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

1. Disambiguation: His father and his son had the same name.
Origin of the Taconic chain of mountains that now lies to the east of the Hudson River valley. This chain of mountains would be named by Ebenezer Emmons in 1844 — and his correct explanation of this early origin of these mountains would eventuate in his being driven from the state of New York.

Cross Sections of Eastern North America
(as it may have looked)

543 million years ago, active volcano is offshore

500 million years ago, volcano and pile of sediments scraped off the subducting slab are larger

440 million years ago, collision between the volcanic islands and the ancient continent (Taconic Orogeny) formed a tail mountain range. This range has since eroded leaving its roots exposed in the rolling hills of the Eastern Piedmont.
Ebenezer Emmons was born, a son of Ebenezer Emmons (he would name his own son Ebenezer Emmons). Emmons would be a student of Amos Eaton and Chester Dewey at Williams College at the foot of Mount Greylock in western Massachusetts, where he would study medicine and graduate in 1818; later he would teach there as well as at Amos Eaton’s Rensselaer Institute in Troy, New York, after graduating from Rensselaer with its 1st class in 1826. In the year of his graduation from Rensselaer, Emmons would author a MANUAL OF MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY, a textbook that would be the 2d treatise of its kind written by an American for American students of geology. Following an internship at the Berkshire Medical School, Emmons would practice medicine in Chester, Massachusetts.

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT
Ebenezer Emmons graduated from Williams College in Williamstown, Massachusetts at the foot of Mount Greylock, where he had been a student of medicine. He would continue his medical training as an intern at the Berkshire Medical School, and then practice medicine in Chester, Massachusetts.

Elijah Hinsdale Burritt was financially able to re-enroll at Williams. He would not, however, be able to complete a college degree and receive a diploma.

**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.**
418 boats arrived in Buffalo harbor during this year, and 1,100 craft locked through the Erie Canal. The locks south of Juncta were doubled.

Ebenezer Emmons graduated from Amos Eaton’s Rensselaer Institute (now Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute) in Troy with its 1st class. In the year of his graduation, Emmons authored a Manual of Mineralogy and Geology: Designed for the Use of Schools; and for Persons Attending Lectures on These Subjects, as Also a Convenient Pocket Companion for Travellers, in the United States of America (Albany: Websters and Skinners), a textbook that was the 2d treatise of its kind written by an American for American students of geology.

Professor Amos Eaton planned a Rensselaer geological expedition through the western part of New York, aboard the canal boat LaFayette, accompanied by Governor De Witt Clinton’s son George W. Clinton, future state entomologist Asa Fitch, and physicist Joseph Henry (among others). Professor Eaton delivered a lecture
in Rochester, sponsored by that city’s Chemical Class (which had been formed to create a lending library on mechanical subjects and would become the basis for the city’s Franklin Society).²

2. George W. Clinton’s Journal of a Tour from Albany to Lake Erie, by the Erie Canal, in 1826.
Ebenezer Emmons returned to Williams College at the foot of Mount Greylock as a lecturer in chemistry.

THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT

BLACK SWANS
Ebenezer Emmons returned to Amos Eaton’s Rensselaer Institute in Troy, New York, as a Junior Professor of Mineralogy and Geology. He would remain there until 1839. During this period, Emmons would also begin work for the New York State Geological Survey.

Samuel Constantine Rafinesque revisited the Albany area while touring the Catskills. He met with scientists Lewis C. Beck, James Eights, and Amos Eaton, and Rensselaer School secretary Moses Hale, and delivered a series of lectures at the college.

THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT

Prof. Ebenezer Emmons “Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project
Emmons was assigned the northern district of the state, including the largest part of the wild and then almost unknown Adirondack Mountains — indeed Emmons gave them that name and some of the fringe of settled land around them. Emmons did a thorough piece of work, both on the "Primary" rocks of the mountains and on the almost flat-lying "Transition" strata that lie unconformably above and dip gently away in all directions. With his colleagues, especially Vanuxem and Hall, he established the stratigraphic sequence in these "Transition" strata, which quickly became the standard column for the pre-Carboniferous Paleozoic rocks of North America, definitively replacing the crude Wernerian subdivisions that Eaton had proposed in his Erie Canal traverse (1824). At Emmons' suggestion, the four geologists named this sequence the "New-York System" or the "New-York Transition System," and truly it is a better stratigraphic standard than the Cambrian to Devonian systems then being erected in the highly deformed rocks of Britain. Emmons was largely responsible for establishing the units in the lower part of the sequence, the Champlain division (now the Upper Cambrian and Ordovician). Like his mentor Eaton, Emmons must have driven many times (by horse and buggy) from Williamstown to Troy and Albany, and he was evidently deeply impressed by the complicated rocks he saw along the route. They were in strong contrast to the nearly horizontal strata of the New York System, but not as massive and lacking in stratification as the "Primary" rocks. He tells us that at first he taught his students that these rocks were simply (greatly disturbed) "extensions eastward of the lower New York rocks"; i.e., of "Transition" rocks, as Eaton had thought, but, as his knowledge of the flat-lying "Transition" strata in northern New York grew, he abandoned this doctrine and concluded that they formed an independent system intermediate in age between the New York System and the "Primary," and he called in the Taconic System for the Taconic Range of mountains along the
border between Massachusetts and New York, just west of Williamstown and southward as far as the northwestern corner of Connecticut. Apparently, Emmons first told his colleagues about his new system in late 1839 or early 1840, probably when the New York State Survey geologists met to compare their results, and possibly also at the meeting of the Association of American Geologists in Philadelphia in April 1840.

PIONEER OF SCIENCE

DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.
Professor Chester Dewey became the principal of a collegiate institute in Rochester, New York. He would hold this position for 14 years, until this collegiate institution became the University of Rochester, and would then become that university’s professor of chemistry and natural philosophy.

Ebenezer Emmons became the State Geologist (the principal scientist) for the northern New York State.
Geological District.

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT
August 13, Saturday: A climbing party including Ebenezer Emmons and William G. Redfield, attempting to scale the yet-unnamed Mount Marcy in the Adirondacks, departed from Cedar Point.
August 5, Saturday: Ebenezer Emmons led the 1st recorded ascent of a prominent landmark of the Adirondack region, renaming this peak in honor of Governor William Learned Marcy of the State of New York, as Mt. Marcy.

