wit washing of an Ethiopian with intention to make him white, but the more they washed him, the blacker he was."



1681

At the age of 53, the Reverend [John Bunyan](#) published his COME AND WELCOME TO JESUS CHRIST. The first American edition of [THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS](#) was published, and contained an advertisement for a volume soon to appear:

Before long there will be published ... the particular circumstances of the Captivity, & Redemption of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson; and of her children. Being pathetically written, with her own hand.

[CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION](#)

[MARY ROWLANDSON](#)

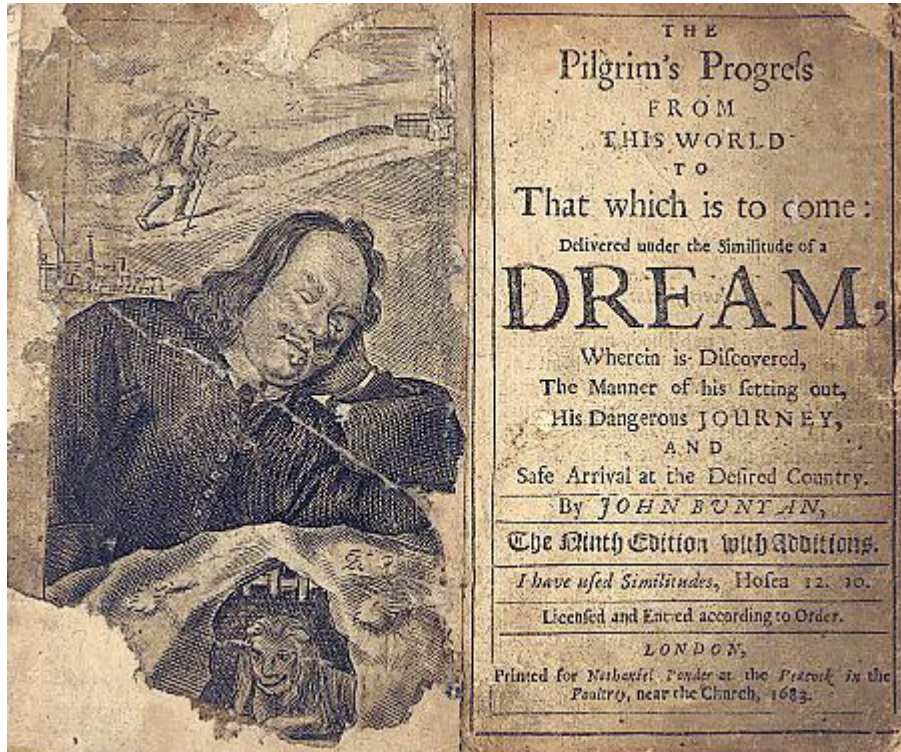


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1684

The 9th edition of the Reverend [John Bunyan](#)'s [THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS](#) was available for purchase,



and in this year, a 2d part would first appear. The modified quotation placed at the start of *LITTLE WOMEN* by [Louisa May Alcott](#) would be from this 2d part. We may note the emendations:

*Go then, my little Book, and shew to all
That entertain, and bid thee welcome shall,
What thou shalt keep close, shut up from the rest;
And wish what thou shalt shew them may be blest
To them for good, may make them chuse to be
Pilgrims, better by far, than thee or me.*

*Go then, I say, tell all men who thou art,
Say, I am Christiana, and my part
Is now with my four Sons, to tell you what
It is for men to take a Pilgrim's lot;*

*Go also tell them who, and what they be,
That now do go on Pilgrimage with thee;
Say, here's my neighbour Mercy, she is one,
That has long time with me a Pilgrim gone;
Come see in her Virgin Face, and learn
Twixt Idle ones, and Pilgrims to discern.
Yea, let young Damsels learn of her to prize,
The World which is to come, in any wise;
When little Tripping Maidens follow God
And leave old doting Sinners to his Rod;
'Tis like those Days wherein the young ones cry'd
Hosannah to whom old ones did deride.*

JOHN BUNYAN

*"Go then, my little Book, and show to all
That entertain, and bid thee welcome shall,
What thou dost keep close shut up in thy breast;
And wish that thou dost show them may be blest
To them for good, may make them choose to be
Pilgrims better, by far, than thee or me.
Tell them of mercy; she is one
Who early hath her pilgrimage begun.
Yea, let young damsels learn of her to prize
The world which is to come, and so be wise;
For little tripping maids may follow God
Along the ways which saintly feet have trod."*

ADAPTED FROM JOHN BUNYAN

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CHRISTIANA PREVAILS WITH HER CHILDREN TO GO ON PILGRIMAGE.

1689

August 13: In his elder years, Daniel Bradley of Haverhill was killed by a small party of Indians and his crops “fired and spoiled.” The remainder of his estate came to £213 3s 10d.

