THE REVEREND PROFESSOR FRANCIS BOWEN

"NARRATIVE HISTORY" AMOUNTS TO FABULATION, THE REAL STUFF BEING MERE CHRONOLOGY

1811

September 8, Sunday: Francis Bowen was born poor in Charlestown, Massachusetts.

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

> *1st day 8 of 9 Mo// This morning rose early & got breakfast & walked out to Saml Thurstons, from thence he & I rode to Portsmouth, before meeting we stoped at Holder Almys, then to meeting where we had a very favor'd season. Sarah Fish was concern'd in a living supplication. My mind was favor'd with the most life & sweetness that I have experienced in a meeting or out of one, for a long time it did indeed seem as a renewal of the days of my espousals, the days when I was Young & tender, for which my heart was bow'd in humble thankfulness to the Author of every good thing, without whose holy help we are no more than clay as to life of religion in the mind — After Meeting we dined at Preserved Fishs, & from there, (being one of a committee with Sam Thurston & Rich Mitchell to visit Parker Hall in consequence of his request to be admitted under the care of friends-) I went with them to his House, where life was again renew'd on my spirit, to exceed what I felt in the meeting. Sam & Richd had much to communicate in a very lively & pertinent manner. I said but little, but I believe traveled with them in spirit., & was humbled under a sense of my own unworthiness & short comings, & from hence am induced to believe, the opportunity was a proffitable one to me, & that I was not out of my place in being with them. Parkers wife seems to be a sweet spirited & deeply exercised Woman, & if they keep their plans I believe they will be very useful in society. -We return'd from there to P Fishs & took tea & from thence rode home well satisfied with our days work.*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT

1833

Charles Sumner graduated from the Law School of Harvard College.[1]

Leonhard Usteri had in 1830 produced at Berm an edition of Friedrich August Wolf's *VORLESUNGEN ÜBER DIE VIER ERSTEN GESÄNGE VON HOMER'S ILIAS*. At this point Professor of Greek Literature Cornelius Conway Felton provided an English-language annotation of Wolf's text of *HOMĒROU ILIAS*. THE ILIAD OF HOMER, FROM THE TEXT OF WOLF. GR. WITH ENGLISH NOTES AND FLAXMAN'S ILLUSTRATIVE DESIGNS. EDITED BY C.C. FELTON (2d edition. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, and Co.), a volume that would be required at Harvard and would be found in the personal library of Henry Thoreau.

William Mackay Prichard, son of the Concord trader Moses Prichard, and William Whiting, Jr., son of the Concord carriagemaker Colonel William Whiting, graduated from Harvard.

> WILLIAM MACKAY PRICHARD, son of Moses Prichard, was graduated in 1833.[2]
>
> WILLIAM WHITING [of Concord], son of Colonel William Whiting, was graduated [at Harvard] in 1833.[3]

1. Just in case you didn't know: Harvard Law School had been founded with money from the selling of slaves in the sugarcane fields of Antigua.
2. 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.)
3. Ibid.

LAW SCHOOL.

FACULTY OF LAW.

Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY, LL. D., *President.*
Hon. JOSEPH STORY, LL. D.
SIMON GREENLEAF, A. M.

LAW STUDENTS.

SENIOR CLASS.

NAMES.	RESIDENCE.	ROOMS.
Campbell, James G., A. M., *Wash. Col.*	*Clarendon, Brunswick Co., N. C.*	Gr. 2
Churchill, Asaph, A. B.	*Milton,*	M. 15
Dutton, Francis Lowell, A. B.	*Boston,*	Gr. 3
Emerson, B. Frothingham, A. B., *Un. Col.*	*Hollis, N. H.*	M. 29
Hayes, John Lord, A. B., *Dart.*	*South Berwick, Me.*	D. 11
Howard, Volney E.,	*Norridgewock, Me.*	
Rand, John, A. B., *Bowd. Col.*	*Portland, Me.*	Mr. Newell's
Silsbee, Francis Henry, A. B.	*Salem,*	M. 25
Snaith, George,	*Boston, Eng.*	Gr. 4
Sumner, Charles, A. B. (*Librarian*)	*Boston,*	Dane L. Coll. 4
Upton, Francis Henry,	*Bangor, Me.*	M. 13

William Whiting, Jr. would become a lawyer after teaching at Plymouth and Concord, through studying law in Boston and attending the Law School of Harvard.

Manlius Stimson Clarke matriculated, as his father had in 1786, at Harvard. At the age of 15, John Foster Williams Lane returned from his study of the French and Italian languages in Europe and entered Harvard's freshman class. He would attain a high rank of scholarship in his class and graduate in the same year as Thoreau, with distinction.

NEW "HARVARD MEN"

Since Francis Bowen had to work his way through Phillips Exeter Academy and then through Harvard, he was not able to graduate until the age of 22 –quite old for those days– but when he did take his degree, it was *summa cum laude* and he got a job teaching math at Phillips Exeter Academy. (Then he would teach math at Harvard.)

William Henry Channing graduated from the Harvard Divinity School. Benjamin Peirce wrote the first published history of Harvard, and became a professor there.

At the Divinity School, the following gentlemen completed their studies:

William Ebenezer Abbot (A.B. Bowdoin College)
William Andrews
William Henry Channing
James Freeman Clarke
Samuel Adams Devens
Theophilus Pipon Doggett
Samuel May
Albert Clarke Patterson
Chandler Robbins
Samuel Dowse Robbins
Linus Hall Shaw
Henry Augustus Walker

May: Francis Bowen submitted a college requirement, "Projection and Calculation of a Lunar Eclipse" (21 ¾ x 29 ¾ inches), that is still on file at Harvard University:

FORECAST OF LUNAR ECLIPSE

LIFE IS LIVED FORWARD BUT UNDERSTOOD BACKWARD?
— NO, THAT'S GIVING TOO MUCH TO THE HISTORIAN'S STORIES.
LIFE ISN'T TO BE UNDERSTOOD EITHER FORWARD OR BACKWARD.

1837

Volumes VII and VIII of the Reverend Professor Jared Sparks of Harvard College's THE LIBRARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

LIBRARY OF AM. BIOG. VII

LIBRARY OF AM. BIOG. VIII

These volumes encompassed six contributions:

- LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM PHIPS by the Reverend Francis Bowen

LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM PHIPS

- LIFE OF ISRAEL PUTNAM by Oliver W.B. Peabody

LIFE OF ISRAEL PUTNAM

- A MEMORIAL OF LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON by Miss C.M. Sedgwick

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON

- LIFE OF DAVID RITTENHOUSE by James Renwick, LL.D.

DAVID RITTENHOUSE

- LIFE OF DAVID BRAINERD, MISSIONARY TO THE INDIANS by William B.O. Peabody

LIFE OF DAVID BRAINERD

- LIFE OF JONATHAN EDWARDS by the Reverend Doctor Samuel Miller

REV. JONATHAN EDWARDS

THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT

1838

During this year Professor Cornelius Conway Felton of Harvard College got married with Mary Whitney, who had been born on May 5, 1815 to Asa Whitney and Mary Whitney (she would die on April 12, 1845 at the age of 30, after producing two daughters, Mary S. on April 30, 1839 and Julia W. on August 24, 1842).[4]

A group of undergraduates had in September 1835 begun to publish a magazine of their own writings and would continue this effort until June 1838. The undergraduate David Henry Thoreau had taken no part in such activity. At this point the group reissued the accumulating materials as a 3d book volume:[5]

HARVARDIANA, VOL. IV

Volume IX of the Reverend Professor Jared Sparks of Harvard's THE LIBRARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

LIBRARY OF AM. BIOG. IX

This volume encompassed three contributions:

- LIFE OF BARON STEUBEN by the Reverend Francis Bowen

  LIFE OF BARON STEUBEN

- LIFE OF SEBASTIAN CABOT by Charles Haywood, Jr.

