The Transcendentalists described themselves, informally, as "Hedge’s Club." Although Hedge also created Transcendentalist hymns from scratch, he is best known in hymnody as a translator of *Herr Professor Martin Luther*’s "Ein’ feste Burg ist unser Gott" (which had already, we might bear in mind been translated into English both by Myles Coverdale in 1539 and by Thomas Carlyle in 1831)

- 1829-1835 pastored in Arlington, Massachusetts
- 1835-1850 pastored in Bangor, Maine
- 1850-1856 pastored in Providence, Rhode Island
- 1856-1872 pastored in Brookline, Massachusetts
- 1857-1861 edited *The Christian Examiner*
- 1859-1862 presided over the American Unitarian Association
- 1857-1878 taught ecclesiastical history at Harvard University
- 1872-1882 taught German literature at Harvard University

To discover that, in the pages of *Walden*, the Reverend Hedge at one point lurks like a bogeyman, is rather problematic.
Philanthropy is almost the only virtue which is sufficiently appreciated by mankind. Nay, it is greatly overrated; and it is our selfishness which overrates it. A robust poor man, one sunny day here in Concord, praised a fellow-townsman to me, because, as he said, he was kind to the poor; meaning himself. The kind uncles and aunts of the race are more esteemed than its true spiritual fathers and mothers. I once heard a reverend lecturer on England, a man of learning and intelligence, after enumerating her scientific, literary, and political worthies, Shakspeare, Bacon, Cromwell, Milton, Newton, and others, speak next of her Christian heroes, whom, as if his profession required it of him, he elevated to a place far above all the rest, as the greatest of the great. They were Penn, Howard, and Mrs. Fry. Every one must feel the falsehood and cant of this. The last were not England’s best men and women; only, perhaps, her best philanthropists.
In Cambridge, Massachusetts a newborn baby was given the name Frederic Henry Hedge. He would grow up to be a leading Unitarian clergyman, and a Transcendentalist, and a foremost leading light of (at least some of) the transcendentalists. These people would begin a club known informally as “Hedge’s Club” in which David Henry Thoreau did not particularly participate, and may not have particularly appreciated. Hedge would grow up to think it important to translate into English that hymn of Martin Luther, “A Mighty Fortress Is Our God,” in the singing of which we are never certain precisely what it is that the celebrants are worshiping: are they worshiping their own security, or are they worshiping the idea of strength, or what other pagan idol is it that they so celebrate to the thunderous thudding of their organ?

This is what a shape-note church hymnal looked like during this period:

HEAVENLY UNION.  8,8,8,8,7.

2. When Jesus saw me from on high,
Behold my soul in ruin lie,
He look’d on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he spoke’d by,
“With God you have no union.”

3. Then I began to weep and cry,
I look’d this way and that to fly;
It grieved me so that I must die;
I strove salvation then to buy,
But still I had no union.

4. But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he would me clean;
And O! what seasons I have seen,
Since first I felt this union.

5. I praised the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray;
And if I met one on the way,
I something always found to say
About this heavenly union.

6. I wonder why the saints don’t sing,
And mount on Christ’s triumphant wing,
And make the heav’nly arches ring
With loud hosannas to their King,
Who brought their souls to union.

7. Oh! come, backsliders, come away,
And learn to do as well as say,
And learn to watch as well as pray;
And bear your cross from day to day,
And then you’ll feel this union.

8. We soon shall leave all things below,
And quit these climes of pain and wo;
And then we’ll fly to glory go,
Where we shall see, and hear, and know,
And feel a perfect union.

9. Come, heav’n and earth, unite your lays,
And give to Jesus endless praise;
And O! my soul, with wonder gaze!
He bleedeth, he diest, your debt he pays,
To give you heavenly union.

10. Oh! could I, like an angel, sound
Salvation through the earth around,
The Devil’s kingdom to confound!
I’d triumph on Emmanuel’s ground,
And spread this glorious union.
NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT
December 23, Monday, 6PM: Joseph Smith, Jr. was born in Sharon, Vermont, 5th child of Lucy Mack and Joseph Smith, Sr. He would grow up to be a religious influence, like another newborn baby of that year, Frederic Henry Hedge of Cambridge, Massachusetts, but unlike Hedge would not be a seer on the model of Maimonides. He would be six feet tall and would work in the mode of Elijah or Moses, or perhaps Geller, and would marry at least 49 women.

Harold Bloom, in his 1992 treatise on the American Religion and on the emergence of the US as a post-Christian nation THE AMERICAN RELIGION: THE EMERGENCE OF THE POST-CHRISTIAN NATION (NY: Simon & Schuster), refers to Waldo Emerson’s sharing with Joseph in the creation of our unholy, fatuous faith in our American selves:

Ralph Waldo Emerson, visiting Mormon country in Salt Lake City in 1871, dismissed the Latter-day Saints as “an after-clap of Puritanism.” Born just two years before the Mormon prophet Joseph Smith, Emerson survived his fellow New Englander by some thirty-eight years. As contemporaries, they possessed nothing in common, and scarcely could have been further apart in moral character, personality, social class, education, intellectual sophistication, indeed in intellect itself. Their largest difference is an immemorial one: between sage and prophet. Emerson, sage of Concord, remains our national oracle of cultural wisdom. Smith, prophet of Kirtland and Nauvoo, remains the religion-making founder of what began as a scandalous heresy and now is an eminently respectable established church, wealthy, vaguely Christian, and mostly right-wing Republican.

Had they met in their lifetimes, the Transcendental sage and the Mormon prophet could not have talked to one another. Smith’s visions and prophecies were remarkably literal; the subtle Emerson, master of figurative language, knew that all visions are metaphors, and that all prophecies are rhetorical. And yet Emerson and Joseph Smith alike pioneered in creating the American Religion, the faith of and in the American self.

