

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

PEOPLE ALMOST MENTIONED IN A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL



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

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

A WEEK: Far in the night as we were falling asleep on the bank of the Merrimack, we heard some tyro beating a drum incessantly, in preparation for a country muster, as we learned, and we thought of the line,—

“When the drum beat at dead of night.”

We could have assured him that his beat would be answered, and the forces be mustered. Fear not, thou drummer of the night, we too will be there. And still he drummed on in the silence and the dark. This stray sound from a far-off sphere came to our ears from time to time, far, sweet, and significant, and we listened with such an unprejudiced sense as if for the first time we heard at all. No doubt he was an insignificant drummer enough, but his music afforded us a prime and leisure hour, and we felt that we were in season wholly. These simple sounds related us to the stars. Ay, there was a logic in them so convincing that the combined sense of mankind could never make me doubt their conclusions. I stop my habitual thinking, as if the plough had suddenly run deeper in its furrow through the crust of the world. How can I go on, who have just stepped over such a bottomless skylight in the bog of my life. Suddenly old Time winked at me, — Ah, you know me, you rogue, — and news had come that IT was well. That ancient universe is in such capital health, I think undoubtedly it will never die. Heal yourselves, doctors; by God, I live.

Then idle Time ran gadding by
And left me with Eternity alone;
I hear beyond the range of sound,
I see beyond the verge of sight, —

I see, smell, taste, hear, feel, that everlasting Something to which we are allied, at once our maker, our abode, our destiny, our very Selves; the one historic truth, the most remarkable fact which can become the distinct and uninvited subject of our thought, the actual glory of the universe; the only fact which a human being cannot avoid recognizing, or in some way forget or dispense with.

It doth expand my privacies
To all, and leave me single in the crowd.

I have seen how the foundations of the world are laid, and I have not the least doubt that it will stand a good while.

Now chiefly is my natal hour,
And only now my prime of life.
I will not doubt the love untold,
Which not my worth nor want hath bought,
Which wooed me young and woos me old,
And to this evening hath me brought.

What are ears? what is time? that this particular series of sounds called a strain of music, an invisible and fairy troop which never brushed the dew from any mead, can be wafted down through the centuries from Homer to me, and he have been conversant with that same aerial and mysterious charm which now so tingles my ears? What a fine communication from age to age, of the fairest and noblest thoughts, the aspirations of ancient men, even such as were never communicated by speech, is music! It is the flower of language, thought colored and curved, fluent and flexible, its crystal fountain tinged with the sun's rays, and its purling ripples reflecting the grass and the clouds.



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

A strain of music reminds me of a passage of the Vedas, and I associate with it the idea of infinite remoteness, as well as of beauty and serenity, for to the senses that is farthest from us which addresses the greatest depth within us. It teaches us again and again to trust the remotest and finest as the divinest instinct, and makes a dream our only real experience. We feel a sad cheer when we hear it, perchance because we that hear are not one with that which is heard.

Therefore a torrent of sadness deep,
Through the strains of thy triumph is heard to sweep.

The sadness is ours. The Indian poet Calidas says in the Sacontala: "Perhaps the sadness of men on seeing beautiful forms and hearing sweet music arises from some faint remembrance of past joys, and the traces of connections in a former state of existence." As polishing expresses the vein in marble, and grain in wood, so music brings out what of heroic lurks anywhere. The hero is the sole patron of music. That harmony which exists naturally between the hero's moods and the universe the soldier would fain imitate with drum and trumpet. When we are in health all sounds fife and drum for us; we hear the notes of music in the air, or catch its echoes dying away when we awake in the dawn. Marching is when the pulse of the hero beats in unison with the pulse of Nature, and he steps to the measure of the universe; then there is true courage and invincible strength.



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1777

July 27, Sunday: [Thomas Campbell](#) was born in Glasgow, the youngest son of Alexander Campbell of the Campbell clan of Kirnan, Argyll. A member of a trading firm, his father would be impoverished by trade disruption caused by the American revolution. He would be educated at Glasgow High School and the University of Glasgow.