[Milton] Bradley came from a family ruled, for generations, by





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nothing so much as an angry God. The Bradleys had been in New England since 1635, when Daniel Bradley, an apothecary's son, settled in Salem, Massachusetts. Their sufferings were Biblical. Daniel was killed by Indians in 1689, six years before Abenakis captured his fifteen-year-old son, Isaac. In 1697, another son, his wife, two of their children, and three more Bradley children died in an attack on Haverhill in which Hannah Bradley, the wife of still another of Daniel's sons, was taken captive. She escaped, only to be captured again in 1704 and carried to Canada; on the journey, she gave birth to an infant who was killed when her captors poured hot embers into its mouth. Her husband, Joseph Bradley, trudged after her through waist-high snows, with his dog, to pay her ransom and bring her home. The next time an Indian came to her door, Hannah shot him. (She lived to be ninety, but her old age was probably more haunted than happy.) In 1739, two of the next generation of Bradleys, Samuel and Jonathan, were cut off in their youth in an ambush in New Hampshire. By the time Jonathan's direct descendant Milton was born, nearly a century later, and given the name of the Puritan author of "Paradise Lost," the family's fortunes had not gained much against adversity.

Still, the story of Bradley's ancestors was a story not of failure but of fate: God had chosen to visit them with affliction, and there was nothing they could do but praise Him. They would have had little patience for the eighteenth-century coffeehouse debate over which game life is most like. By the end of the century, the debate had become a cliché. "Sure, life's a game of cricket," a Bostonian joked in 1785. "Yet death has hit my wicket."

1697

March 15: Toward the very end of the seven-year period of frontier hostilities known as "King William's War," Haverhill was attacked by native American allies of the French. In an effort to gain New World influence for France, the Colonial Governor of Canada, Count Frontenac, was during this period offering set bounties for English scalps and prisoners.

Daniel Bradley, probably a son of the Daniel Bradley who had in his elder years been killed by the Indians in 1689, was killed, along with his wife Hannah Bradley and their children Mary Bradley and Hannah Bradley (or by another account, their children Joseph Bradley, Martha Bradley, and Sarah Bradley).



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The family of Thomas and Hannah Duston was staying in a house on the west side of the Sawmill River in the town of Haverhill, on a short street now known as Eudora Street leading off the east side of Hilldale Avenue (on the opposite side of what is now Monument Street is a giant boulder we refer to as the Duston Boulder). The husband was constructing at another location, with bricks made by himself, a new home for the family. Since the taking in August 1696 of Jonathan Haynes and his four children while they were picking peas at Bradley's Mills near Haverhill, there had not been much in the way of Indian hostilities in the district. The Dustons' 12th infant, Martha, had been born on March 9th and Mary Corliss Neff, age 50, was helping in the home. Of the dozen infants 39-year-old Hannah Emerson Duston had borne, eight had survived, which in that era was a fairly satisfactory ratio. Although Thomas was a bricklayer and farmer, according to family tradition he also kept his own almanac and had just completed a term as Constable for Haverhill's "west end." On this morning the husband was attending to chores near the home, gun and horse at hand, when he spied Indians approaching. He rode toward the house, shouting, and the seven children responded by dashing in the direction of the garrison house of Onesiphorus Marsh, a mile away on Pecker's Hill, the nearest of the six garrison houses furnished by the town with a small complement of soldiers. Recognizing that it would be impossible to save both his wife and six-day-old daughter inside the house, and the other children outside the house, he rode after the band of children, who were being pursued by some of the attackers. He dismounted and used his horse as a body shield, threatening with his single-shot rifle over the saddle to shoot the first person to advance toward them. Had he been so unwise as to discharge his piece, of course, they could have taken all of them at once. This threat was successful, all reaching the safety afforded by the fields of fire around the garrison house. In the home, however, nurse Mary had been intercepted while attempting to escape with the baby. Hannah rose

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and dressed herself while their possessions were being rifled. In being dragged outside she unfortunately lost one of her shoes. Setting fire to the house, the captors dragged Hannah and Mary, who was carrying the infant, toward the woods, while the rest of the band, rejoined by those who had been pursuing Thomas and the children, attacked other houses in the village, killing a total of 27 and capturing 13 more hostages. Finding Mary unable to keep up, one of the attackers seized the infant and dashed out its brains against the trunk an apple tree. Rejoining the native women and children, on this first day of her captivity the group hiked in Hannah's estimation "about a dozen miles" in the general direction of Canada and the ransom money that was fueling this frontier activity:



For this, father Thomas would be exacting a race vengeance that nobody talks much about these days (that would, you see, dreadfully complicate the received story):



1704

February 8: The garrison house of Joseph Bradley at Haverhill was surprised by the Indians, and his wife was for the 2d time carried away, her infant child born after her captivity dying when her captors poured hot embers into its mouth.



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1751

[Samuel Johnson](#) had reached the age of 41. He published his life of Cheynel. His "The Voyage of Life" essay, a fantastical spatialization-of-time elaboration of a metaphor from PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, life as if it were a journey through space, and an effort at moral manipulation which would for obvious reasons be reprinted continuously in American schoolbooks of the 1820s and 1830s, saw its original publication in The Rambler. The metaphor began with a quote from [Seneca the Younger](#):

Life is a voyage, in the process of which, we are perpetually changing our scenes; we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the more pleasing part of old age.