The Mormon prophet was just as influential as Emerson in the shaping of our new American Religion of self-
worship — although, Bloom suggests, in an entirely different manner.\(^1\)

The largest paradox concerning the American Religion is that it is truly a biblical religion, whereas Judaism and Christianity never were that, despite all their passionate protestations.... If there is already in place any authentic version of the American Religion then, as Tolstoy surmised, it must be Mormonism, whose future as yet may prove decisive for the nation, and for more than this nation alone.

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

23 of 12 M 1805 2nd day [sic] / Since the last date I have experienced a want of exercion to raise the inward life to keep away the enemy, but it has sometimes seemed as if there was never more real Zeale in my heart against the Babylonish forms of religion, never more earnest breathings to the Lord for my own firm establishment on the everlasting foundation, & many times has all that was alive & quick within me been engaged in supplication that Sons may be brought from far, & daughters from the ends of the earth. to acknowledge ther Goodness, & Glory of our God. I am often concerned that the precious youth of my acquaintance may not follow after cunningly devised fables, by going to hear the false teachers of the present Age; many of whom it is often sealed on my spirit are up & down in this country who are raising sparks of their own kindling, and warming others by them which will do them no good, but rather tend to blend them to that pure inward principal which of its self well work for them, all that is necessary; without the help of Man.

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1. The worship-of-a-book of the Southern Baptists, Bloom comments, consists largely of attention to the writings by and about “Saint” Paul, whereas the worship-of-a-book of the Mormons consists largely of attention to “an American set of replacement Scriptures.” (Along the way he indites American psychoanalysis, as being a worship-of-a-book of the authorized edition of the works of Saint Sigmund.)
The recorded Quaker minister Mary Newhall, and friends Elizabeth Redman and Mary Rotch, were in the process of being disowned by the New Bedford Monthly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends, for espousal of “advanced doctrines.”

Read about this “New Light” controversy:

Read about the impact this controversy would have on Waldo Emerson (according to his own evaluation):

About 35 of these “New Lights” were being disowned in Lynn, and almost that many in nearby Salem. Micah Ruggles and Lydia Dean were involved in this set of beliefs.

“Our hearts are filled with many guests — many beloveds.”

2. Lynn (maybe it was yet called Lynnfield) was less than an hour’s travel from Boston. From Burrill’s Hill there you can see the golden dome of the Massachusetts State House.
Note that Thoreau and Emerson scholars, to date, have taken a simplistic attitude toward this history, presuming for one thing that in the Friendly struggle between Hicksites and Evangelicals, it was always the Hicksites who were disowned and the Evangelicals who stayed in possession of the Quaker logo when that is utterly inaccurate, and presuming, for another thing, that whenever there was a struggle with the Evangelicals in the Friends groups, those who were in opposition were Hicksites or Hicksite sympathizers when that is utterly simplistic. For instance, the “New Light” movement of Mary Newhall that began in about 1815 had not more sympathy for Hicksites than for Evangelicals, was affiliated with the “Irish Liberals,” and was a parallel within Quakerism of the group within the Congregational Church which had eventually split off as Unitarians. (The payoff for these simplistic attitudes is that the scholars get to pretend that the Hicksites were merely Unitarian-symps within Quaker groups, and thus dismiss the fundamental difference between the sort of “reformer” who goes for religious closure, like the Reverend Ralph Waldo Emerson or the Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge or Martin Luther, but merely for closure of a different stamp, and the sort of religious reformer, like Henry Thoreau or Elias Hicks or George Fox, who seeks to forestall any religious closure.) Mary Newhall, Elizabeth Redman, and Mary Rotch, reformers of the “closure-seeking” variety and deadly opponents of the Hicksites (of whom they had no comprehension, because they did not know what it was to seek “non-closure” in matters of the spirit) as well as of the Evangelicals (in opposition to whom they defined themselves), became Unitarians and became friends (small f) of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

To characterize their belief system, the historian has to explain that these “New Lights” opposed the Evangelicals within Quakerism who were tending to oversimplify the spiritual life by an escapism in which the old was automatically better than the new, the past better than the present, their model of religious doctrine being one of gradual deterioration with time, and has also to explain that what they had to offer in the place of these simplicitudes was merely an equal but opposite oversimplicitism according to which the new is automatically better than the old, because bright and new, and the future better than the present because after the present. Their simplistic model of religious doctrine was one of progressive revelation with time — a doctrine of evolutionary progress in religious attitudes similar to the sophomoronic attitude that a few deities are obviously better than a confused pagan mess of them, and one monotheistic deity obviously superior to a few (and no deity superior to one). What these people had to offer reduced to the message “Oh, that’s old-fashioned now,” if one allows that they did deliver this doctrine with some wit and subtlety.
Friend Elias was responsive to the tribulation of these disowned Friends, but his basic attitude had already been expressed in a letter to Martha Aldrich on May 29, 1801: neither memories of the past nor anticipations of the future should be allowed to distract us from the seriousness of our task of using "our own experience and judgment" in "living our daily experience in that injunction of our dear Lord."

"The candle could not be often put out, unless it was also often lighted, which shows the mercy of God."

Is it any wonder that this was the year in which Friend Elias had his first heart attack?