SCOTLAND

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT





THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1797

May: [Thomas Campbell](#) went to Edinburgh to attend lectures on law. He would support himself by private teaching and by writing, towards which he would be helped by the editor of BRITISH POETS, Dr. Robert Anderson. Also in Edinburgh at that time were Sir Walter Scott, Henry Brougham, Francis Jeffrey, Dr. Thomas Brown, John Leyden, and James Grahame.

SCOTLAND

**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.**



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1799

[Thomas Campbell](#) authored THE PLEASURES OF HOPE, a successful rhetorical and didactic poem dealing in heroic couplets with the French Revolution, the partition of Poland, and race slavery. He also produced patriotic war songs such as “Ye Mariners of England,” “The Soldier’s Dream,” and “Hohenlinden.”

THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT





THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1800

→ June: [Thomas Campbell](#) went abroad and wound up visiting Gottlieb Friedrich Klopstock at Hamburg, after which he went to Regensburg, where he was captured by the French. He was able to obtain the security of a Scottish monastery. During this period he wrote the lyrics for his songs “Hohenlinden,” “Ye Mariners of England,” and “The Soldier’s Dream.”

DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.

→ Winter: [Thomas Campbell](#) encountered, in Altona, an Irish exile named Anthony McCann, and the personal history of this man suggested to him THE EXILE OF ERIN. During this period Campbell’s agenda was to create an epic on Edinburgh, which he was intending to title THE QUEEN OF THE NORTH. When war erupted between Denmark and England, he returned to Edinburgh to work on his BATTLE OF THE BALTIC. There he was introduced to the first Lord Minto, who would take him to London as occasional secretary during the following year.



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

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1801

 [Thomas Campbell](#)'s patriotic war song "The Battle of Baltic."

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1803

→ [Thomas Campbell](#) got married with Matilda Sinclair, a 2d cousin, and the newlyweds settled in London, where they were accepted into Whig society (especially at Holland House).

→ June: A new edition of [Thomas Campbell](#)'s THE PLEASURES OF HOPE, with additional lyrics.

THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT





THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1805

 [Thomas Campbell](#) was supporting his family by translating foreign news items for the Star when the government granted a £200/year pension. The family removed to Sydenham.



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THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1809

 [Thomas Campbell](#)'s narrative poem [GERTRUDE OF WYOMING](#), written in Spenserian stanzas.¹

1. The reference is to the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania and a massacre that occurred there in 1778.



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1812



[Thomas Campbell](#) was delivering a series of lectures on poetry at the Royal Institution in London when [Walter Scott](#) suggested to him that he might offer himself as a candidate for the chair of literature at Edinburgh University.



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1814



[Thomas Campbell](#) ventured to Paris, seeking to meet the elder Schlegel, Baron Cuvier, and other notables.



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1815



[Thomas Campbell](#) received a legacy of £4,000 that enabled him to devote himself to his SPECIMENS OF THE BRITISH POETS project of long standing.

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THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1819



[Thomas Campbell](#)'s SPECIMENS OF THE BRITISH POETS; WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES, AND AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH POETRY, Volume I of which consisted of his AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH POETRY (London: John Murray).



THOMAS CAMPBELL

(Harvard College senior and budding poet [David Henry Thoreau](#) would check this out from Harvard Library in 1837 and would place his extracts in a Miscellaneous Extracts notebook he maintained from 1836 to 1840.)



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1820



[Thomas Campbell](#) accepted the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine, and in the same year made another tour in Germany.

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THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1826



THE POETICAL WORKS OF [THOMAS CAMPBELL](#): INCLUDING THEODRIC, AND MANY OTHER PIECES NOT CONTAINED IN ANY FORMER EDITION (Philadelphia: J. Crissy, and J. Grigg).



THOMAS CAMPBELL

In a competition between [Sir Walter Scott](#) and [Thomas Campbell](#) for Lord Rector of Glasgow University, it was Campbell who was selected. He would serve until 1829.