The Union Theological Seminary conferred its D.D. degree upon Chester Dewey.

In New York, the Scottsville and Le Roy Railroad was built at the cost of $40,000, using wooden rails. It only reached from Scottsville to Caledonia.

Asa Fitch decided to start studying agriculture and entomology. He began to collect and study insects for New York state.

The formative meeting of the American Association of Geologists took place at the home of Ebenezer Emmons in Albany, New York (this organization was the predecessor of the American Association for the
Advancement of Science). In this year he named the Adirondack region of mountains.
Professor Chester Dewey’s and Ebenezer Emmons, MD’s Report on the Herbaceous Flowering Plants of Massachusetts, arranged according to the Natural Orders of Lindley, illustrated chiefly by popular descriptions of their Character, Properties, and Uses, bound with Report on the Quadrupeds of Massachusetts. Published agreeably to an Order of the Legislature, by the Commissioners on the Zoological and Botanical Survey of the State. Cambridge: Folsom, Wells, And Thurston, Printers to the University (Henry Thoreau would have his own copy of this, and that copy is now in the Special Collections of the Concord Free Public Library).


3. Dr. Emmons had started out as one of Professor Dewey’s students.
April 1, Thursday: Due to the continued weakness of John Thoreau, Jr., on this day the Thoreau brothers closed their school—the Concord Academy they had begun in mid-June of 1838—before it had completed its 3d year.

Henry David Thoreau copied into his literary notebook, evidently out of a 6-volume set of The Works of Ben Jonson that was in Emerson’s library, a poem in which the sun is characterized as the “day-star.”

Even at this early period, I would submit, Thoreau was preparing to confront the cultural politicians who have their reasons for needing to characterize the star Sol as unique in its power and majesty. (This bears upon
material which he reworked for his WALDEN manuscript, as of Draft F.)

**WALDEN**: I do not say that John or Jonathan will realize all this; but such is the character of that morrow which mere lapse of time can never make to dawn. The light which puts out our eyes is darkness to us. Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star.

April 1. ON THE SUN COMING OUT IN THE AFTERNOON

Methinks all things have travelled since you shined,
But only Time, and clouds, Time's team, have moved;
Again foul weather shall not change my mind,
But in the shade I will believe what in the sun I loved.

In reading a work on agriculture, I skip the author’s moral reflections, and the words “Providence” and “He” scattered along the page, to come at the profitable level of what he has to say. There is no science in men’s religion; it does not teach me so much as the report of the committee on swine. My author shows he has dealt in corn and turnips and can worship God with the hoe and spade, but spare me his morality.

April 30, Friday: Pope Gregory XVI took the opportunity to point out once again (in a letter Quas Vestro) what a very bad idea mixed marriages had always been and would ever be. Such unions are not only illicit, they are destructive. No Catholic should ever ever marry a Protestant. No, don’t go there. This is an abuse of the sacrament of marriage. It is far too likely that the Catholic party to such a marriage would fall victim to “perversion” — and then just think of what ghastly things might happen to the children of such a union! Oh, I know, I know, we don’t always have complete control of such a situation, but yet.... “Given in Rome at St. Peter’s under the fisherman’s ring on 30 April 1841, in the eleventh year of Our Pontificate.”
April 30. Where shall we look for standard English but to the words of any man who has a depth of feeling in him? Not in any smooth and leisurely essay. From the gentlemanly windows of the country-seat no sincere eyes are directed upon nature, but from the peasant’s horn windows a true glance and greeting occasionally. “For summer being ended, all things,” said the Pilgrim, “stood in appearance with a weather-beaten face, and the whole country full of woods and thickets represented a wild and savage hue.” Compare this with the agricultural report.
Ebenezer Emmons’s Report of the Second Geological District of New York. Professor Emmons had been helped by his son Ebenezer Emmons and by James Hall. This 2d district was the Adirondacks:

(In the same year, a report on the 3d district of the state, the central counties, was being made by Lardner Van Uxem, James Eights and S. Can.)
Ebenezer Emmons named the Taconic chain of mountains.
From this year until 1854, successive publication of the volumes of Ebenezer Emmons’s massive illustrated "Agriculture of New York State."
Ebenezer Emmons’s NATURAL HISTORY OF NEW YORK. He proposed a “Taconic System” to describe the formation of the Taconic Mountains and rocks of easternmost New York and western Massachusetts.

According to this theory the event occurred earlier than was being supposed by other geologists. While working with the New York State Geological Survey, Emmons’s disagreement with James Hall and others was well publicized. The mountain building had occurred when a volcanic island arc came together with a proto-North American continent, eliminating a former ocean. This affected the region from Newfoundland to Alabama that we now term the Appalachians.
Hall was insisting that these mountains did not appear until the Ordovician. Whenever it had happened, rocks that had originally been deposited on the floor of a deep ocean were thrust upward together to create the Taconic Mountain range. This was an overthrust, in which older rocks came to lie over younger rocks. It is visible in Troy and in fact runs through the campus of Rensselaer Polytechnic.

The fossils in these rocks indicate that it was Emmons who was correct, but this was not known at the time.
At the time the matter was settled in court, with Emmons suing James Hall for slander and libel, but he would lose the case and be prohibited from practicing geology in the state of New York.
December 2, Thursday: On the 48th anniversary of the coronation of Napoléon I, the 47th anniversary of the Battle of Austerlitz, and the 1st anniversary of his coup d'etat, French President Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte proclaimed himself to be the Emperor Napoléon III.

In Concord, New Hampshire, the Countess Sarah, Benjamin Thompson's one legitimate child, died and willed what remained of the Von Rumford estates to the New Hampshire Asylum for the Indigent Insane and to a home for bastard children. Father’s version of the Golden Rule, in his “An Account of an Establishment for the Poor at München,” had been—and as a first approximation I suppose this isn’t so bad—

To make vicious and abandoned people happy, it has been generally supposed necessary first to make them virtuous. But why not reverse this order? Why not make them first happy, and then virtuous? If happiness and virtue be inseparable, the end will be as certainly obtained by one method as by the other; and it is most undoubtedly much easier to contribute to the happiness and comfort of persons in a state of poverty and misery, than, by admonitions and punishments, to reform their morals.