THOMAS COLE

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The final volume of [William Guthrie](#)'s A GENERAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND, FROM THE INVASION OF THE ROMANS UNDER [JULIUS CÆSAR](#), TO THE REVOLUTION IN MDCLXXXVIII; INCLUDING THE HISTORIES OF THE NEIGHBOURING PEOPLE AND STATES, SO FAR AS THEY ARE CONNECTED WITH THAT OF ENGLAND (the initial volume of which had been issued in 1744).

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Numb. 2444

The London Gazette.

Published by Authority.

From Thursday April 11. to Monday April 15. 1689.

Whitehall, April 11.

THis Day the Coronation of their Sacred Majesties King William and Queen Mary was performed at Westminster in manner following.

Their Majesties being come from Whitehall to Westminster, and the Nobility, &c. being put in Order by the Heralds, They came down in State into Westminster hall, where the Swords and Spurs were presented to Them.

After which the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster, having brought the Crowns and other Regalia, presented them severally to Their Majesties; which, with the Swords and Spurs, were thereupon delivered to the Lords appointed to carry them.

Thus Their Majesties in Their Robes of Crimson Velvet King with a Cap, and the Queen a Circlet in her Head, the Nobility in Crimson Velvet Robes with their Coronets on their Hands, and the rest of the Proceeding in their proper Habits marched on foot upon Blew Cloth to Westminster-All the Way and Houses on each side being Crowded with Numbers of Spectators expressing their great Joy and Satisfaction by loud repeated Acclamations.

Being Entred the Church, and all duly seated, the Bishop of London, who performed this great Solemnity, began with Recognition, which ended with a mighty Shout. Then Their Majesties Offered, and the Lords who bore the Regalia, presented them at the Altar. The Litany was sung by the Bishops, and after the Epistle, Gospel, and Nicene Creed the Bishop of Salisbury Preach'd on this Text, 2 Sam. 23. 3, 4

After Sermon Their Majesties took the Oath, and were Conducted to their Regal Chairs placed on the Theater (that they might be more conspicuous to the Members of the House of Commons, who were seated in the North Cross) were Anointed.

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1790

According to “The New Game of Human Life” there were seven stages from “Infancy” to “Dotage,” during which a human being would need to negotiate a path of vice or virtue. Depending on the square you landed on, you might become an “Assiduous Youth” or “Benevolent Man” and advance your gamepiece, or become a “Drunkard” or “Negligent Boy” and lose a turn, or even move backward. If you happened to land on “Romance Writer,” you’d get sent directly back to “Mischievous Boy.” If you landed on “Dramatist” you’d be forced to begin all over again. The game’s manufacturer, because of the moral hazard of having a pair of dice in the family home, recommended the substitution of the sort of spinning top known as a totum or teetotum.





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1824



“Kriegspiel” began, on a map of the French/Belgian border. This board game was to become such an obsession in the Prussian army that game sets would be distributed to each regiment. An extremely complex war simulation, this would come to be highly regarded after the Prussian army somehow achieved numerous military successes (with the defeat of Germany in World War I, it would become apparent that such simulations do not always correspond well with actual boots-on-the-ground warfare).

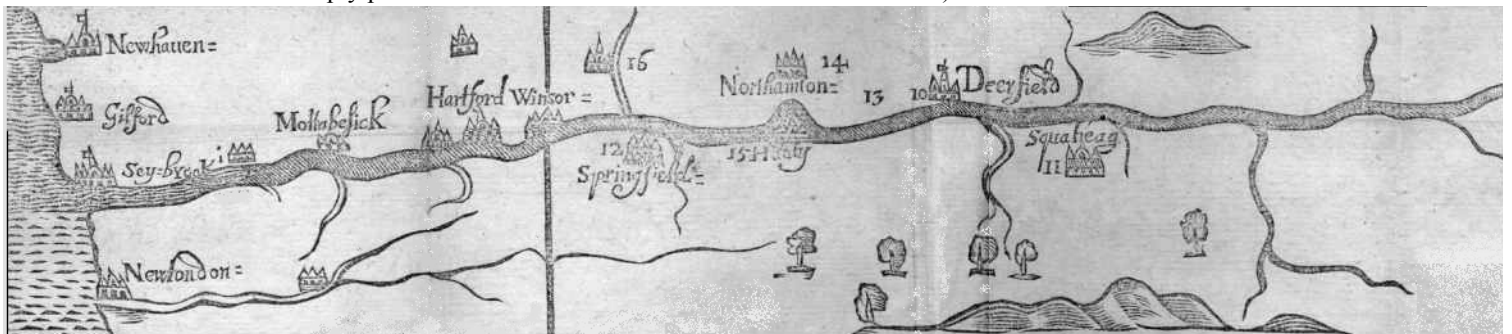
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1836



Returning from [Italy](#) temporarily to the United States, Thomas Cole painted his “View from Mount Holyoke, Northampton, Massachusetts, After a Thunderstorm,” also known as “The Oxbow.” This painting is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New-York. (Cole’s vision, it would appear, had been inspired by a matter-of-fact topographic rendering which had been created in 1827/1828 by Basil Hall, a British visitor. Although the Connecticut River would eat through this picturesque neck of land and shorten itself on March 4, 1840, this would fail to impact anyone’s appreciation of this beautiful-postcard picture — people viewing the image would simply presume that the natural feature was still in existence!)