  LIFE OF SEBASTIAN CABOT

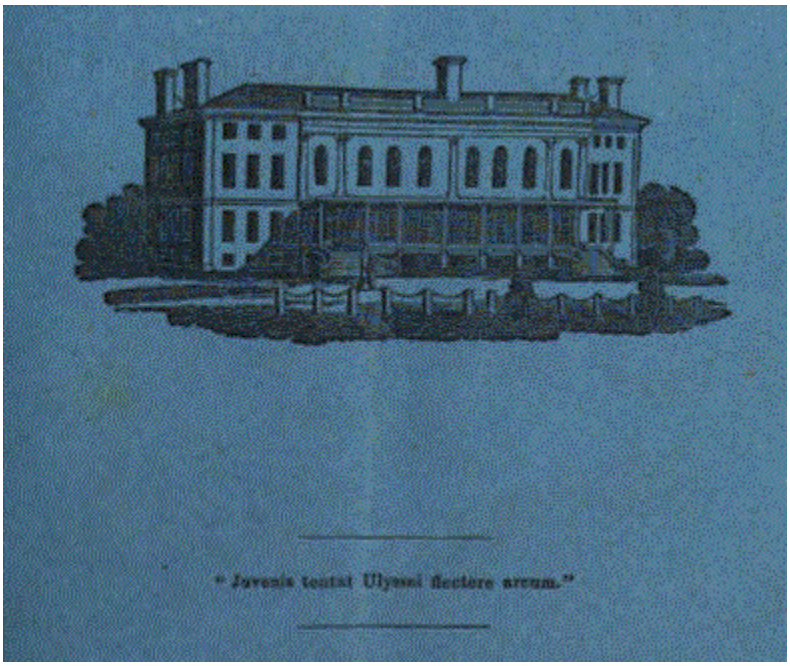
- LIFE OF WILLIAM EATON by Professor Cornelius Conway Felton

  LIFE OF WILLIAM EATON

THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT

4. According to a genealogy of the Felton family: "Some of the newspapers said in speaking of the wealth of the literary men of Cambridge, that Prof. Felton had been equally fortunate in his matrimonial connections in regard to wealth with the other professors, viz: Everett, Palfrey, Longfellow, Lowell and Norton, by marrying fortunes in expectancy or possession."

5. There would be three such volumes, labeled Volume I, Volume II, and Volume IV. There does not seem to have been a Volume III published in this book form (apparently it was produced only in monthly magazine form) and no electronic text as yet exists, for the Volume I that had been published. The editorial board for this final volume consisted of Rufus King, George Warren Lippitt, Charles Woodman Scates, James Russell Lowell, and Nathan Hale, Jr., and they worked out of student room #27 at Massachusetts Hall. The illustration that they used on the cover page of their magazine was of University Hall:



1842

The Reverend Professor Francis Bowen's articles responding to Waldo Emerson's Divinity School Address were collected into a book, CRITICAL ESSAYS ON A FEW SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH THE HISTORY AND PRESENT CONDITION OF SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.[6]

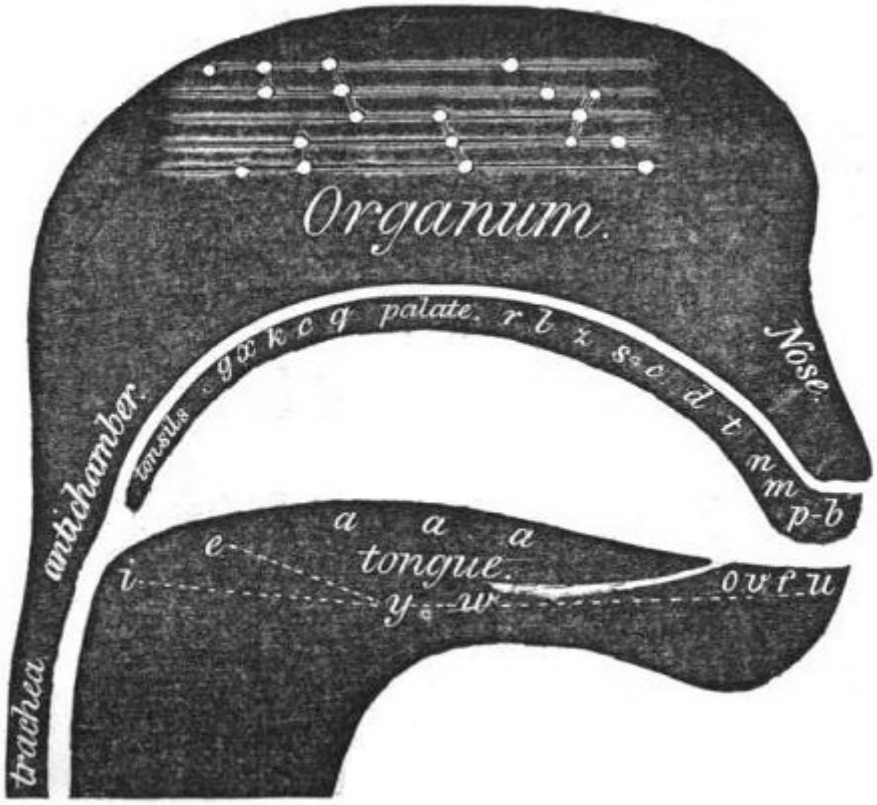
> It was now time for me, therefore, to go and hold a little talk with the conservatives, the writers of the North American Review, the merchants, the politicians, the Cambridge men, and all those respectable old blockheads, who still, in this intangibility and mistiness of affairs, kept a death-grip on one or two ideas which had not come into vogue since yesterday-morning.

6. A 26-year-old Harvard College instructor, he had given an unsympathetic review of the new views in Emerson's little NATURE. To discredit the idealistic philosophies which were seducing some Yankees, he wrote a series of articles for the Christian Examiner and the North American Review.

1843

Francis Bowen became the editor of the North American Review (until 1854).

Ezekiel Hildreth's LOGOPOLIS, OR CITY OF WORDS; CONTAINING A DEVELOPMENT OF THE SCIENCE, GRAMMAR, SYNTAX, LOGIC, AND RHETORIC OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE (Pittsburgh: Jaynes). If Henry Thoreau failed to study this monograph, surely he should have! The aim of this author was to reveal to all that importantly, "language is a transcript not only of nature material in her visible and tangible properties ... but also of her powers and energies." Despite the inescapable fact that much of the etymology found in these pages is merely tendentious and entirely wrongheaded, this had been intended by its author to constitute nothing less than a study of the "economy of language."



Is there any anticipation here, of Henry Thoreau 's fascination with the natural forms of sand flows in the Deep Cut along the railroad leading to Walden Pond, during an early spring thaw?

WHAT I'M WRITING IS TRUE BUT NEVER MIND
YOU CAN ALWAYS LIE TO YOURSELF

1844

Richard Hildreth's THEORY OF MORALS attempted to explain how it could be that various human cultures differ in their moral codes. Our moral attitudes derive from a desire to help others, especially to spare them pain. The "sentiment of benevolence" was a universal in human nature, though different individuals and cultures might utilize different acts to embody this. "My idea of God is, the Cause of ... those distinctions which we call moral distinctions, and which may indeed in this sense be called the laws of God — just as the laws of chemistry may be called so." He considered the most important part of the book to be an analysis of why sometimes we fail, while suffering from hunger, thirst, fatigue, and disease, to act in accordance with our sentiment of benevolence. "While men are tormented ... it is absurd to expect them to grow virtuous." "To make men better, we must begin by making them happier."

