“NARRATIVE HISTORY” AMOUNTS TO FABULATION,
THE REAL STUFF BEING MERE CHRONOLOGY
April 3, Friday: Mary Carpenter was born in Exeter, England.

Henry William Herbert was born in London, a son of the Honorable and Reverend William Herbert, Dean of Manchester. He would be educated at Eton College and at Caius College of Cambridge University, and evidently in the process would run up a considerable amount of debt.

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

4 OClock 6 day Morning 3 of 4 M 1807 / While I am at watching with a sick person, at this dead hour of night, my mind is introduced into sensations which banishes drowsiness from mine eyes.

Oh! the uncertainty of time & the inevitable certainty of death. How desirable is the object, to be prepared & enabled to meet with calm resignation Such an Awful Scene as is now before me, when the boody reduced by racking pain & parching fever is brought nigh unto death, then to take a retrospect of our past life & find it has not been so fully dedicated to the service, cause & honor of our God as he has required, but have rejected his tender calls to holiness from season to season, lovingly & mercifully vouchsafed in our hearts, having lived even to grey hairs in a dead & flat profession, without a lively profession of religion, & now tremblingly to stand as at the threshold of eternity deploiring our past omissions in life. How dread, how Awful, how awakening to the heart. Awake Awake Oh! my soul & be thou on thy Strictest Search & Watch, "catching each ray" & obeying the smallest monition [cognition] of divine truth, that when called to resign thy clay tenement, & to appear at the tribunal of Justice & Mercy thou may feel the sweet consoling

1. The Honorable and Reverend William Herbert, as the head of the Diocese of the Manchester Cathedral of Manchester, England, has set his name down in the history books by having in 1837 given a flower a name. He designated a flower of the Amaryllidaceae as “Hippeastrum” or “Horseman’s Star” — and since he was a specialist in medieval weapons this has been claimed to have been in reference to a mace-like weapon swung by horsemen during the 14th Century known as the “Morning Star” or “Holy Water Sprinkler.” Here is an image of the knightly weapon in question, and of the bloom in question:

It would be my opinion that if the Reverend Herbert did actually name this bloom after this device, he must have named it thus not because of any resemblance between the flower and the weapon, but because of the resemblance between the flower and a wound that might result from the use of that weapon.
reward of peace for thy faithfulness here & an Assurance of happiness in the regions of celestial Abodes

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT

“Frank Forester”

“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project
Henry William Herbert received the Bachelor’s Degree at Caius College of Cambridge University.

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.
December: David Mack (III) became principal of the Friends’ Academy in New Bedford, Massachusetts (to May 1836).

On the run due to student debts, Henry William Herbert arrived at New-York. Initially he would teach Greek in a private school there. He would begin to contribute amply to a new sporting magazine, William Porter’s Spirit of the Times (he would, in fact, make himself one of the very most prolific American authors of the period).
Henry William Herbert started the *American Monthly Magazine*, which he and A.D. Patterson would edit until 1835 (meanwhile he was holding onto his day job, of teaching Greek in a New-York private school).

The future can be easily predicted in retrospect.
HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT

Henry William Herbert’s THE BROTHERS: A TALE OF THE FRONDE.

“FRANK FORESTER”

1834
Henry William Herbert’s *Cromwell*, an Historical Novel, 1838.
Henry William Herbert began to use the pen name “Frank Forester” when writing for the American Turf Register.

Do I have your attention? Good.
Henry William Herbert’s MARMADUKE WYVIL; OR THE MAID’S REVENGE. A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

Under the pseudonym “Frank Forester,” his THE DEERSTALKERS: A SPORTING TALE OF THE SOUTH-WESTERN
HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT

COUNTIES.

“FRANK FORESTER”

Also, as “W.H. Herbert,” RINGWOOD THE ROVER, A TALE OF FLORIDA.
Henry William Herbert's *The Warwick Woodlands; or Things as They Were There.*
Henry William Herbert’s Frank Forester and His Friends and Frank Forester’s Field Sports of the United States, and British Provinces, of North America (New York: Stringer & Townsend).
Also, his The Prometheus and Agamemnon of Aeschylus, and Frank Forester’s Fish and Fishing of the United States and British Provinces of North America (London: Richard Bentley, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty).
Henry William Herbert’s historical monograph The Captains of the Old World; as Compared with the Great Modern Strategists.
Henry William Herbert’s historical monograph *The Chevaliers of France*, and a historical novel *The Roman Traitor; or the Days of Cicero, Cato and Cataline, A True Tale of The Republic.*
February 27, Sunday: Moncure Daniel Conway attended the Reverend Theodore Parker’s sermon in the downtown Boston Music Hall and was put off when Parker cracked jokes from the pulpit. Members of the congregation were, would you believe, chuckling during worship.