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He also painted in this year five-count'em-five just huge canvases for a series entitled "The Course of Empire." These paintings are allegories on the progress of mankind based on the Count de Volney's *Ruines, ou méditations sur les révolutions des empires* (1791).

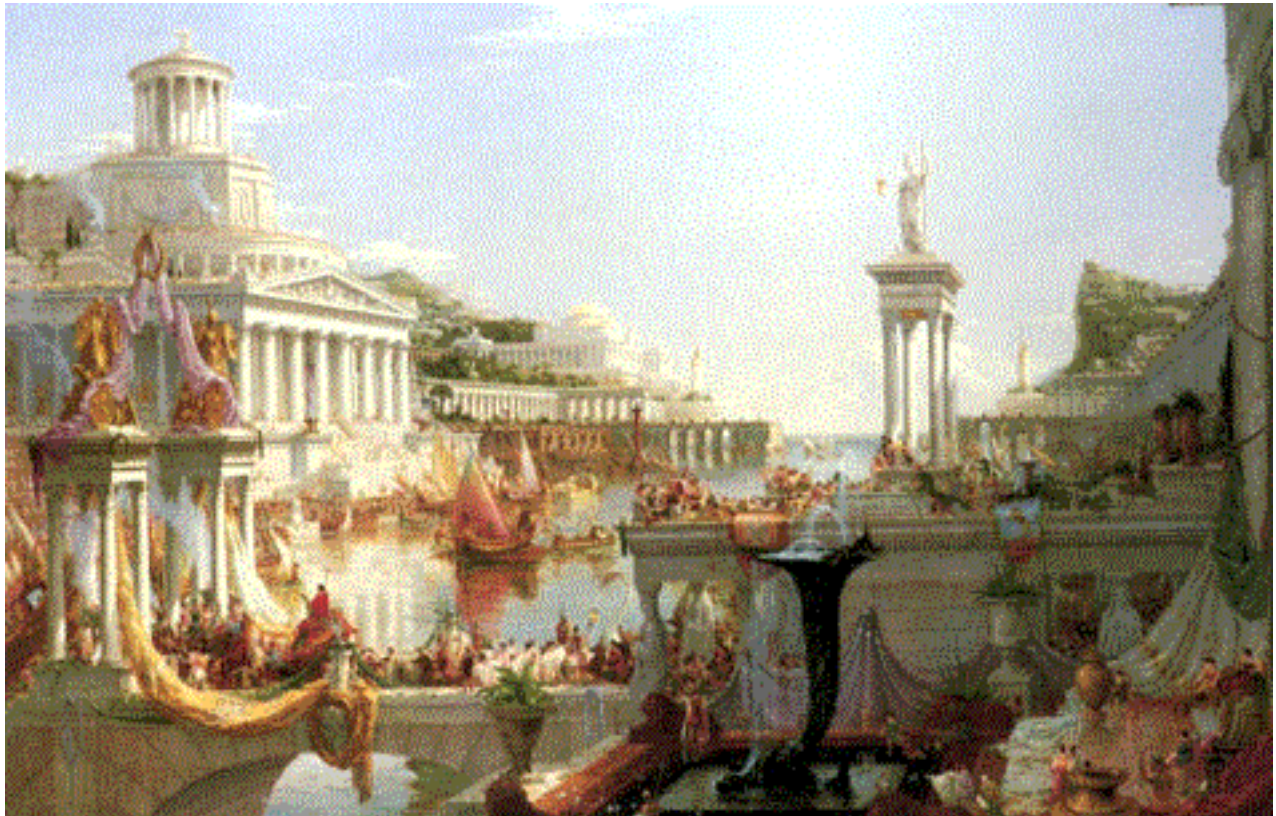
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A second series, called “The Voyage of Life” (begun in 1839), would depict a symbolic journey from infancy to old age in four scenes. Shortly before he would die, Cole would begin still another series, “The Cross of the



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World,” which would be of a religious nature.



November 8, Tuesday: [Milton Bradley](#) was born in Vienna, Maine, the only son of Lewis Bradley, an itinerant craftsman, with Fannie Lyford Bradley.



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Still, the story of Bradley's ancestors was a story not of failure but of fate: God had chosen to visit them with affliction, and there was nothing they could do but praise Him. They would have had little patience for the eighteenth-century coffeehouse debate over which game life is most like. By the end of the century, the debate had become a cliché. "Sure, life's a game of cricket," a Bostonian joked in 1785. "Yet death has hit my wicket."

1839

Shortly after voyaging on the bucolic Genesee River of western New York state, Thomas Cole received a commission from a New-York banker, Samuel Ward (this was the father, not his banker son Samuel Gray Ward), for a series of paintings depicting life as a journey, to be entitled “The Voyage of Life.”¹

- *The Voyage of Life: Childhood*
- *The Voyage of Life: Youth*
- *The Voyage of Life: Manhood*
- *The Voyage of Life: Old Age*

[The Voyage of Life: Childhood]



1. Please note that some have experienced Thoreau’s poem “Sic Vita” as a direct verbal counterpart to the Cole paintings of the path of life.