Dec. 2. The pleasantest day of all.
Started in boat before 9 A.M. down river to Billerica with W.E.C.
Not wind enough for a sail. I do not remember when I have taken a sail or a row on the river in December before.
We had to break the ice about the boat-house for some distance. Still no snow. The banks are white with frost.
The air is calm, and the water smooth. The distant sounds of cars, cocks, hounds, etc., as we glide past N. Barrett's farm, remind me of spring. It is an anticipation, a looking through winter to spring. There is a certain resonance and elasticity in the air that makes the least sound melodious as in spring. The old unpainted houses under their trees (Joel Barrett's?) look as if winter had come and gone. There is one side of Abner (?) Buttrick's, painted as if with the pumpkin pies left over after Thanksgiving, it is so singular a yellow. The river has risen since the last rain a few feet, and partially floods the meadow. See still two ducks on the meadow. Hear the jay in distant copses, and the ruby-crowned wren (?) flies and mews over. Some parts of the meadow are covered with thin ice, through which we row,- which yet lasts all day, — and the waves we make in the river nibble and crumble its edge, and produce a rustling of the grass and reeds, as if a muskrat were stirring.
We land behind Tarbell's and walk inland. How warm in the hollows! The outline of the hills is very agreeable there; ridgy hills, with backs to them, and a perfect cow-path winds along the side of one. They have such weight to carry that they select the easiest course.
Again embark. It is remarkably calm and warm in the sun, now that we have brought a hill between us and the wind. There goes a muskrat. He leaves so long a ripple behind that in this light you cannot tell where his body ends, and think him longer than he is. This is a glorious river-reach. At length we pass the bridge. Everywhere the muskrat-houses line the shores, — or what was the shore, — some three feet high and regularly sharp as the Peak of Teneriffe.
C. says, “Let us land” (in an orchard by Atkins's (?) boathouse). “The angle of incidents should be equal to the angle of reflection.” We did so. By the island where I formerly camped, half a mile or more above the bridge on the road from Chelmsford to Bedford, we saw a mink, a slender black (at ten rods' distance; Emmons says they are a “dark glossy brown”), very like a weasel in form. He alternately ran along on the ice and swam in the water, now and then holding up his head and long neck and looking at us. Not so shy as a muskrat, but I should
say very black. The muskrats would curl up into a ball on the ice, decidedly reddish brown. The ice made no show, being thin and dark. Mink's head is larger in proportion to body than the muskrat's, not so sharp and ratlike.

Left our boat just above the last-named bridge on west side. A bright dazzling sheen for miles on the river as you looked up it. Crossed the bridge, turned into a path on the left, and ascended a hill a mile and a half off, between us and Billerica, somewhat off from the river. The Concord affords the water prospects of a larger river, like the Connecticut even. Hereabouts I found a spear-head, by a mysterious little building. Dined on the hill, from which we saw Billerica centre, a mile and a half northerly. We had crossed what by the map must be the brook from Nutting's Pond. On the west side of the river in Billerica here, is a grand range of hills, somewhat cliffy, covered with young oaks, whose leaves give it a red appearance, even when seen from Ball's hill. It is one of the most interesting and novel features in the river scenery.

Men commonly talk as if genius were something proper to an individual. I esteem it but a common privilege, and if one does not enjoy it now, he may congratulate his neighbor that he does. There is no place for man-worship. We understand very well a man's relation, not to his genius, but to the genius.

Returning, the water is smoother and more beautiful than ever. The ripples we make produce ribbed reflections or shadows on the dense but leafless bushes on shore, thirty or forty rods distant, very regular, and so far that they may seem motionless and permanent. Again we see the mink, plainer than ever. The smooth river-reaches, so calm and glorious in this light, “I see, not feel, how beautiful they are.” All the water behind us as we row (and even on the right and left at a distance) is perfectly unrippled, we move so fast; but before us, down-stream, it is all in commotion from shore to shore. There are some fine shadows on those grand red oaken hills in the north. What a fine color to last through summer!

We look at Atkins's boathouse, ugly, like a barn carried off and lodged in the river. A muskrat had made his cabin in the bathing-apartment. Man's boathouse is a deformity, but the muskrats' cabins are an ornament to the river. The squareness of the former building, roof and all, offend. Could not the architect take P' Joint from the pyramidal or conical farm of the muskrat's house? Something of this form and color, like a large haycock in the meadow, would be in harmony with the scenery. The muskrat's house is made in the midst of weeds or bushes commonly, which protect it from the waves. When a muskrat comes to the surface too near you, how quickly and with what force he turns and plunges again, making a sound in the calm water as if you had thrown into it a large stone with violence!

Long did it take to sink the Carlisle Bridge. The reflections after sunset were distinct and glorious, -- the heaven into which we unceasingly rowed. I thought now that the angle of reflection was greater than the angle of incidents. It cooler grew. The stars came out soon after we turned Ball's Hill, and it became difficult to distinguish our course. The boatman knows a river by reaches. We ran part way into several holts, or poke-logans. Got home in the dark, our feet and legs numb and cold with sitting and inactivity, having been about eight miles by river, etc. It was some time before we recovered the full use of our cramped legs. I forgot to speak of the afterglows. The twilight, in fact, had several stages to it, and several times after it had grown dusky the twilight acquired a new transparency, and the trees on the hillsides were lit up again.
Ebenezer Emmons’s AMERICAN GEOLOGY, CONTAINING A STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES OF THE SCIENCE WITH FULL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CHARACTERISTIC AMERICAN FOSSILS (Albany: Gray, Sprague & Co.). Also, his A TREATISE UPON AMERICAN GEOLOGY.

Also, his INSECTS OF NEW-YORK (C. van Benthuysen, publisher; this was the 5th volume of the author’s AGRICULTURE OF NEW-YORK), which Henry Thoreau would check out of the New Bedford library while visiting Friend Daniel Ricketson in 1857.
Asa Fitch became the first professional entomologist of the New York State Agricultural Society (commissioned by the State of New York).

This made him the very 1st it's-my-day-job entomologist in the US of A (many of his notebooks are now at the Smithsonian Institution).

Benedict Jaeger, assisted by H.C. Preston, M.D., produced a “valuable ornament for the parlor table” (that’s how he described it) entitled The Life of North American Insects Illustrated by Numerous Colored...
ENGRAVINGS AND NARRATIVES (Published for the Author. Providence: Sayles, Miller and Simons, Printers).