SCOTLAND



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1828



In this year the wife of [Thomas Campbell](#) died. One of his sons had died in infancy, and the surviving son would be insane. Faced with bad health, Campbell would begin to seclude himself.



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1830

 [Thomas Campbell](#) retired from the editorship of New Monthly Magazine.



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1831



In THE PLEASURES OF HOPE, [Thomas Campbell](#) had championed the cause of the Poles, but in this year the Russians captured Warsaw and this had a deep effect on the poet: “Poland preys on my heart night and day.” He helped found, in London, a Literary Association of the Friends of Poland.

During this year Campbell would venture into publishing The Metropolitan Magazine and this venture would fail.



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1834

 [Thomas Campbell](#) visited Paris and Algiers. He was in the process of creating his LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH, which would be printed in 1837.

[Heinrich Heine](#) fell in love with an illiterate salesgirl, Crecence Eugénie Mirat (in his poems, “Mathilde”). Seven years into their relationship, they would marry. Although Mathilde would prove to be something of a spendthrift, during her husband’s eight long years of illness she would tend to him faithfully and tenderly.

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THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1837



March 9, Thursday: [David Henry Thoreau](#) checked out, from [Harvard Library](#), the 1st of the seven volumes of [Thomas Campbell](#)'s SPECIMENS OF THE BRITISH POETS; WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES, AND AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH POETRY, consisting of his AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH POETRY (London: John Murray, 1819).



THOMAS CAMPBELL

(He would place his extracts, such as [Bishop Henry King, D.D.](#)'s "Sic Vita," in a Miscellaneous Extracts notebook he maintained from 1836 to 1840.)

Like to the falling of a Starre;
Or as the flights of Eagles are;
Or like the fresh springs gawdy hew;
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood;
Or bubbles which on water stood;
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is streight call'd in, and paid to night.

*The Wind blowes out; The Bubble dies;
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies;
The Dew dries up; the Starre is shot;
The Flight is past; and Man forgot.*

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK



Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

*5th day 9th of 3rd M / The day was rainy & the walking bad –
Meeting small consisting of 13 Men & One Woman – It was truly a
low & hard time to me, but I trust some others were favoured to
feel some circulation of the sap of life. –
After Meeting I called to see Father Rodman who I found
comfortable but very week & feeble & keeps his bed mostly –*



PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1839

September 2, Monday: "Camped in Merrimack, on the west bank, by a deep ravine."

A WEEK: (September 2, Monday, 1839) We had found a safe harbor for our boat, and as the sun was setting carried up our furniture, and soon arranged our house upon the bank, and while the kettle steamed at the tent door, we chatted of distant friends and of the sights which we were to behold, and wondered which way the towns lay from us. Our cocoa was soon boiled, and supper set upon our chest, and we lengthened out this meal, like old voyageurs, with our talk. Meanwhile we spread the map on the ground, and read in the Gazetteer when the first settlers came here and got a township granted.

COCOA



A WEEK: (September 2, Monday, 1839) The bass, *Tilia Americana*, also called the lime or linden, which was a new tree to us, overhung the water with its broad and rounded leaf, interspersed with clusters of small hard berries now nearly ripe, and made an agreeable shade for us sailors. The inner bark of this genus is the bast, the material of the fisherman's matting, and the ropes and peasant's shoes of which the Russians make so much use, and also of nets and a coarse cloth in some places. According to poets, this was once Philyra, one of the Oceanides. The ancients are said to have used its bark for the roofs of cottages, for baskets, and for a kind of paper called Philyra. They also made bucklers of its wood, "on account of its flexibility, lightness, and resiliency." It was once much used for carving, and is still in demand for sounding-boards of piano-fortes and panels of carriages, and for various uses for which toughness and flexibility are required. Baskets and cradles are made of the twigs. Its sap affords sugar, and the honey made from its flowers is said to be preferred to any other. Its leaves are in some countries given to cattle, a kind of chocolate has been made of its fruit, a medicine has been prepared from an infusion of its flowers, and finally, the charcoal made of its wood is greatly valued for gunpowder.