Not only that, but Conway observed that some of the men in the congregation had mustaches, and that some of the women were wearing rouge. Still, he needed to talk to the Reverend Parker because he was bearing a message from Nancy Williams, one of the family’s slaves in Virginia, to her escaped husband Benjamin Williams who was thought to be residing in the Boston area. Conway needed to make the contact by way of some white man who could trust him, who also had contacts in the local black community. The two men soon made contact with a black man who assured them that, although Benjamin Williams had escaped on to Canada, he would know how to pass this written message on to him.²

Conway would explain why at first he didn’t like the Reverend Parker, and went to hear Father Taylor at the Seamen’s Bethel:

² Of course, there’s every possibility that this communicant merely trotted around the corner and handed his wife’s note to Benjamin Williams. Why take a risk when you aren’t obliged to?
As to my worry at the first sermon I heard in Boston, –that of Theodore Parker,– I was disturbed by the lack of anything in the Music Hall or in the secular music sympathetic with my lonely and forlorn heart. In the afternoon I was consoled by hearing at the Seamen’s Bethel the famous Father Taylor. I had read the graphic description of him by Charles Dickens (“American Notes”), and had heard that Emerson was an admirer of Father Taylor. Some one told me that Taylor was a sort of Arian; also that in a circle of his ministerial brethren where Emerson was spoken of as leading youth to hell, Father Taylor remarked, “It may be that Emerson is going to hell, but of one thing I am certain: he will change the climate there, and emigration will set that way.”

After listening to his sermon, –plain, practical, in no part sensational,– I approached Father Taylor and told him I had just left the Baltimore Conference. He urged me to go home with him, and on the way was at first severe about my leaving the Methodist Church. I answered that if I could, like himself, be a Methodist and ignore the Trinitarian dogma, I would have done so; but Methodism in Boston and that in the Baltimore Conference differed. The old man relented. “Well,” said he, “our Southern brethren are very strict about some things of which they know nothing.” I then knocked at the door of his heart with the name of Emerson, and it opened wide. Our talk became cordial. He told me, I think, that Emerson was a contributor to the Seamen’s Bethel, and at any rate interested me in his account of Emerson as a man, and apart from his writings.
Henry Thoreau wrote to H.G.O. Blake.

Concord Feb. 27th ’53

Mr Blake,

I have not answered your letter before because I have been almost

There was something rather hard about Parker’s manner at first that may have been due to very natural misgivings. Having found that he was the man most likely to help me fulfil aunt Nancy’s commission, I carried a note of introduction to him from some antislavery friend at Cambridge, but even antislavery men might be mistaken. A Virginian asking the whereabouts of a negro might properly be met with hesitation, though it did not occur to me. I was courteously received in his large library, where he sat at his desk beneath his grandfather’s old musket fixed to the wall. He took down the fugitive’s name, etc., and said he would make inquiries, appointing a day for my return. For the rest he showed interest in my experiences, and spoke with such admiration of Emerson that I began to warm toward him. A few days later he went with me through the negro quarters, and I got still nearer to him. I remember by the way that a man met us and asked the way to the Roman Catholic Church. Parker took pains to inform him, and then remarked, “A heretic may sometimes point a man to the True Church.” But he did not smile. At length we entered into the house of some intelligent coloured people, who saluted Parker with the greatest homage, which he received with pathetic humility. “This,” he said, “is a Virginian, but an honourable Virginian, who wishes to find one Benjamin Williams, who some time ago escaped from his master in Stafford County, Va, and for whom he has a message from his wife, Nancy Williams. I hope you will be able to discover Mr. Williams.” After a brief consultation with others of the family, the man went out to bring some neighbours, and meanwhile I was quite overcome by the pleasant conversation of Parker with the humble women around him. He spoke sweetly and graciously to young and old. It was all beautiful and touching, and I was ashamed that I had disliked him. The man returned with several neighbours, and having inquired closely as to the fugitive’s appearance, they remembered such a man, who was in Canada. A little later I had the satisfaction of sending his address to a free negro in Falmouth, who conveyed it to aunt Nancy.
HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT  “FRANK FORESTER”