Thomas Jefferson had in his personal library may have been this initial printing in six separate parts (and it would seem, out of good judgment or whatever, that he never made notes from this questionable source, in any of his Commonplace books or Indian notebooks, etc.). John D. Sherman’s “Catalog 10 of Books on Insects” has characterized Professor Jaeger’s volume as “famous as the most worthless of all American Insect books,” presumably due to its lack of organization, lack of detailed information, egregious blunders, and “semi-philosophical meanderings.”
Now it is a fact that during my twenty-two years’ residence in this country not a single summer has passed without my seeing some of these red-eyed Cicadas in one or other of the States, and hence I must maintain that the name “Seventeen-years Locust” is neither correct nor proper.

At some point Thoreau would check out, from the New Bedford, Massachusetts library, a volume published in this year, Ebenezer Emmons’s INSECTS OF NEW-YORK.
June 6, Friday: After Senator Preston Brooks of South Carolina beat Senator Charles Sumner with his cane while the senator from Massachusetts was seated at his desk in the federal legislature, the Nashville, Tennessee Republican Banner, in copying an article from the Charleston, South Carolina Mercury, assigned a headline that would ensure that its readers not take this material seriously — or, perhaps, take it most seriously: 4

MOST RIDICULOUS

The South Carolinian, in alluding to the public demonstrations of approval of Mr. Brooks, uses the following language:

“And, to add the crowning glory to the good work, the slaves of Columbia have already a handsome subscription, and will present an appropriate token of their regard to him who has made the first practical issue for their preservation and protection in their rights and enjoyments as the happiest laborers on the face of the globe.”

Was the like of this ever before published in a newspaper in South Carolina? The negroes of Columbia have actually participated in the congratulations of Mr. Brooks, and the South Carolinian lauds it as the “the crowning glory to the good work!” Now, these meetings in South Carolina to sustain Mr. Brooks, as counter to those at the North, are proper enough. But when in the Capital of the State, slaves are permitted, nay, applauded, and urged to take part in our political movements — to unite in popular demonstrations — to raise subscriptions, and present their tokens of approval to our public men — it is, indeed, a spectacle as disgusting as it is novel. We blush for the State when such things are permitted. If our slaves can publicly congratulate, may they not publicly condemn? And if one portion are permitted to laud Mr. Brooks, why may not another, if disposed, sympathise with Mr. Sumner?

According to the Carolinian the approval of Mr. Brooks’s fellow citizens, their congratulations and testimonials, are completely obscured by the crowning glory of this negro demonstration! And, in the same view, we suppose that the negro deputation — and why should not there be one? — when it arrives in Washington will take precedence over their matters, while they present to Mr. Brooks their “appropriate token.” Such a proceeding, while it offends every sentiment of Carolina society, is calculated to bring ridicule and disgrace upon the whole movement.

June 6. P.M. — To Andromeda Ponds.

Cold mizzling weather.

In the large circular hole or cellar at the turntable on the railroad, which they are repairing, I see a starnosed mole endeavoring in vain to bury himself in the sandy and gravelly bottom. Some inhuman fellow has cut off his tail. It is blue-black with much fur, a very thick, plump animal, apparently some four inches long, but he occasionally shortens himself a third or more. Looks as fat as a fat hog. His fore feet are large and set sidewise

4. Irony is a terrible tool. Sometimes when sticking his tongue into his cheek, the ironist will fall victim to excess (journalistically speaking) — and readers will perceive the tongue as protruding from the ironist’s ass.
or on their edges, and with these he shovels the earth aside, while his large, long, starred snout is feeling the way and breaking ground. I see deep indentations in his fur where his eyes are situated, and once I saw distinctly his eye open, a dull blue (?) black bead, not so very small, and he very plainly noticed my movements two feet off. He was using his eye as plainly as any creature that I ever saw. Yet Emmons says it is a question whether their eyes are not merely rudimentary. I suppose this was the Condylura macroura, since that is most common, but only an inch of its tail was left, and that was quite stout. I carried him along to plowed ground, where he buried himself in a minute or two.

Still see cherry-birds in flocks of five or six. A catbird-nest on shore of Andromeda and in shrub oak, three feet high, twigs and bark shreds lined with root-fibres; three eggs. Those nests in the andromeda are blackbird’s. Many sound the alarm while I am wading through the swamp. Noticed one with three eggs. That willow, male and female, opposite to Trillium Woods on the railroad, I find to be the Salix rostrata, or long-beaked willow, one of the ochre-flowered (I had remarked the peculiar yellow of its flowers) willows (fulvae) of Barratt. It is now just beginning to open its long beaks. The S. cordata is another of the ochre-flowered ones.

How well suited the lining of a bird’s nest, not only for the comfort of the young, but to keep the eggs from breaking! Fine elastic grass sterns or root-fibres, pine-needles, or hair, or the like. These tender and brittle things which you can hardly carry in cotton lie there without harm.

J. Hosmer, who is prosecuting Warner for flowing his land, says that the trees are not only broken off when young by weight of ice, but, being rubbed and barked by it, become warty or bulge out there.

July 12, Saturday: The series of poems by Louisa May Alcott, entitled “Beach Bubbles,” continued in Boston’s Saturday Evening Gazette.

Henry Thoreau was being written to by Mary Moody Emerson.

[Sat] Noon
Will my young friend visit me tomorrow early as he can— This eve. My Sister Ripley sends word she will come & go to see Mrs William Emerson who is in Town. I wish for your writings — hoping they will give me a clearer clue to your faith — its nature its destination & Object! While excited by your original wit & thoughts, I lose sight, perhaps, of [the] motive & end & infinite responsibility of talent in any of its endless consequences. To enter the interior of a peculiar organisation of mind is desirable to all who think & read in intermited solitude. They believe when the novelty of genius opens on their unpractised eye that the spirit itself must own and feel its natural relations to their God of revelation where alone every talent can be perfected and bring it’s additions to the Owner — that faith in the discipline towards moral excellence can alone insure an immortal fame or even sucess & happiness here. God bles you & thus make you usefull to your Country & kind prays

MME.
hands. The *Ranunculus aquatilis* appears to be about done, though it may have been submerged by the rain of yesterday. I see hardly one freshly open, and it [is] quite moist and lowering yet. By the myosotis ditch there is an abundance of *Galium trifidum* (apparently *obtusum* or *latifolium*, in press). It is densely massed and quite prickly, with three corolla-lobes. As yet I think I have observed only two varieties of *G. trifidum*, smooth and rough. *Lactuca sauguinea*, some time, with dark-purple stem, widely branched. *Pycnanthemum muticum* and the narrow-leaved, not long.