Because he was locating the source of morality in "the constitution of man" rather than in Sacred Scripture, this work would cause Hildreth to be condemned for licentiousness and for atheism. The review which would most distress him would be by the Reverend Professor Francis Bowen, a conservative Unitarian who had taught philosophy and political economy at Harvard College and had in 1842 published his own philosophical treatise, CRITICAL ESSAYS. He would comment that "There are indeed among the Unitarians, two parties, the Channing party, and the Norton, or Cambridge party." "It is utterly impossible for a person gifted with the smallest power of thought ... long to remain a Cambridge Unitarian. He must go backward, or go forward."

Hildreth's A JOINT LETTER TO ORESTES A. BROWNSON AND THE EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. His WHAT CAN I DO FOR THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY?

In Boston, the author got married with the portrait painter Caroline Gould Negus (1814-1867). At one point the bride had been a director of the Boston branch of the American Union of Associationists. For the following eight years she would support the family by means of her portrait painting while he would be free to research and write.

1846

July 30, Thursday: The librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society placed on record donations from:

- George Heard
- David Pulsifer
- J.W. Thornton
- Richard Frothingham, Jr.
- William Newell
- The Rhode Island Historical Society
- The New York Historical Society
- Reverend Joseph Hunter
- William Allen
- Henry Thoreau
- William E. Du Bois
- Joseph Blunt
- Reverend John Langdon Sibley
- Reverend Francis Bowen

DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.

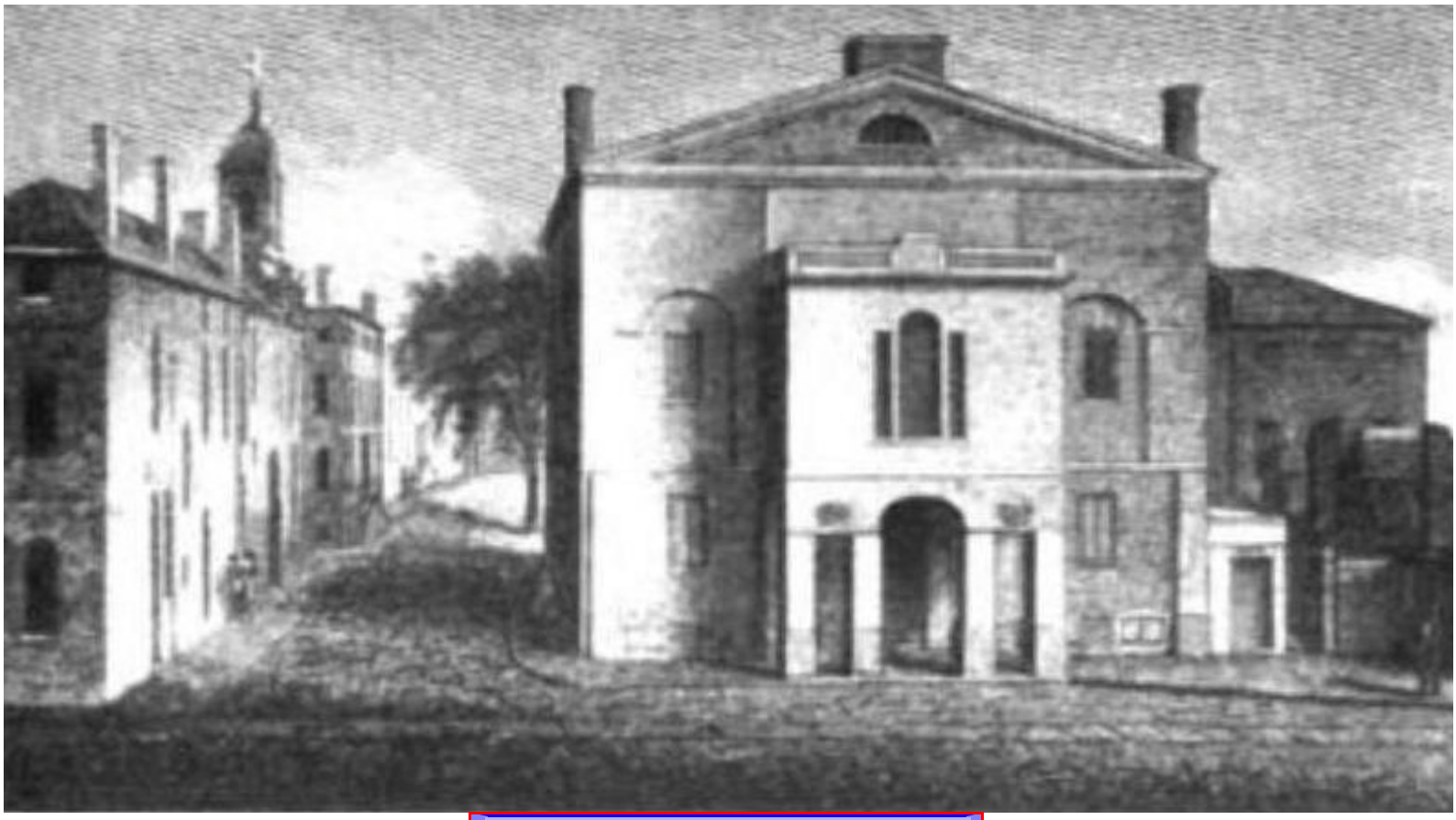
PROFESSOR FRANCIS BOWEN — THE REVEREND BOWEN

1847

Winter: Lecture Season of ’47/48 at the Odeon Hall in Boston:

9th Season of The Lowell Institute

12 announced	Professor Eben N. Horsford. *Chemistry*	24 given
12 announced	Reverend Alonzo Potter, D.D. *Natural Religion*	12 given
12 announced	Professor Louis Agassiz. *Ichthyology*	24 given
8 announced	Francis Bowen, A.M. *Systems of Philosophy as affecting Religion*	8 given



THE LOWELL INSTITUTE

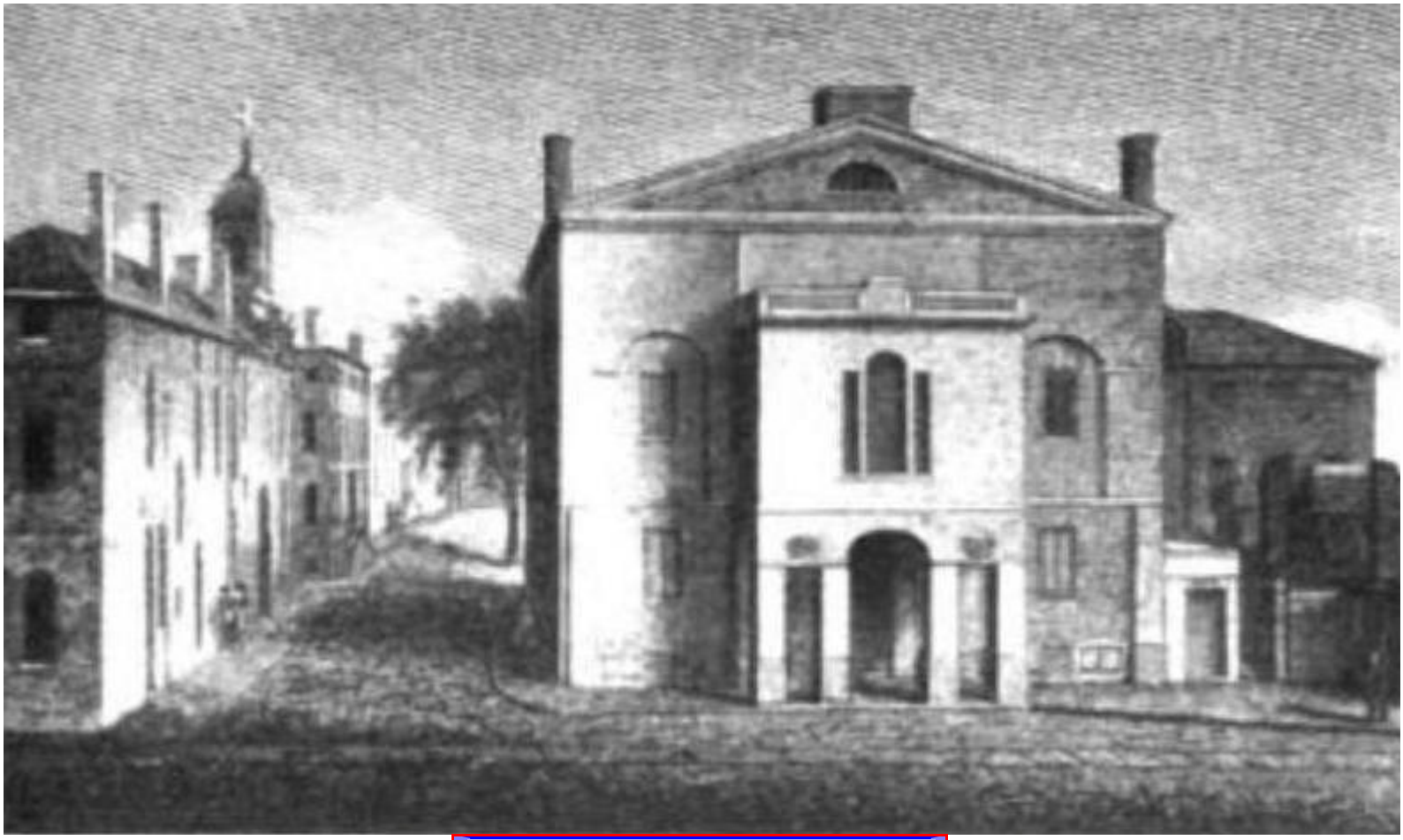
PROFESSOR FRANCIS BOWEN — THE REVEREND BOWEN