constantly in the fields surveying of late. It is long since I have spent so many days so profitably in a pecuniary sense; so unprofitably, it seems to me, in a more important sense. I have earned just a dollar a day for 76 days past; for though I charge at a higher rate for the days which are seen to be spent, yet so many more are spent than appears. This is instead of lecturing, which has not offered, to pay for that book which I printed. I have not only cheap hours, but cheap weeks and months, i.e. weeks which are bought at the rate I have named. Not that they are quite lost to me, or make me very melancholy, alas! for I too often take a cheap satisfaction in so spending them, – weeks of pasturing and browsing, like beeves and deer, which give me animal health, it may be, but create a tough skin over the soul and intellectual part. Yet if men should offer my body a maintenance for the work of my head alone, I feel that it would be a dangerous temptation.

As to whether what you speak of as the “world’s way” (Which for the most part is my way) or that which is shown me, is the better. The former is imposture, the latter is truth. I have the coldest confidence in the last. There is only such hesitation as the appetites feel in following the aspirations. The clod hesitates because it is inert, wants animation. The one is the way of death, the other of life everlasting. My hours are not “cheap in such a way that I doubt whether the world’s way would not have been better,” but cheap in such a way that I doubt whether the world’s way, which I have adopted for the time, could be worse. The whole enterprise of this nation which is not an upward, but a west-ward one, toward Oregon California, Japan &c, is totally devoid of interest to me, whether performed on foot or by a Pacific railroad. It is not illustrated by a thought, it is not warmed by a sentiment. There is nothing in it which one should lay down his life for, nor even his gloves, hardly which one should take up a newspaper for. It is perfectly heathenish – a filibustering toward heaven by the great western route. No, they may go their way to their manifest destiny which I trust is not mine. May my 76 dollars whenever I get them help to carry me in the other direction. I see them on their winding way, but no music is wafted from their host, only the rattling of change in their pockets. I would rather be a captive knight, and let them all pass by, than be free only to go whither they are bound. What end do they propose to themselves beyond Japan? What aims more lofty have they than the prairie dogs?

As it respects these things I have not changed an opinion one iota from the first. As the stars looked to me when I was a shepherd in Assyria, they look to me now a New Englander. The higher the mt on which you stand, the less change in the prospect from year to year, from age to age. Above a certain height, there is no change. I
am a Switzer on the edge of the glacier, with his advantages & dis-
advantages, goitre, or what not. (You may suspect it to be some kind
of swelling at any rate). I have had but one spiritual birth (excuse
the word,) and now whether it rains or snows, whether I laugh or
cry, fall farther below or approach nearer to my standard, whether
Pierce or Scott is elected, – not a new scintillation of light flashes on
me, but ever and anon, though with longer intervals, the same sur-
prising & everlastingly new light dawns to me, with only such vari-
ations as in the coming of the natural day, with which, indeed, it is
often coincident. As to how to preserve potatoes from rotting, your
opinion may change from year to year, but as how to preserve your
Soul from rotting, I have nothing to learn, but something to practise.
Thus I declaim against them, but I in my folly am the world I con-
demn.

I very rarely indeed if ever “feel any itching to be what is called use-
ful to my fellow men”. Sometimes, it may be, when my thoughts for
want of employment, fall into a beaten path or humdrum, I have
dreamed idly of stopping a man’s horse that was running away, but
perchance I wished that he might run in order that I might stop him,
– or, of putting out a fire, but then of course it must have got well a-
going. Now, to tell the truth, I do not dream much of acting upon
horses before they run, or of preventing fires which are not yet kind-
dled. What a foul subject is this of doing good, instead of minding
ones life, which should be his business –doing good as a dead car-
cass, which is only fit for manure, instead of as a living man, – In-
stead of taking care to flourish & smell & taste sweet and refresh all
mankind to the extent of our capacity & quality. People will some-
times try to persuade you that you have done something from that
motive, as if you did not already know enough about it. If I ever did
a man any good, in their sense, of course it was something excep-
tional, and insignificant compared with the good or evil which I am
constantly doing by being what I am. As if you were to preach to ice
to shape itself into burning glasses, which are sometimes useful, and
so the peculiar properties of ice be lost— Ice that merely performs
the office of a burning glass does not do its duty.