**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.**
One Sunday in October, Waldo Emerson was deeply impressed by a “Discourse upon Revelation” by the Reverend William Ellery Channing, preaching in the Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge’s Federal Street Church in Boston:

I heard Dr Channing deliver a discourse upon Revelation as standing in comparison with Nature. I have heard no sermon approaching in excellence to this, since the Dudleian Lecture. The language was a transparent medium, conveying with the utmost distinctness, the pictures in his mind, to the minds of the hearers. He considered God’s word to be the only expounder of his works, & that Nature had always been found insufficient to teach men the great doctrines which Revelation inculcated. Astronomy had in one or two ways an unhappy tendency. An universe of matter in which Deity would display his power & greatness must be of infinite extent & complicate relations and of course too vast to be measured by the eye & understanding of man. Hence errors. Astron. reveals to us infinite number of worlds like our own accommodated for the residence of such beings as we of gross matter. But to kindle our piety & urge our faith, we do not want such a world as this but a purer, a world of morals & of spirits. La Place has written in the mountain album of Switzerland his avowal of Atheism. Newton had a better master than Suns & Stars. He learned of heaven ere he philosophized, & after travelling through mazes of the universe he returned to bow his laurelled head at the feet of Jesus of Nazareth. Dr C. regarded Revelation as much a part of the order of things as any other event. It would have been wise to have made an abstract of the Discourse immediately.
December: The Reverend Waldo Emerson met Miss Ellen Louisa Tucker and, returning to Harvard College, met the Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge:

Pommer, Henry F. EMERSON’S FIRST MARRIAGE. Carbondale IL: Southern Illinois Press, 1967

“A Review From Professor Ross’s Seminar”

The chapter on “Of Women and a Second Wife” gives an idea of Waldo Emerson’s attitudes towards women. For the most part he praised them for being a civilizing influence. They were made to be served, he believed, not to serve. However he wanted to exclude women from the Town and Country Club, and he did not want them to assume (or wish to assume) political functions.

When he married Lydia Jackson, he called her his “sober joy.” He respected her but did not love her in the same way he loved Ellen Louisa Tucker, his first wife. Emerson never stopped referring to Ellen, and he still wrote poems and journal entries about her even after he married Lidian. He did not fail to love Lidian, but he always loved Ellen more. And in later years Emerson was closer to his daughter, named Ellen, than he was to his second wife Lidian.

The first part of the book gives biographical information on Emerson’s relationship with Ellen. They first met on Christmas in 1827 when he was preaching at Concord. She was sixteen and he was twenty-four. On Dec. 17, 1828 they were formally engaged and were married on Sept. 30, 1829. Throughout her short life –she was not yet twenty when she died– Ellen was affectionate, virtuous, religious, and cheerful, but she was not subtle or profound. That did not seem to bother Emerson – Ellen was his ideal of womanhood. She died of consumption on Feb. 8, 1831.

(Katherine A. O’Meara, May 25, 1989)
THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN
As a special gift to his former congregation at the Stone Chapel, the Reverend James Freeman revised his 1812 volume *Sermons on Particular Occasions, as One Version, Eighteen Sermons and a Charge.*

At this point the church that had gathered on September 9, 1739 as the Second Church in Cambridge, in Cambridge's Second or North-West Precinct which was often referred to as the Menotomy Precinct, took the step of calling its first Unitarian minister, the Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge. (In 1867 the town’s name would be changed from West Cambridge to Arlington, and the church would come to be called the First Congregational Church and Parish (Unitarian) of Arlington, and then in 1965, the First Congregational Parish (Unitarian) and the First Universalist Society of Arlington would merge to form the present day First Parish Unitarian Universalist Church of Arlington.)
In what is now Arlington, a set of hayscales was procured for general town use and was erected near the wall of the Burying Ground.

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT
Not earlier than Thursday, November 13: The Reverend Waldo Emerson received Thomas Carlyle’s packet containing the four stitched pamphlet copies of the complete *SARTOR RESARTUS*: “one copy for your own behoof” as the author had phrased it, plus “three others you can perhaps find fit readers for.” Emerson would pass on these extras to the Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge in West Cambridge, to Mrs. Sarah Alden Bradford Ripley in Waltham, and to Lydia Jackson in Plymouth. Mrs. Ripley’s home in Waltham was functioning not only as a school for young women and a parsonage for her husband the Reverend Samuel Ripley, but also as a general clearinghouse for *Transcendental* thought. Carlyle’s opus would be read aloud there on winter evenings, and the Reverend Ripley definitely read it. Young Lydia’s circle in Plymouth included not less than seven other youths (Elizabeth Davis, Abby Hedge, Eunice Hedge, Hannah Hedge, Andrew Russell, LeBaron Russell, and Nathaniel Russell) all of whom would presumably read or be hearing much about Carlyle’s opus. Lydia’s friend George Partridge Bradford, Mrs. Ripley’s younger brother and thus Emerson’s half-uncle, would definitely be reading it. It is a wonder these enthusiasts didn’t wear the print right off the page!

On this day the remains of Francois-Adrien Boieldieu were being laid to rest in Rouen, his birthplace.

The Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge wrote to Margaret Fuller indicating that he had just finished reading SARTOR RESARTUS.

November 30, Sunday: Margaret Fuller wrote to the Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge about SARTOR RESARTUS:

“I got a volume of Frazer’s Mag and read all the Sartors I could find.”

THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT
April: In West Cambridge, Miss Mary Moody Emerson, who, since she had been living in Concord, obviously had perused Waldo Emerson’s copy of SARTOR RESARTUS, was discussing Thomas Carlyle with the Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge just as he was departing to take up his new ministry in Maine. Meanwhile, in Philadelphia, Harriet Martineau was being “[fed] with the SARTOR” by the Reverend William Henry Furness out of the copy he had just received from Emerson.
September 19, Monday: Formation of “Hedge’s Club” centering around the visits of the Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge to Boston from Bangor, Maine.3

In September 1836, on the day of the second centennial anniversary of Harvard College, Mr. Emerson, George Ripley, and myself, [Frederic Henry Hedge], with one other [who was this fourth person: would it have been an unnamed woman, an unnamed wife, specifically Sophia Ripley??], chanced to confer together on the state of current opinion in theology and philosophy, which we agreed in thinking was very unsatisfactory. Could anything be done in the way of protest and introduction of deeper and broader views? What we strongly felt was dissatisfaction with the reigning sensuous philosophy, dating from John Locke, on which our Christian theology was based. The writings of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, recently edited by Marsh [Henry Nelson Coleridge had only at this point initiated publication of The Literary Remains of Samuel Taylor Coleridge], and some of Thomas Carlyle’s earlier essays, especially the “Characteristics” and “SIGNS OF THE TIMES,” had created a ferment in the minds of some of the young clergy of that day. There was a promise in the air of a new era of intellectual life. We four concluded to call a few like-minded seekers together in the following week. Some dozen of us met in Boston, in the house, I believe, of Mr. Ripley. Among them I recall the name of Orestes Augustus Brownson (not yet turned Romanist), Cyrus Augustus Bartol, Theodore Parker, and Charles Stearns Wheeler and Robert Bartlett, tutors in Harvard College. There was some discussion, but no conclusion reached, on the question whether it were best to start a new journal as the organ of our views, or to work through those already existing. The next meeting, in the same month, was held by invitation of Emerson, at his house in Concord. A large number assembled; besides some of those who met at Boston, I remember Mr. Alcott, [Bronson Alcott] John Sullivan Dwight, Ephraim Peabody, Dr. Convers Francis, Mrs. Sarah Alden Bradford Ripley, Miss Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, Margaret Fuller, Caleb Stetson, James Freeman Clarke. These were the earliest of a series of meetings held from time to time, as occasion prompted, for seven or eight years. Jones Very was one of those who occasionally attended; H.D. Thoreau another. There was no club, properly speaking; no organization, no presiding officer, no vote ever taken. How the name “Transcendental,” given to these gatherings and the set of persons who took part in them, originated, I cannot say. It certainly was never assumed by the persons so called. I suppose I was the only one who had any first-hand acquaintance with German transcendental philosophy, at the start. The Dial was the product of the movement, and in some sort its organ.
Middle of May: The Transcendental Club met at the home of the Reverend Caleb Stetson in Medford, Massachusetts.

Present were the Reverends Frederic Henry Hedge, George Ripley, and Theodore Parker, John Sullivan Dwight, Bronson Alcott, Cyrus Bartol, and Jones Very. The topic for the evening was “The Question of Mysticism.”

Our national birthday, the 4th of July, Wednesday: This was Nathaniel Hawthorne’s 34th birthday.

The Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge’s AN ORATION, PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE CITIZENS OF BANGOR: ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1838. THE SIXTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE (Published at the request of the city government; Bangor: Samuel S. Smith, printer).

The balloon of the intrepid master Boston goldbeater and aeronaut Louis Lauriat graced the skies above historic Salem, Massachusetts, and a good time was had by all. However, as usual, because of the promise to liberate the slaves of the British West Indies beginning August 1st of this year, black American communities and those concerned for them continued to pointedly ignore the national birthday in favor of that August eventuality.

In Providence (Moshasuck), Rhode Island, a procession included 29 veterans of the revolution.

3. This would become the Transcendental Club. It was at this first regular meeting that the Reverend Convers Francis first met Bronson Alcott. Francis would also be present for the second meeting, in Alcott’s home in Boston. As the eldest member of the Club, it would become the lot of the Reverend Francis to announce the principal topic for conversation, and to preside.
The White House was closed to the public because “the President has lately lost, by death, a near relative.”

In Charlottesville, Virginia, the Declaration of Independence was read from an “original draft, in the handwriting of Mr. Jefferson.”

At Fort Madison, Iowa, headman Black Hawk delivered a 4th-of-July address.

At the US House of Representatives, Representative John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts continued his speech on the expansive topic of Texas for a 20th day.

Sidney Rigdon preached another sermon to the Mormons of a similar nature to his “Salt Sermon,” stating “And that mob that comes on us to disturb us; it shall be between us and them a war of extermination; for we will follow them till the last drop of their blood is spilled, or else they will have to exterminate us.”

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

4th day 4th of 7th M 1838 / This has been a day of much stir in Town as it always is — My mind & feelings however has been preserved in the quiet —
This morning our Friend Joseph Bowne came to town from Portsmouth where he had an appointed a Meeting yesterday — finding it not a Suitable day to appoint a Meeting here he concluded to spent the day at D Buffums in resting & writing home to his friends - to be at our Meeting tomorrow & the appointment has been forwarded accordingly. —

August 10, Friday: Henry Thoreau made some comments in his journal, on the nature of the time of the universe:

August 10th. The Time of the Universe. Nor can all the vanities that so vex the world alter one whit the measure that night has chosen —but ever it must be short particular metre. The human soul is a silent harp in God's quire whose strings need only to be swept by the divine breath, to chime in with the harmonies of creation. Every pulse beat is in exact time with the crickets chant, and the tickings of the deathwatch in the wall. Alternate with these if you can.

Henry would recycle this reference to the cricket and to the deathwatch beetle into his essay on the Natural History of Massachusetts.

In the autumn days, the creaking of crickets is heard at noon over all the land, and as in summer they are heard chiefly at night-fall, so then by their incessant chirp they usher in the evening of the year. Nor can all the vanities that vex the world alter one whit the measure that night has chosen. Every pulse-beat is in exact time with the cricket’s chant and the tickings of the deathwatch in the wall. Alternate with these if you can.
Edgar Allan Poe may have seen this; it may have been inspiration for his short story using the deathwatch beetle. However, that is rather unlikely, as Thoreau in “Natural History of Massachusetts” and Poe in “The Tell-Tale Heart” evoke considerably different complexes of thought and emotion in regard to the hearing of the deathwatch in the still of the night.