1848

Winter: Lecture Season of ’48/’49, at the Odeon Hall in Boston:

10th Season of The Lowell Institute

12 announced	Professor Adolphus L. Kœppen. *Ancient and Modern Athens*	24 given
12 announced	Professor L. Agassiz. *Comparative Embryology*	24 given
12 announced	Professor Jeffries Wyman, M.D. *Comparative Physiology*	24 given
12 announced	Professor Francis Bowen, A.M. *Application of Ethical Science to the Evidences of Religion*	12 given
12 announced	Professor Henry D. Rogers. *Application of Science to the Useful Arts*	24 given



THE LOWELL INSTITUTE

1849

The initial volume of Richard Hildreth's 3-volume THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, FROM THE DISCOVERY OF THE CONTINENT TO THE ORGANIZATION OF GOVERNMENT UNDER THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION (New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 82, Cliff Street, 1848-1852). He would make himself one of the first American historians to adopt the model of "scientific" history, attempting to present the past "exactly as it was" rather than as an edifying story with a patriotic moral. The Reverend Professor Francis Bowen would need to discourage this, in an 1851 review, by pointing up the fact that it is utterly "impossible to write history without seeking, either avowedly or stealthily, or unawares, to verify some hypothesis, or establish some theory, which furnishes a reason and guide for the selection and arrangement of materials." This initial volume, however, would gain Hildreth enough standing to cause him to be considered as a candidate for the professorship of history at Harvard College (Bowen would win).

HILDRETH'S US, I

HILDRETH'S US, II

HILDRETH'S US, III

Henry Thoreau would access this at the Concord Social Library not long after September 1855, copying into the Canadian Notebook begun shortly after his return from his trip to Canada and into his Indian Notebook # 9, and use some of the material in CAPE COD.

PROFESSOR FRANCIS BOWEN THE REVEREND BOWEN

CAPE COD: It is remarkable that there is not in English any adequate or correct account of the French exploration of what is now the coast of New England, between 1604 and 1608, though it is conceded that they then made the first permanent European settlement on the continent of North America north of St. Augustine. If the lions had been the painters it would have been otherwise. This omission is probably to be accounted for partly by the fact that the early edition of Champlain's "Voyages" had not been consulted for this purpose. This contains by far the most particular, and, I think, the most interesting chapter of what we may call the Ante-Pilgrim history of New England, extending to one hundred and sixty pages quarto; but appears to be unknown equally to the historian and the orator on Plymouth Rock. Bancroft does not mention Champlain at all among the authorities for De Monts' expedition, nor does he say that he ever visited the coast of New England. Though he bore the title of pilot to De Monts, he was, in another sense, the leading spirit, as well as the historian of the expedition. Holmes, Hildreth, and Barry, and apparently all our historians who mention Champlain, refer to the edition of 1632, in which all the separate charts of our harbors, &c., and about one half the narrative, are omitted; for the author explored so many lands afterward that he could afford to forget a part of what he had done. Hildreth, speaking of De Monts's expedition, says that "he looked into the Penobscot [in 1605], which Pring had discovered two years before," saying nothing about Champlain's extensive exploration of it for De Monts in 1604 (Holmes says 1608, and refers to Purchas); also that he followed in the track of Pring along the coast "to Cape Cod, which he called Malabarre." (Haliburton had made the same statement before him in 1829. He called it Cap Blanc, and Malle Barre (the Bad Bar) was the name given to a harbor on the east side of the Cape.) Pring says nothing about a river there. Belknap says that Weymouth discovered it in 1605. Sir F. Gorges says, in his narration (Maine Hist. Coll., Vol. II. p. 19), 1658, that Pring in 1606 "made a perfect discovery of all the rivers and harbors." This is the most I can find. Bancroft makes Champlain to have discovered more western rivers in Maine, not naming the Penobscot; he, however, must have been the discoverer of distances on this river (see Belknap, p. 147). Pring was absent from England only about six months, and sailed by this part of Cape Cod (Malebarre) because it yielded no sassafras, while the French, who probably had not heard of Pring, were patiently for years exploring the coast in search of a place of settlement, sounding and surveying its harbors.

PEOPLE OF CAPE COD
ÆSOP
XENOPHANES
CHAMPLAIN
WEBSTER
BANCROFT
BARRY
HILDRETH
HOLMES
HALIBURTON
BELKNAP
GORGES

1850

September 9, Sunday: The other of the two installments of Richard Wagner's "Das Judenthum in Musik" appeared in Neue Zeitschrift für Musik.

The "Compromise of 1850" legislation was enacted in the United States federal Congress. California was admitted as the 31st state, and as a free state; Utah and New Mexico were created territories without a decision on slavery. Slavery was abolished in the District of Columbia (which of course did not mandate that any of the slaves there become free). The idea of allowing a fugitive slave to have a trial by jury was no longer to be tolerated. The compromise was endorsed by the Reverend Professor Francis Bowen.