The problem of life becomes one cannot say by how many degrees
more complicated as our material wealth is increased, whether that
needle they tell of was a gate-way or not, – since the problem is not
merely nor mainly to get life for our bodies, but by this or a similar
discipline to get life for our souls; by cultivating the lowland farm
on right principles, that is with this view, to turn it into an upland
farm. You have so many more talents to account for. If I accomplish
as much more in spiritual work as I am richer in worldly goods, then
I am just as worthy, or worth just as much as I was before, and no
more. I see that, in my own case, money might be of great service to me, but probably it would not be, for the difficulty now is that I do not improve my opportunities, and therefore I am not prepared to have my opportunities increased. Now I warn you, if it be as you say, you have got to put on the pack of an Upland Farmer in good earnest the coming spring, the lowland farm being cared for, aye you must be selecting your seeds forthwith and doing what winter work you can; and while others are raising potatoes and Baldwin apples for you, you must be raising apples of the Hesperides for them. (Only hear how he preaches!) No man can suspect that he is the proprietor of an Upland farm, i.e. upland in the sense that it will produce no bler crops and better repay cultivation in the long run, but he will be perfectly sure that he ought to cultivate it.

Though we are desirous to earn our bread, we need not be anxious to satisfy men for it—though we shall take care to pay them,—but Good who alone gave it to us—Men may in effect put us in the debtors jail, for that matter, simply for paying our whole debt to God, which includes our debt to them, and though we have his receit for it, for his paper is dishonored. The cashier will tell you that he has no stock in his bank.

How prompt we are to satisfy the hunger & thirst of our bodies; how slow to satisfy the hunger & thirst of our souls. In deed we would be practical folks cannot use this word without blushing because of our infidelity, having starved this substance almost to a shadow. We feel it to be as absurd as if a man were to break forth into a eulogy on his dog who has'nt any. An ordinary man will work every day for a year at shovelling dirt to support his body, or a family of bodies, but he is an extraordinary man who will work a whole day in a year for the support of his soul. Even the priests, the men of God, so called, for the most part confess that they work for the support of the body. But he alone is the truly enterprising & practical man who succeeds in maintaining his soul here. Have'nt we our everlasting life to get? and is'nt that the only excuse at last for eating drinking sleeping, or even carrying an umbrella when it rains? A man might as well devote himself to raising pork, as to fattening the bodies or temporal part merely of the whole human family. If we made the true distinction we should almost all of us be seen to be in the almshouse for Souls.

I am much indebted to you because you look so steadily at the better side, or rather the true center of me (for our true center may & perhaps oftener does lie entirely aside from us, and we are in fact eccentric,) and as I have elsewhere said “Give me an opportunity to live.” You speak as if the image or idea which I see were reflected from me to you, and I see it again reflected from you to me, because
we stand at the right angle to one another; and so it goes zigzag, to what successive reflecting surfaces, before it is all dissipated, or absorbed by the more unreflecting, or differently reflecting, — who knows? Or perhaps what you see directly you refer to me. What a little shelf is required, by which we may impinge upon another, and build there our eirie in the clouds, and all the heavens we see above us we refer to the crags around and beneath us. Some piece of mica, as it were, in the face or eyes of one, as on the Delectable Mts., slanted at the right angle, reflects the heavens to us. But in the slow geological upheavals & depressions, these mutual angles are disturbed, these suns set, & new ones rise to us. That ideal which I worshipped was a greater stranger to the mica than to me. It was not the hero I admired but the reflection from his epaulet or helmet. It is nothing (for us) permanently inherent in another, but his attitude or relation to what we prize that we admire. The meanest man may glitter with micaceous particles to his fellow’s eye. These are the spangles that adorn a man. The highest union — the only un-ion (don’t laugh) or central oneness, is the coincidence of visual rays. Our club room was an apartment in a constellation where our visual rays met (and there was no debate about about the restaurant) The way between us is over the mount.

Your words make me think of a man of my acquaintance whom I occasionally meet, whom you too appear to have met, one Myself, as he is called. Yet why not call him Your-self? If you have met with him & know him it is all I have done, and surely where the re is a mutual acquaintance the my & thy make a distinction without a difference. I do not wonder that you do not like my Canada story. It concerns me but little, and probably is not worth the time it took to tell it. Yet I had absolutely no design whatever in my mind, but simply to report what I saw. I have inserted all of myself that was implicated or made the excursion. It has come to an end at any rate, they will print no more, but return me my mss. when it is but little more than half done — as well as another I had sent them, because the editor Curtis requires the liberty to omit the heresies without consulting me — a privilege California is not rich enough to bid for.