Note Thoreau’s careful use of the “human as instrument” theme, similar to his use of this theme on September 30, 1851, when he would write that “As the wood of an old Cremona4 its very fibre perchance harmoniously transposed & educated to resound melody has brought a great price—so methinks these telegraph posts should bear a great price with musical instrument makers— It is prepared to be the material of harps for ages to come, as it were put a soak in & seasoning in music....” and similar to what he would write in “What shall it Profit,” his most carefully considered sermon, “It occurred to me when I awoke the other morning—feeling regret for some intemperance of the day before which had dulled my sensibilities—that man was to be treated as a musical instrument, and if any viol was to be made of sound timber, and kept tuned always, it was he — so that when the bow of events is drawn across him, he may vibrate and resound in perfect harmony. A sensitive soul will be continually trying its strings to see if they are in tune. A man’s body must be rasped down exactly to a shaving. It is of far more importance than the wood of a Cremona violin,” and similar to “There was a time when beauty and music were all within, and I sat and listened to my thoughts, and there was a song in them.... Man should be the harp articulate.”

William M. White5 would later present a version of this journal entry as poetry:

The human soul is a silent harp in God’s quire,
Whose strings need only to be swept
By the divine breath
To chime in with the harmonies of creation.

Every pulse-beat is in exact time
With the cricket’s chant,
And the tickings of the death-watch in the wall.

Alternate with these if you can.

The Reverend Convers Francis wrote to the Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge in Bangor, Maine summarizing the Emerson lecture at the Harvard Divinity School and reporting upon the reaction to it:

4. The famous violin-makers Nicola Amati (1596-1684), Antonio Stradivari (1644-1737), and Guiseppe Guarneri (1683-1745) had lived and worked in Cremona, Italy, in the Po river valley.
5. A library building at the University of Colorado is named for a William M. White, Class of 1933. I wonder if that is the same William M. White.
Have you heard that Waldo Emerson delivered the sermon this summer to the class at the Divinity School, on their leaving the seminary? I went to hear it, & found it crowded with stirring, honest, lofty thoughts. I don’t know that anything of his has excited me more. He dwelt much on the downfallen state of the church, i.e. the want of a living, real interest in the present Christianity (where I think he rather exaggerated, but not much), on the tendency to make only a historical Christ, separated from actual humanity, — & on the want of reference to the great laws of man’s moral nature in preaching. These were his principal points, & were put forth with great power, & sometimes (under the first head especially) with unique humor. The discourse was full of divine life, — and was a true word from a true soul. I did not agree with him in some of his positions, & think perhaps he did not make the peculiar significance of Jesus so prominent as he ought, — though I am inclined to believe not that he thinks less of Jesus than others do, but more of man, every man as a divine being. — The discourse gave dire offense to the rulers at Cambridge. The dean & Mr. Norton have pronounced sentences of fearful condemnation, & their whole clique in Boston & Cambridge are in commotion. The harshest words are not spared, & “infidel” & “atheist” are the best terms poor E. gets. I have sometimes thought that to Mr. E. & his numerous detractors might be applied what Plato says of the winged soul, that has risen to the sight of the absolute, essential, & true, & therefore is said by the many to be stark mad. — the multitude are not aware that he is inspired.

Per Howe’s Biographical Appendix of Twelve Unitarian Moralists, Page 77: Henry Ware, Jr., his father’s colleague at the Harvard Divinity School, attempted to counteract Emerson’s address with a sermon he preached in the Harvard Chapel soon after classes resumed in September. Ware entitled his own address “The Personality of the Deity” and focused his attention upon the doctrine of God. He contrasted Unitarian orthodoxy (if the term be not contradictory) with certain other opinions he let remain nameless. The Unitarian God stood above and beyond the natural order, as Ware defined Him, and should not be confused with nature itself. Furthermore, to use the word “God” to refer to
abstract concepts like "beauty" or "virtue" was "to violate the established use of language." God was a conscious personality, and to apply His name to either the universe itself or to inanimate abstractions was a pitiful disguise for atheism. While the younger Ware politely refrained from identifying any local crypto-atheists, his target was obvious. Even so, his statement elicited no rebuttal from Emerson. Ware himself did not press the issue further, very likely because he and Emerson had long been personal friends.
March 1, Sunday: The Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge preached at the Union Street church in Bangor, Maine on *PRACTICAL GOODNESS THE TRUE RELIGION* (Bangor: Printed by Samuel S. Smith; Boston: Printed for the American Unitarian Association by J. Munroe & Company).

In a small stone building near Nashville, Tennessee’s 1st public mental health care facility began. This is the facility that would be viewed during November 1847 by a horrified Dorothea Dix, who would inform the state legislature of deplorable conditions. A new hospital, the Central State Hospital for the Insane near Nashville, would open in 1852.

May 8, Friday: Waldo Emerson was making arrangements for the Transcendental Club, the “club of clubs,” to meet at his home on the succeeding Wednesday. He asked Margaret Fuller to let Mr. Ripley6 bring her, “& see me & inspire our reptile wits.” He informed her that he had invited other females, Mrs. Sarah Alden Bradford Ripley and Sarah Freeman Clarke, not to mention of course his Mrs., the lady of the house, Lydian Emerson, and in addition the Reverends Frederic Henry Hedge and Theodore Parker, Bronson Alcott, and Henry Thoreau would be there.

On the previous day at 1PM while all had been at peace and most of the population had been at the dining table, a tornado had burst upon the city of Natchez, Mississippi. On this day the surviving citizens were looking around them at devastation. The local Courier would report that a Mrs. Alexander had been pulled “from the ruins of the Steamboat Hotel; she was found greatly injured, with two children in her arms, and they both dead!”