Phineas Taylor Barnum generated enormous publicity for Jenny Lind's tour by auctioning off the best seats to her initial concert at Castle Garden in New-York. The Herald had it that:

> The report of the auction on Saturday of tickets to Jenny Lind's first concert, published in yesterday's Herald, has excited a good deal of interest in the city and the auction is the subject of conversation everywhere, particularly in reference to the first ticket, purchased by Genin, the hatter, whose establishment is next door to Barnum's Museum, in Broadway. Some say it is a juggle and that there has been an understanding between him and Barnum. But that does not account for the "bids" made by five others, who all seemed anxious to get it. There is a better solution of the mystery than to charge it to Peter Funk. It was not that the first choice was one iota better than the second, which sold for twenty five dollars, or than another, which long afterwards was purchased adjoining the two hundred and twenty five dollar seats, for ten dollars, for, in point of fact, the seat selected by Mr. Genin, right under where Jenny Lind will stand when she sings, is by no means the best seat, and the choice shows that Mr. Genin is a far greater adept in hat-making than in music; and we may add that but very few showed a good judgment in the selection of the choice seats for which they paid so high, the best seats being yet to be sold. But Genin would not, probably, give three dollars even for a seat on the stage to hear the Nightingale sing, if he had not some other object in view than the pleasure it would give him. We will be asked what can that object be? We answer — Genin has found out a secret by which a few men in this city have realized large fortunes. He has begun to study the philosophy of advertising, and being an enterprising fellow, he calculated that he would test the truth of the philosophy by a practical application, and resolved to give five hundred dollars for the choice seat in the whole house to Jenny Lind's first concert, rather than lose so fine a chance of advancing his interests. One gentleman asked him why he gave so much for a ticket, and if he was not a fool for doing so? "No," said he, "I will make it pay." Another came up, immediately after the sale, and offered him $50 premium on it if he would transfer it, and allow his name to go forth to

the public as the purchaser. Genin said he would not give it for $500. We have the secret of the value of the ticket, in the fact of the kind of men who were his chief competitors for it. They were three patent medicine doctors, who have made fortunes by advertising, and regarded this as a trump card, knowing that the name of Jenny Lind would attract attention all over the country, and that their advertisements, being connected therewith, would be sure to be read. Genin calculated that this auction would be attended by a reporter from the Herald, and that if he bought the first choice ticket, his name and establishment would be recorded, and would come before a hundred times as many readers as it could by any other means. We understand he is about to follow up this idea on the night of the concert, and that he will sit in the front of the audience with an immense hat suspended over his head. Truly it is a Yankee notion. The ticket is worth $1000 to him. We think we have now explained the secret of Genin's determination to have the first ticket. But why did the people cheer him so vehemently? For two reasons. First, for his ingenuity in advertising, by paying for a ticket to a concert, a sum that was never paid before, even in England; and secondly, because the first choice was taken from the upper ten by a tradesman. And here was a capital idea of Barnum's for putting the people against the aristocracy in a rivalry of dollars. He is a brick in his way and deserves to make money.

The federal legislature enacted the payment of "creditors of the late Republic of Texas." Speculators who had bought up huge amounts of Republic-of-Texas notes bribed certain legislators to vote against this payment initially (in order to scare out the weaker holders of the notes so they would not profit), and then to subsequently vote for this payment. By knowing how the corrupt deal was going to go down, these insiders would gain enormously. One of those who profited from this insider trading was Francis Joseph Grund, who as a Washington DC insider had gotten wind of this corruption in time to get aboard for the ultimate payoff.

A compromise enabled California to enter the Union as our 31st state with slavery forbidden, by making Utah and New Mexico territories without any decision pro or con as to slavery.

"It is simply crazy that there should ever have come into being a world with such a sin in it, in which a man is set apart because of his color – the superficial fact about a human being. Who could **want** such a world? For an American fighting for his love of country, that the last hope of earth should from its beginning have swallowed slavery, is an irony so withering, a justice so intimate in its rebuke of pride, as to measure only with God."

– Stanley Cavell, MUST WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY? 1976, page 141

September 9, 1850: There is a little grove in a swampy place in Conantum where some rare things grow –several Bass trees –two kinds of ash –Sassafras –Maidenhair fern –the white-berried plant –ivory? –&c

&c and the Sweet viburnum? in the hedge nearby.
This will be called the wet year of 1850 The river is as high now Sep. 9th as in the spring– And hence the prospects and the reflections seen from the village are something novel.
Roman wormwood, Pigweed Amaranth, Polygonum and one or two coarse kinds of grass reign now in the cultivated fields
Though the potatoes have man with all his implements on their side, these rowdy & rampant weeds completely bury them between the last hoeing & the digging.– The potatoes hardly succeed with the utmost care. These weeds only ask to be let alone a little while. I judge that they have not got the rot. I sympathize with all this luxuriant growth of weeds such is the year. The weeds grow as if in sport & frolic
You might say Green as Green briar
I do not know whether the practice of putting Indigo Weed about horses' tackling to keep off flies is well founded but I hope it is, for I have been pleased to notice that wherever I have occasion to tie a horse I am sure to find Indigo weed not far off – and therefore this which is so universally dispersed would be the fittest weed for this purpose.
The thistle is now in bloom –which every child is eager to clutch once –just a child's handful.
–I sympathize with the berries now {*MS torn*} found anybody. {*Four-fifths page missing*}
The Prunella – Self-heal Small purplish flowered plant of low grounds
Fragrant Life Everlasting.
{*Four-fifths page missing*} street & the village & the state in which he lived A voice seemed to say to him Why do you stay here and live this mean dusty moiling life when a worthy & glorious existence is possible for you?" But how to come out of this and actually migrate thither– All that he could think of was to practice some new austerity. To let his mind descend into his body & redeem it. To treat himself with ever increasing respect. He had been abusing himself– Those same stars twinkle over other fields than this

CHARLES DUNBAR

Charles grew up to be a remarkably eccentric man He was of large frame athletic and celebrated for his feats of strength. His lungs were proportionably strong– There was a man who heard him named once, and asked it was the same Charles Dunbar – whom he remembered when he was a little boy to have heard hail a vessel from the shore of maine as she was sailing by. He should never forget that man's name.
It was well grassed and delicate flowers grew in the middle of the road–
I saw a delicate flower had grown up 2 feet high
Between the horse's path & the wheel track
Which Dakin's & Maynards wagons had
Passed over many a time
An inch more to right or left had sealed its fate.
Or an inch higher. And yet it lived & flourished
As much as if it had a thousand acres
of untrodden space around it –and never
knew the danger it incurred.
It did not borrow trouble nor invite an
Evil fate by apprehending it.
For though the distant market wagon
Every other day – inevitably rolled
This way – it just as inevitably rolled
In those ruts– And the same
Charioteer who steered the flower
Upward – guided the horse & cart aside from it.
There were other flowers which you would say
Incurred less danger grew more out of the way
Which no cart rattled near no walker daily passed
But at length one rambling deviously
For no rut restrained plucked them
And then it appeared that they stood
directly in his way though he had come
from farther than the market wagon–
And then it appeared that this brave flower – which grew between the wheel & horse – did actually stand farther out of the way than that which stood in the wide prairie where the man of science plucked it.
To day I climbed a handsome rounded hill
Covered with hickory trees wishing to see