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[The Voyage of Life: Youth]



[The Voyage of Life: Manhood]



[The Voyage of Life: Old Age]



1840

Fall: Thomas Cole finished the “Voyage of Life” series of paintings depicting life as a journey which had been commissioned by Sam Ward, a banker of New-York, in 1839. (Fortunately, Mr. Ward had been forced to leave all his money behind when he had gone down the final rapids of his life — so it would be possible to recompense the artist.)



[Milton Bradley](#) attended high school in Lowell, Massachusetts.

[Milton Bradley](#) attended the Lawrence Scientific School until he ran out of money.

1841

July: [Henry Thoreau](#) contributed “Sic Vita” and two other poems to the current issue of [THE DIAL](#).

THE DIAL, JULY 1841

[Mrs. Ellen Sturgis Hooper](#)’s poem “The Out-Bid” appeared anonymously on page 519, and her “Farewell” on page 544.





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SIC VITA



I am a parcel of vain strivings tied
By a chance bond together,
Dangling this way and that, their links
Were made so loose and wide,
Methinks,
For milder weather.

A bunch of violets without their roots,
And sorrel intermixed,
Encircled by a wisp of straw
Once coiled about their shoots,
The law
By which I'm fixed.

A nosegay which Time clutched from out
Those fair Elysian fields,
With weeds and broken stems, in haste,
Doth make the rabble rout
That waste
The day he yields.

And here I bloom for a short hour unseen,
Drinking my juices up,
With no root in the land
To keep my branches green,
But stand
In a bare cup.

Some tender buds were left upon my stem
In mimicry of life,
But ah! the children will not know,
Till time has withered them,
The woe
With which they're rife.

But now I see I was not plucked for naught,
And after in life's vase
Of glass set while I might survive,
But by a kind hand brought
Alive
To a strange place.

That stock thus thinned will soon redeem its hours,
And by another year,
Such as God knows, with freer air,
More fruits and fairer flowers
Will bear,
While I droop here.





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1843

Volume I of John Ruskin's MODERN PAINTERS defended the paintings of J.M.W. Turner (Thoreau would not read Ruskin's MODERN PAINTERS until October 1857).

J.M.W. Turner's "Approach to Venice" appeared.

[Benjamin Robert Haydon](#)'s "Curtius Leaping into the Gulf" depiction of the self-sacrifice of Marcus Curtius,² "Uriel and Satan," and "Meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society" (now in the National Portrait Gallery).

Thomas Cole's second version of his "Voyage of Life" series of paintings depicting life as a journey through space was placed on display in [Boston](#), in New-York, and in Philadelphia. (It would then be purchased by George K. Shoenberger of Cincinnati, Ohio. After his mansion would be converted into a sanitarium and become part of Bethesda Hospital, this series of paintings would be rediscovered hanging in the chapel of the hospital and would, in 1971, be transferred to the National Gallery of Art.)

The board game "The Mansion of Happiness" was developed by S.B. Ives of Salem, Massachusetts: landing on a space designated for "Charity," "Industry," or other desirable traits would speed players up a spiral track toward eternal happiness while landing on the spaces marked for vices such as "Sloth," "Cruelty," and ingratitude would send them tumbling backward.



This would be played by the girls of [the Alcott family](#).

2. According to Titus Livius, in 362 BCE a chasm opened in Rome. After attempting to deal with this through the offering of various sort of votive sacrifices, the people came to suspect that the chasm would close only if they put into it their "most precious thing of all." Marcus Curtius, a young eques, understanding correctly that this most precious thing could only be the courage and strength of the Roman soldier, mounted his horse and, wearing all his weapons, rode into the chasm — which obediently closed upon him.

1844

Thomas Cole's second version of his "Voyage of Life" series of paintings depicting life as a journey through space concluded its triumphal tour of public display in [Boston](#), in New-York, and in Philadelphia, and was purchased by George K. Shoenberger of Cincinnati, Ohio. (After his mansion would be converted into a sanitarium and become part of Bethesda Hospital, this series of paintings would be rediscovered hanging in the chapel of the hospital and would, in 1971, be transferred to the National Gallery of Art.)

1860

September: At the capital of the [Chinese Christian](#) empire, Nanjing on the Yangzi River, the rebel emperor [Hung Hsiu Ch'üan](#) 洪秀全 was being fascinated by a Chinese edition of [John Bunyan's](#) [THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS](#). Such materials were equal to the BIBLE!



Winter: [Milton Bradley](#) of Springfield MA,³ a successful lithographer whose major product had been a portrait of a cleanshaven Abraham Lincoln, when Lincoln suddenly began to sport a beard, devised a board game he designated "The Checkered Game of Life," a sort of secularized or Americanized version of [THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS](#), with squares labeled "Truth," "Honor," "Intemperance," "Crime," etc. The eventualities of the game he labeled "Happy Old Age" and "Ruin." According to R.C. Bell's BOARD AND TABLE GAMES FROM MANY CIVILIZATIONS, the design was not entirely original but descended from many earlier versions of South Asian "square board race games." Over this gift season, 40,000 sets of this didactic monstrosity would be retailed.⁴

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Most players try to go to School and then College, heading, slowly, toward Happy Old Age, but since Poverty is just two squares from Infancy, it's just as likely that you'll end up there. Bradley's game rewards only the virtues that lead to Wealth and Success, like Industry and Perseverance.