May 13, Wednesday: The Transcendental Club met at the Emerson home. Among the attenders were Waldo Emerson, Henry Thoreau, Bronson Alcott, the Reverend Cyrus Augustus Bartol, Robert Bartlett, Margaret Fuller, the Reverends Frederic Henry Hedge and Caleb Stetson, and Jones Very.

They discussed the topic “The Inspiration of the Prophet and Bard, the Nature of Poetry, and the Causes of the Sterility of Poetic Inspiration in Our Age and Country.” (Strangely, with such a topic, Very did not seem to have anything insightful to offer. He was still issuing his declarative pronouncements but his sources for his inspiration did not seem to be helping him come up with interesting things to say.)

6. George Ripley? Christopher Gore Ripley?
June 4, Friday: Waldo Emerson wrote Margaret Fuller, in a letter hand-delivered by the Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge.

By all means keep the Atlantic between you & us for the present, as you love your eyes.
May 14, Friday: The Reverend Andrew Bigelow preached on “Man’s Frailty, and God’s Immutability” in Taunton, Massachusetts on the day of national fast in commemoration of the sad demise of William Henry Harrison — who had had for roughly one month the honor of being in Washington DC as the occupant of the White House of the United States of America.

The Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge’s address on this day in Boston would be printed as A DISCOURSE ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON: NINTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: DELIVERED BEFORE THE INDEPENDENT CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY ON THE DAY OF THE NATIONAL FAST, MAY 14, 1841.
“It is finished!” or “Man of sorrows!”

“It is finished!” Man of sorrows!
From thy cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.

While extended there we view thee,
Mighty Sufferer, draw us to thee--
Sufferer victorious!

Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,
May that sacred emblem be!

Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to thee!

Still to thee, whose love unbounded
Sorrow’s depths for us has sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore.

Honored be thy cross forever;
Star, that points our high endeavor,
Whither thou hast gone before!

8. During this year the Reverend Hedge also prepared “'Twas the Day when God’s Anointed.”
The Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge’s *The Prose Writers of Germany, Illustrated with Portraits* (Philadelphia: Carey and Hart).
From this year into 1856, the Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge would be the Unitarian minister in Providence, Rhode Island.

January 16, Wednesday: The Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge, Unitarian clergyman of Providence, Rhode Island, spoke before the Concord Lyceum on “The English Nation.” Clearly Henry Thoreau was present that evening for, in the pages of WALDEN, he would derogate the “falsehood and cant” of this presentation:

WALDEN: Philanthropy is almost the only virtue which is sufficiently appreciated by mankind. Nay, it is greatly overrated; and it is our selfishness which overrates it. A robust poor man, one sunny day here in Concord, praised a fellow-townsman to me, because, as he said, he was kind to the poor; meaning himself. The kind uncles and aunts of the race are more esteemed than its true spiritual fathers and mothers. I once heard a reverend lecturer on England, a man of learning and intelligence, after enumerating her scientific, literary, and political worthies, Shakspeare, Bacon, Cromwell, Milton, Newton, and others, speak next of her Christian heroes, whom, as if his profession required it of him, he elevated to a place far above all the rest, as the greatest of the great. They were Penn, Howard, and Mrs. Fry. Every one must feel the falsehood and cant of this. The last were not England’s best men and women; only, perhaps, her best philanthropists.
Since philanthropy is not often attacked (!), we should digress here and examine what it was that Thoreau found so problematic about it. I will attempt to put this into a nutshell. Since we are in the first instance ourselves, our primary responsibility in our lives must be finding the best way for us to lead them well — to become, that is to say, inspired and energetic and capable and fully functional as human beings. Anything that would serve to distract us from this project would be, well, a distraction. Viewed in that perspective, this philanthropy project, where everybody supposedly lives by taking in everyone else’s laundry, although it would ordinarily be meritorious, can readily be transformed into just another avoidance mechanism. Over-preoccupation with service to others can sometimes function for us as a mechanism of distraction, a tricky way by which we can evade this primary responsibility, our responsibility to ourselves. We do not know what the Reverend Hedge had to say on this night at the lyceum in Concord, but clearly he had rubbed Henry the wrong way.

No Thoreau scholar has to date noticed that lurking in the pages of WALDEN is the Reverend Hedge, presented as a bogeyman, nor has anyone commented on the fact that this reaction to the revered Unitarian, using terms such as “falsehood and cant,” is rather extreme. It occurs to me to point out that had anyone been aware at the time that Henry’s reaction had been provoked by the Reverend Hedge (in regard to whom “Hedge’s Club” that came to be famed as the “Transcendental Club” had in 1836 been created), there would have been blazing consternation — and the publication of Henry’s manuscript would have been intercepted. Which is to say, we owe the existence of WALDEN to the fact that nobody had noticed.