CHOCOLATE

LINDEN TREE



PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

Although the following is an entry in [Henry Thoreau](#)'s JOURNAL of June 13, 1851, Thoreau ascribed this remark, while working on his [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#) manuscript, to the night of his mystic experience, September 2, 1839: "I heard partridges drumming to-night as late as 9 o'clock. What singularly space penetrating and filling sound! Why am I never nearer to its source? We do not commonly live our life out and full; we do not fill all our pores with our blood; we do not inspire and expire fully and entirely enough, so that the wave, the comber, of each inspiration shall break upon our extremest shores, rolling till it meets the sand which bounds us, and the sound of the surf come back to us. Might not a bellows assist us to breathe? That our breathing should create a wind on a calm day! We live but a fraction of our life. Why do we not let on the flood, raise the gates, and set all our wheels in motion? He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. Employ your senses."

ROSS/ADAMS
COMMENTARY

CRUICKSHANK
COMMENTARY

2. However, when he had copied the penciled events of Sept. 2nd 1839 into his journal on June 21, 1840, the only reference Thoreau had copied was "Sept. 2nd Camped in Merrimack, on the west bank, by a deep ravine...." Presumably, then, he first heard these famous partridges drumming and thought these famous thoughts when they were camped near Penichook Brook and Nashville, on the west bank of the Merrimack River in the vicinity of a deep ravine and a pine wood, on September 2, 1839 as described on pages 171-7 of [A WEEK](#). Possibly, when young [Thoreau](#) lay on his pine branches, and then wrote as above of "some tyro beating a drum incessantly, preparing for a country muster," he was mistaking the sound of a ruffed grouse for the sound of some boy in a nearby village, practicing incessantly on a drum.

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

A WEEK: Far in the night as we were falling asleep on the bank of the Merrimack, we heard some tyro beating a drum incessantly, in preparation for a country muster, as we learned, and we thought of the line,—

“When the drum beat at dead of night.”

We could have assured him that his beat would be answered, and the forces be mustered. Fear not, thou drummer of the night, we too will be there. And still he drummed on in the silence and the dark. This stray sound from a far-off sphere came to our ears from time to time, far, sweet, and significant, and we listened with such an unprejudiced sense as if for the first time we heard at all. No doubt he was an insignificant drummer enough, but his music afforded us a prime and leisure hour, and we felt that we were in season wholly. These simple sounds related us to the stars. Ay, there was a logic in them so convincing that the combined sense of mankind could never make me doubt their conclusions. I stop my habitual thinking, as if the plough had suddenly run deeper in its furrow through the crust of the world. How can I go on, who have just stepped over such a bottomless skylight in the bog of my life. Suddenly old Time winked at me, — Ah, you know me, you rogue, — and news had come that IT was well. That ancient universe is in such capital health, I think undoubtedly it will never die. Heal yourselves, doctors; by God, I live.

Then idle Time ran gadding by
And left me with Eternity alone;
I hear beyond the range of sound,
I see beyond the verge of sight, —

I see, smell, taste, hear, feel, that everlasting Something to which we are allied, at once our maker, our abode, our destiny, our very Selves; the one historic truth, the most remarkable fact which can become the distinct and uninvited subject of our thought, the actual glory of the universe; the only fact which a human being cannot avoid recognizing, or in some way forget or dispense with.

It doth expand my privacies
To all, and leave me single in the crowd.

I have seen how the foundations of the world are laid, and I have not the least doubt that it will stand a good while.

Now chiefly is my natal hour,
And only now my prime of life.
I will not doubt the love untold,
Which not my worth nor want hath bought,
Which wooed me young and woos me old,
And to this evening hath me brought.