In the still wet road on the hill, just beyond Lincoln bound, a short-tailed shrew (*Sorex brevicaudus* of Say), dead after the rain. I have found them thus three or four times before. It is 4 1/2 inches long; tail 1½; head and snout, 1+. Roundish body. Lead-color above, somewhat lighter beneath, with a long snout, 3/8 inch beyond lower jaw, incisors black, delicate light-colored (almost silvery) mustachial bristles, and also from lower lip, nose emarginate; nails long and slender, a purple bar across each; cars white and concealed in the fur; the nostrils plainly perforated, though Emmons says that in the specimens of *Sorex* he had seen he could detect no perforations with a microscope. It has a peculiar but not very strong muskiness. There was an insect-wing in its mouth. Its numerous teeth distinct. Have I not commonly noticed them (lead after rain? I am surprised to read in Emmons that it was first observed in Missouri, and that he has “not been able to meet with it” and doubts its existence in the State; retains it on the authority of former catalogues; says it nests on the surface and is familiar with water. In spirits.

Red lilies in prime, single upright fiery flowers, their throats how splendidly and variously spotted, hardly two of quite the same hue and not two spotted alike, — leopard-spotted, — averaging a foot or more in height, amid the huckleberry and lambkill, etc., in the moist, meadowy pasture.

Apparently a bluebird’s egg in a woodpecker’s hole in an apple tree, second brood, just laid. In collection. Parsnip at Bent’s orchard; how long? Also on July 5th, almost out. Agrimony well out. Chestnut in prime. See *Lysimachia quadrifolia* with from three to five (or six?) leaves in a whorl. *Iberis umbellata*, candytuft, roadside, Tuttle’s, naturalized; how long? New plant.

September 9, Tuesday: William H. Leeman had been recruited in Maine because he was very impressed with John Brown, and had ventured to Kansas with the second Massachusetts colony. At this point he enlisted in Captain Brown’s “Volunteer Regulars.” He would fight well at Osawatomie while still but 17 years old. Owen Brown would find him hard to control at Springdale IA. George B. Gill would say of him that he had “a good intellect with great ingenuity.” By the raid upon Harpers Ferry he would have reached the age of 20. On October 17, 1859, the youngest of the raiders, he would make a mad dash out of the relative safety of the armory to swim down the Potomac River but two militiamen would catch up with him and shoot him down on an islet in the river. His body would be used for target practice for hours by the drunken citizenry, until the hail of bullets would push it into the current and it would be carried downstream. Mrs. Annie Brown Adams would write of him: “He was only a boy. He smoked a good deal and drank sometimes; but perhaps people would not think that so very wicked now. He was very handsome and very attractive.”

On this morning Henry Thoreau boarded the train heading north from Brattleboro, Vermont. The wife of the Reverend Addison Brown, Ann E. Wetherbee Brown, would remember Henry Thoreau’s visit to her home for the remainder of her 99 years.
Sept. 9. Tuesday. 8 A.M. — Ascend the Chesterfield Mountain with Miss Frances and Miss Mary Browning.

The Connecticut is about twenty rods wide between Brattleboro and Hinsdale. This mountain, according to Frost, 1064 feet high. It is the most remarkable feature here. The village of Brattleboro is peculiar for the nearness of the primitive wood and the mountain. Within three rods of Brown’s house was excellent botanical ground on the side of a primitive wooded hillside, and still better along the Coldwater Path. But, above all, this everlasting mountain is forever lowering over the village, shortening the day and wearing a misty cap each morning. You look up to its top at a steep angle from the village streets. A great part belongs to the Insane Asylum. This town will be convicted of folly if they ever permit this mountain to be laid bare. Francis [sic] B. says its Indian name is Wantastiquet, from the name of West River above. Very abundant about B. the Gerardia tenuifolia, in prime, which I at first mistook for the purpurea. The latter I did not see. High up the mountain the Aster macrophyllus as well as corymbosus. The (apparently) Platanthera orbiculata (?) leaves, round and flat on ground (vide press); another by it with larger and more oblong leaves. Pine-sap. A tuft of five-divided leaves, fifteen or eighteen inches high, slightly fern-like (vide press). Galium circans var. lanceolatum. Top of the mountain covered with wood. Saw Ascutney, between forty and fifty miles up the river, but not Monadnock on account of woods.

P.M. — To and up a brook north of Brown’s house. A large alternate cornel, four or five inches in diameter, a dark-gray stem. The kidney-shaped leaves of the Asarum Canadense common there. Panax quinquefolium, with peculiar flat scarlet fruit in a little umbel. Clinopodium vulgare, or basil, apparently flattened down by a freshet, rather past prime; and spearmint in brook just above. Close behind Brown’s, Liparis liliifolia, or tway-blade, leaves and bulb. A very interesting sight from the top of the mountain was that of the cars so nearly under you, apparently creeping along, you could see so much of their course. The epigaea was very abundant on the hill behind Brown’s and elsewhere in B. The Populus monilifera grows on West River, but I did not see it. The Erigeron Philadelphicus I saw pressed, with innumerable fine rays. Scouring-rush was common along the Coldwater Path and elsewhere.

The most interesting sight I saw in Brattleboro was the skin and skull of a panther (Felis concolor) (cougar, catamount, painter, American lion, puma), which was killed, according to a written notice attached, on the 15th of June by the Saranac Club of Brattleboro, six young men, on a fishing and hunting excursion. This paper described it as eight feet in extreme length and weighing one hundred and ten pounds. The Brattleboro newspaper says its body was “4 feet 11 inches in length, and the tail 2 feet 9 inches: the animal weighed 108 pounds.” I was surprised at its great size and apparent strength. It gave me a new idea of our American forests and the vigor of nature here. It was evident that it could level a platoon of men with a stroke of its paw. I was particularly impressed by the size of its limbs, the size of its canine teeth, and its great white claws. I do not see but this affords a sufficient foundation for the stories of the lion heard and its skins seen near Boston by the first settlers. This creature was very catlike, though the tail was not tapering, but as large at the extremity as anywhere, yet not tufted like the lion’s. It had a long neck, a long thin body, like a lean cat. Its fore feet were about six inches long by four or five wide, as set up.