I thank you again & again for attending to me; that is to say I am glad that you hear me and that you also are glad. Hold fast to your most indefinite waking dream. The very green dust on the walls is an organised vegetable; the atmosphere has its fauna & flora floating in it; & shall we think that dreams are but dust & ashes, are always disintegrated & crumbling thoughts and not dust like thoughts trooping to its standard with music, systems beginning to be organized. These expectations these are roots these are nuts which even the poorest man has in his bin, and roasts or cracks them occasion-
ally in winter evenings, which even the poor debtor retains with his bed and his pig, i.e. his idleness & sensuality. Men go to the opera because they hear there a faint expression in sound of this news which is never quite distinctly proclaimed. Suppose a man were to sell the hue, the least amount of coloring matter in the superficies of his thought, –for a farm. –were to exchange an absolute & infinite value for a relative –& finite one –to gain the whole world & lose his own soul!

Do not wait as long as I have before you write. If you will look at another star, I will try to supply my side of the triangle

Tell Mr Brown that I remember him & trust that he remembers me.

Yrs H.D.T.

PS. Excuse this rather flippant preaching – which does not cost me enough –and do not think that I mean you always– though your letter suggested the subjects.

Frank Brown has killed within a day or two a tree sparrow Emberiza Canadensis Canada Bunting or Tree sparrow of Audubon’s Synopsis– I think this must be my bright chestnut fronted bird of the winter though Peabody says it is distinguished by the spot on the breast? which reminds me of the larger finch like bird.

A week or two ago I brought home a handsome pitch pine cone which had freshly fallen and was closed perfectly tight....

Mr Herbert is strenuous that I say ruffed grouse for Partridge & hare for rabbit

He says of the snipe “I am myself satisfied that the sound is produced by the fact, that the bird, by some muscular action or other, turns the quill-feathers edgewise, as he drops plumb through the air; and that, while in this position, during his accelerated descent, the vibration of the feathers, and the passage of the air between them, gives utterance to this wild humming sound.”

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

1855
Also, his romance Wager of Battle; A Tale of Saxon Slavery in Sherwood Forest.
July 12, Thursday: Thomas Crawford proposed to create, in his studio in Rome, a statue “Freedom” to top the dome of the Capitol Rotunda in Washington DC. The statue is a female figure nearly 20 feet tall weighing in at about 15,000 pounds, holding in her right hand a sheathed sword and in her left a laurel wreath of victory and the shield of the United States of America, but Crawford supposed that our big bronze lady ought to be sporting as her chapeau a liberty cap adorned with stars. It was Secretary of War Jefferson Davis, one of the South’s major slaveholders, who was overseeing the building plans, and he of course pointed out the obvious — not only had this liberty cap been outlawed in England as suggestive of the French Revolution but, since it had
been the classic Roman symbol of a manumitted slave, was a non-starter.

(If you zoom in with a telephoto lens, you will see that our big bronze lady has been attired instead in something resembling a military helmet bearing an eagle head and crest of feathers. It’s a much improved design because such a chapeau can’t be made to mean anything.)³

“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

3. Legally, there was a distinction between a slaveowner and a slaveholder. The owner of a slave might rent the custody and use of that slave out for a year, in which case the distinction would arise and be a meaningful one in law, since the other party to such a transaction would be the holder but not the owner. However, in this Kouroo database, I will ordinarily be deploying the term “slaveholder” as the normative term, as we are no longer all that concerned with the making of such fine economic distinctions but are, rather, concerned almost exclusively with the human issues involved in the enslavement of other human beings. I use the term “slaveholder” in preference to “slaveowner” not only because no human being can really own another human being but also because it is important that slavery never be defined as the legal ownership of one person by another — in fact not only had human slavery existed before the first such legislation but also it has continued long since we abolished all legal deployment of the term “slave.”
July 12. Peterson says he dug one hundred and twenty-six dollars’ worth of small clams near his house in Truro one winter, — twenty-five bucketfuls at one time. One man forty. Says they are scarce because they feed pigs on them. I measure a horseshoe on the back side twenty-two inches by eleven. The low sand-downs between East Harbor head and sea are thinly covered with beach-grass, seaside goldenrod, and beach pea. Fog wets your beard til twelve o’clock. [Cape Cod, page 165; Riv. 198.]

Long slender seaside plantain leaf (?) at East Harbor head. Solanum (with white flowers) nigrum (?) in marsh. Spergularia rubra var. marina. Great many little shells by edge of marsh — Auricula bidentata (?) and Succinea avara (?).