Bradley avowed that his game would promote virtue.

3. This name [Milton Bradley](#) may ring a bell with you. The company is still headquartered in Springfield MA, and is now the world's largest manufacturer of games and puzzles. Fancy what a market [John Bunyan](#) might had made of England's tight little isle, if he hadn't been sent directly to gaol!



1861

The card game “Authors” (G.M. Whipple & A.A. Smith). Pictured is the 1897 edition put out by Parker

4. Such a game wasn’t nearly as original as one might suppose. A precursor, and the first board game manufactured in the United States, had been “The Mansion of Happiness,” which had been played by the Alcott children. This game had been developed by S.B. Ives of Salem, Massachusetts in 1843, the game’s object having been to move around a spiral track and make oneself the first player to arrive at “eternal happiness.” Each space had been designated with the name of a moral virtue or vice; spaces labeled virtues such as “Charity,” “Industry,” allowed you to move forward, whereas “Sloth,” “Cruelty,” etc., moved you back.



(In 1960, the Milton Bradley company would commission a 100-year anniversary tribute game titled “The Game of Life,” designed by Reuben Klammer and a co-inventor, that is still being sold.)

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Brothers:



Needless to say, Thoreau never appears in such materials in this timeframe, his renown as an author being of a considerably later provenance.

1870

During the early 1870s, [Milton Bradley](#) would score a patent for a set of rules to the lawn game of croquet. (Subsequently, he would devote his business efforts to providing the kindergarten movement with materials such as crayons, colored paper, and flash cards.)

1881

[Milton Bradley](#) patented his one-armed desktop papercutter.



1902

[Milton Bradley](#), imitating the techniques of the game he had devised, took an inventory of his life:



Bradley reflected that, of all he had done, he was most proud of his educational inventions. The kindergarten movement was about beating the odds of life, or bettering them.

1911

May 30: [Milton Bradley](#) died.

1943

The [Milton Bradley](#) Company's board game "Chutes and Ladders."⁵

5. Notice that the Milton Bradley board game "Axis and Allies" does not date to this [World War II](#) period but is, instead, of considerably later creation. The reason for the delay was that while the struggle was going on it would have been personally very dangerous for an American player in this game to have represented the side of the Axis powers.



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1949

The [Milton Bradley](#) Company's board game "Candyland."

1956

The [Milton Bradley](#) Company's board game "Yahtzee."

1959

The [Milton Bradley](#) Company's board game "Concentration."

1960

The [Milton Bradley](#) Company's "Game of the States," and a reworking of its 1860 "The Checkered Game of Life," this time not based upon a checkerboard and with its name shortened to "The Game of Life" (Mel Taft helped design the revision).



Bradley's game about vice, virtue, and the pursuit of happiness was reinvented as a lesson in Cold War consumerist conformity.

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The [Milton Bradley](#) Company's board game "Password." The company relocated from Springfield to a new plant in East Longmeadow, Massachusetts.

1964

The [Milton Bradley](#) Company's board game "Jeopardy."

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1966

The [Milton Bradley](#) Company's board game "Twister."

1984

The [Milton Bradley](#) Company's board game "Axis and Allies." (Notice that this is not a [World War II](#)-era game! –The explanation would be that playing such a game, requiring as it does that one of the players sponsor the cause of the enemy, would during the war era have been quite impossible.)



1985

The [Milton Bradley](#) Company's board game "Scotland Yard."

1992

[Milton Bradley](#)'s "Omega Virus" game. Killing is OK, if they're from somewhere else:



1994

Hasbro, a [Pawtucket, Rhode Island](#) firm which had come to own the [Milton Bradley](#) Company, revised “The Game of Life” for the generation of the baby-boomers. There was no longer, as there had been during the 19th Century, any pretense that playing this game was going to lead to the encouragement of virtuous conduct.



Bradley avowed that his game would promote virtue.

At the [Moses Brown School](#) of the [Religious Society of Friends](#) on the East Side of [Providence, Rhode Island](#), monthly, and then weekly, required meeting for worship in the Upper School was instituted (“Lower School and Middle School had regular daily and weekly worship for many years”).

The [Quaker](#) monthly meeting at Stony Brook near Princeton, New Jersey formally took the “Friends School” educational institution on its premises under its spiritual care. (The school’s by-laws at that time required that a majority of the school’s trustees be members of the [Religious Society of Friends](#).)



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2007

Spring: Hasbro, a [Pawtucket, Rhode Island](#) firm which had come to own the [Milton Bradley](#) Company, re-revised its “The Game of Life” as “The Game of Life: Twists and Turns.”