I talked with the man who shot him, Mr. Kellogg, a lawyer. They were fishing on one of the Saranac Lakes, their guide being the Harvey Moody whom Hammond describes, when they heard the noise of some creature threshing about amid the bushes on the hillside. The guide suspected that it was a panther which had caught a deer. He reconnoitred and found that it was a panther which had got one fore paw (the left) in one of his great traps set (without bait) in the neighborhood. It fell to Kellogg’s lot to advance with the guide and shoot him. They approached within six or seven rods, saw that the panther was held firmly, and fired just as he raised his head to look at them. The ball entered just above his nose, pierced his brain, and killed him at once. The guide got the bounty of twenty-five dollars, but the game fell to his employers. A slice had been sliced off one side of each ear to secure this with. CAT

I talked also with the Mr. Chamberlin who set it up. He showed me how sharp the edges of the broad grinders were just behind the canine teeth. They were zigzag, thus: {DRAWING} and shut over the under, scraping close like shears and, as he proved, would cut off a straw clean. This animal looked very thin as set up, and probably in some states of his body would have weighed much more. Kellogg said that, freshly killed, the body showed the nerves much more than as set up. The color, etc., agreed very well with the account in Thompson’s History of Vermont, except that there was, now at least, no yellow about the mouth or chin, but whitish. It was, in the main, the universal color of this family, or a little browner. According to Thompson, it is brown-red on the back,

5. The fishing excursion to Saranac Lake had been made up of George Bradley Kellogg, Francis Goodhue, Sidney A. Miller, Linus P. Dickinson, Charles Goodhue, and Nathaniel Hayward. Bela N. Chamberlain of Pond & Chamberlain Co. had prepared the carcass of the panther “to be kept in their Hat Store in this village as a memento of the doings of the Saranac Lake Club.”
reddish-gray on the sides, whitish or light-ash on the belly; tail like the back above, except its extremity, which is brownish-black, not tufted; chin, upper lip, and inside of ears, yellowish-white. Hairs on back, short, brownish tipped with red; on the belly, longer, lighter, tipped with white; hairs of face like back with whitish hairs intermingled. Canines conical, claws pearly-white. Length, nose to tail, four feet eight inches; tail, two feet six inches; top of head to point of nose, ten inches; width across forehead, eight inches. Length of fore legs, one foot two inches; hind, one foot four inches. Weight usually about one hundred pounds. The largest he ever knew was seven feet in extreme length and weighed one hundred and eighteen pounds. One had been known to leap up a precipice fifteen feet high with a calf in his mouth. Vide Lawson, Hunter, and Jefferson in Book of Facts. Hunter when near the Rocky Mountains says, “So much were they to be apprehended... that no one ever ventured to go out alone, even on the most trifling occasion.” He makes two kinds.

Emmons makes the extreme length of one of the largest cougars nine feet four inches, and the greatest length of the canine tooth of the upper jaw from the gum nine tenths of an inch. I think that the teeth of the one I saw were much larger. Says it is cowardly and “rarely if ever attacks man;” that a hunter met five in St. Lawrence County, N.Y., and, with his dog and gun only, killed three that day and the other two the next. Yet he will follow a man’s track a great distance. Scream at evening heard for miles. Thinks about 45° its northern range.
April 6, Monday: A steamer frigate driven by a screw was commissioned in the US Navy, the USS Niagara. This vessel would participate in the laying of the 1st transatlantic telephone cable, would interdict slave traffic in the Caribbean, would ferry diplomats to and from Japan, and during the civil war would blockade southern ports.