Great variety of beetles, dor-bugs, etc., on beach. I have one green shining one. Also butterflies over bank. Small thought the pine land was worth twenty-five cents an acre. I was surprised to see great spider-holes in pure sand and gravel, with a firm edge, where man could not make a hole without the sand sliding in, — in tunnel form. They are gone off for mackerel and cod; also catching mackerel, halibut, and lobsters about here for the market.

The upland plover begins with a quivering note somewhat like a tree-toad and ends with a long, clear, somewhat plaintive (?) or melodious (?) hawk-like scream. I never heard this very near to me, and when I asked the inhabitants about it they did not know what I meant. Frank Forester, in “Manual for Young Sportsmen,” 1856, page 308, says, “This bird has a soft plaintive call or whistle of two notes, which have something of a ventriloquial character and this peculiarity, that when uttered close to the ear, they appear to come from a distance, and when the bird is really two or three fields distant, sound as if near at hand.” It hovers on quivering wing, and alights by a steep dive.

My paper so damp in this house I can’t press flowers without mildew, nor dry my towel for a week. [Cape Cod, page 165; Riv. 198.]

Small thought there was no stone wall west of Orleans. Squid the bait for bass. Small said the blackfish ran ashore in pursuit of it. Hardly use pure salt at Small’s. Do not drink water. [Cape Cod, page 165; Riv. 198.]

S. repeats a tradition that the back side was frozen over one mile out in 1680 (?). Often is on Bay, but never since on Atlantic.
Henry William Herbert’s *The Complete Manual for Young Sportsmen: With Directions for Handling the Gun, the Rifle, and the Rod; The Art of Shooting on the Wing; The Breaking, Management, and Hunting of the Dog; The Varieties and Habits of Game, River, Lake, and Sea Fishing, etc., etc., etc.* Prepared for the Instruction and Use of the Youth of America. By Frank Forester, etc. (New York: Stringer & Townsend, 222 Broadway).
HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT  “FRANK FORESTER”

Also, his historical monograph **OLIVER CROMWELL; OR, ENGLAND’S GREAT PROTECTOR.**

THE GREAT PROTECTOR
Henry William Herbert’s *Frank Forester’s Horse and Horsemanship in the United States and British Provinces of North America.*
May 18, Tuesday: Charlotte L. Forten wrote “Had a great surprise in the arrival of Mr. Putnam [George W. Putnam of Lynn] and Mr. Nell [William Cooper Nell]. Stood almost transfixed with astonishment.”

Henry Thoreau wrote to James Russell Lowell.

Concord May 18th 1858
Dear Sir,
The proofs, for which I did ask in the note which accompanied the MS, would have been an all sufficient “Bulletin”. I was led to suppose by Mr Emerson’s account, —and he advised me to send immediately— that you were not always even one month ahead. At any rate it was important to me that the paper be disposed of soon — I send by express this morning the remainder of the story — of which allow me to ask a sight of the proofs.
Yrs truly
Henry D. Thoreau

That night, during the hours of darkness, a column of 158 soldiers under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Edward J. Steptoe managed to escape from encirclement by approximately 1,000 Coeur d’Alene warriors, and wend their way toward safety inside the city limits of Spokane, Washington.
At the age of 51, the widower Henry William Herbert had gotten married for a 2d time. About three months into this marriage, however, his Mrs. had been visited by a woman who had said some things to her – unspecified things – and suddenly there was a lawyer in the picture and this new marriage was decidedly over. In despair on this morning at about 2AM he committed suicide by shooting himself in the chest in his bedroom on the 2d floor of the Stevens House boarding house in Broadway by the Bowling Green, Manhattan Island.

He left a long and detailed missive forgiving every man who had wronged him and asking forgiveness of every man whom he had wronged — a long and detailed suicide note that would be published to the world in all its juicy detail by the New York Times, known to all as “the newspaper of record.” The anonymous obituary writer would recount some unfortunate and some pleasant details of the deceased’s period on this planet and whip out his own upbeat summation:

To those who were familiar with Mr. Herbert’s irascible temper and his general course of life, the event will not create any very great surprise, and the feelings of those who may have entertained a contempt for his morose and wayward manners will be converted into compassion for his sufferings.
Henry William Herbert’s *Frank Forester’s Fish and Fishing of the United States.*
Henry William Herbert’s *The Village Inn; Or, the Adventure of Bellechassaigne, The Lord of The Manor; Or, Rose Castleton’s Temptation: An Old English Story*, and *Guarica, The Charib Bride: A Legend of Hispaniola*. 

“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
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.
HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT

“FRANK FORESTER”
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