What are ears? what is time? that this particular series of sounds called a strain of music, an invisible and fairy troop which never brushed the dew from any mead, can be wafted down through the centuries from Homer to me, and he have been conversant with that same aerial and mysterious charm which now so tingles my ears? What a fine communication from age to age, of the fairest and noblest thoughts, the aspirations of ancient men, even such as were never communicated by speech, is music! It is the flower of language, thought colored and curved, fluent and flexible, its crystal fountain tinged with the sun's rays, and its purling ripples reflecting the grass and the clouds.



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

A strain of music reminds me of a passage of the Vedas, and I associate with it the idea of infinite remoteness, as well as of beauty and serenity, for to the senses that is farthest from us which addresses the greatest depth within us. It teaches us again and again to trust the remotest and finest as the divinest instinct, and makes a dream our only real experience. We feel a sad cheer when we hear it, perchance because we that hear are not one with that which is heard.

Therefore a torrent of sadness deep,
Through the strains of thy triumph is heard to sweep.

The sadness is ours. The Indian poet Calidas says in the Sacontala: "Perhaps the sadness of men on seeing beautiful forms and hearing sweet music arises from some faint remembrance of past joys, and the traces of connections in a former state of existence." As polishing expresses the vein in marble, and grain in wood, so music brings out what of heroic lurks anywhere. The hero is the sole patron of music. That harmony which exists naturally between the hero's moods and the universe the soldier would fain imitate with drum and trumpet. When we are in health all sounds fife and drum for us; we hear the notes of music in the air, or catch its echoes dying away when we awake in the dawn. Marching is when the pulse of the hero beats in unison with the pulse of Nature, and he steps to the measure of the universe; then there is true courage and invincible strength.

Continuing with this material about the drumming of the ruffed grouse that night, Thoreau modernized the spelling of a snippet from Book II of the Reverend [John Milton](#)'s PARADISE LOST:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

A WEEK: Still the drum rolled on, and stirred our blood to fresh extravagance that night. The clarion sound and clang of corselet and buckler were heard from many a hamlet of the soul, and many a knight was arming for the fight behind the encamped stars.

“Before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of Heaven the welkin burns.”

Away! away! away! away!
Ye have not kept your secret well,
I will abide that other day,
Those other lands ye tell.
Has time no leisure left for these,
The acts that ye rehearse?
Is not eternity a lease
For better deeds than verse?
'T is sweet to hear of heroes dead,
To know them still alive,
But sweeter if we earn their bread,
And in us they survive.
Our life should feed the springs of fame
With a perennial wave,
As ocean feeds the babbling founts
Which find in it their grave.
Ye skies drop gently round my breast,
And be my corselet blue,
Ye earth receive my lance in rest,
My faithful charger you;
Ye stars my spear-heads in the sky,
My arrow-tips ye are;
I see the routed foemen fly,
My bright spears fixed are.
Give me an angel for a foe,
Fix now the place and time,
And straight to meet him I will go
Above the starry chime.
And with our clashing bucklers' clang
The heavenly spheres shall ring,
While bright the northern lights shall hang
Beside our tourneying.
And if she lose her champion true,
Tell Heaven not despair,
For I will be her champion new,
Her fame I will repair.

PEOPLE OF
A WEEK

MILTON



PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1840

June ??: Ellen Devereux Sewall returned to the Thoreau boardinghouse in which she had been conceived, and [Henry Thoreau](#) took her for a row on the Concord River in the *MUSKETAQUID*:



June 19: The other day I rowed in my boat a free—even lovely young lady—and as I plied the oars she sat in the stern — and there was nothing but she between me and the sky So might all our lives be picturesque if they were free enough — but mean relations and prejudices intervene to shut out the sky, and we never see a man as simple and distinct as the man-weathercock on a steeple.³

The faint bugle notes which I hear in the west seem to flash on the horizon like heat lightning. Cows low in the street more friendly than ever, and the note of the whip-poor-will, borne over the fields, is the voice with which the woods and moonlight woo me.