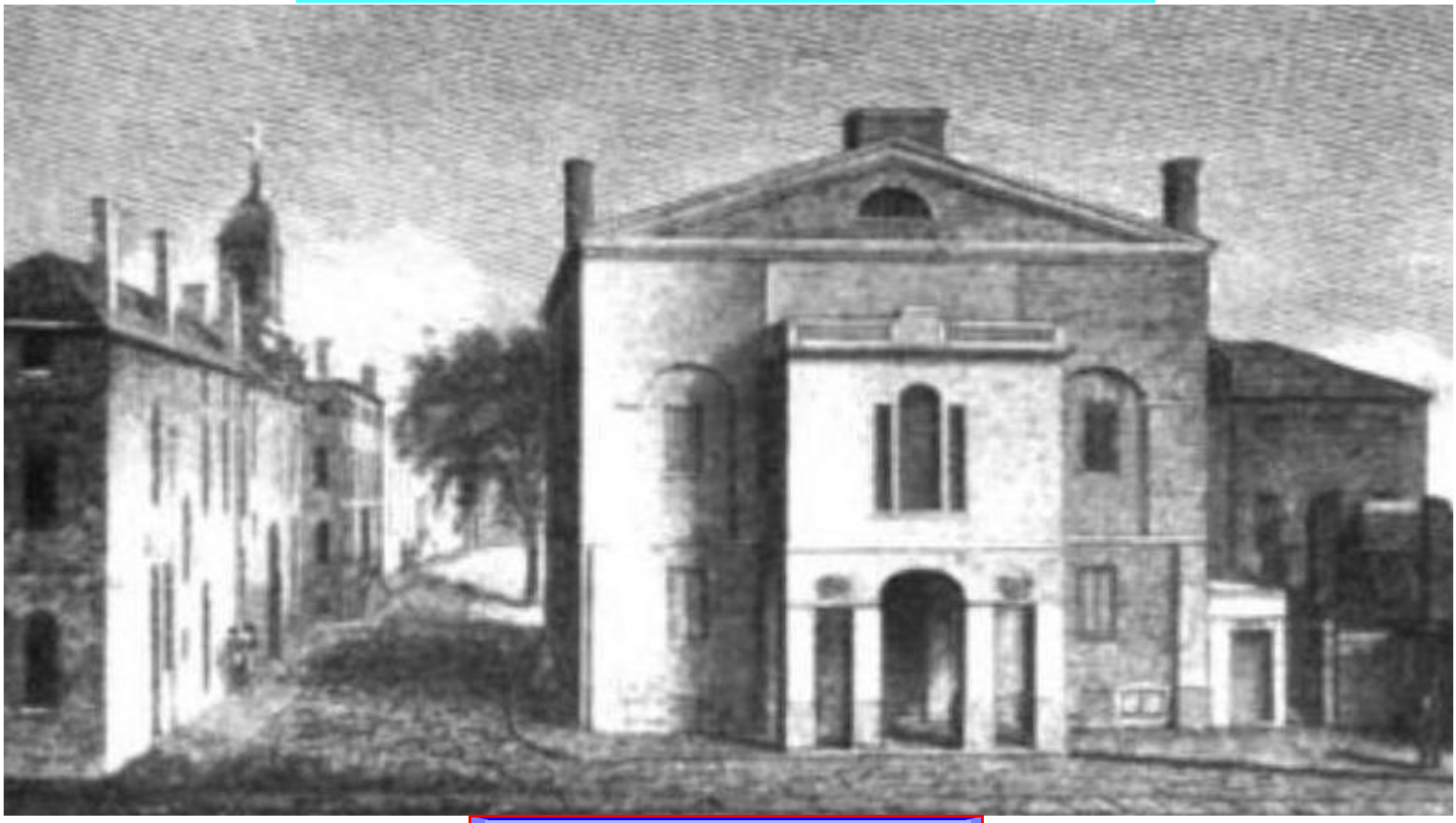
The country from its top – for low hills
show unexpected prospects– I looked
many miles over a woody low-land
Toward Marlborough Framingham & Sudbury
And as I sat amid the hickory trees
and the young sumacks enjoying the prospect– A neat herd of cows approached – of unusually fair proportions and smooth clean skins, evidently petted by their owner – who had carefully selected them– One more confiding heifer the fairest of the herd did by degrees approach as if to take some morsel from our hands – while our hearts leaped to our mouths with expectation & delight She by degrees drew near with her fair limbs progressive making pretence of browsing – nearer & nearer till there was wafted toward us the cowy fragrance cream of all the daries, that ever were or will be – and then she raised her gentle muzzle toward us – and snuffed an honest recognition within hand's reach– I saw 'twas possible for his herd to inspire with love the herdsman. She was as delicately featured as a hind– Her hide was mingled white and fawn color – and on her muzzles tip there was a white spot not bigger than a daisy And on her side toward me the map of Asia plain to see.
Farewell Dear Heifer though thou forgettest me, my prayer to Heaven shall be that thou may'st not forget thyself. There was a whole bucolic in her snuff I saw her name was sumack– And by the kindred spots I knew her mother More sedate & matronly – with full grown bag – and on her sides was Asia great & small– The plains of Tartary even to the pole – while on her daughter it was Asia Minor.– She not disposed to wanton with the herdsman. And as I walked she followed me & took an apple from my hand and seemed to care more for the hand than apple. So innocent a face as I have rarely seen on any creature And I have looked in face of many heifers And as she took the apple from my hand I caught the apple from her eye. She smelled as sweet as the clethra blossom. There was no sinister expression And for horns though she had them they were so well disposed in the right place bent neither up nor down I do not now remember she had any – no horn was held toward me–

PROFESSOR FRANCIS BOWEN THE REVEREND BOWEN

Winter: Winter Lecture Season of ’50/51 at the Odeon Hall in Boston:

12th Season of The Lowell Institute

12 announced	Reverend Professor Francis Bowen, A.M. *Political Economy*	12 given
12 announced	Professor L. Agassiz. *Functions of Life in Lower Animals*	12 given
12 announced	Reverend George W. Blagden, D.D. *Evidences of Revealed Religion*	12 given
12 announced	Professor Arnold Guyot, Ph.D. *Physical Geography*	12 given



THE LOWELL INSTITUTE

1851

Squire Samuel Hoar represented Harvard College before the Massachusetts Legislature, and was credited by President James Walker with having "saved it."

When the Reverend Professor Francis Bowen resigned as professor of history at Harvard, Richard Hildreth applied for that post (his attacks on the "Cambridge party" probably had rendered this a hopeless pursuit; Harvard simply has never ever functioned, and presumably will never ever function, in any mode other than that of self-congratulation).

Late in this year, William Elliott's son William Elliott, Jr. left Harvard.

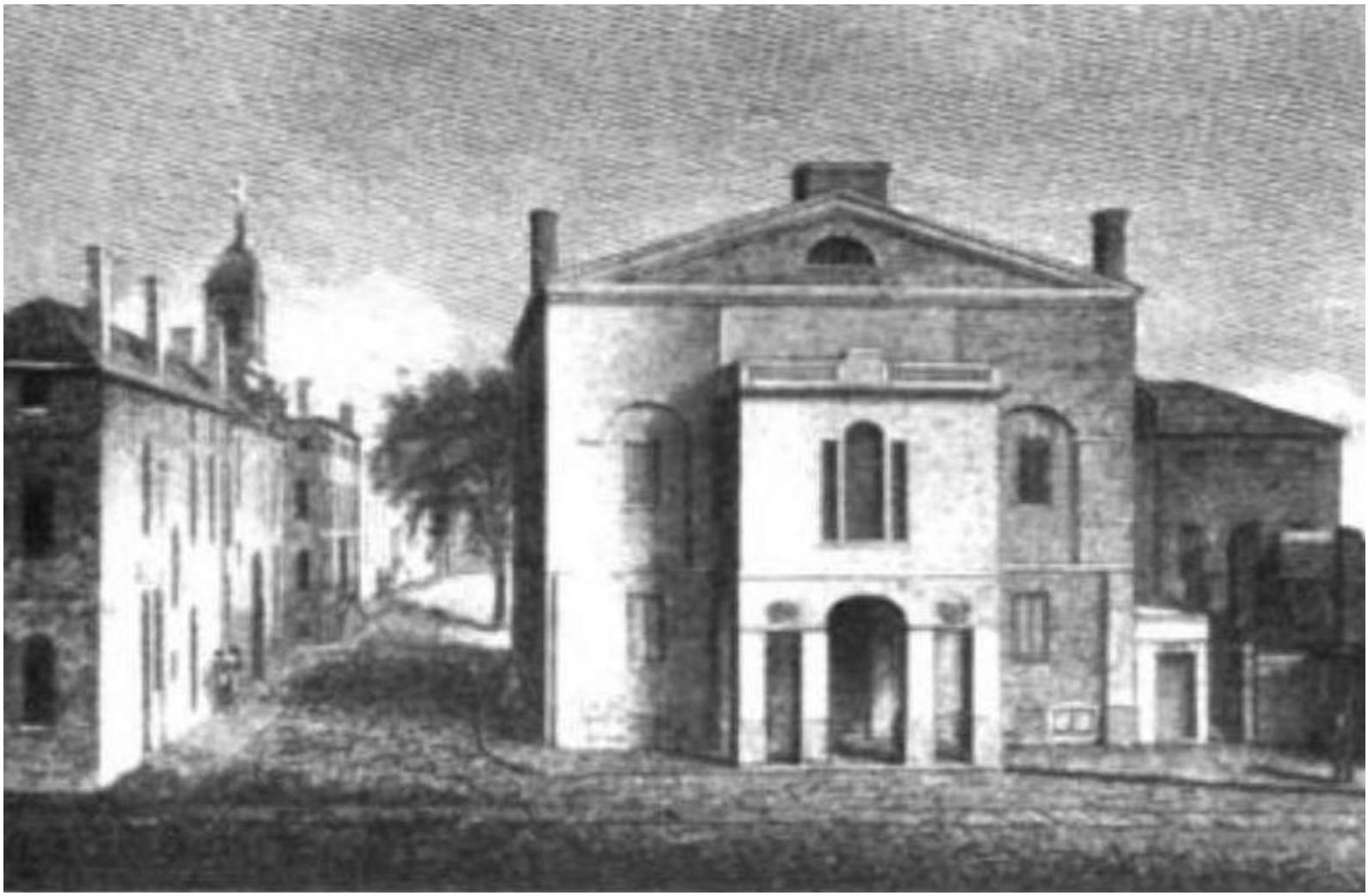
NEW "HARVARD MEN"