Like all earlier spiral race games, the Game of Life is essentially about fate, but it’s so relentlessly amoral and cash-conscious that a nineties redesign team, eager to make it less so, pretty much gave up. The new Twists & Turns game has no goal. In it, life is aimless, and each player receives a Life-Visa brand “credit card” to keep track of Life Points.

May 21: Edwin Mellen Press released THE PHILOSOPHY OF EMERSON AND THOREAU: ORIENTALS MEET OCCIDENTALS, by Shoji Goto. This exceedingly expensive hardcover offering has been reviewed on the internet by Bao Pu:

This book attempts to reveal the Eastern roots of the transcendentalist thought of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry David Thoreau. Not only modern England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, but also ancient Egypt, Persia, India, and China were favorite hunting grounds of knowledge for Emerson. Thoreau recommended the *BHAGAVAD GITA* enthusiastically, asserting that the book deserves to be read with reverence even by Yankees. There was probably no one in the West who so ardently loved and recommended Hindu literature as Thoreau. Be this as it may, the Eastern side of both of these men’s thought is widely neglected in studies. This work seeks to mend this blind-spot in the scholarly approaches to Emerson and Thoreau.

The forward by Professor Phyllis Cole of Pennsylvania State University indicates that:

Dr. Shoji Goto [joins with] such current interpreters as Wai-Chi Dimock in finding that, while Emerson and Thoreau themselves celebrated international commonalities, their American interpreters have too long followed a parochial, nation-centered paradigm. Open textual evidence, whether Emerson’s long interest in Persian prophets or Thoreau’s recording of Confucius, has been overlooked or taken as mere rhetorical flourish. It is time for a “sea change.”

(Dr. Shoji Goto is Professor Emeritus from the Department of English at Rikkyo University. His publications include articles on S.O. Jewett, Emerson and Thoreau, and translations into Japanese of D.H. Lawrence’s *CLASSIC AMERICAN LITERATURE* and J. Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur’s *LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN FARMER*.)

Professor Jill Lepore wrote on “The Meaning of Life” in [The New Yorker](#), on page 38. Here are some notes from this essay, which the magazine has not made available online:

The Game of Life: Twists & Turns
AMERICAN CHRONICLES
about [Milton Bradley](#), the inventor of the Game of Life.

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Bradley avowed that his game would promote virtue.

In 1860, the year Abraham Lincoln was elected President, a lanky, twenty-three-year-old Yankee named Milton Bradley invented his first board game, on a red-and-ivory checkerboard of sixty-four squares. He called it the Checkered Game of Life. Play starts at the board's lower-left corner, on an ivory square labeled Infancy -illustrated by a tiny, black-inked lithograph of a wicker cradle- and ends, usually but not always, at Happy Old Age, at the upper right, though landing on Suicide, with a noose around your neck, is more common than you might think, and means, inconveniently, that you're dead. "The game represents, as indicated by the name, the checkered journey of life," Bradley explained, in his Rules of the Game. There are good patches, and bad, in roughly equal number. On the one hand: Honesty, Bravery, Success. On the other: Poverty, Idleness, Disgrace. The wise player will strive "to gain on his journey that which shall make him the most prosperous, and to shun that which will retard him in his progress." But even when you're headed for Happiness you can end up at Ruin: passed out, drunk and drooling, on the floor of a seedy-looking tavern where Death darkens the door disguised as a debt collector straight out of "Bleak House" - the bulky black overcoat, the strangely sinister stovepipe hat.

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The Checkered Game of Life made Milton Bradley a brand name. His company, founded in 1860, survived his death, in 1911, the Depression, two World Wars, and even my mother, who worked there in the nineteen-forties. In 1960, to celebrate its centennial, the Milton Bradley Company released a commemorative Game of Life. It bears almost no resemblance to its 19th-century namesake. In Life, players fill teensy plastic station wagons with even teensier pastel-pink and blue plastic mommies and Daddies, spin the Wheel of Fate, and ride the highway of Life, earning money, buying furniture, and having pink and blue plastic babies. Along the way, there are good patches: "Adopt a Girl and Boy! Collect Presents!" and bad: "Jury Duty! Lose Turn." Whoever earns the most money wins. As the game's ad slogan has it, "That's Life!"

If, like me, you played the 1960 version of Life while wearing bell-bottoms and listening to a 45 of Elton John's "Rocket Man," you have a pretty good idea of what happened to Milton Bradley's nineteenth-century game about vice, virtue, and the pursuit of happiness: it was reinvented as a lesson in Cold War consumerist conformity, a kind of two-dimensional Levittown, complete with paychecks and retirement homes and dental bills. Inside the game box are piles and piles of paper (Life is ... paperwork!): fake automobile insurance, phony stock certificates, pretend promissory notes, and play money, seven and a half million dollars of it, including a heap of mint-green fifty-thousand-dollar bills, each featuring a portrait of Milton Bradley near the end of his days – bearded, aged, antique....