In September 1836, on the day of the second centennial anniversary of Harvard College, Mr. Emerson, George Ripley, and myself [Frederic Henry Hedge], with one other [who was this fourth person: would it have been an unnamed woman, an unnamed wife, specifically Sophia Ripley??], chanced to confer together on the state of current opinion in theology and philosophy, which we agreed in thinking was very unsatisfactory. Could anything be done in the way of protest and introduction of deeper and broader views? What we strongly felt was dissatisfaction with the reigning sensuous philosophy, dating from John Locke, on which our Christian theology was based. The writings of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, recently edited by Marsh [Henry Nelson Coleridge had only at this point initiated publication of THE LITERARY REMAINS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE], and some of Thomas Carlyle’s earlier essays, especially the “Characteristics” and “SIGNS OF THE TIMES,” had created a ferment in the minds of some of the young clergy of that day. There was a promise in the air of a new era of intellectual life. We four concluded to call a few like-minded seekers together in the following week. Some dozen of us met in Boston, in the house, I believe, of Mr. Ripley. Among them I recall the name of Orestes Augustus Brownson (not yet turned Romanist), Cyrus Augustus Bartol, Theodore Parker, and Charles Stearns Wheeler and Robert Bartlett, tutors in Harvard College. There was some discussion, but no conclusion reached, on the question whether it were best to start a new journal as the organ of our views, or to work through those already existing. The next meeting, in the same month, was held by invitation of Emerson, at his house in Concord. A large number assembled; besides some of those who met at Boston, I remember Mr. Alcott, [Bronson Alcott] John Sullivan Dwight, Ephraim Peabody, Dr. Converse Francis, Mrs. Sarah Alden Bradford Ripley, Miss Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, Margaret Fuller, Caleb Stetson, James Freeman Clarke. These were the earliest of a series of meetings held from time to time, as occasion prompted, for seven or eight years. Jones Very was one of those who occasionally attended; H.D. Thoreau another. There was no club, properly speaking; no organization, no
presiding officer, no vote ever taken. How the name “Transcendental,” given to these gatherings and the set of persons who took part in them, originated, I cannot say. It certainly was never assumed by the persons so called. I suppose I was the only one who had any first-hand acquaintance with German transcendental philosophy, at the start. The Dial was the product of the movement, and in some sort its organ.
The Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge transcribed Johann Wolfgang von Goethe’s “Song of the Three Archangels, Raphael” from Faust, as “The Sun Is Still Forever Sounding.”

The Reverend William Rounseville Alger’s History of the Cross of Christ was printed in Cambridge by the firm of J. Munroe.

His and the Reverend Frederic Dan Huntington’s *Hymns for the Church of Christ* (Boston: Crosby, Nichols, and Company, 111 Washington Street).

- “Beneath Thine Hammer, Lord, I Lie”
- “Sovereign and Transforming Grace”
- “A Mighty Fortress Is Our God” (translation)
Winter: Charles Darwin would later comment, in *The Origin of Species*, “I estimate that the winter of 1854-55 destroyed four-fifths of the birds in my own grounds.” It was not this terrible winter, however, that destroyed his hair — even at the tender age of 45, it was already long gone:

This winter was a terrible one for the soldiers of Russia, Turkey, England, and France, fighting in the Crimea north of the Black Sea. During this emergency all opposition was overcome and Florence Nightingale was able for the first time to staff military hospitals with female nurses. In fact, her Reports of the sufferings of the British army in the Crimea, deprived of its supplies in that winter by the Nobel mines in the harbor of Sevastopol in conjunction with the great hurricane of November 14, 1854, would lead not only to a new form of organization under the name of the Red Cross but also to the fall of a British government.

In the absence of Professor of Chemistry John Torrey, Professor Isaac-Farwell Holton was lecturing on the properties of mercury before the medical students of the College of Physicians and Surgeons when he suddenly came to a realization that the name of the white substance “calomel” derived from the Greek κοτός, meaning “beautiful,” and *mel* meaning “black” (this etymology came to his mind as he touched a piece of mercurial chloride with potassa and noticed that it produced a black spot).
Lecture Season of ’54/55, at the Odeon Hall in Boston:

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The Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge, who had been since 1850 the Unitarian minister in Providence, Rhode Island, at this point was called to minister in Brookline, Massachusetts.
January 3, Sunday: Henry Thoreau was reading in Edmond François Valentin About’s GREECE AND THE GREEKS OF THE PRESENT DAY, that had been read in the previous year by Emerson, and was being prompted to pose a most appropriate, a most obvious, and a most typically Thoreauvian question:

Why travel so far when the same pleasures may be found near home?

Frederic H. Hedge, D.D., Pastor of the First Church in Brookline, Massachusetts, preached about SEVENTEEN HUNDRED FIFTY-EIGHT AND EIGHTEEN HUNDRED FIFTY-EIGHT: A NEW YEAR’S DISCOURSE, PREACHED AT BROOKLINE, ON THE FIRST SUNDAY IN JANUARY, 1858. This would be “Published at the Request of the Hearers” by Phillips, Sampson and Company of 13 Winter Street, Boston.

January 3, Sunday: I see a flock of F. hyemalis [Dark-eyed Junco Junco hyemalis] this afternoon, the weather is hitherto so warm. About, in his lively “Greece and the Greeks,” says, “These are the most exquisite delights to be found in Greece, next to, or perhaps before, the pleasure of admiring the masterpieces of art, – a little cool water under a genial sun.” I have no doubt that this is true.
Why, then, travel so far when the same pleasures may be found near home?

The slosh on Walden had so much water in it that it has now frozen perfectly smooth and looks like a semitransparent marble. Being, however, opaque, it reminds one the more of some vast hall or corridor’s floor, yet probably not a human foot has trodden it yet. Only the track-repairers and stokers have cast stones and billets of wood on to it to prove it.

Going to the Andromeda Ponds, I was greeted by the warm brown-red glow of the andromeda calyculata toward the sun. I see where I have been through, the more reddish under sides apparently being turned up. It is long since a human friend has met me with such a glow.
By this point in his career, at the age of 44, Dr. Richard Jordan Gatling had applied for at least 10 patents. For instance, in 1835 he had invented a screw propeller for ships but had missed filing the first such patent by a few months. In 1839 he had invented a seed-sowing rice planter which later would be adapted as a wheat drill. In this year, with civil war at hand, in Indianapolis, Indiana he demonstrated his 1st working model of machine gun. Its key elements were a lock cylinder containing six strikers which revolved with six gun barrels, powered by a hand crank. The device used separate .58 cal. paper cartridges and percussion caps, which allowed gas leakage. This initial model as yet attained only 200 shots per minute — but this was considered at the time verily a leaden horizontal hailstorm.
The Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge’s REASON IN RELIGION (Boston: Walker, Fuller, and Company).