PROFESSOR FRANCIS BOWEN THE REVEREND BOWEN

Winter: Lecture Season of ’51/52 at the Odeon Hall in Boston:

13th Season of The Lowell Institute

Reverend Orville Dewey, D.D. ***Natural Religion. “Problem of Human Destiny”***	**12 lectures**
Professor Cornelius Conway Felton, LL.D. ***Greek Poetry***	**12 lectures**
B.A. Gould, Jr., Ph.D. ***The Progress of Astronomy in the last Half-century***	**12 lectures**
Reverend Professor Francis Bowen, A.M. ***Origin and Development of the English and Am. Constitutions***	**12 lectures**



At the Concord Lyceum, the Reverend Thomas Wentworth Higginson delivered “Mohammed.”

1852

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

ITALY

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

In Nathaniel Hawthorne's THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE there was talk of the reading of THE DIAL:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PROFESSOR FRANCIS BOWEN THE REVEREND BOWEN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In WALDEN, the European revolutions of 1848-1849, the reaction and reprisals that followed, all the attention given in the newspapers to Kossuth's visit, to Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, to a possible war between France and Great Britain, all these

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

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

When Thoreau arrived at the site of the wreck, Fuller's body had not been found, but he stayed in the area and a week later learned that something once human had washed ashore. As he approached it, he saw bones, and in the draft of this letter to Blake he asserted, "There was nothing at all remarkable about them. They were simply some bones lying on the beach. They would not detain the walker there more than so much seaweed. I should think that the fates would not take the trouble to show me any bones again, I so slightly appreciated the favor." He recalled the experience in his journal some three months later, however,

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

and there revealed the difficulty he had in dismissing what he had seen: "I once went in search of the relics of a human body...," he wrote, "which had been cast up the day before on the beach, though the sharks had stripped off the flesh.... It was as conspicuous on that sandy plain as if a generation had labored to pile up a cairn there.... It reigned over the shore. That dead body possessed the shore as no living one could. It showed a title to the sands which no living ruler could."

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

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

Thoreau's quest for purity and serenity had become particularly difficult because of the excitement surrounding Lajos Kossuth's visit and the new interest Waldo Emerson had taken in things Thoreau considered trivial, including Kossuth. The gradual estrangement of the two men may have begun while Emerson was in England in 1847-1848, writing letters home for Lidian and Thoreau which were little more than catalogues of the great people he had met. Although we know this was his way of providing himself a record of his activities, it probably disappointed. After his return from Europe, Emerson had lectured throughout the country, praising England and its people, but when he engaged Thoreau in a conversation on the topic, Henry, not surprisingly, said that the English were "mere soldiers" and their business was "winding up." In the summer of 1851, Emerson, unaware of the new scope and grandeur of Thoreau's journal,

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

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

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

> In the early months of 1852, Kossuth's visit to Concord widened the separation between Thoreau and Emerson into a permanent gulf. As Thoreau spent more and more time communing with nature, trying to cleanse himself of what he called the "news," Emerson saw fit to criticize him for these efforts. Frustrated, Thoreau declared in his journal, "I have got to that pass with my friend that our words do not pass with each other for what they are worth. We speak in vain; there is none to hear. He finds fault with me that I walk alone, when I pine for want of a companion; that I commit my thoughts to a diary even on my walks, instead of seeking to share them generously with a friend; curses my practice even." Emerson, who would soon lecture on the "Conduct of Life" in Canada and then deliver his "Address to Kossuth" in Concord, could not see the heroism in Thoreau's aloofness. Thoreau, meanwhile, who sought to become a better man through

his solitary walks, felt unappreciated and frustrated. On May 4, in an entry both defensive and immodest, he dismissed the great Kossuth and those like Emerson who honored him:

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

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

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

As he revised WALDEN, Thoreau made major additions.... The thrust of almost all of these additions is to show how nature, which is holy and heroic, can bestow those virtues on one who practices chastity. His central statement on chastity was added, of course, to "Higher Laws" and asserts that "we are conscious of an animal in us, which awakens in proportion as out higher nature slumbers.... Chastity is the flowering of man; and what are called Genius, Heroism, Holiness, and the like, are but various fruits which succeed it. Man flows at once to God when the channel of purity is open.... He is blessed who is assured that the animal is dying out in him day by day, and the divine being established. Not surprisingly, Thoreau presents himself as having achieved this assuredness. He is among the blessed.

The chastity Thoreau has in mind is as much intellectual as

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

The place he would sit, of course, is far above men and their doings, which diminishes them in his eyes. And this particular view is the one dramatized in his most famous addition, the classic battle of the ants in "Brute Neighbors." The episode comes from an entry made in his journal on January 22, 1852, while Kossuth was visiting Washington and while Horace Greeley in his Tribune and James Watson Webb in his Courier and Enquirer were debating the nature of the Hungarian War. Thoreau, like most of his contemporaries, found himself engaged (against his will, however) by what called "the great controversy now going on in the world between the despotic and the republican principle," and this is why he associates the two tribes of warring ants with the European revolutionary scene and calls them "the red republicans and the black despots or imperialists." His description of their war has become famous because of its frequent use in anthologies, and is surely right when he says that one reason for its selection is that it is "easily taken from its context."

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

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

When Thoreau revised his journal entry for inclusion in WALDEN, he claimed the ant battle occurred "in the Presidency of James Knox Polk, five years before the passage of Daniel Webster's Fugitive-Slave Bill," thus making it contemporaneous with his stay at the pond and registering his criticism, as he had in "Civil Disobedience," of the Mexican War. Ultimately, the issue of slavery disturbed him far more than revolution in Europe, and he found it difficult to resist the temptation to speak out against it. In later versions of WALDEN, Thoreau expanded upon the ideas he introduced in 1852, extending his treatment of the triumph of the spiritual over the animal and filling out his account of the progress of the seasons, which, of course, complements the theme of renewal. Meanwhile, paradoxically, he remained a deeply passionate man, more engaged than others of his acquaintance by the "trivial Nineteenth Century." When the slave Anthony Burns was arrested in 1854, Thoreau, burning with rage, publicly denounced the Massachusetts authorities in his inflammatory "Slavery in Massachusetts": "I walk toward one of our ponds," he thundered, "but what signifies the beauty of nature when men are base? ...Who can be serene in a country where both the rulers and the ruled are without principle? The remembrance of my country spoils my walk. My thoughts are murder

> to the State, and involuntarily go plotting against her." Five years later, of course, he stepped forward to defend John Brown more ardently than anyone else in the country. Clearly then, in 1852, when Thoreau endowed the persona of WALDEN with remarkable purity and serenity, he was mythologizing himself; he was, in response to the "*tintinnabulum* from without," creating a new kind of hero for a revolutionary age.