In 1994, Hasbro, which owns the Milton Bradley company, revised Life to market it to baby-boomers. This spring, it is releasing a new version – The Game of Life: Twists & Turns. Bradley's invention descended from a family of ancient South Asian games – members of a genus that R. C. Bell, in his compendium "Board and Table Games from Many Civilizations" (1960), labeled "square board race games." That life's a game that can be played well,



or badly, is a very old idea and, at least in the last few centuries in the history of Western civilization, a commonplace one. The people in Thomas Moore's "Utopia" (1516) play a game of life, "not unlike our chess," consisting of "a battle between the virtues and the vices." How to win, and whether you're playing against yourself, God or Satan, are matters of considerable philosophical speculation.



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"The journey of life is governed by a combination of chance and judgment." - Milton Bradley

... Bradley came from a family ruled, for generations, by nothing so much as an angry God. The Bradleys had been in New England since 1635, when Daniel Bradley, an apothecary's son, settled in Salem, Massachusetts. Their sufferings were Biblical. Daniel was killed by Indians in 1689, six years before Abenakis captured his fifteen-year-old son, Isaac. In 1697, another son, his wife, two of their children, and three more Bradley children died in an attack on Haverhill in which Hannah Bradley, the wife of still another of Daniel's sons, was taken captive. She escaped, only to be captured again in 1704 and carried to Canada; on the journey, she gave birth to an infant who was killed when her captors poured hot embers into its mouth. Her husband, Joseph Bradley, trudged after her through waist-high snows, with his dog, to pay her ransom and bring her home. The next time an Indian came to her door, Hannah shot him. (She lived to be ninety, but her old age was probably more haunted than happy.) In 1739, two of the next generation of Bradleys, Samuel and Jonathan, were cut off in their youth in an ambush in New Hampshire. By the time Jonathan's direct descendant Milton was born, nearly a century later, and given the name of the Puritan author of "Paradise Lost," the family's fortunes had not gained much against adversity.

Still, the story of Bradley's ancestors was a story not of failure but of fate: God had chosen to visit them with affliction, and there was nothing they could do but praise Him. They would have had little patience for the eighteenth-century coffeehouse debate over which game life is most like. By the end of the century, the debate had become a cliché. "Sure, life's a game of cricket," a Bostonian joked in 1785. "Yet death has hit my wicket."

The New Game of Human Life showed up in the United States at least as early as 1798 and apparently had a long life here. Had Milton Bradley's long-suffering forebears condoned games (which, as Puritans, they did not), they might have liked the New Game of Human Life. At least they would have recognized its logic: life is a voyage that begins at birth and ends at death, God is at the helm, fate is cruel, and your reward lies beyond the grave.

All of which combine to make it, by our board-game standards, unbearably dull. There's no strategy, just dutiful to-ing and fro-ing, in abject obedience to the Rules of the Game and the spin of the teetotum, a numbered, six-sided top used in place of dice, which many nineteenth-century Americans shunned as immoral. Even worse, there's a disquieting absence of adversaries; you're racing against the other players, but you're not competing against them, the way you are in, say, Monopoly, when you can charge them exorbitant rents.

However popular the Mansion of Happiness was with the parents who purchased it, many of the game boards that survive in archives are in such suspiciously good condition that at least one historian has wondered whether children—who must,



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invariably, have been given the game as a gift—could ever bear to play it. After all, its rules read like a sermon: “Whoever possesses AUDACITY, CRUELTY, IMMODESTY, and INGRATITUDE, must return to his former situation till his turn comes to spin again, and not even think of Happiness, much less partake of it.”

...(T)he Checkered Game of Life requires you to make decisions, lots and lots of them. It’s best to have a plan.

...(I)n the Checkered Game of Life, Truth exists, and you can choose to seek it out, but it has no value. Bradley’s game rewards Industry and Perseverance with Wealth and Success. It has no use for Patience or Charity, which aren’t even on the board. ... The Checkered Game of Life isn’t a race to heaven; it’s a series of calculations about the best route to collect the most points, fastest. Accumulate or fail.

This is actually the game’s selling point: it has no goal. Life is ... aimless. (The game’s box shouts: “A THOUSAND WAYS TO LIVE YOUR LIFE! YOU CHOOSE.”)

...the Road to Folly.

Far more than most Yankee businessmen of his generation, he came to reject the notion that where you go in life is simply a matter of where you steer yourself. There were such things, in Bradley’s mind, as lousy starts, rotten luck, and bad cards. “The journey of life is governed by a combination of chance and judgment,” he wrote in 1866. As he grew into his middle years, he apparently came to believe that some people had been given better chances than others.

It was a lesson that a child could have drawn from playing the Checkered Game of Life: Beware of Ambition! It sounds good, but if you land there, you are promptly sent to Fame, a square that not only has no value in itself but also puts you perilously close to Jail, Prison, and Suicide.

It promised a kind of redemption.



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"It's all now you see. Yesterday won't be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago."

- Remark by character "Garin Stevens"
in William Faulkner's INTRUDER IN THE DUST



Prepared: June 7, 2013

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, upon someone's request we have pulled it out of the hat of a pirate that has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (depicted above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of data modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture. This is data mining. To respond to such a request for information, we merely push a button.



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Commonly, the first output of the program has obvious deficiencies and so we need to go back into the data modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and do a recompile of the chronology – but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary “writerly” process which 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 your requests with <Kouroo@kouroo.info>.
Arrgh.