HEDGE’S REASON IN RELIGION
Friedrich Gerstäcker’s *HÜBEN UND DRÜBEN, DIE MISSIONÄRE, and NEUE REISEN.*

The Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge translated Johann Wolfgang von Goethe’s “Christ ist erstanden” from *FAUST,* as “Christ Hath Arisen!” and “Vent Sancte Spiritus” as “Holy Spirit, Fire Divine.”
The Reverend William Rounseville Alger, never one to miss a trick, created a 75-page pamphlet which was printed by the firm of Roberts Brothers in Boston, *The End of the World, and the Day of Judgment: Two Discourses Preached to the Music-Hall Society.*

(From the ridiculous anticipation to the sublime reconstruction: also prepared in this year in Boston by Roberts Brothers was the Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge's *The Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition.*)

(Also in this year the Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge prepared *Memoir of Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham, D.D. with an Appendix* (Boston: Press of John Wilson and Son; 20 pages).)
“Sovereign and transforming Grace!”

Sovereign and transforming Grace!
We invoke thy quickening power;
Reign the spirit of this place,
Bless the purpose of this hour.

Holy and creative Light!
We invoke thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our spirits’ night,
Turn our darkness into day.

To the anxious soul impart
Hope all other hopes above;
Stir the dull and hardened heart
With a longing and a love.

Work in all; in all renew,
Day by day, the life divine;
All our wills to thee subdue,
All our hearts to thee incline.
Late in the year, the Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge’s Ways of the Spirit (Boston: Roberts Brothers).
The abundant lilacs of Walpole, New Hampshire inspired Louisa May Alcott, who was summering there, to entitle a book UNDER THE LILACS.
The Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge’s *Ways of the Spirit and Other Essays* (Boston: Roberts Brothers).
Reprinting, unchanged, of the 1867 edition of Dr. John Aitken Carlyle’s “English prose” version of Dante Alighieri’s *Inferno*.

The Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge edited and annotated a metrical translation by Miss Anna Swanwick of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe’s *Faust*. 
People mentioned in Walden:


The Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge’s Atheism in Philosophy, and Other Essays (Boston: Roberts Brothers; University Press: John Wilson and Son, Cambridge 390 pages).

He and Professor L. Noa edited and revised the Reverend Alexander James William Morrison, M.A.’s translations into English of Goethe’s Letters from Switzerland, and Travels in Italy (Boston: S.E. Cassino and Company).

Atheism in Philosophy

Switzerland, Italy
July 18, Saturday: The Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge of Cambridge, Massachusetts lectured at the Concord Institute of Philosophy on “Goethe and his ‘Märchen’.”

December 1, Tuesday: Porfirio de la Cruz Porfirio Diaz replaced Manuel del Refugio González Flores as President of Mexico. He would not relinquish the office for 27 years.

A treaty was signed in Washington by representatives of Nicaragua and the United States. It provided for a canal across Nicaragua. The treaty would be rejected by the Senate and withdrawn by the new Cleveland administration.

The Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge’s *Hours with German Classics: From the Nibelungenlied to Heinrich Heine* (Boston: Little, Brown, and Company).


The workforce of The Riverside Press had grown to 600, with 33 presses and 7 stitching machines. They were working 52 hours per week, with their Saturday afternoons off.
Thomas Wentworth Higginson’s WOMEN AND MEN, made up of pieces that had appeared in Harper’s Bazar.

The Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge’s HOURS WITH GERMAN CLASSICS (Boston: Roberts Brothers).
The Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge’s *Martin Luther and Other Essays* (Boston: Roberts Brothers).

August 21, Thursday: Frederic Henry Hedge died in Cambridge, Massachusetts.
“Beneath thine hammer” or “Remoulded”

Beneath thine hammer, Lord, I lie
With contrite spirit prone;
Oh, mould me till to self I die,
And live to thee alone!

With frequent disappointments sore,
And many a bitter pain,
Thou laborest at my being’s core
Till I be formed again.

Smite, Lord! thine hammer’s needful wound
My baffled hoes confess;
Thine anvil is the sense profound
Of mine own nothingness.

Smite till, from all its idols free,
And filled with love divine,
My heart shall know no good but thee,
And have no will but thine.

An unpublished thesis by Martha Ilona Tuomi at the University of Maine at Orono, Dr. Frederic Henry Hedge: His Life and Works to the End of His Bangor Pastorate.
Ronald Vale Wells’s THREE CHRISTIAN TRANSCENDENTALISTS (one was the Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge).
George Huntston Williams’s *Rethinking the Unitarian Relationship with Protestantism: An Examination of the Thought of Frederic Henry Hedge.*
Ronald Vale Wells updated his 1943 study *Three Christian Transcendentalists* (one was the Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge).
An unpublished thesis by Peter King Carley at Syracuse University, THE EARLY LIFE AND THOUGHT OF FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE, 1805-1850.
Charles Grady’s “About Hedge – Bibliographically Speaking” appeared in the Unitarian Universalist Christian.
Charles Grady’s “A Conservative Transcendentalist,” about the Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge, appeared in *Studies in the American Renaissance*. 
THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1985

Bryan F. LeBeau’s FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE: NINETEENTH CENTURY AMERICAN TRANSCENDENTIALIST.
In this year and the following one Charles Grady’s “High Churchman in a Low Church” was appearing in Proceedings of the Unitarian Universalist Historical Society (one of these high churchmen was the Reverend Frederic Henry Hedge).

“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

“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project

The People of Walden
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.