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

1853

Benjamin Peirce, Perkins Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics at Harvard College, became the president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

THE SCIENCE OF 1853

HARVARD OBSERVATORY

The 6th and final volume of Richard Hildreth's HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, which had begun publication in 1849. Also, finally, his THEORY OF POLITICS. Hildreth was one of the initial American historians to experiment with a "science" of history, through attempting to present not merely an edifying story with a patriotic moral but instead the state of affairs "exactly as it was." He was in disagreement with the Reverend Professor Francis Bowen, who had written discouragingly in an 1851 review, "it is impossible to write history without seeking, either avowedly or stealthily, or unawares, to verify some hypothesis, or establish some theory, which furnishes a reason and guide for the selection and arrangement of materials."

An attempt to appoint the Reverend Professor Bowen as McLean Professor of History was blocked when some state office-holders who had been made members of the Harvard Board of Overseers, ex-officio, took offense at the honest plainness of his political agenda.

PROFESSOR FRANCIS BOWEN THE REVEREND BOWEN

1854

Doctor Walter Channing resigned from the Harvard College medical faculty.

Things having more or less quieted down on the political front, the Harvard Corporation was able to offer the Reverend Professor Francis Bowen, who had up to this point been in the History Department, its Alford Chair of Moral Philosophy.

1860

At the annual meeting of the American Academy for the Advancement of Science, in Newport, Rhode Island, Charles Darwin's newly published ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES was the cause of not so much as a ripple of concern.

ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES

The Reverend Professor Francis Bowen had become "Harvard's philosopher" in the sense in which Professor Louis Agassiz had made himself "Harvard's scientist" — it goes without saying that just as Professor Agassiz rejected Darwinism, so also Professor Bowen rejected Darwinism. It seemed that it was precisely Darwinism's scientific strength which was to such sciencocrats and religionocrats its fatal weakness: his scientific accomplishment removed "all proof of the incessant creative action of a designing mind, by reducing it to a blind mechanical process" (Darwin being cast as Dr. Victor Frankenstein).

EVOLUTIONARY ETHICS

During this year Henry Thoreau would be reappointed to Harvard University's Visiting Committee in Natural History (something that simply would not have happened, had they made themselves cognizant of the scientific heresies that were on his mind).

PROFESSOR FRANCIS BOWEN THE REVEREND BOWEN

The Reverend Professor Francis Bowen

1890

January 22, Wednesday: Francis Bowen died.

Here are samples from Walt Whitman's common-place book "down at the creek":

"Specimen Days"

Victor Hugo makes a donkey meditate and apostrophize thus:

> My brother, man, if you would know the truth,
> We both are by the same dull walls shut in;
> The gate is massive and the dungeon strong.
> But you look through the key-hole out beyond,
> And call this knowledge; yet have not at hand
> The key wherein to turn the fatal lock.

"William Cullen Bryant surprised me once," relates a writer in a New York paper,
"by saying that prose was the natural language of composition,
and he wonder'd how anybody came to write poetry."

> Farewell! I did not know thy worth;
> But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized:
> So angels walk'd unknown on earth,
> But when they flew were recognized.
> — Hood.

John Burroughs, writing of Thoreau, says:

> "He improves with age — in fact requires age to take off a little of his asperity, and fully ripen him.
> The world likes a good hater and refuser almost as well as it likes a good lover and accepter
> — only it likes him farther off."

Louise Michel at the burial of Blanqui, (1881)

> Blanqui drill'd his body to subjection to his grand conscience and his noble passions, and commencing as a young man, broke with all that is sybaritish in modern civilization. Without the power to sacrifice self, great ideas will never bear fruit.

> Out of the leaping furnace flame
> A mass of molten silver came;
> Then, beaten into pieces three,
> Went forth to meet its destiny.
> The first a crucifix was made,
> Within a soldier's knapsack laid;
> The second was a locket fair,
> Where a mother kept her dead child's hair;
> The third — a bangle, bright and warm,
> Around a faithless woman's arm.
> A mighty pain to love it is,
> And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
> But of all pain the greatest pain,
> It is to love, but love in vain.
> Maurice F. Egan on De Gurin.
> A pagan heart, a Christian soul had he,
> He follow'd Christ, yet for dead Pan he sigh'd,
> Till earth and heaven met within his breast:
> As if Theocritus in Sicily
> Had come upon the Figure crucified,
> And lost his gods in deep, Christ-given rest.

"Specimen Days"

And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me,
Is, leave the mind that now I bear,
And give me Liberty. — Emily Brontë.
I travel on not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I would rather walk with God in the dark,
Than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith
Than pick my way by sight.

Prof. Huxley in a late lecture.

> I myself agree with the sentiment of Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, that "the scope of all speculation is the performance of some action or thing to be done." I have not any very great respect for, or interest in, mere "knowing," as such.

Prince Metternich.

> Napoleon was of all men in the world the one who most profoundly despised the race. He had a marvellous insight into the weaker sides of human nature, (and all our passions are either foibles themselves, or the cause of foibles.) He was a very small man of imposing character. He was ignorant, as a sub-lieutenant generally is: a remarkable instinct supplied the lack of knowledge. From his mean opinion of men, he never had any anxiety lest he should go wrong. He ventur'd everything, and gain'd thereby an immense step toward success. Throwing himself upon a prodigious arena, he amaz'd the world, and made himself master of it, while others cannot even get so far as being masters of their own hearth. Then he went on and on, until he broke his neck.

"Mr. Ernest Rhys has just receiv'd an interesting letter from Whitman, dated 'Camden, January 22, 1890.' The following is an extract from it:"

"Memoranda"

I am still here — no very mark'd or significant change or happening — fairly buoyant spirits, &c. — but surely, slowly ebbing. At this moment sitting here, in my den, Mickle Street, by the oakwood fire, in the same big strong old chair with wolf-skin spread over back — bright sun, cold, dry winter day. America continues — is generally busy enough all over her vast demesnes (intestinal agitation I call it,) talking, plodding, making money, every one trying to get on — perhaps to get towards the top — but no special individual signalism — (just as well, I guess.)

1943

March: Edgeley Woodman Todd's "Philosophical Ideas at Harvard College, 1817-1837" (The New England Quarterly, Vol. 16, No. 1, pp. 63-90).

EDGELY WOODMAN TODD

ABERCROMBIE
JOHN LOCKE
DUG. STEWART
THOS. BROWN

"MAGISTERIAL HISTORY" IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY

PROFESSOR FRANCIS BOWEN **THE REVEREND BOWEN**

COPYRIGHT NOTICE: In addition to the property of others, such as extensive quotations and reproductions of images, this "read-only" computer file contains a great deal of special work product of Austin Meredith, copyright ©2014. Access to these interim materials will eventually be offered for a fee in order to recoup some of the costs of preparation. My hypercontext button invention which, instead of creating a hypertext leap through hyperspace —resulting in navigation problems— allows for an utter alteration of the context within which one is experiencing a specific content already being viewed, is claimed as proprietary to Austin Meredith — and therefore freely available for use by all. Limited permission to copy such files, or any material from such files, must be obtained in advance in writing from the "Stack of the Artist of Kouroo" Project, 833 Berkeley St., Durham NC 27705. Please contact the project at <Kouroo@kouroo.info>.

"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: October 24, 2014

PROFESSOR FRANCIS BOWEN THE REVEREND BOWEN

ARRGH AUTOMATED RESEARCH REPORT GENERATION HOTLINE

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

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

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