April 6. P.M. — To New Bedford Library.
Mr. Ingraham, the librarian, says that he once saw frog-spawn in New Bedford the 4th of March. Take out Emmons’s Report on the insects injurious to vegetation in New York. See a plate of the Colias Philodice, or common sulphur-yellow butterfly, male and female of different tinge. Arcoda lanigera is apparently the common yellow dor-bug. Arthur has Tabanus, the great horse-fly. Emmons says of Scutelleridae: “The disagreeable smelling bugs that frequent berry bushes and strawberry vines belong here.... Of this family the genus Pentatoma is one of the most common and feeds upon the juice of plants. Sometimes it has only to pass over a fruit, to impart to it its offensive odor.” The one represented looks like the huckleberry one.
May 20, Thursday: A squadron of British and French gunboats under the direction of Admiral Sir Michael Seymour attacked the forts at Taku on the Hai River — the main line of defense against assault from the sea against the Chinese capital, Peking, and the Xianfeng emperor. (After about an hour and a half of fighting the forts were suppressed, but when the Second Opium War would be interrupted by a treaty opening Tianjin to foreign trade, these defenses would pass again into the control of their Qing defenders.)
and trampled and pawed about like the other. I suppose the young foxes play there. There were half a dozen holes or more, and what with the skulls and feathers and skin and bones about, I was reminded of Golgotha. These holes were some of them very large and conspicuous, a foot wide vertically, by eight or ten inches, going into the side-hill with a curving stoop, and there was commonly a very large heap of sand before them, trodden smooth. It was a sprout-land valley, cut off but a year or two since. As I stood by the last hole, I heard the old fox bark, and saw her (?) near the brow of the hill on the northwest, amid the bushes, restless and anxious, overlooking me a dozen or fourteen rods off. I was, on doubt, by the hole in which the young were. She uttered at very short intervals a prolonged, shrill, screeching kind of bark, beginning lower and rising to a very high key, lasting two seconds; a very broken and ragged sound, more like the scream of a large and angry bird than the bark of a clog, trilled like a piece of vibrating metal at the end. It moved restlessly back and forth, or approached nearer, and stood or sat on its haunches like a dog with its tail laid out in a curve on one side, and when it barked it laid its ears flat back and stretched its nose forward. Sometimes it uttered a short, puppy-like, snappish bark. It was not fox-colored now, but a very light tawny or wolf-color, dark-brown or dusky beneath in a broad line from its throat; its legs the same, with a broad dusky perpendicular band on its haunches and similar ones on its tail, and a small whitish spot on each side of its mouth. There it sat like a chieftain on his hills, looking, methought, as big as a prairie wolf, and shaggy like it, anxious and even fierce, as I peered through my glass. I noticed, when it withdrew, - I too withdrawing in the opposite direction, - that as it had descended the hill a little way and wanted to go off over the pinnacle without my seeing which way it went, it: ran one side about ten feet, till it was behind a small white pine, then turned at a right angle and ascended the hill directly, with the pine between us. The sight of it suggested that two or three might attack a man. The note was a shrill, vibrating scream or cry; could easily be heard a quarter of a mile. How many woodchucks, rabbits, partridges, etc., etc., they must kill, and yet how few of them are seen! A very wolfish color. It must have been an English fox that the female "loses all her timidity and shyness when suckling her young;" also that they are a similar ones on its tail, and a small whitish spot on each side of its mouth. There it sat like a chieftain on his hills, looking, methought, as big as a prairie wolf, and shaggy like it, anxious and even fierce, as I peered through my glass. I noticed, when it withdrew, - I too withdrawing in the opposite direction, - that as it had descended the hill a little way and wanted to go off over the pinnacle without my seeing which way it went, it: ran one side about ten feet, till it was behind a small white pine, then turned at a right angle and ascended the hill directly, with the pine between us. The sight of it suggested that two or three might attack a man. The note was a shrill, vibrating scream or cry; could easily be heard a quarter of a mile. How many woodchucks, rabbits, partridges, etc., etc., they must kill, and yet how few of them are seen! A very wolfish color. It must have been a large fox, and, if it is true that the old are white on the sides of the face, an old one. They evidently used more than a half dozen holes within fifteen rods. I withdrew the sooner for fear by his barking he would be betrayed to some dog or gunner. It was a very wild sight to see the wolf-like parent circling about me in the thin wood, from time to time pausing to look and bark at me. This appears to be nearest to the cross fox of Audubon, and is considered a variety of the red by him and most others, not white beneath as the red fox of Harlan [Richard Harlan, Fauna Americana, 1825]. Emmons says of the red fox, “In the spring the color appears to fade,” and that some are “pale yellow,” but does not describe minutely. This was probably a female, for Bell says of the English fox that the female “loses all her timidity and shyness when suckling her young;” also that they are a year and a half in attaining their full size.‘ Hear the pepe. See tanagers, male and female, in t I find afterward three or four more fox-holes near by, and see where they have sat on a large upturned stump, which had heaved up earth with it. Many large pieces of woodchuck’s skin about these holes. They leave the head and feet. A scent among birds. Saw in the street a young cat owl, one of two which Skinner killed in Walden Woods yesterday. It was almost ready to fly, at least two and a half feet in alar extent; tawny with many black bars, and darker on wings. Holmes, in Patent Office Report, says they “pair early in February.” So I visited the nest. It was in a large white pine close on the north side of the path, some ten rods west of the old Stratton cellar in the woods. This is the largest pine thereabouts, and the nest is some thirty-five feet high on two limbs close to the main stem, and, according to Skinner, was not much more than a foot across, made of small sticks, nearly flat, “without fine stuff!” There were but two young. This is a path which somebody travels every half-clay, at least, and only a stone's throw from the great road. There were many white droppings about and large rejected pellets containing the vertebrae and hair of a skunk. As I stood there, I heard the crows making a great noise some thirty or forty rods off, and immediately suspected that they were pestering one of the old owls, which Skinner had not seen. It proved so, for, as I approached, the owl sailed away from amidst a white pine top, with the crows in full pursuit, and he looked very large, stately, and heavy, like a seventy-four among schooners. I soon knew by the loud cawing of the crows that he had alighted again some forty rods off, and, there again I found him perched high on a white pine, the large tawny fellow with black clashes and large erect horns. Away lie goes again, and the crows after him.
Hubbard's Bath (Gleason 68/G6):
Prohibited from practicing geology in the state of New York because he had attempted to explain to James Hall the actual age of the Taconic Mountains, Ebenezer Emmons had removed to North Carolina to become that state’s first state geologist. In this year, his The Swampland of North Carolina as well as his Manual of Geology: Designed for the Use of Colleges and Academies (New York: A.S. Barnes & Burr). While in North Carolina he would make the 1st discovery of fossil teeth of an ancient crocodile, Deinosuchus, that had been so enormous that it had preyed on carnivorous dinosaurs.

At the age of 76, Professor Chester Dewey, feeling no longer able to maintain the pace, resigned as professor of chemistry and natural philosophy at the University of Rochester. He consented, however, to retain a nominal connection with the university and to provide instruction to its students to whatever extent he would feel able. His last scholarly efforts would be review articles on The True Place of Man in Zoology and An
EXAMINATION OF SOME REASONINGS AGAINST THE UNITY OF MANKIND.

THE SCIENCE OF 1860

WHAT I’M WRITING IS TRUE BUT NEVER MIND
YOU CAN ALWAYS LIE TO YOURSELF
September 11, Tuesday: The New York Times would report on this night’s demonstration by the “Wide-Awakes” of Albany, New York:

A grand demonstration of the Wide-Awake clubs of Albany and adjacent cities took place to-night, and was fully equal to the anticipations of its projectors, and the grandest display yet made during the campaign of uniformed political clubs. A large number of persons were congregated in the city to see the torchlight parade, and many buildings on the line of march were illuminated.

The appearance of the Procession was most brilliant. The line was formed at about 8 o'clock, the numbers being so large as to occupy over an hour in forming. Visiting clubs from Kingston, Hudson, Valatie, Ghent, Stuyvesant, Saratoga Ballston Troy, Lansingburgh, Kinderhook, Chatham, Schenectady, Johnstown, Waterford, Canajoharie, Mohawk, Gloversville, Rondout, and most towns of Albany County were present, some with large delegations. The whole procession numbered to the neighborhood of 4,000 torches.

In the afternoon a handsome banner was hung across State-street from the Journal office, bearing a handsome device and the names of the candidates. The clubs were accompanied by several bands of music and torches, decorated with flags and bouquets. The Albany clubs were under the command of their President, J. MEREDITH READ, and made a handsome appearance, and the whole affair reflects great credit on the President and his assistants.

Among the procession were several Clubs of Railsplitters, wearing blue shirts and carrying mauls. They were apparently one thousand strong. The procession will not close until a very late hour.