I shall not soon forget the sounds which lulled me when falling asleep on the banks of the Merrimack.⁴ Far into night I hear some tyro beating a drum incessantly with a view to some country muster, and am thrilled by an infinite sweetness as of a music which the breeze drew from the sinews of war. I think of the line,—
“When the drum beat at dead of night”⁵

How I wish it would wake the whole world to march to its melody — but still it drums on alone in the silence and the dark — — Cease not thou drummer of the night, thou too shalt have thy reward. The stars and the firmament hear thee, and their aisles shall echo thy beat till its call is answered, and the forces are mustered. The universe is attentive as a little child to thy sound, and trembles as if each stroke bounded against an elastic vibrating firmament. I should be contented if the night never ended — for in the darkness heroism will not be deferred, and I see fields where no hero has couched his lance.⁶



3. This connects with “a maiden” in “Wednesday” of [A WEEK](#).



4. The night of [Thoreau](#)’s mystic experience, September 2, 1839, when the brothers were camped in their mast-and-sail tipi and lying on their buffalo hide over pine needles in the vicinity of a deep ravine and a pine wood, camped near Penichook Brook outside of Nashville on the west bank of the Merrimack River as described on pages 171-7 of [A WEEK](#).

5. “Hohenlinden,” in THE POETICAL WORKS OF [THOMAS CAMPBELL](#): INCLUDING THEODRIC, AND MANY OTHER PIECES NOT CONTAINED IN ANY FORMER EDITION (Philadelphia, 1826: J. Crissy, and J. Grigg, page 102, line 6).

6. [Thoreau](#) wrote this reminiscence under cross-reference headings “The friendliness of Music” and “The drum at night” just after reminiscing about having rowed Ellen Sewall in his boat.



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1842

[Thomas Campbell](#)'s LIFE OF MRS SIDDONS and THE PILGRIM OF GLENCOE.

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1844

June 15, Saturday: At the Temperance Hall in Jersey, [Friend Joseph John Gurney](#) made a presentation opposing the ingestion of [alcoholic](#) beverages the gist of which would soon be printed up as an 8-page tract, WATER IS BEST.



THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT

[Thomas Campbell](#) died at Boulogne. The body would be interred in Westminster Abbey.





PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

[Waldo Emerson](#) and [Isaac Hecker](#) went to Harvard, Massachusetts for a weekend with [the Alcott family](#) in their three rooms in the Lovejoy home (Fruitlands was no more) and with Charles Lane, and to tour the Shaker community. Emerson commented in his journal:

A second visit to the Shakers with Mr Hecker. Their family worship was a painful spectacle. I could remember nothing but the Spedale dei Pazzi at Palermo; this shaking of their hands like the paws of dogs before them as they shuffled in this dunce-dance seemed the last delirium. If there was anything of heart & life in this it did not appear to me: and as Swedenborg said that the angels never look at the back of the head so I felt that I saw nothing else. My fellow men could hardly appear to less advantage before me than in this senseless jumping. The music seemed to me dragged down nearly to the same bottom. And when you come to talk with them on their topic, which they are very ready to do, you find such exaggeration of the virtue of celibacy, that you might think you had come into a hospital-ward of invalids afflicted with priapism. Yet the women were well dressed and appeared with dignity as honoured persons. And I judge the whole society to be cleanly & industrious but stupid people. And these poor countrymen with their nasty religion fancy themselves **the Church** of the world and are as arrogant as the poor negroes on the Gambia river.





THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1849

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF [THOMAS CAMPBELL](#), in three volumes edited by William Beattie, M.D.



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1860

LITERARY REMINISCENCES AND MEMOIRS OF [THOMAS CAMPBELL](#), by Cyrus Redding.



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1869

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF [THOMAS CAMPBELL](#).



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1875

THE POETICAL WORKS OF [THOMAS CAMPBELL](#), in the Aldine Edition of the British Poets edited by the Reverend V. Alfred Hill with a sketch of the poet's life by William Allingham.



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1908

Oxford Edition of the COMPLETE WORKS OF [THOMAS CAMPBELL](#), edited by J. Logie Robertson.

“MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FABULATION, HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY



PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK



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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



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THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK:

THOMAS CAMPBELL

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*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.



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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.