On the line of march several handsome displays of fireworks took place, and visiting clubs were loudly cheered. Persons thronged the streets to witness the parade, which has been thus far the largest and handsomest parade of the campaign.

September 11: George Melvin came to tell me this forenoon that a strange animal was killed on Sunday, the 9th, near the north line of the town, and it was not known certainly what it was. From his description I judged it to be a Canada lynx. In the afternoon I went to see it. It was killed on Sunday morning by John Quincy Adams, who lives in Carlisle about half a mile (or less) from the Concord line, on the Carlisle road.

Some weeks ago a little girl named Buttrick, who was huckleberrying near where the lynx was killed, was frightened by a wild animal leaping out of the bushes near her – over her, as she said – and bounding off. But no one then regarded her story. Also a Mr. Grimes, who lives in Concord just on the line, tells me that some month ago he heard from his house the loud cry of an animal in the woods northward, and told his wife that if he were in Canada he should say it was a bob-tailed cat. He had lived seven years in Canada and seen a number of this kind of animal. Also a neighbor of his, riding home in the night, had heard a similar cry. Jacob Farmer saw a strange animal at Bateman’s Pond a year ago, which he thinks was this.

Adams had lost some of his hens, and had referred it to a fox or the like. He being out, his son told me that on Sunday he went out with his gun to look after the depredator, and some forty or fifty rods from his house...
northwesterly [Vide forward] (on Dr. Jones’s lot, which I surveyed) in the woods, this animal suddenly dropped within two feet of him, so near that he could not fire. He had heard a loud hiss, but did not mind it. He accordingly struck it with the butt of his gun, and it then bounded off fifteen feet [Another says he told him thirty feet and that they went and measured it. Vide forward.] or more, turned about, and faced him, whereupon he fired directly into its eyes, putting them out. His gun was loaded with small shot, No. 9. The creature then bounded out of sight, and he had a chance to reload, by which time it appeared again, crawling toward him on its belly, fiercely seeking him. He fired again, and, it still facing him, he fired a third time also, and finally finished it with the butt of his gun.

It was now skinned and the skin stuffed with hay, and the skull had been boiled, in order to be put into the head. I measured the stuffed skin carefully. From the forehead (the nose pointing down) to end of tail, 3 feet 4 1/2 inches. Tail stout and black at the abrupt end, 5 inches. Extreme length from fore paws to hind paws, 4 feet 8 inches, when stretched out, the skin being stiff. (They said it measured 5 feet before it was skinned, which is quite likely.) Forehead to extremity of hind feet, 50 1/2 inches. It stood, as nearly as I could measure, holding it up, 19 to 20 inches high from ground to shoulder. From midway between the legs beneath, the hind legs measured 19 inches, within; the fore legs, 16 inches, within. From skull to end of tuft on ear, 4 1/2 inches; tuft on ear (black and thin), 1 1/2 inches. The width of fore paw gently pressed was 3 1/2 inches; would have made a track perhaps four inches wide in snow. There was a small bare brown tubercle of flesh to each toe, and also a larger one for the sole, amid the grayish-white hair. A principal claw was 3/4 inch long measured directly, but it was very curving.

For color: It was, above, brownish-gray, with a dark-brown or black line down the middle of the back. Sides gray, with small dark-brown spots, more or less within the hair. Beneath, lighter, hoary, and long-haired. Legs gray, like the sides, but more reddish-brown behind, especially the hind legs, and these, like the belly and sides, were indistinctly spotted with dark brown, having the effect more of a dark-brown tinge at a little distance than of spots. General aspect brownish-hoary. Tail, above, more reddish than rest of back, much, and conspicuously black at end. Did not notice any white at tip. Throat pretty white. Ears, without, broadly edged with black half an inch or more. wide, the rest being a triangular white. There was but a small muffler, chiefly a triangular whitish and blackish tuft on the sides of the face or neck, not noticeably under the chin.

It weighed, by their account, nineteen pounds. This was a female, and Farmer judged from his examination of the mammae – two or more of them being enlarged, and the hair worn off around them – that it had suckled young this year. The fur was good for nothing now. I cannot doubt that this is a Canada lynx; yet I am somewhat puzzled by the descriptions of the two lynxes. Emmons says of the Canada lynx that it has “no naked spots or tubercles [on the soles of its feet] like the other species of the feline race;” and Audubon says, “Soles, hairy;” but of the Lynx rufus, “Soles … naked.” It is Audubon’s L. rufus in the naked soles, also in “ears, outer surface, a triangular spot of dull white, … bordered with brownish-black,” not described in his Canadensis. It is his L. Canadensis in size, in color generally, in length of ear-tuft (his L. rufus tufts being only half an inch), in “upper surface of the tail, to within an inch of the tip, and exterior portion of the thighs, Rufous,” in tail being stout, not “slender” like rufus. Audubon says that the L. rufus is easily distinguished from small specimens of the female L. Canadensis by “the larger feet and more tufted ears of the latter, … as well as its grayish color.” This is four inches longer than his smaller Canada lynx and exactly as long as his larger one, – both his being males. Emmons’s one is also just 37 inches, or the same length. Emmons’s largest L. rufus is, thus measured, only 29 inches long and Audubon’s “fine specimen” only 30 inches.

Grimes, who had lived seven years in Canada, called this a “bob-tailed cat,” and said that the Canada lynx was as dark as his dog, which would be called a black dog, though somewhat brownish.

They told me there that a boy had seen another, supposed to be its mate, [Only a stone] this morning, and that they were going out to hunt it toward night. [Vide next page]

The water is cold to-day, and bathing begins to be questionable.
The turtles, painted and sternothærus, are certainly less timid than in the spring. I see a row of half a dozen or more painted turtles on a slanting black willow, so close together that two or three of them actually have their fore feet on the shells of their predecessors, somewhat like a row of bricks that is falling. The scales of some are curled up and just falling.
October 1, Thursday: The German Diet voted for united action against Denmark.

Ebenezer Emmons died. Eventually, his nemesis James Hall, who had caused him to be exiled from the state of New York, would be buried near his grave in New York — which just shows to go you.

“MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY
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“It’s all now you see. Yesterday won’t be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago.”

- Remark by character “Garin Stevens”
  in William Faulkner’s INTRUDER IN THE DUST

Prepared: October 14, 2014
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.